Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1893.

IF the statement published in London that over 700 persons have died of cholera in Southern France since May is true, there is no evidence in such a mortality that the disease exists in a virulent or dangerous form. A death rate of twenty-five or thirty a day in a population of 5,000,000 is not like the work of Asiatic cholera where that fearful pestilence is epidemic in its most venomous form. Last year there was cholera at various places in the south of France long before the disease appeared in Hamburg, but it never caused a heavy mortality or spread far in any direction. The present condition of Marseilles and other cities on the Mediterranean coast calls for watchfulness, it is true, on the part of American quarantine officials, but the news so far received is not really alarming in any sense.

THREE Wellesley girls who were in a hotel fire are described coming out of the building dressed as if ready for a picnic, and having saved everything, even to a bag of peanuts. This seems to indicate a certain mental poise and equanimity of nerves which may be credited, for the time being at least, to the good effect of modern education of girls. It probably did not enter the minds of these gymnasium-trained and Greek-lettered girls to shriek and run about. They calmly got up and dressed and picked up their things and walked out of the blazing hotel. It is pleasant, however, to note that they dressed themselves with care enough to look ready for a picnic. The old doctrine that it is every woman's duty to look as pretty as possible under all circumstances receives the unconscious confirmation of these three maids from Wellesley.

SEVERAL weeks ago Matthew Manski, a hard-working Pole employed by a Chicago packing-house, found a piece of pickled pig's feet on the floor of the room in which he was working. He was hungry and immediately took a bite from the refuse scrap of meat. This act was observed, and as it was against the rules of the concern he was arrested, was taken before a local magistrate and bound over to the Grand Jury. Having no friends and no money he was thrown into jail, waiting for the Grand Jury to pass upon his case. For a full month he lay in jail. The facts were laid before the Grand Jury and that body, of course, refused to return an indictment and released the prisoner. Manski lost no time after his liberation in searching for his wife, whom he had left at home sick. She had become insane and had been removed to an asylum, while his two children had disappeared, and he for a long while was unable to locate them. "I was hungry and I bit into that piece of meat before I stopped to think of the consequences," said Manski pathetically. "Now I have lost my wife and my babies. I don't know what I shall do, for I have no work." And this is Chicago—the World's Fair city—and amid the crowning glories of 1893! Who says that the courts are formed to establish and maintain justice?

IT is a pity that Admiral Tryon, who so manfully confessed the great blunder for which he knew that he was about to pay the penalty of his life, added immeasurable to the magnitude of the calamity by signaling that no boats should be sent to the rescue. This circumstance, although it has attracted comparatively slight attention, was of the gravest importance in swelling the calamitous results. It is clear now that the loss of the splendid battleship Victoria and about four hundred lives was the result of Admiral Tryon's error of calculation. It is not necessary to assume, however, that the Admiral was either intoxicated or insane. He was a temperate man. He made a mistake; but, no doubt, it was sanely made. The incidents of that fatal day, as described by those who were nearest to the Admiral, indicate that he gave an order without due thought, intending to say "eight cables," and saying "six cables" instead. When his attention was called to the matter he probably concluded mentally that the maneuver could be accomplished in six cables, and adhered to his order. That seems to be a reasonable deduction from the testimony at the court martial. England has lost a formidable battleship through the blunder of Admiral Tryon, but she has also proven that her seamen of to-day are as brave as those who won fame and victory at Aboukir and Trafalgar.

A DARK SECRET.

The Story of a Tragic Life Drama.

BY E. M. DAVY.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

For the remainder of the day I avoided the company of Dr Gascoigne, wandered a good deal about the passages, and, as frequently as I dared, without exciting suspicion, lingered in the vicinity of a certain corridor. It was all in vain. Neither message nor note reached me; and I went toward my room at last, more disappointed than I should have cared to own.

As I was about to open my bedroom door, however, I heard a light footfall behind me, looked round and there was Edna.

"At 11 to-morrow, in the 'Fernery,'" she whispered hurriedly; and, without giving me time to answer, turned and fled.

Here was an assignation thrust upon me for the following morning, but which of the two ladies was the originator of it—whether mistress or maid—I could not for the life of me determine.

It might be that Miss Hargreave—availing herself of this means of communication—meant to claim on the morrow my promised aid. Or, equally likely, Edna Lynton, repenting her strange conduct, sought an opportunity to explain why she had affected not to know me. The situation was becoming complicated with a vengeance, but I bore it with the greatest equanimity, smoked innumerable cigarettes, and while I did so there stole over me a feeling of such pleased confidence in myself, my appearance and my prospects as for five long years I had never known.

