Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1893.

On the far northwestern waters of Puget Sound there are so many dead trees always floating that none but screw steamers or stern wheelers can navigate. A side-wheeler would sooner or later strike a log, perhaps weighing many tons, which would knock her paddle to splinters.

Dvorak, the Bohemian composer, who recently conducted some of his own music at the World's Fair, declares that the possibilities of an American school of music lie in the Southern melodies. He believes that American composers should study these songs and build upon them.

The gavel presented by the New Orleans Cotton Exchange to Judge Chrisman, who defied the mob in Mississippi and protected prisoners, is flanked with solid plates of gold. In accepting it the Judge made a modest and a model speech. The Chicago Herald states that his conduct is universally lauded in the South by press and people.

The steamer John Hancock, which was wrecked a few weeks ago, by a gale while tied up at the wharf at Sandpoint, Alaska, has an interesting history. During the troubles between the United States and Japan the Hancock carried the pennant of Commodore Perry, and it was in her cabin that the treaty between the countries was signed.

Colonel John A. Creighton, of Omaha, Neb., ten times a millionaire, has a semi-National reputation as a philanthropist. He has given $3,000,000 at various times to the city of Omaha, to be devoted to charitable purposes. One of his gifts was a hospital. It has an ironclad rule to the effect that the applicant for relief shall be asked no questions as to his race or color or religious beliefs or morals or politics. All that the physicians are required to know is that he suffers and needs attention. If he is able to pay he pays, and if he is not his treatment does not cost him a cent.

America has always been liberal in her educational expenditures. Chief Harris, of the Bureau of Education, estimates that "on an average the youth of the land receive each seventeen weeks schooling annually for ten years," and he says that in the nineteen years prior to 1889 the value of property owned by public schools increased from $130,000,000 to $323,000,000, and whereas in 1870 the amount expended on education was $1.64 per capita for the whole population, the expenditure in 1889 was $2.16 per capita. Here, however, it would be well for the optimist to stop figuring. In 1870 the total of $33,000,000 was spent for the education of 11,000,000 of children between the ages of six and twenty, an average of $5.75 for each child, while in 1889 there were $133,000,000 expended for 20,000,000 of children—an average of $6.60 for each child. Thus, while it sounds well to say that the annual expenditure more than doubled in the length of time under consideration, the real increase per child was small and hardly kept pace with the demands of educational progress.

A STORY is told by the New York Times of a certain young New York woman, who was recently abroad, and while walking out in Dresden one day the stolidity of the soldier sentinels, pacing back and forth like automata, attracted her notice. A sudden impulse seized her to test this cast-iron rigidity, and, waiting till one had passed, she slipped into his little sentry-box. When he reached it on his return, marching with measured precision, she suddenly jumped out before him, crying "Boo!" in his very face. The soldier was completely upset at this most unexpected performance and actually dropped his musket and ran away, while the young woman, having thus routed a portion of the German army, walked on and demurely rejoined her friends. The incident, it is said, came to the ears of the Emperor himself, who expressed a wish to meet this extraordinary young woman, but Miss —— admitted that her desire did not equal his, as she was not sure in quite what light her jesting impulse would be officially regarded.

BETRAYED;

—OR—

A DARK MARRIAGE MORN.

A Romance of Love, Intrigue and Crime.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

He admired her like a rare plant, a beautiful object, an exquisite work, in which nature had combined physical and moral grace with perfect proportion and harmony. His deportment as slave near her was not long a performance.

Our fair readers have, doubtless, remarked an odd fact, which is, that where a reciprocal sentiment of two feeble human beings has reached a certain point of maturity, chance never fails to furnish a fatal occasion which betrays the secret of the two hearts, and suddenly launches the thunderbolt which has been gradually gathering in the clouds.

This is the crisis of all love.

This occasion presented itself to Clara Denton and Warren Leland in the form of an unpoetic incident, with which the rag-picker and his little grandchildren were intimately connected.

It was the end of the month. Leland had gone out after dinner to take a ride in the neighborhood. Night had already fallen, clear and cool; but as he could not see Mrs. Denton that evening, he began to think only of being near her, and felt that unwillingness to work common to lovers, striving to kill time, which hung heavy on his hands.

He hoped also that violent exercise might calm his spirit, which had never been more profoundly agitated. Still young and unpracticed in his pitiless system, he was troubled at the thought of a victim so pure as Clara Denton. To trample on the life, the repose, and the heart of such a woman, as the horse tramples on the grass of the road, with as little care or pity, was hard for a novice.

