GAYNOR AND GROUT.

Both Witnesses in Czar McKane's Trial To-Day.

Their Testimony Bears Hard Against the Gravesend Boss.

Evidence that John Y. Had His Spies Everywhere.

Boss John Y. McKane and his contingent of sympathetic Gravesenders, had to listen to some more very disagreeable testimony to-day in the Brooklyn Court of Oyer and Terminer.

John McNamara, the law student in Mr. Gaynor's office, who had charge of the party of copyists on their different trips to Gravesend, was recalled to the witness stand to complete his testimony, which was begun yesterday afternoon.

Col. Lamb referred to a conversation which the witness said he had with McKane at the Town Hall.

"McKane asked me if I had not purchased the tickets for the party and was not in charge of the men," said McNamara. "I declined to tell him, and then he said to me: 'You might as well tell the truth about it. One of my men saw you buy the tickets at the railroad station in Brooklyn.'"

This was one important link in the prosecution's chain of evidence, as showing that McKane had spies everywhere watching the movements of the Gaynor party, and that the conspiracy to prevent them from getting at the registry lists had been carefully laid and was led by McKane himself.

Mr. Backus conducted the cross-examination of McNamara, and endeavored to show a contradiction between his statement on the witness-stand and in his affidavit, which was used in the contempt proceedings, in regard to the result of his efforts to find the election inspectors in the First Gravesend District.

The witness answered that if the whole of his affidavit was taken together it would explain any apparent contradictions.

"Did you have charge of the party which went down to Gravesend on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 4?" asked Lawyer Backus.

"No, it was in charge of Mr. Hogan. I was there as the representative of Mr. Gaynor's office."

After assigning the men to the different election districts, McNamara said he waited around the Town Hall and Heerlein's Hotel all the afternoon. The men came stringing in at all hours.

"Did you see any of the men under the influence of liquor?"

"There was one man who had been drinking, and I sent him home."

"Did you drink anything yourself?"

"Yes, and without McKane's permission."

Justice Bartlett called the witness to order, and told him he ought to be more courteous to counsel.

McNamara afterwards said he had two glasses of beer, some seltzer and milk and two drinks of whiskey, the latter at the invitation of Judge Sutherland, who had asked all the men into the hotel to drink with him.

"I drank very lightly myself," said the witness, "and warned the men not to accept the invitation. I did not see any one under the influence of liquor except the man I have mentioned."

There was no alteration at the depot between the witness and the ticket-taker.

The witness was "sassy" on several other occasions, and Justice Bartlett reminded him of his duty.

Lawyer Backus asked McNamara who were in the room in the Town Hall that night when they were arraigned before Justice Sutherland after their arrest.

"I really could not tell, outside of McKane and Justice Sutherland, except Geo. W. Roderick. I was busy watching him most of the time," was the answer.

On the redirect examination by Col. Lamb, McNamara said that a number of Gravesenders besides Justice Sutherland were hanging about and trying to induce the men to drink.

Justice Bartlett announced after the witness had left the stand that he had decided to sustain his ruling of yesterday and exclude evidence regarding the doings of the four mysterious Gravesenders who went down to Coney Island on the train with the Gaynor men on Saturday night. He said that if such testimony were admitted it would endanger the case of the prosecution in case of a conviction.

The next witness called was Justice William J. Gaynor, who took the stand and told of the conversation already alluded to, which took place in his office with Jonh W. Murphy on Oct. 3.

He stated that his attention had previously been called to the suspicious character of the Gravesend registry list, and he had asked Mr. Mayer to get a copy of the lists for him.

"I came into my office on Oct. 30 and found John W. Murphy there," said Justice Gaynor, "talking with Mr. Mayer, and overheard some of his remarks.

"'What's all this trouble about getting a Gravesend list,' I asked. 'I am running in nine counties, and have been able to get the list in every one, but when I come to this miserable little town of Gravesend I am refused.'

"'You say I can't get a list without the permission of John Y. McKane? He is not an election officer, and I don't propose to stand this sort of thing.'

"Murphy, whom I had never seen before, told me that he had been sent around by McKane to ask me what I wanted to do with the registry lists.

"I told him that I wanted the list so that I might be able to send a paster ballot to every voter in the district, and that furthermore I wanted the lists in order that I might send around to the house of every voter to see if he actually lived there.

"Murphy said McKane wanted to know if I wouldn't be satisfied with a list that he would make for me, and I replied 'No; that I wanted an exact copy, a "Chinese" copy, that would show every blot and scratch on the paper, and one that could be verified and used as evidence in court afterwards.'

"Then," continued Justice Gaynor, "Murphy asked why I wanted to make trouble. He said that no one else was making any fuss about the Gravesend registry lists, and didn't see why I should.

