Andover News.

WEDNESDAY MAY 13, 1891.

ANNA DICKINSON is in such poor health that she will never be heard in public again. Her friends say she ought to have been married at the age of twenty; but, like many another woman, she wanted to be "independent," and has never taken any real comfort in her life.

SOME of the striking curiosities at the citric exhibition at Los Angeles were horse-cars apparently made of oranges; a clock tower twenty-four feet high, composed of oranges, lemons, limes and raisins; a model of the San Gabriel Mission, made of small, fragrant Tangerine oranges.

COMMANDER MCCALLA, of the navy, who was convicted of tyrannical and cruel conduct toward his men, and suspended for three years, has seen two other commanders promoted over him in the last year, and it is said that he is heartbroken. His case may teach others a good lesson.

AN athlete named Cummings, at Milwaukee, has been betting and winning his bets that he could board any train passing a station without halting. He did it five or six times at suburban stations, but the other day he grabbed, missed, and now has only one leg left. The railroad will down any man in time.

THE way to insure a quick and healthy growth of timber, according to the *Nebraska Farmer*, is to mulch around the trees with straw, old hay, or trash of any kind. Such treatment will, it says, in the course of ten years secure a growth of timber from one tree greater than that of half a dozen of its kind left to their own resources.

An interesting incident in connection with President Harrison's visit to Atlanta was his meeting with Mr. George Cook, a courtly, elderly gentleman, and a well-known piano manufacturer of Boston. The grandfather of Mr. Cook was the Captain Cook who saved the life of General William Henry Harrison from the Indians at the battle of Tippecanoe. Mr. Cook and Mrs. Cook had been spending a few days with Governor Bullock, and on invitation of Mayor Hemphill went up the road to meet the President. The meeting of the two grayhaired grandsons was very cordial, and they enjoyed a pleasant chat during the ride into the city.

Joe Shakespeare, the Mayor of New Orleans, was asked whether he knew how he came by his surname. "Oh," said he, "you think, perhaps, I claim descent from the Bard of Avon. Well, I'm an American, and you know what Americans are after. I never heard that the Bard of Avon left anything but a name, so I took no interest in his family. If he had left money it would be different." As a matter of fact Shakespeare did leave an estate that was reckoned good in its time. The new Shakespeare of New Orleans is a native of the neighborhood of Baltimore, where his ancestors were farmers. He is a rich iron founder.

George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has consented to exhibit his fine art and souvenir collection at the Chicago Fair. Among his treasures are the little green harp which belonged to Tom Moore, and which he carried into hundreds of Irish homes; the massive silver vase presented to Henry Clay, when he was at the height of his popularity, by the Whig ladies of Tennessee; Washington's champagne glass; cups, saucers and glasses which came from Louis Napoleon, the late Emperor William, the late Emperor Maximilian and the ex-Emperor of Brazil, a miniature ship, formerly the property of President Andrew Jackson, and the silver waiter presented to General Jackson after his victory by the citizens of New Orleans.

It really looks now, asserts the New York *Sun*, as though the action of the Italian Government toward this country had so frightened King Humbert's subjects as to make tens of thousands of them hasten to fly from Italy and seek refuge here. They are coming over as fast as they can find ships to carry them, and, according to recent despatches, the Mediterranean ports are swarming with Italians anxious to secure bunks in the steerage of the steamships bound for America. There is reason for entertaining the apprehension that if King Humbert were to threaten to make war upon the United States, we could not find room here for the hosts of his subjects who would be seized with the desire to fly from his kingdom.

AS TO SPRING.

I love the Spring, it is so free
From murder and activity.
It predisposes man to shirk
All but inexorable work.
When greatest stars and buds foretell
The blossoms by the way they swell;
When feathered things distract the air,
Getting their dwellings in repair;
When eggs and bugs and flowers and weeds
Are all a-hatching, Nature needs
All the spare force there is afloat
To make her enterprises note.
For men it can't but foolish be
To strive with her for energy.
Give in to her: give over wishing
To overcome her. Go a-fishing!
Find a fit stream and duly try
If angle worms will justify
Their title. For the time ignore
Remote results. Consider more
The vagrant impulse of the present,
And what it offers that is pleasant.
Brief is the season of transition—
The jog-trot summer has its mission.
In its fierce sun you dare not bask,
To shun its heat becomes a task
That lasts till Fall comes back again
And nature's work is finished. Then,
When growth at length in harvest ceases,
The energy that she releases
Comes back to man and holds his mind
Down to the work of humankind.
Spring is alone the time of choice,
Respect her, then, and heed her voice.

—Edward S. Martin, in Scribner.

THE "TOWER OF BABEL."

Half a mile from the little town of Kelton, California, the steep hillside rose with rugged abruptness from the valley of the San Lorenzo into a high ridge. It was furrowed with deep gullies, and studded with the blackened stumps of great trees.

Among these stumps the monarch of all the trees upon the hillside remained untouched. On a bold point, twenty rods up the steep slope, stood a gigantic redwood tree. Twenty-four feet in diameter at the ground, and scored with deep corrugations like niches, the enormous trunk contracted until, at a height of twelve feet, its diameter was lessened to eighteen feet. Thence it rose, like a huge column, to an altitude of nearly three hundred feet, and for two-thirds of that distance it hardly seemed to decrease in bulk.

