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DARK DAYS

—BY—

HUGH CONWAY,

Author of "Called Back."

CHAPTER II.—A VILLAIN'S BLOW.

They tell me there are natures stern enough to be able to crush love out of their lives. Ah! not such love as mine! Time, they say, can heal every wound. Not such a wound as mine! My whole existence underwent a change when Philippa showed me the wedding-ring on her finger. No wonder it did. Hope was eliminated from it. From that moment I was a changed man.

Life was no longer worth living. The spur of ambition was blunted; the desire for fame gone; the interest which I had hitherto felt in my profession vanished. All the spring, the elasticity, seemed taken out of my being. For months and months I did my work in a perfunctory manner. It gave me no satisfaction that my practice grew larger. I worked, but I cared nothing for my work. Success gave me no pleasure. An increase to the number of my patients was positively unwelcome to me. So long as I made money enough to supply my daily needs, what did it matter? Of what use was wealth to me? It could not buy me the one thing for which I craved. Of what use was life? No wonder that such friends as I had once possessed all but forsook me. My moop at that time was none of the sweetest. I wanted no friends. I was alone in the world; I should always be alone.

So things went on for more than a year. I grew worse instead of better. My gloom deepened; my cynicism grew more confirmed; my life became more aimless.

These are not lovers' rhapsodies. I would spare you them if I could; but it is necessary that you should know the exact state of my mind in order to understand my subsequent conduct. Even now it seems to me that I am writing this description with my heart's blood.

Not a word came from Philippa. I made no inquiries about her, took no steps to trace her. I dared not. Not for one moment did I forget her, and through all those weary months tried to think of her as happy and to be envied; yet, in spite of myself, I shuddered as I pictured her lot as it might really be.

But all the while I knew that the day would come when I should learn whether I was to be thankful that my prayer had been answered, or to be prepared to keep my vow.

In my misanthropical state of mind I heard without the slightest feeling of joy or elation that a distant relative of mine, a man from whom I expected nothing, had died and left me the bulk of his large property. I cared nothing for this unexpected wealth, except for the fact that it enabled me to free myself from a round of toil in which by now I took not the slightest interest. Had it but come two or three years before! Alas! all things in this life come too late.

Now that I was no longer forced to mingle with men in order to gain the means of living, I absolutely shunned my kind. The wish of my youth, to travel in far countries, no longer existed with me. I disposed of my practice—or rather I simply handed it over to the first comer. I left the town of my adoption, and bought a small house—it was little more than a cottage—some five miles away from the tiny town of Roding. Here I was utterly unknown, and could live exactly as I chose; and for months it was my choice to live almost like a hermit.

My needs were ministered to by a man who had been for some years in my employment. He was a handy, faithful fellow; honest as the day, stolid as the Sphinx; and, for some reason or other, so much attached to me that he was willing to perform on my behalf the duties of housekeeping which are usually relegated to female servants.

Looking back upon that time of seclusion, as a medical man, I wonder what would eventually have been my fate if events had not occurred which once more forced me into the world of men? I firmly believe that brooding in solitude over my grief would at last have affected my brain; that sooner or later I must have developed symptoms of melancholia. Professionally speaking, the probabilities are I should have committed suicide.

Even in the depth of my degradation I must have known the dangers of the path which I was treading; for after having passed six dreary months in my lonely cottage, I was trying to brace myself to seek a change of scene. I shrank from leaving my quiet abode; but every day formed afresh the resolve to do so.

Yet the days, each the same as its forerunner, went by, and I was still there. I had books, of course. I read for days together; then I would throw the volumes aside, and, with a bitter smile, ask myself to what end was I directing my studies. The accumulation of knowledge? Tush! I would give all the learning I had acquired, all that a lifetime of research could acquire, to hold Philippa for one brief moment to my heart, and hear her say she loved me! If in the whirl of men, in the midst of hard work, I found it impossible to conquer my hopeless passion, how could I expect to do so living as I at present lived?

There! my egotistical descriptions are almost over. Now you know why I said that you must sit by the fire and think with me; must enter, as it were, into my inner self before you can understand my mental state. Whether you sympathize with me or not depends entirely on your own organization. If you are so constructed that the love of one woman, and one only, can pervade your very being, fill your very thought, direct your every action, make life to you a blessing or a curse—if love comes to you in this guise, you will be able to understand me.

That night, when I first presented myself to you, my wounds seemed less likely than ever to heal; forgetfulness seemed further and further away. Somehow, as my thoughts took the well-worn road to the past, every event seemed recent as yest rday, every scene vivid as if I had just left it. Hour after hour I sat gazing at the glowing embers, but seeing only Philippa's beloved face. How had life fared with her? Where was she at this moment? The resolve to quit my seclusion was made anew by me. I would go into the world and find her—not for any selfish motive. I would learn from her own lips that she was happy. If unhappy, she should have from me such comfort as the love of a true friend can give. Yes, I would leave this wretched life to-morrow. My cheek flushed as I contrasted what I was with what I ought to be. No man has a right to ruin his life or hide his talents for the sake of a woman.

