

The railways of England and Scotland derive a larger revenue from their goods than from their passenger traffic, those of Ireland the reverse.

The Supreme Court of New York has rendered a decision which confirms the title of the dead to the graves in which they lie, and it is hoped, will put a stop to the desecration of their resting places under the pretense of public improvement. It appears that a cemetery in Brooklyn had been sold by the trustees, and one of the lot owners sued out an injunction to have his rights in the matter settled. The Supreme Court held that the owner of a lot in a cemetery held it absolutely in fee, and that the trustees could not sell it nor deprive him of it. The trustees, it seems, got a special act of the legislature to enable them to sell the cemetery, but the judge said that the legislature cannot give them power to sell what they do not own, and can give no title to.

Among the men who have died during the past year and whose names will figure in history are James G. Blaine, late Secretary of State; Alexander of Battenberg, once the Prince of Bulgaria; ex-President Hayes, General Benjamin F. Butler, Chief Justices Lamar and Blatchford, Hamilton Fish, Beauregard and Smith, Confederate generals; the Earl of Derby, Miribel, chief of the French general staff; MacMahon, ex-President of France; Jules Ferry, Senator Stanford, the founder of Leland Stanford University; Sir A. T. Galt, Sir John Abbot, ex-Premier of Canada; "Uncle Jerry" Rusk, Tirard, a former Premier of France, and Admiral Tryon, of the Victoria, first of English naval officers of the day. The church, in its various members, has lost Phillips Brooks, who is claimed by the church universal; Dr. A. P. Peabody, Dr. Philip Schaff, Frederick Evans, the Shaker; Bishops Kip and Bissell and Brother Azarias. The ranks of the men of letters show few breaches, but among these are places once filled by Taine, Francis Parkman, Guy de Maupassant, John Addington Symonds, Mrs. Maria Lamb, founder of the Magazine of History; De Mille, Lucy Larcom, Professor Jewett and Dr. William Smith, the lexicographer. Among the scientists who have been taken away the names of Tyndall, Charcot and Professor Horsford, of Harvard, are the most prominent names. Others of this class are Craven, the inventor of the submarine cable; Liechtenhals, the conchologist and marine botanist; Decandolle, a French botanist; Captain Anderson, who commanded the Great Eastern when laying the first Atlantic cable; Joseph Francis, the inventor of the life-boat; Colton, the map publisher; Viner, the meteorologist; Stephenson, builder of the first street car; Rae, the great Arctic explorer; Harvey, the inventor of the armor plate. Few men have died in 1893 whose loss has been more severely felt and whose name has been more widely honored than General Armstrong, founder of the Hampton Institute and friend of the freedman and the Indian. In this category, among those who did much for their fellow-men, may be mentioned also Anthony Drexel, George I. Seney and Colonel Auchmuty. Last, but by no means least, in the ghostly procession are noticed Edwin Booth, greatest of American actors and a very rare character; Fanny Kemble, J. E. Murdock, Gounod, the composer, and Tchaikowsky, the Russian musician.

The First Iron Bridge.

The first iron bridge ever erected in the world, and which is in constant use at the present time, spans a little river to the County of Salop, on the railroad leading from Shrewsbury to Worcester, England. It was built in the year 1778, is exactly ninety-six feet in length, total amount of iron used in construction, 378 tons. Stephenson, the great engineer, in writing concerning it, said: "When we consider the fact that the casting of iron was at that time in its infancy, we are convinced that unblushing audacity alone could conceive and carry into execution such an undertaking."—St. Louis Republic.

HEARTS OF GOLD OR THE HEIRESS OF MAPLE LEAF FARM



GENEVIEVE ULMER.

CHAPTER III. A STARTLING ACCUSATION.

"Something's wrong!" Paul Dalton uttered the words more than once upon the day that preceded the meeting of two precious rogues at the Ridgerton tavern. The field hands repeated them as they cast askance glances at their master. Farmer John was "out of sorts," in the dumps, with a temper "exceedingly contrarivious," and a face that lowered like a rain-fringed cloud.

All that day he barely spoke to Ruth; he treated Dalton with gruff incivility; and woe betide the laborer whom he caught shirking his duty.

"Wheat's gone down." "No; he's been caught on a bad horse-trade."

"Mebbe it's Dalton. He's getting rather spongy on the girl, and you know Farmer John has set his heart on a watch with Ralph Prescott."

These and like gossip explanations floated on the air—all very far from the true solution to the mystery of Farmer John's bad temper, however.

