Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1890.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

The Boy Whom the Girl Refused Becomes a Great Man in After Life.

A fashionable physician told me an interesting experience, the other day. Thirty years ago he was a boy in one of the villages near New York. Like most lads of his age he had a sweetheart, with whom he used to attend prayer-meetings, parties, and other affairs. Like some other village maidens, this maid was capricious, and one fine day she coolly gave him the go-by for some other fellow. To add insult to injury she badgered him about his prospects, and asked tauntingly what he was going to do when he grew up to be a man. Oh! he was going to be a doctor, and a great doctor. She laughed and said contemptuously, as only wicked, heart-breaking girls can, that he'd never amount to much, because her mother had told her that he was very stupid.

"Well, that's all right," responded our doctor, grimly. "You'll hear from me some day, because I am going to make a success of it." The village lad kept his word. He became a famous doctor and attended some of the most celebrated persons in the United States. He rose constantly in his profession, and had almost forgotten his village maid when one day not so very long ago he received a note from her asking if he was the same person she had known as a boy. He replied courteously, but without unnecessary words, that he was. About two weeks later the lady called on him at his office. She was gray-haired and matronly.

She had seen his name hundreds of times in the public prints, but had supposed that it must be some one other than her former admirer. Then she asked would he do her a favor. Her husband had had reverses, and was at present a sort of demented paralytic. She was too poor to provide for him, and had vainly tried to have him admitted to one of the hospitals for incurables. The doctor gave her a note to the superintendent of the hospital, with which he happened to be connected, that was tantamount to an order for the admission of the patient. Two months after, the husband died in the institution and the widow called to thank the the doctor for his services.

A tear glistened in her eye, and with a deep sigh she hinted at how different things might have been if her mother hadn't forbidden her to have anything more to do with the stupid village lad. The doctor, who saw the ticklish ground the widow was treading, rapidly changed the subject, and soon after bowed the lady out with much dignity to receive one of his high-priced patients. But he was very absent-minded, and shocked his new caller considerably by the diffident manner in which he asked after her symptoms. His mind was with the Hudson River village girl of thirty years ago.—*New York Star.*

How He Knew Him.

At police headquarters in New York not long ago a message was received, calling for a policeman to come instantly to the office of a physician who is prominent for his success in the treatment of diseases of the throat. When the officer arrived, the physician pointed out a man in his waiting-room, and told him to arrest him, adding:

"This is T——, the forger."

"That T——!" returned the policeman. "Impossible! I know T—— as well as I know myself, and that is not the man."

"He is well disguised," the doctor answered, "but I will vouch for his being the man."

The policeman was still incredulous, but the T—— in question was a criminal too notorious for him to be willing to run any risks, and he accordingly took the man prisoner. The captive did indeed prove to be T——, but he had taken the pains to disguise himself, and it was a mystery to the officers how the physician had contrived to recognize him.

"Well, the truth is," the doctor answered, "that it was a simple case of automatic memory, only that from my profession I remember throats as you remember faces. I did not in the least know the man's face, but the moment I looked at his throat I remembered it in an instant. I had him under my care four years ago, and I never forget a patient's throat, although I do not remember one face in a hundred."—*Youth's Companion.*

Changes Are Beneficial.

A well-known medical authority is so strong an advocate of change that he says: "Change your climate if you can; if you cannot do that, change your house; failing your house change your room, and if not your room, then rearrange your furniture." If possible every family should go away once a year for a month's stay under different surroundings; if this be not possible, changes of a week at a time will probably save you a doctor's bill if you have become "run down" in health.

Make as many expeditions as you can during the summer; go once a week if possible and you will find them more efficacious to build up the strength than any tonic that can be administered. If possible get different food for the family at such times than they are daily accustomed to, even if it is not as delicate. A change of food will often stimulate a jaded appetite. When children or grown people begin to lose appetite and seem listless better than a spring tonic for the blood is a visit at a distance where there is a complete change of scene and food.

BURDEN BEARERS.

n the gay, shifting markets of the East,
Gaunt and grotesque, the patient camels stand,
Calm amid busy tumult, ugly, grand,
With rough-ridged form and meek, uplifted face,
Ready to bear afar, in conscious strength,
That which is laid upon them. Day by day
To fast, and thirst, and labor, till at length,
The desert crossed and won the resting place,
I master's hand shall lift the load away.
Oh, still, strong human nature whom we meet
Day after day, in adverse circumstance
Serene and faithful! Have we learned, perchance,
From these dumb heroes of the Eastern mart
The untold secret, wonderful as sweet,
Of all that grandly simple strength of heart?
In meekness lieth might. Such souls as these
Accept their burden upon bended knees!

—[Portland Oregonian.

The Adventure of Tse-i-La.

Far inland, to the north of Tonkin, stretches the broad province of Kouang-Ti.

