The Democratic Sentinel
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RENSSELAER, - - - INDIANA.

LACKING IN THE LAW.

CRIME PREDOMINATES IN THE YUKON DISTRICT.

Steamer Crews Are Trading Liquor to the Indians on the Alaskan Boundary—X Rays Said to Kill the Flesh—Grecks Insult Portugal.

Need Government Discipline.

Inspector Constantine of the Northwest mounted police at Fort Cudahy, in the Yukon district, reports that the territory about the mouth of MacKenzie river and the Herschell Islands demands the attention of the Government. Twelve steamers stayed there last winter. The crews numbered from 1,000 to 1,200. These vessels do not leave winter quarters until about the middle of July. Each year a vessel is loaded and sent from San Francisco with a cargo of supplies for this fleet. Liquor is sold or traded to the natives for furs, walrus, ivory and young girls. The natives have also learned to make liquor from dried fruit, sugar and molasses. They are violent and dangerous when they have liquor. Last winter it is reported that one tied up his daughter by the heels and whipped her to death. Mr. Whittaker, a missionary, and the captain of the ship, tied up the man and whipped him. The result was that the natives threatened to make the missionary leave the island.

X RAYS KILL THE FLESH.

Doctors Are Anxiously Watching the Results of an Experiment.

Stephen Smith of Toronto, Ont., some time ago fractured his leg, and when it mended discovered that the leg was shorter than its mate. He entered action against his doctors and resolved to submit as evidence of unskillful treatment a photograph of the fracture. Four experiments with the X rays proved unsuccessful, and at the fifth he exposed his leg to the rays for about two hours. He felt no immediate effects from the long exposure, but shortly afterward a large blister formed, and when it passed away left a dark brown spot about three and one-half inches square and of a peculiar gangrenous black. Some doctors state that the skin, flesh, nerves and ligaments have been completely destroyed in the spot where the X rays pierced, while other medical experts are not yet satisfied on this point and are following the symptoms with anxious solicitude.

SUGAR KING DIES.

Theodore A. Havemeyer, Vice President of the Trust, Expires.

Theodore A. Havemeyer, vice-president of the American Sugar Refinery Company, died at an early hour Monday morning at his home in New York. Mr. Havemeyer returned a few days ago from a trip to St. Augustine, Aiken and Old Point Comfort. Changing from a warm to a colder climate, he took cold and the grip rapidly developed. In consultation physicians agreed that the patient's condition was not at all serious. Sunday night Mr. Havemeyer's condition changed for the worse and he died at 3 o'clock Monday morning. Mr. Havemeyer was a member of the sugar refining firm of Havemeyer Bros. He also acted as consul in New York for Austro-Hungary.

IT STILL LIVES.

The Chicago Horse Meat Libel Not Yet Overtaken.

The canard concerning alleged shipments from Chicago to Europe of horse meat disguised as salted beef is still circulating harmfully in Europe. United States Consul Boyesen, at Gothenberg, has just furnished the State Department with a copy of a circular issued by the Swedish Government officially calling attention to the report and requiring a medical inspection of imported meats. He adds that he informed the custom house officials that meat imported from the United States under the stamp of the Department of Agriculture was sound and free from disease.

Athletes of the Diamond.

Following is the standing of the clubs in the National Baseball League:

Philadelphia	5	0 Pittsburg	1	2
Cincinnati	5	0 Washington	1	3
Louisville	3	0 New York	1	3
Baltimore	4	1 Chicago	1	4
Brooklyn	3	2 Cleveland	0	4
St. Louis	2	2 Boston	0	5
	W.	L.	W.	L.

The showing of the members of the Western League is summarized below:

	W.	L.		W.	L.
Indianapolis	5	0	Detroit	2	3
St. Paul	3	2	Milwaukee	2	3
Minneapolis	3	2	Kansas City	2	3
Columbus	3	2	G'nd Rapids	0	5

Insult to Portugal.

The Portuguese gunboat Guadiana reports having met two Greek cruisers and two Greek torpedo boats about twenty miles from Salonica. The commander of the Greek squadron ordered the commander of the Portuguese gunboat to go on board the largest of the Greek cruisers. The Portuguese officer protested, saying he would only allow the Greeks to see his ship's papers and that he would report the outrage to Lisbon.

In Honor of Grant.

The Grant mausoleum at New York was dedicated Tuesday with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of brilliant military, civic and naval pageants. A grand eulogy was pronounced by Gen. Porter, and an eloquent address was delivered by President McKinley. Hundreds of thousands paid homage to the patriot President.

Crushed in an Ice Floe.

The schooner Annie has been crushed in an ice floe off St. John's, N. F. The crew of twenty-five men barely escaped with their lives. They traveled three miles over fragments of ice until they reached another vessel, by which they were brought into port.

Couldn't Convict Him.

