Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1893.

They are proposing to pension teachers in England.

Crime is rapidly increasing all over Argentina. Statistics show that it has more than doubled during the past two years.

The Greek style of building, modified to modern needs, has been most successfully used in Paris, where many palaces are seen of this construction.

A New York music dealer says that the composer of "After the Ball" will make $100,000 out of his song. Many other authors of popular songs have made nothing because they failed to take out copyrights.

Prince Henry of Orleans, who is not of much account in most things, has shown wisdom in advising the scions of French royal houses to assist in the colonial development of France, since they can but add confusion to confusion if they take part in politics. It was upon his advice that the young Duke of Uzeo went on the Congo expedition, which proved fatal to him.

A novel method of meeting the chinch bug pest is being adopted in Minnesota, where these insects appear in such large numbers as to destroy the crops. There is a disease known as entomophahera, which is deadly to the bugs. Several hundred of them are caught, inoculated with it and turned loose. These give it to others, and in the consequent epizootic the bugs disappear.

More than eight thousand persons—the exact number is 8180—committed suicide in Paris in 1891. The proportion is twenty-one to every 100,000 of the inhabitants, and the increase over 1881 is twenty-five per cent. What has caused the enormous percentage of increase in self-destruction in ten years, wonders the New York Mail and Express. Apparently life is no harder and its condition no more discouraging than they were ten years ago.

The paucity of American-born sailors in the United States Navy has excited a great deal of comment, observes the Chicago Herald. A record of the seamen serving in the navy since the establishment of this system shows that not more than four per cent. of the lads who are graduated from the apprentice training system continue in the service of the United States. The records futhur show that of the 7250 seamen allowed by law in the navy, less than one-half of those who enlist at the receiving ships are native born Americans.

Says the Boston Herald: "The country taverns are reported to be getting a good deal of custom from bicycle riders this summer, who make long journeys into the country, put up for a day or a night, and then keep on or return home. Any town in the rural districts that has good roads is sure to be benefited by this sort of custom, and in time it will more than make up for the losses which the country hotels and boarding-houses are likely to experience on account of the prevailing business depression. Let the town authorities bear in mind that good roads are the prime requisite for encouraging this business, however."

One of the most commendable pensions granted by the British Government during the past year, the New Orleans Picayune thinks, was that of $500 to Miss Lucy Garnett in recognition of her literary merits and to enable her to prosecute her researches in Oriental folk-lore. Other noteworthy pensions bestowed during the year were one of $370 to the widow of Professor Minto, and one of $250 to T. Adolphus Trollope's widow. The ladies, indeed, fared very well, Miss Margaret Stokes receiving $500 for her researches into early Christian art and archaeology in Ireland, and Mrs. Cashel Hoey $250 for her novels. The Rev. Richard Morris, to whom every student of early English literature and philology is indebted, receives $750.

A DARK SECRET.

The Story of a Tragic Life Drama.

BY E. M. DAVY.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"I have already told you," she said, "that Georgie had a severe attack of brain fever after her father's unhappy death two years ago. He was thrown from his horse—in the hunting field. She was present. She saw it. That will account to you for—for—you understand—the terrible shock to her nerves. My dear husband only recovered consciousness half an hour before he died. He wished then to alter his will. He feared that his daughter—so beautiful, so charming—might fall a prey to fortune-hunters.

"To avoid all chance of this he left everything to me, conjuring me with his dying breath to hold it in trust for her—to devote my life to watch over and guard her. Her illness was terrible; the results lasted long. The physicians ordered constant change of scene and the utmost quietude. I had promised—God helping me—to devote my life to her, and, according to my light, I have kept that promise faithfully."

She leaned back in her chair, breathing with apparent pain and difficulty, and pressing, as I had seen her do before—her hand tightly to her side. I regarded her with compassion. It seemed to me the task she had undertaken was quite beyond her strength; the responsibility weighed too heavily on a mind that, perhaps, never very strong, had now become warped by a kind of religious mania, with which, I confess, I had little sympathy. But I pitied the woman, and would help her if I could.