I had another inducement which urged me to make a change in my mode of life. I am ashamed that I have not spoken of it. That morning I had received a letter from my mother. I had not seen her for six years. Just as I entered man's estate she married for the second time. My stepfather was an American, and with my tears my mother left me for her new home. Some months ago her husband died. I should have gone to her, but she forbade me. She had no children by her second husband; and now that his affairs were practically wound up she proposed returning to England. Her letter told me that she would be in London in three days' time, and suggested that I should meet her there.

Although of late years we had drifted apart, she was dear, very dear to me. I hated the thought of her seeing me, her only child, reduced to such a wreck of my former self; yet for her sake I again renewed my resolve of leaving my seclusion.

Yet I knew that to-morrow I should forswear myself, and sink back into my apathy and aimless existence. Ah! I knew not what events were to crowd into the morrow!

But now back to the night. It was mid-winter, and bitterly cold out of doors. My lamp was not yet lighted; the glow of my fire alone broke the darkness of the room. I had not even drawn the curtains or shut the shutters. At times I liked to look out and see the stars. They shone so peacefully, so calmly, so coldly; they seemed so unlike the world, with its strife and fierce passions and disappointments.

I rose languidly from my chair and walked to the window, to see what sort of a night it was. As I approached the casement I could see that the skies had darkened; moreover, I noticed that feathery flakes of snow were accumulating in the corner of each pane. I went close to the window and peered out into the night.

Standing within a yard of me, gazing into my dimly-lit room—her face stern and pale as death, her dark eyes now riveted on my own—was a woman; and that woman was Philippa, my love!

For several seconds I stood, spellbound, gazing at her. That I saw more than a phantom of my imagination did not at once enter into my head. In dreams I had seen the one I loved again and again, but this was the first time my waking thoughts had conjured up such a vision. Vision, dream, reality! I trembled as I looked; for the form was that of Philippa in dire distress.

It was seeing the hood which covered her head grow whiter and whiter with the fast-falling snow which aroused me to my senses, and made every fiber thrill with the thought that Philippa, in flesh and blood, stood before me. With a low cry of rapture I tore asunder the fastenings of the French casement, threw the sashes apart, and without a word my love passed from the cold, bleak night into my room.

She was wrapped from head to foot in a rich, dark fur-trimmed cloak. As she swept by me I felt she was damp with partially thawed snow. I closed the window; then with a throbbing heart, turned to greet my visitor. She stood in the center of the room. Her mantle had fallen to the ground, and through the dusk I could see her white face, hands and neck. I took her hands in mine; they were as cold as icicles.

"Philippa! Philippa! why are you here?" I whispered. "Welcome, thrice welcome, whether you bring me joy or sorrow."

A trembling ran through her. She said nothing, but her cold hands clasped mine closer. I led her to the fire, which I stirred until it blazed brightly. She kneeled before it and stretched out her hands for warmth. How pale she looked; how unlike the Philippa of old! But to my eyes how lovely!

As I looked down at the fair woman kneeling at my feet, with her proud head bent as in shame, I knew intuitively that I should be called upon to keep my oath; and knowing this, I re-registered it in all its entirety.

At last she raised her face to mine. In her eyes was a somber fire, which until now I had never seen there. "Philippa! Philippa!" I cried again.

"Fetch a light," she whispered. "Let me see a friend's face once more—if you are still my friend."

"Your friend, your true friend forever," I said, as I hastened to obey her.

As I placed the lamp on the table Philippa rose from her knees. I could now see that she was in deep mourning. Was the thought that flashed through me, that it might be that she was a widow, one of joy or sorrow? I hope—I try to believe it was the latter.

We stood for some moments in silence. My agitation, my rapture at seeing her once more seemed to have deprived me of speech. I could do little more than to gaze at her and tell myself that I was not dreaming; that Philippa was really here; that it was her voice that I had heard, her hands I clasped. Philippa it was, but not the Philippa of old!

The rich, warm, glowing beauty seemed toned down. Her face had lost its exquisite color. Moreover, it was the face of one who has suffered—one who is suffering. To me it looked as if illness had refined it, as it sometimes will refine a face. Yet, if she had been ill, her illness could not have been of long duration. Her figure was as superb, her arms as finely rounded, as ever. She stood firm and erect. Yet I trembled as I gazed at that pale proud face and those dark solemn eyes. I dared not for the while ask her why she sought me.

She was the first to break silence. "You are changed, Basil," she said.

"Time changes every one," I answered, forcing a smile.

"Will you believe me," she continued, "when I say that the memory of your face as I saw it last has haunted even my most joyful moments? Ah me, Basil, had I been true to myself I think I might have learned to love you."

She spoke regretfully, and as one who has finished with life and its love. My heart beat rapidly; yet I knew her words were not spoken in order to hear me tell her that I loved her passionately as ever.

