Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1893.

Once in St. Paul, Minn., a $1.50-a-day laborer had lung trouble. He went to Southern California and began keeping bees. Last year he sold $40,000 worth of honey. Bees do well in Southern California, for flowers bloom at all seasons, and they keep on laying up honey for the winter that never comes. Great joke on the bees, isn't it?

Two little girls, Gertrude and Ethel Hedger, who are wards in chancery and heiresses to $100,000 each, were recently arraigned as vagrants in a London police court. Their fortunes are so securely locked up in chancery that by no process of law can any of the money be obtained until the children are of age. They are at present practically destitute, and unable to procure decent surroundings, clothing or education.

The wheat outturn will not exceed 443,000,000 bushels, according to the American Agriculturist's own reports, and of its interpretations of Government returns, compared to 614,000,000 as the average for the last two seasons and 400,000,000 bushels in 1890. Nearly 2,500,000 less acres were devoted to wheat than last year, and the bulk of this decrease was in the surplus States, which bid fair to have 78,000,000 fewer bushels than last year, and 125,000,000 bushels under the surplus States' product of 1891.

Prince Bismarck made a suggestive statement in his address to an organization of schoolmasters. He drew a comparison between the French and the German systems of education, showing the bearing of the latter in the unity and strength of the Nation. He dislikes the French system because it inculcates "National vanity and ignorance of the geography and history of other Nations." No Nation excels Germany in its educational system, and the ex-Chancellor well knows the advantage of making the German school "a specific institute, like a corps of officers."

Says the New York Tribune: "It may not be flattering to our vanity, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that Europe does not take nearly as much interest in America as America takes in Europe. This has long been indicated by the paucity of American news in the European press; and it is now forcibly brought to our attention by the indifference of Europe to the greatest Exposition that has ever been held. The average European classes the United States with Australia, Madagascar, South Africa and other out-of-the-way countries, whose doings can have no possible interest for him. This being so, the wonder is not that there have been so few European visitors to the Fair, but that any one in this country should have expected them to come."

Great excitement prevails in France owing to the discovery that, of the twenty-eight companies which own the various submarine cables which encircle the globe as with an iron net, no less than nineteen are English, and that during the recent troubles in connection with Siam the dispatches addressed to the French Government from the far east were read and known at the English Foreign Office several hours before their delivery in Paris. France is, in fact, entirely dependent upon English companies for cable communication with her various colonial dependencies, including even Tunis, and actually goes so far as to grant a State subsidy of $30,000 per annum to the English "African Direct Telegraph Company," whose lines she is obliged to use in order to reach her possessions on the west coast of Africa. Of the twenty-eight cable companies only two are French, one Danish, three North American and three South American. Indeed, of the 125,000 miles of submarine cable which constitute the submarine telegraphic system of the world, more than three-quarters are in the hands of the English, who are placed thereby in a singularly advantageous position with respect to other nationalities.

SONG.

I Miss Thy Bright and Cheering Smile

BY J. B. SALISBURY.

I miss thy bright and cheering smile,
As twilight veils this somber room;
I miss thy footfall light the while
The shadows deepen into gloom.
I miss thy touch 'mid locks of gray—
I miss thy voice, the songs thou'st sung—
I miss the sun—my magic day
Lies buried deep life's ashes 'mong.

I miss the greenness of life's hope,
The well-spring deep of earthly joy,
The landscape miss, but yet the slope
Remains, of sadness—life's alloy.
Rebecca-like, the soothing draught
Of peace she drew from rocky deep,
And bade me send a feathered shaft
Of prayer to heaven, and not to weep.

Departed days of sacred dreams,
Ne'er to return as sunset's gold—
'Twas written well, life's mystic reams
Now bound by Hope in yonder fold.
I miss thy smile, thy cheering smile,
As twilight veils the somber room,
And miss they footfall light the while
The shadows deepen into gloom.

BARRE CENTER, N. Y.

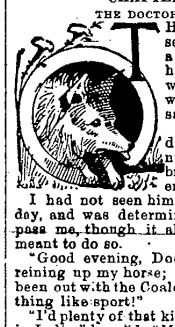
A DARK SECRET.

The Story of a Tragic Life Drama.

BY E. M. DAVY.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DOCTOR AGAIN.



THE finest run of the season, finished by a kill in the open, had taken place. I was riding homeward alone when I saw Dr. Gascoigne.

It was almost dusk, but I recognized instantly his broad shoulders, his erect, soldierly walk.

