Andover News.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 10, 1891.

Philip Raynor's Bride;

—OR—

MAJOR VILLARS' FATAL MISTAKE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"BEING A BOY."

My mind is made up. I will be a boy!" said Dulcie. "Better that than starvation."

She sat up in bed and pushed the golden curls back from her flushed, excited face. An exquisite little creature, young, lovely, impulsive, her dainty feet should have been crushing the sweetness from the roses instead of treading the thorny path of poverty and want.

All night long the words of good Mrs. Briggs, a lodger on the same floor, had been ringing in her ears, and they filled her first waking thoughts.

"A boy can turn his hand to most anything. There's my Dan'el, just about your own age, miss. Picks up from ten to fifteen dollars a week doing odd jobs. But it isn't so easy for a friendless girl to earn her living in a great city like New York. What a pity you wasn't born a boy!"

Mrs. Briggs was right. A boy can run errands, black boots, shovel coal, carry parcels, cry papers, and a thousand other things which are not considered proper employment for a girl.

Dulcie had pondered the woman's words until they seemed burned upon her brain.

She was weary, jaded and despairing. Having tramped the streets from dawn till dark for many successive days in search of work, often without breaking her fast.

Always the same answer at shops, stores, mills and houses: "We have no use for a girl. If you were a boy, now, we might give you something to do."

Alas! too often the cold word of refusal was accompanied by gratuitous insult.

This morning, as the sunshine, streaming through the uncurtained window on her face, awakened her, a sudden thought came like an inspiration, and the torpid blood began to course more swiftly in her veins.

"Why can't I be a boy?"

Starvation stared her in the face. Her ideas upon moral matters were somewhat vague. In the struggle for bread she had braved nearly every danger. So when the strongest temptation of her young life came to her, Dulcie yielded almost without a struggle.

She arose, dressed herself, then looked into her purse. A solitary dime glittered among its meshes. While she was debating whether to spend it or go hungry, a soft rat-tat-tat came at the door. Mrs. Briggs stood in the hot, narrow hall, her good-humored face wreathed in smiles.

"My breakfast is just ready, dear, and I've laid a plate for you. Dan'el was up and away an hour ago. Business is rushin'—he has half a dozen jobs ahead. I've a fried slice of the Irishman's ham that was a 'stroke of fat and a stroke of lane.' There's coffee, and bread, and hard-biled eggs—a breakfast fit for a queen. It's a sin to sit down to such a feast alone, so I've made bold to come for you, miss."

Tears came into Dulcie's beautiful eyes; she readily saw through the good woman's transparent artifice.

"You are very kind, dear Mrs. Briggs. I owe you more than I can ever repay already. Still you continue to bestow on me out of your poverty."

"Law, miss! as though it wasn't pay enough to see your sweet face at my table. Do come. I feel a bit lonesome now my Dan'el's gone."

Dulcie followed the woman into a shabby attic room, as bare and comfortless as her own, in the center of which stood a table meagerly spread.

The coarse fare tasted very sweet to the half-starved girl. Breakfast over she said, bravely:

"Mrs. Briggs, I have a favor to ask of you who have always been so kind to me."

"A favor? Why, bless your dear heart, there's nothing I wouldn't willingly do for you."

"I know it, dear, kind friend. Will you lend me those for a day or two?"

Her slender little hand touched a suit of clothes Daniel had outgrown, which hung on the white-washed wall. A suit all darns and patches, though neat and clean.

Mrs. Briggs stared at her a moment, then a look of intelligence flashed into her round, gray eyes.

"Poor dear! Yes, take 'em, and welcome. I'm sorry it's come to this, but I can't find it in my heart to blame you. And here's a cap that'll just fit your pretty head, and a pair of shoes that are miles too small for my Dan'el now, and a collar he used to wear of a Sunday. I might have sold them things to the Jews, but the Lord must have told me to keep 'em a-purpose for you. Lock the door, miss, and I'll help you to dress. Anything to earn an honest livin'—them's my sentiments."

A few minutes later the metamorphosis was complete. Dulcie stood before the little cracked mirror between the windows, and carefully tucked away her golden curls under the boy's cap, leaving exposed only a few clustering rings of that exquisite tint the old masters loved to paint.

"Lord, miss, you're as deal too handsome for a boy!" Mrs. Briggs exclaimed, kissing the girl's cheeks. "But you can brave it out, I reckon. You must hold your head up, be sassy and impudent, and look folks straight in the eyes. And may the Lord be with you!"

Yes, the sun never shone on a boy half so beautiful as was Dulcie, when she tripped down the rickety stairs into the foul, ill-smelling street. Her heart beat fast, with the novel sensation of being other than herself.

"Ah," she murmured, drawing a long breath, "I'm no longer afraid of being jostled and stared at by rude men and boys."

Making her way to the *Herald* building, she invested her dime in morning papers, all of which were quickly sold. To be sure the profit was very small, but every penny counted.

