Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1, 1890.

A Boy of his Own, Perhaps.

One day as I sat in the Union Depot at Cleveland, waiting to go East, a big, bluff farmer-looking man took a seat beside me, and we were talking about this and that when a mite of a boy, ragged and dirty, and looking as if half starved, came along and asked for alms. He knew it was against orders, and he kept one eye on the policeman as he moved around. Each of us gave him something, and he went over to a man who was reading a paper. He received no response to his request and repeated it, when the brute lowered his paper and gave the lad a cruel box on the ear, The boy cried out and came running back to us, and next moment the big man crossed the space between the benches and loomed up before the man with the paper like a mountain. His face was white with anger, and he trembled all over as he demanded: —

"Did you strike that child?"

"The little beggar annoyed me," was the reply.

"Look here!" thundered the big man, as he turned and pointed to the lad. "You've struck a poor, wee child, ragged, hungry and heart-sick! See his tears! I came over here calculating to pick you up and break you in two over the bench, but I'm going to leave you to that God who watches over the poor and helpless and downtrodden. For every tear that child has shed Heaven will demand a drop of your blood! You are a thing, not a man—a creeping, crawling, contemptible thing!"

The other rose up, eyes flashing and lips compressed, and it was evident that he meant to resent the words. Just then, however, the lad, still digging the tears out of his eyes with his fists, came forward and took the big man by the hand and said,—

"Don't fight. Come away, Mother is awful sick."

The big man returned to his seat, too full to say a word for a moment, and during this interval the stranger sat down, got up again, lifted up his grip, and replaced it, and finally walked over and stood before us and said,—

To say that I am ashamed and humiliated does not half express it. Here, child, take this."

And he left a twenty dollar bill in the lad's hand and walked from the depot with hurried step, while the big man drew a long breath and said,—

"I guess I was too hard on him after all. I guess he believes in God and has a boy of his own, perhaps. Come, sonny, I'll go with you to see about that sick mother."

Grave Error.

The behavior of the victim himself has much to do with the credit of a saved life; but the needful coolness, courage and hope in danger are seldom found or expected in a little child. A Western correspondent of the New York *World* reports an exceptional case:

A plucky 4-year-old baby lives in Oskaloosa, Iowa. It is the child of Mrs. Wilson, and while playing about the mouth of a well, covered by loose boards, fell in. The well is thirty feet deep, and contained ten feet of water at the time. The mother saw the child fall and, frantically seizing a clothes-line, lowered it into the well. The child grasped the line, but of course could not hold on tightly enough to be drawn out. The mother tied her end above.

"Will pet hold on tight till mamma runs for papa?" trembingly cried the mother to the little one.

"Ess," came a brave little sob from below.

The mother hurried away, and soon returned with the father and several other men who, after much difficulty, rescued the child from its chilly bath.

The little one was almost unconscious from the cold when taken out, but had bravely clung to the clothes-line, and so kept its head above water. The happy mother hugged it and wept; for joy, while the assembled crowds threw up their hats and cheered in acknowledgment of the baby's grit.

Reverses of Fortune.

The reverses of fortune are well illustrated among the descendants of the old French nobility, says a Baltimore paper. According to M. Lescure, a grandson of that same Marquis d'Hauteroche, who chivalrously requested the English troops at the battle of Fontenoy to "fire first," ended his days as a common policeman. One of the noble family of Babou de la Bourdaisiere is now a washerwoman. Representatives of other noble families, equally famous in their time, are, or were, occupying the humble places of gamekeeper, carpenter's apprentice, house painter, cab driver, miller's assistant, innkeeper, conductor of an omnibus, box-opener at a theater, gas man, bathing man, maker of mouse traps, chorus singer at the opera, and woodman; while one, who is a great-grandcousin of the illustrious Cardinal de Retz unites in his own person the lowly offices of grave-digger and village fiddler.

Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it.

It is proposed to put the newspaper reporters of Brussels, Belgium, in uniform, and a semi-military costume, with a handsome frogged tunic, is suggested as the proper thing. The desirability of the uniform was first made apparent at the Stanley reception, when they were hustled about like ordinary mortals because their identity was not known.

FLOWERS OR WEEDS.

Upon the grave of him who dies
In Wales they plant some flower, intended
By nature or hue, to symbolize
The life that now on earth is ended.

So, does a maiden die unwed,
Of blameless deeds and fame unspotted,
Her history is clearly read
In the white rose to her allotted.

Or, is it one whose every day
Was full of love's unselfish labors,
The red rose doth his life portray,
Placed on his grave by grateful neighbors.

And sometimes, though but seldom so,
For man is everywhere forgiving,
Are worthless weeds allowed to grow,
Their tale to tell and warn the living.