"I have heard of you once or twice," she said, softly. "You are rich now, they tell me, but unhappy."

"I loved you and lost you," I answered.

"How could I be happy?"

"And men can love like this?" she said, sadly. "All men are not alike, then?"

"Enough of me," I said. "Tell me of yourself. Tell me how I can aid you. Your husband"—

She drew a sharp, quick breath. The color rushed back to her cheek. Her eyes glittered strangely. Nevertheless, she spoke calmly and distinctly.

"Husband! I have none," she said.

"Is he dead?"

"No" she spoke with surprising bitterness—"No; I should rather say I never was a wife. Tell me, Basil," she continued fiercely, "did you ever hate a man?"

"Yes," I answered emphatically and truly. Hate a man! From the moment I saw the wretch with whom Philippa fled I hated him. Now that my worst suspicions were true, what were my feelings?

I felt that my lips compressed them selves. I knew that when I spoke my voice was as stern and bitter as Philippa's.

"Sit down," I said, "and tell me all. Tell me how you knew I was here—where you have come from."

Let me but learn whence she came, and I felt sure the knowledge would enable me to lay my hand on the man I wanted. Ah! life now held something worth living for!

"I have been here some months," said Philippa.

"Here! In this neighborhood?"

"Yes. I have seen you several times. I have been living at a house about three miles away. I felt happier in knowing in case of need I had one friend near me."

I pressed her hands. "Go on," I said hoarsely.

"He sent me here. He had grown weary of me. I was about to have a child. I was in his way—a trouble to him."

Her scornful accent as she spoke was indescribable.

"Philippa! Philippa!" I groaned, "had you sunk so low as to do his bidding?"

She laid her hand on my arm. "More," she said. "Listen! Before we parted he struck me. Struck—me! He cursed me and struck me! Basil, did you ever hate a man?"

"I threw out my arms. My heart was full of rage and bitterness. "And you went away with this man rather than become my wife!" I gasped. Neither my love nor her sorrow could stop this reproach from passing my lips.

She sprang to her feet. "You!" she cried. "Do you—think—do you imagine— Read! Only this morning I learned it."

She threw a letter toward me—threw it with a gesture of loathing, as one throws a nauseous reptile from one's hand. I opened it mechanically.

"Yes," she said, "you were right in thinking I had fallen low. So low that I went where he chose to send me. So low that I would have forgiven the ill-treatment of months—the blow, even. Why? Because until this morning he was my husband. Read the letter. Basil, did you ever hate a man?"

Before I read I glanced at her in alarm. Her words followed one another with headlong rapidity. But who could wonder at this mood with a woman who had such a wrong to declare? She grew calm beneath my glance.

"Read," she said, beseechingly. "Ah, God! I have fallen low; but not so low as you thought."

She buried her face in her hands while I opened and read the letter. It was dated from Paris, and ran so:

"As it seems to me that we can't exactly hit it off together, I think the farce had better end. The simplest way to make my meaning clear is to tell you that when I married you I had a wife alive. She has died since then; and I dare say, had we managed to get on better together, I should have asked you to go through the marriage ceremony once more. However, as things are now, so they had better stop. You have the satisfaction of knowing that morally you are blameless. If, like a sensible girl, you are ready to accept the situation, I am prepared to act generously, and do the right thing in money matters. As I hate to have any thing hanging over me unsettled, and do not care to trust delicate negotiations to a third party, I shall run across to England and see you. I shall reach Roding on Wednesday evening. Do not send to the station to meet me; I would rather walk."

The letter was unsigned. My blood boiled as I read it; yet, in spite of my rage, I felt a grim humor as I realized the exquisite cynicism possessed by the writer. Here was a man striking a foul and recreant blow at a woman whom he once loved—a blow that must crush her to the earth. His own words confess him a rogue; and yet he can speak coolly about money arrangements; can even enter into petty details concerning his approaching visit! He must be without shame, without remorse; a villain, absolutely heartless!

I folded the letter and placed it in my breast. I wished to keep it, that I might read it again during the next twenty-four hours. Long hours they would be. This letter would aid to make them pass. Philippa made no objection to my keeping it. She sat motionless, gazing gloomily into the fire.

"You knew the man's right name and title?" I asked.

"Yes, from the first. Ah! there I wronged myself, Basil. The rank, the riches, perhaps, tempted me; and—Basil, I loved him then."

Oh, the piteous regret breathed in that last sentence! I ground my teeth, and felt that there was a stronger passion than even love. That man and I meet to-morrow," I told myself, softly.

"But you spoke of a child?" I said, turning to Philippa.

"It is dead—dead—dead!" she cried, with a wild laugh. "A fortnight ago it died. Dead! My grief then; my joy today! See! I am in mourning; to-morrow I shall put that mourning off. Why mourn for what is a happy event? No black after to-morrow."

Her mood had once more become excited. As before, her words came with feverish rapidity. I took her hands in mine; they were now burning.

"Philippa, dearest, be calm. You will see that man no more?"

