

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1892.

If Victoria Claflin Woodhull Martin has succeeded in regenerating herself, the work of regenerating the rest of the country ought to be an easy job.

WATER in abundance and under great pressure has been brought a long distance to Naples from the mountains, and the drains rebuilt, and the prospect is that the cholera and the fevers will not soon again appear there.

THE old colored woman who used to carry love letters between Abraham Lincoln and Miss Todd has just passed away in Chicago. There seems to be no doubt that her claim to the distinction was well founded. She had abundant proofs of it, and her dates were all right. What is distressing about the matter is that Mrs. Smith is likely to become the forerunner of a long line of similar claimants. George Washington's body servant died every year for a quarter of a century and in many widely separated parts of the country. The negro servant of President Lincoln will probably be dying for the next hundred years.

DEALERS in rice would greatly increase the consumption of this food if through the food expositions, or in other ways, they would show the American people in how many ways rice may be prepared for use. Wheat is our great cereal and it enters into thousands of toothsome and delicious articles of food. Rice is generally prepared in only half a dozen different ways by English-speaking peoples. It is, however, an elegant substitute for potatoes, with fowl, fish and meats, and in India is made into the most delicate cakes and articles of confectionery. It is the staple food of hundreds of millions of the human race, and a little popular education as to its capabilities and value as a food would soon double its consumption in this country.

WHILE the crimes for which men have been recently lynched in various parts of the country are of the most revolting character and naturally arouse the strongest feelings of revenge in a community directly affected, they are nevertheless a national disgrace. Mobs do not act under the influence of reason and are not controlled by law. They deal out vengeance, not justice, yet in some places these mobs have taken the places of courts and usurped the functions of executive officers. The existence of palliating circumstances must in some instances be admitted, because there are outrages that shock the public sense of right beyond control, but there is nothing that can wholly excuse the breaking of the law in order to anticipate the punishment which it provides for crime. As the country grows more familiar with lynchings the sentiment against this illegal infliction of capital punishment grows less aggressive, and the crimes for which offenders are thus summarily dealt with become less serious. It is but a comparatively few years since none but the worst outrages against female children caused an infliction of lynch law, and then only after the guilt of the accused was established beyond all doubt. Later there were cases where aggravated murders were punished by mob violence, and then came a series of cases, North and South, where the result of a victim's wounds were not awaited, but where death at hands of organized lawbreakers was meted out. In New Orleans men were hanged after a court of competent jurisdiction had pronounced them innocent, and at Shelbyville a man was hung before his victim had died. At Memphis four negroes were hung for an assault that has not yet proved fatal, and at Findlay there is strong evidence that the man hung by the mob was insane, and therefore irresponsible. Not only do the mobs not lessen the crimes for which they wreak vengeance but increase the ferocity with which they inflict it. It is not long since the world was horrified by the burning of a Mexican in Texas, and a little later an Arkansas mob danced around a negro who was slowly cremated. If there can be a case which justifies lynch law it is that of Eph. Grizzard, who was recently hanged by a desperate mob near Nashville, but the law would soon have visited upon him the extreme penalty by administering which the law has been broken. A stop should be put to lynch law and no endeavor to punish those who engage in it should be omitted. It is high time to call a halt.

[Written for the Friendship (N. Y.) KOSCIUSKO.]

Edith Wilder's Journal.

By METTA E. S. BENSON,

Author of "Barbara Dare," "Her True Friend," "Dr. Vetter's Love Affairs," "The Missing Ring," "Love's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER XL

It was a day in mid April. A day of clouds contending with sunshine, and an occasional fall of warm rain upon the slowly awakening earth. I remember that Robert had thrown open the door of the conservatory leading into the sitting-room, and that the sweet mingled odor of many blossoms filled the house. Only a few days before he had brought to the little room we dignified with the name of studio a pot of beautiful Easter lilies, with a request that I should paint them.

I had given my best effort to the work and felt a unusual satisfaction in the result. That morning I had placed the painting upon an easel in the sitting room for Robert's inspection. He gazed upon it in silence for a time (an unconscious long time it seemed to me) before he said: "There is a touch of genius in that picture, my little wife, a simple as it is, for it is almost startlingly real."