The case against Lieut. Eoff, grandson of President Kruger, who was charged with slandering the Queen of England, has been dismissed on the ground that the evidence was conflicting.

Attempt on Humbert's Life.

An attempt was made Thursday at to assassinate the King of Italy. A man named Pietro Acciarito attempted to stab his majesty with a dagger. He was seized before he could carry out his purpose. Acciarito appears to be a political fanatic. He says he has no accomplices.

Death of Major T. E. Breckenridge.

Major Thomas E. Breckenridge, the noted Western pioneer who crossed the plains with Fremont, died in Hannibal, Mo., Friday morning at the home of his daughter, aged a little over 72 years. His life was like a romance and full of interest.

ECKELS STANDS FIRM.

Will Not Permit Any Changes in His Official Force.

A Washington dispatch says: Comptroller Eckels has given several gentlemen who have applied for reinstatement as clerks and bank examiners in his bureau to understand that he will not permit any changes to be made in his force if he can prevent it while he remains in office. Inasmuch as Mr. Eckels has a year to serve, the place hunters who have an eye on his bureau are much disgruntled and are trying to raise an issue between him and Secretary Gage over the arrangement of the clerical force. Thus far, however, they have failed and there have been no signs of friction in that quarter. The hope of the place hunters is that Mr. Eckels may permit himself to be irritated to the point of resigning rather than submit to interference with his clerical force. He has several offers of outside employment that will pay him more than he is now receiving, but he has a pride in staying to the end of his five years' term—next April—and is not likely to permit himself to be trapped into resigning to gratify the spoilsmen. It can be said with truth that there is no disposition on the part of either the President or Secretary Gage to disturb Comptroller Eckels or to interfere in his administration of the affairs of his office. He is practically the only relic of the Cleveland reign with whom this administration appears to be in sincere sympathy.

HAT TRIMMINGS CASE DECIDED.

Government Wins the Famous Suit with Importers.

The famous hat trimmings case, which involved between $20,000,000 and $25,000,000, which has been postponed from time to time for the last three years, was finally decided in favor of the Government by a jury in the United States Court at Philadelphia Tuesday afternoon. The suit was brought as a test case by Meyer & Dickinson, big importers of that city, who sought to recover from the United States a difference of 30 per cent in customs duties. The firm's contention was that the importations in question consisted solely of hat trimmings, on which the duty under the McKinley tariff act was only 20 per cent, but the Federal officials in their argument maintained that the merchandise was used chiefly for dresses and dress trimmings, and that the duty of 50 per cent levied by the Government was proper. Meyer & Dickinson were nominally the plaintiffs, but there were hundreds of big importing firms throughout the country who were interested in the outcome of the suit and who were instrumental in procuring the best obtainable counsel.

TEA WILL HAVE TO BE GOOD.

Board of Experts Will Examine All Importations.

Under the recent act of Congress in relation to the importation of tea, the Treasury Department has found it necessary to issue new regulations, setting forth with great detail the proper treatment of the merchandise. No duty is exacted and the sole object of the act was the protection of the consumers from the sale of unwholesome and fraudulent teas. A board of tea experts selected by the Secretary has established a line of standard samples representing the various kinds and grades of admissible teas. Special tea examiners are stationed at New York, Chicago and San Francisco, by whom all imported teas will be compared with the standards and prohibited teas condemned. An appeal may be made by the importers to a board of three general appraisers, which board may procure expert assistance. Condemned teas must be exported within six months or they will be destroyed by the collector. Pending examination the tea will be stored under bond.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS MEET.

Supreme Assembly Uniformed Rank Convenes at Indianapolis.

The supreme assembly of the Uniformed Rank, Knights of Pythias, met in Indianapolis. It is composed of P. T. Colgrove, supreme chancellor, of Hastings, Mich.; James Carnahan, Major General, Indianapolis, and a long list of brigadier generals. The auditing committee went over the books of the major general and reported them to be correct. The expenses of the rank were $20,000, and the membership shows a gain of 5,000.

Almost Beyond Belief.

Prof. Frederick Bedell of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., presented at the Armour Institute in Chicago Wednesday night, under auspices of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, a paper entitled "A New Form for the Transmission of Intelligence." Prof. Bedell's paper was based upon an invention just perfected by Dr. A. C. Crehore, a professor at Dartmouth University, and Lieut. G. O. Squier, connected with the electrical department at Fort Monroe. The invention, which required the labors of two years to perfect, is known as the synchronograph, and embraces a new method for rapidly transmitting intelligence by the alternating current. With the new invention it is said to be possible to transmit 6,000 words a minute over the ordinary telegraph wire. Under the method now commonly in use it requires several days to send the contents of a daily newspaper over the wires, while with the synchronograph, it is claimed, the time can be limited to the neighborhood of an hour. Dr. Crehore and Lieut. Squier are responsible for the perfection of the range-finder now adopted by the United States Government and used in obtaining accuracy in firing at vessels. They also have developed a method for measuring the velocity of cannon balls.

