Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1893.

According to the method which is now adopted for reckoning leap years in England, December, January and February will be the summer months about 720,000 years hence.

Joseph Hessel, the Austrian, who is said to have invented the marine screw propeller, died in abject poverty. But a monument was erected to his memory in Vienna the other day.

The New York Recorder avers that Kansas farmers have reaped more wealth off the earth's surface in grain than has been dug out of its interior in precious metals in the same time in all the States and Territories west of her.

California people have subscribed $400,000 for the support of the California Midwinter International Fair. The Fair Structures will be placed in Golden Gate Park, a large plot of reserved land west of San Francisco between the city and the Pacific Coast line. The buildings will be Moorish, Aztec and early Spanish Mission in design. Commissioners of Foreign Governments at Chicago have been informed of the Fair and invited to aid in securing exhibits for it.

Some experiments in military ballooning have just been made in France. Five balloons were released from the Esplanade des Invalides in Paris; the aeronauts in charge having been previously instructed to pass over a radius of twenty miles of country supposed to be held by an enemy, and then to descend as closely as possible to Combs la Ville. One of the balloons descended within a mile of the desired place, and two others at a point somewhat more distant from it.

Reports from the recruiting station of the United States Army in Boston and from the recruiting station of the Marine Corps in the same city show that at both stations an unusually large number of men have presented themselves the present summer as recruits. It is suspected by the New York Tribune that the closing of mills in New England and the discharge of thousands of workingmen have led to the enlistments. The recruits also are of a better class than usually present themselves.

The farmers of Saratoga County, New York, regard the golden rod as a nuisance, exceeded only by the Canada thistle. It fills the meadows, chokes out the grass and ruins the pasturing. That the "pesky stuff" had value was unknown until a man recently arrived from New York and arranged with several agriculturists for the purchase and shipment of the flowers. He is to furnish boxes specially made to preserve the golden rod's freshness during its seven hours' journey cityward, and hopes to reap a profit from sales on the street and at the florists' stands.

The American Agriculturist observes: "In nearly every county one or more fairs are held each autumn. Farmers and their families should endeavor to spend one or more days at these annual gatherings. There is certain to be something of great interest and benefit to every branch of farming. In fruit or vegetables, if anything of merit is observed, find out the name and price, test it for next season. Follow the same with grain or other products of the fields. Talk with the producer, if possible, and obtain valuable points or hints that will aid in future labors. Look over the improved breeds of stock, and decide whether a thoroughbred animal could be used in your neighborhood with profit. The machinery and implements will receive their share of attention. You will usually meet many of your friends, and make new ones, and thus add another link to the evidence of why you should attend the fairs, both local and State. Take something with you to exhibit, and whether you obtain a premium or not, you have aided in the display and success of the exhibition, and in the future, by this course, be more deeply interested."

A DARK SECRET.

The Story of a Tragic Life Drama.

BY E. M. DAVY.

CHAPTER XV.

IN A HUNTING COUNTRY.

Sleep being entirely out of the question, I was early astir, packed my portmanteau and joined Hawks at the breakfast table, he imagining the while that I merely meant to accompany him to the station.

On my way up-stairs to excuse my departure to Georgie I encountered Mrs. Armstrong. She appeared on the look-out for me.

"The mistress has getten a sick headache an' does na wish to be distorbed," she said.

"But I'm going from home for three days, Mrs. Armstrong——"

"Weel, sor, an' that's no news. She telled me so hersen."

Edna had done this—she had made the way easy to me, God bless her!

"Can I neither see my wife nor Miss Lynton, then?"

"Na. Ye just canna."

The carriage was announced, and we set off. Hawks, noticing my bag, asked an explanation, and I told him I intended going as far as York, adding, vaguely, that I had heard of a horse for sale there. I deemed it wisest to make no mention of Leicestershire even to Charlie.

On parting company at York his last words were, "I guess you'll not forget the tip I gave you last night, eh, old chappie?"

I laughed, said, "All right, Charlie," then set about making inquiries as to how I could best reach Whitmore Park. After considerable delay I obtained the name of the nearest post town, and for that I took my ticket; but found, on my arrival, there was still a branch line to travel before I could get any way near my destination.

It was 7 o'clock in the evening, and almost dark, when, wearied and impatient with the long, slow journey, I alighted at a small wayside station. With the exception of a female who got out of a second or third class carriage, the rest of the passengers went on.