"I will see him no more. It is to save myself from seeing him that I come to you. Little right have I to ask aid from you; but your words came back to me in my need. There was one friend to turn to. Help me, Basil! I come to you as a sister may come to a brother."

"As a sister to a brother," I echoed. "I accept the trust," I added, laying my lips reverentially on her white forehead, and vowing mentally to devote my life to her.

"You will stay here now?" I asked.

"No, I must go back. To-morrow I will come—to-morrow. Basil, my brother, you will take me far away—far away?"

"Where you wish. Every land is as one to me now."

She had given me the right, a brother's right, to stand between her and the villain who had wronged her. To-morrow that man would be here! How I longed for the moment which would bring us face to face!

Philippa rose. "I must go," she said.

I pressed food and tea upon her; she would take nothing. She made, however, no objections to my accompanying her to her home. We left the house by the casement by which she entered. Together we stepped out on the snow-whitened road. She took my arm, and we walked toward her home.

I asked her with whom she was staying. She told me with a widow lady and two children, named Wilson. She went to them at Sir Mervyn Ferrand's command. Mrs. Wilson, he told her, was a distant connection of his own, and he had made arrangements for her to look arter Philippa during her illness.

"What name do they know you by?" I asked.

"He said I was to call myself by the false name, which, for purposes of his own, he chose to pass under. But I felt myself absolved from my promise of secrecy. Why should I stay in a strange house with strange people by Sir Mervyn Ferrand's request, unless I could show good cause for doing so? So I told Mrs. Wilson everything."

"She believed you?"

"She was bound to believe me. I would have no doubt cast upon my word. I showed her the certificate of my marriage. No one else knows it except her. To her I am Lady Ferrand. Like me, she never dreamed to what man's villainy can reach. Oh, Basil! Basil! why are such men allowed to live?"

For the first time Philippa seemed to break down. Till now the chief characteristics of her mood had been scorn and anger. Now, sheer grief for the time appeared to sweep away every other emotion. Sob after sob broke from her. I endeavored to calm her—to comfort her. Alas! how little I could say or do to these ends! She leaned heavily and despondingly on my arm, and for a long while we walked in silence. At last she told me her home was close at hand.

"Listen, Philippa," I said; "I shall come in with you and see this lady with whom you are staying. I shall tell her I am your brother; that for some time I have known how shamefully your husband has neglected you; and that now, with your full consent, I mean to take you away. Whether this woman believes in our relationship or not, matters nothing. I suppose she knows that man is coming to-morrow. After his heartless desertion, she can not be surprised at your wish to avoid meeting him."

I paused. Philippa bent her head as if assenting to my plan.

"To-morrow," I continued, "long before that wretch comes here to poison the very air we breathe, I shall come and fetch you. Early in the morning I will send my servant for your luggage. Mrs. Wilson may know me and my man by sight. That makes no difference. There need be no concealment. You are free to come and go. You have no one to fear. On Thursday morning we will leave this place."

"Yes," said Philippa, dreamily, "to-morrow I will leave—I will come to you. But I will come alone. In the evening most likely, when no one will know where I have gone."

"But how much better that I should take you away openly and in broad daylight, as a brother would take a sister!"

"No; I will come to you. You will not mind waiting, Basil. There is something I must do first. Something to be done to-morrow. Something to be said; some one to be seen. What is it? who is it? I cannot recollect."

She placed her disengaged hand on her brow. She pushed back her head a little, and gave a sigh of relief as she felt the keen air on her temples. Poor girl! after what she had that day gone through, no wonder her mind refused to recall trivial details and petty arrangements to be made before she joined me. Sleep and the certainty of my sympathy and protection would no doubt restore her wandering memory.

However, although I again and again urged her mind, she was firm in her resolve to come to me alone. At last, very reluctantly, I was obliged to give way on this point; but I was determined to see this Mrs. Wilson to-night; so when we reached the house I entered with Philippa.

I told her there was no occasion for her to be present at my interview with the hostess. She looked frightfully weary, and at my suggestion went straight to her room to retire for the night. I sat down and awaited the advent of Mrs. Wilson. She soon appeared.

A woman of about five and thirty; well but plainly dressed. As I glanced at her with some curiosity, I decided that when young she must, after a certain type of beauty, have been extremely good looking. Unfortunately hers was one of those faces cast in an aquiline mold—faces which, as soon as the bloom of youth is lost or the owners thereof turn to thinness, become, as a rule, sharp, strained, hungry, and severe looking. Whatever the woman's charms might once have been, she could now boast of very few.

There were lines around her mouth and on her brow which told of suffering; and, as I judged it, not the calm, resigned suffering, which often leaves a sweet if sad expression on the face; but fierce, rebellious, constrained suffering, such as turns a young heart into an old one long before its time.

