

BAY CITY IS IN RUINS

Earthquake Visits San Francisco

THOUSAND DEAD

Fire Follows Shock and Adds to Panic

NO WATER SUPPLY

Mains are Broken and Firemen Fight Flames With

Dynamite—All Business Section

Is Gone.

City Surely Doomed.

Oakland, April 19.—At 10 o'clock this morning San Francisco is a mass of ruins and the flames continue the work of destruction, obliterating the few remaining habitations. There is no water and the city seems doomed. Dynamite has failed to check the fire. Oakland has been placed under martial law. The San Pablo ferry was sunk by flying debris. All night the heavens were lighted by the light of the vast conflagration. This morning a mass of smoke marks the continuance of the destruction amid scenes of unspeakable horror. The estimated loss in San Francisco will reach from \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 in the town.

The limits of the fire at this hour are Nineteenth street on the west, Townsend street on the south and Broadway on the north. Everything between these streets and the waterfront is devastated.

Day Dawns Hopeless.

San Francisco, April 19.—Day dawned on a scene of death and destruction. During the night the flames consumed many of the city's finest structures and spread in a dozen directions to the residence portions.

The tear dimmed eyes of a myriad of homeless, stricken, heart weary, helpless people watched the fire stretch its long line of red destruction from the waterfront to the Mission, which it swept of standing wood and brick and steel and iron made a huge, smoldering scrap heap; around the shipping district down to the bay shore, destroying vessels, wharves and docks; and then, in a bitter turn of the wind, shrivel the Warm Belt, reach the destructive banners over the Southern Pacific station at Third and Townsend, crumpling cars and engines and huge buildings into bonfire ashes, and completing the fell work of yesterday's south of Market street; then swing back, on the wings of a self-made gale, to find new fuel in the state of the men who had been state builders and railroad magnates on Nob Hill.

Funston's Resume of Disaster.

Washington, April 19.—The War department today received the following telegram from General Funston: "Your four dispatches received. Have already filed several for you. It is impossible now to inform you as to the full extent of the disaster. City practically destroyed. Troops have been aiding police patrolling and maintaining order. Martial law has not been declared. Working in conjunction with the civil authorities. Have not interfered with sending of any dispatches. You cannot send too many reports or rationals. About 200,000 people homeless. Food very scarce. Provision houses all destroyed. All the government buildings in the city gone."

Oakland, Cal., April 18.—Earthquake and fire today have caused the greatest calamity California has ever known. In San Francisco alone it is estimated that 1,000 persons have perished, while as many more are suffering from injuries.

The entire business portion of the city is in ruins, and the flames which, owing to the lack of water, cannot be checked, except by blowing up with dynamite buildings in their path, are still sweeping through the city. It is impossible at present to estimate the property loss, for the extent of the conflagration cannot be told until the fire has burned itself out.

Great Britain Interested.

London, April 19.—The calamity which has befallen the people of California overshadowed in interest all topics in the newspapers here this morning. The newspapers published long special dispatches describing the terrible effects of the earthquake and together with descriptions of it and interviews with Californians now visiting London. Following soon upon the eruption of Mount Vesuvius and the earthquake shocks on the island of Formosa, the question of connection is anxiously debated.

Injured Roam the Streets.

San Francisco, April 19.—At the Southern Pacific hospital water is being carried into the building from outside sources for the use of the patients. Many people suffering from injuries are seen on the streets making their way to the different hospitals. The Episcopal church, on Eleventh street, is badly damaged, and at the Studebaker Carriage works, on Tenth and Market streets, the top story caved in, badly wrecking the entire building.

SOON REOCCUPY BUILDINGS.

Steel Structures Only Had the Inner Woodwork Burned Out.

San Francisco, April 23.—Today property-owners have had an opportunity to inspect some of their holdings, and in a measure to ascertain what damage had been done. The new modern steel buildings were found to be almost intact. In every instance it seemed that the earthquake had not damaged them. The steel frames were in perfect plumb and as strong as ever. Cornices and fancy trimmings fell, but that was all. Even when the fire swept through them, only the woodwork was damaged.

The Fairmount Hotel on Nob Hill will be rushed to completion; the Glass Sprinkles building on Market and Third streets will be occupied within a few days. The Union Trust building on Montgomery and Market street has only lost the interior woodwork, and as soon as men can put in the lumber it will be ready for occupancy. The St. Francis Hotel is in the same category and the work of renovating the interior will soon be commenced. An inspection of the Call building at Third and Market streets disclosed the fact that several floors were in good condition and could, after slight repairs, be used as formerly.

