Andover News.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 12, 1891.

FRED AND FANNY.

BY ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

"Fred's handsome face in sullen mood,
Sir Reynard too on feather,
Sat reading while his headache throbs
Made much of last night's bender.
Quoth he, "There's nothing fit to read;
How poor the press is growing!
The day's no better, not a ray
Of light or brightness showing."

Fanny, who at the window sat,
Her face serenely smiling,
Looked out upon the church folks
In innocent beguiling.
"Fie, Freddie, fie! How cross, how weak!"
Her sweet eyes bent upon him.
"Nothing bright, you say? Look, dear,
Do look, at Miss E——'s bonnet!"

WILLIAMSBURG, Ohio.

Philip Raynor's Bride;

OR

MAJOR VILLARS' FATAL MISTAKE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XXXII. (Continued).

Toinette had been missing two whole days from Bonnyview Hall, it must be borne in mind. At first no apprehensions were felt; she had fallen into the habit of absenting herself so frequently. But when twenty-four hours elapsed without bringing her back, or any message to reassure her guardian, the latter grew thoroughly frightened.

"The jade has taken French leave again," he exclaimed, gnawing viciously at his under lip. "She has been given too much liberty of late—all because of your cursed lunacy, Guy. Now you see what has come of it."

The younger villain was more alarmed than his confederate. Dulcie's disappearance had given a different aspect to affairs.

"If the girl had destroyed herself, Philip Raynor was free to woo another wife."

Had Toinette gone to her old lover for protection? Too late he cursed his own folly for not having watched her more carefully.

"She has been so quiet and submissive of late, I never dreamed of her giving us the slip like this," he muttered.

He rode straight to Highlands, leaving his horse in a thicket outside the gate. It was no part of his plan to present himself abruptly to the master of the house. It was of the first importance to fully understand the grounds.

Should Philip be ignorant of Toinette's second flight, he had no desire to enlighten him.

Seeing the gardener at work trimming the rose bushes, Guy crawled through the hedge and accosted him.

It was at this very moment Toinette left Philip sitting on the rustic bench, after that unsatisfactory ramble in the grounds. Guy caught a glimpse of her through the shrubbery as she moved with a rapid, nervous step toward the house.

"Who is that?" he demanded, his heart giving a sudden, wild bound.

"My dear mistress," the old man answered.

"Do you mean Mrs. Raynor?" staring after the receding figure. "I thought she was dead—drowned in the river."

"So did we all, sir. But it was a mistake. She went away secretly—to New York. Mr. Raynor brought her home again last night. It was like welcoming one from the grave."

"I could have sworn it was Toinette," Guy muttered. Then he remembered how strikingly the two girls resembled each other, and turned away, more at ease in his own mind.

He felt secretly rejoiced that Dulcie was alive and had returned to her husband's house.

"When Toinette learns this, she will see the folly of holding out," he told himself, with a sinister smile.

The remainder of the day was spent in seeking elsewhere tidings of the woman he loved. He little dreamed how near he had been to success.

But luck is often on the side of the undeserving. The next morning Guy again took the road in quest of the fugitive, and by some happy chance fell in with the servant and the clergyman, at that moment on their way to Highlands.

Both men were known to him by sight, and his curiosity was so profoundly aroused he at once began to question the unsuspecting servant.

"My pretty young mistress must have some strange project in her head," the fellow declared. "She gave me a gold piece, and charged me to bring the domnie in hot haste, and only this one would do. And I was not to lisp a word to anybody in the house."

A wild suspicion flashed upon Guy's mind with startling suddenness. Everything grew dark before his eyes, and the dull face of the stupid servant seemed floating away in that darkness.

Quickly recovering himself, he stuck his spurs deep into his horse's sides, and dashed like the wind down the hill, in the direction of Bonnyview Hall.

"It was Toinette! She is daring and desperate enough for anything. She believes Dulcie is dead, and has taken her place and deceived them all—Raynor himself, it may be. Fool! why did I not suspect the truth at once?"

The clergyman could only have been summoned for one purpose. Major Villars, as Toinette's guardian, would have power to act. He must be gotten to Highlands in time to assert his authority.

Fortunately he was just mounting his horse when Guy reached the hall. Calling on the astonished man to follow, Guy turned quickly back, waiting until they were on the road before explaining his startling fears and surmises.

"The cunning jade!" Major Villars hissed, furiously, breaking into a torrent of maledictions. "She must not marry that man, and make beggars of you and me, Guy!"

Urging on their horses with whip and spur, they rapidly continued to ride, neither speaking a word, or interrupted the ceremony, as we have seen, at the very outset.

Toinette replied as though an earthquake rolled under her feet at the sight of her guardian and Guy Mandeville striding into the room.