"I said to him that I believed the lists were a fraud, that the registration showed this, and if others were content to let matters go on that way, I for one was not.

"I told him I intended to get the lists whether McKane gave his permission or not, and tha in addition to this I intended to send men down to Gravesend on election day and count every ballot that was deposited and see that no one voted who was not entitled to do so."

When Justice Gaynor finished this statement he was shown a copy of the letter which he wrote to McKane on Oct 30, telling him that he had received his telephone message to Mr. Grout in which McKane had again refused permission to copy the lists, and informing him that he intended to send men down the next day to get copies. This showed that McKane knew of the intended visit and had time to prepare for it.

The defense had been directed to produce the original of this letter, but ex-Judge Troy said that McKane had no such letter in his possession. The copy was read from the letter-press book kept in Justice Gaynor's office.

This ended the direct testimony, and in cross-examination ex-Judge Troy asked the Justice if his relations with Mr. McKane had not always been very friendly and cordial previous to last election.

"Hardly that," replied the witness. "I had some trouble on a previous occasion with Mr. McKane, though it did not amount to anything."

"Your object in trying to get the lists was to send out paster ballots, you say?"

"That was one object, but I had another object, far more important than that," replied Justice Gaynor.

The cross-examination was not pursued any further.

During the testimony the McKaneites in the gallery were not heard from, and the boss himself looked particularly solemn and aloof.

Lawyer Shepard wanted to put Capt. Hinman, one of McKane's henchmen at Coney Island, on the witness stand, but he was not in court.

"I would like an order from the court to bring him up from Gravesend at once," said Mr. Shepard.

Lawyer Backus said that Hinman had been in court every day until to-day, and that his absence was caused by illness. He guaranteed that Hinman would appear to-morrow without a special subpoena.

John H. Townsend, one of the men who went down to serve Justice Cullen's orders to show cause on the Gravesend inspectors, related some of the difficulties he encountered in finding the men, and then Lawyer Edward M. Grout, Justice Gaynor's law partner, was called as a witness.

Mr. Grout headed the party which went down to copy the lists at the Town Hall on Friday, Nov. 3. The facts in regard to this visit have been recounted at length by several other witnesses, but Mr. Grout went all over them again, describing minutely what occurred in the different polling places at the Town Hall when he made demands to copy the lists.

He said that Justice Newton followed him around and continually interfered and interrupted him when he was making inquiries of the men who had the registry books in their possession and were apparently copying them.

When he and Mr. Mayer went out to find some of the election inspectors at their homes Justice Newton followed them, keeping them in view wherever they went. Another attempt was made to copy the lists on their return to the Town Hall, but without success.

Mr. Grout said he went down to Gravesend on Sunday to try to bail out the fourteen men who were arrested the night before. He did not go down again till election morning, when a party of about twenty left Mr Gaynor's office at 4.45 o'clock.

Mr Grout said they drove down to Gravesend in carriages, separating into two parties before they reached the Town Hall.

The three carriages in his party were stopped by policemen about 150 feet from the hall. On looking out of the window Mr Grout said he saw Justice Newton standing near.

"You can't go any further," he said.

"I showed him our watcher's certificates," continued Mr. Grout, "but he said they were no good there. Then I showed him Justice Barnard's injunction order, restraining any one from interfering with our party.

"I stepped out of the carriage and followed him, intending to serve it upon him. As I did so he said:

"'I don't care a ——— for all the courts and judges in the State of New York,' and walked away.

"I was going to follow him, when a policeman standing at the horses' heads stepped in front of me and raised his club in a threatening manner.

"'If you take another step forward you'll get a clubbing,' he said.

"I thought it wise to stop, but I served him with a copy of the injunction, and also served it on one policeman in uniform.

"While I was parleying with the policeman there was a great disturbance at a little distance from where we were standing. A large crowd had collected and I saw several men knocked down and kicked and heard their outcry.

"One of the men in our party, Herbert L. Worthley, was truck in the mouth, and when he came up his face was covered with his blood.

"The crowd was increased from the Town Hall, and became more threatening, and I told my companions that under the circumstances we could do nothing and had better go back.

"We were hustled about by the crowd, the horses' heads were turned and the mob followed us for some distance down the road."

Mr. Backus in cross-examination tried to make it appear that the early morning expedition to Gravesend was simply an electioneering dodge to get a sensational report in the newspaper extras, which would influence voters.

Mr. Grout admitted that he had bought a number of extras and sent them out to workers at the polls after his return to Brooklyn in the hope that they might have some effect. He did not know what the articles contained, nor had he furnished any information to the newspapers.

A recess was taken at 1 o'clock.

Continuing on the cross-examination Grout said the Committee of Twenty-five was not formed for the purpose of prosecuting McKane and his Gravesend crowd till two weeks after election.