"Mrs. Hargreave," I said, going close to her, "you must not allow this sense of responsibility to trouble you any longer, I am here to share it with you. By and by I will take it all on my own shoulders. Would that day were come!"

"It is nearer than you think, perhaps," she said, turning on me her weary, faded-looking eyes. "Dr. Gascoigne tells me I am a dying woman. But, remember, not a word of this to my daughter——"

I felt awed—almost as though I were even then in the presence of death.

I took her hand, just touching it reverently with my lips. "Trust me. Command me. I will do all I can for you." I said with some emotion.

"I do. I will. I look upon it that the Almighty has sent you in answer to my prayers. Now leave me, Mr. Dudley; I need rest. But join us at luncheon; it is absolutely necessary that I should see all I can of you in the brief time left me. I must assure myself by closest observation that I am resigning her father's treasure into worthy hands."

And I went out from her presence more happy and confident than I had entered it—at the same time more puzzled, more amazed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DOCTOR'S CONGRATULATIONS ARE NOT CORDIAL.

It was arranged that for the present I should live at Glendale House, going for a few hours daily to Coaltown to attend to my duties at the bank. It was also decided that the engagement between Miss Hargreave and myself should be kept secret.

"I won't even tell Edna," said Georgie, that first afternoon of bliss, as my betrothed and I sat over the fire, Mrs. Hargreave having left us two alone. "No; I won't even give her a hint of it," she continued, playing idly with the hand-screen she held to shade her face. "Servants talk so, you know, even the best of them."

What was there in the remark that sent a sudden chill through me? I answered quickly:

"You told me you did not regard her as a servant, that you knew her to be a lady——"

"I make her a companion—a friend. She sleeps now in the little dressing-room next mine; nevertheless she is a servant. She came to us as one. She is paid the wages mother has been used to pay my maid. Please touch that bell, distinctly, twice."

I obeyed. The signal seemed understood, for almost immediately the door was opened and Edna entered, carrying a tea-tray. She started slightly on seeing me. Instinctively, I rose as she came toward us, and moved a small table close to Georgie's side, whereon she placed the tray.

"Mr. Dudley will pour out my tea. You need not remain to-day," cried Georgie.

And without a word, but looking very sweet and grave, and not a little sad, the girl turned to leave the room. I opened the door for her, but received neither word nor look of thanks.

"Are these North-Country manners? Do they rise and open doors for servants in Coaltown?" asked Georgie, as I returned to my seat.

"I don't know," I answered, a little confused.

"But why did you do it? Was it because I told you I believe she is by birth and education a lady?" she persisted.

"Perhaps," I answered evasively.

"Then don't do it again, please. You watched her in a way that would cause any girl to feel uncomfortable. Oh, Jack, Jack, what are you about now? Putting all that sugar in my tea? You may have that yourself, sir—I prefer mine without. Mother has many crazes, as no doubt you have discovered," she continued, taking the cup I poured out for her, without cream or sugar, according to her directions. "One is, she thinks it a good sign when a man is fond of his tea. It is, according to her, a certain guarantee that he is sober, steady and respectable in all his ways. In your case, the fact that you dislike smoking and abhor stimulants has proved the surest road to her affections."

"But what reason has she for one moment to suppose——"

"Why, didn't you tell her this yourself during that long *tete-a-tete* you and she had together here? Didn't you agree with her in everything? I know why you did it, Jack. It was for my sake—because you love me."

"No! Upon my soul, I had no intention of so deceiving her. There has been some mistake, which I must explain."

"Too late now, sir! I do so pity you, you poor, poor boy. No more nice tobacco and cigars. No more——"

"What the—I mean I wish you would not joke about it, Georgie. Surely, Mrs. Hargreave won't exact——"

She laughed in a way that somehow grated just a little on my senses.

"She'll hold you to it to the last letter. You don't half know my stepmother. After giving her to understand you agreed with all her crazes, you'll have to agree now. You've pledged yourself. Do you regret it?" she asked, rising, and drawing herself up to her full height.

