## Andove r News.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1802

THE death of the late Mahdi left upward of forty widows. There is the chance for Senator Hill.

PRIVATOTANE MUST excuse every-day people for their lack of en thusiasm over the discovery of the grip microbe. It will be time enough to throw hats in the air when a remedy is discovered which—unlike anti-pyrine—will not kill more people than the disease.

Librarian Spofford of the Congres sional Library at Washington points ont a carious error in the Eucyclopedia Britannica, which, confound ing state legislation in Virginia with national enactments, states that the United States Congress passed seventy acts authorizing lotteries.

More than 300 Baltimore girls have abandoned corsets as injurious to both health and beauty. The Balmore girls may yet convince their sisters everywhere that what is beau-tiful in art is beautiful in life. The Venus de Medici statue has not a taper waist and it is the highest and best type of female beauty that art has given the world.

The false economy of the average country road is well exemplified, thinks the Detroit Free Press, by a recent dispatch from Iowa, which "It would take a million dollars to even up the losses in trade to the merchants, shippers and farmers in Iowa on account of the fearful mud blockade which exists not only in Iowa, but all over the Mississippi Valley."

One of the queerest things in modern exploration and development is the part played by the Chiuese. They never do pioncer work, but as soon as the white man has opened a new country they come in to trade and take advantage of other opportunities to make money. They have just begun to appear in West and South Africa, and in the new mining camps they will reap a rich harvest.

Waiters in New York city restaurants and hotels are up in arms because they have been asked to shave off their moustaches and whiskers. "We are already obliged," said one disgusted waiter, "to give our tips to the head waiter and spend half our wages in the house to keep on the good side of the proprietor, and now they demand our whiskers. That is too much and we must rebel."

It is announced that a "Passion Play" will be performed by Indians at a great gathering of Christian Canadian Indians, which will be held in Kamloops, British Columbia, next June. Father Lacombe is organizing the meeting, and it is expected that some 7000. Christian Indians from various parts of British Columbia and many pagan reds will be in attendance. The "Passion Play" will be but an incident of the gathering, and not its

The London (England) Lancet, has published an analysis of samples of bread which is being furnished by Russia to the starving peasantry. This analysis shows that to every hundred weight of rye flour more than ten nounds of foreign substances had been added, made up of woody fiber, husks, broken leaves and seeds containing silics and sand. This adulteration represents the profits of the middlemen and serves to enrich the dealers. The color of this bread is a dirty brown; and its texture resembles that of coarse

Funeral directors are resping a olden harvest in London, England, just at present. This is due to the The increased demand for their services has had the effect of competition. ting mathod of attracting custom has been adopted by one undertaker in the East End. He causes a hearse to be drawn through the streets, bearing a large with his name and address, and announcement that his charges for. anducting a funeral are "only to the gloomy locking individuals, completely in black, and the poster in aftracting much

#### HER ANSWEL BY "BARGON."

Twain?" Tis as you will, dear

And as we must; Baying, "God's will be done"— God's ways are just. But 'tis you say "Twain," dear, See, 'tis not I; Ever I'll think of you E'er 'tis "Good-by."

Some souls are ever one, They seem to part; Unfold the roses "Mine" --You have a heart.

Tis no ideal one, But it is true. And all its warm throbbings, Dear, are for you.

But it dare not yet claim

Then, dear, try understand This heart that yearns, Marion, N. C.

# A Bride for an Hour.

## A Thrilling Story of the Johnstown Disaster.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

name of neaven to they have go to amandi?"

Then one man, a big, muscular manwhose coat, vest and shirt was off, slowly replied, "If we save ourselves we may thank God!"

Now for the first time Somers suddenly realized that half the men and women around him had lost the greater part of their clothing, and some were almost naked. He looked wonderingly at himsalf.

Belf.
There was not a vestige of clothing up-

on him.

Half the people in the water were dended by the force of the current and violent contact with floating debris.

Somers looked closely at The people in the attic. There was not a face there he

violent contact with floating debris.

Somers looked closely at the people in the attic. There was not a face there he knew.

