Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1893.

The finest draught horses in the world are seen in the streets of English cities.

An estimate of the size of Texas may be obtained by considering that it is fifty-four times as large as Connecticut.

As evidence of the loneliness of the Pacific Ocean it is stated that the steamer City of Peking on a recent trip sailed 1240 miles without meeting a single vessel.

DEHORNING cattle seems to have become a permanent institution. One man is engaged in breeding the horns off, and now the United States Bureau of Animal Industry promulgates a formula for altogether preventing their growth.

It is reported that the Ghezirah palace, situated on the banks of the Nile, is to be converted into a hotel; that a line of steam ferries is to ply across from Cairo, and that the Nile is to be tunneled.

The religious census of Australia, just completed, shows 1,485,066 members of the Church of England, 84,118 Catholics, 493,369 Presbyterians and 394,564 Methodists. These are the four most numerous denominations.

The United States produce 2220 pounds of grain to each inhabitant; Denmark, 2225; Canada, 1500; Russia, 1200; Roumania, 1150; Spain, 1100; France, 990; Sweden, 980; Argentine Republic, 850; Australia, 760; Germany, 700; Belgium, 600; Portugal, 550; Ireland, 500; Scotland, [illegible]; England, 360.

A learned German who has devoted himself to the study of physiology and allied sciences makes a startling assertion that mustaches are becoming commoner among women in the present day than in the past. He says that in Constantinople among the unveiled women one out of ten possesses an unmistakable covering of down on the upper lip.

Henrik Ibsen, the Swedish dramatist, is desirous of visiting England, principally, as he declares, to see the old men. "In all other countries," he says, "the best work is done by men between forty and fifty years of age; in England a man of seventy or eighty is still in his prime. I should like to see such men as Gladstone, Salisbury and Herbert Spencer."

It is mentioned as an instance of what the fashionable world has come to that a recent private concert given in London cost the hostess $12,500. According to this figure entertaining one's guests will soon be impossible, and society must inaugurate some new method of keeping its end up in that line. First-class artists over there ask sums ranging from $1000 to $2500 for three or four songs, but, fortunately, the number of these artists is limited, and those who employ them are the painfully rich.

Says the Century Magazine: The United States sells its forest lands at $2.50 an acre, lumber companies indirectly acquiring a square mile of land for little over $1600, while the timber on it is often worth $20,000. The French Government forests return an average profit of $2.50 an acre annually from timber sales, or two and a half per cent. interest on the value of the land. The United States now owns only enough forest land to provide a continual timber supply to its present population, if forests are managed and used as in Germany. The United States is exactly in the position of a man making large drafts on and using up an immense idle capital, which, if properly invested, would return an interest sufficient for his expenditures. In 1885 the Government of Bavaria sent an expert forester to study the timbers of the United States, who stated: "In fifty years you will have to import your timber, and as you will probably have a preference for American kinds, we shall now begin to grow them, in order to be ready to send them to you at the proper time."

ENDYMION.

BY ARTHUR H. SMITH.

The winds are hushed; the night is still,
And the chaste moon shines o'er the hill.
Her silvery rays light up the vales
Where chant the happy nightingales!
'Twas once upon a night like this
That Cynthia awoke Endymion with a kiss.

Her glowing face, in Heaven above,
Is overrun with smiles of love;
While on the lakelet's calm breast we
Her silver bow reflected see.
Her heart is passionate now, as when
Endymion she caught slumb'ring in the glen.

In Dian's forest-vale—'tis said—
Endymion once laid on a bed
Of flowers, to rest, while tending sheep.
When there he fell in a deep sleep;
Then Cynthia stole to where he lay
And flooded the dark wood with moonbeams gay

She turned, then from Endymion fled,
And hid behind a cloud, 'tis said;
But he from his deep sleep awoke
In time to catch her last sweet look.
It was enough; her love had won;
He arose, then followed her unto the moon!

Love comes to human hearts without
A bidding, or a previous thought,
And fixes its impassioned gaze
Upon the peaceful, upturned face
Of him who quiet slumb'ring lies,
Then kisses lovingly his closed eyes.

Oh, weary heart! Oh, heart opprest
By cares of life, for you there's rest!
For you there is an age of bliss,
When love prints on your brow a kiss!
No heart so weary, faint, or sad,
But what again love can make it thrice glad!

Love kisses us we know not when,
And flies away, but comes again.
In there a heart so steeled by hate
But what, unguarded, leaves some gate
That Love may enter in, and flood
The heart with light, as Cynthia Dian's wood?

