The Democratic Sentinel
J. W. McEWEN, Publisher.
RENSSELAER, - - - INDIANA

ROB MOHEGAN'S DEAD

VANDALS TAKE VALUABLES FROM BODIES OF VICTIMS.

Distressing Scenes Among Bereaved Relatives Continue—British Vessel Is Burned and Nine Perish—First Blizzard of the Season in the West.

Ghou's Rob the Drowned.

A dispatch from Falmouth says that the bodies of the victims recovered from the wreck of the steamer Mohegan have been robbed by unknown people. An American, Dr. Fallows, according to the correspondent, tucked a bundle of £50 notes in his breast when the Mohegan struck. His body was subsequently found, but the notes were missing. Several of them were afterward put in circulation and the police are investigating the affair. The distressing scenes witnessed at the offices of the Atlantic Transport Company when the news of the wreck first became known to those who had friends or relatives on board have not abated. There were many weeping women at the company's offices, several with infants in their arms, and all appealing for news of the missing. Most of them were the wives of members of the crew. Some of them went away still hoping that their husbands had been rescued, but the majority gave way to despair.

DR. SEAMAN TO THE COMMISSION

Tells of the Porto Rico Campaign and the Trip of the Obdam.

Dr. Louis S. Seaman was the principal witness before the war investigating commission Thursday. He complained that the commissary supplies furnished the troops in Porto Rico were unsuited to the demands of a tropical climate and that they were especially unfit for hospital use. He said he had been in charge of the 200 convalescents brought North on the Obdam and had been unable to secure suitable supplies for them from the Government depots. He confessed, however, that he had made no formal written requisition, but had acted upon statements made to him informally to the effect that no commutation of rations would be allowed. He refused to reply to some questions.

NINE PERISH ON BOARD SHIP.

The British Vessel Blengfell Burned Off Margate, England.

The British ship Blengfell, Capt. Johnson, from New York Sept. 19 for London, was destroyed by fire off Margate, England. Nine of those aboard, including the captain and a pilot, perished. The Blengfell was four miles off the coast when she was suddenly enveloped in flames and smoke poured from her hatchways. Two lifeboats immediately put off to her assistance, but before they reached her both masts fell and she was burned to the water's edge. The vessel burned so quickly that her crew had no time to lower the boats.

BLIZZARD IN THE WEST.

Heavy Snow Storm Interferes with Traffic of All Kinds.

A genuine blizzard prevailed in the Southwest and West Monday. A heavy, wet snow fell, and, driven by a strong wind, prostrated wires in all directions and caused delay to railway traffic. The snow followed twenty-four hours of steady rain. The sidewalks were covered three inches deep with slush. There was a decided fall in the temperature, and the suddenness of the storm, coming upon the track of the Indian summer weather, will undoubtedly cause great suffering, especially on the ranges covered with cattle.

FANNY DAVENPORT'S WILL.

Bequests to Her Own Relatives Foot Up to Only $55,000.

Fanny Davenport's vast estate, valued at from $350,000 to $600,000, is given almost in its entirety to her husband, Melbourne MacDowell. The will was made in 1892 and leaves to Mr. MacDowell the bulk of the riches accumulated by his wife. There are some special bequests, but the aggregate of these does not begin to cut much of a figure in comparison with the amount to which Mr. MacDowell will succeed, being altogether only about $55,000.

Knights Defeat the Plan.

Executive business occupied the fourth and closing day's session of the grand encampment, Knights Templar, at Pittsburg. The special order of business was consideration of the proposed revision of the constitution. The most important amendment proposed was the one to locate the grand encampment headquarters at Washington, D. C. This was voted down by a large majority.

Captain Sinks with His Ship.

The schooner Churchill of Chicago, laden with iron ore from Lake Superior, foundered in the middle of Lake Michigan, off Waukegan, at 1 o'clock Friday afternoon, and the captain and one sailor were carried down with the sinking boat. The mate, three other seamen and the woman cook were rescued.

Seek Thirty-six Years' Pay.

Members of Washington artillery, which was mustered into service in 1860, who claim they were never mustered out, have organized to collect thirty-six years' pay, amounting to $185,656.

Becomes a Father at 92.

Captain Henry O'Neill, aged 92, a Mexican and civil war veteran, and for many years a famous member of the Louisville police force, is for the first time, a father.

Charge Conspiracy to Murder.

A charge of conspiracy to murder and murder has been brought against the officials of the Chicago-Virden Coal Company and the guards employed by them. This is the first move on the part of the strikers to take the fight against the mine owners into the courts.

Four Blown to Pieces.

Four workmen constituting the crew of a large freight engine on the Wilmington and Northern railway, were blown to pieces. The locomotive boiler blew up, hurling the crew into the air.

Spain's Soldiers Sail for Home.

The Spanish mail steamer Reina Maria Cristina has sailed from Havana for Spain with 1,073 officers and troops, 651 cases of military archives and a heavy cargo of ammunition—the exact quantity not being ascertainable.

