Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3, 1890.

It is estimated that the railroads of the United States lose $2,000,000 yearly by land-slides, $5,000,000 by floods, $1,000,000 by fire and $9,000,000 by collisions.

How far the idea of using electricity as a street-car motor has progressed can be judged from the fact that in a trade journal devoted exclusively to the street railways, one-third of the articles relate to electricity and its application to street roads.

Lovers of canned salmon should congratulate themselves, thinks the New York *Mail and Express*. In spite of the old idea that two good seasons for salmon are never consecutive, the run in British Columbia this year is equal to that of last year, when it was the best ever known.

"The transfer of Heligoland to Germany is creating an amount of talk and excitement that is much greater," says the Chicago *Herald*, "than the subject calls for. Every week some real estate dealer transfers a larger and more valuable tract right in the city limits of Chicago, and makes no noise about it at all."

Policeman Henry Hennerman, of Louisville, took a nap on his front porch. While he was thus enjoying himself a thief came in at the front gate and stole the officer's hat. Such an outrage filled Policeman Hennerman with wrath. He provided himself with a pistol and again sat down upon the porch, placing another hat upon a chair near him. Muttering vengence, he pretended to be asleep. Sure enough, he did fall asleep after a while, and the thief returned and carried off the second hat and the pistol. Mr. Hennerman is an ideal policeman, is the verdict of the facetious Chicago *Herald*.

The New York *Herald* says: A "railroad in the Holy Land" has rather a jarring sound. "Five minutes for refreshments at the Brook of Kedron," "Dinner in the Valley of Jehosaphat," "Breakfast at Nazareth," "Tickets good for either Mount Zion or Mount Moriah."

We presume these will soon be added to the cries now familiar to pilgrims over the sea. However, we shall in time be accustomed to it, and the railroad will no more detract from the feeling of reverence with which we surround the Holy Land than from the memories that belong to the poetry and traditions of Egypt, Rome and the Isles of Greece.

From statistics produced in a valuable pamphlet by William Little it appears that the amount of timber converted into lumber in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota last year reached the enormous aggregate of 8,305,833,277 superficial feet, exclusive of white pine shingles, which, if added, would bring the total consumption up to 9,000,000,000 feet. Ruthless slaughter of that order not even the matchless and unlimited forests discovered by Mr. Stanley in Africa could long survive. As a matter of fact the timberlands of the Northwest are already practically exhausted. Of 29,000,000,000 feet reported by the census of 1880 as then standing in lower Michigan only one-tenth now remains; and in the three States there is estimated to be less than 10,000,000,000 feet.

A clergyman writes as follows in the Chicago *Advance*: "Clerical hospitality is declining. The minister's house is no longer the stopping place of all ministers who pass his way. Possibly the change to both host and guest is in some respects desirable, yet in other respects it is undesirable. The virtue of hospitality may sometimes be a hard drain upon the narrow larder of the parsonage, but it does tend to promote that hearty fellowship which ministers need and which they are glad to give and receive. Every one in Massachusetts knows the Rev. Daniel Butler, the agent of the Massachusetts Bible Society, a man with such a reputation for war that it must indeed be no small strain even for one who has so much ability to sustain the reputation. Mr. Butler tells me that fifty years ago there was hardly a parsonage in Massachusetts that he would not feel free to enter as an uninvited guest, but that now there is hardly a parsonage into which he would feel free to go without a special invitation. I confess that I rather mourn the old days of clerical hospitality."

PERMANENCE.

I wrote her name upon a rose
That spread its petals to the dawn;
But at the evening's drowsing close
I came, and lo! the rose was gone.

I carved her name upon a tree,
The stately forest's pride and mine,
"Live there, sweet name! Long lease to thee!"
That night the tempest slew the pine.

I cut her name deep in a rock
That crowned the beetling mountain-side,
Alas! there came an earthquake shock,
And plunged the bowlder in the tide.

Then I perceived that outward frame
Could no sure stead to love impart,
And last of all I wrote her name
Warm on the tablets of my heart.

—[James Buckham, in Frank Leslie's.

THE LOST MOONFLOWER.

I looked up from my beetles. The night was warm.

A little black girl crossed the dusty main street of the village just in front of my hut, carrying in her hand what seemed to me in the gloaming the largest blossom I had ever observed since my arrival in Africa. That was a blossom! It looked like an orchid, pale cream-color in hue, and very fantastic and bizarre in shape; but what specially attracted my attention at first sight was its peculiar shining and glistening effect, like luminous paint, which made it glow in the gray dusk with a sort of phosphorescent light such as one observes in tropical seas on calm summer evenings.

To a naturalist, of course, such a vision as that was simply irresistible. "Hullo, there, little girl!" I cried out in Fantee, which I had learned by that time to speak pretty fluently, "let me look at your flower, will you? Where on earth did you get it?"

