POISON FOR HUSBAND.

NELLIE STONE'S DESPERATE ATTEMPT AT MURDER.

FATAL LETTERS TO HER LOVER

Startling Divorce Case Filed in Chicago—Mrs. Stone, of Nashua, Io., Would Poison Her Aged and Wealthy Husband to Marry William H. Hassett, of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Aug. 26.—In a bill for divorce filed in the superior court today by Mrs. Bella H. Hassett against William H. Hassett, of this city, some most astounding charges are made. It is alleged, and the allegations are supported by written evidence, that Hassett conspired with the wife of a wealthy farmer named Stone, now living near Nashua, Io., to murder Stone, get a divorce from his own wife and then marry the widow of Stone, who by the letters attached was more than ready to put her own husband out of the way that she might marry Hassett. Mrs. Hasset is well known in the better circles of Cincinnati, where she taught school for several years. Her maiden name was Belle Cynthis Hicks, and her widowed mother yet resides in Cincinnati. Hassett comes from a wealthy family in Jefferson, Io. His father was engaged in the hardware business in that place for a dozen or more years, and prior to his death, a short time ago had accumulated a fortune, which will benefit Hassett it is said to the extent of $50,000 or $75,000. He was married to Miss Hicks, who at that time lived in Hamilton, O., June 24, 1891.

About one year ago, while Hassett was traveling through Iowa, he became acquainted with Mrs. Nellie Stone, who was living with her husband, a wealthy farmer in Nashua. The woman, the bill alleges, became enamored of Hassett, and, it is charged, made propositions to make away with her husband, who was past middle age and an invalid. What the initial developments of the alleged conspiracy to

Murder Farmer Stone

were, have not been made known. While all this was going on, Mrs. Hassett remained at her comfortable home. The alleged plot, as evidenced by the data attached to the bill, was to bring Stone to Chicago on a trip to the world's fair, and then place a quantity of poison in the medicine he was taking. The couple hoped to shield themselves, it is said, from the clutches of the law by giving out that the death of Mrs. Stone's husband was from natural causes. Mrs. Hassett became aware of the so-called intrigue through an accident. Not long ago her husband came home in an intoxicated condition and a quarrel arose, resulting in the defendant telling his wife that he had a woman living in Iowa who loved him more than she, and if she did not believe it she would find a number of letters in his trunk which would prove it. Mrs. Hassett was quick to act on the information given her, and while her husband was away from home she opened his trunk and found the letters. She was horrified at their contents, and immediately placed the matter in the hands of her attorneys, who prepared the bill for a divorce. The most important letters of the bundle were read and attached to the bill. They are as follows:

Fatal Letters.

Nashua, Io., June 28.—My Own Dear Will: As I am alone today, I will try to write one letter without being frightened out of my wits. I wish you were here today, so we could talk things over. I am awfully afraid of letters, but this seems to be the only way. You must not write me later than Thursday, so I can get it Friday. We will get in Chicago Sunday morning at 6:30; pretty early for you to get up, but you must get there. Now, dear, I think we will try between ourselves to have some accident happen the night of the 4th; I don't know what time we go to the grounds Tuesday, but you must be my shadow. We will stay on the grounds the evening to see the display. Do not be too caring and get caught, but something must be done, and I do not feel like doing it alone. I have thought of a great many things. Now there is a gentleman who visited at my home a short time ago, a good, reliable man and a gentleman. I would send for him as soon as anything happens. I think he will be at the League hotel near the grounds. After which I would send for you, but some one else must be there first, don't you see, to save you, my darling, from being accused. Oh, darling, you ought to be good to me! God knows I have proved to you in every way how much I love you! Sometimes a crowd of people makes him sick; if I gave him anything I would say he got overheated during the day. I want it to happen between the first and sixth. If it could only happen when I least expect it, I could be more shocked. You see I will have to put on a great deal. Now, if we succeed we will have to

Be Very Careful.

He has a son who would have to be sent for, and he and I could settle everything alone. You see I would have to keep my place as a widow a proper length of time in order to be anybody in the future, and I am sure you would want your wife to be somebody of good standing. Now think of all this. You know you have to have a divorce, and I could, by living carefully, see you often and still be well thought of. If there is no other way something can be given him, but I am afraid I should fail in the attempt. We must not let the chance slip. I would have taken him on to New York; then I could see you as I came back, and we could plan our future. If you get this in time, write me tomorrow. With love and kisses I am yours forever. Put on your goggles to come to the depot and be careful. He will not leave me long. If he once suspects us we might as well give up. Your own, NELLIE.

The Second Letter.