In this region, whose inhabitants still retain much of their Tartar origin, the more recent doctrine of Lao-Tsen has not yet been able to exterminate the general belief in the Poussahi, the popular genii of olden times. Thanks to the fanaticism of the country bonzes (priests) this form of superstition still flourishes, its vigor increasing relatively with the distance from Pei-Tsin, or as we call it, Pekin. One of its leading features is a firm belief in the direct intervention by its gods in all matters of state and public welfare. A recent viceroy of this immense imperial dependence was the governor Tche-Tang, who succeeded in earning for himself the reputation of a cunning, greedy and most cruel despot. How he succeeded in escaping the vengeance of a thousand deadly foes and, though imperilled by the universal hatred of his subjects, in closing his term of rule in comparative peace this tale will show.

One day, some ten years before his death, Tche-Tang gave audience in the Hall of Honor of his palace. He was seated on a throne of ebony marvelously inlaid with mother-of-pearl and gold, his chin resting on his hands, his sceptre lying across his knees. Behind and overshadowing his throne rose a colossal statue of Fo, the god "not to be expressed." Upon the steps in front of the throne stood his body-guard, clothed in their uniform of black skin and coat of mail, and armed with lance or bow or glittering axe. At his right hand stood his favorite executioner, a grim and herculean figure.

Tche-Tang's cruel looks wandered about the crowd which stood around him, mandarins, princes of his own family, and high officials of his court. Their faces were expressionless and blank. The viceroy, fully conscious that he was hated by all and surrounded by possible assassins, looked suspiciously upon each group whose members talked together with hushed voices. Uncertain as to whom it would be most advisable to make an example of, perpetually astonished in himself to find that he still lived, he still sat dreaming, taciturn and threatening.

A curtain was suddenly thrust aside and an officer, dragging a young man after him, entered the hall. The youth, who was of striking beauty, was clad in a simple robe of silk, girdled at the waist with a silver belt. When before Tche-Tang he humbly prostrated himself at his feet.

"Son of Heaven," said the officer at a sign from the viceroy, "this young man, by his own statement, is but an obscure citizen, called Tse-i-la, and yet, heedless of the Slow Death, he boldly asserts that he has been sent upon a mission to your Highness by the immortal Poussahs."

"Speak," said Tche-Tang.

Tse-i-la rose to his feet.

"Mightiness," he said in a calm and even voice, "I am fully aware of the fate which awaits me, if I cannot prove my words. Last night, by means of a vision, the Poussahs singled me out for their especial favor, and entrusted me with a secret almost beyond the conception of mortal mind. If your Highness will deign to listen to it, you will at once recognize its divine source for the knowledge of it will awake in your being a new sense. By its virtue you will at once acquire the marvelous gift of reading—with closed eyes, and in the space which separates the eye-ball from its lid—the very names written in letters of blood of all those who may be plotting against your throne or life at the exact moment, too, when the infamy first enters their mind. So then you will be forever protected against surprise and live on in peace and full security. I—Tse-i-la—swear in the name of Fo, whose image overshadows us, that the magic attribute of this secret is exactly as I have described."

At the close of this extraordinary statement a stir ran through the whole assemblage and then deep silence followed. For once the usually impassive faces were moved by a vague suspicion. Each man looked intently at the young stranger who could thus, without a sign of ear or faltering, claim the possession of a divine secret. Several tried to smile and assume an air of contemptuous disdain, but the effort was beyond them and, instead, they grew pale and trembled. All this Tche-Tang was quick to notice.

At last one of the princes, doubtless to conceal his own uneasiness, cried out:

"We are listening to a fool who is drunk with opium!"

Then the mandarins spoke, in an effort to reassure themselves:

"The Poussahs grant their inspiration only to the most aged and wisest of the bonzes!"

And one of the ministers:

"It is for us to decide, and at once, whether the secret, of which this young man claims he is possessed, is worthy of being submitted to our ruler."

To which an officer, in his anger, added:

"In all likelihood this fellow has his dagger ready to strike our Master at the moment when his eyes——"

His words were interrupted by a general shout of "Let him be arrested!"

Tche-Tang stretched towards Tse-i-la his jewelled sceptre, and said, impassively: "Continue."

Quite unconcernedly, and moving, as he spoke, his little fan of ebony, Tse-i-la went on:

"If any torture could induce Tse-i-la to betray this secret by revealing it to any other than his Sovereign, I will affirm that the Poussahs who, though invisible, hear our every word, have ill-chosen their interpreter. No, Princes, I am not drunk with opium, my looks surely deny that I am mad, and I have no weapon about me. This, only, will I add. If I am content to run the risk of the Slow Death it is because I am convinced that such a secret will gain the reward of which it is worthy. You alone, oh! Highness, shall decide whether I deserve the price I ask. The gods having made me noble by their inspiration you shall grant me your daughter, the beautiful Li-tien-Se, the insignia of a prince of mandarins, and fifty thousand liangs of gold."