But instead of answering me civilly, the scared little savage, alarmed at my white face, set up a wild howl of terror and amazement and bolted off down the street as fast as her small bandy legs would carry her.

Well, science is science. I wasn't to be balked of a unique specimen for my great collection by a trick like that. So, flinging away my cigarette and darting out of my hut I gave chase incontinently, and rushed full pelt down the main street of Tulamba, helter-skelter in pursuit of my ten-year-old.

But I reckoned without my host. Children on the Gaboon beat the record for the quarter mile. I was quite pumped out and panting for breath before I ran that girl to earth at last, by her mother's door at the far end of the village. A dozen more of the natives loitering about on their backs in the dust of the street, had joined the hue and cry with great gusto by that time. They didn't know, to be sure, what the fuss was about, but given a white man—bestower of money—rushing in mad pursuit, and a poor little frightened black girl scampering away for dear life at the top of her speed, in abject bodily terror, and you may confidently reckon on the chivalry of the Gaboon to range itself automatically on the side of the stronger, and to drive the unhappy small child hopelessly into a very bad corner.

When at last I got up with the object of my quest she was so alarmed and blown with her headlong career that I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself. Even the pursuit of science, I will frankly admit, hardly justified me in so chivying that frightened little morsel, the strong, through the street of Tulamba. However, a bright, English sixpence, a red silk pocket handkerchief and the promise of a box of European sweets from the old, half-caste Portuguese trader's shop in the village, soon restored her confidence. Unhappily it did not restore that broken and dragged orchid. In her headlong flight the child had crumpled it hopelessly up in her hand and distorted it almost beyond the possibility of scientific recognition. All I could make out with certainty was that the orchid belonged to a new and hitherto undescribed species; that it was large and luminous and extremely beautiful, and that if only I could succeed in securing a plant of it my name was made as a scientific explorer.

The natives crowded around with disinterested advice and eyed the torn and draggled blossom curiously. "It's a moonflower," they said in their own dialect. "Very rare. Hard to get. Comes from the deep shades of the great forest."

"How did you come by it, my child?" I asked coaxingly of my sobbing little ten-year-old.

"My father brought it in," the child answered with a burst. "He gave it me a week ago. He was out in the country of the dwarfs doing trade. He went for ivory and he brought this back to me."

"Does it bite?" I cried to the natives who had crowded round looking on, "do you know where it lives? I want to get one. A good English rifle to any man in Tulamba who guides me to the spot where I can pick a wild moonflower."

The men shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders dubiously.

"Oh, no," they all answered, like supers at the theatre, with one accord. "Too far! Too dangerous!"

"Why, dangerous?" I cried, laughing. "The moonflowers won't bite you. Who says danger in picking a flower?"

My head guide and hunter stood out from the crowd, and looked across at me awe struck. "Oh, excellency," he said, in a hushed and frightened voice, "the moon flower is very scarce; it grows only in the dark forest of the inner land where the Ngina dwells. No man dare pick it for fear of the Ngina."

"Who," said I, "is that so, my friend? Then I am astonished." For Ngina, as no doubt you're already aware, is the native West African name for the gorilla.

Well, I took home the poor draggled blossom to my hut, dissected it carefully and made what scientific study was possible of its unhappy remains in their much tortured condition. But for the next ten days or so I can readily believe, I could think and talk and dream of nothing but moon flowers. You can't think what a fascination it exerts on a naturalist explorer's mind—a new orchid like that, as big round as a dessert plate and marked by so extraordinary and hitherto unknown a peculiarity in plants as phosphorescence. For the moon flower was phosphorescent. Of this I had not the shadow of a doubt. Its petals gave out by night a faint and dreamy luminousness, which must have shined like a moon indeed in the dense dark shade of a tropical African forest.

The more I inquired of the natives about the new plant the more was my curiosity piqued to possess one. I longed to bring a root of the marvellous bloom to Europe. For the natives all spoke of it with a certain hushed awe or superstitious respect. "It is the Ngina's flower," they said; "it grows in the dark places of the gardens of Ngina. If any man breaks one off that is very bad luck; the Ngina will surely overtake and destroy him."

This superstitious awe only inflamed my desire to possess a root. The natives' stories showed the moon flower to be a most unique species. I gathered from what they told me that the blossom had a very long spur or sac, containing honey at its base in great quantities; that it was fertilized and rifled by a huge evening moth, whose proboscis was exactly adapted in length to the spur and its nectary; that it was creamy white in order to attract the insects' eyes in the gray shades of dusk; and that, for the self-same reason, its petals were endowed with the strange quality of phosphorescence, till now unknown in the vegetable kingdom; while it exhaled by night a delicious perfume, strong enough to be perceived at some twenty yards distance. So great a prize to a man of my tastes was simply irresistible. I made up my mind that, come what might, I must, could and would possess a tuber of the moon flower.