Low Fare Beaten.

Judge Showalter of the United States Court, Chicago, has granted the injunction asked by the Citizens' Street Railway Company of Indianapolis against the enforcement of the 3-cent fare law. The effect will be a return to 5-cent fares. The Hugg law is declared to be unconstitutional, because it is special legislation, applying only to the city of Indianapolis. It is the opinion of the court that where proceedings in effect destructive of a vested property right are threatened by a defendant in official position, under color of a void statute, the preliminary injunction ought to issue. The suggestion by the Attorney General, the court says, that in any event this court ought not to consider the case made by this bill until the Supreme Court of Indiana has pronounced upon the specific enactment in contention, is one which the court had no right to entertain, and it is ordered that the injunction issue as prayed. The operation of the 3-cent fare law has ceased and the old 5-cent fare is now enforced. So far it is a clear victory for the Citizens' Street Railway Company.

Deboe to Be Senator.

At Frankfort, Ky., W. J. Deboe Friday night secured the nomination for United States Senator in the Republican caucus on the twenty-eighth ballot. The Kentucky Legislature has been in deadlock for several weeks, and charges of bribery have been freely made. Dr. Hunter, a candidate, has been indicted by the grand jury.

War and Trade.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: "If either Turkey or Greece had been wholly buried in the sea, markets might have been affected less than by the outbreak of war in Europe. Like fire in the heart of a crowded city it raised the question if a general conflagration may spring out of it. To this possibility, and not to the direct influence of either Turkey or Greece, upon the world's money or produce markets was due the excitement in grain and stocks. As the unknown is magnified, American markets were much more flighty than European, where the possibilities have been discussed and partly discounted for months. But the uncertainty remains and will affect movement of money and staples until it disappears, creating a larger demand for American products at higher prices, causing hasty speculative selling of securities at times, but also more continuous buying by foreign investors, and not improbably influencing the attitude of foreign powers on questions important to this country."

KILLED BY HEART BLOWS.

Pugilist Vernon Dies from Injuries Received in a Fight.

"Billy" Vernon, the Haverstraw, N. Y., pugilist, who was injured in his fight with Leslie Pearce, at Athens, Delaware County, Pa., died in the Presbyterian Hospital at Philadelphia. From the moment he collapsed in the fourteenth round, Vernon remained unconscious up to the time of his death. Pearce is in jail at Media, being held without bail. That Vernon's death was due to heart blows there can be but little doubt. While several persons claim that he was not struck over the heart, there are at least fifty reputable witnesses who say that the "Brickmaker" was struck four heavy blows over the heart in the fourteenth round before his colapse. An examination at the hospital showed that the left side of Vernon's body was much swollen and discolored in the region of the heart. Warrants were issued for the arrest of all persons in any way connected with the Olympic Club, where the fight occurred.

SPALDING IS A WRECK.

Chicago Banker Unnerved by His Experience in Jail.

Charles W. Spalding, ex-treasurer of the University of Illinois and president of the defunct Globe Savings Bank, of Chicago, was sent to jail Saturday in default of $25,000 bail, on a charge of embezzling $100,000. He is a nervous wreck, and his physicians fear that he is on the verge of a collapse. An experience of two days in the county jail completely prostrated the prisoner, and from the hour he entered the prison until late Sunday afternoon he did not taste food nor close an eye. With the exception of a few minutes Saturday afternoon he did not leave his cell, but sat straining every nerve to catch the sound of the footstep of a friend coming to free him. He said little, but expressed his surprise that friends did not come to his rescue and release him from the cell. His only caller aside from his physician was Walter Maher.

Seeks Engineering Skill.

Representative Sayers of Texas, who was chairman of the Appropriations Committee in the last Democratic Congress and has had much experience in dealing with Government works, suggests a plan for a comprehensive settlement of the Mississippi river problem. Mr. Sayers would have the United States Government invite the engineers of the world to consider the problem of controlling the Mississippi river and to present plans for a permanent system so that the Government might adopt the ideas of the best engineering talent. For this purpose he suggests that a competition might be brought about by an offer of prizes, perhaps $50,000 for the plan which should be considered best and $25,000 for the second best—inducements sufficient to attract the most skillful engineers of the world, those who have dealt with such works as the Suez canal and the dykes of Holland. Notices of the competition would be published in the principal cities of Europe and India, Australia, Japan and every other country.

Veterans and Civil Service.

