Andover News.

WEDNESDAY JULY 22, 1891.

Philip Raynor's Bride;

OR

MAJOR VILLARS' FATAL MISTAKE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XVI

FACE TO FACE.

Dulcie stood pallid and motionless as a marble figure. A moment of breathless suspense, then the knob turned slowly and Philip entered the room.

Toinette had fallen back involuntarily at the first sound of his step. For a moment he saw only his wife. A low cry of alarm broke from him as his glance fell upon her death-white face.

"Darling, what is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Are you ill?"

No answer. She was incapable of speech. But her glaring eyes were fixed upon something or some one just beyond where he had paused, as if frozen there.

He turned, and saw Toinette.

His first feeling was one of dazed bewilderment. He brushed his hand before his eyes as if to get rid of a blur that affected his vision. But the figure was still there—a lovely young girl, with the fair, dimpled face, velvety eyes and falling yellow hair of his wife—her perfect counterpart save in dress!

Then Philip decided his senses must have played him false. He looked in amazement at the figure, then turned again to Dulcie. Surprise, anguish, horror were written on every feature of her face.

"Why—why——" he began, both hands pressed to his forehead. Then he could say no more. He half feared he was going mad.

Toinette quickly advanced. She, too, was very pale, and her great eyes shone purple black with excitement.

"Philip, you are intensely surprised, and no wonder," she said, in the soft, persuasive tones she knew so well how to assume. "It rarely happens that one is confronted by two persons exactly alike in form and feature. You have been my victim of a bold, daring imposture. Look at me, Philip, and surely a glimmer of the truth will dawn upon your mind. Don't you know who I am?"

His hands still clung to his cold forehead, where great drops of sweat were slowly gathering.

"No, no," he answered, shudderingly "You are a stranger—a vision conjured up by my disordered fancy, it may be. I never saw you before."

"Oh, Philip! And you pretended to love me once. I am Toinette."

"It is false. Toinette stands yonder. She is my wife!"

"This is the girl you married, true; but she won you by fraud. Her name is Dulcie Dane."

"I don't believe it."

"It is true, Philip. There have been strange cases of counterparts in the world, where persons were so exactly alike that their most intimate friends were deceived. This is one of these. Taking advantage of her resemblance to me, the wretched girl yonder has stolen my name, and for a few weeks succeeded in palming herself upon the world as myself. She is a vagrant creature I picked out of the city slums one Christmas eve. I pitied her. Speak to her. She dare not deny the truth of my story."

Philip looked like a man in a dream. His dazed eyes again swept the deathly face of his wife. "Why was she so silent? What did it all mean?

"My darling," he said, taking a quick step toward her, "tell this lying woman she must go elsewhere to have her improbable tale credited."

Dulcie never moved—never spoke; only met his gaze with a look of living anguish.

Philip tried to crush back the horrible conviction that was gaining ground in his own mind. All in vain. He had been struggling against it from the first moment, as the drowning man struggles for life.

"Speak!" he cried, hoarsely. "Deny this story."

Then her pale lips parted, and from them fell slowly the words of doom:

"Philip, I cannot: I dare not. God help and pity me. It is true—all true!"

For several moments no one spoke in the room. Philip staggered against the wall, his head giddy and his heart sick. It was Toinette's voice that finally broke the oppressive silence:

"That girl, Dulcie Dane, came to Bonnyview Hall while I lay ill, almost unto death, in New York," she said, glibly. "I had gone there to escape bitter persecution, and because I hoped to be the first to greet you, Philip, when you should come home. But enough of that; Dulcie easily succeeded in deceiving my guardians. But her position was an insecure one. She might be ousted from it at any moment. She could gain wealth and position by becoming your wife, so she kept up the deception with you also, and gained her end. When I recovered it was too late—you were married.

The wretched man groaned aloud. Dulcie did not speak, even to correct the cruel falsehoods that had been told.

When she could no longer endure the silence that followed her own words, Toinette drew near and laid her hand lightly on Philip's arm.

"Of course, this affair can end in only one way. You will make haste to put from you the unworthy creature who won you by a fraud. You owe her nothing—nothing. You would only feel anger and contempt for one who would stoop to such a trick to gain her own selfish ends. Fortunately there is one redress for such wrongs as yours—the law. It will release you from these galling chains. When you are a free man, Philip, you—you—can come to me. You will be mine then, will you?"

Her voice was very winning, her face wreathed in smiles; but Philip shivered under her touch, and gently put off her jeweled hand.

"Go!" he said, in a low, hoarse tone "Go, Toinette, and leave me alone with my wife."

"Go?" she repeated, a startled look creeping into her big blue eyes. "You are not serious, Philip? You won't send me away now?"

His only answer was to pull the bell-rope. "Escort this lady to the door," he said to the servant who appeared.

