Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1893.

During the year 1892 England published 4915 new books and 1339 new editions, or a total of 6254. Last year the figures were 5706. The increase has been especially in the department of novels, namely 1147 as compared with 896 in 1891. Theology reports 528, philosophy 579, medicine 127 new publications, while law has only twenty-six, altho poetry has 185, history 293, and geography 250.

There died in Mexico lately, relates the Atlanta Constitution, a miser who had tatooted his will over his chest instead of using pen and ink. The court decreed that the "human document should be copied and duly attested in the presence of witnesses." This was done and the court pronounced the will genuine.

Says the New York Independent: "The ascendency of the Irish in our foreign-born population has now given place to that of the Germans. In 1850 nearly forty-three per cent. of the total foreign born was made up of persons born in Ireland, against twenty-six per cent. formed by those born in Germany. In 1890 the Irish percentage fell to 20.23, while the German rose to 30.11. Persons born in Ireland and Germany represented more than two-thirds of the entire foreign born element in 1850, but only a little more than one-half in 1890."

Recent experiments at Lynn, Mass., recorded by the New York Press, indicate that electric locomotives operated by the trolley system are entirely practicable. The chief difficulty in the way of their general adoption is the great cost of establishing long distance lines. The tremendous power of these new engines of transportation was shown by the fact that when an ordinary freight locomotive and an electric locomotive on the same track were coupled together, facing opposite directions, the steam locomotive was dragged helplessly along by its rival in spite of its throttles being thrown wide open. The speed of the electric locomotive is said to be 100 miles an hour. The storage locomotive, equal in power and speed to the trolley engine, has likewise been perfected, but its cost is so much greater than that of even the trolley locomotive that its use at present is not to be expected. These experiments, however, point to a day when economical improvements in the electric locomotive will enable it to supplant the steam railroad engine.

The New York World says: "The romance of General Kirby Smith's life had its origin at the first battle of Bull Run, where he was badly wounded, a musket ball passing quite through him from shoulder to shoulder. He lay helpless on the ground until some soldiers, attracted by the whinneying of his horse, which stood over him, came and bore him to shelter. He was then taken to Lynchburg and nursed there by a Miss Selden, who brought him back to health and soon afterwards became his wife. In later days, at Shreveport, in 1864, General Smith could be seen hoeing a little patch of ground to raise vegetables for his wife, who had become an invalid, and that same year he sold his faithful horse, which he loved next to his wife, in order to procure food for her. General Smith was a man of conspicuous honesty. When the war was ended and he was a fugitive on his way to Mexico he borrowed a dollar here and there to obtain means to send his family home, though he had with him at the time $10,000 in gold belonging to the Confederacy.

A Bedspread for the World's Fair.

The famous cotton spinners of Manchester, England, Messrs. Barlow & Jones, have prepared a beautiful exhibit of towels, spreads and other products of the loom for showing at Chicago. Included is a spread, or quilt as it is called over there, which is the Columbian celebration quilt. In the centre are the stripes and the thirteen stars, representing the several States of America, intermixed with palm leaves. In the border are the eagle, the arms of Isabella and Ferdinand, and in one corner those of the State of Illinois, the cotton plant figuring conspicuously in the design, which is of a fawn tint on white.

The "Windsor Castle" and the "Empire" quilts also figure in the exhibition. —New York Times.

BETRAYED;

—OR—

A DARK MARRIAGE MORN.

A Romance of Love, Intrigue and Crime.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON.

CHAPTER V.

IN PURSUIT.

The muffled figure that had disappeared in the darkness slowly returned and once more stood, with an air of irresolution, in front of the house.

A light in the basement attracted her attention.

After an instant's hesitation and a hasty glance about her she entered the gate and knocked on the window.

The servant girl came forward, and pressing her face against the glass, peered out at her curiously.

The woman made an eager gesture, indicating that she desired to speak with her.

Grumblingly the girl left the window, and a moment later opened the door.