One fortnight sufficed for me to make my final plans. Heavy bribes overcame the scruples of the negroes. The promise of a good rifle induced the finder of the first specimen to take service with me as a guide. Fully equipped for a week's march, and well attended with followers all armed to the teeth, I made my start at last for the home of the moonflower.

To cut a long story short, we went for three days into the primeval shade of the great equatorial African forest. Dense roofs of foliage shut out the light of day; underfoot the ground was encumbered with thick, tropical brushwood. We crept along cautiously, hacking our way at times among the brake with our cutlasses and crawling at others through the deep tangle of the underbrush on all fours like monkeys. During all those three days we never caught sight of a single moon flower. They were growing very rare nowadays, my guide explained in most voluble Fantee. When he was a mere boy his father found dozens of them, but now, why you must go miles and miles through the depths of the forest and never so much as light on a specimen.

At last, about noon on the fourth day out, we came upon a torrent rushing with great velocity among huge bowlders and sending up the spray of its boiling rapids into the trees of the neighborhood. I sat down to rest, meaning to mix the water from the cool, fresh stream with a spoonful or two of cognac from the flask in my pocket. As I drank it I tossed back my head and looked up. Something on one of the trees hard by attracted my eyes strangely. A parasite stood out boldly from a fork of the branches, bearing a long, lithe spray of huge, luminous flowers, as big as dessert plates. My heart gave a bound. The prize was within sight. I pointed my finger in silence to the tree. At the negroes with one voice raised a loud shout of triumph. Their words rent the air: "The moon flower! The moon flower!"

I felt myself for a moment a perfect Stanley or Du Chaillu. I had discovered the most marvellous and beautiful orchid known to science.

I laid down my rifle, and mounting on the back of one of my porters was swinging myself up to the lowest branch of the tree, where my new treasure shone resplendent in its own dim phosphorescence. I couldn't have trusted anyhand but my own to pick or egg out that glorious tuber. I meant to cut it bodily from the bark as it stood and bear it back in triumph in my own arms to Tulamba.

I had climbed the tree cautiously and was standing almost within grasp of the prize, when a sudden shout among my followers below startled and discomposed me. I looked down and hesitated. My brain reeled and sickened. A strange sight met my eyes. My porters, one and all, had taken to their feet down the bed of the stream at the very top of their speed, and were making a most unanimous and inexplicable stampede toward the direction of Tulamba.

For a moment I couldn't imagine what had happened to disconcert them; then, casting my glance carefully toward the spot where I had flung down my rifle, I became aware at once of the cause of this commotion. Their retreat was well timed. By the moss-clad bowlders which filled the bed of the torrent somebody, with a big, black face and huge grinning teeth, was standing erect, looking up at me and laughing. I had never seen the somebody's awful features before, but I had no need, for all that, to ask myself his name. I paused face to face with a live male gorilla.

For a moment or two the creature gazed up at me and grinned. Then he raised my rifle in his arms; held it clumsily before him, and to my intense surprise, taking a very bad aim; or rather pointing it aimlessly in the air, pulled both triggers with one hand and discharged the two barrels at me with one pull simultaneously. The bullets whizzed past me somewhere or other a few yards off. They knocked off the twigs beyond my precious moon flower.

I don't deny that I was astonished. I won't deny that I was frightened. To tell the truth I was never in such a hideous funk before in all my life. I trembled like a jelly—my protoplasm curdled; I don't suppose the creature intended to fire or had the slightest idea in his dim mind what firing meant. No doubt he was only playing with the unknown object out of pure monkey curiosity. He must have been almost as much terrified at the result as I was. But no matter for that; it was awkward to find one's self face to face with a gorilla, alone and without one's rifle—so awkward that for a minute or two I just gave myself up for lost entirely.

The gorilla, however, after his first flush of surprise was over, did not, as I half hoped, fling down the noisy gun and make headlong for the remotest depths of the forest. On the contrary, he stood and looked at it for a few seconds in blank dismay. He frowned with his scowling eyebrows; he gnashed his great teeth in rage; he roared like a waterfall. Then he seized the rifle deliberately in his great hairy hands, bent the barrel almost double as readily as a man would bend a bit of common lead gaspipe, and flung it away angrily among the moss clad bowlders. After that he looked up and grinned once more diabolically, showing his great canine teeth in the most grewsome fashion.

Well, I don't deny, as I say, that I was in a state of blue funk at the creature's gigantic and almost supernatural powers. But still, the moon flower was at stake, and I wouldn't desert it. I was so horribly frightened that I don't believe wife or child or fatherland or freedom would have induced me to stay one moment alone in such dire extremities. But when it comes to orchids! Well, I say no more than that I am above all things a scientific explorer; each of us has his weakness, and mine is a flower. That touches my heart. For that alone can I be wrought up to the utmost pitch of daring conceivable or possible for me.

