

The kind of religion that always makes the sinner ashamed of himself is the kind that does its own talking.

The Turks who are on exhibition at the World's Fair do not have a surfeit of the luxurious ease of which their Nation is proverbially fond. They are employed most of the time in carrying people about in palanquins, and sometimes the burden proves onerous. One who with a companion was thus transporting a corpulent woman was heard to murmur: "Accursed am I, and I kick my bones for the day that I first heard of Columbus."

Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, says that no person can be brought in close connection with the mysteries of nature, or make a study of chemistry or of the law of growth without being convinced that behind it all there is a Supreme Intelligence. He says that he hopes to be able some time to demonstrate the existence of such Intelligence through the operation of these mysterious laws with the certainty of a demonstration in mathematics.

A Lowell (Mass.) man gave a surgeon now practicing in Great Falls, N. H., a deed some years ago, disposing of his body for anatomical purposes, at his death, for \$10 in hand. He has since been in South America, and has made a great deal of money, and is now anxious to have a decent funeral and interment when he dies, but counsel whom he has consulted, advises him that the deed holds good unless he buys it from the holder. This he has tried to do, but the doctor has refused large offers.

There are 5552 benefices in England and Wales affording a less income to the incumbents than \$1000 a year. There is great complaint at the poverty of the clergy. It is almost as grievous to-day as in Sydney Smith's time, and the New Orleans Picayune suggests that the witty and sarcastic jibes of that reverend satirist on the policy that permits such conditions might be reproduced. If England is to have an established church she should not give princely incomes to bishops and leave the humbler clergy to abject poverty and misery.

The other day a drummer on the Chicago and Northwestern Road presented his milage book to the conductor, and the latter, after asking him a few questions, put the book into his pocket, saying, "Will see you later." After a while the drummer asked for his book, and the conductor refused to surrender it. Thereupon the drummer got off at a station and telegraphed ahead for an officer to arrest a thief. The officer boarded the train and the drummer pointed out the conductor, who was arrested in spite of his protests and taken before a magistrate, who fined him \$7 and costs, and returned the book to its owner. As they were both leaving court the conductor said, "I'll smash your face for this!" Thereupon the drummer immediately had him rearrested and taken before the same judge, who put him under bonds to keep the peace at more costs. That conductor met his match.

During the fishing season of 1892 the United States Fish Commission, which busies itself solely with the propagation of edible fish in the waters all over the country, stocking rivers with species new to the region, distributing eggs and young fish to the lakes and sea coasts, and working in a vast number of ways to the one end, distributed a total of 306,580,432 eggs, fry and yearlings of all kinds of fish. The largest operations were in shad. Of this fish 69,000,000 fry, 1,000,000 yearlings and 3,000,000 eggs were distributed. Cod is the fish most distributed next to shad, and of whitefish, lake trout, pike, perch, salmon, flat-fish and lobster the distribution of eggs, fry and yearlings were away up in the millions of each, every State and Territory getting a share. The work of the Commission, which is of so great importance and substantial value to the whole people, is done quietly, in a thorough business way, without parade of any kind, and the Commission is a by no means widely known department of the Government.

BETRAYED;

A DARK MARRIAGE MORN.

A Romance of Love, Intrigue and Crime.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

He thought it had taste in Clara not to have maintained longer the high ideal his innocence had created for her. Nevertheless, when he approached her house, and had the presentation of her approving presence, he was troubled. Doubt and anxiety assailed him. When he saw through the trees the window of her room his heart throbbed so violently that he had to sit down on the root of a tree for a moment.

"I love her like a madman!" he murmured. Then, leaping up suddenly, he exclaimed: "But she is only a woman after all. I shall go on."

For the first time Clara received him in her own apartment. She was sitting in an arm-chair, and, contrary to her custom, had no work in her hands. She appeared calm, though two vivid circles surrounded her eyes. She had evidently suffered much, and wept much.

On seeing this dear face and hearing her voice, Leland forgot the rest. He forgot all except that he really adored her. He advanced hastily toward her, seized in his two hands those of the young lady, and without speaking interrogated her eyes with tenderness and profound pity. "It is nothing," she said, withdrawing her hand and bending her pale face gently. "I am better; I may even be happy if you wish it."