The new Monadnock, on Market street next to the Palace Hotel, was found to be in first-class condition, even the woodwork in the interior being intact, and the owner, Herbert E. Law, announced tonight that within ten days he would be renting offices in this building. The Monadnock's sturdy structure of steel and brick almost collapsed when the fire came. Marble and lumber have been ordered from Los Angeles, and a big force of men will rush the building to completion.

STEEL MILLS ARE CROWDED.

Structural Material for Bay City May Be Made Abroad.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 23.—According to Pittsburg steel men the rebuilding of San Francisco may be greatly retarded on account of the inability of Pittsburg steel mills to supply structural shapes for the new city. The Carnegie Steel Company and the Jones & Laughlin Company, the big independent concerns, are already crowded that they have practically closed their orders books of delivery of building material within eight months' time.

Never before in the history of structures has there been such a demand for material as this year, and it is feared that it will be well nigh impossible for the mills to take on additional work. According to the local steel men, San Francisco people will be compelled to go to Great Britain and Germany for a large amount of their building material.

The mills of Germany are busy at the present time, and will be able to take on but little additional work. Those of Great Britain, however, will be able to handle a great many of the orders. On account of the high freight rates from the east to the Pacific Coast the foreign steel mills will be able to deliver structural shapes at San Francisco as cheap and probably cheaper than the local mills will be able to do.

TAKING CARE OF HEALTH.

Many Willing Workers, to Improve Sanitation.

San Francisco, April 23.—The board of health reports a very encouraging health condition, considering the circumstances. Sickliness is constantly on the decrease. There are very few contagious diseases, and these are, being attended at Deer Lodge in Golden Gate park. Sanitary conditions in the residence districts are being improved.

Trust Menaces the Cattlemen.

Helena, Mont., April 23.—The North Montana Roundup Association, composed of cattlemen in Northern Montana, and representing \$10,000,000 in individual holdings, at its annual session today issued a manifesto, in which the trusts, capitalists of industry and Wall street are severely criticized. All referring to the blight on the cattle industry, due, it is alleged, to the trusts, the statement is made that if conditions are not better this season many owners will have to go bankrupt.

Find Shelter at Berkeley.

Berkeley, Cal., April 19.—Tonight Berkeley is packed with over 1,000 refugees who have been brought across the bay to escape the horrors of the San Francisco conflagration. The homeless and hungry are fed at the station from long benches provided by the citizens' relief committee, which includes representatives of all the fraternal and religious organizations in town. The women students and professors of the State university are doing great work for the sufferers, and tonight are finding shelter for all.

Plan to Rebuild.

San Francisco, April 23.—Many of the most substantial business men and property owners of San Francisco are in consultation with the architects. While the work of clearing away the debris goes forward a great corps of draughtsmen will be busily occupied preparing plans for the new buildings. It is understood that James D. Phelan will be one of the first to rebuild on Market street. His plans are not complete.

Says Dowie Cheated Him.

Chicago, April 23.—James Surock, of New Mexico, today made complaint to the Federal authorities that he had been defrauded by John Alexander Dowie out of a sum close to \$20,000, and that the mails had been used in the operation.

GAINING CONFIDENCE

New San Francisco Soon to Rise on Site of Old

HOMELESS—RECEIVE AMPLE FOOD

Only Deficiency in Supplies Is Lack of Variety—People Are Fed in Systematic Manner.

San Francisco, April 24.—The new San Francisco, which will rise from the ashes of the old, was in its first stages of rebuilding today. After five days of confusion and almost superhuman effort on the part of citizens of California's metropolis, the great task of sheltering, feeding and otherwise caring for the homeless thousands, complete order had been re-established and attention turned to the future.

Throughout the great business district, where the devastation of the flames was the most complete, walls were being razed, buildings that had not been disintegrated before the intense heat were being inspected with a view to reoccupancy and ground was being cleared even for the immediate construction of a sort of building in which to rehouse business at the earliest possible time.

In short, confidence has been restored. The assurance of the insurance companies, the measures taken by the financial institutions, the prompt and reassuring work that had reached the Eastern financial centers—all these things went to clear away any feeling of uncertainty that might have existed in the minds of the timid that San Francisco would not again be what it was—the great center of population and business of the Pacific Coast.

The people were fed today in a thoroughgoing businesslike and systematic manner. From the water front, where the boats loaded with provisions docked, there was an endless procession of carts and drays carrying food to the scores of sub-stations established throughout the city and parks. At these stations food and drink, bread, prepared meats, canned goods, milk and a limited amount of hot coffee was served to all those who applied.

