Andover News.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 24, 1891

ARTISTIC WALLS.

How to Select Wall-Paper that Is Cheerful and Effective.

The highest art is now displayed in the designs for wall-papers, and there is no discounting the magnificent appearances of some of these latest patterns when properly placed on the sides of the room. Large figures in old gold, especially scroll work in borders, are used. In selecting wall-paper it should be chosen in accordance with good taste, and the most important question to decide is whether it is to form a decoration for itself or whether it is to become a mere background for pictures. In either case the colors should be subdued in tone, and two shades of light drab or silver-gray will be found the most appropriate for this purpose. Where water-color drawings are hung in a drawing-room paper of embossed white or cream color, with very small spots of gold, will not be amiss. The patterns should also be selected with reference to the place. When a large part of the wall is to be presented to the eye a greater play of line in the patterns may be attractive but in all other situations the patterns should be comparatively simple. It is a mistake to make the wall-paper decorations of the same color of the furniture. Instead of repeating the color of the furniture and hangings it should oppose it. Contrast is as essential as simplicity to good taste in household decoration.

In selecting papers for the walls one should not trust simply to the pattern-books. A paper that has been ordered will often look darker or lighter after it is hung than it did in the pattern-book. In order to avoid disappointment in this respect it is advisable to take several lengths of the paper and suspend them side by side on the wall, and notice carefully the general effect it has upon the eye and the room. The leaves of certain plants conventionally treated are very effective decorative forms. The ivy, maple, oak and fig leaves are beautifully adapted to this purpose, and they come in large and small designs on wall paper. Where two shades of the same color are employed, and the quietness of effect is especially desired, the overlaid tint should be but very little darker than the ground; and if drawings and other things are to be hung upon it the pattern should be hardly discernible from a little distance.

The most dreary method of decorating the wall of a sitting-room is to cover it all over with an unrelieved pattern of monotonous design. Yet many housewives who are careless about such matters, or probably do not know the secret of the art, will do this every spring that their paper is changed. Paper-hanging should in no case be allowed to cover the whole space of a wall from skirting to ceiling. A plinth space of plain color, either in paper or distemper, should be left to a height of two or three feet from the floor. A light wood moulding, stained or gilded, should seperate this from the paper above. A second space of frieze, left just below the ceiling and filled with arabesque ornament, is always effective, but, of course, always involves more expense. Gold, when injudiciously introduced, is always a valuable adjunct in the design of paper hangings, but it frequently doubles and sometimes trebles the price of a piece.

Novels That Corrupt.

We do not think a Saxon hand would ever dabble in the foul corruption which seems to be the native element of certain Parisians, who try to veil their degradation under *fin-de-siecle* euphuism. No Englishman will ever herd with the bestial drove that wallows in the sloughs and pools that even Zola loathed while he inspected them. Such creatures reach only their own species. Their venom cannot taint the essence of beings of a higher type. But there may be found in London society men who would do the fell work which such inimitable masters of seductive speech as Gautier and Maupassant have done in their most evil hours. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the worst novel written in English in this century was published by Mr. W. H. Mallock, an unquestionable adept in the graces and suggestiveness of style. The crime which such men commit is the suppression of the iron law imbedded in the human heart long before it took vindictive shape in the codes of society—the law that imposes on wrong-doing woe and punishment, even in this life. Such men not only plant temptation, which is lawful and may be helpful, but they show it uncombed to with defiance and impunity. They portray the evil doer, but omit to delineate the scourge. They make vice doubly infectious, not only by dissembling its deformity, but by hiding its doom.—*R. W. Hazeltine, in North American Review.*

In Ledyarn, Conn., the other day, a boy discovered a woodchuck in a heap of leaves in an old area and pulled him out. He was curled up like a "woolly bear," with both forepaws pressed closely over his eyes. When his paws were pulled off his eyes he did not open them, but yawned and gasped, as a deep sleeper might be expected to do. The animal could not be aroused from his dormant condition until he had been in a warm room several hours.

THEOLOGY OF THE DESERT.

BY JOHN PAUL.

The sands of the desert glowed hot and red,
The rim of the Sheikh's tent door
Tell it blistered like ice of the Carmelite's head—
Just the robins thrived upon it on his crown.

An Arab swept up, bare-chested and brown;
"My tent door is ready-open," he said.
The monk found a wine-skin under his cloak
The Arab gave dates and bread.

'Had Allah, we thank Thee," the Arab cried,
When our simple repast was spread.
I fell to at once—but the monk replied,
"Nay, Sheik, thank the Lord ere we eat."

Then the two argued loud and the two argued long;
As to how the grace should be said;
But before they got at the right or the wrong
I had finished both dates and bread.

When they turned to me I could not declare
On a point so exceedingly fine;
But I rode away on the Arab's mare
With my friend the Carmelite's wine.

