

A LITTLE IRISH GIRL.

By "The Duchess."

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"You and this time with a vengeance," says Dalcinea, venturingly. "He insists on my keeping my engagement with Sir Ralph, in spite of the fact that I decline to go on with it."

"You?" Andy pines and twists her round so as to get a good view of her. "What's so new?" says he. "You decline to go on with your engagement? Why? What's the matter with Sir Ralph?"

"That isn't the question," says she, vehemently. "I refuse to discuss Sir Ralph with you or anybody. What has to be considered is whether I am to be sold, yes sold, against my will to anybody."

"Keep your hair on," says her cousin, blandly. "There's something behind this 'slave-market' business, isn't there? I never heard of a word of it until that young friend of yours fell into the bog, and was dragged out by some inconsiderate person by the hair of his head, and brought home to be nursed by you."

"I don't know of any one who fell into a bog, and was pulled out by his hair," says she, coolly. "Look here, Dalcinea," putting her down on a mounding rustic seat, let's give a name to it. Eyre is the biggest one's name. And I expect he has been making love to you—eh?"

"At all events, he isn't like some people!" exclaims she, with a little frown. "He doesn't lecture and scold and trample on me from morning till night!"

"We shall now proceed to give a name to the trampier," says Mr. McDermot. "Anketell! And so you want to throw over Anketell and marry Eyre? Is that what it comes to?"

"No, not exactly."

"Then you want to throw over Anketell, and not marry Eyre. Is that it?"

"No, not quite."

"Then, my good girl, what is it? If you could throw just one ray of light upon this mystery, I might be able to see you home."

"Well, it's this, then," says she, with a sudden touch of passion. "I want to be married to a man who will submit to be ordered to marry any one, and certainly not a tyrant like Sir Ralph! Why, if you could have heard him yesterday! But never mind that. The fact is, Andy, that Mr. Eyre asked me to marry him; and I didn't say yes because—well," sighing, "never mind that, either."

"Is there," asks Mr. McDermot mildly, "anything I may infer?"

"Yes—this," says she, her anger growing. "He then sent for me."

"He? Eyre? Just like his impudence?"

"He is not impudent; and it was father who sent for me."

"To give you a good scolding, I hope."

"If you love so, trying to rise, there is no use in my going on with this explanation."

"It's going to be a fine evening for fireworks," says Mr. McDermot, contemplating the sky with a thoughtful air. "Great display! Unlimited variety! Magnificent effect! And smoke—much smoke!"

CHAPTER IX.

"How dark it is walking along this silent road! Dark, though only 6 o'clock. How quickly the day dies when it is December! Such a moan as this is hardly worth talking about; and yet, without it, obscured as it is, how much more dismal would the night be? Was there ever before so silent a night? Are all the dogs in the farmstead dead? There is no sound at all, anywhere, save the stir of sea in the twilight, far, far below, down there where all things seem to sink into one."

Bridget—what is Bridget thinking now? Has she found out she is gone? No, not yet. It is early, really, though it looks so late. Obedient enough, it is to the servant the girl's mind first turns as in her mad, angry folly she runs along the road that leads to the little wayside station of which Eyre had spoken to her. Her hint to Andy that she would let lover and father and cousin see what she could do is now in process of full completion. When Eyre had suggested to her to run away with him and be married by special license, she had certainly, at the moment, though seeming to dally with the idea, no real intention of following it up. But Sir Ralph's unfortunate coldness of the day before, her father's stern command, and, finally, her cousin's mocking detestation to not to help her to her folly, had been all too much for her childish pride. She had revolted, once for all. She would show them!

Eyre's last words about the 6:30 train, his earnest, really honest expression as he spoke, had lingered in her memory, and, waiting, looked up in her own room, she had, when night grew, dressed herself in her warmest clothing, and slipping out at the side door, began her journey to Doneygra station.

Was there ever so long a mile, or a road so deserted? At first she had prayed that no one might see her on her way to the station; but now she would have given a good deal to hear the sound of cart-wheels, or the jogg-trot of a farmer's horse. But there is no fair anywhere to-day in the neighborhood, and so the road remains empty and quiet.

