

A Terrible Cyclone.

PHILADELPHIA, July 2.—A death-dealing storm passed over this city at 1:15 Thursday. It was most severe in the northern part of the city. There were four killed and ten seriously injured.

Roofs by the dozen were blown off, trees were uprooted and considerable damage to property was done.

The storm was of cyclonic proportions when it reached Gloucester, N. J., the sporting resort on the Delaware river, diagonally across from Philadelphia five miles, and carried death and destruction in its path. The tornado was 600 feet in width, and it resembled a huge waterspout as it crossed the river.

The gale tore the empire roof off. It descended upon the frame dwelling of Robert Hamilton and utterly demolished the house. The Hamilton family, consisting of the father, the mother, and the daughters, Mary and Maggie, were at dinner when the storm broke. The father was taken to McGlad's hotel where he died. His back was broken, cut over the head and hurt internally. The children were removed to the Cooper hospital, where Mary's right leg was amputated. The damage at Gloucester will amount to several thousand dollars. The storm was very severe in Camden and numerous small buildings were unroofed and trees blown down. It is almost certain that many persons have been drowned in the Delaware river.

Up to midnight Coroner Jeffries of Camden had received inquiries from Philadelphia and Camden for fourteen persons who are supposed to have been out sailing when the storm broke, and it is feared they are drowned. At Haddon Heights, near Haddonfield, N. J., the tornado demolished the two-story dwelling that was being constructed for Benjamin Lippincott. James A. Reddington, 133 Ridgely avenue, Philadelphia, and Edward Reddington, 623 Marshall street, Philadelphia, slate roofers, who were working upon Lippincott's house, sought shelter in the attic, and were buried in the debris. They were taken to Cooper hospital, Camden. James has several ribs fractured, is hurt internally, and has cuts on the back and shoulders. The storm was severe at Stratford, and New Jersey points in general along the river and inland suffered. At Atlantic City the storm was terrific, and of an electrical nature. It lasted three hours. Telegraph and telephone wires were torn down, trees uprooted, and until the electric wires were stopped several buildings were struck by lightning.

Killed at Work.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 2.—Four men were killed while at work Thursday laying the stone abutments to a railroad bridge under Broad street in this city. The bank above them caved in, completely burying Patrick Sullivan and Leroy Libby, Pietro Grande and Pasquale Dio Rio. The other workmen were partially buried, but were rescued alive.

Work of Robbers.

HUNTINGTON, Ind., July 2.—An express freight on the Chicago & Erie road was wrecked near here last night. Ten cars of bullion, silk and valuable horses were ditched. The wreck was caused by ties being piled on the track, it is supposed for the purpose of robbery. No one was killed, but the loss will be very heavy.

Peace Ends the Rivalry.

CHICAGO, July 2.—Peace ends the rivalry of World's fair officials yesterday. After a long conference, the highest powers of the exposition agreed upon a plan of administration. By the terms of the agreement a new agency is created in a board of administration composed of four men. Two of these will be chosen from the national commission and two from the local directory, and this board is to be superior to any officer of the exposition. What salaries the members of the board will receive is yet to be decided. Director General Davis retains most of his powers, and Chief Burnham is made subordinate to him, in a measure with a title of director of works. Both of these officials are subject to the orders of the board of administration.

In the general rearrangement President Baker of the local directory seems to have been dropped, so far as being an executive officer is concerned. The new board will be organized as soon as the local directors approve the compact. General St. Clair and President Palmer will probably go on the board from the national and Lyman Gage and Edwin Walker from the Chicago directory. It is now stated, on good authority, that it is a settled fact that the poet Whittier will write the opening ode for the Chicago World's fair. When the matter was first broached to the poet he was unable to give a definite answer but improved health will now permit him to write the ode. The title is still a mystery to everybody except Mr. Whittier.

Bulldogs are at one and the same time the most affectionate and ferocious of animals. One of the species will with its life the person or property of its master from either actual or fancied danger. Some people seem to think that talking in a moral way is leading a religious life.

NEBRASKA INDEPENDENTS.