Just where my thanks are don't cannot decide
But the honors are easy, I think;
So Allah I thank for the mare I ride,
The Lord for the wine I drink

Philip Rayner's Bride,

OR

MAJOR VILLARS' FATAL MISTAKE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER VII.

DULCIE'S SECOND TEMPTATION.

"Y darling," Philip Rayner whispered, he said kissing her flushed cheek, "have you missed me?"

Dulcie's tongue seemed paralyzed. She must be wonderfully like Toinette, since even her lovers had been deceived.

"I must tell him—I must," she thought. "It is cruel to leave him under a false impression for a moment."

But his caresses were very sweet. She loved him so; and her life had been full of misery. She would enjoy a few moments of stolen happiness, then confess herself an impostor, and tell him that Toinette was dead.

"I have counted the days of absence," Philip went on, drawing her more closely to him. "They seemed long and lonely. Even the historic places of the old world had no charm for me. Day or night you were never absent from my thoughts, Toinette. It was a happy moment when I felt free to hasten back to your side. I dared not write; my letters would have been intercepted. But our probation is at an end, darling. We will not even think of it any more. Heaven has been merciful; we are together again."

He led her to a rustic bench under the trees—the same where he had often sat with Toinette in by-gone days. Not a doubt disturbed his mind; he felt sure the blushing girl was his old love.

"Your guardian has been trying to coerce you into a distasteful marriage," he added. "But love for me has made you strong to resist. I know how brave and heroic you have been, darling. You are all the dearer to me for the strength of character you have shown in thus holding out against his petty tyranny."

He paused for an instant, but still she was mute. Perplexed and vaguely troubled, he bent down suddenly and looked into her eyes. They were dark and full of fear.

"Why don't you speak to me? Say that you love me, Toinette. It is so long, so long, since I have heard the assurance from your lips."

She flung her arms impulsively around his neck.

"I love you, Philip."

Her words came naturally, as though she had uttered them a thousand times. How strange that her very first utterance should be the confession of her love!

The strong arms held her as though they never meant to set her free.

"God bless you, Toinette. Now I am back you must marry me at once. Secretly, of course. We can never hope to gain Major Villars' consent."

"No, no," Dulcie cried, struggling out of his embrace, as if suddenly recalled to herself. "Such happiness is not for me!"

"Why do you say that? I thought you loved me."

"So I do. But——"

How could she tell him? And yet it must be done.

"Philip," she cried suddenly, standing before him pale and trembling, "look at me well. Is this the woman you left behind when you went abroad?"

"Yes, yes. The sweetest creature in all the world."

"You are deceived in me. I am not what I seem."

He smiled into her troubled face.

"Don't say that. Nothing can shake my faith in you, Toinette.

"Philip, will you not understand? Listen; let me tell you while I can——"

"What? That suffering has made you nervous and distrustful of yourself? I can understand all that. Let us forget the dark, bitter days through which we have been passing."

He drew her down beside him again and kissed her lips, all the deep love of his heart shining in his eyes.

"This is a dear place, darling. Be content."

What could Dulcie say? Toinette was dead—at least so she believed—it would do her no wrong to keep the secret a little longer.

So the second great temptation of her life came to her. Later, as she tossed on her sleepless couch, thinking—all over slumbering conscience awake. She resolved to tell Philip all on the morrow.

But when they met, and his eyes the look of joy that flashed into his handsome face, the confession died upon her lips. Why should she speak, and make Philip as unhappy as herself?

She waited a few days, she thought; "then it will be easier to tell him the truth."

She did not realize the invisible chasm which it would seem to inevitably to

[illegible] Philip gave her every opportunity to speak, he found her changed, cold, [illegible] Dulcie, he would wait and gaze at her in perplexed wonder, conscious of a difference, and vainly searching his own mind to determine in what it consisted.

Often, when he recalled little incidents of the past that would have been as familiar to Toinette as to himself, the young girl would have no recollection of them.

"Strange that you should have forgotten," he said again and again. "These events are as fresh in my own mind as what happened yesterday."

These were Dulcie's opportunities to throw herself before him and cry:

"There is no real mystery. I had no part to play in the scenes you recall. I am not your old love, Philip, but a wicked impostor who has taken her place."

What did she do?

Poor, misguided Dulcie! Do not censure her too severely. She was but a child, remember—loving, impulsive but desolate, with no mother to guide and guard her.

What wonder she trifled with the terrible temptation chance had thrown in her way!

When Philip gave expression to his perplexity, she would wreathe her white arms around his neck and lift her lovely face to be kissed.

"I suffered so much in the past I would willingly blot it all out, and live only in the happy present."

Philip Rayner was not the only person who felt bewildered. Major Villars noticed the difference. In many of her tastes and habits the girl was radically changed. Though a good deal puzzled, no suspicion of the truth crossed the old man's mind.

