Andover News.

WEDNESDAY MAY 6, 1891.

In one single day last summer 105 Americans visited Burns' birthplace. The pilgrims during the year numbered 20,000 to the cottage, and 30,000 to the monument.

They are trying to make out that it is a very strange thing that a Camden girl of 14 never saw a Bible in her life. There are figures to prove that 100,000 families in this country never had such a book in the house.

Flowers on a Glacier.

Mr. John W. Kelly discovered on the northeast coast of Alaska, emptying into the Arctic Ocean, just above Cape Lisburne, a new river, which has been named the Pitmegea River. The river and its narrow valley are very winding, and the natives say they can ascend it for a distance of forty miles. This stream has not previously appeared upon the charts. Mr. Kelly ascended the river for a distance of twenty-five miles, where he found a large glacier, emptying into the river. The glacier faces southward and receives the full benefit of the sunlight during the short polar summer. Gales have deposited on the glacier particles of soil and seeds of plants to a depth of from four inches to a foot. The snowfall of winter soon vanishes before the June sun.

Then vegetation on the glacier is warmer into life, and in a remarkably short time the brown crust of soil is covered with a robe of green and with bright flowers, such as buttercups, dandelions, daffodils, and yellow poppies. There are also some hardy grasses, whose roots penetrate the light covering of soil. A few arctic willows are also seen, but they grow only a foot in length and trail along the ground.

Such a spectacle is not often witnessed in the arctic regions. This mass of green, diversified by the brilliant colors of the arctic flowers, has only scanty depth of soil to flourish in, and covers, like a carpet or brilliant robe, the great ice mass on which the soil rests. During the summer the ice front melts away, leaving the protruding soil above it like the eaves of a house. When it protrudes too far for the strength of the grass roots, it topples over into the river.—[New York Sun.

Wonders in Miniature.

At a shop in London in 1745 was exhibited a common Barcelona nutshell holding a tea table, tea board, a dozen cups and saucers, with sugar dish, bottle, funnel, fifteen drinking glasses, five punch bowls, ten rummels, a pestle and mortar and two sets of ninepins—all of polished ivory, exquisitely fashioned and, according to the account of the time, "all to be plainly seen without the aid of optic glasses." This wonder was the work of a poor artist who had hit upon this plan to make a living. His little exhibition was soon outdone by Boverick, the watchmaker. For one shilling this last-named genius would show visitors the half of a common cherry stone, from which he would take a quadrille table, twelve chairs with skeleton backs, a looking-glass neatly framed, two dozen plates, six saucers, twelve spoons, a dozen knives and forks, two salt cups, and a lady and gentleman whom he seated at the table. This same Boverick also made an ivory camel that could be passed through the eye of a common needle; six pairs of steel scissors that could all be hidden under the wing of a common house fly, and a gold chain of 200 links to which a miniature padlock and key were attached.—[St. Louis Republic.

Poetry and Fact.

"I love all that is beautiful in art and nature," she was saying to her æsthetic admirer. "I revel in the green fields, the babbling brooks, and the little wayside flowers. I feast on the beauties of earth and sky and air; they are my daily life and food, and——"

"Maudie!" cried out the mother from the kitchen, not knowing that her daughter's beau was in the parlor—"Maudie, what made you go and eat that big dish of potatoes that was left over from dinner? I told you we wanted them warmed for supper. I declare, if your appetite isn't enough to bankrupt your pa!"

THE LAW OF RECOMPENSE.

There is no wrong, by any one committed,
But will recoil;
Its sure return, with double ill repeated,
No skill can foil.

As on the earth the mists it yields to heaven
Descend in rain,
So on his head who e'er has evil given,
It rains again.

It is the law of life that retribution
Shall follow wrong;
It never fails, although the execution
May tarry long.

Then let us be, with unrelaxed endeavor,
Just, true and right;
That the great law of recompense may ever
Our hearts delight.

—[Daughters of America.

A WELCOME GHOST.

BY JOHN KING DUER.

Twenty years or more ago we lived in Fourteenth street, New York, in an old-fashioned house which has since been torn down to make way for shops. During the greater part of the summer I was left alone in the house with the exception of one servant, the rest of the family going into the country. My room was on the second floor back, but when the rest of the family left I took possession of the whole floor, although still using my own room at night.

One summer night about the first of August I sat reading until quite late and went to bed about midnight. I could not have slept long when I was awakened by a loud, piercing scream—another and another followed in quick succession. They seemed to come from outside of the house, and I sprang to the window to look and listen. The screams had stopped, but I heard doors slamming and muffled voices talking hurriedly. I was certain the screams came from outside, and went to the front windows to see if there was anything in the street that would offer an explanation of the extraordinary occurrence that must have caused them. As I reached the window the street door of the next house west of ours closed with a loud noise, and I saw two men hurry down the steps and cross the street, down which they quickly disappeared.