CHICAGO, Ill.

A DARK SECRET.

The Story of a Tragic Life Drama.

BY E. M. DAVY.

CHAPTER XIV.

WAS IT JEALOUSY?

"I seemed as though I were under the influence of a spell, and that my wife, by speaking to me, broke it.

"I beg your pardon, Doctor," said I; then glanced swiftly round the table to see if my abstraction had been remarked, and decided that it had not.

"I was only calling your attention to the appalling fact that we have 'a chiel among us taking notes,'" laughed Gascoigne. "Your London friend, Mr. Hawks, is desirous of carrying away with him some impressions of Northshire. He says the natives have no characteristics save their 'burr.' Can you suggest any, Dudley?"

I could not, and said so simply.

"Mrs. Armstrong's tales of her ancestors would suit you splendidly. Mr. Hawks," said Georgie. "Their characteristics appear to have been murder and robbery. Most of them were hanged for cattle stealing. She boasts of it. She says also that Northshire never could be conquered. William the Norman had to leave it out of his Doomsday Book."

"Fact, Mrs. Dudley?" asked Charlie.

"It is history."

"Down it goes then."

"I witnessed a little scene to-day that may interest you," said Gascoigne, addressing himself principally to Charlie. "I was coming through a pit village. A big, burly fellow—North-Countrymen are usually so described, you know—was lounging with his back against a wall. His hands were thrust deep into his pockets; he was tipsy; there was the happiest smile imaginable upon his face. A woman—I presume his wife—carrying a young child, went and talked to him. I was not near enough to hear, but the pantomime amused me. It seemed she was asking him to go home, but her words apparently had no effect. Presently she stamped her foot, talking more and more excitedly; he neither moved nor spoke—he only smiled. Next she slapped his face; once, twice,

"Still smiling in a slow, lazy, half-contemptuous way, he drew one hand from his pocket to put her from him. In so doing, he somehow touched the child. The woman, roused to fury, deposited the baby on the muddy road and rushed at him. She snatched off his hat, pulled it to pieces with her hands, and, not content with that, she tore it with her teeth, then flung it down and danced upon it. At length, suddenly pausing, she looked at her lord and master. He had not moved. His hands were in his pockets and he still smiled. Then she picked up the child and left him. Two policemen were looking on. They seemed to enjoy the sight as much as I did. Mr. Hawks, that was a Northsire man."

"Thanks, Doctor," said Charlie, "I'll take him for a type."

And much in this vein the conversation continued to flow, though I joined little in it, and Edna less.

We remained a very short time at table after the ladies left us and, in crossing the hall to join them in the drawing-room, I lingered behind Gascoigne and Hawks.

I was in no haste to find myself again in Edna's presence. I felt guilty, almost as though my wretched secret were written on my face.

When I did go into the drawing-room Georgie was singing, Gascoigne standing by her, his back toward me. Hawks beckoned me to the far side of the room, where Edna and he were sitting. Edna was telling him tales of the rebellion of '45, of Diltson and the Derwentwaters. I sat down and listened, silent and spell-bound, to the soft voice of the charmer. Meanwhile Georgie had ceased singing and remained at the piano with Gascoigne.

After a time the Doctor came and held out his hand:

"Good-night, Dudley," said he. "I've got to walk back, so it's time I set off."

In vain I urged him to stay, even suggesting a smoke for auld lang syne. But he was proof against temptation; so Charlie and I went with him to the hall door.

"Come and see us again soon," said I.

"Whenever you ask me," he answered readily, and, with a hearty "Good-night," departed.

I told Hawks he would find the wherewithal for a smoke and drink in the library, where I would join him immediately. It was my intention return to the drawing-room. The door was closed, though not fastened; I pushed it open a little way, but did not enter. I saw and heard enough without.

Near the piano, where I had last seen her gay and smiling, was my wife; but she leaned over it now in a dejected attitude, her face hidden in her hands. Edna's hand was on her shoulder; she was speaking to her in a low, earnest manner.

"You won't tell him, Edna? On your honor promise you won't tell Jack?" cried Georgie, looking up suddenly.

"I would rather cut off my right hand," Edna exclaimed vehemently.

She turned toward me as she spoke, and, instinctively shunning to be caught eaves-dropping, I retreated.

"Seen a ghost? Look precious like it," said Hawks facetiously, as I flung myself into a chair in the library.

"Confound everything!" I exclaimed impatiently.

