THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1888.



Eins Street, Lanc., at 9.20 s. m., and .6.00 p. m. Quarryville, at 6.40 p. m. Trains connect at Ecading with trains to and from Philadelphia, Pottaville, Harrisburg Allentown and New York, via. Bound Scott Bouts. At Columbia, with trains to and from Tork Hanovor, Gettysburg, Frederick and Ball more. At Marietta Junction with trains to and from Chickles. At Manheim with trains to and from Leba-At Lancaster Junction, with trains to and from Lancaster, Quarry ville, and Chickies. A. M. Wilgon Superintendent. LEBANON & LANCASTER JOINT Arrangement of Passenger Trains on, and after, Sunday, May 13, 1888. PECHEDULE-In effect from June II Trains LEAVE LANGAGTER and leave and ar-

HAND TO HAND.

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

[Copyrighted] John Proctor saw him as soon as he stepped John Proctor saw him as soon as he stepped on the street. There was the identical broad-cloth suit cut twenty years ago, and the vast expanse of shirt bosgn, frayed in the plaits, but immaculately white. The major was a property of the town, well known as the city clock. With his bushy white mane, his im-posing shoulders, his lofty bow, he radiated and filled the pavement from wall to curb. Proctor thought the old man would be glad to see him, but he certainly had not expected the strange effect which the sight of him pro-duced. Standish stopped as though he had been struck a blow, holding him off at arm's length. His pomposity seemed to suddenly drop from him.

"hy, Jack! Jack!" he stammered, "I did not look to see you. I beg your pardon, Mr. Froctor. Frorget"- drawing back, yet still holding the young man's coat sleeve with what would have been very like a caress in

a woman. "Forgot! Yon forget old friends, I think." "Prince Hal has changed his state," said the major, smiling, with an effort to be him-self. "It is time he shock off old Falstaff. How ill white hairs become a fool and jester! So surfeit swelled, so old and so profane."

ouching his big breast with a bitter laugh. "You did not use to affect the cynic."

me of what I had better forget." Proctor was ashamed, as one man always is of emotion in another. "You had always an unreasonable liking for me, vicious young dog that I was!" he said, lightly. "You're at the old place, I suppose! Til come round at dusk. We'll troil a steak together, hey, major! My hand has not lost its cunning." The old man looked down at him steadily with an inexplicable brightness in his keen eves. "I did not think you would on so far-

Mr. McMurray's carriage drew up at the air. Alcalurray's carriage drew up at the door at that moment. It was plain but rich, the horses thoroughbred. An innocent look-ing, delicate little blonde, dressed with Quaker like plainness, looked out and blushed crimson at the sight of John. At that the blood mounted also into the fellow' if tale face, and he went down to the carriage, lean-ing on the door to speak to her

"A handsome pair, major," whispered Withrow, who was still loitering near. Standish nodded, "She looks like a good

very lucky. Talents and education and re ligion, and now a good wife with money. The boy could not ask for more."

There was something in the old man's un-usual quiet, and the look which he fastened on Proctor, that roused Withrow's curiosity. There used to be some connection be

and paid his bills; that was all. I placed hinf under Mr. McMurray's care when he was entered here first at school. McMurray has the entrance to the best society, and i religious; those were the two things I looked Why, the boy's blood is of the best. His father was one of the old blue bloods of Virginia. He would never have trusted his son to the guardianship of an old scallawag like Dan Standish." The major was himself again, his lling voice and theatrical gest-ures keeping time and apparently enjoying each other thoroughly.

"Oh, that's it? You were not one of the blue bloods then "

"My father was a butcher, sir. I've lived by my wits; and an infernally poor capital they are for any man. I'll say that. I've with dukes and ragpickers in my day, Mr. Withrow. But the smell of the slaughter e followed me. A man is nothing with out family here in Philadelphia." And again his eyes rested on Proctor, with the anxious thoughtfulness so strangely at variance with his ordinary stagey manner.

then to the other. "By the way! Where the deuce- Oh, here it is. Come this way, major," drawing him into the doorway, and opening a New York paper. "Here in the Personals. 'Richard Standish.' You seef No relation of yours, chf"

face. He took out his cracked eveglasses and ted them on his nose; took them down and wiped them leisurely; read the card once, a second time, "No; I don't know the

"From Virginia, you see," said Withrow mutting the paper in his pocket again: "and came here about the same time you say you did But your name's Dan Certainly looks like a trick of the police to get hold of a criminal to me." "So it does to me."

"Going, ch? Proctor's busy," with a significant wink. "He has no need of old fellows like us, now."

The major stood a moment watch ing John's eager gestures, and the bright, blushing face bent over him. "No; he has

no more need of me," he said quietly, and turned away with a bow as he passed the carriage, though neither of them saw him.

Mr. McMurray, with the young clergyman again in his office, safely trapped, could not let him go without a word or two of rebuke "Should you accept it" (they were talking of the call), "you must be careful, my dear sir, to avoid even the appearance of evil. You are young and impulsive, fond of your friends. The dignity of your position would render improper many associates whom you knew as a boy, unless, indeed, pproach them officially, administering the Word as the hope of salvation. This Maj. Standish

now, for example"----"I am very uncertain about accepting this church at all," broke out Jack. "There is a place in the west that suits my ways better But I could not marry on their salary. It's the merest pittance. I could barely live on

Mr. McMurray paused, and answered with deliberation: "In the matter of marriage, must you consult that point of salary at all, Mr. Proctor? The wife you may select may -will, in all probability-be independent. A woman ought to feel herself honored in being called to share the spiritual work of a Christian minister, and should rejoice if she can bear her part in his temporal burdens." "Til never be supported by a rich wife," said John, bluntly. "Til be frank with you, and John, bluntly. "I'll be frank with you, Mr. McMurray. There is a woman whom 1 have loved long and faithfully. I will marry have loved long and faithfully. I will marry ber, if I can. If she has money, well and good; but I must be the provider in my own msehold."

said McMurray, not ill pleased.

"We differ, too, in this matter of associates," obstinately resumed Jack. "I have never felt that my 'cloth,' as the vulgar phrase has it, placed me one whit apart from other men. When I measure myself with a prince or ruffian in the dock by his courage or good sense or faithfulness to his friend, I touch a brotherhood between us stronger than any church bond. We get our naked hands together. You understand? And oftener then it is he who gives the Word to me than I to him," he added, under his

breath. Mr. McMurray checked the angry rebuke on his lips. All young men were flighty nowadays, and given to this visionary talk. He remembered John Proctor's brilliant reputation in the church, the growds that pressed to hear him as he went from city to city. If Chara were his wife, no woman in the church would hold higher rank. "I cannot under-stand," he said, gently, "what bearing this has on your intimacy with Maj. Standish, particularly"-raising his voice when Proc-tor would have spoken-"when I have every reason to believe the police are on his track as a long escaped criminal."

John's face burned as though he himself had been accused. "What proof have you of

Mantify him now," in a mysterious whisper. "I could learn no more from him than that Standishis living under an assumed name. But I fear the worst, Mr. Proctor, the very

"Bah!" muttered John to himself. "Where is this fellow? I'll go to him at once," put-



