

# Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1894.

Brigandage has greatly increased in Spain because of the poverty prevailing among the country people.

W. B. Müller, of Omaha, says the eight hour day "would bring about increased consumption, a vaster display of productive activity, a higher intellectual and moral development of the toiler and a wider demand for the more artistic products of our factories and workshops. It would stimulate inventive genius, develop better and grander civilization and bring about an almost fabulous increase of national property and wealth. The general struggle for a reduction of the hours of labor is a struggle for a better civilization, a struggle for work for willing hands who should be employed."

"Is it not nearly time that some restriction was put upon the disposition of surgeons in this town to slice open their fellow-creatures in the interest of the complaint called appendicitis?" asks New York Life. "That late absurd and lamentable operations have cost the lives of useful citizens, will strengthen our opinion, which begins to be pretty generally current that appendicitis is epidemic in the minds of the metropolitan surgeons, and that human life would be safer in New York if the operation was forbidden except by order of a court. The public knows altogether too much about appendicitis, and the doctors altogether too little. Two-fifths of the genuine cases result from scare in the patients, and one or two more fifths of all the cases exist only in the imaginations of the surgeons. The cure of such legitimate cases as are left is not worth what it costs. Appendicitis is played out. The invention of the operation for it has changed a very rare malady into a common and dangerous disease."

Harold Frederic, who is a close observer in English politics, is of opinion that the resignation of Mr. Gladstone is due not to the fact that his eyesight is failing or to the fact that he is growing feeble, but to the fact that he has been losing influence with his own administration. The theory is that his cabinet was out of sympathy with him in many things and went its own way regardless of his wishes. Rosebery is becoming more of a power than the Grand Old man, and so the latter dropped a hint of retirement after the manner of Bismarck, and, like Bismarck, was surprised to find that there was no clamor against his going. In other words, Gladstone is represented as being edged off the stage by his young men. The danger in his retirement does not lie so much in the loss of his personality, powerful as that is, as in the loss of that peculiar thing called leadership. Rosebery or any one else can be made the official head of the ministry and the leader of the liberal party; but no one can inherit the general confidence of the party and its sympathizers throughout the world in Gladstone. This is a great source of power which he cannot transmit. The new leader will have party discipline to support him, but he will have to create party sentiment and popular sentiment.

## Some Costly Banquets.

There are some costly banquets recorded in the world's history, and one supper, given by Aelina Verna, footed up nearly a quarter of a million dollars. One dish at the table of the Emperor Heliagabalus cost \$200,000. Cleopatra's banquet to Antony was a sumptuous affair, and the queen took a pearl necklace worth \$50,000, dissolved it in strong acid, drinking the health of the triumvir, saying, "My draught to Antony shall exceed in value the whole banquet." When Queen Elizabeth visited the exchange in London, Sir Thomas Gresham pledged her health in a cup of wine containing a precious stone crushed to atoms, worth \$75,000. In 1877 the Empress of Brazil presented to Queen Victoria a dress made from spiders' webs. The web was made by the huge yellow spiders of Brazil, the fiber being large, of a bright orange color, silky, and possessing an exquisite luster. Its value or cost of manufacture is unknown, but it ranks as one of the curiosities of the world.—St. Louis Republic.

Theophilus Bland, of Pitt County, North Carolina, has seven sons, each of whom weighs over 200 pounds.

# HEARTS OF GOLD



GENEVIEVE ULMER

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Shall we go to the hotel?" queried Prescott.

"What for?" demanded his companion, sharply.

"To divide the money, of course."

"Eh?" frowned the other. "Oh, yes; certainly. We divide, as agreed. No, I am not going to venture near the hotel."

"Of a woman!" sneered Prescott.

"With the money gained, never fear the rest."

"You don't know her!" gasped the impostor, with a timid glance all about him, as if fearful that some wraith would suddenly block his path.

"Any way, we will shake the dust of the village from our feet, sure and fast. I want to meet my friend, Paul Dalton's jester, at a cabin in the woods. Come on. Soon as we reach a retired spot I'll divide the money."