The stranger stepped into the entry, and quietly removed the shawl in which she had been muffled. The servant gazed upon the face now fully revealed, with a look of unequalified astonishment.

The stranger's hand quickly sought her pocket and then was extended toward the guileless daughter of Erin.

"I am making you some little trouble," she said; "please oblige me by taking this."

"Bless ye for a perfect lady, as ye air," burst out Bridget. "Sure, thin, I can't find it in me heart to take—well, well, if you will have it so—an' phat can I do for ye now, darlint?"

"Do you know the gentleman who left this house only a moment ago? Please tell me that?"

"Know him, is it? I do, thin, an' phat's more, it's no good av him I know."

"There is a young lady here, whom he calls to see, is there not?"

"There is."

"Is—is she very pretty?"

"She's purty enough, sure." Then seeing an indescribable look of pain, or annoyance on the other's face, she hastened to add, in a soothing tone: "But, darlint, not half so purty as yer own swate self."

"Has he been coming here often to see her?" asked the stranger, hesitatingly.

"Often, is it? Sure, thin, it's wearin' out the carpets, he is, wid his comin's an' his goin's. Why, till widin a wake or so, he's been comin' almost ivery night, to say nothin' about Sundays."

"But the lady's brother is his friend. Might he not come to see him?"

"Och! I say frind to ye. Phat was he here to-night for, thin, wid niver a solitary soul in the house, barrin' the girl herself up there, an' me down here? It wasn't the brother he wanted to see, I'm thinkin'."

"And so she is all alone?"

"She is, an' she's hardly been out of her rooms these three days, but has kept by herself up there s-cryin' av her eyes out, so she has. But sure, miss, it's sick ye air. Och, hone, an' phat's the matter? God send the spalpeen av a man is nothin' to ye."

"No, no," gasped the poor creature, "he's nothing to me. He was my husband—for an hour, but—oh, God! that I might die."

"Yer husband! Luk at that now!" exclaimed Bridget, with an expression of blank amazement on her face. Then a feeling of pity seizing her, she quickly added:

"Sit down here, darlint, sit down, I say. Here, take this glass of wather. Phat in the wurruld can I do for ye, say?"

"If I might trouble you to get me a carriage," poor Mildred murmured.

"Throuble, is it? I'll have a carriage here for ye in less than no time," and snatching up a cheap but gaudy shawl, which she threw over her head, the girl hurried from the house, conscience-smitten not a little, yet not well seeing how she could retract any of the absurd statements she had made.

She was nearly as good as her word in the matter of time, however, for three minutes had scarcely elapsed when a carriage was in waiting before the door, and, after refusing a further offer from poor Mildred, the contrite girl helped her in, and saw it roll swiftly away.

"Luk at that now," she muttered to herself. "What divilment there is in the wurruld. Who cud belave that wid so swate a face she carried so sad a heart? Sure, I wish I hadn't thold her all I did; but the mane spalpeen av a man, he niver gave me ther worth av a cint, an' I as good as axin' him, too."

Thus quieting her conscience, Bridget returned to her kitchen, while the carriage containing the broken-hearted Mildred sped onward toward Forty-second street.

Meanwhile, Eugene Cleveland had returned to the Vernon house, and, after letting himself in by the same way he had made his exit, hastened upstairs, hoping to gain his wife's room unobserved.

But he was not to be so fortunate. As he was passing through the main hall, Mrs. Vernon herself suddenly darted from the back parlor, and, seizing him eagerly by the arm, exclaimed, in a voice quite loud enough to attract the attention of all in the adjoining rooms:

"Where in the world have you been for the last half-hour or more, Mr. Cleveland, and, in mercy's name, what has taken your wife away?"

"My wife?"

"Yes, indeed. It seems to me you both left us very unceremoniously."

"Mildred is not here then? You mean to tell me that she is gone?"