Friday, 6:30 a. m.—My Own Darling Boy: The time of starting has been changed. We will leave here Monday morning, July 3; change at Waterloo, and go on the K. C. Get into C. some time after me. If you will know Moday night should you get a telegram in the meantime. Do not come here, for it would not do, and I would not be here. Now, Babe, you can get some p. acid and give it to me, also some morphine. We may go in with a minister and his wife, but they will leave us Tuesday morning and go on East. Do not attempt to say anything to me unless I give you a signal. I could do something before I go in, but he seems in perfect health to look at him, and is feeling the best he has for a long time, but if I have a shadow of a chance I will see what can be done between this and Monday morning. I am just wild. I do not wish you to keep one line that I have written since our marriage. You do not need them. You will have me when the time comes, and ashes tell no tales. I shall burn every letter (as bad as I hate to) before I leave here. If I cannot do anything here, he must get hurt in Chicago accidentally. You can manage that yourself, and I can give him his medicine with something in it. He is not taking one bit of medicine now. So you see it would be a deliberate act of mine, and oh, how heartless it would seem! But a woman will do anything for love. The fellow I spoke of has a "cinch" on me. I have none on him. He offered to put S. out of the way if I would give him $1,000, and I told him to do it. He has done such things before, but I do not know where he is and I dare not ask. I will try to make him sick between now and Monday morning, but I cannot get him to take anything unless he is. Now, do not write anything more after you get this. I will not write anything more, and all letters on both sides must be destroyed at once. If one of us gets into trouble, we must not give the other away. We will never put one word on paper again in regard to this business. It is dangerous. Now goodbye until I see you in Chicago, but do not let him get sight of you if you intend to do anything. If it does not happen there it will happen pretty soon after I get back here, or in Davenport on our way home. Now do as you think best. I can give him a dose in Davenport and no one will ever know it. Goodbye once more. Your own true NELLIE.

Tried to Kill His Wife.

When Hassett became aware in his sober moments that his wife had obtained possession of his letters he made an attempt to kill her, it is said, and was only prevented from doing so by the interference of neighbors. He was in Chicago tonight, but could not be located. Mrs. Hassett was seen tonight and admitted all the allegations contained in the bill, but was loath to give any further information.

"My poor old mother is dying of a broken heart, and I fear the last circumstance will send her to the grave," she said. "I always had implicit faith in my husband, and believed all he told me. I do not know that I have ever seen Mrs. Stone, though two weeks ago a woman called here to see Mr. Hassett, who might have been she."

"Do you intend to institute criminal proceedings against your husband and Mrs. Stone?"

"That I cannot tell. The matter is solely in the hands of my attorneys."

Whether the alleged plot to take the life of Stone was frustrated or not could not be ascertained tonight. It is thought by the attorneys that Mr. and Mrs. Stone were in Chicago about July 4, but nothing definite was learned.

A COUNT'S SUICIDE.

End of the Career of a Very Gay Young Man.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 26.—The man who committed suicide at the Grand hotel, San Francisco, at which hostelry he had registered the name of R. W. Parker, but whose right name was Wilber Prescott Kookoger, was well known in this city as "Count" Kookoger. He figured in many scandals, and was arrested at Camden, N. J., in March, 1892, for bigamy, on complaint of his newly wedded wife, the daughter of James M. Scovel, of Camden. At the trial he was found guilty and was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. This spring he was released under parole. Since then nothing has been heard of the count, and it it supposed that, with his first wife, he made his way to the Pacific coast.

To his wife, according to the dispatch, he must have confided some of the details of his phantom fortune. His hopes of an estate depended on the death of his mother, who for a long time lived in this city, but was finally compelled, by reason of her son's riotous method of living, to go to France, where she now is. She granted the "count" a monthly allowance, which never was equal to his importunities.

MINNESOTA TAKES MANY.

Awards at the World's Fair to North Star Stock.

CHICAGO, Aug. 26.—The live stock judges put in a hard day's work in the stock pavilion today. The awards bestowed on Galloway cattle were as follows:

Bull, Two Years Old and Under Three—First premium, Hugh Paul, Dundee, Minn., Speculator; third, S. P. Clark, Dover, Ill., Dixon's Dixie. (No second given.)

Bull, one year and under two—Third premium, Hugh Paul, Dundee, Minn., Counsellor.

Heifer, one year and under two—First premium, Hugh Paul, Dundee, Minn., Fortuna; second, S. P. Clark, Dover, Ill., Gem of Ivygale.

Bull Under One Year—First premium, Hugh Paul, Dundee, Minn., Viscount; second, S. P. Clark, Dover, Ill., Prince Mar; third, William McTurk, Crystal, Io., Sulwood or Wolf Creek.

Heifer Under One Year—First premium, Hugh Paul, Dundee, Minn., Flora McDonald. Third premium, Brookside Farm company, Dundee, Minn., Julia Third of Brookside.

Heifer, Two-Year-Old and Under Three—Second premium, Hugh Paul, Dundee, Minn., Wavetree Miss. Third premium, S. P. Clark, Dover, Ill., Tobey Second of Dover.