So I looked at the huge brute, and I looked at the moonflower. Slowly and cautiously, gazing down all the time as I went to watch the creature's face, I crept along the branch, took my knife from my pocket, and began to loosen the bark all around the spot where the glorious parasite was all a-growing and a-blowing. The gorilla, from below, stood watching me and roaring. His roar seemed like an invitation to come down and fight. I never in my life heard anything so awfully human in its deep bass roll. It reminded me of the lowest notes of the stage villain in the Italian operas, magnified, so to speak, two hundred diameters.

Presently, as I went on cutting away the bark, as if for dear life, and loosening the precious tuber, my gorilla, who still remained motionless by his mossclad bowlder, left off his roaring and appeared to grow interested in the process of the operation. A change came o'er the spirit of his dream. He looked up and wondered, with vague brute curiousity, not unmixed with a certain strange air of low cunning and intelligence.

The longer I went on the closer and the more attentively did the gorilla take stock of all my acts and movements.

At last I had finished and held my specimen in my hands entire. The next question now was what to do with it.

I walked slowly and cautiously along the branch of the tree. The gorilla, with his eyes now fixed curiously on the moonflower, put forth one hairy leg in front of another, and grinning with a sort of diabolical, brutish good humor, walked step for step on the ground just as cautiously beneath me.

I came to the end of the bough, and reached the point where interlacing branches enabled me to get on to another tree. I did so somewhat clumsily, for I was handicapped by the moonflower. Then I lost my balance, and clinging still to my moonflower in my last chance for life, lowered myself slowly hand over hand to the ground in front of him.

With a frightful roar the creature sprang upon me, and made a wild grab at my precious moonflower. That was more than scientific human nature could stand. I turned and fled, carrying my specimen with me. But my pursuer was too quick. He caught me up in a moment. His scowling black face was ghastly to behold; his huge white teeth gleamed fierce and hideous, his brawny, thick hands could have crushed me to a jelly. I panted and paused. My heart fluttered fast, then stood still within me. There was a second's suspense. At its end, to my infinite horror, he seized—not me—oh, no; not me—I might have put up with that—but the priceless moonflower.

I was helpless to defend myself—helpless to secure or safeguard my treasure. He took it from me with a grin. I could see through those sunken eyes what was passing in the creature's dim and brutal brain. He was saying to himself, this man of his own low grade of cunning: "If that tuber was worth so much pains to him to get it must be worth just as much to me to keep. So by your leave, my friend, if you'll excuse me, I'll take it."

I stood appalled and gazed at him. The brute snatched that unique specimen of a dying or almost extinct genus in his swarth, hairy hands—those clumsy great hands of his—raised it bodily to his mouth, crushing and tearing the beautiful petals in his coarse grab as he went—ate it slowly through, tuber, stem, leaf, blossom—and swallowed it conscientiously, with a hideous grimace in the very last mouthful. I had but one grain consolation or revenge. It was clear his taste was exceedingly nasty.

Then he looked in my face and broke into a loud, discordant laugh. The laugh was hideous.

"Ahs!" he said, in effect, "so that's all you've got, my fine fellow, after all for all your pains, and care, and trouble?"

I shut my eyes and waited. My turn would come next. He would rend me in his rage for the nastiness of the taste. I stood still and shuddered. But, alas, he meant only to eat the moonflower.

When I opened my eyes again the brute had turned his back without one word of apology, and was walking off in a leisurely pace in contemptuous triumph, shrugging his shoulders as he went, and chuckling low to himself in his vulgar dog in the manger joy and malignancy.

It was four days before I straggled alone, half dead, into Tulamba. I never came across another of those orchids. And that is why at Kew they have still no moonflower.—[New York Herald.

A Freak of Plant Life.

A story of one of the most interesting freaks of vegetable life is told by Ellwood Cooper of Santa Barbara. As coming from him the story cannot be anything but strictly in accordance with the facts. Through Mr. Cooper's garden there runs some years ago a sewer made of redwood timber. This sewer was again cased by an outside sewer. Across the sewer there was built a brick wall many feet high, and in such a way that it was pierced by the inner sewer, which it inclosed tightly, while the outside sewer ended abruptly against the wall. The outside sewer casing had in course of time decayed, and a eucalyptus tree standing some sixty feet away had taken advantage of this and sent one of its roots to the coveted spot in as direct a line as possible. Here the root entered the outside sewer and followed its course as far as it could. At last it came to the wall which shut off its course, and it could go no further, the inside sewer being perfectly tight.