As he pronounced the words "liangs of gold," an almost imperceptible flush rose to Tse-i-la's cheek, which he conceal by a movement of his fan.

The exorbitance of the demand provoked much laughter among the courtiers and aroused the wrath of the viceroy, whose pride and avarice rose up in sudden revolt. A cruel smile passed over his lips as he gazed at the young man, who boldly continued:

"I await from you, Lord, your royal oath, in the name of Fo, the avenger of perjury, that, according as you may find my secret a substantial truth or a chimerical idea, you will grant me either the reward I ask or such form of death as may seem good in your eyes."

Tche-Tang arose.

"The oath is given," he said; "follow me."

Some moments later, in a gloomy vault lighted by the dim rays of a single lamp, Tse-i-la, securely bound to a stake, was face to face with Tche-Tang, who stood some paces from him. The viceroy was alone, his back towards a heavy iron door, his right hand resting on a carved dragon's head which projected from the wall, and whose single eye seemed to be watching Tse-i-la. The bright green of Tche-Tang's robe came out in strong relief against the dark background; the light, though dim, was reflected a thousand times from his collar of precious stones, but his face, catching the shadow of the lamp, was almost invisible. In this vault far underground, they were secure from listening ears.

"Speak on," said Tche-Tang.

"Sire, I am a disciple of the famous poet Li-tai-pe. As the gods have gifted you with power, so have they bestowed genius upon me; true, they have in my case added poverty but only as a means of quickening my intellect. I have thanked them daily for so many favors, and have lived a peaceful and contented life, until one evening, through the silvery moonlight, I espied upon the lofty terrace of this palace, your daughter, Li-tien-Se. Since that night my studies have been neglected, and as for her, I have an inward feeling that she too has felt the dawning of a passion. Wearied with longing, preferring rather the most frightful death to the torment of living without her, I determined by some heroic act, and with a subtlety which is almost divine, to raise myself, O, Majesty, to the level of your daughter, Li-tien Se."

Tche-Tang, doubtless by some sudden movement of impatience, pressed his hand heavily upon the dragon's eye. A double door, facing Tse-i-la, parted and rolled silently back, exposing to his sight the interior of another dungeon. Three men, clothed in skins, stood motionless around a brasier in which were heating the implements of torture. From the roof a thick silken cord hung down, and below it glistened a small and round steel cage, with a single circular opening.

Tse-i-la, as he well knew, was looking upon the awful machinery of the Terrible Death.

After being exposed to excruciating torture by fire, the victim, with one wrist tied by the silken cord, was suspended in the air, the other hand, extended behind his back, was bound to the foot of the opposite leg. The cage was then placed around his head, fastened securely to the shoulders, and two large and famished rats were placed inside it. The executioner then gave a swinging motion to the unfortunate wretch, and left him alone, save for the ghastly companions of the cage, and in utter darkness.

At the sight of this horror, which might move the strongest man, Tse-i-la said, coldly, "You forget that no one, save yourself, was to hear what I have to say."

The doors were closed again.

"Your secret?" muttered Tche-Tang. "My secret, Tyrant! It is this: that my death will bring about your ruin, this very night!" said Tse-i-la, a fierce light in his eyes. "My death? Do you not understand that it is for that alone those whom we left above are longing? Will it not prove the emptiness of my promises? How they will gloat, and revel in their murderous hearts over your disappointed credulity! Will it not be the signal for your downfall? Embolened by your disappointment, seeing impunity before them, why longer restrain their bitter hatred? Summon your executioners! I shall be avenged. Recollect this I know: that you already feel that if I perish, your own life is only a matter of a few hours, and that your children strangled, according to the custom of our people, will quickly follow you; and—and Li-tien-Se, your daughter, the flower of flowers will become the prey of your assassins.