Die in an Ocean Wreck.

A disastrous wreck occurred on the Cornish coast, the outward-bound liner Mohegan, from London to New York, going ashore on the rocks near Manacle Rock, Falmouth. It is reported that 170 lives were lost.

Ban on War Correspondents.

The Treasury Department has been advised that the Governor General of the Dutch East Indies has issued a proclamation that all American yachts having war correspondents on board will be treated as privateers.

Must Quit Cuba by Jan. 1

The American and Spanish commissions have reached an agreement regarding the evacuation of Cuba, and it is stated that the date by which the last of Blanco's soldiers must leave is Jan. 1.

Coal Miners Riot.

Fourteen men and several others were fatally wounded in battles between strikers and men guarding the mine property at Virden, Ill., Wednesday.

WALKER STILL UNDER GUARD.

Warlike Savages Are Expected to Surrender to Troops.

Walker, Minn., is still under guard. Vigilance will not be relaxed until the Indians are surrendered. The arrival of Commissioner Jones was a great relief to the white settlers, as it is generally believed that he can induce the Indians to surrender. Jones asks for the surrender of the Indians wanted by the United States Marshal, promising not to punish those whose only offense was resisting the troops. Nothing has yet been heard of Assistant Superintendent McCoy, of the timber corps. He left early last week for the Leech Lake forests with his family. It is supposed he was massacred. An effort is being made to locate the murderers of Joseph Gould, the trader, who was found in his cabin near Leech Lake dam. The Bear Islanders are beginning to admit that their losses in last Wednesday's fight were quite serious. Late dispatches assert that the Indians will surrender as soon as terms can be arranged.

MOTHER OF TWENTY-FOUR CHILDREN

Pennsylvania Woman Holds the Record for Large Families.

Mrs. Samuel P. Swartwood of Mountain Top, Pa., is the mother of twenty-four children. Five of the children are dead. But Mrs. Swartwood's dinner horn can still summon to the table nineteen children, her husband, two sons-in-law, one daughter-in-law and two grandchildren. Mrs. Swartwood is now 40 years old, pleasant-faced and genial, rotund and jolly, with a great capacity for laughter and a happy disposition. Mrs. Swartwood was married when she was 14 years old and when her husband was 20, and two of her daughters have followed her example in making an early marriage, both being wedded when they were 19.

WILL SELL SPANISH MONEY.

Relic Hunters to Be Given a Chance to Purchase Treasure.

The Navy Department will place on sale in New York a quantity of Spanish money, gold and paper, found on the Spanish armored cruiser Almirante Oquendo. The money was damaged by exposure to salt water and heat, and is valuable principally to relic collectors. It was in the treasure chest of the Oquendo that the gold and bills were found. The proceeds of the sale of this money will be turned into the United States treasury.

AFRAID OF CHICAGO SEWAGE.

St. Louis Seeks Protection from Pollution by the Canal.

The board of health of St. Louis has adopted a resolution asking Congressman Bartholdt to introduce in Congress his bill to stop Chicago from emptying its sewage into the Illinois and finally into the Mississippi River. Drs. Starkloff, Hughes and Grill, the medical members of the board, agree that the effect of the operation of the canal will be to pollute the water supply of St. Louis.

VERDICT IN M'INTYRE CASE.

Court Martial Sentences Chaplain to Dismissal from the Army.

The Navy Department has made public the findings and sentence of the court martial in the case of Chaplain McIntyre. All the charges were founded upon the chaplain's criticism of his superior officers in a lecture delivered in Denver. The accused was declared guilty, and he was sentenced to be dismissed from the United States naval service.

KILLED BY ANGRY ELEPHANT.

George Dilly, a Circus Man, Beaten and Crushed to Death.

At Roncevert, W. Va., George Dilly, a circus man, was killed by a female elephant. The elephant broke her chain, picked up Dilly with her trunk, and beat him upon the ground, and then crushed him with her feet. Dilly had been teasing the elephant and her baby until the animal became enraged.

Skaguayans Alarmed.

A good deal of alarm has been felt at Skaguay, Alaska, as a result of the news that ex-Mayor Grant, of Vancouver, and a number of other Canadians have jumped claims on Wright Creek, the richest region yet discovered in the Atlin Lake district. It appears that as soon as Mr. Grant appeared on the scene the recorder discovered that the original locators had not complied with the law relative to the amount of work for the season and so the new arrivals rushed up to Surprise Lake and jumped Wright Creek. It is claimed that the gold commissioner of the district has said that the original locators are entitled to the claims and that when the matter comes up for adjustment in the spring he will oust Grant and his party. News is received that Lake Bennett froze over about a week ago. The river is getting very low and will soon freeze for the winter. But one more steamer is expected at the lakes from Dawson.

Major Beebe Dies of Yellow Fever.