The moon, coming out at last from behind a bank of dark clouds, serves only to heighten, rather than to lessen, her sense of loneliness. Now each hillock and tree and bunch of furze takes shape and action, and threatens to attack her on every side. The terrors of the night are great to those who know nothing of it, safe within carefully closed doors of house or carriage. To Dalcinea, running along through the dull darkness, a sense of despair, mingled with active fear, is uppermost.

"Silence, how dead; and darkness, how profound! Nor eye, nor listening ear an object finds."

In vain she tells herself that it is not really night; that it is only 6 o'clock; that a few months ago, this very hour and time and darkness would still be called day. It is, with a sigh that grows into a sob of passionate relief, that at last she sees the lamps shining in the little station before her, with, over there a quarter of a mile to the left, the glimmering lights of the small town that has given its name to the station.

Hurriedly she enters it, and, reaching the dim platform, that seems enveloped in a cloudy mist, stands irresolute. Only for a moment, however, Eyre has come to her, has seized her hand, is drawing her into the fuller light, by and by.

"Let us stay here," says she in a choking tone. "No one can see us here. And—oh, a little wildly, I was a long walk! How far—how far I am from home!"

"You are nervous," says he, sensibly; and it is my fault. I forgot, when I suggested to you that the walk here was only a mile, that it would be undertaken in midwinter. It never occurred to me that 6 o'clock would mean night at this time of year. You must try to forgive me that. What is it that you have? Your bag? Give it to me."

The station is such a minor one that, at this hour, it is given up to absolute solitude. In the far distance a sturdy farmer is trudging to and fro, puffing and blowing, and seeking, by eager snuffings from the gate to the station-house, to keep some warmth in his body; and just here, where Dalcinea stands, a laborer goes by on his homeward way; and there—over there, where the gloom is thickest—stands, by all the worst luck in the world, Ralph Anketell.

He had been lurching in this part of the neighborhood during the afternoon, and, expecting a parcel by this train, had decided to wait and take it home with him. He had seen Eyre's arrival, and, wondering, at his punctuality, the train not being due for a quarter of an hour or so, had felt a sense of satisfaction in the thought that he was really leaving—a thought justified by the amount of baggage lying on the platform; had despatched with him so far into the shade that he should be unseen by him, not feeling equal to a tete-a-tete with the man he suspects to be his rival; and had seen Dalcinea's nervous entrance, and Eyre's eager greeting her.

—Is shaking her. It grows too dreadful to be borne. Eyre is talking to her; she is conscious of that; but no word he utters is clear to her. To go back, to go back—that one thought, and that only, is beating like a hammer in her brain; and behind it and through it came another—the oldest one, surely—that if she goes she will never see Anketell again.

Presently the mists of her brain clear a little, and she can wonder within herself. Eyre is still talking—kindly, no doubt, and soothingly; but it doesn't seem of any consequence at all what he is saying. Ralph! what will he think when he hears she is gone—gone? What will he think

then? She trembles. She becomes for the first time conscious that she is cold—so cold, it must be the night air. To for one instant imagine their meeting involuntary would be to know unsee himself of the small bag that Dalcinea carries. He knows the truth as surely as though all the world were crying it within his ears.

Numbly stupefied, chilled to the heart's core, he stands watching the girl to whom he has given every thought and desire of his life, willfully making havoc of them.

"Nervous?" says Dalcinea vaguely, staring at Eyre as if hardly understanding him. It has come home to her that certainly he does not understand her. Nervous? Is that the word for this awful pain that is tugging at her heart? Oh, what madness had brought her here?

A sense of fear—distinct—clutching that is making her shiver like this. She must go back. She will. Even the dull lights in the station are beginning to nod to her terror. Surely—surely everybody is looking at her, wondering about her, gossiping about her!

Yet the one person who in reality is looking at her with an anguish unspeakable is the one person unsuspected of her.

She sighs heavily, as one might whose mind is made up after a long conflict. She throws up her head. Eyre is still speaking.

"We shall not have long to wait now," he is saying; "the train is just due. Come, we had better move a little this way."

