

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1894.

The bonds of matrimony would be more popular if they paid a cash dividend.—Tenth.

The number of Lutheran ministers in the world, according to the Rev. J. N. Lenker's new book, "Lutherans in All Lands," is 30,346, with 42,877 churches and 43,080,000 baptized members. Of the churches, 9,727 are credited to America, 52,500 to Germany, 2,514 to Sweden, 960 to Norway, and 1,900 to Denmark. The total of parochial schools is 94,017 of which 61,000 are in Germany.

American workmen are more lightly shod on the average than those of Europe and nothing excites more scorn and astonishment in this country than the heavy boots and shoes brought over by immigrants. Shoes thickly studded with hob-nails last perhaps three times as long as the lighter footgear, but the American workman would feel himself clogged and hampered by such foot weights.

According to the Chicago Herald Vermont and New Hampshire grow more slowly than any States of the Union, and the former seems as nearly as may be a finished and fenced in community. Old as the state is one county has less than 4,000 inhabitants, and another less than 10,000. Villages in both States are drained of their young men, who go to Boston or New York in search of careers not to be found at home.

A physician who got rid of some of his steel instruments and bought others made of aluminum says in the Scientific American, that he is sorry that he changed. The aluminum probes, sounds, tongue depressors and that sort of thing do not oxidize, to be sure, but he finds that they are deficient in elasticity and stay bent after pressure. He declares, moreover, that he likes to feel as if he had a hold on something when he uses an instrument, and aluminum is so light that it makes him feel as if he could put no trust in it.

The Chicago Tribune prints a lot of communications from prominent people, in answer to the question, how they would prefer to die. Some of them say that they have given the subject little attention, but the most of them have evidently thought about it, and they agree pretty well that the most desirable death is a sudden one, which overtakes one in the midst of his everyday occupation. Chicagoans seem to the New Orleans Picayune to think that they do not heed any considerable amount of antecedent preparation. They live in Chicago, and that is not far from heaven.

The insolence of the French criminal in a court of justice is something which is paralleled in no other country, asserts the San Francisco Chronicle. It is seldom that any offender in this country or in England insults the Judge or bullies counsel. If there is any bullying to be done the American lawyer considers this his perquisite. Breton, the Paris anarchist, has adopted the role played by Vaillant as well as by Prads and other notorious murderers. I must be that the theatrical element which has been allowed to creep into French court procedure is responsible for what is so repulsive to Americans.

One of the most fearful of the risks of a railroad mail clerk is that of collision following closely upon collision or derailment, and to the removal of this the authorities are applying themselves with human haste. At present the postal cars are illuminated by oil lamps—an ancient fashion, for the continuance of which there is no sound excuse. All the trains on roads that pretend to be anything are equipped with compressed gas or with electric lights, but the postal cars in those same trains have nothing better than malodorous, leaky and dangerous oil lamps. Large quantities of mail are annually destroyed by the lamps, a fact that should be potent to work reform. But human life is priceless, and it is in its behalf that the old-fashioned oil lamp is supplanted by gas or electricity.

HEARTS OF GOLD



GENEVIEVE ULMER

CHAPTER XVI. THE COMPACT.

A culprit apprehended by an officer of the law, a criminal accused by a stern judge, could not have exhibited more emotion than did the man whom Ralph Prescott had accepted as Paul Dalton at the soul-thrilling words of the ex-captain Ruth Elliott.

Strange words they were—wild words ordering seemingly in incoherency. Were they the result of hallucination, delirium? No! As the rapit lurked studied the face of the beautiful girl, he saw that the penetrating gaze of reason, the great throbbing instinct of love, had sided her to see beyond the superficial, and had unmasked villainy.

In plain words, she accused this man with being an impostor. In awful argument before the bar of her womanly conviction, she charged him with the crime of robbing her of her husband.

Then he was not Paul Dalton, not her husband, not the ex-Superintendent of Maple Leaf Farm! He was an impostor, a fraud, and, as the truth flashed upon Ralph Prescott's excited mind, he now comprehended many vague and perplexing utterances that he had overheard since during the eventful evening just past.

