

GRECHEN'S CRIT.

He'd wandered about amid vast expanse of distance, and climbed the high mountains of woe...

He went to the window, and saw within, sitting, some one of the kind, on a chair, while close by his side a woman sat knitting...

His heart went up into his mouth in an instant, when he saw the girl on the door, when instead of coming into his assistance, she left him stand just as before...

And she said, "You Dutch son of a gun," but ere he said more the poor, poor tramp languished, and for his life could not have run.

The man quit the tramp when he thought he was lying, might very soon give up the ghost; when the tramp heard the dear little Dutch lady crying...

But time brought a change. "You must go, or I'll not go," the father said; "now do you hear?" When Gretchen's arms folded the tramp's form about...

They sat by the kitchen stove calmly discussing the fate of the tramp and his woes; the little Dutch frauken the meantime kept knitting...

"The hope of the woman lies in her lord's stomach," thought wise little Gretchen, with staid; "if father will eat and drink all I see him take, the will of her lord's is his child's."

As Gretchen had hoped that it would; so wished to her lower end to be again it, and settle the matter for good.

The lover began, but, before he could finish, a lawyer drops up to the door; who said: "My dear sir, if your name is Jay Winchell...

He said: "I am mayor of Centerville town here, as such have the right and the will to tie in a knot snugly, and do it up brown, dear—just now, if you two will stand still."

A DARK MARRIAGE MORN. A Romance of Love, Intrigue and Crime.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON.

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued). "Well, I interpret it thus: I imagine two beings, equally free and strong, loving and valuing each other beyond all else...

"I belong, soul, body, honor, riches, to my best beloved, Eugene Cleveland, from this moment and forever." Written and signed with the pure blood of my veins, this 18th November, 188—.

CHAPTER XV. THE PRIVATE SECRETARY REPORTS. But what of that paragon of excellence, honor and virtue—Mr. Oscar Slyme?

CHAPTER XVI. SHIPWRECK DESTINY. Oscar Slyme, the private secretary, had told Cora Elliston no more than the obvious and dreadful truth.

CHAPTER XVII. BLOWN UP AT GILBERTON. Pottsville, Pa.—Shortly after noon an explosion of gas took place in the workings of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal Company's colliery at Gilberton...

CHAPTER XVIII. FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS. SENATE. 207TH DAY.—The United States Senate was in session to-day.

208TH DAY.—No business was transacted during the short session of the Senate. Attention was called to absence of a quorum within five minutes after the Vice-President wrapped for order, and from that time until 1:20, when the Senate went into executive session, that body was in a state of suspended animation.

"This," she said, after a moment's silence, "becomes really interesting. You said something about leaving me forever; but you intend, in no event, to leave this evening, I suppose?"

"No," said Eugene. "Very well," she replied, bowing her head in sign of dismissal, without offering her hand; "we shall see each other again."

"At an early day," he thought, notwithstanding the past, she required time for reflection, a little terrified doubtless by the monster she evoked; he gravely saluted her and departed.

The next day, and on the three succeeding ones, he vainly presented himself at her door. Mrs. Elliston was dining out or dressing.

It was for Eugene a whole century of torture. One thought, which often disturbed him, reviled him with double poignancy. Cora did not love him. She only wished to revenge herself for the past, and after disgracing would laugh at him. She had made him sign the contract, and then escaped him. In the midst of these tortures of his pride, his passion, instead of weakening, increased.

The moments, when he received messages from her, were like a benediction. He did not go to her house. He hoped to meet her in the evening at the residence of a mutual friend, on Madison avenue, where he usually saw her every Thursday.

This friend, Mrs. Louise Morgan, was a connection of his mother's family, and his father's friend. She was a widow and no longer young, but by no means old, she had no difficulty in rendering herself and her home attractive.

She had no taste or inclination for religion, but affected a great liking for literature and art. She had read and reviewed many distinguished authors and artists, who piqued themselves on being free-thinkers.

Cora Elliston had permitted herself to be introduced by her husband, because she knew Eugene frequented the house. On this particular evening the gathering was small. Eugene had the satisfaction of seeing his uncle, who had returned from Washington, and Mrs. Elliston enter.

She tranquilly expressed to him her regret at not having been at home the preceding day, but it was in vain. He had given his life at that moment for her to give him a word of love.

"Mrs. Morgan liked the play of wit, as she had but little herself. They played at her house such little games as were then fashionable. Those little games are not always innocent, as we shall see."