Encouraged by success, Dulcie grew bolder, and was casting about her for something else to do, when her startled glance fell upon a slender lad leaning against a lamp-post, who in dress and appearance was almost the exact counterpart of herself.

The lovely dimpled face, the darkly blue eyes, the yellow locks escaping from the close-fitting cap, even the patched and shabby clothes were repeated as in a mirror! It was as though Dulcie's own ghost had risen suddenly to confront her in this unaccustomed garb.

The boy seemed dazed for a moment, but a strange expression flitted over his face as their eyes met; and he said with a forced laugh:

"I did not anticipate the pleasure of looking upon my own double. Ugh! It is enough to make one's flesh crawl. Few persons ever pass through such an experience."

The voice was clear and sweet as a woman's. He drew nearer, extending a hand slender and white as Dulcie's own.

She did not take it, but shrank back trembling with a nameless sensation.

"Don't be afraid of me," noticing the voluntary gesture. "Why should you be? I am actually curious to learn the history of my counterpart. There must be some explanation for such an astonishing likeness. Let us get at the facts, if possible. What is your name, most noble lord of shreds and patches?"

The sneering tone filled Dulcie with dismay. She attempted to reply, but the words stuck in her throat. Yielding to the sudden impulse that came over her she turned and fled.

CHAPTER II.

"OER SEX A PAGE'S DRESS BELIED."

Guy Mandeville was passing along the city street with a large package under his arm, when a timid voice said at his elbow.

"Please, sir, do you want your bundle carried."

He started, and stared in amazement at the apparition of a handsome lad, seemingly some 16 years of age. A quizzical light came into his bold, dark eyes.

"Yes," he answered, unhesitatingly, giving his parcel into the eager hands extended to receive it. "You've dropped down from heaven just in the nick of time, my fine young fellow. Here's a dollar for your trouble. Come along."

Dulcie clutched the bright silver piece; but she followed the stranger reluctantly. She had not observed before accosting him that he was both young and strikingly handsome.

It was now afternoon. She had sold more papers, ran several errands, and was getting accustomed to her masquerading attire. Everything had gone smoothly, since encountering the lad so like herself, and she was beginning to find an odd sort of enjoyment in the novel situation.

But it was all gone in a moment. Her head drooped, her heart beat fast, and her footsteps lagged.

"Why are you hanging back?" Guy Mandeville impatiently demanded. "Hitching your chance to make off with my possessions, you young rascal?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Come up, then. Keep close beside me."

"Have you far to go, sir?"

"Only a few squares.—I've paid like a prince. Come along."

Dulcie felt ashamed of her hesitation. What was there to fear? So, staggering under the weight of the bundle, she kept pace with the strange gentleman.

Stealing a swift glance into his dark face, she detected there a look of sneering triumph. Presently Guy said:

"Is this how you earn a living my young friend—carrying parcels and running errands?"

"Yes, sir; that is, I'm just making a beginning."

"Humph! It can't be very pleasant or very remunerative. Perhaps I can help you to something better."

"Thank you, sir; but I do not wish to make any change," Dulcie answered with flushing cheeks.

"Not if I put you in the way of making a fortune?"

"No, sir."

"So you are not ambitious?" throwing back his head with a loud laugh. "Strange. Most lads in your situation would jump at a chance to better themselves."

Presently they reached Fifth Avenue Hotel. Guy Mandeville's destination. Dulcie paused on the steps, and with ready presence of mind thrust her bundle into the hands of a servant who was just passing.

Guy gave her a black look, but it changed instantly. He caught her hand, a winning smile played about his lips. Few could resist that smile.

"Don't leave me. I'm deeply interested in you. Come into the hotel and tell me all about yourself."

Did he suspect? A thrill of deeper fear shot through Dulcie's heart. Without a word, she broke away and darted down the steps.

Guy's first impulse was pursuit, but the street was full of people, and he thought better of it. Approaching a policeman, he said, hurriedly:

"You see that lad with the pink and white face? It's a girl; I know her. I want to punish her—teach her a lesson. Arrest her for appearing in the street in male attire. Take her to the nearest station-house; I'll look after the rest."

"All right, sir."

Every word reached Dulcie's ears. Staggering a few steps further on, through the burrying crowd, she sank, half-fainting, in a low, dark doorway.

What followed seemed like a dream. While she crouched there tremblingly, a haughty voice reached her ears, raised in indignant protest.

"Let me go. How dare you lay your vile hands on me?"

A woman's voice, clear as a silver bell. Dulcie raised her head and was amazed to see the lad so singularly like herself struggling in the rude grasp of the policeman. Her mysterious counterpart had appeared on the scene just in time to meet the fate intended for herself.

"Come and be locked up, you ragamuffin," angrily cried the mistaken officer. "I'll teach you to take that tone with me."

"What have I done?"

"Done, my little lad—my girl, I mean! Don't you know you've violated the law by putting yourself in boy's clothes? Come along."

