

The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(MABELLA CASTELLAR.)

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CHAPTER VII.

The open was now coming to an end, and as Madame Celestine and her husband rose hastily and were soon lost in the crowd the moment the curtain fell, Miss Olive Gave had no further opportunity than for observation of the life-drama which, in its first stages, she had found so interesting. But she didn't dismiss it from her mind; on the contrary, it occupied her every thought, and her first act, when she reached home, was to write the following letter to a friend in England:

"What was that story you once began to tell me, and never had an opportunity to finish, about the Stanley family—do you remember, dear—and the quarrel of the young Clarence with his father? And how poor dear Lord Apollo and his court attending little boy? If my memory doesn't make me mistake, you began to tell me about the case of Clarence Stanley's really quarrelling with his father in such a serious manner that they parted forever—and the girl in such a painful manner! It is hard for me to imagine anyone having such a serious quarrel with him. You spoke, too, of the Mendosa branch of the family, and of a young lady to whom Clarence was engaged, and with whom he seemed deeply in love. I am interested in this, because there is a young lady here whose name is Mendosa—not a common name, you know; and it has occurred to me that she may be in some way related to the Stanley family. That photograph of the Mendosa Clarence that you once showed me was very handsome—I never dared speak of him to the end, it was such a sore subject; otherwise I would have asked for a picture of him. I have pictures of dear Lord Apollo and his court attending little boy—the dear little fellow! How little, dear, didn't you send me a photo of Clarence? If that is impossible, have a copy made from your own, and let me see your own, dear, tonight, if you can." "Mamma!"

Having carefully sealed and stamped this letter, Olive Gave rang for a servant. The servants and others of the Gave family had long since ceased to be impressed on by the childlike ingenuousness and sweetness of this young person. She therefore wasted no instant's smiles on the messenger into whose hands she gave her letter.

"Stephan, see that this letter gets into the mail that leaves for Queensdown to-morrow morning. Let there be no mistake. The Servia sails at eight o'clock."

"Yes, miss," answered Stephan.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Polly Hamilton reached her home after the opera on the night that was to be memorable in her life she felt that she was a very happy girl. No words of love, nothing that could have been called a declaration on the one hand or an acceptance on the other, had passed between her and Clarence Stanley, but she knew that she loved him, and she felt that she need never again doubt his love for her. The only thought that troubled her was that "Bita! Dear, darling Bita!" would not be equally happy in this knowledge.

"And, oh, I do hope that I didn't seem cross and heartless towards her. I must see her for a minute before I can sleep to-night, and she must know that I love her now and always the same as ever," she thought, as she hurried towards her own room, pausing a moment at the door leading into that of Dolores.

"Come in," said an eager voice, and she was met by Dolores, who came toward her with outstretched arms.

"Thank you, for coming in to my 'good-night.' I couldn't have slept if you hadn't. I have been so vexed to think I might have wounded you."

"You couldn't have wounded me on purpose, Bita. And do you think I would have allowed myself to feel hurt so long as I know that? Besides, it is all a mistake—a mere, unaccountable fancy on your part, dear. Clarence is all that is fine and noble; and when you know him better, I am sure you will think so, too."

"I'm sure I hope so, Maruja; and I have been taking myself to task all day evening for allowing myself to feel hurt and unjust toward any one whom you care for. Since you are here, he must be good and worthy. You could not throw your heart's blood away on a bad man."

"Oh, as to that, Bita, I have no judgment about men; always remember that, my dear; but this isn't a matter of judgment. I love Clarence and do love me; and, as you say, that is most enough that he is worthy. And I am so interested in you, Bita, we talked about you all the evening. His mother's father was directly descended from a branch of the Mendosa family, and his name was Richard Felix Mendosa. I don't know how many generations ago, but I am sure he will have one more to remember. Oh, Bita, dear, do let us talk a day or two about that wonderful story of yours; and let Clarence be present on that occasion, will you?"

Dolores shook instinctively from her position, and she answered:

"I don't mind talking over my family affairs with you, Maruja; but with a stranger! You must see how different that would be."

"But if he isn't a stranger—at least, in that sense? If Clarence really, on his mother's side, belongs to the Mendosa family? And I feel sure it is the same branch of the family, for there are legends of Indian ancestors among these English Mendosas, too, and I am getting wildly excited about this story. Now, when will you let us have the reading of it, Lorita?"