Toinette hesitated, glaring furiously from the husband to the wife. The result was so different from her expectations. She felt so sure Philip would drive forth his wife with curses and revilings, on learning the truth.

Now her triumph was scarcely a victory. She must go, and leave this usurper behind. It was with difficulty she repressed all outward signs of the bitter anger and disappointment raging in her breast.

The servant was looking at her in startled amazement—she was so strangely like his young mistress. Toinette had no choice but to follow him from the room.

For several minutes Philip Raynor stood as if turned to stone in the spot where she had left him. The silence could almost be felt.

Dulcie had turned a little from the window. Outside the birds twittered happily, the sunlight fell on the beautiful earth in a shower of gold. It seemed such a glorious world to live in.

Dulcie's heart almost suffocated her with its beatings. The dread hour had come, the blow fallen, and Philip had not stricken her to the earth in the variety of his anger. Why was it? Why had he spared her—even sent Toinette away?

At length she lifted her downcast eyes and looked at him—such a sad, wistful, imploring, soulful look as might have melted a heart of stone.

"Philip!"

It was only a whisper. He may not even have heard it. He still stood there, motionless as a figure cut in marble.

"Philip, husband," she quivered, "I have sinned, I have cruelly wronged and deceived you. But this hour atones for much. Will you not forgive me?"

She drew nearer, held out her hands entreatingly. Then he stirred from his rigid posture at last, falling back shudderingly, as though there was contamination in her touch.

"Keep away," he said, hoarsely.

She looked at him as if stunned for a moment, then a wild, despairing cry broke from her.

"Oh, Philip, pity me! Have mercy! My heart is breaking! Oh, what a life I have led of late! living on, weighed down by guilt and misery, with the awful fear constantly before my eyes of being overtaken by the doom I have called down upon my own head, losing one, when love was only a misery. It is a marvel how I have borne it so long. Believe me, my punishment has been greater than my sin."

Though their cry was wrung from the very depths of her heart, it failed to soften him. Again she took a tottering step toward him, but it was dreadful to see the shudder of fierce repulsion with which he drew beyond her reach.

"Keep away! Don't touch me! I want time to think this all over. Expect no forbearance—you have deserved none. I cannot forget that you have ruined my life——"

He broke off abruptly, for Dulcie, with a desperate moan, had fallen insensible at his feet.

His face was cold and hard as he raised her in his arms, and laid her on the velvet sofa. A vigorous pull at the bell brought Mrs. Rusk quickly to the room.

"Look to your mistress," he said, and left her without another word.

Hours later the housekeeper knocked at the door of the library where he was restlessly walking up and down.

"Mrs. Raynor is better," she said, giving him a curious, searching glance, "and asked for you, sir. Will you see her?"

"Where is she?"

"In the drawing-room. Oh, sir," Mrs. Rusk ventured to add, "be kind to the sweet lady. She is almost broken-hearted."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DISCARDED WIFE.

Philip crossed the hall and entered the lighted room beyond, for night had fallen.

He started, and for the first time a feeling of pity and tenderness stirred in his heart, as his glance fell upon the forlorn little figure sunken in the deep arm-chair, under the blazing chandelier.

Dulcie's pretty childish face had changed so in a few brief hours he scarcely recognized her. It was gaunt and haggard, with dark rings under the big, hopeless eyes—the face of a heart-broken, despairing woman.

She was suffering—there could be no doubt of that. In a moment, as he thought how treacherously he had been entrapped, the softened mood changed, all the old bitter resentment coming back.

"You wished to see me?" he said, and his voice sounded harsh and unnatural, even to himself.

"Yes."

She tried to speak calmly, but it was of no use. A lump rose in her throat. Covering her face with both hands, she burst into hysterical sobbing.

It did not last long. With a determined effort, she recovered herself, and lifted her big, solemn eyes, so pitiful in their look or appeal.

"Philip, husband, I have only this to say to you. Do with me as you will—send me away—discard me; but always remember this, that I love you. It was my love that tempted me to sin."

"Love!" he echoed bitterly.

"Yes. Will you not believe me?"

"True love is self-sacrificing. It is unlike it to foully and cruelly wrong the object upon which it is centered.

"Philip, you are too hard. Deeply as I have sinned, my offense is not without excuse."

His face darkened; a sudden trembling passed over him.

"You came between me and the woman who was to have been my wife. May God forgive you. I never will!"

She reeled as though under a sudden blow, and put her hand to her head.

"Let me tell you all everything," she said, in a low, pleading voice. "The hardships and trials of my young life—the suffering I have endured—the terrible struggle I had had with temptation—the circumstances under which I came to Bonnyview Hall——"

He stopped her with a gesture.

"It would be worse than useless. I do not care to listen. Never lift the veil that hides from me your past life. I would rather not look behind it, lest I be overwhelmed with deeper horror than ever. It is enough for me—more than enough—to know that I have married a vagrant out of the city streets——"

"Oh, my God!"