Meantime, with Ralph Prescott nursing and developing his spite, and Farmer John storing up wrath for a near explosion, there were two happy, unconscious souls that saw only gold in the dazzling sunshine, and fancied the songs of the birds the sweetest music in harmony with hearts vibrating to new and delightful emotions.

They loved, these two, Ruth and Paul; they had loved long and purely, but in unexpressed fervor. Now, with the revelation of the white violets, their eyes spoke; a tell-tale flush, an ardent glance, a murmured term of endearment brought them to the threshold of life's sweetest, holiest experience.

If a memory of a false position and a mysterious past shadowed the lover's heart momentarily he drove it away.

If a thought of the stern will of the erratic grandire, of her stubborn father, with eyes blinded to the deficiencies of Blotch Prescott, came to Ruth's mind she blotted it out with a realization of the great bliss that had come into her life to overshadow it all.

So these two golden hearts, with unseen barriers already placed between them, glided on to the bitter fate that a man's subtlety and the workings of a stern, merciless destiny were weaving for them.

"I'll not speak," muttered Farmer John as he entered the house for supper, "I'll not make a mistake and accuse an innocent man. I'll wait once more. I should miss a penny the way I have fixed things, and I'll watch again. The next thief who visits my room gets caught."

He was silent and unsocial all the evening meal. Had he been less absorbed in his grim suspicious thoughts of those present, however, he would have noted the lurking figure of Ralph Prescott, as he stole into the house and then stole out of it again.

The farmer supposed he had gone to his own apartment and sat down to read the weekly newspaper.

At his task—for it was such that evening, with his mind torn with conflicting doubts—Farmer John moved restlessly, lay down the paper, took it up again, pondered, dozed and finally fell into a nap.

He was aroused about nine o'clock by the entrance of Paul Dalton, apparently from up stairs.

A minute later Ruth appeared, her cheeks flushed, her eyes vaguely questioning the keen glance her father fastened upon her.

About to ask her if she had been to visit a girl friend on the next farm, John Elliott was interrupted by the entrance of two farm hands.

They had decided to leave his employ with the morning, and, according to the agreement had come to their pay.

"Better stay in a comfortable home for the winter, boys," spoke Elliott, always considerate to his help.

No, the men were obdurate. They had quite a little store of savings, and their ambition was to try the attractions in the way of money-making of the great, magnetic city.

"All right. What do I owe you?" queried the farmer.

A pent-up volcano of rage, he counted out several of the bills, and extended them to the wondering Paul Dalton. "There's your month's pay," he said, in a tone that grated on Ruth's alarmed ears until she shuddered. "Take it, pack your traps and go!"

"Mr. Elliott!" cried Dalton, in dumfounded bewilderment, "what does this mean?"

"Go!" snapped the farmer, savagely. "Be wise, you know why, I've found you out. Go, while you may, before I forget that you were once honest, once a help to me. Go!"

"Father, are you mad?" cried Ruth, advancing to Elliott's side.

"This ain't your place to speak," interrupted the farmer sternly, putting her away with his hand. "Paul Walton, I have no time to waste on you. You've heard me—go!"

"Not until I know what this extraordinary accusation means," responded Walton firmly, and flushing with indignation.

"What does it mean?" fairly roared Elliott, losing all control of himself. "You will have the truth, will you? You won't leave matters as they are? What does it mean? Dare you ask me, ingrate, hypocrite?"

Ruth Elliott turned frightfully pale, but an indignant flush appeared on either cheek.

"Father," she cried reproachfully. "Do not forget that Mr. Walton is a gentleman."

"A gentleman!" blazed out Farmer Elliott. "No, I call him—a thief!"

CHAPTER IV. DENOUNCED.

The scene that ensued to the wild declaration of Farmer John was a startling tableau.

Somewhere back in Paul Walton's life there had been a time when that proud spirit of his would have sprang to arms in a flash, at the touch of the goad of injustice.

His flashing eyes, his quickening breath showed it now, as with clenched hands he strode forward, as if to lay the author of the daring accusation at his feet.

Then, with superb control, and remembering that his accuser was the father of the woman he loved, the young man folded his arms calmly and said, in clear, steady tones:

"Mr. Elliott, you will regret those unjust words. You are laboring under some honest mistake. I am no thief."

John Elliott tried to crush the speaker with a single look of utter incredulity and contempt.

Then, firm in the conviction that audacious hypocrisy deserved its fate, with merciless roughness he told his story.

He had missed various sums of money for a month past, first a trifle, then quite a large amount.

Some one was in the habit of feloniously entering his room and rifling the cabinet in which he kept his money.