"Soon," said Dolores, with a playful air of mystery, "but not quite yet."

"And you will let Clarence be present, to please me?"

"I would do a great deal to please you, Maruja," answered Dolores, with the indulgent manner of an elder sister—a manner that had already become very dear to Polly Hamilton—"and I suppose I shall do this."

"Oh, you sweet thing!" exclaimed the happy girl, with the effusiveness of her sex and age. "And now good-night. Not for the world would I be the cause of dark rings about those lovely eyes of yours to-morrow—good-night and happy dreams to you, my Bita!"

Dolores sighed deeply as the door closed after Polly, and she murmured softly:

"And yet something tells me she will never—never be happy with that man, even if he loves her, and I don't think that she does. I wish from my heart that she had never seen his face and cruel face!"

It was now after midnight, and a brilliant sky, starred with myriad points of diamond light, was visible through the window from which the shade had been accidentally pushed aside. Dolores, with a quick impulse to breathe in the beauty of the midnight hour, turned out the artificial glare of the gas, drew up the window-shade, and stood gazing out at the sky. The silvery radiance of the stars mingled with the moonlight light of the electric lamps, and touched with beauty all the commonplace and often repulsive objects that spoil the view by day-light; but though she was vaguely conscious of this, Dolores was looking straight into the stars overhead, and the calmness and restful joy which that spectacle had always brought to her now stole gently into her troubled mind. The soul seemed to float away through the depths of space; visions of celestial repose and loveliness stretched out before her inward sight; the rhythm and harmony of the spheres, circling forever in their millions of orbits, seemed like unknown but heavenly music wafted to some secret sense of hearing deep within her inmost being. And then, as it had been always from her earliest childhood, she was suddenly conscious of a Presence—nothing tangible and nothing in the least degree terrifying. It was an atmosphere of something exquisitely pure and spiritual, the tremulous, pulsating breath of a guardian angel. A feeling of great content and happiness took possession of her; and gently drawing down the shade, she turned away from the window and began her preparations for bed, and her one thought was:

"Everything will be well and as it should be if we will but wait and be patient. Ah, if I could only remember that, but I am so prone to doubt and to fear and to anticipate the worst. Perhaps the many disappointments and sorrows of life have made me so; but I must strive against that tendency; the bright beings of a higher life can only come close to us when we are at our best. Let me try always to remember that—"

As she placed her head on the downy pillow, Dolores was already almost in a dream, out of which a radiant face seemed to smile upon her, and across her brow and cheek she felt a touch as soft and sweet as the dropping of rose leaves.

"Mamma, sweet!" she murmured, "is it you? Ah, yes, my own mamma, it must be you, for nothing can keep our mother from us. Nothing—not even death!"

And then Dolores slept, tranquilly, happily; and such sleep might well have drawn the angels to look on it and bless it.

Determined that nothing merely fanciful should cause her to bring sorrow to the girl who had rescued her from loneliness and poverty, Dolores set herself the task of looking for every good quality in the character of Clarence Stanley, with the necessary accompaniment to such a search, of being as blind as possible to his defects; and, looked at from this point of view, she was surprised to find how pleasing a person that gentleman all at once became. As to whether this was a right or a wise thing to do, she did not yet pause to ask herself. She was so fond of Polly, and grateful affection went so far beyond anything else, that her impulse was to think nothing and feel nothing except what were calculated to make Polly happy.

And Polly was happy. Her pretty face beamed with joy when she saw how entirely her new sister seemed to have changed her views in regard to Clarence.

Mr. Stanley, according to his almost invincible custom, called to see

Polly about the middle of the afternoon on the day succeeding their evening at the opera, and he was agreeably surprised to find himself very cordially received by Dolores. The possibility of their relationship to each other formed a subject of engrossing interest to Polly; and it was, also, very interesting to themselves, although, at first, such a supposition was far from attractive to the young Spanish girl. But the thought grew upon her; and as she saw Mary Hamilton's pleasure in the idea, and as she reflected that, if related to this handsome young Englishman, she was also related to his whole family, a sudden desire awoke in her heart that the surmise might prove a correct one.

It was very sad to stand all alone in a great wide world where all others—the poorest, the most wretched—had brothers and sisters or other relatives. She had never felt it while her mother still lived, for in the passionate devotion that embraced all kindred in that one relationship, Dolores had never felt the want of any other love. But all was different now; even her affection for Mary would be increased, if possible, by knowing that she would become the wife of a man who was in reality the relative and cousin he declared himself to be.

