

Few policemen take any stock in ghosts, but they all believe people can walk in their sleep.

Says the New York Independent: If the United States of America has no name, neither has it a definite National air. Of course the National air called "America" is English and identical with "God Save the Queen." "The Star Spangled Banner" possibly should be considered our National air and sung as such at the Chicago Exhibition. At Trinity College, Dublin, when the American candidates came forward to receive their doctorates the band played "Yankee Doodle" and set the Americans in a titter.

The city debt of Chicago, including the \$5,000,000 bonds issued to the World's Fair, is \$18,500,000. This is a most favorable showing compared with other cities. The debt of New York city is \$133,000,000, but the money in the sinking fund reduces the net amount to \$99,000,000. Brooklyn has a debt of \$41,000,000, Boston of \$30,500,000, Philadelphia of \$25,000,000, Cincinnati the same; St. Louis of \$21,500,000 and Washington of \$19,000,000.

According to Professor Supan of Gotha the great geographical statistician, there are 270 cities on our globe whose population exceeds 100,000. Of cities containing upward of a million inhabitants he specifies 12, namely: London, with 4,415,598; Paris, 2,712,598; New York-Brooklyn, 2,352,150; Berlin, 1,763,543; Canton, 1,600,000; Vienna, 1,364,548; Tokio, 1,515,290; Wuchang-Hankow, 1,200,000; Philadelphia, 1,105,277; Chicago, 1,099,850; Siang-tan and Singan, 1,000,000 each. Of cities containing over half a million of souls Professor Supan counts twenty-three.

The Chicago Herald observes: The population of Massachusetts is rapidly becoming conglomerate. Boston is one of the great Irish cities of the world. There are already several hundred thousand French-Canadians and a large number of other Canadians in the state. The Greek colony of Boston has become so large that a Greek paper has been started in that city, and a riot the other day in Worcester between Armenians and Mohammedans calls attention to the presence of Asiatic races in the state. The old Bunker Hill monument is witnessing remarkable changes in the character of the population.

The New York Tribune gives the following quotations of the prices of foreign titles for American girls: German barons, \$17,000; French counts, \$50,000 to \$200,000, according to family, place, etc. In Italian princes the stock is very speculative, the title sometimes going as high as \$300,000, and at other seasons falling to a ridiculously low figure. In fact, all the continental patents of nobility may be said to have fictitious value and fluctuate considerably, but for solid investment there is nothing like English titles. These have increased in value enormously of late years, and it now takes \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 to buy a nobleman of high rank.

The voting population of New York city is sufficiently cosmopolitan, thinks the New York Times, to satisfy the most peculiar taste, but it is exceeded in the mixed character of the electorate by many cities further West, particularly by Chicago, Minneapolis, Detroit, St. Paul and Cleveland. Nearer home, Buffalo has perhaps the most cosmopolitan voting population. Of its 255,000 inhabitants 89,000 are foreign born. Toward this total Germany contributes 42,000, Ireland 11,000, Canada 10,000, Poland 9000, England and Scotland 8600 and Italy 2000. The proportion of foreign-born voters is, of course, greater than of foreign-born inhabitants, and the proportion of native-born voters is correspondingly less. Brooklyn has more Scandinavian voters than New York, in this respect only does it exceed New York in the number of foreign-

BETRAYED;

A DARK MARRIAGE MORN.

A Romance of Love, Intrigue and Crime.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Under the dominion of the passion which controlled him, the voice and language of the Senator became more elevated.

His features assumed an air of somber dignity and imposing grandeur.

A slight shade of paleness passed over the lovely face of the young woman, and a slight frown contracted her forehead.

By an effort, which in a better cause would have been sublime, she quickly mastered the rising weakness, and, coldly pointing out to her husband the draped door by which he had entered, said:

"Very well, conceal yourself there!"

"You will never forgive me?"

"You know little of women, my dear, if you do not know that jealousy is one of the crimes that they not only pardon but love."

"My God, I am not jealous!"

"Call it yourself what you will, but station yourself there!"

"And you are sincere in wishing me to do so?"

"I beg you to do so! Retire in the interval, leave the door open, and when you hear Eugene enter the hall, return."