"Amen," ejaculated Charley, with an intonation that another time might have caused me to smile. "Have a b. and s. old f'ler; that'll put you all right. Strikes me you're almost teetotalers here! Very different to the old days, eh? I'm 'a chiel taking notes,' you know—'a chiel taking notes?' Guess I'll give you the benefit of one of 'em—eh?"

I looked at him attentively. He had had a fair amount of champagne, and was now doing full justice to the brandy and soda.

"Go on, Hawks. I may not say much, but I'm listening," I said to humor him.

"Keep your eye on the Doctor—keep a sharp eye on him! See?"

"I don't see in the least," I said coldly, for I was still puzzling over the words I had heard in the drawing-room.

"Well, if you don't already know and won't see, I'll put it plainer. That Doctor's a gone coon on your wife—a —— gone coon, I tell you. Fact, sir."

"Don't talk to me such infernal rot."

"It's gospel truth, Jack. You've a right to know all I can tell you, so here goes. You didn't go to the drawing-room with Gascoigne and me after dinner. He was careful enough when you were by. But, by Jove, if you had seen the looks he gave her when he thought my attention was taken up with Miss Lynton! When she sang, 'Should he upbraid,' he seemed to go clean off his head. He went over to the piano with his eyes fixed on her as though he were bewitched."

"The devil! Do you mean——"

"Stop, man. Don't take it up wrong. I haven't said one word against Mrs. Dudley, mind, and don't intend. Her conduct was admirable. She did not even seem to see what I am telling you. I believe she is as innocent as a baby. Fact, man."

"Have you anything more to say?" I inquired, testily. "If so, out with it."

"Great Cæsar! Haven't you had enough? I've given you the straight tip—'ware the Doctor—I am off to bed. I've got to catch the first train in the morning. You'll order them to call me and all that?"

"Yes, I'll see to it."

"And, I say, old f'ler, mind I tell you your wife's not in it. She's right enough. Cæsar's wife, you know! No offense, eh?" he asked, tossing off the contents of his tumbler.

Cæsar's wife, indeed! Why remind me of the hackneyed legend? Cæsar put away Pompeia, not for the reason that he believed her guilty, but because his wife must be above suspicion. I suspected Georgie of—I knew not what! She might be as innocent as a babe, but—I must prove her so!

Assuring Charlie that where no offense was intended none could be taken, I saw him to his room, then rang for the butler, gave the necessary orders for the morning, and ascertained that my wife and Edna had gone up-stairs. Nothing more would be required, I said, and sat down to wait till I believed all the household had gone to bed. We kept early hours at the Grange; it was little more than 11 o'clock when, every sound apparently silenced, I crossed the hall and prepared for action.

Some lights were still left burning, but, concluding that the music-room would probably be in darkness, I carried a lamp with me thither and proceeded direct to the writing-table at which my wife had sat when she wrote the evening before to Gascoigne. I lit the two candles on the table, placing the lamp between them.

I opened the blotting-book. It was a new one. I turned over some spotless pages until I came to one on which were a few ink marks. Tearing this out I held it close to the light, the wrong side toward me.

"Come, I want you."

Great powers! My wife, then, had a secret understanding with this man—this man whom she had so emphatically said she hated. I had a right to know the nature of that understanding. Georgie herself I could not ask; for, alas! I had already discovered she did not hesitate to utter a falsehood when it suited her purpose.

I placed the piece of tell-tale [illegible] paper in my pocket-book, extinguished the lights, and made my way in hot haste upstairs. My idea was to send to Mrs. Armstrong. She first must help me.

Arrived at the door of the housekeeper's apartments, I knocked. Mrs. Armstrong opened the door immediately. She was dressed as I had usually seen her.

"You, sir!" she exclaimed in some dismay.

"Yes, but I must see Miss Lynton at once. Do you hear? Can you help me?"

"Step in."

I obeyed, and found myself where I had never been before, namely, in Mrs. Armstrong's "parlor."

I was scarcely prepared, however, to be brought so suddenly face to face with Edna Lynton, and felt more disconcerted than I care to own when I saw her standing by the fire. She looked ethereal, all in white. A long, loose, white wrapper, with some swan-down about it, was thrown over the muslin dress she had worn at dinner.

"There can be no necessity for you to go away. Please stay," she said, as Mrs. Armstrong was preparing to quit the room. The woman hesitated, but I signed to her imperatively to go.

"This is strange conduct, Mr. Dudley. Will you explain it, quickly?" asked Edna, and as she spoke she shivered, though not with cold.

"I have come to learn the secret—about my wife," I said, assuming a sternness that, alas! by no means expressed my true feelings.