And the great strong man drew the cut-prit in the direction of the station house.

Dulcie scarcely dared breathe until the little crowd had disappeared and Guy Mandeville, chuckling audibly at the success of his ruse, entered the hotel.

Then she emerged from her hiding-place and hurried through the smirch streets back to the shabby attic room in the rickety old tenement house.

"I will never masquerade again!" she sobbed, hurriedly throwing off the borrowed garments and resuming her own attire.

When Mrs. Briggs entered presently, her Daniel's clothes, rolled into a bundle, were thrust out of sight behind a chair, and Dulcie sat weeping at the window.

"I wish I'd never put them on," cried the girl, her sobs bursting out afresh.

Mrs. Briggs looked at the heap of silver on the table and sighed.

"It must have been a great trial, poor dear. But don't cry. Here's money enough to keep you several days. My Dan'el ain't nowhere beside you for picking up the dimes. It must have been all because of your pooty face."

Long after the good woman went away Dulcie sat thinking deeply of what had occurred. It was impossible to forget the poor creature shut within the dreary walls of the station-house.

"That man was right," she told herself. "The prisoner must be a young girl like myself whom want or danger has driven into their strange disguise."

It mattered little whether the handsome stranger knew the poor soul, as he had claimed, or not. Dulcie felt responsible for her arrest, since it was the result of an unfortunate resemblance. But for the policeman's blunder she might have been in her place.

After mature deliberation she decided it was her duty to befriend the unknown girl, never dreaming what a terrible fate she was thus preparing for herself.

Dulcie readily gained admittance on reaching the station-house. The prisoner was lying on a cot bed in a shabby little room.

"I believe you are a friendless girl like myself," Dulcie said in a gentle voice. "The dread of starvation may have tempted you to disguise yourself, as it did me."

The prisoner sprang up, stared at her a moment, then broke out laughing.

"Now I know you. You are my double. Something told me at the first glance, it was not a boy's face. Since you have discarded that ungainly attire, you are more wonderfully like my real self than ever. What does it mean? Can you tell me?"

"No."

"Your name—"

"Is Dulcie Dare."

"I am Toinette Lynton. We never heard of each other until to-day, but twin sisters could not be more startlingly alike. Some day we may investigate this miracle. I am glad you came. We will have a long talk. But before we begin I wish to see myself in my accustomed attire. Take this purse, and buy whatever I will need."

It contained quite a sum of money in gold and bank notes. The officer in charge readily consented that the purchases should be made.

"The prisoner's offense is not a very grave one," he said. "Doubtless she will be detained a day or two, and then set at liberty. It is a good move—to assume her proper dress. Your sister, miss?"

Dulcie did not enlighten him. Performing her mission as quickly as possible, she hurried back to the cell.

She was fairly startled when Toinette's toilet was completed, and she stood arrayed in the close-fitting dark dress that had been provided.

The rosebud mouth, the great, velvety blue eyes, the dimpled, girlish face framed in clustering, golden curls, were all the exact counterpart of Dulcie's own!

"How beautiful you are!" she exclaimed, involuntarily.

Toinette smiled.

"We are wonderfully alike. Fate has willed that our life paths cross. Sit here and tell me about yourself."

Artless and unsuspecting as a child, Dulcie told her simple story. How she had been brought up by a woman she called "aunt," who was really no relation; how Mrs. Ryan had struggled to give her an education, and of the woman's death six months before, leaving her friendless and penniless in the world.

CHAPTER III.

DULCIE'S NEW FRIEND.

The following morning Toinette Lynton was sitting alone in her cell-like room when the sound of footsteps and the abrupt unclosing of the door caused her to lift her heavy-lidded eyes.

"I've found you just in time," said a low, winning voice. "You were always cold and haughty, Toinette, but at last I hope you will accord me a word of welcome."

Toinette sprang up, a gleam of anger in her eyes.

"So you have taken the trouble to seek me here, Guy Mandeville!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; your guardian sent me to New York in quest of you. Poor child! you must have passed through strange vicissitudes. Such a terrible place for you to end in! But I've come to release you—take you home."

"I want none of your help. I decline to go with you."

"Major Villars is half crazed. Think how we both have grieved over your sudden disappearance——"

Her scornful laugh rang out, cutting the sentence short.

"Don't trouble yourself to make pretty speeches, Guy Mandeville. I know how to value your solicitude and my guardian's at its true worth. You would be glad, indeed, to get me into your hated clutches again. But I would rather seek refuge among the outcasts of Blackwell's Island than return to my luxurious home in your company."

"Still obdurate!" he exclaimed. "What have I done to deserve your hate?"

As there was no reply, he continued, after a pause:

"I will be perfectly frank, Toinette. I owe your arrest to me; it is useless seeking to conceal the fact. I alone can set you free. I fancied a night spent in this place would bring you to your senses. I knew you the instant you stepped up and offered to carry my bundle. A daring thing to do. Your disguise was clever, but the eyes of love are keen."

