Andover News.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 17, 1891

Philip Raynor's Bride;

OR MAJOR VILLARS' FATAL MISTAKE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER IV.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

DULCIE was looking at the coarse, hard-featured face of a man past middle age. Startling as the fact seemed, she knew he must be Major Villars. For a few moments she could only stare at him breathlessly, wondering whether treachery had been used.

"Come, Toinette," he cried, impatiently, "don't stand there like a stone image. You are in my power, and may as well submit gracefully. I wish to set out at once on the journey home."

By this time Dulcie was beginning to rally from the stupor of surprise and fright. She made a desperate effort to release herself from the clasp of iron in which she was held.

"I am not your ward, Major Villars. You have been misled by the striking resemblance I bear to her. Let me go; you have no right to detain me."

The man laughed incredulously. Dulcie's evident familiarity with names and persons told against her.

"If you are not Toinette, where is she?" he demanded, peringly.

"Sleeping under the dark waters of the river."

For one moment he seemed impressed by her sad earnestness; the next, he was drawing her forcibly along by his side.

"Come, come. Don't be a silly fool. It is useless to deny your own identity. I am not to be deceived by so shallow a trick. As though I could be mistaken in my ward—the girl I have loved as my own child, and who has sat at my table. You go back to Bonnyview Hall this very night."

"Oh, believe me, Major Villars, I am only a poor, friendless stranger, in whose fate you can have no possible interest——"

"What, then, is the meaning of this?" he demanded, pausing to thrust a crumpled note into her hand.

Dulcie opened and read it by the light of a flickering street lamp.

"Major Villars, your runaway ward will cross the Jersey City ferry at eight o'clock this evening. Should she be veiled, you will know her by the fawn-colored traveling dress she wears. A word to the wise is sufficient."

"Who could have written this?" asked the bewildered girl, lifting a startled glance to her companion's face.

"I cannot tell. It reached me early this afternoon. There is no signature, and the handwriting is disguised. But I resolved to be on the spot, ready to receive you if you came."

Dulcie's head drooped for a moment. But one person could have known where she would be at the hour specified, or what she would wear.

Had Toinette found some opportunity to send the anonymous letter to her guardian? If so, what was her object? If she had planned to send Dulcie out alone to encounter that hard, cruel man, why had she destroyed herself while crossing the river?

The harder Dulcie tried to solve these problems the more puzzled she became.

"Let me go," she cried, lifting her tearful eyes im loringly. "I swear to you that Toinette is dead, and I am an utter stranger to you!"

"Silence! The folly has gone far enough!" he exclaimed, angrily. "You cannot even expect me to believe you. I am willing to take just as solemn an oath that you are my fugitive ward, and none other. Will you come with me quietly?"

She saw he was in earnest, and a thrill of deeper fear shot through her heart.

"I will appeal to the first person we meet."

Major Villars laughed mockingly, and after a hasty glance around beckoned to a policeman who was pacing his beat at a little distance.

"I am sure you remember me, Saunders," he said.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the respectful reply. "I was in your service for a few weeks not long ago. You are Major Villars, of Bonnyview Hall."

"Right. Of course, you recognize this young lady?"

"It is Miss Lynton," the man answered, his glance expressing admiration of the flushed, lovely face. "Your ward, sir."

"Right again. Something must be wrong with the poor child's brain, for she persists in denying her own identity. Be good enough to find my carriage, Saunders, and help us to it."

Dulcie no longer struggled. It would have been useless. Major Villars would claim a guardian's authority over her, and call upon this man to corroborate his story.

She suffered them to place her in a large, close carriage, which instantly started upon the homeward journey.

Few words were spoken during that night ride across a strange country. Major Villars leaned back in the darkest corner, thoughtful and preoccupied. Dulcie dropped her head upon her hands, and wept bitterly.

At last her tears ceased to flow, and suddenly, in the night and darkness, a terrible temptation came to her.

"I will struggle against fate no longer," she said herself. "I will take this dead girl's place. It cannot be so very wrong, for Toinette herself wished it. I have only to remain silent, and the truth will never be known. The deception can bring no harm."

Then she thought of her desolate condition—friendless, penniless, and in a strange place.

"I always wanted to be rich," she murmured; "to see the world, have plenty of books, fine clothes, and luxurious surroundings. Now it is possible to make my ambition a reality. I need only accept in silence what is freely offered."

Misguided Dulcie! There are harder things than poverty and loneliness to bear. This was the lesson left for her to learn in the bitter days to come.

She was young, impulsive, fond of romance and excitement. What wonder that she listened to the voice of the tempter and yielded?

"It is not your fault that you are placed in such a position," it whispered. "You have simply been carried along by the resistless current of destiny. The dead girl's friends claim you as Toinette—be Toinette! Wealth and honor lie within your grasp—accept them!"

After what seemed an interminable drive the carriage rolled up a broad avenue bordered with kingly oaks, and stopped before the grand front entrance of the house at Bonnyview Hall.