Then her lovely face whitened with a look of desperate resolution. Nothing was left her now but to take a firm stand and fight out the bitter battle to the end.

"I forbid the marriage! It cannot go on," Major Villars cried in a furious voice.

The clergyman dropped his book. Toinette fell back in her lover's arms, gasping hysterically.

"Save me, Philip! Don't listen to that wretch. Let the ceremony proceed."

He held her close in his firm, strong clasp, and said soothingly:

"Courage, darling. No one has the right to interfere. Besides, what does this matter whether this useless ceremony goes to the end or not? You are my wife, have been my wife for weeks."

The Major laughed mockingly. Philip's look and tone convinced him that the young man was thoroughly in earnest, and had been deceived.

"Why do you think that woman is?" he asked.

"Who is she?" Philip repeated, haughtily turning upon the speaker. "Dulcie—my wife."

"Then you are a blind, credulous fool. I can tell you better. The cunning jade who has imposed upon you so successfully, and meant to entrap you into marrying her, is Toinette Lynton, my runaway ward!"

"You lie!" cried Philip, fiercely.

But the floor seemed to rock under his feet; Major Villars' air of conviction had its effect. His slack arms dropped, and Toinette must have fallen, but for her clinging, desperate hold.

"Philip," she moaned, piteously, "if you fail me now, I am lost. What does your heart say to you? If I am not Dulcie, why am I here?"

It was the Major's mocking voice that replied:

"Because you believe Dulcie is dead, and have schemed to take her place and legalize your claim upon the bereaved husband by so shallow a trick; even a child might have seen through your little game."

Philip trembled as he grasped the full extent of his meaning. If this were so, how much would he explained that had sorely perplexed him! The girl's changed appearance, the persistency with which she had held aloof from him, her intense eagerness to have the marriage ceremony repeated.

But the look of appeal in those velvety eyes, the tumbled, golden head resting so confidingly upon his breast, the clinging, tremulous clasp of the helpless arms that encircled his neck, thrilled his heart, and awakened the determination to stand valiantly by the frail little creature, whether she deserved his championship or not.

There was a minute's silence; then he coldly demanded:

"Have you anything further to say Major Villars?"

"Only this, that the girl in your arms being my ward, and under age, is subject to my control, and must accompany me to Bonnyview Hall."

"You hear?" bending over his drooping burden. "Do you wish to go with this man?"

"No, no, no! I will die first!"

Philip turned calmly to the unwelcome intruders:

"You have received the poor child's answer. Is she shall be allowed to choose for herself. Be good enough to relieve us of your presence."

"Confusion!" uttered the Major and Guy in the same breath. "Do you credit the jade's story rather than ours?"

"It is of no consequence what I believe. My creed is to protect the defenseless."

"But I am willing to take my oath that the vixen is Toinette."

"She says not. Are you going?"

"When you have given up your ward—not before," blustered the Major, gnawing his lip like a wild beast.

"Can you prove that the girl is your ward?"

No, he could not. There was only his settled conviction, and the fact that she had reappeared at Highlands about the time Toinette was missed from Bonnyview Hall, with which to meet her obstinate denial.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PERPLEXED.

"I can take the girl by force."

"Don't attempt it," said Philip, quietly. "She is subject to my control, I tell you."

"My wife acknowledges no man's authority over her save my own."

Toinette breathed a long, sobbing sigh of relief, and clasped her arms more tightly around Philip's neck. If he kept his faith in her she would defy fate to do its worst.

Major Villars saw the gesture and sprang at them, making a hissing, hungry sound between his teeth.

"You girl, is this your wife, and you know it. Try any infernal game of bluff if you dare. Give up my ward, or I'll make you suffer for it."

The clergyman darted between them, white, trembling, and holding up his hands in horror.

"No violence, gentlemen, I beg of you."

Philip had already given a violent pull at the bell-rope. In a moment the room was filled with startled servants.

"Release Czar," he said to one of the men.

Czar was a fierce Siberian bloodhound. He was always kept chained. Fabulous stories of his ferocity had penetrated even to Bonnyview Hall.

Major Villars turned pale. The look in Philip's eyes told him what to expect if he lingered.

Uttering fearful maledictions, he turned and walked out of the room, followed by Guy. His last words were a threat to call the law to his aid.

When the place was well rid of the two ruffians, Philip led Toinette into a small parlor near by, where they could be alone, and placed her in a chair. But he continued silent so long, her guilty heart sickened again with fear.

"Philip," she sobbed, holding out her hands, "that wretch frightened me dreadfully. I am so glad you sent him away. He must be mad to persist in calling me his missing ward."

The perplexed man came no nearer, but folded his arms and gazed at her with sorrowful intensity.

"We are alone—you can tell me the truth. Are you Dulcie or Toinette?"

For a moment she quailed under that look, then summoned all her natural audacity to her aid.