"A nameless, homeless creature, the blood in whose veins flows, perhaps, from a stream smirched and sullied by a thousand crimes," he went on, relentlessly. "The Raynors are of spotless lives, and hold their honor high. It has been left for the last of his race to stain the noble family name by a mesalliance that will might cause his haughty ancestors to turn in their honored graves."

Cruel words—unpardonable words. But they were spoken under the excitement of passion. Toinette's petty flings at the lowly origin of her rival had not been without their effect.

Philip had been pondering them over since, and fancying things a thousand-fold worse than the reality, until it would not have surprised him in the least had some escaped convict or professional thief suddenly appeared to claim Dulcie as his daughter.

The wretched girl had fallen back in a kind of collapse, her lips parted, her staring, dilated eyes fixed in breathless horror upon the speaker's face.

"But you are my wife; I have married you—there is no help for it," he went on. "Bitterly as I regret my madness and folly, all that remains to me now is to make the best of the situation. Shall I tell you, Dulcie, what I have decided to do?"

A spasm of exquisite pain thrilled her—it was the first time he had ever called her "Dulcie," and the name sounded sweetly on his lips, even though spoken in anger.

After waiting a moment for her to reply, he resumed:

"You were ambitious, it seems, to become mistress of Highlands, and acquire a claim to my ample fortune. Hush, don't you deny it," as she started up suddenly, and stretched out her poor little appealing hand. "Despite your pretense of affection, I choose to believe my wealth was the real temptation. It would be a very strong one with a person from your rank in life. Well, through fraud and treachery you gained your end. You have a right to bear my name. So long as you keep it unsullied, I shall not interfere with that right."

She looked at him like a bleeding, wounded animal brought to bay, and found voice at last.

"Philip, you are unjust. You hurt me cruelly. May God forgive you."

He went on as if she had not spoken:

"I have pondered the situation, and decided upon my course. I never wish to look upon your fair, false face again. I only see in it the fatal likeness to the woman I love and should have married, and the bitterness of death fills my heart. But, because of the hated tie that binds us together, I cannot drive you out into the world. Highlands shall be given up to your exclusive use and I will settle a handsome income upon you——"

"Give me your love, or give me nothing," she cried. "Without it I will accept no favor at your hands."

"I cannot give what is no longer mine to bestow," he haughtily answered. "But it is in my wish that you live in a style befitting my wife—enjoy that to which you have an undeniable right. I hope you will heed my wishes."

"And you?" she said, in a faint, hollow whisper.

"My future cannot concern you in the least. It is not fully decided. Most likely I shall go abroad. But not immediately. I shall remain in the neighborhood until my business affairs can be fully settled. You will be handsomely provided for, rest assured. May you derive all the happiness you deserve from the fortune you schemed so craftily to win."

The concentrated passion and withering contempt in his voice was more than she could endure.

"Philip, Philip——"

"Hush!" he interrupted, with a hissing sound between his teeth. "Make no attempt at self-exculpation. Such sins as yours are without excuse. I could not listen to you. Therefore, should you wish to communicate with me for any reason please do so through the housekeeper, and any desire you may express will be respected. Now all that remains is to say farewell. Even though the same roof shelters us, henceforth you and I are as strangers to each other."

He turned, his face white and set like marble. Just as he reached the door Dulcie flung herself down before him with a wound her arms about his knees.

"Philip, can you go, can you leave me now?" she cried, lifting her pleading, tearful eyes.

He tore himself roughly from her clinging arms and went out. Dulcie heard his heavy footsteps die away in the hall, and fell prostrate.

When she recovered Mrs. Rusk was standing by her, with smelling-salts and cologne water. The honest woman was completely won by her young mistress' sweetness and gentle ways.

"You are unhappy, dear lady," she said. "But don't take any little trouble to heart. It will right itself in heaven's own time."

Some troubles might; this one, never.

The night wore slowly on. Dulcie sat alone in her own room, with white face and lips, trying to realize the humiliating truth. She was a discarded wife. Philip knew all, and, just as might have been expected, had turned from her in loathing and contempt.

"He believes I was tempted by his wealth and position," she said. "Ah, that is the bitterest thought of all!"

He meant to deal generously with her, so far as money matters were concerned. As though all the gold in the universe could bring balm to a broken heart! She would not touch a dollar of his wealth. He should yet see how cruelly he had misjudged her.

"I deserve my punishment," the poor creature said to herself. "But not that Philip should be so unjust to me."

Morning dawned. Like one in a dream, Dulcie heard the whir of insects and the first twitter of the birds. At last Mrs. Rusk knocked at the door of her chamber.

"Mr. Raynor bade me give you this," she said, laying a small package in the young wife's lap. "He said you would need it."