Ralph Prescott's heart beat high with hope and avarice. He had failed in most of his plans, but the very material fact of money, at least, was tangibly in sight at least.

Just beyond the village, near a little grove, the impostor halted.

"It's moonlight," he said, "and we can see to count the money. You demand half, eh?"

"We agreed on half."

"All right."

The impostor peered sharply about them. He made a feint as if to take the wallet from his pocket.

"Here you are," he said, between his teeth, his breath quivering.

Ralph Prescott put forth his hands, as if to receive the money he had so coveted.

The next minute they went to his head, he uttered a wild cry and staggered back.

For, with the swiftness of lightning, the man he had made an accomplice had drawn some blunt instrument from his pocket. A heavy blow on the temple repeated stretched Prescott senseless at his feet.

"Lie there!" he hissed malevolently.

"Half! ha! ha! I have plotted too deeply for the fortune to give it away. No, mine, all mine! Such sneaks as you deserve a trine's reward!"

He knelt and drew Prescott's watch from his pocket—even his purse he took. Betrayed, robbed, deserted, Ralph Prescott would awake to find that crime had brought him his own true recompense.

The shallow-hearted villain darted through the thicket, carrying with him the results of evil scheming, making off with the booty, to obtain which he had ruthlessly trampled on human lives and human hearts.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

AT LAST.

Lawyer Drew fled away his papers, closed up his desk and lit his pipe, ready for a comfortable smoke, after his two visitors, Ralph Prescott and the impostor, had left him.

He felt very complacent, for the assured heir of the Forsythe legacy had paid him an extra large fee to expedite matters.

A ring at the door-bell, followed by the hurried parley of some new visitor with the servant, interrupted the lawyer's pleasant reveries, however, a moment later, and almost immediately tramping footsteps down the hall preceded a rude intrusion into the room.

There stood a man, pale, unkempt, wild-eyed—so closely the prototype of the man who had just left that room with a royal fortune surrendered to his charge that the lawyer stared in amazement.

"Why, Mr. Dalton!" he ejaculated, rising abruptly and staring wonderingly at his visitor. "You have returned? something has happened?"

"Returned? No!" exclaimed the intruder, excitedly. "I have not been here before to-night."

"What! Did I not just pay you—"

"Too late!" gasped the new comer. "He has been here. I feared if Mr. Drew, do you not know me?"

"Why! yes, I—"

"I am Paul Dalton; not the Paul Dalton who has taken my place and represented my identity for the past week, but the Paul Dalton you knew of old—the superintendent of Maple Leaf Farm."

"Then the other?"

"Was an impostor."

Lawyer Drew's jaws fell. The awful truth suddenly dawned upon his astounded mind, and it paralyzed his faculties completely.

"Yes," went on Paul Dalton, rapidly, "you have been made the victim of a deep plot, a scheme to wrongfully secure the Forsythe fortune, while I have been a drugged, bound prisoner. To-night I overpowered and bound my jailer and hurried here, but too late to prevent the consummation of an iniquitous project between Ralph Prescott and the man who resembles me."

"Remarkably. He must be a brother, a close relative?"

"It matters not. I cannot expose him here now. Quick! how much of a start

has he got of me! He must be overtaken, he must disgorge his ill-gotten booty, he must tell me what he has done with my wife—my darling, precious Ruth!"

"I can answer that question!"

A clear, confident voice uttered the words. Just about to advance toward the door, Paul Dalton recoiled as a dark-eyed, sad-faced woman crossed his threshold. The lawyer, too, regarded her in open-mouthed wonder.

"Isabel!" exclaimed the startled and bewildered Paul Dalton, "Isabel!"

"Yes, Paul, the wronged, persecuted wife of your enemy, the woman who, at last realizing all the noble sacrifice of your life, has determined, be the cost what it may, that you shall wreck your happiness no further, to enrich and shield a consummate scoundrel, my husband though he be!"

"What does this mean?" gasped the overwhelmed lawyer.

"I will tell you," rang out the woman's voice.

"Isabel, I forbid you!" interrupted Paul Dalton, sternly.

