

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1894.

M. Martin Conway, who is lecturing at the Royal Institution in London on his recent exploration in the Himalayas, has traversed more ground in those perilous regions than any other explorer. Although his journeyings there have covered over 3000 miles, he says that the section of country which he explored compared with the mountainous region that has not yet been touched is as the size of a postage stamp to that of a large quarto page.

The State of New York pays a bounty for each panther, wolf and bear killed. The bounty for panthers and wolves is not often claimed, but about \$2000 per year is disbursed for the slaughter of bears. Queens County has set a price of \$5 upon each fox killed within its limits. "Evidently there is game in our own State and our vicinity," comments the Mail and Express, "and our hunters need not go West in search of wild animals when the State and Queens County offer premiums for the destruction of predatory animals."

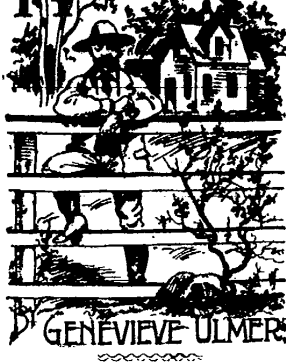
Authorship and book publishing are in a bad way in France, according to a number of experts who have been figuring on the situation. It is said by M. Albert Cim, and corroborated by other experts, that there are scarcely six novelists in France who can count on receiving equal to or above 10,000 francs a year for their literary work. An examination of the books of a prominent publisher of Paris showed that two-thirds of the accounts opened for works of fiction, verse, travel, domestic economy and military science showed considerable losses. A volume of reasons are offered in explanation of the situation, but the facts are admitted.

Development of the coal beds in Western Texas promises, according to the St. Louis Republic, to add very materially to the wealth of that portion of the State. Fuel is very scarce at present in the surrounding country, but that is because of the lack of roadways from the coal fields. The best road there until recently was a burro path. A wagon road was finished last year and a railroad is now being built. It is to connect with the Texas and Pacific at Van Horn and the Southern Pacific at Haskell. The State Geologist of Texas has just made his report on the coal in Presidio County: "On account of its quality and extent as well as from its location in a region otherwise practically destitute of fuel, this deposit of coal must prove," he says, "to be a prominent factor in the development of the western portion of the State." Western Texas is to be congratulated on the prospects, as are also the gentlemen of St. Joseph, Mo., who recently invested in some 136,000 acres of land in Presidio County.

In the effort to prevent the supplying of firearms to natives of the Pacific islands regulations have just been made by the British High Commissioner for the Western Pacific prohibiting British vessels from carrying more than one rifle and one pistol for each member of the crew and each bona fide passenger not a native. It has also been made an offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any person to supply firearms, ammunition, explosives or intoxicating liquors to the natives of any of the Pacific islands under British control or protection. Unscrupulous traders have recently supplied the natives of several of these islands with Winchester rifles and ammunition, with the result that the natives so armed have made raids on neighboring islands and slaughtered the inhabitants. A British war vessel on a recent tour of the islands found that a party of these armed marauders, notorious cannibals, had visited a near-by island and butchered the inhabitants of a large village, leaving every evidence of subsequent horrible cannibalistic practices.

Gladstone is one of the greatest opponents to divorce in the English-speaking world. He believes that marriage is a contract for life, which only expires when life itself expires.

HEARTS OF GOLD



GENEVIEVE ULMER

CHAPTER XIV. SOMETHING UP!

Ralph Prescott awaited the effect of his words with eager triumph. He counted on frightening his enemy by betraying a knowledge of his affairs—by threatening to employ that knowledge to cause him serious trouble.

He had miscalculated his man, however. Paul Dalton, the farm superintendent, had been a problem to him in the past—Paul Dalton, the heartless seeker after wealth, was no less an enigma.

He had started slightly at Prescott's revelation, but that was the only evidence of internal emotion that he betrayed.

A cool, derisive smile on his sneering lips, he laughed jarringly.

"Oh! you've found that out, have you?"

"I have," retorted Prescott, angrily, nettled at his failure to abash his foe.

"And that would be your first move?"

"Yes, it would."

"Bigamy, I believe you said?"

"Yes, and an ugly word it is in the country courts, I can tell you. It ain't like your city divorce courts, and bribed juries, and corrupt judges—it's the unbought, indignant verdict of honest men."

"Like you and I—eh, Prescott?" jeered the other.

"No!" fairly choked the plottor, driven to the verge of uncontrollable rage by the tantalizing audacity of his companion.