Ah, reader, scanning now these lines,
What would men plant—thy past disclosing
Thus through such sure though simple signs—
Where thou shalt lie so soon reposing?

—[Vick's Magazine.

Heard in His Own Defence.

"Have I your honor's permission to make a statement?"

"Your honor!" cried Lawyer Lang, springing to his feet; "your honor, before you pass on this request I should like to make a statement myself."

"What is it, Mr. Lang?" asked the judge.

"It's just this," said Mr. Lang, with something more than his usual acerbity: "you remember, of course, that when this man, Cephas Love, was first brought to trial he was without counsel; that he refused to secure any, and that you therefore peremptorily appointed me as such. The appointment was useless, for the defendant has absolutely and unconditionally refused to say a word to me concerning his case. I wish it to be distinctly understood, however, that this silence of the defendant's has been maintained in the face of my most diligent efforts to break down his reserve, for while I first accepted your honor's injunction perfunctorily, I ended by becoming deeply interested in what is certainly a unique case—so far as my practice goes. What I have to state with particular stress is, that I am absolutely and entirely ignorant of the nature of the statement which Mr. Love has asked permission to make. In fact, sir, all I can officially claim to know of this man is, that on the 14th of this month of August, 1890, he was found in the very act of throttling another man to death at No. 863 Pine street, in this city and county of San Francisco; that he was arrested in *flagrante delicto* by Officer Thompson; and that he has been confined in the city prison ever since. He is no more a client of mine than is your honor, and it would be a gross misuse of terms to style him a 'defendant.'"

As Mr. Lang sat down, the man referred to as Cephas Love shook hands with him cordially, and repeated his request for a hearing.

"It is a rather unusual proceeding—at this stage of the trial," said the judge, "for a person in your position to make a statement, but the whole proceedings in this case have been unusual. Moreover, I have not the right to deny you. Do you wish your statement to appear as evidence?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take your place on the witness-stand, then, and be sworn."

He repeated the clerk's mumble-jumble of words with slow emphasis, and laid an intonation upon the concluding words, "so help me God," that gave them a reverential effect not often heard in that court-room.

The sketch which the artist of a morning paper was at this moment making, showed a tiny, neat man, sitting primly with crossed legs and smoothing out the folds of a red silk handkerchief spread over his knees. His hands, face and scalp were of a false ruddiness that was caused by a net-work of small veins in the skin, and that was made all the more vivid by the contrast of a fringe of flax-white hair and two patches of close-trimmed whiskers that lay on each cheek like small powder-puffs. His eyes were light-blue and moist; his lips were thin and straight; and the rest of his features ordinary and inexpressive. He was dressed in a suit of dark-gray clothes, and looked something between an upper servant and a small lawyer. There had been even more than the usual interest felt in the case, the court-room was crowded, and when the prisoner began there was a strained attention to hear what he had to say, made all the more necessary because of the low and rather thick voice in which he spoke.

"My name is correctly given on the documents in the case, I believe," he began: "besides which, it has been on the city directory for the past thirty-two years. It is Cephas Clavering Love, although the middle name is very seldom used. I am sixty-three years of age, and was born at Memphis, Tenn., on the thirteenth of April, 1827. I came to San Francisco thirty-three years come next Christmas eve, and for twenty-one years thereafter I was a clerk for the law firm of Kittridge & Shaw; as I believe your honor well knows. For the past twelve years I have been engaged in the law stationary department of Messrs. Rocker & Coe. These gentlemen, together with many others, I understand I have the right to summon as witnesses to testify as to my general good character, but I shall put none of them to this inconvenience.

"Proceed, Mr. Love," said the judge, for the witness, had stopped and was nervously rubbing the palms of his small, withered hands with his handkerchief.

"Thank you, your honor," said the old man, "I'm not used to making long speeches. All I need further say in any preliminary way about myself is, that I am a widower, with one married daughter living in Norfolk, Virginia—that I am a member of Dr. Wall's church; that I live temperately, drinking but little and smoking less; and that I am a quiet, law-respecting, God-fearing old man. Yet I sit here to-day in this court a murderer."

"Your honor," exclaimed Mr. Lang, once more springing to his feet, "I must insist that the witness be instructed. Your honor knows that a plea of not guilty was entered in the court of examination, and a similar plea has been formally entered in this court of arraignment. This man is on trial; he has not been convicted, and I call upon your honor to instruct the witness that he must not use such terms of self-accusation, as well as to inform the jury that they pay no attention to the wild words of the witness."

"The witness is thoroughly conversant with legal practices, I believe, Mr. Lang," said the judge, "and fully appreciates the gravity of his position and the necessity for carefully weighing what he has to say. Nevertheless if—"

"Excuse me, your honor," said the old man Love, gently stretching out a somewhat shaky hand toward the judge; "you need not caution me, your honor. I am, as you say, thoroughly aware of the gravity of my words—and position. What I say is simply the truth, and the truth can injure no one. I am a murderer, and I purpose telling the story of my crime without attempting any palliation."