"No, I shall disobey you," returned the woman, firmly. "Too long you have suffered in silence, and curious lawyer, to the interested, and curious lawyer, there are two Paul Daltons—this one, your husband, the man who has just swindled you out of a fortune. The one good, the other bad, remarkably alike in looks, but in soul—ah! this man's noble sacrifices and life of sadness shall shine bright in the judgment day before the black-hearted cruelty and sin of that other Paul Dalton—my husband."

"They are brothers?"

"No, cousins—the children of sisters who, fondly hoping to win the favor of rich old Paul Dalton, the banker, each named a child after him. They grew up. My husband was the favorite. He was the accepted heir of his uncle, but he broke his mother's heart with his evil ways. On her death-bed she made this noble-hearted man her promise to shield his cousin from harm. Hoping he would reform, this Paul Dalton did all he could to help him retain his uncle's favor. But, why continue the story? Its end tells all. My Paul Dalton was convicted of forgery when this Paul Dalton was out West. He served his term, but, returning home, reversed the real position of affairs—charged this Paul Dalton with being the convict and he the man out West. He wedded me to a life of misery, and for my sake after old Paul Dalton had died, and my husband had squandered his fortune, this noble man mutely accepted the stain of a convict reputation, gave up all his ambitions and disappeared. That is the story. My husband was the forger—this man's soul is white as snow."

"The old lawyer sat overcome at the strange revelation.

"When Paul Dalton left Ridgerton ten days ago," continued the woman, "to find my husband, and demand that he explain, at least to Ruth Elliott, the truth which he was sworn not to divulge, my husband learned of the fortune left to him. He made a prisoner of this Paul Dalton, and—the rest you know. I hurried on his track, determined that no further injury should come to this man. I warned him; he refused to heed. Now he shall suffer the consequences of his crime. Paul Dalton, I rescued your wife to-day—there she is!"

Ruth Dalton appeared at the library door. There was a mutual cry of joy, and husband and wife were reunited in one another's arms.

"Wait here!" ordered Isabel. "I know where my husband has gone. I will find him—I will right the great wrong of the past—if I follow him half the world over!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE WHITE MOONLIGHT.

Ralph Prescott lay where he had been left robbed and insensible in the white moonlight, while his assailant sped away from the spot with the fleetness of a deer, and the guilty bearing of a criminal escaping from the hands of justice.

The false Paul Dalton's breath came quick, and his manner showed that he was not yet altogether quiescent of having the country without some trouble.

He stared at the moonlight, and his heart beat with all the vengeful persistence of a baffled accomplice; he dreaded the anger of his deserted wife, whose written warning and subsequent silence were more impressive than spoken words.

But he had arranged for all that. The bearded man, Newcombe, whom he had employed to act as jailer to Paul Dalton, was an old-time confederate in crime, and he had arranged to meet him at a dilapidated cabin a mile distant, that night.

"I'll see Newcombe and we'll fly the country together," he murmured, as he hurried over the moonlit landscape. "He shall be off a friend to desert, but as that fellow Prescott, he handled edged tools and got cut—he got all he deserved."

The impostor threaded a forest maze, and at last came to a dismantled hut.

He paused in the bushes to whistle several times.

There was no response to this evidently agreed-on signal, and he entered the doorless structure and proceeded to light a lantern, which, with a lot of other traps, lay on the floor in one corner of the gloomy place.

From among these he selected a suit of clothes, a fife, a pair of blue spectacles, and other articles likely to be of use in making up a disguise.

When he had donned them they gave him an appearance scarcely according with the fugitive of a few minutes previous.

"I fancy no one will recognize me in this disguise even if pursuit is made," he chuckled confidently. "The money! Yes, that is all safe. Ah! it was worth

the bother, and I have won the day. A royal fortune! With Newcombe to cooperate with me we can double it at some foreign gambling place."

He glanced over the well-filled pocket-book for some time, then, securing it in an inner pocket, he paced the floor of the hut restlessly.

An hour went by, and he glanced at his watch. Ralph Prescott's—his time-piece now, he told himself, with a hilarious laugh, as he pictured the discomfiture of the plotter when he regained his senses.