"How far is it to Whitmore Park—Mr. Hargreave's place?" I asked of the ticket collector before passing through the turnstile.

"Whitmore Park is about three miles off; but Mr. Hargreave's been dead these two years an' more."

"Indeed! Will you inform me who lives there now?"

"Major O'Neil, sir."

"Is he a hunting man?"

"He's a master of hounds, sir."

"Ah, Mr. Hargreave used to be. Did the Major keep on the same huntsmen and whips, I wonder?" I asked, with studied carelessness.

"Not one on 'em. Major O'Neil brought his own with him—all Irish," he said, with some disdain—"even to the stable boys."

"I wish I could have seen the old huntsman, or some man who had been in Mr. Hargreave's stables," I said, musingly.

"That's easily done, sir," he replied, with animation. "There's a good inn a mile and a half down yonder road kept by Tom Little, the late master's huntsman—'Little Tom' he used to be called in the old Squire's time, an' he's best known by that name yet. Beg pardon, sir, but you'd be very comfortable there if you happened to want a bed for the night. He's got good stabling, too."

I thanked the man for his information, and was about to push on in the direction indicated, when I saw him turn to receive a ticket from a female who, hitherto unobserved, had probably overheard our conversation. I looked at her, and there was yet sufficient light to see she was a little woman in a large cloak and bonnet; that she wore spectacles, carried a basket of oranges, and leaned on a stick. Then I set off at a swinging pace, and never slackened it until I reached the inn.

At the open door stood a small, wiry man, with a weather-beaten, good-humored face, who looked as though he might have been born and bred in stables. Mine host, assuredly. I ascertained that I could be put up for the night, and he at once inquired if I required stabling. No; I had merely come on a voyage of discovery, adding, as insinuatingly as I could:

"To speak perfectly frankly, Little, my chief object is to have a chat with you. I want you to tell me something about the Major's kennel, and what sport he has been showing. The fact is, I have some thoughts of bringing my hunters next season. That, however, will depend on your report."

The ruse succeeded. I was at once invited into the best parlor of the inn, and while some supper was being prepared for me, the ex-huntsman and I sat at opposite sides of the cheerful, blazing fire, both smoking, and I listening, with well-assumed interest, to such information as a man anxious to hunt in that country might be supposed to want.

At last, however, without, I believe, manifesting any undue eagerness, I said:

"And now tell me something about the old days. You'd rather speak of them, I fancy."

"I'm not so sure I would, sir," he said, shaking his head, while a cloud seemed to settle on his hitherto cheerful face. "There was that terrible catastrophe, you see——"

"And what was that?"

"Don't you know? Didn't you hear of it when it happened? Why, the whole hunting world was ringing with it."

"I was out of the hunting world for a time; that may account for my ignorance. I have only taken to it again this season," I explained hurriedly and somewhat lamely. "Tell me the story. Do."

He laid his pipe down carefully, and seemed preparing for a long yarn.

"She was just the handsomest girl you ever saw, was Miss Hargreave, sir, bar none! 'Squire Hargreave had kept hounds ever since coming to the property, and his daughter had been used to the saddle from a baby, but, when the young lady grew up, the master took a fancy to keep her out of the field. I wont go into particulars of the why and the wherefore now. I believe he was in the right from what I learnt afterward, but that's neither here nor there. Anyhow, he got rid of her huntors and made her drive out with her stepmother instead. She had a high spirit, she had, and resented it. 'Tom,' says she to me one day, the end of December of the season '78, 'what'll you bet I don't get a mount before this year's out?' 'The master's had to move, when's mind's made up,' said I. 'I don't mean to ask him, but I'll be out, you'll see, Tom,' says she. And sure enough she was.

"She'd plenty of money at command, any amount of pluck, and what does she do but goes and bribes that sneaking horsedealer fellow Brown to buy her a horse. He bought her one and they kept it dark. But this didn't come out till afterward, you must know, sir. The meet was at Cowley's; a fox was found in Winlow Willows. A grand old sly boots he proved, and gave us a ring or two before the catastrophe happened. My mind was occupied only with my work, and I never gave another thought to Miss Hargreave when I saw she didn't show up at the meet. Now this is the story of how it all happened, which I heard from more than one eye-witness, sir.

