Andover News.

WEDNESDAY JULY 29, 1891.

Philip Raynor's Bride;

OR

MAJOR VILLARS' FATAL MISTAKE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XIX.

DEAD OR LIVING.

When Toinette received Philip's answer to her imprudent note, she was seated at the dinner-table with Major Villars and Guy Mandeville.

Both gentlemen saw how convulsively her fingers closed over the missive. She rose hurriedly, without waiting to excuse herself, and left the room.

The Major looked after her with a dark frown.

"There's mischief brewing," he cried, starting to follow his ward. "I must see that letter."

But Guy was calmer and more reasonable. He knew how disastrously an attempt to gain it by force would result.

"Sit down," he said. "Don't be such a fool as to stir up an unnecessary muss."

"But Philip Raynor is the writer. I'm sure of it——"

"What then? Philip can't marry Toinette, now he has saddled himself with another wife. Patience, man; don't get her ill-will for nothing."

"Curse the jade!" muttered Major Villars, sinking back into his chair. "We've borne with her willfulness and caprices long enough. If she holds out and won't marry you, what will become of you and me, without a dollar of our own? I'll show her who is master—sooner or later, I'll show her who is master—sooner or later, I will!"

"My advice is," said Guy quietly, as he sipped the wine in his glass, "that you let Toinette alone. What if Raynor does send her a letter now and then? It's got to end there. She will see this herself one of these days, and be as submissive as one could wish."

He knew Philip had learned of the imposture since returning to the neighborhood. At heart he was as furious as the Major, but for once kept better restraint over himself. The fact that he wished his rival in perdition was no excuse for making Toinette uncomfortable. He would stick to the role of patient waiter he had taken up.

In her own room Toinette tore open the letter with feverish impatience, and read the few lines it contained. He had refused to come! A cry of bitter disappointment broke from her. She had counted upon Philip's making some desperate effort to free himself from the galling chains which bound him to another.

"This is not the end," she moaned, wringing her jeweled hands. "I will not have it so."

She was possessed of an insane longing to look upon her lover's face. The old spell could scarcely have lost its power. If Philip felt any lurking pity for the girl he had married, she meant to charm it away, make him look upon Dulcie as an obstacle to his happiness, and prevail upon him to put her legally away.

She had dressed herself for the interview in soft silk and cream laces, that he might see what a glorious prize he had lost. In vain. "Try to forget!" Such was his message. Forget! As though that were possible with a woman of her temperament.

All night long she sat at the window, looking toward Highlands. The morning sunlight, as it stole into the room, found her in the same position. Suddenly she sprang to her feet.

"I will see him," she said, between her teeth. "It means happiness or eternal misery for me. I'm not going to give him up so easily."

She stole from the house and made her way swiftly across the fields. On coming in sight of Highlands she noticed an unusual commotion about the house. Reckless of consequences, she kept straight on to the grand entrance, never seeing how the servants fell back and stared at her approach.

"Is it our missing lady or her ghost?" they asked each other, breathlessly. "Or can it be she other one?"

For it was well understood at Highlands now that Dulcie and Toinette were counterparts.

Even Mrs. Rusk was puzzled for a moment. But she no longer felt at a loss when Toinette spoke in a sharp, peremptory tone, such as her poor young mistress had never used.

"Conduct me to some room where I can see Mr. Raynor alone, and send him to me immediately."

"My master is not in the house," she answered, scowling at the intruder.

"Send some one to find him."

The housekeeper stood firm as a rock. She looked upon the beautiful woman as Dulcie's enemy, and the cause of all their trouble.

"If you will pardon me for saying it, ma'am, this is no time for you or any outside person to be coming to this sad house."

"What do you mean?" staring.

"My poor lady! She is gone—we fear she has destroyed herself. Mr. Raynor is having the river dragged."

Toinette staggered back against the wall. Her heart gave one frantic leap and seemed to stand still. Oh, if this were only so!

"How long has she—Dulcie—been missing?"

"Since yesterday. We found her scarf by the river. She must be lying at the bottom, poor lamb, where trouble and sorrow can never reach her more." And Mrs. Rusk broke into hysterical weeping.

Toinette could scarcely keep the exultation she felt from showing itself in her face. If Dulcie were indeed dead, the problem of her own future would be easy of solution.

"Did this wretched girl leave behind her no word—no message—nothing?" she inquired.

"The housekeeper shook her head.

"Are you sure? Let me go to her room. There may be something there that has been overlooked."

Mrs. Rusk caught eagerly at the idea. Dulcie had not been seen to enter the house after leaving the lodge; but the servants were, for the most part, at the rear, and she might have done so without their knowledge.

If so, there was nothing in the pretty boudoir, or the dainty rooms opening from it, to show this. Toinette looked through them all, a lurid light in her eyes. She should have been mistress here—might be even yet. The resources of wealth and taste had been exhausted to make the place bright and beautiful.