They Held Their State Convention In Lincoln, and Select Delegates to the National Convention.

HARMONY AND ENTHUSIASM PREVAILS

A Large Number of Old Soldiers in Attendance as Delegates.

LINCOLN, Neb., July 1.—The state convention of the people's independent party assembled at Bohannon's hall in this city at 11 o'clock yesterday and was called to order by J. V. Wolfe, chairman of the state central committee. Mr. Wolfe was made temporary chairman by acclamation and his brief address was roundly applauded.

J. A. Edgerton, of Buffalo county was made temporary secretary by acclamation and C. H. Pirtle, of Lancaster county, was made assistant secretary. A committee on permanent organization was also appointed.

An adjournment was then taken until 2 o'clock and Mrs. McCormick, president of the the Kansas Woman's alliance addressed the convention, her remarks being repeatedly cheered.

It was nearly 3 o'clock when Chairman Wolfe called the convention to order after recess and the committee on credentials was not able to make its report. The Lincoln Glee club entertained the convention with a song, after which the committee on credentials made its report. No contests were reported and the committee was discharged. The committee on permanent organization recommended that the temporary officers be made permanent and the suggestion was adopted.

At this point Paul Vandervoort wanted all the old soldiers in the convention to stand up and be counted. They did so to the number of 165. The ex-confederates were then called and five stood up, while the convention gave three cheers for the blue and the gray. Vandervoort then moved that the convention endorse the St. Louis platform by a rising vote. The motion was carried unanimously.

The work of selecting eight delegates to the national convention was taken up. William Crane of Jefferson county made a fervid appeal for the farmers asserting that neither of the old parties had honored the farmers by sending one to their national conventions. D. Clem Deaver of Omaha moved that such congressional district select one delegate and then the convention select the other two. The motion was carried.

SELECTING THE DELEGATES. The first district named J. V. Wolfe of Lancaster; Second, J. Kelly McCormick of Douglas; Third, W. A. Poynter of Boone; Fourth, I. D. Chamberlain of Polk; Fifth, W. A. McKeighan of Webster; Sixth William Neville of Lincoln.

These gentlemen together with C. H. Van Wyck and John H. Powers comprise the delegation at large to the National Convention.

Smugglers Caught.

NEW YORK, July 1.—A family of passengers on the steamship Teutonic which arrived at the pier yesterday nearly succeeded in defrauding the government of a large amount of duty. The head of the family and several ladies were permitted to go ashore after a somewhat perfunctory examination, there being reason to suppose that they were entirely reputable persons. The son, however, was searched. He had fourteen watches in his possession. This discovery sent a couple of inspectors post haste to the hotel, to which the family had been driven in a cab. The result was that the inspectors found and seized about \$10,000 worth of jewelry. The inspectors refused to say anything about the case, except to affirm that the smugglers were people of the highest standing, and were well known in prominent social circles in this city and in Pittsburg, Pa. They said that the culprits were under surveillance at the hotel in which they were stopping, but refused to give the names of the house. It was a hotel of the highest standing, they acknowledged. When asked whether any of the diamonds or jewels had been taken from the women of the party, the inspectors declined to answer. The most sensational disclosures are looked for.

Denies the Charge.

TRENTON, N. J., July 1.—Counsel for the Jersey Central and Reading railroad companies filed their answer yesterday, the charges of the state accusing them of conspiracy to raise the price of coal, and holding that the leases entered into between them were illegal and therefore void. The answer denies every charge regarding illegality and conspiracy, while admitting the famous tripartite agreement. The interesting feature of the document is the denial of an anthracite coal combination. These roads, the answer asserts, own no coal lands or mines and neither do they sell any coal, but are simply common carriers, and cannot fix the price of coal nor create a monopoly.

Prospecting for Gold.

ROCKVILLE, Md., July 1.—The gold fever has suddenly revived in the Potomac fields. Yesterday Messrs. Phillip John and Frank Stone and sisters sold to Messrs. Stocking and Barstow of Washington forty-five acres of land for \$5,000 on which operations will be begun at once. Mr. C. W. Spoforth of California, who prospected on the Harris farm two years ago, has arrived with a party of capitalists from the Pacific coast, and will inspect this section of the country with a purpose of prospecting for gold.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

"THE DUCHESS"

CHAPTER XV.