As she entered the room and bowed to me her face expressed undisguised surprise at seeing a visitor who was a stranger to her. I apologized for the lateness of my call, then hastened to tell her its object. She listened with polite impassibility. She made no comment when I repeatedly spoke of my sostyled sister as Lady Ferrand. It was clear that, as Philippa had said, Mrs. Wilson was convinced as to the valid nature of the marriage. I inveighed roundly against Sir Mervyn Ferrand's heartless conduct and scandalous neglect of his wife. My hearer shrugged her shoulders, and the meaning conveyed by the action was that, although she regretted family jars, they were no concern of hers. She seemed quite without interest in the matter; yet a suspicion that she was acting, indeed rather overacting, a part, crossed my mind once or twice.

When I told her it was Lady Ferrand's intention to place herself to-morrow under my protection, she simply bowed. When I said that most likely we should leave England, and for a while travel on the continent, she said that my sister's health would no doubt be much benefited by the change.

"I may mention," she added, for the first time taking any real part in the talk, "that your sister's state is not quite all it should be. For the last day or two I have been thinking of sending for the medical man who attended her during her unfortunate confinement. He has not seen her for quite a week. I mentioned it to her this afternoon; but she appears to have taken an unaccountable dislike to him, and utterly refused to see him. I do not wish to alarm you—I merely mention this; no doubt you, her brother, will see to it."

The peculiar stress she laid on the word "brother" told me that I was right in thinking the woman was acting, and that not for one moment did my assumed fraternity deceive her. This was of no consequence.

"I am myself a doctor. Her health will be my care," I said. Then I rose.

"You are related to Sir Mervyn Ferrand, I believe, Mrs. Wilson?" I asked.

She gave me a quick look which might mean anything. "We are connections," she said, carelessly.

"You must have been surprised at his sending his wife away at such a time?"

"I am not in the habit of being surprised at Sir Mervyn's actions. He wrote to me and told me that, knowing my circumstances were straightened, he had recommended a lady to come and live with me for a few months. When I found this lady was his wife, I own I was, for once, surprised."

From the emphasis which she laid on certain words, I knew it was but the fact of Philippa's being married to the scoundrel that mortified her, nothing else.

I bade her good-night, and walked back to my cottage with a heart in which sorrow, pity, love, hatred exultation, and, it may be, hope, were strangely and inextricably mingled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL EARLE DEAD.

Killed by Arabs While Leading a Charge.

Another British Victory, but at a Serious Loss.

Major General Earle, whose column of British troops, numbering 2,500 men and comprising cavalry and camel corps, has been killed in action. The London *Standard's* correspondent with General Earle's column sends the following despatch, dated Dulka,

The British troops advanced to attack the enemy, who held a strong position on the hills. After some fighting the enemy was completely surrounded. Finding it impossible to dislodge the rebels from their fortified position General Earle ordered the troops to charge. General Earle was killed while leading the attack.

The Black Watch regiment captured the position at the point of the bayonet, the cavalry taking possession of the enemy's camp. General Brackenbury, upon the fall of General Earle, assumed command and ordered the remaining positions of the enemy to be stormed. The troops acted promptly, made a gallant attack, and soon captured all the enemy's positions. The fighting lasted five hours. There was great slaughter among the enemy. Those who survived escaped by swimming the river.

The British force consisted of the Black-watch and South Stafford regiments, a squadron of Hussars, two guns of Egyptian artillery, the Egyptian camel corps and a section of the field hospital corps. The troops at once set to work to form a zareba. In the meantime the enemy fired several shots from the high hills. Our pickets advanced and drove back the Arabs who had descended the hills to make an attack. Night ensued and guards were posted. Everything passed quietly during the night. Tuesday morning the troops formed and advanced to the enemy's position, marching in two parallel columns. Two companies of the South Stafford regiment and two guns occupied the ground directly in front of the enemy to attract their attention. At 8 o'clock our guns opened the attack, and for some time a desultory fire was maintained. In the meantime the main body of our troops was advancing steadily over almost impracticable ground, pushing the enemy before them and seizing each successive ridge by a short determined rush. The forward movement was continued until the advanced troops reached the right rear of the enemy, which rested on the river. This completed the movement whereby the rebels were surrounded. The enemy's position was a very strong one. It was on rocky ground, and was strengthened by loopholed walls from which they maintained a heavy, well-directed fire.

General Earle had no artillery, and commanded his troops to charge. It was more of a scramble than a charge, but the Arabs were driven from the heights at the point of the bayonet, and fell back slowly toward the river. All that then remained to be captured was the little fort on the river bank. As the British column advanced it was met by a steady and well directed fire from behind sand and wattlings which composed the Arab fort, and many men of the attacking party were killed. General Earle again ordered his men to charge, and put himself at the head of the column. He was killed during the charge. The fort was ultimately captured, but at a terrible cost. In addition to General Earle three officers and eight men were killed and thirty-five men are wounded.

General Earle was second in command to Lord Wolseley over the British troops in the Soudan.

THE GREELY EXPEDITION.

Lieut. Kislingbury's Diary Showing that Much Bad Feeling Prevailed.