"Dead or living, Dulcie shall never reign here again," she said to herself.

The dressing-case and all the pretty little inlaid tables were carefully searched without any note being found. Toinette was turning away, vindictive joy in her eyes, when she noticed a pasteboard card lying on the carpet. It bore simply the address of a New York milliner—Madam Keeler.

"I shall keep this card," Toinette said, yielding to a sudden impulse she could not have explained even to herself. "It is of no value to anybody else."

Mrs. Rusk glanced curiously at the address, but made no objection. Toinette had stepped to the window and was looking out, mentally asking herself if Dulcie had indeed been so mad as to take her life, when a heavy tread sounded on the stairs and Philip Raynor entered.

He had just come from the river, where the men were still at work. He looked pale and haggard; his clothes were soiled and wet. Pausing on the threshold, he stared bewilderedly at Toinette a moment, as if uncertain whether she were flesh and blood or an illusive vision.

"It is Miss Lynton," the housekeeper hastened to say, noticing his perplexity. "She has business with you, I believe, sir."

He came nearer but made no effort to take Toinette's extended hand. His eyes were lusterless, no warmth or color came into his cold, white face.

The girl's heart sank as she met that dull, passionless gaze. "Leave us," she said, in a peremptory whisper close to Mrs. Rusk's ear.

When the door closed she ventured lightly to touch the miserable man's arm.

"This is very sad—very shocking," she said. "Is there no clue to Dulcie's fate?"

"She is dead; I am her murderer!" came the answer, spoken with impassioned vehemence.

Toinette shuddered; not so much at the words as at the fierce repulsion with which he drew back from her touch.

"No, no; don't say that, Philip," she cried, earnestly. "It isn't your fault that the girl has made away with herself."

"Did I not drive her to suicide by my harshness and cruelty? She was a loving, impulsive child, and I trampled upon her tender heart. I was mad, blinded with misery, and could see no good in her. I doubted her love, her truth, her fidelity. I thought her wicked and designing because she yielded to the most terrible temptation a helpless young girl ever knew. Heaven pity and forgive me! I am as much her murderer as if I had driven a dagger into her heart!"

He dropped his head upon his hands, groaning heavily. Toinette fixed a wild, startled look on him, as if struck by a sudden, sickening fear.

"Think how wantonly she deceived you, Philip. What could she expect? Not tenderness or forbearance, certainly, when your eyes were opened to the truth."

"She was my wife. I might have been kinder to her."

"In spite of the cruel deception by which she won you?"

"Yes. I can realize how terribly she suffered—the fearful struggle through which she passed. It was no easy thing for her to sin. You do not know how meek and gentle she was; you never saw the look of pathetic appeal in her eyes that might have softened the most obdurate heart!"

Toinette grew cold all over as she listened.

"Philip, what are you saying?" she cried, in a smothered voice. "Have you learned to love that girl now?"

"I cannot tell," he groaned. "She was so sweet, so patient, so full of tender thoughtfulness. I cannot read my own heart. It was full of bitterness at first. This sudden shock has weakened me as from a selfish dream. I only know that I am miserable; that I would give my own life to call Dulcie back; that I shall never know a moment's happiness if she has destroyed herself."

A terrible expression stole into Toinette's eyes. She had never really believed, even when giving way to the wildest fears, that Dulcie would supplant her in the affections of the man she loved.

"Philip, Philip," she panted, "do you not realize that Dulcie's death sets you free?"

"Hush!"

"Let me speak. I must. I cannot keep silent now. Think of our plighted vows, our frustrated hopes! Think of my anguish when I heard you were wedded to another; what I have suffered since! It has seemed at times as if life had come to a sudden end, for life without hope or joy is only a lingering death. Philip, Philip, tell me the truth. Have you ceased to love me?"

She would have sunk sobbing into his arms had he not repulsed her.

"Have I ceased to love you?" he hoarsely repeated. "Heaven help us both—I cannot tell. As I said before, my own heart is a mystery to me. It is full of unutterable pain and sorrow. I only know that you can be nothing to me now. My dead wife's reproachful face would ever come between us. When—when all is over I shall go away and never see you again."

His voice faltered at the last, and without another word or farewell look he abruptly left her.

As the door closed, Toinette sprang up from the crouching attitude she had assumed, and began walking restlessly up and down the room. Great white beads were gathered upon her forehead. Once she struck her hand across it with a fierce, hissing cry.

"My God!"

That was all she said. After a full hour had passed she left the house with a heavy, dragging step, and wended her way to Bonnyview Hall. There, in the solitude of her own room, a sudden thought came to her that sent the chilled blood flowing through her veins once more.

"It is a strange, desperate thing to do," she said, with a hard, thirsty laugh. "But I have the courage and daring necessary to success. Why should I not reap some benefit from the fatal resemblance that has been the cause of my misery? Philip shrinks from me, but he would receive Dulcie with open arms, forgive all the past, be to her a tender, devoted husband. I would run any risk rather than give him up."