He was engaged as counsel for the Committee and had devoted considerable time to preparing the indictments charging conspiracy and assault.

Lawyer Backus tried to make it appear that when the Grout party reached Gravesend on election morning it was too dark for Mr. Grout to recognize Justice Newton as he stood outside the carriage. The witness, however, stated that he had no difficulty in identifying McKane's head lieutenant, and besides this he had spoken to him if he were not Judge Newton, and had received an affirmative reply.

The McKaneites in the gallery made more disturbance during the afternoon, and Justice Bartlett ordered all who were standing there in the doorways to be put out. About a score of them were obliged to retire and the doors were closed.

Capt. John T. Hinman, of the Coney Island Police, was on hand in the afternoon, and was called as the next witness. He had been a policeman at Coney Island for twenty years. There were four Sergeants under him.

Capt. Gerstenson, whose duties had charge of the Sheepshead Bay precinct, but the witness did not know whether he had any sergeants or not. Chief McKane, he said, was the head of the Department.

During the Summer season, he said, he had twenty-two policemen under him, but after Oct. 1 there were never more than three policemen employed. After several contradictory statements as to the number of men under him the witness finally said he did not know how many men he had under him.

In Gravesend.

"Do you mean that?" asked Justice Bartlett.

"Well, I can't tell exactly."

"This is the most remarkable statement that has been made on the trial," said the Court, and shows a remarkable state of affairs."

The witness tried to explain that all the police force of Gravesend did not report to him at the Coney Island Headquarters. He thought, perhaps, there was six men in Gravesend village, four in Gravesville, and possibly six or eight.

The entire force at Coney Island consisted of himself and the four Sergeants. They didn't need any patrolmen.

"Who do those men report to?"

"I don't know."

"Is that a fact?" inquired Justice Bartlett. "You, the Captain, and don't know to whom the men report?"

"I suppose they report to the Chief; they never have reported to me."

"Your authority as captain extends over the entire town of Gravesend?" asked Mr. Shepard.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Who pays your salary?"

"Chief McKane.

"How does he pay you?"

"By his own check."

"When does he pay you?"

"The only way I'm paid is that when I want some money I go to the Chief ask for it."

Under cross-examination Hinman said that the day before election he received a telephone message from McKane, who was in Brooklyn, to have all the police force on hand at midnight, as he expected a lot of people down from Brooklyn to make a muss.

Acting under orders he had the police on hand. He also marked a line 150 feet from the polling places, inside which no one save Gravesend voters were allowed on election day.

The case is still on.

Round About Town.

Charles O. Lemont, a retired stock broker, forty-one years old, died suddenly in the billiard room at the Astor House yesterday afternoon.

Lieut. R. M. L. Loomis, of the Eighteenth Separate Company, of Glens Falls, has been elected First Lieutenant of Company D, Ninth Regiment. His transfer will be asked for shortly.

Rev. Samuel Bowden, of 262 West Thirty-second street, died suddenly yesterday at Fifth avenue and Sixteenth street while on the way to attend a meeting of the Alpha Sigma Society of Clergymen.

The Dutch steamer Ocean arrived to-day from Rotterdam, and Capt. Crosseus reports that on Jan. 29 his vessel encountered an easterly gale, accompanied by high seas and snow squalls, and ran before it for seventeen hours.

Dr. Doty, of the Bureau of Contagious Diseases, will probably go to Albany to-morrow to push the Health Department Pension Fund bill.

William Davis, who killed Baker Kaiser, in Camden, N. J., last December, was turned over to Sheriff Barrett of that place, in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning.

AN EXECUTOR IS A WITNESS.

Vaughan Still on the Stand in the Fayerweather Will Case.

Witness Tells of Conversations with the Dead Millionaire.

John E. Parsons, representing the executors, set the ball in motion promptly at 10.30 o'clock this morning in the contest between the executors of the will of the late Daniel B. Fayerweather, the colleges who claim a share of the estate of $1,000,000 involved, and the widow and heirs of the deceased.

Henry B. Vaughan, one of the executors, who was on the stand yesterday afternoon, was the first witness this morning.

When Mr. Parsons attempted to draw Mr. Vaughan out in corroboration of the testimony given before the Surrogate Col. James objected at once, on the ground that this evidence was already a matter of record.

Elihu Root then took charge of the witness. Mr. Vaughan testified to frequent conversations with Mr. Fayerweather in relation to the merits and demerits of various schools and colleges, but the substance of such conversations, he said, had passed out of his mind.

On the Monday preceding the death of Mr. Fayerweather the witness said he had a conversation with him, and as a result of the conference, Prescott Hall Butler drew up the codicil, which was destroyed after a copy had been made, and which is now the principal point in dispute.