"I can't," she pauses, and looks straight at her companion, a terrible misery in her eyes. It seems as if speech had deserted her. "I won't go any farther," she gasps at last, painfully.

"You mean?" questions Eyre, as if not able to grasp the truth that lies so plainly in her white face and gleaming eyes. As he pauses for an answer the shrill whistle of the approaching train cleaves the sharp, crisp air.

"Forgive me," says the girl, trembling in every limb. "I thought I could do it, but I can't. I'm frightened—I—"

"I told you you were nervous," says he. "And I know it is a wrench; but surely, darling, it is best for you; you have so often told me how unhappy you were—"

"I must have lied to you," says she solemnly. "Lied. Not meaning it—intentionally; but because I didn't know. I know now. I must go home; I must."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DUEL TO THE DEATH.

Between an Old Gray Rat and a Sleepy Pigeon.

Before the sun had begun to light the streets a pigeon fluttered down from the top of the Federal building and began to search for the seeds and crumbs which chance had scattered.

All day she tracked the muddy stretch of Postoffice Square, of Water and Dearborn-like streets, and when night was falling tired and footsore, she flew back to the lofty granite coping where she always slept. She nestled her head in the warm feathers on her breast and dreamed of days when leaky corn wagons passed through the city streets, and when the hay market made her ancestors fat.

But the pestilence which walketh in darkness was astir, says the Boston Herald.

Between the floors of the Federal Building in his nest of rags and string a great gray rat had slept all day. When darkness had come and the upper corridors had ceased to echo the passing footsteps he crept out in the search of food.

THE SENATE CONTROL.

A WORKING REPUBLICAN MAJORITY UNLIKELY.

The Teller-Dunlop-Manly-Cannon-Carter-Cobden Likely to be Strengthened by Radical Silver Men from Colorado, Utah and Other States.

CONCORD, N. H., June 29.—United States Senator Gallinger said yesterday: "I fear for Republican control of the Senate. The full senate now numbers ninety members, and we shall need forty-six for a majority, though, inasmuch as the existing vacancy in Kentucky will continue until 1897, we can get along during the next congress with forty-five. We have now forty-four senators who are nominally Republicans, but of these five—Senators Teller, Dubois, Carter, Manly and Cannon—refused to act with us in the passage of the Dingley emergency tariff last winter, and I suppose we must now add to them Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota, because he left the St. Louis convention with other seceders. This reduces us to thirty-eight straight Republicans who are for protection as against protection yoked with free silver, and we shall need seven more to enable us to pass the revenue bill, which the country demands. Some of our gains are already made, as in Maryland and Ohio, and we shall elect in New York, Illinois and Wisconsin. This will give us forty-three, or two short of a majority. Among our danger spots we must include North Carolina, Senator Fritchard's seat is likely to be lost, because he was first chosen by a fusion movement, which probably will be hard to effect again. In Utah, also, there is danger of losing Senator Brown, who refused to act with the silver men in deactivating the Dingley bill, and who now has been confronted with an issue in his fight for re-election, which will either defeat or cause him to coalesce with Senator Cannon in a policy of opposition. In Colorado Senator Wolcott is in similar danger, as he has been subject to venomous criticism because he would not go so far as Senator Teller in his devotion to the white metal. Add to this the not altogether remote chance of losing a Republican Senator in North Dakota and California, and the claims of the Democrats that we cannot elect in either Kansas or Illinois, and the outlook is not rosy. I must admit that I cannot now satisfactorily outline the method by which we shall be able to hold the Senate for a protective tariff without a free silver rider."

ILLINOIS HAS A FAVORITE.

Judge McConnell Will Get Her Forty-eight Votes—Alleged Scheme.

CHICAGO, June 29.—Judge Samuel P. McConnell is, it is said on good authority, to be placed in nomination and supported for president by the Illinois delegation to the Democratic national convention. If he is not landed in first place, it is the intention of Governor Altgeld and his associate delegates to continue the fight and secure for Mr. McConnell the nomination for the vice presidency.