Next day, Sunday—a bright, chill October morning—after watching a few stragglers set off for church, among whom was Mrs. Hargreave, I bent my steps toward the "Fernery," a small grotto situated in the grounds, close to Glendale House.

It was filled so full of ferns and greenery, a fish pond and towering palms, that more than two persons moving about in it at the same time was impossible. I reached this spot early, and sat down on the solitary rustic bench the place contained.

The distant church bells ceased to chime, 11 o'clock struck, and shortly afterward I could hear approaching footsteps.

"He has not come!" Miss Hargreave exclaimed, impulsively.

"Hush!" Then followed a few whispered words.

By no means desirous of overhearing anything not intended for my ears, I rose and showed myself at the entrance. Edna Lynton drew back instantly, and, without looking at me, walked away; but Miss Hargreave, with a slight bow, entered the grotto and sank on the rustic bench as though exhausted.

"I'm weak still," she said, faintly, and, leaning back, she closed her eyes, while I gazed in silent admiration at the dark, curved lashes that dropped on the flushed cheeks, noting also the exquisite figure set off by the tight-fitting velvet dress.

"Sit down, Mr. Dudley," she said presently; but I declined, and continued to stand over her, waiting, in a respectful attitude, till she should feel herself sufficiently recovered to say more.

At length, with a deep sigh, she roused herself and looked straight into my face.

"This is very humiliating," she said, with a laugh that sounded hysterical; "very humiliating—for me."

With all the eloquence I was master of—in words, in looks—I besought her to put aside such an idea now and forever. She had but to command, I would obey. Was I not her chosen knight?

"How delightfully romantic!" she cried; her whole face, but above all, her glorious eyes, lighting up with that look of *espièglerie* which had so charmed me on first seeing her.

"I, at least, am in earnest," I remarked, in a tone of pique.

"And so am I. God knows I need help sorely! It is with the greatest difficulty I have been able to arrange this meeting. But for that good girl who came with me, I should have been powerless to do so. I must make haste and tell you everything, Mr. Dudley, or you cannot understand. My own mother died before I can remember. My father married again about twelve years since—I believe solely on my account. I was a charge, a trouble, to him. I called his wife 'mother,' and I loved her, for she was very kind. Two years ago my father was thrown from his horse—in the hunting field—and died next day. Oh, it was a terrible time!" she said, shudderingly; and for a moment she covered her face with her hands. "I was ill after that—so ill! And then * * * mother changed to me. She became less kind and, later, she turned severe, unfeeling, cruel. She insisted upon leaving our beautiful home, and she took me about traveling from place to place. She says it is for my good, but I hate it—oh, how I hate it! My father was a rich man, I know it, and she has plenty of money. But I—oh, how am I to tell you for very shame?"

Then springing from the seat and pushing back the little fur hat she wore, so that it fell down among the ferns, she laid her beautiful white hand upon my sleeve.

"I am not allowed to have even the smallest coin you would fling to the poorest beggar!" she whispered, and the gleam of her dark eyes fixed on mine seemed to exercise a magnetic influence over me.

"Fine dresses, jewels, anything that can be bought, are mine simply for the asking, but I have no money. I have no freedom! * * Mr. Dudley," she continued, speaking more rapidly and eagerly, with both hands now clasped upon my arm, "I am treated like a slave, a prisoner—dragged about this country, as I was about the continent last year, from place to place. We can keep no servants. If my mother engages a traveling maid and I like her, she is at once dismissed. The servants mother approves I hate. They are set as spies over me. The girl who was engaged and came from Wexham yesterday will be sent away immediately it is discovered I have made a friend of her. But a man can help me best—a man like you! There must surely be some English law to protect a poor girl placed as I am. But without money, how am I to appeal to law? I want to know about my father's will. He must have left money that I should have, now I am of age. It is not possible he could be so unjust, so cruel, as to give it all to her—"

"You would like me to find out particulars of your father's will, I suppose, Miss Hargreave?" said I, with difficulty restraining all outward manifestation of the burning indignation I felt against this dreadful stepmother.

"But can you—will you?"

"Most certainly. All you have to do is to tell me his name and place of residence, and date of death."

"Lester Hargreave, Whitmore Park, Leicestershire. He died the 30th of December, 1878."

"Thank you. I will bring a copy of your father's will on Saturday. I hope you trust me, Miss Hargreave?"

"In whom else should I have confidence, if not in you? Yes! Indeed, I trust you. But you must be a magician, Mr. Dudley, if you can do that."

I saw she was totally ignorant of business affairs, and felt the more enchanted at her guilelessness. Taking one of her hands from my arm, where it was still resting, and raising it to my lips, "May I?" I asked, doubtingly.