"The master had ridden his horse at a very large and deep drain, when Miss Hargreave appeared suddenly, from heaven knows where, riding at a very great pace. She gave a short of laughter, they say, as she set her horse also at the place, close on the master's heels. Too close, for the Squire's horse, though he took the leap all right, in struggling up the opposite bank fell backward into the water. Her horse carried her over safe enough, but in so doing kicked the poor Squire—Good Lord! will any one who was out that day ever forget it?—Hold hard, sir; I haven't quite done yet. It's no secret I'm confiding to your keeping—the whole field vouched for the truth of it—Miss Hargreave, sir, rode on——"

"Good God! She did not know—she could not," I burst out, as a cold, creepy sensation almost paralyzed the words upon my lips.

"That's just the worst part of it, sir. I'm afraid she did."

"Impossible!" cried I, starting up in my excitement. "No woman in her senses——"

But I was interrupted by the door of the room being quickly opened, and a man putting his head in.

"Wanted," he said, making an impatient sign to Tom Little; and leaving the door open, he disappeared.

Tom got up to go.

"One moment," I cried. "Close that door and finish your tale."

"Beg pardon, but it seems to have rather affected you sir. You don't happen to be"—he paused and looked at me uneasily—"in any way related I was about to ask?"

"Go on. For God's sake, go on!"

"Party won't wait. Wants you this instant," said the man, this time grinning, as he again put his head inside the door.

I placed myself between him and "mine host."

"My business must be attended to first, sir," said the latter, looking at me curiously. "If you'll sit down again, I'll finish the story when I come back."

He passed me and went out, closing the door behind him, but not before I had caught sight of a woman standing outside. Though her face was turned away, I recognized her at once as the person I had seen at the station. She had a basket on her arm, and was leaning on a stick.

CHAPTER XVI.

MY WIFE AND MY FRIEND.

That I am not endowed with a superabundance of coolness and patience the reader, doubtless, has already discovered; but also that the position in which I found myself was a trying one cannot be denied. Barely touching the supper that had been brought for me, I paced the little room in a fever of impatience until Tom returned. The moment he came I was struck by the change in his expressive face. There was an ominous tightening about the corners of his mouth, and an evident desire to avoid looking at me.

I sat down again beside the fire; he also dropped into the chair he had occupied before.

"Now, sir, I can go on with my story. But, after all, there is not much more to tell. Let me see. Where was I?"

He spoke with some embarrassment, quite at variance with his manner before he left the room. I was silent. I would not assist him by word or look. That something had occurred to alter his first determination of telling me the whole truth I felt convinced. Possibly the strong emotion I had shown was the cause. I would manifest less interest; by this means perhaps I might learn most. He resumed:

"The poor 'squire was carried home. He only recovered consciousness an hour or so before he died. And what made matters the more painful, you see, sir, was this—he knew very well it was that kick from his daughter's horse that had done for him. Immediately after the funeral, Mrs. Hargreave and her stepdaughter left the Park; everything about the place was sold, and I've been told the ladies went traveling on the Continent."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Well, yes, sir, that's about all."

"You had, in point of fact, finished the story before you left the room?"

"If there is anything more you would like to know that I can tell you, I'll do so, sir." Clearly the answer was evasive.

"You said that Miss Hargreave *rode on*. Would you mind explaining what you meant more fully?" I inquired.

"I said she rode on, and that all the field could testify to it. I suppose the excitement of finding herself on horseback once more caused her to lose her head. I can give no further explanation on that point, sir. Is there anything more you'd like to know?"

What had come over the man I knew not, but felt it would be useless to pursue the subject. I would try him on another track.

"Do you know the name of Gascoigne?" I asked, abruptly.

"Gascoigne?" he repeated, and seemed considering. "No, there's never been any one of that name hereabouts to my knowledge, and I've been in this part over six years now."

"You never heard of a Dr. Gascoigne, then?"

"No, sir."

"Who was attending Mr. Hargreave when he died?"

"Dr. Wilson, from C——; and a great London doctor came down—when it was too late."

"Where is Dr. Wilson now? Possibly I could hear of Gascoigne through him."

"He's dead, sir."

"Did he attend Miss Hargreave? You see I'm taking you at your word, and asking plenty of questions."

"If Miss Hargreave needed a doctor, he would attend her, naturally, as he was, you may say, the family doctor. But the young lady was never ill enough to require medical attendance. She'd one of the grandest constitutions going."

