Andover News.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 5, 1891.

IN LUCY BOOK.

When the dewed meadow grasses
May dainty lady passes,
Moving slow and swan-like in her fleecy gown;
While the clover-buds seem sweeter,
As they lift their heads to greet her,
And blush more rosy-red 'neath the dark eyes looking down.

In the tender summer glooming,
Amid the daisies roaming,
She sweeps with her white robe their mass of milky bloom,
Till they gently sway and quiver,
Like the ripples of a river,
An emerald river, brimmed with waves of silver foam.

My lady loves the daisies,
And as she goes she gazes
Into their golden eyes, then culls one at her feet.
And, as a nun tells slowly
Her beads at vespers holy,
She counts each petal there in tones most tender—sweet.

With "He loves, he loves not me,"
Needless truth for such as she,
Reading fortunes in the daisies that any one could tell;
Since all who know must love her,
And true as heaven above her
Each heart that loves at all must love my lady well.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.

Philip Raynor's Bride;

—OR—

MAJOR VILLARS' FATAL MISTAKE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FUGITIVE.

The evening shadows were settling darkly down over the great city, through whose busy streets the restless throb of humanity keeps up its ceaseless ebb and flow.

A cat purred contentedly on the rug, the window shades were drawn down, and "Dan'el's" easy chair had been wheeled into the cosiest corner, "just to make it invitin' to the dear boy after his hard day's work," the fond mother said; and Mrs. Briggs herself was presiding over a stew-pan on the oil-stove, whose frizzling contents sent forth appetizing odors, and ever and anon running to listen for a welcome footstep at the open door leading to the passageway.

Mrs. Briggs had lighted the lamps in her snug little kitchen, and made everything bright, tidy, and comfortable.

"Dan'el is late to-night," she said, knitting her brows anxiously as she lifted the cover of the stew-pan for the twentieth time. "Supper's been ready this half hour, and now it will be rare good luck if I don't burn it to cinders trying to keep it warm. The lad must have picked up an odd job on the way home. As if he didn't work hard enough through the day to lay off when the whistle blows. But then, there ain't a lazy bone in Dan'el's body. God bless him!"

Exactly the world had gone well with the Briggses since we saw them last. The attic room looked more comfortable and home-like than of old, little luxuries having been added here and there.

There was a tiny book-shelf, a few cheap pictures scattered about, and a bracket in one corner holding a brilliantly colored plaster of paris image. "The fruits of Dan'el's industry," Mrs. Briggs was wont to say with pardonable pride.

As she kept up that monotonous trotting between the stew-pan and the door, the good woman's thoughts were upon Dulcie Dane as well as her own tardy son. "Not so much as a message had come since the girl went away 'to seek her fortune," as Mrs. Briggs expressed it.

"The dear child has forgotten me," she said to herself. "Or, more likely, that the girl who enticed her away won't let her write or come back. It's the queerest thing I ever heard of that she and Toinette should look as much alike as two peas in the same pod, and not even be blood relations! If they were twin sisters now it wouldn't be so surprisin'. The likeness is only skin deep, after all. I've seen a look in Toinette's eyes once or twice that made my blood run cold. If I'd had my way, Dulcie would never have gone with her."

Mrs. Briggs drew a long breath that was almost a sigh, and had again taken her position in a listening attitude at the door, when her quick ear caught the sound of a carriage stopping on the flagging below.

It was an unusual circumstance for any sort of vehicle other than a coal or a dust cart to find its way to that humble locality, and lifting one corner of the paper blind, Mrs. Briggs looked out in a tremor of excitement.

For below—so far as to appear of quite diminutive proportions, to her fancy—she saw a close hack drawn up before the door. And while she still stared with dilated eyes, some who looked marvelously like Daniel in the obscurity leaped lightly to the ground and lifted out a slender, graceful figure that hung helplessly upon his arm.

"It can't be!" gasped Mrs. Briggs, sinking helplessly into a chair as the two figures disappeared, and the hack rolled empty away. "It simply can't be. My Dan'el ridin' in a carriage, as if he belonged to the 'ristocracy! And a lady with him! Lord, no! I must have got a speck into my old eyes."

But it was. In a moment she heard heavy, staggering footsteps climbing the stairs, and Daniel entered flushed and panting with exertion, and placed the helpless little creature he bore in his strong young arms in the easy chair that had been made ready for himself.

"Why, bless me!" cried Mrs. Briggs, with a little shriek of amazement. "It's Dulcie herself, the darling."

"Yes, mother," answered the sturdy young fellow. "I found her in the street on the way home. She seemed ill, or tired out, or something. She just gave a little cry when she saw me, and fainted dead away. That's what made me late. I had her taken into a druggist's shop, but she didn't seem to get better very fast. So what could I do but call a hack and bring her home?"