Where were all the people who were around him half an hour ago?

As Somers asked himself this question, a woman po.nted to a log that was borne swiftly past, across which an old man was lying. Half of his body was out of water, his arms were extended, lying helplessly on the log, and his head rose and fell on the water's surface. His hair was white, his eyes were closed, seemingly in death. Half a dozen uttered his name. Evidently he was well known. Then another old man came in view, holding two children. Beside him was a woman, who was straining to her breast a babe. The people in the attic murmured the names of these as thoy were whirled on to death. Next came—Somers started—it was his intimate friend, the groomman. He saw Somers, waved a hand wildly, and disappeared, sinking in the flood as a great tree rolled past. He was borne under by some of its branches doubtless.

Here and there a man, boy, or woman could-be seen in a flat or skiff. Some of these, crazed by fear or the loss of their family, were unable to control the frail craft, and, indeed, it would have required a brave heart, a cool head, and a firm and steady hand and eye to render service in the straits to which they were reduced.

Nearer the mountain sides people in boats were extending helping hands. But out in the middle of the roaring waters human aid availed nothing. Hundreds were ushered into eternity knowing, seeing the fate that awaited them.

At that instant Somers felt a tremor. The houses accore of people were huddled in in fanoied security began to rock. It moved. A might vert at dealers.

ing, seeing the fate that awaited them.

At that instant Somers fell a tremor. The house a score of people were huddled in in fanoied security began to rock. It moved. A mighty ratt of debris was pressing against it.

"We are going."

"We shall all be burned like the others," a woman moaned.

"Here is one who will not," said the big muscular man beside Somers. Hesprang into the flood as he spoke, resolved to drown rather than be burned. He swam boldly for a few feet, a great log, struck him, and he too disappeared from view. "Here is another," said a vall man whose coat was buttoned tightly. A pistol shot rang in the air and he fell on the floor.

Somers felt the instinct of self-preservation as strong at that moment as he had ever experienced it. He leaped into the water and seized a large beam that promised relief temporarily, at least, while the house he left was swept sud-

promised relief temporarily, at least, while the house he left was swept suddenly and with irresistible force down the stream, where the surging waters remorselessly ground it to pieces, and all who relied upon it for safety. Somebody was shouting frantically near at hand. Somers thought he heard his name. He looked toward the shore. There was a man beckoning to him. The man stood up in a flat. He had a large piece of broken board which he used as a paddle. There was not much current there.

there. Jump, Mare' Somers! Jump into de water, fo' de Lawd's sake jump, an' 1'll reach yo'. Dat timber'll carry you way.

Jumpi"

Somers realized this much himself.
But there was so much between him and But there was so much between him and the man in the flat that the case souned

hopeless. Finsity he left the beam, and once more was swimming—battling for life. A piece of soantling whirling in the water struck him on the side. He sank, rose, struck out again manfully—then felt his strength leaving him. Human endurange could stand no more—the limit was reached; throwing up his hands, he sank once more. He rose again, and a powerful hand grasped his wrist.

Tye got hold—got a good grin Mars

st. I've got hold—got a good grip, Mars mers. Easy now, hinny—don't you Somers. Easy now, hinny—don't you tuss none!"

Then Somers telt himself pulled slowly into the hat, where he fell powerless to utter his thanks to his serior.

utter his thanks to his savior.

"Doan' yo' know me, Mars Somers? Wait: when we git sehore yo'll come to yo'self. I'm Si-Si Harksas. Squira-Jepson's man."
Somers looked at him belplessly. When he recovered his breath, he sat up. Si't strong hands soon put the end of the flat against a house half covered, with water. "Dar'; jump in dar'—dere's a shed roof back dar. You kin step right off 'n de roof to de groun'. Dere's whole lot o people dar; mos' likely dey'll know you."