There was in the smile, the look and the accent of Clara Denton something indecipherable, which froze the blood of Leland. He felt confusedly that she loved him, and yet was lost to him; that he had before him a species of being he did not understand, and that this woman, saddened, broken, and lost by love, yet loved something else in this world better even than that love.

She made him a slight sign which he obeyed like a child, and he sat down beside her.

"Mr. Leland," she said, in a voice tremulous at first, but which grew stronger as she proceeded, "I hear you last night—perhaps with a little too much patience. I shall now, in return, ask from you the same kindness: You have told me that you love me; and I avow frankly that I entertain a warm affection for you. Such being the case, we must either separate forever, or unite ourselves by the only tie worthy of us both. To part would affect me much, and I also believe it would occasion grief to you. To unite ourselves—for my own part I would be willing to give you my life, but I cannot do it. I cannot wed you without manifest folly. You are younger than I am, I think. Then hurriedly:

"But there is another reason. I do not belong to myself. I belong to my daughter, to my family, to my past. In giving up my name for yours I would wound—I would cruelly wound all the friends who surround me, and, I believe, some who exist no longer."

"Well, sir," she continued, after a moment's hesitation, "I have discovered a way by which we may avoid breaking off an intimacy so pleasant and sweet to both of us—in fact, to make it closer, if anything. My proposal may surprise you, but have the kindness to think over it, and do not say no at once."

She glanced at him, and was terrified at the pallor which overspread his face. She gently took his hand and said: "Listen patiently."

"Speak on," he muttered, hoarsely. "Mr. Leland," she continued, with her angelic smile, "you have seen and admired my dear sister—my friend and companion, Mildred Lester. You know how much she is to me. Since she first came to me I have learned to love her with all my heart. She is more than a friend—more than a sister to me. Having watched over her so long and constantly, I have all a mother's feeling and affection for her. She is, she must ever be the same to me as my own child. She is beautiful—far more beautiful than I am, and since she has mindfully recovered her physical health, her mind has developed with marvelous rapidity; and although a portion of her life is still in education and refinement she is the peer of any lady in the land. Warren Leland, I desire you to make Mildred Lester your wife!"

Leland started abruptly to his feet and seized the woman by the wrist, casting a searching look into her eyes. Then, as he realized the full purport of her words, he sank back as one thunderstruck.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LINES DRAWING NEARER.

Clara Denton regarded her companion anxiously for a moment, and then said: "I swear to you that I shall be very happy if you only tell me."

His answer, when it came, was an impatient exclamation of irony and anger. Then he said:

"You will pardon me, madam, if so sudden a change in my sentiments cannot be as prompt as you wish."

She blushed slightly. "Yes," she said, with a faint smile, "I can understand how you feel about it at this moment; but try to familiarize yourself with the idea, try to look upon me as your elder sister—her mother, if you will, and all may yet come right, and—"

The soul of Leland was so perturbed, not a base one, and was suddenly touched at this woman's heroism. He rendered it the greatest homage he could pay, for his eyes suddenly filled with tears.

She observed it, for she watched with an anxious eye the slightest impression she produced upon him. So she continued more cheerfully:

"And say, Mr. Leland, how this will settle every other without danger, and wife will be all—"

ways between us—Our sentiments will soon be in harmony with our new thoughts. Even your future prospects, which, in a way, will also be mine, will encounter fewer obstacles, because I shall push them more openly, without revealing to my father what ought to remain a secret between us two.

"He thinks the world of Mildred, and I can let him suspect my hopes, and that will enlist him in your service. Above all, I repeat to you that this will insure my happiness. Will you then accept the peculiar affection I offer?"

Leland, by a powerful effort of will, had recovered his self-control. "Pardon me, Mrs. Denton," he said,

with a faint smile, "but this is all so sudden and strange." Then abruptly:

"But who is Mildred Lester? You have never told me, and once you promised to do so."

"She is an orphan, of good parentage, and has but one relative in the world, a brother, who is now traveling. To all intents and purposes, my father is her guardian and protector."

"She came to you under peculiar circumstances, I believe?"

"Yes, she was traveling with her brother, and was seriously injured in the great railway accident at Cos Cob. He brought her here, and hired the little cottage belonging to us on the lower road, but soon consented to her being taken into our own family."

"Her injuries affected her mind to a certain extent?"

