WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1893,

More than two-thirds of the male prisoners in the State's prisons of the various States are under thirty years of age.

Montana is larger than New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusettá, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania put together.

The average weight of 20,000 Boston men was 142 pounds; womer, 125 pounds. At Cincinnati the average of the same number of men was 15 pounds; of women, 131.

In the United States the average life for farmers is sixty-four years; for lawyers, fifty-two; merchants, fortyeight; mechanics, forty-seven; sea men, forty-six; laborers, forty-four.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth asserts that she is the author of the first continued story ever published in the United States, which appeared in the Washington Era forty-five years ago. It was called "Retribution," but it seems never to have overtaken her.

There is at the Executive Mansion a so-called "eccentric file," on which all letters from palpable cranks are Most of these contain threats put. and warnings. This file has been kept ever since the episode of Guiteau, who wrote many such notes before he shot President Garfield.

Doctor Ernst Hart, the editor of the British Medical Journal, who is now in Chicago, says. "I consider Chicago's water supply the best of all the great cities in America. The greatest danger was done away with when the old shore intake was abolished But the city will not be absolutely safe until the two-mile crib is abandoned and the four-mile intake used exclusively.

The conquest of arid America has but fairly begun and will not be completed for some time in the nameless distant future. Water is taken from rivers and streams by means of dams, pumping devices and canals; vast areas in the mountains are covered by well constructed reservoirs; springs, seepage and drainage sources are utilized : and even the underflow-that hidden and comparatively inexhaustible fountain—is being tapped in many localities. Artesian wells, counted by thousands, and underground tunnels and channels are flowing, and being constructed, almost everywhere. That sustaining element of plant-life, water, is sought and secured by men of enterprise and capital.

A writer in London Truth suggests that an association of girls be formed who shall pledge themselves to propose to any man whom they may consider desirable for a husband. He believes that proposing should not be limited to men, and that men, who, as he claims, are naturally more bashful than girls, often remain single because they have not the courage to propose, and, as a consequence, many girls are husbandless. But there is this difference in favor of the present order of, things: If a man is refused, he soon forgets it and in a few days is ready to ask another girl to marry him, while a girl who had suffered a failure would first cry her eyes out with embarrassment, then turn cynical and never look at a man again.

It is the opinion of men familiar with the character of the Navajo lndians, declares the Argonant, that a war with them will prove to be a serious business for the Government. The tribe numbers about thirty thousand, of whom nine thousand are fighting warriors. The reservation where they are intrenched is rough and difficult, and contains many passes where, according to one authority, "two Indians can hold their ground against the en-tire United States Army." The Navajoes have trained their ponies to go without water for two days, if necessary. The whole tribe is armed with the most approved repeating rifles, and the bucks have been storing ammunition for years in anticipation of trou-Me. The Navajoes have a perfect system of signals and scouts, and are always informed hours in advance of the movements of troops sent against

BETRAYED;

A DARK MARRIAGE MORN.

A Romance of Love, Intrigue and Crime.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON.

THE LIGHTAING'S FLASH IN THE CLEAR SEY.

Flora had closed her eyes to conceal
her tears. She opened them at the instant Slyme seized her hand and called
her "poor angel."
Seeing the man on his knees, she could
not comprehend it, and only exclaimed,
simply."

not comprehend it, and only simply:
"Are you mad, Mr. Slyme?"
"Yes, I am mad!" Slyme threw his hair back with a romantic gesture common to bim and, he believed, to the poets. "Yes, I am mad with love and with pity, for I see your sufferings, pure and noble victim!" see your sunering., victim!"
Flora only stared in blank astonish-

Flora only stared in blank astonishment.

"Repose-rourself with confidence," her continued, "on a heart that will be devoted to you until death—a heart into which your tears now roll to its most sacred depths."

Flora did not wish her tears to roll to such a distance, so she dried them.
A man on his knees before the woman he adores must appear to her either sublime or ridiculous. Unfortunately the attitude of Slyme, at once theatrical and awkward, did not seem sublime to Flora. To her lively imagination it was irresistibly Indigrous.