When the emissaries of Hland and Boies worked up so much interest at Peoria that the Illinois leaders went to Governor Altgeld and asked him concerning the advisability of letting the two candidates have a show in the State convention he said no, much to the disappointment of the local politicians, who anticipated a lively fight between the followers of the two free silver candidates. The governor promised his political followers then that if the Illinois delegation was left uninstructed for a presidential candidate, he would make it the most conspicuous figure in the Chicago convention.

It is not believed by the greater number of free silver Democrats that Mr. McConnell will be named for president by the convention. While they believe that Governor Altgeld, with the forty-eight votes of Illinois solid behind him, will be of great force in the convention, they do not think that he will be able to name the candidate for president. So far as can be ascertained, the Illinois delegates, to a man, are for McConnell for vice president. Some of these favor Hland for president, and many of the Democrats do not favor Boies. They will be held in line by the unit rule. But when the fight comes for the nomination of vice president, it is claimed by the Democratic leaders that the entire forty-eight will be working in the interest of Judge McConnell.

The governor denies most positively the statement sent out from Springfield last night that he was planning a coup to secure the nomination of ex-Congressman W. R. Morrison for president.

SIBLEY FOR TELLER.

The Pennsylvania Ex-Congressman Favors the Coloradoan for Leader.

VICTOR, Colo., June 29.—In answer to an inquiry by the Daily Record of this city ex-Congressman Joseph C. Sibley of Pennsylvania wired the following: "FRANKLIN, Pa., June 29.—To the Daily Record, Victor, Colo.: I am a candidate for no official place. I believe all reform forces, if united, would be irresistible and would assure a grand triumph in November next. Divisions mean defeat. The rank and file of all political parties are made up of men good and true. On Teller I believe these forces could be united and all my efforts are to that end. JOSEPH C. SIBLEY."

Will Unite in Alabama.

BERMINGHAM, Ala., June 29.—The Republican State executive committee met here this week, finishing its labors yesterday. It was decided not to bring out a "sound money" straight Republican ticket, but the fusion State ticket, headed by Congressman A. T. Goodwin, Populist, for governor, will be supported, and in return it will be expected that the Populists will vote for the Republican electoral ticket in November. If the Chicago convention adopts a free silver coinage plan the possibilities are that the Republican electoral ticket in Alabama will be elected.

The Moon's Pale Light.

Poet—How beautiful, how enchanting is the moonlight! There is nothing in nature so poetical. How often have I sung the praises of fair Luna in my poems.

She—I guess that's what makes her look so pale.—Texas Siftings.

Russian Brutality.

The Odessa (Russia) Gazette says: "A few days ago a boy was found on the railroad track terribly shaken up and bruised. He said he had tried to steeple chase on a train going to Odessa where he wanted to join his blind mother. The conductors had found him and thrown him headlong from the car, which was running at full speed. The poor fellow died after a few days of great suffering."

REPLY TO MR. WHITNEY.

Senator Morgan of Alabama Discovers International Bimetallism.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—Senator John T. Morgan of Alabama has addressed an open letter on the silver question to the Hon. William C. Whitney in response to the latter's communication of June 21. After saying that Mr. Whitney's letter is "entitled to the sincere respect which it receives from the whole people," Morgan discusses somewhat the question of an international agreement and says: "It seems to be a very vague and distant hope that Great Britain will ever yield to European or American States a real participation in her monetary policy by treaty agreements."

Senator Morgan assumes that no American statesman can present such a plan as our government will ever consent to adopt or can agree to, under the constitution, and makes the friendly challenge to Mr. Whitney to state the plan "which you would advise the Democracy to accept as a basis, at least for an international agreement." The Senator concludes as follows: "As you seem to agree with the Democracy of the South and West that silver should be fully re-monnetized, I respectfully submit to your candid judgment whether this restoration of the rights of our people is not more justly to be expected from the action and power of our own government, that has never failed in such an effort, than from Great Britain or any combination of European powers, who will do nothing of the kind, except upon the inducement of some selfish motive."

CORNELL WON THE RACE.

Smashed all Records in the University Boat Event—Harvard Came in Second.