All of the executive departments are receiving large numbers of letters from ex-soldiers indicating a general misunderstanding as to their rights to appointment to office. Many of the veterans who are after office seem to labor under the impression that they can be appointed to positions in the civil service without the formality of the examination or requisition on the Civil Service Commission. This is largely due to the fact that the law provides that ex-soldiers within the civil service who resign or who are displaced for cause other than their own fault may be reinstated to their old positions at any time. The law, however, makes no provision giving preference to soldiers in entering the government service who have not been in the civil service before, except that officials making requisitions on the Civil Service Commission for a list of eligible appointees may favor the veterans who may happen to be on that list.

Battle Between Convicts.

As a result of a bloody battle between two convicts in San Quentin, Cal., prison, one is dead and the other dying. Each had a knife and they had been carving each other for fully a minute before the guards could interfere. They had been using the knives in the jute mill.

Norwood, Ont., Swept by Flames.

The town of Norwood, Ont., was nearly destroyed by fire Tuesday morning. Loss, $100,000; insurance, $40,000.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, $3.50 to $5.75; hogs, shipping grades, $3.00 to $4.25; sheep, fair to choice, $2.00 to $5.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 74c to 76c; corn, No. 2, 24c to 25c; oats, No. 2, 17c to 18c; rye, No. 2, 36c to 38c; butter, choice creamery, 15c to 17c; eggs, fresh, 8c to 9c; potatoes, per bushel, 20c to 30c; broom corn, common growth to choice green hurl, 2c to 5c per lb.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, $3.00 to $5.25; hogs, choice light, $3.00 to $4.25; sheep, common to choice, $3.00 to $4.50; wheat, No. 2, 88c to 90c; corn, No. 2 white, 24c to 26c; oats, No. 2 white, 21c to 22c.

St. Louis—Cattle, $3.00 to $5.50; hogs, $3.00 to $4.25; sheep, $3.00 to $5.25; wheat, No. 2, $1.02 to $1.04; corn, No. 2 yellow, 22c to 23c; oats, No. 2 white, 18c to 20c; rye, No. 2, 35c to 37c.

Cincinnati—Cattle, $2.50 to $5.00; hogs, $3.00 to $4.50; sheep, $2.50 to $5.25; wheat, No. 2, 92c to 93c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 26c to 28c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 20c to 22c; rye, No. 2, 37c to 39c.

Detroit—Cattle, $2.50 to $5.25; hogs, $3.00 to $4.25; sheep, $2.00 to $5.25; wheat, No. 2 red, 91c to 93c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 23c to 25c; oats, No. 2 white, 22c to 24c; rye, 36c to 37c.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 red, 94c to 95c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 24c to 25c; oats, No. 2 white, 17c to 19c; rye, No. 2, 36c to 38c; clover seed, $4.35 to $4.45.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 75c to 77c; corn, No. 3, 24c to 25c; oats, No. 2 white, 20c to 22c; barley, No. 2, 28c to 34c; rye, No. 2, 37c to 39c; pork, mess, $8.25 to $8.75.

Buffalo—Cattle, $2.50 to $5.50; hogs, $3.00 to $4.50; sheep, $3.00 to $5.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 92c to 93c; corn, No. 2, yellow, 27c to 29c; oats, No. 2 white, 23c to 25c.

New York—Cattle, $3.00 to $5.50; hogs, $3.50 to $4.75; sheep, $3.00 to $5.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 82c to 84c; corn, No. 2, 30c to 31c; oats, No. 2 white, 22c to 24c; butter, creamery, 13c to 18c; eggs, Western, 9c to 11c.

CHAPTER V.

After that visit to Monk's Hall—a visit commemorated by a champagne luncheon in the great oak-paneled dining room and a present of magnificent hot-house flowers from Sir Ralph to me at parting, we seemed to develop into rapid intimacy with our neighbors. Hardly a day passed without uncle or nephew coming over to see us—sometimes both. As for Yorke Ferrers, we had taken him into our joint fellowship without further demur, and he was as much at home in the school room as ourselves.

He and Alfy became great friends; they were constantly together—walked, talked, rode, raced, confided in and fell out with each other in regular boyish fashion, and for the space of those Christmas holidays were well-nigh inseparable.

But all things must come to an end, and the holidays achieved that result in due course. The boys went back to school, including Toddy, and Alfred entered upon his first term at college, and Darby and I were left without even the governess to keep us company, for my father considered I no longer needed one, and I would never hear of any one but myself teaching the child.

"May I come over now and then to see you and enliven your solitude?" Yorke Ferrers had asked the day the boys were leaving.

"If I am lonely," I exclaimed, with sudden indignation, as I looked at the four bright, rosy, boyish faces, a little grave and downcast as the moment of parting approached, "if I am lonely you won't make any difference—it is the boys I want. You could never be the same."

"I don't doubt that," he said, with some of that old huffiness of air and voice that I had always the knack of rousing. "I never meant to enter into rivalry with them. I only thought you might be dull."

"I am sure to be that," I answered dejectedly. "But I don't suppose you would enliven me very much. On the whole, I would rather have your uncle. He is more sympathetic."