"You are not like yourself, Toinette," he would say. "You used to be very fond of society; now you never go out, or receive your old friends when they call. You seem to prefer wandering by yourself in the grounds."

Rosine watched her mistress curiously. Weary, wretched, and desolate, Dulcie relaxed her vigilance, and almost forgot, in the presence of her maid, the role she was playing.

"What has come over my mistress?" Rosine often asked herself. "She seems so different since she ran away. Sweeter and more gentle, but so absent-minded. She must be grieving for her absent lover."

Guy Mandeville, who held the key to a part of the mystery, smiled grimly, and said nothing. Even he did not suspect the struggle going on in Dulcie's mind, or that she was meeting Philip Rayner daily in the grounds.

He rested content in the belief that his hated rival was still absent, in the old world.

So the summer days wore on, and Philip began to plead for an immediate marriage.

"Not yet; wait a little longer," Dulcie answered. And her lover wondered why her beautiful face paled to that dull, dead white, as she spoke.

"Oh, God! Give me strength and courage to tell him the truth!" she prayed.

But it was so hard, with a future of perfect bliss opening before her, to put up her hand, and dash the cup ruthlessly away.

At last there came a mad moment, when she forgot right and duty, stifled the voice of conscience, and promised Philip to fly with him and become his wife that very night.

She stole back to her room, looking so wan and ghost-like, Rosine cried out at sight of her.

"Oh, my dear lady! Are you ill, or only unhappy?"

"My head aches," Dulcie answered. "Darken the room, and I will lie down."

The maid did as requested, then brought rose-water and smelling salts, offering to remain. But Dulcie insisted on being left alone.

"I wish to be perfectly quiet. You will only distress me by staying."

Quiet! When the key was turned in the lock Dulcie sank upon the couch, sobbing, and moaning piteously. And slowly, as she lay there, the voice of conscience again made itself heard in her heart.

"Go to the altar with that man before telling him who and what you are, and the vengeance of outraged Heaven will fall upon your head," it said.

Dulcie sprang up, goaded to the verge of madness.

"Help me, pitying Father, help me to do my duty," she prayed. "I am so weak, so wicked, left to myself!"

She crossed the room, a look of desperate resolution on her face, and began hurriedly to gather together the few simple things Philip had given her. A book of poems, a few faded bowers, a photograph of himself.

"He will despise me when he knows how I have deceived him," she said, hoarsely. "I dare not keep anything to remind me of the happiness that might have been mine."

She looked at the picture many minutes—such a look as we give the coffined dead—then her kisses fell hot and fast upon it.

"Farewell, darling Philip, farewell forever. When I next look upon your face I shall see it darken with anger, grow cold with bitter scorn."

For she had fully made up her mind. Only once did she hesitate—when everything had been gathered into a little bundle, and lay with a tiny heap of waste paper in the grate, and she had taken a match into her hand, then she fell back suddenly, white and groaning, and heard the voice of the tempter whisper:

"Why make this sacrifice? Toinette is dead, the truth known only to yourself. You have only to close your lips in silence."

She shuddered; a sharp cry broke from her. Great white beads stood thickly on her forehead. The long, dreary years of a lonely life stood out before her mental vision like ghastly milestones. She might live to be an old woman with this bitter pain gnawing continually at her heart.

Happiness lay within her reach. She had but to grasp it, and be blessed.

"Not at that price!" she cried, aloud. Striking the match against the tiled hearth, she watched the flames lick up her poor little treasures with their hot, biting breath.

As the day waned a fearful tempest arose. The reverberating thunder, vivid flashes of lightning and driving rain were in perfect accord with Dulcie's mood.

At last the storm swept past. At nine o'clock she stole softly from the house. Philip was pacing up and down in the misty moonlight before the gate.

"Come, darling," he whispered, seizing her hand, "my carriage is in the thickest shade."

"Philip, you must not tempt me. I cannot go."

Even as she spoke, making a weak attempt to send him away, her head drooped, and her trembling form met no golden curls upon his shoulder.

Raising her tenderly in his arms, he bore her onward a few steps, and placed her upon the seat cushions.

—She had not lost consciousness; but she was worn out with the long struggle. The strength to resist was gone.

She sat pale and still as a statue, her great blue eyes shining purple black in the darkness, every good resolution blown away, as it were, by the breath of her adored lover.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNPREPARED.

One day, when Toinette Linton was so far on the road to recovery that she was beginning to lay plans for leaving the humble tenement-house down by the river, a sealed letter was brought to the door by a messenger.

She opened it in great agitation. Who of the old-time friends had found her out and taken the trouble to write?

The letter was written in a disguised hand and read thus:

"I saw a boat pick you up when you jumped into the cold, dark river that fatal night. After great trouble and many inquiries, I have succeeded in tracing you to the humble roof that has given you shelter.