A bright gleam of amusement illumined her charming countenance; she bit her lips to conceal it, but it shone out of her eyes nevertheless.

Con should never kneel unless sure of

eyes nevertheless.

One should never kneel unless sure of rising coqueror. Otherwise, like Slyme, he exposes himself to be laughed at.

Rise, Mr. Slyme, 'said Flora, gravely.'
This book has evidently bewildered you.
Go and take some rest and we will forget this only you must have forest.

Go and take some rest and we will forget this; only you must never forget yourself again in this manner."

Slyme rose. He was livid. this in the manner of the second of t

snar: "

The emphasis of these words displayed so evident an intention, the countenance of Flora changed immediately. She moved uneasily on the lounge. "What do you mean, Mr. Slyme?" "Nothing, ma'am, which you do not know, I think," he replied meaningly. She rose.
"You shell ""You shell ""You shell ""You shell ""You shell ""You shell ""You shell ""

She rose.

You shall explain your meaning immediately to me, sir! she explaimed; "or later, to my husband."

But your sadness, your tears," cried the secretary, in a tone of admirable sincerity; "these made me sure you were not ignorant of it!"

"Of what? How he hesitate! Speak, man!"

man!

an!" I am not a wretch! I love you and pity u!—that is all;" and Slyme sighed

"I am not a wretch! I love you and pity you!--that is all;" and Slyme sighed deeply.
"And why do you pity me?"
She spoke haughtily; and though Slyme had never suspected this imperiousness of manner or of language, he retlected hurriedly on the point at which he had arrived. More sure than ever of success, after a moment he took from his pocket a folded letter.

It was the one with which he had provided himself to confirm Flora's suspicions, now awakened for the first time.
In profound silence he unfolded it and handed it to her.
She hesitated a moment, then seized it. A single glance recognized the writing, for she had often exchanged notes with Cora.

A single glance recognized the writing, for she had often exchanged notes will. Core.

Words of the most burning passion terminated thus:

"Always a little jealous of Flo; half vexed at having given her to you. For she is pretty, and—but I/I am beautiful, am I not, my beloved? and above all. I adore you!"

At the first word Flore became the

am I not, my beloved? and above all, I adore you!"
At the first word Flora became fearfully pale. Finishing, she uttered a fearfull gloan, re-read the letter, and returned it to Slyme, as if unconscious of what she was dong."
For a few seconds she remained motion-less—petrified—hereyes fixed on vacancy. A world seemed rolling down and crushing her heart.
Suddenly she turned, passed with rapid steps into her boudoir; and Slyme heard the sound of opening and shutting drawers.

ers.

A moment after she reappeared with hat and cloak, and crossed the boudoir with the same strong and rapid step.

Slyme, terribed to death, rushed to

the same strong and rapid step.

Slyme, terrived to death, rushed to stop ler.

Mrs. Cleve'and!" he cried, throwing himseif before her:

She waved him aside with an imperious gesture of her hand. He trembled and obeyed, and she left the bondoir. A moment later she was on the avenue, going toward Broadway.

It was now near midnight: cold, damp weather, with the rain falling in great drops. The few pedestrians still on the broad pavement turned to follow with their eyes this majestic lady, whose gait seemed hastened by some errand of life or death.

But in New York nothing is surprising, for people witness all manner of things there. Therefore, the strange appearance of Flora did not excite any extraordinary stention.

A few men smiled and nodded; others

traordinary attention.

A few men smiled and nodded; others threw a few words of raillery at her. Both were unheeded alike.

Both were unheeded slike.

Reaching Medison Square, she stopped near the fountain. The sound of the falling water caught her ear. She leaned against a tree, and gazed into the agitated pool; then bowing her head, she sighed a groaning sigh, and turned back.

Hurrying up Fifth avenue, she passed her own door, and soon reached the Elliston mansion.

her own door, and soon rescues the conston mansion.

Arrived there, the unfortunate child knew not what to do, nor even why she ind come. She had some rague design, as though to assure herself pelpably of her misfortune; to duch it with ker florger, or perhaps to duch assure ressen. Some prefert to doubt it.

Nhe droppe down on the stone stene

and hid her tace in both upr names, value, striving to think.

striving to think.