Their departure was followed by perfect quiet and silence. Satisfied that the screams were probably the result of some drunken fight, I went to bed again without further anxiety on the subject, soon fell asleep, and by the next morning had forgotten the whole affair.

In the afternoon of that day I arrived at the house from down town about five o'clock, and as I sat reading by the window in my room, Kate, the servant, came in and said: "There is a gentleman down stairs to see you, sir."

I went down and found in the hall an odd-looking man with a dark beard. Although evidently a young man, he had a worn, old look in his face. He bowed and said: "I hardly know, Mr. Barton, how to ask the very great favor I want you to grant. I am a Southerner, and at the South we are always ready to help strangers among us, but I know that here in the North you are more careful in your ways of doing things for people, and do not welcome strangers quite so quickly as we do. Now, what I am going to ask you to do would be done willingly by any Southern gentleman, but I don't know exactly whether you will look at it the same."

The man puzzled me. As he stopped talking and looked up at me it suddenly occurred to me that he had not told me his name, nor how he came to know mine. Before I could ask him these questions he said: "But all this time I have not told you my name, which, I dare say, you are wondering at. It is Pierson. I am from Savannah."

He paused and then I said: "To whom am I indebted for your knowledge of me, Mr. Pierson?"

He smiled and said: "To no one in particular, Mr. Barton, but I have heard a great deal about you from different people, and I thought if there was any one in the neighborhood who would help me you were the man."

I thanked him for his implied compliment, and then said: "You have not told me what it is you wish me to do. But come into the parlor, sit down, and let me hear all you have to say."

We went in and sat down. Then he turned to me and said: "Mr. Barton, did you hear any strange noises last night?"

I started. The incident of the night before, which I had forgotten, came back to me with increased significance. There evidently was a mystery.

He continued: "I think the whole neighborhood must have been aroused by Mrs. Lamotte's screams. She was so overcome by the dreadful sight of her husband's body, and not having been prepared——"

At this point I was so much astonished that I exclaimed: "Her husband's body! What do you mean?"

The man stared at me amazed and said: "Is it possible you have not seen an account of the dreadful accident last evening on the steamboat?"

I then remembered having seen an account of an explosion which took place on a steamboat while lying at her dock the evening before, and that one poor man was found crushed almost beyond recognition in the wreck of his stateroom. The victim, so Mr. Pierson informed me was his friend, a Mr. Lamotte, of Mobile, who had taken the house next door, and was living there with his wife and his wife's sister, a Miss Cooper, at the time he met his dreadful fate. Lamotte had started the evening before for Boston. The boat on which he was going had been a steamplpe just as it was about to start, and Lamotte, who was in his state-room at the time, was killed instantly by the explosion, which had set fire to the partition of his room.

All this my visitor explained to me with much detail, and also his unavailing search for a coroner before removing the body to the house. The messages he sent to the house to prepare the bereaved woman there for news of the disaster had never reached her. When he arrived at the house with his dreadful burden, the noise he men made in going up the steps awakened both Mrs. Lamotte and her sister. The latter came down-stairs to let them in, and Mrs. Lamotte, who was looking down into the hall, when she saw them and realized what brought them there, had given utterance to the piercing shrieks I had heard.

I told Pierson I had heard them and could not account for them at the time.

"Well," he continued, "that was not all. Mrs. Lamotte went off into one fainting fit after another, and altogether it was the most dreadful night I ever spent in my life. To-day I have been making what arrangements I could to carry out Mrs. Lamotte's wishes as to the funeral. She wants to have him taken out to Paterson, N. J., for burial, some of her family having a burial-lot in that place. I have to go out to-night to make arrangements for it, as the funeral is to take place to-morrow. I did not have a chance to go out to-day. I shall leave on the nine o'clock train this evening, and return on the very earliest train in the morning, probably soon after daylight. Of course during my absence the ladies next door would be alone, excepting for the two negro women-servants. Now, what I want to know is, will you go in there when I leave and stay until I come back?"

The man appeared grieved and perturbed by all he had gone through, and although I did not fancy his appearance nor manner, I was very much interested and distressed by what he had told me, and felt that I would like to help him, to say nothing of those two poor, lonely women. When I agreed to remain with them during his absence Pierson's face beamed with gratitude, and he thanked me again and again.

After he had gone I went to dinner, and there thought over the strange story I had heard, and with which I had become in a sort of a way identified.

I must confess I half regretted having consented to the arrangement for remaining in the house during Pierson's absence, but at the same time reproached myself for the feeling.

About a quarter to eight Pierson returned, and I immediately went with him to the house next door. On the way over there he suddenly informed me of what I had suspected before, viz., that he was engaged to be married to Miss Cooper. One of the colored servants let us in, and we walked into the middle room on the first floor, where Pierson left me, saying that he would go up-stairs and ask Miss Cooper to come down. In a few moments he returned with her, and I was greatly surprised and pleased with her appearance. She was very fair, with reddish-gold hair, and beautiful eyes of a most peculiar color.

