



CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

Mrs. Sinclair's telegram informing him of her husband's death, and entreating him to go to Marchbrook, disturbed the placidity of her father's temper.

"Poor Sinclair!" he muttered, with more fretfulness than regret. "Pity he couldn't have died at a more convenient time. I hate crossing the channel on a rainy day. And what good can I do at Marchbrook? However, I suppose I must go. Women are so helpless. I never cared much for him, poor child, and there's Davenant still unmarried and devoted to her. An excellent match, too, since he came into old Gryffin's money. Providence orders all things for the best. I hope I shall have a fine night for crossing."

He was with Constance early on the following day, having lost no time in obeying her summons, but he was unprepared for the accusations she brought against him.

"Upon my life, Constance, I was only a passive instrument in this whole affair, just like the horses on purpose to save your life, and I consented."

"You let a stranger take my destiny into his hands?" cried Constance, indignantly.

"He was not a stranger. He loved you dearly—as was anxious for your welfare as even I, your father."

"The German physician, the white-haired old man who told me to hope? Why he had never seen me before in his life."

"The man who told you to hope, who persuaded me to agree to the introduction of a spurious child, was no German doctor. He was neither old nor white-haired, and he loved you devotedly for years. He heard you were dying of a broken heart, and came to you in disguise in order to see if love could devise some means of saving you. The German doctor was Cyril Davenant."

"This was another blow for Constance. The man whom she had believed in the soul of honor was the originator of the scheme she had denounced as wicked and cruel, and yet could find no words of blame for him. She remembered the gentle voice that had penetrated her ears, and mingled with the thick mists of madness, remorse, the tones that had touched her with a wondering sense of something familiar and dear. He had come to her in her apathy and despair, and from the moment she knew she knew life had brightened and grown happy. It was but a delusive happiness, a false peace; and now she must go back to the old agony of desolation and incurable regret."

"You can at least tell me who and what that child is, papa," she said after a long pause.

"Indeed, my love, I know nothing except that Davenant told me she belonged to decently born people, and would never be allowed to marry you. And the poor little thing looked so thoroughly clean and respectable—of course at that age one can hardly tell—the features are so undeveloped—the nose more like a morsel of putty than anything human—but she knew that the child had a thoroughbred look; and I am sure when I saw her last Christmas she looked as complete a lady as ever came out of our Marchbrook nursery."

"She is a lovely child," said Constance, "and I have loved her passionately."

"Then, my dearest girl, why not go on loving her?" pleaded Lord Claryarde. "Call her your adopted child, if you like, and keep her about you as your pet and companion till you are married again and have children of your own. You can then relegate her to her natural position and by and by get her respectably married, or portion her off in some way."

"No," said Constance, resolutely, "I will never see her again."

And all the while she was longing to take the afternoon train to Hastings and rejoin her darling.

After this there was nothing more for Constance Sinclair to do but to submit to fate and consider herself once more a childless mother. Sir Cyril was away, no one knew where, and even had he been in England Constance felt that there would be little use in knowing more than she knew already. The knowledge of the strange child's parentage could be but of the smallest importance to her, since she meant to banish the little one from her heart and home.

Lord Claryarde and the lawyers did all that was necessary to secure Mrs. Sinclair's position as inheritress of her husband's estates. The Newmarket stables and stud were sold, and realized a considerable sum, as the training stable was supposed to be the most perfect establishment of its kind built on hygienic principles, with all modern improvements—and was warmly competed for by numerous foolish young noblemen and gentlemen who were just settling out on the broad road which Gilbert Sinclair had traveled at so swift a rate. Things in the North had been gradually improving; the men were growing wiser, and arbitration between master and men was taking the place of the old system of blood.

Constance Sinclair found herself in a fair way to become a very rich woman, caring about as much for the money her husband had left as for the withered leaves that fell from the Marchbrook elms in the dull, hoarse autumn days. What was the use of wealth to a childless widow, who could have been content to live in a lodging of three rooms, with one faithful servant?

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

A common saying for a broken heart, when the patient happens to be a person of handsome fortune—for your pauper, hard work is your only cure—is foreign travel. Lord Claryarde, who hated Marchbrook, now suggested this remedy to his daughter. He felt that it was his duty to afford her the benefit of his protection and society during the first period of her widowhood, and it struck him that it would be more agreeable for both of them to lead a nomadic life than to sit opposite each

pose. I believe he started for Africa last autumn."