"Philip, do you feel a lurking doubt?" she said, in a soft, reproachful tone. "It is not strange, now, that Major Villars is so persistent in his assertions."

"Swear that you are Dulcie, my wife!"

"I do swear it!"

He made a movement as if to clasp her in his arms, but fell back again, shuddering convulsively.

He felt compelled to believe. It seemed such a strange, horrible thing for her to lie there and swear to a falsehood—she that might eventually overwhelm her in ruin. But he had never sounded the depths of that passionate, undisciplined heart.

His own lay like a lump of ice in his breast. Some subtle instinct made him shrink from the beautiful girl—long to escape from her very presence.

Toinette must have read this in his looks, for she said wistfully, her voice thrilling with its pain and hopelessness:

"Is there nothing, Philip, to tell you I am the woman to whom you plighted your vows, and no impostor? What a sad fate—to be so doubted by him I love!"

The man's heart was touched.

"Forgive me, darling," he said, pressing his cold lips to her forehead. "I must seem hard and cruel to you, but I am very wretched. I will try to accept you as my wife."

As he knelt before her she rested her bright head upon his shoulder like a tired child.

"Philip," she whispered persuasively, "will you call the clergyman in and let the interrupted ceremony proceed?"

He started and shuddered.

"Why do you desire this if you are what you claim?"

"I have called it a caprice, and so it is. But oh, it means so much to me! You can't understand how I feel—that is impossible! Of course, the repetition of the ceremony will not make me more truly your wife, but I shall feel that it has, and that is enough. You know I am Dulcie—poor, miserable Dulcie! Because of the past and all I have suffered, I entreat you to consent!"

She looked so sweet, so sad, so winsome, her pretty childish face uplifted, her red lips twitching and quivering, her big blue eyes lustrous with unshed tears, the slender little hands clutching pathetically together. Philip's heart smote him, and all his doubts and fears suddenly gave way.

"I am a brute," he cried, remorsefully, holding her close for a moment. "Yes, darling, it shall be as you wish."

He kissed her with trembling lips, then strode away.

The clergyman was still in the house. Five minutes later Philip returned with him, bringing two of the servants for witnesses. Clasping Toinette's cold little hand, he led her before the man of God, and the solemn marriage service began.

This time it went on without interruption to the end.

There was only a slight pause when the wedding ring was wanted. Philip looked in vain for the valuable diamond he had placed on Dulcie's hand, and missed it for the first time.

There was a momentary pang of disappointment. It would have been so much more appropriate to use it again! But, as it was not available, he took a plain gold ring from his own finger and placed it on that of the trembling bride.

"I have complied with your wish, darling," he whispered, when all was over. "Now, smile and be happy again."

"Was it the strange expression of her face, or the exultant joy in her eyes that caused him to fall back and exclaim:

"My God! You have deceived me! You are not Dulcie, but Toinette!"

A chill of sickening terror shot through the impostor's heart at this sudden accusation. She made a frantic effort to speak, to utter a denial, but her lips moved mutely, and she sank into a chair.

Philip bent over her in a state of intense, terrible excitement. He touched her tangled curls and looked into her death-white face.

Cold white beads gathered thickly upon his forehead. The conviction had flashed upon his mind with appalling madness that he had been deceived, and in a moment it took full possession of him.

"Heaven pity me. This is terrible!" he cried, in a hoarse, shaken voice. "What is the truth? Oh, to doubt, when doubt stabs me to the heart!"

Just then a cold hand clutched his arm, and Mrs. Rusk panted close behind him.

"Master, master, what have you done? Married that girl after the warning you had just received? Oh, God, be merciful to us all! You will surely rue it!"

The housekeeper's own doubts of Toinette had deepened into conviction before Major Villars and Guy left the house. It had not entered her thoughts that Philip would wed the impostor after that. And now, while she was off guard for a moment the fatal deed had been done.

"God be merciful!" she cried again.

Philip wheeled around and looked at her, an awful whiteness creeping over his face.

"Why do you say that? What do you mean?"

"I've been watching the girl, and she isn't in the least like my sweet mistress. I can detect a difference if you do not. It's my belief, sir, that Major Villars' strange story is not without foundation."

"You, too?" Philip brushed his hand over his wet forehead. "What has led you to suspect her? Speak out!"

"I scarcely know. A thousand nameless little things."

Mrs. Rusk took a quick step toward the limp figure sunken in the deep arm chair and touched the slender finger on which the golden circlet, placed there but a few moments before, shone softly in the sunlight.

"Where is the pretty diamond ring Dulcie always wore? What has become of it, if this girl is really your runaway wife?"

Philip felt himself grow collapsed from head to foot. Evidence against the impostor was rapidly multiplying. His own heart told him she could not be Dulcie. He was half mad with doubt and perplexity.