I was by her side in a moment.

"By heaven, no!" I cried, seizing both her hands, while I gazed into her eyes, those unfathomable eyes, in whose dusky depths I longed to find—I know not what. But I discovered nothing. The intense look vanished as quickly as it came, to be succeeded by one of fun and merriment.

"You're undoubtedly very handsome, Jack!" she exclaimed.

"Am I?" I asked absently.

"Why, of course you are! If you had not been, would I——?"

She said no more. Her hands were closely locked in mine. Our lips met.

The opening and quick shutting of the door behind me startled both. Georgie pushed me from her.

"It was Edna. How annoying!" she cried. "She saw—I'm sure she saw. Jack, if you ever dare do such a thing again I will not marry you. She'll tell all over the place what she has just seen."

"Not she."

"She will, I say. Servants always talk and gossip."

"I'm sure she won't. She is the very soul of honor," I asserted warmly.

"Any one would suppose you knew her better than I do to hear you speak so confidently. I will not have our engagement known in a place like this, where people watch and pry and chatter. I'd rather deny it—a thousand times! But come, let us forget this," she added, lightly, and seating herself at the piano she poured out such a flood of melody that for the time all remembrance of the unfortunate *contretemps* was banished from my mind.

At a late hour that night I went to Dr. Gascoigne's room. He had returned. It was more than a week since we had met, and we settled down for a comfortable smoke.

He placed the whisky bottle before me, and willing to forget for one night, at least, the future abnegation to which I had unconsciously bound myself, I poured out probably rather more than my usual moderate allowance. We had had a very good dinner in No. 29, but, as may be supposed, there was nothing in the shape of wine. The Doctor and I had not been sitting together long when out of the fullness of my heart I spoke.

"Gascoigne," I said suddenly, "I want you to be the first to congratulate me. It is a profound secret at present. I am sure you will keep it so, but I am engaged to marry the handsomest and most charming girl in England. Wish me joy."

"Has it already come to this? Haven't you been rather precipitate, my friend?" he asked, taking his pipe from his mouth and shaking out some of the ashes on a tray beside him.

"There's an old Scotch proverb, 'Happy's the wooing tha's a short time a-doing.' We're very near Scotland, here, Doctor," I answered, laughing. "But come, you have not congratulated me——"

"Are you sure the step you are taking will add to your happiness?"

"My dear fellow, it seems to me I never knew the meaning of the word. Happiness? I'm intoxicated with it. She is just the most adorable, bewitching, love-provoking piece of womankind I ever encountered. I wish to God I could marry her to-morrow. I shall not have long to wait, though," I added confidently.

There was a pause. It was very irritating to me when I looked across to Gascoigne, to see him still trifling with the ashes fallen from his pipe, and apparently absorbed in contemplation of them.

"I wish you'd speak," I exclaimed, impatiently.

He looked full at me. His face was graver, paler, too, than usual. "I congratulate no one on such occasions," he said, letting his words fall slowly. "In my mind, marriage, which has more than one attribute in common with death, resembles it especially in this, that no human being can venture to predict what manner of life is likely to succeed it."

Where was the old frank heartiness of look and manner—the geniality that first attracted me to him? I saw before me a cold, stern face, from which all human feeling seemed to have departed. Suddenly he started, shivered, then all at once appearing to rouse himself, he smiled.

"I'm turning cynical," he said; "forgive me. And, don't misunderstand me, Dudley, with all my heart I hope you may be happy."

Even then I did not like his tone.

"By the way, I have not yet thanked you for your share in bringing it about," I said.

"Thanked me?"

"Yes. Mrs. Hargreave asked what you knew of me. She told me so. And the information you gave her led——"

"She'd better have left that unsaid," he muttered; then with a short, forced laugh, remarked aloud: "But there's no trusting woman, Dudley. Above all, the—the professedly religious."

"I never trusted Mrs. Hargreave——" I said, and paused.

"No?"

"Well, I'm getting over my first impressions, which were decidedly unfavorable."

