...ndover News.

...l Mosher, ...S. Greene, } Editors and Pub...

...EDNESDAY, A...ST 25, 1897.

The first thing the women will do when they get into power will be to enact a law compelling a man to love only one woman at a time.

Lillian Russell asserts her belief that marriage is a failure." How does she know? Before making such a statement ... that she ought to try it for a while ...stead of progressive monogamy.

A dispatch from Mobile says that a ...gro, after murdering another negro, ...tempted to escape, and wounded a ...hite officer who was pursuing him. ...e special correspondent thoughtfully ...ds: "For this latter offense he prob...ly will be lynched if the people can ...t at him." Why "latter?"

A Georgia editor who is traveling ...road writes to his paper from Rome ...says: "We are greatly shocked to find ...s city in such a state of decay." Well, ...used to be quite a lively town, but of ...urse after the late Julius Caesar took ...t Roman punch from Mr. Brutus and ...it the city government fell into the ...nds of ward politicians and the town ...nt to pieces. Is it any wonder that ... Coliseum leaks?

...ccasionally there is found a man en...ged in commercial pursuits who pos...sses great talent in artistic lines. ...gers, the poet, was a banker, and our ...n Halleck and Stedman were en...d in business having little to do ... the muse. A noted poet of the ...st is a marker in a poolroom, and ... doesn't write verse about Derby ..., either, but about daffodils and ...re skies. At least one successful ...rchant in Chicago dallies with liter...re, on the side, as it were. These ...arks are called out by the discov... in London that the man who com...d the music for its latest successful ... is a financier, whose musical ac...ishments have never been sus... even by his intimate friends.

...ct that the great tenor's name ...Vechzislaw Reschke, and not ...as commonly supposed, may ...o some of his admirers, but ...impair his popularity. This ...has been brought out in a commu...ation which he has found necessary ...make in order to deny that he is not ...old man, as was reported, and com...ed to "make up" for all his youthful ...s. He calmly declares that he was ...n Jan. 3, 1850, at Kozija street and ...acks, in Warsaw. The tenor is ...re 47, quite a ripe age, and it ...t be necessary for him to begin ...ewell" tours for several years. ...of 47 in any other business ...t be considered a chicken, but ...f that age is in the bloom of

...lish libel law was illustrated ...ing of a jury in the High ...een's Bench, after a three ... the suit of Mr. Andrew ...e Chronicle's special ...ng the Soudan cam... E. F. Knight, the ... of the Times in ...he jury award...nd dollars dam...tion grew out of a letter ...Knight to a friend wherein ...Atteridge a "dirty cur," and ...at he left the Soudan after ...tle at Firket because he was ...nk." He further expressed ...hat Atteridge was a "dirty ...e he had treated Garrett, ...ndent of the New York ...vile manner, turning him ...t into the desert when he ...g from enteric fever, for ...t he was afraid of chol... also accused Atteridge, ...ously been a teetotaler, ...mpagne from 5 o'clock ...until bed time and pray... day when the cholera ... further described At...e who never washed.

...nd the Weather.

...sts insist that animals ... sense which enables ...approaching changes in ...d conduct themselves ...eis, ducks and geese ...to make preparations ...s before the change is ...an beings these crea...en oiling and dressing ... Pigs frequently pre...for themselves before a ...arrying a mouthful of

In Sheep's Clothing

By Capt. Ormond Steele

CHAPTER XV.

STRANGE RUMORS FROM NEW YORK.

In obedience to Capt. Denham's last orders, as well as in anticipation of being soon ordered to sea, Lieutenant Hedges, now in command, set all the crew to work, painting and tarring and greasing, so that the Sea Hawk looked like a huge floating hive, about which a great number of strange bees were working with restless industry.

Squire Condit was not a seaman; he couldn't tell the difference between the martingale and pennant halyards, but, as Ralph Denham's adopted father, he felt that a great responsibility had been imposed on him by that young gentleman's absence. He rowed out—or, rather, had himself rowed, for he went "catching crabs," as falling backward is called, whenever he got an oar in his hands—several times a day; and he would climb up to the deck, and stand with his feet apart and one eye shut, and his face upturned to the men aloft, in a way that was highly amusing.

Every man on board knew and liked the squire, and all doffed their caps to him when they came near; and he, in charming ignorance of naval forms, would shake hands with them, call them by their Christian names, and present his snuff-box to their paint-stained and grimy fingers.

As the prospective father-in-law of Second Lieutenant Valentine Dayton, the squire felt it incumbent on him to encourage that young gentleman to greater industry.