It seemed almost like a sentiment thing, as though something from your own soul, with its beautiful belief in a daily resurrection into a higher life, stole down from your brush as you painted and impressed itself upon the canvas. "Then he called James from the garden. 'The man is a born florist,' he explained, returning to his seat. 'He loves flowers as most of us do, our dearest friends, and I could like his opinion.'"

James stood before the easel a few minutes, but in hand, then turned to Robert with a smile of pleasure covering his florid face. "Lord, Mr. Volney, it just seems as if I could see the color coming up out of them lives. It calls to my mind a picture that used to hang in a gallery in London. It was only the picture of a little half-dressed fellow, but, oh, that little chap would keep peering me back with his eyes till I'd try a dozen times before I could make up my mind to go and leave him alone. There is something queer about pictures. Some of 'em is just ban some dead things, and then there's others that appears as if they was a talkin' to you. Now, these lilies look as if they was full of a happy secret they'd be glad to have everybody know. I ask your pardon for talkin' so free." And with a smile and a "Thank you, James," from Robert, he went back to his work. "Promise me, Edith," Robert said, himself pressing the handkerchief against my foolishly tearful eyes, "that whatever happens, you will faithfully pursue this line of work. It will not only be a source of great comfort to you, but a picture of this kind hung in a home of poverty and vice would often teach a lesson no mere words could impart."

"Dear God," even while we stood thus, heart leaped heart, every pulsation of a quiet, unutterable bliss, there hung over us the shadow of a dread, impending sorrow.

"A boy just left this letter for you, Mr. Volney," said Martha's voice at the door.

Robert opened the letter, and as he read his face took on the expression of one who sees a sure and sudden death staring him in the face. I had seen such a look once on the face of a man who leaned from the third-story window of a burning building with fierce flames surrounding him. I shall never forget it—the fixed white look of horror.

Robert crushed the letter in his hand, and crossing to a window stood there for a half hour—an eternity to me—still as though carved from marble. Then he came and sat down upon the couch beside me, drew my head down to his breast, and passed his hand over my hair and face in such gentle touches as a thoughtful, loving mother bestows upon the dear child she has punished.

"Edith, little wife, are you brave enough to bear the shock of a great disaster which has suddenly come upon us?"

I could think of nothing but that his wealth had unexpectedly vanished, as great fortunes sometimes do. And so I answered with a smile on my face as I lifted it up to his, out of which all life and hope seemed to have been stricken: "I can bear anything with you, Robert."

He turned his face away with a low moan as if he was suffering an almost unbearable pain.

"Edith, I told you once that Estelle Nivelle was dead. I supposed I was telling you God's truth. But she is alive, she is in this city." The words fell from his lips with a slow impressiveness. Instantly the whole terrible truth dawned upon my consciousness.

"And I, O Robert, I am not your wife!"

His arms tightened their hold upon me, but he heeded no denial.

My face hid itself against his heart. How I endured the agony of the moments which followed I do not know. I could think of nothing clearly. I seemed shut in by the walls of a great dumb horror.

"O, Edith! I have brought this upon you! I should never have bound your life to mine!" His words resounded in my ears.

"I loved you Robert! I love you now!"

Nothing can ever change that. Its blissful boundaries will satisfy my heart. But I am not your wife, and I must go away from you for a time, perhaps forever!"

"You shall not go, Edith," he exclaimed, pressing burning kisses on my face and lips. "This woman who ruined so many years of my life shall not rob me of this latest, dearest bliss!"

Cooler judgment and calmer thoughts came after a while, and we were enabled to sit, as people will even in the midst of the deepest grief, and talk of the present and the future, of the commonplace events which enter so largely into our human existence.

"I shall not see this woman at all," Robert said, in the midst of our talk, "unless she intrudes herself upon me. I shall send my attorney to act, but not to seek for any manner of compromise. Not a dollar of my father's money shall ever be hers to enjoy, if I am compelled by law to give her anything it shall come from the little I had accumulated by my own efforts."