"But af er that terrible tragedy, for instance, was she not ill? Did no medical man attend her on that occasion?" I inquired, vividly recalling to mind what Mrs. Hargreave had told me of her daughter's attack of brain fever, of the shock her nerves had undergone, of the doctor's advice concerning her.

"You give me credit for more knowledge than I possess, sir," answered Little. "I told you Mrs. Hargreave and her stepdaughter left the Park immediately after the funeral. I wonder what's got them now?" he said, looking at me keenly.

Involuntarily I winced, feeling that the tables were being turned on me.

I rose and tried to laugh.

"Evidently your too graphically told tale has had a depressing effect," I said. "I'll go outside now and try to walk it off."

Alone and in the darkness I would think over what I had just heard. Alone and in darkness! How truly did those words describe my own condition!

It was evident there was no further information to be gathered from the ex-huntsman. In point of fact, perhaps there was no more to learn. God knows it was enough! But even then, as I tramped along the unknown road that starless night, my passion had somewhat cooled, and I felt I might have pitied Georgie had it not been for those damning words of Little's, beneath which such subtle meaning lurked—"Miss Hargreave, sir, rode on." Good God! would the tones of his voice, the expression of his face as he uttered them, ever cease to haunt me?

This, then, was the story which, a few seasons ago, had been the talk of the sporting world!

When a certain Mr. and Mrs. Dudley took up their abode in far-off Northshire, and the huntingmen, who were so cordial with Jack Dudley in the field, wished their wives and mothers to call upon his wife, they inquired first, "Who was she?" "Lester Hargreave's daughter."

Why, every M. F. H. in the kingdom would remember the tragic tale the very moment the name was spoken. And how the news would spread!

Need I wonder any longer that no callers came to Langdale Grange? Need I wonder now what Edna Lynton meant when she tried all woman could to dissuade me from this fatal marriage?

Fool! Blind, infatuated dupe that I had been to sell my liberty for the sake of a beautiful face and—Mammon!

But, alas, more remained to be discovered. The part Dr. Gascoigne played in this wretched drama was still to be explained; and I vowed to heaven I would neither sleep nor rest till the mystery surrounding him was solved.

I left Leicestershire by the first train next morning.

How long the return journey seemed—how wearisome all the changes and delays? It was nearly 9 at night when I found myself once more at Wexham.

I had telegraphed from York for a cab to meet me, and two were waiting outside the station. Selecting that to which a pair of horses was attached, I was about to enter it, when the driver stopped me. It was engaged, he said, for a lady. I therefore took possession of the other, and we were soon passed by the two-horse cab, which I could not help noticing was being driven at unusual speed. About half a mile from the Grange we met the same vehicle returning; a ray of moonlight glinting in showed me that it was empty.

The entrance to the grounds was reached. The gates stood open. A few seconds more and I should be in the presence of my wife. Sudden conviction that I was not prepared assailed me. I called to the driver to stop; I paid him, took my bag, and walked slowly along the moonlit carriage-drive.

I did this to gain time—to no other motive can I assign the action—to gain time to frame the words which could best excuse my absence and explain why I had returned a day earlier than I had named. It was supposed I had gone to York about a horse. I had not bought the horse. The less said the better.

Still brooding over my somber thoughts, almost unconsciously I turned along a favorite walk which led round the side of the house. All here lay in deepest shadow; but a broad flood of light from the music-room window crossed the path and lost itself in the shrubbery beyond.

Georgie is in there, I thought; but, instead of hastening forward, I stood still. One minute more with the fresh March wind blowing on me—one minute more, and then——

I was close by the French window; I had even advanced a step with the intention of tapping on the pane to be in, as I had done numberless times before, when it was flung suddenly open, and a shadow fell along the illuminated space.

"There, that is better. The air will soon revive you." And the voice was the voice of Gascoigne, but he spoke with a tenderness I had never heard from him before.

"Yes—I—I can breathe now." And these words were spoken by my wife.

The shadow seemed then to separate—to form two; and I felt certain that he, Gascoigne, my *friend*—heaven save the mark!—had been holding her in his arms! The conversation that ensued was clearly a continuation of one that had been going on inside the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Yellow Fever at Jessup.

JESSUP, Ga., Oct. 2.—C. J. Warren died from yellow fever here. It is not thought the disease will spread.

Lamont Returns.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—Secretary of War Daniel S. Damont left for Washington yesterday.

How to Make a Scrap Book.