And what a handsome fellow he was, this Clarence Stanley, and bright and charming, too; and, yes, no doubt lovable and noble, for the man who smiled that way into the sweet upturned face of Polly Hamilton must be worthy of regard and admiration.

"Without doubt you two are of the same race," said Polly, triumphantly. "I can now trace a personal resemblance between you—in fact, I have been aware of it from the first, though I didn't know just what it was. But, Bita, dear, your face was like a face that I had seen before—like one with which I was familiar, from the moment I first saw you. All faces we really love are like that, I think; and I explained it that way to myself. But now I know there was even more in it; it was the resemblance to Clarence."

Dolores listened to these words with an indescribable feeling made up of many different emotions; there was a sudden overwhelming return of her first antagonism toward Stanley; and as she glanced at him there was a startled terror in the conviction that they did look alike; though it would have been difficult to say just where the resemblance was; and yet there was that "family likeness," as it is called, so quickly recognized and yet so difficult to describe; but stronger than all else, she was conscious of Polly Hamilton's love for this man, of whom a day or two before, she had said that she was afraid she "liked him."

"Liked him," thought Dolores, with a shiver of apprehension, as she watched her friend's beaming face, her flushed cheeks, her eloquent, glowing eyes, and the glances she bestowed on the object of her regard, "that 'liking' has now passed into something little short of adoration!"

Ignorant as she was of the passion of love, and all unlearned as to girlish fancies, Dolores knew quite well that Polly Hamilton's heart was thoroughly awakened, and that she had, at one plunge, precipitated herself into the depths of this wildest sea of emotion.

That thought recalled her to her former intention to see only what was pleasant in Clarence Stanley, and again she repressed the feeling of repulsion against him that had almost overcome her.

"Yes," she said, glancing at him, "we are alike, somewhat, and as I remember your poor father, though I was very young when he died, Mr. Stanley looks even like him. I am more like mamma, Maruja, thought she was so lovely that it seems vanity in me to say so—"

"Lovely! Yes, indeed! Oh, Clarence, you never saw such a beautiful face! Bita, will you let us look at the picture? Dear, where is it? Can I get it?"

Dolores drew the miniature from her pocket and, opening the case, handed it to Polly, who in turn gave it to Stanley; at least she held out the case to him and, as he took hold of it, their hands were pressed against each other, and they stood gazing on the fair face of her who had been Alice Lindsay, and who now lay in a nameless grave among strangers, forgotten by all the world save one slight girl to whom that thought was now so bitterly present that she turned away from the sight of these lovers who were looking at her mother's picture.

As Dolores walked to the other side of the room, a servant announced the arrival of callers; and Polly, with a bright blush, started away from Stanley, leaving the miniature in his hand.

"Oh, Bertha," exclaimed Polly, "I am delighted to see you! How you have neglected me! Miss Gave, I am so glad! How sweet of you to bring your friend to see me. Bertha! She has spoken of you so often, Miss Gave, I don't feel at all that you are a stranger. Pray allow me: Miss Gave, Mr. Stanley; Miss Selton, Mr. Stanley."

"I am particularly glad to meet Mr. Stanley," said Olive Gave, extending her hand, "because I had the pleasure of meeting his family when I was abroad."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Clarence, as he touched the extended hand.

And perhaps he was the first young man in all her experience of whom she felt it necessary, on first meeting her, to be on his guard against the ingenious Olive Gave.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Of all Oriental peoples the Armenians are said to be the most devoted to journalism. Their political, literary and scientific papers are read as far as India.

ARP ON MILLENNIUM

Bill Does Not Think Happy Time Near At Hand

VERY SLOW WORK IN CONVERTING

If All the World is to Come to Christ Better Progress Will Have to Be Made By Us.

I believe the millennium crase has subsided for awhile. Within my recollection it bobbed up three or four times and excited good people all over the country, for good people wish it to come and live in hope and expectation. I remember when William Miller, of Massachusetts, had all New England excited, for he was a very learned man and a sincere Christian and believed all that he professed. For ten years he exhorted the people to be ready for the coming of Christ in 1843 and even fixed the day when they would see Him descending from heaven in magnificent glory and escorted by Moses and Elijah and a retinue of angels. He had over 50,000 devoted converts and the night before the promised day they arrayed themselves in white raiment and sang and shouted and prayed until morning and then climbed the high hills and the tree tops and the spires of the churches to meet Him as He neared the earth. But He didn't come and it nearly broke their hearts and they liked to have perished to death, for they had given away all their earthly possessions.