"Ah, if you were but a wise prince! Supposing, on the other hand that you were at once to return to them, bearing on your face the signs of a mysterious and all-powerful knowledge, surrounded by your body-guard, and your hand upon my shoulder; that seated on your throne, and having with your own hand clothed me in a prince's robes, you were to summon the sweet Li-tien-Se—your daughter and my bride—and that having formally betrothed us, you should order your State Treasurer to count out to me the fifty thousand golden liangs; I swear that, beholding this, all of your courtiers whose daggers are now half-drawn against you, would fall at your feet, trembling and subdued. Never again, in all the future, would they dare to harbor a single treacherous thought. Think upon this! You are known as one whom it is hard to move, well versed in Oriental lore and mysteries. Surely then, it can be no mere empty fable that, within a few moments' space, could change your whole appearance into that of one who has learned some sacred truth! Again, you who are notorious for your cruelty, allow me to live! You, whose cupidity is a bye-word, shower your gold upon me! Your paternal love amounts to arrogance, and yet, at a word, you bestow your daughter upon me, an unknown, humble stranger! What doubt could possibly remain in your courtiers' minds? In what should the value of a secret message sent from heaven consist, if not in the belief of those around you that you alone possess it? I have kept my word; the rest depends upon yourself. As to the money and the dignity, I despise them both. My demanding them was simply to establish further proof amongst those who know your character so well, of the incredible value of my imaginary secret. Tche-Tang, the Viceroy, I, Tse-i-la, bound by your order to this post and in the presence of the Terrible Death, do now exalt the glory and enlightenment of the wise Li-tai-pe, my Master! I declare to you, in all truth, the wisdom of the policy I now dictate. Let us return to your court—your own face stern, but radiant. Publicly give thanks to heaven. Threaten to be, for the future, without a particle of pity. Order fetes and illuminations for the pleasure of the people and in honor of Fo (to whom, indeed, I owe the inspiration of this divine ruse). I myself will depart to-morrow. In some distant province, thanks to your grant of money, I shall live in perpetual happiness with the chosen of my heart. The diamond button which would betoken my rank as mandarin, I shall not take away. My ambition lies not in that direction. I believe solely in harmonious thoughts and deep studies which outlast all princes and all dynasties; being a king in their immortal Empire, why should I aspire to be a prince in yours? Are you not convinced that the gods have given me as strong a heart and as much intelligence as those who surround you possess? I am more acceptable then in the eyes of a young girl than one of your own dignitaries. Ask Li-tien-Se, my beloved, if I do not speak the truth. When she looks into my eyes, I dare swear what she will say. As for yourself, O! Viceroy, you will reign in peace, protected by this superstition, and, moreover, should you see fit to temper your rule with justice, fear will be changed into love for your strengthened throne. In that is the secret of all kings and rulers worthy of the name. I have none other to impart to you. Ponder my words; choose and announce your choice... I have spoken."

Tse-i-la was silent.

Perfectly motionless, Tche-Tang appeared for some moments to be lost in meditation, his figure casting a dark shadow on the iron door. Presently he advanced towards the young man and laying a hand on either shoulder gazed searchingly into his eyes as if to read his very soul, and as if himself overcome with a thousand indefinable sensations.

At last, drawing his sword, he cut the thongs which bound Tse-i-la; then, throwing his own royal collar about the youth's neck, he said: "Come."

Mounting the dungeon steps, he laid his hand upon the door beyond which were light and liberty.

Dazed by his sudden fortune and the triumph of his love, Tse-i-la gazed at the royal emblem.

"What! This too?" he murmured. "You have been slandered, vilely slandered! It is worth more than the fortune you have promised me. What does this gift mean, your Highness! For what is it a recompense?"

"For your insolence," scornfully answered Tche-Tang, as the sunlight streamed through the open door.—The Epoch.

Failure of the Apple Crop.

People who are fond of apples—and who are not?—must do without their favorite fruit this year or pay fancy prices for it. Reports indicate that the apple crop is as great a general failure this year as has ever been known in this country. There are no apples in the region of Cincinnati; none in Ohio or Indiana, and very few we believe, comparatively speaking, in the whole Ohio Valley. In earlier days, after southern Ohio orchards, planted by the pioneers, began to fail, the forest-bordered orchards of Indiana were famous for their apple crops. But there are no apples in the Hoosier State this year. The crop in the famous apple region of New York State is a failure.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

MADE HIM CRAWFISH.

Telling a Tall Story and Taking it Back Under Pressure.

When five or six men get together and begin to tell stories there is always more or less lying done, especially if they are only casual acquaintances. Going down on the boat from Natchez there were three or four "rings" which hung together, and each of us told some pretty tall stories. There was a man from Syracuse who laid himself out for a whopper, and when the rest of us were through, he settled back and said:

"Gentlemen, the ship which was carrying me to India was burned off the island of Borneo, and I got away in a boat with a single sailor."

"When was this?" asked a native Mississippian, who was taking a lot of mules down the river.

"In 1858."

"Exactly—go ahead."

"We had neither water nor provisions in the boat," said the man, "and after drifting for three days I wanted to draw lots to see who should die. The sailor refused."

"His name?" asked the Mississippian.

"Foster, I believe."

"You are right—go ahead."

"I suffered one day more, and then, as he slept, I killed him with my knife and drank his blood. It saved my life. Next day I was picked up by a ship."

"And you killed the man, did you?"

"I did."

"And drank his blood?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are the man I've been looking for these many years. That sailor was my brother—my big brother—the only brother I ever had."

"No!"

"Yes, he was. Some of those who got away in another boat saw him go off with you, and told me of it. Stranger, the man who drinks my brother's blood has got to die!"

"But you must be mistaken. I—I hardly think his name was Foster."

"Oh, yes, it was. Name was Fostership got afire—off the island of Borneo—drifted about in a boat. It's all straight, and now I want satisfaction. Have you got a bowie knife about you?"