He flashed one of his thunderous looks at me.

"I will send him, then," he said, icily; and stalked off to where Alfy stood, by the head of the impatient chestnut.

I took no notice. I was used to his short temper, and I knew his anger never lasted very long. The three boys were bidding farewell to Darby. Toddy was in tears, and Ted and Hughie almost in the same condition. The child herself was very pale, and large drops rolled down her cheeks as she clung to her favorite Toddy. Then there came a moment of throttling as the strong, warm young arms were round my neck, and Toddy cried out to Darby: "Be sure you don't forget me, ducksy," and the child uttered her usual formula: "No, I won't," and with a final flow of tears and bood-bys they were off.

I went back into the hall with Darby in my arms. I had forgotten all about Yorke Ferrers.

He does not come near me for a week. During that week his uncle drops in twice to share the school room tea, and we indulge in desultory talk and friendly confidences, and I begin to think him even kinder, cleverer and more companionable than I did at first.

But I miss Yorke. I miss him greatly. His fun, his little fits of pique, his gay sallies, even our quarrels and disagreements—I miss them all. I ask Sir Ralph after him at last, and he says he is always out—mostly with the Crofts. The information gives me a little pang, but I say nothing.

One afternoon I start out for a solitary walk. Darby has a cold, and I leave her asleep in my own room under the care of the nurse. I have not been out of the house for several days, and certainly this one is not particularly inviting. The sky is steel-colored and dim; a cold wind blows over the heath, and I turn aside and enter the long stretch of wood that borders it in the hope of escaping its boisterous attentions.

There, in the heart of the wood, loitering, I see the well-known figure of Yorke Ferrers. For a moment a little pleasurable thrill of gladness runs through my veins, and involuntarily I quicken my steps. He hears me, I suppose, for he suddenly turns round, and then stops, and awaits my approach.

"Well," I say, and hold out my hand, "you are a stranger! I—I have been wondering whether you had not started for the Antipodes, or—or elsewhere."

"I should have thought you were too well employed to miss me," he answers loftily.

"Well employed!" I echo. "I have only had my usual employments. You know pretty well what they are."

"Only lately they include a guest at afternoon tea every day."

"Every day!" Then I break off into sudden laughter. "How absurdly touchy you are! Why, you will never get on in life if you take offense at every imagined trifle. All the same," I add demurely, "I am very much obliged to you for so faithfully delivering my message to your uncle."

"He acted upon your invitation very readily, I must say."

"Why did you not come, too?" I ask, glancing at the moody face.

"It was so likely!" he says with scorn. "I, at least, don't give my company where it is not wanted."

"And so you took offense again!" I say. "Well, at least you have been amusing yourself very successfully, from all accounts. If your uncle took afternoon tea with me, you took yours with Miss Nettie Croft."

"Did he tell you that?" he queries eagerly. "I suppose,' with a little harsh laugh, "he wanted to make you jealous."

"Jealous!" I repeat angrily. "What absurd nonsense you are talking! Why should I be jealous?"

"Ah, why?" he echoes ironically. "It is only fools like myself who suffer from that complaint. And, after all, I suppose you never gave a thought to me all this week."

"I gave a great many," I answer gravely. "Your uncle and I talked about you very often."

"Thank you for nothing," he says angrily. "I don't care to be discussed in that manner."

"Why are you so bitter against Sir Ralph?" I ask. "It is so foolish of you to set yourself against him as you do, and I am sure he feels it."

"I don't care if he does," answers Yorke doggedly. "I hate him, and I always shall. It is not only that he has stepped between me and fortune; but now he chooses to thrust himself between me and my—my friends. It is very hard."

"I—I do not think you should say that," I falter. "He has not thrust us away from you. The boys are just the same."

"The boys!" he bursts out wrathfully. "Who was talking about the boys? I was not even thinking of them. I meant—you."

"Me!" I cry, amazed, then stand there in absolute silence, looking at him as he looks at me. A sudden light flashes across me—something that is both pain and pleasure thrills my heart and sets my pulses wildly beating; but, for the life of me, I can speak no word, and my eyes fall beneath his own as I see something leap into their gaze that never yet has kindled with so hot and fierce an earnestness.

"Yes, Joan—you!" he answers, coming a little nearer. "If you have not seen I cared for you, you must have been very blind indeed. What else brought me to your side every day? What else has maddened me with jealousy—knowing as I know that I have nothing to offer—that he has everything?"

I cannot speak. Dizzy and faint, I lean against the straight, slim stem of the pine tree, and all the scene whirls madly before my eyes. Then he holds out his arms, and still with no word, only a faint and sobbing sigh, I creep into their glad embrace, as one who finds home and shelter, after long wandering tears.