The startled clergyman was summarily dismissed and restoratives applied. At length Toinette breathed a long, struggling sigh, and opened her eyes.

"Philip," she groaned, holding out her hands piteously, "love and trust me now, or I shall surely die."

He felt back beyond her reach, uttering a smothered cry of pain.

"My heart is with Dulcie, my only true wife, wherever she may be."

"I am Dulcie! Have I not sworn it? You are cruel, cruel, to distrust me after all that has passed."

"Where is the diamond ring I placed on Dulcie's finger at the old chapel?"

Toinette was not wholly unprepared for the question, for what Mrs. Rusk had said to her the morning subsequent to her arrival at Highlands.

"A safe left the ring in safe hands," she answered, forcing a pleading smile to her lips. "It was too valuable to be worn among strangers. Be patient, Philip. It will soon be restored to its place."

"Very well. When I see you wear it again I will acknowledge you as my wife."

With these words he abruptly left her.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

Toinette went back to her own room. Though partial success had crowned her efforts, her woman's heart was full of despairing bitterness.

"The old spell is broken," she told herself. "The passionate love Philip once felt for me has utterly died out, leaving only pity and contempt. Every tender thought is given to Dulcie, my dead rival. I hate her bitterly, even though she sleeps in a watery grave.

"Though miserable and dissatisfied, she felt secure in her position. If it came to the worst she would defy her guardian and Guy Mandeville to their faces. Now Philip had married her, he would not remain forever aloof, even though he learned for a certainty that she was Toinette.

"Ah," she murmured, a sudden light leaping into her eyes, "if I could only gain possession of that ring all would be well. But it is useless to expect such good fortune. Dulcie's body must never be recovered. However, if I have any tact or cunning, the lack of it shall not be a barrier between me and him I love. I shall personate Dulcie until satisfied there is nothing to be gained by it, then coolly acknowledge the truth and plead the strength of my hopeless passion in extenuation of my course."

She waited for Philip to show signs of relenting, but he persistently held himself aloof. Once or twice she caught a glimpse of him wandering dejectedly in the grounds, and even placed herself in the way; but he declined to take advantage of the opportunity and seek her society.

As the afternoon rolled on, she dressed herself with elaborate care. Dulcie's wardrobe had been well supplied by her adoring husband. The costume Toinette selected was an exquisite combination of pale blue silk and red lace. She wore fragrant blush roses at her belt and in her lovely golden hair, and her filmy flounces were caught up here and there by clusters of the same exquisite flowers.

The dinner bell rang. Toinette glanced anxiously into the mirror, and charming smiles wreathed her dewy lips as she beheld the girlish, dimpled face it reflected.

"I will bring him to my feet by the witching spell of my beauty," she said, and gathering up her gleaming robe, swept down the oak staircase to the grand old dining-room.

The servants looked at her curiously and were very obsequious, but she found no one at the long table glittering with cut glass and silver.

"Where is your master?" she inquired of one of the servants in attendance, after having waited several minutes for Philip to appear.

"I don't know, mum," was the reply. "You are to dine alone, please, mum."

"Did Mr. Raynor say so?"

"Yes, mum; that's the message he left."

"Go and inquire why he isn't coming."

Toinette swallowed a sob. She was bitterly disappointed. She had counted on the softening effect her beauty must surely produce.

"If you please, mum," said the servant, returning, "master has gone to the village and won't be back until evening."

Toinette pushed back her plate so abruptly as to overturn the cut-glass goblet near it. Had he left the house simply to avoid her?

"Let me know when Mr. Raynor returns," she said, rising from the table preparatory to returning to her own room.

Toinette looked as if she could have strangled me with them little hands, for all her innocent baby face," said the servant maid afterward, in describing the scene.

It was ten o'clock before Toinette received the message for which she waited. Descending to the drawing-room she sent for Philip to meet her there. The answer came back:

"Mr. Raynor begs to be excused. His head aches, and he has retired to his room."

Toinette's face grew dark with passion, but she was helpless. Philip must feel very distrustful, indeed, to carry the matter so far.

The next morning she lay in waiting for him as he left the smoking-room. Regardless of the servants passing along the hall, she glided forward and confronted him.

"Philip," she quavered, plaintively, "the unnatural life we are leading is almost insupportable. I am your wife—we live under the same roof, and yet are as strangers to each other."

He gazed at her curiously and intently, as if to read her very soul.

"It is no mystery why I shun you."

"Will nothing convince you that I am Dulcie, the wife for whom you feel such deep, remorseful love?"

"Bring me the ring I placed on my darling's finger and I will believe you."

Toinette uttered a hoarse, passionate cry.

"If I am not Dulcie, where is she?"

"Dead, I greatly fear," he answered, groaning heavily.

"Even in that case I should be your wife, bound to you by the ceremony of yesterday morning."