But on the other side of the wall the sewer and its double casing continued, and this enterprising tree evidently knew how to get there. Some three feet high in the brick wall there was a little hole an inch or two in diameter, and this the eucalyptus tree was aware of, as its big root began to climb the dry wall and face the sun and wind until it found the hole, through which it descended on the other side and entered the sewer again and followed it along as formerly. How did the tree know of the hole in the wall? How did it know that the sewer was on the other side? Did it smell, and if it did how could it direct the root to go and find the place with such precision? The roots of any plant grow always and unerringly in the direction of its food just as the eucalyptus tree did.—San Diego (Cal.) Sun.

Whaling Off Norway.

Whales off Norway are harpooned with an instrument of peculiar construction. It consists of a shank, into which two barbs fold; these spring out and stick fast in the animal's flesh when a shaft comes on the line attached to the harpoon. The harpoon is fired from a cannon mounted on a swivel carried in the bow of the steamer. The head of the harpoon carries an explosive shell, which is fired by the breaking of a glass tube filled with sulphuric acid, and the tube is broken the moment the animal strains the line attached to the harpoon, in his dash to escape after being struck.

The line attached consists of a length of chain next the harpoon, and then a stout cable, and the two are connected by an accumulator spring, which breaks the first strain of the animal's dash. Usually the explosion of the shell is immediately fatal, but it does happen occasionally that the explosion of the shell fails to strike a vital part, and in this case the whale is apt to show fight. The steamers employed are vessels built of iron, about sixty to a hundred tons register, with engines of twenty-five to forty horse power nominal. Such a vessel, with its sails backed and engines working full speed astern, and with a long length of cable dragging through the water, presents a very powerful obstruction, but yet monster whales often prove powerful enough to move the steamer with considerable speed.—Chicago Herald.

Food Supplies in Alaska.

In counting upon, and rather boasting of, the abundant food supplies in Alaska the Alaskan says: In winter the native food supplies of the natives are herring oil, venison tallow, venison, halibut, dried salmon and dried sea-weed, a plug of sea-weed resembles a large plug of tobacco. It is a wholesome food. It is eaten either raw or stewed. Only one or two kinds of food are used at a meal. Natives are not accustomed to baking bread, and little bread is used. The bread, purchased at the stores, takes its place. Springtime is the season of fresh eggs, an abundance of which are laid for winter use. June is the time for gathering fresh greens from the woods. Bushels of cranberries and salmon berries are gathered in the summer and the fall. The following others were elected: Grand Chief Templar, D. H. Mann, Brooklyn; Grand Vice Templar, Mrs. Emma G. Dietrick, Lockport; Grand Secretary, D. W. Hooker, Syracuse; Grand Treasurer, B.C. Miller, Brooklyn; Grand Councillor, J. W. Kimball, Amsterdam; Grand Superintendent Juvenile Templars, Mrs. George A. Hewitt, Gaines; Board of Managers, Jesse Merritt, Newburgh; W. T. Logan, Rochester, and H. C. Delong, Richford. The next session will be held at Thousand Island Park on the fourth Tuesday in August.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ASBURY PARK, N. J. Sept 2.—Rev. George E. Snyder, of Ocean Grove, was nominated for Congress by the Prohibitists of the Third Congressional district.

VIENNA, Aug. 30.—The Neue Freie Presse asserts that the conference between Emperor William and the Czar at Narva ended in a disagreement which caused the Emperor to hastily leave Peterhof a day earlier than had been intended.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—Adolph Philipsen, who was detained at the Barge Office on suspicion of being the murderer of W. Meyer at Copenhagen last April, has been released, the Danish authorities having sent word that the murderer of Meyer was safe in a lunatic asylum in Denmark.

ALBANY, Aug. 28.—In police court the four Pinkerton men charged with creating a disturbance on Sunday last, were admitted to bail in the sum of $500 each except in one instance where a man was charged with firing on the crowd, and his bail was fixed at $1,000. Two members of the firm of Weed, Parson & Co., went on the bonds.

PARIS, Aug. 30.—Le Paris prints the following: "The negotiations between France and the United States relative to the American tariff are approaching a favorable conclusion. The Washington Government will remove the duty on works of French art and France will remove the prohibition against American pork."

BOSTON, Aug. 28.—A severe southwesterly gale, accompanied by heavy rain, visited the south shore and caused considerable damage along Nantasket Beach, blowing down awnings and demolishing hotel piazzas. The beach on the inside of Point Allerton and Stony Beach is strewn with stranded boats and small yachts.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—Rumors were current on Wall street that checks of the firm of Potter, Lowell & Co., of Boston and New York, had been thrown out of the banks, and that the firm was financially embarrassed. Boston bankers think that the firm will be able to pull through without making a formal assignment.

DIGBY, N. S., Aug. 28.—At daylight yesterday an American seining schooner was seen in St. Mary's Bay, fishing within the three-mile limit. About noon a Canadian cruiser appeared and gave chase. An exciting race ensued. In the evening the cruiser returned without having caught the Yankee, by lowering a sail over the stern, hid the name of his craft.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 30.—A private telegram from Mandan, North Dakota, reports the death at that place, of heart disease, of Charles E. Meech, Mayor of Mandan and Democratic candidate for State Auditor. Mr. Meech was a brother of the theatre proprietors of this city, and was formerly with the Mercantile National Bank of Hartford, Conn.

