

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1893.

The area of the Russian Czar's individual possession of land is greater than the entire extent of France.

Statistics have shown that more people kill themselves during the depressing days when winter is merging into spring than at other times of the year.

The island of Tahiti is capable of yielding excellent crops of sugar, coffee and cotton, but the difficulty in obtaining labor, the lack of enterprise and want of capital prohibit their culture.

This country is one-third the size of the British Empire, nearly one-half as large as the Russian Empire, a fourth smaller than the Chinese Empire, a fourth larger than France and all its colonies, twice as large as the Turkish Empire, and nearly as large as Brazil.

The use of refrigeration to preserve life is a rather novel idea, but a Cuban doctor says it works satisfactorily in the case of yellow fever. "If he is right," comments the New York Tribune, "no family in extreme southern latitudes can afford to be without its own refrigerator."

Captain Bower, after crossing the plateau of Tibet at its widest part by a route new to geography, has returned to Simla, India. He says he has discovered the highest lake in the world—Horpa-chu—17,930 feet above the sea. He has explored 2,000 miles of new ground at an average elevation of 15,000 feet, tramping and riding over a frost-bitten and almost uninhabited land of successive mountain ranges and deep valleys.

A housekeeper in Philadelphia, whose table is always well supplied with appetizing food, says that for her family of six she expends \$10 a week, relates the New York Post. Of this sum eighty cents are spent for two pounds of coffee, seventy-two cents for two dozen eggs, \$2 for five pounds of butter, eighty cents for twenty-five pounds of flour, \$1.12 for twenty-eight quarts of milk, twenty-five cents for five pounds of sugar. The remaining \$4.20 are spent for cereals, vegetables, fruit and meat, and requires a very careful expenditure to make it answer.

It is pleasant to note, confesses the New York Times, the general expression of an opinion that the huge cotton strike which came to an end in Lancashire, England, recently, has taught both sides a lesson. Probably it will be the last of its kind. The outcome is a practical victory for the weavers, who, by a compromise, got only 23.4 per cent. reduction in wages instead of the proposed ten per cent. But they had to organize the biggest strike in the history of the cotton industry and create a damage said to be fourfold greater than that caused by any previous strike, and to sacrifice nearly \$8,000,000 in wages to win this victory. Both masters and men agree now, after twenty weeks' idleness for 125,000 workers, that a strike is machinery too expensive and deadly to be used for settling trade disputes. No doubt experience will hasten forward the Government proposal for a permanent arbitration bureau on satisfactory

**Our Recklessness of Life.**  
Railways never would have been permitted to exist in England, writes Mr. William M. Acworth in the Engineering Magazine, had they been as reckless of human life and as careless of the inconvenience they inflicted on individuals as American railways have been, and to a great extent still are. An Englishman can only stare with astonishment when he sees for the first time trains running through crowded streets of cities such as New York and Chicago. "I have a vivid recollection," he says, "of watching how trains of freight cars running down the Tenth Avenue in New York to the New York Central's depot, in one of the busiest parts of the city. As I looked I remembered that our most powerful company, the London and Northwestern, tried in vain for three years to obtain possession to move one truck at a time by horse power across a narrow street in a very quiet part of London in order to connect together two different parts of the company's own property."