The shadow of Cuba's yellow pest has fallen on the American commission. Maj. William S. Beebe, chief of ordnance on Gen. Wade's staff, died of the black vomit at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning in Havana, after hours of speechless agony. Lieut. Fred H. Pullen of the Resolute lies grievously ill with the same fearsome blight in the sick bay of the big transport which was sent across to the Dry Tortugas quarantine station. Lieut. Pullen will be removed to the hospital ashore, the crew quartered in the detention camp on the island and the ship dismantled, fumigated and put out of commission. Maj. Beebe's illness continued less than a fortnight.

Says It's a Farce.

F. Tennyson Neely, of New York, gave a dinner to several men at Delmonico's Tuesday night and afterward called on several of them to speak. Among the speakers was Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, formerly minister to Spain, who declared that the peace commission sitting in Paris was a farce, that no agreement would be reached and that hostilities between Spain and the United States would be renewed within three months.

War Is Not Ended.

The War Department is constantly in receipt of requests from soldiers asking to be mustered out, stating that the war has closed and they wish to go home. The War Department officials say the war will not be over until the treaty of peace is ratified by the United States Senate, and that the soldiers may be needed for further duty.

Closed by the Comptroller.

The Tioga National Bank of Owego, N. Y., was closed by order of the Comptroller of the Currency, and this action reveals that the bank was wrecked by its assistant cashier, who died Wednesday. Senator Thomas C. Platt is the president of the bank and the largest stockholder.

Conspirators Are Hanged.

A dispatch from Seoul, Corea, says that Kim Hong Nuik and two other men who were the leaders of a conspiracy to poison the Emperor of Corea, were hanged. The populace secured the bodies of the conspirators, dragged them through the streets and mutilated them.

A Panther for Victoria.

The British legation in Bombay has sent to Queen Victoria a full-grown panther, which was captured when a cub by F. L. G. Simpson, of the legation, and reared by bottle by his wife.

Fatal Accident in an Asylum

The boiler of a wing of the asylum for dangerous criminal insane at Ionia, Mich., exploded, killing one man and badly injuring three others.

Explosion at Tamaqua, Pa.

Five men were killed and eleven injured by an explosion of gas in colliery No. 8 at Coaldale, near Tamaqua, Pa.

Fierce Fighting Is Reported.

A Manila rumor says that Macabulos, chief of the five northern provinces of the Philippine Islands, has rebelled against Aguinaldo and that hard fighting has already taken place between the opposing factions. It is also reported that Gen. Rios, the Spanish commander at Iloilo, has sent emissaries from that place to undermine Aguinaldo's influence and induce the natives to demand that Spain retain the Philippine Islands. Commander Bradford, U. S. N., who arrived in Paris from Washington, was examined Friday morning by the members of the United States peace commission relative to the conditions prevailing and the main features of interest in the Philippine Islands, with which the commander is well acquainted.

SAYS HE BRIBED JURORS.

Train Robber Lowe Admits Helping Hold Up Alton Train.

W. W. Lowe, the self-confessed Missouri train robber, has added to his confession the statement that he also had a hand in the "hold-up" of the Chicago and Alton passenger and mail train at Blue Cut the night of Dec. 23, 1896, and alleges that the notorious John Kennedy led the latter raid. Lowe alleges further that his share of the Alton robbery was $1,640 and that he spent $1,500 of it in bribing criminal juries to free Kennedy. Kennedy was acquitted of the Alton affair after a hard fight to convict him.

WOMEN WHITE CAPS.

Family They Warned to Leave Town Has Some of Them Arrested.

About twenty people, mostly women, disguised as white caps, made an attempt a few nights ago to drive a family from the town of Glen Lyon, Pa. The men were armed with guns. They told the family to leave the neighborhood within twenty-four hours or there would not be a trace of them left. One of the children was so frightened that she was thrown into convulsions. The next morning the family moved out and procured warrants for the arrest of some of the white caps.

Ordnance Board Reports.

The board of ordnance officers has made its report to Gen. Flagler, showing that the 3.2-inch field guns are satisfactory in every way. The board reports favorably upon the Krag-Jorgenson arm for the infantry and cavalry. No fault is found with the Springfield rifle, except that smokeless powder would be much better. Smokeless powder is also found very desirable for field guns.

Indians Made Fine Soldiers.

Col. Roosevelt avers that his regiment of rough riders contained no better soldiers than the score or more of Indians who enlisted in the Indian territory. Not one of these Indian soldiers succumbed to disease. They were obedient, willing, hardy and fearless in battle. The first shot at the battle of Las Guasimas was fired by an Indian soldier.

Dewey to Be Greatly Honored.

Secretary Long said the other day that ordinarily a higher officer than rear admiral should head the navy, but the signal accomplishments of Rear Admiral Dewey during hostilities with Spain entitle him to the title of vice admiral, and Congress will be asked to bestow that honor upon him.

Enlisting Troops in Halifax.