There was a stir in the court-room, and a veiled woman—the mother of the victim, it was said—leaned forward in her chair and sobbed.

"Your honor," cried Mr. Lang, again on those ready feet of his; "there is an attempt at sensationalism here," with a vibrating forefinger pointed in the direction of the sobbing woman, "and I ask that it be stopped."

"Well, now," said the prosecuting attorney with hot sarcasm; "we must say we like that. During the whole of these proceedings we haven't said a blessed word. We've allowed you to put your man on the witness stand with all the stage-effect you wanted and without a boo; and now, because this poor, bereaved woman—this heart-stricken mother—gives way to her natural grief when the terrible crime that robbed her of her darling is brought to her mind, you—you, sir, who should be the last man to make a sound, go to blabbing about sensationalism. Why, sir—"

"That will do, gentlemen," said the judge, quietly but firmly, for Mr. Lang was actually bounding about in his anxiety to make his retort. "Go on, sir," he added, turning to the defendant, who during the discussion had busied himself folding his red handkerchief into a neat, square package.

"Since working for Messrs. Rocker & Coe," Cephas Love continued, "I have been in the habit of walking down to the store along Pine street each morning from my boarding-house, at the corner of Larkin and James' streets. On the sixteenth of June last, or it might have been the seventeenth, I noticed that No. 863, after having been vacant for many months, was about to be tenanted. The next morning, and it was a Friday, I remember, my attention was again attracted to No. 863, and this time by a very peculiar incident. The two windows on the ground floor, where the parlor was evidently situated, were draped with heavy curtains of some maroon-colored stuff, after a fashion which used to be in vogue for dining-rooms when I was a boy. As I was passing the house, the curtain nearer me was drawn aside and a face peered out—such a face as frightens a child in what are called its 'bad dreams.'"

"Describe it, Mr. Love," said the attorney Lang.

"I can not," said the witness, putting out both hands in a gesture of repulsion that was strangely energetic in a man seemingly so placid and undemonstrative; "it was more of a mask than a face. Not one of these grotesque masks, you understand, but one of vacuity—a blank, an emptiness, a soulless nothing. The eyes were big, wide open, with the white showing all around the pupil between the fixed lids. The cheeks pale and flabby, the nose a line, and the mouth half open, with the lower lip drooping."

Here a strange thing happened, for while the prisoner described the face, his own took on that of the creature he was delineating, until in the place of the little old gentleman of semi-clerical aspect there appeared the doddling head of a mowing idiot. The red handkerchief had been snatched up from where it lay smoothly folded over on his knee, and was now grasped in both hands like a ball.

"I could only see his face," said Love, dropping back, so to speak, into himself, "because he brought the curtains close up about his neck, like a garment—like a dressing-gown. After I had moved on a few paces, I turned around, for so strange was the impression produced on me that I can liken it to little less than fascination. The face had not moved, but the great staring eyes were still fixed on me as the eyes of a portrait done in oil painting always seem to be, no matter where the observer may move. More than once during the day I found myself thinking of this vacant, fatuous face, and then toward the afternoon I managed to dismiss it with the resolution that it belonged to some poor, unfortunate being, whose friends preferred to take private charge of him rather than to send him to an asylum, and that his presence at the window was due to the temporary absence of those whose duty it was to look after him. But with all this common sense view of the matter, I found myself stupidly excited and nervous as I drew near the house next morning. Well, sir—I mean, your honor—the fellow must have been watching for me, for as I came opposite the windows again, a thin, white hand parted the curtains and the vacant face was turned once more upon me. This time, I thought that the eyes, though fixed and wide open, had the light of a nasty smile in them and that the drooping lower lip was shot out in a grimace of contempt. I had a stout walking-cane in my hand," said the witness, jumping up, "and I threatened the fellow with it in this way." Here he shook out the red-silk handkerchief and waved it rapidly toward the jury-box as though it were a danger-signal. One of the jurymen drew back, with a little nervous start, and the judge looked curiously at the defendant-witness.

"Control yourself, Mr. Love," said he, "and tell your story as calmly as possible."

"I will, your honor," he replied, with meekness and an instant change of demeanor, although it was noticed that great beads of perspiration had broken out on his forehead, and that, now and then, these merged themselves one in the other and than ran trickling down his face like an overcharged raindrop on a window-pane.