Sir Adrian is still a great invalid. The shock to his nervous system, the dragging out of those interminable hours in the lonely chamber, and the strain upon his physical powers by the absence of nutriment for seven long days and nights, had all combined to shatter a constitution once robust.

Today, the first time for over a month, Florence, going to her easel, draws its cover away from the sketch thereon, and gazes at her work. How long ago it seems since she sat thus, happy in her thoughts, glad in the belief that the one she loved loved her! yet all that time his heart had been given to her cousin. And though now at odd moments, she has felt herself compelled to imagine that his every glance and word speaks of tenderness for her, and not for Dora—still this very knowledge only hardens her heart toward him, and renders her cold and unsympathetic in his presence.

Even while thinking this she idly opens a book lying on the table near her, where some brushes and paints are scattered. A piece of paper drops from between its leaves and flutters to the ground. Lifting it, she sees it is the letter written by him to Dora, which the latter had brought to her, here to this very room, when asking her advice as to whether she should or should not meet him by appointment in the lime-walk.

She drops the letter hurriedly, as though its very touch stings her, and rousing herself with bitter self-compassion form her sentimental regrets, works vigorously at her painting for about an hour, then growing wearied, she flings her brushes aside, and goes to the morning-room, where she knows she will find all the others assembled.

There is nobody here just now however, except Sir Adrian, who is looking rather tired and bored, and Ethel Villiers. The latter, seeing Florence enter, gladly gathers up her work and runs away to have a turn in the garden with Captain Ringwood.

Florence, though sorry for this tete-a-tete that has been forced upon her, sits down calmly enough, and, taking up a book, prepares to read aloud to Sir Adrian.

But he stops her. Putting out his hand, he quietly but firmly closes the book, and then says:

"Not today, Florence; I want to speak to you instead."

"Anything you wish," responds Florence steadily, though her heart is beating somewhat hastily.

"Are you sorry that—that my unhappy cousin proved so unworthy?" he asks at last, touching upon this subject with a good deal of nervousness.

He cannot forget that once she had loved this miserable man.

"One must naturally feel sorry that anything human could be guilty of such an awful intention," she returns gently, but with the utmost unconcern.

Sir Adrian stares. Was he mistaken then? Did she never really care for the fellow, or is this some of what Mrs. Talbot had designated as Florence's "slyness"? No, once for all he would not believe that the pure, sweet, true face looking so steadily into his could be guilty of anything underhand or base.

"It was false that you loved him then?" he questions, following out the train of his own thoughts rather than the meaning of her last words.

"That I loved Mr. Dyncourt!" she repeats in amazement, her color rising.

"What an extraordinary idea to come into your head! No; if anything, I confess I felt for your cousin nothing but contempt and dislike."

"Then, Florence, what has come between us?" he exclaims, seizing her hand. "You must have known that I loved you many weeks ago. Nay, long before last season came to a close; and then I believe—forgive my presumption—that you too loved me."

"Your belief was a true one," she returns calmly, tears standing in her beautiful eyes. "But you, by your own act, severed us."

"I did?"

"Yes. Nay, Sir Adrian, be as honest in your dealings with me as I am with you, and confess the truth."

"I don't know what you mean," declares Adrian, in utter bewilderment; "you would tell me that you think it was some act of mine that—that ruined my chance with you?"

"You know it was"—reproachfully. "I know nothing of the kind"—hotly. "I only know that I have always loved you and only you, and that I shall never love another."

"You forget—Dora Talbot!" says Florence, in a very low tone. "I think, Sir Adrian, your late coldness to her has been neither kind nor just."

"I have never been either colder or warmer to Dora Talbot than I have been to any other ordinary acquaintance of mine," returns Sir Adrian, with considerable excitement. "There is surely a terrible mistake somewhere."

"Do you mean to tell me," says Florence, raising in her agitation, "that you never spoke of love to Dora?"