"Look here, boys," said the Syracuse man as he caught his breath. "I'm in a box and have got to make a confession. I was lying about that adventure from start to finish."

"Sure of it?" demanded the Mississippian, while everybody else laughed.

"I know I was."

"Didn't kill my brother and drink his blood?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, that's all right and I'm glad to hear it. I'm as humble as a lamb on ordinary matters, but when it comes to killing my brother—the only brother I ever had—why, who wouldn't fight?"

We asked the Syracuse man to give us something else, but he wouldn't do it. He went off to his stateroom and tied his head up with a towel.—[New York Sun.

Made a Fortune in Frogs' Legs.

"About twenty-five years ago," said an old attendant in the big Washington Market, "several men made fortunes at catching frogs and sending them to market. The hind legs were cut off, skinned, washed, and, after being mildly salted, were sent away in barrels. Prices used to range from fifty to seventy-five cents for a dozen pairs of legs, and as sales were quick, there was a pile of money in the occupation.

"One old fellow, a blacksmith by the name of Weld, down in Greenbush, He, supplied all of New England for years. He lived by the side of very extensive swamps that were filled with wigglers and cattails. The former furnished food for the frogs, while the latter gave them shade. I have seen bullfrog legs that were as big as the legs of a chicken.

"Old man Weld used to hire boys to kill frogs for him, giving them five or six cents a dozen. The frogs were so plentiful that many of the children earned good wages, even at that small price. Weld dressed the frogs, corned them, and shipped them to Boston in barrels, like herrings. He kept up the business for years, and, though he slew hundreds of thousands every year, the supply did not diminish at all.

"By and by the prices went away down, and, as the old man had cleared about $100,000 out of the scheme, he retired, built himself a fine mansion, and lived at his ease. He is the only man I know of who got rich by catching frogs, but I have heard of several others."—[Boston Globe.

A Great City's Egg Supply.

When it comes to eggs, figures fail. It is necessary to speak of them by dozens. Last year 6,000,000 dozens of eggs were sold in the egg markets, 72,000,000 eggs all told. But that is nothing. Hundreds of grocers get their eggs direct from the country, so that it will probably be safe to say that New York and its vicinity consumes 1,000,000,000 eggs every year, as the egg men say that they do not get one-tenth part of the eggs used in New York.

They are gathered from every where; some are raised right within the city limits, many across the river in Hudson County, N. J., hundreds of thousands on Long Island, and nobody knows how many within 200 miles of New York city. They are packed in barrels chiefly for the market, and in boxes—each egg in its own compartment—for family and grocery store shipment. The only available figures are those of the markets, but the dealers say that they do not begin to represent one-tenth part of the consumption.—[New York News.

Sir George Elliott, the wealthy English coal baron, began life as a miner.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 18.—The Republicans of Monroe County nominated Jas. John Van Voorhis for Congress by acclamation.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—A man, supposed to be C. Farrington, committed suicide last evening by jumping off the Washington Bridge on the upper Harlem river.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 18.—A general strike of cigarmakers in this city, involving about 400 men, was inaugurated yesterday for an advance of $1 per thousand for making all grades of cigars.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 19.—The design of Wm. Crocker Noble, of Newport, has been accepted by the Burns Monument Committee. It represents the poet seated, with books and papers around him.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 19.—Trading in Lima oil has been inaugurated on the different petroleum exchanges. The trading here up to noon was quite active, from 75,000 to 100,000 barrels being traded in up to that hour.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 19.—Theresa Lubner, aged 16 years, was instantly killed, and Frederick Spescht, aged 20 years, was fatally injured by the explosion of a centrifugal hydro-extractor in the cleansing room at the Tillit Silk Mills.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 16.—Sunol and Palo Alto, the celebrated trotters, are entered for the Belmont Park races, this city, on Sept. 4. Sunol will trot against Maud S's record, 2:08¾, and Palo Alto will go against the stallion record of 2:12.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 16.—Mr. J. Harry Ward, a well known member of the Corn and Flour Exchange, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He had been suffering from melancholia. He was 48 years old and unmarried.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 16.—Horace M. Porter, of the Reading Railroad's press bureau, is ill of typhoid fever at his home in this city. Mr. Porter is a son of Gen. Horace Porter of New York and is a general favorite in railroad and social circles.

PATERSON, N. J., Aug. 16.—An Erie passenger train ran into a freight train at Riverside, smashing six freight cars and an engine. E. E. Townsend, fireman of the passenger engine, was badly hurt while jumping off. No one else was hurt.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Aug. 16.—The trial of the five striking cigarmakers who were recently arrested for doing picket duty terminated in conviction. Each was sentenced to one hundred days' imprisonment in the Albany County penitentiary.

DANVILLE, Ill., Aug. 18.—Policeman Poll while attempting to arrest some men in a saloon was assaulted by a crowd of toughs. Poll drew a revolver and shot John Cleland through the lungs and Al Cleland in the arm. John Cleland cannot recover.

