Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1893.

Says the New York Sun: The report of the Civil Service Commission shows that women are going into civil service in larger numbers than ever, and that there is a comparative decrease in the number of men who are now entering the executive departments. There is no great reason to regret that such is the case. The pay that the average Government clerk receives is by no means enormous for a man of ability, while the work is of a kind that most women can do easily and well. A department clerkship ought not to tempt any young man of enterprise and talent, but many such have buried both qualities in the dispiriting routine of such a career.

"It has passed into a proverb that racing is the sport of kings; it can with truth be stated," declares Outing "that trotting is the international equine sport of the American people. It is true that in New York, Chicago and a few Southern cities the thoroughbred flourishes while the trotter does not, but throughout the balance of the country and in the Dominion of Canada, trotting and its relative gait, pacing, provide the popular and universal sport. It is natural that it should be so, for while it gratifies that love for equine contests which is a leading characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, it also appeals to the patriotism and the utilitarianism of the American nature. The trotter is an American production. He is a grand and distinct type or branch of the equine family. By the application of the laws of selection, training and development, the American breeder has evolved a perfect trotting race as superior to its original crude elements as the thoroughbred of to-day is to the parent horse of the desert."

At this time of year, when everybody is fretting about letters of credit and all the other makeshifts to avoid penury in a foreign land, it occurs to the mind unskilled in questions of finance to wonder why we cannot have one single international coin, which would be good wherever it is spent, says Kate Field's Washington. An entire National currency is a boon reserved for our grandchildren, but a single gold coin of the value say of $2 and a half would be an immense convenience to travelers. A moderate sum in such coins would not be burdensome, and before leaving each country the National currency could be exchanged into them at the hotel office or the nearest shop without any fuss and feathers whatever. Multiples of such a coin, to the extent of a hundred or more, would be easily portable, and fractions of it would not be large enough to cause serious embarrassment to most travelers. The amount of time and trouble which a single international coin would save is almost incalculable.

An electric railway shortly to be constructed from New York to Philadelphia will carry passengers the entire trip, ninety miles, in an hour, and it is announced that a similar line, running cars at the speed of 100 miles an hour will soon connect St. Louis and Chicago. Already, there are signs of a conflict between electric and steam railway interests, remarks the Atlanta Constitution. Electric roads do not need deep cuts, heavy fills and ponderous locomotives. They can be run very cheaply, and hence their charges will be lower than those of the steam railways. Naturally, these new lines will be formidable competitors of the old ones, and in granting charters the Legislatures will have some difficult questions to consider. Connecticut has just adopted a general law which provids for the control of such enterprises by local communities. No speed is allowed higher than twenty-five miles an hour, and the railway commission must grant its consent before any electric road can be constructed which substantially parallels a steam road. Merchandise and heavy baggage are not allowed to be carried on the electric cars, and the whole system is under the rules of the railway commission. Steam may always be a factor of transportation, but it goes without saying that the cheap electric railways will revolutionize travel and traffic.

BETRAYED;

—OR—

A DARK MARRIAGE MORN.

A Romance of Love, Intrigue and Crime.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Months passed, and not another word did he hear from his old classmate.

He grew very restless. The whole thing was preying upon his mind.

He decided that he must have some occupation. Young Bellmont and others of his acquaintance had gone to Congress.

His father suggested that it would be a good idea for him to follow their example.

The suggestion struck him favorably; but there was one great drawback.

The member for the district in which they resided had too strong a hold on his constituency to be easily shaken off.

One morning, when he happened to be in his father's private room at the bank, and while he was considering the matter, an elderly gentleman entered and asked to see the President.

Warren immediately arose to withdraw.

"No, no!" exclaimed the stranger; "don't go, sir, I beg. My business is not of a private nature. I merely called to ask a question or two about the Sedley farm—a most excellent piece of property in Roxbury. One of my constituents is anxious to buy or lease it, and knowing I was to be in New York to-day, requested me to call here about the matter."

"That gentleman is the owner of the farm," smiled the bank president, nodding toward Warren.