"No!" said the Senator, after a moment's hesitation: "since I have gone so far—and heighded deeply—"I do not wish to leave myself the least pretext for distrust. If I leave you before he comes, I am capable of fancying—"

"That I might secretly warn him. Is it not so?" Nothing more natural. Remain here, then. Only take up a book for our conversation, under the circumstances, can not be belied."

He sat down.

"But," he mused "what mystery car there be between you two?"

"You shall see," she said, with her sphinx-like smile.

The Senator mechanically took up a book.

She stirred up the fire in the grate, and reflected.

As she liked terror, danger and dramatic incidents to blend with her intrigues, she should have been content for at that moment shame, ruin and death, were at her door!

But, to tell the truth, it was too much for her; and when she looked, in the midst of the silence which surrounded her, at the true character and scope of the perils which environed her, she thought her brain would fail and her heart break.

She was not mistaken as to the origin of the letter. This shameful work had been planned by the private secretary.

To do him justice, however, he had not suspected the force of the blow he was dealing.

Of course he did not really believe in the lady's virtue; for during the perpetual surveillance he had never relaxed, he had not failed to see the exact nature of the intercourse between Eugene and Cora.

But it must not be forgotten that he was himself in love with Mrs. Elliston, and that he dreamed of securing for himself the same position to his master's place.

He had let matters grow on thus long because he had not seen how he could very well stop them without making an enemy of Cora; and that he did not wish to do for, notwithstanding her intimacy with Cleveland, he still loved her, so far as such a creature is capable of loving; and then there was the vast wealth that would be hers at her husband's death, and of this he was perfectly willing to assume the charge.

But being in Washington, and remembering what he had seen just before leaving the house in New York, his jealousy and hatred of the rival who now had the field all to himself, got the better of him, and he determined to act. To awaken the distrust of the Senator toward Eugene, so as to cause his doors to be closed against him, and to hasten the lady's coming to Washington, was, however, all he meditated at that time.

He wrote the letter, dated it a day ahead, sent it to a confidential friend in New York to be remailed, and so it reached the Senator's hand.

But, like most villainies of the kind, this anonymous missive was a rare fatal and murderous weapon than its base author imagined.

The Senator's young wife then mused while stirring the fire, casting from time to time a furtive glance at the clock.

Eugene would soon arrive. How could she warn him?

In the present state of their relations it was not impossible that the very first words of Eugene might immediately divulge their secret, and once betrayed there was not only for her personal dishonor—a scandalous fall, poverty, retirement—but for her husband or her lover—perhaps for both—death!

When the door-bell rang, announcing Eugene's approach, all of these thoughts crowded into Cora's brain like a legion of phantoms.

But she rallied her courage by a desperate effort and strained all her faculties to the execution of the plan she had hastily conceived, which was her last hope.

And one word, one gesture, one mistake, or one carelessness of her lover might overthrow it in a second!

A moment later the door was opened by a servant, announcing Mr. Cleveland.

Without speaking she signed to her husband to gain his hiding-place.

The Senator, who had risen at the sound of the bell, seemed still to hesitate, but shrugging his shoulders, as if in disdain of himself, retired behind the curtain which faced the door.

Eugene entered the room carelessly, and advanced toward the fireplace, where Cora was seated, his smiling lips half opened to speak, when he was struck by the peculiar expression on Cora's face, and the words were frozen on his lips.

This look, fixed upon him from his entrance, had a strange, weird intensity, which, without expressing anything, made him fear everything. But he was not a coward.

tions, and was as wary and prudent as he was intrepid. He ceased to smile, did not speak, but waited.

Raising her right hand, she made a gesture intimating that he must preserve silence.

"Either she is mad," he said to himself, "or there is some great peril!"

A searching glance into her eyes increased his alarm, and a sudden and heretofore unknown feeling of dread seized him and almost stifled the beating of his heart.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ORDEAL PASSED.

With the rapid perception of her genius and of her love, Cora Elliston felt that Eugene understood her; and not leaving him time to speak and compromise her, instantly said:

"It is very kind of you to keep your promise."

"Not at all," he replied, slowly seating himself.

"Yes, but it is! For you know you come here to be tormented."

"There was a pause."

"I have just become a convert to my plan—to my fixed idea!" she added, after a second.

"I am not sure of that. It seems to me you have a great many."