I had not seen him since my marriage day, and was determined he should not pass me, though it almost appeared he meant to do so.

"Good evening, Doctor!" I called out, reining up my horse; "you should have been out with the Coaldale to-day. Some thing like sport!"

"I'd plenty of that kind of thing once—in India," he said. "My day is over. But I'm glad to find you're enjoying life. How is Mrs. Dudley?"

"Quite well, thanks," I answered; "she finds the country rather dull, that's all. The fact is, we knocked about too much abroad. She is feeling the reaction."

"Then she is *not* quite well?" He put the question, it seemed, a little anxiously.

"Her health is perfect," I replied. "It is only what I say. But come and see us, Gascoigne. I wish you would! Will you dine with us—say to-morrow?"

"You wish it, I presume, otherwise you would not name a day."

He spoke slowly, as though pondering over the matter.

"Of course I do."

"And—Mrs. Dudley?"

All at once it flashed upon me that Georgie had said she hated this man. I was, however, becoming used to my wife's very forcible forms of expression; already some of them had proved meaningless; therefore, after a moment's hesitation, I said:

"I will tell my wife I have seen you, Doctor. You may expect a note from her to-night."

"Thanks," he said very heartily. "I'll accept your joint invitation with great pleasure."

After this I rode home, meditating deeply; all recollection of the day's sport vanished. I thought only of Dr. Gascoigne. I thought how, from the first hour of making his acquaintance, he had interested and puzzled me. There was some occult power in him that had compelled me to regard him as no ordinary mortal; and now, on meeting him again, I felt a kind of presentiment that somehow he was going to be mixed up with my life. The idea was not altogether new to me; it was merely the renewal of a faintly received previous impression, with more intensity.

On reaching the Grange I dismounted in the stable-yard, and, entering by a side door, made my way directly to the music-room, where Georgie usually took her 5 o'clock tea.

She was singing—the first time for weeks. Before I could open the door she ceased and a male voice took up the air—a voice not unknown to me—one that carried my memory back some years. I entered the room, for the moment unperceived.

The man who was singing to my wife's accompaniment stood by the piano. He was a little man, looking younger than his age, with light hair, parted down the middle, and a long, fair, curled mustache. There was more of the dandy about him, and time had added a *blasé* air, but not to be easily mistaken was my old acquaintance, Charlie Hawks.

"Ha! Here's our sportsman, here's our country 'Squire, the boss of the Grange," he exclaimed, shaking my hand as though he would shake it off. "Thanks, thanks, ole f'ler," he continued, hardly waiting to hear my words of welcome. "Surprised to see me, eh? Returning from a run down in Scotland. Never thought of you till the train neared Waxham Station. Then—by Jove! quite an inspiration, wasn't it?—I sprang onto the platform, hauled out my baggage, and drove here. Sent in my card. Old friend of husband's. Good that? See?"

"I sent to the station for Mr. Hawks' things, and assured him you would wish him to stay," said Georgie, her eyes sparkling with fun and merriment.

"You've got as much 'go' in you as ever, Hawks——" I was beginning.

"More, my dear f'ler, more. But don't talk of 'go' to a man who's just come, and—wants to stay a couple of days. I've crossed the Herring Pond since last I saw you, Jack. Got my ideas expanded, picked up——"

"Not a few Yankeeisms, Charlie," I suggested.

Why, certainly.

His twang was inimitable, and set both Georgie and me laughing. Meanwhile I drank the tea my wife poured out for me, then went up-stairs to dress.

We were quite a merry trio at the round table, drawn near the fireplace in the large dining-hall. Charlie told travelers' tales with gusto, I listened, and Georgie seemed amused. It was not until my wife left the dinner-table that I recollected my promise to the Doctor. With a word of apology to my guest I followed her from the room.

"Georgie," said I, coming up with her as she was entering the music-room, "I want you to write a note to Gascoigne. Will you, dear?"

She turned with a suddenness that startled me:

"To Dr. Gascoigne? Why?" she asked, excitedly.

"Because I saw him to-day, and asked him to dine with us to-morrow. I want you to indorse the invitation."

"He did not say he would come, then?" she inquired, with some apparent anxiety.

"I told him you would most likely write to him this evening."

"You wish him to come, Jack?"

"O, yes, of course;" I answered, looking at her in surprise, and wondering why she should put such a question.

She crossed over to a table on which were writing materials and sat down before it. I felt puzzled by her manner, and stood watching her as she dipped a pen into the ink and began to write.