Pierson introduced us. Smiling sweetly, she said: "How very kind, indeed, of you, Mr. Barton, to take pity on us in our trouble and come over in this way to help us. I assure you no one can appreciate, until they have experienced it, what it is for two women to be left alone at a time like this."

Her manner and appearance were both charming, and her smile fascinating. But a glance about me rather chilled my admiration. The room we were sitting in was the middle room on the first floor, and the house was evidently three rooms deep. There were folding-doors, which were closed, opening into a room in the rear—probably the dining-room—and there were also folding-doors leading into the front room. These last were not closed, but stood slightly open, sufficiently so as to reveal a dark, silent room within.

I think Miss Cooper noticed my wandering glances, for she presently said, with a rather odd smile: "I am sorry, Mr. Barton, that we cannot put you into a more cheerful room, but we thought this the most comfortable under the circumstances. The dining-room in the back is small and very dark. The front room is, of course—" she hesitated, but presently resumed: "The poor, mutilated fellow was carried there, and the coroner's inquest was held there, too. We have left him there after making all the necessary arrangements. My sister and I," continued the young lady, "are on the floor above. Sister is in such a state of nervousness that the least sound throws her into hysterics, so I am obliged to stay on that floor alone with her, and only allow the servants to mass up and down stairs as noiselessly as possible."

At this point Pierson broke in with a brusque remark that he wished to say a few words to me before he went away, and, excusing herself to me, the lady left the room. When she was gone Pierson said, with a short laugh:

"I dare say, Mr. Barton, that Clara's apparent coolness over poor Lamotte's death seems a little strange to you, but the fact is, Lamotte was a quoer, discontented sort of fellow, and I don't think his wife had any too pleasant a life with him, and to Clara his conduct was simply unbearable at times. She only put up with him for her sister's sake."

I felt somewhat displeased with this disclosure, although I could not tell exactly why.

Pierson talked a little further in the same strain until Miss Cooper returned, followed by a colored woman carrying a tray, with the contents of which the young lady brewed what she called "an old-fashioned Mobile punch—cooling, soothing, and invigorating.

We refreshed ourselves, and then Pierson bade me good-bye, thanking me over and over again for helping him out of his difficulties, and saying he would return at the earliest possible moment in the morning. Miss Cooper followed him to the door. When she returned we fell into a desultory sort of conversation, during which I found her even more fascinating than she had seemed at first.

Suddenly rising, she said: "I must leave you alone now, Mr. Barton, and go to my sister. I leave the punch for you to finish, and you will find some books on the table in the corner, and some cigars; make yourself as comfortable as you can."

I finished the punch, took up one of the books from the table, and lighting a cigar, began to read. But the punch must have been stronger than I thought. A feeling of contented languor began to steal over me, and I was conscious of falling into a doze, when, close beside me, I heard a low, deep groan.

I wasaroused in a moment, and looked about me, startled. The room was bright with the lamp-light, and I was alone.

For a few moments I sat perfectly still and reasoned with myself as to the strange sound, striving to find an explanation of it. I certainly had heard it, for I was not sound asleep when it aroused me. I came to the conclusion that I had been startled by that preliminary snore which so often awakens one from what has promised to be a sound sleep. Having thus decided the matter to my satisfaction, I again settled myself comfortably in the easy chair, and presently resumed my doze. I must this time have really slept, if only for a moment, but I nevertheless found myself suddenly wide awake with the echo of another of those dreadful groans. And soon I became conscious of another strange sound faintly echoing in the room, a sound no less strange though not so startling as the other. It was a sound of water dripping slowly, drop by drop, with a faint, hollow echo. Drip-drip-drip.

I looked quickly out of the window opening into the yard at the side of the dining-room, half expecting to see that a sudden shower had set the pipes and eaves dropping; it was bright starlight without a cloud. Standing there I still heard that ghostly chilling drip of water, drip—drip—drip. Walking quickly back to the centre of the room I listened there, and still heard it, regular as the pendulum of a clock, drip—drip—drip. And here a new feeling fell upon me; for that faint, yet penetrating sound came from between the doors leading into the front room. I stood looking at that open space with mingled feelings of curiosity and astonishment, for I began to understand that sound. I walked to the doors and rolled them further open.

The heavy, potent, sickly air struck me in the face and floated with a languid power into the brightly lighted room where I stood. It seemed to dim the lights and my senses at the same time; but still I heard the dripping of the water, drip-drip-drip. My eyes, becoming accustomed to the gloom into which I was looking, and aided by a streak of light coming in at one of the front windows from a street lamp, distinguished in the centre of the room a long, square, box-like arrangement. It took up the better part of the room, seeming to fill it almost, and as I stood looking at it I heard the water more distinctly, dripping slowly into something placed beneath: Drip-drip-drip.

