

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 17, 1892.

Miss FRANCES E. WILLARD is engaged in a praiseworthy attempt to attach the signatures of 1,000,000 women to a petition for peace with Chili. Bets are freely offered that she cannot get Colonel Phoebe Cousins to sign.

In the trying climate of Manhattan Island Cleopatra's Needle continues to disintegrate. Experts estimate that it has lost 700 pounds in weight since it was brought over, and it will be necessary to spend at once \$2,500 in giving it a coat of paraffine in order to save the hieroglyphics from peeling off completely. There is no money on hand for the purpose, and no feasible plan for raising it has been suggested. Why not put a high fence around it and as the fragments drop off sell them to relic hunters?

The break-up of an English club, which has been spreading abroad pamphlets teaching the manufacture of explosives for "persuading" bombs, is a fresh illustration of the need of sterner legislation in all countries against bomb-makers and artificers of infernal machines of every kind. The club taught the noble science in the coolest manner. Perhaps the society issued secret circulars of "Instructions how to blow up a Czar at sixty paces" or "Manual for the annihilation of a King by dynamite, model number six." The law must proscribe all such manufacture and instruction, or the wild-eyed crank with the black bag will continue to haunt the timid millionaire.

A new cure for ineffectuality is announced, although its nature is not made known. Its owner has confidence enough in it to undertake the founding of a great institution at Washington, evidently believing that he will find more patients there than anywhere else. The remedy is a liquid, like the Keeley cure, but is said to resemble the latter in no other particular. If institutions for destroying the uproarious taste which leads to painting towns red are to spring up like this at every center of population, determined toppers will have to migrate to some kindlier scene where one may drink until he sees snakes in his boots without having any other remedy offered him than "a hair of the dog which bit him."

There is one thing which the East should learn from the West, and that is the habit of giving short sentences. In this part of the world whatever effectiveness there might be in the infliction of the death penalty is lost in the delays, the deliberation, and the postponement which seem to be the inevitable consequence of the long time which is allowed to elapse between conviction and execution. There should be on the statute books a law making it obligatory to the judge who pronounces a death sentence to limit the time of probation to a couple of months at least. The sentencing of Dr. Graves to be hanged in a month is an excellent precedent, if there is to be any hanging done at all.

NEW JERSEY has a million and a half dwellers, and is one of the wealthiest of American States. It is all the more surprising then that the cause of popular education languishes in this part of the Republic. According to the census given out the other day there are 430,279 children of school age, of whom 137,814, or more than a third of the total, are not enrolled in any educational institution. In comparing the illiteracy of the country, the South is singled out as derelict in educating its young, but here is a proud Northern State with more wealth than any composing the Southern group of commonwealths, that is allowing a vast number of its children to grow up without schooling of any kind. In this age of enlightenment it is nothing less than crime for any State to allow a considerable part of her population to grow up in ignorance when education can be so easily obtained. The injury inflicted through the ignoramus policy falls hardest upon the most deserving—the honest wage-earners. Their children of all others should not be deprived of the benefits of an education. To deny that handicaps them in the race for preferment in all the avenues open to the industrious and ambitious, and detracts materially from the happiness of life in a number of ways. New Jersey owes it to herself, those who people her areas and to the nation that she pass such laws as will prevent every third person within her borders from becoming a dunce as well as a reproach to American civilization.

A Bride for an Hour.

A Thrilling Story of the Johnstown Disaster.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Giles Brockle was looking past the lawyer out on the back lot. He saw the end of the windless of the well. If he could silence the lawyer's voice forever and haul the safe into the well—it was entirely feasible. In broad daylight, as it was then, it would be madness. It must be accomplished in the night.

Alexander Rutledge lived in the house. Most of his business was done here. The time spent in his office in the heart of the city was very short. A plodding, conscientious lawyer, he preferred to carry the bulk of his work to his own house, which was kept in order by an old friend, who knew him in his youth.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Brockle; I have considerable work waiting on me, and—"

"Of course you've got to go to the wedding?"

The lawyer looked at him long and searchingly, then turned to his table, saying: "I would like to, but I shall not be there."