All was dark and silent, but Major Villars' impatient pull at the bell soon brought a sleepy-looking servant to the door.

"Summon Rosine to attend her young mistress," he said.

The maid quickly appeared; and never doubting but it was Toinette who stood before her, pressed a kiss upon Dulcie's forehead.

"I am glad to see you, my lady. Come up stairs. You must be worn out with your long journey."

Major Villars detained Dulcie a moment as she was slipping away.

"Now you are safe under my roof once more, I shall not reproach you for your ingratitude in running away," he said, hurriedly. "But it is best we should understand each other. My fixed purpose has not changed—you shall submit to my authority—accept the husband of my choosing."

Dulcie's face was colorless as marble as she turned to follow the maid. In the confusion of her thoughts she had forgotten the bitter persecution which had driven Toinette out into the world a homeless fugitive.

"Heaven help me!" she sighed, pushing back the golden curls from her forehead with trembling hands. "I may have sealed my own doom by yielding to the powerful temptation that beset me."

But she almost resolved to regret the step she had taken when the splendors of the suite of rooms she was to occupy burst upon her dazzled vision.

There were soft, velvety carpets like mossy banks of violets and forget-me-nots, gleaming statuary, exquisite engravings, polished rosewood furniture, and full length mirrors that reflected her graceful figure whichever way she turned.

Dulcie was a worshipper of beauty in every form; her cheeks flushed and her pulses tingled with delight as she eagerly glanced around.

"I seems like a dream. Am I really awake?" she asked herself, half incredulously. "This splendor fairly takes away my breath. Am I the little vagrant who used to tramp the streets and alleys of New York, after going supperless to bed, or a nobly born princess who has always slept upon down and fed upon rose-leaves?"

No wonder her brain was well nigh turned. The illusion seemed complete when Rosine wheeled forward a velvet couch, and brought the ermine-lined dressing gown from the wardrobe.

"Let me disrobe you, my dear mistress," said the girl. "I will sit by you and bathe your head until you fall asleep."

Dulcie submitted herself to the hands of the willing maid, enjoying for the first time in her life the luxury of being waited upon.

But sleep was out of the question. She lay with her great blue eyes staring dreamily up at the painted ceiling, thinking serriously and deeply.

"Rosine," she said, suddenly, "who is this man my guardian wishes me to marry?"

The maid started, half fearing her lovely mistress had taken leave of her senses.

"What a strange question for you to ask, miss. You who know Guy Mandeville so well.

Dulcie repeated the name to herself once or twice to impress it on her memory.

"Everything seems strange and unreal to me to-night, Rosine," she said aloud. "As though I were not myself, but some other person."

Passing her hand slowly over her forehead she added, wearily:

"Why, why is Major Villars so determined that I shall wed the man of his choosing?"

"Because you are a great heiress, miss. Pray don't talk so strangely. You frighten me. With all your pretended ignorance, you understand these matters much better than I do."

The girl's eyes filled with tears. She now felt convinced her young mistress' mind had been affected.

"Please bear with me," said Dulcie, gently.

"I know you are unhappy, dear lady. No wonder you seem changed. It is very hard that you must give up Philip Rayner whom you love, and be forced to marry a wretch you hate."

Philip Rayner! Another name to be stowed away in memory's chamber. What was Toinette's favored lover like? Would she ever meet him?

After a long silence, she asked:

"Is there a portrait of Guy Mandeville in the house?"

"Only a card photograph, miss—the same you told me to destroy. But that seemed a pity. Mr. Mandeville is so handsome. So I hid it in the dressing-case."

"Bring it to me."

As the maid turned to comply with her request, Dulcie took from her bosom the cherished pencil sketch. She had the accurate touch of the true artist, and every feature of the manly face which had caught her girlish fancy was clearly brought out.

"What are Guy and Philip to me? I shall never marry any other than the original of this picture. All my love is given to a stranger I have seen but once."

The next moment Rosine appeared and placed a card photograph in her hand.

One glance into the dark, handsome, smiling face set every doubt at rest.

Guy Mandeville was the gentleman she had accosted in the streets of New York while disguised as a newsboy.

CHAPTER V.

"WHAT IS THE MYSTERY?"

We left Guy Mandeville lying as if dead upon the floor of the room in the stationhouse of which Toinette had been an enforced inmate.

As no one happened to pass that way, he struggled slowly back to consciousness by himself. The blow that felled him had been a heavy one; for some time he only realized the sting and pain of it—all else was a blank.

When his senses came fully back, and he found himself alone, he made the room ring with his angry cries.

"Where is Toinette? What has become of the prisoner?" he demanded, as half a dozen policemen thronged the low doorway.

A brief search brought the truth to light.

"Idiots! you have let her escape!" he hissed.