"Farmers and millers. Very good. So," purred Dalton. "Very good. Quite a joke, Prescott, and he placed his hand familiarly on Prescott's shoulder, while the latter started as if stung by a serpent."

"Yes, it will."

"Bigamy?"

"I said it."

"It won't work."

"Won't it?"

"No. I see more one, and check-mate it."

"Do you?"

"Yes. I silence all that babble with a letter I have in my pocket."

"From who?"

"Never mind that, but it shows that Isabel, first wife of Paul Dalton, died exactly two months before Paul Dalton married wife number two. Come on, Prescott."

With mock friendly familiarity, as if they had been brothers, comrades, all their lives, Paul Dalton locked arms with his companion.

The latter was a smoldering volcano of passion. Chagrin, disappointment, rage seemed to consume his soul like the blast of a red-hot furnace.

The stony-hearted man at his side little dreamt of his peril.

Had Ralph Prescott been armed he would have struck his victorious foe his death-blow then and there, made half frantic by the stinging taunts that fate seemed to award him at every new move he made.

Oh, it was maddening! This man was a demon, a trickster in magic.

He escaped scot-free from nets that would enmesh and destroy an average man.

He let others plot, bided his time, and appeared at a critical moment to put out his hand and pluck the rich fruit before him, while the schemer gnashed his teeth in impotent rage.

Rather dragged along than led, Ralph Prescott was forced to accompany the man who seemed to be the master of his fate.

As in a dream, he found himself, ten minutes later, seated in the library of Lawyer Drew's house, with Paul Dalton opposite him, smiling blandly.

"Thought I might want a witness," spoke the latter. "It's no use, Prescott; I won't fight with you."

Lawyer Drew, prim, severe and keen-eyed, entered the room a minute later.

"Good evening, Mr. Prescott; good evening, Mr. Dalton."

"Dalton."

The lawyer started, and stared sharply at the last speaker through his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Ah! yes," he said slowly and dubiously. "Mr. Dalton—Mr. Paul Dalton. I see—I see. The legatee of my client, Mr. Geoffrey Forsythe. I believe I have seen you at Maple Leaf farm?"

"Once or twice," assented Dalton, carelessly.

"I would not have known you."

"I have changed, I suppose."

"Remarkably."

"Well, beggary makes a man wear a mask of humility sometimes," was the bare-faced admission of audacity. "You know my business, Mr. Drew?"

"I can surmise it."

"I come about the Forsythe legacy. I believe the old gentleman left me quite a sum."

"Yes. In cash and securities, it aggregates some \$50,000."

"Want it?"

nitude cannot be consummated in an hour," he remarked.

"I don't see why not," interrupted Dalton impatiently. "It was left to me, wasn't it?"

"Yes, to Paul Dalton."

"And I am Paul Dalton."

"I won't deny that. I can remember your face well enough for that, and Mr. Prescott, of course, knows you, and Mr. Elliott."

"Certainly, sir. So, if I am the heir I expect the money."

"Very well; I will consider this a formal demand and expedite matters as much as possible. There are certain forms to obey, certain papers to execute. Come again in a week. Meantime, if your necessities are pressing—"

"They are," bluntness admitted Dalton. "I will advance you some money. How much—fifty—a hundred?"

"Two hundred will do."

The lawyer took out his check book. "In a week, then," said Dalton, as he folded up the bit of paper.

"Yes, we shall be ready for you then."

All these proceedings Ralph Prescott watched with lowering brows.

He saw money that he had expected to handle given freely to another; he saw an almost utter stranger to Geoffrey Forsythe as claimant of his fortune.

Oh, it was maddening, hate-inspiring. The degrees of fate were cruel, unjust!

"Bay, Prescott, I want to cash this check," said Dalton, as they left the lawyer's house together.

"Cash it, then," growled Prescott.

"Come, don't be wrathful. I may throw a few hundreds in your way yet. I hear you no ill will."

"Shouldn't think you would, seeing that you've got all the plums in sight."

Dalton smiled complacently.

"That's my good luck," he remarked.

"Come; get the check cashed for me. I've got a friend I'm to meet at the hotel to-night, and I need ready funds. Keep out a tender for your trouble."

It suddenly dawned on Prescott that he could gain nothing by sullen animosity; much, perhaps, by playing the sycophant.

He led the way to his old friend, the tavern-keeper, explained the situation, and got the money, for Lawyer Drew's check was as current as gold coin in Ridgeton.

He watched Dalton indorse it with a flourish, and then, his glance falling to the name, his eyes bulged.