"Was there not some kind of early attachment between him and Mrs. Sinclair? Pardon me for asking such a question."

"Yes, I believe Davenant would have proposed for Constance if his circumstances had permitted him to hope for my consent."

"Poor fellow! And he carried his broken heart to Africa, and came back to find a fortune waiting for him, and your daughter married. Do you not think, if he were to return now, Mrs. Sinclair might be consoled for the loss of her child by reunion with the lover of her girlhood?"

"I doubt if anything would reconcile her to the loss of the little girl. Her affection for that child was an infatuation."

A pair of picturesque Italians began a duet by Verdi, and the conversation between Mrs. Walsingham and Lord Claryarde went on further. He did not make any offer of bringing Constance to the lady's reception; for the memory of that old alliance between Mrs. Walsingham and Gilbert Sinclair hung like a cloud over her reputation. No one had any specific charge to bring against her, but it was remembered that Sinclair had been her devoted slave for a long time, and had ended his slavery by marrying somebody else.

The weeks went round. Constance showed no improvement in health or spirits. Pride was making a sorry struggle in that broken heart. She would not go back to England and the spurious Christabel, though her heart yearned for that guiltless impostor. She would not suffer another woman's child to hold the place of her lost darling; no, not even though that strange child had made it self dearer to her than life. Mrs. Sinclair's doctor informed Lord Claryarde that Rome was getting too warm for his patient, whereupon that anxious parent was fain to tear himself away from the pleasures of the seven-hilled city and those delightful evenings at Mrs. Walsingham's.

"Our medical man threatens me with typhoid fever and all manner of horrors if I keep my daughter here any longer," he said, "so we start for England almost immediately. We will not stay much longer in Rome, I suppose."

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Walsingham, carelessly; "the place suits me better than any other. I am tired to death of London and Paris. There is some pleasure in life here, and I should like to be buried in the cemetery where Keats lies."

"Yes, it's a nice place to be buried in, if we must be buried at all; but that's rather a gloomy consideration. I should strongly advise you to spend the summer in the Caspian region, and leave the burial question to chance."

"Oh, I dare say I shall soon get tired of Rome. I always get tired of places before I have been very long in them; and if the artists go away, I shall go too."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Changing Sea.

The Caspian Sea lies eighty-five feet below the level of the Black Sea, and is the greatest body of water in the world lying below the sea level. It is remarkable not only for this fact but for the changes that have occurred in its level. About the first century of our era, there is no doubt that the level of the sea stood eighty-five feet above its present horizon, and of course spread over a vastly more extensive area than at present. The Russian Geological Society has printed a treatise, written by N. M. Philippov, on these remarkable changes of level. Since the early part of the Christian era, a general and gradual decline of the level of the sea has taken place. In the eighteenth century, however, there appeared a slight rise, and a few periods when the level rose, at the beginning of the present century there has been a fall, but since 1865, judging from recent observations, the level has been higher.

Lieutenant Sokoloff, a naval officer, while working in the Caspian region from 1843 to 1845, collected much information. He found that in the present century it had risen, causing great apprehension among the inhabitants of an inundation, and giving rise to the belief in periodical changes of level. In 1734 and 1747, found submerged buildings which had stood on dry land thirty years before, and he mentioned a saying of the Persians that the sea rose and fell alternately every thirty years. M. Philippov has made a special study of the whole question. Inquiring into the causes of these changes of level, he finds a variety of influences at work, such as the wind driving the water towards the coast, the temperature of the air causing evaporation, evaporation and consequent fall of level. Rivers, rain and earthquakes are also among the active agencies causing fluctuations from month to month and from day to day.

Tim's Kit.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the postoffice the other day to see "Limpie Tim" come among them in a quiet way, and to hear him say:

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit for two shillings."

"Go in' away, Tim," queried one.

"Not 'zactly, boys; but I want a quarter the awfulest kind, just now."

"Go in' on a 'scursion?" asked another.

"Not to-day; but I must have a shilling," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of the daily paper, put down the money, and said:

"I guess I kin write, if you'll give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you may not have seen it. He wrote:

"Died—Limpie Tim, of scarlet fever, aged three years. Funeral to-morrow, gone up to Heaven; left one brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the editor.

"Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter, and rasped:

"I—I had to sell my kit to do it, but he had his arms around my neck when he died."

He hurried away home; but the news went to the boys, and they gathered round, crowding at Schoenshaal, in the Black Forest. You may have heard of the circumstance."

"Yes, yes."

It was quite wonderful. She received the strange child we introduced into her life—never doubted its identity with her own baby—and all went on well till poor Sinclair's death; but on his death-bed he wrote a letter telling her—

"That child was not her own!" exclaimed Mrs. Walsingham. "That must have been her brother."

"It did, poor girl. She has not yet recovered the blow, and I fear never will. What I most dread is her sinking back into the state in which she was the winter before last."

"Where is Sir Cyril Davenant?" asked Mrs. Walsingham, somewhat irreverently.

"At the other end of the world, I sup-

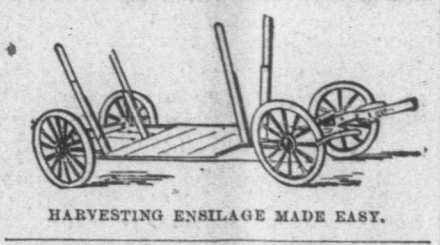
OUR RURAL READERS.

SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

A Low-Down Wagon for Harvesting Ensilage—Owning vs. Renting Land—Durable Outside Cellar Stairs—Bran Dearer than Wheat—Pure Water for Poultry.

An Ensilage Fodder Rack.

Although the growing of a good crop of grain as well as fodder and allowing it to ripen for ensilage gives us much better ensilage than the old plan of growing fodder only and cutting and canning it green, it does not, in the least, aid us in the solution of the problem of transporting our ensilage material from the



HARVESTING ENSILAGE MADE EASY.

field to the cutter. The long stalks with large, heavy ears, are very difficult to handle. Many devices have been gotten up to aid in handling this fodder, and one of the best which we have seen is a low-down wagon described in the Ohio Farmer by E. P. Stump, of the Ohio State University Farm, as follows:

The plan is to fit the ordinary farm wagon with a rack, low enough to allow one man alone to load conveniently, a fair load. It requires for material two pieces of pine 5x10x16 ft, one piece of oak 5x8x12 in. four pieces of pine 5x8x15 in. About 50 or 60 ft of inch lumber and four good, strong standards, of oak preferably; then four bolts, x28 in. one 11-in. jointed king-bolt with two iron keys, one iron plate 4x8 in. eight standard hands—four large, four small—with two small 53 in. bolts for each. Then a long chain completes the outfit, though the chain is not essential. The front bolster, rear bounds and coupling pole or reach must be removed from the wagon and the rack bolted under the rear axle as shown in the cut. We find this rack extremely convenient for many other uses on the farm. It comes in very useful where one-stocks his corn and draws it to the barn to husk, or in drawing the stalks to the barn after husking in the field.

Field of Honey.

A writer in the Orange Judd Farmer has thoroughly tested his colonies, and says that when he runs them for comb honey he has not been able to get any large number to average over 50 or 60 pounds to the colony, but colonies in the same yard, run for extracted honey, have averaged from 125 to 160 pounds in a season. The bees run for extracted honey were given empty combs as rapidly as they could fill them. He keeps his queens clipped and has little or no trouble from swarming. In this way the self-spacing frames in the hive, he claims to be able to cure for 400 colonies, and do it easier than he could handle half that number in sections.

Home-Bred Cows.

A cow bred on the farm where it is to be kept is more contented and will give better results than she will on a strange place. This is a strong point in favor of breeding cows for the dairy, instead of relying on purchasing them. Besides, it is every year becoming more difficult to buy cows of the best making strains in the numbers required for any dairy. The value of the best cows is more highly appreciated, and they bring prices that make it pay for breeding them. By using a thoroughbred bull a herd of natives may be improved rapidly, and this increase in value of the herd makes the farming profitable, even though the dairyman gets little above his current expenses in sales of milk, butter, and cheese.

Unimproved Lands.

In South Carolina, of a total area of 12,000,000 acres, 5,000,000 are improved and 8,000,000 unimproved. In Georgia, of a total of 25,000,000 acres, 9,000,000 are improved and 16,000,000 unimproved. A similar proportion exists in Florida. In Illinois there are 30,000,000 acres of farming lands, of which 4,000,000 acres are idle. There is a much larger proportion of unimproved land in North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, than there is in Texas, which will surprise people.