**SHOTS.**  
BY ORIAS MIDSWINTER.  
The thought "may be Will-o'-the-Wisp" struck his eyes. As the fireflies glowed about 'mid the trees, and thoughts of ghosts, goblins and demons came and went.  
Arrived for a 1/2 of a while.  
So all of a sudden a sense of dismay. As in the deep darkness that followed the day. He plunged in the darkness that lay in his way toward home from seeing his girl.  
That church in the hollow and mill on the hill. Though peaceful and quiet, deserted and still. As lonely they stood in the night.  
Caused him to unhook a rusty old blade. And pucker his lips till a whistle they made. Then many shrill black blows, as though not afraid.  
If demons came on for a fight.  
Yes, caused him to pray and forget. Mollie dear. For just then he saw a white specter appear. Which waved its white arms as it came to him near.  
And seemed to say, "Now I've got you." He bowed to the earth in a season of prayer. Remembered the wrongs he had done every day. Expecting to die in his boots then and there. And feeling contemptibly blue.  
But Joseph still lives, for the specter passed by. As at his prone figure it heaved a deep sigh. At thinking he'd gone to the sweet by-and-by. His mother would never know how.  
Then followed a voice in lamentable woe. Which voice 'twas his frenzied Joseph seemed to know.  
For the light of the fire-flies' glow. The ghost was his mother's white cow.  
Chicago, Ill.

## BETRAYED; OR A DARK MARRIAGE MORN.

A Romance of Love, Intrigue and Crime.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON.

**CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)**  
The intellectual superiority of Elliston, refined and insolent as it was, aided to blind Slyme, showing him evil which was not only prosperous but was also radiant in grace and prestige. For these reasons he most profoundly admired his employer—admired, imitated, and hated him!  
The magnificent Elliston professed for him and for his solemn airs an utter contempt, which he did not always take the trouble to conceal; and Slyme's limbs trembled when some burning sarcasm fell from such a lofty height on the old world of his vanity—that wound which was ever sore within him.  
What he hated most in his employer was his easy and insolent triumph—his immense and unmerited fortune—all those enjoyments which life yielded, without pain, without toil, without conscience—peacefully tasted.  
But what he hated above all, was that this man had thus obtained these things, while he, Oscar Slyme, had vainly striven for them.  
There was yet one thing more: he had looked upon the young wife of the fortunate man whose bread he ate, and seen that she was wondrously, surpassingly lovely, and like all who had ever come within the magic circle of her baneful influence, he had speedily succumbed to her powers—aye, the time came when he loved her with a fierce and maddening passion, when he would gladly have run any risk, committed any crime, to win a single smile of approval from her beautiful lips.  
Of course Cora was not slow to see and understand the power she had gained over the secretary, and that one word from her would make him her willing slave, but for a time she treated him coolly and contemptuously.  
But when she wanted an instrument wherewith to reach the heart of the man who had calmly and deliberately slighted her proffered love, there was one ready to her hand, and she scrupled not to make use of it.  
"Take a seat, Mr. Slyme," said the lady, hastily throwing the paper on the floor, "and tell me where in the world you have been ever since last evening."  
"I have, to the best of my poor ability," Elliston, responded the secretary, quietly, casting himself, "been carrying out your plans and instructions."  
"But, pray, what have kept you so long?" The girl is dead—at least so the paper states."  
"Ah! to be sure the papers say so, and, thanks to a rapidly conceived plan of my own, which I must say I carried out most admirably, her husband thinks so, too; and now it only rests with you to say whether or no he shall ever be undeceived."  
"Lauding your wonderful abilities against Slyme; that's a particularly bad habit of yours. But no matter—what do you mean? How does it rest with me? Please explain yourself. Tell the whole story, and begin at the beginning, if you please."  
Slyme flushed painfully at the rebuke he had received, and, moving uneasily in his chair, he commenced his story, speaking in a low and rapid tone, his eyes the while wandering about the partially lighted room, and never for more than a moment at a time resting on the lady's face.  
**CHAPTER VIII.**  
**THE SLAVE BEGS A SMALL FAVOR.**  
"Of course," the private secretary began, "you know all about the decoy letters, and what they were intended to accomplish. Well, they worked to a charm. I sent the one addressed to the bridegroom at about the right moment, and when I saw he had taken the bait and gone to the girl on Forty-seventh street, I knew he was out of the way for some time, and so thought no more about him, but turned my attention to the bride—ha! ha! the bride of less than an hour!"  
"Do pray go on with your story, Mr. Slyme."  
"Well, the note I prepared for her I caused to be handed in about twenty minutes later, and it wasn't long before it produced visible effects."  
"From my post of observation I saw her rush out of the house, and almost fly in the direction of the Fielding girl's home."  
"Ah! well done."  
"I had a carriage ready, and, springing inside, directed the driver to keep her constantly in view. She did go, and, as I imagined the house on Forty-seventh street, and a moment later, saw her husband's face again. She was the very thing I could have wished her to do. She questioned the Irish servant-girl."  
"The result of that interview was, as you may easily guess, a resolution never to see her husband's face again."  
"She sent the girl for a carriage. Ours was the first to attract her attention. I hurriedly told the driver to take the job, and when the lady was safe inside, and the carriage was turning the corner, I mounted on the rack behind."  
"Of course, in this way, I never really lost sight of her for a moment. As she entered the waiting-room of the Grand Central Depot by one door, I entered by the other."  
"She bought a ticket for Cos Cob, and directly afterward I bought another for the same place. Then I was careful to keep my eyes on her until the train was made up. But, meantime, I had noticed a very curious thing."  
"Ah! and what was that, pray?"  
"Sitting next to her, and evidently waiting for the same train, was a middle-aged lady with a young girl by her side."  
"Now, I am quite sure our friend did not see this girl at the time, but I could not help seeing her; and, wonderful to relate, she was not only about Mrs. Cleveland's own age, but looked enough like her to be her twin sister."  
