Andover News.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 19, 1891.

THE World's Fair will be a thing of beauty, even after dark, according to the plans devised by Electrician Barrett.

A GOOD many American ladies are not going to Europe this season. The novelty of smuggling things home is worn off, and there is no longer any fun in it and therefore nothing to go for.

Anecdote of Washington's Biographer.

An interesting character in American history is the Rev. Mason L. Weems, pastor of Pochick Church, and biographer of George Washington. He was something of a romancer, says the Washington Post, and to his powers of invention we owe some very interesting stories of the childhood of the Father of his Country. The most familiar and celebrated of these anecdotes is the one which tells how little George hacked his father's favorite cherry tree, and when taken to task about it nobly replied: "Can't tell a lie, pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet."

At one time Mr. Weems was engaged as a colporteur. An incident which occurred during this time shows that he had a good deal of human nature and, despite his cloth, exhibited on occasion something of the old Adam. It seems that one of his customers, to whom he had sold a Bible, demanded a receipt for the money paid for the copy of the Holy Writ. Mr. Weems construed this demand as an insult. He gave the receipt, but in so doing he contrived to avenge his wounded feelings. The event occurred in the season of the summer solstice, and the receipt read as follows:

"Received on the longest day of the year, from the most particular man in the world, the smallest possible price for the best book ever published."

Transmission of Physical Defects.

Color-blindness is a condition which is certainly capable of transmission to the progeny. In one family the males alone were affected through seven generations. Deaf-mutism is likewise handed down from parent to child, while it has been clearly ascertained that the chances of the children being deaf is almost seven times greater when both parents are affected than when only one exhibits the ailment. More curious still, perhaps, are those cases in which we find what has been called the hemorrhagic (or bleeding) habit transmitted for generations. Here, owing probably to some structural weakness in the blood-vessels, bleeding, even of a slight character, is with difficulty arrested. As regards the appearance of this condition in the offspring, it may be added that in one case which was thoroughly investigated three out of four males exhibited this condition in one generation, thirteen out of fourteen males showed this constitution in the next, while only one out of nine males was affected in the third. Doubtless the tendency to bleeding was dying out in the third generation, but that fact does not in the least invalidate the conclusions to be drawn from the actual transmission of the malady in the preceding generations.—[Harper's Magazine.

Maintaining the Family Dignity.

Chicago has a coachman of the most intense sort. He came into the house the other day and requested leave of absence to take some clothes to a shop to be mended. "Certainly, James," assented his employer. "I won't be gone long," he said. "All right." "And I won't tire the horses, so if you want them later——" "The horses!" explained the head of the house. "For heaven's sake, how far is it?" "Only a short distance, sir, and I'll be careful to keep them cool." "But what do you want them for?" "So awkward to carry a bundle. People looks bad." "There goes Brown's coachman with the week's washing." "Family any good, I suppose?" "Middling good, sir, morals—"

Philip Raynor's Bride,

—OR—

MAJOR VILLARS' FATAL MISTAKE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued).

As Toinette's glance fell full upon the intruder, her pale lips fell apart, her eyes dilated wide and white, and shrinking back with a shuddering, convulsive gesture, she uttered an exclamation of sickening terror.

"My God! It is Dulcie risen from the dead to haunt and reproach me!"

Then in a moment, as the girl came nearer, and looked at her with big, solemn, hopeless eyes, that seemed to darken with mystery until they were almost black, she saw her mistake.

This was no vision conjured up by a guilty conscience, but real flesh and blood.

"Yes!" she cried, in an altered tone, springing to her feet, "Alive! How dare you come back after leading us all to think you had destroyed yourself in the river?"

"I never intended to deceive any one as to my fate," Dulcie said in a hollow voice. "The life I led here was killing me. My only thought was to go away and hide myself where he—my husband—would never see me again."

"I believed you were dead," said Toinette, clasping her cold hands.