For one week I seemed to myself to have traced my way back to the golden gates of Eden. For one week I lived, moved, spoke, slept, as one in a dream. I saw but one face in earth or sky. I heard but one voice in the winds of twilight. Life paused and stood for me in silent, full completeness, and heart and soul were wrapped in a living ecstasy of joy.

Day by day he came to me. Evening after evening we sat by the school room fire, and talked soft and low of a happy future—a future we believed in and expected to realize with all the sublime audacity of youth. Sir Ralph had gone to London. Yorke had decided upon his career; it was to be the Bar, and his uncle had run up to town, so he told me, to make the necessary arrangements. We were left to ourselves, my lover and I. There was no need to tell any one of our happy secret, and we told no one. My father never troubled himself about me. To him, doubtless, I was still a child, and with no such thoughts as love or marriage in my head. And one night, through the rain and mist of the wintry dusk, I strained my eyes to catch the last glimpse of the tall young figure I knew so well and loved so dearly, then turned back to the lonely room with streaming eyes and sad and aching heart.

CHAPTER VI.

It was some two hours later. Darby was in bed and asleep, and I had excused myself from dinner on the plea of a bad headache. Lonely and heart-sick, I had wandered into the school room, and stood by the window, listening to the wind as it sighed through the shrubberies. As I so stood and listened, I heard the tramp of horses' feet, and a moment later the door was flung open, and Yorke entered. His hair was wet with the rain, and his face looked set and pale in the gloom of the fire-lit room.

"Has anything happened?" I cried, alarmed at his sudden appearance.

"No," he said, "but my uncle telegraphed that he would wait my arrival in London, so I did not see the fun of spending my evening alone, and I took Firefly and rode over. The truth is——Oh, my darling!" and his voice broke, and he drew me suddenly into his arms, "I didn't half know what it would be to say good-by to you, and I have so many things left untold."

"Come and sit down by the fire," I said. "Your coat is quite wet. Oh, how could you come out in such a terrible night?"

"I am repaid for it," he said, touching my lips with passionate fondness. "There, sweetheart, that will prevent a chill."

Laughing and blushing, I led him to his old place. We plied logs on the half-dying fire, and sat down side by side.

"Now, what is it you have forgotten to tell me?" I asked. "Oh, Yorke," nestling closer to his side, "it was good of you to come again, only I am afraid I shall be still more miserable when you leave really for good."

"Dear old room!" he said, looking round at the shabby, familiar walls and benches. "How often I shall think of it when I am away! Joan," and he grasped my hand almost fiercely, "you must promise me faithfully that you will not have my uncle here any more. I want to think of this room as ours, sacred to these evenings—to our love. I should hate to picture you sitting here with anyone else."

"I promise," I answered gently. "But, dear, why have you this foolish jealousy of your uncle? I know he only thinks of me as a little girl—a child to talk to, and amuse himself with; and it will be hard if I must show myself rude and ungracious to him, for he has been very kind, and he is so fond of Darby. Yorke, once, long ago, you promised to tell me the story of that other Yorke Ferrers. You never have yet. Tell it me now."

"I wish you hadn't asked me," he said gloomily, "to-night of all nights. I told you he was a bad man—vindictive, passionate, headstrong. He loved the girl who was to be his elder brother's wife. There had been bad blood between them always, and this made matters worse. The girl seemed to love him best, but he was not the eldest son, and her people were mercenary, and forced her to accept the other. They had been married some two or three years when Yorke Ferrers turned up again in Monk's Hall, apparently quite friendly and with the old passion forgotten. One day there was terrible grief at the Hall. Lady Ferrers had fled, leaving her year-old son behind, and Yorke was her companion. His brother followed them from place to place, but for a long time they managed to elude him, and at last he died of a fever caught in Italy. Years afterwards Yorke came to Monk's Hall alone. The child was young, and there had been no guardian appointed. He took the boy under his charge, but the lad hated him, and one day ran to sea. He was never heard of again. The property lapsed into the hands of Yorke Ferrers and his heirs, and so remained until——"

"Until when?" I asked as he suddenly paused.

"Until my uncle claimed it," he said in a low, hard voice. "History repeats itself, you know. Again a Yorke Ferrers and a Ralph Ferrers dwell at Monk's Hall, and again they both love—the same girl."

"Oh, no—no!" I exclaimed, terrified at his gloomy tone. "Don't say that, Yorke! It is not true, and even if it were——"

"Well?" he asked as I paused.

"Oh, but it could not be," I cried vehemently, and clinging more closely to his side. "You are not wicked and vindictive like—like that other man."

"'Men are as circumstances make them,'" he quoted, with a little bitter laugh; "and I have often told you I am no saint, and certainly between my uncle and me there is no love lost."

"Oh, Yorke, Yorke," I cried, half weeping, half afraid; "you must not let such thoughts gain hold of you."