It was past midnight. The streets were deserted; a shower of rain was falling, and she was chilled to numbress.

A policeman passed by. He turned and stared at the young woman, then tookher roughly by the arm.

What are you doing here?" he asked, buttally.

brutally.
She looked up at him with wondering

eyes.
1) to not know myself, she answered.
The man looked more closely at her,
discovered through all her convesion a nameless refinement and the subtle per-fume of purity. He took pity on her. But madam, you cannot stay here, he rejoined, in a softer voice. No?

You must have some great sorrow?"

Yery great."
"What is your name?"
"Flora Cleveland, "she said, simply.
The man looked bewildered.
"Will you tell me where you live?" he

She gave the number with perfect simplicity and perfect indiverse plicity and perfect indifference. She seemed to be thinking nothing of what she was saying.

"Ah! just below here," said the offi-

"Ah! just Delow "Yes," she rejoined.
"Yes," she rejoined.
"Will you take my arm?"
She did so quietly, and they started slowly down the street.
Eugene had just reached the house, and heard with stupefied surprise, from the lips of the lady's maid, the details of his wife's mysterious disappearance, when the hell rang violently.

while a mysterious disappearance, when the bell rang violently.

He rushed out and met his wife on the stairs. She had somewhat recovered her calmbes, and as he interrogated her with a searching glance, made a ghastly effort to smile. to smile.

to smile.

"I was slightly ill and went out a little," she said. "I walked too far and am somewhat tired."

Notwithstanding the improbability of the explanation, he did not hesitate. He murmured a few soft words of reprorch and placed her in the hands of her maid, who removed her wet garments.

During that time he called the officer, who remained in the vestibule, and closely interrogated him.

On learning where he had found Flora

On learning where he had found Flora, Eugene knew at once and fully the whole truth.

truth.

He went directly to his wife. She had retired and was trembling in every limb.
One of her hands was resting outside the covellet.

He rushed to take it, but she withdrew it gently, but with sad and resolute dignity.
The simple resture told him they were separated forevar.

The simple resture told him they were separated forevar.

By a tseit arrangement proposed by her, and as tacitly accepted by him, Flora became virtually a widow.

He remained for some seconds immovable, his expression last in the shadow of a curtain; then slowly left the chamber. The idea of lying to defend himself never occurred to him.

His line of conduct was already arranged—calmly, methodically. But two blue circles had already sunk around his syes, and his face wore a waren pallor.

His hands, joined behind his back, were clenched to gether; and the ving he wore sparkled with their tremulous movement.

eent. After half en hour he stood in the door of her chamber. "Flo!" he said.

She turned her eyes gleaming with

"Flo!" he said.

She turned her eyes glesming with fever upon him.

"Flo, I am ignorant of what you know, and I shall not ask you," he continued, as he stepped into the room and approached her bed. "I have been very criminal toward you, but perhaps less so than you think.

"Terrible circumstances bound me with iron bands. Fate ruled me! But I seek no paliation. Judge of ome as severely as you wish; but I beg of you calm yourself—preserve yourself!

"You spoke to me this morning of your presentiments—of your maternal hopes. Attach yourself to those thoughts, and you will always be mistress of your life. As for myself, I shall be whatever you will me—a stranger or a friend. But now I feel that my presence makes you ill. I will leave you for a time, but not alone. Would you wish Mrs. Morgan to come to you?"

"Yes," she murmured, faintly.

yon?"
"Yes," she murmured, faintly.
"I shall go for her; but it is not necessary to tell you there are confidences one must reserve from one's deargst friends."
"Except a mother?" She murmured the question with a supplicating agony, very painful to see.

question with a supplying the painful to see.

He grew still paler. After an instant:
"Except a mother!" he said. "Be it so!"
She turned her face and buried it in the pillow.
"Your mother returns to-morrow, does she not?"

1 She made an affirmative motion of her head.

"You can make your arrangements with hear. I shall accept everything."
"Thank you," she replied, feebly.
He left the room and went to find Mrs. Morgan, whom he awakened, and briefly told her his wife had been seized with a never nervous attack, the effect of a chill. The smiable lady ran hastily to Flora and spent the night with her.
But she was not the dupe of the explanation Eugene had given her. Women quickly understand each other in their grief.

prints the legens mangiven mer, women quickly understand each other in their grief.

