Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21, 1894.

Seventeen cities in the United States are each of larger area than Berlin with its population of 1,579,000.

Dr. Bertillon, author of the French system for the identification of criminals, says that, as a matter of fact, it is impossible among 100,000 individuals to find two persons with ears exactly alike, except in the case of twin brothers. This is one of the reasons why he was able to start a new era in police science.

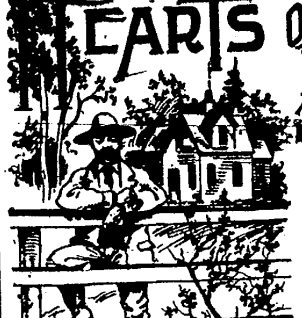
The San Francisco Examiner thinks Japan is getting too civilized. The last steamer brings word that a Know-Nothing society has tried to blow up the Minister of Finance, while the Government is accused of turning over 160,000 yen from the Secret Service fund for the election expenses of the Liberal Party.

Robert Moore, a Water Works Commissioner of St. Louis, made some remarks at the recent meeting of the Engineers' Club of Kansas City, which deserve more than passing attention from the commercial men of New Orleans. He said: "You ask me to talk on Missouri River navigation. It reminds me very forcibly of the chapter on snakes in Ireland. There is no Missouri River navigation, and consequently I know you will excuse me from expressing my views on the subject." He added that the freight traffic on the Southern railroads was making river navigation even on the Mississippi almost a lost art.

The polyglot character of the Austrian army was abundantly shown the other day when the ancient custom of solemnly swearing in the recruits in the presence of the troops was revived, after having been discontinued since 1868. In Vienna alone the formula of oath to the colors had to be administered and read out in nine languages, to wit: German, Hungarian, Croatian, Bohemian, Polish, Ruthenian, Roumanian, Servian and Turkish, while the religious part of the ceremony was conducted by Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic and Greek orthodox priests, Protestant pastors, Hebrew rabbis and Mahometan ulema.

In answer to a recent inquiry made of the Secretary of the Interior by the Commissioner of Education in regard to a division of the fund to agricultural colleges in the South, the Secretary has decided that the division of the fund as already or hereafter to be made by the various State legislatures shall be approved by the department, unless it is apparent that such suggested division is grossly inequitable and that in cases where the State legislatures have not yet proposed an equitable apportionment that the basis of division now in force shall remain till the legislative intent regarding the matter is made known. In the case of South Carolina the act of Congress of July 26th, 1892, applies not only to the sum due the State at the time, but to all sums becoming due under the act of August 30th, 1890.

A Washington letter says; Surprising news has reached the bureau of ethnology respecting the recent disentombment of the conqueror, Pizarro, in Peru. It seems that the corpse exhibits certain abnormalities which are extremely interesting from the point of view of anthropologists. The skull reveals all the marks of the criminal type, as recognized by science to-day. As shown by it the military hero, so worshiped and revered even now in South America, was a murderous and bloodthirsty brute. The cranium has even the so-called "fossa of Lombroso," which modern criminologists have never discovered except in confirmed and habitual enemies of society. The skull is abnormally broad. Another anatomical peculiarity is the instep, which is extraordinarily high. The latter was a feature of his conquering race. It recalls the warrior indefatigable on the march, whether on the desert tracts of the coast, or in the wilds of the Peruvian Cordilleras. As to his age, reliable evidence is to the effect that Pizarro was a little more than seventy years old when he died.



CHAPTER V.
DRIVEN FROM EDEN.

An ex-convict!

As if he had been dealt a sudden and terrible blow, as the vindictive Ralph Prescott spoke those words, Paul Dalton staggered under a fearful shock.

His face became the color of ashes, his eyes expressed the wretchedness and despair of a man lost utterly, and, clutching at a chair for support, he gasped, in a quivering, agonized tone:

"It has come at last. The blow has fallen!"

Farmer John stared at him with wondering, half-believing face. Ruth, with a little cry of terror, more at his bearing than at the accusation, seemed unable to rally from the shock it gave her.

Only the revengeful, excited Prescott was alive to the real issue of the moment.

"Do you see?" he cried in jeering, exultant tones. "He dares not deny it. Let him dare say it ain't true! I'll prove what I say—I'll prove it now and here."

"I neither affirm nor deny it. Let me pass."