Toinette's lip curled. Though readily guessing how he had deceived himself, she said nothing.

"I have interviewed the officer in charge. Consent to go with me quietly, and these doors will fly open at my bidding. This episode can be kept secret from the world. You are my promised wife, pledged to me by your worthy guardian. It is useless to struggle against fate. Will you come?"

His voice quivered with real passion, and, bending over her suddenly, he pressed a kiss upon her crimson lips.

The stolen caress maddened her. Her whole frame shook with anger. Thrusting him back with all her strength, she glanced wildly around and saw a heavy rung lying on the floor, where it had fallen on becoming loosened from one of the stout oaken chairs.

Like a flash, it was in her grasp. Brandishing it furiously aloft, she brought it down with resounding force upon the head of her persecutor.

He fell like a log. The girl hung over him for a few breathless seconds, as if dazed. Her eyes were closed. She saw great clots of blood gathering slowly in the region of the temple.

"He's dead! I have killed him!"

She felt no remorse—only a dull torpor. She heard no sound without; nothing to indicate the man's heavy fall had been noticed.

Suddenly her glance fell upon a hat and scarf Dulcie had purchased the afternoon before.

"There may be time to escape," she muttered, her face lighting up.

In a moment she was ready to go. Guy had closed the door, but it was not locked. She encountered no one in the corridor, and only a strange man in the hall, who, taking her for a visitor, suffered her to pass unchallenged.

Like one in a dream, Toinette fled along the bustling street.

"I have killed him," she kept repeating. "Soon my crime will be known—the officers of the law hunting me everywhere."

All at once came the thought of Dulcie. She had learned the girl's address. She would go there and hide herself.

"If it comes to the worst," she thought, "I will save myself by accusing her of the crime."

She had grown quite calm. Her lips curled disdainfully as she walked along the shabby street and climbed the dilapidated stairs leading to the attic chamber of her new-found friend.

Dulcie opened the door. There was a store of amazement as she drew her unexpected visitor into the room.

"You are free. I am so glad."

"Hide me," gasped Toinette, sinking into a chair. "I was not discharged, but made my escape."

She offered no other explanation; but Dulcie had become deeply interested in the beautiful girl.

"I have plenty of money," Toinette said, later. "There is no need to deny ourselves any real comfort. But we must neither of us go out into the streets until the search for me is over. We are so much alike even you would run a risk; you might be taken for me."

She grew more silent and self-absorbed as the day wore on.

When darkness fell she said:

"Please send for the evening papers. I wish to look them over."

Dulcie brought half a dozen. Toinette soon found what she sought—a brief paragraph relating to Guy Mandeville.

It concluded in these words:

"The poor gentleman was stunned by the blow, but does not think it will be serious injury. In a few days he will be fully recovered."

Before she had finished the man, Toinette felt relieved that the guilt of his blood was not on her soul.

To Dulcie she was haughty and condescending by turns, morning her-self more deeply into the artless girl's confidence. But there was one secret of which Dulcie never spoke; she did not tell her of the handsome, manly face sketched by her own unpracticed hand, worn next her girlish, impulsive heart.

A face seen only once, nearly two years before, by two graduates, nine of whom had never forgotten.

Toinette never alluded to her own past life, but evidently she had been accustomed to every luxury. She could scarcely accommodate herself to such humble surroundings. At last Dulcie ventured to say:

"Your story must be full of interest. I have been hoping you would confide it to me."

"Wait," Toinette answered, with an unpleasant laugh. "You will learn all about me one of these days."

She was full of whims and caprices. One of these was to procure street suits for herself and Dulcie precisely alike.

The evening the dresses were brought home, as they were trying them on before the little cracked mirror, she said abruptly:

"I'm tired of hiding here like a rat in a hole. To-morrow I shall set out to seek my fortune. You and I are like sisters; we should not be separated. Will you go with me?"

Dulcie consented. She had a buoyant nature and managed to be in the bustle of active life; and her attachment for Toinette was deepening every day.

Twenty-four hours later the two girls, closely veiled, left their humble quarters just as the gray twilight was settling down, followed by the blessing and good wishes of weeping Mrs. Briggs, and threaded one street after the other, reaching Jersey City Ferry just as a boat was about to leave the dock.

"I shall feel safer when we have left New York behind," said Toinette, leading her companion to the rear of the cabin, where they were quite by themselves.

"Now," she added, as they seated themselves, "I can satisfy your curiosity and tell you something of my own story."

It was too dark for Dulcie to see the curious, gleaming light in the girl's beautiful eyes.

"Where are we going?" she asked, vaguely uneasy.

"That must be determined when you have heard my story and know what I wish you to do. My guardian, Major Villars, is a man of high social position, residing at a country seat about twenty miles from here. He is a selfish, hard man. He separated me from him I love, and would have forced me to wed a wretch I hate. Flight was my only resource. I came to the city and adopted the strange disguise in which you first saw me.