PORTSMOUTH, N. Y., June 28.—The Harvard, Cornell, Columbia and Pennsylvania four-mile-straight-away on Hudson was won by Cornell in the phenomenal time of 19 minutes and 29 seconds, Harvard second, Pennsylvania third, and Columbia fourth.

Cornell won the freshman race two days ago, in which the order of finishing was strangely the same. The race was a hard one for two miles, but after that Cornell had it all its own way. Harvard tried its old scheme of tiring out Cornell at the start, but it failed. Cornell rowed a clean race without a break of any kind. Pennsylvania splashed and rowed badly; and Columbia, for some unknown reason, was not in the race after the first quarter mile. The Harvard crew rowed splendidly, but were outclassed. The conditions were favorable. The water was smooth and the wind not disturbing.

The official time as given is: Cornell, 19:29; Harvard, 20:33; Pennsylvania, 20:41; Columbia, 21:35. Pennsylvania's men say that the time of their finish is absolutely incorrect. They say that such a difference means fifteen boat lengths behind Harvard, and they were less than two.

DUN'S TRADE REVIEW.

Silver Question Causes Uncertainty in the Money Market.

NEW YORK, June 29.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "The monetary outlook is not yet clear. The strength shown in recent conventions by advocates of free silver coinage, and expectation that all the elements favoring that policy may yet be concentrated, incline them to a waiting attitude. Their uncertainty retards improvement, notwithstanding the more widely prevalent feeling that the monetary action at the St. Louis convention will be sustained by the people."

The weakness of wheat, which has declined 2 1/2 cents, and of cotton, which is an eighth lower for spots, though less for futures, have full explanation in decidedly good crop prospects. Returns of harvesting thus far support the best estimates as to wheat and the condition of cotton has been decidedly improved by rains. It is not widely a welcome but a necessary conclusion that prices for the great staples are not likely to be higher.

FILIBUSTER SHIPS SEIZED.

Two Noted Cuban Vessels Run Down by a Revenue Cutter.

KEY WEST, Fla., June 29.—The filibustering steamers Three Friends and City of Richmond were brought here last night by prize crews of the United States revenue cutter Winona. The City of Richmond left here Wednesday night with a large quantity of arms and supplies for the Cubans and the Three Friends slipped out of Jacksonville ten days ago with supplies for the rebels.

No one is allowed to board either of the vessels, but it is supposed that the Three Friends landed the supplies taken from Jacksonville and was trying to get those on the City of Richmond when both were overhauled by the Winona. The captures created great excitement here, a great crowd gathering on the wharf and Cubans and Americans alike expressing deep indignation.

For Alienated Affections.

PORT SCOTT, Kan., June 29.—H. C. Nearing of Kansas City, attorney for Mrs. Kate Davids of that city, has filed suit in the United States circuit court here against Mrs. Bella Sipple of Sedan, Kan., for \$1,000 damages for alienating the affections of J. G. Lewis, husband of the plaintiff. Personal service has been secured on the fair and wealthy defendant by Deputy United States Marshal Will Neely, who has just made his return. The case, which promises to be a very sensational one, will come up at the November term of the United States court.

Kansas City "Journal."

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 29.—The announcement was made to-day that Mr. William A. Bunker, for several years business manager of the Kansas City "Journal," would retire from the active management of that paper on Monday next, owing to ill-health. Mr. Bunker retains an interest in the property. Mr. Hal Gaylord, who has been assistant business manager of the paper, and who has bought the greater portion of Mr. Bunker's interest in the "Journal," will assume its management.

Two Girls Drowned.

MAHINE, Ill., June 29.—One of the most violent rainstorms for years struck this place yesterday afternoon. Small streams were in a very few minutes changed into raging torrents. Misses Rosa and Marie Hudlemann, while attempting to drive across a small branch, missed the bridge and were drowned.

Out and Wheat Crop Damaged.

WREN CITY, Mo., June 28.—The hard rain of the last thirty-four hours has done great damage to the oat and wheat crop, much of the former being not worth harvesting.

Advertisement for Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, Dr. Miles' Remedies, and other products. Includes text: "Children Cry for Cure. Send for circulars free. E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O." and "Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder... Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health."