"What, indeed?" echoed Mrs. Briggs. "The darling. Won't you look up, miss, and speak to your old friend?"

A faint smile played about the pale lips, the heavy eyes opened for an instant, then closed again, and the weary head dropped back upon the cushion.

"I wouldn't say much to her just yet, mother," whispered Daniel. "Wait until she is stronger, and can do her part of the talking."

But it seemed to the impatient woman that that time would never come. Dulcie lay like a crushed lily, silent and motionless, dimly conscious that she was with friends once more, and knowing little else.

We left her kneeling on the brink of the dark river. Her scarf dropped unnoticed upon her shoulders as she looked with a fascinated gaze into the cool, murmuring depths. All at once it seemed as if an invisible hand raised and drew her away.

"Not there," she fancied an angel voice whispered in her ear. "Suicide is murder. Heaven has laid this heavy cross upon you; bear it bravely."

Turning her back upon the river and the stately home where she had been both so blessed and so unhappy, she had finally made her way to New York, and was wandering like one dazed about the streets, when Daniel stumbled upon her opportunely.

Mrs. Briggs prepared a cup of strong coffee, which she compelled Dulcie to drink, and sat by her, bathing her temples and cold little hands. But her only reward was a grateful look once or twice, and a sad little smile.

"Bless her dear heart," the woman said aside to Daniel. "She is like a poor, stricken creature, without a hope or a friend in the world. And just notice her dress, how soft and fine it is; such as a real lady might wear. And she has a wedding ring on her finger, real gold, with a beautiful diamond stone a-sparklin' and glittering. Daniel, my boy, what does it mean?"

But Daniel only shook his carrotty head, and answered:

"Don't go to asking any foolish questions, mother. There is no evil mystery—I'd stake my life on that."

Dulcie rallied after a night's rest, and was more like herself. But she showed no disposition to speak of her experiences during the weeks she had been away. Though burning with curiosity, Mrs. Briggs had the delicacy to respect the girl's reticence.

"You are very good to me," Dulcie said, gratefully. "But I am not going to be a burden upon you. I shall go away in a day or two."

"Where?"

The blue-bell eyes filled with sudden tears.

"I do not know. Where work is to be had. I must earn my own living."

"With that ring on your finger?"

Mrs. Briggs touched the diamond almost reverently. A red flush leaped into Dulcie's cheeks, then faded, leaving her deadly pale. "Yes."

"The poor soul gasped for breath as if I'd struck her a deadly blow," Mrs. Briggs said, describing the scene to Daniel afterward. "If she's married a rich husband, he's cast her off, or there's some other bitter trouble. I'll never pry into her affairs again. But she shan't be sent adrift on the world if I can keep her."

She said something of the sort to Dulcie the next day, as they sat stitching upon some fine sewing that had been brought from one of the shops.

"You are handy with the needly, miss, and I have plenty of work. Stay here and help me until something better offers."

"I should be glad to do so," the soft eyes filling with grateful tears. "But you must have a hard struggle to get along as it is."

"Nonsense, dear. We're prosperin', Dan'el and I. The lad has struck ile, an' struck it thick. Got a steady place, with a chance to earn a putty penny at odd jobs now and then.

"We've hired your old room to put our friends in when they come, and you are welcome to it as long as you are willing to stay. So don't let me hear another word about leaving us."

The humble place seemed a perfect haven of rest to Dulcie. She was not happy—that was too much to expect. But she tried to be cheerful and contented. She helped with the simple housework, and toiled early and late with the needle.

Busy as was the life she led, it could not divert her thoughts wholly from the past. There were times when she brooded helplessly over her fate, and her heart sickened with intense longing for Philip's love and his presence.

"It would be better for him if I were dead," she thought, never dreaming that this impression actually prevailed at Highlands. "Then Toinette might be to him all he once hoped and desired."

Mrs. Briggs saw how thin and pale the girl was growing, and heard her involuntary sighs. She knew Dulcie was illy fitted for this sort of life, and wished from the bottom of her kind, motherly heart that she had better wealth and position and could do something to brighten her lonely lot.

One evening Daniel came home flushed with excitement.

"I've seen the other one!" he exclaimed.

Dulcie started. She knew instantly to whom he referred. From the hour of Toinette's first appearance in the humble back street, he had been in the habit of alluding to her as Dulcie's counterpart, or "the other one."

"Where?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Passed me on the street. I fairly held my breath a moment, thinking it must be you, miss. But I knew you wouldn't be there; and she never even looked at me. That wasn't in the least like you. She was beautifully dressed, and riding in her carriage fine as a queen."

"Alone?"

"A gentleman was with her, miss."

Dulcie's heart began to throb wildly, she could not have told why.

"Describe him, Daniel," she said, in a low voice that trembled a little.

He did this so accurately Dulcie would have had no difficulty in recognizing Philip Raynor without the adjectives "dark, handsome, princely."