At six o'clock that evening he had visited his room, assured himself of the exact contents of the cabinet, and had locked it securely.

Since then, no one had gone into the upper portion of the house except the accused.

At this statement, Dalton's lips moved as if to speak. Then with a start and a glance at Ruth, he allowed it to go uncontradicted.

When he went up stairs to obtain the money for the men, Farmer John perceived to his amazement, as he opened the cabinet, that two packages of bank-notes, representing nearly four hundred dollars, were missing.

He had entertained grave suspicions of his superintendent before. Impulse drove him to enter his room. A disarranged pillow on the bed directed a search. Beneath it he had found—one of the packages, the one now in his hand.

More than that, on the floor of the room he had picked up a key. It fitted to the cabinet. Paul Dalton was an accomplished thief.

"You entered my room to-night," was the unvarying accusation; "you stole the money."

"Innocent or guilty?" murmured Walton. "Innocent? Does the key show it? Does hidden plunder show it?" "I never saw key or money before. Some one placed them in my room, some one else."

"Bah!" scornfully interrupted Elliott. "You have heard my decision—go!" "He shall not go."

Trembling all over, yet with resolute face, Ruth stole to the side of her accused lover.

She caught his hand in her own. Love, unmistakable, unhidden from all the world, spoke in her words, manner, and attitude.

"Are you crazy?" exclaimed her father, staring vaguely at her glowing face. "Giri!" in a terrible tone of suspicion, "what does this mean?"

"It means that I know him to be innocent—that, in one word, I can prove it. He did not steal your money because he was not in the house to-night—he was not in the house to-night—"

"Ruth—Ruth, silence! Do you notice that this will anger him—"

"I will speak! He was not in the house, because he met me at the stile. He met me there because our truth is pledged, and I love him against all the world, against all your cruel unjust accusations."

She flung herself into his arms as she spoke, and then, woman-like, her strength, resolution, and defiance vanished, and she burst into tears.

Into the amazed face of John Elliott blazed a cry more like a roar than anything else, he tore Ruth from the clasp of her lover.

Roaring like a madman, he confronted Paul Dalton, menacing him, anathematizing him, ready to crush him with uplifted hands.

"Thief! Miscreant! Hypocrite!" he fairly choked out. "Oh! I could forgive a thief of money, but this—you serpent, with your smooth, wily ways, to steal my girl's heart—go, I warn you, or I will do you harm!"

The two astounded laborers, well knowing Farmer John's ungovernable temper, pressed Dalton toward the door.

With a last look at the crushed and weeping Ruth, the accused turned upon her father.

"John Elliott," he spoke firmly, almost sadly, "some day you will regret your unjust accusation—the truth concerning that will come to light soon. As to Ruth, a heart of stone could not help loving her. You drive me from your door, ruined in reputation and happiness. I will never darken its threshold again until I can stand before all men, by your own words proven innocent of the hideous charge you bring against me."

"That will never be. Don't be in a hurry, Mr. Paul Dalton. I have something to say to you."

The impressive tableau was rudely disturbed by the jeering, bantering words.

The door had opened, and his face flushed with drink and excitement, his malevolent eyes glowing with the certainty of a mean and crushing revenge, Ralph Prescott entered the room.

"What's this?" thundered Farmer John, his brows knit frowningly.

"I've heard your talk from the outside," explained Prescott, glibly. "I've heard this highly indignant gentleman's high-down talk, too. He's innocent, is he? Then he's changed from what he once was. Time to find him out, Mr. Elliott—time to get him out of the house where he's lurked, a hypocrite, a serpent, so long."

"What do you mean?" demanded Farmer John, dubiously.

"I mean," replied Prescott, his face at once washed with concentrated delight and malignity, "that Paul Dalton is worse than a thief!"

"Worse than a thief!" repeated Elliott, excitedly.

"Yes, I charge him—and I dare him to deny it—with being an ex-convict!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lafayette's Home.

The Chateau de Chavaniac is on a high hill, and in the misty background are the slopes of Mounts Dome, Laguet and Cantal. A lovely wide avenue at least a mile long leads to it from Paulhuguet. The avenue is bordered by poplars, ash and elm trees, all of which were planted by the General. The chateau itself is a rather new building, for it stands on the place of one that was burned in the eighteenth century.

It forms a parallelogram, each side of which is seventy-five feet long and with a height of about forty. The principal front faces the north, but on each side several doors offer easy exits. The construction lacks elegance, and if it were not for its fine situation, the lovely site on which it stands and the ancient trees that form a splendid framework, it would present a rather heavy physiognomy.