GALESBURG, Ill., Aug. 18.—S. E. Wilkinson, Grand Master of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, left here this morning for Buffalo to attend a meeting of the heads of the several railroad organizations called to consider the New York Central strike.

HAVANA, Aug. 19.—A dispatch from Santiago de Cuba to the Weather Bureau here reports that indications have been observed of the approach of a fresh cyclone moving up from the southeast and following close upon the skirts of last week's storm.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—James Pollion, 15 years old, a locomotive engineer, was struck by the Spuyten Duyvil local train at Mott Haven and instantly killed. Pollion leaves a widow, who lives in Troy. He was a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

BOSTON, Aug. 16.—George Dixon, the colored bantam weight, and little Johnny Murphy, have been matched to fight for a purse and an outside bet of $1,500 a side. They will fight with two-ounce gloves, Queensberry rules, at a point within 200 miles of Boston, on October 8.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 19.—A bus bringing in a number of passengers from Pine Hill was upset at the Genesee street toll-gate. Joseph Lochenmeyer, eight years old, was instantly killed, and Mrs. Buckholtz and Mrs. Geiger were seriously injured. They all lived in this city.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 19.—The New Jersey Federation of Trades, in session here, threw out the delegates from the Knights of Labor. In the speeches made it was declared that the K. of L. was opposed to local labor organizations, and it was for that reason that the delegates were excluded.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 18.—It is reported that masked robbers held up a train at Otterville, Mo., near Sedalia, and robbed the express car of $30,000. Only a few facts concerning the affair have been received. The scene of the robbery was near the last committed by the James brothers in Missouri.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 18.—Henry W. J. Connors, while returning home along Green street was struck by a passenger train and instantly killed, his body being almost torn into shreds. He leaves a family at Uniontown.

SCRANTON, Pa., Aug. 19.—The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Company's Central breaker was burned last night, loss $100,000. About 500 men and boys are thrown out of employment. The men and mules in the mine at the time the fire began were rescued by means of the air shaft and slope.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—Sarah Wilson, aged 25 years, while insane last night, jumped from the second story window of her residence, No. 803 Washington street. She was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, suffering from a sprained back. She has been ill for some time.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Aug. 19.—Wm. Vanderwater, a farmer, of Fishkill, while driving across the railroad which passes through his farm was struck by a train and both he and his horse were killed. It was Mr. Vanderwater's birthday and he was returning home with articles which he had purchased for a party.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 19.—The Atlantic Baseball Association League will dissolve on August 27th. Manager Barnie, of the Baltimores, has accepted a franchise in the American Association in place of the Brooklyn team, and will play the home games scheduled for that team at Baltimore, opening here with the St. Louis on August 27th.

WINDSOR, Ont., Aug. 16.—John C. Brosi, accused of forging his uncle's name in Pittsburg, Pa., was called up before Magistrate Bartlett and remanded for eight days to await the arrival of extradition papers. If these documents are not forthcoming at the expiration of that time Brosi will be discharged.

CHATHAM, Mass., Aug. 19.—John W. Candler, of Brookline, who now represents this—the ninth—district in Congress, has appointed Manton Maybrick, of Needham, as his private secretary. Mr. Maybrick is a young lawyer, and is at present employed as clerk of the Committee of Congress on the proposed World's Fair at Chicago in 1893.

HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 16.—The Hartford Baseball Club of the Atlantic League disbanded immediately after the game with the Newarks. President Lang, of the Hartfords, last night wired Secretary Braden to that effect. Mr. Lang wanted the players to finish the season taking their chance for salary from the gate, but this the players refused to do.

OGDEN, Utah, Aug. 19.—Rollin Jones, of Richfield, arrived in Ephraim yesterday with a man whom he captured in Richfield, of whom he thinks is Tascott. The prisoner answers the description of Tascott, even to the scars on both elbows and the right knee. He will be taken to Chicago and Jones will demand the reward of $50,000 offered for his arrest.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 18.—The captain of the steamer Portia, from New York, reports that when off Pollock Rip bell buoy a large three masted schooner was seen to disappear beneath the waves. The name of the vessel could not be ascertained. From appearances the captain thought the schooner had been in collision and that the crew had abandoned her when they found she was sinking.

CHICAGO, Aug. 18.—With fine weather a grand carnival of trotting sport is promised at Washington Park this week. The meeting opens to-day and will continue six days, during which 21 stakes, purses and matches will be decided. Each class race and stake has received a splendid list of nominations. On Wednesday Palo Alto and Jack will trot for $5,000, and on Saturday Sunol will attempt to beat the world's record of 2:08¾ held by Maud S.