Furthermore, as he gazed, he marveled how he could ever have taken this man for Paul Dalton. There was a marvelous resemblance, but of features alone, for the dissimilarity in soul, in expression, was utterly lacking.

What had aided to deceive Prescott was the shaving off of the beard. This prepared him for a change in looks. As so the voice, a slight cold might account for the huskiness that made this Paul Dalton talk so differently from the other, the real Paul Dalton.

Yes, there could be no doubt of it, the truth was out, the plotter unmasked, a fraud revealed that completely outwitted all Ralph Prescott's puerile villainy.

This man, a relative of Paul Dalton, a man at least exactly resembling him, had heard of his legacy. He had imprisoned the real heir; the bearded man, his accomplice, was his jailer; he had boldly assumed Paul Dalton's identity; he was scheming to secure the Forsythe fortune and fly with it, leaving the real legatee a beggar.

The bewildering complications that were thus put in play made Ralph Prescott's brain fairly reel with surprise and uncertainty.

The false Paul Dalton covered like a caven before the flashing glance of Ruth Elliott. A woman's shrewdness had penetrated his bold assumption of the identity of the man he resembled so extraordinarily.

He had deluded Prescott and the lawyer, but now he was unmasked, and one word publicly spoken by the woman before him would not only cost him a fortune but might send him to a penal institution.

That word, however, was never spoken. Of a sudden, the nerves of the agitated Ruth gave way, the strain of the hour becoming too intense for her already weakened nature. With a moan she sank senseless to the floor. The impostor glanced at her affrightedly for a moment or two, and then with a white, scared face, hurried from the room.

Ralph Prescott was after him in a flash. He directed a hurried injunction to the woman who was attending Ruth to look to her charge, then he was dashing from the house in pursuit of a figure flying down the deserted street, as if pursued by a pestilence.

"Stop!" As the impostor dashed across a vacant fire-lined lot the mandate rang out clear, sharp, imperious.

He was trembling all over, his face was the color of ashes, his eyes haunted, crushed; little like that of the haughty, insolent tyrant of the early evening, as he turned and faced Ralph Prescott.

The latter, realizing his advantage, pressed it promptly.

"What do you want?" "You."

"Oh, peering closer, 'It is Prescott. Give me time to catch my breath, man!' He leaned against a tree and panted furiously. Ralph Prescott watched him, as might a cat a mouse. He had cornered his man. He knew what to do now, fast enough.

asters of the night.

"Yes, I know all this," continued Prescott. "I know your plans, and I hold the whip-hand now. No need of subterfuge now. You and I had better come to an understanding."

"What kind of an understanding?" stammered the abashed impostor.

"Well, our interests are identical, in one respect."

"And what may that be?" "Old Geoffrey Forsythe's fortune, left to the real Paul Dalton, coveted by you, and rightfully my own. I see no means of regaining it by fair means. You have suggested and put in force foul ones. I hate Paul Dalton. The first step toward revenge would be the securing of the fortune."

"Well?" muttered his auditor vaguely.

"If we can arrive at a harmonious conclusion, can make an equitable arrangement, I might be tempted to allow you to go on with your imposition. At the end of a week, unless I interfere, you will receive the legacy from Lawyer Drew."

"You forget—that woman may speak." "Ruth Elliott? She may not know of your plans in that direction."

"She could denounce me—she suspects that I have imprisoned her husband."

"But she is ill; the delirium may return—and see here, my friend. Agree to pay me one-half the fortune when you get it, and I will guarantee to keep Ruth Elliott silent until the week has passed away."

"A bargain!" cried the other with brightening eyes.

"Very well. But there must be no deception, no double-dealing."

"Am I not completely in your power?" "Perhaps. Still, I shall watch you closely, and must be made a confidant of all your past history and present plots. Now, then, go to your hotel. I will join you there and report progress in an hour."