The ground floor is only occupied by kitchens, pantries and wine cellars. The first story is divided into several fine rooms, and on the upper floor are the bedchambers, most of which have, however, remained unoccupied since 1829, when Lafayette made his last visit to his native place.

The most important room on the first floor is about forty-two feet long, and has served in turn for dining hall and ball-room. In it are the family portraits, most of them modern, and several busts, among which are those of Washington, Franklin, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Casar, Brutus, Cicero and Socrates. The library has perhaps a thousand volumes, and the books still bear the "ex libris" of the General's arms, and "Cui non?" his proud device.

Business at Elizabethport.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Feb. 12.—The New Jersey copper extraction works at Elizabethport, which suspended work some weeks ago, will resume operations to-day with about 500 employees.

CAUGHT WITH FISHHOOKS

Clean Capture of a San Francisco Pickpocket.

A remarkable story came to light yesterday regarding an experienced Monday night of Charles Osborne, a mining man of Shasta county, who was a pickpocket, in which he came immeasurably best. Osborne's story is so unusual as to seem hardly credible, but it is vouched for in a way to carry belief.

Osborne arrived here several weeks ago. He is one of the best known mining men in California, having mined for years in the north. He was the discoverer of the Gladstone gold mine, French Gulch, which he sold for \$50,000. As he was on his way to Johannesburg to take charge of some mines and did not know where he would get back, he spent some time here seeing the sights and taking his ease preparatory to starting.

While here he sent to Redding \$1,000, which he received by express. Much of this money he carried on his person, for Osborne is a big, stalwart man, who has been about the world and is not afraid.

One night over a week ago, when he and his friend, Petty, were out seeing the sights, a light-fingered man touched him for two twenty-dollar gold pieces, which he had in one of his trousers pockets. This was a surprise to Osborne, and set him thinking. He had never had anything like that happen before, and he was very much annoyed. He saw nothing about it at the time, however, but set to work devising a plan for thwarting any similar accident in the future.

In a dim way he recollected that he thought some one had put a hand in his pocket on the night he lost the coin. Osborne, as is customary among many mining men, wears substantial corduroy clothes, and these are equipped with unusually strong pockets. In the right pocket of his trousers, therefore, he skillfully arranged half a dozen big fishhooks, each carefully fastened to its place, and in such a way that they would offer no resistance to a hand which being inserted, but the hand would be grasped by the barbs while being withdrawn. Any one of the hooks would hold a ten-pound salmon.

Thus equipped Osborne again started forth. At the corner of California and Kearny streets a fair was blithely expatiating about his wares, and the mining man stopped to hear what he had to say.

Desirous of testing his invention, he jingled two or three \$20 pieces carelessly in sight, and then dropped a couple of them in sight of the yawning man below the fish hooks. The man leaned back and became absorbed in the street-corner oratory. In a few moments, sure enough, he felt a hand going down his pocket. He moved slowly and carefully, but every time the fakir said anything to make the crowd laugh it went down with more confidence. Pretty soon Mr. Osborne felt that he had a man at his elbow who was doing some deep thinking. He knew this by the comment that had taken place in his pocket. He said nothing, but he knew something was going to happen. It did, when a voice said:

"Say, mister! I've got my hand in your pocket!"

"What have you got your hand in my pocket for?" said Osborne, cheerfully. "Why don't you take it out?"

"I can't; it's caught," said the man, looking up and turning pale.

"Well, come right down here to policeman. He will help you take it out," replied the mining man, and he moved off as he spoke, the thief being forced to trot along by the side of his captor.

"Oh, I didn't get any money. For heaven's sake let me go!" cried the thief.

"Osborne did not care anything about imprisoning the fellow and punishing him further. He declared he would not have minded it a bit if he had lost the additional gold pieces. All he wanted was to see if his invention would work. So he released the fellow and let him go. He immediately ran away, and Osborne returned to his hotel, followed by several people.

H. R. Bemis and others examined the fishhook-guarded pocket. It had considerable blood in it from the hand of the would-be thief.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Visits of Night Moths to Flowers.

In relation to the visits of night moths to flowers, resulting in their cross-fertilization, a recent author shows that the lepidote clothing is easily detached that they invariably leave "moth-hair" on the pistil, provided it is in the receptive condition required for perfect fertilization. The stigma at this period is utterly devoid of membrane and forms at the apex a little cup containing sweet liquid into which the pollen grains fall, the moisture aiding in the development of the pollen tube, and probably furnishing the nutritive material requisite for its growth. The sticky fluid catches, and holds the "moth hair" and thus the observer can tell whether or not the flower is favored by the visits of these nocturnal creatures.—[New York Independent.]

