

THE STATE BYSTANDER.

Published every Friday by THE BYSTANDER PUBLISHING COMPANY, FIFTY AND LOCUST, DES MOINES, IOWA.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One year, \$1.00; Six months, \$0.60; Three months, \$0.35. Single copies, 10 cents. All subscriptions payable in advance.

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HAPPENINGS IN

WABASH FREIGHT

What Has Been Going on During the Past Week.

FAVORABLE FOR MERRIAM.

Little Question as to Tenor of the Opinion Rendered by Attorney General—Questions of Alleged Overcharges Discussed by Council Today.

Des Moines, Jan. 2.—The opinion of Attorney General Mullan on the questions arising from the alleged overcharges of insurance companies by Auditor Merriam for examinations and alleged unauthorized examinations was filed with the secretary of the executive council yesterday. The opinion was delivered in a sealed envelope and has not been made public. State Treasurer Gilbertson will be in the city to-day and it is expected there will be a full meeting of the council when the matter is brought up.

There is much speculation on the nature of the opinion rendered by the attorney general. There is practically no doubt that it is favorable to Auditor Merriam and that as the result of it, the investigation will not proceed further so far as the executive council is concerned. There is reason to believe the opinion relates chiefly to the question whether the auditor is required to make an accounting of fees received by himself or his insurance examiner for the examination of companies. Attorney General Mullan holds such an accounting is not required under the law. Under section 175 of the code of 1873 the auditor was required to make an accounting of fees received by himself or his insurance examiner for the examination of companies. Attorney General Mullan holds such an accounting is not required under the law. Under section 175 of the code of 1873 the auditor was required to make an accounting of fees received by himself or his insurance examiner for the examination of companies.

It is not known whether the attorney general enters into the question of authority to make examinations, but it is understood the council has not asked for a ruling on this point, and that it is taken for granted the authority which Mr. Merriam claims was given him by the old council extends over into the period of this council, inasmuch as it has never been revoked. Attorney General Mullan will not be at the meeting of the council when the auditor's case is considered, as he left for Waterloo last night and today will appear before the Supreme court Monday in the case of the state vs. James Easton, former president of the First National bank of Decorah, who is charged with being guilty of a felony in receiving deposits when his bank was insolvent.

COAL IS SCARCE.

Des Moines, Dec. 29.—Coal dealers say that the cold snap of the past week has exhausted the coal supplies that had been accumulated at many points in the state during the weather and that they are again up to their necks in rush orders from dealers who are demanding immediate shipments and claiming that unless they are made suffering will be certain.

In Des Moines the situation has not shown marked improvement over a week ago and orders booked a week ago are just being filled. The companies are in slightly better shape for handling shipping orders, though, and are keeping up with them from three days to a week of them. Continued cold weather it is feared will make the situation out in the state serious. In Des Moines dealers say that so long as consumers will keep up the good work of ordering a week or ten days ahead of time of actual need that there is no actual danger of serious trouble. Shippers are carding the retail trade in the state and urging upon it the necessity of taking advantage of the first mild weather to stock up and relieve the situation at the mines, saying that if they allow their stocks to run low there will be no help for them in the event of another cold snap.

GAME WARDEN INTERFERED.

Was Told to Chase Himself by Business Men of the City.
Waterloo, Dec. 31.—Because of the terrific ice gorges in the Cedar river, the Waterloo and Cedar Falls Union Mill company has practically been put out of business for a few days. Yesterday Superintendent Illingworth, in an effort to resume activities, started a gang of men with saws and dynamite to work at the lower dam, hoping to shock away the ice so as to allow him sufficient water for operating purposes. When the report reached Deputy Game and Fish Warden La Tier that dynamite was being used on the river, he hurried to the spot and ordered the firing of explosives discontinued, but Mr. Illingworth was very determined and replied to the effect that his property was at stake and he considered it of more value than all the suckers in the river. And besides, he said, the citizens of Waterloo would back him up in his actions. Mr. Illingworth hopes soon to have the gorge broken and floated over the dam. The ice gorge is the most gigantic that has ever been noted by residents now alive. The gorge starts three miles below the city and extends to the upper dam. Formed at the beginning of the cold weather it gives warning of more serious results ahead in case it cannot be broken up. There was a blockade of the same character, but not as extensive, in 1872.

"Land is mighty cheap here. You can buy a good farm for a song." "Just my darn luck! I can't sing." New York Sun.

LA PORTE SUFFERS BAD FIRE.