The words were a sob. With dazed eyes, his face a void of misery, Paul Dalton groped blindly for the door.

Through it he passed. Upon him it closed. The crafty Prescott himself was amazed. He had counted on triumph, but the victory had come too easy to him. The victim had submitted without a struggle. He had not even afforded him an opportunity to gloat over his downfall.

Farmer John had sunk to a chair, fairly overcome. He had housed not only a thief, a trifler with the affections of his only child, but a man reeking with the prison-rot—branded as a wretch, with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against his own!

Choking down her dread, her uncertainty, her anguish, Ruth managed to totter to her feet.

"Father," she wailed, "I love him."

An awful frown darkened the brow of John Elliott.

"Silence!" he ordered sternly. "Speak that man's name in my presence again and I disown you. Meet him, even address a single word to him, and I curse you. And I trusted him—a thief, a convict."

"It is false. Father! father!" cried Ruth, "can you think it true when you remember his goodness? His face is not the face of a criminal, and his words to me—oh! my heart is breaking, breaking."

"Why, he did not even deny it," muttered Elliott.

"He dared not," burst out Prescott. "Let him try it. I have a man at the village who knows him—was in the same cell with him. He was caged for forgery, and pleaded guilty to get a light sentence. Well rid of him, Mr. Elliott. Lucky to get him away without your throat cut or your house burned over your head."

Ruth was sobbing piteously. A realization that her tears were shed for the man he so hated nettled the spiteful Prescott like an ox-goad.

"And worse than all, he tried to steal her away from me. He——"

"Enough of this, ordered Farmer John, sternly. "It's an experience I shall profit by. I've heard of such villains—robbing their benefactors, deluding silly girls. He's not the man to leave us in peace, even after all the trouble he has made. He'll hang around and try to meet Ruth again, and work on her sympathies, but there shall be no such risk. Ruth, you know my iron will. There will be no further delay. Ralph, your marrying her was settled long ago."

"Father——"

"Silence! My blessing or my curse—a convict or an honest man—take your choice. You marry Ralph Prescott within a week, or you leave my roof forever."

He lifted the crushed girl to her feet, and led her from the room as he spoke.

Her sobs died away in the distance. Grim-faced, the Roman father in mien and heart, he stood looking from the uncurtained window.

The crafty Ralph, gloating with triumph, approached him, but he waved him gloomily aside.

Paul Dalton crossed the broad stream of lamplight cast across the gravel path a minute later.

His head was bowed, his face colorless.

Never a word did he speak, never a backward glance did he take, until he had reached the stile.

His face was one great void of despair as he halted, and, turning slowly, looked across the fair field and the bright haven that was home to him no more.

"It has come," he murmured, brokenly. "I might have known it. What right had I to love, what right to drag an innocent life to shame and sorrow! And I dared not deny—I dared not speak my promise, my oath! Well, it is only one more fetter to the heavy chain; but she—it was no crime to love her—but heaven forgive me for the grief I have brought to the woman whose love was the one bright star of a cheerless existence."

He turned to take the highway that bounded the Eden of his dreams, but paused suddenly.

From the hedge a woman's form had fluttered.

Her hands grasped his own spasmodically a minute later.

"Ruth!"

She swayed where she stood, her eyes burning up into his own.

"One word before you go," she wailed, piteously. "Innocent or guilty—tell me quick, tell me truthfully, or my heart will break!"

CHAPTER VI.
DISOWNED.

"I cannot, I dare not tell you!"

The words seemed to sound doom, disaster to all Ruth Elliott's hopes—the despairing misery in Paul Dalton's eyes crushed her.

She had pleaded for an answer to that wild appeal, to know if he was innocent or guilty, for the sake of the love that was breaking her poor, anxious heart, and he had replied to her thus!

The clinging hands relaxed with a shudder. Terror in her eyes, she surveyed him in dubious dread.

"Oh, my love," she wailed brokenly, "you cannot mean that the cruel words Ralph Prescott spoke are true!" He said you were——"

"An ex-convict!" cried Paul, the jarring dissonance of tortured accents in his tones. "Did he not also say that he could prove it, and I"—he laughed harshly, bitterly—"I am powerless to refute him."

Ruth's eyes distended with shivering anxiety.

"Then it is true?" she gasped.