"Where is the Squire—and Mrs. Jepson?"

son?"
"Doan' ask me—I did see de Squire
nut'n de water—den he got in agin. 1

son?"
"Doan' ask me—I did see de Squire out'n de water—den he got in agin. I doan' know—none of us knows what we doin' now—can't think—head's mos burstin'—no time to cry, even. I see glac I saw you, Mars Somers. Is—is—why don't you git in dar?"
And then Si, whose wits reminded him it was best not to speak of the bride at' that time, suddenly put a hand up.
There were tearn there now. He, too stepped out of the flat. He had helped scores of people, but he had performed the last act of kindness that was in his power. No man could guide a craft a moment longer in those waters.
When Somers sprang from the roof of the shed on the sloping mountain—side to the ground he saw numbers of people hurrying hither and thither. All were schusy helping each other, carrying childre and helping the wounded and aged ut the mountain—side that no one noticechim.

Meanwhile Si Harkess pulled his com off and handed it to him, saying, "Ye put dat on, Mars Somers; 't will do some good till yo' fin' clothes somewhar. An It may keep yo from catchin' death. Dat's it. Button it. Dar! Now you're fixed till you get among men folks, an—""Where is—did you see Mr. or Mrs Broadhurst, Si?"
"Mr. Broadhurst, he's all right, I reckon. Mrs. Broadhurst an 'de preacher dey's both up on de hill somewheres. Bes' move along—"
"Are all the others gone?"
"Doan', for Gnwd's sake, speak wo mo', Mars Somers—I can't stan' it."
Then Si Harkess broke down completely and sobbed like a child, while Somers stood looking at him with dy eyes.
"Doan' look at me, Mars Somers; 'I Meanwhile Si Harkess pulled his com

"Doan' look at me, Mars Somers; 'I "Doan' look at me, Mars Somers; 'I can't bear it. Your eyes scorch me. Go 'long quick; get among men folks. Dar, now! We can't do no good huyer. Move along, hunny; come!"

Then Somers felt himself urged along by Si, who held his arm tightly. As he hurried on, Si muttered:
"Wus'n drownin'! wus'n burnin'! Looks like's he gwine clean crazy!"

#### CHAPTER VII. ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE

ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

Somers submitted to the negro without speaking. He was plunged in thought After all, was it worth while to live? It were best to die. Why did he not die with his wife?

"Mister Jerrold, dis is Mars Somers." Somers looked up to meet the look of a middle-aged man he remembered having met somewhere. Mr. Jerrold's eyes were inflamed with weeping; his face was grimy. He cast a penetrating glance upon Somers, and the words that were shaped in his mind were unuttered. Instead, he look Somers by the hand, saving:

ing:
"Come this way, and we will try to get some clothes for you. There's everything going to waste; it will keep-you from taking cold."

ing cold."
Directly Mr. Jerrold stood with Somers in a group of men, several of whom were wearing shawls and women's clothes, freshly donned, evidently. Somers was handed a pair of cast-off trousers or overallis and a fiannel shirt. He put these on mechanically; meanwhile Mr. Jerrold observed him intently.

"You ought to have something on your hand,"
Somers looked at his right hand. There was a deep cut in it, and the blood was flowing freely. Until now he had not noticed it.

"And your head—that is an ugly gash."
Somers put his hand to his head. There was a great lump on the side of his head; blood trickled from it. "It does not matter," he said.

Mr. Jerrold called another man to him: "Heavens! Somers! Are you hurt much?"
It was Enoch Broadhurst snoke. g cold. Directly Mr. Jerrold stood with Somers

It was Enoch Broadhurst spoke. Som-ers shook his head.

It was Enoch Broadhurst spoke. Somers shook his head.

"Come—this way," said Broadhurst,
"I can't give you much time—I must help the Fordyces over there. Here!" He saized a common waterpail that was placed under a rude bench that had been lifted out of the water, and set on the mountain side. There was a small sarthen pitcher on the bench.

"Swallow that," said Broadhurst, handing him the pitcher he dipped into the pail. There was a gill of whisky in the pitcher. Somers did not know what the pitcher contained until it was at his mouth. Then he had gulped so much of it down that it burned his throat.

"Harkess—and you, Jerrold—keep an eye on him until I return."