With a shudder I advanced slowly into the room for a short distance and stood looking at that sad spectacle. Its sombre sides glistened with moisture, and a large knob or handle on the top enabled one, no doubt, to uncover its ghastly contents. I had no desire to do this, and was about to retrace my steps, when from the interior of that very casket I heard a strange sound—something between a sigh and a groan.

For one moment I stood irresolute—hesitating whether to dash at the thing and throw it open, or (shall I confess it?) to rush from the house. The latter feeling overpowered the former, and in a second I was back in the lighted room, and, picking up my hat and stick, had started for the door, when I saw a dim form gliding down the staircase toward me.

Watching it with mingled curiosity and alarm as it approached me, I was infinitely relieved to recognize it as Miss Cooper, to whom the darkness and the general strangeness of everything in that house lent an air of mystery and terror; but she came toward me, smiling.

Before I could speak, she said: "Sister is resting quietly, and so I stole down for a moment to see——"

Miss Cooper's voice suddenly died away, and her eyes gazed horror-stricken into mine, for at this moment the sound of a low groan fell upon our ears. Faint and hollow it sounded, as if suppressed, against the will of the sufferer. With a wild expression in their depths, my companion's eyes first sought the door leading into the front room, then turned to my face with a puzzled look. God knows what horrible thoughts now chased each other through my brain; but, reaching forward and seizing Miss Cooper's hand, I said: "Will you go with me into that room?"

She regarded me again with a strange glance, her face was pale and her lips set closely together; but with a firm voice she answered: "I will."

Without another word and still holding her hand in mine, I pushed the door open and entered the front room. I felt my fair companion's hand tremble, but she went forward with an unhesitating step, until we stood beside that dark, box-like affair in the centre of the room. Silently we stood there gazing upon it. It was now desperate and determined to know the worst.

Dropping Miss Cooper's hand I took hold of the handle of the box and tried to turn it. It resisted stiffly and slowly around, showing that in some way it fastened on the top. I then grasped it with both hands and, throwing all the strength I could command into the effort, endeavored to raise the top of the box. It slowly yielded to pressure, and I had raised it about three inches when I heard again the awful groan.

It was followed by a suppressed cry from my companion, who clutched my arm convulsively, and that loosening my hold of the handle, the top of the box fell back into place with a loud bang.

Miss Cooper suddenly released my arm, and I saw her clinging to the sliding-doors which opened into the room, her horrified gaze fixed first upon me and then upon the dark box. But I no longer wished to open that; what I sought was not there, for that last groan had sounded from another part of the room. One of the long front windows was partly raised. The light from a street flickered in through the opening, casting fantastic shadows in that part of the room, and it was from there the groan came. I was sure. Even as I stepped back and tried to pear into the black shadows lurking there, it sounded again with terrible distinctness, long prolonged, and agonized.

With an exclamation of amazement I sprang forward and threw up the window as far as it could go, and as I did so a voice close at hand said: "Ah, get out of that; you can't be sleepin' there," and an answer came, in husky tones; "ain't got strength for more; I've got a asthmer awful bad." Then followed a chorus of those terrible groans, from the same source.

On the top step, just outside of the door, stood a policeman, the bright buttons of his uniform shining in the light of the lamp. He was reaching over and prodding with his night-stick a forlorn-looking bundle of humanity lying stretched out on the balcony of the house in which I was standing.

The railing of the balcony being low, the poor asthmatic tramp had probably climed over it early in the night, thinking, no doubt, that the house was unoccupied, had stretched himself out to rest his sorrows and his pains. The vine which trailed along the balcony hid him from the street, and possibly the ghostly groans alone betrayed him to the policeman.

"Officer," I said, "don't hurt him; seems in pain"—for the prodding had recommenced. "Oh, sir," said the bloke, "he's only shamming. I know the likes of him." However, they settled their differences of opinion by the automatic consenting to move on, upon condition that the prodding should cease. After their departure I turned to look for my fair companion of a few moments before—she had flown!

Pierson returned in the early morning and the funeral took place in the afternoon of that day.

But there was one ceremony which never took place; and that was Pierson's marriage to Miss Cooper.

She became Mrs. Barton the following autumn.—[Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

A Prehistoric Bird.

A correspondent of the Elko (Nev.) Independent, writing from Skelton, says: "Our otherwise quiet little community was thrown into a fever of excitement Saturday morning when G. T. Suttle, while excavating for a levee, uncarthed a mammoth foot, supposed to be of the ostrich species. The leg was disconnected at the knee joint, the leg from the knee down was intact. This relic of ancient time (and it is undoubtedly such) was found about eight feet below the surface of the ground. The entire length of the leg from the joint to the end of the middle toe is six feet nine inches; the length of the toes are respectively nine, seven and six and one-fourth inches each. It is thoroughly petrified and heavy as rock. Mr. Suttle has vainly searched for the balance of this wonderful creature, but as yet has been unable to find it. It is the opinion of old-timers here that the mammoth bird was killed by Indians and left on the bank of Little Cottonwood creek after being stripped of meat, where it became covered by slide earth from the mountain side."