There was no denial in those flashing gypsy eyes that met mine now so frankly. I kissed her hand once, twice, thrice—each time with increasing fervor—then let it go.

"You are my own sworn knight, you know," she said, as though that were excuse enough.

"And you, being my liege lady," and thus encouraged, I continued, "may I claim something more when my task is done?"

"You may, sir knight." When that time comes, ask what you will, and I——"

The sentence was not designed to be completed. With a startled cry, she sprang as far from me as the very limited space allowed. A shadow fell on us. Mrs. Hargreave stood there shutting out the sunlight.

"Georgie! What are you doing here, and who is this gentleman? He is no acquaintance of mine—or yours." She spoke in a voice tremulous with what might be anger; but to me it more resembled fear.

"This is—Mr. Dudley, mother." The girl spoke with a painful effort.

I bowed; so did Mrs. Hargreave.

The introduction thus effected was like embarrassing to all.

CHAPTER IV.

FORTUNE TURNS HER WHEEL.

"Leave us, Georgie," said the intruder, after a pause. "I must speak with this gentleman alone. It is incumbent on me. My duty to you compels it."

I looked at her, and believed I read one salient point in her character at once—she was a weak woman whose greatest desire was to appear strong.

"Not until I know what you are going to say to Mr. Dudley. Not until I am sure you will not insult him for having dared to speak—to me." Miss Hargreave exclaimed, impetuously.

"If I were sure you had met by accident—if you were merely exchanging common courtesies, but——"

"Mother! you are insulting him now by supposing anything else possible. Oh, this never-ending suspicion!" she cried, her face ablaze with passion. "You make a pretense of going to church, only to return and pry upon me. You drive me to desperation, and will regret it some day. Your religion is but another hypocrisy, while—oh, my God, this life is becoming unendurable!"

Then, with one piteous, appealing glance at me, Miss Hargreave flung herself upon the bench, and laying her face down on her outstretched arms, gave vent to a paroxysm of convulsive sobbing.

"My daughter has been ill; she is suffering from an attack of nerves. Do you not see, sir, that you ought to go?" cried Mrs. Hargreave, excitedly.

Of course I ought to go. There was no doubt about it! And as I passed out she entered.

I turned and watched her sit down beside the weeping girl. I saw her place her arms around her and draw the tear-stained face with apparent tenderness upon her breast. I saw that Mrs. Hargreave's eyes also were wet, her lips trembling, and I walked away profoundly puzzled how to reconcile the scene I had just witnessed with the tale of wrong I had only the moment before been told.

I am neither learned in phrenology nor physiognomy; but in the same degree that the finely proportioned head of Dr. Gascoigne impressed me in his favor, so, I must confess, did the weak face, but, above all, the white brows and eyelashes of Mrs. Hargreave warn me that she was not a woman to be trusted.

I left Glendale House by the last train that night and, as it chanced, without again seeing the Doctor.

Late as it was when I arrived at Coaltown my one thought on entering my lodgings was to devise some plan for obtaining a copy of Mr. Lester Hargreave's will. I wrote to an old friend—the son of my father's solicitor—whom I had not seen since my prospects darkened, and asked him to use his best endeavors in procuring me the fullest information.

I had some misgivings about applying to Charlie Hawks for these reasons: He was inclined to be wild when I knew him; since then it had come to my knowledge that he added unscrupulousness to dissipation. However, it was the only means that occurred to me of obtaining the desired information. I wrote the letter to Charlie and posted it myself next morning on my way to the bank.

My employers received me cordially and expressed their satisfaction at seeing me restored to health. I took my seat on the high stool before my desk and resumed my work, to all appearance as though I had never been away from it. I say advisedly "to all appearance," because in point of fact everything was changed to me. I seemed to have begun a new era in my existence. Much as I had disliked my life as a bank clerk hitherto, I regarded it now with positive loathing, and felt convinced that Dr. Gascoigne was right when he asserted I was unfitted.

Having no desire to prolong my story, it were needless to enter into any detailed account either of my life or feelings during the next few days.

It was not until Saturday morning that the impatiently expected letter from London came.

A large blue envelope lay conspicuous on the white breakfast cloth, and, had it contained a letter from the beautiful Miss Hargreave herself, I could scarcely have experienced deeper emotion than that with which I broke the seal.

Throwing to one side a note written in Charlie Hawks' hand, I spread out before me the sheet of paper on which the substance of the will had apparently been hastily jotted down. I read slowly, thoughtfully, weighing each item, and before quite reaching the end, paused.