Nevertheless she saked no confidences and received none; but her tenderness to the stricken one redoubled.

During the silence of that dreadful night the only service she could render her was to make her weep.

Nor did those laggard hours pass less bitterly for Eugene Cleveland.

He tried to take no rest, but walked up and down his apartments until daylight in a sort of frenzy. The distress of this poor child wounded him to the heart.

The memories of the past rose before him, and passed onward in sad procession. Then the morrow would show him the crushed daughter with her mother—her loving mother. Mortally stricken in all her best illusions, in all her dearest hopes, in all connection with the happiness of life!

He found he had yet in his heart lively feelings of nity; yet some remorse in his connections.

feelings of puty; yet some temotee in me conscience.
Strange te say, this weakness irritated him, and he denounced it to himself.
Who had betrayed him?
This question agitated him to an equal degree, but from the first instant he had not been deceived in this matter.
The sudden give and half exceed conviction of his wife, her despairing attitude, and har silence, containing the tasks and har silence, containing the services.

shie mystery under bil this; out on as-sured that the ovil is not so terrible as it

My poor mother! but he has soknowl-

My soor mother! but he has acknowledged it. That proves he has yet some pride, and some good yet left in his soul. Then, too, he feels very much afflicted; he suffers as much as we do. Think of that, Let us think of the future, my darling."
They clasped each other's hands, and smiled at one another to restrain the tears which filled the eyes of both.
After a few minutes:
"I must go to your poor father now, my child," said Mrs. Leland, "and then I would like to repose for half an hour."
"I will accompany you to pape's room Oh. I can walk! I feel a great deal better."
"I think you had better wait a little my dear. Your father is reposing after the fatigues of the journey. I will come for you by and by."
Wery well, mamma."
Mrs. Leland rose to leave the room. A the door she turned:
"Re sanshla" she said, with another

the door she turned:
"Be sensible," she said, with another

"Be sensible." she said, with another smile.

"And you also," rejoined Flora, whose voice failed her.

Mrs. Leland hastened to her own private room, closed and locked the door, raised her clasped hagds toward Heaven; then, falling on her kness before the bed, she buried her head in it, and commenced to weep despairingly.

Flora, left slone in her room, dropped upon her kness, clasped her hands, and supplicated the Great Throne for strength to bear the terrible trial through which she was passing.

she was passing.

The apartment occupied by Eugene was continuous to this chamber. He had been walking with long strides up and down the room, expecting every moment to see lars Lel ud enter.

the room, expecting every moment to see the foundation of the set of the set

A little after midday he received note:

"My husband's health is hopelessly broken. He has sent in his resignation to the directors of the bank. He longs for the country. Warren has placed his house at Roxbury at our disposal, and we depart almost immediately. If you will peruit me to take my daughter with me for a few days, I shall be grateful to you.

AONES LELAND."

you. AGNES DEPARATION OF THE AGNES A

Mrs. Leland, in fact, having consulted the inclination and the strength of her daughter, had determined to remove her without delay, if possible, from the impressions of the spot where she had suffered so severely from the presence of her husband, and from the unfortunate embarrassment of their mutual situation.

tion.
She desired also to meditate in solitude, in order to decide what course to take under unexpected circums: ances.
Finally, she had not the courage to see Eugene again—if she could ever see him again—nutil some time had slepsed. It was not without anxiety that she awaited his reply to the request she had addressed him.

his reply to the request she had addressed him.

In the midst of the troubled confusion of her ideas, she believed him capable of almost anything; and she feared everything from him.

Eugene's note reassured her.

She hastened to read it to her daughter and both of them, like two lost creatures who climg to the smallest twig, remarked with pleasure the kind of respectful abandonment with which he had reposed their destines in their awn hand. He spent the remainder of the day in his counting-room, and when he returned they had departed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE REPTILE TUENS TO STING.