"Isn't there a saying about first impressions being truest?" he asked, musingly.

"Mine regarding Miss Hargreave—Georgie——" I began.

"Oh, it's no use talking to a man in love," he interrupted. "You can't say I've encouraged you in your hasty leap into matrimony, Jack; whatever comes of it, you can't reproach me—that's some comfort! May you be happy, my boy. Let's change the subject."

Here, thought I, was a disappointed man, who could not bear to look on happiness through another man's eyes. I resented both his words and manner. I felt that I should quarrel with him, or at least say something afterwards regretta-ble, if I remained; so, flinging my half-smoked cigar into the grate, I got up, said good-night curtly, and left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

"WAIT."

Next day I attended to my duties at the bank, went to my lodging, packed up all my effects and returned to Wexham by a late afternoon train. The 'bus was waiting outside the station. I had my luggage placed on it and set off to walk to Glendale House.

It was between six and seven o'clock—a cold November evening—the fog so dense you could not see three yards ahead; but the road was familiar to me and I walked along in buoyant spirits, cheered by the thought that every step took me nearer to the charming girl whose image was now never absent from my mind. How many ages instead of hours it seemed since we had said "Good-night!" How would she greet me? There was no dull sameness about this incomparable creature. "Time could not wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety." And again I thought of her as my ideal Cleopatra!

I walked faster and faster, and began singing low to myself on the solitary road the first song she had ever sung to me:

> Should he upraid, I'll own that he prevail,
> And sing he sweetly as the nightingale;
> Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view
> As morning roses newly tipped with dew.
> As morning roses tipped——

"Mr. Dudley!" exclaimed an almost breathless voice beside me.

I ceased singing and stood still.

"Please walk on slowly; I wish to speak with you."

It was Edna Lynton.

I offered her my arm, but she declined.

"May I ask you something—something that—I wish very much to know?"

"Of course you may."

"And you will not think it mere idle curiosity on my part? You will not misjudge——"

"I will answer to the best of my ability any question you may put. As to imputing to you an unworthy motive, I think you should know me a little better than to fear that."

"How long have you known Miss Hargreave, Mr. Dudley?"

Ah, now it was coming! I must take care. Georgie particularly wished that Edna should not be told our secret, and somehow I felt it would be extremely awkward to tell her myself.

"Since last Saturday week. I believe my acquaintance with her began the same day as your own." This question, at any rate, was easily replied to.

"But she is—your cousin?"

"No."

"She is not related to you?"

"Not in the very least. Has some one told you so?"

"Yes. But I have begun to doubt it, or would not have come here to meet you now. I came to tell you that—on Saturday—I entered the sitting-room to bring something I had forgotten, and saw—I saw—you understand?"

"What do you mean? Why do you speak of this?" I asked, making an insane attempt to laugh.

"Because what I saw should not have been, unless——"

"Edna!"

"Don't. Please don't make it more difficult for me. Oh, the pain of it—the pain of it. I was about to say—when you stopped—that what I saw should not have been unless—unless there is more between you and Miss Hargreave than——"

I kept silence. For some seconds we walked on thus. I was in a false position. I could not defend myself without confessing the truth, and that I must not do.

"Please answer me," at length she pleaded. "Do you wish to marry her?"

"You are right—as you always are. It should not have been unless——"

"But you will not ask her yet? You would not—could not—be so rash! A few days' acquaintance only! She is so beautiful. I can imagine a man admiring her immensely. But you must take time to make quite sure you love her and she is—worthy of your love. Promise you will take time—only promise you will take time!"

And this from Edna Lynton, who, six years before, had coldly, heartlessly, after encouraging my love, refused it! Women are indeed strange beings, whom we poor men strive in vain, sometimes, to understand.

"Why do you exact this promise from me?" I asked, gently, and stood still. We had reached the lodge gates, as I saw by the faint glimmer of the lamps above them. "Am I to believe that at last you care whether I am happy or miserable?"

"Believe what you like; but wait."