Hereford cattle, two animals of either sex, the product of one cow. Second premium, L. S. Cosgrove, Le Sueur, Minn. Four animals of either sex, under four years old, the get of one sire. Third premium, L. S. Cosgrove, Le Sueur, Minn.

Clydesdale Mare, Two Years and Under Three—First premium, N. P. Clarke, St. Cloud, Minn., Lizzie MacGregor; second, R. G. B. Ogilvie, Madison, Wis., Lass o' Gowrie Fifth; third, N. P. Clarke, St. Cloud, Minn., Princess Leita.

Mare, Five Years Old or Under—First, Robert Halloway, Allexis, Ill., St. Cushbert's Maggie; second, N. B. Clarke, St. Cloud, Minn., Jeannie Houston.

Mare, Three Years and Under—First premium, N. P. Clark, St. Cloud, Minn., Miss Staley.

Mare, Four Years and Under Five—First premium, K. B. Ogilvie, Madison, Wis., Lass O' Gowrie III.; second, N. P. Clark, St. Cloud, Minn., Major McGregor; third, R. B. Ogilvie, Madison, Wis., Lass O' Gowrie.

CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

Prominent Delegates Who Will Attend.

CHICAGO, Aug. 26.—Secretary Onahan, of the committee on organization of the Catholic congress, said tonight that the lists of delegates have now practically all been received by him. Among the later lists there is no diminution in the number of notable names. The delegation from the Buffalo diocese is headed by Hon. William F. Sheehan, lieutenant governor of the state of New York. Among those from Lincoln, Neb., is Hon. John Fitzgerald, ex-president of the Irish National League of America. Judge A. L. Morrison will be one of the representatives from New Mexico. Another well known name is that of the poet-professor, Maurice Francis Egan, of Notre Dame university. The Milwaukee archdiocese distinguished itself by sending a woman as one of its delegates—Miss E. A. Schley, who is prominently connected with Catholic charities. The day preceding the opening of the congress will, it is announced today, have a feature of particular interest for the delegates. Archbishop Ireland has promised to address the concluding session of the labor congress on "The Catholic Church and the Labor Movement."

Sold to the Northwestern.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—It was officially announced here today that the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Railroad company, having been sold to the Chicago & Northwestern Railway company, the latter will take charge and operate the same on and after Sept. 1 next.

Steamship Movements.

NEW YORK—Arrived: New York and Campania, Southampton and Queenstown respectively.

SOUTHAMPTON—Arrived: U. S. S. Bennington.

And There You Are.

Pembina Pioneer Express.

A silver dollar will buy a little over two bushels of wheat at the present prices, but if you melt the silver dollar the metal will only buy a little over one bushel of wheat; but you can melt a gold dollar and get almost as much wheat as if it still retained the government stamp.

MARTY EXONERATED.

SALTY RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED AT SIOUX FALLS RETREAT.

TWO PASTORS SQUELCHED.

Resolutions Adopted Asking That the Perpetrators of the Attack on the Bishop Be Dealt With According to Their Deserts in the Ecclesiastical Courts—Funds to Move the Crops.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Aug. 26.—For several months past there have been flying rumors about certain charges to made against Bishop Marty, and a short time ago it was announced that charges affecting his integrity, moral character and administrative ability were to be laid before Mgr. Satolli, at Washington. This report occasioned great surprise among the Catholics of the diocese, where Bishop Marty is beloved for his character and his devotion to the church. The report was traced to one or two disgruntled priests who had been disciplined for various derelictions. Yesterday, during the progress of a retreat of the priests of this diocese in this city, the following complete exoneration of the bishop and testimony to his character were passed by a unanimous vote, and were afterward signed by every priests except two, who were the ones supposed to be aggrieved. The resolutions were as follows:

In view of the manner our beloved bishop has been vilified in the public press by certain incorrigible and malicious priests now known to the prelate of Sioux Falls, be it

Resolved, That we, the priests of Sioux Falls diocese in synod convened, feel it our bounden duty to give expression to our confidence in the estimable ordinary of this diocese. The saintliness of his character, his rare administrative ability, his absolute freedom from national and party prejudice, his noble example of every Christian virtue, are known and felt by the clerics and lay people of South Dakota. Further be it

Resolved, That all articles defamatory to the character of Bishop Marty and his priests are vile calumnies, and the originators thereof are infamous liars and passionate creatures of ecclesiastical disappointment. Since patience has its limits, and, as a philosopher said, "Est modus in rebus sunt certi denique fines quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum," be it resolved that we, the priests of Sioux Falls diocese, have demanded of our diocesan authority that the perpetrators be legally dealt with according to their deserts in the ecclesiastical courts.

MONEY FOR GRAIN.