By this time she was far beyond his reach. He got up from the floor, feeling giddy and sick. A carriage took him to his hotel, where he was compelled to keep his room for two days, chafing under the bonds his own helplessness placed upon him.

"That blow might have killed me! It shall cost Toinette dear," he muttered, shutting his teeth together with an angry, hissing sound. "Proud and scornful as she is I will find her—humble her to the dust."

When his strength was restored, he secured the services of an experienced detective and scoured the streets and byways of the great city in quest of the fugitive.

All his efforts were futile until one day when he was passing along a dismal alley in the neighborhood of the river. A woman suddenly darted out of a tenement house, nearly knocking him over in her haste.

"Oh, sir, are you a doctor?" she cried, clutching his arm. "Come quick! I fear the lady is dying."

Guy Mandeville followed her into a bare and comfortless apartment. Lying on a rude bed in one corner he saw Toinette, sick and delirious.

He staggered against the wall, uttering an exclamation of surprise and grief. The sight of that flushed, fever-smitten face touched his callous heart. If Toinette died, all his hopes and schemes would come to naught.

Slowly taking advantage of the woman's mistake, he flung down a gold piece, and scrawling a harmless prescription, said:

"This is a critical case. I must call in another physician to consult with me."

He found one, told a story concocted for the occasion, and pledged the good doctor to secrecy.

"The sick girl is my sister," he declared. "We quarreled, and she ran away from home. Don't speak to her of me at any time; it would only excite her. But I must be near while there is danger and delirium. Let these people think I am a physician like yourself. It will account for my presence here."

While the examination was going on he walked the floor in agony of suspense, which brought cold, white beads to his forehead.

"Well?" he said, huskily, when Dr. Flagg turned to him at last.

"The poor girl is very ill. I shall do all that is possible, but the result rests with God."

Guy drew the woman who accosted him aside and questioned her eagerly. He learned that her husband, who was a fisherman, had picked Toinette up for dead in the river one night, and brought her home with him.

"We used her baths, sir, and brought her to life without calling for outside help. Jim and I are very poor; we can't afford to pay doctor's fees. The poor lady seemed to be getting along very well until to-day, when she was suddenly taken worse."

For long hours Guy Mandeville walked up and down before the door of the chamber, listening to the moans and ravings of the sufferer within.

Had Toinette thrown herself into the river with the deliberate purpose of ending her life, or met with an accident?

His first impulse had been to send a telegram to Major Villars, apprising him of his ward's illness; but later he felt glad that he resisted it.

On returning to his hotel that night, he found a brief note awaiting him, which read thus:

"Come at once. I have found Toinette. She is now at Bonnyview Hall. Set your wedding-day. VILLARS."

It was dated that morning. Guy read it several times over in a state of intense bewilderment. Toinette could not possibly be in two places at one and the same time. And yet Major Villars was not a man to play jokes.

"What is the mystery?" he asked himself, wonderingly.

He sent no answer to the note, but an early hour of the following morning found him again at Toinette's bedside.

The fever was scorching up that young life like a consuming fire. She looked at him with wild, glassy eyes, in which shone no gleam of recognition.

"Oh, God, let her live, and I will try to make myself more worthy of her!" prayed this wicked man, in his anguish, bending over the couch, and holding that burning hand in his clasp.

Toinette began to toss and moan. Guy's startled ears caught her broken utterances.

"Philip, why don't you come for me? I know my enemies are searching everywhere. I am sore afraid. Though they kill me, I will marry no other man."

A bitter oath sprang to the lips that had breathed a prayer a moment before.

"Even in delirium she hated rival Sills all her thoughts," Guy muttered, his face dark with anger.

In the next breath, the sick girl said, eagerly:

"Dulcie is my living image. Why can't I persuade her to go to Bonnyview Hall, and marry Guy? If she played her part well, no one would suspect the cheat."

At these words Guy Mandeville leaped to his feet, and began pacing up and down the room in wild excitement.

"Ah, now I understand the meaning of that note!" he muttered. "This Dulcie, whoever she may be, has assumed Toinette's identity—deceived even those who should have been the first to detect the imposture! She must be marvelously like Toinette to do that."

An evil smile broke slowly over his dark, handsome face.

"Forewarned is forearmed. It will be strange if I cannot spoil this little scheme or, my lady love's, or, rather, to turn it to my own advantage."

When he next approached the couch, Toinette was saying in a shuddering tone:

"How cold and deep the river is! Oh, God, who will save me! I have played in the water from a child, and was never afraid before. I thought to reach one of the little boats below, and have Dulcie to think I had perished. But unseen hands seem to be dragging me down, down where all is darkness and horror. I have risked too much. The great waves are swishing over me. Oh, God, I am drowning!"

The delirious girl uttered a wild shriek, and lay panting and shuddering with terror.

From such broken utterances Guy gathered the whole story. Though Toinette's scheme was perfectly clear to him, he decided to say nothing to Major Villars until the result of the girl's illness was no longer a matter of doubt.