KILLED BY GUARDS.

Major H. C. Tilden, of General Relief Committee, Shot.

San Francisco, April 24.—Major H. C. Tilden, a member of Governor Phelan's staff, one of the most prominent members of the general relief committee, was shot and instantly killed in his automobile about 12 o'clock last night while returning from Menlo Park, by men supposed to be members of the "citizens' patrol."

The shooting occurred at Twenty-second and Guerrero streets. Three men suspected of having done the shooting are under arrest at the police station at Twenty-second and Mission streets.

FREE PLANS FROM BOSTON.

Leading Architects Coming to Offer Services Gratis.

Boston, Mass., April 24.—Three of Boston's leading architects will proceed immediately to San Francisco, taking with them plans, specifications and contracts of the city's most recent schoolhouses for the use of San Francisco. Other parties of architects and draughtsmen are to be sent as soon as they can.

The Boston Typographical Union has voted \$10,000 to lend San Francisco employing printers to re-establish its plants, in addition to relief voted for union members.

Irreparable Loss to Masons.

San Francisco, April 24.—The Masons of California have suffered an irreparable loss by fire. The Masonic Temple on Post street was destroyed, and with it went more than 150 portraits of past grand officers. Five hundred hand-embroidered uniforms belonging to members of California Commandery No. 1, went up in the flames. In addition to this the paraphernalia and records of 20 Masonic bodies that used the temple as a meeting place were destroyed, as well as the records of the grand lodge.

Look for Long Strike.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., April 24.—In the opinion of many of the anthracite miners, it will require eight months' strike to defeat the operators. This would continue the suspension of anthracite mining until the end of December, calculating that a strike may start soon after May 1. At the same time a number of them agree that, in the event of a strike, the use of beatons, it will be practically wiped out, and that the work of unionizing the men would have to be commenced all over again.

Free Rides on Street Cars.

San Francisco, April 24.—The United Railroads tendered the use of the entire system to Mayor Schmitz for the benefit of the people during the present crisis. Free transportation will be furnished the people over the lines of the company for themselves and their baggage. The company's cars are standing in the streets and all of its cars are not destroyed are also free for the use of the people for the purpose of shelter and lodging.

Revenue Office Opens.

Washington, April 24.—Telegrams from revenue offices in San Francisco state all records, stamps and papers of their office are in good condition, and that they will be ready for business tomorrow. A temporary internal revenue office will be opened in Oakland.

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

By and by, having eaten of this miraculous provender, the poor creature began to understand what had taken place. The coal workings were abandoned; the new commandant had probably other work for his beasts of burden to execute, and an abandoned man would be safe here for a few hours at least. But he must not stay. For him there was no rest. He thought to escape, if he hooped him to commence his journey at once. Here was provision for his needs. The food before him represented the rations of six men. Was it not possible to break the desert that lay between him and freedom on such fare? The very supposition made his heart beat faster. It surely was possible. Twenty miles a day was very easy walking. Taking a piece of stick from the ground, he made the calculation in his mind. Eighteen days, and twenty miles a day—three hundred and sixty miles. More than enough to take him to freedom. It could be done! He must be careful and abstemious.

Having come to this resolution, the next thing was to disencumber himself of his load. This was more easily done than he expected. He found the shed an iron cage, and with that and a stone he drove out the rivets.

Before dawn the next morning he had tramped ten miles, and by husbanding his food he succeeded, by the night of the fourth day, in accomplishing forty more. Foot-sore and weary, he lay in a thicket, and, fast as he could, he was asleep.

The next day he advanced more slowly. The path terminated in a glade, and at the bottom of this glade was something that fluttered. Rufus Davies pressed forward, and, without a word, he was gone.

He recognized the number imprinted on the coarse cloth at which he had designated the younger of the two men who had escaped with Gabbett. He was standing on the place where a murder had been committed. A murder! What else? Thank God, the food he carried was not yet exhausted! He turned and fled, looking back fearfully as he went.

Crashing through scrub and brake, torn, bleeding and wild with pain, he reached a spur of the range, and looked around him. He raised his eyes, and, right against him, like a long dull sword, lay the narrow steel-blue reach of the harbor from which he had escaped. One darker speck moved on the dark water. It was the Osprey making for the Gates. It seemed that he could throw a stone upon the head of the bird, and it would be his. He was not yet thirty miles from his prison, and yet he felt that he was free.