He grasped her hands suddenly. He looked down into her shrinking eyes with that earnest impressiveness that told that falsehood could never actuate it.

"They said I was a thief," he began.

"Oh, that I know is false!"

"They make another charge, Ruth. What I have feared has come. Better for your sake, better for the sake of those you love, better for myself, that we part here and now Let the past engulf all this mystery, a mystery I dare not explain. Forget me, forget it all. Good-by."

"You are innocent. Oh! I see it in your face. I read it in your patient, suffering eyes. Leave you—forget you? Do you value a true woman's love so lightly as that? Speak, Paul! I conjure you. Give me the one assurance my torn heart craves. Only say that you are innocent, and though they pile proof mountain-high, I will see your brave face shining, serene, defiant, above it all."

Paul Dalton's pale, undecided features showed that he was suffering intensely.

"Ruth," he said calmly, at last, "suppose this man Prescott, who hates me so, should prove that one Paul Dalton was imprisoned for forgery, filled a hideous convict's cell; suppose the records evidence it, the testimony of others apparently verifies it, and I, unable to disprove it, unwilling to lift the veil of a mystery that would wreck lives I hold precious, should deny it, simply deny it, and say to you, face to face, heart to heart, 'it is a cruel lie,' what would you say?"

With a wild cry of joy, of perfect confidence, the fair young girl buried her face on his shoulder.

"Only say that," she breathed fervently, "only tell me that you are innocent!"

"It is true—but there all explanation must cease. Even to you, the woman I love, I dare not explain a mystery that links my life to gloom and doubt. My lips are sealed!"

"But, surely——"

"The veil will lift?—yes," spoke Paul, bitterly. "When a heart of iron wills it—when he—no, I have said too much. To the censor of my fate, to the keeper of my destiny, I will make a last appeal for justice. If I fail—good-by! In a month I will return, if the galling chains can be unlinked."

"A month!" cried Ruth, shudderingly. "Do you know what that will mean—do you realize that my father, iron-willed, resolute, will by that time make me the the wife of the man whom you and I know to have caused all this trouble?"

"He would not press the sacrifice—oh, surely, never!" panted Dalton, his eyes flashing indignantly. "He would not doom you, his darling child, to a loveless existence. It shall not be—I cannot lose you—I will not see you bound to wretchedness unutterable. Ruth, I will clear up this mystery—I will stand innocent before the world; but if I lose you——"

There was the interruption of passing pedestrians, and they crossed the grove. Toward the distant town their feet strayed, he talking earnestly, she clinging to his words and suggestions, trembling, fearful, as she realized that, once parted, once her father's resolute will was carried out, their future happiness was doomed.

She sped home an hour later, a frightened, anxious look in her young face. She gained the house unobserved.

"For his sake!" she murmured. "He is innocent; he loves me. He has gone to clear his name—to remove the stain of shame and mystery. When they know, I must endure the blow. It was right—it was the only way; and I love him so—I love him so!"

Affairs seemed to come back to their usual routine within the course of the next few days.

There was a settled cloud on Farmer John's brow, but it was one of suspicion and watchfulness alone, and it became less dense as he seemed to be convinced at last that Paul Dalton had left the vicinity for good, and that Ruth was getting over her foolish fancy for him.

Ralph Prescott did not worry Ruth with either taunts or attentions.

There was a new light in the girl's eyes that he did not like—a definite consciousness of security, a mute defiance that made him restless.

He was content to await the developments of the case, and they came quickly.

Farmer John was obdurate, once an idea got into his stubborn head.

He made a long call on Geoffrey Forsythe; he was thoughful, preoccupied all one day. At eventide, as Ruth Prescott and himself were seated in the cozy dining-room, he said, abruptly:

"Ruth, come here."

She had been watching the first feathery snow flakes of the year, she had been thinking of him! Guiltily, tremblingly, she walked to her father's side.

"You have always been a good girl," said Elliott, with a rude attempt at affection. "I am getting old—circumstances have hurried matters. I want to have things settled. I had a talk with your grandfather to-day. It is his wish, as well as mine, that we see you comfortably settled in life."

Ruth turned white about the lips, but was silent.

"You know how we have planned and talked about it," pursued Elliott gently. "Ralph needs a wife to make him realize the responsibilities of life. We have arranged for a quiet wedding—why, girl, don't stand as if I was pronouncing sentence on you. Speak, can't you!" cried Elliott, angry at the right of the pale face and downcast eyelids.