When Flora Cleveland returned to New York and her home she there experienced the painful impressions of the past, and the somber preoccupation of the future; but she brought there with her, although in a fragile form, a most powerful consolation—her first-born child. Assailed by griet, and even menaced by new emotions, she was obliged to, renounced the nursing of her little one; but nevertheless she never left him, for she was jended to be loved by him.

She loved him with an infinite passion. She loved him because he was her own son and of her blood.

on and of her blood.

He was the price of her misfortune—of her pain.

She loved him because he was her caly hope of human happiness hereafter.

her pain.

She loved him because he was her chly hope of human happiness hereafter.

She loved him because he was as beautiful as the day. And it was true he was as; for he resembled his father—and she loved him also on that account.

She tried to concentrate her heart and all her thoughts on this dear creature, and at first she thought ahe had succeeded. She was surprised at herself, at her own traquillity, when she saw Cora Elliston; for her lively imagination had exhausted, in advance, all the sadness which her new existence could contain.

But when she had lost the kind of torpor into which excessive suffering had plunged her—when her maternal sensations were a little quieted by custom—her woman's heart recovered itself in the mother's She could not prevent herself from research.

mother's bear recovered itself in the mother's blue could not prevent herself from renewing her passionate interest in her graceful though terrible husband. Mrs. Leland did not return to the city with her daughter, but remained in Roxivith her daughter, but remained in Roxivith her her bear quite often, however, and told her everything that was taking place. For this wise young woman, mething, saw everything, and eraggerated nothing.

She tenched in her truther the same control of the control of

nothing.

She tenched, in her latters, on the most delicate points in the household, and even on her husband's secret thoughts, with accurate justice.

string the matter of conclusions of them are the string that the matter of conclusions that nothing arrives the conclusion that the conditions of the conclusions of the conclusions of the conditions of the cond

It concluded with the livelies gratinds, and re-ret.

Engene could not very well beach his brother-in-law's secretary to straigle him; so he resolved to do the next beat thing. He not only sent him a frieadly letter thanking him for all his kindness to his wife, but a handsome present in addition as a testimonial of his sympathy and gool wishes!

This, however, was a simple precaution, for he supprehended weither.

This, however, was a simple precaution, for he apprehended nothing more from the venomous reptile, so far beneath him, after he had once shaken him off.

off.

Seeing him deprived of the only weapon he could possibly use against him, he felt safe. Besides, so far as he knew, Slyme had lost the only interest he could desire to subserve, for he knew this man had done him the compliment of couring his wife.

And he really esteemed him a little less low, after discovering this gentlemanly taste!

Ah! but the end was not but he offers.

manly taste!

Ah! but the end was not yet.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DAUGHTER AND HER MOTHER.

It required on the part of Eugene Cleve.
land, this same morning, an exertion of
all his courage to perform his duty as a
gentleman in receiving Mr. and Mrs. Leland upon their return bome. But courage
had been for some time past his sole remaining virtue; and this, at least, he
sought never to lose.

He received them most gracefully—his
father and mother-in-law as they descended from their carriage and entered
the broat hall.

Mr. Leland was much broken in health.
The trip, which it had been hoped would
benefit, had only wearied him; and now,
on again entering his own door, he begged
to be at once assisted to his sleeping
room.

Mrs. Leland lineared in autwice of act

on again entering his own door, he berged to be at once assisted to his sleeping room.

Mrs. Leland lingered in surprise at not seeing her daughter there to meet them, and cast an inquiring look upon Engens. He informed her that she had been a little indisposed since the preceding evening. Notwithstanding the preceding evening. Notwithstanding the precedures he took in his language and by his smile, he could not prevent Mrs. Leland from feeling a lively alarm.

He did not pretend, however, entirely to reassure her. Under his reserved and measured replies, she felt the presentment of some disaster. After having pressed him with many questions, she suddenly turned and hurried up stairs. Flors, to spare her mother, the first shock, had quitted her bed and dressed herself; and the poor child had even put fittle rouge on her pale cheeks. Engene, who had hastened after his motherin-law, himself opened for her the door of her daughter's chamber, and then withdrew.