"Certainly I spoke of love—of my love for you," he declares vehemently. "That you should suppose I ever felt anything for Mrs. Talbot but the most ordinary friendship seems incredible

to me. To you, and you alone, my heart has been given for many a day. Not the vaguest tenderness for any other woman has come between my thoughts and your image since first we met."

"Yet there was your love-letter to her—I read it with my own eyes!" declares Florence faintly.

"I never wrote Mrs. Talbot a line in my life," says Sir Adrian, more and more puzzled.

"You will tell me next I did not see you kissing her hand in the lime-walk last September?" pursues Florence, flushing hotly with shame and indignation.

"You did not," he declares vehemently. "I swear it. Of what else are you going to accuse me? I never wrote to her, and I never kissed her hand."

"It is better for us to discuss this matter no longer," says Miss Delmaine, rising from her seat. "and for the future I can not—will not—read to you here in the morning. Let us make an end of this false friendship now at once and forever."

She moves toward the door as she speaks but he, closely following, over her, and putting his back against the door, so bars her egress.

He has been forbidden exertion of any kind, and now, this unusual excitement has brought a color to his wan cheeks and a brilliancy to his eyes. Both these changes in his appearance however only serve to betray the actual weakness to which, ever since his cruel imprisonment, he has been a victim.

"Florence, do not leave me like this," he pleads in an impassioned tone. "You are laboring under a delusion. Awake from this dream, I implore you, and see things as they really are."

"I am awake, and I see things as they are," she replies sully.

"My darling, who can have poisoned your mind against me?" she asks, in deep agitation.

At this moment, as if in answer to his question, the door leading into the conservatory at the other side of the room is pushed open, and Dora Talbot enters.

"Ah, here is Mrs. Talbot," exclaims Sir Adrian eagerly; "she will exonerate me!"

"What is it I can do for you?" asks Dora, in some confusion. Of late she has grown very shy of being alone with either him or Florence.

"You will tell Miss Delmaine," replies Adrian quickly, "that I never wrote you a letter, and that I certainly did not—you will forgive my even mentioning this extraordinary supposition, I hope, Mrs. Talbot—kiss your hand one day in September in the lime-walk."

Dora turns first hot then cold, first crimson and then deadly pale. So it is all out now, and she is on her trial. She feels like the veriest criminal brought to the bar of justice. Shall she promptly deny everything, or—No. She has had enough of deceit and intrigue. Whatever it costs her, she will now be brave and true, and confess all.

"I do tell her so," she says, in a low tone, but yet firmly. "I never received a letter from you, and you never kissed by hand."

"Dora!" cries Florence. "What are you saying! Have you forgotten all that is past?"

"Spare me!" entreats Dora hoarsely. "In an hour, if you will come to my room, I will explain all, and you can then spurn me, and put me outside the pale of your friendship if you will, and as I well deserve. But, for the present, accept my assurance that no love passage ever occurred between me and Sir Adrian, and that I am fully persuaded his heart has been given to you alone ever since your first meeting."

"Florence, you believe her?" questions Sir Adrian beseechingly. "It is all true what she has said. I love you devotedly. If you will not marry me, no other woman shall ever be my wife. My beloved, take pity on me!"

"Trust in him, give yourself freely to him without fear," urges Dora, with a sob. "He is altogether worthy of you."

So saying, she escapes from the room, and goes up the stairs to her own apartment weeping bitterly.

"Is there any hope for me?" asks Sir Adrian of Florence when they are again alone. "Darling, answer me, do you—can you love me?"

"I have loved you always—always," replies Florence in a broken voice, "but I thought—I feared—oh, how much I have suffered!"

"Never mind that now," rejoins Sir Adrian very tenderly. He has placed his arm round her, and her head is resting in happy contentment upon his breast. "For the future, my dearest, you shall know neither fear nor suffering if I can prevent it."

They are still murmuring tender words of love to each other, though a good half hour has gone by, when a noise as of coming footsteps in the conservatory attracts their attention and presently Captain Ringwood, with his arm round Ethel Villiers's waist, comes slowly into view.