"Yes, of course. But I speak of the plan—my best idea, in fact. In a word—of your marriage."

"What! again, my dear friend?" said Eugene, who, now assured of his danger and its nature, marched with a firmer foot over the burning soil.

"Yes, indeed, and I promise you that until you consent you will never hear the last of it."

"Oh! have mercy, I beg."

"There's no mercy for you; and I will tell you another thing—I have found the person."

"Ah! Then I shall run away!"

She cut short his smile with an imperious glance.

"Then you still adhere to it?" he said, with a forced laugh.

"Most firmly! I need not repeat to you my reasons—having preached about it all winter—in fact so much so as to disgust my husband, who suspects some mystery between us."

"What! my wife? Is it possible?"

"Oh, nothing serious, you must understand. Well, let us resume the subject where we left it."

"What! so over again that tiresome list of available persons?"

"Exactly. Miss Osgood will not do; she is too blonde—an odd objection for me to make, by the way; nor Miss Van Name—too thin; nor Miss Gould, in spite of her millions; nor Miss De Lancy—too much like the Umbrellas and Thorndykes. All this is a little discouraging, you will admit, but finally everything clears up. I tell you, I have discovered one—a perfect marvel."

"Her name?" asked Eugene.

"Flora Leland!"

There was silence. Eugene (Cleveland) experienced the same disagreeable sensation that had affected him the day when he saw the young lady's brother descending the broad steps of their father's mansion and sauntering down the street.

"Well, you say nothing," resumed Cora, "because you can have nothing to say—because she unites everything—personal beauty, family, fortune, everything—almost like a dream. Then, too, her father and your uncle are old friends; they are connected in business matters—at the bank, you know, and in other ways. He also owns your old homestead, the place you loved so well, and which will thus come back to you. Ah, you see how I have thought of everything, my friend! But I cannot imagine why we never came to think of this before."

Eugene did not reply, and Cora began to be surprised at his silence.

"What!" he exclaimed: "you may look a long time—there cannot be a single objection—you are caught this time. Come, my friend, say yes, I implore you!"

And while her lips said "I pray you," in a tone of earnest entreaty, her look said with terrible emphasis, "You must!"

"Will you allow me to reflect upon it, Mrs. Elliston?" he asked, at last.

"No, my friend!"

"But really," said Eugene, who was very pale, "it seems to me you dispose of the hand of Miss Leland very readily. She is a lady; she is very rich, and they count her on all sides; then her father is very proud. He is the president of a bank—the one from which I was discharged, and her mother has peculiar ideas about a husband for her daughter, while her brother—"

"I charge myself with all that," interrupted Cora, impatiently.

"But what a mania you have for marrying people!"

"Women who do not make love, Eugene, always have a passion for match-making."

"But seriously, you will give me a few days for reflection."

"To reflect about what? Have you not told me a thousand times you intended remarrying, and were only waiting the proper time, and the right chance? Well, now is the right time, and you can never find a better chance than this; and if you let it slip, you will repent the rest of your life."

"But give me time to consult my relations!"

"Your relations—what a joke! It seems to me you have reached full age; and then, my relations? Your mother's connection, Mrs. Morgan?"

"Doubtless she is one of them. I do not wish to offend her."

"Do not worry on her account, I beg. Indeed, she will be delighted."

"Why should she be?"

"I have my reasons for thinking so; and the lady smiled knowingly."

Eugene, to whom little by little the light fell stronger on the more obscure points of the terrible enigma proposed to him, which had overtasked all her faculties to an almost insupportable degree.

He rose.

"I am compelled to leave you," he said, "for I have an engagement for this evening. But I will come to-morrow, if you will permit."

"Certainly. But you will take Flora?"

"Good gracious! Yes, if I can get her. I really can see no reasonable objection."

"A thousand thanks! And you would like the Senator to broach the subject to her father?"

"I certainly would if he were here; but—"

"Don't disturb yourself, I beg. I expect him home on a brief visit, and, indeed, I know he would come if for no other reason than to oblige you."

"He is very good to me."

"I believe you will."

"I have had substantial proof of that."

"You will have further proofs. And now you will wish to meet the lady. Leave me to arrange that."

"I leave everything to you."

"Thanks again. You are a dear, good boy; and she gave him her hand, which he pressed convulsively, and immediately departed.