For four days he wandered aimlessly through the bush. At last, on the twelfth day, from his departure from the Coal Mine Direction, at the head of the peninsula which makes the western side of the harbor. His terrible wandering had led him to make a complete circuit of the settlement, and the next night he reached the landing place opposite Birch Island. His stock of provisions had been exhausted for two days, and he was savage with hunger. He no longer thought of escape. He would have been now to get food. He would have been now to get food. He would have been now to get food.

The shock of this discovery almost deprived him of reason. For days, that had seemed centuries, he had kept life in his lacerated and lacerated body solely by the strength of his determination to reach the settlement; and now he had reached it, after a journey of unparalleled horror, he found it deserted. He struck himself to the ground, and he was not dreaming. He refused to believe his eyesight. He shouted, screamed and wailed his tattered garments in the air.

At last the dreadful truth forced itself upon him. He retired a few paces, and then, with a horrible cry of furious despair, stumbled forward toward the edge of the little reef that fringed the shore. Just as he was about to throw himself for the second time into the dark water, his eyes, sweeping in a last long look around the bay, caught sight of a strange appearance. A thin blue streak, a gleam of light from behind the western arm of the little inlet, hung in the still air. It was the smoke of a fire.

The dring clutch felt inspired with new hope. God had sent him a direct sign from heaven. The tiny column of bluish vapor seemed to him as glorious as the pillar of fire that led the Israelites. And turned to see what he had seen. He was not far from the shore, and he was not far from the shore, and he was not far from the shore.

CHAPTER XIII.

Frere had gone on a brief fishing expedition. At last a peremptory signal warned him. It was the sound of a musket fired on board the brig. Mr. Bates was getting impatient, and with a scowl drew up his lines, and ordered the two soldiers to pull for the vessel.

The Osprey set motionless on the water, and her bare mast gave no sign of making sail. To the soldiers, pulling with their backs to her, the musket-shot seemed the most ordinary occurrence in the world. Suddenly, however, they noticed a change of expression in the sullen face of their commander. Frere, sitting in the stern-sheets, with his face to the Osprey, had observed a peculiar appearance on her decks. The bulwarks were empty, and she disappeared as suddenly as she came, and a faint murmur of voices floated across the intervening sea. Presently the report of another musket-shot came from the hills, and something dark fell from the side of the vessel into the water. Frere, with a gasp of alarm and indignation, sprang to his feet, and, shading his eyes with his hand, looked toward the brig. The soldiers, resting on the heavy white canvas, turned, and the whole boat, side to side, dangerously. A moment's anxious pause, and then another musket-shot, followed by a woman's shrill scream, explained the situation. The prisoners had seized the brig. "Give way!" cried Frere, pale with rage and apprehension, and the soldiers, realizing the full terror of their position, forced the heavy white boat through the water as fast as the miserable pair of oars could take her.

Mr. Bates, affected by the insidious influence of the hour, and lulled into a sense of false security, had gone below to tell his little playmate that she would soon be on her way to the Hobart Town of which she had heard so much, and, the sailing advantage of his absence, the soldier on guard went to the forecastle to hear the prisoners singing. He found the ten together, in high good humor. While he listened James Leely, William Cheshire, William Russen, John Fair and James Barker slipped to the hatchway and got upon deck. Barker reached the aft-hatchway as the soldier who was on guard turned to complete his walk, and passing his arm round his neck, pulled him down before he could utter a cry. In the confusion of the moment the man loosed his grasp of the musket to grapple with his unseen antagonist, and Fair, snatching up the weapon, swore to blow out his brains if he raised a finger. Seeing the sentry thus secured, Cheshire leaped down the aft-hatchway and passed up the muskets from the arm-racks to Leely and Russen. To the one taken from the sentry, and Barker, leaving his prisoner in charge of Fair, seized one of them and ran to the companion-ladder. Russen, left unattended by this maneuver, appeared to know his own duty. He came back to the forecastle, and passing behind the listening soldier, touched the trigger on the shoulder. This was the appointed signal, and John Rex, suddenly turning, seized his song with a laugh, presented his fist in the face of the gaping Grimes.

"No noise!" he cried; "the brig's ours, and we are Grimes could reply he was seized by Leely and Russen and bound securely.

"Come on, lads!" says Rex, "and pass the prisoner down here. We got her time time, I'll go bail!" In obedience to this order, the now gagged sentry was thrust down the fore-hatchway, and the hatch secured.

