The ram in naval warfare is believed now to be the thing.

Ostrich taming is a very profitable industry in Africa, where it is computed there are over 150,000 tame

In France a congress has been in session to consider the repopulation of the country. It is recommended that men having no children be taxed heavily, and that taxes be reduced proportionately for the larger families.

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A few years ago a hunter on the Indian River in Florida killed 800 alligators during the season, securing fortytwo in one night. But they have become much scarcer since then, and it is impossible for a hunter to make such a record at the present time.

The street scrapings of cities, the cleanings from gutters and ditches, and the garbage and refuse of almost kind could be applied to our to their great advantage. Chicago observes the ler," es, "if such a sensible method of posing of these wastes will not some lay be adopted."

ctric railways promise to afford nient means for travel through ulated districts. They will ing farmers along their portunities for reaching fresh or perishable pro ms along such lines will ew value for such purposes as it growing and gardening.

ic official report of immigration he year ending 30th of June shows ggregate decrease of 121,485 comd with the preceding year. "The rticularly noteworthy feature of the port," remarks the New York News, the fact that the decrease was alst wholly from the better types-Ms. Swedes, Norwegians, Irish English. Some of the least desir-Ces show a substantial increase.

> m Lyle, of Paterson, N. J., the largest silk manufacturers atry. His father and mothegan the making of silk with m as far back as the early and wove the American flag vaved over the Crystal Palace It is a leap from that period when there are more than

factories in that town enthrowing, dyeing and weav-

has been described as "contwo parts--1, a desert with desert without salt." unggeration, but the genof the country is ex-

Where irrigation is wilderness is made to a rose." The low cities are built of d brick, and have They are treet. within than with-

tscontinues to in ly that there is no dife New York World, in crop. The result is ing into the business, predict to what proming will grow. Many Juntry are admirably growing of English which are very popular ption of which may be d by a slight drop in

producing the most in proportion to the is Australia, where there ge of 800 pounds per inhabproduction of Argentine ; of the United States, eland, 160; of Denmark of France, 70; L II of Italy, 28 of meat in r inhabi-

Unit

the order grantees activy falls broke the prism grain, may be compared and the more, may be compared again.

Around the Somethar rings And through the swinging go He comes just as of yore.

And then a sound of sighing wind Breathes of the distant sea, Where on a ship through storm as Is driven ruthlessly.

And there again the youthful face, But blanched by fear and pain. As o'er the seething foam he looked And called his mother's name.

His mother's name she heard it then Though leagues between them lay Of trackless sands and angry seas And wreaths of mist and spray.

She knew it when her darling calle To her his last farewell; Upon her sad foreboding heart His tones distinctly feel.

And though her goatle lips may smile, Her thoughts are far from home, Beside his lonely sea-girt grave Under the restless foam.

And ever when the wind's low t Sighs o'er the blooming shore

A DARK SECRET.

The Story of a Tragic Life Drama.

BY E. M. DAVY.

CHAPTER V.

FAIRLY BEWITCHED. An hour later, a cigarette my sole com-parion, I was walking up and down a gravel path of which I felt sure a distant view could be obtained from the windows of No. 20

gravel path of which I felt sure a distant view could be obtained from the windows of No. 29.

I grew restless and impatient. Daylight was fading before my ruse brought any desired result; but at lest I saw a igure coming toward me rapidly. It was Edna Lynton. I flung away my cigarette, and raised my hat as she came up.

She stood in front of me—her eyes cast down upon the path, her fingers interlaced—in a pretty, half-shy, deprecating attitude I knew so well. There was nothing striking about the girl, as I have said; nothing to attract attention. But she had soft, winning ways, little gracefulnesses—if I may coin a term that stole upon you unawares.

"Mrs. Hargreave sends her compliments, and will you favor her with your company between 8 and 9 o clock. Mr. Dadley?"

And this was apoken in the low, soft with

Dudley?"
And this was spoken in the low, soft voice that had once been such sweet music to my ears; but now, the words is read!

music to my ears; but now, the words jarred!

"Edna—" I cried, impulsively. I was instantly conscious of my mistake.
"I have not inished," she continued, quietly, still without looking at me. Miss Hargreave also sends a message. If you have anything for her, will you give it, please, to me?"