It would have required a much keener vision than that of Sherwood Elliston to have detected any break or any discordance in the audacious comedy which had just been played before him by these two great artists.

The mute play of their eyes alone could have betrayed them, and these he could not see.

As to the tranquil, easy, natural dialogue, there was not in it a word which he could seize upon, and which did not remove all his disquietude and confound all his suspicions.

From this moment, and ever afterward, every shadow was effaced from his mind; for to imagine such a plot as that in which his wife in her despair had sought refuge, to enter into such a depth of perversity, was not in the Senator's straightforward and simple spirit.

When he reappeared before his wife, on leaving his concealment, he was constrained and awkward. With a gesture of confusion and humility, he took her hand and smiled upon her with all the love and tenderness he felt for her beam- ing from his face.

At this moment Cora, by a new reaction of her nervous system, commenced weeping and sobbing, and this completed her husband's despair.

Out of respect to this poor deluded man we shall pass over a scene the interest of which otherwise is not sufficient to warrant the unpleasant effect it would produce on all honest people. We shall equally pass over without record the conversation which took place the next day between Cora Elliston and Eugene Cleveland.

Eugene had experienced, as we have observed, a sentiment of repulsion at seeing the name of Flora Leland appear in the midst of this foul intrigue. It amounted almost to horror, and he could not control the manifestation of it.

There were several reasons for this. In the first place, he had some acquaintance with the young lady, and liked her very much. He knew her to be a girl of very character and sweet disposition; high-minded and refined. But he did not love her—had never thought of loving her. He had been at liberty to choose for himself, if, indeed, he must marry at all—his choice undoubtedly would have fallen upon Meta Fielding. But tied as he was to Cora Elliston, he wanted no wife, and the idea of taking one seemed a mockery, as well as a terrible injustice to the woman selected for the position.

But there was another reason—an indefinable, a subtle reason, that he himself could not understand. All he knew was that in the presence of either of the Lelands—brother or sister—a feeling came over him that was akin to death—a sensation fearful to experience and that portended the blackest evil. Then, too, his conscience rose up against him and battled for his soul.

How could he conquer this supreme revolt of his conscience to the point of submitting to the expedient which would make him intrinsically a false one?

By what detestable sophistries he dared persuade himself that he owed everything to his accomplice—even this we shall not attempt to explain. To explain would be to extenuate, and that we wish not to do. We shall only say that he resigned himself to this marriage.

On the path which he had entered a man arrest himself as little as he can a flash of lightning.

As to Cora, one must have formed no conception of this depraved though hungrily spirit, if astonished at her persistence in cold blood, and after reflection, in the perfidious plot which the imminence of her danger had suggested to her.

She saw that the suspicions of her husband might be reawakened another day in a more dangerous manner, if this marriage proved only a farce.

She passionately loved Eugene; and she loved scarcely less the dramatic mystery of their liaison.

She had also felt a frantic terror at the thought of losing the great fortune which she regarded as her own; for the disinheritedness of her early youth had long since vanished, and the idea of sinking miserably in the social world, where she had long reigned by her luxury as well as her beauty, was insupportable to her.

Love, mystery, fortune—she wished to preserve them all at any price; and the more she reflected the more the marriage of Cleveland appeared to her the surest safeguard.

It is true, it would give her a sort of rival. But she had too high an opinion of herself to fear anything; and she preferred Flora Leland to any other, because she knew her, and regarded her as an inferior in everything.

And did she give no thought to her poor innocent victim in Roxbury? Alas, not one.

CHAPTER XX.

WARREN LELAND'S PROGRESS.

"Loosen the dog!"

This order was sufficient for Warren Leland. He was not a coward; he would not have budged an inch before an enraged tiger; but he would have traveled a hundred miles on foot to avoid the shadow of ridicule.

Profiting by the warning and a moment when he seemed unobserved he slid from the tree, jumped into the next field, and entered the woods at a point somewhat farther down than where he had scaled the hedge.

This done, he resumed his walk with the assured tread of a man who had a right to be there.

He had gone but a few steps when he heard behind him the wild barking of the dog, which proved his retreat had been an opportune one.

Some of the farmers he had noticed as he passed before were still standing at their doors.