"Now listen closely, Dulcie. I mean to turn our startling resemblance to account. Will you go to Bonnyview Hall and remain there as Toinette Lynton until my lover comes from over the sea, and I am his happy wife?"

The girl started, and for a moment could not utter a word.

"The plan has been unfolding in my mind for days, though I wished until the present moment before to speak of it to you here. Having once broken loose from the old life, you would feel less [illegible] days to fall [illegible]

tempted to turn back. It is a luxurious home to which I would send you. No more hard work, coarse fare, or uncomfortable chambers. You will wear silks and lace, have servants at your back and call. Play your part well, and the impostor will not be so much as suspected."

"And you?" Dulcie's pale lips uttered.

Toinette laughed softly.

"My fate will be happier than yours. Rescued from any fear of Major Villars' espionage, I shall wait patiently for my lover to return from abroad. When we are married, our lives can be spent in some distant nook far away from here."

Seizing Dulcie's cold, trembling hand she kissed it imploringly.

"It is in your power to make me very happy, dear friend. Will you not do it?"

Great pearly tears sprang to Dulcie's pretty blue eyes as she answered, sobbingly:

"I could never, never carry on such a deception."

"You refuse?"

"I am sorry to grieve or disappoint you. But I can not live a lie."

Toinette [illegible] up with a hoarse, passionate exp[illegible]

"Cruel gi[illegible] sealed my doom! I will not be [illegible]"

Before Dulcie dreamed her intention she had darted to the railing and leaped lightly over it. There was a stupefying cry, a sullen splash, and the horrified girl reached the side of the boat just in season to see the dark waves close above Toinette's golden head.

It all happened in a moment. The boat swept steadily on toward the opposite shore. Dulcie strained her eyes and peered wildly into the water, but that was the last glimpse she had of her rash, impetuous companion.

She tried to shriek for help, but could utter no sound. Even her limbs were numb and powerless. The bumping of the boat against the dock roused her from a sort of stupor. She brushed her hand across her forehead.

"Too late! Oh, my God! Toinette is drowned. No help will avail her now."

She alone had witnessed the tragic scene. Like one in a dream she mingled with the crowd pouring from the stuffy cabin.

Just as she stepped upon the dock into a stream of yellow gaslight, a strong hand clutched hers, and a strange voice hissed in her ear:

"At last, my runaway ward! I was lying in wait for you. Come with me, Toinette, to my carriage. You won't find it so easy to slip through my fingers another time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ATTACKS UPON CONSUMPTION.

Experiments With Spanish Fly in Berlin and With Goat's Blood in Paris.

The agitation in medical science attendant upon the revelation of Koch's discoveries has resulted in two particularly important series of experiments in the treatment of tuberculosis. The more important of the two was discussed by Prof. Oscar Liebreich, M. D., the originator of it, in Berlin, on one of the last evenings in February. The rooms of the medical society, where Prof. Liebreich explained his course of treatment, were crowded with Germany's most famous doctors long before he began his lecture. His remedy, he at once stated, was Spanish fly.

Immediately after Koch published his first article concerning "Kochine," Prof. Liebreich began his experiments with animals. His first human patient was an old man with an ulcer near the base of his throat. The first injection of a liquid preparation of Spanish fly was one-fiftieth of a milligram. The injections were continued every two days, and at the end of a week the patient was greatly relieved. The first injection alone sufficed to render his cough easier.

Some two weeks later Prof. Liebreich applied the remedy to tuberculosis. The injections were made in the back and varied in size between 1-1,000 and 1-10,000 of a gram. Almost all patients thus treated once in every two days very soon showed symptoms of recovery. There was no feverish reaction. The speech became fuller and stronger, and swallowing was much easier. The general appearance of every patient improved perceptibly. The irritation caused by the injections, Prof Liebreich stated, produced an unusual secretion of water of the blood, which is supposed to be deadly to bacteria.

At the close of Liebreich's lecture Prof. Dr. Fraenkel and Dr. Paul Heymann brought forward several patients who had partly recovered under the treatment in question. Dr. Fraenkel, moreover, exhibited one patient who had ceased to expectorate, so that the examination for bacteria had become impossible.

The School of Medicine at Nantes has for some time treated consumption with goat's blood, which is supposed to prevent the development of bacilli. Dr. Bernheim began a series of thorough experiments with this course of treatment in Paris early in February. His idea was not that he could cure tuberculosis immediately and directly, but that he could so renew the blood that the microbes could be thrown off. February 17 he treated five women after the Nantes method. All bore the process of transfusion without suffering any apparent inconvenience. At the time of the operations he exhibited two men and a young girl upon whom he had been experimenting.

