

# Her Heart's Secret

Or Under a Spell.

By JEAN WARNER.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII. (Continued.)

"Have you seen her lately?" Fenton was biting his tawny mustache, reflectively—"Fannie—Miss Clive, I mean? Have you seen her?" "Oh, dear, no!" answered Miss Marian, quickly. "I couldn't call, under the circumstances; it would be so embarrassing. What could one say?" "Very true," said Fenton, throwing the fragments of Fannie's little note, one by one, into the fire. "What could one say? It would be embarrassing. And—and you say they have left the Towers? I would not have time to call; but there is a little packet, I would like to—ahem!—to send to Fannie—to Miss Clive, I mean—if you would take charge of it."

And Lieut. Fenton Forest, as he spoke, stammered and hesitated in a way very foreign to his usual brazen self-possession, and looked as a man might look who felt himself a cur of the lowest degree.

"Indeed, you will have to excuse me, Lieutenant!" said Miss Marian, with a malicious little laugh. "It wouldn't do at all for me to interfere in such a delicate matter. Send the packet to Dr. Bond; he appears to have constituted himself a champion of these unhappy Clives. For my part, I think the greatest kindness we can do them is to let them drop entirely. Laurence has some quixotic views upon holding on to friends in distress; but, as I told him last night, distress and disgrace are vastly different in their meaning."

Perhaps the unhappy Clives felt the truth of their words, as that same evening, they turned away from the proud home that had sheltered their childhood, and journeyed to the humble little cottage that Herbert had procured in a thriving little village a few miles to the north.

Dr. Bond had encouraged the young man in his proud determination to accept nothing from the wealthy kinsman who was coming now as master of the Towers; and through this same true friend's influence Herbert had obtained a position in a large manufacturing house in the village of P—.

He seemed to have but one thought. Self was lost sight of completely in his careful solicitude for the gentle sister, now dependent upon his exertions—the sister whose tender heart was bleeding from the many wounds, and who, like some tenderly-nourished plant, suddenly bereft of every other prop, clung to him for support and protection.

But there was one other watching over her pathway—plucking from it each thorn that he could reach, smoothing it as far as was in his power, brightening it by friendly words and cheering smiles—another, whose kindly interest in her welfare Fannie had learned to look upon as almost a right, so unceasing had been Laurence Grey's efforts to aid his friends in their hour of adversity.

He it was who had sought out and selected their future home; he had filled it with a thousand little trifles of which Herbert, absorbed in care and sorrow, would have never dreamed; had twined the ivy over the little window; chosen the pretty pictures to hang on the whitewashed walls; brought Fannie's pet bird from the deserted conservatory at Clive Towers, and Herbert's cherished books from his own corner in the library. It was Laurence who had been here, there and everywhere—the patient, cheerful, never-tiring, faithful friend, always tender with a word of hope, a deed of help or a smile of cheer.

It was Laurence who, in his favorite sailor costume (he had come up the river in his yacht), met the brother and sister at the door of the quaint little one-story cottage, and was the first to welcome them to their humble home.

No one could tell how his strong, brave heart was aching with tenderness and sympathy for the graceful girl, who, pale and sorrowful in her deep mourning robes, had never to his eyes looked so beautiful and womanly. "It is very poor, darling," said Herbert, leading her into the little parlor, where the bright sunlight streamed through curtains of Laurence's choosing upon a dainty supper table that Laurence himself had spread; "but Laurence and I have done our best. Won't you try to be happy even here? We have only each other to live for now—only each other and the kind friends whose fidelity adversity could not shake. Let us be happy in each other."

Fannie looked around her at the snowy walls hung with her favorite pictures; at the little book case filled with her favorite books; at her bird singing in its gilded cage; on the ivy-veiled windows and the flower stand, glowing with the beautiful blossoms that erst had been her especial pride. Then her eyes filled with tears, not of sorrow, but of gladness, and, hiding her face on Herbert's breast, she held out her hand to the faithful friend at his side.