"It seems almost incredible," said I, musingly, "yet nevertheless a fact, that I never saw your writing, Georgie. What is it like, I wonder?" And so speaking I went nearer and leaned over her, but with a quick movement she turned the sheet of paper face downward on the blotting book.

"Why do you do that? May not I see?" I asked, reproachfully.

She folded the paper, placed it quickly in an envelope which she sealed; then, after addressing it, held it up with a mocking laugh.

"That's my writing. It does seem odd you never saw it, doesn't it? But you'll know it again, won't you, Mr. Jack? It's big enough and bold enough——"

"Yes, it's easily recognized. But I wish you'd tell me what you said inside."

It was absolutely impossible that she or any one could have written the briefest note that conventional etiquette requires in so short a space of time. Three or four words at most could have been scrawled.

Her eyes flashed with that gypsy gleam in them that warned me I transgressed.

"I have complied with your request," she said, haughtily. "Dr. Gascoigne will dine here to-morrow. How is this to go?"

"A groom shall ride over with it."

She touched a bell; the missive was dispatched at once.

Am I weak in yielding as I do? I wondered. Yet I had not forgotten her strongly expressed dislike to Dr. Gascoigne; to please me she had invited him without objecting. Was it either just or fair of me to cavil at her mode of doing so?

In this self-communing mood I returned to my guest, whom I found cracking walnuts and sipping his port with the most placid, smiling equanimity. He assailed me with lively banter on my prosperous marriage, extolled the beauty of my wife. " " "

Probably I was tired with my day's sport. Certain it is, I was not a little put out by Georgie's behavior concerning the letter; and I listened to my friend's facetious drollery, like one in a dream—a dream from which, in a few hours more, I was doomed to have a rough awakening.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MYSTERIOUS PARCEL.

As my tale proceeds I find myself almost unequal to the task before me. I shrink from it with morbid sensitiveness. Little did I count the cost—the pain and humiliation—the record would entail, when I first sat down to write the drama of my life.

Having once begun, however, there is no choice left. I am bound in honor to go on and place before the reader each link in the chain of events that led to the bitter end.

I do not ask any pity for myself, knowing full well that most of my misery was wrought by my own rashness. But I do ask you to pause before you utterly condemn my conduct toward my wife. Alas! Had the misguided woman who brought about our hasty marriage but dealt fairly with me all might have been different indeed!

The morning following the episode of the letter Georgie continued to appear displeased with me. She talked with much animation, however, to Charlie Hawks, and arranged that he should practice archery with her. An old target had been discovered somewhere about the premises and my wife gave directions for it to be erected upon the lawn.

After breakfast I visited the stables, leaving my wife and guest in the music-room.

When I was re-entering the house, a groom, following me in, laid some sort of package on a table in the hall. I paused instinctively to look at what he had left, and without experiencing any particular interest or curiosity saw that it was a box that had come by rail from London. It was addressed "Madame Dudley" in a cramped, foreign, uneducated hand, and "Books" was written on it in conspicuously large letters.

With one idea only in my mind—that of giving Georgie pleasure—I took up the parcel, intending to carry it to her. I turned to do so, and found myself face to face with Edna Lynton.

"I came here in search of that, Mr. Dudley. Please give it to me," she said.

"It is addressed to my wife. I am going to take it to her," I answered.

She looked more disconcerted than the occasion seemed to warrant and repeated:

"I want—I must have that box. Please give it to me."

"It is much too heavy for those small hands to lift." And as I spoke I noticed how nervously she was twining together the slender fingers. There was a great change in her since I saw her last; she was looking thin and pale and very fragile.

"You are not well?" I asked, with an anxiety too real to think of hiding.

"Yes, thank you, but——"

"Oh, it is useless persisting," I said hotly. "I am quite determined to carry this up myself. You are not a servant."

"No," she answered slowly, in her soft, low voice, that seemed to hold some hidden meaning, "I am—a friend."

"There is no mistake about your position in this house," I hastened to say. "You are here, I am assured, of your own free will. That being so, I wish you to be—happy."

She was not pale now; a lovely pink color spread itself over her face.

"Thank you," she said, with drooped eyes. "I prefer no discussion, please. You will let me have that box?"

"No, Miss Lynton, I will not."

And without another word I left her and proceeded to the music-room with my by no means light load.

But the little ruse was not successful. Georgie showed herself in no way mollified by my attention. Her dark eyes glowed with delight as they rested on the box, but to me she vouchsafed neither word nor looks of thanks.