Stopping before one of them, he asked: "My friend, to whom does that large house below there, facing the road, belong; and whence comes that sweet music?"

"You probably know that as well as I," replied the man, stolidly.

"Had I known I should scarcely have asked you," said Leland, in a quiet tone.

The farmer—a poor one, by the way—did not deign further reply.

His wife stood near him, and Leland had remarked that in all classes of society women have more wit and good sense than their husbands. That was the thought that came into his mind as he said:

"A good woman I saw."

To whom does that music belong?" he asked of Nathan Metcalf.

"Nathan!" replied the woman.

"Metcalf lives so much further on."

"Ah! Then who lives here?"

"Why, Amos Denton, of course."

"Ab, Amos Denton! But tell me, he does not live alone? There is a lady here, is his wife?—his sister? And who else—very beautiful. Who are they?"

"Ah, the first, no doubt, is his daughter-in-law, young Mrs. Denton. Mrs. Clara—who?"

"Yes, yes, and the other?"

"Is a young lady who is living with her. I don't really know."

"Ah! thank you, thank you, my good presents with these; and dropping these great pieces of silver in the lap of the obliging woman, Leland walked rapidly away.

Returning home, the road seemed less gloomy and far shorter than when he came.

As he strode on, humming the prelude of Bach, the moon rose, the country looked more beautiful, and, in short, when he perceived, at some distance down the ever gloomy avenue, his own house, bathed in the white light, he found the spectacle rather enjoyable than otherwise.

And when he once more ensconced himself in the maternal domicile, and breathed the odor of new damp paper and old-moldy trees, and constituted himself at once a guest and a master, he found in the reflection that there existed not very far from him two young women who possessed charming faces, sweet voices, and one, at least, a pretty name.

Next morning, after planning into a cold bath, to the profound astonishment of Seth Gridley and his wife, Leland went to inspect the farm. He found the barn and other out-buildings well constructed, but not so picturesque as he could desire.

But he was amazed to hear the farmer met arguing, in their peculiar Yankee drawl, on the various modes of culture and crops, like men who were strangers to all modern improvements in agriculture.

The name of Metcalf frequently occurred in the conversation as confirmation of their own theories or explanations. Nathan Metcalf gave preference to this fertilizer, to this machine for winnowing; this breed of cattle was introduced by him. Nathan Metcalf did this, Nathan Metcalf did that, and the farmers did like him, and found it to their advantage.

Leland found the Congressman had not exaggerated the local importance of this personage, and that it was most essential at this juncture to him. Resolving, therefore, to call on him during the day, he meanwhile went to breakfast.

The duty toward himself fulfilled, the young man lounged on the veranda, as he had the evening before, and commenced smoking.

Though it was near mid-day, it was doubtful to him if the solitude and silence appeared less complete and oppressive than on the preceding evening. A hushed cackling, of fowls, the drowsy hum of bees, and the muffled cime of a distant bell—these were all.

Leland lounged on the veranda, dreaming of his club, of the noisy crowd, of the rumbling stages and great cars, of the playbill of the Madison Square Theater, of the drives in Central Park—and the memory of the least of these enchantments brought infinite peace to his soul.

The inhabitant of New York has one great blessing, which he does not take into account until he suffers from its loss—one great half of his existence is filled up without the least trouble to himself. The all-potent vitality which ceaselessly envelopes him takes away, in a vast degree, the exertion of amusing himself.

The roar of the city, rising like a great bass around him, fills up the gap in his thoughts, and never leaves that disagreeable sensation—a void.

Now, Leland had within himself more resources than most men to conquer the blue devils; but in these early hours of his experience in country life, deprived of his club, his horses, and his frequent banquets, he began to feel terribly the weight of time. It therefore appeared a delicious sensation for him to suddenly hear that regularly recurring beat upon the road, which to his trained ear announced the approach of several riding horses.

Next moment he saw advancing upon the somber avenue and turning into his own grounds, three lovely females on horseback, one of whom was a mere girl in point of years.

Though quite amazed at this charming spectacle, Leland remembered his duty as a gentleman, and descended the steps of the veranda. But the ladies, at sight of him, appeared equally surprised as himself, suddenly drew rein, and conferred hastily together.

Then, recovering, they continued their course, taking the private carriage way to a road in the rear, and disappeared in the direction of a lovely lake, a prominent feature in the neighboring landscape.