"You, sir? I thought——"

"It is my son, sir, Mr. Warren Leland," explained his father. "The property was left him by his grandfather."

"Yes, yes; his mother's father, James Sedley. I knew him very well; and I knew your mother, too, young man, long before she became Mrs. Leland. My name is Sweetland—Emerson Sweetland."

"Ah!" exclaimed the elder Leland; "the member of Congress from the Third Connecticut District."

"Exactly, sir; but for not longer than the present term, I hope. I am heartily tired of it, and am anxious to spend a year or two abroad."

"Well," smiled Warren, "I suppose it's easy enough to find a successor?"

"Not so easy as you think, there are so many qualifications required. What a pity *you* are not a citizen of Connecticut, and living on your farm at Roxbury. Judging from your looks, you're just the man we want, provided your politics are all right."

"No trouble on that head!" exclaimed the elder Leland, quickly; "they are the same as your own, Mr. Sweetland."

"Then why not think of it?" asked the Congressman. "I have a year longer to serve; that will give you time to gain a residence in the district. You can live in your own house, and turn farmer, you know." Then with a comical look and gesture:

"Good gracious! What am I saying? Advising you to come up and live on the Sedley farm when I am here to buy or lease that very farm for a friend."

"Don't let that thought disturb you," smiled Warren. "I certainly should not think of selling, and I am hardly prepared to consider an offer for a lease."

"Then what do you say to the other plan? You mustn't be surprised that I take so much interest in your mother's son. She was what we call a right smart girl, and I always liked her."

"I am much more inclined to consider that proposition favorably," responded Warren.

"Well, then, I'll help you."

"But won't it be uphill work to prepare myself, get acquainted, and be able to capture the convention in a year's time?"

"Oh, dear no; not with my help, and the help of one other party."

"And who may that other party be, if I may ask?"

"Of course you may. It's Nathan Metcalf, the oracle of Roxbury, the most important man in the district, though not as wealthy as some others."

"Nathan Metcalf," repeated Warren, as though to fix the name in his mind.

"Yes; and my first advice to you, young man, is go and live on your farm, and conquer Nathan Metcalf."

"To do that I must know something about him. What kind of a man is Mr. Metcalf?"

"He is a clever fellow—a very clever fellow, indeed, and all-powerful in his neighborhood, as I have said. He is original, as you will see, and well worth studying. Then there's his daughter—a charming young woman. I tell you, my friend, you must please them, for Metcalf is really the master of the district. Why, I had to secure his friendship, or else, upon my word, I would have been elected to remain at home."

"But, sir, what shall I do to please this powerful man?"

"You must see him. He is, as I tell you, a great oddity. He has never been in Washington; he has a horror of New York and our other large cities. It only needs a little tact to flatter his views on these points. We always need a little tact in this world, young man."

"But his daughter, Mr. Sweetland?"

"Ah, the deuce! You must please the daughter also. He worships her, and she manages him completely, although he grumbles a little sometimes."

"And what sort of a woman is she?"

"A splendid woman, a glorious woman—a widow; somewhat pious, but very well informed—a woman of great merit, I assure you."

"But what course must I take to please this lady?"

"What course? By Jove, young man, you ask a great many questions. I am green as grass with them always. It is a thing I can't understand; but you, my young friend, you have little need to be instructed in that matter. You can't fail to please her; you have only to make yourself agreeable. But you will know how to do it—you will conduct yourself perfectly, I am sure.

"Yes, captivate Metcalf and his daughter. These are my first instructions. And hold! to please them both pay some attention to Miss Lester."

"And who is Miss Lester?"

"An unfortunate young lady, residing with them at present. I can't tell you any more about her just now. But mind! it will please them if you pay her some attention."

Mr. Sidney Leland now asked the Congressman how long he proposed to remain in the city, and on learning that he did not expect to leave until the next day insisted on his taking dinner with them and remaining over night.

Mr. Sweetland consented, and the conversation thus broken off was renewed in the evening.