Dulcie opened the bundle with feverish haste. A check-book fell out. When she saw there was nothing else—not even a written message—she uttered a cry of bitter disappointment.

"Take this back to your master," she said, "and tell him I have no use for it."

With a pitying glance into that white, despairing face, the housekeeper left her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOPING AND FEARING.

As Dulcie stood at the window of her chamber, later in the day, she saw Philip walking in the grounds. Her heart gave a violent throb. She loved him with a deathless passion that could know no change. There was madness in the very thought of parting.

Why not make one last appeal? She did not expect him to take her back; but now he thought worse of her than she deserved. If she could make him understand all, he would at least pity her—possibly even come to see her as a friend now and then, and life would not be a living death.

In a moment she had left the house, and was hurrying along the path her husband had chosen. He saw her coming, hesitated an instant, then walked rapidly in the opposite direction.

Her eyes filled with bitter tears. The action showed more plainly than words the estimation in which he held her. He could not forgive her, or even tolerate her presence.

She sank down weakly upon one of the rustic benches. She must have been there some time when the sound of footsteps aroused her.

Philip was coming back. He was close beside her before he saw the forlorn little figure half hidden by swaying vines. He would have passed on, but with a swift, fluttering movement Dulcie flung herself at his feet, impeding the way.

She tried to speak, but her tongue trembled without uttering an audible sound. The white, angry face filled her with terror.

"So you were lying in wait for me?" he said, between his teeth. "It is useless. Let me pass. I will hold no converse with you."

"One moment, Philip," she pleaded, clutching blindly at him with her poor little hands. "I want to tell you that I believed Toinette was dead when I decided to personate her, or nothing could have tempted me to carry on the cruel deception."

No response. He looked at her a moment, his lips sternly compressed, then brushed her from his path as if she had been a worm.

Dulcie went back to her room. Her last hope had been crushed. She could only meet her fate with the resignation that comes from utter despair.

She glanced round the beautiful room, and for the first time hated even its luxuries. For such things as these Philip fancied she had stooped to treachery and deceit!

In the gray twilight she dressed herself for a journey, putting on her plainest dress and hat. Then she made up a little bundle of clothing. She did not know whether her husband was still at the Highlands or not, but she could not go without some memento of him.

After listening a moment at the door she picked up her bundle and softly crossed the corridor to a small dressing-room, where a photograph of Philip, in a light ebony frame, stood on a small table. She had seized it with trembling, passionate hands, and was placing it in her bundle when there was a rustling sound behind her, and Mrs. Rusk stood on the threshold.

"Where are you going, my dear mistress?" the housekeeper asked, taking in the situation at a glance.

"Away from Highlands. Out into the world. Anywhere!"

"But your husband wishes you to remain here," Mrs. Rusk gently remonstrated.

Dulcie made no response. She gathered up the bundle again, a look of desperate resolution on her face.

"Leave that here and come with me, Mrs. Raynor," the housekeeper said, abruptly, after watching her a moment in silence. "Then you can do as you please."

Dulcie yielded, she scarcely knew why. Mrs. Rusk left the house and led the way across the lawn toward a picturesque lodge near the gate—a mere nest of a place, containing three rooms.

It had been empty and deserted only the day before, but as she drew nearer Dulcie was surprised to see a gleam of light at the little red windows.

Mrs. Rusk drew her young mistress close to one of these, and in a soft whisper bade her look within.

It was a low, wainscoted room, scantily furnished. Its only occupant was Philip Raynor. He sat beside the central table, his head resting dejectedly upon his hand, as if absorbed in thought.

After gazing breathlessly at the worn, haggard face of her husband for some time, Dulcie asked:

"What does it mean?"

"Mr. Raynor had the lodge fitted up this morning, and some of his personal effects brought here. He will stay here as long as he remains in the neighborhood."

Dulcie drew a long, sobbing breath. Had his resentment carried him so far he could not abide in the same house that sheltered herself?

As she fell back from the lighted window, sick at heart, Mrs. Rusk added in the same low tone:

"I know something of your trouble, dear lady. Not much—Mr. Raynor was compelled to trust me to a certain extent. He knows I am true and faithful. I cannot look into your sad, sweet face without a feeling of compassion. Don't give way to despair. Master cannot hold out forever against one so gentle and winsome. Of course you will see him occasionally while he remains so near——"

"Yes, yes," Dulcie interrupted, excitedly. "And that will be happiness enough."

Toward evening she went again to the lodge. This time it was Mrs. Rusk's portly figure that appeared in the open door. Seeing the wife's wistful look, she made a sign for her to come nearer.

"Mr. Raynor has gone out. He may be absent some hours. I have come down to tidy up the place a bit while he is away.—Well! come in, Mrs. Rusk?" Dulcie pleaded, clasping her hands.

"Certainly, dear," was the answer. "Though I can't see what good that will do you."