He stated that Miss Joyce destroyed the paper at the time at the request of Mr. Fayerweather and in the presence of the witness.

"And what was the substance of that codicil?" inquired Judge Truax.

"The contents of the fourth codicil restored the residue of the estate to the executors to share and share alike in direct contravention of the tenth clause of the will."

This was the question which Prescott Hall Butler refused to answer a few days ago, taking advantage of personal privilege.

"Did you ask Mr. Fayerweather for an explanation of this absolute gift to Mr. Bulkley and Mr. Hitch, as this provided?" asked Mr. Root.

"I did, I think, at the time, but he did not explain it."

A letter, dated Nov. 13, 1890, signed D. B. Fayerweather, and directed to Messrs. Vaughn and Myrick, was read by Mr. Root. It directed them to give Mr. Fayerweather's niece, Mrs. Lucy J. Beardsley, the sum of about $100,000 in securities, which were said to be in a box to which Mr. Myrick had the key.

Mr. Vaughan testified that so far as he knew the money was an absolute gift to the two men.

Mr. Vaughan said that on Nov. 14, the day before Mr. Fayerweather's death, Dr. Dwyer, the attending physician, told him that if he had any papers for the patient to sign he had better have them signed at once. Mr. Vaughan said that he then took immediate steps to clear away everything and have all the papers signed.

Lawyer Root and Mr. Vaughan then had a long war of words, and the latter finally said he would not answer the questions propounded in reference to a letter sent by Mr. Ritch to Mr. Fayerweather, which got into the possession of the witness, and was never delivered.

At the request of Judge Truax, Mr. Vaughan said he was once asked to leave the room by Mr. Fayerweather, and that he did so. He said that Mr. Fayerweather's request was the foolish fancy of a sick person.

When examined by Col. James Mr. Vaughan stated that six years previous to 1888 he and Mr. Fayerweather were connected in business as partners.

Mr. Vaughan was asked if he had not at one time stated to Miss Joyce and Mrs. Reynolds that Mr. Ritch was a scoundrel, but the question was not allowed. A recess was taken at 1 o'clock.

The cross-examination of Mr. Vaughan was continued after recess by Col. James.

"Now, will you state to me the contents of the codicil which Mr. Butler drew, and which you read?" asked the Colonel.

"Substantially, it took the residuary estate from the hands of Messrs. Ritch and Bulkley, and restored the will to its original form, before the first codicil was executed," responded the witness.

On further cross-examination it developed that the will and the disputed codicil had been given to Mr Vaughan by Mr. Fayerweather for safe keeping, and had been deposited in a safety vault.

In reference to the codicil being destroyed by being burned, Mr. Vaughan first said that Miss Joyce was present when the papers were burned, but did not know what they were. Afterwards he stated that she did know that they were codicils, but did not know their contents or provisions.

He testified further that the sum of $100,000 was paid to Mrs. Beardsley, under the deed of gift, but that he did not know where the cancelled check could be found.

BODINE'S LUCKY DAY.

No Testimony Deduced Hostile to the Post-Office Messenger.

This was one of Edmund Bodine's lucky days. His examination for stealing money from post-office packages delivered by him at the Sub-Treasury, was continued before United States Commissioner Shields. All the testimony was in the accused's favor.

Robert Reid, a clerk at the sub-Treasury, and A. C. Dunne, of the cashier's office of the Post-Office, both testified that shortages were of frequent occurrence in many packages such as were handled by Bodine, such discrepencies occuring even when Bodine was not present and had not been near the money.

On several occasions the amounts were in excess of what the figures on the package wrappers called for. Both Reid and Dunne had counted the particular money package from which Bodine is accused of having pilfered, and both testified that it was two dollars short.

Bodine took the stand and gave the history of his actions Jan. 18, the day of his arrest. He accompanied the men who carried the money from the Post-Office to the Sub-Treasury on that day. He denied emphatically having covered a package of money with a newspaper and having abstracted $2 or any other amount from it.

The only part of the charge which was true, he said, was that he did lean against the money counter, and he had a newspaper before him at the time.

The examination was continued until Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

A Boycott.

(From Judge.)

"Why do all the men at the Club shun Thompson?"

"Thompson's baby is getting old enough to say things."

Broken Down by Grip

How Perfect Health Was Regained

"I will say for Hood's Sarsaparilla I believe it to be the best medicine in the world. I had a case of the Grip, which left my system in very bad shape. I tried everything I could find, and got no relief until I bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first dose I took

Made a Decided Effect

for the better. When I began taking the first bottle my weight was 127 pounds, the lightest since manhood. When I had taken the second bottle I weighed 165 pounds. I owe all this to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I gladly recommend." T. M. Foon, Justice of Peace, Sharsburg, Ky.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

AN ICELANDIC INCIDENT.

Primitive Modes of Dealing with Criminals.