"Ha! what have we here?" exclaimed Charlie, leaning over the table. "Books? I'll lay a hundred to one they're novels, Mrs. Dudley. Right?" he asked, appealing to my wife. She nodded. "Now, I'll lay odds they're *French*. Right again, eh?"

"How *could* you tell?" she asked.

"This child wasn't born yesterday! That's written by a French woman," he continued, pointing to the address.

"My maid," said Georgie, staring at him in genuine amaze. "The French maid who traveled with me. She is in London. I get her to send me French novels. Mr. Hawks, you are a magician! Jack would not have guessed as much in a thousand years!"

"Jack would not have dared," muttered Charlie aside, thus showing he was a more attentive observer than I had supposed. He next suggested opening the box. On some trivial grounds—I forget what—Georgie objected; but as she appeared so well amused with her companion that she ignored me entirely, I left them to themselves.

They were going to practice archery together; so long as Georgie was pleased that was everything. But the arrival of the parcel marked "books" puzzled me. My wife was not much of a French scholar. I had never seen her read a French novel. If she procured them in this way and kept them out of sight they must be works of a nature which——

Pshaw! I was out of temper or out of spirits, possibly both. What did it signify, as long as Georgie was amused, what she read? She was not a child. I sent round to the stables to order my horse, believing a ride would prove an antidote to my morose mood.

While waiting I walked out in front and lit a cigarette; it was the renewal of an old habit which, with many others of my bachelor days, had been almost entirely laid aside.

A groom brought round the horse; I was about to mount when Mrs. Armstrong appeared and handed me a note.

It was addressed in Edna Linton's writing—I knew that instantly—and the words it contained, written with pencil in apparent haste, were these:

"Mrs. Dudley wishes me to join the dinner party this evening. What shall I do? Please tell the bearer 'Yes' or 'No.'"

I looked at the stolid features of the housekeeper, who had brought the note, wondering how much intelligence might dwell beneath that stern exterior, but I might as well have tried to see through a stone wall.

"Tell Miss Lynton —" But there I stopped.

An emphatic "No" struggled for utterance, but made no sound. Had I said that word the whole tenor of the future would have been changed—much evil perhaps averted. But the pleasant fumes of the rarely indulged in cigarette were stealing over my senses. I took another whiff, and said: "Say to Miss Lynton—'Yes.' Most certainly 'Yes,'" I repeated by way of making the assurance doubly sure, then sprang into the saddle and was gone.

My evil temper had vanished; my spirits rose like magic. I felt exultant, without assigning a cause; reckless, without inquiring of what.

After putting many miles between me and Langdale Grange I drew rein in a sequestered lane, assured myself I was unobserved, and took from my breast pocket the little penciled note. A smile came to my lips, a sun-ray seemed to warm my heart as I re-read it. I held the paper tenderly that she had touched. My eyes dwelt on every well-known character that formed each word; then—not in the mad heat of passion, but humbly, reverently, as though it were a memento that had come to me from the dead—I pressed the paper to my lips.

When I returned from that ride it was dark. The clock over the Grange stables struck seven.

Dinner was to be at half past.

Feeling guilty and contrite, I made as hasty a toilet as possible and repaired to the drawing-room in the hope of finding my wife alone. Hawks was there, however, bending over her and fastening a bracelet; Edna Lynton sat on a low seat near, turning over the leaves of an album.

"I know I am late. Forgive me," I said frankly, going up to Georgie; thus adhering closely to the line of conduct I had laid down.

"All right, Jack," she answered carelessly, without looking at me, then laughed out merrily at something Hawks was saying.

Edna, raising her eyes, gravely returned my bow, and at that moment Dr. Gascoigne was announced. I felt his advent a boon. He came forward, looking bright and cheery; shook hands warmly with Georgie and myself, and seemed to bring a whiff of fresh, pure air with him. He spoke a few pleasant words to Edna; I mentioned Hawks by name.

"We are all friends here," he said, and held his hand to the younger man. The dinner-gong sounded; he offered his arm to Georgie.

"How well you look, Mrs. Dudley," I heard him say as I passed to lead the way with Edna.

Yes, Georgie looked well, and splendidly handsome in her new black dress, glittering with jet, yet I knew that the light touch of the small hand resting on my arm thrilled me in a way my wife's gorgeous beauty could not do. Hawks kept up a fire of lively banter behind us, but I was silent; my tongue seemed tied. When we seated ourselves round the dining-table I felt conscious of one presence only, and that was Edna's. It was so wonderful a thing that she should be so near! The soft folds of her white dress touched me. At her throat she wore a little bunch of violets; their perfume seemed to fill the air. How fond she used to be of violets in the days gone by!