As strange as it may appear, the idea of marrying her had occurred to him. Then he said to himself that this weakness was in direct contradiction to his principles, and that she would cause him to lose forever the mastery over himself, and throw him back into the nothingness of his past life. Yet, with the corrupt inspirations of his depraved soul, he foresaw that the moment he touched her hands with the lips of a lover, a new sentiment would spring up in her soul.

As he abandoned himself to these passionate imaginings, the recollection of Amy Brownell came back suddenly to his memory.

He grew pale in the darkness.

At this moment he was passing by the edge of a piece of woods a portion of which had been cleared.

It was not chance alone that had directed him to this point. Clara Denton loved this spot and had frequently taken him there, and on the preceding evening, accompanied by her daughter and Mildred Lester, had visited it with him.

The site was a peculiar one. Although not far from houses, the woods were very wild, as though a thousand miles distant from any other place.

You would have said it was a virgin forest, untouched by the ax of the pioneer. Enormous stumps without bark, trunks of gigantic trees, covered pell-mell the declivity of the hill, and barricaded here and there, in a picturesque manner, the current of the brook which ran into the valley.

A little higher up the dense wood of tufted trees contributed to diffuse that religious light half over the rocks, the brushwood, and the fertile soil, and on the limpid water, which is the charm and horror of old, neglected woods.

In this solitude, and on quite a space of cleared ground, rose a poor cottage. This was Jennie's home, and here her children and her father lived with her.

The old rag-picker interested Clara Denton greatly, probably because, like Leland, he had a bad reputation. She loved the children, too, who, though dirty, were beautiful as angels, and she pitied their mother.

The little ones had been quite ill. Clara had helped to nurse them, and apparently they had recovered; indeed, only the evening before, Leland and the party with him had met them wandering in the woods, careless and happy as children ought to be.

Leland slowly walked his horse over the rocky and winding path on the slope of the hillock. This was the moment when the ghost of Amy Brownell had, as it were, risen before him, and he believed he could almost hear her cry.

All at once this illusion gave place to a strange reality. The voice of a woman plainly called him by name, in accents of distress:

"Mr. Leland, Mr. Leland!"

Stopping his horse on the instant, he felt an icy shudder pass through his frame.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT THE RAG-PICKERS' COTTAGE.

The same voice rose higher and called him again.

He recognized it as the voice of Clara Denton.

Looking around him in the obscure light with a rapid glance, he saw a light shining through the foliage in the direction of Jennie's cottage.

Guided by this, he put spurs to his horse, crossed the cleared ground up the hillside, and found himself face to face with Clara.

She was standing on the threshold of the cottage, her head bare, and her beautiful hair disheveled under a long black veil. She was giving a farm hand some hasty orders.

When she saw Leland approaching she came toward him.

"Pardon me," she said, "but I thought I recognized you, and so I called you. I am so greatly distressed—so distressed! The two children of this poor woman are sick again—they are dying! What is to be done? Come in—come in, I beg of you!"

He leaped to the ground, secured his horse, and followed Clara into the cottage.

The two children were lying side by side on a little bed, immovable, their eyes open and their pupils strangely dilated, their faces red and agitated by strange convulsions.

They seemed to be in the agony of death.

A doctor was leaning over them, looking at them with fixed, anxious and despairing eyes.

The mother was on her knees, her head clasped in her hands, and weeping bitterly.

At the foot of the bed stood the rag-picker, with his savage mien—his arms crossed and his eyes dry. He shuddered at intervals, and murmured in a hoarse, hollow voice:

"Both of them! Both of them!" Then he relapsed into his mournful attitude.

The doctor approached Warren quickly.

"Mr. Leland," said he, "what can this be? I believe it to be poisoning, but can detect no definite symptoms; otherwise, the mother should know—but she knows nothing! A sunstroke, perhaps; but as both were struck at the same time—and then at this season—ah, my dear sir, our profession is very useless sometimes."

"Isn't it a relapse?"

"No, no! nothing at all like the recent illness."

Leland made further and rapid inquiries.

They had sought the doctor, who was dining with Mr. Metcalf's family an hour before. He had hastened, and found the children in a state of fearful congestion.

It appeared they had fallen into this state when first attacked, and became delirious.

Leland conceived an idea.

He asked to see the clothes the children had worn during the day.

The mother gave them to him.

The doctor touched his forehead, and turned over with a feverish hand the rough waistcoats, the knee-breeches, searched the pockets, and found dozens of a small fruit like cherries, half crushed.