"Philip and Toinette in New York together! What did it mean?

She bent her head upon her hands to hide the frightful pallor of her face. A sharp, bitter pain tugged at her heart.

But conjecture was useless. She could not understand.

Surely Philip was not so heartless as to find solace in Toinette's society already! And yet there could have been no mistake.

It never entered her thoughts that Toinette, too, was now trying her hand at masquerading, and had so successfully personated her that even Philip was deceived.

For several days she brooded anxiously over the perplexing problem, then suddenly, an explanation occurred to her that filled her with sickening horror.

Some one must have picked up the scarf she had dropped on the river bank and taken it to Philip.

He would naturally conclude she had destroyed herself, and that he was free.

While laboring under this delusion, he might even seek to gather up the tangled threads of the old love dream, and make Toinette his wife.

"That would be dreadful," she sobbed. "He must be saved from that sin. The divorce courts will release him from the old galling tie. Until they do, he must submit to wear the chain."

It was her duty to go back to Highlands and let her husband know she lived; a painful one, but she dared not evade it.

"An errand I cannot explain will take me away for a few hours," she said to Mrs. Briggs. "But you are not to feel anxious or worried about me."

She set off upon her journey in happy unconsciousness of the trying experiences that awaited her.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW THE GAME SUCCEEDED.

The sun had dropped out of sight behind the purple hills, and twilight was stealing gently over the hushed earth, when Philip and Toinette reached their destination.

The scheming girl felt her heart sicken with disappointment and apprehension, as she glanced up at the stately walls of the mansion where she had so ardently longed to reign as undisputed mistress.

During all that long journey, she had done little but revolve the problem that so sorely perplexed her. How was she to persuade Philip to make her his wife without telling him the truth? And to tell all would, she knew, be to lose him forever.

Alas, in what a fatal web of her own weaving had she recklessly involved herself!

As she leaned back upon the carriage cushions, sick and giddy with the burden of her own misery, Philip's tender, hastening tones sounded dull and far-off, as if heard in a dream.

"Look, Dulcie, Mrs. Rusk stands in the open door. The good woman is very fond of you, my darling. But for her I should never have dreamed of going to Madame Keeler's to search for you. She will welcome you with open arms."

Toinette drew a quick breath and clung to him, shuddering with nervous horror. Just at that moment she had not the courage to meet the housekeeper's penetrating glances.

"Oh, Philip, send her away," she panted. "I can't see her or any one to-night."

He laid his hand caressingly upon her tired little head with its tumbled golden curls.

"Poor child. You are worn out with excitement and fatigue. Not a soul shall come near you against your wishes."

And taking the limp little figure in his arms he strode through the open hall door of her own misery, Philip's tender, hastening tones sounded dull and far-off, as if heard in a dream.

"Look, Dulcie, Mrs. Rusk stands in the open door. The good woman is very fond of you, my darling. But for her I should never have dreamed of going to Madame Keeler's to search for you. She will welcome you with open arms."

Toinette drew a quick breath and clung to him, shuddering with nervous horror. Just at that moment she had not the courage to meet the housekeeper's penetrating glances.

"The fresh air may restore your color," he said, noting her pallid cheeks and listless eyes. "The whole household is rejoicing over your return, darling. Show the servants that you are glad and happy, too."

Forcing a smile, she threw a light scarf over her head and followed him out. Mrs. Rusk stood near the hall door. As Toinette was gliding past, she suddenly caught her hand and kissed it.

"The sight of your sweet face does me good," murmured the woman. "Highlands will be a different place now you are back again. I could not look at the river without shuddering——"

Her voice faltered suddenly, she stared curiously at Toinette, and dropped her hand as if it had been red-hot iron.

What did it mean? Had her womanly instincts penetrated the secret Philip's love had failed fully to fathom?

The guilty impostor dared not trust herself to speak. Trembling with unutterable terror, she hurried out into the brilliant sunshine. Her secret must be kept. She could not bear to have Philip suspect her yet.

He left her to a rustic bench under the trees. "Why is it I feel so like shrinking from the beautiful woman who is my wife?" he had asked himself again and again. "Am I unlike other men—incapable of loving deeply and sincerely?"

He fancied the old glamour would come back there in the cool shade, among the flowers of which his lovely companion was queen, outshining them all in her winsome, girlish beauty. But it did not.

She was more silent and self-absorbed than of old. Her very expression had changed—gathered hardness and worldliness, so to speak. And if he spoke to her abruptly, her velvety eyes would flash a look of terror into his own.

"What has come over you, Dulcie?" he said, at length, his tone one of gentle reproach.

She started. "Do I seem changed—unlike the wretched girl who ran away and left you?"

"Yes. I miss the clinging helplessness that was one of your greatest charms. You seem suddenly to have developed into a strong, self-reliant woman."