Nor do I want you to feel more grieved than you can well help over the sad position you will be for a time forced to occupy. I will do all in my power, my dear wife, to make it as easy as possible for you. And I want you to always keep in mind the thought that there is a law of God, which is higher than the laws sometimes written upon our statute books. You are as much my wife in all my thoughts and feelings as though this woman had been really dead. I dread our temporary separation for many reasons, and there is one reason for regretting it which almost drives me to the brink of madness. Our lips meet, and we cling to each other.

"You shall remain where you are and I will go away—not out of the city"—seeing my look of fear, "but away from our home until something can be determined upon."

"Oh, no, Robert! I would sooner go away myself. And to Rose, I don't think I could live away from her now."

"That shall be as you desire. If there is anything, my dear wife, which can in any manner comfort you, or give you strength to endure this unexpected trial, that is what I shall most want for you. But, perhaps, it is not best that you should decide this question just now. Wait till you have grown calmer."

"No delay will alter my decision, Rose can comfort me I am sure. She will say something to take the hopelessness out of my heart. And since there is a necessity for my going, I would rather go to night. You will tell her, Robert?"

"I will arrange everything, Edith." Then he went away and left me standing there listening to the sound of his receding footsteps. They were to me like the measured peals of a funeral bell, like the final fall of earth on a dead coffin lid.

There are blows that strike upon the human heart and the wound lies too deep for tears. I was in just that condition. My grief seemed to have paralyzed all outer signs of emotion. I went about preparing for departure dry-eyed and with hands that never once fluttered at their task. Yet I had wept not two hours before because an uncultured workman had praised my "Easter Lilies." How marvelous it appeared. I must have died, I thought, within myself, and been resurrected another person, and into another world in which there was no joy, no peace, no sweet, fond hopes.

Martha came to me after a time. She had been weeping. "I have come to help you, poor dear lamb," and she was crying again, with her face hidden in her checked gingham apron.

"Don't cry, Martha, it will all come right in time." Yet I noticed how empty of hope was the sound of my own voice.

When I left Rose Cottage, the upper rooms I had occupied had been given to Dick, and my furniture had been removed to a large pleasant room opening off Rose's sleeping-room. This was the whole of a small wing which as an afterthought had been added to the original house, and with an outer door fronting upon the street. This room I found prepared for my coming, when in the cool stillness of the April evening I entered Rose Cottage to again become its inmate, for how long no one could tell.

At the door, and at my request, Robert had said good-bye. "I shall come to see you often," he said, between slow, lingering kisses, "and I will never rest until the great wrong I have unconsciously done you has been righted to the fullest extent of my power."

"Come in, my dear Edith; come in," said Mrs. Owens, in a tremulous voice, and with the same warmth of welcome she would have given Rose under similar circumstances.

Dick came forward and removed my outer wraps with a gentle touch acquired by his long attendance upon Rose, and whispered as he kissed my cheek: "Now it will seem like home again. Never has been just like it since you went away, Edith."

"Thank you, Dick." Then there was Rose, waiting in the room that was now to be mine, waiting with outstretched, eager arms, and a sweet, quivering smile upon the face that was growing more and more spiritual.

"May God keep and comfort you, Edith." The loving eyes, the pitying voice, the close warm touch, caused a new rush of feelings, and tears and passionate sobs came to relieve the pent up agony of my heart. Rose wept with me. The tears awakened my perceptions to a present too definite shape before me. The future was a great blank wall against which my imprisoned soul beat its wings in vain.

"O, God! why must the sweetness leaving back wearily in my chair."

"Because, Edith, we are creatures of growth." Rose responded after a moment of thought. "It was a poet who wrote:

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp on divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

"But who shall so forecast the years,
And find in loss a gain to match it,
Or reach a hard end? 'Time to catch
The far-off interest of tears!'"

"And so being blind, we weep and question, till some day, when God wills it thus, we wake to find within our hearts a something better than our loss." The low voice dropped in silence.

I started to my feet and walked the floor hastily back and forth. "What could be better to me than Robert's love and companionship?" I cried. "This morning I dwell in an Eden of bliss; to-night, Rose, I am shut without, and looking back, see only the flaming sword."