"I have carried out your wishes to the letter, supposing everyone I dwell, taken your name and identity. But I find myself surrounded by undreamed-of dangers. I must see you at once—take counsel of you. Guy's suspicions have been aroused. I dare not come to the refuge you have found. He has been prowling about the neighborhood for days, and might surprise us and discover all.

"Will you come to Ridgefield by the noon train? Take the road leading from the village toward the river. I will be there to meet you. If you care to keep up this living lie, do not disappoint me. There is news of Philip. You see I know your lover's name. I have so much to tell you, so many questions to ask! Do come!

"You will know who writes these lines, though I have disguised my hand and signed no name."

A cry broke from Toinette's lips. Such a strange letter, but of course Dulcie had written it! Who else had known her plans when she took that mad leap from the ferry-boat? Even Dulcie understood them but vaguely.

She glanced at the clock. There was barely time to dress herself and get to the railway station. She sent for a hack and set out at once, closely veiled.

With plenty of time for reflection, Toinette would never have undertaken that journey. But there was no opportunity to weigh possibilities. She must act instantly or not at all.

It was the reference to her lover that decided her. News of Philip!

"He has come back," she said to her throbbing heart. "Dulcie will tell him where to find me. Then I need hide no longer. I will be sheltered by his love."

The first flutter of excitement over, calmer thoughts prevailed. Long before reaching her destination, Toinette was asking herself uneasily if she had acted wisely.

But what harm could possibly result from yielding to Dulcie's request? She must have been influenced by some powerful motive, or the risk would never have been incurred. Not a doubt crossed her mind but that Dulcie was the writer of the letter she had received.

Toinette got off alone at the Ridgefield station. Only two or three persons were in sight. After looking all around she approached a man who sat tilted back against the wall, a pipe in his mouth, and ventured to make inquiries.

"That's the shortest route to the river," the man said, eying the veiled girl curiously and pointing with one hairy, tollardened hand.

She thanked him and took the road indicated. It wound through a marshy thicket. It looked lonely and deserted. The descending sun threw slanting rays hotly upon it. Toinette walked some distance without meeting any one or seeing a solitary habitation. Finally she took off her veil to breathe more easily.

"This stillness makes me nervous," she muttered, stopping short and strongly tempted to turn back. "How strange that Dulcie should think it necessary to select such a solitude for our place of meeting!"

Just then there was a rustling in the thicket where the birds twittered and sang so fearlessly, and a woman past middle age rose from a grassy bank by the roadside.

"Miss Lynton?" she said, in a questioning though respectful tone.

"That is my name," Toinette answered quickly. "You were waiting for me?"

"Yes; it was Miss Dulcie's wish. I am to take you to her, if you please."

"Where is she?"

"At the house you see yonder, through the trees."

Toinette could dimly discern it—an unpainted frame cottage of two stories—just beyond a curve in the road.

She followed the woman unhesitatingly; but, on approaching nearer, a vague terror began to beat again with the quick pulsing of her heart.

The windows were nailed over with stout planks; the yard overgrown with weeds, rank grass and straggling bushes; and the neglected path, leading up to the front door, looked as if no human footstep had pressed it for many a long day.

"The place is deserted!" Toinette exclaimed, leaning against the dismantled gate.

"Of course—or Miss Dulcie would not have chosen it," said the woman, quietly. "It was long ago abandoned to the rats and vermin.

"Must I go in there?"

"Just as you please, Miss Lynton. It isn't an inviting place; I don't wonder that you hesitate. You can wait under these trees, if you like. Perhaps Miss Dulcie will come to you there; I will see."

The cottage stood at some distance from the road. The woman pointed to a clump of larches, midway between the two, where stood a dilapidated rustic bench. Toinette walked to it and sat down.

All had happened so much like a bad dream, ever since the moment the woman's back was turned. There could be no peace for her this caution and secrecy. She had undertaken a strange, perilous adventure, and, as she began to realize it, her heart sickened within her.

Where was the thrill gliding me?—shortly after you were released from the river. I am the benevolent doctor they told you about after coming to your senses. From your ravings while delirious I learned the desperate plan you had formed to hide away and let this girl Dulcie palm herself off for you."

"Is was her startling likeness to me that suggested it," Toinette said, frankly. "Wish was the use now of keeping anything back?

"To be sure. You had no idea of destroying yourself when you jumped into the river. It was simply a trick to deceive Dulcie—lead her to fall in more readily with your wishes. You sent Major Villars an anonymous note that he might be waiting to receive the half-distracted girl, when the ferry-boat touched the docks. I know everything, you see. It was the maddest of all mad schemes, such as could only have suggested itself to a woman's brain. You only thought of hiding away, no matter how, or where, until your absent lover came back, and you could claim his protection."