"Bear with me," she pleaded. "I have been passing through deep waters. I still feel like one wandering in the wild mazes of a dream."

"You are sure you have forgiven me?"

"Yes, fully and freely."

He sighed heavily. She sat close beside him, her hand lying in his clasp; but he had a strange feeling that an impassable gulf lay between them.

"I slept at the lodge last night," he said, after a pause. "But I shall never go there again. The place recalled so many bitter memories. I seemed to live over again those wretched days when I fancied I hated you, and my life was an utter wreck."

Toinette's little white fingers interlocked convulsively with his.

"How I wish we could begin all over again!" she whispered. "Our married life, I mean. Then we might both hope to forget the past and be happy in the future. Philip, won't you take me to the same clergyman who married us before, and plight your vows anew? It would make me happier. I would so much rather blot out that wretched time when we were both miserable, and date our new life from today."

She awaited breathlessly his answer. It came after a thoughtful silence.

"Our friends would think very strange of it, my darling, were the ceremony to be repeated. Let me suggest a better plan. We will go abroad. At once, if you think best. Amid new scenes and associations you will forget what now gives you so much pain to remember."

Toinette could have gnashed her teeth with disappointment. The difficulties of her anomalous position were increasing every moment. She would be compelled to leave Highlands very soon unless something could be done. The very thought of the peril that menaced her called a blush of shame to her cheek.

Of course Major Villars and Guy Mandeville had missed her from Bonnyview Hall. They would search everywhere, leave no stone unturned until they found a clue to her fate. Their suspicions might already be turning in the right direction. If so, it was only a question of hours.

Again, Philip's own heart might warn him of the truth, and that was more to be dreaded than anything else. He was perplexed already; at times appeared to struggle with himself. She could bear up against anything but his coldness and indifference.

"You are cruel, cruel to deny me the one wish of my heart!" she exclaimed, passionately, snatching her hand from his clasp and hastily leaving him.

The outbreak surprised him. He followed her a few paces, calling to her in soft, persuasive tones, but she hurried on without heeding him, and fled to her own room. Mrs. Rusk was there, dusting and rearranging the pretty boudoir. She gave Toinette such a curious, intent look that a thrill of fear shot through the guilty girl's heart.

"You do not wear your wedding ring, Mrs. Raynor," she said, abruptly. "Why is it?"

Toinette had never thought of the ring. She remembered seeing it on Dulcie's hand—a diamond of unusual brilliancy. Had Philip missed it too? She had contented herself with discarding every little personal ornament that might lead to her detection.

"The ring is a very valuable one," she faltered. "I—I removed it when I went away."

"Humph!" muttered the housekeeper, with another searching look, as if dissatisfied with the explanation. "To me it seems more fitting that a wife should wear her wedding ring."

Toinette felt relieved when the woman left her. She sat down and covered her face with her hands. Something must be done at once. Oh, why did not pitying heaven send some inspiration to guide her?

Philip came to her presently, but she had secured herself against intrusion, and he went quietly away.

So the day passed—such a long, anxious day. Early in the evening one of the maids brought a lovely bouquet to the door. Philip had sent it as a peace offering, and begged that she would come down stairs to sing and play for him.

"Tell him I am ill and wretched—he must excuse me," was Toinette's response.

There was a bare possibility of gaining her end by keeping him at a distance. But he was left to pass its hours in doubt and suspense.

The next morning she took a desperate decision. While Philip was breakfasting alone, she called one of the servants aside and dispatched him on a secret errand.

Several hours elapsed before the man returned. He was not alone. The same aged minister who had performed the marriage ceremony for Dulcie and Philip stepped out of the night a few short weeks before followed him into the room where Toinette sat waiting.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DULCIE OR TOINETTE?

The man of God stared in amazement as his startled glance fell full upon the lovely young girl. Here was no a face to be forgotten.

"Were you the bride of that runaway marriage?" he exclaimed. "Or are you the young lady so wonderfully like her, who came to the church after the ceremony?"

"The bride," Toinette answered, firmly. Then, turning to the servant, who still lingered at the door, she added:

"Bring your master here at once."

Philip came. He gave a start of recognition on seeing the aged clergyman standing in the room; but before he could speak Toinette glided up to him and laid her trembling hand on his arm.

"Philip," she whispered, "you can no longer refuse my prayer. I have sent for the minister who married us before. He can keep a secret—if you dread comment or ridicule, only a three need know what transpires in this room. But I can never know a minute's peace or happiness until our vows have been plighted over again."

He was amazed that his supposed wife should plead so persistently to an idle whim. But there could be no harm in humoring her. On his own side there was only the natural aversion to the repetition of a useless ceremony to overcome.

"Very well," he said, leading her to the middle of the room, where the clergyman stood. "I yield, since you so greatly desire it. But if is very surprising, Dulcie, that you should give way to the superstitious notion that our lives will be happier for it."

