Andover News.

WEDNESDAY JULY 1, 1891.

Philip Raynor's Bride;

—OR—

MAJOR VILLARS' FATAL MISTAKE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER IX.

DEB MAN'S COTTAGE.

"What is the condition?" Toinette asked, in a faint voice.

"That you go straight to a clergyman's house with me, and become my wife tonight."

"Never. Any fate would be preferable to that."

"Do you hate me so bitterly?" Guy Mandeville said, half sadly. "You will feel different when we have spent twenty-four hours together in this lonely place."

Toinette rushed against the door with all her strength. It was like a solid wall. Guy folded his arms and watched her, a mocking smile upon his handsome face, until she sank down exhausted.

"Is your answer still the same?"

"Yes," she cried, lifting her angry face. "You villain! I will never consent. I defy you!"

"Very well," he returned, coldly. "Since we are to remain here for an indefinite period, I might as well make myself comfortable."

He produced a small case from his pocket, and lighting a cigar, drew an easy chair toward the fireless grate.

Toinette sat perfectly still, watching him with fascinated eyes, as tiny wreaths of smoke curled gracefully about his head. She knew from experience the dogged obstinacy of the man, and trembled at the thought of what awaited her. He appeared perfectly cool and composed.

Time was passing—oh, so slowly to the frightened girl! Did that wretch really intend to stay there until he had broken down her resolution, subdued her?

At length she looked at her watch, wondering if it must not be nearly midnight. Only half-past six! No gleam of daylight found its way into that darkened room to mark the passing hours.

Hearing the rustling movement she made, Guy turned his head.

"Well," he said, hoppinghis cigar ash into the grate; "do you still hold to your foolish decision?"

"Yes.""

"Then I may as well reconcile myself to passing the night here. But, I assure you, Toinette, you are making yourself needless trouble and suffering. You will be compelled to yield sooner or later."

He rang a little silver bell, and in a moment Deb's low rap sounded on the door.

"Serve dinner at once," he said, opening it the merest crack. "I'm hungry as a bear."

"Everything in readiness, sir," answered the woman.

Guy kept his position while she brought in a tray loaded with smoking viands, and laid the little table for two. Then he offered Toinette his arm, but she turned disdainfully away.

"What! you refuse to dine with me?"

"I don't intend to eat a morsel in this house."

He smiled, and a strange gleam crept into his eyes.

"A very unwise resolution, my dear. But you will be ready enough to break it before many hours go by."

Toinette saw that she had indeed made a mistake. She had not taken the fast since morning. She would need all her strength to cope successfully with her tormentor.

Guy made a hearty meal, paying no more attention to her than if she had not been present. When Deb had cleared everything away, he resumed his cigar and the old lounging attitude before the empty grate.

Two long hours wore on. Toinette had had time to think of a thousand plans and discard them all as hopeless and useless. At length Guy turned and spoke:

"It is nearly nine o'clock. If there is to be a wedding to-night we have no time to waste."

She disdained to reply. She felt her head grow dizzy and her heart sick. Retreating to the opposite end of the room, as far away as possible, she sat down near one of the barricaded windows and covered her face with her hands.

Looking round a little latter, Guy saw glistening tears trickling slowly through her white fingers, and falling upon the silken folds of her dress.

Touched by her sorrow, he hastily crossed the room and knelt before her.

"I am a wretch to make you suffer, Toinette," he said, his voice trembling with emotion. "Every tear you shed wrings my own heart. But what can I do, loving you so madly, and only meeting scorn in return? I must win you for my wife. If I seem cruel, it is only because I have no choice. Can you not forgive me?"

He would have taken her hands in his clasp but she angrily repulsed him.

"Keep away! I have but one answer for your pleading—I hate you."

A menacing look crossed the man's handsome face. He sprang to his feet.

"Don't try me too severely, Toinette. You are in my power, remember. I can humble you to the very dust. I have sworn to make you my wife by fair means or foul, and I will keep my oath."

He went back to his old place. For long, terrible hours not a word was spoken in the room. Toinette sat motionless, her head resting against the wall. A benumbed sensation was creeping over her. She felt that she must go mad if this continued much longer.

At last the twittering of the birds told her that dawn had broken. But no ray crept through the closed windows. She heard Guy rise from his chair, take down another lamp, and proceed to light it. Then he took a step toward her.

"Are you ready to yield, Toinette?" he asked, his voice very low and entreating.

"No."

"Still obstinate. Really, one would think you were growing fond of this place—and my company."

"Better a few hours of such society than a lifetime."

He was silent a moment, then said:

"What hope have you to cling to? How can you expect to escape me?"

"Heaven will not suffer villainy to triumph always."

He turned away, walking restlessly up and down the room. Toinette watched him furtively. He seemed to be weighing some question, and the look on his dark face struck deeper terror to her soul.