La Porte City, Dec. 29.—A fire from some mysterious reason caught in the barn of Dr. G. W. Fisher's home Friday night, and before it could be extinguished had destroyed a large quantity of hay, 300 bushels of oats, and five fine bike racing sulkeys valued at \$600. The total loss is figured at \$1000, with insurance to the amount of \$400. Some men take a mean advantage of their wives by wearing their hair short.

TRIED TO SAVE HIS VALUABLES.

Mysterious Joe Howard Was Wounded Three Times in the Fight.

Clinton, Ia., Dec. 29.—One of the most sensational hold-ups in the history of the city occurred here recently when three masked men entered the apartments of Joe Howard and three companions and demanded their valuables. Howard had a belt around his waist containing \$1000, a \$2500 in his pocket, besides a valuable diamond ring and a diamond stud, and would not give up his valuables.

He grappled with one of the robbers, and in the struggle that ensued, was shot three times. However, owing to the fact that the men were locked in tight embrace, the robber could not get a good shot, and all his bullets struck at such an angle that serious, but not fatal wounds were inflicted.

Seeing that he could not escape the robbers, Howard fell at the last shot and for a moment he lay motionless. The robbers were not to be balked and commenced to hunt for the man's money, whereupon the struggle was renewed. The robber got a diamond pin from Howard's tie, but while trying to take a ring from the latter's finger Howard secured the pin and threw it into a cupboard. When his pistol emptied, the robber struck Howard on the head, laying open the scalp.

Howard then kicked out the window and called "whereupon the burglars fled." While the fight was in progress one of the other robbers relieved Howard's companions of their valuables and \$200, while the other stood guard at the stairs. There is no clew.

MAYOR ABSCONDED.

Three Petitions for Attachments Filed in Court.
Cedar Rapids, Dec. 30.—According to several petitions filed with the clerk of the district court, H. M. Sheldon, mayor of Cosgrove, has absconded. Dame Rumor claims that the head of municipal affairs did not take his departure alone. In three petitions attachments against his property are asked for.

Frank C. Sherman, Eva Chesmore, Anna Fishmerter and Ida S. Powell have filed a petition making Mr. Sheldon, as administrator of William H. Sherman, deceased, defendant in an attachment proceeding. The ask judgment against the defendant for the sum of \$1,375.69 with interest at 6 per cent from December 25, 1902, and pray that they be given an attachment against his goods and chattels. It is claimed that Mr. Sheldon was appointed administrator of the estate of Sherman on December 17, 1902, and that no part of the estate has as yet been turned over to the heirs. It is alleged that on December 19, 1902, the defendant absconded and that ordinary process cannot be served upon him.

MRS. A. L. BONAWITZ SUICIDES.

Left a Letter Saying That She Loved Chris Ritter, a Bartender.
Marshalltown, Dec. 31.—Mrs. Minnie Bonawitz, wife of A. L. Bonawitz, a horse buyer of this place, shot herself through the lungs at 1:10 this morning. The bullet ended her life. She wrote a note to the public in which she stated that she killed herself for the love of Chris Ritter, a bartender of this city. Mrs. Bonawitz was recently involved in a scandal at Ames with C. C. Baker, a wealthy capitalist at State Center, and the attacks upon her good name since that affair have been so serious as to worry her. In her letter she stated that she was heartbroken and that Ritter was the only man she loved.

Dr. Engle at Crescent City Alleged to Have Been Cruel.
Crescent, Dec. 30.—Some months ago Dr. Engle of this place was divorced from his wife and, with her 12-year-old daughter, she went to make her home elsewhere. The doctor sent to Minnesota and had his aged mother come on to keep house for him. Everything seemed to go on all right until Tuesday of this week, when Mrs. Engle returned to the home of her divorced husband. The mother was turned into the street and but for the kindly aid of the citizens and authorities would no doubt have been frozen to death. Since Tuesday the doctor and his divorced wife are alleged to have been living together as husband and wife. They have been divorced before this time and were remarried, and it is now anticipated they will marry a second time.

REV. DREW MAY CLEAR HIMSELF.

It is Charged He Was Victim of Conspiracy.
Columbus Junction, Dec. 31.—The outcome of the trial of Rev. Monroe Drew is regarded by many here as one of the outrages of the day. Many do not hesitate to say that no man should in the community be removed by a conspiracy. The commission which tried Drew did so behind closed doors and no official publication has been given out. It is known, however, that he has been suspended from the work of the ministry for a space of one year. At the end of that time he may be reinstated, depending entirely upon the attitude the presbytery may assume in the matter. There was no criminal charge against him, only petty charges by his wife, a woman with whom his life seemed to be absolutely incompatible.