The Paradoxical Gun.

"The most curious animal we have is the 'menagerie, in my judgment says Superintendent Conklin, "is the gnu. It looks to me like a combination of a mule, a buffalo, a trotting horse, a cow, and a goat. If you could combine Maud S., an American buffalo, and a Harlem goat you would have a gnu. He is clean-limbed like a trotter. It has a split hoofs like a cow. It has a head like a buffalo, horns like a goat and a mule and wicked look like a Kentucky mule in fly time. In Africa the gnu is as wild as a deer, but the gnu we have in Central Park is as tame as a horse and as gentle as a sheep. It attracts comparatively little attention, for most people who come rather look at a $5 ape, cutting monkey shines in a cage, than at this wonderful and paradoxical animal, the gnu."—[New York Journal.

Would Encircle the Earth.

The Walnut Grove dam, says the Prescott (Arizona) Courier, will be the highest in the world excepting two in India. There is said to have been enough water in it when it burst to have run a belt around the earth three feet wide and one foot deep. It is also said the engineers believe, judging from the rainfall records of previous years, that the dam would never get full, much less run over the top. This opinion is also said to have been entertained by many other people. The late floods are said to have washed away lands below that were never reached by waters of the buttes. With all the facts before them the projectors of the new dam will be able to go to work much more intelligently.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PARIS, April 30.—A postoffice employee murdered his wife, his mother-in-law and three children, and then drowned himself in the Danube.

BLACK HAVEN, Pa., May 4.—Charles Carey was convicted of murder in the first degree for the killing of Policeman Neal.

READING, Pa., May 4.—A heavy fall of rain lasting two hours, extinguished the great fires in the Blue Mountains, which raged three days, devastating over 1,000 acres of timber land.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30.—Frank Casper reported to the detective department last night that he had lost or had his pocket picked of $4,900 in a street car. He is being investigated.

VALLEY FORGE, Pa., May 4.—The hills and valleys, nearly two hundred acres in extent, which were occupied by Washington and his army during the winter of 1777-78, are advertised for sale.

CLEVELAND, O., May 4.—The Cleveland Loan and Savings Association, doing business on the beneficial plan, has collapsed. The association was one of these peculiar concerns agreeing to pay big returns for a small investment.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., May 4.—The cigar manufacturers have virtually agreed to the men's demand for an increase in pay ranging from fifty cents to one dollar a thousand. This applies to the cheaper grades.

NEW YORK, April 30.—A cable dispatch from Sydney, N. S. W., says Stansbury accepts O'Connor's challenge and will row on any suitable course in the United States.

WORCESTER, Mass., May 1.—It has been ascertained that the late Philip I. Green left no will. The estate will have to be settled by the administrator according to statute provisions.

BROOKLYN, May 2.—Hugh C. Miller, the son of a wealthy gentleman, who was suspected of causing the incendiary fires in the Fifth Ward, was indicted by the grand jury for arson and pleaded not guilty, and was remanded for trial.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., April 30.—James H. Pierson, better known as "Hipe" Ferguson, who some time ago fired a shot in at some children at St. Mary's school, in this city, died at the county jail at Goshen during the morning.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., May 4.—Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., has left this city for New York. She will remain in Chicago a few days to visit friends. Just before leaving she informed the hotel keeper that she would come back to Sioux Falls in ten days.

PHILADELPHIA, May 4.—Early in the morning the buildings of the brickyard of James E. Dingee, at York and 26th streets, containing a large quantity of machinery, were destroyed by fire. A man named Charles Shaw was badly burned by a falling beam.

PITTSTONE, Pa., May 4.—Conrad's Opera House was destroyed by fire early in the morning. Templeton & Crawford's millinery store and the establishment of Mrs. Conrad were also burned out. Loss $7,000: partially insured. The cause of the fire is unknown.

DENVER, Col., May 4.—The employes of Smith & Larimer, brick manufacturers, are on strike for shorter hours. During a collision between the strikers and the officers placed in charge of the brick yards over thirty shots were fired, but no one was hurt. Further trouble is expected.

NEW YORK, May 2.—The Trunk Lines' Commissioner received a letter to-day from the management of the Vandalia lines which announced that that system would after May 3, discontinue relations with the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company. Several other railroads are expected to fall in line on the boycott within a day or two.

NASHVILLE, Pa., May 2.—A meeting of the unsecured creditors of Delamater & Co. was held last night for the purpose of adopting Mr. Delamater's proposition of a settlement of 50 cents on the dollar. Secured creditors representing $30,000 were absent, and Mr. Delamater said he did not give a definite answer to the proposition until Monday.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., May 2.—About 500 miners in this city have struck for an increase of five cents per hour. Both sides are obstinate, and the strike will be long one. Hod carriers are also on a strike for an increase, and the brickmakers have gone out in sympathy with them. Brick-making is the largest industry in the city.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—A movement is afoot by certain delegates to the American Medical Association, which meets in Washington to-morrow, to bring about better relations between the members of the profession in the American republics. The proposition has the cordial endorsement of the Secretary of State and other officials of the government.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 2.—Judge Nelson, of the United States District Court, decided against General Butler's motion praying for an appeal in the Claretta Johnson case. The case is disallowed "because given by the Act of March 3, 1891. The Act referred to creates a new Court of Appeals and takes effect July 2. The case will probably be appealed at Rome.