Then Broadhurst hastened down to a house in which several people were moving about, while others-on the mountain side placed boards up to the windows for the occupants of the house to escupe. This was the work Enoch Broadhurst assisted in. When the last member of the family was gotten out—not without considerable peril to those who aided them—Broadhurst returned to Jerrold and Somers.

It was plain that Mr. Jerrold and

It was plain that Mr. Jerrold and It was plain that Mr. Jerrold and Broadhurst were concerned about Somers, who looked out on the waste of waters now like a man in a dream. A woman, distranght with grief, passed them at that moment, bearing the dead body of a child in her term. Behind her came a littlegirh, and next the girl walked a man earrying a lamp bey. The boy was deformed, but his expression was ancelic.

Ine father was crying. The boy was trying to comfort his father.

"Let me down now, papa," he said when they came opposite Somers. I want to rest. I am tired—and you can rest too.

The man laid him down gently on the ground. Then Homers saw that the boy's arm hung limp. He tried to spenk to his father once, twice—a gurgling sound issued from his throat, then a torrent oblood flowford forth. There was a single gasp, then the boy lay motionless. His life went out in that gasp.

The father elinched his hands and turned his eyes heavenward with a frightful imprecation. Somers knelt beside the boy, placed a hand on his heart and stroked his beautiful head. Then a gush of tears blinded him. He felt for the necessary heart and the life of the life

of tears blinded him. He felt for the meant at though his hand rested on her head.

He lifted the dead boy; the father made no sign, and Somers, who, ten minutes before was so weak that he staggered, now felt strong enough to bear the boy further up the mountain side.

When Enoch Broadhurst sought him, he found him striving to comfort the distracted mother. Mr. Jerrold was compelled to turn aside.

"You have lost some one, too," said Somers to Jerrold.

"God help us all—yes. The apple of my eye—my only solace in the world has gone. My daughter and her babe—the babe that was my pride. Swept away before I could reach them—and me looking on." .

Somers reached out a hand. Jerrold clasped it convulsively, and they wept together.

Enoch Broadhurst called to Jerrold loudly at that moment, waving a hand to a point below him. Jerrold walked toward him, and Somers, after casting another look back at the group on the rock around the dead boy, followed Jerrold. Mr. Broadhurst was bending over the body of a man. He had turned the face of the dead man upward. When Jerrold approached, Broadhurst straighteued himself and waited for Jerrold to speak. Si Harkess came forward at the same time. "Poor Mr. Rutledge!" exclaimed Jerrold.

"Yes," said Harkess with a shudder, "dat's Many Rutledge. He done killed.

"Yes," said Harkess with a shudder, "Yes," said Harkess with a shudder, "dat's Maga-Rutledge. He done killed. See he head."
"I do not find any papers about him—nothing so far by which to identify him," said Enoch Broadhurst.
"Dat's Mars Rutledge, Mars Broadhus—taint no one else," said Si Harkess.
"I thought so, but it is possible to make a mistake,"
"I know it is Mr. Putl-den." et al.

Date Mars Rutledge, Mars Broudnus—taint no one else, 'said Si Harkess.

"I thought so, but it is possible to make a mistake."

"I know it is Mr. Rutledge," said Jerrold. "See, there is the broken tooth you have noticed."

"I did not observe that," said Broudhurst; "I am almost sure it is Rutledge. That was why I called you. We must have the body removed speedily.

"He was bending over the body again." What is this?" he exclaimed. "There has been murder here." He bared the dead man's breast, and they beheld a builet-hole. "I cannot understand this—I feer there has been foul play. This must be looked into."

"Do you think he would shoot himself?" Somers asked. He was alert again; the ferer had left his eyes. His actions, words and looks were those of a rational man.

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because I saw a man shoot himself a little while ago. He was resolved he should not be burned to death."

"That is utterly unlike Rutledge. He would have died at the stake if it was necessary. How do you feel now?" He looked narrowly at Somers.

"Very tired—but I can help some yet."