"For two or three days I changed my way to the office," he continued, "and took another street, so as to escape the sight of this oppressive face. It was a useless precaution, however, for what had been a day-horror now became a nightmare. For the first time in my life, I became the victim of insomnia. The horrible blank features covered the walls like a patterned paper; they were as visible in the darkness as in the light; they kept my eyes open and stared into them; and they covered me like waves rolling over my bed. The void, meaningless face was with me in a hundred fantastic and distressing shapes, and I felt that I could have strangled the beast of a possessor had he come within my grasp."

The little man's voice rose into a screech, the dull blue eyes flashed like a moving mirror, and his chest heaved, while he twisted the red-silk handkerchief into a scarlet rope.

"On the morning of the third sleepless night," he went on, sinking his voice into a hoarse whisper, while the crowd in the court-room leaned forward as one man to hear what was being said—"on the third morning I got up and determined to put an end to it all. I took out a razor, threw back my collar, in this way, and was going to cut my throat, when the idea entered my head that I would first go and squeeze the life out of my tormenting devil; and then come back and make away with myself. Dressing hurriedly, I ran down stairs and into the street. I was in front of 863, like a flash of double-greased lightning. Quick as I was, the monstrous villain was just as quick. Back went the curtains, as though jerked by red Zamiel himself, and out shot the face—a scarecrow that would frighten the very blue-birds of heaven. No doubt about it, the ghost-like thing was mocking me now—mocking my misery, mocking poor old me, who had been cursed by it for forty million years. I don't know what I said. Call them black, bad words. All the blood rushed to my head, until my ears rang like the seven bells of Kingdom Come. With a one, two, three, I was in the house; and with a four, five, six, I was squeezing his wind pipe—like this."

"Look out, judge!" yelled Mr. Lang, while a cry of horror rose from the people.

The judge had been gently swinging himself around in a quarter-circle on his chair, looking keenly now at the curious witness, and now inquiringly at the prosecuting attorney. As he swung around the last time, the prisoner leaped out from his place, as though moved by a steel spring, and flung himself upon the judge like a cat. The shock threw the judge out of the chair, and both went down together. There were snarls and screams from behind the desk, and when the bailiff leaped in, the prisoner had wound the red silk handkerchief around the judge's neck, and was tugging at it like a demon. A dozen other rescuers were on hand the next minute, but it took nearly the whole of their misdirected strength to tear away the shrieking, frothing maniac and carry him down stairs to the safer accommodation of the "tanks."—[San Francisco Argonaut.

Wit and Satire in Wills.

One might suppose that will-making was anything but a merry occupation, and yet the drollery of the wills that some eccentric old fellows have left behind could hardly be surpassed. Dean Swift could not have concocted a more bitter joke than that of the testator who, after reciting the obligations he was under to a particular friend, bequeathed to him, at the bottom of the first page of his will, ten thousand——dollars, of course, thought the delighted legatee; but, on turning the leaf, the bequest was discovered to be ten thousands thanks. What a wet blanket for "great expectations!"

Just as bad was the codicil of the death-stricken humorist who left to certain of his dear relatives "as many acres of land as shall be found equal to the area enclosed by the track of the center of the oscillation of the earth in a revolution round the sun, supposing the mean distance of the sun to be twenty-one thousand six hundred semi-diameters of the earth from it." This was a century ago; and as the problem could not be satisfactorily worked out, the legatees were kept at a mean distance from the property all their lives.

"TIGER" COMMITTED SUICIDE.

A New York Dog Whose Memory is Honored with a $2,000 Painting.

In the new downtown Delmonico's, a place of honor is accorded to an oil painting of a rather common looking dog—a cross between mastiff and cur, which had, however, a very remarkable history. Old "Tiger" was well known in Wall street. For many years he had the run of the famous hostelry and cafe, and it used to be said of him that he knew every phase of the market just as well as though he could read the tickers.

Tiger had his favorites among the frequenters of the place, and he would show his preference by sitting beside the men he respected and sharing their lunch; but never under any circumstances would he accept a tidbit from the hands of a man who had once been discourteous to him. He was the guardian of the restaurant, and no other animal was permitted to enter while he was around. When Charles Delmonico, who was very fond of the old dog, perished among the Orange Mountains several years ago, Tiger was inconsolable. He went moping about and his famous appetite and his spirit were broken together. A furtive bite was all he cared for after that sad event, and he turned up his nose in melancholy fashion at the dainties with which they sought to tempt him back to the enjoyment of material things. Brokers who knew the brute have actually declared that Tiger was several times surprised weeping canine tears. But then Wall street men are sentimental and imaginative, as a rule. One day Tiger, who had been on a hunger strike of unusual duration, reached out his gaunt yellow jaws and took from the pile at the end of the lunch counter of the old Beaver street establishment a sandwich coutaining a thin slice of beef tongue. An unsympathetic waiter yelled at him and kicked him. Of itself it was but a trifle. In other days Tiger would have responded to this familiarity by cheerfully biting off a portion of the garcon's anatomy nearest to him, but now—alas! the broved spirit was indeed broken. With the iron in his soul Tiger gave a parting glance at his old home, and, setting his tail resolutely between his legs, made a bee line for the dock at the foot of Rector street.