The next day Warren Leland left New York, armed with the instructions he had received; and, further, with a letter from Emerson Sweetland, M. C., to Nathan Metcalf, Esq.

On reaching the Roxbury station he took a carriage to his own farm, which lay at some distance from the center. While making this transit he considered to himself that the path of ambition was not exactly one of roses, and that it was hard for him, at the outset of his enterprise, to encounter two faces as disquieting as those of Nathan Metcalf and his daughter.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DELICATE SITUATION.

On carefully looking over the ground young Leland determined to wait a little before presenting himself personally to Nathan Metcalf. He sent him Mr. Sweetland's letter, however, accompanied by a neat note of his own, stating that he was unexpectedly recalled to New York, but that he should soon return, and would do himself the honor of paying his respects at the earliest opportunity.

He then hastened to the city, after giving out that he should take up his residence at the farm, as soon as the house could be made habitable; and on reaching New York, sent up an architect and a whole army of workmen to make the necessary alterations and repairs.

At length their work was completed and Leland was informed that his country house was ready for his occupation.

He decided to take possession immediately, and on the very day that Cora Elliston had the talk with Oscar Slyme, started for Roxbury.

He reached the village in safety, and found Seth Gridley, the man who had charge of the farm, in waiting at the station, with a very decent country turnout.

Leland at once took his seat in the carriage. Seth followed, and the horses' heads were turned toward the center.

Passing through the village they struck a long and solemn avenue, shaded by elms, interlacing their thick branches, and leading directly to the Sedley farm.

Presently they reached the house. The front door was open. Leland entered, and received a hearty welcome from Mrs. Seth Gridley, the housekeeper.

Seth then showed him to his own chamber, and when he declared himself ready, conducted him to the dining-room.

Mrs. Gridley had passed half the previous night in slaughtering various dwellers in the poultry yard, and the results of the massacre now successively appeared swimming in butter. The young man managed to get through the meal at last, however, and even found himself in good spirits after it.

He sought for Seth, found him in the great kitchen assisting his wife, and strove to glean from him some information of the Metcalfs. But the farmer, like every genuine Yankee, held it as a tenet of faith that he who gave a plain answer to any question was a dishonored man.

With all possible respect he let the young gentleman understand plainly that he was not to be deceived by his affected ignorance into any belief that Warren Leland did not know a great deal better than he who and what Nathan Metcalf was, where he lived, and what he did; that Warren Leland was his employer, and as such was entitled to his respect; but that he was a New-Yorker, and—as Nathan Metcalf said—all New-Yorkers were frivolous jesters.

Leland, who had taken an oath never to get angry, kept it now, drew from a cigar a fresh supply of patience, picked up his hat and left the room.

For a few moments he leaned over the balustrade of the veranda and looked around.

The night, clear and beautiful, enveloped in its shadowy veil the wide-stretching fields, and a solemn stillness, strange to a New-Yorker's ears, reigned around him, broken only at intervals by the distant bay of a hound, rising suddenly, and anon dying into peace again.

His eyes becoming used to the darkness, Leland descended the veranda steps and passed into the broad avenue, which was darker and more solemn than a cathedral aisle at midnight, and thence into another road into which it led him by chance.

Strictly, speaking, Leland had never, until now, been out of the city, for wherever he had previously gone, he had carried its bustle, worldly and artificial life, play, and the races with him; and the watering-places and the seaside had never shown him true country life.

It gave him a sensation for the first time, but the sensation was not an agreeable one.

As he advanced up this silent road, without residences, without lights, it seemed to him he was wandering among the desolate sites of some lunar region. This part of New England recalled to him the worst cultivated parts of Germany. It wore a rustic and savage character, with its dense shrubbery tufted grass, dark valleys and rough roads.

Wandering on to an eminence, his eyes swept out a fresh horizon of apple trees and wheat fields, and he was about to turn back when a strange sound suddenly arrested his steps. It was a concert of voice and instruments, which in this lost solitude seemed to him only a dream, or a miracle.