"The shutting out is only for a time," she said. "Perhaps, but it will never be the same again. A phantom from the past has come between our lives. Something—a great blissful something—has dropped out of our love. No, Rose, Robert and I can never take up our married life again just as it has been. We may love each other as fondly, we may live on happily year after year, but there will be a difference. Tear but one petal from the heart of a rose and the flower is not quite the same. I know to-night, as I shall know when the years have come and gone, that the wound in my heart cannot heal leaving no scar behind." I sank into my chair with a feeling of utter exhaustion.

Loss let her gaze dwell upon me tenderly. She was wise enough to understand that in such a despairing mood, no words could comfort me like this mute expression of her deep sympathy.

From that night I remember nothing distinctly until I opened my eyes one morning to find the sun shine drifting in through the half-closed blinds of an open window. The low branches of a tree growing near stirred softly in the wind. The fragrance of May blossoms filled the room like the breath of a sacred incense; the flutter and song of birds, and the low droning of bees among the flowers, all of these things stole into my soul with a delicious sense of peace and rest.

Something touched my lips. Something lay upon my head like the solemn tenderness of a benediction. I heard a low "Thank God!" and turning my eyes slowly upward from the window saw Robert's white, worn face bending near me. I tried to speak, tried to smile, but sank away into a quiet slumber.

This event was succeeded by a mute dream-like state of happiness, in which I watched the forms of those I loved passing in and out of the room, participating every least speaking to me in low happy tones, and stooping down to catch my whispered replies.

Sometimes it was Mrs. Owens, or Rose, or Edna, who moved about the room or sat beside me; but always there was Robert. If I fell asleep, he was holding my hand. If I woke, my eyes looked first upon his dear face. I was vaguely conscious that some new, sweet bond held our souls in union, and one day a new joy crept into my heart, for he laid our month old baby down upon my arm. In silence I looked upon the sweet velvet face, then up into the grave noble one of which this other was the exact counterpart. "Robert, was it all a horrible dream, or is it true that I am not—?"

"You are my own wife, and you have nothing in this world to think about but to get well and be happy." After that my recovery was rapid.

It was a sunset hour in the latest May days, when, at my request, Robert told me what had transpired during the weeks of my unconsciousness.

"The evening you came here," he said, "I sent James with a verbal message to Estelle, to the effect that my attorney would call upon her the following morning. There was nothing further to be done just then but to wait. I could not sleep; I could not rest. A silence-like death had fallen over our home. I went up to your deserted room, and sitting down by its eastern window, remained there through that never-to-be-forgotten night. I realized that I had come into a terrible crisis of my fate, from which there seemed no escape.

All the events of my past rose before me with a life-like vividness. I could see the possibilities of the future taking form after form of misery. Your eyes, full of their sad, sweet shadows, sought mine appealing to me for the help I could not give. I heard continually the tender pathos of your voice just as I had heard that day when I told you the truth—"And I, Oh, Robert, I am not your wife!" I cried aloud in my agony, remembering that I had brought this suffering and disgrace upon your dear, stainless life. I tried to pray, but my lips were dumb. The blue canopy of heaven bent above me like soulless brass. The stars hedged me in with their awful answerless silence. No gleam of hope penetrated the darkness. I felt that I was a lost soul and I must sit alone forever with this haunting phantom of my sin; the darkness growing deeper; the silence more unswerving; as the cycles of the eternal years moved on. These words stood out before my vision clear and distinct: "Sin is its own punishment; right doing its own inestimable reward."

Off in the eastern sky there appeared at last a faint line of gray, but it only deepened my sickening sense of misery. Later on there was a rosy flush in the east, and I saw some one running up the street. It was Dick. I met him at the door. He was crying. "It is Edith," he sobbed, "she is dying." "Is that moment every thought merged itself into anxiety for your life. For a long time you lingered in the very border-land and more than once I pressed what I thought was a farewell kiss upon your unresponsive lips."

He took me into his arms and was

silent a moment, while his heart

rapidly against mine.

"O, Edith! what lessons of patience, of love, of faith I learned years to be a good man. I had been the best part of these years to do me mercy. I had pined with the regret given hope to the dying, and the sorrowful. I thought that I sounded the depths of my own soul. That I knew the best and the worst of myself. Your sickness brought me a new phase of experience. For I clung to you in a state of prayerless rebellion. All my hope centered in your helpless, feverish form. I felt it impossible to go on years, missing forever the sound of your voice, the touch of your hands, the shining light of cheer and love that had shone in your eyes as they looked at me." A tear fell on my face.