"They affected her memory. For a long time after the fever left her, all her past life was a blank; but by little and little certain things have come back to her, and again, other things have rushed upon her memory like a great awakening, as for instance, her musical and other accomplishments. Still, she cannot recall her parents, nor any dear friends, not even her brother, and there is yet a wide gap in her past life."

"It is very singular," mused Leland. "And yet not without a parallel," said Clara. "I have been informing myself on the subject, and have found many cases quite similar."

"Generally speaking, her mind seems very bright," remarked the gentleman. "Unusually so; she has a thirst for knowledge, and seems to comprehend, as by intuition, everything she hears and reads."

"And now you have told me all you know about her?"

"Yes, except what you already know, that she is the dearest, the best girl in all the world."

"And, seriously, you wish me to marry her?"

"Yes, it is the one great wish of my heart."

"But pardon me, dear madam. What is it you ask of me? Do you yourself fully comprehend? Have you reflected well on this? Can either of us contract, without imprudence, an engagement of such a delicate nature?"

"I demand no positive engagement of you at this time," she replied, "for I feel that would be unreasonable. You must be fully satisfied about Mildred Lester, of course. But if you give me any encouragement at all, this is what I propose: You shall secure us respectable quarters in New York, convenient to some great physician—a specialist, and we will remove there with the least possible delay; and whatever can be done to restore her completely to her former self shall be done."

"I believe—I almost know she loves you already, and if you marry her I am convinced she will make you an excellent wife. Think—do think, Mr. Leland; she is so much to me, I love her better than a sister; I regard her—I love her as though she were my own child."

Still Leland did not speak. "Well, take time to think over it," she went on, "and return to give me your decision, should it be favorable. If not, we must bid each other adieu."

"Mrs. Denton," said Leland, rising and standing before her, "I will promise never to address a word to you which a daughter might not utter to a sister, or a son to his mother. Is it not this which you demand?"

Clara Denton fixed upon him for an instant her beautiful eyes, full of joy and gratitude, then suddenly covered her face with her two hands.

"Thanks," she murmured; "you are so good! I am very happy."

She extended her hand, wet with her tears, which he took and pressed to his lips, bowed low, and left the room.

There ever was a moment in his fatal career when the young man was worthy of admiration, it was this.

His love for Clara Denton, however unselfish, great, it was the only true passion he had ever felt.

At the moment when he saw this love, the triumph of which he thought certain, escape him forever, he was not only wounded in his pride but was crushed in his heart. Yet he took the stroke like a gentleman.

His agony was well borne. His first bitter words, checked at once, alone betrayed what he suffered.

mons, as it gave him the excuse for some diversion in his thoughts, of which he felt the need.

He was greatly tempted to leave at once to diminish his sufferings, but conquered this weakness.

The next evening he passed at Nathan Metcalf's, and, though his heart was bleeding, piqued himself on presenting an unclouded brow and an inscrutable smile to Clara.

He announced his speedy departure, and explained the reason.

"You will present my best wishes to your family," said Mr. Metcalf, "and especially to your sister; I hope she may be happy."

"Thanks, sir; I shall bear your good wishes with pleasure."

As for Clara, to tell of all the delicate attentions and exquisite delicacies that the tender female spirit knows so well how to apply to heal the wounds it has inflicted, how gracefully she glided into her maternal and sisterly relations with Leland—to tell all this would require a pen wielded by her own soft hands.

At parting, and while for a moment they were alone together in the hall, she reminded him that he was to secure quarters for herself and Mildred in New York.

He assured her that he would not forget, and then, with a gentle pressure of the hand, departed.

The next day he left Roxbury for the great city.

One week later, Clara Denton and Mildred Lester were established in comfortable quarters on Madison avenue, only one block away from the palatial mansion which sheltered the guilty head of Cora Elliston.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE REPTILE MOVER.

The Hon. Sherwood Elliston remained in New York for some days. At the formal request of his nephew, he called upon his old friend Sidney Leland, and demanded for Eugene, his daughter's hand, at the same time assuring the banker that he charged himself with the future of the young couple.

In secret, Floria Leland had long admired, and of late had learned to love, Eugene Cleveland. Her happiness, then, when she heard her father's announcement after dinner that day, may be imagined, but can hardly be described.