Finally breakfast was served by Deb. The pangs of hunger conquered Toinette's stubborn pride; she no longer refused to eat. The coffee was good and strong; it brought some color to her pallid cheeks.

Guy played the part of the polite, attentive host. He glanced across the table into that lovely, girlish face, and his dark eyes lit.

"It might be like this every morning of our lives, my dear," he said. "Surely it would not be so hard a fate—to become my wife?"

An angry flush mounted to her forehead, but she scorned to reply.

CHAPTER X.

A BOLT FROM HEAVEN.

We left Toinette and her captor in "Dead Man's Cottage."

As the morning wore on, Guy grew more nervous and ill at ease.

It was necessary that he should return to Bonnyview Hall and watch the progress of events there.

If Toinette would only yield, what a dramatic situation it would be to confront Dulcie with his wife and claim her birth-right!

At length he said:

"You must be worn out with this struggle. Why protract anything so foolish and useless? It can end in only one way. Will you go with me now to the nearest parson?"

"Not now nor ever!" she cried, desperately.

He ground out a curse between his teeth, and continued to pace the room for a while longer, but finally took a key from his pocket and unlocked the door.

"You are holding out longer than I anticipated," he said. "I am compelled to leave you for a few hours. I hope to find you in a more reasonable frame of mind on my return."

With these words he left her.

Once relieved of his hated presence, Toinette could move freely about and collect her confused thoughts.

She had not once closed her eyes all that long terrible night. Now she even ventured to snatch a few moments of much-needed repose, lying back in one of the old-fashioned arm-chairs.

When she awoke, Deb had been in the room and left food upon the table. Toinette sprang to her feet, and utting the lock, made the place ring with her frantic cries.

They brought the woman to the door, but she did not open it.

"You will only make yourself hoarse, miss," she called through the keyhole. "Nobody will hear you."

"Let me out; be my friend and I will reward you handsomely. Pity me! Be merciful, as you hope for mercy."

Poor Toinette might as well have appealed to stone. To all her entreaties the heartless creature only answered with a laugh. She soon tired of the sport, and left to think. Guy Mandeville would be coming back presently. There was sufficient food to last some time. Could she contrive to secure herself against intrusion she might possibly hold out until relief came.

Looking carefully around the room for means to secure the door, she found nothing better than one of the dinner forks. It was of steel, with three stout prongs. The door opened into the room, and she drove the fork into the casing at an angle that promised to hold it fast. Still dissatisfied, she next piled the table and all the chairs save one against it.

The next day was wearing slowly on when Guy returned. At the first sound of his heavy tread, Toinette felt a thrill of fear shoot through her heart. He turned the key, attempted to push open the door, then said, in hoarse, excited tones:

"Let me come in. Something unexpected has occurred. You have no cause to dread or fear me now."

Toinette sat motionless though she knew from the sound of his voice he was speaking the truth.

"I come from Bonnyview Hall," he cried. "Open the door. You will have cause to regret it unless you hear me now."

There was no movement, and he put his shoulder against the stout oak panels. The steel prongs were torn from the frame work; Toinette's frail barricade fell rattling about her, and Guy strode into the room.

"I am the bearer of tidings that will bring you to terms," he said, hurriedly. "Philip Raynor has returned from abroad."

Toinette caught her trembling hands together.

"Thank God! he will move heaven and earth to find me!"

"You forget that you are blotted out of existence as it were, and little Dulcie stands in your shoes."

"Of course, she would instantly tell him all."

"Tell him?" with a jeering laugh. "Not she. Raynor has been back several days; the two have met again and again. I found it out by accident. To be frank, I suspected something was amiss, followed the girl, and played the role of eavesdropper at a stolen interview they held this morning. Toinette, you made a great mistake when you selected the cat's-paw you did."

Every vestige of color faded from her face.

"What do you mean? Of course Philip detected the imposture at once."

"There you are wrong. Dulcie has played the part you assigned her so well, he does not even suspect the truth. After an absence of nearly two years, one is prepared for some changes, you know. The girl will keep her secret to the end. Why? Because she has learned to love Philip Raynor, with all the passionate intensity of her impulsive heart. Nor is that all. She has contrived to fly with him this very night, and become his wife."

Some instinct told Toinette that the jeering wretch spoke truly. She staggered weakly against the wall.

"This is your friend's vengeance for her sin. The girl of whom she intended to make a tool had supplanted her in the affections of him she loved.

"This is terrible!" she exclaim d, livid with anger. "What shall I do?"

"Do?" echoed Guy. "You must come with me, confront the impostor, and denounce her before the contemplated marriage can take place."

Toinette gave a shuddering start, like one recoiling from a serpent, and darting breathlessly into one corner of the room where her wraps lay, began hurriedly to put them on. She was shaking from head to foot.

"Yes, yes; you are right. We will not lose a moment. See, I am ready. Come quickly. We have a long distance to travel, and it is already past noon. Oh, God, we might be too late——"

She caught her breath sharply, a faint-pale like death coming over her at the bare possibility.