Next came Dr. John Cummings, a very learned minister of London, who wrote a book on it and fixed the millennial year at 1863. We were fighting over here about that time and the millennium had to be postponed. The millennium means the reign of Christ upon the earth for a thousand years, when everybody will be good and there shall be no more death nor pain nor sorrow, and there has not been a century since His crucifixion that the religious people have not been looking for His coming. The Christians got their belief from the prophets of Daniel and from St. John and St. Peter and later on from Irenaeus and Justin Martyr and they delighted themselves with dreams of glory that was near at hand. Some of them declared there would be no more winters, no more nights and everlasting wells would run with honey and milk and wine. Jerusalem would be rebuilt and the fruits of the earth would be colossal and never dying. One notable writer said that every grape vine would have 10,000 bunches and every branch 10,000 shoots and every bush 10,000 bunches and every bunch 10,000 grapes and every grape would make 25 gallons of wine. Good gracious! how chivalry that fellow must have been. But the millennium didn't come and by and by Origen, a very wise and good man, came along in the third century and declared that there would be no such grapes, but that Christ's coming would be altogether spiritual. Still His coming is being predicted and when the return of Luther and Calvin came about, they said that the pope was the anti-Christ and the millennium was near at hand. Next came Oliver Cromwell, who excited his followers with a prediction of the millennium—and so it goes on and on and now it is about time for another just as soon as we have done killing off the Philippines and England has killed out all the Boers.

Well, now all these ruminations about the millennium were provoked by what I have been reading about the recent discoveries of oil all over the country. One thought brings on another and if the coming of Christ is near at hand and His reign is to be a spiritual one for a thousand years and there is to be no winter or night or sickness or pain or sorrow we won't need all this oil, neither for fuel or light. And so I don't believe the millennium is very near. If all the people are to be converted and become good it will be a long time off, for it is a slow process and all the coal and oil that is in the bowels of the earth will be needed. It wasn't put there for nothing. Missionary work is going on more rapidly than ever before, but it is like a drop in the bucket of water. We have got 20,000 missionaries in heathen lands and they are aided by \$0,000 native preachers and teachers, but these 100,000 will have to convert an average for each of ten a year to make a million, and there are over a thousand millions of heathens now and more coming on. But they do not convert half a million a year, for the last report gives only 4,000,000 all told. Last year we spent \$30,000,000 on them and have now over 1,000,000 children going to Christian schools and have 23,000 churches and over 1,000 secondary schools besides medical colleges and training schools and hospitals and asylums for orphans and the blind and the insane and the lepers. They have got almost everything that we have got and now have protection in Constantinople and Pekin and Beirut and other great heathen centers. The work they have done in the last ten years is amazing and the abduction of Miss Stone has increased their zeal. Thirty million dollars has been promised for this year and they say that if we cannot convert them we can at least civilize them and teach them the doctrine of a clean shirt and a comfortable home, and these are the first lessons in religion. The last official report tells us that more than half the pupils are girls. For centuries women and girls have been under the ban and were of no more consequence in the household than dogs or beasts of burden, but now they are being lifted up and treated with humanity and respect. If the work of our missionaries accomplished no other good but the rescuing of women from the degradation of ages it is worth ten times its cost. Cost! what is the cost but the surplus of our wealth, and that surplus is not ours, but God's. Libraries and colleges are good things to build up, and foster, but how much do the millionaires give to the cause of missions? Most of this charity we are told came from those who are not worth one-tenth of a million. It is a lamentable fact that the more a man has the more he wants and the less he gives away in proportion to his wealth. The parable of Dives and Lazarus was intended to alarm the rich and selfish.

but most of them say give me a little more money and I will take the risk of losing heaven. Paul said to Timothy: "Gain is not godliness, but godliness with contentment is great gain. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out and they who would be rich fall into temptation and into foolish and heart-felust lusts that cast men into perdition. The love of money is the root of all evil." There is a sermon to live by, but it is hard to do. Somehow I can't help wishing I had a little more than I have got—not for myself, but my wife would like a carriage and horses and ride around and take the grand children, and she would like to have some money of her own to give away and buy little presents without asking me every now and then for a dollar or two. She does hate to do that, and I don't let her when I have any to spare.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

IN CONGRESS.