Toinette made no denial. It would have been useless.

"The best laid schemes will gang a-gley," he went on, mockingly. "With all your cunning and daring you walked straight into the trap I set. You are my prisoner for any length of time I may see fit to detain you here. It may come to a trial of endurance between us two, but I hope not, for your sake. On one condition I will open these doors and let you walk out at once."

She looked into his bold, dark face, and her heart sank. The thought of being shut into such a lonely place with this desperate man was appalling.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 22.—It is reported on what seems to be good authority that the vacant seat in the House of Commons for Kingston will be offered to Sir Charles Tupper.

FREDERICK CITY, Md., June 20.—Rev. Patrick Duffy, a member of the Order of Jesus, is dead of heart disease at the Frederick Novitiate. He was born in Philadelphia April 6, 1816.

NEW YORK, June 22.—Old Dr. Henry G. McGonegal convicted of causing the death of Annie Goodwin, the pretty cigarette girl, was released on bail today.

PHILADELPHIA, June 22.—The Grand Jury found two true bills against Henry H. Yard, charging him with conspiracy with ex-City Treasurer Bardsley to unlawfully use the public funds.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 20.—The California Athletic Club has postponed the fight between Billy Maber and Billy Mahan from June 23 to June 29 on account of Maber's illness.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., June 20.—In the tennis tournament for the championship of New England, Sat. Prudden defeated Wright 1-6, 6-4, 6-3; Huntington defeated Salford 6-1, 1-6, 6-2, and also Hollister 6-4, 6-2.

ROANOKE, Va., June 22.—Houston O'Beachin fatally shot H. N. Trout at Troutville and then committed suicide. The murderer accused his victim of spreading reports derogatory to his reputation.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., June 20.—Mary Shields, aged 19, was divorced from Alexander Shields in the Superior Court here. In less than an hour she had applied for a marriage license, and had become the wife of John Gilla.

PATERSON, N. J., June 22.—A laborer named Degrow, living in this city, was struck by passenger train No. 1 at the Riverside crossing of the Erie road during the morning. His skull was fractured and he cannot recover.

LANCASTER, Pa., June 20.—Colonel Emlen Franklin, a prominent member of the bar and former member of the Legislature, died yesterday, aged 64 years. During the war he was colonel of the 122d regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

PHILADELPHIA, June 20.—It is stated, on authority, that the expert accountants examining Bardsley's affairs have discovered that his profits from loaning public funds at interest during the last two years were $202,600.

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 20.—At a meeting of the Gettysburg Memorial Commission Col. Batchelder's design for the highwater mark of the rebellion was approved, and will be placed near the "Bloody Angle." Sites for the monuments of several regiments were also selected.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., June 22.—This evening the physicians attending the International Convention of Homœopaths will be tendered a banquet by Mrs. Neal P. Hamlet. It is expected that President Harrison will be present and preside.

WILKESBARRE, June 22.—Eight hundred men and boys, armed with provisions for two days, left here to search the mountains for little Annie Fredericks, who disappeared from her home last Tuesday. It is supposed that she was lost in the woods.

WATERBURY, Conn., June 20.—An early morning freight train on the New England Railroad was badly wrecked near Brewsters at 6 o'clock. A freight train running in the same direction collided with the rear end of the preceding train. Five cars took fire and were destroyed.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 20.—The guardian of the five minor children of the late Charles Ackerman has entered suit in their behalf against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for $100,000 damages for the death of their father. Ackerman was killed in a wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on June 20, 1891, while on his way from Baltimore to Pittsburg.

MARKET PRICES.

Latest New York Quotations—Cattle Market.