The miserable man turned upon her and said, with a sudden fierceness that frightened her:

"If I knew you were Toinette, and had laid a deliberate plot to deceive me, I should hate and despise you."

The next instant he had passed on. The startled impostor glanced after him, trembling in every limb.

"He never shall know," she said between her teeth. "There is no help for it now—I must keep up this difficult role to the bitter end.

"Philip must be won by gentleness and devotion.

"The unpleasant impression he had received would gradually wear away.

"He would forget his distrustful feelings after a while, and be willing to receive her as his wife.

"She had only to be patient and shuffle the cards."

She laid her plans with a cool deliberate skill worthy a better cause. A wonderful sweetness, that was forbearing without a tinge of servility, had been one of Dulcie's greatest charms.

Toinette did not possess this, but knew how to assume it. She would bring Philip to her feet—make him the complaisant husband.

The day wore on, and as it was slowly waning the desperate woman took a book and descended to the drawing-room.

Not to read—her thoughts were in a tumult that rendered close application impossible. All the windows were open to admit the evening breeze.

She hoped Philip would pass by and see her there, so assumed a graceful position on the velvet sofa.

Presently she heard the soft fall of footsteps almost like the patter of angel feet, and looked up with a startled cry at a girlish figure standing in the room through the low French window.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Dutchman's Trick.

While a Dutchman was passing through a city in Vermont, a Yankee came up to him and said: "Shon, if you treat me to cider, I will learn you a trick." Shon agreed. Yank then placed his hand against a fence and told him to strike it as hard as he could. Shon, not thinking that any harm could befall him by doing so, struck a blacksmith's blow, but instead of hitting Yank's hand, the latter jerking it away, poor Shon struck the fence board, knocking it off. "Mein Gott in Himmel!" cried Shon, "what makes you foolish? I knock my hand off clean up to the elbow! Oh, socker blitz! my poor frau, what will she say?" Poor Shon was bound to have revenge; so one day as he was passing through a field he espied a man. Going up to him he said: "Mynheer, I show you one little trick for nodding." As there was no fence or tree near, Shon put his hand against his mouth and said, "Strike yust as hard as you can." Mynheer struck, and Shon pulled away his hand and received the blow on his mouth, and was knocked down. Shon jumped up, his mouth bleeding, and commenced dancing with pain. "Shersualem! A tousand tuyfels take dis country! I goes back to Holland on de first train!"

Southern Granite.

Syenite granite, said to be equal to the famous granites of New England in fineness of grain as well as compressive strength, is found in immense deposits in the Fouche Mountains, near Little Rock, Ark. The development of these immense quarries, says the Little Rock *Press*, promises to become a great industry in the near future.

AN easy way to split a sheet of paper is to soak it thoroughly, and spread it out on a pane of glass. With careful handling the upper half can then be peeled off. The lower will stick to the glass until it becomes dry.

A FAMILY at Norristown, Pa., keeps forty-seven cats. Its name is carefully kept from the public, but it is undoubtedly well and unfavorably known to all the neighbors.

THE eternal fitness of things would be better exemplified and the equilibrium of society better maintained if our young men were a little more gritty and our strawberries a little less so.

Type-Writers' Eyes.

Almost every type-writer sooner or later has trouble with her eyes. The type-writing machine is supposed to save the eyes, but the effect is quite the contrary. The eyes are all the time in motion while writing, and the rapid jerking of the eye from one point to another on the little keyboard soon tires the muscles and makes the eyes and sometimes the whole head ache.

Then a great many girls have the habit of turning up the carriage to see what has been written, and leaning back in the chair while reading it. This too is bad, for the reason that it requires a rapid adjustment of the eye to the different distances, and so tires the whole organ.

The only way to save the eyes when using a type-writing machine is to acquire such facility that it is not necessary to look at the keyboard, and the eyes will be saved the thousands of little jerks to and fro which do so much harm.

"The Star-Spangled Banner."

In Lassing's "Pictorial Field Book of the war of 1812" it is recorded that the "Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung in a restaurant in Baltimore, next door to the Holiday Street Theater, by Charles Durang to an assemblage of the patriotic defenders of the city, and after that nightly at the theater.

This statement is slightly inaccurate, and, though it is one of no great historical importance, it involves a matter of sufficient interest to justify a correction, says a writer in Kate Field's *Washington*. The first person to sing that spirited song—which, though given a foreign air and commemorating a single episode in our country's history, has filled millions of American hearts with patriotic emotion—was a lad 19 years of age, the scene of his childish effort being neither a restaurant nor a theater, but the open street in front of Capt. Benjamin Edes' printing office in Baltimore, on the second day after the bombardment of Fort McHenry. It is worthy of record too, that the person who first "set up" the song, printed it, and distributed it to the citizens of Baltimore was also a boy—an apprentice of Capt. Edes—the whole thing being done while the gallant captain was still out of the city with his regiment, the Twenty-seventh Maryland infantry, which three days before had acted with conspicuous bravery at the battle of North Point.