"You have been so kind, so good to me," she whispered, "dear brother and dear friend! I feel as if I could be happy here."

held—the packet sent back to her without word or sign, by the man who, with ardent vows and passionate entreaties, had won her warm, young heart.

Had he, indeed, won it? For a moment the girl looked at the fragments of her first love-dream with glittering eyes and heaving breast; then, with a proud gesture, she swept all into the flames leaping and crackling on the hearth before her.

"It is what I might have known—what I might have expected," she said, in a hard, dry voice. "Thank God—aye, thank God—who has saved me from my own foolish heart!" "The scoundrel! the villain!" uttered Herbert, between his clenched teeth. "By heaven, he shall answer to me for this! Does he think my arm is palsied—my hand is tied?"

But the young man's passionate outburst was stopped by a kiss—a kiss, aye, and from rosy, smiling lips, that had no quiver of pain.

"He is not worth an angry word, dear brother—he is not worth a regretful thought. I was too foolish then to know the gold from the gilding. Dear brother, you and—Laurence have taught me wisdom since. Why should I mourn for that which fire can destroy? The pure gold, triply proved in the crucible, is still mine own."

She pointed to the glowing hearth before her. The letters, tress, miniature, all were ashes; but in the flames the little locket showed itself—a mass of pure, molten gold, shaped like a rugged heart.

And Fannie smiled. A memory stirred within her breast that made her heart a prophesy—the true gold was all her own.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### At Last.

"Well, they've come," said Dr. Bond, alighting at the door of Ivy Cottage, and grasping Herbert's hand warmly. "Mr. and Miss Clive arrived at the Towers last night."

"Miss Clive?" repeated Herbert, in some surprise.

"Yes, I didn't mention that Basil Clive had a daughter," said the doctor, dryly. "He has, though, and a very charming young lady she is. I've been acting as mediator, my boy," he continued, clapping Herbert's shoulder, heartily; "and I think I've succeeded admirably. I found Mr. Basil Clive disposed to be very liberal—very liberal, indeed. He don't care to live at the Towers—in fact, he don't care to live in America at all, and we came to a conclusion last night, that will save your father's credit, leave his name untarnished, and put you in lawful possession of your old home again. You must marry that pretty cousin of yours, my boy. She's young, lovely, rich and the legal heiress of Clive Towers, and she has heard enough of you to dispose her very favorably to your suit. You must marry Miss Clive."

"Impossible, sir!" said Herbert, his face flushing indignantly. "Surely it is not Dr. Bond who advises me to sell heart and soul?"

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the doctor, "you don't mean to say, my dear fellow, that you would be fool enough to refuse? Why, it's the only way to settle matters. Don't stand in your own light, my boy—don't let any foolish, romantic ideas weigh against the substantial realities of fortune and fame. Think of your father's honor redeemed, your own name saved from disgrace, your sister's future secured! Don't be a fool, my boy. Marry the girl, and hush up everything!"

"Never!" said Herbert, firmly. "I will marry none but the woman of my heart—the wife of my choice! No worldly advantage could make me false to the sweet memory I cherish in my heart of hearts—no fame or fortune could make me forget Sybil Wraye. Let my kinsman keep what is rightfully his; I ask nothing from him. Fannie and I are willing to brave whatever Fate may have in store for us, secure to our honest purpose to do justice and right. We ask no favor, no compromise."

"You're a fool, sir!" interrupted the doctor, testily, rubbing his nose—"a big fool, and your sister is another! I've done my best for you, and now I wash my hands of the whole business. I thought you'd be sensible enough to see the advantage of this connection, and I told Mr. Clive so. They've lived in foreign countries long enough to have no squeamish scruples on the subject of matrimonial arrangements, and we talked the matter over like sensible people. But I've done with the business; you'll have to go and see him yourself, and tell him you'll have nothing from him—neither his friendship nor his fortune. Go, fling his kindness back in his teeth, and turn your back on your own good luck—go, for I won't do it for you! He expects you and your sister at the Towers this evening, and, in common civility, you'll have to go."