LONDON, Aug. 30.—The "Standard" commenting on the article of Prime Minister Whitewaw and his colleagues in the "Fortnightly Review" on the Newfoundland fisheries question, says "We have ought to be lost in ascertaining definitely the French rights, and in determining their surrender by the method which Lord Salisbury adopted so successfully in an analogous case."

LONDON, Aug. 30.—A despatch from Calcutta says that the Ameer of Cabul has returned in triumph to his capital, after an absence of two years, during which he has been engaged in subduing the rebels against his authority. He has treated the rebels with great severity and cruelty. All Afghanistan is now tranquil and quiet, his principal enemies being fugitives in Russian territory.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 30.—Attorney-General Barnard, when asked today what were the State's chances of success when the Sawtelle murder case comes before a jury, said the result was purely problematical. The State, he said, was working in the dark, while Sawtelle's counsel were on the inside, and the State would be fighting against big odds to secure a conviction.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 28.—At the meeting of the Central New York Horse Breeders' Association to-day, Tony Black won the Mafron Stake race for three year olds, with Huchinson second and Lelfast and Nellie Wilkes distanced. Best time, 2.34½. In the pacing class for five year olds, Sunset Patchen won in three straight heats, Marvin being the only other starter. Best time, 2.31½.

BERLIN, Aug. 30.—Recently while lunching with a party of gentlemen, some of whom were Swiss officials, Prince Bismarck said that Swiss neutrality would be respected by Germany in case of war. The Prince in discussing the efforts of the Government to arbitrate the differences between capital and labor said that while a policy of that kind might answer for Switzerland it would not do for Germany.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 28.—Only routine business was done by the State Grand Lodge, Independent Order of Good Templars, who are in annual convention here. The strife for the place of holding the next Grand Lodge session lies between Thousand Island Park and Saratoga.

The following officers were elected: Grand Chief Templar, D. H. Mann, Brooklyn; Grand Vice Templar, Mrs. Emma G. Dietrick, Lockport; Grand Secretary, D. W. Hooker, Syracuse; Grand Treasurer, B.C. Miller, Brooklyn; Grand Councilor, J. W. Kimball, Amsterdam; Grand Superintendent Juvenile Templars, Mrs. George A. Hewitt, Gaines; Board of Managers, Jesse Merritt, Newburgh; W. T. Logan, Rochester, and H. C. Delong, Richford. The next session will be held at Thousand Island Park on the fourth Tuesday in August.

READING, Pa., Sept. 2.—By the explosion of two barrels of oil in the hardware store of Foley, Hoff & Co., fire was started which damaged the building and stock to the extent of $8,000. Two firemen were badly burned.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Sept. 2.—The Interstate Fair opened here with a large crowd in attendance. Guernie won the ½ mile running race and Miss Clay the 1 mile race.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 2.—In the Genesee County Republican convention held at Batavia, Assemblyman Miller was renominated. James Filley was nominated for Sheriff, Wm J. Barry was renominated for School Commissioner, R. W. Hartwell was named for Superintendent of the Poor, Drs. Farmeles and Stone for Coroners, and Hon. Safford North and Wm E. Webster were elected delegates to the Judicial convention.

THE STOCK YARD STRIKE.

The Serious Blockade of Freight Still Continues.

CHICAGO, Aug. 28.—The Alton switchmen are still out, and freight is fast accumulating in their yards. At Brighton there are 500 loaded cars bound for the city. There is no sign of any concession on the part of the railroad company. At a joint meeting of Alton switchmen, engineers and firemen this afternoon, the action of the switchmen in striking was condemned.

Every employe of the Railway Switching Association at the Stock Yards is to be discharged to-morrow. The general managers held two long conferences to-day. It was decided that each road should do its own switching at the Stock Yards, and the action of the superintendents on Aug. 25, in deciding to dissolve the Switching Association was confirmed.

The Lake Shore and the Michigan Central sent engines and crews into the yards to-day, and considerable work was done to relieve the packing houses of the blockade. The Baltimore & Ohio, Illinois Central and several other engineers flatly refused to do any work in the yard.

A mass meeting of all the switchmen in the city has been called for to-night. Non-union men as well as union men are requested to attend. Vice Grand Master John Downey, of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, said today of the proposed meeting: "We intend to get the boys together to find out if they cannot be induced to stop their foolishness."

Many of the strikers are of the belief that the meeting has been called to notify them that their hasty action is in conflict with the rules of the Switchmen's Association, and that being so they cannot expect support from the switchmen on the different roads leading into Chicago.