Great activity prevails in Halifax military circles. Reserve men are being rapidly enlisted in the First battalion, Leinster regiment, Royal Canadians, for two years instead of seven. One hundred dollars is offered as a bonus for good reserve men willing to don the Queen's uniform.

Mexico Builds a Railroad.

The Mexican Government has granted a concession for a standard gauge railroad, 150 kilometers maximum length with 6,000 kilometers subsidy. The concessionaire is the Inguaran Copper Mining Company, in which the Paris Rothschilds are heavily interested.

Actress Weds Howard Gould.

Howard Gould and Actress Katherine Clemmons were secretly married at New York. The groom may lose $5,000,000, as under the provisions of his father's will his share of the estate will be cut in half unless a majority of the executors consent to the marriage.

Liabilities of $200,000.

The Adams & Bishop Company, New York manufacturers and wholesale dealers in paper, with offices in that city and mills at New Windsor, N. Y., have made an assignment. It is thought the liabilities may reach $200,000.

Collision at Sea.

The Belgian mail steamer Princesse Josephine, from Dover, for Ostend, collided during the passage with a three-masted sailing vessel. The latter was seriously damaged, and her fate was not known.

No More Football at Miami.

The faculty of Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, has stopped all foot-ball games of the 'varsity team. Brutality and negligence of scholastic duties are given as the reason.

Italian Force for Pekin.

The Italian Government has authorized the commander of the Italian cruiser Marco Polo to land a detachment of seamen, to be sent to Pekin to guard the Italian legation.

No Compromise.

Lord Rosebery, in a speech at Epsom, referring to the Fashoda dispute, declared that Great Britain will submit to no compromise in matter of inroads on its territorial rights.

83 Weds 23.

Philip Blank, aged 83 years, and Miss Mandelia Hickman, aged 20, both of near Russellville, Mo., were married.

West Next Year.

San Francisco has been determined upon as the place for holding the next biennial council of the Episcopal Church.

Oregon and Iowa Start.

The battleships Oregon and Iowa sailed for Manila Wednesday afternoon.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, $3.00 to $6.00; hogs, shipping grades, $3.00 to $4.00; sheep, fair to choice, $2.50 to $4.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 65c to 66c; corn, No. 2, 30c to 31c; oats, No. 2, 22c to 23c; rye, No. 2, 49c to 50c; butter, choice creamery, 20c to 21c; eggs, fresh, 14c to 16c; potatoes, choice, 25c to 35c per bushel.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, $3.00 to $5.50; hogs, choice light, $3.00 to $4.00; sheep, common to choice, $3.00 to $4.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 65c to 67c; corn, No. 2 white, 29c to 31c; oats, No. 2 white, 24c to 26c.

St. Louis—Cattle, $3.00 to $5.50; hogs, $3.50 to $4.00; sheep, $3.50 to $4.75; wheat, No. 2, 71c to 73c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 30c to 31c; oats, No. 2, 23c to 24c; rye, No. 2, 47c to 49c.

Cincinnati—Cattle, $2.50 to $5.25; hogs, $3.00 to $4.00; sheep, $2.50 to $4.50; wheat, No. 2, 66c to 68c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 30c to 32c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 24c to 25c; rye, No. 2, 50c to 52c.

Detroit—Cattle, $2.50 to $5.50; hogs, $3.25 to $4.00; sheep, $2.50 to $4.50; wheat, No. 2, 68c to 69c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 31c to 33c; oats, No. 2 white, 25c to 27c; rye, 49c to 51c.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 mixed, 68c to 69c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 30c to 32c; oats, No. 2 white, 22c to 23c; rye, No. 2, 48c to 50c; clover seed, $4.20 to $4.25.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 65c to 66c; corn, No. 3, 30c to 31c; oats, No. 2 white, 24c to 26c; rye, No. 1, 49c to 51c; barley, No. 2, 43c to 45c; pork, mess, $7.75 to $8.25.

Buffalo—Cattle, good shipping steers, $3.00 to $5.75; hogs, common to choice, $3.50 to $4.25; sheep, fair to choice wethers, $3.50 to $5.00; lambs, common to extra, $5.00 to $6.00.

New York—Cattle, $3.00 to $5.50; hogs, $3.00 to $4.50; sheep, $3.00 to $5.25; wheat, No. 2 red, 74c to 75c; corn, No. 2, 37c to 39c; oats, No. 2, 26c to 28c; butter, creamery, 16c to 23c; eggs, Western, 17c to 19c.

A Dangerous Secret.

By FLORENCE MARYATT.

CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued.)

"Parish clerk of Chilton in Berwick!" murmurs Delia; "how wonderful I should have met him here, Patsy! I was married at that church on the very day it was burned down, and your grandfather must have been present at the ceremony.

"How strange! And now I come to think of it, ma'am, he often talks in his ravings about a young lady—a 'lassie,' he calls her—who was married in the midst of the storm. Bless me! that is queer."