There, in the cold and turbid North River, he sought surcease from the struggles of life. If ever there was a deliberate suicide outside of the human race the death of this dog was one—so at least say the brokers, and John Lodge and Addison Cammack affirm it. The old dog had gone to follow his master.

It was long afterward that the lineaments of Tiger's face and neck were commemorated on canvas. The painting cost in the neighborhood of $2,000, and it hangs where all the bulls and bears can see it as they eat their luncheon. It is a valued possession of the Delmonicos, and they would not part with it for a king's ransom.—[New York Letter.

A Tribe of Hand-Painted Indians.

We have been much interested of late in accounts of the Yuracares, a tribe of wild Indians who inhabit the eastern frontier of Bolivia, says Fannie B. Ward, in the Washington Star. They wear but one garment, a sort of shirt made from the bark of a tree, the bark being beaten thin until it resembles cloth. They paint these shirts in all kinds of grotesque figures, using bright colors extracted from various dye plants. On state occasions the cacique also wears a pig tail made from the shells of mites the backs of green beetles and gay feathers from parrots and macaws; besides which he and all his people further enhance their beauty by painting black rings around their arms and legs. One would think that nature had made them dark enough, but they evidently entertain a different opinion and make use of a kind of fruit which looks like an apple, which, when rubbed on the skin, turns it black as ink. Then they redden their cheeks with the juice of a berry and paint scarlet rings around the eyes and mouth. From each ear a silver coin is suspended; around the neck is a string of beads and berries with a bird's wing or claw of some wild animal for a pendant. As a proof that they are rather proud of their appearance, each carries a bag containing a few articles for use in adorning himself, a comb made from thongs of the palm tree, a quanity of the berries and fruit for painting the skin black and red, a pair of pincers (which are nothing but two musscels shells) for pulling out any superfluous hair that makes its appearance, a snuff box made from a small shell and the musical instrument of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a stork's leg or that of a monkey, which, being round and hollow, answers very well for a flute or whistle, especially as it is noise he desires and not a tune.

The chief sustenance of these Indians is chicha made of the cassava root (yucca), boiled and then partly chewed by the women, after which it is mashed between stones and left to ferment. On the third day it becomes a little sharp in taste, which quality increases as the fermentation proceeds.

Its consistency and appearance are much like mashed potatoes, and to prepare it for drinking a lump the size of your fist is taken in a gourd of dirty hand and kneaded in a gourd of water until well mixed. Then all the coarser fiber which floats on the surface is removed with the fingers and the beverage is considered "fit for the gods." Those who have so far overcome their natural prejudice against the fangs and fingers of the squaws as to taste it report that it is both palatable and wholesome.

Africa will soon be as great a bone for contention among the great European powers as Turkey has been, and Germany may yet come in collision on the dark Continent.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, Mass., Sept. 27.—The Prohibitionists of the Ninth District nominated M. H. Walker of Westboro for Congress.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 27.—An election for Congressman to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lewis F. Watson will be held on November 4.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 27.—The vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron are ordered here for speed and turning trials Thursday Oct. 2.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—The jury in the second trial of Charles McIlvaine for the murder of Grocer Luca, in Brooklyn, entered the court room early this morning and delivered a verdict of murder in the first degree.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Sept. 27.—A peculiar distemper has broken out among horses in this city, which has baffled the veterinarians. The disease begins in slight lameness and culminates in swollen limbs and running sores.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 27.—The Prouty and Burt boot and shoe company of 937 Market street has been seized by the sheriff on judgments aggregating $33,151. The firm declined to make any statement or give any details except those on the records.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Sept. 29.—The Trades' Council has decided to raise the Fleischmann boycott, but to retain the boycott on Vienna bread. It is expected that the boycott, which has been on more than a year, will be lifted in all large cities.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Sept. 27.—Delice Gavin, of Varick street, employed in the Hudson Steam Laundry, met with a serious accident. Her arm became entangled in a steam clothes wringer and before the engines could be stopped her hand was horribly mangled.

BOSTON, Sept. 27.—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather members of the Massachusetts Reform Club turned out in large numbers to greet Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal, who was a guest of the club at a banquet at the Hotel Brunswick last night.