All that passed between them affirst was a silent interchange of mutual casesses. Then the mother seated herself near her daughter, drew har head on her bosom, and looked into the depths of her eyes.

eyes.
"What is the matter?" she asked sadly.

"What is the matter?" she asked sadly.
"Oh, nothing—nothing hopeless! only
you must love your little Flo more than
ever. Will you not?"

"Yes; but why?"

"I must not worry you; and I must not
wrong myself, either. You know why!

"Yes; but I implore you, my darling,
to toll me,

"Very well; I will tell you everything
But, mother, you must be as brave as I
am."

She buried her head lower still on her

She buried her head lower still on her mother's breast, and commenced to recount to her, in a low voice, without looking up once, the terrible revelation which had been made to her, and which her husband's avowal had confirmed.

Mrs. Leland did not once interrupt her during this cruel recital. She only imprinted a kiss on her hair from time to time.

Flora, who did not dare to raise her syes to her, as though she were ashamed of another's crime, might have imagined that she had craggerated the gravity of her misfortune, since her mother had received the confidence with so much calmness. But the calmness of Mrs. Leland at this terrible moment was that of the martyrs; for all that could have been suffered by the Christians under the claws of the tiger, or on the rack of the torturer, this mother was enfering at the hands of her best-beloved daughter.

Her beautiful pale face—her large eyes upturned to heaven, like those they give to the pure victims kneeling in the Koman circus—appeared as though demanding of God if He really had any consolation

circus—appeared as though demanding of God if He really had any consolation for such torture.

of God if He really and any for such torture.

When she had beard all, she summoned strength to smile at her daughter, who at least looked up to her with an expression of timid uncertainty, embracing her strength of the st

more tight. The second of the Per

Event with an or new sould we ing human larger the heart, or that of a supernatural imp If the dark and which Eugene Clav the law of his six absolutely, this wo The trials he has not reform him, the He did not new the same than the same transfer with t He did not pure ame firmness; he

gramme.
He pitied one of one wrong always pitying his wife, he ohild.

These two weaks his petrified soul, a and there took ro

and there took roroots, however.
The child scarce
than a few momen
He thought of
would return hom
lusual each day th
oreetly attracted
fresh face.

The mother was f Her sufferings, her touched him. She

touched him. She somebody. He discovered mperceived she wa formed for a wo half a word, kne guessed at the rem. She had, in fine and solidity which tion of a woman o comparable charm. She was a lovable understood that attractions, even f. Yet, though he! the idea of arctific that his wife pleas friend, which she is 170 28 c.

Saving is a practical and like all habit

sure them mone THE PRESI Only a Slight S

child, but taking an adult. It is children to spend

Pertect Health-ney Calls at Gray

and

BUZZARD'S BAY, President's conditio President's condition proved during the proved during the proved the provided and he will, again, and he will, around in a few day. Hon, Richard Oli arrived here yester ton. He was seen train, and said the through on his was the has a summer to make a call on the train and social control of the provided here yes to make a call on the train and social control of the provided here.

It was a social cand Mr. Olney hope ment with the Pres cursion.

cursion.

Afterwards, Mr.
Cleveland was do
spirits and apyares
health, and that h
confined to his knee
swollen somewhat,
ied by his wife, y
last evening.

Francis Clerks Executive Clerk

Executive Clerk with his picent: Bryant may recurn Nothing of a protes him here, which sh is not in such a ser would make him at The President pa yesterday-aitting or Gray Gables. He it to a fishing trip aboveek.

THE MURDERE

They Were Forme HARRISBURG, Pa from Lebanon recestates that the Kr murdered at Ca west from that co after living in moved to North : man is Daniel S. K brother to Editor Annville Journal Annual Society of Power of the Land Society of Power of P

from the oldest dat murderer, states it all the family excel children were kille Bonderer kille Campbellstown, t twenty years old twenty years old lives in this city as by the news of h Bomberger left her

Bambur Fargo, N. D., J received from Chr Bamburger, the m family at Cando, aine, Manitoba, (aine, Manicoba, (
There are no par
left Cando Saturla
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nia. Cando busin
reward of \$200 f

Their Fian to COLUMBUS, O., Ju covered Saturday