And with her hand on mine, standing out there in the fog and darkness of that cold November night, I promised what she asked—that I would do nothing rashly, that I would take time to consider things, and wait. Her face I could not see, but her hand trembled, and I know she was strangely moved. We separated within the gates. There was a sob in her voice as she said good-night.

I walked very slowly up the avenue after this. What did she mean? Why should she concern herself in my affairs? Was it possible she knew anything against——No, no! That was entirely out of the question to be thought of. Georgie Hargreave was all the world to me—my love, my ideal, my incomparable queen! I almost wished this encounter with Edna had not taken place.

It revived a past which was best—far best—forgotten. Even now, when I believed the old love not only dead but supplanted, the mere sound of her voice, the touch of her hand, her apparently newly awakened interest in my welfare, brought back a host of old memories, of tender recollections, that——

But pshaw! Why waste time to write of them? They all vanished like mists before the sun when I saw Georgie—when she came forward to meet me in the splendor of her magnificent beauty.

We were alone. I took her in my arms, and, giving myself over to the force of a passion that overwhelmed every other feeling, I swore to her I loved her as never woman had been loved.

Some days went by. One evening on my return from town Georgie inquired archly, "You must be growing tired of being my lover. How much longer do you think you can play the part—a week?"

"Till I become your husband, too, Georgie. I am afraid, however, that will scarcely be—in a week," I answered, with a sigh.

"I am not so sure of that," she said, with playful mock demureness. "But here comes mother. I will leave you for a fe[w] ... [ex]plain."

Georg[ie] ... b[en]eath the ... here as ...

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

... Pennsylvania.

The ho[mes] of ... c[oa]l-miners [in] Pennsylva[nia] are said to [b]e dirty, no larger than ... poverty-stricken are the l[aborers].

Most miners in Pennsylvania regions are foreigners, and are [pro]nounced to be specimens of the l[owest] types of humanity. Women and [chil]dren are subjected to barbarous ... by those acquaintances whom ... number as friends.

The children born in the min[ing re]gions either grow up to be cri[minals] and assassins or are killed befor[e they] grow up by their drunken fathe[rs and] brothers. The Pennsylvania la[ws pro]vide fair schools for them, but ... parents are so poor that they can ... their offspring to them.

Miners are never paid for thei[r serv]ices in cash. The companies the[mselves] for own all the stores and hous[es and] their employes are compelled to ... the prices the capitalists fix. Th[ese] estimates are usually extortionate. T[he] food furnished is the poorest, but th[e] poor miners are unable to remove [to] another place, as the checks in whi[ch] they are paid are good only at th[e] employers' stores.

Paying Out Gold.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—The Treas[ury] Department here has begun paying gold for all checks presented. Redemp[tion] of paper money is made in the same ... of money. Gold payments have been m[ade] at all sub-Treasuries for some days u[nder] orders from here, as noted at the ti[me]. The reason for the gold payments her[e is] that the Treasury, because of small [re]ceipts and large expenditures, has [ex]hausted its paper money. The Trea[sury] books show $97,000,000 gold reserve [and] a net balance of $11,000,000. This bal[ance] is composed almost entirely of subsid[iary] coin. The reserve is being used in pa[ying] the obligations of the Government.

Mrs. Cleveland to Visit Washington.

GREENWICH, Conn., Aug. 28.—Ba[nker] Benedict ordered the Oneida's an[chor] hoisted Saturday and steamed away [to] Gray Gables. The Oneida will retur[n to-]day, and Mrs. Cleveland and probably [the] President will be on board. The [pro]gramme of proceedings in conne[ction] with the Oneida's trip is not known. Cleveland will return and it is estim[ated] that both she and the President wi[ll be] the guests of Banker Benedict in G[reen]wich for a few days or they may pr[oceed] direct to New York and thence i[mme]diately to Washington.

Tried to Put the Rabbi Out.