"We must be there in time to stop the marriage," she added, clinching her teeth. "How dared Dulcie deceive my lover? She shall suffer for this—be driven back into the slums from which I took her. And to think Philip should not have suspected the imposture! Oh, I could kill that girl for her cruel treachery."

A satanic smile played about Guy's bearded lips. He enjoyed seeing Toinette wrought up to this fever heat of excitement.

It was as he had said. That morning he had come unexpectedly upon Dulcie and Philip Raynor in the grounds, and listened to their plans.

At first it was a shock to learn that the young man had been hiding for days in the neighborhood, meeting Dulcie secretly from time to time. But he was clever enough to turn the discovery to his own advantage.

"It m ters little what becomes of Dulcie if I only succeed in winning Toinette for my wife," he told himself. "Raynor is welcome to elope with her, so far as I am concerned. It is the true heiress of Bonnyview Hall I would marry; not merely the possessor of a beautiful face."

But what if Toinette still continued obdurate?

That thought sent him back to Dead Man's Cottage in hot haste. If Toinette held out after hearing all he had to disclose some other plan must be tried.

As she was hurrying toward the door, impatient to be gone, he stepped before her and said:

"Of course, you understand the only condition on which you will be permitted to leave this house? You must go with me to Ridgefield and become my wife before we set out upon the longer journey."

A fierce, angry cry broke from her lips.

"Marry you? Never! We have gone over that ground again and again. Let me hear no more of it."

"Very well," said he, standing like a stone image between her and the closed door. "So that is your decision? Of course you will act as seems to you wisest and best. You might as well go back and sit down. There is but one open sesame to this place."

"You will not detain me here with so much at stake? You are not so cruel?"

"You can return to your friends only as Mrs. Guy Mandeville."

"To marry you would raise an impassable barrier between me and the man I love," she gasped.

"Of course," he returned, coolly. "But to stay here and leave him to wed Dulcie will accomplish the same result. You must give Philip up in any event. But will it be no satisfaction to dash the cup of happiness from your lovely rival's lips?"

His voice was low and winning. Without stirring from his position, he held out his arms entreatingly.

Toinette fell at his feet, bursting into piteous sobs that might have melted a heart of stone.

"Be merciful! Let me go! I am miserable enough already. If you know such a word as pity, spare me now. It will be my death-blow if Philip makes that girl his wife. For God's sake, relent!"

Guy only folded his arms over his broad chest and looked down at her with a mocking laugh as he answered:

"Death does not come so easily to the young and strong. You seem to forget that I, too, can suffer. You have no mercy on me. Would you yield your life in this dreary spot, knowing all the while that Dulcie is in the beautiful world, happy in the devoted love of the husband she has stolen from your arms?"

Toinette sprang up, stung to madness at the thought of her own helplessness and the villain's power.

"Go, leave me!" she cried, in scorn. "I will bear any lot rather than yield."

Guy's handsome face grew black with passion. The great blue eyes that met his own seemed to flash back sparks of defiance, as fire bursts forth when flint strikes steel. Prayers, threats, expostulations would all have been futile and useless. She had the look martyrs wear when they walk unflinchingly to the stake.

Madly as Guy Mandeville loved this woman, he loved the riches which were her dower even more. To give them up meant ruin. If they were not to be won through her, some other scheme must be tried.

"I will go—take you at your word," he hissed, turning on his heel. "But some day you will bitterly regret your decision—when it is forever too late."

The next instant the door closed upon his dark, wrathful face. Toinette heard the key snap in the lock and the tramp of his heavy footstops striding down the dark hall and out at the front door.

The villain's mind was made up.

"It is for my own interest to stop this marriage," he muttered, as he strode away from the cottage. "If Toinette is not to be won, I will detain her here forever, and gain possession of the fortune I covet through Dulcie's instrumentality."

It was one of those sultry summer days when even the stirless leaves and blades of grass seem to pant for breath. Guy paused ever and anon to wipe the beaded drops of sweat from his forehead as he journeyed rapidly on.

He was half-way to Bonnyview Hall, and urging his horse to its utmost speed, when the sky suddenly darkened, the wind rose, and ominous peals of thunder began to reverberate, each louder than the last, above his head.

Guy looked frowningly into the dark sky where clouds of inky blackness were piled one upon the other.

"The storm will soon burst," he muttered, "but I must brave its fury. There is barely time to reach Bonnyview Hall before dark."

Flashes of zig-zag lightning were tracing their golden threads across the clouds in quick succession.

Getting his teeth together, Guy Mandeville urged on his jaded steed with whip and spur.

For great drops of rain fell pattering on the withered leaves and thirsty earth.

Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning seemed to drop like a fiery curtain before his eyes, and a deafening roar filled his ears, as though heaven and earth had crashed together.