He had distributed pencils, pens, and little packages of paper—some of the players sitting around large tables, and some in separate chairs—and scratched mysteriously, in turn, questions and answers.

During this time Mr. Elliston played whist with an elderly lady for partner. Cora did not remark the part in the game which Eugene played.

Eugene was therefore astonished to see her accept the pencil and paper offered her. This singularly awakened his attention and put him on his guard.

He himself took part in the game, contrary to his usual custom, and even took charge of the basket to collect the small notes as they were written.

An hour passed without any special incident. The treasures of wit were dispensed. The most delicate and unexpected questions—such as "What is love?" "Do you think that friendship can exist between the sexes?" "Is it sweeter to love or be loved?" succeeded each other with corresponding replies.

All at once Cora gave a slight scream, and then she saw a drop of blood trickle down her forehead.

She commenced laughing, and showed her little gold pencil-case, which had a pen at one end, with which she had scratched her forehead in her abstraction.

She was sitting a little in shadow in one corner, in order to meditate more on a question and answers.

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even let me mention Roxbury or Mrs. Cleve—Miss Lester." Cora made an impatient gesture.

"Let me think," she said. Then half aloud: "What can possess Warren Leland to bury himself in that out of the way place? Even if he is ambitious to go to Congress that seems a roundabout way to get there."

"I can't enlighten you on the subject," said Slyme. "I only know he hasn't acted like the same man since his bosom friend's misfortune and disappearance."

"His bosom friend? To whom do you refer?" "Brownell, the civil engineer. He was his classmate in college, you know."

"Ah! the young man whose wife died so strangely some two or three months ago?" "Yes; and who, directly afterward, disposed of everything and disappeared—went off to Mexico, some say."

"And Warren Leland hasn't been himself since I didn't suppose him capable of so much affection for his friend?" "I fear that the affection was for his friend's wife," remarked the private secretary, dryly.

"I fear you are disposed to be cynical, Slyme." "Oh, not at all—quite the contrary." "At any rate, I hope you will never run across Warren Leland in Roxbury."

"I have taken good care not to do so, and shall use the same caution in future." "That is well; but sooner or later he will form the acquaintance of your friend, Mr. Metcalf, if he has not already done so."

"I fear that is inevitable. I am not likely to learn something of you and your visits to the Metcalf farm?" "What can I learn? Merely that I am Miss Lester's brother, that I am connected with a large commercial house in New York, that I am connected on the road, and what I can do for an honor so from my multitudinous cares I run up to Roxbury to pay a visit to my most unfortunate sister."

"Very good, indeed, Slyme; but he will see her, and may become interested in her." "Aye," exclaimed Slyme, with a perplexed look. "You had thought of that?"

"I have thought of little else of late." "Well, we must endeavor to concert some plan to head him off—to turn him from his purpose—if he develops such a purpose."

"Unfortunately, I shall not be here to aid in carrying out a plan, even if we can mature one." "But there must be some way out of the difficulty. Do think, my good Slyme, and come to me here to-morrow."

"I will do my best, as ever, to serve you, and I shall be glad to withdraw, so long as I can do so without any loss of honor." "For some time Cora remained seated as he had left her, but her head was bent forward, her hands were tightly clasped in her lap, and her whole attitude denoted deep and earnest meditation."

Presently the heavy portiere was drawn aside, and Eugene Cleveland entered. In an instant the cloud fled from his brow, and a radiant smile appeared upon his face.

He hastily crossed the room, knelt by the divan, raised her slightly, and kissed her forehead and her lips. "Set it down here, and draw back the curtain," ordered the master.

The valet obeyed, placing the salver on a stand by the side of the bed. One note instantly attracted Leland's attention. The handwriting he well knew, and the message was brief and black.

He snatched it up, and opened it with trembling hands. And this is what he read: "My wife is dead. I am in no fit condition to see you now. I have disposed of everything and am going away—no matter who you are."

"You will hear from me later." "HOBART BROWNELL." "Great God!" exclaimed Leland, letting the note fall from his hands, and turning ghastly pale.

And it is but just to say that it was the knowledge of her death that alone, that affected him; he did not even think of the seeming threat in the note.

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CHAPTER XIX. FIGHT WITH A MOONSHINER. Two of a Possé Fatally Shot Before He is Captured—Lynching Probable.

As the result of a desperate fight at Bluefield, W. Va., between Vinson Shrader, a moonshiner, and a posse of officers, Chief of Police R. M. Baldwin and Deputy Marshal Brown are lying at the point of death, and Shrader may be lynched before another day passes.