The name of the apprentice boy, then 17 or 18 years old, was Samuel Sands. He lived a much respected citizen of Baltimore, to a very old age. This little singer was James Lawrenson, who together with a nearly seventy years was connected with the postoffice department, and was also employed for probably half that time as a writer for the *National Intelligencer*, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and the Baltimore *Sun*. He died last year, nearly 90 years old, at his home in Baltimore, universally loved and honored.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 8.—It is rumored here that James Mutrie has signed Barr, the pitcher of the Syracuse club, for the New Yorks. Barr is considered one of the best pitchers of the Eastern Association.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Charles Engeler, the insurance collector who was arrested charged with assaulting a number of young girls, has been held for trial. Bail was fixed at $12,000.

ROME, Aug. 8.—Mr. Duesing, a resident of St. Louis, who was a student at one of the ecclesiastical colleges in this city, has been drowned at Fortanzio, a village lying a short distance from Rome.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 8.—Mrs. Sarah Osborne, wife of Rev. Elbert P. Osborn and mother of Rev. William B. Osborn, the founder of Ocean Grove, died in her cottage at that place yesterday, aged 86 years.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Michael Dulto, a Hungarian saloon keeper at 224 Second street, was shot and fatally injured last night by Policeman John Foster while resisting arrest for violating the excise laws.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—Isaac Van Wart, grandson of Isaac Van Wart of Revolutionary fame as one of the captors of Major John Andre, the British spy, died on his farm at Westchester, N. Y., aged 71 years.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 8.—John McManus, the Philadelphia murderer, was resptited by the Governor until Oct. 29, to give him a chance to go before the Board of Pardons. The date for McManus' execution was the 29th of this month.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—News comes from England to the effect that Miss Mary Anderson, or Mrs. de Navarro, is writing a book recording her own early experiences in the theatrical world. It is said that an English publisher made her a very tempting offer.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 10.—Fire last evening damaged the Continental brewery $3,500. During the progress of the fire Frank Harkins was overcome by the fumes of ammonia and fell down stairs, causing concussion of the brain. His condition is serious.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 8.—Adelbert Geohan, awaiting at Fergus Falls the day of his execution for the murder of Ross Bray, has made a statement that his brother, Anderson Geohan, did the killing and that he saw it. Andersen Geohan has been arrested.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—Abner Koehler, proprietor of a bakery establishment in this city, committed suicide early in the morning by hanging himself in his stable with a piece of clothes line. He was 70 years old. Business embarrassments are believed to have led to his rash act.

CHICAGO, Aug. 8.—The packers in the stockyards, outside of Morris, Armour and Swift, have obtained an option on lands at Hickney, and threaten to move unless the Stock Yards Company of Chicago give them some of the benefits of the concessions granted to the Big Three.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Aug. 8.—Thomas Long and John Estus, the two men who fought a duel in the northern part of this county on election day, died of their wounds within two hours of each other. They were buried yesterday in the same graveyard and at the same hour.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Aug. 8.—A pigeon match at Hollywood took place between J. Edgar Murphy of New York and Philip Daly, jr., of Long Branch. Murphy won the match, killing 94 birds to Daly's 73. The boundary was 21 yards and rise 28. There was a very large attendance.

BOSTON, Aug. 8.—The condition of Hon. James Russell Lowell, who has been confined to his house for the last three weeks, is unchanged. His trouble appears to be seated in the liver, though the doctor attending him gives it no name. His condition is regarded as serious.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—Dr. Guzman, the chairman of the Board of Exposition Commissioners for the republic of Guatemala, proposes to send to Chicago a group of natives of that country to ply their various vocations in the building on the Exposition grounds, and sell the various articles of native manufacture there.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Aug. 10.—John Duvall, whose mind had become unbalanced by the supposition that he was about to lose his property, committed suicide by taking strychnine. He told his two sisters, with whom he lived, that he had taken the deadly drug. Everything was done to save him, but he died in great agony.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 8.—United States Commissioner Hirschbeck decided in the case of the smuggled Chinamen, Wo Sing Lee and Jew Fan, that they must be conducted to the Collector of the port of San Francisco and by him sent to the Empire of China. There are five other Chinamen in custody charged with unlawful entry.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—Norman Campbell, aged 58, a broker having an office in the Consolidated Exchange and Petroleum Exchange in this city, committed suicide in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, last evening, by shooting himself in the head. He had become despondent over business troubles. He had but fifteen cents in his pockets.