"As I sat here beside you one night, moistening your lips, and sometimes ing you into my arms to still your sobs, the angel of submission sat folded her wings in my heart. 'God!' I cried inwardly, 'is not Thy greater than mine?' I seemed to be longer as 'through a glass darkly' to face face." I felt that if you died, death would not leave me quite alone. The bond which united our souls, through days of labor and in the night pauses, you would be sure to with me, helpful and loving still."

I was spared the pain of parting with you, Edith. You will soon be well and strong again, and for many reasons will have a wider and deeper meaning for us both, than ever before. While he talked the sunset had faded out and the gathering shadows of night came stealing softly into the room. "Are you strong enough to tell me part of my story which has reference to Estelle, or will you wait until tomorrow?"

"I am not tired. Let me hear it, Robert."

A slight breeze had sprung up, and a white window blind, excluded wind, and folded a white wool shawl about my shoulders before proceeding with his story.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BAD BREAK IN THE LEVEE

Many Flood Victims. Flooded Near New Orleans. Railroad Traffic Suspended.

NEW ORLEANS, June 3.—A disastrous break has opened on the right bank of the river a few miles below Donaldsonville, La., and thirty miles above the city. The break happened in the levee in front of the New Hope plantation, one of the finest and most prosperous places on the upper coast. Twenty feet of the levee gave way at one time and the water poured through at a terrific velocity. In one hour the crevasse had widened to forty feet and was five feet deep.

There is no hope of stopping it as it has reached a width of 100 feet. The water from this crevasse not only flooded a half dozen plantations, but has suspended traffic on the Texas & Pacific Railroad, which is one and a half mile back from the river.

The railroad officials have hundreds of men at work on the break and are endeavoring to hold the ends. It is believed that this crevasse will prove to be the worst one that has so far occurred. The river at this point is now seven feet and three-tenths and is still rising; the highest point reached thus far this year.

MURPHYSBORO, Ill., June 3.—The present high water in the Mississippi River reaches the highest point in the history of the country for 30 years.

Forty thousand acres of land are submerged, destroying 1,000 acres of growing crops and carrying away dwelling houses, barns and fences, leaving 1,000 families with nothing to keep them from their doors.

Fully 500 of the 1,000 families are tenants and have neither food nor clothing, and are calling for aid from their more fortunate neighbors.

An estimate of the damage occasioned by the floods is unprecedented in the history of the South.

In Missouri the loss to wheat, corn, homes, cattle and railroad property is \$11,200,000.

Tennessee—Cotton, wheat, homes and cattle, \$1,900,000.

Kentucky—Loss, \$200,000.

Arkansas—Farms, corn, cotton and other products, \$10,000,000.

Mississippi—Loss, \$1,000,000.

Louisiana—Loss, \$5,000,000.

A conservative estimate of the amount of damage caused by the high water from Kansas City to New Orleans will reach \$50,000,000.

Gen. Collins' Mission Unsuccessful.

DUBLIN, June 4.—Gen. Patrick Collins has returned to the United States without having accomplished the object of his visit to this country. His negotiations with the factions have met with no success and it seems to be certain that the Home Rule party will go into two bitterly antagonistic sections. It is believed the failure of Gen. Collins' negotiations will lead to the retirement of many of the Carthyite members who, while willing to sit for a united party, will refuse to seek election and appear in the house of representatives of a party ring.

La Fleche Wins the Oaks Stakes.

LONDON, June 4.—In the Oaks at Epsom, La Fleche, Baron Hirsch's celebrated three-year-old filly, came off a great victory, beating a bay filly, The Smew, being second, and Colleen North's Lady Hermit, being third. The Oaks is for four thousand five hundred sovereigns, the winner to receive three thousand eight hundred sovereigns.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., June 6.—While Mrs. John Faust, of Montour township, was seeking shelter from a thunder storm Saturday evening, she was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Her clothes were burned off her body.

E FOLLOWS FLOOD

Veritable Reign of Terror

In the Oil Creek Valley.

More Than ONE HUNDRED LIVES REPORTED LOST.

RING OIL ON THE FLOOD TOP.