"My compliments to Miss Hargreave, and I regard her request as a command. This is the answer to the second message." I took, as I spoke, a sealed envelope from my pocket, but, before relinquishing it, added: "Miss Lyaton, tell me—as a favor, I entreat you to tell me—what has brought you here in this fostitud."

me—what has brought you here in this fosition?"

"Best—far best to tell him," she murmired, as though parleying with herself. Then she spoke out quite frankly:

"Poverty, Mr. Dudley, brought me to it. My father's annuity died with him. I thought at first of being a governess, but there are already too many governesses in the world, so I decided to be a confidential maid. I came North, hoping to be unrecognized."

"You have not changed your name?"

"Why should I? There is no shame in what I do."

"Why should I? There is no shame in what I do."
"Our fortunes—or rather misfortunes—are strangely similar—"
"Have you been unfortunate?" she asked, with swift, warm sympathy, allowing her eyes for the first time to encounter mine.
"The day after my father's death I awoke to the fact that I was a beggar," I said with a little bitter laugh. "I have to work for my living, that is all. You yours—"

to work for my living, that is all. You see now now my case resembles yours—"You, a beggar—I, a servant!" She repeated the words twice, wonderingly and dreamily, and added, smiling sadly. But strangers—strangers still." "Certainly not strangers," I hastened to say, "On the contrary, I propose that we commence our acquaintance from to-day on a new basis—that of friendship. Let us be the best of friends."
"It is not impossible."
"It is not impossible."
"Totally and utterly impossible. Is it necessary that I should explain my reasons? Usan I have been imprached in talking with you so long. Your messages shall be delivered, sir—at once." And with that she turked away. Standing where she left me, I watched her until she disappeared within the house.

her until she disappeared within the house.

Poor little Edna! What a hard lot was hers, and yet how bravely she had, set about battling with the world! I admired the pluck—the spirit—of the girl. It was a hitherto undiscovered trait in her—an added charm to a character which once I had thought the most beautiful.

Ah, Edna! Why could you not return the lora! offered you in those happy days at Goldhurst! No woman will ever be to me what you were then. To no other can I pour out my heart's best lere, for you had it all—and accorded it.

I continued to pace massily up and deen the gravel pair until the start speared, and a biller.

"Come as, because of a voice."
I entered the second with rich tapestry Orleated rugs covered the floor;
plents and flowers made the semestars
hers, Hargesave sat in a low easy chair,
before a blazing fire. She locked thin,
fragile and somewhat pewish as she rose
to receive me. "This is very good of you,"
"This is very good of you," Dudley, she said.

ing the comfortable chair she pointed to.
I consider it is," she said, oracularly.
I simply bowed again, waiting for her to proceed.

I simply bowed again, watches

"The nights are very chilly; but what beautiful fires they keep up in the North," she observed, presently. "I wonder if this strank you when you first oams to Northshire as much as it struck me."

Had she been making inquiries, then, concerning me? There was but one person who could tell her snything, and that was Dr. Gascolgne. I made a mental note of this.

was Dr. Gascolgns. I made a mental note of this.

"I appreciate good fires, comforts, and luxuries of all kinds," I replied, essaively, glancing around the luxuriously appointed room.

"Are you musical?" whe next asked probably noticing that my gaze dwelt for a moment on the open piano and the heap of music on the floor.

"I am passionately fond of music."

"So is my daughter. That just expresses it—she is passionately fond of music."

music.
"Miss Hargreave is well, I hope?"
"She is better, thank you—wonderfully better since we came here. But she is very exc table; one of those highly strung, impulsive natures that are a constant source of anxiety. Her father's death was a terible shock to her. She has not recovered it. I sometimes fear she never wilh."

impulsive natures that are a constant source of anxiety. Her father's death was a terrible shock to her. She has not recovered it. I sometimes fear she never will."

But the doctors—you have consulted some, I suppose?" I asked, feeling it incumbent on me to say something.

"They are unanimous in telling me there is nothing but time for it. Time—and—diverting her mind. She has a splendid constitution; they all say that."

"She has a magnificent physique—"Yes. You express admirably my meaning. She has a magnificent physique—so had her mother. But oh, Mr. Dudley, a step-daughter is a terrible charge—an almost overwhelming responsibility."

I could not, for the life of me, find a suitable answer, so sought refuge in silence, and sat staring at the fire, wondering what Miss Hargreave thought of the message? I had sent her, and whether or not she would deign to show me the light of her beautiful presence.