The music was good—even excellent. He recognized a Prelude of Bach, arranged by Gunod. He could not have been more astonished if he had suddenly seen the Grand Opera House set down in front of him.

Filled with curiosity and led by the melody he heard, he descended cautiously the little hill, like a king's son in search of the enchanted princess. The palace he found in the middle of the path, in the shape of the back wall of a dwelling, which fronted on another road. One of the upper windows on this side, however, was open; a bright light streamed from it, and thence he doubted not the sweet sounds came.

With the accompaniment of the piano and stringed instruments rose a fresh, flexible woman's voice, chanting the mystic words of the young master with such expression and power as would have given even him delight. Leland, himself a musician, was capable of appreciating the masterly execution of the piece, and was so much struck by it he felt an irresistible desire to see the performers, especially the singer.

With this impulse he climbed the little hedge bordering the road, placed himself on the top, and found himself several feet above the level of the lighted window. He did not hesitate to use his skill as a gymnast, acquired at Yale, to raise himself to one of the branches of an old oak stretching across the lawn; but during the ascent he could not disguise from himself that his was scarcely a dignified position for the future member of Congress from the district.

He almost laughed aloud at the idea of being surprised in this position by the terrible Metcalf, or his daughter.

He established himself on a large, leafy branch, directly in front of the open window, and notwithstanding that he was at a respectful distance, his glance could readily penetrate into the chamber where the concert was taking place.

A dozen persons, as he judged, were there assembled; several women, of different ages, were seated at a table working; a young man appeared to be writing, while several persons lounged in comfortable seats around the room.

About the piano was a group which chiefly attracted the attention of the spectator in the tree. At the instrument was gravely seated a young girl of some twelve years; immediately behind her stood an elderly man, remarkable for his wonderful physique—his head bald, with a crown of white hair, and bushy, dark eye-brows.

He played the violin with skill and dignity. Seated near him was a man of about fifty, with the most benevolent face imaginable, who played the bass viol with great gusto.

Between them stood the singer. She was a pale brunette, slight and graceful, and not apparently more than twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. The somewhat severe oval of her face was relieved by a bright pair of black eyes that seemed to grow larger as she sang. One hand rested gently on the shoulder of the girl at the piano, and with this she seemed to keep time, pressing gently on the shoulder of the performer to stimulate her zeal. And that hand was delicious!

The hymn of Palestrina had succeeded the Prelude of Bach. It was a quartette, to which two new voices lent their aid. One of the new singers was a young lady of about twenty, quietly dressed, and divinely beautiful, albeit, there was an indescribable expression of sadness on her face.

The benevolent gentleman laid aside his bass-viol, stood up, took off his glasses, and his deep, rich voice completed the full measure of the melody.

After the quartette followed a few moments of general conversation, during which, after embracing the young girl pianist, who immediately left the room, the principal songstress walked to the window.

She leaned out as if to breathe the fresh air, and her profile was sharply relieved against the bright light behind her, in which the others formed a group around the young man at the table, who seemed preparing to read what he had written.

The lady leaned from the window, gently fanning herself as she looked now at the sky, now at the dark landscape. Leland imagined he could distinguish her gentle breathing above the sound of her fan; and leaning eagerly forward for a better view, he caused the leaves to rustle slightly.

She started at the sound, then remained immovable, and the fixed position of her head showed that her gaze was fastened upon the oak in which he was concealed.

He felt the full awkwardness of his position, but could not judge whether or not he was visible to her; but, under the danger of her fixed regard, he passed the most painful moments of his life.

She turned into the room and said, in a calm voice, a few words which brought three or four of her friends to the window; and among them Leland recognized the elderly gentleman with the violin.

The moment was a trying one. He could do nothing but lie still in his leafy retreat—silent and immovable as a statue.

The conduct of those at the window went far to reassure him, for their eyes wandered over the gloom, with evident uncertainty, convincing him he was but suspected—not discovered.

But they exchanged animated observations, to which the party most interested lent an attentive ear.