He did not tell his visitor that one of the reasons why he resolved not to be present at the wedding of one of the most lovely of girls, and one whom he respected as much as any young lady he had ever known, was because he had sent her an extravagant present; the other reason was because he had never witnessed a marriage ceremony after he had looked in the grave of the woman he called his wife one brief month.

The visitor strode to the door, paused at the threshold, and reflected. Should he inform the lawyer his wife was dying? By no means; that would serve as a pretext for calling in the darkness of the night.

One moment he stood in the doorway. When the lawyer looked around the door closed with a loud bang and he shrugged his shoulders, glad to be rid of the most disagreeable visitor that ever entered his door.

As Giles Brockle remounted his horse and rode away, a man who knew him called across the street:

"Not running away, are you, Brockle?"

"What's that?" Brockle demanded, turning around in his saddle.

"Nothing. Only you are the last man you are considered so level-headed—I expected to see showing the white feather."

"White feather! What the devil do you mean by that?"

"You know what I mean. You are afraid of South Fork dam, ha! ha! Brockle rode on, cursing the South Fork dam and all the fools in Johnstown in one breath. South Fork dam. He had other and weightier things to think of. Unless his wishes could be realized in some way he would rejoice in his heart to see the South Fork dam sweep off half of the wealth his Uncle Tom Peters possessed.

But that the looks of the thing, now that all his cards were played with unvarying bad luck, he resolved to call on a doctor and to pay him out of his own pocket for the trouble of driving out the road to look on with the other "innies" at an old man who was as good as dead that minute.

CHAPTER III.
THE WEDDING.

All the women voted Mrs. Broadhurst a model entertainer, while the men, old and young, said she was a paragon.

Spite of the room outside the heavens were lowering when the rain lessened or ceased, as it did at rare intervals, a merrier party never assembled under Enoch Broadhurst's roof than that which was attracted there to witness the marriage of Rose Parker to Algernon Somers.

Rose Parker was the favorite of a wide circle of friends. It was not her beauty alone (all who looked upon her conceded that she was beautiful) that won her friends. Neither her beauty nor her wealth nor her expectations made her a universal favorite and welcome visitor. Of wealth she had none. As for her expectations, she was befriended by Enoch Broadhurst and his wife. There was a time in her life when she was without a home. It was then that Mrs. Broadhurst and her husband made her welcome in theirs. Ever since that time she was made to feel in various ways that that was her home as long as she desired to remain with them.

In return for this there was no sacrifice on her part too great if she could add to the happiness of her benefactors by exerting herself.

After all she said, it was Rose Parker's obliging disposition that made her firm friends. Her manners, charming as they were, and her beauty counted for less with the middle-aged and elderly people—her staunchest friends—than her agreeable disposition.

And yet firmness was one of her chief characteristics. When Giles Brockle returned to Johnstown after two years absence, and devoted himself to Rose, there were some rash predictions made by unthinking, unobservant people who said Giles would marry her off-hand.

Those who knew her best smiled; they knew that whatever else might be said of Rose Parker, she was not cast in the soft mold that is won in a day nor in a month. Giles' courtship was as brief as it was violent. And when Algernon Somers came from the West, Giles' star went out. It would be difficult to find a greater contrast than those rivals of a week. Giles was thin, tall, wiry, with light-blue eyes and light hair. Algernon Somers was strong of limb—much stronger than he looked—compact build. The compactly built man of medium height. He had dark hair and dark eyes, and a skin as fine as a woman's. Just now it was browned by exposure. Men termed him a "manly looking man"—women said he was a handsome man.

He, too, proved a rapid wooer. In less than three months he was an acknowledged suitor. In five he was accepted.

Nine months had elapsed, and this was their wedding-day.

Of course, such a thing could not have been possible if Miss Parker's friends had not known Mr. Somers from his youth up.

There were guests from the neighboring towns, from Philadelphia, and from Pittsburgh. St. Harkness sought opportunity to express to Mrs. Broadhurst's cook his "private opinion of de weddiners." In St. Harkness' opinion "de war de fine folks ebber seed down to Johnstown."