"Strange that Newcombe does not come!" he murmured, impatiently, at last, extinguishing the lantern, and going to the door of the hut.

Another hour went by, and he started from the spot.

"I can't, I won't risk trouble by remaining here or going in search of Newcombe," he muttered, determinedly. "He had his cue to be here. He is not here, so I leave the country alone. With an abundance of money I can find an equally shrewd partner in Europe."

Utterly selfish and heartless to the last, the impostor hurried through the woods.

He had his plans formed to cross the country to a railroad, take an east-bound train, reach New York, and thence by steamer, Europe.

Just where a narrow ravine lined the path he was traversing, he paused suddenly.

Like a flashing meteor, a woman's form crossed his vision and blocked his path.

"Stop!"

Clear as a clarion note the mandate rang forth.

"Isabel!" gasped the startled plotter.

"Yes—I have found you."

"What—what do you want?" stammered the abashed impostor.

A white, shapely hand was extended from the folds of the long, dark cloak that enveloped the woman's form.

"I want the fortune you have stolen from the man you have so cruelly wronged, Paul Dalton!" was the imperious reply.

## CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

The hand of the impostor clutched the breast-pocket containing the precious wallet at the peremptory words of his deserted wife.

Then, with a wild glance about him, he made a movement of precipitate flight.

The woman never moved. She simply repeated the ominous mandate.

"Stop! I warn you, Paul Dalton. You know I never tell a lie. Take one more step, and—I am prepared to prevent a new wrong. I will kill you before you shall reap the reward of your awful wickedness!"

The hand under the cloak moved significantly. The man shuddered; his hair crept, and his blood chilled. He knew she was a broken-hearted, desperate woman.

His eyes were lurid with baffled hate as he gazed at her.

"Then take it!" he hissed, as he drew forth the wallet.

She reached out her hand, but uttered a startled cry as she realized in a flash that the acquiescent words of the scoundrel were employed solely to throw her off her guard.

For he gave her a violent push back toward the edge of the yawning ravine.

The woman did not, however, lose her presence of mind.

With one hand she clutched the wallet and tore it from her husband's grasp, and with the other she stayed a fatal descent into the cavernous darkness of the yawning void, three feet away.

Her would-be executioner was less fortunate. His violent movement caused him to lose his balance; his wild struggle to gain the coveted pocketbook cost him dear.

He stumbled and fell. A cry of horror rent the woman's lips as his struggling form disappeared over the edge of the cliff and was swallowed up in the black darkness of the ravine.

She listened with bated breath for some sound or cry, but none came. Then, thrilled, appalled, she sped from the spot.

Reaching the first cottage, she summoned help. An old farmer and his hired man accompanied her to the ravine. There, lying across a moss-covered rock, they found the broken body of her husband.

He was still alive, and they bore him to the village. Placed under a doctor's care, he was nursed by his wronged but faithful wife until morning.

At earliest dawn, a bedraggled, limping form stole into Ridgerton and to Maple Leaf Farm.

It was the baffled schemer, Ralph Prescott. Before noon, talking with him the entire contents of Farmer John's strong box, he sneaked out of the village.

That village never heard of him again for two years, then it was to learn that he had died in a fight in a far Western gambling saloon.

The man Newcombe, whom the real Paul Dalton had overpowered at the cabin, was brought to town by the sheriff and imprisoned. As Paul Dalton did not wish to make his own affairs public, however, he was released later, and disappeared.

But on the morrow all Ridgerton knew the story of one man's noble sacrifice and another man's vile plottings.

They knew, too, that to the last Isabel had clung to the battered wreck of humanity, who died deploring, if not repentant.

It was a week later, after the burial of her husband, that Isabel returned to Ridgerton.

Paul Dalton and his wife welcomed her at the old home of Geoffrey Forsythe, where they had begun life anew, as husband and wife.

"I have come back to stay with you, as you wish," said Isabel, sadly. "I know you want me, and with my life wrecked and broken, I will feel happiness to be near you. My father has forgiven me."