LONDON, May 2.—Cardinal Manning has sent a letter in which he again attacks Parnellite faction of the Irish National party. He denounces their actions in the recent electoral contests in Ireland in the Parliament and elsewhere as not only unchristian, but as constituting one of the greatest blows ever dealt against the rising hopes of Ireland.

NEW YORK, May 4.—David Dudley Field passed a restless night, but to-day seemed to be more comfortable.

ALBANY, May 4.—At Cohoes last evening Charles Newton fell down an embankment of the Mohawk river on Van Shaick Island, and his back was broken, killing him instantly.

LONDON, May 4.—A despatch to the Chronicle from Adelaide, Australia, says that Baron Hirsch's schemes of sending Jews there is much commented on. The colonists are strongly hostile to an influx of Russian Jews.

NEW YORK, April 30.—The Ninth National Bank is transacting business as usual and the amount of deposits are more than the average, notwithstanding the discovery that the bank had been robbed of over $400,000 by the late president, John T. Hall.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 4.—Thomas E. Hewitt, one of Pittsburg's oldest newspaper men, died at his home in the East End early yesterday of consumption. During his life Mr. Hewitt has done work in almost every large city in the United States. His body will be cremated at Samson's crematory on Wednesday.

OSSAWATTOMIE, Kas., May 4.—Last evening Frank Williamson, accompanied by his wife and child, attempted to cross the Marias des Cygnes river at Remington ford. The river was too high and the wagon upset and Williamson and the baby were drowned. Mrs. Williamson stayed in the wagon box and was rescued. The bodies were recovered about an hour later.

Mrs. Eaton Gaining Strength.

CINCINNATI, April 30—Mrs. Eaton, the President's sister, is steadily gaining strength and there is no danger of a relapse. She sat up last night for a short time, and will soon be over the shock of the accident. Her injuries are not regarded as at all dangerous.

Will Adjourn To-morrow.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 30.—The Legislature decided upon Friday, May 1, as the day of final adjournment. The bill providing for an exhibition of Rhode Island's products and exhibits at the Columbian Fair was indefinitely postponed by the Senate.

"Not Guilty by Reason of Insanity."

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., April 30.—The case of Thomas McCracken, who shot and killed his father in this city last February, which has been on trial here for over a week, was concluded by the jury rendering a verdict of "not guilty by reason of insanity."

The French Minister in Doubt.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—M. Roustan, the French minister, still remains without any intelligence from his government that he has been transferred. The post at Madrid is an embassy, and as the French minister to Belgium is ahead of him for promotion, M. Roustan is disinclined to credit the reports of his change.

The President Starts for Portland.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 4.—President Harrison took a much needed rest yesterday. In the morning he attended the First Congregational Church. The rest of the day he remained in his rooms. Last evening he crossed over to Oakland, where his train was waiting, and shortly after midnight started for Portland, Ore.

Dr. Graves Will Explain.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 4.—Dr. Graves says it is evidently the determination of the newspapers to, in some mysterious way, connect him with the murder of Mrs. Barnaby. It had compelled him to set to work in the preparation of a public statement, which he promises to have ready in a day or two. He declares the statement will explain many of his so-called mysterious actions. The police of the city have finally begun work on the case and will investigate it thoroughly.

A $60,000 Blaze in Boston.

BOSTON, May 2.—A fire broke out about midnight in the Codman building, a large five-story building fronting on Hanover street, adjoining the American House and occupied by a large number of firms. Three alarms were rung in and the flames were confined to the building in which they originated. The damage to the building, owned by the Codman heirs, will probably exceed $10,000. The total loss is roughly estimated at about $60,000.

He May be Lynched.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., May 3.—Mike Steiner, an Osage County farmer, criminally assaulted his 13-year-old step daughter a few days ago at his home near Rich Fountain. The story of his crime is learned here is brutal and revolting. After accomplishing his purpose he beat his victim in a fearful manner, nearly killing her, and when a physician was called to save her life his foul deed was discovered. He has been arrested and is now in jail at Lynn. It is said that a lynching bee is imminent.

An Engineer Blown to Pieces.

OSWEGO, N. Y., April 30.—While shifting a caboose in the yard of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg railroad a freight locomotive mysteriously exploded. James Cummings, the engineer, was instantly killed, his body being blown 200 yards over a house and falling in a horribly mangled mass in the garden. One of his legs was found 100 feet further away. The fireman who was on the tender at the time of the explosion was blown on to the top of the caboose and terribly scalded but will recover.