St. Harkness had resolved to do, simply to be of service to "de Squire's folks." He consulted the cook the evening up of his conclusions.

"I've neeber lost no time, Carline, dat I can't remember, when I lef' home to look arter things gen'ally. Mos' time somefin's forgot dat oughtn't to be forgot, or somefin' turns up dat makes de missus think dat de squire's ain't it for—"

St. Harkness said, "Dat's de onliest thing I've f'etched me down to-day. Yo' mind, Carline, somebody'll say 'fo' we get home, 'It's fo'tunit St. Harkness is hup—min' what I say! Den it's a satisfaction—great satisfaction—to see all dese yer weddiners, de finest folks ebber been to Missus Broadhurst's."

In a different but equally positive manner others more observant than St. Harkness expressed similar views.

The hour appointed for the ceremony was 1 p. m.; an old-fashioned dinner was to follow. At 2 o'clock the last good-by would be said, and the newly married couple would journey East.

The guests began to come at eleven. By noon the house was comfortably filled with people, all more or less acquainted. The majority were intimate friends.

The weather, instead of dampening the company's spirits, seemed rather to enliven them. One and all expressed surprise when 2 o'clock came. Time had never sped so swiftly. The thing seemed incredible. Some averred they were only there an hour—and here it was past two.

Among the guests was a young gentleman, the privileged young man of the occasion, who persisted in predicting numberless troubles for the guests in returning home. Especially were those who resided in the country near at hand doomed to encounter oceans of mud. For the people living in the valleys he pictured floating on rafts and wading across fields in their desire to escape the downward sweep of the waters the South Fork Dam was to let loose upon them. As for himself, when Mrs. Broadhurst asked him the nature of his resources, his ready and laughing reply was:

"I am a good swimmer."

There were some there who, listening to the merry jests of the young man, cast sober looks out on the streets, and one lady, who excused herself for expressing fear by saying she "was sorry she was nervous," wished Mr. Monroe wouldn't just about a flood.

Whereupon her host endeavored to quiet her apprehensions by saying:

"The same thing has been said a hundred times. I do not know anything about it, but if there were really danger of the South Fork dam I think the men would know it."

"But is it true that somebody came to town to warn you?"

"I do not know. I know the same thing has been said repeatedly—that is, there were reports of the dam breaking, but we have never been disturbed so far. Allow me to help you to—"

An urgent messenger summoned Mrs. Broadhurst to another part of the room.

In the drawing-room a quartette were singing sweet old Scotch and English ballads. The intimate friends of the bride and groom were gathered in one room a few minutes before the wedding.

As many gentlemen friends of the bride were appropriating the various articles a model married man could have no possible use for.

It was at this juncture that Enoch Broadhurst found opportunity to whisper to his wife, "Do you know that Tom Peters is dying—I got word at noon."

"Dying! Tom Peters dying!"

"So am I, old Apollyon, or something like that. I did not want to disturb you."

"Dying—and I counted on him doing so much for Rose."

"Well, well," Enoch Broadhurst said; "it can't be helped now. We will do the best we can for her, mother."

Numbers of the guests who had a considerable distance to go were seeking their wraps. They had given the bride and groom the last well-wishing shake of the hand, when a tremor uttered by one of the guests thrilled all present.

It was a woman's voice that gave the warning cry.

While all the guests were occupied with each other, this woman happened to glance through a window in the back of the house. She held one hand aloft, pointing to the window, as she screamed, then calling to her husband, who was at the other side of the room, shouted:

"My God, Joe, it is Judgment Day. Even while her eyes were in the ears of the guests an awful sound, like the like of which had never smote human ears, struck terror to every heart there.

The air was full of shrieks as the occupants were swept away on the crest of the mighty flood and disappeared from view as thistle down is borne away in a gale.

CHAPTER IV.
THE BRASSIER.

It was after 2 o'clock, Alexander Rutledge remembered, when a loud rap on his door summoned him from his cozy chair that day.

He had dismissed Giles Brockle from his mind. His surprise was very great when he found him at the door. He stood before him, barring his entrance, until Giles said:

"I have thought the matter over; I want to talk to you quietly now."