She glanced round the small, low room, her heart beating painfully loud and fast. There were so many things to remind her of her husband! It almost seemed as if he were present—that she would see him by simply turning her head. The table was littered with his papers. A book of poems lay open just as he had left it. One of his gloves had fallen to the floor. Dulcie's face flushed and her hands trembled as she stopped to pick it up.

Then she noticed a fragrant white rose half hidden under the scattered papers. Her favorite flower! "Perhaps he plucked it because he knows how fond I am of flowers," she thought, her heart fluttering madly violently than ever.

What would Philip say if he came back to the lodge and found her sitting there with the pale, sweet flower in her hand?

Bending over the rose to inhale its perfume, she saw, for the first time, a crumpled note lying beside it. The faint odor of violets clung about it. Dulcie started, as though she had received a dagger-thrust. In a moment she held the letter in her hand, and was reading the few brief words it contained.

I must see you. Will you come to Rosemary Hill this evening at six? Come to the old trysting-place. I will be there. I send this rose as a memento of the dear old days.

TOINETTE.

Note and flower fell from Dulcie's quivering fingers. She glanced at the clock ticking away on the carved oak shelf. Ten minutes past the hour. So this was the errand that had taken Philip away? Even as she stood there, he was basking in the smiles of the woman he loved!

All the light died from her face, the tender warmth from her heart. She turned and groped her way blindly toward the door. Her strange look and hurried breathing caused Mrs Rusk to spring toward her in alarm.

"What is it? Are you ill, dear?"

Dulcie did not even hear her. Her lips were set, her eyes stared straight out. She walked on mechanically until she reached the river, whose dark, murmur-depth seemed to fascinate her.

The helpless young wife was wrong in thinking her husband had gone to meet his old love. He had turned deadly pale when Toinette's note was placed in his hand by the messenger, and he recognized the writing. But he was an honorable man. He wrote immediately in response:

"It would be worse than useless for us to meet again. Try to forget—it is all that remains for either of us."

He ordered his horse and rode away in a desperate state of mind. But not toward Bonnyview Hall. It was ten o'clock when he came back. As he was dismounting at the door of the lodge, one of the servants came running down the avenue.

"Oh, Mr. Raynor," cried the man, trembling with wild excitement, "please come up to the house. Quick! Poor Mrs. Raynor is nowhere to be found, and the housekeeper declares she has destroyed herself."

Philip went. He found Mrs. Rusk walking up and down the hall, wringing her hands.

"The poor lamb is dead," she sobbed. "She could not bear to be put away because you loved another woman better. So she has taken her own wretched life. She came to the lodge and read the note you left lying on the table. No one has seen her since. I don't know what was in that note, but I fear it has driven her to her death."

Philip knew. A grav, ghastly pallor settled over his face. Hastily calling up every man servant about the premises, he began searching for the missing girl.

Toward midnight they found the scarf she had worn, lying on the bank of the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KING MILAN'S last official act was to decorate his cab-driver.

Like to be Humbugged.

A woman physician in the city told a most remarkable thing a day or two ago. "It takes a deal of conscientiousness to keep a physician from becoming a quack," she said. "It's such an easy thing to quack when you know your patient wants you to, it would perhaps be beneficial in the end. By quacking I mean resorting to clap-trap and unscientific methods, such as the faith cure and its like. No one but a physician has any idea how great a demand there is for this among intelligent people.

"They don't want the honest, straightforward exhibition of the action of drugs on the body. They want a mystery about it, an exhibition of healing as a divine force—something that appeals to the imagination. And because it's a subject for the immagination the demand comes not from the ignorant and unthinking, but from the most intelligent and best-informed people.

"I have known some of the most logical and clear-headed people in the city to offer such a resistance to scientific rational measures in medical treatment and insist so strongly upon some illegitimate and inadequate course, as to put the honest physician's patience to its last resort.

"It isn't quite that they like to be humbugged. They don't know it by that, though the physician does. They want something for the imagination to work on. And that's the stronghold of the quack practioner. It takes an honest man or woman to practice medicine honestly."—*New York Evening Sun.*

Companions.

When a good and respectable man has been frivolous, it is no doubt a comfort to him to find that some worthy friend has been frivolous also. An English clergyman writes:

I was at Innsbruck with a friend, and as we sauntered about one afternoon, not quite knowing what to do with ourselves, we came upon a *carrousel*, or merry-go-round. We walked on, and then I said:

"Let us go back and see the Xaverianum," a public collection of paintings.

"No," said my companion, "I don't feel inclined for the Xaverianum. I'll go down by the river."

So we parted. Now I had not gone far along my way to the Xaverianum before I said to myself:

"I don't want to see pictures either, but as my friend is away—upon my word—I am unknown here! I'll—yes, I *will*—I'll go and have a round on the whirligig!"