BUTTER.—State Dairy, fancy, new, fancy	27
State Dairy, fair, new, good choice, lb	26
Western Dairy, choice, per lb	23
Western Dairy, good, per lb	20
Imitation Creamery, fancy, per lb	26
Imitation Creamery, good to choice, lb	24
Welsh tubs, fancy, per lb	28
Welsh tubs, good to choice, per lb	25
Western Creamery, fancy, per lb	27
Western Creamery, good to choice, lb	25
Factory, fresh, per lb	23
BEANS AND PEAS.—Beans, Mar., choice	2.30
Beans, medium, choice, new	2.40
Beans, Red Kidney, choice, new	3.00
Beans, foreign, Pea	2.15
Beans, Pea, choice	2.40
Green Peas, bbls, per bushel	1.15
Beans, Lima, California, per bag	2.85
CHEESE.—State Factory, fancy	12
State Factory, full cream, choice, lb	11½
State Factory, part skim, per lb	9½
State Factory, full Skims, per lb	5
DRIED FRUITS.—Apples, evaporat'd, fcy	15
Apples, sun-dried, fair to choice, per lb	12½
Apricots, California, per lb	16
Raspberries, evaporated, per lb	33
Raspberries, sun-dried, per lb	21
Cherries, per lb	20
Blackberries, per lb	7
Peaunts, fancy, per lb	4½
Pecans, per lb	10½
EGGS.—Eastern, new laid, choice, doz	16½
Western, choice, per doz	15½
Southern, choice, per doz	15½
FRUITS.—Apples, Russet, per bbl	5.50
Apples, Wine Sap, per bbl	5.50
Apples, Baldwin, per bbl	5.00
Apples, Northern Spy, per bbl	7.00
Apples, Baldwin, per bbl	5.00
Oranges, Fla., Indian River, per box	5.00
Oranges, Fla., bright, per box	3.00
Orange, Fla., 96 and 112, per box	2.00
Strawberries, Norfolk, per quart	11
Strawberries, Charleston, per quart	12
HAY AND STRAW.—Hay, No. 1, per 100 lb	80
Hay, Clover, mixed	65
Hay, Salt	50
Hay, shipping	50
Long Rye Straw	85
Short Rye Straw	65
Oat Straw	55
Wheat Straw	50
POULTRY, ETC.—Live Western Geese	1.35
Chickens, spring, per pair	1.00
Ducks, Western, per pair	80
Fowls, State, N. Y. and Pa., per lb	13½
Fowls, Western, per lb	12
Roosters, per lb	10
Chickens, frozen, good, per lb	11
Chickens, frozen, inferior to fair, per lb	8
Ducks, frozen, Western, per lb	12
Turkeys, frozen, prime, per lb	15
Turkeys, young Toms, prime, per lb	14
Tame Squabs, white, per doz	8.75
Tame Squabs, dark, per doz	1.75
BROOM CORN.—Golden, per doz	2.00
Sand Snips, per doz	3.00
VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, Cana., per bbl	3.75
Potatoes, N. J., Peerless, per bbl	3.25
Potatoes, N. J., Blush, per bbl	3.50
Potatoes, New Jersey, Queen, per bbl	3.50
Potatoes, Fla., new, seconds, per bbl	4.00
Sweet Potatoes, Vineland, per bbl	2.25
Sweet Potatoes, N. J., per bbl	1.50
Onions, Bermuda, per crate	2.25
Onions, Egyptian, per 112 lb bag	2.75
Cabbage, Fla. & Cbstn, per bbl	1.50
Green Peas, N. Carolina, per ½ bbl crate	1.25
Asparagus, N. J., per doz bchs	2.25
Tomatoes, Florida, per bushel, crate	3.00
Beets, Southern, per crate	1.50

THE BIG FLOOD RECALLED.

Johnstown Sufferers Commence Proceedings Against the Fishing Club.

PITTSBURG, June 20.—Two weeks after the sad celebration of the second anniversary of the Johnstown deluge, in which over 2,000 lives were lost, comes the announcement that damage suits are at last to be entered against the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, which owned the artificial lake whose waters caused the great destruction of life and property. The club was principally composed of millionaire iron and steel manufacturers of Pittsburg and Allegheny City.

W. D. Moore, the celebrated criminal lawyer of Pittsburg, has been retained by the Johnstown plaintiffs. Litigation has all along been anticipated by the Pittsburg people. An attempt to indict them for criminal negligence was killed in the grand jury room of Cambria County.

FIVE WERE DROWNED.

Sad Outcome of the Geological Survey's Expedition to Washington.

WASHINGTON, June 20.—The Geological Survey has received information from I. C. Russell of that Bureau, who left here a month ago to explore the glaciers of Mt. St. Elias. The telegram was very brief and to the effect that the party had landed at Icy Bay on June 3, and in landing Mr. O. C. Moore, a lieutenant, and four seamen were drowned.

VANCOUVER, B. C., June 20.—The steamer Queen, at Victoria from Alaska, brings news that Lieutenant Robinson and four seamen of the crew from the United States steamer Bear, and W. C. Moore, of the Mt. St. Elias exploring expedition, were drowned at Icy Bay, Alaska, while a number of the explorers were making a landing. The Bear was bound for Behring Sea, and left Icy Bay June 14.

THE GOVERNMENT LOST.

A Verdict for the Plaintiffs in the Hat Trimming Case.

PHILADELPHIA, June 20.—Importers are elated over the result of the Meyer & Dickinson test suit against the Government to recover alleged excessive duties paid on importations of hat trimmings. The jury returned a verdict in the United States Circuit Court in favor of the plaintiffs.

The plaintiffs claimed that the goods were liable to only twenty per cent. duty while the custom house officials held that they were dutiable at fifty per cent.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—Acting Secretary Spaulding says that the government will probably appeal the hat trimming case. The amount involved is from $15,000,000 to $20,000.

RIOT AND STRIKE.