"Certainly; that is exactly what I say. I missed her suddenly, and, having something I wished very much to speak to her about, I hunted for her high and low. But it was all of no use; she was gone; and at last I noticed that her hat and shawl were gone, too."

A feeling of unutterable dread—of terror—entered the bridegroom's heart, and he looked around him almost helplessly.

At this moment one of the gentlemen who had helped to form the group that had gathered about Eugene and his wife at the moment the forged note had been handed to him stepped forward, and said:

"It so happened, Mr. Cleveland, that I particularly noticed your wife after your own somewhat abrupt withdrawal, and I am able to tell you this much: She remained with her guests for about twenty minutes after you received the note which called you away, appearing all the time as though she were ill at ease. At length she stepped into the hall, and seemed to hesitate whether to go up-stairs or to return to the parlors. Just then the bell rang, and another note was handed in.

"It was for her. She took it, and almost immediately retired to her own chamber. A few moments later she hastily descended the stairs, with hat and shawl on, and quietly left the house."

"Why did you not tell me all this before, Mr. Henley?" asked Mrs. Vernon, somewhat severely.

"It was my impression that her husband had privately sent for her," answered the guest; "and I thought, therefore, under the circumstances, it was best to keep quiet. I see now I was in error."

"A persistent enemy is working against us," exclaimed Eugene, bitterly. "Not a moment is to be lost. She must be found at once, or it will be too late!"

He had a singular premonition that some one, he knew not who, was conspiring against his happiness; and he recalled for a second a strange scene of a few days ago.

"What mean you?" demanded Mildred's aunt, in a terrified voice.

"I mean," answered the unhappy bridegroom, "that the note which took me away from here half an hour since was a base and cruel forgery, and it was done in order to get me out of the way, so that my wife might be enticed from this house. Let me go to her room for a moment." And, taking three steps at a time, he bounded up the staircase.

On reaching Mildred's room, he looked eagerly about the floor. No note was there. Mildred had found it—he was satisfied of that now—and he shuddered to think what the result might be.

He sank heavily into a chair. He was almost discouraged. He could hardly control his thoughts for a moment.

At length the image of his young and broken-hearted wife, wandering about the almost deserted streets in the darkness of the night, rose up before him, and he started to his feet with the fixed purpose of finding her.

Where could she have gone?

He had hardly framed the question in his mind when the answer was suggested to him:

"Why, to Meta's, to be sure." And once more he rushed down the stairway.

The guests had been gradually dropping off. They had seen that their presence was becoming embarrassing, and so had the good sense to retire.

Now a few only remained.

"I think I know where she has gone, Mrs. Vernon," Eugene said, eagerly, "and I will go there at once and see if I am right. I shall be back very soon; so, if she should return in my absence, please keep her here. Tell her not to leave the house again on any account."

"You may be sure I shall do so," said the lady, emphatically.

"Have you a carriage, Mr. Cleveland?" asked Mr. Henley, who was one of the few remaining, now stepping forward.

"I have not," answered Eugene. "I dismissed the one I had at the door."

"Then take mine, by all means. It is waiting without."

"A thousand thanks. I will gladly avail myself of your kind permission."

"Do so; and if I can be of the slightest service——"

"No, no; I think not; and yet, my mind is in such a whirl, I ought to have some one with me; and you, being cooler, might be able to give me a word of advice when I most need it. Yes, if you are willing, I shall be glad to have your company."

"Then come," and the two left the house together.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

As the carriage containing the unhappy bride whirled swiftly onward toward Forty-second street, Mildred sat bolt upright on the back seat, her hands clasped in her lap, her lips tightly compressed, and her eyes fixed and staring before her, but seeing nothing.

She had merely said, in answer to the hackman's careless "Where to, miss?" "The Grand Central Depot," and then had sunk into a state of apathy, from which she was at length aroused by the stopping of the carriage, the opening of the door, and the waiting driver's business-like "Here you are, miss."