Indians are Enlisting.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—The War Department is much pleased with the success it has met in the enlistment of Indians in the army. Already three troops have been formed and the department expects to have others in a short time. It is the intention of the department to utilize Indians who graduate from the Indian schools in the capacity of tailors, cooks, mechanics, blacksmiths, etc., in connection with the Indian companies and the Indian Bureau will be urged to do all in their power to encourage Indian pupils to fill such positions.

POLISH CENTENNIAL.

Many of the Participants Wear the Picturesque Costume of Their Native Land—The Statue of Washington Crowned With a Silver Wreath—Mass Meeting at Cooper Union This Evening.

NEW YORK, May 4.—The Polish residents of the United States are to-day celebrating the centenary of the constitution of Poland.

Delegates from the different Polish societies in the country now in this city represent about a million Poles scattered throughout the United States. Unlike the people of other nations their influence has never been felt in America politically. Lack of education has been one of their greatest obstacles to surmount. Added to this is the constant strife among themselves, which prevents the formation of any Polish organization on a solid basis.

At to-day's celebration all differences are buried, and an attempt will be made for the formation of a strong polish union.

To-Day's Celebration.

The celebration opened this morning with a memorial service in the Church of St. Stanislaus. This was followed by a procession, many of the participants wearing the picturesque costume of their native land. During the parade the statue of Washington in Union Square was crowned with a silver wreath.

A delegation was sent to West Point to place on Kosciusko's monument a silver wreath, while the Statue of Liberty will receive the same attention at the hands of another delegation.

Mass Meeting To-night.

This evening a mass meeting will be held in Cooper Union, where delegates from the Sons of the Revolution and the Pan Republican Congress will be the guests of honor.

It is announced that Secretary Blaine has been invited to address the meeting and that Governor Hill will be present. Mayor Grant will take part.

Mme. Theopile Kraemer, the beautiful Polish patriot, will also address the meeting, and Count Wodzicki, a loyal son of Poland, will take a prominent part in the proceedings. A grand ball will wind up the occasion. Four hundred bronze and silver medals will be distributed in commemoration of the centennial.

The event which the Poles of America are celebrating to-day was the last great effort of a number of noble patriots, who were trying to stay the downfall of their country. In 1788 a remarkable Diet was convened which lasted four years, and the constitution of 1791 was the result of the deliberation of that Diet. The effort was made too late to be effective, and another sad page was added to the history of the country.

The Kingdom of Poland ceased to exist in May, 1864. During recent years the Polish language has been suppressed, and the present Czar has sought by every possible means to Russianize the land.

POWDERLY'S VIEWS:

He Says Gould, Rockefeller and Astor Could Control All the Gold.

CHICAGO, May 4.—T. V. Powderly is at the Sherman House. "We hardly have time to pay attention to the wage question at present," he said. "The other three questions—the land, the railroad and the currency—are occupying every leader's attention."

"How about the eight-hour movement?"

"It is something that will be granted before a great while, because there are so many machines being brought upon the market that there will soon be an overproduction of goods."

"What will you attempt to do regarding the currency?"

"We will try to do away with the gold standard. The public, so long deluded, is crying for the gold currency, but when it realizes that there is not $350,000,000 gold in circulation, and that Rockefeller Gould and Astor could buy every golpiece in the nation and thus get a grip upon the people that would be difficult to break, then they will coincide with us."

Won't Grant Any Licenses.

BALTIMORE, May 4.—Judge Brooks of the Corporation Court of Norfolk has created a commotion among the applicants for liquor licenses by positively refusing to grant any licenses until the next Grand Jury meets. He stated that a large number of applicants had perjured themselves in having violated the Sunday law, and then sworn that they had not in order to get their licenses. He was surprised that the moral element had not availed themselves of their privilege of objecting to the issuance of licenses.

A Typhoid Epidemic Feared.

CHICAGO, May 4.—Chicago has two hundred cases of typhoid fever, and it is feared the disease will become epidemic. Each day the number of applicants for admission to the hospitals is increasing, and a majority are suffering from typhoid or related fevers. The hospitals are taxed to their utmost capacity, and several of them have been obliged to turn away patients. This outbreak is believed to be due to the impure condition of the water which the public is compelled to drink.

Getting Ready to Try Demarest.

NYACK, N. Y., May 4.—Witnesses are being subpœnaed in the case of the people against Frank P. Demarest member of Assembly for Rockland County, under indictment for forgery. The defendant has engaged four lawyers to look after his interests. Judge Cullen of Brooklyn will preside at the trial.

LEEDS, N. Y., April 30.—Fire destroyed 24 dwelling houses in this village. Ex-Judge Hilton, of New York, owned nearly all the buildings. His property included the lower woolen mill and fourteen dwellings, comprising thirty-five tenements, nearly all vacant, as the two mills at Leeds owned by Judge Hilton have been shut down since 1861. The loss is over $40,000; partially insured. The village has no fire apparatus.