Taking from her bosom the card found in Dulcie's boudoir, she sat for a long time with her gaze bent fixedly upon it, revolving dark, terrible thoughts in her fertile brain.

The following morning she went alone to New York. There was no one to watch her movements, and she made her way directly to Madam Keeler's establishment, and held a long private interview with that lady.

Afterward she visited her every day for a week, excusing her frequent absences to Major Villars on the plea that her wardrobe needed replenishing.

The week passed, and still there was no tidings of Dulcie. The river had been dragged for a long distance above and below. Toinette felt fully convinced that her rival was dead, and the body had been carried out to sea.

"The way is clear," she said to herself, with a feeling of exultation. "I may venture to put in execution my little plot."

The morning of the eighth day she went to Highlands and saw Mrs. Rusk for a few moments.

"I have brought back this card," she said, giving to the housekeeper the bit of pasteboard bearing Madam Keeler's address. "You will remember where it was picked up. In looking it over last night I noticed the name 'Miss Brown' written in pencil on the back. This fact may not have the slightest significance; but anything that promises to throw light on your poor young mistress' fate should be carefully investigated."

CHAPTER XX.

A CLEVER GAME.

Toinette had judged correctly in thinking Mrs. Rusk would take the card to her master and tell him where it was found.

Philip turned it over rather listlessly. He had given up all hope of ever seeing his wronged young wife again in this world.

"Madam Keeler is some one Dulcie used to know, who has been kind to her, no doubt," he said. "It can do no harm to go and see her."

He set out an hour or so later. Madam Keeler's millinery establishment was a stylish house not far from Fifth Avenue. He rang the bell and was shown into an elegantly furnished reception room.

Madam Keeler did not keep him waiting long. She was a portly-looking woman, dressed in an exquisite combination of velvet and rich brocade.

She shut the door and came forward, looking at her visitor with curious intentness.

"Who has done me this honor?" she asked, with a charming smile of welcome.

"My name is Philip Raynor."

She started slightly, but the conventional smile still played about her rather full lips. Before she could speak, the young man added with an abruptness that surprised himself:

"I wish to inquire if you have a Miss Brown in your employ?"

It was not at all what he intended to say. But he seemed to be urged on by something out of and beyond himself.

Madam Keeler bowed politely.

"Yes," she said. "And a very efficient person I find her."

"How long has she been with you?"

"One week."

Philip grew white and cold. But a little over a week had elapsed since Dulcie disappeared. Had he been laboring under a mistake all this while in thinking she had drowned herself in the river?

"Can I see this lady?" he asked, eagerly, his voice trembling a little. "It is barely possible she may know something of a young friend I have recently lost. I fear there are circumstances that make me hope so."

Madam Keeler smiled graciously, and at once led the way to a smaller apartment across the hall.

"Miss Brown is gifted with wonderfully good taste," she explained, "and has quite the air of a lady. Since the first day or two I have not asked her to remain in the work-room with the other apprentices."

She drew aside a heavy portiere with one plump hand.

Philip saw a slender, girlish figure sitting at a littered table within.

Her back was toward him, but in a moment he had crossed the threshold with a heavy, staggering tread.

The girl heard him, and spoke without turning her head.

"Please tell me, Madam Keeler, how you like the effect of these snow-drops with the carnations."

She held up a hat partly finished. The dead silence that followed her question caused her to turn quickly.

As she met the wild, startled gaze bent upon her she fell back with a gasping cry and put her hands over her face.

"My God!" said Philip, hoarsely. "It is Dulcie herself."

"Hush!"

Madam Keeler stared. She evidently took in the meaning of the situation at once; a peculiar smile played about her full lips.

"So Miss Brown is the young friend to whom you referred?" she exclaimed. "Strange! I had better leave you to come to an understanding by yourselves."

She withdrew. Philip bent over the shrinking little figure in the chair, and clasping the trembling hands, covered them with kisses.

"My darling, my sweet little wife, it is really you, alive?" he whispered, passionately.

He fully believed it was Dulcie herself who sat there, her lovely face lifted so pitifully. In that first agitated moment, had an angel appeared from heaven to warn him that the trembling, frightened girl was Toinette Lynton, who had cunningly assumed the identity of his fugitive bride, he would not have believed it.

"My darling," he shuddered, kneeling beside her, "we found your scarf on the river bank, and thought you had destroyed yourself."

The impostor grew pale as a lily as she answered:

"It slipped from my shoulders, and I left it lying there. I was fearfully tempted at first; then I seemed to realize all at once the enormity of the sin I was about to commit, and God gave me strength to resist."

Tears sprang into her big, wistful blue eyes, and her lips quivered with genuine emotion as she added:

"Philip, I know I am an obstacle in the way of your happiness. Are you very, very sorry to find me alive?"