So I retraced my steps and on reaching the merry-go-round, what should I behold but my friend seated on a piebald horse, with a short sword in his hand, aiming at the targets he passed in his revolution. He was a bald-headed man, with a long gray beard, and his face and head became like a beet-root when he saw me. It was not long, however, before I offered him the consolation of companionship.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

BOSTON, July 18.—The estate of the Bayley Flat Company, of Newburyport, has been attached for $12,000 by W. A. & A. M. White, of New York.

VICTOR, N. Y., July 18.—Hart Boughton, a well known resident of Victor, committed suicide during the day by hanging himself in his brother's barn. He was 40 years old.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—A dispatch has been received at the War Department from Gen. Schofield stating that he is in good health and has left Tacoma, Wash., for Yellowstone Park.

SARATOGA, N.Y., July 20.—Charles Vale, engineer of a pleasure steamer on Saratoga lake, fell overboard from the craft and was drowned. He came from Brooklyn a month ago.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y., July 18.—Henry Smith, a truckman at the Erie depot, was killed by a passenger train at 10 a. m. while wheeling a truck across the tracks. He was 60 years old.

WOODSTOCK, Vt. July 19.—Francis B. Hayes, who was yesterday horsewhipped by his brothers-in-law, Blyde and Jarvis Hunt, has brought suit against them, claiming $10,000 damages.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass., July 14.—The schooner yacht Tidal Wave, of New York, is ashore at Pasque Island. She is lying among the rocks in a bad position and full of water. The vessel went aground during the thick weather this morning.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 20.—William McGunnigle, manager of the Providence Eastern League team, has received an offer to become manager of the Pittsburg National League Club. He will probably accept.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 18.—A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Mrs. James Logan, who threatened to shoot Founder Bradley yesterday. The warrant was issued on complaint of Officer Borden.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—A special cable despatch from Port au Prince confirms the election of General Prophete as chief of the revolutionary movement, but says the followers of Manigat refused to coalesce with him.

UTICA, N.Y., July 20.—An elevator boy was crushed to death at Hotel Earlington, Richfield Springs, last night. His mother living in Richmond, Va. His full name was not known, but he was known about the hotel as "Frank."

CAPE MAY, N. J., July 20.—The President did not attend religious services yesterday. Mrs. Harrison, Lieut. and Mrs. Parker occupied the President's pew at St. John's. William H. Crook, Disbursing Officer at the White House, has arrived.

PHILADELPHIA, July 20.—Two eminent specialists in mental diseases, Horatio C. Wood and C. Hill, have found a plausible explanation for the crimes of "Honest" John Bardsley, now beginning fifteen years term in prison. They say he has paresis.

NEW YORK, July 18.—Cornelius N. Bliss, the well known and wealthy merchant and member of the Union League Club, has concluded that under no circumstances can he accept the Republican nomination for Governor of this State.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., July 20.—Grand Forks and Fargo teams played a game of ball yesterday on the grounds adjoining the State military encampment at Devil's Lake, that breaks the world's record. Twenty-five innings were played without a score on either side.

NEVADA, Mo., July 20.—A warranty deed has just been filed here conveying a boy baby, Ruby Earl Sheppard, to R. S. Watt for the sum of $1. The deed was duly signed by the parties to the transfer, among whom was the mother of the child, and attested by a notary public.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 18.—Dr. Frank Hamilton Potter, a prominent physician of this city, and well-known throughout the State in connection with the State Medical Society, died during the night, aged 33 years. Death resulted from an abscess in his side.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 18.—President James A. Bradley, of the Law and Order League, issued an order that barber shops, cigar stores, etc., must not be open for business Sundays. The chief of police has been notified to enforce the Sunday laws, but it is doubtful if the order will be heeded.

CAPE MAY, N. J., July 18.—Secretary of the Treasury Foster is expected in a day or two. Hereafter all executive appointments will be given out at Cape May. D. M. Ransdell, United States Marshal, District of Columbia, arrived last night. The President will not name a judge for the Appellate Court till December.

BERLIN, July 18.—In Wollstein, Hesse, the parish priest of the Roman Catholic Church of that place was sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for four months for using insulting language toward the Emperor in his sermon last Sunday. His remarks had special reference to the Kaiser's visit to England.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 20.—The schooner Ruby Belle, was wrecked on the Newfoundland coast Saturday. The following persons went down with the vessel: Mrs. Freeman, Miss Caroline Higgins, and five children. They were all taken on at St. Johns. The vessel was bound from Catalina to St. Johns. They all belong at St. Johns.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 20.—Dominick Parenda and his wife had their skulls fractured by Michael Bartl last night during a quarrel. A baseball bat was the weapon used and such serious injuries were inflicted that the couple will probably die. Bartl was arrested. All the parties involved are Italians.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 18.—The Alliance meeting in Athens was a repetition of the rallies in Americus and Atlanta. Gen. Weaver, Col. Polk and Congressman Simpson were there. There were about 3,000 people present. Alliance to a third party were received with cheers. The last Alliance rally takes place in Rome.