The horse he bestrode gave a burst of terror, a quick, frantic leap—and the next moment Guy had been flung headlong from his back and was lying insensible by the roadside.

The terrible storm which brought the desperate villain's journey to this sudden end had also a mission to accomplish at Dead Man's Cottage.

After Guy left her, Toinette had stood like a carven image until the sound of his retreating footsteps died away in the distance.

Then, as if recovering from a dull stupor, she bounded forward and dashed herself frantically against the closed door.

He was going, leaving her a helpless prisoner with that fatal marriage so near.

"Come back, come back!" she shrieked. "I will consent to anything. Only set me free!"

She could not think of Dulcie as Philip Raynor's bride and keep her senses.

Oh, why had she schemed and plotted to send that girl to Bonnyview Hall? She might have known how it would end.

Cruel, cruel fate! It was she herself who had given Dulcie to Philip's arms.

"Guy, come back!" she cried, wildly, beating the stout oaken panels in despair. "I will marry you. Anything to save my lover from that wicked marriage!"

The agonized young voice scarcely penetrated beyond the thick walls of the room.

It failed to reach the ears of the handsome man striding down the grass-grown path, his heavy, black brows gathered in a frown.

Toinette continued to shriek and call until exhausted. Then she threw herself face downward upon the floor, clasping and wringing her jeweled hands.

"Too late! He is gone. Oh, misery, misery!"

For a long while she lay there shivering and shuddering with tearless sobs. Her doom was all the harder to bear, because she had brought it upon her own head.

All hours were alike in that close, darkened room, and she paid no heed to the gathering tempest until it broke in all its fury.

The rain fell in torrents, the wind tore and shrieked like a hurricane round the lonely cottage, the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed with such blinding vividness that Toinette caught its blue gleam through the barricaded windows.

Suddenly there came a deafening crash, the splintering of wood, and shivering of glass. She sprang up with a wild, terrified shriek, to find the wind and rain driving furiously into the apartment.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST HOUR.

The lamps had been extinguished by the first blast, but this was of no consequence now.

Toinette saw, with a thrill of unspeakable joy, a dull gleam of daylight streaming into the room.

A great branch had been torn from one of the giant oaks by the storm and hurled with such violence against the barricaded window as to break its way through the stout planks nailed over it, as well as through sash, shutters and hangings.

It lay where it had fallen, resting against the shattered sill.

Regardless of wind and drenching rain, Toinette darted toward the opening thus opportunely made.

It seemed as if heaven, out of sheer pity for her anguish, had wrought a miracle in her behalf.

The aperture was not large enough to admit of her passing through, but she tore at the splintered projections with blistered and bleeding fingers, until every obstacle had been overcome.

By this time the brief summer tempest had spent its fury.

A few scattered drops still pattered upon the wet earth, but the muttering thunder was dying away in the distance.

Toinette easily climbed over the sill, and slid to the ground along the giant oak bough.

Then she stood up and looked round the neglected garden, her heart beating, heavy and thick.

Deb might appear at any moment to intercept her flight; but she resolved to sell her liberty dearly, once having tasted its sweets.

There was nothing to fear, had she but known it. Deb was at that moment safely sheltered in the village whither she had gone on an errand and been overtaken by the storm.

Terror lent wings to Toinette's feet, and springing into the path she fairly flew along the lonely road.

"I may be in time to prevent the marriage!" she muttered, lifting her white, miserable face to heaven as a burst of golden sunlight flashed through the breaking clouds. "God grant it!"

She had some money left in her purse. On reaching the nearest hotel she ordered a pair of fleet horses harnessed to the lightest carriage.

People stared in curious wonder at the beautiful girl with the bleeding hands, dripping garments and pale, excited face. But she was not even aware of their scrutiny. One fixed, desperate purpose dominated all her being.

No need to dwell upon the incidents of that mad journey. It seemed to Toinette that she crawled at a snail's pace, though really going at a frantic rate of speed.

A full half hour after the clocks told the hour of nine, she came in sight of Bonnyview Hall. The sky, studded with silver stars, looked peaceful and serene, as though no tempest had ever darkened across it, and the sleeping landscape lay bathed in the pearly light of the moon.

Toinette sprang out the instant the carriage stopped, and pulled a frantic peal at the bell.

"Stand aside," she said hoarsely, to the startled servant who opened the door. "Every moment is precious now."

The man staggered against the wall, staring stupidly after the graceful little figure that flitted swiftly across the hall and up the thickly carpeted stairs. Was this the lovely young mistress or her wraith?

On the brilliantly lighted landing above, Toinette was suddenly confronted by Rosine. For a moment the maid glared at her in speechless amazement, a chill fearing that was almost fear clutching at her heart. This forlorn figure with its disordered garments and death-white face seemed so unlike her beautiful mistress.