"And you?" "I shall return to Ruth. I shall remove her to some safe place, where she will be kept a secure prisoner until your plans materialize."

"All right?" "Relievedly, hopefully, the impostor sped towards the hotel. He gained his room and lit a lamp.

"A close shave!" he muttered, as he removed his hat; "but better half the fortune than none, and if I ever get my fingers on the money I'll find some way to delude this meddler. The girl is the main cause of fear, but with her a prisoner, I can consummate my plots without fear of hindrance or detection. Ah! what is that?"

He paused, and glanced down at a white object lying on the carpet at his feet. It looked like a folded note, slipped under the door of the room.

He took it up and opened it. He started wildly as he scanned the single line it bore.

Then a groan burst from his lips. Wretchedly pale, wretchedly heart sick, he read the simple words that conveyed a terrible warning, a mystic revelation to his guilty soul.

"Leave Ridgeton, abandon your wicked plans, or I swear to unmask all your past," it ran.

And the signature the horrid scrawl bore was: "Your deserted wife, ISABEL."

CHAPTER XVII. PRECIOUS PEARL.

Ridgeton had something new to talk about next day.

The woman who had been called by Ralph Prescott to attend upon Ruth, had told her story with dawn, and the village was consequently treated to a rather bit of gossip.

Her story was a remarkable one. She had been summoned by Prescott to the house of the recluse, to find the pretended nurse, the real Ruth, in a dead faint, she said.

She told Prescott for his kindness to the sufferer, as did the attendant physician.

Later, Paul Dalton had appeared, and had left hurriedly. She returned to the sick-room to find the patient in a worse swoon than before. She left her a few minutes to go to her own home.

When she returned Ruth Elliott had mysteriously disappeared.

Ralph Prescott hinted about town the next day, apparently terribly anxious as to the whereabouts of the missing girl. He craftily circulated the story that Paul Dalton had wedded Ruth only to gain her grandfather's fortune, and, securing that, would disappear; that he had undoubtedly secretly removed her to some friend's home, away from the village.

Farmer John Elliott heard all this gossip in silence, but with a lowering brow.

What was Ruth to him now? What Paul Dalton? What cared he for their doings and intentions? They were strangers to him henceforth and forever more!

The latter had been a changed man since he received that warning missive, that menacing note that was signed "Isabel."

He started at his own shadow; he rarely went out on the streets until after dark, and then his movements were uneasy and watchful. The man was haunted. He had bribed Ralph Prescott to silence; he had closed the lips of Ruth Elliott; but there was another foe that he feared, and he alone realized why he so dreaded her.

"She means what she says," he muttered concernedly, "but she has made no move yet. I must get the money... It will buy comfort, luxury in a foreign climate—I will place me beyond the reach of the law I fear. Why, Prescott! What is the matter?"

The man he had been waiting for had burst into the room abruptly.

"We are ruined!" he gasped incoherently.

"The impostor looked alarmed. 'Speak, man!' he exclaimed; 'something has happened?'"

"Yes, the worst—the very worst," groaned Prescott. "Not only will you have to fly, but I myself as well, for now all my connection with this wretched affair will come out."

"You mean—"

"The girl, Ruth!" "What of her? Not dead?" "No. She has escaped."

The impostor reeled where he stood, as from some terrible shock.

"Impossible!" he gasped.

"It is true. You know the night we made our compact, I removed her to the charge of a sordid old woman living in a secluded cabin in the forest?"

"Yes."

"She watched her, drugged her, held her a close captive. Two hours since I visited the place to see if the girl was all right."

"And found—"

"Her gone, and the old woman tied hand and foot near the open door. She said that a woman had appeared a little before, and had demanded to see her captive."

"Which she refused."

"Promptly. The woman did not wait to argue with her. With a strength that was remarkable and effective she threw her down and bound her, unlocked the door of the room in which Ruth was confined, led her from the cabin, and disappeared."

"A woman!" muttered the impostor, with drawn brows, his anxious face growing white over his moment.