Indeed, it would be painful to dwell on the joy she felt, and her only regret was that Eugene had not come to her in person to press his suit.

But Eugene had not the heart to do so. He remained at his counting-room all the morning, and only called at the Leland's when he had learned that his overture was accepted.

Once having resolved on this monstrous action, the worst part of which he did not himself know, he was determined to carry it through in the most correct manner, and by this time he was master of all those arts.

After he had withdrawn, Floria flew to her mother, who, believing in Cleveland, shared her happiness, and they sat together a long time, hand clasped in hand, looking out upon the garden, dimly seen by the soft light of the stars, the daughter blessing her mother, her friends, everybody and their hearts, their dreams, their kisses, and their tears—happy, poor women, than is permitted long to human beings under the heavens.

The marriage took place the ensuing month. Senator Elliston was present, and when he returned to Washington this time he was accompanied by his wife.

At the earnest request of his bride's parents, Eugene took up his residence with them, and Warren Leland still had a suite of apartments in the same stately and commodious mansion.

His political campaign had now opened, and he was very busy, visiting Roxbury or some other town in the Congressional district every day; but in order to be near Mrs. Denton, and particularly Mildred Lester, in whom—must we confess it?—he was beginning to feel a rapidly growing interest, he spent most of his nights in New York.

Finding presently that he could not attend to all his correspondence alone, he began to look about him for a private secretary, and soon one presented himself and was promptly engaged.

It was—Oscar Sylve!

The extraordinary session of Congress that commanded the presence of Senator Elliston in Washington was still dragging its weary length along.

Cora endured it for some time, and then, informing her husband that it was necessary for her to visit New York, promptly returned to that city.

A few days later Oscar Sylve threw up his situation and followed her.

The next day after his arrival he was installed as Warren Leland's private secretary.

He lived in the same house with them. He came early in the morning, after breakfast, passed the day in Warren's private room, and often dined with them, if he had work to finish in the evening.

Instinctively, Floria disliked him from the first.

His name is a bad one to begin with," she said.

"Yes," rejoined her mother; "but the man himself is a good enough creature, except that I somewhat dislike his cat-like style of looking at one."

"I don't like him," reiterated Floria. "He has such a peculiar pride, or perhaps great faith, in my eyes, is the scoffing tone he adopts when the subject is religion or morals."

Eugene entered the room in time to catch his wife's last remark. He said nothing at the time; but that day, while they were dining, Sylve allowed himself to indulge in a rather violent trade of this description. It was doubtless contrary to all good taste.

"My dear Sylve," said Eugene, quietly and yet ironically, "to me, and perhaps to all the world, these pleasantities of yours are indifferent; but pray remember that, wife is a weak-minded woman, and strength, you know, should respect weakness."

Oscar Sylve first grew white, then red, and finally green. He arose, bowed the table.

The moment he was gone, Floria said to her brother:

"You may think me indiscreet, but pray let me ask you a question: How can you confide in your affairs and all your secrets to a man who professes to have no principles?"

Florine opened her eyes wide at this look, "what is the matter, Flor?"

"What is this honor you speak of?" "Grown! I know!" she cried, blushing deeply. "I know but little of it, but morality is no great thing; and money constitutes a chain of honor. They are last link, like a flower; but if the chain is broken, honor falls with the rest."

Her husband, who heretofore had his eyes, as though he were not only untroubled but disquieted by her philosophy. Then he gave a deep sigh, and said:

"Very neat, that definition—very neat. 'Yes, by Jove!' exclaimed her brother. 'I didn't know Flor had so much in her. That night, at the opera, Eugene was very attentive to his wife. Cora accompanied them; and at parting, Floria begged him to call for her next day in passing, to shopping expedition, for this moment she was to be with her."

On their return home Eugene remained silent, contrary to his custom.

Suddenly he said, abruptly: "Flora, are you going out shopping with Mrs. Elliston to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"But you see her often, it seems to me—morning and evening. You are always with her."

"Heaven! I do it to oblige her. I am not Mrs. Elliston's good associate?" "Excellent; only in general I do not."

admit female friendships. But I did wrong to speak to you on this subject. You have wit and discretion enough to preserve the proper limits."

For some time after her marriage Floria was quite happy, but gradually she became less so; for the first enthusiasm and first illusions of marriage could not for long deceive a spirit as quick and acute as hers.