"Do! exclaimed the girl, recovering herself with a start. "Madame! Mon Dieu! Madame! Madame! Making voice at last. "You look as if you had seen a ghost! You look as if you had been in the grounds at this late hour! Oh, my lady, why do you look at me so strangely?"

Toinette raised her arm, and pushed her forcibly toward a door opening from the upper hall.

"Fool! Don't you know you have been deceived by a cunning impostor? When soon did you give that girl, Mina?"

Rosine had lost the power of speech, however. She glared at her returned mistress, trembling in every limb, and more at a loss than ever.

The next moment heavy footsteps crossed the hall, and Major Villars appeared. He had heard every word.

"Toinette, what are you saying?" he demanded, in hoarse, startled accents.

She looked at him angrily.

"Simply this, that you have been finely taken in—deceived by an impostor so like me she might have been my twin sister."

Major Villars staggered against the wall. He recalled Dulcie's wild, improbable story and persistent denial that she was Toinette, the night he had intercepted her at the dock. And he had noticed a thousand little things that perplexed and disturbed him.

These were all clear as day in the light of Toinette's revelation. He had given shelter to an adventuress—plotted and schemed that Guy Mandeville might make her his bride.

But this was not the thought that drove every drop of blood from his heart. Who was this girl so marvelously like his willful ward that even he had been deceived?

"Great God! Is it possible that——"

Leaving the sentence unfinished, he quickly recovered himself, and darting forward, placed his shoulder against the locked door of Dulcie's chamber. The fastenings instantly gave way.

Toinette was the first to enter. One glance around the pretty, fragrant chamber, and into the empty rooms communicating with it—then a shrill, agonizing cry broke from her lips.

"Too late. Oh, my God! She has gone!"

Major Villars wheeled round and glared at her, his face growing whiter than before.

"What do you mean? Gone where?"

"With Philip Raynor! Eloped! She has deceived him, too—they met secretly. Now they have fled."

Major Villars laughed aloud in the sudden sense of relief that came over him.

"Let them go. Who cares?"

But the girl swept past like a whirlwind before he divined her purpose, and descending the stairs went out at the front door.

"I will follow," she hissed. "Tear them asunder even at the altar!"

The carriage still waited at the door—it glided away at a long winded trot to do. Springing in, Toinette gave the man some hurried instructions, and they were off again like a shot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"WHERE does Bilkins come from?" "Oh, nowhere in particular. His father is a soda-water man." "H'm! Well, I always thought he looked like a squirt."

THACKERAY AND DICKENS.

No Real Cordiality or Intimacy Ever Existed Between the Novelists.

A monograph on Thackeray has just been published in which there are allusions to a close friendship which is alleged to have existed between him and Dickens. As a matter of fact, says a letter in the London *Truth*, there never was any real intimacy or cordiality between Thackeray and Dickens, nor, indeed, did they meet often in private life, and their "society" was essentially different.

For many years Thackeray was bitterly jealous of Dickens, and after the publication of "Vanity Fair," Dickens certainly reciprocated that sentiment to a considerable extent. Dickens was unsparing in his criticism of the words which Thackaray published during the last seven years of his life; and Thackeray frequently indulged in ruthless strictures upon the later novels of Dickens. Each man had his partisans, and although amicable relations apparently prevailed, there was not even a pretense of real friendship.

It is stated in the book that the friendship was restored after "the Garrick Club quarrel" had interrupted it. The "quarrel" in question took place during the autumn of 1858, and it was in December. 1863, only a few days before Thackeray's death, that the rivals met by chance in the halls of the Athenæum, shook hands, and conversed together for a few minutes.

Dickens was much exasperated in 1857 on learning that Thackeray had commented, with characteristic asperity, upon his "friend's" matrimonial troubles generally, and particularly regarding "the insane" publication by Dickens, in *Household Words*, of a "statement" respecting his separation from his wife. The irritation which Dickens felt was increased when he later on discovered that Thackeray had constituted himself one of the principal partisans of Mrs. Dickens, and had invited that lady to dine at his house in company with a large party.

The mutual jealousy which had for years existed between Thackeray and Dickens was perfectly notorious to all their friends, and was a subject of comment. It will gain no credence among men talk at both the Athenæum and the Garrick, and I do not see the object of now printing sentimental nonsense about their relation. We shall be hearing next of the cordial friendship which existed between Croker and Macauley, or between Wordsworth and Jeffrey, or between Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi.

AN assessor at Bucktown, Ind., called at the house of an old woman whose furniture was valued at 50 cents. Under the law he had to fix the value at $1, which would make her tax a fraction over 1 cent. Before leaving he discovered that the old dame was the owner of six dogs, on which she was assessed $11.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CHICAGO, June 29.—D. P. Hutchinson's son, Charles L., says that his father will make Boston his permanent home hereafter.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 27.—The body of an unknown flood victim was found on the Morrel Grounds during a baseball game here yesterday.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 29.—Pete Browning, who was released by the Pittsburg Club, has accepted better terms offered him by the Cincinnati League Club.