Was I fated to be forever recalling some chance words of Dr. Gascoigne? "You should marry an heiress, my dear boy," he had said.

I smiled as I repeated the words aloud—I laughed—I broke out in a few bars of a light song. Here was the most charming girl in the world, with—now that she was of age—a country seat in Leicestershire, £30,000 in funds, and all her father died possessed of absolutely her own, with the exception of a paltry annuity, not worth mentioning, left to the widow; and the last words this lovely heiress had spoken to me were:

"Ask what you will, and I——" The sentence, owing to circumstances, had remained unfinished, but how easy to interpret it in the way I wished!

Is there a devil? If there is, most surely at that moment he whispered in my ear that gratitude alone should prompt her to listen favorably to my suit. Was I not now in a position to unmask the perfidy of her stepmother?

I got up and paced the room in my indignation when I thought of the girl's words: "I am not allowed to have even the smallest coin you would fling to the poorest beggar!" And yet all was hers—all hers by law.

Presently, recollecting there were still a few lines of writing on the paper, I took it up and read, with feelings more easily imagined than described, the following:

I, Lester Hargreave, etc., etc., being of sound mind, but at the point of death, do hereby revoke all former wills. I leave everything I die possessed of to Martha Hargreave, my wife, and I appoint the said Martha Hargreave sole executrix of this my will, so that she, knowing my wishes—and having absolute control over my estate—may be enable to carry them out to the best of her ability. To this end, so help her God!

This codicil bore date Dec. 30, 1878, and the names of two witnesses were written below. Next I turned to Charlie Hawks' letter inclosed and read:

DEAR JACK—It's taken me some time and been some trouble, but I've done the best I could for you. The governor drew out the will, of which I send you a rough copy. It doesn't matter, though, about being rough, for the will's no good. The codicil—added to the original document the day the old boy died—is legal beyond all dispute. Suppose you are nuts on the daughter? Look before you leap, old fellow, and don't forget to ask mamma. Yours,

CHARLIE HAWKS.

Disgusted with the writer's flippancy, I flung the effusion into the grate, ate my breakfast in considerably subdued spirits, then set off for the bank—a good half-hour behind my usual time.

Saturday afternoon found me once more entering Glendale House.

Stepping into the comfortable, warm office-room usually occupied by Mr. Hill, "Can I have my old quarters until Monday?" I asked of him.

"Certainly, sir; and I'm glad to see you back," was the reply. "We're terribly slack—were never more so."

"No arrivals or departures since I left?" There was an inviting-looking chair placed beside the manager's, near the fire. I sat down on it.

"Departures, yes. But no arrivals since Mrs. and Miss Hargreave came."

"They are still here, then?" I inquired, carelessly.

"And likely to remain a while I hope. They've had the rooms finely fitted up. The country air seems suiting the young lady. They keep our carriages and our best horses fairly well worked, driving about the neighborhood. If we'd a few more visitors like them, Mr. Dudley, the place might pay."

"Does it not now?"

"How can it, sir, unless it's turned into a regular hotel, or, anyhow, has a wine license! There's not much to be made out of gingerade, I reckon! I don't care how fast the place may be," he continued seriously, "it's impossible to make it pay. You know for yourself, sir, how low our charges are! Well, if folks don't drink, it stands to reason they must eat, and I tell you for a fact, the longer they stop here—taking long walks, and finding the benefit from the bracing air—the more they do eat; but they pay no more! Now those two ladies"—making a vague movement with his hand—"they don't want the solid joint, but tasty dishes—bits of odds and ends cooked up, with a French name tacked on. The wife's getting quite *ofay* at entering for them. Hotel-living would suit them best, but I don't think they'd care much for my lady and her daughter at a swell hotel."

"Why?"

"Because, sir, they're—Blue Ribbonites."

"What?" I asked, laughing heartily at this solemnity.

"True as I'm sitting here," he said. "The old lady—she's not old, but we call her that—has got some crotchets in her head you may depend! She spoke a few words to me in here to-day, and soon showed one of them. 'It's a grand cause, this temperance movement,' said she 'and houses such as yours should be better patronized than they are; but why don't you wear the badge?' I explained that to hold the position of manager here should be sufficient guarantee. With that she sighed and turned away."

I rose laughing and looked at my watch.

"I'll call in and have a word with Dr. Gascoigne on my way upstairs."

"Pardon me, sir, but you'll not see the Doctor. He went away this afternoon, and we don't expect him back till Monday."

Was I disappointed? Scarcely. Somehow, in a vague, half-defined manner, I felt that this knowledge was a relief!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Little Dot—Mamma, didn't papa say General Greely predicted high winds for to-day?