"Hello!" he ejaculated forcibly.

Dalton handed him the promised ten dollars, but Prescott was strangely lost in reverie.

"I'll see you again, Prescott," he said. "Suppose I'll have to call around on Ruth soon. Pretty busy for a week or so, though, so if she gets better tell her I came, but was called away again. I've a friend to meet. See you again."

He passed from the tavern as he spoke, jaunty, self-possessed, the sleek, successful knave, if there ever was one, voted Ralph Prescott.

The latter scratched his head thoughtfully. He stood for some moments like a man in a dream. He was thinking of Lawyer Drew's check for two hundred dollars, and Paul Dalton's indorsement on it.

"What does it mean?" he muttered, as he too left the tavern. "Something's up! What? Why, Paul Dalton has even changed his handwriting!"

CHAPTER XV. UNMASKED!

Something's up!

Ralph Prescott described the situation in that terse expression. There was something up, to a certainty. Something dark, mystical, suspicious.

But what? He had made a new discovery—that even the handwriting of Paul Dalton had changed; but what of that? A man acting a part for two years might, upon resuming his original identity, have changed his appearance, manner and handwriting back to the real from the false, and emerge as different into his new existence as a butterfly from a chrysalis.

He was always "discovering" something, and every additional discovery generally resulted in disaster for himself.

He had set out to sweep his enemy from the field by a simple plot, and had only succeeded in precipitating a climax that had richly benefited that foe and impoverished himself.

Still, plotting was like drinking—fascinating, cumulative. Once in the swim, to put it tritely, the victim plunged deeper and deeper into the labyrinths of crime.

Besides all this, things looked queer. He could not imagine Paul Dalton so eminently heartless and insensible to the rare beauty of Ruth Elliott as to utterly ignore her and prefer wealth to her love, when he might have both.

"I'll keep him in view a bit, if only for curiosity," soliloquized Prescott.

"He said he was going to meet a friend at the hotel. I may learn something by watching them."

To the hotel, therefore, Prescott took his way.

He passed by the open doors and glanced in, but caught no sight of the man he sought.

Through the window of the smoking-room, however, opened to admit the fresh air upon the tobacco-smoke tainted atmosphere of the apartment, he made out Paul Dalton and a stranger.

They occupied the room alone, and tilted back in chairs, sat conversing animatedly.

Prescott had become quite an expert shadower of late, and he was soon lurking near the window.

Distinctly on his hearing sounded the conversation of Paul Dalton and the black-bearded man who was his companion.

"So you could not make it, Paul?" the

the latter was asking, in a disappointed tone of voice.

"Not all of it, but what's the odds?"

"A week's odds!" returned the other. "I had a week sometimes changes the destinies of nations."

"It won't change mine," asserted Dalton, confidently.

"You don't know that?"

"Oh, yes, I do. Here's the plain facts of the case: Paul Dalton falls heir to a fortune. Paul Dalton appears and claims it."

"Proceed."

"He is accepted as heir, rightfully and undisputed. Very good."

"But the side entanglements?"

"The girl?"

"Yes."

"She's sick. May die. Sick enough anyway, to be out of the way for a week."

"That's good."

"By that time fortune and Paul Dalton will have disappeared."

"But her father?"

"Won't even look at me if he saw me, and the simpleton of a Prescott I can wind about my finger."

"Can you?" ground out the enraged listener.

"Well, everything looks all right," remarked the bearded man.

"Of course it's all right," spoke Dalton with convincing emphasis. "We got the fortune, I'll live and enjoy it."

"And after we've done?"

"Let these people figure out the cost of being too sure of a man at their own leisure."

"It will be a surprising awakening to reality," smiled the other grimly. "Paul, about him—"

"You mean—"

"S—st. No names. Him. What of him?"

"He's safe and sound, isn't he?"

"For the present."

"For a week, surely?"

"Yes; but afterwards?"

"Unlock the door, say 'Go!' We'll be safe and far away by the time he comes here."

"All right. Ah! thank you. A hundred? I need it. No instruction?"

"Yes, get back to Black Rock, and stay there. Watch him close. If he escaped—"

"Don't fear, he won't."

"It would mean ruin to our plans."

"I realize that as well as you. I guess I'll go."

"Very good. I'll take a look at the rich girl, just for policy's sake. Then I'll try and devise a way to kill time until the lawyer's ready to pay me my fortune."

"What does it mean?"

Over and over again the marvelling Ralph Prescott asked himself the question.