Suddenly a strong voice, which he recognized as belonging to him of the violin, rose over them all in the pleasing order,

"Loosen the dog!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

PREPARING FOR AN ORDEAL.

The next day after the conference between Cora Elliston and the private secretary, in the library, they met again; and directly afterward Slyme started for Roxbury.

On his return he reported that he had arranged everything to the best of his ability; that Warren Leland had not yet made his appearance at the Metcalfs'; that his own house was nearly, if not quite, completed; but, so far as he could learn, the young man had not yet taken up his abode there.

He might, he said, give up the idea and not live there at all; or even if he did, he might not form the acquaintance of any of the Metcalf family; but should he do so, he, Slyme, would be informed at once, and then Mildred would be summarily removed, as they had agreed in the morning.

"Why do you say he may give up the idea of living in Roxbury after all?"

"There is some talk of his leasing the place to a wealthy party, who, now that it is refitted, is very anxious to get possession of it."

"Do you believe there is anything in it?"

"I don't know."

"You had better go to Roxbury again before this week is out," said Cora, after a moment's thought.

"I think it would be a good plan myself," rejoined the secretary.

But the very next day he received a telegram from the Senator, calling him, peremptorily, to Washington, and he was obliged to leave that same evening.

As he passed down the broad [illegible] he glanced back, and saw Eugene [illegible] land entering Cora Elliston's [illegible] He gnashed his teeth [illegible] went away with murder in his [illegible]

[illegible] passed, and [illegible] Senator [illegible] appeared in New York. It [illegible] six weeks after Slyme's departure [illegible] was nearly six o'clock [illegible] the [illegible] and Cora awaited Eu[gene] who was to come after leaving the pu[blishing] house down town.

There was a sudden knock at one of the doors of her room, which communicated with her husband's apartment.

It was the Senator himself, who had unexpectedly returned from Washington.

She remarked with surprise, and even with fear, that his countenance was strangely agitated.

"You here, Sherwood?" she exclaimed. "What is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"No," replied the Senator, "not at all."

"Your return is sudden and unexpected," she said.

"No doubt."

He placed himself before her, and looked at her some moments before speaking again, his eyes rolling in their orbits.

"Cora!" he said at last, with a painful smile, "I must own to you my folly. I have not lived since yesterday—I have received such a singular letter. Would you like to see it?"

"If you please," she replied.

He took a letter from his pocket and gave it to her. The writing was evidently carefully disguised, and it was not signed.

"An anonymous letter?" said Cora, whose eyebrows were slightly raised, with an expression of disdain; then she commenced reading the missive, which was as follows:

"A true friend, Senator, feels indignant at seeing your confidence and your trust abused. You are deceived by those whom you love most.

"A man upon whom you have heaped favors, and a woman who owes everything to you, are united by a secret intimacy which outrages you. They are impatient for the hour when they can divide your spoils.

"He who regards it as a pious duty to warn you, does not desire to calumniate any one. He is sure that as yet your honor is respected by her to whom you have confided it, and that she is still worthy of your confidence and esteem. She wrongs you in allowing herself to count upon the future, which your trusted friend dates from your death. He seeks your widow and your property.

"The poor lady submits against her better judgment to the fascinations of a man who, as is well known, has already betrayed at least one confiding woman. But he—this man, your friend, your relative, almost your son—how can he excuse himself? Every honest person must be revolted by such conduct, and particularly he whom chance informed of the fact, and he who obeys his conscience in giving you this information."

Cora, after reading it, returned the letter to her husband.

"Sign it Oscar Slyme," she said.

"Do you think so?" asked the Senator.

"It is as clear as day," replied the lady. "These expressions betray him—'a pious duty to warn you'—'has already betrayed at least one confiding woman'—'every honest person obeys his conscience.' He can disguise his writing, but not his style. But what is still more conclusive is that which he attributes to Eugene Cleveland—for I suppose it alludes to him—and his private prospects and calculations. This cannot have failed to strike you, as it has myself, I suppose?"

"If I thought this vile letter was his work," cried the Senator, "he should leave my employ. I would kick him out of the house."