"Sorry, Dulcie? I wish you could look into my heart. I have suffered, suffered these past few days! I felt like a murderer. I should never have known another moment's peace if you had died!"

"And yet you do not love me," she said, very piteously.

"I thought so once. When I first learned of the deception I almost hated you."

He hesitated. Toinette played her part well. A glad light broke over her face, and she said in the wistful, pleading tone Dulcie might have adopted:

"Philip, Philip, tell me—are you learning to care for me just a little?"

He half raised himself, made a movement as if to clasp her to his heart, but fell back, cold and trembling.

Did he suspect? For a moment Toinette's breath stopped, and her heart almost ceased to beat.

Philip could not account for the strange feeling that stole over him. It was as though a wave of expulsion had suddenly swept between them.

"I cannot understand my own heart," he answered huskily. "I only know I should be a miserable man without you. You must come back to Highlands. I cannot let you go. Come back, darling, and give me an opportunity to atone for the past."

"You are sure you wish it?"

"Oh, yes, yes."

"Are you willing to forgive and forget the wrongs I did you?"

"Yes, Dulcie. You, too, have had much to bear. In my anguish and horror when I fancied you were lost to me forever, I would have given the whole world to recall you. Those hours of misery brought with them a revelation. I learned for the first time that Toinette did not possess the strong hold upon my heart I had been led to suppose."

He saw her deepening pallor, but kept on:

"It was my sweet little wife who filled all my thoughts. Your sad, reproachful face as I saw it last, was rising constantly before my eyes. How I besought heaven to restore you to my arms, that I might atone for my harshness and cruelty by a life-time of devotion!"

"And now?" Toinette breathed, leaning nearer.

He passed his hand over his damp forehead.

"I still wish to make reparation for the past."

"You are sure, quite sure, the old love for Toinette will not drive my image from your heart?"

"Never again," he answered, earnestly. "That folly is over. It may be your sweetness won me in spite of myself. What does it matter now? I am a changed man. Whatever you may decide, Toinette can be nothing to me from this time forward."

Again the impostor covered her beautiful pale face with her hands. She sat silent and motionless until Philip's arm stole round her waist, and he softly whispered:

"Darling, have you fully forgiven me? Is it to be peace and happiness?"

Then she drew a deep breath and looked at him with a glance that thrilled his soul.

"Yes, Philip. I have no life apart from you."

Leaning her hand upon his breast, she told him, in her pretty, artless way, of the jealous pain and misery that had driven her away from Highlands.

"Your happiness was dearer to me than my own, and I was ready to insure it at any cost. As I stood on the bank of the river, and had fought back the dreadful temptation to destroy myself, Madam Keeler's address seemed to stand out before my eyes as though written upon the sky. I had been looking at her card that very morning. All at once I made up my mind to go to her and ask for employment under an assumed name. I thought you would be rejoiced to be rid of me so easily, and by and by, when the divorce courts had done their work, you would go back to the old love I had stolen."

Not a very coherent story, but she told it with such an air of child-like simplicity that Philip never dreamed of doubting. But he wondered that his own heart lay so like a lump of ice in his bosom.

"Surely I have not made more mistakes?" he thought, self-reproachfully. "It is Dulcie I love?"

He felt impatient to get away, back to Highlands, where he would have his fugitive bride all to himself.

Madam Keeler seemed greatly disturbed when told she must give up at once her lovely apprentice.

"It will be a real loss!" she exclaimed. "Miss Brown has the eye of an artist. My patrons were beginning to find her out and admire her work. I must look a long time before finding any one to fill her place."

The glance that passed between Madam Keeler and Toinette was lost upon Philip. He laid a crisp bank note in the woman's hand and said:

"Perhaps this will help reconcile you to the loss you have sustained."

Toinette's heart was beating fast when she took her place by Philip's side in the carriage that waited at the door.

Thus far her plot had succeeded. Philip seemed vaguely perplexed and troubled, but he had accepted her unhesitatingly as the person she claimed to be.

Still, there were other difficulties to be overcome. She was willing to sacrifice much to gain her end, but not everything. It would be of no use to take Dulcie's place unless she was really Philip's wife.

"I have a strange request to make," she said, very sweetly, laying her dimpled little hand upon his, as they were being whirled rapidly along the crowded city streets. "It is a silly fancy of mine, but you are so good, so forbearing, Philip, I know you will yield to it."

"What does my darling wish?" he asked, smiling down into the lovely, pleading face.

"You will laugh you at me, Philip, when I tell you. I want you to drive me to the nearest clergyman you know, that we may plight our vows over again."

He looked surprised, almost as though he feared he had taken leave of her senses.

"It is a strange request, Dulcie. Why do you make it? A dozen marriage ceremonies could not make you more my wife."

"I have such a singular feeling—as if you had put me away, and the tie that bound us had been annulled," faltered the beautiful dissembler.

"Nonsense, darling. You should not give way to such foolish fancies."