Public Mines Object to Colored Men Being Employed.

WASHINGTON, Pa., June 20.—A riot and strike is in progress among the miners at Finleyville. So far no serious outbreak has occurred, but the excitement is great.

The cause of the outbreak is that colored men were employed in opening a new mine. The white miners objected and a general fight occurred. Sheriff Lockhart with several deputies have gone to the scene.

M'DONALD IS DEAD

Indiana's Ex-Senator Passed Away at Midnight.

HE WAS CONSCIOUS TO THE LAST.

Tender Farwell to Relatives When Informed that All Hope Was Gone.

Brief Sketch of His Career—He Was an Eminent Lawyer and Served One Term in the United States Senate—He Was Several Times Mentioned as a Candidate for the Presidency.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 22.—Ex-Senator McDonald died at midnight. Early in the morning the unfavorable symptoms of several days ago appeared and during the day the patient's condition continued to grow more serious. He could retain no nourishment whatever and the little remaining of his former strength slowly ebbed away. But consciousness never departed.

During the afternoon the Rev. Mr. Milburn was sent for and administered the sacrament. Then Mr. McDonald called his family and intimate friends about him and calmly, as if the occasion were were one of the most ordinary kind, gave directions for his funeral arrangements and the disposition of some of his personal affairs.

In the presence of all he said he wished to give testimony to his faith in God's saving grace. Then he grasped each by the hand and bade them good bye, saying that he could see no more callers.

His auditors thus dismissed, the dying man surrendered himself to the care of his physician to await the coming of the inevitable.

Sketch of His Career.

With Joseph Ewing McDonald there passes away one of the most notable figures in national politics. McDonald was born in Butler County, Ohio, August 29, 1819, and his father died when he was an infant. When he was only 11 years old McDonald was apprenticed to a saddler. To this fact is due his sobriquet, "Old Saddlebags."

In the "thirties" McDonald determined to secure a collegiate education and become a lawyer. He was graduated in 1842 from the Asbury University, and four years later was admitted to the bar. After serving three years as Attorney General he was sent to Congress. He served only one term in the House, being beaten for a return by Oliver P. Morton. He then became ambitious to go the Senate, and undertook the reorganization of the Democratic party in his State, which had been sadly demoralized during the war. He was made chairman of the Democratic State central committee, and in 1874 the Democrats captured the Legislature by a fair majority. In return for his services McDonald was elected to the United States Senate and took his seat March 4, 1875. He held it for six years. During his term he made himself very popular socially.

His home at the national capital was a resort for Senators and Congressmen. Mrs. McDonald had been a wife before becoming the Senator's bride. The Senator acted as her counsel in proceedings which resulted in an absolute separation from her former husband, and the Hoosier Democrat soon afterward married her.

Few men of more intense partisanship than McDonald ever entered the Senate. His platform then, as repeatedly expressed by him, was: "Jacksonian Democracy, Home Rule and Free Trade." Recently, however, when his party shouted the shibboleth of free silver, McDonald embraced every possible opportunity to denounce the scheme to degrade the American dollar by making 80 cents worth 100 cents. McDonald had a strong following in the 1884 and 1888 Democratic Presidential conventions. Many Indianians favored his nomination for the Presidency in 1884. The national leaders of the party wouldn't listen to it, but put up Cleveland, with Hendricks for second place. Four years later he was pressed for the Vice-Presidency, but Indiana was ignored. Since that disappointment the ex-Senator has devoted himself to his profession.

McDonald's face and form were known from one end of the country to the other. He was tall, of powerful, chunky build and weighed at least 250 pounds. His cheeks were chubby and his head was bald, except for a fringe of snowy spit curls that decorated it just above the ears. A line of white, extending from ear to ear, around under the chin, was all that remained of a once luxuriant beard.

THE CENSUS BUREAU WORK.

Superintendent Porter Denies that He Intends to Resign.

WASHINGTON, June 20.—Superintendent Porter denies emphatically the truth of the report that the Census Bureau work is blockaded and swamped and its appropriations exhausted, and that, therefore, he is tired and discouraged and intends to resign.

He has, he says, no intention of resigning until the work of the eleventh census is completed. As to the work of the bureau being blockaded, there is no truth whatever, he says, in the statement; but, on the other hand, it is well advanced, with ample appropriations yet unexpended to carry on the work for another 12 months, or as far as Congress expected it would be carried with the appropriations already made.

Superintendent Porter says he is more than pleased with the progress made thus far. Two volumes will be ready for the printer next month. The volume embodying the aggregate population of minor cities will be ready for the printer by August 1st, and the first 500 pages of the population compendium will go to the printer about the middle of August. By July 31 the tabulating cards will be ready, and then it will be necessary to dispense with the services of about 1,000 clerks now employed in the population division.