"It did not occur to me until recently that a false impression might prevail. I have come back to set the matter right before any harm is done."

Thought is quick. It does not come piecemeal, but like the lightning's flash. In a moment Toinette understood what her rival's unexpected appearance meant to her. Defeat, ruin, overwhelming shame, unless something could be done at once to change the condition of affairs.

"Heaven pity me! You are too late!" she wailed, flinging herself prostrate at Dulcie's feet.

The girl bent over her and tried to raise her, a look of horror creeping into her sad, blue eyes.

"What do you mean, Toinette? Tell me—tell me! Why are you here and not at Bonnyview Hall? Why do you say I have come too late?"

The sickening dread and terror in that voice must have given Toinette her cue, if she had not taken it already.

"Oh, Dulcie, pity me!" she moaned. "You know how passionately I love Philip. I—I—believed you had drowned yourself in the river. My very life was a burden, separated perhaps forever from my lover. It seemed such a cruel fate. I could not bear it. I was tempted beyond my strength. I—I——" She broke off abruptly and flung herself face downward on the floor. "My God, Dulcie, how can I ever tell you?"

"Don't be afraid." And the gentle girl knelt beside her. "It is best that I should know all the truth."

"You shall, though it blisters my tongue to speak it. Philip believed as I did. He felt guilty and remorseful. I turned even from me in his hour of trouble. That maddened me. He did not love you, but in the first frenzy of the shock it was easy to persuade himself he did. He possesses a high sense of honor. I saw my own hopes of happiness slipping away. I was desperate.

"Now you will learn what I did in my madness. I went to New York, and by a clever artifice contrived that Philip should find me there under such circumstances that he would be led to think I was his missing wife."

Dulcie started and drew back in sudden repulsion from the prostrate figure.

"You succeeded?"

"Yes. The wonderful likeness we bear each other served my purpose in this case, as it had done before. Philip was deceived. I came to Highlands. I believed you were dead, please remember. I could not live with Philip as his wife a day or an hour unless I really bore that relation to him. So I prevailed on him to send for a clergyman, and—and——"

"He married you?"

"Yes."

Dead silence for a moment. Dulcie retreated still further from the miserable creature who had supplanted her, deeper horror stealing into her moonlight eyes.

All at once Toinette raised her head and caught the glitter of the diamond ring on her hand—the wedding ring she coveted! With a sudden, swift bound she was on her feet, and springing at the stupefied girl like a wild beast, had torn it fiercely from Dulcie's finger before the latter could offer any resistance.

"It should have been mine!" she hissed. "I am Philip Raynor's wife. Let come what will, I am resolved to maintain my position before the world."

Just then footsteps were heard approaching the door. Half mad with excitement, Toinette added, in a vehement whisper:

"Philip is coming. I hear him. Listen, Dulcie. You pretend to love him. Do you realize what he has done by making me his wife? Rendered himself liable to imprisonment for bigamy! A word from my lips will send him to prison, perhaps for life.

"Dare betray me, breathe one word of the imposture, and I swear I will speak it. He shall rot in a grimy cell. I could bear—bear that than yield him up to your arms."

The footsteps were coming nearer. Toinette's face was of one livid whiteness. A crisis had come, and she must nerve herself to meet it.

"Choose!" she hissed, just above her breath. "That man's fate is in your hands. Give up your name and identity to me—be Toinette Lyston—or Philip Raynor sleeps to-night within the stone walls of a prison!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SACRIFICE.

There was time to say no more. The door swung slowly open, and Philip advanced into the room.

Dulcie had stood like a frozen figure, staring dully into the death-white face of her enemy, making no movement, answering no word. The only thought to present itself clearly to her benumbed senses was that of her husband's peril, the terrible fate from which she alone could save him. Was the appeal in his eyes for protection, the entreaty in his tones a command? Was it her own pleasure [illegible] "Dulcie will do what you desire." [illegible] "Dulcie will do what you desire." [illegible] "Dulcie will do what you desire."