The diary of Lieutenant Kislingbury, of the Greely party, which has been copied in the signal office at Washington and thrown open to inspection, covers 150 pages of foolscap and begins August 9, 1883, after the abandonment of Fort Conger, where the party had spent two winters.

It appears from the diary that Lieutenant Kislingbury was suspended from duty by Lieutenant Greely on the 29th of August, 1881, just two weeks after the arrival of the expedition at its destination. He was virtually under arrest from that time until April 9, 1884, when he was returned to duty and notified by Lieutenant Greely that he was next in rank and should command in the event of the latter's death. Under date of the 10th of May, 1884, Lieutenant Kislingbury writes that Lieutenant Greely came to him and said they had misunderstood each other for three years, that his (Kislingbury's) conduct had been manly and commendable throughout, and he (Greely) begged pardon. Only a few days later, however, the commanding officer, according to Lieut. Kislingbury's account, insulted him by calling him a liar, and their personal relations again became hostile. The greater part of Lieut. Kislingbury's diary is taken up with criticisms and complaints of Lieut. Greely, toward whom the writer seems to have entertained a feeling of bitter resentment. Among the acts of the commanding officer which are unfavorably commented upon are the putting under arrest of Dr. Pavy, whom Kislingbury characterizes as "the most sensible and hardest-working man we have along;" the swearing at the men and the threatening to shoot one of them (Cross) without any reason whatever. The whole diary is a record of bickering, bad feeling and dissension.

"JOSH BILLINGS," whose real name is Henry W. Shaw, has furnished one New York publication a half column of miscellaneous contributions every week for the last nineteen years. He is now sixty-seven years old, and has lately given up housekeeping and taken rooms at a New York hotel.

GEN. GORDON KILLED.

Betrayed Into El Mahdi's Hands and Stabbed to Death.

A Terrible Massacre Follows the Fall of Khartoum.

A dispatch from Korti says: "Colonels Wilson and Wortley, who were with the expedition to Khartoum, have arrived here. They made the journey from Gubat in four days. They brought the news of General Gordon's death. It was learned that one of the treacherous pashas among General Gordon's forces marched the garrison to the side of the town nearest Omdurman, saying that the rebel attack was expected at that point. In the meantime another traitorous pasha opened the gates at the other end and allowed the Mahdi's troops to enter, and they easily captured the town. General Gordon was stabbed just as he was leaving the government house.

The London *Daily News*, which appeared in mourning out of respect for General Gordon, published the following from Gakdul: "The natives who escaped from Khartoum say General Gordon was killed while in the act of leaving his house to rally the faithful troops. The latter were cut down to a man, and for hours the best part of the town was the scene of merciless slaughter, not even women and children being spared. All the notables were killed, except the treacherous pashas and their followers."

The following additional details of the killing of General Gordon and the fall of Khartoum are at hand: On the day of the capture, which is variously stated as January 26 and 27, General Gordon's attention was attracted by a tremendous tumult in the streets. He left the so-called palace, or government building, in which he had made his headquarters, in order to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. Just as he reached the street he was stabbed in the back and fell dead. The tumult was caused by the Mahdi's troops, who had gained access to the interior of the town through treachery, and who were soon in complete possession of the place, including the citadel. A fearful massacre of the garrison followed. The scenes of the slaughter are described as surpassing the Bulgarian atrocities and rival the worst horrors of the Sepoy mutiny. The panic-stricken Egyptians were captured in their flight and put to death with the most fiendish tortures. Some were transfixed with spears and left to bleed to death. Most of the victims were mutilated in the most horrible manner. Eyes were gouged out, noses were slit, and tongues were torn out by the roots. In many cases the mutilated parts of the victims' bodies were thrust into their mouths while they were still living. The massacre included many non-combatants and the Egyptian women were subjected to shameful indignities. More than a hundred women and young girls were given over to the Mahdi's followers to be used as slaves. After the slaughter many Arabs were seen rushing about the streets with the heads of Egyptians impaled upon their spears. The next night was spent in a saturnalia of blood and debauchery.

Since the capture of Khartoum the Mahdi has repaired the fortifications, and has made the place well-nigh impregnable. He has made it his permanent headquarters, and is said to have an abundance of guns, small arms, and ammunition.

General Gordon's Career.

The career of Major-General Charles George Gordon reads more like a romance than a simple recital of historical facts. His popular title of "Chinese" Gordon made his name known to every civilized nation on the face of the earth over 20 years ago, and since that time he has been almost continuously before the public gaze as a military hero of uncommon attributes. Beginning his life as a soldier in the trenches before Sebastopol, a simple lieutenant of engineers, he rose to the highest rank ever given to a foreigner in China, after having subdued a formidable rebellion, then transferred his services to the government of the khedive of Egypt, where he won fresh laurels in his fight against slavery and barbarism in the Soudan, returned to a comparatively peaceful life in the service of his own government, and finally went back to the scene of his former struggles in Africa to be killed by a follower of the False Prophet. Probably the story of no other military man of the age furnishes a more romantic history than that of "Chinese" Gordon, and the fact that his death resulted from the delay of his own country in sending to him the relief which he needed until it was too late to make it effectual will add to the heroic interest which attached to his fate.