"You will consent, Philip? You will marry me over again—now, before we go to Highlands? I wish it very, very much."

Her eager, intense tone made him stare at her in growing bewilderment. But no impulse nor distrust, rather a mental shrinking from unknown evil, prevented him from complying with her request.

"If there were really something to be gained, I would do as you wish," he said. "But it would have the advantage to go through the marriage ceremony so soon again? Forget your morbid fancies, darling."

Toinette leaned back in the carriage, her hands tightly locked. What should she do? How accomplish her purpose? Unless Philip married her, her whole daring plot would have to be abandoned.

Once, the dread thought arose, What if Dulcie had been rescued from the river and was living still? But she resolutely put it from her.

"There can be no doubt but the foolish child took her own life," she told herself. "Philip is a free man, and if I could only prevail upon him to marry me, all would be well."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Care of the Eyes.

Never sleep opposite a window which will throw a flood of strong light on your eyes when you wake in the morning.

In all institutions, particularly for children, where the eyes are required to do close work, the proportion of the square surface of the windows to the square surface of the floor should never fall below one to four.

The short-sighted eye is essentially a diseased eye, and should be treated as such. It affects by preference those who tax their eyes constantly for fine or neat work, and is almost unknown among the uncivilized nations.

When children work by light which falls in their faces they are apt to bend the body forward so as to shade the eyes by the head, or else twist it around so that the light shall fall on the page. Both of these positions are pernicious. There is great danger of the chest becoming narrow and contracted and of the spine becoming curved.

To bathe the eyes properly, take a large basin of cold water, bend the head close over it, and with both hands throw the water with some force on the gently closed lids. This has something of the same effect as a shower-bath, and has a toning-up influence which water applied in any other way has not.

The Jaws of an Ant.

In the examination of the poisonous machinery of insects and reptiles, it is apparent that the destructive principal is the same in all; and that the fang in all possesses a hollow, through which the poison flows into the wound the moment the incision is made. The sting of the scorpion is precisely like the fang of the rattlesnake, and performs its deadly work on the same mechanical principals.

The grip of an ant's jaw is retained even after the body has been bitten off, and nothing but the head remains. This knowledge is possessed by a certain tribe of Indians in Brazil, who put the ants to a very peculiar use. When an Indian gets a gash cut in his hand, instead of having his hand sewn together, as physicians do in this country, he procures five or six large black ants, and, holding their heads near the gash, they bring their jaws together in biting the flesh, and then pull the two sides of the gash together. Then the Indian pinches off the bodies of the ants, and leaves the heads clinging to the flesh, which is held together until the gash is perfectly healed.

If you are thinking of getting married, make up your mind to meet a great many troubles and disappointments. It is this making a hero of a plain plug man, and an angel of an ordinary woman, that is the cause of so much disappointment and divorce. The disilluson process is always a painful one. It is especially so when marriage is the cause of it.

FATE seems to make things fit in nicely. Just as wood was giving out coal was discovered, just as whale oil was about exhausted petroleum was found, and now just as we have about given up hope of being angels Mr. Maxim assures us that his flying machine will soon be ready.

THE Prince of Wales nor no other man occupying exalted place could have carried on his excesses and hold his place in good society in the United States. The public press would have roasted him and served him done, long ago. The English press is doing a good deal of roasting as the case stands.

THE nations of the earth see a mighty good example in the way that John Bull and Brother Jonathan settle the seal question. Their heads are level, and both English and American women can continue to wear seal-skin cloaks.

AN Atchison girl has a tear bottle that she cries into. When it is full, she will send it to her lover as a proof of her grief at his absence. It is hoped that it will not become a fad. Girls are too nice and pretty to spoil everything by going around crying into bottles.

THE motto of a new paper in Georgia, printed in black type on its first page, is this: "If you don't like it pour it back in the jug." The editor, in all probability, is not a moonshiner now.

PROF. GARNER, having discovered that monkeys possess an articulate language, will confer a favor on the world by reporting what the monkeys say of the people who poke canes and parasols into their cages.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

STONY CREEK, Conn., July 27.—Gov. David B. Hill will come to the Shoshone Inn here this week unexpected by several prominent politicians.

FOTTSVILLE, Pa., July 25.—William Berkeler, a fireman on a Lehigh Valley Coal Company engine, was struck by an engine at Delano and instantly killed.

NEW YORK, July 27.—Richard S. Newcombe, the well-known New York lawyer, died at his residence, 805 Madison avenue, at 8:30 o'clock last night.

SHEFFIELD, Ala., July 27.—Jesse Underwood, colored, was lynched near this city last night by a party of over three hundred men.

DENVER, Col., July 25.—Four persons were killed and six injured in a collision on the Denver and Rio Grande near Carlile Station.

LONDON, July 25.—Le Caron, the informer who testified against Mr. Parnell and the Irish patriots before the Parnell Commission, is expected to die from a tumor in his stomach.