"You have blessed our lives by lifting the dark veil of my past," returned Paul, affectionately. "You recovered the fortune we would have lost. You shall live it with us here, as friend and sister."

but at your own home—Maple Leaf Farm? I have told your father all the story of your husband's nobleness of the will deeds of his favorite, Ralph Prescott, and he is broken-hearted over the injustice he has done. He is here to ask forgiveness and take you and your husband back to Maple Leaf Farm."

Rugged old Farmer John was a comely, tearful man in that room a minute later.

A happy man as with his daughter and her husband, he returned to the old home that had been so cheerless without them.

He knew the true from the false now, the poor metal from the dross, and knew, too, that his future would be bright and peaceful, assured of the love and devotion of Hearts of Gold.

Once more the golden grain is waving over the broad, fertile acres; once more Ruth's happy face beams from the homestead door, and once more, blessed by the love of Paul, the stately devotion of Isabel, and the tender care of old Farmer John, she is the Mistress of Maple Leaf Farm.

[THE END.]

## BIGGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

A Petrified Trunk in Northwestern Nevada Said to Be 668 Feet in Length.

The largest tree in the world lies broken and petrified at the end of a gentle slope in Northwestern Nevada. Its dimensions are so great that those who know of its existence hesitate to tell the story because they hardly expect to be believed, but there is sufficient evidence to give the tale credit, improbable though it may seem. This tree makes the monarchs of the Mariposa grove seem like impostors, and compared to "the tallest pine grown on Norwegian hills to be the mast of some great admiral is but a wand." As for the story of its discovery, it was thus told to a writer for the San Francisco Examiner by "Dad" Lynn of Fresno, and supported by other equally well-known people:

"Back in 1860 a company of about forty-five led Red Bluff to prospect the unknown country beyond Honey Lake and Surprise Valley. There were in the party lawyers, butchers, and shoemakers, but we were one-sided on one point; each individual felt positive that this was the turning point of his existence, and that the bright shining gold in unlimited quantities would reward the rather unpleasant jaunt. The Indians—we called them Bannecks—were at that time raising hair, and very many sudden moves were at times necessary in order to get rid of their unwelcome attentions. Finding but little gold in this section we traveled toward Baker County, Oregon, through a country entirely denuded of timber, except a few dwarf cottonwoods along the waterways. Close to the Baker County line we came to an opening in the rocks about wide enough for our wagons to go through, and on either side loomed precipices 500 and 600 feet high. The crevasse was about fifteen miles long, and at its end, just at the right of the trail, we found a number of petrified tree stumps of different heights and sizes. "In their midst on the ground lay a monster tree, somewhat imbedded in the soil. It was completely petrified," and from the clean-cut fractures of the trunk seemed to have fallen after its petrification. At its butt this tree was sixty feet in diameter. We measured its length with a tape line. It was just 668 feet long. No limbs remained, but in the trunk were clefts where apparently limbs had broken off. Amberlike beads of petrified pitch of gum adhered to the sides of the trunk for a distance of 100 feet or more. When the huge tree was broken squarely off the center seemed transverse, and the growth marks showed in beautiful concentric rings. Its natural appearance was handsomer than any dressed marble or mosaic I ever have seen, and we all expressed the opinion that it would make a wonderfully beautiful floor and interior finish for some grand building.

"I don't often tell this story because people don't believe it, but I could go to the place now without the least trouble and point out this wonder. Judge Courtney Talbot of Tulare, was one of our party, and he is an extract from a letter I recently received from him which corroborates my tale:

TULARE, JAN. 8, 1894. My Dear Old Friend: I have scarcely even told about that tree once met our old companion, Mr. White, and told him my recollection about the tree—that it was 60 feet in diameter at its base. I told him I saw it perfectly petrified. I told him I saw it for evidence. He said:

"Tell it when and where you please, and stand ready to make affidavit to the figures."

I afterward met old Allen Hardin, and said the same thing. I can call to the state to verify the statement Col. McKinsey, E. Fine, Sam King, T. Q. Shirley, you see, any member of our company that may wish to testify. I have often wondered why you are so anxious like that should remain uncorroborated so long.

"Now I stand ready to prove to you any Doubting Thomas who wishes to look upon one of nature's grand freaks and who will pay the expenses of the trip."