"My dear doctor," said Herbert, much grieved at the seeming resentment of his tried friend, "I cannot tell you how I regret displeasing you, but—"

"Don't say anything more about it," answered the doctor, gruffly. "You've got your ideas, and I've got mine. I can't knock against a stone wall and not feel it. Let Fannie come down with me, and you can take your own time. I want her pretty face to keep me in temper. Get your bonnet, my dear, and come and ride home with the old man. You're not stubborn enough to refuse to know a pretty cousin. Come along, I've got a pleasant surprise for you. As for that brother of yours, the doctor got into his buggy with a queer smile hovering around his lips and a twinkle in his eye, "I've done with him. He can

manage his own affairs with Mr. and Miss Clive—manage them alone."

It was late that afternoon before Herbert found time to comply with his new kinsman's request, and visit him at Clive Towers.

A bitter and painful visit it must prove, our hero thought, as he alighted at the little station and proceeded slowly along the path through the stately groves he once had thought his own.

It was a beautiful evening. Winter was already beginning to yield before the approaching spring. The river, shimmering with a thousand opal hues, flung back the glory of the sunset; the western hills were tipped with rose and gold; the evening air had lost its piercing chill, and seemed balmy with the breath of unseen flowers; all nature was suggestive of the beautiful season that was stealing, blossom-crowned, over the silent, sleeping earth—the season of hope and promise—the virgin spring.

But Herbert walked on slowly and sadly; the sweet influences around him brought no gladness to his heart. He came, a stranger to the roof of his fathers, an exile to the home of his birth, a penniless, disgraced man to the presence of his kinsman whom his father had wronged and defrauded—the kinsman whose liberality he was too proud to accept.

How the doctor's words stung him! He sneered at the haughty heiress of Clive Towers! He purchased fame and fortune at the price of honor and heart! He redeemed his father's name by a base, mercenary, loveless marriage! He, with Sybil Wraye's sweet image still enshrined in his heart of hearts, to woo, win and wed another.

Sybil—his own Sybil! Ah, she need not fear disgracing his proud name now! It was humbled already in his dust. Would Sybil pity him now? would she love him still? He paused for a moment at the thought. He was at Sunset Hill, the spot endeared to him by the memory of that fall later, when love, bursting his bonds, had leaped to his lips—when his heart had fast spoken, and Sybil had heard and wept.

He climbed to the summit of this hill to look around him; to imprint the beautiful landscape forever in his heart; to carry away with him that memory as the last and sweetest of his broken home, his blighted youth!

Did he dream? A form stood upon Sunset Rock—a woman's form, robed in misty gray, and illumined with the last rosy hues of the sunset; a form veiled with floating clouds of golden hair; a graceful, lovely form, that turned at his approach, and revealed to him the beautiful features of his dream-love—Sybil Wraye!

"Sybil, Sybil! My darling, my darling!" he cried, forgetting poverty, disgrace, all things save the rapture of this meeting, "you here? Surely, this is only some vision sent to mock my despair!"

"No vision, my beloved," she said, holding out her hands to him with a beautiful smile. "Visions are done with low, dear Herbert, for the shadows have fled, the night is passed—it is day, sunny day. At last—at last, Herbert," she looked up into his face with beaming eyes—"at last we meet, beyond the shadow—at last we can speak of hope and—and" she blushed at the whisper—"love!"

"My own love!" he murmured, in a moved voice, "I understand you. Alas—alas!—I can offer you nothing now but a blighted life, a tarnished name, poverty and disgrace. I have nothing left, Sybil—not even honor!"

"You have your own true heart, Ah! I have heard all!" she said, simply. "Dear Herbert, let me come to you in your sorrow, let me share your poverty, if need be, your disgrace, I would love you as you have loved me, through all in spite of all! The barrier between us is broken now—I am all your own!"

"Sybil, beloved one, is this true, or only a dream, a beautiful dream? Darling, darling! will you be the star of my darkness? Will you come to me—poor, disgraced and wretched as I am—will you be the wife of one whose only wealth is love for you? Oh, my love, it will only be for your sake, then, that I can regret the past! I could almost welcome the shadow that draws you to my heart—my own, my own!"