Torrent Started in a Dam Burst
Ten Miles Above Titusville. Oil Tank
Spent from Their Bases—A Locomotive
Ignited the Swollen Stream—Wild
Impulses for Safety—Women and Children
Trampled to Death in the Mad
Rush—Hundreds Are Missing and Many
Them Are Thought to Be Dead—Scenes
Horror That Pen Cannot Describe.

Oil City, Pa., June 6.—Flood and fire
laid waste a large section of this
valley, and a fearful loss of life has
resulted. The wildest stories of its
magnitude are afloat. It is claimed that
persons have been burned or drowned
in this city, and the number may ex-

ceed 100.
The territory of at least 40 acres, being
narrow strip along Oil Creek, is
now flooded or both. In addition
those dead a large number are in-
jured and probably a thousand peo-
ple are homeless. The fire started in
the city at 11:40 o'clock yesterday
morning with an explosion of naphtha
oil on the surface of Oil Creek,
which was at a fearful height.

The entire upper end of Oil City on
the sides of the creek was under water
at the time of the explosion which
caused the awful conflagration.

The town consists of four principal
streets. The south side is on the opposite
bank of the Allegheny River and was at
the time in danger. In the acute angle
formed by the confluence of Oil Creek
and the Allegheny River lies the busi-
ness section of the city, and across Oil
Creek and on down the west bank of the
Allegheny is the Third Ward, which is
the district entirely burned.

A thick coating of oil, presumably
from the rusted tanks at Titusville,
covered the surface of the creek. Float-
ing along were three tanks of naphtha,
one was shining hot and caused a
series of oil fumes to rise from the
surface of the creek. The several
thousand people who were watching
the mad torrent seemed to simultane-
ously recognize their peril, and just as
they began to move, the calamity came.

It is believed that a spark from a
cigar on the Western New York &
Pennsylvania Railroad ignited the
fumes, which could be seen plainly dan-
gling in the air about 20 feet above the
surging water. Eye witnesses say the
beets of flame and the height of 100 feet
it shot upward to a bridge crossing Oil
Creek, 300 yards above the junction with
the river.

In two minutes the fire had spread
and down the stream for over two miles
less than ten minutes between two
and three hundred buildings were
flames. The thousands of witnesses
were thrown into a state of the wildest
panic. Men, women and children ran
through the streets screaming and
seeking each other to be conducted
to places of safety.

Clouds of smoke obscured everything
when the darkness was most dense
three frightful explosions in succession
snook the very earth. In the cre-
ating naphtha tanks in the cre-
vice cause was not then known, and
feeling that some horribly uncertain
state was impending added to
other terrors. It was then evident to
the whole of the Third Ward and
large number of buildings on both
sides of the creek further up were
doomed. Lower down where the sur-
ges were above the water's surface
the fire was swept directly in am-

Many of the persons who lost their
lives were overtaken in the streets
they fled for safety. An almost
penetrable wall of smoke hemmed
victims in on one side, the river
the other, the devouring flames at the
rear. Others were burned in their
houses and many were drowned.

One rescuing party with a large
load of persons taken from the
houses, was overtaken by the bla-
ze and all perished. Four of a
boat stood on the Western New York
Pennsylvania Railroad bridge are known
to be dead.

Bodies are being unearthed literally
from masses of debris made
by the flood. Out in the middle
Seneca street parties of men are
leg and going with stretchers be-
tween weighted down with a
diary expecting to find more
bodies.

In some places three feet or more
mud covers the streets. The sides
are torn from their foundations
piled in confusion.

TERROR-STRICKEN TITUSVILLE

Thirty-Five Believed to Have Perished
The Loss Over a Million.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., June 6.—A co-
active estimate places the loss of life
in the flood and fire yesterday morn-
ing, and the damage at \$1,500,000.
A large number of the most ex-
tensive and prosperous manufacturing
establishments are now in ashes, an-
dreds of homes and business places
entirely wiped out, while the streets
crowded with hungry, homeless
ling and distracted people, mourning
loss of loved ones who have perished
in the rush of waters or the fiery
flame which engulfed them at the
twinkling of an eye as the
struggling in the vain endeavor
to save their homes.

At this writing the sky is all