She accepted his proffered assistance, and, as she stood upon the sidewalk, hastily took out her portmonnaie and dismissed him with a liberal fee. Then, after a hasty glance around, she went into the waiting-room by the ladies' entrance.

The window of the ticket office was open. She hurried toward it.

"When does the next train that stops at Riverside leave here, if you please, sir?" she asked, in a low and trembling voice.

"Eleven thirty-five," answered the ticket agent, glibly.

"Oh! so late? Is there none before that?"

The distress and bitter disappointment, made plainly manifest by the tone in which the words were uttered, fixed the agent's attention, and, being human, he was affected.

"No, miss," he said, not unkindly, "the train you should have taken has been gone some little time.

"There is no other that stops at Riverside until eleven thirty-five, but the nine-thirty train, which will leave very soon now, stops at Cos Cob, and that, you know, is only just across the river."

"Oh, thank you, sir; I will take a ticket to Cos Cob," and having secured it she seated herself in an obscure corner to wait until the door should be opened and she should be permitted to take her seat in the cars.

From the very moment she had descended from the carriage, by that mysterious intuitive feeling which, in a greater or less degree we all possess, she had been made painfully aware, without seeing any one, that she was being closely watched.

Now, for the first time, she mustered courage and looked about her.

All at once her eyes rested upon a man at no great distance from her.

He was leaning, in a studied attitude, against one of the huge fluted columns, and his gaze—indeed, his whole attention—seemed fixed upon herself.

Mildred shuddered, why, she knew not. She had never seen this man before, and there was nothing about him to suggest that he was in any marked degree different from other men; and yet her pure womanly instincts made her shrink from his gaze.

Minute after minute passed, and still he stood there, with eyes, apparently, for nothing but her face.

At length the gong sounded, the door was thrown open, and a loud voice called out:

"Nine-thirty! New Haven way," and with a feeling of intense relief Mildred rose and hurried forward.

For one instant she was stopped at the door while she showed her ticket, and then, after being directed to her train, she hastened onward.

At last she had found the right car and secured a seat.

The one directly in front of her was not occupied.

In that next forward was a middle-aged lady and a beautiful young girl.

"About my own age," thought Mildred, "and, indeed looks very much like me.

"I wonder who she can be? Oh! I hope hers will be a far happier lot than mine."

Then, as she sank back into a corner by the window:

"She has her mother with her! Oh! if I can only reach my home and throw myself into my mother's arms before Eugene finds me, I shall be so——"

And then she stopped short, and a thrill of terror shot through her being, and almost made her heart stand still.

There, directly opposite, sat the very man who had watched her persistently in the waiting-room, and now, as then, his eyes were fixed steadfastly upon her.

The sight of this person made her forget for a time that Eugene might surmise she would hasten at once to her mother; and it was not until after the train had started, that she wondered if he were aboard, and, curiously enough, if, in case this wretch continued to persecute her with his attentions and should offer her further insult, he would defend her.

On and on flew the train. Faster and faster it sped away in the darkness.

Station after station was passed so quickly that they seemed almost close together rather than miles apart. At length Port Chester was passed. The next station would be Greenwich, and then Cos Cob.

Mildred was thinking what she would do in case the obtrusive stranger should leave the train at the same time with herself, when all at once a shrill whistle broke on her ear, then came an appalling cry from far ahead, and the next moment the car she was in seemed to shrink up into nothingness.

For one moment she retained her faculties, and in that moment she saw a timber fall and crush in the head of the beautiful girl in front of her, she saw the mother sink prostrate by her dead daughter's side, she saw a horrible look of abject terror settle on the face of the stranger, and then she saw no more.

When she once more woke to consciousness she was lying on the ground, surrounded on every hand by the dead and dying.

On the track above was a waiting train, evidently but just arrived.

At the foot of the embankment, down which they had plunged, was the wreck of the doomed cars, now burning fiercely.

Mildred raised herself on her left elbow and looked about her.