MAY'S LANDING, N. J., Aug. 10.—Warren Wilson, aged ten years, of this place, had a thrilling encounter with a mammoth pine snake, which measured 8 feet and 3 inches in length, yesterday. The snake coiled itself around the lad's limbs, and he had to struggle with the reptile several minutes before he could free himself.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 10.—A sudden gust of wind came up at a late hour last night and startled the community, slammed doors, knocked out screens, smashed windows, blew gates off their hinges, snapped branches of trees and in the city was very cyclonic. Tugs saved several people from drowning who had been capsized in small boats.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 10.—William Quinn, a builder from Utica, was run over and killed by a New York Central freight train last evening at the Iron Pier, one of the pleasure resorts on Onondaga Lake. He had boarded the train at East Syracuse, where he had been putting up a building for the railroad company, and in jumping off at the pier his coat got caught and he was thrown under the cars. His body was frightfully mangled.

Excitement in Corona.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—The effigy of William F. O'Neill, which hung over the street at Corona, L. I., has been taken down by the chief of the fire department. Late last night Corona was in expectation of another fight before morning. There is talk of putting up effigies of both Orsells and the woman they brought there. All the constables and deputy sheriff of Newtown are in Corona, to preserve the peace.

Accidentally Shot and Killed.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Aug. 10.—Thomas Tulley, of Pope's Mills, was accidentally shot and killed by Amasa Thornton, a camper on an island in Black Lake, St. Lawrence County. Tulley was employed as a guide and helper. The men were out on the lake taking photographic views, and had with them a Winchester rifle, which was accidentally discharged, the ball passing through Tulley's head, killing him instantly.

Tried to Swindle Ex-Senator Fair.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 8.—Bayard Saville was arrested yesterday on complaint of ex-Senator James G. Fair, charged with obtaining money under false pretences. He presented a letter of introduction purporting to be from ex-Senator Bayard of Wilmington, Del., and induced Senator Fair to indorse a draft of $500. It now transpires that the letter was a forgery and that Saville had no money in the bank. He claims to have studied law with Secretary Bayard.

Cleveland Democracy Manifesto.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 8.—The committee of 15 recently appointed by the Cleveland Democracy to define a course of action to be pursued with regard to the rules adopted by their fellow Democrats, have issued a manifesto to the Democratic electors of this city urging the overthrow of bossism as expressed in the obnoxious rules and to oppose them until their abrogation. Briefly the Cleveland Democracy will knife all candidates nominated under the rules.

Trampled to Death by a Horse.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 10.—John Unack, aged 40, a teamster, employed by the People's Gas Light Company, and his four-year-old son Thomas, were trampled to death by a vicious horse in the company's stables in the morning. Uniack had gone with his little boy to feed the horse, which, for some unaccountable reason, attacked him and the boy, and before assistance could arrive both had been thrown and their heads crushed to a jelly.

A General Strike Expected.

TOPEKA, Kan., Aug. 10.—The grievance committee of the striking Santa Fe boilermakers was closeted during the day with General Manager Robinson, but no adjournment was taken without any compromise being effected. Neither side is willing to make known its intentions, but the indications point to a general strike of the 3,000 employees of the Santa Fe shops. General Manager Robinson does not seem inclined to make any concession whatever to the strikers, who have the sympathy of all the other employees.

Robbery and Murder Suspected.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Aug. 8.—Coroner Rice, of Ulster County, is trying to clear up the mystery surrounding the finding in the river of the body of a woman about 55 years old, well dressed and denoting comfortable circumstances in life. There was nothing on the body to show the woman's identity. An autopsy was held which showed that the woman was dead before she touched the water, and it is suspected that she was robbed and murdered on one of the night boats and her body thrown into the river.

Fight With Desperadoes.

CARLYLE, Ill., Aug. 10.—In a free-for-all fight here last night between Thomas M. Laren and Tony Kleber, two local toughs, and City Marshal Rinesmith, assisted by several citizens, who were trying to arrest them, Kleber hit Anthony Huber on the head with a rock, fracturing his skull. He then turned and struck A. E. Ford on the back of the head, cutting him badly. J. Daly was accidentally shot by the marshal, but his wound is not serious. A reward has been offered for the two desperadoes, who subsequently made their escape.

EDITOR CROASDALE DEAD.

He Was Chairman of the National Committee of the Single Tax League.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—William T. Croasdale, the editor of the Standard and chairman of the National Committee of the Single Tax League, died last evening at Merriwold, Sullivan county, N. Y., of peritonitis, after an illness of eight days.

Mr. Croasdale was 43 years old and a bachelor. He was a native of Delaware and a member of the Delaware Society. He was the founder of Every Evening, a daily paper in Wilmington. For a time he conducted a daily paper in Baltimore and afterwards was an editorial writer on the New York Star.