Funds Reported in Plenty in South Dakota.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., Aug. 26.—Northwestern Elevator company agents are in receipt of the following instructions: "Our methods of paying for wheat this year are precisely what they always have been. Our agents have always sent drafts on this company, which have always been paid when they reached the Twin Cities, and they always will be. We have just as much funds to start our business this year and more than we have had in the past. The whole matter is simply this: Every draft you issue on this company will be paid when presented to the banks in the Twin Cities on which it is drawn."

Other elevator companies say they are prepared to do as well as other grain firms, so that farmers will entertain no further fears as to sight drafts on Minneapolis and St. Paul banks. They always have been paid when presented, and are practically the equivalent of cash.

BALM FOR BUSTED HEART.

Chicago Girl Wants $20,000 From a Bourbon.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Aug. 26.—A sensational breach of promise suit was started this morning. The fair complainant is Miss Florence Byrne, of Chicago, a pretty, round-faced young woman of twenty-four years. She asks $20,000 from William Vernon Noad, of Louisville, Ky., now in this city looking after business interests. Mr. Noad is a nephew of the late Gen. John H. Hammons, who platted the first townsite of West Superior, and served as the first president of the Land and River Improvement company. Mr. Noad was West Superior's first postmaster. The young lady is a school teacher, and says she has suffered greatly in body and mind because she was not made Mr. Noad's wife. She exhibits a basket of billets doux, which are alleged to have come from the defendant.

Killed by Foul Air.

Special to the Globe.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Aug. 26.—The seven-year-old son of Frank Brown, a teamster, fell in an old unused well here today and was suffocated by foul air. His mother climbed down to save him and was also overcome. Dan Dougherty rescued the woman with great difficulty, but she may die. Dougherty was for a time overcome himself, but with Policeman Eldridge went down the well twice.

Brewery Purchased.

Special to the Globe.

CROOKSTON, Minn., Aug. 26.—J. N. Preister, representing a stock company of local business men and Milwaukee and Minneapolis parties, purchased the Crookston Brewery company plant today for $50,000, the transfer to occur Oct. 1. The company will enlarge the plant.

Plenty of Money for Grain.

Special to the Globe.

FAIRMONT, Aug. 26.—New grain of all kinds is coming into market. The Ward & Cadwell company, Hodges & Hyde and Rippe Bros. have all opened their warehouses, and have plenty of ready cash to move our entire crop. The quality of grain of all kinds is A 1, and the yield just a little below the average.

Evidently Caught Napping.

Special to the Globe.

ABERDEEN, S. D., Aug 26,—Joseph Becker's cigar and tobacco store was closed by the police this afternoon on an injunction granted, in the absence of Judge Campbell, by Judge Hanen, of the Mitchell district. A quantity of liquors was found on the premises. Evidence against the place was worked up by the enforcement league, which is now actively at work.

Residence Burned.

Special to the Globe.

BISMARCK, N. D., Aug. 26.—The fine residence of Mayor Allen was almost totally destroyed by fire this evening. No one was at home at the time, and it is supposed to have caught from a lamp explosion. The loss is about $4,000; insurance, $3,500.

New Patents.

Special to the Globe.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—The following patents were recently issued to Northwestern inventors, as reported by James F. Williamson, Patent Attorney, 929-933 Guaranty Loan Building, Minneapolis, Minn.: Minnesota—William G. Denney, South St. Paul, seal; Robert Ferguson, St. Paul, hydrocarbon furnace; Lewis J. Helland, Mansfield, hay sling; Erick Nelson, St. Paul, tool for sharpening plows; John F. Schmidt, Blue Earth City, clothes drier. South Dakota—Hardy W. Campbell, Aberdeen, heater. North Dakota—Robert Pugh, Casselton, heating drum.

WAS TO BE HIS WIFE.

Boston Globe.

"Please, sir, give me a penny!"

I was about to say "No!" very savagely, when I chanced to let my eye fall on the little upturned face—the face of one of Raphael's cherubs.

Then I paused on the curbstone balancing the coin on my glove tip.

"So you want a penny, little one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

"Where is your mother?"

"Haven't got any."

"Nor father?"

She shook her head, still eyeing the penny covetously, as if fearful that it would vanish shortly out of her sight.

I tossed it toward her—she snapped it up as a hungry dog might seize a bone, and, depositing it somewhere among her rags, ran after a portly old gentleman who was picking his way across the muddy stones.

I passed on to the clubhouse, glanced over the newspapers, and all the time those bright gold curls, and the large, wondering brown eyes of the little street-sweeper kept coming and going like the changing tints of a dream-kaleidoscope before my mind's eye.

What an impression that face had left on my memory!

Had the tiny waif been ten-years older, I should unhesitatingly have pronounced it an affair of love at first sight—as it was, I could not explain away the mystery at all!