PARIS, June 29.—The police visited the offices of the Panama Canal Company during the day and seized all documents relating to the business of the company.

CLEVELAND, O., June 27.—The Pittsburg National League Baseball Club last night released "Gladiator" Pete Browning for indifferent work in the field and at bat.

NEW YORK, June 27.—Prince George, the heir apparent to the throne of Greece, is expected to arrive in this city some time next week, and the Mayor and other city officials are arranging to entertain him.

BANGOR, Me., June 29.—An unknown madman, wholly naked when seen, has been causing a reign of terror in Holden. He assaulted a boy named Peterson, and women and children are afraid to leave their houses.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., June 29.—The stables and car house of the Newburyport & Amesbury Street Railway Company were burned last night, with 13 cars. Loss estimated at $100,000, nearly covered by insurance.

NYACK, N. Y., June 29.—Rev. A. S. Freeman, D. D., yesterday celebrated the 45th year of his pastorate in the Central Presbyterian Church of Haverstraw, his first and only charge. The church was crowded at all the services.

NEW YORK, June 29.—A young Englishman named Charles Warren, who arrived here on the 23d from Devonshire, England, is missing. He is known to have had $10,000 in his possession and foul play is suspected. The police are investigating.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 27.—State Controller Colgan has been advised by his attorney, J. A. Barham, not to pay the $300,000 appropriated by the Legislature for California's exhibit at the World's Fair on the ground that the appropriation is unconstitutional.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 27.—The Amalgamated Association adjourned last night after having been in session 22 days. All the old officers, except the vice-president of the Fifth district were re-elected. John Martin, of Anderson, Ind., was elected to fill that position.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 27.—John L. Sullivan before leaving this city met Paddy Ryan in the latter's saloon. Ryan asked Sullivan to meet him again in the ring. Sullivan consented, and the men agreed to a six-round fight when Sullivan returns from Australia. It is said that Ryan will be backed for $10,000.

DUBLIN, June 25.—The retirement of Mr. Justin McCarthy from the leadership of the Irish party is expected directly Mr. John Dillon is released from jail. He has always recognized the position was temporary. With Mr. Dillon as leader, it is asserted, more Parnellites would join the great majority of the party.

MALONE, N. Y., June 29.—The ladies of the Christian Church, in the village of Brushton, Franklin County, this State, gave the first ice cream sociable of the season last Saturday night. Forty-three people who ate the cream were poisoned. The pastor of the church and two ladies have died, and all the others are in a critical condition.

KINGSTON, Ont., June 29.—The authorities are determined that ghouls shall not get the remains of Sir John McDonald. Contractor Newlands has been ordered to excavate around the grave and fill in the cavity with cement mixed with cut wire. This is supposed to be burglar proof. Two detectives are still living near the cemetery.

CHICAGO, June 29.—The suit of Phoebe Couzins against the Board of Lady Managers and the National Commission Board of Control for an injunction which will restore her to the position of secretary of the Board of Lady Managers came up for a hearing to-day in Judge Blodgett's court. The argument of the case will probably consume three days.

TRENTON, N. J., June 27.—Thomas A. Bell, the financial officer of the crippled Star Rubber Company and Trenton China Company, has made an assignment. Besides the house he lives in and two small farms his assets consist principally in $130,000 worth of stock in the Central Rubber and Trenton China Companies. His liabilities outside of his endorsements are about $6,000.

PHILADELPHIA, June 3.—The Councils investigating committee will meet again on Monday next, and it is understood that they will willingly give Postmaster-General Wanamaker an opportunity to make a statement, should he desire to do so, regarding the stock of the Keystone bank, purporting to have been issued in his name, but the committee do not appear to intend to ask the Postmaster-General to appear before them.

NEW YORK, June 29.—Mrs. Ellen Dougherty and Joseph Reed, occupants of the big tenement at No. 355 West 32d street, quarreled on the roof of that house because of the pranks played upon Reed by the woman's children. Reed became very much angered and rushed at Mrs. Dougherty with the intention of striking her. The woman, in trying to escape, fell from the roof and was killed. Reed is under arrest.

ELMIRA, N. Y., June 27.—Fred Sheeley's tannery was burned at 9 o'clock last night. The building occupied the entire length of two blocks and half the width of one. The loss is $60,000, insured for $10,000.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 29.—Fire early in the morning at Quaker Street, a village 20 miles from here, destroyed a two-story building in which was a hardware store and a local newspaper, the Gazette and Leader, and the Central House, kept by Howell Macomber. The Shouty House was also badly wrecked. The village had no fire department, and the fire burned itself out. The loss is about $18,000.

DUBLIN, June 29.—The "National Press" says of Parnell's visit to Carlow: "Carlow will revolt against the outrage. Parnell is devoid of moral sense and cannot comprehend the mental attitude of religious people against his crime. Carlow will make it plain to the hero of the squalid scene at Steyning is impossible as far as decent men are concerned. Parnell only added crime to crime by the performance at the registry office."