An Easily Made Wagon Jack.

This wagon jack should be made of hard wood. The large end of the lever should be covered with strap



A WAGON JACK THAT HOLDS.

iron or an iron plate set on its upper surface where the axle rests. To hold the lever, a bolt may be put through the upright and the diagonal, piece notched to fit, thus regulating the use of the jack to high or low wagons.

Shearing by Machinery.

It is said that the steam sheep-shearing plant located at Casper, Wyo., is receiving liberal patronage on account of the superior work done by the machines. The operator is not able to make as great speed with the machines as by hand clipping, but he is able to do much better work, taking off more wool per head and leaving it in better condition, and with less injury to the sheep. Sheep resheared by machinery yield about three-quarters of a pound of wool, so it is said, after having being hand sheared.

Fall Planting.

Plow the ground for wheat as soon as you can. When the weeds come up work the ground over with the cultivator, and work it again should more weeds appear. Spread out the manure and work it into the plowed ground. By the time the wheat is sown the land will be in excellent condition for the seed, and the crop will start off well.

It would be impossible to catch cold this kind of weather; there is no cold to catch.

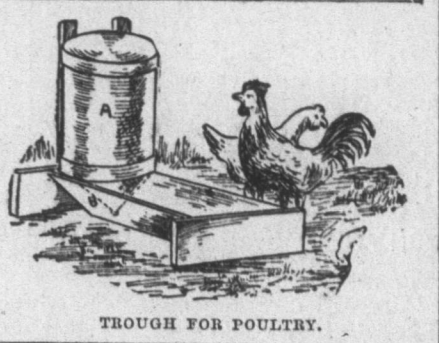
utilize the surplus. Sometimes ears are grown on these suckers.

Uneven Stands of Corn.

No small part of the failure of corn to make a good crop comes from poor seed. It operates in two ways. The farmer who doubts his seed is tempted to plant more in a hill, thinking that some may not germinate. If half the seed failed entirely the crop would be better. But poor seed does not operate that way. If its vitality is wholly destroyed the appearance of the seed shows it, and it is usually rejected. The consequence is that the hill has a number of feeble stalks crowding each other so that not one in the hill can set an ear. The poor seed ought not to have more than two stalks in a hill, and if the soil is poor also, thinning to one stalk would be better still.

Water for Poultry.

The ordinary, V shaped trough B, shown below, made from ordinary fence boards, shows a simple method of supplying the poultry regularly with pure water, says the Farm and Home. It may be made of any desired length, but eighteen inches is sufficient. In this at one end invert a five-gallon of jug A, which has previously been filled with pure water. To keep it erect, drive two stakes at the end of the trough and lean the



TROUGH FOR POULTRY.

can against them. If further support is necessary, tie it to the stakes. As soon as the water is lowered in the trough below the opening in the can, a little air is admitted and water flows out to take the place of that consumed. By this means water can be kept pure and wholesome and if the vessel be made of earthenware and placed in the shade it will keep cool for a long time.

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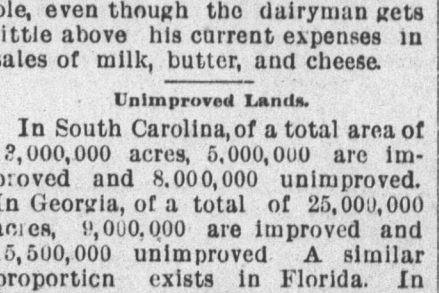
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HOOSIER HAPPENINGS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

What Our Neighbors are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Personal Pointers About Indians.

Minor State Items.

FLAT ROCK crematory, near Shelbyville, burned. Loss, \$5,000.

GRANT COUNTY contains more than \$270,000 of taxable glass works property.

VALPARAISO papers think that town is a regular heaven now because the saloons are closed on Sunday.

A LAPORTE justice of the peace fines any man who spits tobacco juice on the floor during the progress of a trial.

The Diamond Plate-glass Factory at Elwood has started up the remaining department of the plant, and it is now running at full capacity.

At the home of S. J. Jett, Lebanon, Robert Jett was shot dead by his cousin, John Fleenen of Virginia, who was visiting him. Fleenen was shooting at a hat thrown into the air. Coroner Porter rendered a verdict of accidental shooting.