As they passed the corner of the house, Leland bowed low, and they returned his salutation by a slight inclination; but he was quite sure, in spite of the veils that floated from their riding-hats, that he recognized the lovely sinners and the young pianist.

After a moment he called to Seth Gridley.

"Gridley," he said, pointing to the carriage way, "is this a public road?"

"It certainly is not a public road, Mr. Leland," replied Seth.

"Then what do those ladies mean by using it?"

"Bless me! Mr. Leland, it is so long since your grandfather's death, and since any of the family have lived here that ladies mean no harm by passing through your grounds; and sometimes they even stop at the house while my wife gives them fresh milk. She?"

"This displeases you, why? The fence do you suppose it displeases me? Only asked for information. And now, who are the ladies?"

"Oh, sir, they are very nice ladies. Indeed! Mrs. Denton, her daughter Edith, and their friend Miss Mildred."

"And her husband?"

"He never rides out with them."

"Why do you not ride out with them?"

"I wish to see them, and these ladies are so kind to be late."

You comprehend what I mean?"

Gridley seemed pleased that to be the bearer of so disagreeable news, and Leland, suddenly that his stay at Roxbury would be prolonged indefinitely but time be very agreeable.

Thinking thus, he directed toward the residence of Nathan Metcalf, at last, from Seth's continued correct information.

He took the same road as evening, passed the point at that he believed held Mrs. her lovely friend, glanced at her, and about half a mile discovered the somewhat house he sought.

He swung open the gate, the well-kept path, and broad veranda, which was climbing vines and rose bushes.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

ON THE EVE OF ELECTION.

Germany's Voters to Cast on Thursday.

BERLIN, June 12.—At the elections for members of the Reichstag on Thursday next, and elections that are sure to be members of the House, the result will be returned. Not only new aspirants for political factions appear daily, but day draws nearer the worse. Little can be done that will elapse before the entangle the intricate web woven by the many factions.

Instead of the eight recognized Reichstag holding their in the present campaign, the twenty factions, each fighting programme. The programme on some one common point, points they cross and re-cross, fusion demands that it be cut, if not impossible, that any single faction really win.

It seems impossible now of Thursday's, bailing out Reichstag will be possible from the present outlook. It the vote in most of the can be so split up that no party in two-thirds of the.

Among the latest developments among the Anti-Jewishers now consist of factions with party bias besides two opposing factions. These are Agrarians, Free Traders, All-Prussianists and Guelphs, mixed dates of the great old conservatives. Old Conservative Liberals, Liberal-Scholarier, Alst. Moderates, Freisinnige, Volkspartei. The final results must depend combinations on the various Everything promises to Reichstag will be the most known in history. The groups, according to the mean to organize a movement, universal suffrage.

The National Liberals marked tendency in the and the Conservatives are a graded system of electoral Diet of the Empire, each Diet electing delegates. They seriously discuss the only salvation from deluge which now threatens country.

CORDAGE RECORD.

The Plan to be Used Trust on Its Feet.

NEW YORK, June 10.—The plan to be reported for the Cordage Company is as follows:

There are to be \$3,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 served. The \$3,000,000 at 80, and will be underwritten at 80. The preferred stock to contribute 20 per cent. stock 10 per cent. in cash, new preferred stock.

The stockholders are to surrendering 50 per stock in lieu of the cash bond issue will more than outstanding obligations, 000 desired from the assvide an ample working capital.

This plan, it is said, will disturb the mortgages Corporation. The lease Corporation, however, is part of the security for age bonds. The plan plate a consolidation with interests. It is believed a running agreement, made with the Plymouth ler, of Philadelphia, and Francisco.

Mrs. Sotelli at TRENTON, N. J., June celebrated pontifical high ord Heart yesterday was tendered him at the evening. He arrived urday evening and a par his honor. Special e given at St. Mary's Cath followed by a dinner. O'Farrell.

Claim Privilege NEW YORK, June 12. family consisting of one who were confined at the county of the two you from lavas, a loathsome case, have proven that born in this country a privileges of their birth.

West Pointers WEST POINT, N. graduation exercises Academy began this in a large tent erected in front of the library. A non-attendance of students grounds at Washington.