"Patsy, what has he got in that bundle?"

"Ah! now you beat me, ma'am! No one, not even poor mother, ever saw the inside."

"Couldn't you find out, by any means, what is in that parcel, Patsy?"

Delia has become wonderfully curious about the old clerk's worldly possessions.

"I dursn't, ma'am. Feyther would nearly kill me, and the old man would quite. I'd sooner walk up and scratch the nose of Farmer Simpson's mad bull."

"Ah, well! I dare say there's nothing of consequence in it. How did the feast go off?"

"Beautifully, ma'am; and I'm obliged to you for letting me go.

Delia hurries from the farm parlor as she speaks—her head in a whirl of excitement—her heart not knowing what it dares to hope for—her mind filled with one thought, the wish to meet and tell all to Mr. Le Mesurier. At the end of the long lane that precedes the village road she sees him, walking thoughtfully to and fro, and evidently waiting for her.

She at once tells him all she has learned, and her new-born hope that the parcel, which the old man so carefully guards, contains the parish books of the church at Chilton, and in them the registry of her marriage.

"And so you think the books must needs be tied up in his old bundle," says Mr. Le Mesurier, smiling, as she finishes the tale.

"I feel sure of it! Oh, don't laugh at me. Think what a change it will make in my whole life, if the idea only proves true. I must see the contents of that bundle. I shall never be satisfied till I have convinced myself one way or the other."

"How do you propose to accomplish it?"

"I cannot decide yet. Patsy says the old man sits in the garden when the afternoon is fine. I could get up by a ladder and smash in the glass if I find it fastened."

"You'll be indicted for housebreaking with burglarious and felonious intent, if you don't take care, Mrs. Manners. And when you have opened the bundle, at the risk of your personal safety, perhaps you will find a mass of filthy rags."

"I care nothing about my personal safety—I care only to find my unfortunate marriage certificate. Do you think I might give old Strother a glass of wine with something in it to make him go to sleep?"

Mr. Le Mesurier laughs loud at the suggestion.

"Don't kill him outright, or you may be indicted for manslaughter along with the other misdemeanors. I am laughing, Mrs. Manners, but believe me how sincerely I am interested in this new hope of yours, and how rejoiced I shall be at its fulfillment."

"And believe me, Mr. Le Mesurier, that I will not rest hand nor foot till I have reached the bottom of that mystery, be it what it may!"

CHAPTER XXV.

The most natural thing to suppose is that Delia runs straight home, after her interview with the parson, to repeat the discovery she has made to Mrs. Bond. But, strange to say, she does nothing of the sort. A hundred times during the evening is it on the tip of her tongue to tell it, and a hundred times her courage fails her, and she decides she will wait a little longer and discover a little more, before she makes her friend the recipient of her confidence.

The next day she anxiously awaits the coming of Mr. Le Mesurier, who has promised to show her the vestry books in the church so that she may know what such books look like and be better able to recognize them should she find any in old Strother's bundle.

When the parson comes she prepares to accompany him at once.

"What queer-looking things!" she says, as she examines the rough, brown leather covers in which the volumes are bound; "and the ink in which the first entries are made is quite faded and pale. Fifty years ago, Mr. Le Mesurier. Is it possible this book has lasted all that time?"

"Quite possible in Cloverfield, where we do not celebrate half a dozen marriages a year. What is it, Mrs. Webber?"

This last question is addressed to the pew opener, who is employed in cleaning the church, and now beckons him mysteriously to her side from the open vestry door.

"Excuse me for a moment," Mr. Le Mesurier says, hurriedly, to Delia, as he passes into the chancel.

She continues to turn over the record of the Cloverfield marriages with a sort of undefined curiosity. As she does so a name catches her eye—one name among the hundreds she has gazed upon mechanically—and she reads the record.

On such and such a day, "John Le Mesurier, bachelor, of Dublin, to Adelia Coombes, spinster, of Southampton."

She looks at the date; it is that of fifteen years ago—five years before the present Mr. Le Mesurier came to reside in the parish. Still, it seems strange that he should not have noticed the name being similar to his own; but perhaps, she argues, clergymen never take the trouble to read the records of marriages that occur before they had charge of the parish.

"Is this a relation of yours?" she asks, promptly, as her friend returns to the vestry. "The name is precisely the same, you see—John Le Mesurier; but he was married five years before you came here, so perhaps you never saw the certificate."

Pointing with her finger to the entry, she turns to confront the clergyman, and is amazed to see the pallor that has overspread his face.

"Mr. Le Mesurier! are you not well?"

"I am quite well, thank you! Have you finished examining this musty old book? Then I think we may as well lock it up again! About Mr. John Le Mesurier, who appropriates my lawful cognomen! Yes, I believe he must be some sort of connection of mine, because the name is not a common one; but I never knew him, and, as you say, the event happened long before I ever saw the place!"

But he is very pale still, and the muscles of his face are working nervously.