"Chinese" Gordon was born at Woolwich, England, January 28, 1833. His father was a major-general in the artillery and his elder brother had preceded him in the profession of arms.

In 1855 Gordon proceeded to the Crimea, where he served several months and won distinction for military skill in detecting the plans of the Russians. In 1860, when the difficulties with China assumed a serious form, a large Anglo-French expedition was sent out for the purpose of bringing the Chinese government to terms, in which he was eminently successful.

When the Chinese subsequently applied to the English general for a trustworthy officer to command the foreign drilled contingent, Captain Gordon, then not more than thirty years of age, was named. In almost all his engagements Gordon found it necessary to be at the front and often to lead in person, but he never recognized danger, and a shower of bullets was to him no more than a hail-storm.

Gordon left China in 1864 and returned to England still a captain of engineers. He was given a consular appointment on the Danube, whence he was summoned in 1874 to Egypt by the late khedive. The new task was a very difficult and perilous one. He had to deal in the Soudan with difficulties which were only partially known, while he had to reconcile instructions that were often incompatible with the facts of the position. For years he toiled in the cause with unflagging zeal.

In January, 1884, at the request of the British Government Gordon undertook the pacification of the Soudan. His arrival at Khartoum was hailed with delight by the people. At first there seemed some chance of success, but day by day the forces of the victorious Mahdi closed more relentlessly about the devoted city, until the place fell into their possession and Gordon's life was forfeited in the cause for which he had so long and bravely battled.

General Gordon was fifty-two years old the day before his death.

A SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

An Official's Right to Act Without His Emblem of Office Disputed.

Following are the details of an unusually lively scene which occurred in the House of Representatives pending discussion of the river and harbor appropriation bill:

Mr. White, of Kentucky, undertook to read a speech in reply to Mr. Willis, who called him an obstructionist last week. He called his effort a question of privilege. Mr. Blackburn, who was acting as Speaker, beat a tattoo with his gavel and bellowed that White's remarks did not constitute a question of privilege. White persisted in speaking and Blackburn directed Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms Ike Hill to make him stop. Hill rushed down the aisle and partly pushed White into his seat amid protests from the Republican side of the House. White declined to stay down because Hill hadn't his badge of office and Hill went back and got his mace and proceeded toward Mr. White, who took his seat, but who in a moment was again on his feet to a matter of personal privilege. "When I was occupying my place on this floor," he said, "the sergeant-at-arms came to me—a citizen—without the semblance of authority, and attempted to seat me."

The Speaker pro tem.—The sergeant-at-arms went under the direction of the chair, the chair having repeatedly ruled that the gentleman was not in order and requested him to take his seat, which he persistently refused to do. (Applause on the Democratic side).

"I desire to debate the question," said Mr. White.

The Speaker pro tem.—The chair does not desire to hear the debate. The chair declines to hear the gentleman further on the question of personal privilege, on the ground that it is not a question of privilege.

"I desire to ask," said Mr. Kelley, "whether a person, with no insignia of office, may place violent hands on a member and push him from his seat?"

"Appeal if you wish to," cried several voices from the Democratic side.

The Speaker—The chair hears no appeal.

"I think that this is a question of the highest privilege," broke in Mr. Cutcheon, of Michigan.

"And the chair differs from the gentleman," replied the speaker.

Mr. Hammond, of Georgia, made the point of order, which was sustained by the chair, that no appeal having been taken debate was not in order, and Mr. Townshend, of Illinois, moved that the House go into committee of the whole on the postoffice appropriation bill, which was agreed to.

Pending going into committee, Mr. White again claimed the floor on a question of privilege, and proceeded to sharply criticize the conduct of the Speaker, denouncing him as a Cromwell. This crowded the aisles with members, and nearly all were involved in the discussion, some of the men about Mr. White claiming that the sergeant-at-arms had no right to force the member to his seat without the mace in his hands. For a few moments there was the utmost confusion, and a perfect cross-fire of words, members becoming very angry. The House finally proceeded with the postoffice bill, but some of the Republican members got together and prepared a resolution for the expulsion of Hill, which they said they would press unless amends were made to Mr. White.

THE total number of theatres, including places licensed for theatrical performances, in Great Britain at the end of the year was 445, compared with 358 at the end of 1883. Of existing theatrical places of amusement, London takes the lead with forty-six, Liverpool coming next with ten.

NEWS SUMMARY

Eastern and Middle States.

THE British consul at New York refers to the shooting of O'Donovan Rossa by Mrs. Dudley as "a silly crime." He disclaims that the consulate takes any interest in her case.

NINE convicts were whipped at Newcastle, Del., eight for larceny and one for burglary. The latter received twenty lashes and stood for one hour in the pillory. The others received ten lashes each.