February 9, he said, she had been unable to climb steps or to walk more than half a block. She ate little, and slept only about an hour each night. After one week of treatment by transfusion, with 200 grams as a maximum dose, she could go up stairs, walk ordinary distances, slept well, and ate quite heartily. One of the men had shown equally encouraging symptoms of recovery. The other felt better, but still coughed badly. And even the goats, Dr. Bernheim added, had suffered no great injury from the operations.

A WASHINGTON, D. C., colored man has been arrested three times since Nov. 29, 1888. He will have to rest now, as his last sentence was 86 days to jail.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ROMBOUT, N. Y., June 6.—Frank Tracy, the horse thief, was sent to Dannemora Prison for two years and ten months.

PARIS, June 8.—The Grand Prix has been won by Clamart, Reverend second and Clement third.

BOSTON, June 6.—D. W. Wood, of Lubec, Me., was fined $9,500 and costs in the United States Circuit Court here for smuggling opium into the country.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 8.—Asa Carpenter, Lockport's centenarian, died last night in the 106th year of his life. Death resulted from the wasting away of the vital forces.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 8.—The Asiatic squadron of German warships, the Leipzig, Sophie and Alexandrine, sailed last night for Chili after a stay of two days in this port.

NEW YORK, June 6.—Lazard Freres shipped $1,500,000 gold to Europe to-day. Total for export by to-day's steamers, $2,000,000. Total for the week, $7,850,000.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—The commanders of the revenue cutters Bear and Rush have been ordered to seize all whiskey, except such quantity as may be required for medical use, found upon any whalers cruising in Alaskan waters.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 8.—The rains of the past few days have been a godsend to the river coal operators. It is expected that fully 20,000,000 bushels of coal will go to the lower ports to-morrow if an 8-feet stage water is reached.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 8.—A violent rain and wind storm passed over this city last evening, doing considerable damage. Rufus Turner, a teamster, was killed by lightning, as were also dozens of cattle. It was the first rain for three months.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 8.—The Rev. Philip Bernstein died last evening of heart disease, aged 55 years. He has ministered to the congregations Bethel at San Francisco, Montreal and Winchester, Mass.

NEW YORK, June 4.—The Executive Council of the American Bankers' Association at its regular annual meeting decided to hold the 16th annual convention of the association at New Orleans, La., on Wednesday and Thursday, October 14 and 15.

ANTWERP, June 8.—Five hundred boxes of American hams have been confiscated in obedience to the new law which prohibits the importation of fresh meat, and the hams in question were considered by the authorities to come into that category.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 8.—An autopsy on the remains of Lawyer Bartine, who died from what is supposed to have been hydrophia caused by a cat's bite, will be held this afternoon. Medical experts from New York will have charge of the autopsy in the interest of science.

CARLISLE, Pa., June 4.—Commencement exercises were held at the Indian school here during the afternoon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs Morgan was present and presented the diplomas. There were 10 graduates, nine of whom were boys and the other a girl.

RONDOUT, N. Y., June 6.—Abner A. Hornbeck, a well known and respected farmer of Rochester, Ulster County, was arrested here charged with forging a note held by the State of New York Bank at Kingston. The arrest has caused a sensation.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 4.—The trial of Moses F. Walker, the colored ex-ball player, for murder in the second degree ended last night in a verdict of acquittal. Walker is well known throughout the country as a ball player, but at the time of his arrest he held an important position in the railway mail service.

DANBURY, Conn., June 6.—The body of the man found here Wednesday has been identified by Jailor Alexander of this place as Charles Mancy, alias "Bridgeport Dick," of Bridgeport. The testimony adduced at the inquest points strongly toward the guilt of the man under arrest. Other arrests are expected.

BROCKPORT, N. Y., June 6.—Hon. J. D. Decker, a prominent lawyer, died last night from a second stroke of apoplexy. Deceased was 56 years of age. Judge Decker was born in Hamptonburgh, Orleans County, this State, June 17, 1836, and graduated at Yale College in 1855. He leaves a widow and four adult children.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., June 4.—Dr. Chas. W. McDonald was arrested here charged with performing an abortion on Mrs. Sullivan, aged 17, an employe at Allan's Hotel. Maggie Ransom, also employed at the hotel, was arrested charged with being an accessory. The prisoners were held in $1,000 bail each.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 4.—Jacob Miller, a prominent German and for 13 years the trusted cashier and bookkeeper for Lichacker & Davis, has been arrested, charged with embezzlement. It is said the firm has made discoveries which lead them to believe that Miller has stolen over $30,000.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., June 4.—Real Estate Broker John C. Raymond of New York pleaded non vult to the charge of burning the Adrian Institute at Iselin two years ago. He was sentenced to three and a half years in State prison. The indictment against Annie Bouton for the same offence was dismissed.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., June 4.—Mrs. Blanche W. Young, the youthful widow, charged with having poisoned her husband, J. Norris Young, was given a preliminary hearing here. Damaging testimony to the accused was introduced. At the conclusion of which, Mrs. Young was remanded to prison for trial.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., June 4.—A great gathering of veterans and other citizens participated in the ceremony of unveiling a $10,000 monument erected in the public square of this city by the munificence of George Cook, an old citizen of this place. In memory of the soldiers and sailors from Jefferson county who were in the late war.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—The trotting meeting of the Washington Driving Club will be held at Bennings' track commencing to-morrow and continue until June 13. The best class of trotters and pacers have been engaged, and the lovers of the trotting horse will be treated to one of the best exhibitions of speed ever shown here.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., June 8.—Superintendent Gray, of Frick's Leisuring No. 8 coke works, was acquitted of the charge of murdering one of the Hungarian strikers during a riot near Leisuring. The strikers had induced some of the workmen to join them in drinking beer. When Superintendent Gray went after his imprisoned men he was assaulted and beaten. During the row one of the Huns was shot and killed.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 8.—In the accident to the Winnipeg express on the Canadian Pacific road at Straight Lake the sum of $26,000, which had been mailed from two banks here, was destroyed. One package of $10,000 was entirely destroyed, but there was enough of the second bundle left to enable the bank to recover several thousand dollars. Who the actual losers will be not known, but it is likely to fall on the banks shipping the amount.