By the light of the burning cars she could readily distinguish objects, and at no great distance she saw a form which she at once knew to be that of the mother of the young girl who had sat in front of her

A little further away, horribly burned, was what she felt rather than knew to be all that was left of the girl herself.

Something moist trickling down her face and a terrible pain in her head, made her essay to raise her right hand.

The attempt was a failure, and then she knew that her right arm was broken.

At that moment she saw coming toward her, with conciliatory look and fawning manners, the detested stranger. He had something in his hand. It looked like her own hat, and, involuntarily, she attempted to put out her hand to take it.

The effort caused a spasm of pain; a faintness seized her, her head whirled, and she fell back unconscious.

"Good!" exclaimed the stranger, in a tone of satisfaction, and hastened to where the dead girl lay, after crushing the hat he carried a little more—it was pretty well crushed already.

In a few minutes he returned, accompanied by a strong-limbed man, evidently a farmer.

"This is my poor darling," he said, pointing to Mildred. "Take her up gently, I fear she is badly injured. Carry her to your house, and have the carriage ready as speedily as possible. I will join you presently. I wish to do what I can for one or two of these poor sufferers. Ah! how thankful I ought to be that God's great mercy spared me while so many were hurried into eternity."

The young farmer muttered something not overcomplimentary to the management of the railway, and raising Mildred as tenderly in his arms as a woman might, bore her away.

The fearful scene was alive with men, and even women, hastening from one group to another, and doing all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. Being thus occupied, these good Samaritans had little time for anything else, and so the scheming stranger passed unnoticed.

"Now, then," he muttered, as his late companion disappeared with his unconscious burden, "what I have to do must be done quickly," and once approaching the body of the young girl, he bent over it and scrutinized it closely.

"No, she could never be recognized in the world," he muttered half aloud. "Her hair, what little there is left, is the same color as the other's. Her dress and outer garments are all burned. Her hat I have disposed of, and this one shall take its place. Now, then, if, as I suspect, Mr. Eugene Cleveland was on that train that just came up, I'm ready for him," and raising himself, he was about to walk away, when he saw a group of three or four men, one of them carrying a lantern, coming toward him.

"Luck favors me!" he exclaimed in high glee. "Here comes the young husband, sure enough, and the conductor is with him."

"If she was aboard the train after our last stop, she must be off here somewhere," the conductor was saying. "We have looked everywhere else."

"Ah, here are a few," he suddenly added. "This poor woman, I remember her distinctly. She was seated near the young lady you described, she and——"

"Impossible! can this be the woman?" he exclaimed, suddenly broke in the speaker as he came before the remains of the fortunate young girl, who, in life, closely resembled his bride.

"It cannot be—I hope not," hastily claimed his friend, at the same time endeavoring to turn him away.

But an object lying close by had caught Eugene's attention.

"That's her hat," he cried out, "I know it. Yes, this poor, disfigured body must be all that is left of my once beautiful Mildred. God help me; how can I bear it?"

"Ah!" suddenly exclaimed the conductor, turning upon the stranger; "you were in the same car, and near these people. Do you know who this was?"

"Don't know her name," responded the man, glibly. "She was a young lady traveling by herself. Sat in the car directly opposite the one I occupied. I noticed her in the waiting-room of the Grand Central Depot. She seemed to be in trouble; wanted to take a ticket for Riverside, had to take one to Cos Cob."

"Alas! all hope is now gone. It is indeed, my poor Mildred," and Eugene bent over the form of his supposed wife.

The stranger having accomplished his object, hastened away. Soon he arrived at a farm house, and to his great relief saw a carriage waiting before the door.

He hurried in.

"We'll start at once," he said, addressing the farmer, whom he met in the hall. And then he entered the room where Mildred was lying upon the lounge.

"Mister," said a woman, coming in just as he was raising the unconscious girl in his arms, "I tell you a doctor ought to see that poor child at once; her head is badly injured, and her right arm broken."