MR. WILSON VERY SICK

His Condition Takes a Sudden Turn for the Worse.

May Not Be Able to Leave Kansas City in a Week or More—His Physicians Extremely Anxious, but Fear Only Other Complications.

Mr. Wilson With Her Husband.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 12.—Last night the doctor for the worse came in the course of this city Saturday, enroute to Mexico. Mr. Wilson caught a severe cold and suffered with a chill while on his way from Washington to Chicago last week. Against the advice of his physician, he left Chicago Friday night and came to Kansas City to fill an appointment to speak here Saturday night.

At 7 o'clock Saturday evening Dr. Porter positively forbade his leaving the hotel.

Sunday he felt better, and in the afternoon the doctor thought Mr. Wilson could continue his journey Tuesday, but last night the great reformer was attacked by a high fever and is now a very sick man.

It is doubtful if he will be able to leave here this week.

Mr. Wilson is stopping at the Coates house. His wife is with him, and everything possible is being done to aid the sick man, but although the physicians in charge say that Mr. Wilson will pull through unless more serious complications arise, it is plainly evident that they are exceedingly anxious.

LOVE'S WESTERN LAND VENTURE

The Watkins Bank's Money Probably Sunk at Muncie, Ind.

MUNCIE, Ind., Feb. 12.—Secretary George W. Love of the Western Improvement company of West Muncie and a cousin of J. W. Love, the absconding defaulter of the Watkins, N. Y., National bank, yesterday said his cousin was one of seven owners of the \$500,000 capital stock of the company, but that only \$100,000 has been paid in and he has only invested about \$40,000 in cash and that his actions will not impair the interests of the corporation. The company is composed of New York men who purchased a fine tract of land four miles from this city, built an elegant summer hotel, artificial lake, located factories, built streets and made improvements with a view of selling town lots. The venture has not been a success financially, and the story that John Love has lost a large amount of cash here is generally credited. George Love says his cousin was afflicted and might have lost his mind.

Keith's Concerts for Charity.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 12.—The most successful charity concert ever given in this city was held last night in Keith's Opera-house. It was the fourth in the series of six concerts in aid of the poor, arranged by Mr. Keith for the various theatres in his circuit. The programme was a notable one, and a handsome sum will be turned over to the Organized charities. Mr. Keith's Philadelphia theatre gives the fifth in the series, and his Union Square theatre in New York the sixth and last, on Sunday, Feb. 25. The total funded from these entertainments will exceed \$3,500.

Robbed an Old Maid of Her Fortune

PERU, Ind., Feb. 12.—Mrs. Michael Heenan has been sentenced to two years imprisonment for robbing Miss Mary Remley, an old maid, of her home and fortune. They were neighbors, and Mrs. Heenan, disguised as a gypsy fortune-teller, worked upon the feelings of the old maid each of her many visits, and at last got all her money and finally a deed of property. Mrs. Heenan was arrested and sentenced to one year in prison. A new trial was granted and has just ended by a verdict of two years, given by a Logan jury.

Awful Charge of Cruelty.

SCARSDALE, Pa., Feb. 12.—Andrew Smith, a Poland, told a horrible tale of cruelty before Alderman DeLaney yesterday. He has brought suit against Charles Black, Anthony Peacock, Frank Partill, Alex. Alexander Zorridge and Powell Carpage, charging them with beating him naked upon a red-hot stove and holding him there despite his shrieks of agony as long as they could endure the odor of burning flesh. Smith exhibited the scars of the burns and they are horrible. The accused were held for court.

Hon. C. J. M. Gwinn Dead.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 12.—Ex-Attorney General C. J. M. Gwinn is dead, after an illness of ten days. He was one of the best for a great many years been the political adviser of Senator Gorman, and stood closer to him probably than any other man. He was born in October, 1822.

To Return at Reduced Wages.

WARFIELD, Mass., Feb. 12.—About the founders at the Smith & Anthony move foundry, who two months ago agreed to accept a reduction of wages, go to work on to-morrow morning a reduction of about 8 per cent.

Niagara's Second Ice Bridge.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., Feb. 12.—In case of an ice bridge forming on successive winters in the Niagara gorge below the falls is witnessed to-day. The bridge is composed mainly of slush and is frozen very solid.

Death of E. S. Hawley.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Feb. 12.—E. S. Hawley, aged 84, an old and respected citizen of this city, died yesterday. His family is one of the oldest and most prominent in the city. He left a large estate.