The laws of Iceland, according to a writer in Pearson's Weekly, are so fully recognized that the services of a police officer are hardly necessary; criminals arrest themselves, and the authorities have little trouble in securing the punishment of an offender. A young Icelandic friend of mine, says the writer, going across the desert from Reykjavik, met a man riding a pony. Such meetings are rare in these parts, and, like ships on the sea, the two hailed and spoke. And this was the manner and substance of their conversation:

"What's your name?"

"Stefan."

"Whose son?"

"Thorstein's son."

"Where are you going?"

"To prison."

"What for?"

"Stealing a sheep."

"No one taking you?"

"No; the Sheriff was busy, so he gave me my papers—the warrant for the arrest—and sent me on to prison by myself."

The men exchanged snuff and a kiss, and parted. A week later the young Icelander was returning to Reykjavik, and near the same spot he met the same man.

"What!" he cried. "Stefan Thorstein! Why, you said you were going to prison!"

"So I was, and I went, but they could not let me in."

"Why not?"

"Because I had lost my papers, and the Sheriff said he would not take me without my warrant."

"So they won't have you in prison?"

"No."

"And you are going home again?"

"Yes."

RICH FAMILIES OF AMERICA.

Astors and Vanderbilts Control Hundreds of Millions.

A careful estimate of the wealth of the Astors puts it at $200,000,000, and this makes the family the richest in the United States. What is more, the wealth of the Astors is in such shape that it cannot but increase, for the reason that it is gilt-edged New York City real estate, some of which, according to the Washington Star, has within the past ten years increased in value 700 per cent. and is still appreciating.

The policy of the Astors has always been to buy real estate on the lines along which New York City is now extending and hold it for a rise, rarely selling, however, but building and renting instead. The result is that the Astor properties are in valuable lands, in brick, iron, stone and mortar instead of in fluctuating stocks and bonds, the fixed value of which is always uncertain.

As a family, the Vanderbilts stand next to the Astors in the matter of wealth, and their riches must be considered in the aggregate and in common, since their individual fortunes are pooled, so to speak.

You will often see Cornelius Vanderbilt, the present head of the house, quoted as being worth $200,000,000. Of course he is not worth that much amount. Cornelius has most of the Vanderbilt millions, but those who know say that he is personally not worth above $80,000,000, if as much.

It must be remembered that the late William H. Vanderbilt had a large family to divide his millions among and so the shares in the end were not so large as some people thought them. Besides, there is a disposition on the part of the calculators who make big figures to give the Vanderbilts credit for owning also right their great railroad system, when, as a matter of fact, thousands of stockholders share in the ownership.

MASON AND SEA COOK.

A Full-Blooded Apache Who Has Travelled Far and Learned Much.

Since the days of William Kidd, the talented but unfortunate buccaneer of the Spanish main, there has been a halo of romance over the heads of the sea cooks. They have been the heroes and villains of prodigious tales, and even their sons have been endowed with peculiar attributes. Every sea cook commands wonderful recollections of hair-breadth escapes, as well as stories of plum duff and nutritious horse.

Not one, however, is himself more of a unique specimen than the cook of the British ship John Cooke, which recently arrived at San Diego, Cal., after a long and dangerous voyage from Cardiff.

This cook, says the Union, is a full-blooded Apache Indian, born in the White Mountains of Arizona. His people, the terrible White Mountain and Tonto Apaches, have caused much trouble to the troops and settlers in Arizona. This man was named Turnbaney (Silver River) and was taken, when still a child, to Mexico, where he was raised.

He has followed the sea for the greater part of his life and has visited every part of the globe, learning several languages, including English, and becoming some years ago a member of the Masonic fraternity.

In civilization he is known as John Levin. He is quite dark, with the Indian physiognomy, and although sixty years of age, appears hardly in middle life. He has been wife and family living on the peninsula of Lower California, and says that this is his last voyage. He was picked up in Liverpool by Capt. Lillia, of the John Cooke. Levin, or Silver River, is an intelligent fellow, and a sea cook, and does not seem half as bloodthirsty as many other cooks with a far different pedigree.

A POLICEMAN'S HEART.

It Closed His Eyes to His Duty and Opened Them to Divine Charity.

It was cruelly cold for a mother and her children to be thrown upon the world. The policeman on his rounds saw the dark forms under the leafless trees in the public square. It was long past midnight. The electric light flickered and snapped and dimmed, as if to hide the light. A flood of brilliancy poured out of the big windows of a club not many yards away, and fell almost at the feet of the three sleeping forms, says Donahoe's Magazine.

The children were very young. The little girl nestled close to the side of the mother, with her hands buried deep in the folds of her mother's worn cloak. The boy's arm was thrown across his mother's neck, and the lower part of his body was buried in the folds of her skirt. His little round hat had fallen off and rolled bottom up a little way off.