Totally unaware that any one is in the room besides themselves, they advance, until, happening to lift their eyes, they suddenly become aware that their host and Miss Delmaine are regarding them with mingled glances of surprise and amusement. Instantly they start asunder.

"It is—that is—you see—Ethel, you

explain," stammers Captain Ringwood confusedly.

At this both Sir Adrian and Florence burst out laughing and so heartily that all constraint comes to an end, and finally Ethel and Ringwood, joining in the merriment that has been raised at their expense, volunteer a full explanation.

"I think," says Ethel, after awhile, looking keenly at Florence and her host, "you two look just as guilty as we do. Don't they George?"

"They seem very nearly as happy, at all events," agrees Ringwood, who now that he has confessed to his having just been accepted by Ethel Villiers for better for worse" is again in his usual gay spirits.

"Nearly; you might say quite," says Adrian, laughing. "Florence, as we have discovered their secret, I think it will be only honest of us to tell them ours."

Florence blushes and glances rather shyly at Ethel.

"I know it," cries that young lady clapping her hands. "You are going to marry Sir Adrian, Florence, and he is going to marry you!"

At this they all laugh.

"Well, one of those surmises could hardly come off without the other," observed Ringwood, with a smile. "So your second guess was a pretty safe one. If she is right, old man"—turning to Sir Adrian—"I congratulate you both with all my heart."

"Yes, she is quite right," responds Sir Adrian, directing a glance full of ardent love upon Florence. "What should I do with the life she restored to me unless I devoted it to her service?"

"You see, he is marrying me only out of gratitude," says Florence archly, but large tears of joy and gladness sparkle in her lovely eyes.

When Florence finds her way, at the expiration of the hour, to Dora's room, she discovers that fair little widow dissolved in tears and indeed sorely perplexed and blamed. The sight of Florence only seems to render her grief more poignant, and when her cousin, putting her arm round her, tries to console her, she only responds to the caress by flinging herself upon her knees, and praying her to forgive her.

And then the whole truth comes out. All the petty, mean, underhand actions, all the cruel lies, all the carefully spoken innuendoes, all the false reports are brought into the light and laid bare to the horrified eyes of Florence.

Dora remains quite still, her eyes bent upon the floor, waiting to hear her cousin's words of just condemnation—expecting only to hear the scathing words of scorn with which her cousin will have her begone from her sight for evermore. But sudden she feels two soft arms close around her, and Florence, bursting into tears, lays her head upon her shoulder.

"Oh, Dora, how could you do it!" she faints, and that is all. Never, either then or afterward, does another sentence of reproach pass her lips; and Dora, given and taken back to her cousin's friendship, endeavors earnestly for the future to avoid such untruthful paths as had so nearly lead her to ruin.

Sir Adrian, from the hour in which his dearest hopes had realized, recovers rapidly both by his health and spirits; and soon a double wedding takes place, that makes pretty Ethel Villiers, Ethel Ringwood, and beautiful Florence Lady Dyncourt.

A winter spent abroad with his charming bride completely restores Sir Adrian to his former vigorous state, and when spring is crowning all the and with her fair flowers, he returns to the castle with the intention of remaining there until the coming season demands their presence in town.

And now once again there is almost the same party brought together at Dyncourt. Old Lady Fitz-Altmont and Lady Gertrude are here again, and so are Captain and Mrs. Ringwood, both the gayest of the gay. Dora Talbot is here too, somewhat chastened and subdued both in manner and expression, a change so much for the better that she finds her list of lovers to be longer now than in the days of yore.

It is an exquisite, balmy day early in April. The sun is shining hotly without, drinking up greedily the gentle shower that fell half an hour ago. The guests, who with their host and hostess have been wandering idly through the grounds, decide to go in-doors.

"It was on a day like this, though in the autumn, that we first missed Sir Adrian," remarks some one in a half tone confidentially to some one else, but not so low that the baronet can not hear it.

"Yes," he says quickly, "and it was just over there"—pointing to a clump of shrubs near the hall door—"that I parted with that unfortunate cousin of mine."