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WABASH TRAIN WRECKED.

Two Cars Crushed By Engine and Conductor Crowley Injured.

Des Moines, Jan. 2.—East bound Rock Island freight No. 94, in charge of Conductor Kline, caused a wreck near Great Western Junction at 9:55 last night, by running through the freight cars of the Wabash freight No. 67, in charge of Conductor Crowley and Engineer Margaret Crowley. With the exception of Conductor Crowley, no one was injured, although a lady and child, passengers on the Wabash freight, and the crews were badly shaken up. The scene of the collision is near East Eighteenth and Market streets and at the junction of the Rock Island tracks. They cross at an angle of about 45 degrees.

The Wabash train carried eighteen cars and a caboose and sixteen of these had cleared the crossing when Rock Island train hit the first of the last two cars. The two cars were loaded with coal and so great was the force of the impact that they were literally smashed to pieces and tossed into the tracks. The only part of the two which remained intact were the rear trucks of the first car. The caboose was turned half around and stood straight across the tracks.

The Rock Island engine was one of the big 1400 series and with the exception of the loss of the pilot was retained no damage, and when it backed away from the ruins threw light from its head on the wreck. Conductor Crowley of the Wabash train lays the blame of the wreck on the Rock Island engineer and said that the latter did not whistle for the crossing or ring his bell. Both trains were traveling at a good rate of speed and the headlight of the Rock Island was probably obscured from the view of the Rock Island engineer by the big Eighteenth street elevator.

The sixteen cars of the Wabash train which were not injured by the collision were pulled into the city and a switch engine was sent after Crowley, who was removed to Mercy hospital in charge of Dr. Finlayson. His injuries though serious, are not necessarily fatal. His right ankle was dislocated, he was badly bruised all over his body and sustained internal injuries which make the case serious.

SMALLPOX IN DAVENPORT.

Six Well Developed Cases Are Reported in That City.
Davenport, Ia., Dec. 29.—The cold weather has caused the smallpox bacillus to grow robust. Six cases are reported by the city physician in two homes already under quarantine. In one of these—the Jens home—the entire family, living over confectionary shop on Union and Washington streets, is infected with smallpox. The Ehlers family, in which the disease was discovered on December 14, shows two more victims. As the outbreak is in homes already under quarantine, and where exposure assisted it, there is no cause for alarm, if infection can be balked elsewhere.

Health Officer High states that none of the infected parties were vaccinated, and attributes their present condition to this omission. The cases of smallpox as reported Monday morning are as follows: Mrs. Jens, 1530 1/2 Union street; Edward Jens, 1530 1/2 Union street; Elmer Jens, 1530 1/2 Union street; Charles Jens, 1530 1/2 Union street.

There are four additional cases in a home already quarantined, wherein, on Monday morning, the case of Mrs. Jens was discovered and reported by Dr. Henry Matthey. The other two cases are in the Ehlers family at 1425 Marquette street, wherein Carl Ehlers was quarantined on December 14 last. The new cases here are Mrs. Carl Ehlers and Henry Ehlers, the latter of tender age.

DIES IN TERRIBLE AGONY.

Mrs. Henry Miller of Ottumwa Burns to a Crisp.
Ottumwa, Dec. 30.—Awakened from sleep to find her clothing on fire, Mrs. Henry E. Miller suffered from burns which covered the greater part of her body, when her sufferings ceased and she passed away. It is supposed her clothing caught fire from sparks from a stove beside which she had been sitting and had evidently fallen asleep. The fatality occurred early Saturday morning.

Mrs. Miller suffered tortures from the burns on her body, as she remained conscious until death came at 1 o'clock this afternoon. The greater part of the skin from her face, her feet was burned to a crisp and it was necessary to completely swathe her in bandages, but this did not allay her awful sufferings. All the efforts of the physicians were directed toward alleviating the pain, as it was known that she would have been impossible to save her life if the burns had covered but half as much of her body as was consumed by the flames.

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MOONBECK, THE LION-TAMER.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS, Author of "Jack Robbins of America," "In the China Sea," "Two Gentlemen of Nevada," "The Palace of the King," "Chicago," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"Let us go to the pretto," said the monk, "and give him warning of the evil work that is planned against him to-night. We must protect him, for he is the representative of the king. What is your name, son?" "I am called Dambo, father." "Come with me to the pretto. Come, traveler; I will need your evidence as well."