Mrs. Hargreave continued to talk, or rather to ply me with innumerable questions, every reply of mine eliciting from her a proxy dissertation, wherein she endeavored to expound her own views and theories. Occasionally, I feigned agreeing with her, because this was easier than arguing on maters concerning which, at that moment, I was feeling the most suppreme indifference.

An hour passed, and I wondered how much longer this "durance vile" would last. So unutterably bored did I become that I was even contemplating fight, when a slight sound at the far end of the apartment attracted my attention. A portiere was drawn aside. Miss Hargreave stepped into the room.

Heavens! how beautiful she looked. What a picture she presented standing there against the dark tapestried background. Her dress, of gold-colored brocade clinging closely to her, displayed the exquisite outline of her form. I felt that in her dark eyes, which were freed on me, lay an irresistible fasc instance—a power that impelled me to go forward to where she stood.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Dudley. The standed her hand certainly longer than the certai

me, lay an irresistible fascination—a power that impelled me to go forward to where she stood.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Dudley. Do you believe me?" she asked, while I retained her hand certainly longer than etiquette required.

"Believe you? Yes!" I whispered presently, watching the rich color mantle in her cheeks; her looks, her manner, filling me with a strange, wonderful, pleased surprise. Then, with a gentle pressure, she withdrew her hand.

In the meantime Mrs. Hargreave had risen from her seat. She seemed scared and nervous.

"My dear," she began, "I thought——"
"Ah, you thought I had a headache and could not appear to—night, mother mine! But am I not the most contrary creature in creation? Wasn't I almest sure to change my mind? My headache has flown, so bas my sember mood. At this moment I feel the gayest of the gay. Poormother! Won't even that assurance make you smile! Ah, Mr. Dudley, you must have spent a weary, weary hour! Mother has been trying to imbue you with some of her dreary ideas of life. Now you shall hear mine! Oh, what a merry world it is when all goes well: "I'll dance and play—dance and freedom of a bird.

Then, flinging saide the fan of peacock's feathers with which she had been toying, she sat down at the piano, and without prelude of any kind burst out in glorious voice with the fine old song, "Should he upbraid!" Nevershall I hear it to my dying day without associating it with Georgie Hargreave motioned the play—darked and remembering that night.

with Georgie Hargreave and remembering that night.

I felt irresistibly impelled to approach the singer, but Mrs. Hargreave motioned me back, laying a finger.

Fig. Bid she mean to enjoin silence? No fear, however, that I should break the spell by speech. I stood simply entranced with the bewitching strains, the complete abandon of the singer—my gaze riveted on the beautiful, glowing face that seemed all the while brimming over with fun and mischief.

As the last notes died away, however, the harmony was broken by a sharp, sudden cry from Mrs. Hargreave, who had sunk back on her chair, and was pressing one hand to her side.

You are ill again, mother, said Miss Hargreave, going and bending over her.

Never mind, dear. It will pass off, gaaged the lady, 'raing with spparent difficulty. Excuse me, Mr. Dudley, the continued, with white face and trembling lipe. I am subject to these attacks. They are mething; Georgie will tell pears. I will tream presently.

She than latter mean treamphable ear the state of the proper state of the proper state of the proper state. I will be perfectly-frank with you. Hearing that Mr. Hargreave. I will be perfectly-frank with you. Hearing that Mr. Hargreave in muster it has it ongoth to do, my countenance betraying sentiments which it would be better policy to hide; but I sjoke no word.

You have told my stepdaughter that you love her, "said Mrs. Hargreave piezs entry."

"I love her dearly, passionately. Bua I fear—in one sense—hopelessly."

"Probably you have heard my husband died a wealthy man?"

Thave reason for supposing so certainly."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Hargreave. I will be perfectly-frank with you. Hearing that Mr. Hargreave died rich, it would have been better that it one of the probable of the

illow who thank you ter setting me that copy of the will. I was almost med on first reading it, as you may suppose."

"I hardly knew whether to let you have it or not, Miss Hampeave, fearing you would be a testility desaponized."

It reas a disappointment—a crief blow—at first. But now it, does not seem to concern me in the least that mother has all the property that should by rights be mine; for I feel I have gained semething that outweighs it far in value." Here she leaned forward very near to me, with hands clasped on her knees.