Shrader is a Tazewell County Outlaw, and wounded a constable who tried to arrest him at Graham. After that occurrence he took to the woods about two miles from Bluefield. Chief of Police Baldwin learned of his whereabouts and set out to capture him. He was accompanied by Deputy Allen Brown and Wm. G. Baldwin, a detective.

The posse found Shrader's hiding place shortly before dark. They expected to take him by surprise, but as they stealthily approached he opened fire with a Winchester. The officers then opened on for thirty minutes, and a fusillade was kept up for thirty minutes. The Chief of Police was shot through the stomach and Deputy Brown through the groin. Detective Baldwin escaped injury and succeeded in arresting Shrader. The wounded men and the prisoner were brought to Bluefield.

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The news of the accident spread like wildfire through the Mahanoy Valley, and in a short time the vicinity of the mine slope was crowded with people, mostly women and children. Nearly all of them had fathers, husbands, and brothers in the mine, and their cries and distress unnerved the strong miners who were preparing to descend to rescue those who might be alive. It was feared that all had perished, but many came up unburnt, or stayed down and help look for their more unfortunate comrades. Owing to the deadly afterdamp that always follows an explosion of this kind and the way the gangway and inside passages were wrecked, the work of hunting for the bodies proceeded slowly, and was attended with great risk of life. The explosions took place in the third lift of the East Duck Mountain gangway, between breasts Nos. 38 and 40, where some of the victims had been at work robbing pillars.

Gilberton mine is not considered a gaseous mine, and only one accident of this kind is reported there from explosions in 1892, but it is supposed that a small body of gas was dislodged and exploded by a blast, and the falling coal from the pillar exposed a larger body, that was fired by the explosion of the first. No account of the accident could be learned from the men who were at work at the point, because those who are alive are so badly burned around the head and mouth that they could not talk. Gilberton colliery has a capacity of 175,000 tons annually, and employs 674 men and boys.

CHAPTER XXII. AN ENGINE EXPLODED. Two Men Were Killed; Five Boys Fatally Injured and a Horse Killed.

A traction engine belonging to Andrew Ross exploded on the farm of Hiram Berkshmith, five miles south of Byron, Ill., Hiram Berkshmith was blown to atoms. Andrew Ross, who was running, his engine had both logs and an arm crushed and was injured internally, so that he died a few hours later. Five boys from 9 to 14 years old were standing near the engine and were so badly torn and scalded that they could not recover. Two other men received slight wounds. Parts of the engine was blown a radius of 500 feet. A team standing near had the harness torn from them and one horse was killed. No cause for the explosion is known.

THE NEWS.

A. F. Spring, manager of the Western Bank in Penetanguishene, Ont., disappeared on the occasion of the visit of the inspector. He is said to be short \$25,000 in his accounts with the bank. Spring is supposed to be the guest of friends in Buffalo. Benjamin Kershaw, and Robert Thomas, middle-aged men, and Johnnie Kershaw, aged ten, were drowned in the Charles River at Waltham, Mass., by the overturning of a canoe. While the three were paddling up the river the men attempted to throw a large dog overboard. In the effort the canoe was capized, and all went down.

City Marshal Haley, editor J. F. Egan and Clerk of the District Court Burke, citizens of Hawkins, Wyo., charged with contempt of court in interfering with United States marshals during the present strike, were held in Cheyenne, Mo., by Judge Riner in \$500 to await the action of the United States grand jury. The residence of Col. John A. Robinson, in Martinsburg, was destroyed by fire. News-Governor, agent for the New York Life Insurance Company, shot and killed himself in the Great Northern Hotel in Chicago. He is thought to have been temporarily insane. There was a further test of the Taylor eight-inch cast-steel shell at Indian Head, this time with satisfactory results, the shell piercing the four-inch armor-plate and being found broken up in the cable behind.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science, in session in Brooklyn, elected officers, and decided to meet next year in San Francisco. Henry Dangerfield committed suicide in Alexandria. Milo H. Davis, one of the city school trustees of Detroit, who was recently arrested, charged with bribery, disappeared from the city, and his relatives have since had no trace of him. He started ostensibly to visit relatives in this state, but has not done so.