WILLIAM SCOTT, aged forty, was smothered to death in Hoosier slide, Michigan City. He was engaged in loading sand at the foot of the big sand hill when a cave-in occurred burying him. He was taken out two hours later. Scott leaves a wife and child.

Mrs. WILLIAM MILLER, of Brazil, was pouring coal oil in the stove when the fuel ignited, making a fearful conflagration, enveloping her in flames. Her cries for help were not responded to for a short time, and when neighbors reached her by very much of clothing was burned from her body and her flesh was burned to a crisp. She cannot recover.

BEN CALDWELL, of Louisville, has an eight-day clock, eight feet high, that tells the time of day, day of month, and moon's phases. The clock was made by Mrs. Caldwell's grandfather, 75 years ago. He cut the wheels from brass plates and hammered out the steel pieces. Every piece of work about it was made in an old grist mill near Connersville.

JOHN HARRIS, an ex-soldier and night policeman at Noblesville, while on his rounds discovered burglars had gained an entrance into Metzger's planing mill office. Harris was fired on and wounded in his right thigh. The burglars ran past the electric light plant where they lived at Liverville, an employee, who was standing in the door, after which they escaped, going west.

The Whitewater River, down below Richmond, is filled with dead and dying fish, alleged to be due to contamination from the city's sewage. They are killed out by the shoreward, and complaints along the river for miles claim that fish are seen daily floating on the surface, and the stench arising from the mass is dreadful. The State Fish and Game Protective Association has been appealed to.

JOHN LEWIS, 4-year-old child was saved from instant death at Greenfield, the other night, in a very peculiar manner. The little fellow was sitting on the Panhandle tracks when the limited mail came thundering along. When within a few feet of the child a small dog tried to jump across the track. The engine hit the canine and knocked it against the child, the force being great enough to land it out of the way of the train. The dog was killed.

COL. C. E. BRIGHT of Huntington, Ind., and Adjutant Allan H. Decker of Fort Wayne, have issued the following call to the comrades of the Eighty-Eighth Indiana Volunteers: "The annual reunion of the Eighty-Eighth Indiana Volunteers, infantry, will be held at Fort Wayne, Indiana, Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1894. Regimental and company meeting at 10:30 a. m. Reunion at 2:00 p. m. Camp fire at 7:00 p. m. We would be pleased to have you all with us once more and your wives and families. Please advise the Adjutant whether you can be present."

RAN GILES, one of the oldest citizens living two miles east of Fort Lick, was found dead in his potato patch late the other evening. He is supposed to have been murdered while digging potatoes. When found by his son he was lying on his face with a hole in his hand. At the coroner's inquest he was found to have had severe blows on the back of the head; also a wound on his side. There was no sign of any struggle, and he seemed to have been killed instantly. He was known to have had about \$35, but when found only \$11 could be found on his person. He was over 80 years old, and is supposed to have been murdered for his money. There is no clew to the murderer.

A WRECK occurred on the P. C. C. & St. L. at Middletown. Local freight No. 75 was on the main track and No. 19, the fast mail, in charge of Conductor Case and Engineer Charles Runkell, was due. This train does not stop there, but usually goes through at a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour. The flagman had gone but a short distance, when the fast mail came down the hill at terrific speed. The day was foggy and Engineer Runkell did not see the flag until within a short distance. He reversed the engine, but too late. The passenger crashed into the rear end of the local freight, and the caboose and two box cars were ground into kindling wood and others were damaged. The passenger locomotive was partially off the track and was badly damaged. No one was hurt save fireman Jones, who jumped and was slightly bruised. Engineer Runkell remained at his post while the locomotive plowed its way through the crashing cars and came out unscratched. In three hours trains were passing.

The Vigo Agricultural society has decided to hold a fair at Terre Haute the first week in October. The usual fair week in August was devoted solely to the big race meeting, and the October week is to provide the agricultural fair.

The nineteenth annual reunion of the "Old Brigade" Association, composed of the Eight and Eighteenth Indiana Infantry Veteran Volunteers and the First Indiana Battery, will be held at Winchester on the 15th instant, that date being the anniversary of the battle of Opequan, or Winchester, Va.

WILLIAM COLE, a farmer, died suddenly at Brazil. He was seated in a buggy, when seized with a fit of nausea. Shortly after he was passing and noticed the sick man rapidly sinking and hastened to him. He died almost instantly.