Way, Porter, cries Rex again, "and if those fellows come up knock 'em down with a handspring. Leely and Russen, forward to the companion-ladder! Lyon, keep a look-out for the boat, and if she comes too near, fire!"

As he spoke the report of the first musket rang out. Barker had apparently fired up the companion-hatchway. When Mr. Bates had gone below, he found Sylvia curled up on the cushions of the sternmost, reading "Well, missy?" he said, "we'll soon be on our way to papa."

Sylvia answered by asking a question altogether foreign to the subject. "Mr. Bates," said she, pushing her head out of her blue eyes, "what's a coracle?" "A coracle," Coracle, said she, spelling it slowly, "I want to know."

The bewildered Bates, who had been bending over the book, "What does it say?" "The Ancient Britons," said Sylvia, "were little better than barbarians. They put their bodies with gravel—that's blue stuff, you know, Mr. Bates—and seated in their light coracles of skin stretched upon slender wooden frames, made a presentation of a wild and savage appearance."

"Well," said Bates, "I think it's a carriage, missy. A sort of phreton, as they call it."

Sylvia, hardly satisfied, returned to the book. It was a little, mean-looking volume—a "Child's History of England"—and after perusing it a while with knitted brows, she burst into a childish laugh.

"Why, my dear Mr. Bates," she cried, waving the history above her head in triumph, "what a pair of geese we are! A carriage! Oh, you silly man! It's a boat!"

"Is it?" said Mr. Bates, in admiration of the intelligence of his companion. "Who'd 'a thought that now?" he was about to laugh aloud, and, relieving his eyes, he saw in the open doorway the figure of James Barker, with a musket in his hand.

"Hallo! What's this? What do you do here, sir?"

"Sorry to disturb yer," says the convict, with a grin, "but you must come along o' me, Mr. Bates."

Bates, at once comprehending that some terrible misfortune had occurred, did not lose his presence of mind. One of the cushions of the couch was under his right hand, and snatching it up, he flung it across the little cabin full in the face of the escaped prisoner. The soft mass struck the man with force sufficient to blind him for a instant. The musket exploded harmlessly in the air; and, ere the astonished Barker could recover his footing, Bates had hurled him out of the cabin, and, crying "Murder!" looked the cabin-door on the inside.

The noise brought out Mrs. Vickers from her berth, and the poor little student of English history ran into her arms.

"It's a mutiny, mamma," said Bates. "Go back to your cabin and lock the door. Those bloody villains have risen on us! Maybe it ain't so bad as it looks; I've got my pistols with me, and Mr. Frere'll help me, the shot anyway. Mutiny! On deck there!" he cried at the full pitch of his voice, and his brow grew damp with dismay when a mocking laugh from above was the only response.

Thrusting the woman and child into the state berth, the bewilderment pilot cocked a pistol, and snatching a cutlass from the arm-rack fixed to the butt of the mast which penetrated the cabin, he burst open the door with his foot, and rushed to the companion-ladder. Barker had retreated to the deck, and for an instant he thought the way was clear, but Leely and Russen thrust him back with the muzzle of the loaded muskets. He struck at Russen with the cutlass, missed him, and, seeing the hopelessness of the attack, was fain to retreat.

In the meanwhile, Grimes and the other soldier had lost themselves from their bonds, and encouraged by the fire which seemed to them a sign that all was not yet lost, made shift to force up the fore-hatch. Porter, whose courage was none of the fiercest, and who had been for years over to that terror of discipline which secures obedience, made but a feeble attempt to resist, and forcing the handspring from the pilot, as Jones rushed aft to help Cheshire, a cold-blooded, blue-eyed man, shot him dead. Grimes fell over the corpse, and Cheshire, clutching the musket coolly, batted his head as he lay, and then seizing the body of the unfortunate Jones in his arms, tossed it into the sea. "Porter, you lubber!" he cried, "exhausted with the effort to lift the body, 'come and bear a hand with this other one!'" Porter advanced against the villain's attention, and poor Grimes' life was spared for that time.

Rex, inwardly raging at this unexpected resistance on the part of the pilot, flung himself on the skylight, and tore it up bodily. As he did so, Barker, who had reloaded his musket, fired down into the cabin. The ball passed through the stateroom door, and, splintering the wood, buried itself close to the golden curls of poor little Sylvia. It was the agonized mother that shrieked which, pealing through the open stern windows, had roused the soldiers in the boat.

Rex, who by the virtue of his dandyism, yet possessed some abhorrence of useless crime, imagined that the cry was one of pain, and that Barker's bullet had taken deadly effect. "You've killed the child, you villain!" he cried.