"A species of deadly nightshade!" he exclaimed. "That idea struck me several times, but how could I be sure? You cannot find it within sixty miles of here, except in the vicinity of this cursed spot—that I am sure of."

"Do you think there is yet time?" asked Leland, in a low voice. "The children seem to me to be very ill."

"Lost, I am afraid; but everything depends on the time which has passed, the quantity they have taken, and the remedies I can procure."

The good physician consulted quickly with Clara, who found that she had not in her country pharmacy the necessary remedies, or counter-irritants, which the urgency of the case demanded.

He was obliged to content himself with the essence of coffee, which Jennie prepared in haste, and to send to New Milford for the other things needed.

"To New Milford!" exclaimed Clara. "Good heavens! it is more than ten miles—it is night, and we shall have to wait probably three or four hours!"

Leland heard this.

"Doctor, write your prescription," he said; "my horse is at the door, and with him I can do the twenty miles in an hour; in one hour I promise to be here again."

"Oh, thanks!" exclaimed Clara.

He took the prescription which the doctor had traced on a leaf of his pad, mounted his horse and departed.

The highway was, fortunately, not far distant.

When he reached it he put spurs to his horse, and rode like the phantom horseman.

It was 9 o'clock when Clara Denton witnessed his departure; it was a few moments after 10 when she heard the tramp of his horse at the foot of the hill, and ran to the door of the cottage to greet him.

The condition of the two children seemed to have grown worse in the interval, but the doctor had great hopes in the remedies which Leland was to bring.

She waited with impatience, and received him like the dawn of the last hope.

She contented herself with pressing his hand, when, breathless he descended from his horse. But, womanlike, she threw herself on the animal, who was covered with foam, and steaming like a stove.

"Poor Sultan," she said, embracing him in her two arms—"dear Sultan—good Sultan! You are half dead, are you not? But I love you well. Go in quickly, Mr. Leland, I will attend to Sultan."

And while the young man entered the cottage, she confided Sultan to the farm hand, with orders to take him to the stable, and a thousand minute directions to take good care of him after his noble conduct.

The doctor had to obtain the aid of Leland to pass the new medicine through the clenched teeth of the unfortunate children. While both were engaged in this work, Clara was sitting on a stool with her head resting against the wall.

The doctor suddenly raised his eyes and fixed them on her.

"But, my dear Mrs. Denton," he said, "you are ill. You have had too much excitement, and the air in this poor place is very bad. You must go home."

"I really do not feel very well," she murmured.

"You must go at once. We shall send you the news. Your father's hired man will take you home."

She raised herself, trembling; but one look from Jennie arrested her. For this poor woman, it seemed that Providence deserted her with Clara Denton.

"No!" she said, with a divine sweetness; "I will not go. I shall only breathe a little fresh air. I will remain until they are safe, I promise you," and left the room smiling upon the poor woman.

After a few moments the doctor said to Leland:

"My dear sir, I thank you; but I really have no further need of your services; so you, too, may go and rest yourself, for you are growing pale also."

Leland, exhausted by his long ride, felt suffocated by the atmosphere of the cottage, and consented to the suggestion of the physician, telling him he would not go far.

As he put his foot outside of the cottage, Clara, who was sitting before the door, quickly rose and threw over his his shoulders a cloak which had been brought for her. She then reseated herself without speaking.

"But you cannot remain here all night," he said.

"I should be too uneasy at home."

"But the night is damp and cold. Shall I make you a seat—"

"If you wish," she said.

"Let us see where we can make this little fire. In the midst of the woods here it is impossible; we should have a conflagration to finish the picture. Can you walk? Then take my arm and we will go and search for a place for our encampment."

She leaned lightly on his arm and made a few steps with him toward the forest.

"Do you think they are saved?" she asked.

"I hope so," he replied. "The doctor's face is more cheerful."

"Oh! how glad I am!"

Both of them stumbled over a root and commenced laughing like two children for several minutes.

"We shall soon be in the woods," said Clara; "and I declare I can go no farther. Good or bad, I shall choose this spot."

They were still quite close to the cottage, but the branches of the old trees which had been spared by the axe spread like a somber dome over their heads. Near by was a large rock, slightly covered with moss and a number of old trunks of trees, on which Clara took her seat.

"Nothing could be better," said Leland, gayly. "I must collect my materials."

A moment after he reappeared, bringing in his arms brushwood, and also a heavy blanket which he had found somewhere.