Ruth rallied with an effort.

"You wish me to speak, father," she said, in a strangely constrained voice, that somehow chilled the eager Prescott.

"I want to see some return of affection and obedience for all my years of care and kindness," replied her father in a nettled tone. "Not many girls can get a husband that pleases all hands around, and jump into a fortune from a fond, indulgent grandfather."

"I have always obeyed you, father," replied Ruth, "but in this—it can never be."

"How's that?"

Farmer John's brow grew heavy and dark.

"It can never be."

"You won't marry Ralph?"

"I cannot."

"Cannot? Will not, you mean. See here, girl! If you have any lurking thought that I will ever consider that hypocrite jail-bird, Paul Dalton——"

"Stop!"

Incisive as a clarion note the word sounded forth.

"Stop!" repeated Ruth, drawing herself erect like some affronted queen, "he is no thief, no convict, and he is—my husband!"

It was out at last! Ralph Prescott sank back crushed. Farmer John stared at the girl as if he adjudged her suddenly bereft of her senses.

"Your husband!" he gasped, incredulously.

"Yes, you drove him away—you and that wretch yonder. He told me it was all false, and I believed him. He has gone to seek the proofs of his innocence. The night he left I met him. We were hurriedly married at the next town. I knew that this would come. Not he, but I, placed this barrier against your cruel will, that would otherwise have made of marriage a mockery, a crime, in linking my life to that of a man I loathe and despise!"

She had never believed herself possessed of the courage to tell it all; but, lo! the truth had been revealed dauntlessly.

Farmer John regarded her in silence for a moment; then, a guttural, choking cry in his throat, he flashed out:

"And this is true?"

"Yes; I am his wife."

The burly form trembled, the great knotted hands went up in the air in furious gesture, the lurid eyes glowed with the pent-up rage of an unmastered spirit.

"Then go!" he almost yelled. "Go!" and he flung open the door with a crash. "You are no child of mine; you have chosen the jail-bird, the scoundrel; go find him. I pray heaven that my eyes shall never again rest on the child who has defied my authority, wrecked my life, and broken my heart. Girl, I curse you, I disown you out of my heart and out of my home. Go! You are no child of mine!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Density of the Earth.

M. Alphonse Berget, according to the Annales Industrielles, has just concluded a series of experiments undertaken with the object of determining the mean density of the terrestrial globe. For his purpose he made use of a lake having a water area of about 100 acres, situated in the territory of Habay-la-Neuve, in the province of Luxembourg. By causing the waters of this lake to vary in level from one and a half to over three feet, he was enabled to register the amount of influence which this enormous mass exercised upon a hydrogen gravimeter. The variation in the watel level of the lake represented a plus or minus attractive mass amounting to many hundreds of tons, and M. Berget thus concludes that the density of the earth is represented by the number 5.41, instead of 5.56, which appears to have been the calculation arrived at when dealing with the question formerly.—The Engineering and Mining Journal, New York.

Now and Then.

Tramp (reading from a scrap of newspaper around his lunch)—"This paper here, pardner, says the time's comin' when men won't have to work."

Pardner—"Comin', is it? What's the matter with us right now?"—Exchange.

FOUND A SNAKE TREE.

Yields Him $150 at $1.50 Apiece for Rattlesnake Skins.

A negro boy named Isaac Munroe recently struck a bonanza near Hazlem Switch, Texas, in a fallen tree from which he drove and killed over 800 rattlesnakes. Munroe was out hunting rabbits with his dog, and was in full chase of a "mule ear" when the little creature ran into the hollow end of the tree. It almost immediately ran out again, and even before the dog could seize it rolled over and over on the ground in great pain, the boy observing that blood was issuing from what appeared to be numberless pin pricks all over its body. Before he could notice anything else of its symptoms the dog had torn the rabbit to pieces.

Then, curious to know what had happened to the rabbit in the tree, Munroe tried to drive the dog into the trunk, but the cur evinced a decided objection to entering it, and had to be beaten before it would venture to do as his master desired. It had barely gotten its body inside when, with a shrill yelp, it backed out whining and bleeding, in the same unusual manner as the rabbit. The boy now stooped down and looked into the tree, but though he fancied that he could see several small points of light, he could find nothing to account for the singular appearance of the dog and the rabbit.