DURING his three days' visit to New York President-elect Cleveland spent Sunday with Samuel J. Tilden at Greystone on the Hudson.

AN oil train standing on a railroad bridge at New Brunswick, N. J., was telescoped by a freight train running into its rear. Several of the cars toppled over upon the buildings, below, the oil tanks took fire and the scattering oil ignited the factory buildings in the vicinity. Two men and a lot of valuable horses were killed and property aggregating upward of half a million dollars was destroyed by fire.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE preached on "the blasphemy" of Ingersoll's lecture in Brooklyn, and advocated the suppression of such teachings by the police.

MUCH excitement has been created in Erie county, N. Y., by rich oil discoveries. Thousands of acres of land have been quietly leased by oil speculators.

AN enormous loss will result from a fire in the Ebervale coal mines at Wilkesbarre, Penn. Gangs of men fought the fire from four different points.

THE latest traffic of the smugglers between Buffalo and Canada is in dead bodies for Canadian dissection rooms.

EX-MAYOR FRANKLIN EDSON, of New York, was sentenced to fifteen days imprisonment and condemned to pay beside a fine of $250 for contempt of court in disobeying an injunction granted by Judge Miles Beach, of the court of common pleas, on December 30 last, restraining him from nominating successors to a commissioner of public works and a corporation counsel, whose terms had expired on December 10. The ex-mayor will carry the case to the court of appeals.

THREE men were blown to pieces while at work in a quarry near Harrisburg, Penn., by the boiler's exploding.

A FIRE in the Genesee Brewing company's works, Rochester, N. Y., was followed by an explosion which severely injured five men and caused an estimated loss of $100,000.

South and West.

AN investigation of the Kentucky records is alleged to have shown that during the past fifteen years a system of robbery has been carried on under cover of law which has resulted in a loss to the State of about $2,000,000.

JERRY JACKSON, a negro charged with murder, was taken from the jail at Bland Court-house, Va., by a band of white men and riddled with bullets. On the same night Ben Hawkins, a negro accused of the murder of an old peddler, was hanged to a tree by lynchers at Franklin, Texas.

MANY horses in Illinois are suffering from glanders.

DIRECTOR-GENERAL BURKE has submitted the following statement respecting the New Orleans Exhibition for the information of the President and Congress: Receipts from stock and donations, $584,168; United States government loan, $1,000,000; installation receipts, $65,948.59; gate receipts, $73,292.70. Total, $1,751,408.99; expenditures, $2,070,831.94; deficit, $319,422.95.

WINTER wheat in Illinois and Indiana is safe and promises an immense yield.

SEVEN persons were killed and sixteen wounded by a train's dashing through a bridge at Creston, Iowa.

FIFTEEN persons who tarred and feathered W. H. Bailey while acting as attorney in a liquor case in Scott township, Iowa, have settled the matter by each paying him $500.

HON. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, Vice-President-elect, has been on a trip to the New Orleans exposition.

FRANK ABNER, a fifteen-year-old boy, residing near Rock Creek, Ill., being reprimanded by his grandmother, waited until she was asleep and then brained her with an ax.

A GREAT snow storm in the West has caused a partial suspension of business in many places. Most of the railroads were blockaded by huge snow drifts. In some sections the blizzard was accompanied by thunder and lightning. In Chicago the snow drifts caused an almost complete cessation of traffic, and at Des Moines, Iowa, the fifteen railroads centering there were blockaded. The storm was followed by extremely cold weather.

COMPLETE darkness suddenly following a thunder storm in the daytime caused many people in Louisville, Ky., to think that the end of the world was near.

HIRAM ATKINS, a wealthy old farmer, and his three children were burned to death in their handsome house near Norwich, Ohio. No traces of Mrs. Atkins, a young wife and step-mother to the children, nor of Emanuel Porter, the hired man, could be found; and investigation led to the belief that the two, together with Mrs. Atkins' mother, had fired the building and then fled.

ELEVEN coal companies at a meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, decided to insist upon reducing the price of mining.

WILBUR PETERS, of Wooster, Ohio, shot and fatally wounded his sweetheart, Miss Laura Chester, as she was leaving a roller-skating rink with another young man; then Peters inflicted a fatal wound upon himself.

A TERRE HAUTE (Ind.) dispatch says that the boiler of a rolling mill at Brazil, twenty miles away, exploded while about fifty men were gathered around warming themselves. Ten men were reported killed, and about twenty more injured.

Washington.

SECRETARY CHANDLER'S report to Congress shows that the expense of the expedition which saved Lieutenant Greely and his men was $759,265.

A FIRE at the United States signal service office destroyed or damaged a large number of valuable records and instruments.

SENATOR PALMER'S recent address favoring woman suffrage is the first set speech ever delivered in Congress on the subject.

THE board of directors of the Garfield Memorial hospital at Washington have asked Congress for an appropriation of $15,000. The hospital is supported by charitable contributions, but is now much in need of funds.

Foreign.

THE interiors of public buildings in