PANHANDLE freight, No. 79, west-bound, in charge of Robert Lashley, conductor, and C. C. Jenkins, engineer, was wrecked at Knightstown by a broken rail. Head brakeman Healy was killed and eight cars were demolished. The train was heavily loaded and was running at a high rate of speed. Healy was a new man on the road and his home was at Noblesville.

BRECKINRIDGE IS BEATEN.

W. C. Owens Carries the Ashland Congressional District in Kentucky.

Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge, the silver-tongued orator and defendant in the famous breach of promise case in which Madeline Pollock appeared as plaintiff, has been defeated for re-nomination in the Ashland, Ky., district by C. Owens. Mr. Owens, backed by the majority of the women of Kentucky, and supported by the men of the State who have not hesitated to express their disgust at the attitude of the Congressman both during the famous trial and throughout the heated campaign, has won. Mr. Settle, who has never been considered a formal issue in the campaign, cut but little figure in the primaries outside of his own county. In those counties where the feeling was most bitter, notably Bourbon, Franklin, and Woodford, money flowed like water, and the combined expense of the day is placed by many at \$100,000. In Fayette County at several of the polls there were fights, but cool-headed men prevented the use of revolvers. Throughout the entire district there were probably 100 or more men injured.

No election or other occasion ever caused such a general suspension of business. For months the district has been agitated in the most bitter personal agitation. It was not a political, not even a factional fight, but a moral contest for weeks and months, and during the last few days it became intensely personal, so much so that the nomination was not the only issue. Col. Breckinridge was fighting for it, and he never before had made such speeches or displayed such executive ability in organization. He marshaled every man he could command, but he could not command the women. They had no votes, but they were a controlling element in the file. The women prayed, the men voted, and Breckinridge was beaten. There's no use quarreling over the result of the election as to whether it was the prayers or the votes that did it. Breckinridge is beaten.

William C. Owens is a native of Scott County, and one of the wealthiest men in the blue grass region of Kentucky, where he has lived all his life. He is 44 years old and unmarried. He graduated from the Columbia College Law School in the class of 1872. Two years later he began his political career in a successful race for the office of clerk of Scott County. He went to the Legisature for five consecutive terms. Mr. Owens was a Democratic elector for his district in 1881 and was a delegate-at-large from Kentucky to the National Democratic convention at Chicago in 1882. He was chosen temporary chairman of that body.

SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.

Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton and Her Notorious Conduct—Is Socially Banished.

Scandal in "high society" is very common these days. The papers had not yet exhausted their stock of disgusting stories about William K. Vanderbilt's domestic troubles, when there came the announcement that Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton had sued for divorce from her husband, who is an Astor. This Drayton scandal is not altogether new. Newspaper readers will remember that there was much talk about

Mrs. J. C. Drayton, it two years ago, when the conduct of Mrs. Drayton with Alphonse Borrows, over in Paris, led to very amusing talk about duels, etc. The matter was finally permitted to die, but last week ugly stories were revived when Drayton filed his suit for divorce in a New Jersey court. His wife's conduct in this with counter charges of infidelity.

Charlotte Augusta Drayton is a daughter of William Astor, of the family of which John Jacob Astor was the founder. Some fourteen years ago she married J. Coleman Drayton, a gentleman of education, refinement, studious and quiet habits, and good position. She became the mother of four children, was a leader in society, and had everything in the way of the luxuries of life that money could desire. Yet she accepted, if the allegations of her husband be true, the attentions of Hallett Alsop Borrows, a good-for-nothing young man about town, and for years carried on with him an affair which lacked cover and was a disgrace to her name and position. After the exposure and the scandal, which finally resulted in world-wide notoriety, she had the assurance to try to force herself back into the social circles from which she had been banished. She has driven her. But society, vain, frivolous, pharisaical though it be, refused to receive her, and she has been forced to fly to Europe.

Telegraphic Gossip.

PEOPLE near Defiance, Ohio, are hunting for a bear said to be roaming about that section.

G. C. DE BRONKART, the Belgian consul at Denver, Colo., died suddenly while visiting in Chicago.

E. A. SIMMONS, sheriff of Howard County, Ind., tendered his resignation to Governor Matthews, to take effect at once.

T. P.