Pushing the Lehigh Road.

BUFFALO, June 29.—The Lehigh Valley Railroad, the great coal road, is desirous of getting into Canada and proposes to go in over the rails of the St. Catherine and Niagara Central Railway. This road runs from the Niagara River to St. Catherine. A subsidy has been granted for its extension to Hamilton and a bill is now before Parliament providing for its further extension to Toronto, the objective point of the Lehigh Valley.

New Jersey Editors in the South.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. Va., June 25.—The New Jersey Editorial Association arrived here last night on their 25th annual tour. There are 176 in the party, including editors, their families and guests. The party left Philadelphia Monday and will return on Saturday by way of Luray. All seem delighted with the White Sulphur and with their treatment by the people of the South whom they have met.

Working on the Barnaby Case.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 29.—A detective, who has been here working on the Barnaby case, left here for Denver last night. He has been inquiring into the condition of Mrs. Barnaby while here and finds that she was enjoying good health. He stated that he had discovered where the bottle of whiskey was purchased and has traced it to the door of Dr. Graves. He has been working up evidence for the prosecution and claims to have discovered some startling facts.

Dissolved the Injunction.

PHILADELPHIA, June 29.—A decision was handed down in the Court of Common Pleas dissolving the preliminary injunction which had been granted upon the application of the city, restraining the sale of the Bradford mills under a judgment for $172,681 confessed by ex-City Treasurer Bardsley for his sureties, John and James Dobson. The court also refused the city's prayer for a receiver. The bill is not dismissed by this decision, but will have a hearing before the full court, which may make another decision when the case comes up for final hearing.

TWO YOUNG CRIMINALS.

They Have Robbed Over One Hundred Stores and Offices.

NEW ORLEANS, June 29.—An exciting criminal career was temporarily suspended by the sentence to a term in the Parish Prison of Willie Martin and Edward Dixey. The first is 17 years of age and is from Parkville, Mo. Dixey is 21 and is from England.

About two years ago both youths were studying for the ministry in a theological institution in Missouri. There they learned to drink and gamble and their escapades culminated in their running away from the school.

They first went to San Francisco, then to Galveston, Texas, in each place committing numerous larcenies, and finally landed in New Orleans. In the last few months they have robbed over 100 stores and offices, taking anything they could realize a few dollars on. They confined their operations to the day time, and at night lived a fast and gay life with dissolute women. It was one of this class who eventually disclosed their doings to the police and caused their arrest.

With compassion for the youth of the offenders, Judge Baker did not consign them to the penitentiary, but gave Dixey six months in the Parish Prison and Martin one year.

HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.

Thirty Skeletons Found in an Ice House in Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 29.—Thirty skeletons were found in an old ice house at the corner of Archer avenue and Hough place.

For several days numerous complaints have been made to the health office and to the Deering street police by residents in the vicinity of Archer avenue and Hough place, who asserted a nuisance of most aggravated form made life almost unendurable. Investigation was made by both departments, but without locating the trouble.

Yesterday the mystery was solved. Several boys found near the corner a human skull and several thigh bones bleached white. The boys told the first policeman they met of their discovery, and he notified the health office. Dr. Ware and several assistants visited the scene and made a more thorough search than had before been made. A bad odor was detected from Schineman's old ice house on the corner. The searchers ripped up a part of the floor and were horrified to find rows of skeletons, some of which the flesh still clung to. Who placed them there is not known, and the authorities will make every effort to find the guilty parties.

The theory advanced by the health officers is that some attache of a medical college brought the subjects here to bleach. The bones were allowed to remain in the building until the matter can be more fully investigated.

OUTLAWS CAPTURED

Internal Revenue Officers Make Important Arrests.

THEY HAD TO RISK THEIR LIVES.

One of the Prisoners Chief of the Famous Mullen Gang.

Ambushed in the Mountains of West Virginia and Forced to Surrender—They Are Guilty of Murder, Moonshining and Counterfeiting—The Officers Fired Upon When Taking Their Prisoners Away.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., June 29.—Capt. Robert Saunders, Internal Revenue Collector; N. J. Keadle, Special Deputy United States Marshal; S. H. Baldwin and a posse of 10 assistants arrived here at 3 a. m. from Perryville, McDowell County, having in charge two of the most desperate and notorious criminals in the two Virginias.

They were Harvey Mullen, chief of the famous Mullen gang of moonshiners and murderers, and Riley Cooper, his first lieutenant. They were captured in the most inaccessible portion of Buckhannon County, Va., at the risk of the captors' lives.

In lodging the two in jail Saunders and Keadle and their men have done what numerous posses have failed to accomplish.

Mullen and his gang, which is said to number from 25 to 50, have been operating in Virginia, eastern Kentucky and Raleigh, Wyoming and McDowell counties, W. Va., and no less than eight of them are under indictment for murder in one or more of the three States.