It is now understood that the switchmen will return to work at the old wages provided they are invited to.

GLADSTONE AND NEWMAN.

Eulogy of Dollinger for His Brave Defense of the Jews.

LONDON, Aug. 30.—In his article on Cardinal Newman and Dr. Dollinger, published in the Speaker, Mr. Gladstone eulogizes these as the two most remarkable men of the contemporary Christian church.

The construction of Dr. Dollinger's mind was simple; that of Cardinal Newman's was complex. The Cardinal was endowed with a subtle and far-reaching genius and the shadings of his thought were like the countless ripples of the sea.

Dr. Dollinger's address on the Jews in Europe was issued when the anti-semitic movement was raging in Germany, and was written evidently for the purpose of making the Germans ashamed of their bigotry. Dr. Dollinger knew, as others did not, the intolerable sufferings of that race; sufferings which dishonor Europe almost as much as those of Ireland dishonor England.

New York State Good Templars.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 28.—Only routine business was done by the State Grand Lodge, Independent Order of Good Templars, who are in annual convention here. The strife for the place of holding the next Grand Lodge session lies between Thousand Island Park and Saratoga.

The following officers were elected: Grand Chief Templar, D. H. Mann, Brooklyn; Grand Vice Templar, Mrs. Emma G. Dietrick, Lockport; Grand Secretary, D. W. Hooker, Syracuse; Grand Treasurer, B.C. Miller, Brooklyn; Grand Councilor, J. W. Kimball, Amsterdam; Grand Superintendent Juvenile Templars, Mrs. George A. Hewitt, Gaines; Board of Managers, Jesse Merritt, Newburgh; W. T. Logan, Rochester, and H. C. Delong, Richford. The next session will be held at Thousand Island Park on the fourth Tuesday in August.

BASE BALL RECORD.

Sept 2 1890.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

	Won	Lost	Pct.		Won	Lost	Pct.
Brook'n	74	36	.673	Chicago	62	47	.569
Boston	69	42	.622	N. York	51	60	.459
Philad'l	66	44	.600	Clev'land	51	75	.392
Cincin'ti	65	43	.597	Pittsb'rg	19	92	.171

PLAYERS' LEAGUE.

	Won	Lost	Pct.		Won	Lost	Pct.
Boston	67	45	.626	Philad'l	56	52	.519
Brook'n	67	46	.593	Pittsb'g	48	57	.457
N. York	63	48	.583	Cleveland	43	63	.406
Chicago	59	53	.527	Buffalo	29	75	.279

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Won	Lost	Pct.		Won	Lost	Pct.
Loui'v'le	64	36	.640	Col'mb's	55	46	.534
St. Louis	60	43	.583	Toledo	52	46	.531
Athletic	51	51	.500	Syracuse	41	59	.410
Rock'st'r	33	47	.535	Baltim'e	28	76	.274

ATLANTIC ASSOCIATION.

	Won	Lost	Pct.		Won	Lost	Pct.
N. Hav'n	22	23	.742	Harrisb'g	42	42	.410
Newark	33	27	.550	Wilm'n	33	32	.500
Lebanon	42	43	.453				

ANOTHER BIG STRIKE

The Chicago Carpenters' Struggle Commenced To-Day.

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE POLICE.

No One but Regular Officers Will be Allowed to Make Arrests.

The New York Central Strike and the Board of Arbitration—An Effort to Show that the Board is Not Legal. Presidents Depew Starts To-Morrow on His Homeward Voyage.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—Chief of Police Marsh to-day issued instructions to the police inspectors relative to their course during the carpenters' strike, which began to-day in earnest. The inspectors were told that they would be held responsible for the preservation of peace and the full protection of life and property in their respective divisions. No intimidation or any other interference whatever with workmen, union or otherwise, employed on any building will be tolerated. The inspectors are also ordered to make necessary details to carry out the instructions of the chief.

When the carpenters decided to strike at their meeting a few weeks ago, they prepared and sent to the Mayor and Chief a vigorous protest against the city countenancing the employment of private detective bureau hirelings. It was the belief of both Mayor Cregier and Chief Marsh that the city could amply protect owners against any threatened or proposed interference on the part of the strikers without the aid of private police or so-called detectives. Accordingly no one but regular policemen will be allowed to exercise any authority, and this order of the chief has had an excellent influence on the men who today begin their fight.

IS THIS BOARD LEGAL?

It is said the New York Board of Arbitration Has No Existence.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—A question at issue in connection with the New York Central strike and the proposed ventilation of the grievances of the Knights of Labor before the State Board of Arbitration, is whether the State Board has a legal existence.

The law which created the State Board of Mediation and Arbitration, passed in 1887, provided that the Governor, with the approval of the Senate, should appoint three members to constitute the Board.

Their term of office was for three years. The members of the present Board were appointed May 20, 1887. Their terms expired May 20 last.