HYDE PARK, Mass., Sept. 29.—Mrs. Hayes, wife of Dr. Charles C. Hayes, drowned herself in the Neponset River during the morning. She was 50 years of age. Her body, which was recovered, will be taken to Madison, Wis., where her father, ex-Governor Mills of Wisconsin, resides.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 27.—A pitch still in a shed at Commercial Point used by James W. Ford with machinery for extracting pitch from coal tar exploded during the morning. The loss to the machinery is $8,000 and on the building $1,000. James Conway an employe was badly burned.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 29.—Rev. Dr. W. L. Phillips, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, has accepted a call to the First Congregational Church in New Haven, Conn. He will be succeeded by Rev. Boyle, now pastor of the Park Avenue M. E. Church of New York city.

LYNN, Mass., Sept. 27.—A. B. Martin has opened his factory as a free shop, although he has secured no men. Twenty-five men from Newark arrived to work in Moulton's shop. Other free shops will be established on Monday. Lennox & Co. have 65 men and are turning out 100 dozen skins per day.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 27.—The United States District Court his finished its labors here. The next regular term of the court will be held at Auburn, in November, but a special term will be held in Utica on Oct. 14 for the purpose of arguing the questions as to the village of Salamanca being upon Indian territory.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—A committee of forty-three, representing over 10,000 men employed in train service on the Elevated system, is now in this city for the purpose of conferring with the officers and securing a new schedule of hours. The committee is headed by its chairman, A. B. Youngson, and C. Chapman, its secretary.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 27.—Corporal James Tanner assumed editorial control of the Republic, a monthly illustrated magazine devoted to the interest and entertainment of the old soldiers. He will continue to reside in Washington, where he has a lucrative pension practice, and will conduct the literary department from there.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 27.—Von der Ahe is getting even with some of his men who are alleged to have signed Brotherhood contracts. Shorty Fuller, the famous little shortstop, was fined $100 yesterday and laid off for the season. He is charged with drinking a glass of beer, but the real reason is that he signed a contract with Comiskay.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 29.—The opening exercises of the Pawtucket Cotton Centenary celebration began with a preliminary Sunday School celebration in Music Hall, which was crowded. Governor Davis and other prominent persons were on the platform. The streets of Pawtucket were crowded with strangers, and the town is generally decorated.

NEWCASTLE, Pa., Sept. 29.—A little girl named Cooper, aged three years, is visiting John Tyndall, of Moravia, near here. While leaning over a fence looking into a pigsty she fell in among the swine. Two pigs attacked her and before any one could come to her assistance she was terribly lacerated and received unconscious. One arm was torn and cut, her head and face mangled and her stomach torn. She will die.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 27.—The British American Association of Massachusetts has issued a call for a special convention in Boston, October 14, to consider the adoption of a platform for political action to decide what course the party will follow in the coming campaign and to give endorsement to such candidates as shall be considered true to American institutions and honest Government.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 29.—William H. Jourdan & Co., one of the oldest and largest coal firms in this city, made an assignment, liabilities $150,000, assets $154,000. The firm did a business of over $1,000,000 a year previous to the passage of the Interstate Commerce bill, but the passage of this law and bad collections brought about the assignment. The heaviest creditor is said to be the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 25.—The executive committee of the Union Labor party met in secret session here. When the doors were opened it was announced that it had been decided to place the following ticket in nomination: Governor, Theodore P. Ryndor, of Centre County; Lieutenant Governor, Justus Watson, of Tioga County; Secretary of Internal Affairs, Henry K. Feller, of Clearfield County. A new executive committee was named and a platform adopted.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 25.—At the annual session of the National Council Order of American Mechanics the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: National Councilor, Charles H. Jewett, of Salem, Mass.; vice councilor, Thoms B. Chapman, of New Haven, Conn.; secretary, John Seaver, of Philadelphia; treasurer, Joseph H. Shinn, of Camden, N. J.; marshal, E. E. Hill, of Milford, N. H.; protector, G. D. Ludlam, of Jersey City, N. J.; doorkeeper, John Welty, of Alliance, O. It was voted to hold the next annual session at Troy, N. Y., on the fourth Tuesday in September, 1891.

TIGHTENING THE COIL.

Discovering New and Strong Evidence Against the Suspected Lingo.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 29.—A good deal of evidence was found yesterday which goes to strengthen the theory that the negro, Lingo, was the murderer of Annie Miller, who was found in the woods near Moyamensing, with her head severed from the body. Among the most material circumstances was the finding of a deep gash and several scratches on one of Lingo's hands, which, from his failure to properly account for them, has deepened the conviction of the authorities that he is the assassin.

Lingo made a statement in which he attempted to explain the cause of the gash by saying that his knife slipped while he was cutting corn. The scratches he claimed to have received from the nails of a child he was fondling one day last week. His demeanor while he was giving this explanation was not such as to impress the authorities with its truth, and they now feel certain that they have the murderer of Annie Miller, if not the assassin of Annie Leconey.