In 1886 he took an interest in the mayoralty campaign of New York in behalf of Henry George and ever since that time he has been an active, and, for most of the time, a prominent representative of the Single Tax, or Henry George movement.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE

The Economite Society Becoming Spiritualists.

CONVERTED BY MRS. EMMERTS

She Hails from New York and Professes to Be Wealthy.

Several of the Members Greatly Excited—Many of the Conservatives Frightened—They Say the Woman Has Designs on the Society's Wealth—Trustee Duss Explains His Newly-Formed Ideas.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 10.—The Economite Society has been greatly excited for several weeks over the advent of Mrs Francesca B. Emmerts, a spiritualists' medium and the expounder of peculiar scientific principles. The fact that her views have been accepted by Trustee Duss, who has been selected as the future head of the society, and seemingly silently approved by Father Henrici himself, has added terror to the astonishment of the conservatives and created a fear among some of them that their religious doctrine, so firmly upheld for nearly a century, may now be modified by an unheard of stranger.

Mrs. Emmerts is about 40 years of age and claims to be a great traveler. She professes to be wealthy, and is credited with sincerity in her belief. She says her home is in New York. She left Economy on Friday, but is expected to return in a few days. Trustee Duss has fully accepted her views. Speaking of them he said:

"We are told that God is everywhere. We are also told that the earth is round and that we live on the outside. Now imagine a god who can fill all this illimitable space. The idea is absurd. We know that the earth is round; that has been conclusively proven; but it has not been proven that we live on the outside by any means.

"The fact is that the earth is a hollow ball and we live on the inside. Computing scientifically the crust is 100 miles in thickness. On the top or outside part we find the different formations all mixed up, but on going deeper everything is in exact layers. The sun is in the centre. Lines of force are continually rushing from the earth to the centre. They fuse there and form our sun, which has a dark side. Lines rush back and are met by other forces and the meeting of these form our stars, just on the same principle as electric light is caused. Each one of us has his own particular star. There are no planets, as the old system tells us, simply these points of light. We have proof in the Testament for this belief in a particular star for each of us. Did not Christ have His star? We can also prove from the Bible that we live within the earth and not on the outside."

Continuing, Mr. Duss indicated his belief that spirits sometimes return to earth and converse with friends left behind. The few members of the society who have not accepted the views of Mrs. Emmerts openly declare that she is an imposter, and that she has designs on the society's wealth, which is very great.

Owing to the vow of celibacy taken some years after settling at Economy there are now no children there. Little old men in light blue jackets, or women clad in Norman cap and striped gown, may be found in the streets, but that is all.

PLOT TO SINK IRONCLADS.

Discovery of a Conspiracy to Destroy Two Chilian Vessels.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—Startling information is in possession of the Chilian Legation in reference to a conspiracy to destroy the two Chilian ironclads, Presidente Pinto and Errazuriz.

It appears that the sum of $3,000 was offered to an English maritime officer, in the service of the Chilian government, if he would undertake to blow up the Errazuriz. He refused the offer with indignation.

While the vessel was in the harbor of Lisbon suspicious boats were seen approaching on several occasions at night, but the careful lookout on the vessel kept them at bay. There was probably a purpose to explode the vessel at Lisbon.

While the Presidente Pinto was at Toulon a party of men attempted to join the crew. They looked so unlike ordinary sailors, two of them being unable to conceal their effeminate of manner, that suspicion was aroused, and the commander concluded to reject them, although in need of men. Proof afterward came to his knowledge that these men had been engaged to sink the ship.

There is also reason to believe that the running aground at Toulon was owing to treachery. The commander was so convinced of this that he sent a report to that effect to Paris.

The Errazuriz is already safe at sea, and it is understood that the Pinto will soon be in a position to follow, and that their arrival in Chili will put an end to the revolution.

GEN. PALMER'S RECEPTION.

The Grand Army Chief to be Welcomed Home by Gov. Hill.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 8.—The joint committee of arrangements of the Grand Army posts in this vicinity completed a programme for the reception of Commander-in-Chief Gen. Palmer on his arrival Monday. The commanders of the several posts will meet Mr. Palmer at Schenectady. All the posts in this vicinity will be in line and the citizens will be invited to join.

Cannon will be fired, fireworks discharged and colored fires burned. The reception will take place in Blecker Hall.

Governor Hill will welcome Commander Palmer on behalf of the State, Mayor Manning on behalf of the city and Past Commander William Black of Post 5, on behalf of the Grand Army. It will be a grand event.

MARKET PRICES.

Latest New York Quotations—Cattle Market.

BUTTER.—State Dairy, w. f., fancy	18
State Dairy, f. good to choice, lb	17
Western Dairy, choice, per lb	14½
Western Dairy, good, per lb	13
Imitation Creamery, fancy, per lb	15
Imitation Creamery, good to choice, lb	13
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	2.45