"Hello, young man!" said a cheery voice behind him, and Dr. Bond, with a tall, dark-browed man at his side, suddenly appeared on the scene. "You appear to have changed your mind on the subject we were discussing a few hours since. I thought you would bring him to reason, my dear, though it was only this morning he was ready to knock me down for proposing he should even look at you. You look bewildered, my dear boy," continued the good doctor, whose old face was fairly beaming with happiness. "Let me introduce you to your new relatives. Mr. Basil Clive, this is the young gentleman who is foot enough in these latter days to hold honesty above honor, who knows only one road, and that goes straight ahead, whether it be down a precipice."

"Or up an Alpine peak," said Col. Laporte of St. Gothard, grasping his young rescuer's hand warmly. "I need no introduction to Mr. Herbert Clive. Our acquaintance was made on the borders of a valley whose darkness makes even one as reckless as I have been look up for light. I have more than life to thank you for," he continued, in a moved tone. "A fire that burned with unchanging heat for five-and-twenty years was quenched forever beneath those Alpine snows. In your father's name, my young kinsman, let us forget and forgive the past, and let this"—and he took Sybil's snowy hand in his and laid it gently within Herbert's—"let this, the most precious gift that Basil Clive can bestow, be the pledge of forgiveness and the seal of peace."

"Is another introduction necessary?" asked the doctor, surveying the young pair with whimsical gravity.

"No," said Herbert, drawing the weeping, trembling yet radiant, Sybil to his heart. "Under all shapes, and forms, and names, love is still the same. I take your gift, sir, proudly and gratefully, as the woman of my love, the wife of my heart, the one being on earth who could hold me bound by chains that all the strength of my manhood could not break."

"The spell is broken, Herbert," whispered Sybil, archly. "My power is gone, now the 'magic dower' is all your own."

"Not a bit of it," said the doctor,

shaking his hand. "Don't lay that flitting unctuous to your soul, my boy. She is just beginning her rule. You have been a married man, Mr. Clive, and can tell these young people that a woman never fairly begins to govern until she has promised to obey. You have got him, my dear, and hold him until death, as every true wife holds her husband to the last—under a spell!"

It was a happy evening that followed at Clive Towers—happy for Basil Clive, whose triumph was poisoned by no drop of bitterness, for he had gained the greater triumph over self—happy for the good old doctor, who, with the picture of his lost love resting on his still warm heart, went about from one to the other, rubbing his hands at the joyful reunion of his friends and her children.

Happy! Aye, with a new, shy, wondrous happiness for Fannie, who had disappeared in the conservatory, early in the evening with Laurence Grey, and had emerged with such glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes that Sybil had kissed her, and whispered, out of her own full heart, a glad congratulation.

Happy! Ah, happiest of all for Herbert, as, with the one love of his life clinging to his arm, with her sweet face upturned to his, and her beautiful eyes fearlessly revealing her pure soul, she removed the veil from the past, and showed him all the sorrow, the heart-break, the despair that had stood like a grim barrier between her and the sunshine.

"Yet you loved me through all?" he whispered. "Tell me once more, darling, you loved me through all?" "From the moment you spoke to me at Sunset Hill," she murmured. "Darling, I could not have lived through the dark night that followed but for the memory of those words of yours, that have echoed in my heart ever since—'The star of hope and love shines above us, and will light our pathway yet.' See, dear Herbert, it beams above us now."

They looked above, and, in the dark-blue heaven, its pale, pure radiance seemed to light love onward to its true and fitting home beyond the stars!

## THE END.

### CARRYING THEIR CARTRIDGES.

For This Purpose the Boers Use a Receptacle Called a Bandoller in Their Native Tongue.