That great central chandelier in Mr. Wyndham's dining-room glowed with scores of tiny jets of flame. The silver epergne in the middle, crowned with a bouquet of rare flowers, seemed like a bank of perfume, and the flash of crimson wines and delicate liquors that surrounded me stimulated the senses to their utmost capacities of enjoyment.

Virginia Wyndham sat directly opposite me—a handsome, dashing girl, hitherto my especial admiration.

She was a little piqued tonight at my evident abstraction, and flirted most desperately with her next neighbor, a rising young lawyer. I looked on, most philosophically.

Twenty-four hours previously I should have been frantic with jealousy—now I didn't care a snap!

Old Wyndham whisked away in disgust at my languid apathy, and I took my hat and bade the fair Virginia good evening. I had a sort of secret conviction that the whole affair had been gotten up to give me a nice chance for "proposing."

My room was illumined only by the low, ruddy gleam of the fire as I entered it. It seemed very lonely, with the vacent chair beside the round table, whose books and papers and piles of engravings were all in confusion.

I sat down and began to ponder various things.

I had never met any girl whom I fan cied sufficiently to invite her to share my wealth. Perhaps I was overfastidious. Be that as it might, a new fancy had taken possession of the citadel of my brain. I would adopt the little friendless dasmel of the street crossings.

I would educate her as my wife ought to be educated; I would teach her to love me,—and then—

I involuntarily sprang to my feet as I pictured forth mentally the glorious loveliness into which her childish beauty would expand! It was a settled thing—I would adopt her!

And I adopted Winny—the only name to which the half-savage young elf would own.

"And now, Winny," said I, the evening before my pretty little protegee was to be placed under the care of Mme. Delarue to be thoroughly remodeled, "you know you are to be my little wife in about eight years."

Winny sat on the edge of the fenders, kicking her little feet on the carpet, as she devoured the cream candy and sugar plums wherewith I had won her heart. As I finished speaking she fixed her large eyes solemnly on my face.

"Little wife? What does that mean?"

"Why," said I, rather embarrassed, "it means that I shall love you very much, and buy you new dresses and bracelets and"—

"And candies?"

"Of course," said I, wincing a little.

"Well," said Winny, pensively contemplating a gigantic sugar almond. I'll think of it."

Eight years passed away—eight years of sunshine and blossoming, and during all that time I never went near Winny. Letters innumerable were exchanged between us—gay, friendly letters—but I sought no personal interview.

I tried to be satisfied with Mme. Delarue's monthly reports of progress, and, as I saw my bachelor friends one by one engulfed in the pool of matrimony, like withered leaves drifting into a hurried forest stream, I consoled myself with thinking of the beautiful young wife with whom I would astonish them one of these days!

"Here's a letter for you, Jim," said one of my cronies bursting into my room, where I sat alone. "I met the messenger on the stairs and rifled him of his burden."

He tossed it into my lap, and sat down to enjoy his cigar, while I eagerly tore open the perfumed little missive, sealed with the crest of Mme. Delarue.

"Why, what's the matter?" exclaimed my companion, as I sprang up pale and agitated, scarce knowing wither to turn.

"The matter! Why, some confounded young collegian or other has been making love to my Winny—and she wants to marry him—and madame has just discovered the affaire du cœur, as she calls it—hang her French phrases!"

"And you are going on to give the young folks your blessing?"

"My blessing—no, I should rather think not. I'm going to give the boy a good horse-whipping and place Winny where she'll forget him!"

It was nearly noon when I drew up my horses in front of the iron gateste Mme. Delarue's seminary.

I was kept waiting in the parlor considerably longer than I liked, after having sent up my card to "Miss Winny Grey" (the name I had selected for her), particularly as I was conscious of a good deal of tittering in the hall and several pairs of bright eyes regarding me from the cracks in the half-open door.

"Did you want to see me, sir?"

I turned, completely astounded. There stood a tall, lank, lathy sort of a girl, with red curls—not auburn, not golden, but a carroty, unmistakable red—weak brown eyes and freckles.

"Are you Winny?" I exclaimed.

She nodded bashfully, murmuring something about my having sent for her.

Alas! what an overthrow to the vision of eight years.

I asked her a few questions about her studies, counseled her to "be a good girl" and "mind her music," and gracefully took leave!

In the hall I met Mme. Delarue, all in a flutter:

"Are you going already, Mr. Rivers? Pray what am I to do about this naughty, dear child?"

"O, well, madame," quoth I carelessly, "I'm not the one to interfere with the happiness of young people. Pray make all inquiries into the respectability of this young man"—

"Most respectable, sir," interrupted madame, "of a most wealthy and respectable family."

"Of course—well, I'm glad to hear it. I will write my consent to Winny tomorrow, as I did not wish to embarrass her by any verbal allusion to this little affair."