HANOVER, July 20.—The police have made simultaneous domiciliary visits in a number of houses in Hanover, and seized a quantity of documents said to prove the existence of irresponsible clubs and unions. The subsidized Cumberland and clerical newspapers denounce this action, which they characterize as merely a pretext to confiscate Guelph funds.

BOSTON, July 20.—The Socialists of this State will place a State ticket in the field this year. It is as follows:—Governor, Harry W. Robinson, of Boston; Lieutenant-Governor, George R. Pierce, of Lynn; Secretary of State, G. W. Theinert, of Holyoke; treasurer and Receiver, Gen. Carl Friede, of Boston; Auditor, S. Putney, of Somerville; Attorney-General, James Waldock, of Boston.

YOUNG WALLER HEARD FROM.

It is Denied That There is Anything Wrong With His Accounts.

NEW YORK, July 20.—Ex-Governor Waller came to New York last night by the 11 o'clock train and reached the Gilsey House at just midnight. He met his son Martin B. at the Grand Central station and the latter took the midnight train for New London with his brother Tracy.

Martin B. Waller is the secretary and treasurer of the Long Island Brick Company of Greenport, and it was reported in yesterday's newspapers that he had disappeared from Greenport three weeks ago, that nothing was known of his whereabouts, that an expert accountant was going over the books, and that there were reports that a deficiency had been discovered.

Ex-Governor Waller had a long talk with Martin at the Grand Central Station before going to his hotel. He said afterward:

"As soon as my son awoke yesterday morning and found himself famous he telegraphed home denying the sensational story absolutely. There is not a word of truth in it. The most serious harm the publication effected was in the mention of the daughter of President Sage, an intelligent and sensitive young lady, who ought not to have been made to suffer."

DETAINED IMMIGRANTS.

Pitiable Tales of Adventure and Suffering in Russia.

NEW YORK, July 20.—Thirty detained immigrants, all Russian Jews, are awaiting the decision of the Superintendent of Immigration. One of them, Mendel Rogalski, aged 20, a carpenter by trade, tells a pitiable tale of his adventures and sufferings in Russia.

He became a suspect while working at his trade in Riga, and to escape Siberia, which was inevitable in the event of his capture, he fled from city to city, but was constantly pursued. He was finally taken prisoner, beaten and in other ways treated most inhumanly, and prepared for Siberia.

He again escaped, and after much suffering and great hardships reached Hamburg, from whence he was assisted to this country. His savings of six years were taken from him by his captors in Russia, and he came here penniless, hence his detention. He is very much affected to find that he will be returned to Europe after all his sufferings and arduous efforts to reach America. He says if he is caught in Russia again he will surely be put to death. The other immigrants tell similar stories.

The Jewish societies have taken hold of these cases, and it is likely that they will succeed in getting permission for their landing.

THE PARIS STRIKE.

It is Purely a Fight for the Life of Labor Unionism.

PARIS, July 20.—An immense meeting of railway employes, comprising those already on strike and a large number who will go out to-morrow, was held during the day, with the usual inflammatory speeches denouncing the railway officials and declaring that the strike would last until the smallest detail of the demands made by the men shall be conceded by the companies.

The issue in the contest is sharply drawn and admits of no compromise. It is purely a fight for the life of labor unionism on the part of the men and a fight for its death on the part of the companies.

The trouble grew out of the frequent and wholesale dismissals by the companies of employes, invariably members of the various labor unions. Whether the selection of men for dismissal was made designedly from the ranks of the unionists, the officials would not say, though they were repeatedly pressed to do so.

A New Manager for the Pittsburg Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I, July 20.—William McGunnigle, manager of the Providence Eastern League team, has received an offer to become manager of the Pittsburg National League Club. He will probably accept.

Only Woman Suffragists Present.

MONROE, N. Y., July 20.—The Orange County meeting to consider the proposed law enabling soldiers' widows, army nurses and all self-supporting women to vote at all elections was held here. Counsellor Charles E. Davison presided. After several advocates of the bill had talked opponents were invited to speak. Nobody responded.

Drowned Herself and Child.

PHILADELPHIA, July, 20.—The body of Mrs. Sarah Kramer, aged 35 years, of 1339 Cres street, was found in the Delaware River at noon. Attached to her waist by means of a stout rope was the body of her five-months-old son, Willie. The child, which was drowned with the mother, was born deformed, and this, which weighed heavily upon her mind, probably caused her to end the existence of both the child and herself. She was the mother of five other children.

QUAY IS NOT READY

He Says He Will Soon Decide About Resigning.

MR. CLARKSON HIS SUCCESSOR.

A Talk About the Coming Campaign and Candidates.