Detailed Doings of Our National Law-makers.

HOUSE.

47th day.—The House closed the debate upon the postoffice appropriation bill and completed consideration of twelve of the twenty-seven pages. No amendments were adopted. The principal portion of the general debate was devoted to the discussion of the appropriation for special mail facilities. Mr. Crumpacker, of Indiana, opened the debate on this topic. The Southern Railway, which received the subsidy between Washington and New Orleans, he said, now received \$669 per mile in regular mail pay against \$335 when the subsidy was inaugurated in 1893. He contended that the road could not afford to withdraw its fast train if the subsidy was withdrawn. Mr. Underwood, of Alabama, defended the subsidy to the Southern Railway on the ground that it was absolutely necessary to give the South quick mail facilities. The whole South, he said, was benefited by the extra train run in return for this appropriation.

75th day.—The House passed the postoffice appropriation bill. The only amendment of importance was one to incorporate in the bill the provisions of the bill to classify the rural free delivery service, passed a few days ago. Mr. Crumpacker, of Indiana, moved to strike out the appropriation of \$142,728 for the special fast mail facilities from Washington to New Orleans. His motion was lost, 36 to 55.

SENATE.

74th day.—The Senate resumed consideration of the ship subsidy measure and Mr. Berry, of Kansas, a member of the commerce committee, which reported the bill, made a vigorous argument in opposition to it. He charged that it would foster trusts and monopolies in the shipping industry and that already J. Pierpont Morgan and his associates were forming a syndicate for the control of the shipping on the Atlantic. In this connection, he became involved in a colloquy with Mr. Hanna, of Ohio, who maintained that the ships secured by Mr. Morgan from foreign countries could not participate in the subsidies provided by the pending measure.

Mr. Perkins, of California, another member of the commerce committee, read a carefully-prepared speech in support of the bill maintaining that it would add to the prosperity of the entire country.

75th day.—Throughout the session of the Senate, the ship subsidy bill was under consideration. The measure was discussed by Mr. Foraker, of Ohio; Mr. McLaurin, of Mississippi; and Mr. Harris, of Kansas. Mr. Foraker supported the bill, although he admitted that he would have preferred to build up the American merchant marine by the levying of discriminating duties. He was willing, however, to defer to the judgment of the majority that the pending measure embodied the better plan. While Mr. Foraker was discussing the mail routes to be established under the pending bill, Mr. Bacon, of Georgia, insisted that the measure should specify what routes should be established, that no such important question should be left to the Postmaster General. Mr. Foraker stated that he would prefer such a course, but Mr. Hanna suggested that the ship owners ought to have something to say upon that subject, as it would not be just to provide routes that could not be operated at a profit. Mr. Foraker asserted that the International Navigation Company—the American line—had made no money by carrying the mails, under the postal subsidy act, and did not care for a renewal of its contract.

Mr. McLaurin, of Mississippi, followed Mr. Foraker. He was opposed not only to the bill, he said, but to the principles it represented. He said there had been no decadence in ship building in the United States, all reports tending to show that this industry is now experiencing a boom such as it has not had in 50 years. He attacked the proposed United States Ship-Building Company, and called it a combination formed for the purpose of employing labor as economically as possible.

Private Pensions.

Washington, Special.—Senators and members of the House are very much interested in the fact that the pension bill will become a law, because they hope to obtain from it some relief from the pressure on them to secure private pension legislation, as it contains a provision making it a criminal offense for attorneys, claim agents or other persons to receive compensation for services rendered in accordance with the passage through Congress of private pension bills.

Minnesota is called the "Bread and Butter State," and rightly, too, for last year her mills turned out 54,550,000 barrels of flour and churned over 60,000,000 pounds of butter.

GREAT RELIGIOUS GATHERING.

Presbyterian Evangelistic and Bible Institute.

Wednesday at the final session of Synod committee to arrange for a great religious gathering of the Presbyterians of North Carolina in June, a great deal of satisfaction was felt at the outlook for the success of a most important enterprise. It was definitely determined to accept the very urgent and attractive invitation to hold the Evangelistic and Bible Institute at Davidson College. Rev. William Black was chosen president of the institute. The programme covers eight days and is now ready for the printer. It will be published and distributed throughout the State.