BOSTON, June 6.—Francis E. Emery, boot and shoe manufacturer, has assigned for the benefit of his creditors to Joseph B. Lincoln of this city and Hon. Frank Breed of Lincoln. Mr. Breed stated that all of Mr. Emery's property had been transferred to the assignees for the equal benefit, without preference, of all the creditors.

FALL RIVER, Mass., June 8.—Imrah Hollingsworth was knocked down on Central street by an unknown man and lay senseless until picked up by pedestrians. He was unconscious all night and is now in a critical condition. Robbery was not the motive, as Hollingsworth's money and watch were on his person when picked up.

NEW YORK, June 8.—Three women employed in the kitchen of the Manhattan Club were taken to Bellevue Hospital in a serious condition, they having been found in their rooms unconscious from the effects of inhaling illuminating gas. The gas was probably turned on by accident. Their names are Kate Fleming, aged 22; Ann Tracy, aged 20, and Annie Cassidy, aged 20.

MAY'S LANDING, N. J., June 4.—Mrs. Eva Hamilton is now the guest of ex-Sheriff Johnson and Mrs. Johnson, her former jailors. Mrs. Hamilton admitted that she intended going on the stage in a play to be called "The Hammertons," which was written especially for her, and which is to portray all the sensational incidents in her career that once rang through the country.

APPLETON, Wis., June 4.—A fire in the rag room of the Patton Paper Mill, at 3 a. m., destroyed $10,000 worth of property and two mill men were smothered to death. Cornelius Johnson and Henry Ryan were using the mill hose when the fire got the best of them. They tried to escape down stairs but missed their way in the smoke and got into a small dressing room, where they were shortly afterwards found.

IQUIQUE (via Galveston), June 8.—The decision of Admiral McCann to take the Itata without allowing the discharge of her arms and ammunition has caused great excitement here, while the press comments very bitterly upon the matter, and considers that the United States, the cradle of republican ideas, commits a grievous mistake in thus indirectly assisting Balmaceda, the dictator.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—There is consternation in the various branches of the Census Office. It grows out of the fact that the money appropriated to carry on the work is running so low that it has become necessary to reduce the force. It is hinted that between now and July 1 the force is to be reduced at least one thousand, which takes in quite a large number of the original appointees and nearly all of those who were recently given a three months appointment.

Germany's Fleet at San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 6.—The German fleet of three corvettes, the Leipsic, the Sophie and the Alexandrine, under command of Admiral Valois, arrived during the morning. Fully 200 officers and 1,800 men are on the vessels. The fleet is bound for Chilian waters and will coal and provision here, and also take on board supplies to be transferred to the German vessels now in South American waters.

Railroading in the Adirondacks.

ALBANY N. Y., June 6.—Attorney-General Tabor and the Forest Commission were notified during the day by agents in the Adirondack mountains that the railroad people had begun to trespass. The Attorney-General immediately telegraphed back that he would at once proceed to serve the injunctions already in his hands, and restraining further building of any kind, unless the trespass was stopped.

Bitten by a Pet Dog.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., June 8.—Miss Jennie Schroeder of Guildin street, a school teacher, while lacing her shoe during the morning was seized at the wrist by a pet dog, which clung tenaciously. The young woman could not shake off the brute, and, finally, dragging the animal to the door, pressed her body against it and shut the door frame, causing the dog to let go his hold. The animal was killed at once and the lacerated flesh of Miss Schroeder's arm was cauterized.

BRIGGS WILL STAY

So Say the Union Theological Seminary Directors.

THE NOTABLE CASE REVIVED.

No Attention Will be Paid to the General Assembly's Action.