Then the lawyer unsuspectingly led the way to the back room—his private room—and placed a seat for his visitor, who sat down with his usual composure.

"I thought, Mr. Rutledge, it may be in your power to induce my uncle to reconsider his decision. You have considerable influence with him—"

Mr. Rutledge shook his head here, but Giles did not notice it.

"Well, people think you have. All I ask is that you put it in this light: I have been led to expect help—it is not my fault if I have run in debt at times. I have tried to do the right thing of late—"

haven't I? Now, if you could put it in that way to my uncle, he would sleep over it once or twice, and leave me enough to go into business in good shape. Am I right or not?"

"You are right. Your uncle is not an unjust man, nor an unforgiving man, as you and I know. But here the lawyer sighed, "it is too late."

And Giles Brockle, looking unconcernedly out of the window, and seeing all the people in the neighborhood had left their houses for the purpose of observing the rising waters that were covering the streets below them, asked:

"How is it too late?" His eye rested upon the windlass as he spoke.

"I have just received word from your uncle. He has been stricken with paralysis."

"What!" exclaimed Giles Brockle, rising suddenly. He placed a hand on his hip, he leaped toward the lawyer. "My uncle dying?"

"I fear he will never be able to change his will."

The lawyer bent his head. That instant Giles dealt him a terrific blow. The force of the blow was so great that it caused the lawyer to fall prone upon the floor. As Giles stood over him, glaring down on him, he opened his eyes once, twice.

Quick as a flash Giles drew a revolver from his hip pocket, placed it over the prostrate man's heart, and fired.

The dying man uttered one groan, then was silent.

Giles ran to the front door, locked it, then returning to the lawyer's private room opened the back door. The safe was on rollers. To push it across the floor was the work of a minute. There was no difficulty in rolling it to the edge of the well—there were boards strong enough to support twice the weight of the small safe.

He did not look around him to see if he was observed. His one overmastering thought was to throw the safe into the well. One tremendous effort of the well-plunged down to the bottom of the well.

Then, and not till then, Giles Brockle looked about him. Not a soul was near. No human eye saw him. The few people living in that locality were absent from their homes, doubtless discussing the flood.

The body? What should be done with that horrible thing lying there?

Giles turned to a mantel-piece. The lamp on it was seized quickly with one hand, and with the other the murderer grasped the waste-basket, flung the contents on the floor, and the lamp with his heel in the middle of the paper, and striking a match, set fire to the paper and fled from the house.

He ran out of the back door. As he ran out of the house, he discovered the board-bridge that he had observed there earlier in the day had disappeared. A large pond of water lay before him.

Simultaneously with this discovery, an appalling sound smote his ears. The murderer lifted his hands heavenward, one minute, the next he was at the mercy of the flood.

The first plunge in the waters that engulfed him aroused in Giles Brockle the resistance man never display when threatened with certain death.

He was a superb swimmer. He was strong, supple, and young. The thing that he had often thought of had really happened. He knew he was battling for his life in the waters that leaped down valley from the South Fork dam.

He struck out manfully the moment he rose to the surface. When he looked around him, he was a hundred yards from the lawyer's house. He heard a man near him crying for help, for the love of heaven. But Giles did not so much as look in that direction.

Women and children floated beside him. Some were whirled in eddies, others were borne in a straight line.

He beheld the roof of a house floating near him. It was altogether detached from the remainder of the house. To pull himself out on this was easily accomplished. Then he looked about him. A little distance from him a man on a board, in safety, suddenly left it with a cry, and plunging into the flood swam to a girl who was sinking. The man held her up with one arm and swam back to the girl's arms and head on the plank and talked to her.

The man was Algernon Somers. The woman was his wife.

As the plank was swept to the large roof whereon Giles Brockle stood calmly, Algernon Somers caught the roof and strove to lift his wife on to it. She was exhausted—almost senseless. He strove again and again.

Meanwhile Giles Brockle looked on calmly.

At last, by a superhuman effort, Algernon succeeded in pushing his wife upon the roof.