At length the crisis came. Toinette recovered the use of her reason and was pronounced out of danger.

Of course, the scheming villain discontinued his visits. It did not suit his purpose that Toinette should know who had befriended her.

"I am called away from the city unexpectedly," he explained to the woman of the house, "and Dr. Flagg will now have the entire charge of the patient."

"The darling! I am very thankful her life has been spared."

"Take this purse, and see that she wants for nothing. If she questions you, simply say that a hoary-headed doctor became interested in his beautiful patient, and was prompted to an act of kindness."

An hour later he had set out for Bonnyview Hall.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT SHOULD SHE DO?

Arrived at his journey's end, Guy Mandeville held a long interview with Major Villars in the library. Though burning with curiosity, he had decided to keep his own counsel and await further developments.

"How does Toinette appear?" was about his first inquiry.

"Quiet and docile. Her experience in running away was not lost upon her. I believe she will be more tractable in future."

A curious expression crossed Guy's face. He could no longer doubt but some one had taken the girl's place and imposed upon her guardian. But he gave no hint of the imposture.

"When am I to see Toinette?" he asked, at length.

"I will send for her immediately."

Dulcie came. Her cheeks were painfully flushed; she looked like one laboring under some strong excitement.

Guy could scarcely remove his eyes from her face. It was an astonishing likeness. He could have sworn it was Toinette herself, only he had left her ill in New York. Pressing the little hand extended in greeting he said, softly:

"Don't think I bear malice for the way you treated me at our last meeting, Toinette. I forgive the cruel blow you dealt me."

Dulcie started. Toinette had not told her all that transpired at the station-house, and she was at a loss to understand his meaning. But she thought that this was the man who had seen her clad in Daniel Diggs' cast-off garments made her heart beat.

"I still bear the marks of the blow," Guy added, parting the jetty curls and revealing a tiny scar upon his temple. "But it is of no consequence if you are disposed to atone for the past by present kindness."

Dulcie still took refuge in silence. She felt a sickening sensation. This was the man she must marry if she remained at Bonnyview Hall. What should she do?

And Guy, as he gazed admiringly into that girlish face, was saying to himself:

"She is like and unlike Toinette. This is a girlish, innocent child; Toinette a selfish, worldly woman. It would not be so difficult to transfer my affections to the charming impostor."

Decidedly it was for his interest to keep the secret for the present. Suddenly bending over Dulcie he whispered:

"Only try to love me, darling, and such happiness as you never dreamed of is in store for you."

There must be some cause for the girl's startling likeness to Toinette. It could not be accidental—nature is chary of such freaks. He would trace the impostor's history and spare no pains to learn the truth. It might be turned to his advantage.

Dulcie was only shy and reserved; Toinette had treated him with haughty disdain. Even Major Villars noticed the change.

"You are winning her over," the unsuspecting man declared. "Only persevere."

After several days spent in the young lady's society, Guy paid a flying visit to New York. From Dr. Flagg he learned that Toinette was rapidly convalescing, though unable to leave the room as yet.

Then there was no immediate danger of losing trace of her, so he returned to Bonnyview Hall.

That same day Major Villars said to Dulcie:

"You are a sensible girl, after all; changed for the better. I believe you are really growing fond of Guy. He is the prince of good fellows and so handsome. We will have a grand wedding one of these days, and all live happy together afterward."

"Major Villars, why are you so determined I shall marry that man?" she demanded, looking at him fixedly.

She saw his eyes dilate, his face pale to a dead white.

"Why?" he stammered. "Because Guy Mandeville is the most suitable husband I could select for my ward. This is reason enough. I am anxious to see you pleasantly settled in life."

For a long time after she gained her own room, Dulcie sat thinking of Major Villars' agitation when he said these words.

Her question appeared to startle him strangely. It was useless trying to conjecture why. Some mystery lay in the background of which she did not hold the key. But matters were coming to a crisis. Soon she must become Guy Mandeville's wife, or confess herself a cheat.

"I will go away," she decided, after hours spent in perplexed thought. "It will be hard to leave all this wealth and luxury behind, but it must be done."

That night she wrote a brief note of explanation, left it on her dressing-table, and stole softly down stairs. While her hand, trembling hence were turning on the lock, she fancied the door, there a stealthy tread of light, and Guy Mandeville appeared before her.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"Let me pass!" she exclaimed, throwing aside his detaining hand.

"Not at this hour. If you leave this house I shall go with you. I'd from fear that you are flying, Toinette?"

"Don't call me by that name. You have been deceived. I am not Toinette. Now I told long ago. Let me go."

She confronted him half defiantly, a strange, desperate gleam in her deep blue eyes. He laughed softly.

"You say you are not Toinette. Where is she?"

"Dead!"

Dulcie did not see the strange look that flashed over his face and was gone. After a moment's silence he said:

"You may not be Toinette, but you are here in her place. Go back to your room. The next day an event occurred that changed all her thoughts and plans.