"Yes, dark-eyed, wild-faced, and having a scar under one eye—"

"Isabel!" groaned the impostor. "She threatened she meant it."

"And who is Isabel?" demanded Prescott.

"Ask me no questions, but act," cried the other, excitedly. "Ruth Elliott is free. Her rescuer knows, or at least surmises, every detail of our plots, and is bound to balk them if possible. There is only one thing to do."

By the National... The Eskimos' weapons were presented to the inspectors by the widow of the late Capt. John M. Olsen, Astoria, Master of the sealer Polar Bear, in accordance with a request which he expressed before his death.

The most interesting of these curios is a spear with a poisoned arrowhead which is the most effective of all the weapons used by the inhabitants of the "land of the midnight sun."

The spear entire is about five feet long, is made of wood, mounted with bone in which are finely carved all the fantastic designs characteristic of the Eskimos in this line of work.

The arrow is made in three pieces, two parts wood, and the third, which is the head, of bone dipped in poison.

The three pieces are held together by a leather thong, but with a slight movement of the hand these can be disengaged, leaving the head, when it strikes the animal, curved in its body in such manner that it is impossible to disengage it without cutting the skin.

When the weapon is used on whale seal, or other water animal a float made of the bladder of a seal, is attached to the end of the spear, so that the hunter may trace its course and locate his game.

The Eskimo have a peculiar way of "shooting" this weapon. The hunter holds in his right hand, high above his head, a short stick, or "gun," with a notch near the top, where the end of the spear fits snugly.

Taking aim at his game, he moves his right hand swiftly forward, propelling the spear with lightning speed, and invariably with unerring aim at the mark.

Instance have been recorded where a hunter brought down his game at fifty yards and one or two Alaska story tellers who have no fear of being discredited by the rising generation, say the animals have been slain at 100 yards distance.

But all agree that the average Eskimo is a marksman who never fails to hit his mark, and when so disposed, always provides plenty for his family with his primitive weapons.

Sometimes to the spear is attached a rope of leather one end of which is securely fastened to the hunter's arm, so that he may keep hold of his game. But this is only done on short-distance shots.

A weapon used in hunting birds, a tripod-shaped spear. This is thrown in the same manner as the poisoned spear. The hunter sneaks within distance of his covey of ptarmigan or other birds, and lets fly his weapon.

If he is lucky, three birds are the reward of his skill; if not, one or two. The inspectors have several of the above kinds of several sizes, but all used for the same purpose.

Among the other articles are a pair of leggings finely ornamented with beads, made and worn by the Eskimos, and which they sell to curio seekers for \$25; also a waist bag, made of sealskin, a harpoon, and several varieties of the well-known harpoon.

Next to the weapons, the skull of Palouse Indian woman commands attention, for several reasons.

The principal one is because her skull shaped wholly unlike that of the common Palouse, and it is thought that she was a person of high degree—probably a princess, or at least a woman of high birth.

From the earliest time in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant—who is still existence—the Palouse Indians have continued the habit of their forefathers of flattening the rear part of the cranium of their female children of low birth.

This was done so that they might be distinguished from the high-born natives. This woman had a full back head, but a low retreating forehead.

Know the Apple.

A man of about sixty years of age went into a store on Main street Wednesday afternoon and stood the stove warming himself and listening to the conversation of the present. Happening to glance at a barrel of apples by the counter, he took one up and bit it.

He stopped reflectively. After taking another taste of the apple, he broke out "Say, I'd almost be willing to bet dollar that I can tell where this apple grew. There is only one tree on earth that has the flavor that this apple has, and it grew back of the house where I first lived when I was married and set up for myself."

Now, didn't that apple grow in Bodoinham? I know full well it did. The clerk told him that a man from that town brought them in, and the stranger said: "I have not been down there in ten years, yes, fifteen, but I remember this bitter-sweet apple tree, and the apples here as they did twenty years ago."

ESTER IN BALTIMORE

The Cathedral the Mecca of Roman Catholics.