And off I went, indescribably relieved to think I was not obliged to marry that girl.

I sent a cordial letter and a set of pearls to Winny the next day, and received per post an affectionate and graceful acknowledgment of the same.

Then I plastered my wounded feelings by a trip to the far West. After an absence of three months I returned sunburnt, jovial and heart-whole to my den in the hotel!

"Very nice to be at home again," was my first reflection. "Now, I hope that not a soul will come near me tonight, for I want to enjoy at least one quiet evening in my old quarters!

Vain hope! were not the knuckles of the waiter at that instant on my door? Did he not bring up the card of some visitors who had seen my name on the hotel books and were determined to invade my peaceful sanctum?

"Mr and Mrs Lansingh Wyndham!"

Now Lansingh Wyndham, I knew, was Virginia's brother—but what did I care for him? I turned the card over and over, reflectively.

"Show them up!" at last I exclaimed in desperation.

A moment elapsed—just a moment—before I was electrified by the loveliest young creature I had ever beheld bounding into the room, and throwing her white, pearl-wreathed arms about my neck, with a succession of kisses that seem like a bunch of Chasselas grapes, of a cluster of roses, or anything else which was delicious.

It was my Winny—the realization of my youthful fancies—superbly beautiful in her young bridehood. I saw it all, in that one dizzy glance, just as it had passed beyond my reach forever—my lovely dream of Winny.

"And this is my husband," said Winny, smilingly beckoning to the handsome young fellow who stood in the doorway.

"But look here, Winny," said I solemnly, "this isn't fair! You are not the young person I saw at Mme. Delarue's."

"No," said Winny, blushing and laughing, and hiding her face in her beautiful jeweled hands, "but—but—there was another girl named Winny there—and I was afraid you would scold me—and we thought it wouldn't be a very naughty thing for her to personate me, just for once."

Is never occurred to me until afterward that the marriage of my Winny to Virginia Wyndham's brother savored somewhat of "righteous retribution."

But Miss Wyndham herself viewed it in that light, I am told. Somehow old bachelors and and old maids see these things differently.

TOUCH OF MOTHER'S HAND

An Awakened Conscience Due to a Simple Song.

New York Recorder.

I took a seat with the detective near the door, where we could get a good look at the surroundings.

There are times when even the allurements of vice give way, momentarily, before a light word lightly spoken. Under the hideous midnight glitter the frequenters of the place were saying in their hearts: "Hurrah! No past. No future. Our philosophy is that of annihilation. Nothing lives, save the present moment. There is no other way. The past is gone. The future, no one knows. The present is all we have and care about."

Bang-a-ling, the banjo. Click-click, the glasses. Tink-a-link, the steamboat piano. The smoke curls. Waiters pass. Bottles are opened and emptied. On, on, on!

And then?

A few light words, lightly spoken, by a new songstress on the low stage—a slip of a girl tonight, with the touch of her mother's hand still lingering in her yellow hair.

What is that? Heads are nodding to the melody, and hearts are beating, too. A descriptive song and chorus. Listen. Something about far away beyond the glamour of the city and its strife there's a quiet little homestead by the sea.

Yes, yes.

It is as a knife thrust through the heart so suddenly does it arrest the attention of the aimless, careless women of the streets. And the song is saying:

Here a tender little lassie used to live a happy life, contented in her home as she could be.

Yes, yes.

Not a shadow ever seemed to cloud the sunshine of her youth, and they thought no sorrow could her life befall; but she left them all one evening, so says the plaintive melody, and their sad hearts knew the truth when her father turned her picture toward the wall.

The intense human interest of these words, together with the descriptive charm of the next verse—how they saved every trinket, every ribbon that she wore—and the lamp of hope still burns—and a mother's prayers—ah, the tender recollection of a face they never see—it is the song that clutches at the hearts of the careless and the gay, laughter is dead, old women grow young again, young women bow their heads, and in the eyes of each and all uprise mists long since unknown to these.

Well, well, just a few words lightly spoken at midnight, with the glare of ill-smelling lamps about, a low concert hall in great New York—just a few words, ending as all such songs must end, as all such lives must end, even as is outlined in the parting melody from the lips of the slip of a girl, upon whose head still lingers the touch of her mother's hand:

There's a name that's never spoken, and a mother's heart half broken.
There's just another missing from the old home, that is all:
There is still a memory living of a father unforgiving
And the picture that is turned toward the wall.

The Man Who Wrote It.

Harpers Bazar.

"Did you ever notice," said Hicks, "how men and women get hold of some single word which they've one every possible occasion?"

"I don't know that I've noticed it," observed Parker.

"I have," put in little Johnny Hicks. "Pa and ma have one they're using all day long."

"What word is that?" asked Parker, with a smile.

"Don't," said Johnny.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December A. D. 1886.