Sold the Wrecked Warships.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29.—Advices from Samoa state that the wrecked warships Vandalia and Trenton, which were presented to the Samoan Government, have been sold to a San Francisco wrecking firm, and their removal has already begun. The terms of the sale require the purchasers to bear the whole expense of removing the ships and pay the Samoan Government from one-fifth to one-half of the profits, the exact amount to be determined by arbitration.

Opposed to Youth Labor.

BRADDOCK, Pa., Sept. 29.—The Edgar Thomson Steel Works has posted notices to the effect that all boys under 16 years of age will be discharged and none will be hereafter employed. This is an idea of Andrew Carnegie, who is opposed to youth labor, and will effect 350 boys, many of whom support widowed mothers.

Baby Hamilton in New Hands.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—Baby Beatrice Hamilton passed last night in this city, and she will hereafter be cared for by the executors of the estate of Robert Ray Hamilton whose tragic death in the Yellowstone region recently ended a career replete with sensational episodes.

An American Schooner Seized.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 29.—A telegram from Charlottetown, P. E. I., says: E. J. Hodgson, Q. C., acting under instructions from the Minister of Justice, has taken proceedings in the Vice-Admiralty Court for the condemnation of the Gloucester fishing schooner Davy Crockett on a charge of committing a breach of the fishery treaty of 1818. The vessel will be immediately seized by the marshal of the Vice-Admiralty Court.

A Jealous Wife Shoots Herself.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 29.—Mrs. Ezra H. Judd blew her brains out with a 32-calibre revolver in the Orange street restaurant of her husband. Her two minor children were witnesses of her death. She quarrelled with her husband about the breakfast, and while he was in another room she shot herself. Jealousy was the cause of the suicide. Judd is the proprietor of several cheap restaurants, and has been intimate with one of his cooks.

Major McKinley's Race for Congress.

CANTON, O., Sept. 29.—Among those who will take part in the election of Major McKinley for Congress are Messrs Sherman, Foraker, Grosvenor, Hoar and possibly Ingalls, Frye and Blaine; that it will be a campaign of National concern and that the fight will be waged upon the tariff issue.

WASHINGTON TOPICS

The Tariff Bill Before the Senate To-Day.

OPPOSITION FROM THE WEST.

The Bill Expected to Go to the President To-Morrow.

The Deficiency Bill to be Taken Up and Passed—No Definite Plans for Work in the House—The Rules to be Suspended and Bills Rushed Through—Adjournment Day.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—The conference report on the Tariff bill was taken up in the Senate to-day, and speeches on it are being made by Senator Aldrich for the Republican conferees and by Senator Carlisle for the Democrats. Senator McPherson, who has been detained from the Senate Chamber by illness for some time, has said that if he is well enough he will speak in opposition to the report, and Mr. Gorman may make some remarks in opposition. Mr. Ingalls, who was in the chair during almost all of the debate on the bill, may make a speech. He is not quite certain whether he will or not.

The Western and Northwestern Senators who are displeased with the binding twine schedule have said that they will demand a hearing, but the friends of the bill hope to persuade them not to interfere with its passage. Senator Paddock has said that he will vote against the conference report, and he says that a number of Republican Senators will vote with him.

It was whispered about last night that if the number of Republicans in the negative was sufficient to endanger the adoption of the report the friends of the bill had an assurance of negative support from two of the Democratic Senators, who will absent themselves without being paired, against the bill.

The chances are that the bill will go to the President to-night or to-morrow morning.

The Senate will make an effort to clear up a few odds and ends of legislation while the bill is before the President, notably the conference report on the Deficiency bill and the conference report on the bill to relieve the Supreme Court, if they are ready for consideration. An effort will be made also to call up the Labor bills now on the calendar. It is likely the Senate will amend the House resolution for adjournment so as to make the time for adjourning Wednesday or Thursday, or perhaps a little later.

WORK BEFORE THE HOUSE.

Bills on the Speaker's Table to be Passed by Unanimous Consent.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—The House managers have no definite plans for the week beyond providing for discussion on the conference report on the Deficiency Appropriation bill, which will be presented to-morrow. Several committees are anxious to get days to dispose of bills in their charge but the requests will probably not be granted, and it is likely that the House will spend some time in passing bills on the Speaker's table under suspension of the rules by unanimous consent.

Bills on the Speaker's table consist of Senate bills and House bills with Senate amendments. It is possible that a conference report on the bill to relieve the Supreme Court of the United States will also be presented and considered.

The Three New Warships.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—Considerable interest is manifested in naval circles over the results of the bids that are to be opened at the Navy Department on Wednesday for the construction of three great battle ships and a swift triple screw steamer for the navy. About $15,000,000 has been appropriated for these vessels, and the conditions of their construction are sufficiently favorable to induce bids from all active vessel builders. It is not unlikely that the vessels will be divided among the bidders, as Secretary Tracy is anxious to have them completed as soon as possible.