"There are no Coombes living about here now," remarks Delia, thoughtfully.

"Oh, no! There is nobody of the name here. There never was!" replies Mr. Le Mesurier, in the same agitated and uncertain manner. "Now, you are quite sure you will know a vestry book again, to swear to—won't you?" he continues, with a sickly attempt to smile; "and be able to tell at once if old Strother's possessions are the property of the church or his own?"

"Oh, I think so; and, Mr. Le Mesurier, I assure you his parcel is just the size to contain three or four of these books—making allowance for all the wrappings they are sewn in."

"When do you intend to make your first raid upon these wrappings?"

"To-morrow, I think; but I shall not go unless it is a really hot afternoon, that will tempt the old man to sit out for some time in the garden. Do you not come my way?"

"No, thanks! I have a visit to pay to the Temples. Good afternoon."

He raises his hat and strides off abruptly.

Delia is just wondering what can be the reason of his sudden alteration of manner, when he retraces his steps and overtakes her.

"Mrs. Manners, when you told me a secret that affected your daily happiness you relied on me for respecting your confidence and keeping it sacred, did you not?"

"Certainly I did."

"Have I belied your trust?"

"I am sure you have not."

"Then may I ask you a favor in return, not to mention to any one the record you saw just now of my—my—relation's marriage? He is not a person to be proud of, and the marriage was strictly private, and for many reasons it is desirable it should remain so. I know you will oblige me in this particular. Good day."

And, raising his hat once more, Mr. Le Mesurier leaves her again without waiting for the assurances he has so earnestly required.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Delia does not know what to think of this little episode, but she has always considered her clergyman friend to be rather strange and erratic in his moods, and ascribes his anxiety on the subject of the marriage record not being mentioned to some fad of his own, certainly not to anything that can concern her. She has so much to think of and plan for herself at this moment that she has no leisure to speculate upon the actions of her acquaintances. She ponders hour after hour on the best means of conciliating old Strother, and rendering her voyage of discovery easy; but she reaches Kennett's farm the following day without having arrived at any definite conclusion as to what course it will be better to pursue.

It is a broiling afternoon, and Delia has felt the trudge up the long lane very trying; but she is rewarded by the first sight that meets her eyes being that of the old Scotchman sunning himself by the beehives. He looks only a trifle less offensive in the open air than he did in his close bedroom, and he receives his visitor with no greater cordiality. But she is delighted to see that he is smoking his pipe, and she has a little flask of Scotch whisky hidden away in her pocket.

"What a lovely day, Mr. Strother. I am so glad to find you out. Where is Patsy?"

"I dinna ken."

"Does she find it too hot in the garden? I almost think I do. May I go round and ask her for a glass of water?"

"You canna fash me wi' what you do."

Accepting the ungracious permission extended to her, Delia walks up the gravel path to the farmhouse. Her object is twofold—first, to find out where Patsy may be, and, secondly, to obtain a glass of water in which to put the whisky. At the open door she meets a servant girl.

"Is Miss Patsy in, Jane?"

"Well, she ain't azactly in, mum, but she won't be long. She's only rin out the back way to meet a friend, and I'm keeping watch in case the maister should return and make a rumpus about it. Poor Miss Patsy's got very little time to hersel', mum, so ye meant tell the maister of her."

"To be sure not, Jane. I have only come to beg a glass of water. The day is so hot, and I am very thirsty."

The farm maiden lifts down a mug from the nail on which it hangs and makes her way out into the back garden.

"The poomp's at the back," she says in going.

Delia follows her. To examine the back of the house is her desire.

She finds that the "poomp" stands in a wilderness of currant bushes and raspberry canes, now stripped of their fruit, and the wall of the house is thickly covered with a vine of many years' growth. On either side of the back door are windows with latticed panes and broad sills; the lower one to the right is the scullery window, the one above it she believes to belong to the bedroom of old Strother, and it is fastened open by an iron hook.

"Is that the old gentleman's room?" she asks indifferently of the servant.

"Yiss, mum, that's his'n, and 'twull be a good day for all concerned when he's laid out in it."

Delia walks up to the window sill and finds it is amply wide enough to stand upon. In the scullery are a set of steps with which she could easily reach the upper window. Given ten minutes to herself, she feels sure that her work would be accomplished. She is active and lissom still, although the mother of a man. The worst difficulty will be to get the servant, who appears to be the only person within hail, out of the way. But Delia has her purse in her pocket and knows the power of money. She has no fear, when the time comes, of not being able to get rid of Jane or to make use of her.

She returns to the old clerk full of hope for the success of her project. But, to her surprise, she finds he has left his seat and is peering in at the open front door.

"What air ye speerin' sae lang wi' the lass fur?" he asks, in his usual suspicious way.

"I was only gettin' some water to drink, Mr. Strother," replies Delia cheerfully. "I find a little weak whisky and water the most cooling drink possible on these burning afternoons."