Dr. Briggs as Much in the Robinson Chair as He Ever Was—The Board of Directors Take Legal Advice—They Will Discharge Their Duties Under the Charter and Constitution.

NEW YORK, June 6.—The whole business of Dr. Briggs' position in the Union Theological Seminary is settled, so far as the directors of the institution are concerned. Dr. Briggs is there and will stay there. He is professor of Biblical theology now and will be next winter when the seminary reopens, just as much as if the General Assembly had never been born. In other words, Union Theological Seminary stands by its guns and affirms its independence.

An important meeting of the directors was held with closed doors, and after some debate it was decided to ignore the jurisdiction of the General Assembly, recently convened in Detroit, in its action with regard to the Rev. C. A. Briggs. There were but three members absent, the Rev. Dr. Holmes and laymen John Taylor Johnston and William E. Dodge.

The Assembly, after a two-day debate a week ago, voted to disapprove of Dr. Briggs's transfer from the professorship of Hebrew to the chair of Biblical Theology. The vote was 440 to 59. Yesterday the directors discussed the vote and then passed the following resolution, the vote being 10 to 2:

"Resolved, That this board of directors, after having taken legal advice, and after due consideration see no reason to change their views on the subject of the transfer of Rev. Professor Briggs and feel bound in the discharge of their duties, under the charter and constitution, to adhere to the same views."

The Rev. Dr. Hall was compelled to leave before the vote was cast.

After the meeting had adjourned the Rev. Dr. Clark of the Harlem Puritan Church thus expressed himself:

"The Directory stands by its guns! Dr. Briggs is at this moment just as much in the Robinson chair as he ever was, and as if the General Assembly had no existence. The Assembly says he must go! We directors say he shall stay!"

SHOT AT THE PASTOR.

A Young Swindler's Desperate Act When Refused Financial Aid.

NEW YORK, June 8.—George Mouser, 18 years old, who has probably been engaged in a wholesale swindling of clergymen, tried to kill to the Rev. Dr. Clark Wright, pastor of the Tremont Methodist Episcopal church at 178th street and Washington avenue, on Saturday night.

His only provocation was that the clergyman would not give him the financial aid for which he asked. After shooting at the pastor he made his escape, but he had the hardihood, to return to Mr. Wright's house last night. He was met by the pastor, who held him until a policeman arrived. He was locked up in the Tremont police station.

No More Negro Waiters.

RICHMOND, Va., June 8.—A revolution has been inaugurated in the matter of dining room waiters at the various mountain resorts of Virginia and West Virginia. The proprietors have determined to substitute white girls for negro waiters. This has already been accomplished at Rawley Springs, at the Hotel Intermont at Covington and at the Hotel Elkton at Elkton. The proprietor of the last named hotel brought in from New York an expert white girl waiter, who drilled the new girls in their duties.

Strike in a Shipyard.

ELIZABETH, N. J., June 8.—The bolters, riveters and calkers, 21 in number, employed on the government practice cruiser now building at the shipyard of Samuel Moore & Sons, here, are on strike for an advance of wages. The men work on piece work, and the firm says they averaged $4 per day. The men say they could not average more than $3. They tried to get the other workmen to stop work, and the firm telephoned to police headquarters and policemen were sent to prevent disturbance. Work on the cruiser has been suspended.

Three Prominent Citizens Arrested.

WALDO, Ark., June 8.—Three of the most prominent citizens in town, ex-Mayor J. R. Johnson, J. T. Faulkner and Ed. Waller have been arrested by U. S. Mail Inspector McClure, charged with robbing the mails at McNeil on March 16. The three are also suspected of being connected with the recent safe robbery. They will be taken to Texarkana for examination.

Two Boys Killed by Lightning.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., June 8.—A terrible storm passed over this section last night. The wind felled trees and small buildings, and the lightning struck several houses, a church in Belpre and barns in different neighborhoods. During the storm in Jackson County, John and Charles took refuge under a straw stack which the lightning struck, killing both boys instantly.

Closing Exercises at West Point.

WEST POINT, June 8.—The farewell sermon to the graduating class was delivered in the chapel by Prof. Pottle this afternoon, the post chaplain.

BOSTON, June 6.—The rumors about the sale of the Boston Daily Evening Traveller to a committee of 100 are practically confirmed. A certificate of organization has been filed by the new company, the Traveller Publishing Company of Boston, capital $75,000, and with James B. Dunn as president.

THE MISSING MONEY.

Philadelphia Detectives Think They Have a Clew to Bardsley's Transactions.

PHILADELPHIA, June 8.—The detectives in the employ of the city have at last secured what they think will prove a clew to the mystery surrounding the transactions between Bardsley and the Keystone Bank. After two weeks of diligent search they have secured a large number of checks from Mr. Magill, Bardsley's assignee. These checks were drawn against the five banks in which the city's money was deposited, and the authorities think that by carefully going over these checks they can tell where the missing million has gone.

Bardsley's business plans were very peculiar. His custom was to place the