He Says Secretary Blaine Can Have the Presidential Nomination—Cleveland the Choice of the Democrats—Pattison Favorably Mentioned—The Campaign Will be an Educational One.

BEAVER, PA., July 20.—Senator Quay was interviewed at his home here by a reporter of a Pittsburg paper. The Senator was in a very talkative mood. He prefaced his interview with a statement that so many wild rumors had been in circulation recently regarding himself that he could fill a column with denials.

In talking about the rumor that he would retire from the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee, Senator Quay gave every reason to believe that such was his intention.

The following was written in Senator Quay's presence and approved by him:

"The time is approaching when the labors for the campaign of 1892 should be commenced. I do not care to take charge of that work. But still I do not wish to say positively that I will resign from the chairmanship of the National Committee. That is a question that will be decided later on. It was my intention to retire immediately after President Harrison's election. But I was prevented from doing so by circumstances well known to my colleagues on the committee. That desire to get out of a place encumbered with so many duties has never abated and the time has come when I feel at liberty to step out.

"The coming campaign has the forecast of being an educational one. It will be conducted with vigor by both parties. The man who is to manage the preliminary work as chairman of the executive committee should be in position now, and should henceforth devote his time largely to its duties. As I said before I do not care to do the work, but still I do not positively say that I will resign."

His Health is Good.

"Would such a step be taken on account of your health?" was asked.

"No," replied the Senator, "notwithstanding newspaper assertions, my health is fairly good."

"Will you leave the committee entirely, or simply the chairmanship?"

"I have not stated that I would resign," was the evasive reply.

Continuing, he stated that the executive committee would meet in Philadelphia on July 29. "I cannot say," he continued, "when the National Convention will be. A great many favor holding it early in order to escape the torrid heat we have usually encountered. That will be decided by the entire committee at some future meeting."

Clarkson His Probable Successor.

"Who do you think will succeed you provided you resign? It has been stated you know that letters were sent to the different committee members asking if they would consent to have J. S. Clarkson succeed you, and that they had all replied favorably."

"That is not true," replied Senator Quay, "no such letters have been sent with my knowledge. It is generally conceded, however, that Mr. Clarkson will be elected provided I resign and he is well fitted for the position; but there is no indication of what action will be taken by the national committee."

The Outlook for '92.

"What about the national outlook?"

"It is too far ahead to say much about it. I have no doubt that if Secretary Blaine is a candidate he will receive the Republican nomination. Mr. Cleveland seems to be in the lead on the Democratic side. Pattison, I am told, is being favorably discussed by eminent Democrats outside of Pennsylvania. He is popular, has a clean record and would be a strong candidate."

THE EASTPORT OUTRAGE.

American Fishing Boats Were Seized in American Waters.

BANGOR, Me., July 18.—The following telegram was sent to Secretary Foster, at Washington, by Congressman Boutelle:

"The Deputy Collector of Customs at Eastport, Me., sends me the following telegram in response to my inquiry:—

"EASTPORT, Me., July 18, 1891.

"Dominion fishing cruiser Dream seized seven American fishing boats Thursday forenoon in this harbor. Crews were landed here. Boats were towed to St. Andrews, N. B. Occupants of the boats claim they were fishing in American waters, and ask the protection of our Government.

"F. E. NUTT, Deputy Collector."

"Will you please advise the State Department and take such measures as may be deemed requisite for official ascertainment of the facts and the protection of the rights of our people. It looks like an attempt to harrass and annoy Americans at a time when the Maine coast is most thronged with pleasure-seekers from all parts of the country.

"(Signed) C. A. BOUTELLE, M. C."

SUICIDE IN A CEMETERY.

A Young Man Rides on a Bicycle to His Mother's Grave.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., July 18.—Chas. Crysler, about 22 years old, the son of a dentist, A. C. Crysler, committed suicide at his mother's grave in Oakwood Cemetery last evening.

Crysler took a rifle from his father's room, rode out to the cemetery on a bicycle, and when he reached the grave placed the muzzle of the rifle in his mouth and fired, the ball coming out of the back of his head. Despondency is supposed to have caused the act.

MARKET PRICES.

Latest New York Quotations—Cattle Market.

BUTTER.—State Dairy, n. f., fancy	18
State Dairy, 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	16
BEANS AND PEAS.—Beans, Mar., choice	2.00
Beans, medium, choice, new	2.30
Beans, Red Kidney, choice, new	2.75
Beans, foreign, Peas	2.25
Beans, Peas, choice	2.30
Green Peas, bbls, per bushel	1.10
Beans, Lima, California, per 60 lb	2.70
CHEESE.—State Factory, fancy	8½
State Factory, full cream, choice, lb	8⅝
State Factory, light skim, per lb	7
State Factory, full Skims, per lb	3
DRIED FRUITS.—Apples, evaporat'd	10½
Apricots,