TRENTON, Aug. 16.—Mrs. Lillie Brown, formerly of this city, but now residing at Brown's Mills, a summer resort in the pines of Burlington County, has become a heroine by a brave act. She heard screams proceeding from the cabin of a man having an unsavory reputation and, procuring a revolver, forced her way into the cabin, where she found a man brutally maltreating a little girl. Mrs. Brown pointed her revolver at the man's head and compelled him to release the child. The brutal fellow made his escape by jumping out of a window.

DESERTED HIS BRIDE.

The Husband Starts on a Wedding Tour Alone After Stealing $3,000.

PINE GROVE, Pa., Aug. 16.—A marriage was solemnized here last evening which aroused the interest of the whole community in no ordinary degree. The interest was intensified when it was learned that the husband had started on his wedding tour abruptly and alone, taking a large sum of the bride's money with him, and that another lady, claiming to be the fugitive's wife, had arrived here just too late to intercept him.

Eight months ago a handsome stranger came to Pine Grove, hired a room and hung out a gorgeous sign with the inscription "James Van Nostrand, Dentist." He was a constant attendant at church and became a social favorite, many young ladies vieing with one another to secure him as an escort.

The prize (such as it was) was captured by Mrs. Rushbrook, a handsome widow of 25 years with a comfortable bank account. They were married last evening by Rev. Walter MacKinnon. The bride's residence was brilliantly decorated and illuminated for the occasion.

After dinner the couple began to make preparations to take the midnight express for Elmira, where a week was to be spent prior to a European trip. Van Nostrand, who was apparently in the happiest mood, begged the bride to excuse him while he went to the depot to arrange for the tickets, etc. With many loving injunctions to hurry back, he left the house and was seen no more. He carried with him, she says, $3,000 in cash which she gave him a few hours before the marriage to bear the expense of a three months' trip.

A further surprise was the announcement that the fugitive had already a wife and boy six years of age living in Pittsburg. Through some mysterious means wife No. 1 discovered his whereabouts and arrived here in the morning in search of her truant husband. Van Nostrand at the last moment, it is said, heard that his wife was on her way East, and it was this that caused his hurried departure.

THERE MAY BE WAR

Orders to Seize and Dismantle British Sealers.

THE CORWIN SAILS FOR ALASKA

All Sailing Vessels Found Poaching to be Vigorously Dealt With.

If the Orders are Executed the British Minister at Washington May Demand His Passports—What Assistant Secretary Nettleton Says—Alarm Felt About the Safety of the Corwin.

TACOMA, Wash., Aug. 19.—Dispatches from San Francisco state that some alarm is felt about the safety of the revenue cutter Corwin, which sailed from Port Townsend some time ago.

The Corwin on Saturday received orders to proceed to Behring Sea at once, and is now en route to Seattle to coal, after which she will proceed north, first going to Sitka.

Captain Hooper says he has orders to act under the first instructions received.

These instructions authorized a very vigorous policy, and were rescinded and a more conservative course authorized when the Richard Rush sailed.

The first orders directed the captains of the cutters to seize all vessels where there was any circumstantial evidence to show that they had been poaching. The prizes were to be stripped of all bunting. Their skins and papers were also to be taken and only enough provisions left on board to last the vessel and prize crew until the nearest port was reached.

The subsequent orders were that the cutters should serve all vessels found in the sea with a copy of President Harrison's proclamation, and if the vessel was seen again to capture it. The department, Captain Hooper's orders lead one to believe, has determined that the more vigorous policy should be followed and, although it is late in the season, all sealing vessels found poaching are to be summarily dealt with.

Possibility of Hostilities.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—Assistant Secretary Nettleton, of the Treasury Department, was shown the Tacoma dispatch. He read it over reflectively, and after some hesitation he remarked: "There is just one line of this dispatch that I will indorse. It is the statement that the Corwin has been ordered to Alaskan waters." Nothing further confirmatory or contradictory of the dispatch could be obtained.

If the Corwin's orders are those issued last May then indeed negotiations are at an end, and the statement made by Sir Julian Pauncefote may be strictly carried out. He told Mr. Blaine the first news received of interference with British vessels in Behring Sea would be notice to him that his services as Her Majesty's Minister in Washington would be of no further use to his Government.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Her Majesty Willing to Have the Behring Sea Difficulty Arbitrated.

LONDON, Aug 19.—Parliament has been prorogued. The Queen's speech to the two houses in part was as follows:

My Lords and Gentlemen: My relations with all other powers continues pacific. Friendly attention has been called to inconvenience which might arise from a possible conflict over territorial claims in the newly occupied regions in Africa, and I have, therefore, entered into negotiations with the powers principally concerned for the purpose of defining the boundaries within which the action of the respective governments shall be confined.

An arrangement with Germany, which closes the most difficult of these questions, has been completed and laid before you, and in order to give effect to it you have sanctioned a special statute for the cession of Heligoland.