He got on his knees in front of the rock, prepared the fuel, and lighted it with a match. When the flame began to flicker on the rustic hearth, Clara trembled with joy and held out both hands to the blaze.

"Heavens! how nice it is!" she said, "and then this is amusing; one would say we had been shipwrecked. Now, Mr. Leland, if you would be perfect, go and see what the doctor says."

He ran to the cottage, and quickly returned.

"Well!" she exclaimed.

"A great deal of hope."

"Oh! how glad I am!"

She pressed his hand.

"Sit down there," she said.

He sat down on a rock near her, and replied to her eager questions. He repeated in detail his conversation with the doctor. She listened at first with interest, but little by little, wrapping her head in her veil, and resting it on the bough interlaced behind her, she seemed to be uncomfortably resting from fatigue.

"You are likely to fall asleep there," he said, laughing.

"Quite so," she murmured—smiled, and went to sleep.

Her sleep resembled death, it was so profound, and so calm was the beating of her heart, so regular her breathing.

Leland knelt down again by the hearth, to listen breathlessly and to gaze upon her.

From time to time he seemed to meditate, and the solitude was only disturbed by the rustling of the leaves.

His eyes followed the flickering of the flame, sometimes resting on the white rock, sometimes on the woods, sometimes on the arches of the high trees, as though he wished to fix in his memory all the details of this sweet scene. Then his gaze would rest on the young woman, clothed in her beauty, grace and confiding repose.

What heavenly thoughts descended at that moment on this somber soul—what hesitation, what doubt assailed it? What images of peace, truth, virtue, and happiness passed into that brain full of storm, and chased away phantoms of the sophistries he cherished? He himself knew, but never told.

The brisk crackling of the wood awakened her. She opened her eyes in surprise, and as she saw the young man kneeling before her, addressed him:

"How are they now, Mr. Leland?"

He did not know how to tell her that for the last hour he had but one thought, and that was of her.

The doctor appeared suddenly before them.

"They are saved, Mrs. Denton," he said, abruptly; "come and see for yourself, and then return home, or we shall have to cure you to-morrow. You are very imprudent to have remained in these damp woods, and it was foolish of Mr. Leland to let you do so."

She took the doctor's arm and re-entered the cottage. The two children, now roused from the dangerous torpor, but who seemed still terrified by the threatened death, raised their little heads. She made them a sign to keep quiet, and leaning over their pillow, kissed them.

"To-morrow, my darlings," she said. But the mother, half laughing, half crying, followed Clara step by step, speaking to her, and kissing her hand.

"Let her alone," cried the doctor, querulously. "Go home, Mrs. Denton. Mr. Leland, take her there."

She was going out, when the old rag-picker, who had not before spoken, and who was sitting in the corner of the room as if stupefied, rose suddenly, seized the arm of Mrs. Denton, who, slightly terrified, turned round, for the gesture of the man was so violent as to seem menacing; his eyes, hard and dry, were fixed upon her, and he continued to squeeze her arm with a contracted hand.

"My friend," she said, although rather uncertain.

"Yes, your friend," muttered the old rag-picker, with a hollow voice; "yes, remember! whatever comes, your friend!"

He could not continue; his mouth worked as if in a convulsion, his frightful weeping shook his frame; he then threw himself on his knees, and they saw a shower of tears force themselves through the hands clasped over his face.

"Take her away, sir," said the doctor.

Leland gently pushed her out of the cottage and followed her. She took his arm and descended the rugged path which led to her home.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN ASTOUNDING PROPOSITION.

It was a walk of fifteen minutes from the woods. Half the distance was passed over without interchanging a word.

Once or twice, when the rays of the moon pierced through the clouds, Leland thought he saw her wipe away a tear.

He guided her cautiously in the darkness, although the light step of the young lady was scarcely slower in the obscurity.

Her springy step pressed noiselessly the fallen leaves—avoided without assistance the ruts and marshes, as though endowed with a magical clairvoyance. When they reached a cross-road and Leland seemed uncertain, she would indicate the way by a slight pressure of the arm.

Both were no doubt embarrassed by [illegible] It was Clara who [illegible] very good this evening, Mr. [illegible]," she said, in a low slightly agitated voice.

"Ah! I love you so!" said the young man.

He pronounced these words in such a deep, impassioned tone that Clara Denton trembled and stood still in the road.

"Mr. Leland!" she exclaimed.

"Well?" he demanded, in a strange tone, but it can be nothing. I must have misunderstood you!"

