

More than 700 lives of Columbus have been written in various languages.

After an existence of twenty-four years "Lorna Doone" has been republished in London in the original three-volume form.

The Eastern Shore of Maryland has been besought to give India the sweet potato for a food for the often famished millions of many East India Provinces.

The winter and wet weather of the East this year proved a great bonanza to the rubber shoe manufacturers and dealers.

Another steamship line is arranging to put two 10,000-ton steamers under the American flag.

The other day two Chinese dancers invaded the San Francisco Chronicle building.

Says the Detroit Free Press: "Silver may be cheap—say eighty-three cents an ounce—but its production is much cheaper.

The stories of the misused oyster dredgers of the Chesapeake have excited wide sympathy, and a number of influential societies in Baltimore have in mind headquarters where complaints can be lodged by the unfortunate and investigated and prosecution conducted by this headquarters against the wretches who deceive and abuse the men they ship.

A Sea Captain's Recipe For Plum Duff. Put your flour in the pan. You want some sour dough. Let it rise.

Emperor William of Germany has much to the disgust of his subjects, inaugurated the practice of having all the game killed at the imperial shooting parties.

A REMOVED. BY LOUIS M. CHILL, JR. Sad Heart sat forth on the sea's calm bosom To fashion the depths of joy.

BETRAYED; OR— A DARK MARRIAGE MORN.

A Romance of Love, Intrigue and Crime.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON.

CHAPTER I. FORESHADOWING.

OR mercy's sake, Ray, my darling, what has happened? "I am ruined, Eugene—completely, utterly ruined," came back the answer in a heavy groan.

"But, tell me, what is it?" pleaded his friend, now fairly frightened. Ray Fielding removed his hands, and in a broken voice, but without looking his questioner in the face, said:

"The president himself came to me this morning, and after a few kind words and cautious questions, intrusted me with a very important commission and a large sum of money, at the same time assuring me that on the faithful execution of the trust might depend my future advancement in the bank."

"Well?" asked Eugene, breathlessly. "Well, I have been unable to consummate the matter."

"Good heavens! how is that?" "I am short a hundred dollars of the amount the president gave me."

"No way whatever, unless, indeed, I can get one hundred dollars between this and eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Does any one else know of this loss?" "Not a living soul but yourself," was the quick reply.

her, when she entered the room and came slowly toward him, she started by her wondrous grace and beauty that he almost forgot to rise from his chair.

This glorious being, this magnificent lady, was but twenty-five years of age. She was tall and blonde, with deep-set eyes under the shadow of sweeping, dark lashes.

When she walked you would have imagined she had descended from a pedestal. The pose of her head was like that of the Greek Venus; her delicate, dilating nostrils seemed carved by a cunning chisel from transparent ivory.

Inspired by his innate generosity—for he quickly conceived the thought that she was not happy with his uncle—and prompted as well by his secret admiration, which every instant was growing stronger, he took pleasure in heaping upon her the attentions he might have paid a queen; but she always seemed as indifferent to them as to the voice of her husband, or anything else about her.

This conduct only inflamed the young man the more. He found it almost impossible to keep the lovely siren out of his mind for a moment, and so at length, for honor's sake—only because she was his uncle's wife, but because he himself was, and had been for years, pledged to another—he had resolved never to see her more.

After a few moments of general conversation, Eugene, with a somewhat embarrassed air, begged that he might see his uncle alone on very urgent business. Mr. Elliston looked greatly annoyed; but, nevertheless, arose and led the way to the library.

"I thought so," said the older man, in a dry, hard, unfeeling tone; "and this is exactly what I have expected ever since I helped you to the very desirable situation you now fill at the Atlantic National Bank."

"You were brought up to a life of extravagance and idleness, you know, when he was worth no more than three hundred thousand, lived as though he were a millionaire; and at last, losing everything by a single venture in Wall Street, like the coward he was, blew out his brains."

"No wonder, then, that you, his son, are the man you are, and the more one does for such as you, the more one may."

"Then, after a moment's silence, and speaking in a more serious tone: "I know still more, Eugene; I know that you are in trouble, and I think I can help you."

"Love you?" he asked, strangely agitated. "Love you?" she asked, and he said: "Yes, love me, as I long to be loved, as I love you, as I could love you."

"You are beautiful, wondrously beautiful," he murmured, rapidly; "and there are thousands much more worthy of your regard than I; but I believe I could love you very much if you would only help me."

"Oh! and so you want this money—this hundred dollars—for a friend?" "Yes," rejoined Eugene, quickly; "and if I am not able to give it to him before 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, it will kill his sister—as sweet a girl, Mrs. Elliston, as ever breathed."

"Nothing whatever—I swear it," he said, earnestly. "She is simply the sister of my friend, and I know her to be a good and worthy girl—that is all."

"I am not your friend!" "What—what are you, then?" His voice was almost calm, but he recoiled a little, his head coming in contact with the back of the chair.

"I do not spurn you, and I have no wish to offend you," was his earnest reply. "But I think it right to tell you that what you propose can never be."

"I spoke only for myself," he rejoined, in a conciliatory tone. "No matter; you spurn me and the love I have felt for you since the first moment my eyes beheld your face," she cried, even more wildly.

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President's private secretary, manager of the... He obeyed the summons... and there was a stern, set expression on his features they had never before.

Raymond was greatly alarmed... Eugene made a hurried gesture... and passing close by his side rapidly whispered:

"Don't look up; don't move... you shouldn't appear over-... I've been discharged, and... once. Come to Glad's... I'll be there, and... God bless you, old... he passed on to his desk.

Raymond did not keep him long... Soon he entered the... and catching a glimpse of... the far corner hastened to a... "Sit down," said the discharge... and as the other took... "What will you have?"

"Oh, anything, exclaimed Ray... "it doesn't matter. But... quick, and tell me all about it... Having given his order to the... Eugene did tell him all; in fact, very little indeed. It was... "When he had finished, Raym... was almost as pale as his had... came from the President's r... than an hour before.

"And all this has been brought... through my consummate care... mattered Raymond, regretfully... "No, no, my dear fellow!"... Eugene, hastily: "you shall... blame upon yourself that does... long to you. I tell you this... happened some time ago; th... had, of course, to come. It was... "You are going to be at home... asked Ray, abruptly, after a long... "Yes."

"I'll call on you then." "What? Shant I see you before... directly after banking hours?" "No, I shall be engaged then." "Oh, very well; and as I see you... up, and as I have a little matt... own on hand, I'll leave you for... out;" and so they parted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FALSTAFF BEFORE HUMPHREY'S OPERA GIVEN A GRAND RECEL... Rome, April 17.—Verdi's Fal... been heard by a Roman audience... first time at the Costanzi theatre... house was crowded. King Humb... had previously been in the theatre... State occasion, was present with... Margaret. At the end of the... Verdi came out before the curtain... sponse to repeated calls. His ap... and a magical effect upon the... Every man and woman rose, cheer... playing and waving hats and... chiefs.

After the second act the King... Verdi to the royal box. As Verdi... led him forward into the full view... dience. The scene that followed... was repeated. The composer ackn... the cheers, and the cries of "V... Verdi!" with bows and smiles... evoked further demonstrations... minutes elapsed before the singe... proceed with the opera.