An arrangement was also entered into with France separating the territory adjacent to the southern frontier of Algeria from the territory under the influence of the Niger Company. An agreement delimiting other territories in Africa is under discussion with Portugal. I have agreed with France that the British protectorate over Zanzibar and the French protectorate over Madagascar shall be mutually recognized.

I have offered the President of the United States to submit to arbitration the difference over the Behring Sea fisheries.

The conference on the slave trade, which was assembled at my suggestion by King Leopold, has brought its deliberations to a close, and the final act has received the adhesion of all the powers represented except Holland.

I earnestly hope that the resolutions of the conference may lead to results worthy of the high and benevolent purpose that inspired them.

Controversies have arisen between my subjects in Newfoundland and the French fishermen respecting the true interpretation of the rights of France by the treaty of Utrecht and subsequent engagements. The adjustment of these is occupying the serious attention of my Government.

Mrs. Dunbar's Body Found.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Aug. 19.—The coroner and the police found the body of Mrs. Fred E. Dunbar, who was buried by her eccentric husband without a proper permit. The corpse was exhumed and an autopsy will be made. Dunbar is still under arrest.

Swam the English Channel.

LONDON, Aug. 19.—Davis Dalton, an American, has accomplished the feat of swimming the English Channel, from Grisnez to Folkestone, on his back, in 23½ hours. He finished strong. A boat acted as pilot to the swimmer.

MARKET PRICES.

Latest New York Quotations—Cattle Market.

BUTTER.—State Dairy, in tr., new, fancy 17
State Dairy, N.Y. new, good to choice, lb 16
Western Dairy, fancy, per lb 11
Western Dairy, good to choice, per lb. 10
Eastern Creamery, fancy, per lb 20
Eastern Creamery, good to choice, lb 19
Elgin Creamery, choiceto fancy, per lb 20
Imitation Creamery, fancy, per lb 13
Imitation Creamery, good to choice, lb 12
Western Creamery, fancy, per lb 18
Western Creamery, good to choice, lb 17
Factory, fresh, per lb 10
GRAIN AND FEED.—Beans, Mar., choice, 3.00
Beans, medium, choice 2.20
Beans, Red Kidney, choice 4.00
Beans, foreign 2.10
Beans, Pea, choice 2.15
Green Peas, bags, per bushel 1.00
Beans, Lima, California, per bag 3.50
CHEESE.—State Factory, white, fancy 7¾
State Factory, colored, fancy, lb 7¾
State Factory, full cream, choice, lb 7¾
Full Skims, per lb 2¼
State Creamery, part skim, per lb 5
DRIED FRUITS.—Apples, evaporat'd, fcy 14
Apples, sun-dried, fair to prime, per lb 8
Peaches, evaporated, choice, per lb 25
Raspberries, evaporated, per lb 30
Raspberries, sun-dried, per lb 26
Cherries, per lb 23
Blackberries, per lb 7
Peanuts, fancy, new, per lb 8¾
Peanuts, farmer's grades, new, per lb 8
Pecans, per lb 11
Plums, State, per lb 12
EGGS.—Eastern, fresh-laid, choice, doz. 19½
Western, new-laid, choice 19
Canada, new-laid, per doz 19½
FRUITS.—Apples, new Jersey, per bbl 4.00
Apples, Virginia, choice, half-bbl. crate 1.50
Apples, Virginia, poor to good, bbl 3.00
Apples, Maryland, per bushel crate 1.25
Pears, Bell, per bbl 4.00
Pears, Le Conte, Georgia, per bbl 8.00
Pears, Le Conte, Ga., per crate 1.37
Peaches, Del. and Md., basket 2.50
Peaches, N. J., basket 2.25
Grapes, Va., Ives, per 10-lb. basket 60
Grapes, Va., Ives, per 5-lb. basket 35
Watermelons, large, prime per 100 24.00
Watermelons, medium, per 100 20.00
Muskmelons, Md., fancy, per bbl 2.50
Muskmelons, N. J., Jenny Lind, bbl 2.00
HAY AND STRAW.—Hay, No. 1, per 100 lb 80
Hay, Clover mixed 50
Hay, Salt 55
Hay, shipping 45
Long Rye straw 85
Short Rye Straw 60
Oat Straw 45
Wheat Straw 40
POULTRY, ETC.—Live Western Geese 1.37
Chickens, Spring, near-by, choice, lb 15
Ducks, Western, per pair 70
Fowls, State, N. J. and Pa., per lb 12½
Fowls, Western, per lb 12½
Roosters, per lb 7½
Turkeys, per lb 12
Chickens, Philadelphia, choice, per lb 21
Chickens, Western, dry-picked, per lb 20
Ducks, Spring, Long Island, per lb 15
Ducks, Spring, Philadelphia, per lb 14
Tame squabs, white, per doz 2.25
Snipe, English, fresh, per doz 2.00
Plover, Grass, per doz 1.25
Plover, Golden, f