Lady Dyncourt shudders, and draws closer to her husband.

"It was such a marvelous story," observes a pretty woman who was not at the castle last autumn, when what so nearly proved to be a tragedy was being enacted; "quite like a legend or a medieval romance. Dear Lady Dyncourt's finding him was such a happy finish to it. I must say I have always had the greatest veneration for those haunted chambers, so seldom to be found now in any house. Perhaps my regard for them is the stronger because I never saw one."

"No?" questioning. "Will you come and see ours now?" says Sir Adrian readily.

His wife clasps his arm, and a pang contracts her brow.

"You are not frightened now, surely?" says Adrian, smiling at her tenderly.

"Yes, I am," she responds promptly. "The very name of that awful room unnerves me. There is something evil in it, I believe. Do not go there."

"I'll block it up forever if you wish it," declares Sir Adrian; "but, for the last time, let me go and show its ghastly beauties to Lady Laughton. I confess, even after all that has happened, it possesses no terrors for me; it only reminds me of my unpleasant kinsman."

"I wonder what became of him," remarks Ringwood. "He's at the other side of the world, I should imagine," says Ethel, indifferently.

"Well, let us go," agrees Florence resignedly.

"So together they all start once more for the old tower. As they reach the stone steps Sir Adrian says laughingly to Lady Laughton:

"Now, what do you think of that ghost—a phantom—shape, what?"

A skeleton, returning his laugh, words the door is pushed open, and the narrow window is lighting up the passage.

What is that in the very corner where a lifeless body had been a trick, a delusion, or is this thing horrible before their terrified eyes? Does this ghastly specter do this ghastly thing to their nostrils? There is a strong, strong, strong for there, before their unmistakable eyes.

Lady Laughton's pale face comes true—a feeling meets their stricken eyes. Sir Adrian, having one of the men of the Lady Dyncourt and Captain Ringwood, amine the ghastly scene on the floor; yet, though to each other total ignorance can be, there is in the air a certainty that this truly had spoken when she had uttered a word as being not dead, it is his remains that are a few letters lying on the floor, which they discerned. They brush the matter can, but it is many a year since he had been a guest, or her husband, which they discerned. remains of him who had been by a just and stern

THE END

An Odd Fellow.

John Geiger, a member of the Valley Forge, No. 1, Order of Odd Fellows, places in the home of an old, accidentally, that that secret organization, leg was broken in a step, and he now has county court of charges paid \$25,000 damages, \$8,333 and the odd cent.

It was about three Mr. Geiger went to a great expectations of something drop. He had for almost anything abundance, determined on degree or full light.

According to a bill, Officers James B. Jordan, John N. G. pelled him, in special engage in a mock threatened to show any moment. He with bright, sharp measurement of called upon to jump seeking take of fire.

It was real life, of not English life. It the Greek language, Geiger shut both eyes.

The dull talk came later. Geiger went to cond degree in the suffered from the ailments and splints for several lodge paid the bill. That time he compared damages in installment each. After the measure lodge suspended Geiger claims to be in asking for \$20,000 make over all right cond degree on payment Chicago News.

Smoke Turbine.

Into his manufacturing North-East Coast and Gloucester and Southampton Mr. Wigham relates the chemical treatment said: "We know here gen and the carbon are to be belched forth by furnaces, are now used in the boilers which power engines, but Mr. Laugel firm of Brunner, Ma same who has introduced process for making ing has hit many of our

—has, as I understand further. He burns artificial draught, and gases into a chamber with water spray, which particle of soot or dust ited, and at the same and recovers the amount of nitrogen and improves the sulphurous fumes. have not misunderstood figures; but I rather the equal efficiency of steam he has to burn 125 tons of 100 tons, and for every coal burned he recovers sulphate of ammonia, cheap (say \$15 a ton), and the sulphate of ammonia is worth \$30. If these can be sold for smoke is sealed."

A foreign physician use of pyrogallol and nicotine that saturates smokers. A 10 per cent applied on cotton is of the pipe.

The swell girl born often as she buys now there is a fancy to be a work cloth dresses.