How it might have been without those soul-bewildering violets I can not say, but as it was they did for me completely. A wave of intense feeling swept over me—a revelation was at hand. I was beginning to see the wretched, bare, most miserable truth.

Great God! Had I not only ceased to love my wife—had I, in fact, never loved her; but been the slave of a mad, infatuated passion that had burnt itself out already? Was Edna—who had been my first love—my only true love still?

"Jack, Dr. Gascoigne is speaking to you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Cow-Catcher.

It is said that the common cow-catcher attachment to locomotives is about the only article of universal use that was never patented. Its inventor was D. B. Davies, of Columbus, who found his model in the plow. Red lights on the rear of trains, it is further said, were adopted at the suggestion of the late Mrs. Swisshelm, after a railway accident in which she had a narrow escape.

THE heart sends nearly ten pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat, and makes four beats while we breathe once. One hundred and seventy-five million cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body. The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, eighty; at sixty years, sixty. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

FALSE happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and the happiness is always shared.—*Montesquieu.*

DESTRUCTIVE STORMS.

Great Damage Along the Chemung and Susquehanna Valleys.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Sep. 16.—A terrific electrical storm broke over this city yesterday and was accompanied by a deluge which quickly swelled the small streams to overflowing and caused destructive washouts and landslides on all the railroads. The storm seems to have been worse east of Elmira and no trains have arrived from the East on the Erie for several hours. There is a landslide on their tracks near Smithboro forty feet long and six feet deep which fills up as fast as it is shoveled away. D. L. & W. trains from the East were also delayed three hours by landslides and washouts.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Sep. 16.—The most disastrous storm that has visited this city and vicinity in 25 years broke yesterday morning about 9 o'clock. The rain fell for about four hours. The rivers and creeks were all flooded and considerable damage was done. The thunder and lightning accompanying the storm were terrific. The greatest damage done in the city was in Rossville, a suburb, where four houses, a number of barns and outhouses were swept away. The occupants escaped unhurt, but the houses and contents were totally destroyed. Reports from vicinity towns say that great damage has been done to crops and farm buildings.

ALL SORTS OF BELIEFS.

Buddhists and Fire Worshippers Interest the Religious Congress.

CHICAGO, Sep. 16.—The leading speaker at the Religious Congress yesterday was the noted exponent of Zoroasterianism, Ervad Sheriarji Dadabhai Barucha of Bombay, who in clear forcible style explained and defended the tenets of the fire worshippers. The Buddhists, who have figured prominently on the programme since the beginning of the parliament, had another inning, their advocates being Bauriu Yatsubschi and Prince Chandibrai of Siam. Still more was added to the advocacy of Confucianism than has distinguished the parliament, in an address from Kung Hsian Ho of Shanghai. Between these addresses Prof. Hardy of the University of Freiburg resumed the history of the study of comparative religion and Prof. Godspeed of the University of Chicago told what the dead religions had bequeathed to the living.

THE BRAZILIAN WAR.

Cable Routes Closed and No News Has Been Received.

NEW YORK, Sep. 16.—At the offices of the telegraph companies yesterday it was said that no advices had been received from Brazil, and the cable routes were still closed to all messages either way.

Nothing in the way of news had been received at the Brazilian Consulate, according to the clerks in charge there. They said that all the news the Consulate had regarding the reported bombardment at Rio Janeiro was what had been learned from the newspapers.

Postoffice Change at Boston.

BOSTON, Sep. 16.—Henry A. Thomas, who has held the position of superintendent of mails in the Boston postoffice since April, 1880, has received notice from Washington that he has been removed, to take effect on Monday next. Jeremiah O'Keefe, a clerk in the railway mail service, has received the appointment.

Yellow Fever at Brunswick.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Sep. 16.—No new cases are reported at Brunswick. It is expected that a sharp conflict of authority may arise between the national and local medical officers in regard to the concealment of the cases discovered by the Marine Hospital surgeons.

The Spanish Flood.

MADRID, Sep. 18.—The bodies of 28 persons drowned in the recent flood at Villa-Canas were recovered yesterday. Fourteen bodies known to be in a cave near the foot of a hill cannot be reached on account of the high water. Many more bodies are supposed to be in the ruins of the 300 dwellings which were wrecked by the flood.