"Why so? It is better to laugh at it!"

The statesman commenced one of his solemn walks up and down the room. Cora looked uneasily at the clock. Her husband, intercepting one of these glances, suddenly stopped.

"Do you expect Eugene to-day?" he inquired.

"Yes, I think he will call after business is over."

"I think he will," responded the Senator, with a convulsive smile. "And do you know, my dear," he added, "the contemptible idea which has haunted me since I received this infamous letter?—for I believe that infamy is contagious."

"You have conceived the idea of watching our interview?" said Cora, in a tone of indolent raillery.

"Yes," assented her husband; "there—behind that portiere—as in a theater; but, thank God, I have been able to resist this base intention. If ever I allow myself to play so mean a part, I should wish at least to do it with your knowledge and consent."

"And do you ask me to consent to it?" asked Cora.

"My dear wife," said the Senator, in a sad and almost supplicating tone, "I am an old fool—an overgrown child—but I feel that this miserable letter is going to poison my life. I shall no longer have an hour of peace and confidence. Do you wonder at me? I am an honorable man, but I have learned that all men are not like myself. There are some things which to me seem as impossible as walking on my head, yet I see others doing these things every day. What can I say—how can I tell you? After reading this perfidious letter I thought how you had delayed coming to me, and I could not help recollecting that your intimacy with Eugene has greatly increased of late."

"Without doubt," said Cora. "I am very fond of him."

"I remembered also your being with him that night in the snuggery, during the grand party. When I awoke you had both an air of mystery. What mysteries could there be between you two?"

"You shall know it at the proper time."

"Finally, I swear to you that I suspect neither of you. I neither suspect you of wronging me—of disgracing me—or of soiling my name—God in heaven help me!

"But if you two should love each other, even while respecting my honor; if you love each other and confess it—if you two, even at my side, in my heart—if you, my wife, my nephew, should be calculating with impatient eyes the progress of my old age—planning your projects for the future, and smiling at my approaching death—postponing your happiness only for my tomb—you may think yourselves guiltless! But no, no; this would be shameful!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[illegible] in a Cyclone.

MEMPHIS, [illegible] A cyclone struck Rosedale [illegible] miles south of this city, [illegible] demolishing the town [illegible] were prostrated, five people [illegible] killed.

DR. BRIGGS' SEN[illegible]

Suspension From the [illegible]

Said to be Too Sev[illegible]

THE ASSEMBLY FINISHES I[illegible]

The Committee Made the Rep[illegible] Was Adopted by the Asse[illegible] Briggs Refused to Relieve the [illegible] Will Stick to His Former Utte[illegible]

WASHINGTON, June 2.—The Pr[illegible] General Assembly of 1893 f[illegible] labors last night at 9:50 and wa[illegible] by Moderator Craig to be dissol[illegible]

The Moderator stated last we[illegible] expected to get away from th[illegible] Thursday and he was not very fa[illegible] his calculation. A very few of [illegible] bers managed to leave the ci[illegible] trains last night, but the major[illegible] waited this morning before gath[illegible] effects together and bidding go[illegible] brethren with whom they have [illegible] the past few days. By night [illegible] be scarcely one of the visiting d[illegible] town.

Although by the decision of t[illegible] Assembly Dr. Briggs has bee[illegible] from the ministry there was [illegible] feeling that the sentence was [illegible] and there was a disposition am[illegible] of the members at the closing [illegible] evening to attempt a reconsidera[illegible] vote of the action.

The last day attracted the us[illegible] which has all along taken deep [illegible] the proceedings.

Rev. Dr. Peacock upon invita[illegible] Moderator offered the openi[illegible] when the Assembly came toget[illegible] call of the Moderator. Dr. [illegible] convened the Assembly as a cou[illegible] the report of the committee ap[illegible] prepare the explanatory minu[illegible] Briggs case.

The Stated clerk announced [illegible] Robert Moore, of Ottawa, had [illegible] he was present last night and [illegible] sustain the question of the ap[illegible] the New York Presbytery's de[illegible] owing to a severe cold, was [illegible] make himself heard. Mr. Mo[illegible] was recorded, making the numb[illegible] to sustain an even 500.