The policeman paused. He thought he had discovered more tramps to rouse up and pass on to the next town. Then he saw his mistake. He scratched his head for a precedent. Must he arrest them and send them the way of other prisoners convicted of vagrancy? Then he looked down into the sleeping faces once more.

His hand played nervously with his trousers pocket. Then it dived in decisively, and came out with several shining coins. He dropped them into the hat of the child, and as he walked away he wondered why the electric lights flickered and dimmed and danced so much more violently than they did a few minutes before.

Spelling-Match at Brogger's Crossing.

(From Judge.)

Teacher—Huldy Smeel, spell shepherdess and give the definition.

Huldy—Shep-herd-ess, shepherdess—a female shepherd.

Teacher—Bobby Yager, spell hazardous and give the definition.

Bobby—Haz-er-dess, hazardous—a female hazard.

The Reason Why She Left.

(From Texas Siftings.)

"Why, you haven't left your place, Mary?"

"Yes, I have."

"Bless me. Why, everybody who has lived with Mrs. Blank gives her a good name."

"Yes; her hats ain't becoming to me."

Smelling Gunpowder.

(From Texas Siftings.)

Professor—Why, in making gunpowder, is saltpetre used as a component part?

Tom Anjerry—To make it smell bad, I reckon, so the soldiers can say that they smell gunpowder. Pa is always bragging about the gunpowder he smelt during the war.

WHAT LOVE IS.

It was a wild Autumn day. Winter was coming over the hills and had sent his couriers, the wind and the rain, before him.

I lounged about the warm parlor, restless and dissatisfied, longing to get out, yet not venturing to propose it; my sister sat composedly by the fire and sewed. By and by she looked up.

"It rains so I hardly think Charles will go up on the mountains to marry that couple after all."

Just then my brother-in-law entered.

"Who are these people you are going to marry?" I asked.

"I have the license in my pocket—let me see—George Van Sittart and Ellen Mary Lee."

"Ellen Lee! Nelly Lee! Oh, I must be awake myself to think it."

"Think what?"

"That it could be the Nelly Lee I used to know at E—— school."

"Oh, it must be!" said Charles. "How soon can you get on your fineries, my dear?"

"In ten minutes."

"Off with you, then. You shall go."

Nelly's wedding! I kept saying over and over to myself. Often had she promised that I should be her bridesmaid, often had we planned the dresses we would wear.

I questioned my brother-in-law closely after we were safely under way, but could get little information from him.

All he knew was that three years before a Mr. Lee had taken one of the farms on the mountain, and afterwards died there, leaving his daughter, Ellen, or Nelly, quite dependent on her own resources.

"And what did she do?" I asked.

"Brave little woman! Put up a shingle over the side door of the house where she was living with 'Ellen M. Lee, tailoress,' on it, and went to work."

"Mr. Lee died dreadfully in debt, and she has cleared up everything. You should hear the farmers talk about her. They think she is an angel in the shape of a woman."

"But whom is she going to marry?"

"A young miller."

"Nellie a miller's wife!"

"And why not, pray?"

"Nellie was so refined."

"So she is now."

"Ah—but will it last long—among these people?"

Charles looked thoroughly vexed.

"Upon my word I hardly expected to hear such nonsense from your lips. It would do well enough for an Englishwoman to speak in that way of English peasants, but you know, or ought to know, what our people are.

"They have a free land to live in and free schools to educate them; they are themselves free, and liberty of itself gives dignity to the humblest.

"Refinement, indeed! My mother, God bless her! was a poor farmer's wife, and there was not a duchess in all Europe more the lady. Don't be afraid; your Nelly will be none the worse for the years she has spent here."

I glanced forward through the driving rain, and saw a tall, lonesome looking frame house, unpainted and unshaded by tree or shrub, standing at one side of the road.

A score or two of wagons were drawn up under the shed opposite. A group of young men were talking under cover of a woodhouse that looked down on the road. One of them eyed us curiously and then darted into the house.

We drove in at the great gate, left hospitably open, and up to the porch. Two or three of the young men came forward to hold the horse while we alighted.

One of them, a tall, handsome fellow of twenty-five, with dark eyes and curling black hair, helped me out of the carriage. Charles shook hands with him cordially.

"Well, George, were you afraid I was not coming?"

"No, sir, we knew you would not disappoint us, but we were sorry you had to come out on such a day. If you and the lady will step in I will bring Nelly down."

"You had better take my sister with you. I think she is an old school friend of Nelly's."

The young miller turned towards me with a bright smile.

"All Nelly's friends are mine," he said. "Will you come with me see to her?"

We went upstairs, leaving Charles in the little parlor with George's parents.