At the breakfast table Guy met her precisely as though that little episode had not happened in the night. He was kind, courteous, affable. Afterward Dulcie went out by herself over the grounds. She had wandered some distance from the house, when the crackling of dry twigs in a thicket startled her, and a musical voice cried eagerly.

"Toinette, darling, there you are at last! I have been waiting since early dawn."

The tall figure of a man appeared suddenly in the narrow pathway. She looked up, a cry of amazement breaking from her lips.

Her startled glance rested upon the dark, handsome face of the original of the pencil sketch! The fascinating stranger with whom Dulcie had fallen in love at first sight stood before her!

She stared at him breathlessly, her heart beating to the verge of suffocation. For a moment she half fancied herself the victim of some strange optical illusion.

The next, the young man had darted forward and caught her in his arms.

"You look at me as if I were a ghost!" he exclaimed, noting his bearded lips to her cheek. "I have nearly frightened you to death. It was wrong to take you so by surprise; but I could send no message without its coming to Major Villars' knowledge, and you have warned me again and again not to arouse his anger or suspicions. So I hid in the shrubbery, and waited impatiently for you to appear in the grounds. I knew you would surely come to our old trysting-place."

At the touch of those bearded lips, Dulcie's impulsive heart throbbed as it had never throbbed before. But following that thrill of rapture came a sickening feeling of dread.

How strangely had her inexperienced feet been tangled in the web of fate! Those tender caresses were not intended for her!

Her head drooped upon his shoulder. Even in that supreme moment she realized that life would never again be the same to her if compelled to give him up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GERMAN statistician says that there are 3,985 paper mills in the world, and that of the 1,904,000,000 pounds of paper turned out annually, half is used for printing, 600,000,000 pounds being required for newspapers alone, the consumption of which has risen by 200,000,000 pounds in the last decade. He alleges that on an average an Englishman uses annually eleven and one-half pounds of paper, an American ten and one-half, a German eight, a Frenchman seven and one-half, an Italian or an Austrian three and one-half, a Spaniard one and one-half, and a Mexican two.

ITALIAN and negro women in Gotham are peculiarly fond of what is commonly known as the "head handkerchief," and the use of this article is a characteristic attempt upon the part of both races to cling to customs learned in a climate very different from that of New York. The determined way in which both races cling to outdoor life is another manifestation of the same instinct. The popular name for the Italian and negro headgear, by the way, admirably illustrates the fate of words in the mouths of the ignorant and thoughtless. "Kerchief" means primarily a head covering. When this article of dress came to be carried in the hand it took the name of handkerchief, or "hand-head cover," and in still later times the original "kerchief" popularly acquired the name "head handkerchief," which is "head-hand-head cover."

TIN FROM SILK.

With the development of our native tin mines, and the increasing expansion of the tin plate industry in the country comes information of a new field of enterprise in that direction. An ingenious Frenchman, according to our foreign exchanges, has discovered a process of recovering the tin contained in the washwaters of silk, which have been weighted, and has accordingly received from the "French Society for the Encouragement of National Industry," the prize allotted for the utilization of residual substances. As it is estimated that Lyons alone will effect an annual economy of $60,000 by these means, the gentleman deserves his reward. But the history of the reclamation of waste products, although it has been full of surprises, and may be considered an amazing testimony to the genius and patience of man, contains nothing more remarkable than this profit derived from the refuse of this excessive adulterant. The question has been more than once asked why silk rags had no value, but they may yet be sought after, not for the sake of silk, but of tin, and if we had an industrial mint we might complicate the contingency of an old silk gown, split and torn because it was so much out of fashion, being one day made into a dripping pan or some other kitchen utensil.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

BOSTON, June 11.—The Congressional gerrymandering bill recently passed by the Legislature has been signed by the Governor.

PITTSBURG, June 13.—It is stated in a letter to a friend at Beaver, Pa., that Rudyard Kipling, the novelist, is dying of consumption.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., June 11.—McGill & Mitchell, hardware and stove dealers, have assigned. It is believed the assets will cover the liabilities.

LONDON, June 11.—The race for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot was won by Lancrate II., with Rathbeal second and Lynch third.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., June 15.—The baccalaureate sermon of Lehigh University was preached by the Rev. Dr. Donald, of the Church of the Ascension, New York.

SARATOGA, N. Y., June 11.—Peter F. Crane, a hardware merchant of New York, died suddenly of heart failure at the Adelphia Hotel during the morning. He was 68 years old.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—Fourth-class postmasters were appointed in New York State as follows: A. O'Reilly at Fort Hill, Genessee County, and A. J. Storms at Fairmount, Rockland County.

CARLISLE, Pa., June 13.—Senator Peffer of Kansas is here on a visit to the home of his childhood. He has not been here before in many years. The Senator is accompanied by his wife and daughter.