Wondering what desperate game the monk was about to play, I followed him. The monk spoke a few words to the guard. A servant was summoned, and we were led into the presence of the master of all Cagliari. "Your excellency!" said the monk, by way of salutation. "Yes, Brother Michael," responded the pretto. "You have news of importance to convey. So said the servant. I am ready to listen."

"My excellency," said the monk, "it is my good fortune that I have become possessed of important knowledge that concerns your safety and that of the fair Signorina Barliotti, who is under your roof." The pretto started. "That cursed American!" he said. "No. This time it is one of your trusted friends who is plotting against you, and who would, but for our friends here, murder you this night and carry away the signorina for his own."

"Secret!" exclaimed the pretto, turning pale and looking at Dambo and me with staring eyes. "Is this true? Have I a friend so false? His name! His name! I demand his name!" "Slow, your excellency. Do not become excited," said the monk, calmly. "It is the Count di Pordino who thus plots against you."

"Pordino? Impossible! He was here to-day and drank wine with me, and we spoke of his approaching marriage to the ward of my poor brother. He is he so bad as that? Let him enter here and my own hand shall slay him!" And as the enraged pretto uttered his threat against the count I thought of the words carved in the wall of the cell in the Torre dell' Elefante and in the marble of the grotto, "Henry Thoriane. I will avenge."

The pretto called the officer of the guard and told him the facts. The count was expected about midnight, and it was nearly that now. "Remember," said the pretto, as his captives were leaving. "Kill all the others, but leave the count to me!" The bells of the monastery were ringing the hour of midnight, and the darkness of a cloudy night was over everything, when we, who stood in a waiting attitude on the front porch of the pretto's villa, were started by a yell that came from a copic to the right. A shot was fired, evidently by one of the pretto's guards, and the flash of his rifle lighted up the grounds for an instant. And in that instant we saw the forms of men running toward the villa.

Suddenly some one placed lights in the windows of the villa, which threw a glare out into the night, and by this light the guards of the pretto saw the attacking party, and formed to meet them. The villa became the scene of indescribable excitement and activity. The screams of frightened women, the servants of the household, pierced the air, and rang out in unison with the hoarse shouts of the soldiers and the cries of the attacking party. The leader of the attacking crowd was but thinly disguised. The count di Pordino was a tall man, and bore himself with a carriage that was too marked in character to be easily overlooked. He was not wounded in the charge, and in the glare of the lights in the windows he could be seen urging his men on.

The pretto, with a muttered curse, sprang forward, evidently to meet the count face to face. As he leaped from the porch, the Jesuit sidled after him. I was about to follow, when I missed Dambo, who had been snatching behind me. A rush of fear came over me. Dambo had had another purpose in coming to the villa than to warn the pretto. He had before attempted Nita Barliotti's life—he would do it again.

Dropping my peddler's pack I bounded through the halls and up the stairs toward Nita's room. In the excitement the door of Barliotti's room had been opened. I reached the upper hall just in time to see Dambo, knife in hand, enter her door. Then a scream, in a voice which I recognized as Nita's, told me the villain was at his work. Panting, I plunged on, and reached the room, to see Dambo, with a knife upraised in his right hand, while his left clutched the frightened girl by the throat. Raising my club, I uttered a prayer for muscular strength. It must have been answered. The club descended upon the skull of Dambo, and he fell back, half stunned, the hand that had been at Nita's throat relaxed its hold, and the knife fell from the other to the floor.

"Nita!" I cried, seizing the half-fainting girl, and seeking to reassure her. "You are safe! You know me! I am Wilberton, your friend!" "Signor Wilberton!" she gasped. "What does it mean? And what means all the noise, the shots and the cries? Are we attacked? Are they friends or foes? Is the pretto's house in danger?" "I threw aside my wig and beard to assure her of my identity. "The villa is attacked by the Count di Pordino," I said, "who seeks to take you away by force. But the warning was brought in time, and the soldiers of the pretto are fighting off the forces of the count."

Nita was now beside herself with grief, passion and fear. Stopping, she picked up the knife that Dambo had dropped. "I will do it, Signor Wilberton," she said. "I am no longer weak. I am a woman, but I can fight. I have been a circus performer, and can take my own part. Let them come. I will kill them, and upon the spot I will kill them, and I will kill the count. But if they conquer me and I fail to kill them, I will plunge this knife into my own heart rather than become the bride, the slave, of the Count di Pordino."