They are also wanted in the United States courts for moonshining and counterfeiting.

An attempt was made by a strong posse to capture some of the gang about six months ago, but the marshals were defeated, several of the deputies having horses shot under them.

The next day after the raid, while Thomas Cox was riding along a road, he was shot dead from a piece of woods. The Mullens evidently took him for a deputy marshal.

About two months afterward two prospectors were fired upon in the same neighborhood while searching for coal and had very narrow escapes.

Saunders and his men left Trap Hill, Raleigh County, on June 19, and made their way to the Mullen illicit stills at night.

They remained hidden in a chosen locality for several days, and on June 19 Mullen and Cooper were ambushed and compelled to surrender. As the prisoners were led away handcuffed the party were fired upon, but the presence of Mullen and Cooper prevented a concerted attack, and the officers succeeded in bringing them off.

WORK OF DESPERADOES.

A Rumor That an Indian Agency Was Attacked by an Armed Band.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 29.—A special from Wichita, Kan., says a sensational rumor is current there to the effect that an attack was made upon the Sac and Fox agency by an armed mob of desperadoes, who are reported to have captured a large treasure, and to have made their escape with it.

A United States marshal who arrived here from Guthrie, Oklahoma, says that he has heard the same story at Guthrie. The story which came to his ears was to the effect that the Dalton gang made the attack and intimidated the people at the agency with drawn weapons, robbed them and made their escape.

It is reported that the Indian traders who have been doing a big business with the Sac and Fox Indians since the latter sold their lands to the government, were the heaviest losers. No verification of the report has been received.

CONNECTICUT HOLD-OVERS.

Senator Read to Inherit Dr. Alsop's Claim to the Lieutenant-Governorship.

HARTFORD, June 29.—The Democratic Senators at their caucus this afternoon will consider the plan of continuing the quo warranto suits against the Republican hold-over Lieutenant-Governor, terminated by the sudden death of Dr. J. W. Alsop. It is proposed that the President of the Senate, D. M. Read, petition the courts to be made a party to the suit, the rightful Lieutenant-Governor. Senator Read, by reason of his present occupancy of the Presidency of the Senate, is the rightful successor. The plan will be definitely determined at the caucus.

BIG MILLS BURNED.

They Gave Employment to About Six Thousand Hands.

WILMINGTON, Del., June 29.—The South Side Mills of the Diamond State Iron Company, covering about four acres of ground, were burned last evening.

The loss is estimated at about $400,000, partly covered by insurance on the machinery. The mill gave employment to about 6,000 hands.

Horse shoes and railroad spikes were the principal goods manufactured.

From Pulpit to Stage.

CINCINNATI, O., June 29.—Rev. John A. Jayne, pastor of the Christian Church at Falmouth, Ky., has announced his intention of leaving the ministry for the stage. Mr. Jayne is a popular young man and is said to be a good orator. Before entering the ministry he was a member of the stock of a Western company. His reason for leaving the church is that he cannot preach orthodoxy, as his views have undergone a change during the past year. The retiring minister will be married before beginning his career on the stage.

MARKET PRICES.

Latest New York Quotations—Cattle Market.

BUTTER.—State Dairy, fancy	18
State Dairy, h.f., good to choice, lb	17
Western Dairy, choice, per lb	16
Western Dairy, good, per lb	15
Imitation Creamery, fancy, per lb	16
Imitation Creamery, good to choice, lb	14
Welsh tubs, fancy, per lb	17
Welsh tubs, good to choice, per lb	16
Western Creamery, fancy, per lb	18
Western Creamery, good to choice, lb	17
Factory, fresh, choice, per lb	14
BEANS AND PEAS.—Beans, Mar., choice	2.40
Beans, medium, choice, new	2.30
Beans, Red Kidney, choice, new	2.80
Beans, foreign, Pea	2.35
Beans, Pea, choice	2.30
Green Peas, bbls, per bushel	1.10
Beans, Lima, California, per 50 lb	3.75
CHEESE.—State Factory, fancy	8¾
State Factory, full cream, new, lb	8½
State Factory, light skim, per lb	7
State Factory, full skims, per lb	3
DRIED FRUITS.—Apples, evaporated, fcy	12½
Apples, sun-dried, fair to choice, per lb	10¾
Apricots, California, per lb	15
Raspberries, evaporated, per lb	18
Raspberries, sun-dried, per lb	16
Cherries, per lb	17
Blackberries, per lb	5
Peanuts, fancy, per lb	4¼
Pecans, per lb	11
EGGS.—Eastern, new laid, choice, doz	17
Western, choice, per doz	16½
Southwestern, choice, per doz	16
FRUITS.—Apples, Russet, per bbl	5.50
Apples, Vine Sap, per bbl	6.00
Apples, Willow Twig, per bbl	7.50