"Well, in that case, there is plenty for us all to do who are alive. There are people down there who do not know what they are doing. Unless they are taiked to, compelled to leave the waster's edge, they will be drowned, and God knows enough have been lost."

It was nightfall before Somers and his companion ceased their work. Then the reaction was so great that he was overcome with sleep ive minutes after he sai

at was nightfall before Somers and his companion ceased their work. Then the reaction was so great that he was overcome with sleep five minutes after he sat down on the mountain side.

Jerreld sat near him, but there was no sleep for Tom Jerrold that night. There were thousands of others on the mountain side that night who did not sleep—thousands who, like Tom Jerrold, mourned their dead—many who were, like Tom Jerrold, the sole survivors of families that were destroyed by the South Fork Dam.

### CHAPTER VIII. WAS IT PROVIDENCE?

CHAPTER VIII.

Was it peouldence?

Tidings of the overwhelming calamity traveled fast. The telegraph wires flashed it half way across the continent that night.

The first to receive the news were the newsgatherers in Pitisburgh. The calamity grew in volume there until the writers on the press, the printers, and pressmen were wearied, fagged out, preparing the details for their readers. The bulletins startled the workers who passed the newspaper offices. By the time the business world had its eyes open, thousands were looking on the Allegheny, which was running bank full. Evidences of ruin were abundant at dawn. It was not until the morning was well advanced, however, that the surface of the river became thickly covered with all manner of debris. Then the houses, barns, shops, and lumber—all the floating matter swept away by the flood below the bridge at Johnstown—was borne past the city at the head of the Obito.

The tidings of the disaster were borne up the Allegheny Valley again by the trainmen, by the morning newspapers, by hundreds of workingmen. By the time the debris had reached from shore to shorns, hundfiels of eyes in every town and hunter in the Allegheny Valley were scanning the waters.

There were courageous men ready and sanious to succervictims of the flood.

They sat h skiffs, looking out or of the flood.

anxious to succor victims of the flood. They sat in skiffs, looking out over the river.

They sat in skiffs, looking out over the river.

Here and there, where large masses of the wreck were collected into rafts, toats pushed out at great risk to the occupants; who examined the debris, and satisfied themselves that no human being was fastened between the interlaced fragments of timber and lumber.

At Verona, seven miles from Pittsburgh, a large crowd of workingmen were gathered together, encouraging those who had skiffs tog out.

Une keen-eyed man, looking over the broad expasses of water, directed attention to a cradile far out in the river. Instantly all eyes were fixed upon the object, and the occupant of a skiff urged to make his way to it.

the corresponding to the skiff proved entry to the task he set himself. He may be way carefully to the cradle, which was carefully to the cradle, which would almost abress for the area of the research. At this juncture apsculation was maning the lockers-on. What if the should be a child in the cradle, one task thread to say.

should be a only in the cracke, one teatured to say.

There was a movement among its crowd. One positive mea cominded the man who made the remark that that did had floated from fifty to seventy mile. Another equally positive said. Surficement of the way from Johnston. It sint likely that any one will come down this far alive.

his far alive."

"High there is anything in that cradle a is dead."
"Why," said another, "think of the are, "think eacher. Do you think a child could live through the night in that river—the air would chill a stout man,"
The man who thought a child might be found in the cradle meanwhile held he peace. The absurdity of the idea gree a him, too, as he looked at the rushing water.

him, too, as he looked at the rushing water.

The man in the skiff was now very user the object of all this solicitude. They can be could see him moving through the drift with rare deliberation. They observed him resting on his oard minute as he looked over his shoulders. Then he pushed forward, rowing rapidint he boat touched the drift that sustained the cradle.

When the skiff seemed to be wedged into the drift, the occupant stood used in the skiff seemed to be wedged into the drift, the occupant stood used him bending over the cradle-could see him lifting something, but whether took it out of the cradle or from the debris beside it no one could be sure. They beheld him moving around in peculiar manner. Then he sat down as

They beheld him moving around in peculiar manner. Then he sat down and began to row shoreward. Now it was up hearn that there was comething in a near the cradle. The owner of the sits was bringing the cradle to the show with him.