Her eyes flashed as she spoke, her bosom rose and fell in an excess of emotion, and the delicate but muscular little fingers grasped the handle of the knife in a most determined way. Now Dambo, who had been motionless under the effects of the merciless blow I had given him, began to crawl away from me. Springing to the window, which was shaded with heavy lace curtains, held in festoons by cord, I tore the cord away, and seizing the Italian, bound him strongly and securely, and warning him not to make any further attempt to escape, left him in a heap on the floor. The din in and around the villa was now something awful. Sounds of rifle shots, cries, shrieks, moans and curses reached us through the doors and windows, and I rushed out on the balcony to get a peep at the scenes of war below.

More lights had been brought. Lanterns flashed all over the villa grounds. The monastery bells were clanging the midnight alarm. The battle had become a hand-to-hand struggle, the forces of the pretto essaying not only to defend the villa from attack, but to drive the invaders from the place, and the horde of cutthroats under the Count di Pordino still hot in the hunt; for Nita Barliotti, and whatever else of plunder they could lay their hands on.

Backward and forward the clashing groups ran, shouting, shooting, stabbing, blinded by rage and passion, inflamed by the blood already spilled, destroying life where they could, fearing no death themselves. To my eye it seemed as if the Count di Pordino's bandits were gaining. And for the military failed to arrive from Cagliari, all would soon be up with Nita Barliotti and me.

Apart from the other struggling combatants, two stalwart men swayed to and fro in a fight to the death. One had worn a mask, and it had fallen off, disclosing the features of the Count di Pordino. The other was Maligni, the pretto of Cagliari. They were armed with knives, and as they writhed and twisted in each other's grasp, the knives were plunged first into one and then into the other, until it seemed as if they surely must drop dead from their wounds.

Near these two struggling principals in the affray stood Brother Michael, the Jesuit, and so silent and cold was he, amid the boiling and seething of the children around him, that his calmness thrilled me as in another some great deed of valor might do. And Nita saw him, and watched the silent figure a moment in wonder, so distinct and apart from the entire scene did he seem to be.

"Signor!" she whispered. "See that silent monk. Is he not grandly calm amid all the horrors around him! He is different from the others. See how noble and still he is." "Yes," I replied, in a whisper. "That is Brother Michael—a Jesuit. He saved me from the soldiers and prison guards when I ran away, and he saved my life from a wound they gave me. I have my suspicion that Brother Michael is one whom the pretto thinks is doing servile penance in the monastery. Perhaps you have heard of Henry Thoriane. I think that Brother Michael is none other than he in the—"

"Henry Thoriane!" The cry rang out from Nita's lips with a wildness that frightened me, and caused the silent monk to look toward us. "No, no; it cannot be Henry Thoriane. Henry Thoriane is dead! He died when—"

She reeled. Her hands went up to her head. With a gasp and moan, she sank into my arms and lost all consciousness. I hurriedly carried her into the room and placed her on the bed. Water was handy, and I bathed her face with it. When the fight should be over, I would call for liquor and give it to her.

I stepped out on the balcony again to see how the fight was progressing. Suddenly the pretto and his murderous foe, Pordino, relaxed their hold and fell together. Encouraged by this, the bandits renewed their attack. The villa must certainly fall into their hands.

Just then, by a sudden movement, the silent monk drew from his bosom a peculiar symbol and held it aloft. He spoke a few words, and I heard exclamations of surprise ejaculated among the crowd of Pordino's hirelings. They crawled around the Jesuit, who spoke to them again, it seemed in a commanding way.

"Then the attacking party turned, and just when they seemed to have everything in their grasp, they fled silently out of the place, leaving the defeated soldiers of the pretto dumfounded at this new turn that affairs had taken. Bending over the fallen chiefs, the monk felt their breasts as if to learn whether they were alive or dead. The investigation evidently satisfied him, for he turned and signaled for some of the house servants and soldiers to carry the pretto and the count into the house.