Cora Elliston aroused herself and showed a suddenly increasing interest.  
"Go on," she said, eagerly.  
"Ah! I thought I should interest you before I had finished," said the private secretary, a little dryly.  
"Let me assure you I have been deeply interested all along," rejoined the lady.  
"Now please go on," said Cora.  
"These ladies," Slyme continued, "went out to the train at about the same time Mrs. Cleveland left the room, and I followed closed after them."  
"They found the right car first, and had taken their places before our friend came in, and she, after a moment's hesitation, sat down two seats back of them, while I, not to lose sight of her, took up my station directly opposite."  
"Well, as you have doubtless learned before this, some great man was about to die in New Haven, or further east, and as he wanted his relatives and friends about him, a special train started with a number of them from this city."  
"It was delayed by some means near Greenwich, and the fact was not telegraphed back, as it should have been; so, directly after rounding a curve, we plunged into it full tilt, and our cars were telescoped, shattered, torn from the track, and tumbled down a steep embankment, where they speedily took fire."  
"By some wise dispensation of Divine Providence, I escaped uninjured."  
"See here, Slyme," suddenly interrupted Cora, with an ill-concealed sneer, "you get that cant from the so-called religious people you meet with occasionally."  
"Doubtless when you are with them it's all well enough to make use of it, if you see fit to do so; but in my presence, knowing you as I do, will you have the kindness to forbear?"  
The secretary, with a chagrined look, bowed humbly, and fixed his eyes upon the floor.  
"Your will is my law," he said in a low tone, and then went on, hurriedly:  
"How I ever managed to crawl out of that burning wreck I know not, but I did do it, and strangely enough, when I gained my feet, I found Mrs. Cleveland's hat in my hand. I then looked around to see if I could find any traces of the lady herself, and, presently, not a dozen yards away, I discovered her lying among a number of the dead and dying."  
"Now, you see the wonderful likeness between these two women, had occupied my mind ever since I saw them sitting so near each other in the waiting-room of the depot; and now, all at once, as I stood there, it occurred to me that I might turn that likeness to good account, provided the other was dead, as I strongly suspected she was."  
"I commenced a thorough search, and with the assistance of a brakeman and one or two injured passengers, soon found her body, so horribly burned and disfigured, that it might easily have passed for almost any one's; but taking into consideration the hair, her height, build, and certain features that were uninjured, and which were common to both, I was perfectly satisfied that Mrs. Cleveland's own mother would not hesitate for a moment to declare that the dead girl was her daughter."  
"But, to make assurance doubly sure, after finding the real Mrs. Cleveland conveyed away to the morgue from the body, which I turned from the dead girl's head, and placed the other by her side, and thus, a short time after, Eugene Cleveland found the body, and accepted it as that of his wife."  
"Ah! ejaculated Cora. Then quickly: "And what did you do with the woman you took away?"  
"I hired a carriage, and conveyed her to the cottage you ordered me to lease in Roxbury."  
"And she is there now?"  
"Yes, ma'am, and likely to remain there a long time."  
"She was injured, perhaps?"  
"Badly. Her right arm was broken, her head frightfully cut, and she received other injuries."  
"It was some time, of course, before I could put her in charge of a physician, and by that time fever had set in. She is out of her head now, and the doctor says ten to one she will never recover her reason."  
"She has brain fever, then?"  
"Yes."  
"She may die?"  
"It's more than likely."  
"H'm—and the—the other; what did they do with that?"  
"I made inquiries afterward," said Slyme, slowly, "and found they had taken it to Mrs. Cleveland's mother's, at Riverside, from whence it is to be buried to-morrow, I think."  
"Ah! Then, after a moment's pause: "Slyme, ma'am."  
"You must attend that funeral."  
"Attend the funeral? What possible good can come of that?"  
"I should greatly like to know who the guests will be. What information you are able to gather there may, in great measure, shape our course for the future."  
"Then I will certainly be there. And now, madam, have you any further commands for me?"  
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"I believe so," said Cora, and, as she reached the city, that young Fielding and his sister were likely to make quite a stir about the liberty taken with their names, and the fraud practiced upon them the other night let them stir. If they go too far, they'll suddenly find themselves without bread and butter, that's all. And now, Slyme, I think our interview for this time is over."  
But, seeing that the secretary still lingered, she thought it wise to bestow upon him a little honey; so, with her sweetest smile, she said:  
"My friend, I am very well pleased with you. The ardent zeal you have displayed in carrying out my plans and wishes has quite won my heart."  