"What have you gained?" I saked.
"You!" she answered; then est quite still and silent with drooped eves.

"A very poor substitute for a fortune, I fear," I said, with all the calmness I could command.
"No, no, indeed. It is more to me than

"A very poor substitute of calminess I could command.
"No, no. indeed. It is more to me than you can think—than you ever dream of. Do you forget the dreadful life I lead—so lonely, desolate—a prisoner, dragged about from place to place? But oh! the wonder, the marvel, that mother allows, me to be acquainted with you! I can not understand her motive. She has one, you "Pernages, after all, we both misjudge her. Supposing she is only auxions for your happiness," I suggested vaguely.—How little you know her! Ah! well, we will not waste time in talk of this kind. I mean to be happy when I can, in my own way. Come, my prenz chagalier—ny knight—you have done my behest, but as yet not asked for your reward!" will not ask, but take it," said I, and kissed the rad lips so temptingly near to

ward!"
"I will not ask, but take it," said I, and kiesed the rad lips so temptingly near to

mine. In a moment she had risen from the couch and was pacing up and down the room. Her features were strangely agitated; she seemed talking to herself. Yes, as her step-mother had said, she certainly was very excitable.

"Surely I have not been unfortunate enough to have offended you?" said I, following her.

"Offended me?" And, turning, she stood looking at me with wild, dilated eyes.

stood fooling at all eyes.
"I was afraid," I began.
"Is it possible that you can be afraid?
Do I inspire you with fear?"
"No; it is not that. You do not understand —" And I took possession of her hands, which she extended toward me.
"It is you who do not understand! Do you not know you have power to save me from unter misery -degradation perhaps from death?"

from user musery -degradation perhaps from death?"

"I-save you? For heavens take be calm-explain. Only tell me how I can do all this, and I will—"

"Love me!" she cried, and a wave of crimson rushed into her face; her head drooped against my shoulder.

I clasped her in my arms, assuring her again and sgain that I loved her with my entire heart and soul. And it was true. At that moment, carried away by the furcination of her beauty, her agreed helplesaness. I loved her mealy

CHAPTER VI.

A STEPMOTHER'S CONFESTION.

Madly! That was just it. I was madly in love in every sense of the term. I had succumbed at once to the passion as many a better man had done before—as many will continue to do until the end of time.

What was to come of it? I wondered, the standard of the come of

What was to come of it? I wondered, as I sat smoking in my room all through the small hours. The girl was at least as much in love with me as I with her; of that I had not the least doubt. She was of age; I, my own master; none could say us nay. But, alas, the means—the means most certainly were wanting! Even supposing Mrs. Hargreave approved of me sufficiently to make her stepdaughter a handsome allowance, would my pride permit me to live on that?

I ought to have left for Coaltown by the earliest trains.

make her stepnangutet a handle wance, would my pride permit me to live on that?

I ought to have left for Coaltown by the earliest train on Monday morning, but, of course, under existing circumstances, that was out of the question.

At 7:30, when I opened my door, I found a letter lying—a letter addressed to me in an unknown hand. Tearing in open I read these words:

Dear Mr. Dudley: After what has occurred between my stepdaughter and vorsell, you will scarcely the surprised that I should desire an interview with ron. Will you call upon me at 11 o'clock? Believe me sincerely yours. Markha Hargeray.

I wrote, agreeing to call at 11 o'clock for the fateful meeting, telegraphed to the bank that my absence that day was unavo dable, and scarcely knew whether I stood on my heels or my head till I found myself entering the door of No. 29.

Mrs. Hargeraye only was in the room. She received me with a solemnity of manner for which I was quite unprepared, though, considering the numerous unexpected events that had occurred to me fately, I need not have been surprised at anything.

When we were both seated. Mr.

pseted events that had occurred to me fately, I need not have been surprised at anything.

When we were both seated, "Mr. Dudley, "she began, "you would, of course, not expect to hear from me yesterday, I passed the whole of the day in 172/87—prayer for guidance, sir, and I think my petition has been heard.

A'dead silence ensued, during which I was intensely conscious that my heart was beating twenty to the minute faster than it ought to do, my countenance betraying sentiments which It would be better policy to hide; but I spoke no word.

Thank you. I will be a support of the support of th

considerable discernment. Or the such a man.

"May I sak hew long you have yourself been acquainted with Dr. Gascoigne?" inquired I, waiting with peculiar interest for her reply.