Thoroughly bewildered now, I made sure that Dambo's cords were secure, dragged him out of Nita's room and into that in which Pacho Maligni had been killed, and, locking both doors, put the keys in my pocket and went down to meet Brother Michael. On the stairs I met Mutterelli, who was sauntering carelessly along smoking a cigarette. "You here?" I cried. "I did not see you in the fight?" "No, signor," he said. "A man who has prospects of fifty thousand lire never risks his life in a fight with bandits. I was looking for you. I have something for you." From under his jacket he took a box—the red tin box that had been taken from Pacho Maligni. "Where did you get that?" I asked. "In Dambo's quarters," he said. "It seems to connect him with the murder of Maligni!"

"It does, it does!" I felt that I could trust and handed him the keys, went down into the library, pretto and the Count di Pordino had been carried.

Two broad, low couches hurriedly drawn out into the library. Upon one lay Pacho Maligni's body, and upon the other the di Pordino. It was evident, my unpracticed eyes, that both men were dying. Physicians who had hurried to the villa, aroused by the alarm of the monastery, were working on them, and by the side of each a monk, holding a crucifix in his hand. "That is all we can do," said the monks. "The wounds are fatal. Neither pretto nor the Count di Pordino live till daylight."

The wounded men looked at them. They were conscious, heard their doom as pronounced by the physician. Brother Michael stepped near them, and said: "Sons, you have heard the words of the physician. Make peace with God, for you will stand before him to be judged, your deeds on earth, and if they have been evil, for the degree of penance and reparation you have done. Have you, Count di Pordino, any secret on your soul which you wish to confess and receive absolution and forgiveness before you before the final and the Almighty Judge?"

The count looked at the monk, and by a moment and slowly shook his head. "Is there nothing? Think, count, of your past life. Is there nothing you have ever borne false witness against another?" A frightened look came into the count's eyes.

"Ah!" softly said Brother Michael. "There is something. Is it not, Henry Thoriane?" The count made a sign of assent. "The crime with which he was charged, and for which he was sentenced to a servile penance for twenty years, and for which his estate was confiscated and turned over to your hands—did he commit that crime? Was he an enemy of the pretto?" The lips of the dying count formed the word "No."

The monk then turned to the pretto. (To be continued.)

SOME ONE-LINE AUTHORS.

Writers Whose Fame Rests Upon a Single Book or Quotation. It is one of the most odd experiences of life that, while some men in pursuit of fame write a library of books and die and are forgotten, other men, under some happy inspiration, write a single line, poem or volume, and are forever ranked with the immortals.

In some cases immortality goes a-begging from the modest shrinking of an author to claim his offspring, as in the case of the oracle who penned the eloquent word "Don't" in answer to Punch's request for advice to those about to marry. Very few read Congreve nowadays, and fewer still could quote half a dozen lines from any of his poems and dramas; and yet to many there have never even heard his name there are few lines more familiar than the oft-quoted and misquoted, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Charles Wolfe, the Irish divine and poet, wrote many poems of excellence, but only one redeems him and all his works from obscurity, and of this few could get beyond the first line, "We buried him darkly at dead of night." Thomas Gray has left one legacy only from all his writings, but that is an imperishable one—"Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," the most widely quoted poem in our language. Yet those who can recite every word of it could probably not even give the name of a single other poem by the same writer.

Lady Anne Barnard would have no place at all in the public memory if she had not written "Auld Robin Gray."

DAY TURNED INTO NIGHT. Extraordinary Abuse Built by Eccentric Millionaire. Another transformation of the interior of a family mansion resulted in an extraordinary inversion of the plan of nature. The owner, Mr. Brown, a retired stockbroker, was determined to turn night into day, and it cost him thousands of pounds to do it. All the outside windows of the house were built up, so as to exclude every ray of natural light. Entrance to the mansion was by an underground passage, and every room had a door and window opening onto a magnificent central space, which was open to the roof. From the roof, when it was outside, an imitation sun shone forth an electric glare, which filled the whole place with a light as of day. The wealthy eccentric rose at nine o'clock each evening, and, having breakfasted, started on a day's routine of work and pleasure. He lunched at 1 in the morning, drank a cup of tea about 4 a. m., and dined at 7 o'clock, retiring to rest about 10 and 11 a. m., when, by an ingenious sliding arrangement in the room, the bright sky and imitation sun were at once transformed into a concave expanse of ink blackness, from out of which a host of false stars twinkled, and an artificial moon shed forth her spurious beams.—Pearson's Weekly.

Long Time in High Position. Adjutant General Dalton of Massachusetts, who announces his intended retirement, will on Jan. 1 next have completed a twenty-year occupancy of a position which is practically the administrative head of the state's military establishment. Gen. Dalton was originally appointed by Gov. Butler