Valentine, as was his right, made it a point to visit Ellen every evening, and at such times the squire would exclaim, with the surprise he assumed when saluting an old toper, who had been brought before him for the twentieth time, for reprimand or fine.

"What! you here, Valentine?"

"Here again, squire," would be the cheery reply.

"And you are quite sure everything is shipshape and quite snug, sir, aboard the Sea Hawk?"

"Yes, squire, everything right as a rivet."

"Sure you've forgot nothing that ought to be attended to?"

"Quite sure, squire."

"Because if you have, you know, it is not too late to go aboard, sir, and fix up. Though Ralph Den—I mean Captain Denham is off to New York, I know he is forever thinking about the ship, and how she's——"

"Oh, she's well, squire, and I'll bet she's thinking about him as hard as she can——"

"Why, you young rascal, I am speaking about the ship."

"And I'm speaking about Cousin Lea."

"Oh, indeed;" and then the Squire would go off and draw his wife to one side, and chuckle, as he whispered to her:

"My dear, I fear our future son-in-law is addicted to levity, and inclined to make light of life, which, as the dominie tells us, is a solemn thing, and not at all to be laughed at."

Squire Condit knew Valentine Dayton, ever since that young gentleman, without any volition of his own, appeared in the village church for baptism. He knew Valentine Dayton's father and mother before they were married, and he often boasted that he could have cut the former out if—— And he would give many reasons, the principal ones being that he was a warm friend of the senior Dayton, and was himself in love with another girl at the time.

If Doctor Hedges had known Ralph Denham's father and mother he would not have dreamt of refusing him his daughter; on the contrary, he would have placed their hands together and repeated something like the threadbare formula, "Bless you my children."

If he had known Ralph Denham's father and mother, even if they were not so good a stock as his own—and he flattered himself, as every other man of good standing in Sag Harbor did, that his own family was just a "little" bit better than any one else's—why, he would have offered no objections.

As a man who firmly believed the days of miracles had passed for some centuries, and he knew nothing about the doctrine of "spontaneous generation," and wouldn't have believed it if he had—he was fully aware that Ralph Denham, like every other man of his acquaintance, had a father and a mother.

As the tree is known by its fruit, he might have reasoned that Ralph was a scion of good stock; but the mischief about prejudice is that it does not reason.

So the more he thought it over, and the more he discussed the matter with good Mrs. Hedges, who was not at all averse to Ralph, the more settled became his conviction that Lea should

Fox was a man of wealth, a captain in the regular navy, and, without doubt, connected with or a member of one of the great aristocratic families of England, in all of whose veins—it was at this time claimed—the blood of royalty flowed.

"You are my only child, Lea," said the Doctor one day to his daughter, when the question uppermost in both their minds was being discussed. "I live only for you, and it is due that you should respect my judgment and obey me."

"Have I ever disobeyed you, my father?" asked Lea, quietly—so quietly and firmly, indeed, that the Doctor would have been better pleased had she shown some excitement.

"Not until of late," stammered the Doctor.

"And wherein has been the disobedience of late?"

"You persist in loving, against my will, Ralph Denham, about whose origin I know nothing."

"And about which I care nothing, with all due respect for you. And again, let me say, that we do not love or cease to love in obedience to any one's will, not even our own. I would be false to myself and a hypocrite to you if I promised not to love this man."

"Then you give no thought to his ancestors?"

"No; if they were all living since the flood, I am sure there is not one of them I could love as I do Ralph, or would care to marry."

"You are talking nonsense," said the Doctor, getting angry as men usually do when they persist in a debate in which they are being worsted. "Did you not tell me that you would not marry Ralph Denham without my consent?"

"I did, father?"

"Then why do you keep on loving him?"

"Because, as I told you before, I could not help it if I would, and would not if I could."

"This is rank disobedience!" cried the Doctor, rising.

"I certainly do not intend it as such," replied Lea, still calm and firm, adding, "I never have, and I promise now never to introduce the subject so disagreeable to you."

"Hear me, Lea." Dr. Hedges sat down and pulled his high-back chair closer to his daughter.

"I am listening, father."

"Next to the duty I owe my Creator, you are the one object in life for which I live."

"You forget my mother."

"Oh," replied the Doctor, with much adroitness, "she and I are one—one and the same person, as Squire Condit would say. If I could see you well married and settled before I passed away, death would be robbed of all his terrors."

"I believe what you say."

"Now, I have a husband in my mind; he is rich, he must be of noble family, and I am sure he loves you."