A flush of pleasure mantled the secretary's face, his lips quivered, and his eyes circled up with a new fire.  
"Mr. Elliston," he said, eagerly, but in trembling tones, "I have—I am proving to you, as best I can, that I ask no more than to be your slave. But even a slave may now and then kiss the hand of his mistress; you have not as yet granted me so much as this favor."  
Cora bit her lips with vexation and suppressed anger, but quickly dissembling, she held out her hand with another of her gracious smiles, while she said:  
"You have, indeed, earned a poor reward. Continue to be faithful if you would stand even higher in my regard."  
With a low cry of rapturous joy, the infatuated secretary threw himself upon his knees before the woman, and fervently pressed her hand to his lips; then, as she softly whispered:  
"You must go now, my friend, indeed, you must," he slowly arose and staggered from the room as one drunk with wine.  
Ah, if he could only have seen that same woman, the next moment, if he could only have seen her flushed face, her angry, flashing eyes, her compressed lips, as she rubbed the spot on her hand that had come in contact with his lips.  
Then if he could only have seen how she threw from her the delicately embroidered handkerchief she had used, as if it had been some unclean thing, he might have doubted her sincerity. He might even have doubted his own great power of fascination.  
**CHAPTER IX.**  
**AN UNSEEN WITNESS.**  
Oscar Slyme was perfectly right. Grace Lester accepted without question the poor disfigured body, brought to her the morning after the frightful accident, as that of her only and well-beloved child.  
Her grief was unbounded; yet, ill and wholly unprepared though she was, superhuman strength seemed given her to bear up under the terrible affliction.  
The hour for the funeral arrived, and, as was to be expected under the strange, and even dreadful, as well as romantic circumstances, the little cottage and grounds about it, were filled with sympathizing or curious friends and neighbors.  
The lonely widow, who now deemed herself childless, and the unhappy husband, with a few intimate friends, among whom were Raymond Fielding, his sister Meta, Mr. Henley, and old William Rayley, and his wife, Hannah, occupied a little room by themselves during the services.  
In the crowded parlor, where the closed coffin occupied a place in front of the mantel, Oscar Slyme had taken up his post of observation.  
He had selected the corner nearest the head of the casket, from whence, without running much risk of being observed himself, he could see all that passed in the room, as well as see through a window at his elbow all who entered or passed out through the front door.  
The assiduous secretary remained until the services were over, and the funeral cortege had started for the picturesque cemetery on the hillside; then, feeling confident he had learned all his mistress would care to know, he took an early train for New York.  
"Ah!" murmured Cora, when he had made his report, "it is just as I expected; that Fielding girl was well enough to be at the funeral, even if she was too ill to be at the wedding. I'm inclined to believe that I shall find it necessary to remove her also from my path."  
Oscar Slyme was watching her face intently, and while he did not catch her words, fully understood, from her look and tone, that something displeased her greatly.  
"I have told you something that you would rather not have heard," he said, inquiringly.  
She looked up hastily, and regarded him at length for a moment.  
"I do not please me that this working girl—this Meta Fielding, as you say she is called, should be anything more to my husband's nephew than she is at this moment; and cannot you see that already she and her precious brother are at the altar for the place made vacant, as they suppose, by the death of Mildred Lester?"  
"Ah! It does look like it," assented the private secretary.  
"More than that," Cora went on, hastily; "unless something is done, and done speedily, they will succeed; for being more lonely than ever now, and full of grief, as undoubtedly he is, naturally he will turn to them for comfort and sympathy; and loving him, as I am sure she does, it is very easy to see how it will all end; and it doesn't please me, Mr. Slyme—I repeat—it doesn't please me at all."  
The secretary looked at her curiously.  
"You must love or hate this man very much," he said, with more than a trace of suspicion in his tone.  
Cora raised her beautiful eyes, and threw upon him a quick, searching glance.  
"Have I not already told you," she said, sharply, "that he has mortally offended me—that I will never forgive him—no, if I can prevent it, allow him a single moment's happiness on this earth?" and her looks and tone convinced the jealous secretary of her sincerity.  
"What would you have me do?" he asked, humbly enough.  
She threw herself back into the chair from which she had risen, and resting her head upon her hand, said, after a moment's hesitation:  
"I don't know yet; let me think."  
Then, as if speaking to herself:  
"We mustn't have the brother turned out of the bank; that was a bad move in Eugene's case. No; whatever is done now