"Whusky! What can a leddy ken aboot whusky?"

"Oh! don't I 'ken' about it? You forget I have lived in Scotland, where everyone acquires a liking for it, and my friend, Mr. Bond, has some of the finest Scotch whisky in his cellar you ever tasted."

"Ay! It's mony a day sin the like o' me tasted whusky."

"Mr. Strother, I want you to taste my whisky, and if you think it good I shall bring you a bottle for yourself."

"A hale bottle o' whisky to mysel'? Ay, but ye're the richt sort o' leddy to veesit a puir auld chiel like me."

With his old tongue he commences to lick his lips as she produces the spirit flask, and the wrinkled hand he extends for the glass trembles visibly. Delia has taken care to make the dose a potent one, and Strother took it down at a draught.

"Ay, that's summat like whusky!" ejaculates the old sinner, as the last drop trickles down his throat.

Delia placed the flask itself in his hands.

Old Strother's bleared eyes light up with sensual pleasure as he applies his lips to the neck of this little bottle, and expresses his satisfaction at its contents by loud and prolonged smacks. But he does not grow sleepy so soon as Delia expected. Either he is more accustomed to drinking spirits than he will acknowledge or his head is very strong; but though he becomes less loquacious and makes absurd faces to himself in the air, his eyes do not show any disposition to close.

Finally, however, his head has fallen forward on his breast, and he has commenced to nod, with those short, uncomfortable jerks that assail one when sleeping in a chair.

Delia crawls up and down the path a little longer, and then, seeing that all is safe, skims past the sleeping old man noiselessly, and rushes to the back of the garden. There is no time to waste now; she must do her work rapidly and without delay.

"Jane," she exclaims, going at once to the point, "here is half a sovereign for you. I want that set of steps placed against this wall. I have a great fancy to gather some of the bunches of grapes that hang up there by the second window."

Jane, who probably has never possessed half a sovereign all to herself in her life, stares at the coin as if she were in a dream.

"I must have it at once; do you hear?" repeats Delia, "or it will be of no use to me."

"Sure, ma'am—but they isn't ripe yet."

"Never mind that. You bring the steps."

The girl has them in her arms as she speaks, and places them against the wall without further remonstrance.

Delia mounts them like a squirrel.

"What a quare fancy!" thinks the servant, as she watches the lady's ascent.

But she has a half-sovereign in her hand, and she cares for nothing else.

(To be continued.)

ZOLA'S SUPERSTITIONS.

Unconquerable Dread of Seventeen—Leaves Home Left Foot First.

The eminent writer, M. Emile Zola, while he was going down Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, at Paris, was knocked down by a hack, which passed over his legs, without, fortunately, doing any other damage than bruising him. M. Zola has a superstitious horror of the number 17. This number is to him unlucky. After he arose, he looked at the number of the hack, added up the figures in a flash, and found the total to be 17. The great writer had, for a long time, held the belief that the number 17 had a malign influence upon him, and that aggravated the case. Dr. Tolouse has recently devoted a volume to a study of M. Zola, in which the character, temperament and the very sources of the illustrious writer's talents are analyzed with all the resources of psychology and physiology. The author says: "Thus, certain figures have a bad influence upon M. Zola. If the number of the hack, when added up, forms this figure, he will not engage the vehicle, or, if he is obliged to do so, will fear that some misfortune may happen to him. For example, that he may not succeed in the business that he has started out to do. Such superstitious idea may supervene apropos of any of his arithmomaniacal impulses.

"For a long time the multiples of 3 appeared favorable to him; but now it is the multiples of 7 that reassure him. Thus, in the night, it often happens that he will open his eyes seven times in order to prove to himself that he is not going to die. On the contrary, the number 17, which recalls to him a sorrowful date, seems to him to be unlucky, and chance has ordained that he should recognize a coincidence of certain unfortunate occurrences with that date. Similar superstitious ideas exhibit themselves outside of all arithmomania. Thus, he will perform certain acts with the idea that, if he does not do so, some annoyance will happen to him. So he will touch the gas burners that he meets with in the streets, surmount an obstacle with the right foot, walk upon the pavement in a certain way, etc. For a long time he feared that he would not succeed in the proceeding that he was going to undertake unless he started out of the house with his left foot foremost."—Vie Scientifique.

Ancient Manuscripts Exhumed.

The ancient cities buried by the sands of Central Asia are gradually giving up their treasures, and quite a large collection of manuscripts are now being accumulated in Calcutta, mainly in the library of the Asiatic society of Bengal. Three considerable "finds" of these have lately been received in Calcutta. The manuscripts are of various ages and different materials, such as bark, palm-leaves and very coarse varieties of paper, some of which are coated with gypsum. They are for the most part very flimsy and owe their preservation to the extreme dryness of the climate. They have been found in tombs and other buildings buried in the sand in Chinese Turkestan. They were picked up by peasants in the locality and passed on as curiosities of no great value to traders, who took them to the towns and there disposed of them. One if the collections just mentioned was made by George Macartney, the agent of the Indian government at Kashgar, in and around that city; while another was given to Captain Godfrey of Leh by some Central Asian traders to show their gratitude to him for helping their caravans across the passes one severe winter; while a third was made a few years ago by Mr. Weber, the Oriental scholar. An examination of these is now being made by Dr. Hoernle, the president of the Asiatic society of Bengal. It is thought that the literature discovered in these buried cities will turn out to be mainly religious and ceremonial.