"A surgeon, and as good a one as there is in this country, will see her in less than half an hour, of that you may be sure," said the man, warmly, and as the somewhat mollified housewife stepped out of the way, he carried Mildred to the carriage.

He had taken his seat by the side of his unconscious companion, and the horses had just started, when two men slowly approached bearing a body between them, while two more followed after.

One of these last looked up for an instant, and his eyes rested on the form of the unconscious young woman.

The next moment the carriage had passed and was gone, and Eugene Cleveland knew not how very near he had been to thwarting the black scheme of those whose purpose it was to wreck his life's happiness.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

The night of the horrible accident had passed. The new day had come, with its heavy burden of cares and sorrows and pains.

The day, too, wore away, the shadows of another night fell, and deepened more and more the gloom that pervaded the rich but spirit-depressing library of the Hon. Sherwood Elliston.

Presently the door opened, and a woman stood upon the threshold of the room.

A glance into the apartment caused a frown to settle on her glorious brow. The servant had neglected to light the study lamp.

She took a step forward and touched the bell. A foot-man appeared with surprising celerity.

"A light," she said, pointing to the argand burner, and then sank wearily into the great easy chair that some time before had been occupied by her husband's nephew.

The lamp was lighted, the porcelain shade properly adjusted, and the servant retired. Then Cora Elliston turned eagerly to the evening paper she held in her hand.

It did not take her long to find the heading she was in search of.

"ANOTHER HORRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT!

"A REGULAR TRAIN RUNS INTO A SPECIAL, IS TELESCOPED, THROWN DOWN AN EMBANKMENT AND TAKES FIRE!

"Twenty-three Passengers Killed and Burned! As Many More Wounded!

"A Complete List of the Victims."

It was this list that fixed the lady's attention, and eagerly she scanned the names.

Yes, it was there!

"Mildred L. Cleveland, wife of Eugene Cleveland."

Dead! Ah! that was more than she had hoped for. That was almost too good to be true. Where was Oscar Slyme? How dare he stay away so long, when he must know she was dying to learn exactly what had happened?

Once more she looked at the heading, and then slowly and carefully read the article through from beginning to end.

"If there is no mistake—if the girl is really dead, nothing could have happened better," she murmured. "Luck will have played into my hands wonderfully; but——"

A discreet knock at the door attracted attention.

"Come in," she called eagerly, and the stranger of the Grand Central depot, of the train, and of the scene of the accident, slid, rather than walked, into the room.

Oscar Slyme was the private secretary of the Hon. Sherwood Elliston. He was a man of, it may be, thirty-five years of age. He had been called handsome, and by some even distinguished-looking, and, perhaps, in a certain degree, he was so.

He, at least, believed in his own good looks, and secretly flattered himself on a certain resemblance to the august personage whose secretary he was. Partly from nature, and partly from the constant imitation to which he submitted himself, this idea had some foundation, for he resembled the stately Mr. Elliston as much as a vulgar man can resemble one of high polish.

He was the son of a small manufacturer in Connecticut; had received from his father an honestly acquired fortune, and had dissipated it in the various enterprises of his adventurous life.

The influence of his college, however, obtained for him a place in the Department of State at Washington. He left it to come to New York and study law; placed himself with an attorney; attempted literature without success; gambled at one of the most fashionable dens, and lost there.

He had successfully knocked with feverish hand at all the doors of fortune, and none had opened to him, because, though his ambition was great, his capacity was limited.

The subordinate positions, for which he did not want. He

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mid have m... He sighs ... He would have ... respecti... e rector. He ... be a bi... itted for an ... privat... y, he aspired to be a member ... esident's Cabinet. In fine, he ... be a great man, and consequ... ailure is a bitter one. But he made himself a hypoc... at he found much easier. He ... mself on the one hand by fra... th the free-thinkers of the ... hool: on the other, by joi... thodox people of a certain very ... mmunity.