Then Giles Brockle coolly put out his foot and pushed her off. At the same instant he grasped the roof with the tenacity that marks the struggle for life, and Algernon the roof. When he turned to look at his wife, she was disappearing in the sea-hell of water that surged around him.

That awful moment Algernon lived in an instant's time. Where were the people who wished him a pleasant voyage?

CHAPTER V.
THE HARVEST OF DEATH.

While Algernon Somers was being swept out toward him, he felt himself held out of the water by kindly hands.

When he looked about him he was on the side of a house that had been swept apart by the force of the flood. There a number of men on the roof of a house that projected over the debris side he stood on. There were women, children all around him, in the water. Their cries were ringing in his ears.

What had he to live for now? woman he loved was lost to him forever. It were better to die with the rest of the people who were about him, as before any one there could interfere, he plunged into the waters again.

"He is crazed," said one near him. Again kindly hands were thrust forth, and then, spite of his efforts to vent them, three men on the roof, him out of the water by main force.

When he was on the roof, one of the men held him by the arm, whispering soothing, and reasoning with him.

"I am not mad," Somers said, "I am as sane as you are, my friend. I have lost my wife. Why should I here now? I want to die. I do not wish to live."

"I can sympathize with you," said the man, "but it is nobler to live to help these poor people. You, a young man, may save many lives. For that of all that is good and pure, help the poor wretches are. Let us do it as bravely, like men."

"You are right," Somers said, "how I will profit by your counsel."

He ran to the edge of the roof, saw a board lying on it, and called to the men to hold one end of it. Then, taking other in his hand, he sprang into the water, sustained himself by holding on to the other end while stretching across the water were borne toward him, and pushed them to the roof, where they were instantly seized and pulled up to the water.

Next he grasped an old man, then a child. After that he lost reckoning. The roof, fortunately, broke against the other, over which many of the people on the roof most exposed ran quickly until they reached a house that still stood, and soon all clambered in or were pushed into this house, until a score or more found safety for the present at least.

The man who had reasoned with Somers implored him to enter the house, but Somers only shook his head, strove again and again to snatch the little children, women and men, and pushed them to the roof, where they were instantly seized and pulled up to the water.

The surface of the water was covered with a mass of wreck. Great trees were down, and their branches up, logs struck with force against the fragments of houses. The cracking of wood against wood was the last sound that came on the ears of hundreds who were crushed remorsefully beneath the accumulating mass that moved steadily on with a velocity that was frightful.

No one man dare venture to remain a moment in the water now. Somers lay upon the roof, then walked to the next the first and stood grasping a board, but it was impossible for him to turn his face away from that horrible procession. He gazed upon the spread before him spellbound, transfixed.

As far as the eye could reach, the river that had sheltered thirty thousand inhabitants was suddenly converted into a river of turbulent waters, on the banks of which houses entire and portions of houses were borne on—on to the bottom of the city proper. With the exception of a few houses here and there, the portion of the city on the flat had been swept away by the avalanche of waters that leaped down upon the debris city from the South Fork dam.

Entire families grouped upon the tops, or clutched convulsively to the fragments of their homes, swept past. A man, there a woman, battled bravely for life in the flood, and the children, merciful powers! the innocents, seemed to be without number.

A sturdy, gray-haired negro strove rather than stung a hyman as he sank for Somers' eyes, then came a girl with a pile of loose boards singing, "The Lover of My Soul," fervently, and following her was a group huddled on a board with one figure standing out vividly.

It was a little girl looking straight to heaven, with her hands held up apart in prayer.

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Somers, the tears coursed down his cheeks, and the poor children."

Then he turned his face aside and shook as one seized with the new youth and age, man and woman, in every station in life, rich and poor, were borne past him in the endless procession of death.