DES MOINES, Ia., July 27.—A plot to rob the Iowa State Savings bank and murder the cashier was frustrated by the arrest of the gang, who confessed the crime.

NEW YORK, July 25.—Samuel W. Lewis, the broker convicted of stealing $53,000 from Mrs. Alice G. Bostwick, whom he afterward married, was sentenced to seven years and six months imprisonment at hard labor.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 27.—James N. Coe, commander of Admiral Foote Post, G. A. R., was appointed superintendent of the Soldiers' Home at Norton, vice Dr. Munson, who has been discharged on account of the scandals lately ventilated.

PARIS, July 25.—The Temps says the welcome extended to the French squadron is without precedent in its cordiality. France, it says, is profoundly impressed with the extreme friendliness displayed.

PARIS, July 27.—The woman Berland, sentenced to death for the Courbevoie murder, has been reprieved. Her son, also named Berland, and Dore, his companion in guilt, were guillotined at 5 o'clock this morning.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 27.—While Edward Dwyer was walking near Washington Park Lake he was taken with a fit and rolled in the water. Before assistance could reach him he drowned. His body was recovered later.

PHILADELPHIA, July 25.—Testimony of a very startling nature was given during the inquiry into the affairs of ex-Treasurer Boyle. Editors testified that they had to pay a commission of 40 per cent. to get advertisements.

CHICAGO, July 27.—English capitalists are negotiating for the purchase of three of the leading stockyards centers of Chicago—the Rand-McNally Company, Morris & Co., and J. W. M. Jones & Co. The price offered for the three plants is said to be $3,000,000.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 25.—Charles M. Ozburn, a commission merchants of this city, was hanged here at noon for the murder of John M. Bradley on May 5, 1890. The murder was the result of an overcharge of 54 cents on a barrel of potatoes.

SUSQUEHANNA, Pa., July 27.—In the Erie yard a man jumped in front of a moving engine and was instantly killed. It is thought from several pawn tickets found in his pockets, one from William Simpson, 181 Bowery, New York, dated July 13, that he was M. O'Brien, of New York city. He was evidently insane.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 25.—A Grand Rapids (Minn.) dispatch says that the Pokegama Athletic Association of Grand Rapids has decided to offer $10,000 for the Hall-Fitzsimmons fight, with or without gloves. The club will furnish a guarantee that a fight in Itaska County will not be interfered with.

CARLISLE, Pa., July 25.—A heavy storm passed over this city last evening and lightning struck the Carlisle Shoe Factory, followed the electric wire into the fitting room, shattered some electric lamps and stunned Miss Celia Spangler. Medical aid was summoned and she soon recovered.

AUGUSTA, Me., July 25.—The sheriff of Aroostook County has received a communication from Gov. Burleigh calling attention to complaints that have been made that the prohibitory laws are not being properly enforced. The Governor says that if more efficiency is not shown special constables will be appointed.

WHEELING, W. Va., July 27.—The Fostoria Glass Company, of Fostoria, Ohio, has decided to move their plant to Moundsville, W. Va., on account of the Fostoria people refusing to furnish them free gas, according to contract. The plant employs about 300 men, and the company will invest about $50,000.

NEW YORK, July 25.—Col. Pulsifer's Jenny and M. F. Dwyer's Longstreet have been matched to race one mile and a quarter, over the Morris Park race course on July 30, for a purse of $5,000 a side. The association is to add $2,500. The match is a certainty, as the owners have signed a contract. Both horses are to carry 126 pounds.

QUEENSTOWN, July 25.—Over 200 Knights Templar from all parts of the United States arrived here during the morning on the steamer City of Berlin. They are making a pilgrimage of Europe and will at once proceed to Killarney and Glengarriff. After making a tour of Ireland the pilgrims will visit England and other parts of Europe. All the members of the party are well.

RAPID CITY, S. D., July 27.—Last evening J. W. Saultry, a merchant, shot his wife three times, and thinking he had killed her blew out his brains. Mrs. Saultry will probably recover, only one have not been living together for some time on account of Saultry's jealous disposition.

VICTORIA, B. C., July 27.—The sailing schooner E. D. Marvin arrived last night, having been seized by the American cruiser Rush in attempting to enter Behring Sea after she had been warned by the Rush at Sand Point not to do so. The Rush pursued her into Ounalaska, seized her and turned her over to the British warship Nymphe, which ordered her home.

Dropped Dead on the Street.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., July 27.—Jacob F. Leishman, a prominent merchant, dropped dead in the street here of heart disease.

Is Almy in Montreal.

MONTREAL, July 25.—Detectives here say they are positive that Frank Almy, the New Hampshire murderer, is in the city, and has not left by any of the ocean steamships. The gold ring identified as his by the American detectives was sold in a second-hand shop long after the departure of the steamer Mongolian, in which he is said to have escaped.

Murdered by an Italian.