{SEAL.} A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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THE ENGLISH DUKE.

GERMANS SURPRISED AND DISSATISFIED WITH HIM.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S EFFORT

To Get Prince Alfred on the Throne Vetoed by the Duke of Edinburgh—Attitude of Queen Victoria and Empress Frederick—Opinions of the German Press.

BERLIN, Aug. 26.—The succession of the Duke of Edinburgh to the rulership of the duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha dominates public interest in Germany, and widely divergent rumors in regard to the matter are everywhere circulated. Putting all these aside, there is no doubt that the succession of an English duke has surprised and dissatisfied the nation, though the fact is quietly accepted by the duchies concerned. It is probable that Emperor William would have preferred that Prince Alfred, the only son of the Duke of Edinburgh, should have succeeded Duke Ernst.

Indeed, it is believed that his majesty hastened to the ducal castle of Reinhardsbrunn as soon as possible after the death of Duke Ernst, in the hope that he might induce his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, to waive his claim to the succession in favor of Prince Alfred. His majesty is reported to have told the duke that under any circumstances a regency would be impossible, and that he must take the throne himself or abandon all connection with the duchies. Finding the duke resolute in his determination to forego none of his rights, and also finding that his mother, Queen Victoria, was supporting him in his attitude,

The Emperor

put on the best face possible, and acquiesced to the duke's succeeding. He attended the ceremony of administering the oath of allegiance to the German constitution, being unwilling to again excite criticism from the family of his mother, the Empress Frederick.

The Empress Frederick, it will be recalled is the elder sister of the Duke of Edinburgh. All such danger is now allayed. The extremist press, Radical and Conservative alike, are indulging in anglophobia criticism. They harp upon the inexpediency of admitting a relative of a powerful foreign house into the secrets of the federation. An important exception to this attitude of the radical papers is Herr Richter's Freisinnige Zeitung, which says that the Coburgers stand in no need of pity because instead of being succeeded by any young officer of the guards Duke Ernest is succeeded by a man of the world of mature political experience. It adds that if Duke Alfred introduces English constitutional ideas in lieu of a cabinet government the people may thank their good fortune in having him for their ruler.

The Gotha Tageblatt, a moderate paper, embodies the opinion of a majority of the people of the duchies in welcoming the new duke for the reason that he comes from a country where the rights and liberties of the people are universally respected.

Despite the sense of popular opposition, however, it is impossible to deny that there is an uneasy feeling that everything may not pass off quietly and smoothly. The changes that will be made in the ducal ministry are likely to be the first

Proof of This.

Herr Ketelholdt, who is believed to be Duke Alfred's confident, is marked as the coming prime minister. He has become increasingly popular within the past ten years, while Prime Minister Strenges' popularity has correspondingly waned.

Nothing is yet publicly known as to the disposition of the late duke's property. It has always been supposed that he was immensely wealthy, certainly his estates were extensive enough. Apart from the palaces, castles and shooting lodges owned by him in Germany, he was the proprietor of one of the finest sporting domains in Europe, situated in the Austrian Tyrol.

All these properties are entailed and pass to his successor. Something more than coldness existed between the late duke and Emperor William. The former regarded the dismissal of Prince Bismarck from the chancellorship as a mistake, if not as a crime. He never visited the emperor or Berlin after Prince Bismarck went out of office. Duke Ernst was on good terms with old Emperor William, while he entertained the

Warmest Friendship

for Emperor Frederick, who informed him of everything, and consulted him on all important matters. The voluminous letters that were exchanged by Emperor Frederick and Duke Ernst, which letters are now preserved in the archives of Coburg, would make an interesting volume.

Reports gather credence that Prince Luitpold will resign the regency of Bavaria in favor of his son. Owing to the Klug affair there is a feeling that he is losing control of the government and is being hoodwinked.

Herr Krupp, the great gunmaker, is about to open at Essen a unique exhibition of the progress made in the manufacture of artillery since 1864. The most curious exhibit will be a gun of 24-centimeter caliber, having a range of twenty kilometers. The weight of the projectile thrown by this weapon is 215 kilogrammes, while the charge of powder weighs forty-two kilogrammes.

A cyclone passed over Eastern Silesia on Thursday last. One hundred houses at Neustadt, Kozel and Oberglogau were unroofed, crops were destroyed and several persons were killed.

The youngest daughter of Hon. Theodore Runyon, the American minister to Germany, has entered the St. Augustan Elocution institute at Charlottenburg.

Mr. Jackson, one of the secretaries of the American legation, has returned to Berlin, his leave of absence having expired. His vocation was chiefly spent at Rayatz and Hamburg.

Ex-Vice President Morton and Mrs. Morton and Randolph Robinson, of New York, are among the visitors at Hamburg.

CAUSE OF THE RIOT.

Anti-French Agitation in Italy Makes Trouble.