The ordinary Boer method of carrying cartridges, as is well known, is in a bandoller, either fitted for single cartridges or, in the case of the Mauser, to hold clips of five. The former system has been widely adopted already by our troops. But the plan for quick-loading and the perfection of a cartridge-carrier must be awarded to the waistcoats which were in use by the better class of Boers. These are made of khaki and supplied with twenty-four pockets in several rows, closely touching one another, and each containing a clip full of five Mauser cartridges. This waistcoat has only to be seen for its advantages to be instantly appreciated. The weight is evenly distributed, the cartridges are easily got at and not liable to be lost, and, lastly, the whole surface of the closely-packed cartridges forms a protective shield over the heart and lungs by no means to be despised, for, although not proof against a direct hit, it would probably turn many a bullet striking at an angle.—Saturday Review.

### Judge Kept His Word.

The prisoner was making his appearance before the magistrate for the hundredth time.

"Well," said the magistrate, "here you are again?"

"Yes, your honor," replied the prisoner.

"What's the charge?"

"Vagrancy—the same as before, your honor."

"It seems to me you are here about half your time."

"Yes, about that, your honor."

"Well, what do you do it for? Why don't you work?"

"I do, your honor, more than half the time."

"Ah, now," said the magistrate, surprised, "if you can tell me where you have ever worked I'll let you off."

"In prison, your honor," answered the prisoner, brazenly, and the judge kept his word.—Collier's Weekly.

### Crossing the Famous Bowery.

People seldom walk across the Bowery nowadays. As a general thing, they put aside their dignity and run from curb to curb in zig-zag fashion, dodging under the nose of a horse, darting across the bows of a car, making a flying leap across the gutter and landing on the opposite sidewalk breathless but safe. As the middle of the street is taken up by four trolley tracks, the creaks and wagons are crowded toward either curb, and it takes a pedestrian with good nerves to make his way across without being forced into a run.

A reporter riding down the Bowery in a car the other morning saw ninety people cross the thoroughfare in six blocks. Of these ninety, seventy ran far ahead, while the remaining twenty walked as fast as their dignity would permit.—New York Mail and Express.

### Girls' Essay on Boys.

At a recent school examination for girls, this composition was handed in by a girl of twelve:

"The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard in a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoken to, and then they answer respectfully and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where the water is deep. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grown-up girl is a widow and keeps house."—New York Ledger.

### Marks of Honor.

The major had rolled up his sleeves to bowl.

"Major," inquired one of the players, "how did you get all those little scars on your arms?"

"Duels!" responded the major, "duels I fought in France."

"And I suppose that large scar was acquired in some particularly fierce combat?"

"No, sir; that is where I was vaccinated when a boy."—Chicago News.

## TIEN-TSIN IS TAKEN

CHINESE COMPLETELY ROUTED BY THE ALLIES.

Total Loss of the Allies in Three Days' Fighting Is 800 Killed or Wounded—Loss of Americans Is 215—Minister Wu Gets a Message That the Legations in Peking Were Still Safe July 9—Li Hung Chang Given Supreme Command at Peking as Viceroy of China.

London, July 18.—The Daily Mail yesterday gave the Associated Press the following dispatch from its Shanghai correspondent under date of July 17:

The allied forces resumed the attack upon the Chinese walled city of Tientsin on the morning of July 14, and succeeded in breaching the walls and capturing all the forts. The Chinese were completely routed, and the allies took possession of the native city and its defenses. The total loss of the allies in the engagements of Thursday, Friday and Saturday were about 800 killed and wounded. The casualties are greatest among the Russians and Japanese. The guns of the allies

### Did Immense Damage

to the native city, causing many large conflagrations, and finally silenced the majority of the enemy's guns simultaneously. Then 1,500 Russians, assisted by small parties of Germans and French, assaulted and captured eight gun batteries in position on the railway embankment and the forts, the magazine of which the French subsequently blew up. A body of American, British, Japanese and Austrian troops then made a sortie and attacked the west arsenal, which the Chinese had reoccupied. After three hours of the hardest fighting yet experienced, the Chinese fled.

### One Report Says 170 Killed.

According to a telegram from Chefu 170 of the allied troops were killed in the assault upon the native city of Tientsin.