A few words of explanation enlightened the man of God as to what was expected of him. He fairly trembled with excitement. The events of that by-gone night had made a profound impression on his mind, and the eccentric repetition of the marriage service seemed a fitting sequel to them.

He hoped there is no diablerie in all this," he muttered, with a dubious shake of his hoary head, as he opened the book with which he had provided himself at the proper place.

A strange sensation stole over Philip Raynor as the first words fell from the aged minister's lips.

He felt like one suffocating—as if he must fling that tiny clinging hand from his clasp and rush out into the open air, where he could breathe more freely.

Toinette's lovely face was flushed with triumph.

Before the conclusion of the solemn exhortation with which the ceremony begins, there came the sound of heavy footsteps tramping through the house.

The door was flung open, as Major Villars entered unceremoniously, followed by Guy Mandeville.

The appearance of the two was at this critical juncture is easily explained.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE British record of foot-ball for 1889 shows the appalling number of eight deaths and five serious injuries.

EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLE.

Development from the First Rude "Wheel" Made by a French Nobleman.

The first rudimentary bicycle was mounted by Baron von Drais, a Frenchman, living in Germany, who early in this century, invented a combination of two wheels, a seat, and handles, which he called "celerifere," to aid him in his work of overseeing large estates. The old cuts of this odd machine, called after the inventor, the "Draisine," show it to be in its general features the direct forerunner of the hobby-horse. "Draisines" were introduced into England in 1818, and a year later were seen in America, on the streets of New York.

In both countries they met with great favor, and one historian relates that in New York "people rode them up and down the bowery, and on the parks, a favorite place for speed being the down grade from Chatham street to the City Hall Park." Clumsy machines they seem to our eyes says the *St. Nicholas*—two heavy wheels connected by a cross-bar, to which was attached midway the cushioned seat for the rider. In front of the seat was a raised cushion, upon which, handles in hand, the rider rested his forearms, guiding the machine. He propelled it by pushing alternately with his feet on the ground until the speed was sufficient to maintain an equilibrium, when he would raise his feet and in the words of a rider to-day, "coast."

The rage for these "Draisines," and "pedestrian curricles," or "dand-horses" and "hobby-horses," as the latter "improved" machines were called, subsided rapidly because of the difficulty of making them practically useful, and because of the ridicule always excited by the riders.

This curious sport of riding two wheels, joined, and running in the same perpendicular plane, therefore languished in obscurity until after a lapse of more than forty years it again attracted public attention in a new form. It was in 1865 that a French mechanic, Pierre Lallement, conceived the notion of attaching foot-cranks to the front wheel of the old-fashioned hobby-horse. He made a machine embodying this idea, learned to ride it, and exhibited it at the Paris exposition in 1867.

The credit for this invention is also claimed in England for Edward Gilman, but be the honor due Frenchman or Englishman, here, at all events, was the immediate inventor of the bicycle. It immediately became popular if England and America. A great many changes were necessary, of course, before the crude machine Lallemant—the "velocipede" of thirty years ago—became the finished bicycle of to-day; but energetic business men in England, and later in this country, saw the possibilities and began the manufacture of the machines.

Improvement has followed improvement, until there is little resemblance left to the old velocipede, or "bone-shaker," as it was flippantly called, and it is difficult to imagine in what way a modern bicycle may be improved.

NOW THAT they are making billiard balls, knife handles and such things out of milk, we may safely feel encouraged to hope that they will soon be making cane heads at and proper for our nice young men to suck.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FITCHBURG, Mass., Aug. 3.—A barn on the city farm was burned during the morning and Frank Miller, head farmer, was burned to death while trying to save the horses and cattle.

BAR HARBOR, Me., Aug. 3.—Secretary Blaine is showing much improvement in health. He takes long walks and drives and is rapidly gaining strength. He seldom visits the village.

LONDON, Aug. 3.—The little American boat Sea Serpent, which is racing across the Atlantic against the Mermaid from Boston, was passed yesterday about 50 miles from the Scilly Isles.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 3.—James Harvey Ransom, a retired New York dry-goods merchant, died suddenly at his summer cottage here last night of apoplexy, aged 65. He made his home at the Gilsey House while in New York.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 1.—Callhan and McKeough, the newly signed battery of the Buffalo Baseball Club, have been released by Manager Powers. The two men will go to Syracuse by agreement to help that city out of its recent trouble.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 3.—Barbara Keil, aged 8 years, was killed at Olis, a suburban station of this city, by a Central train during the morning. The child was trying to escape from one train and ran in front of another, which cut her in two.

BOSTON, Aug. 3.—Joseph, Annie and Fred Willard, aged respectively 18, 13 and 11 years, living at No. 307 Federal street, were poisoned yesterday by eating canned salmon. They were taken to the hospital, where their condition is pronounced serious.