ROME, Aug. 26.—The riots during the past few days in Naples, which have generally been attributed to striking cab drivers, have a wider and deeper significance. The troubles had their origin in the anti-French agitation following the Aigues-Mortes massacre of Italians by Frenchmen. The demonstrations at first were intended solely as expressions of indignation against the French. The cabmen took advantage of the excitement to strike for higher wages, and the rioting which then occurred had no connection with the Aigues-Mortes affair. The troubles of Thursday last were due to the cabmen who had apparently concluded that their cause was a lost one—but in creating disturbances they found allies in the poor of the city, who joined in fighting the police. Passions and discontent arising from many causes found vent in rioting, and the police found themselves unable to cope with the mob, which threatened to take possession of the city. The police, it is charged, added to the seriousness of the situation by the brutality they displayed. Instead of facing the parading strikers and their supporters, it is said the police fired at children and peaceable people whom they found sitting outside the cafes. The troops dispatched to the city have quelled the rioting. The chamber of deputies and the councillors side with the people and protest against the conduct of the police. Sgr. Giolitti, prime minister, and minister of the interior, has ordered that an inquiry be made into all the facts in connection with the disorders. He also ordered that the director general of public safety direct the police until the inquiry is ended.

The city is now quiet.

Tram cars, cabs and other vehicles are beginning to run as usual.

CHOLERA.

Fear Throughout England—Several Cases in Berlin.

LONDON, Aug. 26.—The good people in the city of Hull are in a state of alarm just now over the report that a case of cholera is in their midst. The report has spread throughout the country that the dreaded disease has found a footing in England, and the authorities in London have been overwhelmed with inquiries from health boards and private persons in the various cities of the country as to the truth of the rumor. Tha scare has been so general that the government board found it necessary to issue a formal statement to reassure the people of the healthful condition of the country, and of the impossibility of cholera getting a foothold. The board met tonight, and after discussion decided that the fears which had been aroused throughout England by the reported case at Hull must be allayed, and that this could be done only by a statement from them. They therefore sent out a document, in which they asserted that an epidemic in England at the present time was impossible. Since the beginning of the year the strictest investigation of all vessels arriving at the various ports has been made, and complete arrangements have been provided for isolating any cases which may arrive.

There have been reports of further suspicious cases in Germany today. In Naples seven deaths from cholera occurred today.

There was one death from cholera in Rotterdam, and two new cases were reported. The people of Marseilles are in a state of trepidation lest they have another experience with cholera. A steamer has arrived there from Jeddah with a number of pilgrims from Mecca. The officers report that twenty of the pilgrims died of cholera on the voyage.

BERLIN, Aug. 26.—Ten persons are under medical observation in the Moabit cholera hospital. Three fresh cases of cholera have been found in Berlin today. All the bathing places along the Spree, which flows through the city, have been closed, as the river is believed to be infected.

RUSSIAN TROOPS

Preparing to Occupy Herat With a Strong Force.

VIENNA, Aug. 26.—The Freie Presse has advices from Russia that Russian troops are making preparations to occupy Herat with a strong force. Russian diplomatic officials are indulging the hope that the ameer will not try to recover Herat, but that Great Britain will seek compensation by the occupation of Cabul and Candahar, and in that way become involved in a conflict with Afghanistan.

The ameer's forces at Herat number hardly 500; all his other troops are massed on the eastern frontier. The Russians are reported to be fortifying Penjdeh, Sarakhs and Pulikhatum. The troops at all three stations will be reinforced probably in the autumn from the Caucasian division of the Russian army. All Russian troops in the Trans-Caspian provinces are being armed with repeating rifles.

Big Republican Majority.

PARIS, Aug. 26.—It is expected that the second ballots for members of the chamber of deputies, rendered necessary through the failure of many of the candidates to secure the requisite majorities in the general elections held Sunday last will result in the return of 65 Republicans, 31 Radicals, 30 Socialists, 9 Conservative Rallies and 29 Reactionaires. It is probable there will be in the new chamber a majority of 176 government Republicans on purely political questions.

TALE OF A GHOST.

A Hakensack Man Forced to Play a Role Against His Will.

When Edward Westervelt, a well-known resident of Hakensack, N. J., went out on his porch for the morning paper a draught slammed the front door to, says the Philadelphia Times. He was in his night shirt, had no keys and was in a quandary, for the lower floor of the house was guarded by solid wooden shutters, and there was no one inside, the family being at Asbury Park. The house is situated in one of the most aristocratic parts of the place, and Mr. Westervelt did not care to remain long where he was. He did not like to awaken any of the neighbors, and was in a sorry plight. There were open windows on the second story, and after some thought Mr. Westervelt decided to go to a lumber yard six blocks away and obtain a ladder. He recognized that the trip was a risky one, as some of his neigh