"No, I will not," he said, suddenly. "There, kiss me, love, and exorcise the evil spirit. You should not have asked for the story—it is not a creditable one, and I hate to hear it or tell it. Let us talk of ourselves."

I listened to his earnest promise, his vows of faithfulness. I made none myself, nor did he ask for them. Perhaps he knew well enough that I should be true—that I could not help being true; and so, with his young face white and set and sorrowful, he kissed away my tears and loosed my clinging arms, and left me to the silence of long nights and days whose cold pauses would be filled with echoes of words he had spoken, of vows he had vowed, of bitter weeping that never eased my pain, and futile longings that lessened even hope.

(To be continued.)

HE LEARNED A NEW TRICK.

Man with Hayseed in His Hair Fools a Clever Landlord.

"You can't clerk in a big hotel without being something of a detective and keeping your eyes open all the time," declared a widely known landlord to the rural caller with a cheap suit that didn't fit and a slouch hat that looked as if it might have seen service in a hen's nest. "Don't want to be put up too high, hey? I'll just give you a nice warm room on the third floor. Ask the clerk for the key when you want to go to bed. He's at supper now. As I was saying, you have to be a good judge of human nature and up to all the tricks of the crooks in order to be a first-class clerk. I was in the business fifteen years before I became a proprietor, and was never taken in once. I can tell a slick customer as fast as I can see him, and some of his kind are always around."

"That's what I've allus heerd. Atween you an' me here's $200 in this envelope. I'm going to pay a feller most of it, but I guess I better leave it inter your safe till mornin'. Just count it, lan'lord."

"That's correct; just $200."

An hour later while the landlord was counting his stack of cash the "farmer" came up breathlessly. "My man's here now, an' he's got ter ketch a train. Jist han' me $175 an' take it outen th' envelope."

This was promptly done. Next morning when the cash showed the above shortage the landlord grimly charged it to himself, filled his hip pockets with guns and went looking for his rural friend who had changed envelopes while the receipt was being written.—Detroit Free Press.

The Value of Credit.

Is there anything under the sun that will fill the place of credit? I believe not. If there is I have never met with it. Cash is the only available substitute, and even that fails in many instances.

There are firms in New York that will refuse to open an account for cash with a man who has no credit; they will have no business transactions with any one who has not a current credit rating in this market. Yet those same firms will not hesitate to open an account with a man whom they find relatively well rated.

I have experienced that singular thing, a wholesale firm that refused to sell goods for cash to a merchant who had no credit rating. Reference showed that he always paid cash and neither sought nor received credit. The firm in question refused to sell him, they had no assurance of his soundness, no other testimony of his disposition to play fair other than that he paid as he went, so they positively refused to do business with him. He asked no accommodation at their hands; he wanted goods and would pay on the spot, yet they positively refused to place his name upon their books in any capacity whatever.

This only goes to show that "no record" is a bad record. The man who is not rated good is bad. Some men will persist in judging every man a rogue until he is proven honest.

Be careful of your credit; you can have no more precious possession than a good name, nor more valuable capital than a good credit rating. The practice of having your check received by your creditor the day it is due instead of sending it on that day is a trifling thing, yet it will not go unnoticed. Trifles like this supplement your rating in dollars and cents and help to stiffen it. Make no promises you cannot keep, and whether prompt or slow be as good as your word.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Compressed Air as Motive Power.

The attention of inventors has been so concentrated on electricity and its possibilities that compressed air, which is almost as wonderful in its capabilities, has been quite lost sight of. Just what it is capable of we cannot as yet understand, but we do know that it runs locomotives, transfers the United States mails, hurls the charge of an explosive a mile and a half, with a force sufficient to pulverize a regiment. It operates block-signals on railroads, loads guns, drives machinery, works pumps, and carves out all sorts of beautiful things from stone and marble. It is coming into use for thousands of minor purposes. As a cleaning and dusting agent, it is invaluable. It copies letters, shears sheep and is utilized in the stock-yards to slaughter and dress meat. As to its future, prediction is made that it will clean house, run dumb-waiters, take the place of the horse as a means of locomotion, will wash dishes and rock the baby. There are inventors who declare that compressed air is already quite as useful as electricity, and much safer and more manageable. To bring it into its best uses, large distributing stations must be built, from which compressed air will come as we now get gas and water. There will, no doubt, be a sharp rivalry between the two great powers, electricity and compressed air; and between the two we ought to be able to get most of our minor service well and cheaply performed.

George Isaac, a German scientist, and three assistants were blown to atoms by an explosion of acetylene gas on Dec. 12. It is said that he believed he had discovered a non-explosive variety of acetylene, and that Emperor William had been attracted by his experiments with the manufacture of the gas, and was soon to visit his laboratory.

WORK OF CONGRESS.

THE WEEK'S DOINGS IN SENATE AND HOUSE.