A scrap book should not be composed of miscellaneous materials, but confined to some special purpose. Let the collector decide rightly whether pictures or printed texts are to be collected. In pictures the collector should confine himself to a definite subject, whether portraits, historical landscapes, or some branch of natural history. A book of famous authors may be collected from publishers' catalogues alone. In almost every city or country a volume of local scenery may be collected. The collector should especially seek to save what is likely to be lost. For a book in which to paste the cuttings almost any bound volume will do, especially if its pages show a wide margin, and the print can be readily covered by two widths of ordinary newspaper clippings. The margin may be used for notes, including dates, and a few explanatory memoranda. The clippings should be kept for a week or so before they are pasted down, because a second judgment may rule them out. It is quite safe to advise collectors that no cutting will do unless it bids fair to be fresh and intelligible a year after it has been honored with a place in the scrap-book. If the pages become too thick for the cover, cut out two or three leaves after each page filled with the clippings. When there is the slightest possibility that the scrap-book may be used for publishing purposes, or that any of its entries may be cut out for other uses, cover one page only. But on the page used the clippings should be packed closely together. If possible, each clipping should retain the "rule" which marks the end of a printed paragraph or poem. The column lines need not be retained. In fact, it is best to cut newspapers always along these lines. Ragged edges, of course, should be avoided, and the mucilage with which the clippings are pasted down should be used sparingly, lest it ooze through the paper or exude under the edge. Flour paste is better than mucilage, and what is known as a photographer's paste is excellent.

Marriage in Burman.

Destitution is almost unknown, and the wants of life in the temperate climate of Burmah are more easily satisfied than in the colder countries of northern Europe. A young Burmese couple can start life with a da and a cooking-pot. The universal bamboo supplies materials for building the house, lighting the fire, carrying the water from the well, and may even help to compose the dinner itself. The wife is usually prepared to take a share in supporting the household, and thus she has gradually acquired a position of independence not always enjoyed by married women elsewhere. It has been decided that, under the ancient Buddhist custom prevailing in Burmah, a husband cannot alienate property jointly acquired after marriage without the consent of his wife. Few marriages take place where either party is under fifteen, and the usual age is between fifteen and twenty-five. Polygamy now practically no longer exists, although in ancient times the Burmese were polygamists as well as slaveholders. Most Burmese have only one wife, and few more than two. The first, or head wife, is usually the choice of the husband in his youth, and when she ceases to have children she often assists in the choice of a young wife, who is bound to obey her. The case with which divorce is obtained is said to be one of the causes why polygamy is so rare. The terms of divorce are based on ancient rules, one of which is that the party wishing the separation can take his or her property and no more; the other party takes all the rest, including the children. The safeguard against caprice in husbands is not merely public opinion, which condemns too frequent divorces, but the self-respect of women, which prevents them from marrying a man who has divorced his wives too freely. The privilege of perfect freedom in this respect is said to be rarely abused. Divorce is very rare, a fact attributable equally, perhaps, to the high position occupied by women in Burmese society, the care with which marriage contracts are entered into and the extreme evenness of temper which characterizes both sexes. —[London Times.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—Mix together two cupfuls of graham flour, a cupful of milk, one of chopped raisins, a cupful of molasses and one egg beaten light, a teaspoonful of salt, and one of soda, dissolved in a little water. Pour into the pudding pan, allowing plenty of room to rise. Cover tightly and boil three hours, adding boiling water as the water boils and the pudding dish wastes. Eat with any kind of sweet sauce.

PEACH CAKE.—Mix together one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and one gill of sugar. Rub through a sieve and add a gill and a half of milk, one well-beaten egg and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Spread this in a well-buttered shallow cake pan. Cover the top of the dough with peaches, pared and cut in halves. Sprinkle three tablespoonfuls of sugar over this and bake in a moderately hot oven for half an hour. Slide the cake upon a warm platter and serve hot with sugar and cream.

BROILED WHITE FISH, MAITRE D'HOTEL.—Pare off the fins, wash well, wipe dry and slit a large whitefish down the back; remove the spine, season with salt and pepper, baste with oil, broil to a nice color and well; slide on a dish, spread a soft maitre d'hotel sauce over the fish, garnish with quartered lemon and serve. For the sauce: Knead the desired quantity of maitre d'hotel butter with finely chopped and pressed parsley and lemon juice. Use it unmelted with different preparations.