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"Have I not already told you," she said, sharply, "that he has mortally offended me—that I will never forgive him—no, if I can prevent it, allow him a single moment's happiness on this earth?" and her looks and tone convinced the jealous secretary of her sincerity.  
"What would you have me do?" he asked, humbly enough.  
She threw herself back into the chair from which she had risen, and resting her head upon her hand, said, after a moment's hesitation:  
"I don't know yet; let me think."  
Then, as if speaking to herself:  
"We mustn't have the brother turned out of the bank; that was a bad move in Eugene's case. No; whatever is done now

at you have been able to learn from reached the city, that young Fielding and his sister were likely to make quite a stir about the liberty taken with their names, and the fraud practiced upon them the other night let them stir. If they go too far, they'll suddenly find themselves without bread and butter, that's all. And now, Slyme, I think our interview for this time is over."  
But, seeing that the secretary still lingered, she thought it wise to bestow upon him a little honey; so, with her sweetest smile, she said:  
"My friend, I am very well pleased with you. The ardent zeal you have displayed in carrying out my plans and wishes has quite won my heart."  
A flush of pleasure mantled the secretary's face, his lips quivered, and his eyes circled up with a new fire.  
"Mr. Elliston," he said, eagerly, but in trembling tones, "I have—I am proving to you, as best I can, that I ask no more than to be your slave. But even a slave may now and then kiss the hand of his mistress; you have not as yet granted me so much as this favor."  
Cora bit her lips with vexation and suppressed anger, but quickly dissembling, she held out her hand with another of her gracious smiles, while she said:  
"You have, indeed, earned a poor reward. Continue to be faithful if you would stand even higher in my regard."  
With a low cry of rapturous joy, the infatuated secretary threw himself upon his knees before the woman, and fervently pressed her hand to his lips; then, as she softly whispered:  
"You must go now, my friend, indeed, you must," he slowly arose and staggered from the room as one drunk with wine.  
Ah, if he could only have seen that same woman, the next moment, if he could only have seen her flushed face, her angry, flashing eyes, her compressed lips, as she rubbed the spot on her hand that had come in contact with his lips.  
Then if he could only have seen how she threw from her the delicately embroidered handkerchief she had used, as if it had been some unclean thing, he might have doubted her sincerity. He might even have doubted his own great power of fascination.  
**CHAPTER IX.**  
**AN UNSEEN WITNESS.**  
Oscar Slyme was perfectly right. Grace Lester accepted without question the poor disfigured body, brought to her the morning after the frightful accident, as that of her only and well-beloved child.  
Her grief was unbounded; yet, ill and wholly unprepared though she was, superhuman strength seemed given her to bear up under the terrible affliction.  
The hour for the funeral arrived, and, as was to be expected under the strange, and even dreadful, as well as romantic circumstances, the little cottage and grounds about it, were filled with sympathizing or curious friends and neighbors.  
The lonely widow, who now deemed herself childless, and the unhappy husband, with a few intimate friends, among whom were Raymond Fielding, his sister Meta, Mr. Henley, and old William Rayley, and his wife, Hannah, occupied a little room by themselves during the services.  
In the crowded parlor, where the closed coffin occupied a place in front of the mantel, Oscar Slyme had taken up his post of observation.  
He had selected the corner nearest the head of the casket, from whence, without running much risk of being observed himself, he could see all that passed in the room, as well as see through a window at his elbow all who entered or passed out through the front door.  
The assiduous secretary remained until the services were over, and the funeral cortege had started for the picturesque cemetery on the hillside; then, feeling confident he had learned all his mistress would care to know, he took an early train for New York.  
"Ah!" murmured Cora, when he had made his report, "it is just as I expected; that Fielding girl was well enough to be at the funeral, even if she was too ill to be at the wedding. I'm inclined to believe that I shall find it necessary to remove her also from my path."  
Oscar Slyme was watching her face intently, and while he did not catch her words, fully understood, from her look and tone, that something displeased her greatly.  
"I have told you something that you would rather not have heard," he said, inquiringly.  
She looked up hastily, and regarded him at length for a moment.  
"I do not please me that this working girl—this Meta Fielding, as you say she is called, should be anything more to my husband's nephew than she is at this moment; and cannot you see that already she and her precious brother are at the altar for the place made vacant, as they suppose, by the death of Mildred Lester?"  
"Ah! It does look like it," assented the private secretary.  
"More than that," Cora went on, hastily; "unless something is done, and done speedily, they will succeed; for being more lonely than ever now, and full of grief, as undoubtedly he is, naturally he will turn to them for comfort and sympathy; and loving him, as I am sure she does, it is very easy to see how it will all end; and it doesn't please me, Mr. Slyme—I repeat—it doesn't please me at all."  
The secretary looked at her curiously.  
"You must love or hate this man very much," he said, with more than a trace of suspicion in his tone.  
Cora raised her beautiful eyes, and threw upon him a quick, searching glance.  
"Have I not already told you," she said, sharply, "that he has mortally offended me—that I will never forgive him—no, if I can prevent it, allow him a single moment's happiness on this earth?" and her looks and tone convinced the jealous secretary of her sincerity.  
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