Published Satelli and Cardinal Gibbons in Attendance, the Latter Preaching an Easterday Sermon—Washington and Columbia Enjoined—Services at Other Churches.

BALTIMORE, March 28.—The cathedral yesterday the mecca of Roman Catholics, and the imposing edifice was thronged at the several masses and other services. The ceremonies were of more than usual interest.

Most Rev. Arch bishop of Baltimore, the pontifical mass, and Cardinal Gibbons preached an Easterday sermon at the 11 o'clock service. Not a lot of space within the massive structure was unoccupied, hundreds being unable to get as far as the steps.

The cardinal took for his text the third chapter of the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Colossians. He spoke for little more than half an hour. His eminence in part:

"It is related in the gospel that Jesus was related in the son of a widowed mother as he was borne to his last resting place. We may heart of this loving mother who saw her son rise from another world, with what delight she embraced him! With what joy she beamed on her garments of joy."

"Such is the joy which fills the heart of our mother church this day at the resurrection of her spouse; a resurrection not followed by death, like that of the widow's son, or of Lazarus; for Christ, risen from the dead, dieth no more."

Christ has laid aside her habitments of mourning and is clothed with the festive garments of joy.

"It is a law of human glory, shaped indelibly upon the page of history, that few men have ever attained to posthumous renown who had not in life endured many trials and hardships and sufferings."

Washington had to pass through many dark and dreary days; he passed through the memorable scenes of Trenton, Valley Forge and Yorktown before he was honored by his countrymen with the beautiful title of 'Father of His Country.'

Columbus would never have received the honors recently paid him by both hemispheres if he had not risked his reputation and his life by sailing over an unknown ocean in quest of a new world. And if such is the law of fame on earth, how can we expect to attain to heavenly glory without self-sacrifice and self-denial?"

"Christ has discovered for us a new earth and a new heaven. He beckons us to follow him, and says: 'Fear not, I am with you, and will sustain you.' Look up to me, the author and finisher of your faith."

Easter services in the churches of all denominations were well attended.

TWO WOMEN FATAALLY INJURED.

Runaway Accident to a Party of New Converts at Holidaysburg.

HOLIDAYSBURG, Pa., March 28.—Twenty-eight converts to the Church of God were immersed in the Juniata river Sunday afternoon.

While the converts were returning to town in an omnibus the horses ran away, upsetting the vehicle. Miss Elsie McManay and Mrs. Westley Elliott were fatally injured, and four others badly bruised.

Called to the Kingdom.

WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass., March 28.—Prince Beseleu, the African prince, who is a member of the class of '97 in William college, has received a call from his people in Africa to return to his native land and take possession of the kingdom, which heretofore has been under the power of an uncle. It was not the intention of the young prince to return so soon unless it was in response to a call, as he was informed that his uncle would make a desperate fight to hold the kingdom and keep him away from his just rights.

Will Become an Illegitimate Preacher.

FALL RIVER, Mass., March 28.—Rev. John Brown, the well known Presbyterian minister of this city and a prominent organizer of the local weavers union, has presented his letter of resignation, to take effect June 1st. He has been a conviction that better work could be done by him outside of churches. He proposes to sell his library, buy a telescope and preach where, when and how he pleases.

Had for the Susie Martin Murder.

NEW YORK, March 28.—Yu Ihan, a Chinese looking little Chinaman, is locked up in Jefferson Market prison, and charged with the murder of little Susie Martin. He is believed that the Chinaman is believed for the murder of little Susie Martin. A small mutilated body was found in a cellar of a tenement house in West 14th street.

Emperor William's Journey.

ABAZIA, March 28.—Emperor William has his 3,000,000 franc special train built to take the Christabel for Abazian. A passenger train was shunted on the same track and damaged. One other carriage was so damaged and some contents of it were broken. The total damage will not exceed 15,000 francs.

Justice Dives Returns.

NEW YORK, March 28.—Justice Dives returned to his home in New York City.