By these influences he contriv... re the secretaryship to the Ho... od Elliston, who, in his efforts ... out his election to the Unite... nate, needed the services of ... assessing certain qualification... s general contempt of the ... ecies he judged Slyme woul... s purpose quite as well as ano... Now, as doubtless the reade... ands, Sherwood Elliston was ... t what is called a really go... nce, familiarity with him was ... arfully prejudicial to the secr... d, it is true, the effect of stri... s devout mask, which he seldo... fore his employer, but it te... essed in venom the deprav... disappointment and wounded ... erated in his ulcerated heart. Of course Mr. Elliston never ... ouble to demoralize his secre... ntact, intimacy and example s... this.

A secretary is always more ... ndidant. He divines that wh... vealed to him, and Slyme cou... ng in discovering that his e... ccess in life did not arise, i... om too much principle—in ... om excess of conviction—in ... om a mania for scruples!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Was Original.

"Don't you think," said an ... n acquaintance, "that I have ... original book?"

"Yes, I think so."

"You will acknowledge, th... ou have never seen any book ... ?"

"Yes, I'll do that."

"Ah, I'm glad that I have c... ou to give me even a wo... cknowledgment of my abili... ctually hate to compliment a ... ill you please tell me in wha... ook is strictly original?"

"Oh, yes; it is original in ... t is the poorest book that ... een published."—*Arkansaw*...

PAID THE PENALTIE...

Two Texan Assaulters Hanged in ... ence of 10,000 People.

BONHAM, Tex., April 29.—Ji... and Sam Massey, negroes, we... here in the presence of 10,000 pe... colors, sizes and sexes.

Burke's crime was asault ... Clements, a white woman aged ... ey was hanged for making a ... assault on the Smith family near ... a little over a year ago, in which ... Smith, his wife and two children ... sensibility and assaulted the won... whole family was clubbed and ... a most brutal manner, Mrs. Sm... from her injuries and Smith bei... ently disabled.

Massey spoke on the gallows a... he assaulting.

CHARGED WITH SIGA...

A Salvation Army Exhorter's Se... riage Said to be Illegal

JERSEY CITY, April 29.—Mrs. ... Herring of this city, has mad... statement charging that Francis ... a Salvation Army exhorter, who ... ran away with and married 16 ... Mary Nan Alst, had committed ... She said Leonard married h... Maud Jenks, an actress, who ... marriage has played under the ... Maud Jenks Leonard. She is ... an engagement in the West. S... Leonard's story that he had ... divorce was not true, as she had ... a lawyer to search the records. ... written to her sister, who will ... at the end of her engagement ... cute Leonard.

Leonard, who is living with ... wife in the city, says he can es... necessary that he was divorc... Leonard says she will remain ... husband no matter what hap... marriage, she said, was preci... her mother threatening to turn ... the house unless she gave up L...

De Witt Clinton Train's T...

FONDA, N.Y., April 29.—Supe... Harrington of the Mohawk divis... General Hudson road has notifie... that the De Witt Clinton train ... over his division Monday af... route for the World's Fair. ... drawn by engine No. 999 just ... Central company, and said to be ... engine in the world. The train ... at all the stations in the Moha... five minutes.

Navajo Outbreak Becoming ...

DURANGO, Col., April 29.—... outbreak is assuming alarmi... tions. Settlers are procuring ... ammunition here to protect ... One settler reports that th... Welch's and other ranches are s... and that a massacre is prob... Waite has received a telegram ... Plummer at the the agency, ... State troops be sent to suppre... ajo war.

Died of a Criminal Oper...

MILFORD, Mass., April 29.—... woman named Margaret Freece ... is dead from the effects of a cri... ation performed on her in Bost... person unknown. The case is ... hands of the police. The husb... woman disclaims any knowle... act, and says he did not kno... tion had been performed until ... before his sudden death.

Bodies in the Water Two ...

LONG I... N. Y., Ap... body of a ... and has ... in the ... of Se... The bod... seed ... watch ch... ... was fou... ... identif...