"What's the odds?" asked Barker, sulkily. "She must die anyway, sooner or later."

Rex put his head down the skylight, and called on Bates to surrender; but Bates only drew his other pistol. "Will you commit murder?" he asked, looking round with desperation in his glance.

"No, no," cried some of the men, willing to blink the death of poor Jones. "It's no use making things worse than they are. Bid him come up and we'll do him no harm."

"Come up, Mr. Bates," says Rex, "and I give you my word you shan't be injured."

"Will you set the major's lady and child ashore, then?" asked Bates, sturdily facing the scowling brow above him. "Yes."

Bates, hoping against hope for the return of the boat, endeavored to gain time. "Shut down the skylight, then," said he, with the ghost of an authority in his voice, "until I ask the lady."

This, however, John Rex refused to do. "You can ask well enough where you are," he said.

But there was no need for Mr. Bates to put a question. The door of the stateroom opened, and Mrs. Vickers appeared, trembling, with Sylvia by her side. "Accept me, Mr. Bates," she said, "since it must be so. We should gain nothing by refusing. We are at their mercy—God help us!"

"Agree to that," says Bates under his breath; and then, aloud, "We agree."

"Put your pistols on the table and come up, then," says Rex, covering the tables with his musket as he spoke. "Nobody shall hurt you."

Mrs. Vickers, pale and sick with terror, passed rapidly under the open skylight, and prepared to ascend. Sylvia clung to her mother with one hand, and with the other pressed close to her little brother, the English History.

"Get a shawl, ma'am, or something," says Bates, "and a hat for missy."

"Who's to command the brig now?" asked undaunted Bates, as they came up.

"I am," says John Rex; "and with these brave fellows I'll take her round the world."

"What are you going to do with us?" asked Bates.

"Leave you behind. Come, look alive there! Lower away the Jolly-boat, Mrs. Vickers, go down to your cabin, and get anything you want. I am compelled to put you ashore, but I have no wish to leave you without clothes." Bates listened, in a sort of dismal admiration, at this cowardly evasion. He could not have spoken like that had he depended on it. "Now, my little lady," continued Rex, "run down with your mamma, and don't be frightened."

(To be continued.)

AN EXECUTION BY GUILLOTINE.

Carl Schurz Describes a Spectacle He Witnessed When a Boy.

A young man in Cologne had murdered his sweetheart, and had been condemned to death. The execution by the guillotine—for the left bank of the Rhine was still under the Code Napoleon—was to take place at dawn of day in a public square between the cathedral and the Rhine, and before the eyes of all who might choose to witness it. The trial had excited the whole population to a high degree; now the people looked forward to the final catastrophe with almost morbid interest.

My locksmith guardian was of the opinion that neither he nor I should miss the opportunity of beholding so rare a spectacle.

Long before sunrise he awoke me, and together we went to the place of execution in the gray morning light. We found there a dense crowd, numbering thousands of men, women and children. Above them loomed the black scaffold of the death machine. Deep silence reigned; only a low buzz floated over the multitude when the condemned man appeared on the scaffold, and then all was silence again.

The sturdy locksmith held me up in his arms, so that I might look over the heads of the crowds in front. The condemned culprit stepped forward; the assistant of the executioner strapped him to a board which extended from his feet to his shoulders, leaving his neck free; the victim glanced at the ax, suspended from a crossbeam; the next instant he was pushed down so his neck lay under the gleaming blade; the ax fell like a flash of lightning, severing the head from the shoulders at a whisk. A stream of blood spouted into the air, but the hideous sight was quickly concealed from the gaze of the public by a dark cloth. The whole deed was done with the rapidity of thought. One scarcely became conscious of the terrible shock before it was over. A dull murmur arose from the onlooking throngs, after which they silently dispersed; the scaffold was taken down and the blood on the ground covered with sand before the first rays of the morning sun shone brightly upon the cathedral towers.

I remember walking home shuddering and trembling, and finding it impossible to eat my breakfast. Nothing could have induced me to witness another execution.—McClure's Magazine.

Different.

She had said "yes" and he was taking the measure for the solitaire. "Basting," he said, "you are the only woman I ever proposed to."

"I'm afraid you have a poor memory, dear," she rejoined. "You once told me you had been engaged to a widow."

"True," he replied, "but it was during leap year."

She Supplied Them.

Tragedian—An hour through the West.

Comedian—Yes, lecture tour, I believe.

Tragedian—I thought it was tragedy. How did it happen to be a lecture tour?

Comedian—His wife went along.