"What is he doing? If there's say, thing in the cradle, why don't he bring is ashore and let the cradle go?"

"If there was a live baby in that cradle I wouldn't give a pin for it's chances. I stick or log will hit it, and over it will go—mark my words. Jack Alward copy to have more sense."

"Never you mind Jack; he knows the he is doing."

"I'll bet he'll never bring that cradle in."

You'll see now. He has tied it to the

skiff."
The interest in the cradle was now
Some women who were stand.

The interest in the cradle was nor very great. Some women who were standing cpart approached the man esgely. One asked, "Can you see what Mr. Alward is doing?—is there anything in the cradle, do you think?"

"I think." said one man, dryly, "lack Alward is bound to have that cradle size rowing out there to see what was initasting anything living could be in itnow, no matter what might have been then last night."

"Yes," said another with a lasgh, "Lacks" gring to save himself the er-

last night."
"Yes," said another with a laugh,
"Jack's going to save himself the ex-pense of buying a cradle,
"Look, look!" one of the xomen ex-claimed. "I saw a baby's-hands in the shiff"

The men laughed scornfully. The woman persisted. "I know there's abay in the skiff," "She is right," said a man, "I saws haby's hand just now. See! There's two hands."

bady's hand just now. See: Increase two hands,"

"Pooh! If there's anything in the skiff it's a dog. Jack is very fond of dogs. You saw a dog's tail wagging, or a dog's ears."

"I tell you it was a baby's hands," said the other angrily. "I guess my evesight good."

good."

By this time a great crowd had gathered at the river edge. Jack Alward's errand created all manner of speculation.

There were quirks and jokes at the expense of the man and woman who declared they beheld a baby's hands in the skirf.

One solitary individual, standing apart one solitary individual, standing span-pulled a spy-glass out of his pocket and looked steadily at the skiff which wa forced down far below the cowd now by the current, in spit of all that Jack Al-ward could do to effect a landing higher in

the current, in spit of all that Jack award could do to effect a landing highs up.

This man calmly passed his glass to another, and the second man who looked through the glass shouted that he behel a babe's hands held up plainly.

Then the growd ran pell-mell down the river bank. Every man there wanted be itst at the edge of the river when let Alward pulled his skiff to the shore.

Jack rowed deliberately to the shore.

Jack rowed deliberately to the shore in the first of the shore of the river what have you got there?"

"Is it really a child?"

Jack vouchsafed no reply. There we no need. Hundreds beheld a child hands moving in the boat.

Then a shout went up. Some one proposed a cheer for Jack Alward. It was given with a will, and just then his stepped ashore, carrying a babe in his arms.

The crowd impeded his steppe. Every-

stepped ashore, carrying a bate in arms.

The crowd impeded his steps. Everybody wanted to see the bate the safe vived the awful flood. Women order tears of joy, and laughed as they wipe heir checks.

et's carry it in its cradle, Jack, said mine, boys; I found it. It's miss

"It's mine, boys; I found it. It's mise to keep!"
"To be sure it is. But let us cerry ap to your house in the cradle, laz. This is the second Moses."
"Yes, let us put Moses No. 2 back in he cradle, Jack.
"Agreed!" said Jack.
Then the cradle was placed on the ground, "Moses No. 2" was placed in again, and a merry procession escondible bubbe to Jack Alward's door.
In less than an hour every man. women. In class than an hour every man. women.

## CHAPTER IX.

TOM PETERS' HEIB Somers slept soundly for hours.

He thought he was traveling is traveling to the thought he was traveling is traveling to the people of the people

perpetual heliday at the condi-ourneying. It seemed the most of hing in the world of his dreams, it is found himself unerpectedly it sat building. It was like one of the large hotels seen on the seemed. It was music everywhere. Young and were langhing, taking, enjoying music, and looking on various gar The dreams were without number. Homers danced too. He could from where he was dancing a vast a of water which until now secaped his iuntion. This water was placid as bosom of a lake.

ntion.

som of a lake.