She turned paler and trembled. Clasping her hands together on the mantelpiece, she laid her pretty head upon them and gazed for a few moments into the fire. Then she raised her eyes to mine quite suddenly, thus taking me entirely by surprise. A faint tinge of color came into her face; a smile, sweet and tremulous, hovered on her lips.

"You are mistaken," she said, simply and earnestly, still without removing her eyes from mine.

"How?"

"You are entirely mistaken," she repeated more firmly. She seemed to be gaining strength and confidence as she looked at me. "Will you not trust me? Will you not take my word for it?"

"There is a secret," I persisted, averting my gaze.

"What has led you to suppose so?"

"Many circumstances. But to-night I overheard, by chance, a few words spoken by yourself and Georgie in the drawing-room."

She started from the position she had held so long and came a step nearer to me. I dared not trust myself to meet her gaze.

"You overheard a few words of which you misconstrued the meaning," she said quietly; "and I grant you they were open to misconstruction."

"Will you explain them?"

"Suppose I refuse?"

"In that case I start for Leicestershire to-morrow morning—to find out what it was you come to tell me the night before my marriage."

"Has time so entirely obliterated all memory of that night that you even forget my last request—to believe all my insinuations false?"

"I have forgotten nothing; would to heaven I could."

"'Trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmations strong as holy writ,'" she quoted, in her sweet, beguiling voice.

"I am not jealous," I exclaimed, hotly. "Then let me substitute 'suspicious.'"

"Of whom should I be jealous?" I asked, with pointed meaning in my tone. "Of—Dr. Gascoigne, for example?"

She laughed. It struck me as scarcely natural, that little silvery laugh.

"Perhaps—with more reason—of your friend, Mr. Hawks, with whom you left your wife alone all day. Are you aware how your friend amused himself—and her? No? Mr. Hawks has a handsome pair of dueling pistols—toys, he calls them. He has been teaching Mrs. Dudley to shoot with them."

"This is altogether beside the question, Miss Lynton. It remains for you to decide whether or not I am to start for Leicestershire to-morrow. I await that decision now."

"Mr. Dudley," she said, speaking slowly and with the utmost composure of manner, "if you are bent on this journey I have no power to stop you. But—you know best how you will account to your wife for taking such a step."

"I have thought over all that," I answered, impatiently. "Hawks is leaving in the morning. I go with him, and shall be absent three days."

"And nothing that I can say will deter you?"

"Yes. If you tell me——"

"I have nothing to tell you." She spoke with studied coldness, and, drawing her warm, white wrap closer round her, she made a slight gesture of dismissal with her hand and turned away.

"Edna!" I cried, "Edna! Have you no pity for me?" And rash fool, madman that I was, I attempted to seize her hand. But the next moment I drew back rebuked, before the look of mute tenderness and love that shone out of her dear eyes. I could have fallen on my knees to ask to be forgiven.

"Go on," she gasped. And without another word or glance I left the room.

I had vowed not to see my wife again until the mystery was solved. It was impossible, however, to act up to this determination without exciting her suspicions. Going to her door, therefore, I opened it softly and looked in. She slept. This was well. I would not disturb her slumbers. Closing the door noiselessly as I had opened it, I sought my own dressing-room, where I spent the night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BROTHERHOOD OF CHRISTIAN UNITY

Auspicious Outgrowth of the World's Congress of Religions.

CHICAGO, Sep. 22.—Out of the world's parliament of religions has come a "Brotherhood of Christian Unity." Launched at an opportune moment under circumstances exceptionally favorable with a notable array of men and women of eminence as its supporters, it promises to become a mighty engine for good in the Christian world. Its object is the advancement of Christian work; the perpetuation of the remarkable spirit of unity that has characterized the religious parliament and the perpetuation of a bond with which to begin the federation of the world upon a Christian basis.

"For the purpose of uniting with all those who desire to serve God and their fellow men under the inspiration of the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, I hereby enroll myself a member of the brotherhood of Christian unity." Thus reads the pledge and the signers include the most prominent Christians of all denominations from all parts of the world who have attended the religious parliament.

ROBBING A RECTOR.

Pennsylvania Burglars Visit a Family Who Show Fight.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Sep. 22.—Two masked men entered the residence of Rev. Dr. A. A. Marple, rector of Old Swedes church in Merion township, while the family were in the dining room. One of the men pointed a pistol at the rector and the other twirled a sandbag. When the doctor picked up a chair he was struck a crushing blow between the eyes with the revolver and fell unconscious. Mrs. Marple and her daughter and niece ran upstairs and fired a pistol and rang a bell to arouse the neighbors. The would-be robbers escaped. The rector is not seriously injured.