Here was a plot, beyond the peradventure of a doubt—here was mystery. Who was the bearded man? A fellow conspirator? In what? A plot. A plot for what? The fortune. But why? The acknowledged, proven and accepted heir to the legacy, why should Paul Dalton plot to secure that which was already his?

Above all, who was the man so mysteriously and covertly alluded to?

"I can't make it out!" muttered the dazed Prescott.

"I'll find a way!" he asserted sturdily, a few minutes later. "Black Rock! At that place this accomplice of Paul Dalton makes his headquarters and a gruesome, desolate place it is. There he has him. I'll drive there to-night, and take a look around. No, I won't. Dalton spoke of going to see Ruth. Out of sheer curiosity I'd like to see how he acts when he does meet her. Prescott left his place of espionage and hurried back to the former home of Geoffrey Forsythe.

He met the woman in charge of Ruth at the door.

"How is she?" he asked, concernedly.

"Wandering—delirious at times, then, looks around her confusedly, and then with a wild shriek, covers her face with her hands, and cries out wildly that her heart is broken that her husband is false! false! false!"

"A man will call here in a few moments," spoke Prescott; "show him in when he comes. It is her husband, Paul Dalton."

The woman looked startled.

"And leave him with her alone for a few moments," went on Prescott. "If she recognizes him, he may be able to quiet her."

"All right, Mr. Prescott."

Prescott proceeded to the apartment adjoining that in which Ruth lay. He placed its door slightly ajar, so he could look into the sick-room, and see and hear all that was going on.

There was a ring at the door bell, and a parley a few minutes later.

The woman ushered Paul Dalton into the sick-room and left him there.

Curiously the watcher in the next apartment regarded him.

He was surprised to note a timidity, a frightened look on the face of his rival.

The latter advanced to the couch and glanced down at Ruth.

Then he started back quickly.

"Paul!"

Springing up suddenly, Ruth Elliott with staring eyes transfixed the intruder. Fascinated by the weird manner of the invalid, he seemed utterly overcome.

"Paul!" gasped the tortured girl, "you have come back, and—changed! Paul! I know all. You deceived me. You were wedded to another."

Her visitor seemed nervously anxious to leave the room, but he managed to articulate confusedly:

"No, it is not true. It was wedded once, but she, my wife, died, and—"

A shriek interrupted him—ringing, echoing, appalling.

As he spoke, Ruth Elliott had started. Not upon his words did her interest hang, but upon that strange, changed tone.

Viewing him as if she would read him through and through, she cried wildly:

"He is not false. Oh! I see it all, Paul Dalton! The mystery, the secret he spoke of. Stay! I command you to remain where you are."

The man absolutely covered. Amazed at his craven fear, the watching Ralph Prescott could only stare and marvel.

"He is true, my loyal love," went on Ruth, excitedly. "I know it now; I

divine the mystery now. Ralph Prescott was deceived, but the avenger's position—Prescott's own craven soul!"

With a gasp, the intruder recoiled, his feet slipping toward him, prostrate on the floor.

"Speak, or I will help to unman you! I know what you are, not who you seem. Speak, impostor, coward, perhaps murderer! What have you done with my husband—the real Paul Dalton?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARKET PRICES