Had Steered Before.

A member of the crew of the Yankee tells the Electrical Review of an incident that happened aboard that vessel during the recent cruise. Said he: "We were out at sea, and one of the boys—you know him—was doing his trick at the wheel. Commander Brownson came up alongside him, and, after watching him a few minutes, said: 'You steer very well, my man.' Billy just saluted—being up on naval etiquette. 'Been practising since you joined the ship?' asked Brownson. 'No, sir; I haven't been practicing much,' said Billy. 'Well, you handle this ship as if you'd steered before,' said Brownson. 'Yes, sir,' said Billy; 'I have.' 'Where?' said Brownson. 'All along the Atlantic coast,' says Billy. 'What did you steer?' says Brownson. 'My own steam yacht, sir,' says Billy. 'How big is she?' says Brownson, after a pause. 'About a thousand tons, sir,' says Billy. 'I—I see,' says Brownson. 'Thank'ee, sir,' says Billy, saluting. And the 'old man' went to his stateroom."

A Paradise for Wives.

There is a town in France called Villefranche, which was founded by Humbert, the fourth Lord of Beaujeau, about the beginning of the twelfth century. This Lord Humbert let the ground at an almost nominal rent; and as an additional inducement for the people to settle in his town, he granted the inhabitants several privileges, one of which was "that husbands might beat their wives until the blood flowed, provided that death did not ensue therefrom." What a paradise for wives Villefranche must have been in those days!

Woods may be considerably darkened by polishing with cold-drawn linseed oil. This might answer for wood picture frames.

If a man looks up his family tree he's sure to discover monkeys on some of the branches.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

A Maine paper prints a story of a witness who refused to tell the amount of his gross income. Finally, when the judge ordered him to answer the question, he said: "Your honor, I have no gross income; I'm a fisherman of Machias Bay, and it's all net."

A Frenchman applied to a local official for a passport to visit Klatterwingschen, in Switzerland. The functionary, who was not a fellow of any geographical society, struggled in vain with the spelling of the place's name. Then, unwilling to confess his difficulty, he blandly asked: "Would you as lief visit some other town?"

The house surgeon of a London hospital was attending to the injuries of a poor woman whose arm had been severely bitten. As he was dressing the wound, he said: "I can not make out what sort of a creature bit you. This is too small for a horse's bite and too large for a dog's." "Oh, sir," replied the patient, "it wasn't an animal; it was another lydy."

Dr. Field, who was the examining surgeon for the naval reserves while the recruiting was being done in New Orleans, tells of a German recruit who was walking his post and calling the hours as required. He called, "Seven bells and all's vell." The next call, however, was a variation. It was: "Eight bells and all is not vell; I haf droppit my musket oferboard."

Bishop Wilberforce, discussing fox-hunting with a young curate who rode to hounds, urged that it had a worldly appearance. The curate replied that it was not a bit more worldly than a ball at Blenheim Palace, at which the bishop had been present. The bishop explained that he was staying in the house, but was never within three rooms of the dancing. "Oh, if it comes to that," replied the curate, "I never am within three fields of the hounds."

At an elementary examination in English which was lately held in a school near New York, two sentences were given out to be corrected. The first sentence was to be corrected as to its subject matter, and the second sentence as to its syntax. These were the sentences: "The hen has three legs;" "Who done it?" When the papers were handed in, it was found that one of the examinees had apparently regarded the sentences as subtly connected in thought, for his answer was as follows: "The hen didn't done it; God done it."

R. M. Munkittrick, the humorist, and at one time associate-editor of Puck, presented a check one morning at an up-town bank, in New York, where he was personally unknown. "I know the name very well," said the cashier, "but you will have to be identified as the man." "Well, now," said Munkittrick, "that's too bad. Everybody I know is down-town, and the only pair of socks I have with my strawberry birth-mark on them are in the wash this week!" "That's all right," said the cashier; "You're Munkittrick. Here's your money."

The crew of the Yankee was made up largely from New York's naval reserve. One of these was one day doing his trick at the wheel. Commander Brownson came up alongside him, and, after watching him a few minutes, said: "You steer very well, my man." Billy just saluted—being up on naval etiquette. "Been practicing since you joined the ship?" asked Brownson. "No, sir; I haven't been practicing much," said Billy. "Well, you handle this ship as if you'd steered before," said Brownson. "Yes, sir," said Billy; "I have." "Where?" said Brownson. "All along the