CONCORD, N. H., Aug. 1.—The injunction of the Boston & Maine Railroad against the Concord & Montreal Railroad Company, to restrain the latter from extending its line to Henpike from North Weare, has been made permanent by the Supreme Court, full bench.

BOSTON, Aug 1.—As the result of a quarrel at the dinner table between George Katchner and his wife, Barbara, the latter stabbed her husband in the back with a carving knife, inflicting a probably fatal wound. The woman is under arrest. She is 51 years old.

SUSQUEHANNA, Pa., Aug. 1.—The grand jury of Susquehanna County, sitting at Montrose, found eight true bills against Daniel Summers and Tracey Hayden of the defunct bank of Summers & Hayden of New Milford. Charges of embezzlement were made against them by eight depositors.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 1.—The first account of Lawyer William M. Smith, assignee of the Bank of America, has been filed in the Prothonotary's office, and possesses the unique incident of showing a yield of 10 per cent. to the depositors out of a concern which, when it suspended, was believed to be a total wreck.

BOSTON, Aug. 3.—It is now more than two weeks since the murder of Christie Warden at Hanover, N. H., and the assiduous labor of the most skillful detectives has been altogether in vain. Had Frank C. Almy, the murderer, flown from the scene on wings he could not have baffled his pursuers more effectually.

BOSTON, Aug. 1.—Lieut.-Gov. Hailes says that in no event will he permit himself to be either actively or passively a candidate for Governor. Mr. Hailes has twice before announced this determination but as there seemed to be a feeling among the Republicans that he would accept, if nominated, he has issued the above ultimatum.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—An order will be sent to West Point soon for the corps of cadets at the U. S. Military Academy to participate in the ceremonies attending the approaching dedication of the new battle monument at Bennington, Vt. The cadets are to act as an escort for the President.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—It was stated at the City Hall to-day that if Kings County presents the name of Mayor Chapin to the Democratic State convention that Tammany Hall will name Mayor Grant and throw Roswell P. Flower overboard. It was said that Tammany Hall could control votes enough to place Grant in nomination.

CAPE MAY, N. J., Aug. 3.—President Harrison and Postmaster-General Wanamaker attended services yesterday at the old Brick Church, Cold Spring, where the Rev. W. E. Stewart, of Allegheny City, preached. Bishop Scarborough, diocese of New Jersey, took supper with President Harrison. Russel B. Harrison and George W. Boyd dined with Congressman Reyburn.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 1.—Mr. Frank H. Goodyear, of this city, has added to his already large possessions in the Sinnemahoning Valley, in Northwestern Pennsylvania, by the purchase of a block of 5,000 acres. The price paid was about $150,000. The property will be developed for lumber purposes. The former owner was A. E. Canfield of Williamsport, Pa.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Aug. 3.—The rumor is being persistently circulated that President Clark, of the New York & New Haven Railroad, will resign on his return from Europe. The story is that a large number of the more conservative stockholders are not satisfied with Mr. Clark's financial management, or the dividends of 10 per cent. which they are receiving under his regime.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 3.—Paul Latuski, a little boy of 8 years, was drowned in the Mississippi River in this city last night. It is claimed that Frank Ratinsky, aged 13, pulled the boy into the river and held him under water until he was drowned, and Ratinsky has been arrested. He declares that the Latuski boy was intoxicated, and claims that he was trying to teach the little fellow how to swim.

BRADFORD, Pa., Aug. 3.—A special from Jamestown says James Gormerly, agent for the High Explosive Company, of Bradford, was drowned in Chautauqua Lake between Lakewood and Greenhurst. Gormerly was out boatriding with a lady. The boat overturned. While the lady clung to the boat, Gormerly endeavored to swim ashore for assistance, but went down. The lady was rescued.

The McLaughlin Murder.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—The police think they have a further clue to the murder of William McLaughlin, who was shot in front of 416 East Eighty-ninth street Saturday night, and are now looking for George Hallisey, son of William Hallisey, who is now under arrest. It is alleged that McLaughlin while in Hallisey's house offended the latter's youngest daughter and was taken to task for it by George Hallisey, whose disappearance leads to the suspicion that he did the shooting.

Disappointed by the Prince.

LONDON, Aug. 3.—Disappointment reigns in Carlsbad to-day over the announcement that the Prince of Wales will not go there about the middle of August, as announced, but will take his pleasure at Homburg. The statement that he would go to Carlsbad has already caused a rise of fifty per cent. in prices there, and half of the upper aristocracy of London, intending a continental vacation, had engaged rooms there. Now they lose the Prince after all.