A Comprehensive Digest of the Proceedings in the Legislative Chambers at Washington—Matters that Concern the People.

Lawmakers at Labor.

Senator Mason, of Illinois, made his maiden speech in the Senate Wednesday and signalized it by some breezy criticism on the rules of the Senate. It was such a variation from the prosy debate of recent days that the Senator was accorded close attention and twice received the hearty applause of crowded galleries. Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, replied briefly, pointing out that the other branch of Congress was more open to criticism than the Senate. He was in accord with Mr. Mason, however, on the need of new rules. A vote was taken on Mr. Gorman's motion to refer the Mason resolution to the Rules Committee, which prevailed—yeas, 32; nays, 24. Most of the day was given to the bankruptcy bill. The House, after a ten-minute session, adjourned one day out of respect to the late Representative Milliken, of Maine.

The session of the Senate Thursday opened with a proposition for an official expression of sympathy to the Greeks in their struggle with Turkey. This was soon merged into a turbulent debate over the disorganized state of the Senate. Later in the day the Nelson bankruptcy bill was passed by the decisive vote of 49 to 8. The bankruptcy bill as passed is the substitute framed by Mr. Nelson of Minnesota. The "free homestead bill" was then taken up. Mr. Morgan offered an amendment providing that all public lands not taken up by public entry by Jan. 1, 1900, shall be granted to the States and Territories where the lands are located for dedication purposes. The homestead bill was made the unfinished business and then laid aside. At 4 o'clock a message from the House announced the death of Representative Holman. Mr. Turpie of Indiana presented a resolution voicing the regret with which the announcement was received and providing for a committee of five Senators to accompany the remains. The resolution was agreed to. The presiding officer named Senators Turpie, Fairbanks, Spooner, Kyle and Rawlins as the committee. The Senate adjourned to Monday. The House did nothing of importance.

The House Friday completed the consideration of the Senate amendments to the Indian appropriation bill and sent the bill to conference. The main contention centered about the Senate proposition to open the Uncompahgre Indian reservation under the mineral land laws. Finally an amendment was recommended to the effect that no corporation should be allowed to obtain possession of these gilsonite deposits, but that the Government should lease the lands in limited areas and for limited terms of years. The Senate amendment striking from the House bill the provision for the ratification of the oil and gas leases made by the council of the Seneca Indians last December was disagreed to. A resolution was adopted by which a committee of twenty-five was appointed to attend the dedication of the Grant tomb in New York on Tuesday, and the House agreed to a program of three-day adjournments.

The Senate chamber had a deserted appearance when the session opened Monday. Mr. Harris of Tennessee was at his desk for the first time in many weeks, and was congratulated on his recovery from a serious illness. In the absence of the Vice President and President pro tem., Mr. Frye, Mr. Nelson of Minnesota occupied the chair. Dr. Milburn's opening prayer made eloquent reference to the gathering of thousands to pay tribute to the great chieftain, Grant, and invoked that the glow of patriotism freshly enkindled may strengthen our nation, our Government and the Union of the States. When the Indian bill was reported back from the House an effort was made to send it to conference, but Mr. Gorman objected, saying it had been understood that no business whatever was to be transacted. Thereupon, at 12:05 p. m., on motion of Mr. Morrill, the Senate adjourned to Thursday.

Dr. W. G. Hunter.

The man accused of attempting to secure the Kentucky Senatorship by bribery.

Sparks from the Wires.

President Diaz of Mexico has issued a decree establishing a naval school at Vera Cruz, to be opened July next.

Holman's son may be the Democratic nominee to succeed his father from the Fourth congressional district of Indiana.

To get rid of an objectionable street railway the municipal authorities of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., tore up three miles of track.

Antonio Maximo Moria, the principal party to whom Spain recently paid the famous claim of $1,000,000, is dead in New York.

The Turkish minister at Washington denies that Edhem Pasha has been superseded in command of the army operating in Thessaly.

Three persons were struck by Pittsburg trolley cars Sunday. Of these one is dead, another is expected to die, while the third will recover.

Matters in Bulgaria are said to be very serious and a declaration of independence is being discussed by prominent officers of the Government.

Emperor William of Germany, in a speech made Saturday at Carlsruhe, expressed the hope and belief that the peace of Europe would be maintained.

The budget committee of the Mexican Congress reports an estimated revenue for the fiscal year, beginning July 1, at $50,425,900, and disbursements some $15,000 less.

Germany is said to be working to interest France and Russia against Great Britain's policy in South Africa. Germany, in return, promises to support French policy in Egypt.

The General Assembly of Arkansas convened in extra session at Little Rock. At it will come up the railroad commission bill, which blocked all legislation in the regular session.

The executive committee of the National Association of Life Underwriters, in convention at Cincinnati, adopted a resolution in respect to the late Major Calef of Boston.