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 28.—Joseph L..., Joseph Softe and Henry Brody, me[mbers] of the Congregation B'nai Jacob, in Te[m]ple street, have been working for the re[moval] of their rabbi, the Rev. Israel Sachs. The three men in various ways interfered with the services Saturday and finally attempted to drag the rabbi out. About a hundred others of the congregation went to the rabbi's assistance and a lively row ensued. The energetic efforts of a dozen cool heads were required to quell the disturbance. Warrants were issued for the three disturbers.

Weavers Laid Off.

SOMERVILLE, N. J., Aug. 26.—Forty spinners and weavers employed in the Somerville Woolen Mills here were laid off last Saturday. James Brown, jr., treasurer of the mills, said that the reason of the close was because they desired to allow the cutting department to catch up with other departments. The mills make their cloth into clothing and at the present time they do not care to keep a big stock of uncut goods on hand. They will probably start on full time early in September. The merchants here feel very much concerned over the reduction in the Raritan Mills.

Contract Laborers Returned.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—Seventy-two contract laborers will be returned to Italy and Austria to-day on the steamships La Touraine, Ems and Wesel. All these men have been landed at Ellis island since Tuesday last. Most of them were miners bound for various Pennsylvania points. This is the largest deportation of contract laborers ever carried out at this point.

Cholera in Europe.

VIENNA, Aug. 26.—Four fresh cases of cholera and six deaths were reported in Szaboles yesterday. Isolated cases were found in Szathmar, a county in East Hungary, and Bereg, a county westward from the Theiss.

A Long Tramp.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Aug. 28.—Holmes, the English journalist who wagered he would walk from Montreal to Vancouver, B. C., over Canadian Pacific Railroad ties in 136 days, arrived in Vancouver Saturday, nineteen days ahead of time. Holmes ... have made the best ... tramp, beating a record of 1,000 miles [in] 1,000 hours by walking 2,906 miles [in] 2,700 hours.

Home Rule in House of Lords.

LONDON, Aug. 25.—It is officially [an]nounced to-day that the House of Lo[rds] will take up the Home Rule bill on September 5. if the measure passes its third reading in the House of Commons next week as it is expected it will.

Weather Report.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—For New England: Westerly winds; fair weather. For Eastern New York, Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia: Southwesterly winds: fair weather.

The Deadly Cigarette.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Aug. 24.—After most excruciating suffering Thomas C. O'Brien, aged 19, an inveterate cigarette smoker, died yesterday. For ten years he had smoked two packages of cigarettes daily.

Satolli in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 28.—Mgr. Satolli officiated at the dedication of the Italian Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus here yesterday.

... ISLAND'S HORRO[R]

...en Killed in the Railwa[y] ... [Wre]ck Sunday Morning.

... OTHERS WILL PROBABLY D[IE].

Col. E. A. Buck, Editor of the Spirit of t[he] Times, Among the Dead—How the Ac[ci]dent Happened—Scenes of Indescriba[ble] Horror.

LONG ISLAND CITY, L. I., Aug. 28.—[An a]ccident that cost the lives of 14 peo[ple] occurred shortly after midnight Sund[ay] morning in the little village of Berl[in] near Calvary Cemetery, in the town [of] Newtown. The Long Island Railw[ay] train that left Manhattan at 11:15 o'cl[ock] was overtaken by the train that left Ro[cka]way 15 minutes earlier. In the frigh[tful] collision that ensued the two rear cars [of] the five that made up the Manhat[tan] Beach train were demolished and the m[id]dle car was overturned. Hardly one of [the] scores of passengers aboard these three ... escaped unhurt.

Following are corrected lists of the d[ead] and injured:

The Dead.

COL. E. A. BUCK, 55 years, editor Sp[irit] of the Times.

OSCAR DIETZEL, 40 years, 122 East 11... street, died at St. John's hospital.

MRS. MAGGIE DIETZEL, wife, 29 ye[ars], died at Morgue.

MRS. BERTHA WEINSTEIN, 347 East 5... street, died at Morgue. Her husband i[n] the hospital.

SIDNEY WEINSTEIN, 13 years, her ... dead at Morgue.

THOMAS FINN, Brakeman, Manha[ttan] Beach train, died at hospital.