Dr. Hedges stopped and looked at his daughter, confident that she, with the curiosity which is said to distinguish her sex, would ask him who the man was. But she went on with her sewing, and seemed as indifferent as if she had heard an allusion to the man in the moon.

The Doctor was perplexed, and he made up his mind to have her manifest more interest in the man of his choice.

"Do you not know who the gentleman is?" he asked.

"I do not."

"Don't you want to know?" more angrily.

"Why should I?"

"Because all the chances are that he will be your husband;" with great vehemence.

"My own consent is essential to my marriage. But, dear father, why plague yourself with troubles that exist only in your imagination. Let us wait. I will be dutiful, loving and obedient to you. There is no danger of my leaving you so long as you and mother need me. There, and there, and there." And she came up behind him, and, throwing her white arms about his neck, kissed his knotted brow with every closing word, till the wrinkles melted and he went out, not quite sure that he had not been making something of a fool of himself.

Five days since Ralph Denham sailed away in the Wanderer, and a reply should have come from him in three days.

"There has been a fair wind all the time, either for coming or going," said Lieut. Hedges, addressing his nephew, Valentine Dayton. "There can be no doubt but the captain got up to New York the night of the day he left here, yet there is no word from him."

"It isn't like Ralph to write at once," said Valentine, thoughtfully, adding: "But depend upon it, he has a good excuse."

"No, there can be no excuse for neglected duty, unless it be in case of strong sickness," said the bluff lieutenant.

"But the captain may be sick."

"No danger of that."

"What makes you think so, Uncle George."

"Because if he was to get sick he'd send a post through with all speed to tell the officer left in command of the ship."

"But supposing he was unconscious?"

"Then some one else would do it for him." Capt. Ralph Denham is too big a ...

... variety of ... "I don't brag, Val, but there's ... as has known me, man and boy, for five and forty years, and even them that didn't like me never dared to say I was nervous."

"You misunderstand me, Uncle George," said Valentine, and he proceeded to explain the more modern meaning of the word, after which the Lieutenant was much mollified.

"Yes, lad, I'm unstrung, that is the downright truth, and I'd give all my share of the prize money made on the last cruise if I saw the Captain coming up that path."

Mr. Hedges pointed to the path leading from the veranda on which they were sitting before Squire Condit's door, to the road that went down to the town, and out to the land of the Montauks.

At that instant the gate swung open, and the messenger or post-rider, Thrasher by name, who had brought the order, on which Ralph Denham left, appeared with his garments travel-stained, and his saddle bags over his shoulder.

CHAPTER XVI.

INCLINATION VERSUS DUTY.

On first meeting this man, who proved himself weak and faithless to his trust in the presence of gold, Fox offered to take him to New York on the Wanderer; but as the pirate's plans became matured he changed his mind, as he found other uses for the man.

Had Thrasher gone to sea on the Wanderer, as he was more than willing to do, he would have been tied up in a shotted bag and dropped overboard the first chance, for Fox believed in destroying his useless tools.

Captain Fox found in Thrasher just the man to aid him in one of the grandest schemes he had yet plotted, which was no less than to get possession of the cruiser, Sea Hawk, and by the easiest means to rid himself of such of the officers and crew as did not enlist under his piratical standard.

Already the reader is familiar with the identity of Captain Fox with the traitor and pirate, Captain William Kidd of the Adventure Galley.

There was scarcely one species of villainy in which he was not proficient, and where he failed, he found a most willing coadjutor in Guy Frenauld.

A good specimen of Ralph Denham's handwriting was obtained in that officer's reply, accepting Fox's invitation to sail in the Wanderer to New York.

Frenauld was an adept in the imitation of handwriting, so that it became an easy matter to forge a letter from Captain Denham.

Such a letter was forged and given to Thrasher—with due instructions—just before the Wanderer sailed.

The better way to carry out these instructions, Thrasher was given a large sum of money, with promise of a fabulous amount if he succeeded.

He was to prevent, by death as a preference, any other post-rider from getting through the forest to the town of Sag Harbor. He was free to associate any other man of like character with him, but he was advised against it if he could get on alone. At a certain date he was to appear in Sag Harbor, with a letter from Captain Denham to Lieutenant Hedges, and this date had now come.

Mr. Hedges and Valentine Dayton, as well as Squire Condit, who had just come out with his wife and Ellen, recognized the post-runner as he came up the walk.

"Hello, my man, where do you come from?" asked Mr. Hedges, in his anxiety, going out to meet the courier.

"From New York," was the reply, given in the voice of one much exhausted by the journey.

"Have you a letter for me?"