The most interesting speakers from this and other Synods have been selected and a course of study in the Bible has been arranged. A special feature will be the conferences concerning practical work. There is every reason to believe that large numbers of Christian workers—both men and women—will be attracted and that the impression will be lasting upon the interests of the cause of Christ, and the Presbyterian denomination throughout North Carolina. Particular attention will be given to the musical features of the convention. Every one feels how appropriate it is to hold this great meeting at Davidson College, the educational center of the Synod, with its cool buildings and delightful campus. The homes of the people will be thrown open for the entertainment of the speakers. Low prices will be charged for board and the railroads will make a grant of special rates. All the details will be published in due time. The sympathy and co-operation of the churches and people of Charlotte has been assured and the committee looks to the Presbyterian population of Mecklenburg for the display of their usual enthusiasm in anything which vitally affects the common cause.—Charlotte Observer.

McNair & Wooten Bankrupt.

Wilmington, Special.—McNair & Wooten, extensive general merchandise and fertilizer dealers at Maxton, Wednesday filed a petition in voluntary bankruptcy in the United States Court here. The liabilities are \$31,448.38, of which \$31,486.01 is in secured claims. The assets are \$31,081.08, of which amount \$22,531.02 is in open store accounts. The attorneys for the petitioners are John D. Shaw & Son, of Laurinburg, and John Cook, of Maxton. Messrs. J. Wooten and H. C. McNair, composing the firm, also ask to be individually declared voluntary bankrupts and reserve the real and personal property, exemption of \$1,500. The personal liabilities of Mr. Wooten approximate \$850, assets \$1,325. The liabilities of Mr. McNair approximate \$1,000, assets \$9,000. The creditors of the firm are widely distributed. Among the secured creditors are the Charlotte Oil and Fertilizer Company, \$3,674.62; the American Fertilizer Company, Norfolk, \$1,379.60; the Navassa Guano Company, Wilmington, \$433.50; the Armfield Company, Fayetteville, \$642.78; Vollers & Hashagen \$584.76.

The Love Poisoning Case.

Albemarle, Special.—Stanly Superior Court has been in session all this week, Judge Shaw presiding, and Solicitor Hamner prosecuting for the State. Judge Shaw is a terror to evil-doers and he has awailed the changing snobs six or eight, the sentences ranging from four to twelve months. The trial of John and Ellen Knotts, colored, the accused poisoners of the late Dr. S. J. Love, has been set for Thursday morning at 9 o'clock. A special venire of 72 men have been summoned, from whom to select the jury. More than a hundred witnesses are to be examined and this case promises to consume the balance of the time. The following visiting lawyers are in attendance: Messrs. J. S. Overman and J. S. Henderson, of Salisbury; B. F. Long, of Statesville; W. J. Montgomery, of Concord; C. D. Bissett, of Charlotte; T. J. Jerome, of Monroe; C. A. Armstrong, of Troy, and Harlee McCall, of Lexington. The latter is here presumably in the interest of the candidacy of E. E. Page, Esq., of Lexington, for the judgeship of this district before the next Democratic convention. Mr. Long, of Irredell, is also a candidate and has quite a strong following in this county.

New Mill.

Rockingham, Special.—The stockholders of the Roberd Manufacturing Company met Wednesday and decided to build another mill. It is said the mill will be built on same place as their present plant which will run 6,500 spindles and 300 looms. The plant will be run by steam. It was left in the hands of the directors to settle the matter as to where the plant will be located, but it is thought it will be built in the edge of town.

News in Paragraphs.

The Norwegian steamer Helga, from Santiago, reports that on March 9, lat. 64:06, long. 74:55, passed the submarine E. R. Woodside, which was abandoned off February 23, 200 miles east of Savannah. Her decks were awash, part of stern gone, but foremast was still standing.

Second Vice President J. F. Holden of the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf Railroad, denies a report that this road has been acquired by the Gould system. "The report cannot be true," says Mr. Holden, as the directors have just voted to put \$13,000,000 in the Albuquerque Extension. The Choctaw is now for sale.

Made Bad Nickels.

Norfolk, Va., Special.—Huntersville, a suburb of this city, has been flooded with spurious nickles for about four months. Jos. W. Shearer and R. T. Sterling were arrested charged with making and passing the counterfeit money. The hearing was continued. The officer making the arrest found a plaster of paris mould arranged to work in front of the house, where the alleged counterfeiters lived. Several lead five-cent pieces were also found in the house.