Not contented with this the negro was foolish enough to thrust in his arm to see if he could not feel that which he was unable to see. He felt something strike him, and drawing his arm out hastily, he saw hanging to his sleeve a tremendous rattlesnake. The creature was caught in his woollen garment by its fangs and was unable to release itself. Munroe was afraid to shake the snake off lest he could not manage to kill it quick enough, and it should attack his bare feet. Calling a companion who was at work near by, he waited, with the snake trying to entwine itself about his arm. The boy who came to Munroe's assistance, seeing what the trouble was, caught up a stick, and as Munroe shook the rattler, killed the reptile with a blow.

The dog was dead by this time, and looking at him the boys decided that the snake must have bitten him several times. They then got down to search the tree for the eggs that the reptile might have left, and from which a fresh brood might come, but as they did so a second monster rattler ran out of the tree, giving the boys only time enough to leap to one side. Convinced now that there was even more in the tree the young negroes secured a sack, and holding it open at one end they built at the other end a fire and soon the snakes, with which the tree was fairly alive, broke out of it by the dozen and running into the sack were dispatched by the boys.

Pains had to be taken in killing them so as to bruise only the heads, as the skin when whole has a commercial value, but the negroes were experts at the thing, and succeeded in crushing the skull only. Once the writhing of the trapped serpents was so great as to cause the stone with which they had confined the open end of the sack to roll to one side, and the whole lot would have escaped had not the other boy placed his naked foot on it. He was promptly bitten, and it was only by the most heroic measures that his life was saved. In a couple of hours his body was swollen to nearly twice its normal size, and his teeth were so locked that it was necessary to administer chloroform to wrench them apart.

Munroe sold his skins in Texas for $1.50 apiece, many buying them for belts, while others invested in them as a charm to prevent rheumatism.—[Philadelphia Times.

There Is No Chinese Language.

A writer holds that "Chinese language" is a misnomer. "There is," he says, "no such thing as a Chinese language any more than there is a European language. A Canton man cannot understand an Amoy man, and I have seen two Chinamen sitting together with a third one acting as an interpreter. Pidgeon English is the common tongue of commerce. It has a vocabulary of less than a thousand words, but is sufficiently flexible to answer any purpose." Were China but an island or a series of islands, instead of half of a large continent, and were thus open on all sides to the omnipresent language carrying British steamer, it is within the bounds of probability that pigeon English would, ere now, have replaced the national tongue to such an extent as to cause intense alarm to reign in the Chinese Chauvinistic camp.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Submarine Earthquakes.

In the very middle of the Atlantic Ocean, at about the place where the twenty-fifty meridian from London crosses the equator, there is a spot far beneath the waves, which is almost continually agitated by submarine earthquake shocks. These are often of [illegible] importance as to hurl great [illegible] or to make [illegible] are a menace to vessels [illegible] that vicinity.—St. Louis Re[illegible]

SUNDAY'S SERMON

DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S
SPARKLING DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Lightning of the Sea."

TEXT: "He maketh a path to shine after him."—Job xli., 32.

If for the next thousand years ministers of religion should preach from this Bible, there will yet be texts unexpounded and unexplained and unappreciated. What little has been said concerning this chapter in Job from which my text is taken bears on the controversy as to what was really the leviathan described as disturbing the sea. What creature it was I know not. Some say it was a whale. Some say it was a crocodile. My own opinion is it was a sea monster now extinct. No creature now floating in Mediterranean or Atlantic waters corresponds to Job's description.

What most interests me is that as it moved on through the deep it left the waters flashing and resplendent. In the words of the text, "He maketh a path to shine after him." What was that illumined path? It was phosphorescence. You find it in the wake of a ship in the night, especially after rough weather. Phosphorescence is the lightning of the sea. That this figure of speech is correct in describing its appearance I am certified by an incident. After crossing the Atlantic the first time and writing from Basle, Switzerland, to an American magazine an account of my voyage, in which nothing more fascinated me than the phosphorescences in the ship's wake, I called it the lightning of the sea. Returning to my hotel. I found a book of John Ruskin, and the first sentence my eyes fell upon was his description of phosphorescence, in which he called it "the lightning of the sea."