There was no provision made in the law for the existence of a Board after the expiration of the three-year term, nor was there any provision made for the appointment of their successors.

There is nothing in the Tenure of Office act covering this case, and the question is now raised whether the Board of Arbitration has not legally ceased to exist.

When the Board of Arbitration meet to-day to hear the grievances of the Knights of Labor, Joseph H. Choate, as special counsel for the New York Central, and Mr. Loomis will protest against their proceedings as a State Board.

NORVIN GREEN TO RETIRE.

George Gould to Succeed Him as President of Western Union.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—It is understood in Wall street that Dr. Norvin Green is about to resign as president of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Dr. Green is growing old and is quite feeble, and he wishes to be relieved from the cares incident to so responsible a position.

He is to be succeeded by George Gould, whose ambition to pose as the president of every Gould company is well known.

Gen. Thomas T. Eckert, the general manager of the Western Union, hopes to succeed Dr. Green but he will have to put aside his wishes to make way for young Mr. Gould.

National Single Tax Convention.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—The large hall in Cooper Institute was crowded at the opening of the National Single Tax convention. Two hundred and twenty delegates, representing Single Tax clubs from 32 States and the District of Columbia were present. William T. Croasdale called the convention to order. H. Martin Williams, of St. Louis, was elected permanent chairman. Henry George was present.

Stabbed by a Ten-Year-Old Boy.

COBOURG, Ont., Sept. 2.—Two boys named David Smith and Peter Hanson had a quarrel and came to blows. Smith stabbed Hanson in the breast with a pocket knife. Hanson is dead. Smith is only 20 years of age and his victim two years his senior. Smith has been arrested.

A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

A Man Run Through a Threshing Machine and Horribly Crushed.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 30.—A special from Carlton, N. Y., says: Morris Hoyle, while engaged in feeding a threshing machine to-day, put his hand into it to pull out some straw that had clogged the feeder.

His hand was caught into the cogs and he was pulled into the machine. His skull and shoulder were crushed and run through the machine into the straw stack before it could be stopped.

He was about 25 years old and unmarried.

MARKET PRICES.

Latest New York Quotations—Cattle Market.

BUTTER.—State Dairy, fair, new, fancy.. 20
State Dairy, fair, good to choice, lb 19
Western Dairy, fancy, per lb.... 18
Western Dairy, good to choice, per lb. 12
Western Dairy, fair, per lb.... 10
Eastern Creamery, fancy, per lb.... 23
Elgin Creamery, choice to fancy, per lb 21
Imitation Creamery, fancy, per lb.... 16
Imitation Creamery, good to choice, lb 15
Welsh Tubs, fancy, per lb.... 23
Welsh Tubs, good to choice, lb 15
Western Creamery, fancy, per lb.... 23
Western Creamery, good to choice, lb 22
Factory, fresh, per lb.... 11
BEANS AND PEAS.—Beans, Mar., choice. 2.00
Beans, medium, choice.... 2.30
Beans, Red Kidney, choice.... 3.00
Beans, foreign.... 2.00
Beans, Pea, choice.... 2.35
Green Peas, bags, per bushel.... 1.00
Beans, Lima, California, per bag.... 3.75
CHEESE.—State Factory, white, fancy.. 8⅝
State Factory, colored, fancy, lb.... 8⅝
State Factory, full cream, choice, lb.. 8¼
Full Skims, per lb.... 2⅝
State Creamery, part skim, per lb.... 5½
DRIED FRUITS.—Apples, evaporat'd, fcy 15
Apples, sun-dried, fair to prime, per lb 8¼
Peaches, evaporated, choice, per lb.... 20¼
Raspberries, evaporated, per lb.... 33
Raspberries, sun-dried; per lb.... 30
Cherries, per lb.... 28
Blackberries, per lb.... 7½
Peanuts, fancy, new, per lb.... 9
Peanuts, farmer's grades, new, per lb.. 8½
Pecans, per lb.... 10
EGGS.—Eastern, choice, doz.... 20½
Western, choice.... 20
Canada, per doz.... 20½
FRUITS.—Apples, Orange Pippin, per lb. 3.00
Apples, Holland Pippin, fancy, bbl. 2.25
Apples, Nyack Pippin, per bbl.... 3.50
Apples, Alexander, per bbl.... 4.00
Grapes, Va., Ives, per 10-lb. basket.... 50
Grapes, Va., Ives, per 5-lb. basket.... 20
Pears, New Jersey, Bartlett, per bbl.... 8.00
Pears, Clapp's Favorite, per bbl.... 6.50
Pears, Up-River, Bartlett, per keg.... 2.25
Peaches, New Jersey, Selected, basket 3.00
Peaches, New Jersey, prime, per basket 2.25
Plums, Up-River, Egg, per bbl.... 3.00
Plums, Up-River,