"You are Lieutenant Hedges?"

"I am."

"Then, sir, I have a letter for you from Captain Ralph Denham, of the cruiser Sea Hawk."

Thrasher came up on the veranda and took the saddle-bags from his shoulder, and Ellen got him a chair, and Mrs. Condit went off for a glass of currant wine.

Thrasher had not been thirty miles from the town; during his absence he had a companion of like kidney watching the road for genuine post-riders.

So anxious was Mr. Hedges for news from his well-beloved Captain that he was about to stoop down and help Thrasher to open the pouch, when the latter handed him the letter.

Ah, there could be no doubt about its genuineness; there was the dear fellow's handwriting, and the impress of the seal on the wax was all right, it bore the design of the provincial impress.

Mr. Hedges realized how anxious the people about him were to hear from the Captain, but he was too good an officer to read aloud an official communication, the contents of which he was not familiar with.

As he read the letter, all eyes, Thrasher's included, were on his face, which reflected his emotions as a limpid lake does the foliage overhanging its banks.

"Is Ralph well?" asked the Squire, unable to stand the uncertainty.

"He appears to be," said Mr. Hedges, his eyes still on the paper.

"Any bad news?" from Ellen.

"I can't exactly say."

"Is it unusual?" asked Mrs. Condit.

"Unusual? Well, yes; upon my soul, it is the most unusual and altogether the most extraordinary ...

Items of Interest on Topics.

From Her Remark Grew the Poem—Hints for the Fall—A Novel Fabric—Costliest Cloak in the World—Etc., Etc.

Mrs. Amelia Koehler, who died at Mount Vernon, N. Y., recently, is said to have inspired one of the few ballads that will probably live forever, "The Last Rose of Summer." She was ninety-two years old, and had met the great Napoleon. While living in London she became an intimate friend of Thomas Moore's sister, and frequently met the poet at her house. One night as Mrs. Koehler was walking in the garden with him she plucked a rose and gave it to him, remarking, "Look, isn't it beautiful? This is the last rose of summer." From her remark grew the poem.—New England Homestead.

HINTS FOR FALL.

The first indication of fall styles has reached us in the shape of the French color card, which clearly indicates continuance of favor for the violets, reds and grays, while we are promised bewitching yellows and browns. The last-named are predicted as fine favorites, for the wool gowns of street wear, soft, tender chinchilla, gray being, in all probability, their most formi... rival.

Bright vivid hues will be la... used in bits, and will serve to br... en many a costume, but the delig... quiet colors are promised for ... tone, the whole host of lovely lig... tints being reserved for house ... evening wear.

A wise and astute exponent of a... dress once said that the hair and eyes were unfailing guides as to color, and that gowns selected either of the same or harmonizing color could not fail to be becoming. When we reflect upon the vast number of brown-eyed and gray-eyed among womankind and contemplate the fact that these two colors are to have first place, there is indeed cause of rejoicing.—Chicago Record.

A NOVEL FABRIC.

One thin fabric never shown till this season is a clever French counterfeit of the rare and beautiful pineapple muslin which our grandmothers imported from India. The ground is the same dull cream color as in the original, thin as a cobweb and transparent as glass. It is barred by distinct stripes, satiny effect and uniform in color, whether the shade be red, blue or green or even a clear milk-white, which latter is very effective upon the creamy ground. Yards and yards go to the composition of a dress, but the effect of the confection when finished is marvellously dainty, and the price per yard of the material, instead of being $4, as was that of the Indian fabric, is generally from seventy-five cents to $1.

COSTLIEST CLOAK IN THE WORLD.

The barbaric queens of the Hawaii... Islands once wore what is thought ... be the costliest cloak in the wor... The cloak is now in the Nation... Museum, and the foundation is ... olona, or native hemp. Stitched ... the foundation with hempen thre... are the feathers of the native b... of the islands, the feathers ... lapping and making a soft, beau... and perfectly smooth surface. ... feathers are put on in the fo... crescents, in yellow, red and b... The black and yellow feathers ... from the Moho nobilis, and the ... is extremely shy and hard to cap... making its feathers of great v... It took nearly one hundred yea... make the cloak, and it is estim... to be worth nearly $1,000,000.

TRAINED COLORED NU...

The Secretary of State ... Carolina, has just issued ... incorporation to the Char... pital and Training School ... The main object of the in... to train colored girls ... women to be expert nur... an occupation now ... women. It comm... perhaps, than ... women are emp... and some of ... the better fa... their life w... mand $... of service ... ceive from ... engaged ...