READING, Pa., June 13.—John Arbegus, colored, was acquitted of the murder of John Brown, also colored. It was plainly shown during the trial that the killing had been done in self-defence.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 15.—The city marshal has notified the local tailors and dyers that unless they persist in organizing suit clubs he will close their shops for violating the lottery law.

MAHANOY CITY, Pa., June 15.—Two Poles named Andrew Kratowskas and John Makin were killed by the fast freight on the Reading Railroad near Mahanoy Plane last evening.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 13.—Eskridge Asa M. Frey of Jersey City died at his summer residence at Ocean Grove, yesterday, aged 74. He served two terms as judge of the Hudson County Courts.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., June 11.—Henry Mooney got a verdict of $6,666.67 in the Superior Court in his suit against the Connecticut River Lumber Company for the loss of a leg in a saw mill of the company wherein he was employed.

ERIE, Pa., June 15.—The body of Capt. William Clarke, the keeper of the life-saving station, who was lost in the surf while assisting the Badger State, was found yesterday. It is believed that the body was robbed.

BOSTON, Mass., June 15.—The Rev. Geo. A. Gordon, the brilliant young pastor of the Old South Church, is very ill of a fever. His family and parishioners are considerably alarmed. The nature of the fever is not known.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., June 11.—Mills B. Gaspy, was horsewhipped by Mrs. Annie Miller, a well-known business woman, on Main street before a large crowd. Some insulting remark on the part of Gaspy was the cause. The parties are business rivals.

HOLLAND, N. Y., June 15.—Fire early in the morning destroyed the store of W. R. Currier, Dr. Farrington's residence and barns, the Lowery House, J. A. Dwyer's barns, Force & Co.'s meat market and F. Keller's residence. Loss about $40,000; insurance $35,000.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 11.—The New York Central Hotel, together with two barns, an ice house and about 100 square feet of cattle sheds at West Albany were burned last night. The loss is about $50,000. The property was all owned by the Central Railroad Company.

BALTIMORE, June 13.—A deed, in which the consideration was $1,023,000, made by the executors of the late Henry McShane, was put on record to-day. It conveys to the Henry McShane Manufacturing Company the business and property formerly controlled by Mr. McShane.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 11.—Marshal Rose, the alleged murderer of Peter Johnson, was arraigned in the Third District Court and pleaded not guilty. The government was not ready for trial and the case was continued until next Saturday. Warden was committed without bail.

CHICAGO, June 15.—Over 1,000 men engaged in the architectural iron trade and allied branches, including the metal workers and pattern makers, went on strike to-day for 8 hours work per day at the rate of 30 and 35 cents per hour. This action was arrived at a meeting held Monday night.

READING, Pa., June 15.—The wheat fields in many parts of Berks, Montgomery and Chester counties are suffering severely from the ravages of "wheat lice", which have made their appearance by the million. Potato farmers hereabouts are very much frightened by an unusual infestation of potato bugs.

DENVER, Col., June 15.—The interest in the Denver Baseball Club owned by Mr. Van Horne has been purchased by a number of prominent citizens, who organized for that purpose. Mr. Van Horne will immediately deposed from the management and Geo. Tebeau, the well known player, was chosen in his stead.

BINGHAMPTON, Conn., June 15.—The strike is intense along the Naugatuck Valley. Factories are closed in many towns, and hundreds of men are idle. In the Ansonia Valley the factories are all closed. In the Derby Valley the factories are all closed except one. The Derby Company is operating its factories with the aid of the militia.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., June 11.—A severe drought has prevailed throughout certain portions of Western New York, which is proving very disastrous to the crops. Efforts are being made to save the corn, but in the clay soil belt this is impossible. Here the late oats, sowed four weeks ago, have failed to come up.

John Hopkins Will Lose Todd.

BALTIMORE, June 13.—Dr. Henry A. Todd, associate in the Romance languages at Johns Hopkins University, has accepted a professorship of Romance languages in the Leland Stanford University of California.

After Congressman Milliken's Seat.

AUGUSTA, Me., June 13.—Ex-Governor Burleigh is anxious to represent the district in Congress now represented by Hon. Seth Milliken. He has formally announced his candidacy in a personal letter sent to a number of citizens throughout the Augusta district.

Gold Beaters' National Union.

BOSTON, June 10.—The committee of arrangements for a national organization reported to the Gold Beaters' convention that it was essential for the protection of all to have a national union. The committee recommended that it be formed under the name of the Gold Beaters' Protective Association of the United States. The convention voted to adopt the recommendation.

Badly Handled by Thieves.

SAVANNAH, N. Y., June 11.—Three men made a desperate assault on Eugene Calkins, who lives a few miles outside of this village, last night. One of them grappled him about the neck while the others rifled his pockets. They took his pocket-book, watch and all other valuables found upon him. Calkins was pretty badly handled. His assailants escaped.