Mamma—Yes, dear; he read it in the paper.

Little Dot—Well, they isn't high at all. They is so low down they most blowed me over.—*New York Weekly.*

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

YAWNING.—Although one yawning does not present a very agreeable appearance, it is very agreeable to himself, for the stretching of the muscles causes a feeling of comfort. It acts likes massage, and is the most natural gymnastics of the lungs imaginable. Dr. Negeli, therefore, advises people not to concern themselves with so-called decency, but every morning and evening, and as often as possible, to exercise the lungs and all the muscles of respiration by yawning and stretching, as many chronic lung troubles may thus be prevented. Dr. Negeli orders the patient troubled with too much wax in the ear, accompanied with pain, to yawn often and deeply. The pain will soon disappear. He, also, in case of nasal catarrh, inflammation of the palate, sore throat and earache, orders the patient as often as possible during each day to yawn from six to ten times successively, and immediately afterward to swallow. The result will be surprising. If one looks upon yawning as a natural massage for certain organs, he will reach a satisfactory explanation of its curative properties.—[Berlin Unsere Zeit.

HINTS ABOUT EATING.—The time at which the principal meal is taken is not, within limits, of such great importance if certain essential conditions are complied with. The selected hour should be adhered to; for the stomach acquires the habit of getting ready at the usual time—if it is disappointed, either the appetite fails or indigestion follows. The food last taken should not have been too recent, nor should there have been too long a fast. The diner should not have been overtired, otherwise the stomach will share in the general exhaustion. If the stomach has been exhausted by efforts to digest too recent a meal, or by too long abstinence, or partake of the general exhaustion of its proprietor, it will be unable to form the juices necessary for digestion. To his principal meal a man should bring his body fresh and vigorous and a stomach refreshed by rest after having done work within a reasonably short period. Dinner should never be bolted and hurried over. The food should be well masticated. The materials should be the best obtainable, the meat good and the vegetables fresh. The cooking should be carefully and properly done. Indigestible things, or those which disagree with the individual, should be eschewed. After the meal the diner should rest or have some light occupation for an hour, or, still better, two. He should neither undertake active physical exercise—nor even moderately rapid walking—nor should he study, think over business, or occupy his mind seriously in any way. It is well to remember that a piece of beef remains and engages the stomach for about three hours, a piece of salt beef or pork four and three-quarter hours. Nor is it right to sleep for some time after a meal. During sleep digestion is suspended; the food remains in the stomach and undergoes improper changes; digestion is deferred until the sleeper wakens, and then digestion takes place imperfectly. Indigestion and nightmare are the consequences. Finally, do not eat too much. It is better to eat too little. The rule to get up with an appetite, though hardly an inviting one, is not without reason. Habitual repletion is much to be deprecated. If people could or would always attend to these simple directions, the benefit to health would be enormous. The gain in economy, too, would be greater than many of us think. It is astonishing how little food a man requires to do hard work and remain in health, if that food is proper, in quality and properly taken. Improper food improperly taken is not only to a great extent wasted, but will, in the end, lead to serious disaster.—[The Family Doctor," in Cassell's Magazine.

Romance of an Orchid Hunter.

Orchid-hunting leads to strange adventures. M. Hamelin, the collector who has sent home all the specimens of the Eulophiella Elizabethæ that have hitherto reached these shores, narrates in a letter how he won a dusky bride and moreover secured his preserves of the famous plant from all poaching on the part of brother depredators—or, more euphemistically, plant-collectors. While searching the woods of Madagascar he had for guide and hunter the brother of the chief, Mayombosa. This unhappy guide had the misfortune to be so severely mauled by a Madagascar lion that he died and M. Hamelin returned alone to tell the tale. After the recital the irate chief gave the survivor the option of marrying the widow or being greased and burned. He chose the lesser of two evils, but coupled with the marriage contract an undertaking on the part of his brother-in-law to close those lands to all other orchid-seekers.—[London Telegraph.

Electricity by Wind Power.

The utilization of energy for electrical purposes from windmills has been proven possible, if not commercially feasible. The data on this matter is interesting, and indicative of much yet to be attempted. Experiments made in Great Britain show that a machine constructed for this purpose developed results that were perfectly satisfactory, the power obtained being sufficient for the electric lighting of a flourmill with twenty-seven sixteen-candle-power lamps and three arc lights. Experiments made by Engineer Raou in the north lighthouse at Havre, France, by a forty-foot Halliday mill were found to give a power of 17.8 measured on the wind shaft, with a wind velocity of twenty-three feet per second.—Detroit Free Press.

There is an association of 100-year-old Americans.

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