BALTIMORE, July 27.—Frederick Buchner, a cigarmaker, was shot and killed in the fruit store of Cannatella Somella at noon. It is alleged, and probably true, that Somella shot Buchner in the heat of a dispute over the shortage of five cents in Buchner's change, but Mrs. Semella, who had the revolver in her hand when the police arrived, declares that Buchner assaulted her and she fired in self-defense. Somella and his wife were locked up.

Mr. Blaine Takes a Long Drive.

BAR HARBOR, Me., July 27.—Secretary Blaine drove out in an open carriage with his son Emmons at 10 a. m., the Secretary holding the reins. They returned to Stanwood in about two hours. The recent reports of Mr. Blaine's serious illness and likelihood to retire from public life were flatly denied by a member of the family to-day. Mr. Blaine expects to remain here until the cool weather sets in, when he will return to Washington and resume his duties.

Excitement in a Church.

GREENVILLE, Pa., July 27.—During a heavy thunder storm yesterday the tall steeple of the United Presbyterian Church was demolished by lightning. Rev. Scouller was just finishing his sermon and about 200 people were in the building. The greatest excitement prevailed for a while, and a panic was only averted by the most strenuous exertions. No one was injured, and the congregation dispersed after offering a prayer of thanksgiving.

Judge Hiram C. Clark Dead.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., July 27.—Judge Hiram C. Clark a well-known lawyer of Jamestown, N. Y., died at the Pilgrim House in this place last night in his 70th year. For many years during the rule of the Vigilance Committee he was a judge in California. He also practiced law in Virginia City, Utica, Lockport and Toledo. Years ago he was Washington correspondent for California papers and for six years was London correspondent of the New York Express and the Alta Californian of San Francisco. His father was Lot C. Clark, of Niagara Falls bridge fame.

A CLUE TO BANK THIEVES.

The Facts Given by Girls Who Had Been on a Picnic.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J., July 25.—The police of Easton and Phillipsburg have what they think is a positive clue to the Easton Bank thieves. The facts were given by some girls who had been on a picnic to Carpentersville, a few miles below here.

At half past 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the robbery three men crossed the ferry at Carpentersville. They acted very suspiciously, and entering a tavern ordered drinks, paying for them in a new one-dollar bill. The barkeeper noticed that the money they had was in one and two dollar bills.

The officers are following up the clue, and feel very hopeful of getting the thieves in a short time.

RAILROAD WAR.

A Gang of Workmen Armed With Repeating Rifles.

DENVER, Col., July 27.—The Denver, Golden & Lakewood Railway officials last night sent an armed force of twenty men to Nedale, eight miles from this city, to prevent the Denver & Western people from building a line over two and one-half miles of right of way on the side of Table Mountain, which is now about the only remaining pass through the mountains which a railroad can use. The men are armed with repeating rifles.

The Denver & Western people have four hundred laborers on the ground awaiting the arrival of teams with ties and rails. The Lakewood officials declare that they will shoot down the first free gas, according to contract. The plant employs about 300 men, and the company will invest about $50,000.

TRAGEDY AT A PICNIC.

A Young Woman Shot Dead and a Man Terribly Wounded.

WHEELING, W. Va., July 27.—There was a picnic yesterday at Woods Run, ten miles from here. Andy Hite came along with a gun and stopped to see the sport. Barney Fahey took the gun, asking if it was loaded, and being told no, fired directly toward where Sam McGowan, George Weitzell and Annie Kinney were sitting.

Miss McGowan screamed and fell dead, and Weitzell put his hands to his face and sank down. The second girl was not hurt. Weitzell is dreadfully mangled about the face and may lose both eyes. Fahey gave himself up. He is distracted.

MANY WERE KILLED

An Ohio Excursion Train Struck by a Fast Freight.

THREE DEAD, SEVERAL INJURED.

Paris Excursionists Mangled in an Awful Railroad Wreck.

Over Thirty Killed and Fifty Wounded—Most of the Bodies Recovered Are Without Legs—Twenty Thousand People at the Scene of the Accident—A Station Master's Oversight Caused the Collision.

DAYTON, O., July 27.—The accident to the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad excursion train at Middletown caused the death outright of the following named persons, all of Dayton:

Miss Lydia Freyer, aged 22 years.

William Matthews, aged 13 years.

Frank Simoner, aged 17 years.

Four persons are in a critical condition at St. Elizabeth Hospital, Joseph B. Cleval, mechanical draughtsman, left arm crushed off at shoulder; Frank Patterson, aged 21, left arm amputated above the elbow; Joseph H. Sweeverly, aged 25, of Pottsville, Pa., spinal injury, and James Murphy, aged 50, terribly injured in small of the back. Miss Mary Reese of Osborn, O., was badly injured. There are 17 more with bruises and other slight injuries.

It has been learned that after leaving Woodsdale the couplers of some of the cars became damaged and the train was delayed in order to patch this up. Again at Middletown the train was stopped to further repair the damage. There is a curve at Middletown which hides a train standing at the depot from the view of a train approaching from the south.