The American Bible Society, which does not pretend to print its Bible in all languages, issues either the whole Bible or portions thereof in 242

# TROOPS AT DARLINGTON

The Posse Chasing Fleeing Constables Ordered to Return.

All Quiet This Morning—The People Determined That No Destruction of Private Property Be Permitted—Tillman Says He Instructed the Troops to Shoot—Censorship of Press Demanded—Removal of Troops from Darlington, S. C., April 3.—For the

first time since 1877 a city in South Carolina has hundreds of troops quartered in its streets. Why these troops have been sent here has not yet been determined, and in the circumstances every bed of order is being preserved.

It was drawn directly in front of the dispensary at this place, which is responsible for the appearance of the troops. As advised by the committee, the troops were not the slightest obstruction to the appearance of the committee.

The troops arrived here in command of Gen. Farley and the Darlington militia. The troops were met by Gen. Farley and the Darlington militia, who provided ample protection for the troops, however, was not needed.

This morning all is quiet at Darlington. The troops are being placed on guard and sentries at their homes.

Major Dargan sent telegrams to heads of all posses in pursuit of the fleeing constables to come back to town, as they were needed. This was known, and yesterday all the constables were free to go as they pleased. Constable McLeod, who was supposed to have been mortally wounded and who was not touched on that account, was taken out of jail by friends.

Constable Cass has gone to a private house and received attention. He says that on the night of the pursuit he was in the city covered up with straw.

The people of Darlington are determined that no destruction to state property shall be permitted and when an effort was made to loot the dispensary it was promptly resisted.

Major Dargan and other prominent citizens addressed the men and advised them not to make any demonstration, but to remain perfectly quiet, as the understanding was that Gov. Tillman, upon the advice of Gen. Farley, would do nothing to excite the people here, and that the military would, under no circumstances, be allowed to come here.

With all the posse back in the city, all the constables out of the county and the people bent on keeping the peace, the news that 900 troops have been sent from Columbia on their way here.

Efforts are being made to have the troops return to Columbia, on the ground that their presence can do no possible good.

TOLD THEM TO SHOOT.

Gov. Tillman Says He So Instructed the Troops.

DARLINGTON, S. C., April 2.—Eleven companies of state troops left here at 5 o'clock yesterday for the scene of disturbance.

The troops are first to be taken to Darlington. What is to be done with the constables is a mystery.

General Richbourg, who is in command, would not say anything about his orders.

The companies were divided into two regiments and a colonel placed in command of each regiment. The troops went to Darlington by a special train over the Atlantic coast line.

Immense crowds of people were at the station at which the soldiers boarded the train. Three companies were left in the city.

Three hundred volunteer citizens armed with all manner of weapons arrived at Darlington at the departure of the troops and are ready to obey the orders of the governor. More companies and more volunteers are to arrive. Nothing can be done from Darlington, as the telegraph company will not receive or send messages to or from the governor.

A representative of the United Press had a lengthy interview with Gov. Tillman at the executive mansion.

The governor stated that in his opinion the worst of the danger was over. He said that inasmuch as Darlington and Florence were in a state of insurrection, he felt it to be his duty to send the militia to uphold the dignity and honor of the state. At the time of the interview the militia had just arrived on a special train for Darlington. In response to a call he had just received from Darlington, he had placed the troops en route to the scene of the insurrection.

"Will they shoot?" was asked.

"Will they shoot?" exclaimed the governor with emphasis. "Well you ought to have heard them cheer when I told them to shoot."

Asked him when, in his opinion, the insurrection would be relieved sufficiently for him to dismiss the military, he said he could not tell and that there was much to be done. Darlington and Florence were in insurrection, defying the authority of the state, and insurrection must be put down. The state property (meaning the dispensaries) had been destroyed. The guilty parties must be punished and brought to justice.

Dispensary constables were being sent to Darlington and were in imminent danger of their lives. He was not going to let the dogs. Pending developments he would keep the militia in the city.

Minutes previous to this interview it was reported that the censorship of the press had been withdrawn. The governor said it was very much to be regretted that he did not wish to have