The people of the house that stood the flood looked out on the scene, stood past them, powerless to lend a hand. Somers heard the survivors in horrid tones at intervals as he beheld their intimate friends and ward. The occupants of the street only looked gazing in this way.

wring their hands helplessly of out faced by the presence of their friends, living and dead, bleeding, and stung, floated

an eyes could bear so more, when from a score rushed Somers, a torpor that was rapidly benumbing faculties.

again he felt himself grasped, in he found himself standing in with at least two scores, many of were gazing wildly toward the

ing his face in that direction Somers beheld a sight which in start. He tried to speak, but his tongue clove to of his mouth.

light that rendered Somers less burned itself into the brains who witnessed it. The vast quantity of floating matter lodged against the Tremendous as the pressure of it was, it was not strong enough against the bridge away. The houses up the bridge were simply against each other until the entire was reduced to a vast network of beams, logs, trees, fragments of houses, freight cars, and passenger cars, were ground up in that tremendous

The pile of debris grew until had thirty feet above the water. now a flame leaped up; tongues of scorching hot here and there; they had themselves serpent-like up to of the indescribable mass of man and children held fast. Men, women and children held fast. Here, long since, colorable, were to fall upon unsuspecting, were to fall to the after surviving the perils of flood.

people around Somers could see fortunate wretches buried remorseless in the debris, writhing in the midst of flames.

was this that made some men meanly, while others uttered awful imprecations, while women fainted outright, to endure the horrible spectacle, ever before in the history of the world death reaped such a harvest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

You Cannot Count a Trillion. It is impossible to count a trillion. Adam counted continuously from creation to the present day, he would not have reached that number. It would take him over 9,512 years. The rate of 200 a minute there could counted 12,000 an hour, 288,000 a day, 1,200,000 a year.

RECEIVER FAY'S REPORT. Giving Evidence of Fraud Against Bay State League Officers.

BOSTON, Feb. 13.—C. K. Fay, Receiver of the Bay State League, an independent order has made his report to Judge in the Supreme Court.

He says the evidence of fraud and dishonesty on the part of the present State officers is startling. These are: J. Harlow, Supreme President; J. W. Milton, Supreme Secretary and H. B. Smith, Supreme Treasurer. These men have a valuable consideration paid to the original officers, were allowed to take their places.

The original certificate holders, says the report, "consisted largely of working people, a majority of them men with little knowledge of money matters who have been wantonly and cheaply cheated by those who took their money, but who as trustees were bound to see honestly even if the visionary scheme which they presented so plausible did meet with inevitable disaster. It is my firm belief that the State and the union bought their official positions in this corporation for the express purpose of plundering the certificate holders."

Mr. Fay has recovered assets amounting to \$294,600.

LEFT HER CLOTHING BEHIND. The Girl Is Thought to Be on Her Way Here as Male Attire.

LONDON, Feb. 13.—Miss Kate Evanson, Reading, 18 years old, has suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, and her family and friends are in great distress seeking her in all directions, so far with success.

Kate left her home ostensibly to return to school at Bristol. She has been traced far as Gloucester, where she left the train. On the arrival of a later train at Littledean, ten miles from Gloucester, the guard found a complete suit of girl's attire on the floor of a first-class carriage.

The police have learned that Kate purchased men's clothes at Gloucester, and that she was going to Hereford. It is believed that she was making her way to Liverpool where she intended to join a steamship for America.

Her schoolmates say that Miss Evanson was of a wild and adventurous disposition, a great reader of romances, and longed to see the world; but it is known that she confided to any one whom her present intentions.

The police are watching the steamship at Liverpool. No one answering to girl's appearance, even in her disguise, has been discovered. The police are confident that she has not left the country and that they will soon be able to find and restore the missing girl to her distracted parents.

Decision Against the County. DEKVER, Col., Feb. 15.—In the case of H. H. Dudley, capitalist, of New Hampshire, against the county of Custer, plaintiff was awarded damages in amount of \$3,847.50. It sustained, effect will be to compel the several counties of the State to pay off nearly \$2,000,000. When they organized at various times, the counties issued county warrants to raise funds, and the securities were placed upon the market. Custer county repudiated her debt, hence suit. Many Eastern capitalists are interested in similar suits.

Rev. Charles Elliott Dead. EASTON, Pa., Feb. 15.—Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D., LL. D., born in Scotland March 15, 1815; graduated at Lafayette in 1840, and for the past decade instructor at Hebrew school in this city. He died at his home in Chicago, Ill., of a heart ailment, after a long illness requiring his presence at Lafayette for three months in the year.