Suddenly a scene of peril caused S

suddenly a scene of peril caused S

to go to the balcony near at h

boson of a use of peril caused & Suddenly a scene of peril caused & state to go to the balcony near at he leaned out over it, and as he looke wful sound filled the air. The peril would be used to be

and awoke. The toar of the wate was in his sars.

He sat up. Tom Jerrold was wal back and forth on the mountain clasping and unclasping his hands. Somers was on his feet press Secing him up, Jerrold spoke to him "What is it, man? Best lie again. You can do no good. No on help now,"

They were in a dent in the mou

"What is it, man? Best Use again. You can do no good. No on help now."

They were in a dent in the mou side. Standing or lying there, it was possible for any one to witness the fors transpiring at the railway believed was resolved that Somers is not see them, lest he should conclus on many others did, that all they were imprisoned in the debris and spurping.

were imprisoned in the debris and sburning.
Where is Mr. Broadhurst
Harkess?
"I'm hyur, Mars' Somers—right
side you."
"Lie down again," said Jerrold,
"Why don't you lie down?"
"I'did, but I could not sleep."
"You have exhausted yourself,
are hurt. You need rest. Lie
again, If you are needed I will
you."

Thus counseled, Somers lay

Thus countered, again.

Where did this heavy coat come and this—what is it?

"It is a piece of tarpaulin. It will you warm."

175 BE CO-THUED.

GRIFFITHS GETS TWO YEA He Tried to Kill Eisman After ( Thrashed by His Wife. Thrashed by His Wile.
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Feb. 20.Griffiths, the Englishman who it
Mrs. William Eisman, so she claim
who was horsewhipped by her an
to shoot her husband afterwas

to shoot her husband afterwas been sentenced to two years in Sir prison by Judge Mills on the chtrying to kill.

Griffiths and the Eismans were bors on Kensico avenue. Their yards adjoin. Mrs. Eisman sai triffiths insulted her one afternothe back fence. She told her hand he demanded an apology.

Then Mrs. Griffiths horsewhippe fiths wnile her husband stood by ward Griffiths fired at Eisman, we meet the demanded as the first and for the first arrested after a sharp chase by the town constables.

Manager Towner Missing
Minneaper Sept. 20.—Col.
Towner, manager of the North
Farm Land company, of Chi
missing His company was eng
the colonization of German fart
North Dakota lands to raise ba
matt. He was last seen in thic, c
29, when he said he was 6
Chicago. Nothing being heard ft
clegrams were sent to Chicago
trace of him has been secured.
about \$200 with him. There
theories, foul play and flight for
exposure of some dark spot in
His accounts, so far as known
straight Manager Towner Missing

Mrs. Wheeler's Death.

Mrs. Wheeler's Death.

New Haven, Conn., Feb. 1

Grace Munson Wheeler is de reaching the age of 99 years, 6 and four days. Until very rece

Wheeler was in the best of he spirits. Mrs. Wheeler's husba has been dead 'Tor many years American naval officer, and cor a corvette during the War of if father was an officer in the Co Army, and was in command 4 Army, and was in command of Ferry when Major Andre, the apy, was hanged.

Actor Dixey the Defendation, Feb. 19.—Harry E. 1 actor, is a defendant in a susuperior Court which is soon to The plaintiff is Wm. Gill, wright, the subject of the suit alleged breach of contract conceplay, "The Seven Ages," and the of damages claimed is \$5,000. says he made a contract with the terms of which he was to Dixey was to pay for the play.

The Double-Sculls Champio The Houble-Sculis Chample Boston, Feb. 19.—Edward H William O'Connor write fron that they have accepted Teem lenge for a double-sculi race them and Teemer and Hosmer a side and the champlonsh world, at the Point of Pines, Mette next the control of the control o

Denied the Injunction Denied the Inquison-Borrow, Feb. 17.—The applian injunction restraining Rec-from taking Mr. Potter's box papers before the grand jury, by Judga Aldrich, who, however the box to be delivered to the court and sealed, pending

Rev. L. T. Record Acqui Layrana, Ma. Rab. 19 Th

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