The system adopted for collecting population statistics has given satisfactory results, and only a few days ago, after a careful examination by Canadian officials was adopted by their government for use in the taking of the next census of Canada.

HUNTING FOR MARSH.

Officers Scouring the Country for the Fugitive Bank President.

ASBURY PARK, June 22.—Detective Freeman, of Philadelphia, it is thought, will not survive the injuries he received Friday night at Spring Lake while trying to arrest a man there who was believed to be Gideon W. Marsh, president of the Keystone Bank of Philadelphia, who is a fugitive from justice. The cottage in which it was supposed Marsh was hiding is owned by his intimate friend, Harry H. Yard.

District Attorney Graham, of Philadelphia, had an interview with Freeman last night, during which the latter said he was sure Marsh had been at the cottage and that he saw him himself last Wednesday on the beach near Como. He said he did not arrest him then because he was sure of his game, and thought that it would be better to take him in the cottage.

It is believed that Marsh escaped from the cottage by going through the woods. Officers are scouring the surrounding country, and it is hoped that the fugitive will be arrested before long.

RIDICULING THE FAIR.

The Italian Press Opposed to Italy Sending Exhibits to Chicago.

ROME, June 22.—During the past week there have been a great many strong articles in the Italian press, incited, perhaps, by those which have appeared in the Paris papers, and all directed against the Chicago Fair, which they treat with ridicule.

These newspapers are discouraging the idea of any Italian exhibits on the occasion, and it appears to an impartial observer that unless something is done to cause a complete change in public feeling Italy will be almost if not entirely unrepresented at the World's Fair.

There is a general impression throughout the country that, in spite of the semi-official denials which have been published, Minister Porter will never return to Rome, or, at all events, until Baron di Fava is sent back again to Washington.

MAY TIE UP THE ROADS.

A General Strike Threatened in Albany This Week.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 22.—A general tie-up is threatened by the employes of the Albany Electric Company operating all but one of the surface roads in the city.

The trouble is due to several of the inspectors, who have made themselves obnoxious to the conductors by entering complaints against them by the wholesale with the result that several have been discharged.

The car houses of the company are guarded by police and detectives have been on duty in that vicinity for two days.

It is thought that unless certain unpopular inspectors, who are ex-conductors, are discharged a tie-up of all the employes will be ordered this week.

SEVEN WERE DROWNED.

Bohemian Berry Pickers Capsize a Boat in Maryland.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 22.—A number of Bohemians employed as berry pickers on truck farms in Anne Arundel County clambered into a row-boat and pulled out into the stream at Curtis Bay.

The women became badly frightened and during the excitement the boat was capsized and seven persons were drowned.

The names of the drowned are: Georgiana Titus, Al Reaser, Lulu Marsh, John Houston, Walter Caston, a man known as "Gidney" and an unknown man. None of the bodies had been recovered up to a late hour.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

SING SING, N. Y., June 22.—The inquest on the body of Dolly Davis, the actress, who committed suicide by jumping off a dock at Croton Landing, was held here. The Coroner's Jury rendered a verdict of suicide by drowning. The body was taken to Tarrytown. A number of persons who knew her raised sufficient money to bury her beside her mother in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Tarrytown, which was the unfortunate young woman's last request.

A WARSHIP TO BE SENT.

The United States Consul Expects Trouble at Samoa.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—Advices received at the State Department from the United States Consul at Samoa substantially confirm the reports received in London of the threatened trouble between King Malietoa and Chief Mataata, owing to the aspirations of the latter to become king de jure as well as de facto.

The prospects for a conflict are sufficiently serious, in Consul Sewell's opinion, to warrant the suggestion that the United States send a warship to those waters to look after American interests with as little delay as possible.

Upon the return of the Charleston to San Francisco with the Itata it is understood she will receive orders to proceed to Honolulu, while the Iroquois, now there, takes a run down to Samoa. It is not regarded as safe to allow the Iroquois to depart from Honolulu until after the arrival of another vessel. But for the necessity of sending all the available vessels at San Francisco to Behring Sea one of them would have been dispatched to Honolulu before this.

SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAYS.

Are Petitioned for by Reading Railroad Employes.

READING, Pa., June 22.—A petition containing the signatures of over 990 employes of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company in this city, representing machinists, blacksmiths, carbuilders, etc., asking for Saturday half-holidays, was returned from Philadelphia with the request that a larger number of names be secured.

One of the shop hands obtained over 100 additional names. It is now believed that the holidays will be allowed during the summer months. About 3,000 men are employed in the company's shops when all the departments are in full operation.

Despondency Drove Him to Suicide.

ERIE, Pa., June 20.—George Hamilton, a young man who lived in Edinboro, this county, committed suicide at Conneaut last evening. He had his wife a few years ago, after with failing in business and since then had been despondent. He was found