### American Loss Is Reported 215.

Washington, July 18.—Admiral Remy cabled the navy department that the city and forts of Tientsin are in the hands of the allies. His list of killed and wounded is somewhat fuller than yesterday's report, but still not entirely complete. His dispatch is dated at Chefu, and says:

To-day hope to get wounded from Tientsin either in hospitals at Taku or aboard Solace. Communication very uncertain. Following casualties apparently confirmed:

Marines—Capt. Davis, killed; Capt. Lemly, Lieutenants Butler and Leonard, wounded.

Army—Col. Liscum, killed; Majors Reagan and Lee, Captains Noyes Brewster and Bookmiller, Lieutenants Naylor, Lawton, Hammond and Waldron, wounded.

Total killed and wounded, reported, 775. Russians and Japanese lost heavily. Our total loss, reported, 215; about 40 were marines, but number believed to be exaggerated.

Have officer on shore especially to get authentic number of names, which will be promptly telegraphed. City and forts now in the hands of the allies. Admiral Seymour returned to fleet; ranking officer on shore is Admiral Alexoff, at Tientsin.

This bulletin was received at the navy department early yesterday morning and was copied for distribution about 9 o'clock. Before it was given out it was decided to make some change in the copy, the nature of which was not disclosed, and the foregoing copy was given to the public.

### LEGATIONS SAFE JULY 9.

Minister Wu Gets a Cable Which Is Interpreted by a Member of Parliament in London.

Washington, July 18.—The Chinese minister has received a dispatch from the minister at London, authenticated by Sheng, the imperial inspector of posts and telegraphs at Shanghai, and by two viceroys, declaring that the foreigners in Peking were safe July 9 and were receiving the protection of the government. This is two days after the reported massacre. The dispatch is as follows:

"The utmost efforts have been made to protect foreign ministers, who were well on the 13th (Chinese calendar, corresponding to our July 9). If Tientsin city should be destroyed it would be difficult to restore the same in 100 years. Request the powers to preserve it, as the consequences would affect Chinese and foreign commerce. Earl Li Hung Chang is transferred to North China as viceroy to Chihli. Please transmit this dispatch to the ministers at other capitals."

This dispatch, which is dated July 16, was signed by Viceroys Liu Kun Yi and Chang Chih Tung of Nanking and Wu Chang, and also by Cheng, director of posts and telegraphs at Shanghai. It was addressed to the Chinese minister in London, and by him transmitted to Minister Wu.

### Asks That Tien-tsin Be Not Destroyed.

Minister Wu asked Secretary Hay to agree with the other powers to preserve Tien-tsin from destruction. The secretary's answer was not made public, but Minister Wu fears that the destruction already has occurred. He regards the cablegram as perfectly authentic.

### Receives Positive Assurance.

London, July 18.—William Pritchard-Morgan, member of parliament for Merthyr Tydfil, yesterday received by cable positive assurances from a source upon which he relies that the British legation at Peking was still standing July 9, and also that Li Hung Chang left Canton yesterday morning to take supreme command at Peking.

### NO EXTRA SESSION.

The Cabinet considers the Chinese Situation.

Washington, July 18.—A decidedly more hopeful feeling with regard to the Chinese situation was apparent in the administration circles last evening. The tide of sentiment which had been markedly pessimistic, turned with the announcement of the victory of the allies at Tientsin and the capture of the forts and native city and gathered further strength from Minister Wu's cablegram declaring that the foreign

ministers at Peking were safe on July 9. Aside from these dispatches the arrival of the president and the special cabinet meeting called to consider the situation were the features of the day. The cabinet met at 2:30 yesterday afternoon, less than an hour after the president had arrived at the White House. Hundreds of newspaper reporters thronged the corridors while the cabinet was sitting behind closed doors. The scene resembled the hottest days of the Spanish war. There were present Secretary Hay, Secretary Root, Secretary Long, Secretary Gage and Postmaster General Smith. At the conclusion of the session, which lasted two and a half hours, Secretary Root gave out the following formal statement of the action of the cabinet: "The president has determined that the facts now known to us do not require or justify calling an extra session of congress. Should future developments indicate that he is unable to do what is required with the means now at his command and the action of congress is necessary to furnish either men or money or authority he will not hesitate to call it together."