Nelly's room was quite at the top of the house. He knocked. I drew back out of sight. Presently Nelly looked out.

"Oh, George, it can't be time! And then, this miserable rain!"

"I have brought you some sunshine, Nelly!"

He stepped aside and her eyes fell upon me.

"Jane—my dear old Jane!" and she threw herself into my arms and cried like a baby.

"Hush, Nelly, on your wedding day you must not cry," and George and I led her into the modest little chamber and soothed her until she grew calm.

We went down into the great "home parlor," which was filled with people whom I had never seen before.

Charles stood beside a table drawn up in front of the fire—he gave me a quiet look out of the corner of his eye as Nelly paused before him, blushing and looking as if she was just ready to cry.

I stationed myself beside her and the ceremony began. It was short and simple. Charles bent down and touched his lips to the bride's cheek.

"Many happy years to you, Mrs. Van Sittart," he said, kindly.

Nelly started.

"Is it over, Mr. Trevor? Am I really married?"

"You really are!"

"Good gracious! Why, it was nothing so very dreadful, after all—was it, George?"

There was a burst of laughter and every one thronged around, eager to kiss the bride. George took good care to be the first and then stood looking on with a smile.

Supper was announced during the conversation, and I was honored by a seat next to the bride. The meal being over, our carriage stood at the door—she went with me to say good-by.

"Come and see me next week in my new home at the mill," she whispered. "You will like it better than this—and we can have a good long talk about old times."

We drove away. I looked back at her slight figure as long as the house was in sight, and then fell into a fit of musing.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Charles, as we reached our cottage gate again. "You have not spoken one word for the last five miles."

"I was thinking—what a wonderful thing love must be."

"It's a very pleasant thing, let me tell you," said Charles, hurrying forward to meet his wife in the door.—Boston Globe.

STORM AFFECTED STOCKS.

Telegraphic Interruption Stopped Out-of-Town Orders.

After a Small Decline Prices Went Up and the Market Was Strong.

The efforts of the bears to create uneasiness on account of the alleged withdrawal of subscriptions to the new Government loan were unsuccessful this morning. The stock market after yielding 1-8 to 5-8 per cent., partly in sympathy with lower prices from London, developed firmness and advanced 1-4 to 1 3-8 per cent.

The volume of business was small, the interruption of telegraphic communication by the storm resulting in a falling off of out-of-town orders.

American Sugar rose 1 3-8 to 77 1-8; Chicago Gas, 1 3-8 to 63 1-4; General Electric, 1-2 to 34 3-8; Missouri Pacific, 5-8 to 23 7-8; Lead, 1-2 to 26 3-4, and Reading, 3-8 to 19 1-2. In the specialties Toledo & Ohio Central fell 2 to 28.

The statement of the New York, Lake Erie & Western, including all leased and operated lines, for December shows net earnings of $592,214.38, a decrease of $188,575.81 as compared with 1892.

The Philadelphia & Reading statement for December shows a deficit for the railroad of $83,831, against a surplus of $2,669 for 1892, and a surplus for the Coal & Iron Company of $9,152 against a deficit of $119,577 in 1892.

Money lent at 1 per cent. on call and at 2 1-2 a 3 1-2 on time.

The United States Sub-Treasury had a debit balance at the Clearing-House to-day of $375,000, which was liquidated in Treasury notes.

Sales of stocks up to noon were only 89,200 shares. The market continued dull after that time, and the movements interested no one but a few traders on the floor of the Exchange.

Speculation is still held in check by uncertainty concerning matters at Washington. Generally speaking, however, the tone of the market was firmer, Chicago Gas being noticeably strong.

The increasing demand for stocks is fair, and some of the active favorites are in small supply. The following are the average rates: Western Union, 1-12s a 1-64 premium; C., B. & Q., 1-128; New York Central, New England and Northwest flat to 1-128; Chicago Gas and General Electric, flat, and St. Paul, Rock Island, Whiskey Trust and Reading, flat to 1 per cent. for carrying.

The December statement of the Burlington & Quincy was much better than expected. The gross earnings were $2,806,231, a decrease of $646,045; expenses, $1,714,286, a decrease of $501,426, and surplus $351,945, a decrease of $161,541.

For the seven months ended Nov. 30, 1893, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company earned gross $2,323,625. The operating expenses were $2,010,833 and net earnings $312,792. Extraordinary repairs and renewals were $87,500, leaving a balance of $225,292.

The stock market displayed increased strength as the day drew to a close on apparently authenticated reports that large subscriptions were being forwarded to Washington for the new Government loan, the success of which, it was said, was fully assured.

Presidents of leading trust companies and banks have finally interested themselves in the matter, possibly in order to avert the passage of a bill to authorize the coining of the seigniorage of the silver bullion in the Treasury.