Commander Lyon Not Guilty.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The court martial which tried Commander Lyon on the charge of negligence in allowing the United States tug Triana to strand on the coast of Massachusetts while on her way to relieve the United States ship Galena, which was stranded off Gay Head near Martha's Vineyard, have found him not guilty, and Secretary Tracy has approved the findings of the court.

The World's Student Conference.

EAST NORTHFIELD, Mass., June 15.—The World's Student Conference, held here annually at the invitation of Mr. D. L. Moody, will begin on June 27 and close July 3. The attendance promises to be larger and more representative than ever. The European universities will send fifteen delegates, while the universities of this country will each have a large representation.

The Coming Trotting Meetings.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 11.—The stewards of the Grand Central Trotting Circuit met at the office of the Rochester Driving Park Association shortly before noon and decided upon the following meetings for the coming season: Pittsburg, July 14 to 17 inclusive; Cleveland, July 28 to 31; Buffalo, Aug. 4 to 7; Rochester, Aug. 11 to 14; Springfield, Aug. 18 to 21; Hartford, Aug. 25 to 28; Philadelphia, Sept. 1 to 4.

The Elliott Murder Trial.

COLUMBUS, O., June 13.—Blanche Wilson, the young woman over whose shoulder and from behind whom W. J. Elliott is alleged to have fired the shots at Osborn, was put on the stand in the murder trial to tell the story of her thrilling experience. She corroborated the statement of former witnesses as to her position at the time and said the defendant shot over her shoulder into the crowd. Two hackmen testified that Elliott fired the first shot.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., June 11.—Three weeks ago the 11-year-old son of Alexander Massey was at death's door with lung trouble. As a last resort, Dr. Vickers made an incision over the heart and into the lung, from which half a gallon of pus was taken. Antiseptic treatment followed, and the boy is perfectly well to-day.

Canada's New Ministry.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 15.—Senator Abbott, who was called upon by Lord Stanley to form a cabinet, being asked as to the composition of the new Ministry, said he thought it would only be proper that the House of Commons should be first taken into his confidence. The names of the members of the Government will therefore be made known when the House meets to-morrow. Mr. Abbott's selection is a great disappointment to the Chapleau wing. The ex-Secretary of State had a conference yesterday with Mr. Abbott and then left for Montreal.

BIG ABATTOIR BURNED.

Two Thousand Carcasses of Beef Entirely Consumed.

PHILADELPHIA, June 15.—The main building of the abattoir, west side of the Schuylkill River, opposite Arch street, was completely destroyed by fire early in the morning, and at 3 o'clock the surrounding buildings had ignited, the firemen devoting their attention to these and abandoning the main structure to its fate.

The origin of the fire is somewhat of a mystery. Some say it started in the engine house, while others place it at other points.

Three alarms were sent in, and soon nearly all the engines in the city were at the scene of the conflagration. There were several explosions from the ammonia condensers, used in the refrigerating building, which keep the temperature below the freezing point the year around. In this store room were 2,000 carcasses of beef, which were entirely consumed.

Charles Hoecke, a curiosity seeker, was hit on the head with a flying timber and received injuries from which he will probably die.

It is understood that the total loss, including machinery, building, stocks, refrigerating apparatus, and the 2,000 carcasses of beef, will be about $250,000. The fire was got under control about 4 o'clock. The buildings are said to be fully insured.

SIXTY WERE KILLED

A Bridge Falls With a Train in Switzerland.

RESCUERS RUSH TO THE SCENE.

All the Trainmen and Passengers in the Submerged Cars Drowned.

Not Less Than One Hundred Persons Injured—The Excursionists Were on Their Way to a Musical Fete—Several of the Cars Saved by the Breaking of a Coupling.

BERLIN, June 15.—A fearful accident is reported from Switzerland. A railway bridge across the Moenchen, a small affluent of the Rhine, at Stein, in the canton of Bassel, not far from Germany, gave way yesterday under the weight of an excursion train crowded with throngs of people who were on their way to a musical fete.

Two engines and the first car, with all its passengers, first plunged into the river, while cars remained suspended over the stream.

All the trainmen were killed, and every passenger in the submerged car was drowned. Thirteen cars were saved. The number of killed was at least 60, and of those injured not less than 100.

The fearful calamity has caused a terrible shock in Switzerland and Southern Germany. Rescuers hastened to the scene, and the injured were taken care of.

SWALLOWING UP A FARM.

A Subterranean River Absorbs Mr. Miller's Real Estate.

SEDALIA, Mo., June 15.—The farm of John H. Miller, who lives 18 miles southeast of here, is slowly being swallowed up in what seems to be a river flowing beneath the surface of the earth. The phenomenon was first observed last Saturday, when Mr. Miller's family heard a rumbling noise in the orchard. Investigation revealed a hole in the ground about six feet in diameter and several feet deep, with water at the bottom. The cavity is now nearly circular in form, 16 feet in diameter at the top and tapering to 10 feet at the water line, which is 26 feet from the surface.