While only this meager formal statement was given out, it was ascertained that the whole Chinese situation was thoroughly discussed by the cabinet.

### WAR AGAINST RUSSIA.

#### Chinese Capture Transport Vessels and Kill the Escort.

London, July 18.—The Daily Mail publishes a sensational dispatch from St. Petersburg, dated Monday, which asserts that there is no doubt that China has declared war against Russia. "The Russian press," said the correspondent, "is restricted to the publication of official details and the publication of many dispatches from the front has been prohibited. I hear, however, from a reliable source that the Chinese troops and the Boxers seized a Russian transport vessel laden with ammunition near Aguin, on the Amur river, about eighteen miles from the Russian frontier, killing almost the entire Russian escort. They next suddenly attacked and bombarded the town of Blagovochensk, capital of the Amur government, on the Amur river. The garrison held out bravely but was finally overwhelmed. Nearly all perished and the town was burned."

### A LIVE WIRE.

#### Roscoe Revier of Northfield Picks It Up and Is Shocked.

Northfield, Minn., July 18.—Roscoe Revier, on his way home picked up a live wire dangling in a puddle of water. It threw him down and he was unable to let go of it. A crowd gathered around who did not dare to touch him. The light station was telephoned to and the current shut off. He was badly burned and unconscious but has since recovered and will live. He is the son of Assistant Postmaster Revier and well known here.

### Racing in Montana.

Helena, Mont., July 18.—The proposed race meeting for this fall has been called off owing to the fact that the horsemen in California and Colorado had made their entries so far ahead that they did not feel disposed to cancel them, despite the rich purses offered by the Helena association. The corporation, however, will not be dissolved, but a state circuit, including Anaconda, Butte, Great Falls and Helena, formed with a two weeks' meeting in each city next year, enough horsemen having promised entries sufficient to make the meeting a success.

### Confession on the Stand.

Anoka, Minn., July 18.—Eliza Wise created a sensation in court by some damaging evidence against the defendants in the Wise murder case. The defense interrupted his evidence in order to allow the state to put in the new evidence that the young girl was ready to give. The girl was laboring under the most intense agitation, and at times it seemed almost impossible for her to go ahead with her story. She says Miller and Hardy did the shooting, and it seems the two girls knew it was to be done.

### Money in Sheep.

Kimball, S. D., July 18.—Sheep men have been marketing their wool from the ranges across the Missouri river in Lyman and Pratt counties the past three weeks, and this brings to light some interesting facts with regard to the immunity of this great industry on the South Dakota ranges and the almost fabulous sums of money which are being made every year thereby.

### Hypnotic Influence.

Dubuque, Iowa, July 18.—Mr. McFarland, of Winona, Minn., the enforced father of a runaway daughter, found the latter here with S. A. Arthur, a hypnotist, as his wife and took her home. A married woman of Winona also came with Arthur, but got away. Both are supposed to be under his influence.

### Mysterious Shooting.

Grand Forks, N. D., July 18.—Michael Moran, alias Joyce, who was picked up in East Grand Forks with a bullet in his abdomen, is dead. He declared the shooting was accidental, but circumstances lead some people to believe that some other person was concerned in the shooting.

### Wisconsin Dentists.

La Crosse, July 18.—The annual meeting of the state dental society is being held here. Two hundred dentists are here from all parts of Wisconsin, also some from other states. The dentists were welcomed by Mayor Anderson. President J. H. Beed of Lancaster responded.

### Corbett and McCoy Matched.

New York, July 18.—James J. Corbett and Kid McCoy have been matched to fight before the Twentieth Century Athletic club in Madison Square Garden or on about Aug. 25.

### Two Dock Laborers Killed.

Washburn, Wis., July 18.—Frank Blais and Ole Hanson were killed on the coal dock by a bucket falling on them.

### Smallpox at Vasa.

Red Wing, Minn., July 18.—Smallpox has appeared in the family of John Ryden, in Vasa, about ten miles from here.

### Kumassi Relieved.

Furusu, July 18.—Kumassi has been relieved by the column under command of Col. Willcocks.