"You did not, madam. But I have either too much or too little. I will endeavor to explain the error."

His voice was calm, but she recoiled a step or two and stood trembling before him.

"What I said just now," he went on, "is no more nor less than the truth. I love you—love you as you deserve to be loved, with all my soul and might and strength. I never knew what love was before."

Clara stood there trembling, but made no sign.

"But don't fear that I would take advantage of this solitude—of your loneliness. Believe me, you are sacred to me."

"I have no fear," she whispered.

"Oh, no! have no fear!" he repeated, in a tone of voice infinitely softened and tender. "It is I who am afraid—it is I who tremble—you see it; for since I have spoken, all is over. I expect nothing more—I hope for nothing; this night has no possible to-morrow. I know it. Your husband I dare not be—your lover I should not wish to be. I ask nothing of you—understand well! I should like to burn my heart at your feet, as on an altar—this is all.

"Do you believe me? Answer! Are you calm? Are you confident? Will you hear me? May I tell you what image I carry of you in the secret recesses of my heart?

"Dear creature that you are, you do not—ah, you do not know how great is your worth, and I fear to tell you, so much am I afraid of stripping you of your charms, or one of your virtues. If you had been proud of yourself, as you have a right to be, you would be less perfect, and I should love you less.

"But I wish to tell you how lovable and how charming you are. You alone do not know it. You alone do not see the soft flame of your large eyes—the reflection of your heroic soul on your young but serene brow.

"Your charm is over everything you do—your slightest gesture is engraven on me. Into the most ordinary duties of every-day life you carry a peculiar grace, like a young priestess who recites her daily devotions. Your hand, your touch, your breath purifies everything—even the most humble and the most wicked beings—and myself first of all!

"Oh, how I am astonished at the words which I pronounce, and the sentiments which animate me, to whom you have made clear new truths. Yes, all the rhapsodies of the poets, all the loves of the martyrs, I comprehend in your presence. This is truth itself. I understand those who died for their faith by torture—because I should like to suffer for you—because I believe in you—because I respect you—I cherish you—I adore you!"

He stopped, shivering, and half prostrating himself before her, seized the end of her veil and kissed it.

"Now," continued he, with a kind of grave sadness, "go, Mrs. Denton; I have forgotten too long you require repose. Pardon me—proceed. I shall follow you at a distance, until you reach your home, to protect you—but fear nothing from me.

Clara Denton had listened, without once interrupting him even by a sign. Words would only excite the young man more.

Probably she understood, for the first time in her life, one of those songs of love—one of those hymns living with passion, which every woman wishes to hear before she dies.

Should she die because she had heard it?

She remained without speaking, as though just awakening from a dream, and let fall these words, soft and feeble, like a sigh:

"My God!"

After another pause, she advanced a few steps on the road.

"Give me your arm as far as my house, Mr. Leland," she said.

He obeyed her, and they continued their walk toward the house, the light of which they soon saw.

They did not exchange a word—only as they reached the gate, Mrs. Denton turned and made him a slight gesture with her hand, in sign of adieu.

In return, Leland bowed low, and withdrew.

This man had been sincere.

When true passion surprises the human soul, it breaks down all resolves, sweeps away all logic, and crushes all calculations.

In this lies its grandeur, and also its danger.

When this sublime folly possesses you, it elevates you—it transfigures you. It can suddenly convert a common man into a poet, a coward into a hero, an egotist into a martyr, and Don Juan himself into an angel of purity.

With women—and it is to their honor—this metamorphosis can be durable, but it is rarely so with men.

Once transported to this stormy sky, women frankly accept their proper home, and the vicinity of the thunder does not disquiet them.

Passion is their element—they feel at home there. There are few women worthy of the name who are not ready to put in action all the words which passion has caused to bubble up from their lips. If they speak of flight, they are ready for exile. If they talk of dying, they are ready for death. Men are far less consistent in their ideas.

It was not until late the next morning that Leland regretted his outbreak of sincerity; for, during the remainder of the night, still filled with his excitement, agitated and shaken by the passage of the god, sunk into a confused and feverish reverie, he was incapable of reflection.

But when, on awakening, he surveyed the situation calmly and by the plain light of day, and thought over the preceding evening and its events, he could not fail to recognize the fact that he had been cruelly duped by his own nervous system.

To love Clara Denton was perfection proper, and he loved her still—for she was a person to be loved and desired; but to elevate that love or any other, as the matter of his life, instead of its pleasant thing, was one of those weaknesses [illegible]