Down to the postoffice I hastened to get the manuscript, and with great labor and some expense got possession of the magazine article and put quotation marks around that one sentence, although it was as original with me as with John Ruskin. I suppose that nine-tenths of you living so near the seacoast have watched this marine appearance called phosphorescence, and I hope that the other one-tenth may some day be so happy as to witness it. It is the waves of the sea diamonded; it is the inflorescence of the billows; the waves of the sea crimsoned as was the deep after the sea fight of Lepanto or the waves of the sea on fire.

There are times when from horizon to horizon the entire ocean seems in conflagration with this strange splendor as dazzling color on all sides of you. You are looking over the taffrail of the yacht or ocean steamer, watching and waiting to see what new thing the God of beauty will do with the Atlantic. It is the ocean in transfiguration; it is the marine world casting its garments of glory in the pathway of the Almighty as He walks the deep; it is an inverted firmament with all its stars going down with it. No picture can present it, for photographer's camera cannot be successfully trained to catch it, and before it the hand of the painter drops its pencil, overawed and powerless.

This phosphorescence is the appearance of myriads of the animal kingdom rising, falling, playing, flashing, living, dying. These luminous animalcules for nearly two years have been the study of naturalists and the fascination and solemnization of all who have brain enough to think. Now, God who puts in His Bible nothing trivial or useless, calls the attention of Job, the greatest scientist of his day, to this phosphorescence and as the leviathan of the deep sweeps past points out the fact that "he maketh a path to shine after him."

Is that true of us now, and will it be true of us when we have gone? Will there be subsequent light or darkness? Will there be a trial of gloom or good cheer? Can any one between now and the next 100 years say truthfully as the text says of the leviathan of the deep, "He maketh a path to shine after him?" For we are moving on. While we live in the same house, and transact business in the same store, and write on the same table, and chisel in the same studio, and thrash in the same barn, and worship in the same church, we are in motion and are in many respects moving on, and we are not where we were ten years ago, nor where we will be ten years hence. Moving on!

Look at the family record, or the almanac or into the mirror, and see if any one of you is where you were. All in motion. Our feet may trip and stumble and halt, but the feet of not one moment for the last sixty or seventy has tripped or stumbled or halted. Moving on! Society moving on! The world moving on! Heaven moving on! The universe moving on! Time moving on! Eternity moving on! Therefore it is absurd to think that we ourselves can stop, as we must move with all the rest. Are we like the crocodile of the text, making our path to shine after us? It may be a peculiar question, but my text suggests it.

What influence will we leave in this world after we have gone through it? "None," answer hundreds of voices; "we are not one of the immortals. Fifty years after we are gone of the world it will be as though we never inhabited it." You are wrong in saying that. I pass down through this audience and through these galleries, and I am looking for some one whom I cannot find.

I am looking for one who will have no influence in this world 100 years from now. But I have found the man who has the influence, and I inquire into his history, and I find that by a yes or a no he decided a man's eternity. In time of temptation he put as affirmative or a negative to some temptation which another, hearing of, was induced to decide in the same way.

Clear on the other side of the next millennium years may be the first you hear of the far reaching influence of that yes or no you hear of it you will. Will that father make a path to shine after him? Will that mother make a path to shine after her? You are walking along these streets or along the country road 200 years from now in the character of your descendants. They will be affected by your courage or your cowardice, your purity or your depravity, your boldness or your sin. You will make a path to shine after you or blacken after you.

Why should they point out to us on the mountain two rivulets, one of which pours down into the rivers which pour out into the Pacific Ocean, and the other rivulet flows down into the rivers which pass out into the Atlantic Ocean? Every man, every woman stands at a point where words utttered, deeds done, or prayers offered, decide their destinies and opposite eternities. I see a man planting a tree, and treading down on either side of it, and watering it in dry weather, and taking a great care in the future, and he never plucks any fruits from the forest. But his children will. We are planting trees that will yield fruit hundreds of years after we are dead—orchards of rich fruit or groves of deadly upas.

I am so fascinated with the phosphorescence in the track of a ship that I sometimes watched for a long while and saw nothing on the face of the deep but blackness. The mouth of watery caves looked like gaping jaws of hell. Stars as big as a firefly; not a white heart; not a taper to illuminate the [illegible] of dead ships, darkness [illegible]