Stocks advanced 1-2 to 2 1-4 per cent. Chicago Gas scoring the greatest rise. Final quotations were about the best of the day.

The sales of stocks were 157,000 shares. In the unlisted department 39,000 shares of Sugar and 2,900 Lead were traded in.

Closing Quotations.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Amer. Sugar Ref.	76	77½	75⅞	76⅞
Amer. Sugar Ref. pf.	81½	82	81½	82
Amer. Cotton Oil	28⅝	28⅝	26⅝	27½
Alton & Ter. Haute	20	20	20	20
Atch., Top & Santa Fe	11⅝	12⅛	11⅝	12⅛
Canada Southern	50½	50⅝	50½	50⅝
Ches. & Ohio	17⅞	18	17⅞	18
Chicago Gas	62	64⅛	61⅞	64⅛
Chic., Bur. & Quincy	76⅝	77½	76⅝	77½
Chic. & Northwest	103½	104	103½	104
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul	58⅝	59½	58½	59½
Chic., Rock Is. & Pac.	67⅛	67⅛	67⅛	67⅛
C., C., C. & St. L.	76¼	76¼	76	76¼
Col. & Hock. Valley	19	19	19	19
Del. & Hudson	132	132½	132	132½
Den. & Rio Grande	10⅝	10⅝	10⅝	10⅝
Den. & Rio Grande pref.	52	52	51⅞	52
Dis. & Cattle Feed	26⅝	26⅝	26⅝	26⅝
General Electric	34	35⅞	34	35
Iowa Central	7½	7½	7½	7½
Lake Shore	126	127⅞	126	127⅞
Louis. & Nashville	46	46⅝	45⅞	46⅝
L., N. Alb. & Chi.	9⅝	10	9⅝	10
L., N. Alb. & Chi. pref.	37½	37½	35⅞	37½
Manhattan Consol.	121	121	121	121
Mich. Central	97½	97½	97½	97½
Minn. & St. Louis	10½	10½	10½	10½
Missouri Pacific	23⅞	24⅛	23⅞	24
Mo., Kan. & Tex.	13⅛	13⅝	13⅛	13⅛
Nat. Cord. Co.	17½	17½	17½	17½
Nat. Lead Co.	26¾	27½	26¾	27½
Nat. Lead Co. pf.	73	73	73	73
New York Central	101¼	101½	101	101⅝
N. Y. & New England	11⅞	12⅛	11⅞	12⅛
N. Y., Sus. & W.	15⅛	15½	15⅛	15½
Northern Pacific	4⅞	4⅞	4⅞	4⅞
Northern Pacific pf.	17	17	16⅞	17
North American	4	4	4	4
Ontario & Western	15⅝	16	15⅝	16
Pacific Mail	18	19	18	18½
Phila. & Reading	19½	20⅛	19½	20
P., C., C. & St. L.	14	14	14	14
P., C., C. & St. L. pf.	47	48	47	48
R. & W. Pr. Ter.	2⅝	2⅝	2⅝	2⅝
St. P. & Omaha	37¼	37½	37	37½
Southern Pacific	22⅝	23	22⅝	23
Texas Pacific	8⅝	8⅝	8⅝	8⅝
Tol., Ann Arb. & N. M.	6½	6½	6½	6½
Tol. & O. Central	38	38	38	38
Union Pacific	20	20⅛	19⅞	20⅛
Wabash	7⅛	7⅛	7⅛	7⅛
Wabash pf.	14	14⅝	14	14⅝
West. Union Tel.	84½	85	83⅝	84⅞
Wheel. & L. E.	13	13	13	13
Wheel. & L. E. pf.	48⅞	49⅛	48⅞	49⅛

COCHRAN FOOLED THEM.

Fifty Brokers Claimed a Dime That Was Never Lost.

Evidence of the appalling poverty which exists everywhere presented itself in a startling manner on the floor of the Stock Exchange this morning. That the distress is widespread is conceded, but few people imagined that the Exchange members themselves would have been brought to such a wretched condition of want.

As if to make the world believe that the pangs of hunger were not gnawing at them, the brokers went about their business as usual in the morning. But from what happened later the smile on each countenance must have been forced.

Over in the Western Union crowd, while a score or more were watching the ticker, Mr. Frederick D. Cochran stooped and picked up something. With a joyous exclamation he announced that he had found a dime. While putting the treasure in his pocket honesty asserted itself, and in a quavering voice he asked if anybody had lost it.

Instantly the smiles on every face vanished. A wolfish look stole over all, and about fifty brokers, with one voice, cried: "I did." Such a scramble for 10 cents was never before witnessed. Men crushed and pushed against each other, hats were smashed and coats torn, and then—then, oh, honest brokers, Cochran admitted it was all a fake. No dime had been lost or found.