A Girl Arrested as a Hotel Thief.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Aug. 3.—Guests at nearly all the principal summer hotels at Niagara Falls have been missing valuables lately. Yesterday Chief of Police Denau, of the Falls, arrested Jennie McElroy, a handsome and stylishly dressed young lady, on the charge of being the thief. Articles were found that she had taken from the International Hotel, Porter and Hotel Atlantique. She acknowledged her guilt, and was sent to jail here for two months.

Mr. Blaine's Niece Injured.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—Miss Maggie Blaine, a niece of Secretary Blaine, was seriously injured last evening by jumping from a carriage while the horse attached to it was beyond the control of the driver. Miss Blaine in her fall struck head foremost on the pavement, causing concussion of the brain. The young lady was badly cut about the head, but the physicians think the injuries will not prove fatal.

DREW TWO PENSIONS.

She Was a Widow of an 1812 Veteran and Also a Dependent Mother.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., Aug. 3.—Mrs. Mary Hastenstine, an aged widow of a veteran of the war of 1812, and mother of a soldier for the Union, has become involved in a novel legal tangle through drawing two different pensions from the government at the same time. For over half a century she has been receiving a liberal pension as the widow of John Hastenstine, who served in the war of 1812, and in addition, since 1879, she has been steadily drawing a second pension as the dependent mother of Eli Hastenstine, who fought in the suppression of the rebellion.

United States pension officials have been here looking up the facts in the case. Mrs. Hastenstine herself admits them. She claims, in defense, that persons whom she trusted informed her prior to 1879 that she was entitled to two pensions, and that she followed their suggestions. The pension officials, wishing to deal leniently, have requested that she refund to the Treasury about $2,000 surplusage within three weeks, otherwise the case will be placed in the hands of a United States marshal for prosecution.

CAMERON AND QUAY.

The Pennsylvania Senators Meet and Discuss the Political Situation.

MOUNT JOY, Pa., Aug. 3.—Senators Cameron and Quay spent Saturday night and Sunday very quietly at Donegal, where Senator Cameron owns 800 acres of as productive land as can be found. It is the same old farm house made famous by the many important conferences held there when old Simon Cameron took such a prominent part in Pennsylvania politics.

The distinguished gentlemen had a number of calls during the day from political and business acquaintances, but, with all, they were able to enjoy a quiet and restful time. Both, while exceedingly pleasant, refused to tell just what they were doing, but Quay admitted that they had been talking of Pennsylvania politics. He was asked in reference to the report that Thomas Dolan was to succeed Dudley as treasurer. "I do what the members of the committee intend to do," replied the Senator, "I have not the slightest idea. I do not know of any such arrangement, but nevertheless it may be true."

Mr. Quay was also asked regarding the proposed resignation of Chairman Andrews and the selection of his successor, but he claimed to know nothing of the organization of the committee.

Every one who called at the house asked the Senator about that Washington dream, of which he talked in Philadelphia last week. He then said that he dreamed that "Blaine was coming." This remark, taken in connection with the now well known preference of the Senator for the Maine man, was a theme on which every one took occasion to speak. The Senator smiled pleasantly as he simply remarked: "Funny dream, wasn't it?"

Senator Cameron refused so talk of his conference with Quay, but from one of the Lancaster politicians, who dropped in and out during the day, it was learned that the two men are in perfect accord in regard to a Presidential candidate; that they are both for the same man. It was also learned that Quay and Cameron have arranged for another conference in Washington some time about Sept. 1.

Senator Quay left for his home in Beaver early this forenoon.

TROY, N. Y., Aug. 1.—Chairman Murphy has sent out a notice calling a meeting of the Democratic State Committee at the Hoffman House, New York, for Wednesday August 12.

THE VETERANS MEET

Annual Encampment of the Grand Army at Detroit.

PROGRAMME FOR THE WEEK.

Wednesday Evening There Will be a Grand Naval and Pyrotechnic Display—Reunion of the Famous Third Light Brigade—The Contest for Commander-in-Chief and Next Meeting Place.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 3.—The parade of the veterans to-morrow promises to be the grandest display ever made by the Grand Army. In numbers and equipments it is expected to go beyond any that have been held in other years. The Illinois veterans have been assigned the right of the line, and will follow the commander-in-chief and staff. The programme of the encampment is as follows:

Reception of guests to-day.

Tuesday—Parades of G. A. R. naval veterans and Sons of Veterans at 10:30 a. m.; at 8 p. m., reception and greeting to Commander-in-Chief Veazey and members of the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans and Women's Relief Corps at the Detroit Rink; 9 p. m., reception at Camp Sherman to the commander-in-chief and veterans of the G. A. R.

Wednesday—10:30 a. m. twenty-fifth annual session of the National Encampment, G. A. R., at Beecher's Hall; ninth annual convention of the Women's Relief Corps at the Church of Our Father. In the evening there will be a grand naval and pyrotechnic displays. There will also be camp fires at the rink, at the exposition building and at the Central Methodist Episcopal Church.