Rev. Dr. Hoyt, chairman of th[illegible] tee, before making the report o[illegible] Dr. Baker, chairman, of a sub-[illegible] sent to interview Prof. Briggs in[illegible] conciliation, to report the resu[illegible] interview. Dr. Baker said the [illegible] had hoped that Prof. Briggs [illegible] something which might relieve [illegible] of the present distressing situa[illegible] this hope had not been realiz[illegible] Briggs stated his irrevocable dete[illegible] to abide by the declaration ma[illegible] address before the Assembly in [illegible] and continue to teach the doctr[illegible] avowed. Whereupon, Dr. Bake[illegible] committee took the action which [illegible] would now report to the Gener[illegible] bly.

The report after reciting the [illegible] the case, proceeds:

This judicatory finds that [illegible] judgment of the Ppresbytery of [illegible] is erroneous, and should be and [illegible] reversed; and this General Assem[illegible] as a judicatory in said case, co[illegible] to enter judgment on said [illegible] charges, finds the appelles. Chas[illegible] has uttered, taught and propaga[illegible] doctrines and teachings as set fo[illegible] charges contrary to the essenti[illegible] of holy scripture and the standa[illegible] Presbyterian Church in the Uni[illegible] of America and in violation of [illegible] tion vow of said appelle[illegible] said erroneous views and [illegible] strike at the vitals o[illegible] and have been industrious[illegible] wherefore, this general assemb[illegible] Presbyterian Church in the Unit[illegible] of America, sitting as a judicato[illegible] cause on appeal does hereby [illegible] Charles A. Briggs, the said appe[illegible] the office of a minister in the [illegible] ian Church in the United States [illegible] ica until such time as shall giv[illegible] tory evidence of repentance to th[illegible] assembly of the Presbyterian Chu[illegible] United States of America of the [illegible] by him of the said ordinary vow [illegible] and heretofore found."

The report of the committee wa[illegible] whereupon Rev. Dr. Sprague ga[illegible] that at the proper time a protest [illegible] offered against the finding of the [illegible] as being too severe a sentence [illegible] honored scholar named, and as [illegible] restrict the liberty heretofore e[illegible] bearers in the Presbyterian chur[illegible]

The committee of which Dr. [illegible] chairman was made up as follow[illegible]

Ministers—H. W. Congdon, [illegible] York; James H. Brookes, Mis[illegible] vin W. Stewart, Nebraska; [illegible] Harsha, Nebraska; J. J. Lucas[illegible] George D. Baker, Pennsylvan[illegible] Whallon, Indiana, and Thomas [illegible] Iowa.

Elders — John Randolph, [illegible] Thomas McDougall, Ohio; Da[illegible] California; Edward T. Greene, [illegible] sey; James A. Curry, Kentuck[illegible] D. Warfield, Pennsylvania.

The committee were given [illegible] tire for consultation, and the Ass[illegible] court, adjourned, to be reconven[illegible] call of the Moderator.

Wednesday night's vote on [illegible] was divided as follows: To su[illegible] to sustain in part, 85; not to su[illegible] Total vote, 383 to 116 against I[illegible]

A New York Railroad [illegible]

NEW YORK, June 2.—The Fo[illegible] town & Gloversville railroad, [illegible] recently bought by Mr. H. Wa[illegible] was transferred yesterday to the [illegible] Electric Railroad Company in t[illegible] Mr. Webb in the Grand Central [illegible] meeting of the Cayadutta di[illegible] held to receive the transfer a[illegible] new directors. It is said tha[illegible] made about a million dollars in [illegible] action.

Sewing Machine Company E[illegible]

NEWARK, N. J., June 2.—[illegible] been filed in the Court of Ch[illegible] Vice President [illegible] of the Do[illegible] ing Machine Company, praying [illegible] pointment of a receiver for the [illegible] The application [illegible] cause [illegible] the [illegible]