Bills Vetoed.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—President Harrison has vetoed only five bills this session of Congress, all comparatively unimportant. In the first session of the Fiftieth Congress, Mr. Cleveland vetoed 128 bills.

Mr. Gompers' Lieutenant Resigns.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, has received the resignation of Vice-President William Martin. Mr. Martin is a resident of Pittsburg, and until recently he was general secretary of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. He was also a school trustee in Pittsburg. His reasons for his resignation is the fact that he has been elected general manager of the Commercial Company (Limited) of that city.

Mrs. Wuchter's Long Fast.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Sept. 29.—One hundred and eighty-two days of involuntary fasting, without a morsel of food or a drop of water, is the record made thus far by Lehigh County's now famous but unfortunate invalid, Mrs. Adam Wuchter, up at White Hall, seven miles above here. Her condition has changed but slightly for the worse since last Saturday.

Arrested for Abduction.

TROY, N. Y., Sept. 29.—Eva Lee, a fashily-dressed woman who it is understood lives on 128th street, New York, is in jail here on a charge of trying to abduct young girls. She was arrested at the Union Depot as she was about to leave for New York with three Troy girls.

THE BIRCHALL TRIAL.

The Prisoner Will Probably Know His Fate To-Night.

WOODSTOCK, Sept. 29.—It is the opinion of the counsel in the Birchall case that the prisoner at the bar will know his fate to-night. The evidence is all in and the case will go to the jury during the afternoon. It is thought that it will not take long for them to agree on a verdict.

Birchall still maintains his self-control. He arose at 7 o'clock and was ready at 8 for the breakfast sent in from the Commercial Hotel, which was served in his hotel. Birchall ate with a hearty relish. He first disposed of a dish of milk and oatmeal, with an abundance of brown bread, and then fell to with a sharp appetite on some poached eggs and bacon, fried potatoes, two cups of coffee and numerous slices of buttered toast. Then he lit a cigar and turned his attention to his papers and letters.

Since Saturday Birchall has assumed a new position in his discussion of his trial. Previously he spoke confidently about the prospects of being acquitted; now, however, the most he seems to hope for in his conversation with Turnkey Forbes and the other jail officials is a disagreement of the jury.

THE TARIFF AGREEMENT.

The Senate Reciprocity Feature Preserved in the Bill.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27.—The conference report on the Tariff bill provides that the new law shall go into effect October 6, 1890.

The Senate reciprocity feature is preserved in the bill, but the date for it to go into effect has been changed from July 1, 1891 to January 1, 1892.

The duty on binding twine of all kinds is put at seven-tenths of a cent per pound, and the provision for this article is made to apply to binding twine made in part from istle or tampico fibre, manilla, sisal grass or sunn.

The sugar schedule provides that all sugars not above No. 16, Dutch standard, all tank bottom, all sugar drainings and sugar sweepings, syrups of cane juice, melada, concentrated melada and concrete and concentrated molasses and molasses shall be placed on the free list. This is the House provision, subject, however, to the restrictions of the reciprocity feature which empowers the President to suspend the free admission of sugar, molasses, coffee, tea and hides under certain conditions.

The conference changed the time for the bonded period to go into effect to February 1, 1891. The provision relative to the bonded period allows merchandise deposited prior to October 1, 1889, to be withdrawn at the present rates of duty before the time the period goes into effect. It is also provided that when duties are based upon the weight of merchandise deposited prior to October 1 the duties shall be levied upon the weight of the merchandise at the time of its withdrawal.

Mrs. Clarkson Very Ill.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27.—The wife of ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson is lying ill with malignant diphtheria at his residence here. Her condition is so serious that Mr. Clarkson has not left her bedside for two days and a physician is in constant attendance, but to-day some improvement is noticed. Mrs. Clarkson is one of the loveliest women in Washington society, as well as one of the most popular.

Barrundia's Daughter Coming to U. S.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27.—A special from City of Mexico says the married daughter of Gen. Barrundia, who made the attempt on Minister Mizner's life, has arrived in the City of Oaxaca to see her mother and family before leaving for the United States, where she goes with a large number of documents concerning her father's murder, to lay them before President Harrison.

For the New Government Printing Office.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27.—The Capital Baseball park has been purchased as a site for the new Government printing office at a cost of $243,175.

The Spanish Mission.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27.—The President has nominated General E. Burd Grubb, of New Jersey, as Minister to Spain.

BASE BALL RECORD.

Sept. 29, 1890.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

	Won	Lost	Pct.		Won	Lost	Pct.
Brook'n	83	43	.659	Cincin'ti	73	55	.570
Chicago	79	53	.598	N. York	63	64	.496
Philadel	79	50	.613	Clevl'nd	41	83	.323
Boston	75