A young girl who marries is easily deceived by the show of an affection of which she is the object.

It is rare that she does not adore her husband, and believe she is adored by him, simply because he has married her.

The young heart opens spontaneously and diffuses its delicate perfume of love, and its soft songs of tenderness; and enveloped in this heavenly cloud all around it is love.

But little by little it free itself, and, too often, recognizes that this delicious harmony, so intoxicating atmosphere which charmed it came only from itself.

Thus was it here; as far as she can render the shadows of a female soul. Such were the impenetrable rays, day after day, penetrated the very soul of poor little Flor.

It was nothing more than this, but this was everything to her.

The idea of being betrayed by her husband, and that, too, with cruel premeditation, had never risen to torture her soul. But, beyond certain delicate attentions, she felt herself disdained and slighted.

Her marriage had not changed Eugene's habits; he dined at home, instead of at a restaurant or hotel, that was all. She believed herself loved, however, but with a lightness that was almost offensive.

Happy to witness this manifestation of her husband's love, she remained on two or three evenings in her room to take a look at her books.

Being indisposed for some time, Eugene passed the first two evenings in bed.

By and by, and the poor creature, already erected an edifice on this frail basis had a vision of observing that on the morning he had resumed his bed.

This was a great blow to her, and she became greater than up to that time—so much so that solitude was almost unbearable.

Unfortunately, her father was away, and in the interval she had the habit of retaining his secretary for him. Eugene had fourth of the time, would have going out in the evening.

"I bring you Sylve, my dear," said, "and a good author, 'him together.'"

But Sylve, whenever he was such a sympathetic ally, so mortified when she did not stay, that, even when she was frequently did so.

About the end of the month alone with Floria about town. They were reading before, which seemed to interest them, and with her eye reading, she listened with work, but, as is frequently traced her own history action of the poet.

We all know with what joyance a mind possessed ideas discovers resemblances in accidental description. oved without doubt connection between her husband and herself, and M she could not help showing strongly agitated.

When Marguerite in prison her agony and madness, a confused sentiments, of pathos, of vague apprehensions seized on her breast. One imagine their force—to the tracing her.

She turned on the loun her beautiful eyes, as if to tears, which she hid under her beautiful lashes.

At this moment Sylve dropped his book, sighed started for a moment.

Then he threw himself a took her hand, and said: "Poor angel!"

CROP REPORT.

The Weekly Bulletin of Bureau.

WASHINGTON, June 23—crop report of the weather the following result:

New England—Except in where the drought still crop will be an average.

New York—Grains fair; injured by drought, hop numerous.

New Jersey—General rain proved the prospects of all and rye ready to harvest.

Pennsylvania—Rains grew crops; wheat ripening rapidly; potatoes improving; hay and

Canada Not Discomf OTTAWA, Ont., June 23, having been made that the Government is continuing its of against United States vessels the Dominion canals. The ways says the statement false, and challenges the evidence of a case where the guarding tolls has not been a American and Canadian vessels have been given in shipping at Kingston, thus against Ogdensburg, as all

No Money Panic in BUFFALO, N. Y., June 23, in financial circles here a confidence. There is nothing nature, and the action of House concerning the Qu failure effectually checked feeling of insecurity among The fact that there is over cash in Buffalo which a for the asking seems to sat

Wreck on the Union PORTLAND, Ore., June 23, Pacific fast mail train was six miles from this city y passenger, C. C. Chase, w two others injured. The tr at a high rate of speed c cow standing on a curve.

The Caravels at TORONTO, June 23.—The ves Santa Maria, Plinta and rived here. They were towed shore off Centre Island p cern of the caravels were t about the city. The flec Welland canal early to-day

Gen. Sickles' Mother NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Mary S. Sickles, mother of El Sickles, died yesterday in this village. She old. Mrs. Sickles had l number of years. The cau Bright's disease.

A Kentucky Bank ASHLAND, Ky., June 23, National Bank, this plac doors. It is solvent, bu suspend because of inability good paper. The deposit their money.

Georgia Drew Harrym SANTA BARBARA, Cal., J Drew Barrymore, actor, yesterday. She came to weeks ago for her health an considerably. She was tal orange about noon and die Res. George E. Ford, wa husband, married Barrymo in New York.