A flagman was sent back to stop the oncoming freight, which was moving at a high rate of speed and was heavily loaded. The engineer of the freight saw the flagman. He put on brakes, reversed his engine and apparently did all in his power to stop his train, but the impetus was too great, and a moment later the awful crash sounded.

TWO TRAINS COLLIDE.

Both Were Loaded With People Out For a Holiday.

PARIS, July 27.—A terrible railway accident occurred during the day near the village of St. Mande, in the Department of the Seine.

Two excursion trains collided, owing to some error on the part of the driver of one of the trains.

Both were loaded with people out for a holiday. The collision was followed by a scene of frightful confusion.

Three carriages were entirely wrecked, and many persons were crushed and injured in the ruins. About fifty were rescued more or less hurt, and owing to the greatness of the confusion, the extent of the calamity is not known.

Fifteen Men Killed.

Later advices show that of the sixty injured in the collision fifteen are dead, including two children mangled beyond recognition.

Most of the bodies recovered are without legs, through the seats being jammed together and cutting off the limbs.

Twenty thousand people assembled at the scene, including many relatives of the injured and dead. The scenes were most heartrending as the victims were extricated. The driver and fireman of the second train were burned alive.

The station master in Paris, whose oversight the blame is now placed, has, it is reported, gone mad and disappeared.

Later—Thirty Bodies Recovered.

PARIS, July 27.—Thirty bodies have been recovered from the scene of the St. Mande disaster, and the search continues.

Five Reported Killed.

CINCINNATI, July 27.—A brief bulletin from Galion, Ohio, says another rear collision occurred near there, and that five people are reported killed.

WRECKED BY A COW.

An Engine Turned Completely Over on Its Side.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., July 27.—The suburban train on the Chattanooga, Rome & Columbus Railroad, which left here last evening, met with a terrible accident beyond Mission Ridge.

The engine was ahead of the train, but running backward when it struck a cow, which turned the engine completely over on its side. The fireman, Lewis Potts, was buried beneath the engine. Engineer Thomas Burchell was injured about the head and shoulders.

A wrecking train left here for the scene, and it took several hours to clear the wreck.

A Prominent Odd Fellow Arrested.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 27.—Frederick Conley, a prominent merchant of Farmingdale, N. J., was arrested at Ocean Grove on a charge of begging on the beach. The officer brought Conley before Chief of Police Patterson, who instantly released him. Conley, who is Noble Grand of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Counsellor Junior of the Order of American Mechanics and clerk of the Judiciary Committee of the New Jersey House of Assembly, is very indignant and declares he will sue the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association for false arrest. He believes that a fellow member of one of his lodges caused his arrest as a joke.

Charges in the Washington Club.

WASHINGTON, July 27.—Catcher Lohman and First Baseman McQuery have been released by the Washington Club and Manager Snyder will be released Thursday. McAuley, who covered first base for Omaha, will replace McQuery, and Shannon will succeed Snyder in addition to acting as captain and playing shortstop.

MARKET PRICES.

Latest New York Quotations—Cattle Market.

BUTTER.—State Dairy, n. f., fancy	18
State Dairy, n. f., good to choice lb	17
Western Dairy, choice, per lb	16
Western Dairy, good, per lb	15
Imitation Creamery, fancy, per lb	15
Imitation Creamery, good to choice, lb	14
Welsh tubs, fancy, per lb	17
Welsh tubs, good to choice, per lb	16
Western Creamery, fancy, per lb	18
Western Creamery, good to choice, lb	17
Factory, fresh, choice, per lb	13
BEANS AND PEAS.—Beans, Mar., choice	3.45
Beans, medium, choice	2.35
Beans, Red Kidney, choice	2.75
Beans, choice, Pea	3.20
Beans, foreign, marrow, new	2.45
Green Peas, bbls, per bushel	1.17½
Beans, Lima, California, per 60 lb	2.60
CHEESE.—State Factory, fancy	8⅝
State Factory, full cream, choice, lb	8¼
State Factory, part skim, per lb	5¾
State Factory, full skim, per lb	2
DRIED FRUITS.—Apples, evaporat'd	10
Apricots, California, per lb	13
Raspberries, evaporated, per lb	18
Raspberries, sun-dried, per lb	16
Cherries, per lb	11
Blackberries, per lb	4
Peaches, fancy, per lb	8¼
Pecans, per lb	10¾
EGGS.—Eastern, new laid, choice, doz	18
Western, choice, per doz	17½
Southern, choice, per doz	16½
FRUITS.—Apples, No. Carolina, per bbl	2.25
Apples, Norfolk, per bbl	2.25
Apples, Del. & Md., fancy, per crate	1.00
Apples, D. & Md. choice, green, per c'te	75
Apples, Del, Md., Astrakan, per crate	1.00