Unknown young woman, blonde, ... cards in pocket, upon one, "Laura D..., 1931 Madison avenue," and upon the o[ther] "Miss Young, 36 West 17th street, ... York."

Unknown woman, 40 years, two car[ds] ... Lizard skin pocket-book. Upon on[e] "Mrs. John Conrad," and upon the o[ther] "Mrs. Dyckoff."

Unknown man, small black moust[ache], letter in pocket addressed to Alexa[nder] Grillette, 29 West 27th street, New Y[ork].

Unknown man with letter in pocket [ad]dressed to Mr. Litman, 75 West 52d st[reet], New York, also check for $125 signe[d] S. Needburg.

Unknown man with bunch of ... marked J. J. Hyland, Westerly, R. I. ... small prayer book with J. J. Clancy o[n fly] leaf.

Unknown man, shirt marked E... Card in pocket with George Fielding. ... Madison avenue, New York upon it, a[lso] valise tag with same name.

Unknown man with letter address[ed to] Miss McKenna, Clifton, Terrace, Rosel[and] ... in pocket.

... man with letter in pocke[t] "Mr. Stein, care Mr. Goo... 32d street, New York."

The Injured.

John Hahn, 24 years old, of 495 B... [Broadw]ay, Astoria, internal injuries; wi[ll re]cover.

James Barron, 33 years old, 774 S... [A]venue, New York, scalds and intern[al in]juries; will recover.

Theodore Graeven, 1696 Broadway, [New] York, terribly hurt; condition cr[itical]; wife believed to have been killed.

Eleanor F. Graeven, 18 years, his d[aughter], scalds and internal injuries; wi[ll re]cover.

Miss Clara Haskell, 101 West 52d ..., New York, broken ankle.

Horace G. Kimball, 122 Lincoln ..., Brooklyn, spine injured.

Aaron Weinstein, concussion of ..., may die; wife and son dead at morgu[e].

Morris Fiosheim, 105 East 106th ..., New York, right leg broken and ey[e in]jured.

James B. Thompson, 50 years, 102... 64th street, New York; head hurt; w[ill re]cover.

August Jakobsson, 428 Fourth a[venue], New York, horribly hurt; will pr[obably] die.

Eugene Weiss, 216 West 16th ..., New York, scalded.

William Lynch, 985 Park avenue, ... hurt, but will recover.

Frank Larkin, 33 years, 7 Ninth s..., spine hurt.

Kate Durken, 26 years, 228 East ... street, New York, suffering from ... left hospital yesterday.

James J. Brady, 267 West 17th ..., New York, internal injuries.

William Livingston, 662 Lorimer ..., Brooklyn.

George Hannet, 81 Webster ..., Long Island City.

James Coughlin, brakeman, Man[hattan] Beach train, 58 Fifth street, Long [Island] City.

Scenes of Horror.

The accident happened at half a... after midnight. It was over an ho[ur be]fore any news of it reach... point. It came by a me[ssenger who] walked into Long Island City...

The railroad company immedi[ately de]spatched a relief train with all ... [physi]cians obtainable, and everything ... was done to care for the injured.

The scene of the wreck was indes[cribably] horrible. The dead and wounde[d were] massed among the wreckage, besid[e] and beyond the tracks. Everythi[ng was] showered with the blood of the de[ad and] wounded, and the cries of the lat[ter rose] high above the hissing of steam a[nd the] calls of the frantic trainmen.

As fast as the wounded were tak[en from] the wreck they were carried to th[e relief] train and cared for.

When all the wounded had bee[n cared for] that could be, the relief train start[ed with] them for Long Island City. Th[ey were] met there by the only ambulanc[e] St. John's hospital owns. Tw[o were] placed in it and hurried to the ... and the ambulance returned f[or more]. Meanwhile express wagons, ho[rses,] coaches and vehicles of every ... pressed into service to get the wo[unded to] the hospital quickly.

Seventeen was taken to the ho[spital in] all, of whom two died upon th[eir arrival] there. Oscar Dietzel, of 122 East ...