New York Quotations for Produce	
Various Kinds.	
BUTTER—State dairy, fancy, per lb.	24
State dairy, fair, per lb.	23
Eastern Creamery, fancy, per lb.	24
Edgum Creamery, fancy, per lb.	24
Western Creamery, new fancy, per lb.	23
Western Creamery, new choice, per lb.	22
Factory, fresh, choice, per lb.	22
BEANS & PEAS—Beans, mar., ch. 1/2	1 1/2
Beans, pea, choice, per lb.	1 1/2
Beans, medium, choice, per lb.	1 1/2
Beans, red kidney, choice, per lb.	1 1/2
Beans, Lima, Cal'nia, per bush.	1 1/2
Green peas, foreign, per bush.	1 1/2
CHEESE—State factory, large fancy	11
State factory, small fancy, lb.	11
State factory, part skims, lb.	7
DUCK EGGS—All kinds, per lb.	2
DRIED FRUITS, &c.—Apples, per lb.	11
Apples, sun dried, per lb.	11
Apples, California, per lb.	13
Raspberries, evaporated, per lb.	15
Cherries, per lb.	15
Hickory nuts, 50 lbs.	60
Peanuts, shelled, Spanish, lb.	60
EGGS—Western, fresh, per doz.	24
Near-by, fresh, per doz.	17
State and Pa., firsts, per doz.	16
Lined, prime, per doz.	16
FRUITS—Apples, Greening, bbl.	4 1/2
Apples, Baldwin, per bbl.	4 1/2
Apples, Russet, per bbl.	3 1/2
Cranberries, Cape, per bbl.	6 00
Cranberries, N. J., per crate.	1 00
Sweet, Florida, bright, per box	2 00
Oranges, Florida, russet, per box	1 75
Strawberries, Fla., per qt.	30
HAY & STRAW—Hay, No. 1, 100lb.	30
Hay, Clover, mixed.	25
Hay, salt.	45
Long Rye Straw, per 1000.	70
Long Rye Straw, per 1000.	70
Short Rye Straw.	50
Old Straw.	50
Wheat, Straw.	135
POULTRY, ETC.—West'n Geese, pair	1 35
Roast, West'n Chick & Pa., per lb.	7 1/2
Rooster, old, per lb.	12
Dressed Chick, chickens, per lb.	13
Capons, Phila., per lb.	15
Dressed Western fowls.	9
Dressed Turkeys, prime.	10
Turkeys, fancy, per lb.	15
Duck, Del. & Md., per lb.	12
Wild Ducks, canvas, per pair.	2 00
Wild Ducks, redhead, per pair.	1 50
English Snipe, per doz.	1 60
Golden Plover, per doz.	1 60
VEGETABLES—Cabbages, Fla., new, per bbl.	1 50
Potatoes, Southern N. J., per bbl.	1 75
Potatoes, L. I., per bbl.	2 00
Potatoes, Bermuda, per bbl.	5 50
Onions, State & Pa., per bbl.	1 50
Onions, Conn., red, per bbl.	1 65
Sweet Potatoes, N. J., per bbl.	2 75
Turnips, Russia, N. J., per bbl.	3 00
String beans, Southern, per crate.	2 25
Tomatoes, Florida, per crate.	3 25
Lettuce, Charleston, per basket.	85
Asparagus, Charleston, bunch.	1 00
Spice Plant, Fla., per bbl.	7 50
SUBSIDIES—Maple Sugar, prime.	7 1/2
Honey, white clover, per lb.	14
Honey, buckwheat, per lb.	11
Maple Syrup, per gallon can.	70
Beeswax, Western, pure, per lb.	28

Coal Gas and the Vanishing Forest

The scientists are devoting much attention to the widespread theory that the earth's atmosphere is becoming seriously affected by the enormous quantity of coal that is converted into carbonic acid gas—the natural enemy of the human being.

Along with this poison gas which is being generated in a thousand smoky cities and through other sources all over the world, comes the steady cutting down of forests, the leaves of which are the natural absorbents of poisonous gas.

General Wistar, who is said to be the highest authority in the matter, is so deeply interested in the subject that he is making great efforts to call the attention of the scientific world to it, and he believes that the growing bronchial troubles and epidemic like the grip, all over the world, has an ultimate connection with it.

How much the present enormous generation of carbonic acid gas can affect the whole body of the atmosphere science will ascertain just as soon as it applies itself to the problem in earnest.

At all events the great efforts now being made to preserve the forests are worthy of every encouragement. The planting of trees in cities, the development of extensive and well wooded park systems, the planting of large groves of timber in the vicinity of towns and cities, are all calculated to assist in the absorption of the superabundance of carbonic acid gas with which, according to the scientists, our atmosphere is becoming dangerously overcharged.

Gladstone's First Aspect.

Mr. Labouchere has come into possession of a photograph of a sketch of Mr. Gladstone making his first speech in the House of Commons in 1833. The sketch, which is said to have been drawn at the time, represents Mr. Gladstone, then a member from Newark, speaking from the front bench below the gangway in the old house that was burned down the next year. Mr. Gladstone's very first utterance in the House of Commons was made, not from the front bench below the gangway, but under the gallery, where he was almost inaudible to reporters, and curiously enough, it was in reply to Rigby Watson, then a member from Ipswich, and father of Mr. Eugene Watson, who now represents South Ayrshire as a member of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

OF DR. T. DEWITT TALBAGE, STRIKING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "From Conquest to Conquest."

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.

Picture of a tropical climate, with a season of propitious weather, and the avenger's hand almost feels the breath of the horses on the shoulders, the reaper hunched to the plow preparing for a new crop. "Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper." When is this to be? That is now. That is this day, and that is every day. The reaper is getting ready for the plowman. The plowman is getting ready for the reaper.

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.

Behold the days come, with the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. Amos ix. 13.