MORE ABOUT RAY HAMILTON.

A Well Known Guide Tells a Queer Story About the Body.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., May 4.—Thomas Cooper, a well known Wyoming guide has just returned from Jackson's Hole, where Robert Ray Hamilton is said to have been drowned last September.

Cooper was present when the body was found, and says there were a number of suspicious circumstances attending the event calculated to confirm the belief which many people possess that Hamilton is still alive.

He says the body was very much decomposed and that recognition was hardly possible. When Dr. Green arrived he did not look at the body, and it was buried close to where it was found. Cooper says that although every man in the party had known Hamilton not one could identify the body.

The apparent indifference of Hamilton's friends and the unceremonious manner in which the body was buried made an unfavorable impression upon the people living in the vicinity, and many of them believe that a body from some medical college was shipped there and dressed in Hamilton's clothes and dumped in the river, with the circumstantial evidences carefully planned to make an apparently reliable story of Hamilton's death.

The decomposition of the body found in the river was much beyond what it should have been with but six days' submersion, the length of time that Hamilton was missing until the body was found. The body can easily be exhumed and taken East at any time should the friends of Hamilton desire to have a conclusive identification.

THE BARNABY MYSTERY.

Dr. Graves Thinks that Bennett, the Guide, Was the Murderer.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 30.—The hunt for the murderer of Mrs. Barnaby has begun with renewed vigor. Dr. Graves now says that the murderer was either Edward A. Bennett, the mountain guide, or his wife. He declares that Bennett might have been influenced by anger at Mrs. Barnaby's refusal to pay him any more hush money, and that the wife might have been moved by jealousy at the questionable relations that had been said to exist between her husband and Mrs. Barnaby.

Dr. Graves' residence, on Benefit street, is under the watchful eyes of a couple of strangers, who never leave their post night or day. They are supposed to be Inspector Byrnes' men, who are detailed, not to arrest the suspected man, but to keep him under constant surveillance.

Says Dr. Graves' Statements Are False.

DENVER, April 3.—Mr. Edward Worrel, at whose house Mrs. Jerothmel B. Barnaby stopped while in Denver, was seen in regard to the statements of Dr. Graves regarding Mrs. Barnaby's moral or immoral attributes. He said that the statements made by Dr. Graves were false in every particular. He says Mrs. Barnaby was a lady in every sense of the word. He was surprised when told that his mother was mentioned in Mrs. Barnaby's will, and does not know how much the bequest amounts to.

REALIZED HE WAS INSANE.

A Wealthy Citizen Threatens to Kill Several Persons in Elmira.

ELMIRA, N. Y., April 30.—H. B. Larne, a wealthy resident of Hornellsville, induced Miss Jennie O'Neil Potter, the well known elocutionist of New York city, to go to Hornellsville recently, where she was to give a reading last night.

Monday Mr. Larne came to Elmira and claimed to have hired the Opera House for Miss Potter to give a reading last night. He persuaded Miss Potter to come here, but she found that the Opera House had not been rented.

Larne threatened to kill the manager and also threatened several others in the place. The police were called, and it required the combined efforts of four of the officers to remove him to the station.

He was examined by physicians, who declared him to be violently insane. He will be removed to the Willard State Hospital.

Miss Potter is with Mrs. Larne, who is prostrated by her husband's misfortune. Larne is worth $50,000, but thinks he has $1,000,000.

WANTS $10,000 DAMAGES.

Ex-Diplomat Origoni Charges a Doctor's Wife With Libel.

NEW YORK, May 2.—Rudolph Origoni, ex-Secretary of the American Consulate at Genoa, Italy, has brought suit in the Brooklyn City Court for libel against Emma J. Mason, wife of Dr. Sumner A. Mason, of Flatbush, in which he places his damages at $10,000.

He alleges that Mrs. Mason sent to Secretary of State Bayard letters charging him with an attempt to blackmail her and saying that she had kept her daughter at home because she feared she would be abducted.

By reason of Mrs. Mason's acts Origoni alleges he lost his official position. All the statements, he says, were false.

In her answer Mrs. Mason admits that she composed and sent a letter to Secretary Bayard, but says the letters produced by Origoni are garbled.

THE CLARKS RETIRE.

The Superintendent and His Sons Will Establish a Mill in Rhode Island.

PATERSON, N. J., May 4.—After a quarter of a century of service as superintendent of the Clark Thread Company, of Newark, N. J., William Clark has resigned his position, and together with his two sons, William and Robert, will establish a thread mill at Pawtucket, R. I. Several acres of land were offered to the Clarks to build there and the offer was accepted. They have been promised subscriptions aggregating $1,000,000 by Rhode Island capitalists to organize a company.

The retirement of Mr. Clark and his sons from the Clark Thread Mill Company was because they were opposed to the policy pursued by Herbert Warren, superintendent of the cotton mills, to whom the recent trouble