Thursday.—10 a. m., adjournment session of the twenty-fifth annual encampment at the rink. In the evening there will be a banquet at the rink to the officers and delegates to the National Encampment. There will be camp fires at Camp Sherman and at the churches.

Friday.—Riding about the city, excursions to various river and lake resorts, etc., at will.

The survivors of the famous Third Light Brigade of the First Division of the Fifth Army Corps will hold a reunion on Wednesday with the Sixteenth Michigan volunteers. This was Gen. Butterfield's brigade, which had the honor to be detailed to receive the surrender of Gen. Lee's army at Appomattox. The national convention of the ex-prisoners of war will be held on Aug. 5 in the common council chamber, and the National Association of Naval Veterans will hold their convention in the court house on Wednesday. On the same day there will be a reunion of army and navy musicians who served during the war. All who were in brigade or regimental bands and those who served as buglers, fifers or drummers, whether they have made music a profession since the war or not, are invited to attend.

Two Interesting Contests.

The features of this and every other encampment are the election of a commander-in-chief and the selection of a place for the next meeting. The latter is, however, settled beyond much doubt, the boys from the Potomac Department at Washington having ridden roughshod over all opposition and conquered for the national city. The choice of commander-in-chief is not so surely settled. Weisert, of Wisconsin, and Hedges, the New Yorker, are running a close race.

WORLD'S FAIR ATTRACTION.

An Exact Reproduction of the Old Convent Where Columbus Stopped.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—The Committee on Foreign Exhibits of the World's Columbian Exposition have recommended the erection at Jackson Park, Chicago, of an exact reproduction of the old Convent of La Rabida, Palos, Spain.

It will be remembered that this convent is more closely associated with the life of Columbus than any other building in the world. It was here that he applied for bread and water for his child, and it was here that he was furnished shelter for two years while he was developing his theory of a western passage to the Indies; and it was here that he lived while preparing for the voyage, and in the little chapel attached to the convent he attended mass on the morning he sailed. Here, too, he sought refuge again upon his return from the discovery, and here he always found a comfortable and hospitable refuge in the days of his trouble and anxiety.

It is proposed that the reproduction exact. It will be of the same dimensions, of similar material, and wherever there is a blemish or a broken tile in the original they will be reproduced. The work will be done under the direction of Mr. Franklin W. Smith, a wealthy and enthusiastic amateur architect, who lives in the Moorish villa "Zorayda," at St. Augustine, Fla., during the winter, and in the Pompeiian villa at Saratoga during the summer.

Mr. Smith has had more experience in the reproduction of ancient architecture than any other man, and tenders his services without cost to the Exposition.

Honored With a Reception.

RONDOUT, N. Y., Aug. 1.—Samuel T. Hull, grand chancellor elect of the Knights of Pythias, was shown with a reception on his return from the Cortland convention last night. He was met at the depot by the uniformed lodges of the city, with bands of music, and escorted to his hotel, where he was serenaded.

Colliery Fire Put Out.

GIRARDVILLE, Pa., Aug. 1.—The fire which has been burning in the Lehigh Company's packer No. 5 colliery, at Lost Creek, has been put out and repairs are now being made to the mine.

Pulp Mill Burned.

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y., Aug. 1.—The three story pulp mill of the Glens Falls Company, at Ticonderoga, was burned at noon. Loss, $50,000; insured.

MARKET PRICES.

Latest New York Quotations—Cattle Market.

BUTTER.—State Dairy, n. f., fancy	18
State Dairy, fr., good to choice lb	17
Western Firm, choice, per lb	14
Western Dairy, good, per lb	13
Imitation Creamery, fancy, per lb	15
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	13
BEANS AND PEAS.—Beans, Mar., choice	2.45
Beans, medium, choice	2.35
Beans, Red Kidney, choice	2.75
Beans, choice, Pea	2.30
Beans, foreign, marrow, new	2.45
Green Peas, bbls, per bushel	1.17½
Beans, Lima, California, per 60 lbs	2.60
CHEESE.—State Factory, fancy	8¾
State Factory, full cream, choice, lb	8¾
State Factory, part skim, per lb	5¾
State Factory, full Skims, per lb	3
DRIED FRUITS.—Apples, evaporat'd	10
Apricots, California, per lb	12
Raspberries, evaporated, per lb	18
Raspberries, sun-dried, per lb	16
Cherries, per lb	11
Blackberries, per lb	4
Peanuts, fancy, per lb	4½
Pecans, per lb	10½
EGGS.—Eastern, new laid, choice, doz	18
Western, choice, per doz	16½
Southwestern, choice, per doz	16½
FRUITS.—Apples, No. Carolina, per bbl	2.25
Apples, Sorrel, per bbl	2.00
Apples, Del. & Md., int'r, per crate	80
Apples, D. & Md. choice, green, per crate	75
Apples, Del.,