The water is 25 feet deep and seems to be a flowing river, as sticks thrown into it are carried rapidly away by the current. The water is in the prairie land, not near any spring or body of water. The cavity is gradually enlarging, and, as Mr. Miller's residence is only 60 feet distant, he is greatly alarmed for the safety of his home and family.

Rudyard Kipling's Illness.

NEW YORK, June 15.—Reports published yesterday of the serious illness of Rudyard Kipling are directly at variance with recent authoritative advices from his family. The last letter which the late Henry J. McDonald, the well-known financial writer, received from his relatives in England, came to hand on Wednesday last, and was from his sister, the mother of Kipling. It bore date of June 3, and in it she wrote, as if it were a matter of no special anxiety: "Rudyard is poorly. He has worked too hard and is exhausted nervously. I shall run down to Brighton with him for a few days." This does not indicate, as the dispatch from Pittsburg printed yesterday did, that Kipling is dying of consumption in Italy.

The Government's Fair Building.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—The estimates, elevation and ground plan for the government building at the World's Columbian exposition have been submitted to and formally approved by the Secretary of the Treasury, the Postmaster-General and the Secretary of the Interior, these officials being required by law to pass upon the plans of all buildings constructed for the use of the government. This is the last legal formality to be complied with previous to the advertisement for bids and the letting of the contracts for construction.

Bishop Knight's Will.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 15.—The will of the late Bishop Knight which has been made public, disposes of an estate valued at $100,000. The entire property goes to the officials that he will come on from the East with his great colt Strathmeath, leaving New York on Sunday evening.

John Campbell also will come from the East with his high-class colt Pessara. There is intense interest in the arrival of these Eastern cracks as they will meet the pick of the Western contingent, including the hitherto invincible Kingman. The latter will be the favorite, and Westerners are sorry that Potomac is not also coming on from the East to join in the great race.

Cut a Chinaman to Pieces.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 15.—The Chinese Consul here has received word from Bridgeport, Cal., that Ah Quong Tis, the Chinaman accused of the murder of Poker Tom, on being acquitted was taken from the court by Piute Indians and cut to pieces. The Consul will bring the matter to the attention of the government at Washington.

Killed a Steamboat Captain.

HELENA, Ark., June 15.—Capt. W. T. Holt, a steamboat captain, was killed last night by James Wood, a watchman of the boat. Holt had sharply reprimanded Wood for neglecting his duty. Later, while Holt was in a stooping position, Wood walked up to him and struck him on the back of the head with an axe, killing him instantly. Wood escaped.

Beaten by a Gang of Roughs.

NEW YORK, June 15.—Josiah T. Howell, a well known New York broker, residing in Brooklyn, was set upon by a crowd of roughs in a Brooklyn street car and beaten into insensibility, narrowly escaping with his life. Mr. Howell's assailants had some trouble in getting him ashore. Up-town cars were terribly lacerated.

HAUNTED BY HIS CRIME.

Thirty Years of Remorse Drove a Murderer to Suicide.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., June 15.—A remarkable story of remorse comes to light in the suicide of Jesse Devore, an old man nearly 90 years old, who lived in the country several miles from the town of Bridgeport.

Forty years ago Devore murdered a negro, and for the past 30 years he has been at times tormented in imagination with gangs of negroes who pursued him to kill him for his crime. About 20 years ago he shot himself through the head in order to rid himself of haunting memories, but recovered. A year or two later he stood on the bank of a stream and struck himself on the head with a stone, knocking himself unconscious into the stream, where he would have drowned but for a passer-by who dragged him out more dead than alive.

Devore made several other unsuccessful attempts at suicide. Finally, on Thursday last, he went to the house of a neighbor named Bumgardner, where he put up for the night. After all the family had retired, he got up, secured a rope, and hanged himself.

SEVERAL SUICIDES.

An Unusual Number Reported in New York and Vicinity.

NEW YORK, June 15.—There has been an unusual number of suicides and attempts at self-destruction in this city and vicinity of late. One day during the past week seven persons ended their existence at their own hands, and usually two or three cases are reported daily.

Yesterday three cases were recorded. George D. Greene, 48 years old, a veteran of the war, hanged himself in Central Park. Despondency caused by poverty is the supposed cause.

The second case reported was that of a young woman, Alice Griffin, who jumped from the fifth story of a tenement house, receiving fatal injuries. She was insane.

The third case occurred in Brooklyn, where an aged German tailor, Peter Schwartz, took a quantity of paris green. He had become tired of constant bickerings with his wife, and determined to end his life. The poison wasn't immediately effective, but the doctors say he will die.

BURNED TO DEATH.

Three Members of One Family Caught in a Tenement House Fire.

NEW YORK, June 15.—Three persons, members of one family, were burned to death yesterday in a tenement house fire on upper Third avenue,

Those who lost their lives are: Philip Brady, aged 55; Catherine Brady, his wife, aged 40, and their 13