GLIMPSES IN A MINT.

Something About the Process of Coining the Precious Metals.

It is rather difficult to attempt a description of how money is made. Even encyclopedias, which are supposed to be equal to any and all emergencies, object to that. In a measure they are right. To get the best idea of the multiple and minute processes of minting one must be an eye-witness. It adds charm to the proceedings to stand by the dusty furnaces, arranged in sentinel-like rows, to see them open their jaws and look right down into the fiery cavern, where insatiable tongues of flame are licking up the molten masses of silver and gold.

A day or two ago Officer Brown, standing beside a visitor who had watched with all the fascination of a novice the great iron mouths opening and closing, betrayed himself into a neat little explanation of the process of minting money. Officer Brown has been many years at the mint, so the visitor listened with interest, as to one who spoke with authority. Here is the process in a nutshell:

"Making money," said he, with one of those eloquent waves of the hands he keeps by him to use on explanatory occasions such as these, "is just like making cake. You mix the dough, we mix the metal. You roll out the dough into shape, we roll out the metal into bars. You cut the dough into cakes, we cut the metal into coins. Then we stamp them. The metal left over is melted up and used again, just as the cook gathers up the left-overs, rolls them again and cuts more cakes."

In other words, an amount of metal, say the equivalent of $90,000 in gold, which chemically is made up of 90 per cent. gold and 10 per cent. copper, is put into a black-lead crucible about the size of a peck measure. It is kept in the furnace one hour and fifteen minutes. The workman watches his gold as sacredly as the cook her cakes, and when the molten liquid is brought to the proper consistency he takes a three-cornered black-lead cup, about the size that would fit a monkey's head, and dips up $2,000 worth of the metal at a time, pouring it out again with that marvelous dexterity which only comes from practice into moulds holding $1,000 each. Nothing can be more beautiful than the fiery stream of young and pure gold as it glides into the locked arms of the iron mould. When the liquid solidifies it forms a bar, or, to be technically correct, an ingot about twelve inches long and about half an inch thick. These ingots are subjected to a process of rolling out which lengthens them without increasing the width. The bars are then ready to be cut. One machine cuts the coin, another stamps them after the process of milling has been performed. Milling, in mint parlance, has somewhat of a different signification than in ordinary vernacular. It signifies the rolling over of the edge of the coin preparatory to stamping it with the minute denticulations, which are commonly known as the milling. The latter is part of the process of stamping, and is done at the time that the signet is put on the coin.

Speaking of stamping, introduces the large corps of women who form a considerable part of the working force of the mint. About 100 of them are employed, and they attend entirely to the adjusting and stamping. It may be said in explanation of the process of the term "adjusting" that every coin before it is shaped is carefully weighed. If too heavy the edge is delicately filed until the coin is of lawful weight; if too light the piece is sent to be remelted. This process of weighing and adjusting is an employment to which women, with their delicacy of touch, are well suited. They are also in charge of the stamping. Incidentally it may be said that most presses stamp from 80 to 110 coins every minute. In one short hour $45,000 in ten-dollar gold pieces can be stamped around the edge and on both sides.

There is another part of the work which comes under the charge of the women employed at the mint. They do the sewing. At first thought it seems a trifle incongruous to associate sewing with money minting, but all the bags used by the mint are sewed in the building. The bags are made of white duck and run up by machine, being sewed twice for security. The bag making is no small thing when you come to consider the number it takes to pack up the newly coined wealth of the country each year. The five-cent pieces are packed in $50 bags and the pennies in $10 bags, and the small silver in $1,000 and the gold in $5,000 pouches. Roughly speaking, last year fully 2,000 bags were made up for gold alone, 10,000 for silver, 5,000 for half dollars, besides many thousands [illegible] the smaller coins.—[Philadelphia Times.

Nebuchadnezzar's Hanging Gardens.

The "hanging gardens of Babylon" were built by Nebuchadnezzar to gratify his wife, Amyitis, a native of Media, who longed for something in that flat country to remind her of her mountain home. They consisted of an artificial mountain, 400 feet on each side, rising by successive terraces, to a length which overtopped the walls of the city. The terraces themselves were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered by flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Upon these were spread beds of matting; then a thick layer of bitumen, covered with sheets of lead. Upon this solid pavement earth was heaped, some of the piles being hollow so as to afford depth for the roots of the largest trees. Water was drawn from the river so as to irrigate these gardens which must have presented to the eye the appearance of a mountain clothed in verdure.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.