"I—I had a slight attack of illness a few days ago, and consulted him. In the course of conversation I saked if he knew you. He said he did, and on my making further inquiry he spoke of you in such high terms of commendation that—

She paused in evident embarrassment. It became my duty, obviously, to assist her. Almost beside myself with happiness, I did so thus:

"In fact, having heard so much in my favor, I need not regard my case as altogether hopeless?"

Here I must remark that never once while making her explanation did Mrs. Hargrave look at me. She sak with her eyes fixed on the carpet, her hands folded together on her lap. Occasionally she came to a dead stop, and sometimes her voice sank very low and trembled.

ONE WAY TO BANK.

ONE WAY TO BANK.

robability That the Madison Square Bank Witt Remain Closed.

New York, Aug. 21.—The Madison square Bank has now been in the hands of Bank Examiner Judson nearly two of Bank Examiner Judson nearly two weeks, but as yet no official statement of the condition of fits affairs has been made public. This long silence is considered ominous by the stockholders and depositors of the defunct institution, and their fears are in no way allayed by the reports of favoritism to certain large, depositors who were given the tip in time to withdraw their deposits, and of general mismanagement of business by the president and board of directors.

It is now alleged that Bank Examiner Judson is withholding his report in order to allow of payment or arrangement being made of several transactions which would not reflect credit on the management of the bank.

Mexican Financiering.

Mexican Financiering.

Mexican Financiering.

New York, Aug. 21.—A special to the World from City of Mexico says: It seems to be a fact that the government has determined to make no new loan in Europe, but to pay out of its own funds coupons falling due in October and January on the foreign debt. There has been a powerful influence brought to bear on the government not to pay the interest, the argument of many bankers being that a suspension of payment would keep the money in the country, where it is badly needed at present. The President and his Minister of Finance think, however, that their disk object should be to maintain the credit of the nation abroad. bjet should be to

Over Ningara Falls.

Nitaurah Falis, N. Y. Aug. 21.—Edward Brennau, whose home is at 1780 Washington avenue. New York city, went out on the river in a sailboat at noon restembed to fasten his craft to a stram yacht. In so doing his boat was overturned and he was thrown into the water. The crew on the yacht tried to save him and followed him down as far as they had to give up as Brennan disappeared just before reaching the white line of breakers. His body has gone overthe American falls. Fiendish Jealousy.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, Pa., Aug. 21.—Waiter Geiser, a young Altoona druggist, paid a social call upon a daughter of James Reed, of this city. Saturday night. As he was departing from the house he was struck in the breast by a pistol bullet fired by a person in the outer darkness. The would-be murderer, who is supposed to be some discarded lover of the girl, escaped. Geiser's wound may prove fatal.

Destructive Hail.

Destructive Bail.

St. Patt., Minn., Aug. 19.—A terrible hail-storm passed through Wright county yesterday afternoon, completely destroying everything in its path. The path of the storm was only half a mile wide but from 80 to 40 miles in length.

Invoking the Law.

Invoking the Law.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—Colonel Charles F. Lincoln, late deputy Commissioner of Pensions and a prominent candidate for Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., is authority for the statement that an effort is to be made to prove, through the courts, that the suspension of pensions gr. ared under act of June 27, 1850, is illegal.

Yachtsmen Disappointed.

New York, Aug. 21.—Vachtsmen had another disappointment Saturday in the second race for the Astor cup. The race was declared off, as the Vigilant, the first boat, was 10 minutes and 9 seconds more than the six boars limit. Trouble in Argentina. New York, Ang. 21.—Dispatches to the Herald from Valparaiso announce that there is no prospect for a restoration of peace and order in Argentina.

Suspended Pensions.

Marios, Ind., Aug. 21.—Twenty-two pensioners at the Soldiers' Home were notined Saturday that their pensions had been suspended. More than 190 at that instruction have been dropped from the pension rolls under the prescut administration.

killed

Killed by the Care.

Syraduse, N. Y., Ang. 21.—While returning from a fishing excursion last evening. August Kasten and John Frey, both of this city, were struck by a Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg train and instantly

io, Aug. 21.—The great live stock the World's Fair will open to-day.

Smallpex in New York. York, Aug 21.—Chang Fay, in, 27 years old, died of small in his laundry in the base; Orchard street.