The Interstate fair was opened at Martinsburg, W. Va. The Delaware State Republican Convention nominated Joshua H. Marvill for governor and Jonathan S. Willis for congress. Mrs. Juliette Fournier and her lover, Julius March, committed suicide in Central Park, New York. The Northwestern Electric Light and Power Company, 63 and 63 1/2 Customhouse Place, Chicago, made an assignment. Assets are estimated at \$66,450, and liabilities at \$56,866.70. The corporation was organized in 1892 to supply light and power to private consumers. Rouben H. Walters killed his wife and himself at their home in Reading, Pa. Raphael De Pedro and Dominick Paschello, the latter a blind man, were convicted in the United States Court at Philadelphia of passing counterfeit money, and sentenced to state prison. Dr. William Cecil Dabney, professor of medicine at the University of Virginia, died, at the age of fifty-five years. Dr. William Alexander Frazer, a prominent physician of Staunton, Va., died, at the age of forty-three years.

"Dutch Jake," a farm hand, killed himself by hanging near Philadelphia. The boiler of a threshing engine on a farm near Leominster, N. D., exploded, instantly killing John Lind and Louis Berg. The latter was blown one hundred feet and frightfully mangled. Four men were more or less injured. A furnace filled with molten iron blew up at the Buckeys Iron and Brass works, in Dayton, O. A mass of 1,500 pounds of metal was thrown to the roof, breaking into a fiery rain, burning badly twelve moulders. Three miners were drowned in a drift in the Glenary mine near Butte, Mont. James Campbell, a St. Louis broker, had a warrant issued for the arrest of Philip Bohan and his son, of St. Louis, on the charges of attempted highway robbery and abduction. John T. Callahan was convicted in New Orleans of demanding and receiving bribes while a member of the City Council. A mob tried to lynch Tom Johnson, colored, who threw his arms around Miss Daisy Jackson on the street at Nashville, Tenn. N. C. Evans was nominated by the Tennessee Republican State Convention for governor. A threshing machine in Wm. Hayfield's barn, at Forest, Ont., broke the cylinder shaft and threw the straw. Two men, named Scarie and Greer, who were in the mow, were burned to death.

By the fall of a big rock one miner was killed and three others badly hurt at Macon, Missouri. M. M. Mensfield, formerly professor of languages in San Francisco, has been arrested for insanity. All the coal miners in Ray county, Mo., are again out on strike, demanding four cents per bushel for mining. The International Typographical Union and the International Printing Pressmen's Union have settled their difficulties. Hon. Christopher F. Fraser, ex-commissioner of public works of Toronto, Ontario, died suddenly of heart disease. The Trust and Savings Bank of Illinois is acting for a syndicate of New York bankers and loaning money to the Wisconsin Trust. It is talked of in railroad circles in Georgia that an effort will be made before the next legislature to break up the Southern Railway combine, so far as the East Tennessee road is concerned. Robbers gagged and burned the feet of William Swords at Kempville, Ont., who he gave them \$150. Carl Lower, a Pole, who had been discharged by Melitretter Bros., in Buffalo, shot one of his former employers, inflicting serious wounds.

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The news of the accident spread like wildfire through the Mahanoy Valley, and in a short time the vicinity of the mine slope was crowded with people, mostly women and children. Nearly all of them had fathers, husbands, and brothers in the mine, and their cries and distress unnerved the strong miners who were preparing to descend to rescue those who might be alive. It was feared that all had perished, but many came up unburnt, or stayed down and help look for their more unfortunate comrades. Owing to the deadly afterdamp that always follows an explosion of this kind and the way the gangway and inside passages were wrecked, the work of hunting for the bodies proceeded slowly, and was attended with great risk of life. The explosions took place in the third lift of the East Duck Mountain gangway, between breasts Nos. 38 and 40, where some of the victims had been at work robbing pillars.

THE NEWS.

A. F. Spring, manager of the Western Bank in Penetanguishene, Ont., disappeared on the occasion of the visit of the inspector. He is said to be short \$25,000 in his accounts with the bank. Spring is supposed to be the guest of friends in Buffalo. Benjamin Kershaw, and Robert Thomas, middle-aged men, and Johnnie Kershaw, aged ten, were drowned in the Charles River at Waltham, Mass., by the overturning of a canoe. While the three were paddling up the river the men attempted to throw a large dog overboard. In the effort the canoe was capized, and all went down.

City Marshal Haley, editor J. F. Egan and Clerk of the District Court Burke, citizens of Hawkins, Wyo., charged with contempt of court in interfering with United States marshals during the present strike, were held in Cheyenne, Mo., by Judge Riner in \$500 to await the action of the United States grand jury. The residence of Col. John A. Robinson, in Martinsburg, was destroyed by fire. News-Governor, agent for the New York Life Insurance Company, shot and killed himself in the Great Northern Hotel in Chicago. He is thought to have been temporarily insane. There was a further test of the