More than one hundred feet from the ground the first gaunt limbs were extended, and above loomed the drooping branches of the vast top, not shapely and graceful, but irregular and contorted, and clothed in scant, dark-green foliage.

The pinnacle was a gnarled spire of dead wood, bleached to a gray whiteness, and punctured in a thousand places by the bills of many generations of woodpeckers. A multitude of these birds made their home in the lofty top, and morning and evening filled the air with querulous clamors as they flitted about, or beat loud rolls on the resonant wood.

Some imaginative person, listening to this discordant chorus of the woodpeckers, had called the great tree the "Tower of Babel," and by that name it was known in the country round about.

The Tower of Babel had not been spared from sentimental motives. The ground was so rough and broken that it seemed impossible to fell it without breaking it into fragments, so it was left unmolested until a more favorable time. Not far above the "Tower" three other large trees in a group had been spared for the same reason.

Edward North, who had come to California to engage in ranching and fruit-growing, had admired the Tower of Babel from afar when he first stepped from the train at Kelton. After looking about, he bought a tract of land at the foot of the mountain, almost in the shadow of the great tree; and there he built a pretty and picturesque cottage, and surrounded it with lawns and flower-gardens.

Ralph Kepler, a poor boy who lived with his mother in a shanty on the road to Higgins & Foley's mill, never forgot North's arrival in Kelton. Ralph was honest and faithful, but he was rude and unmannerly.

A deformed man, employed at the sawmill, occasionally passed his mother's house. He was a hunchback, with long, powerful arms, and swarthy features deeply pitted with smallpox. Ralph called after him one day, "How are you, 'Humpty-Dumpty?'" The dwarf suddenly turned and rushed upon him.

The boy tried to escape, but the man clutched his collar, and he was dragged into the road and shaken violently.

This happened at the moment of Mr. North's arrival in the place. He had separated the two, and told Ralph to apologize to the dwarf; but the boy had taken to his heels.

The dwarf gazed after Mr. North as he walked on with a look of perplexity, and at last shambled slowly away, muttering to himself: "He seems to be a gentleman. I know I've seen him before somewhere, but I don't know where."

Mr. North was unmarried, and though he employed a man and his wife constantly at Mount Hope, he had no one now and then for Mrs. Kepler's assistance in keeping the house in order. Ralph worked in the garden. Mr. North gave him books to read, and, seemingly without intention, gave him many manly lessons.

Ralph tried one day to find the dwarf in order to apologize to him for his rudeness, but the sawmill had been moved twelve miles away, and the dwarf could not be found.

A few months after his house was completed Mr. North announced that he was going East and that he should be absent about six months. The two servants were dismissed, and the charge of the place was given to Mrs. Kepler and Ralph.

Three months after Mr. North's departure, Mrs. Kepler was taken ill and died. She charged Ralph to take care of the place faithfully, and gave him a purse containing the money which Mr. North had left with her. Thirty dollars of the amount, she said, belonged to Ralph, but the rest must be given back to Mr. North.

One day, as the boy was working quietly in the garden, an old man who gathered herbs on the mountains told him that the Tower of Babel was slowly but surely going down.

"It's going down, sure, right down onto this gimerack of a house!" said the old man. "It leans downhill, anyhow, and the top's gone over a foot since week before last. Get some timber-fallers to look at it; but no mortal man can wedge that tree uphill. And Higgins won't let it be cut, unless it can be kept from breaking."

The old man went away, leaving upon Ralph's mind a weight of anxiety and terror. Three good timber-cutters whom he brought from Kelton agreed that the Tower would certainly "turn up by the roots" within a short time, and that it was impossible to cut it and wedge it so as to cause it to fall uphill. In any case, it would be shattered to fragments on the rough ground.

But each one of the men said, in conclusion, "You go and see Nick Mar, at Higgins & Foley's. He can do it if any man can. He's the best timber-feller in California. You get him and Big Jim to try it—if you can catch Jim sober."

Ralph went to see Mar as they advised, but was overwhelmed with confusion when he recognized in him the dwarf whom he had insulted. His intended apology came to his mind, but he saw the impossibility of making it now. He stammered: "I'd like to have you come and cut a big tree that's going to fall on a house."

"What?" growled the dwarf.

Ralph repeated his errand timidly, but added, with fortunate wit, "The men at Kelton daren't try it. They said you were the only man that could do it."

"No," said the dwarf, still angrily. "I guess Humpty-Dumpy couldn't do it!"

He took a long-handled axe from the door and shambled away.

After trying unsuccessfully to find some one who would cut the tree, Ralph started homeward sorrowfully. At a turn in the road, a quarter of a mile from the mill, a voice saluted him from the hillside above.

"Well, young fellow, you're down in the mouth now, I guess."

Looking up he saw the dwarf. Behind him stood a powerful man, whose face bore the marks left by strong drink. This was Big Jim—a quiet and well-bred man while he was sober, but a terrible ruin when drunk. Ralph could hardly keep back his tears as he saw the mocking face of the hunchback. He turned away and hurried on, but the man called to him again, and he paused, hopelessly.

"I'm a humpback," began the dwarf, slowly, "but I may not be as mean as you think. What tree do you want cut? I reckon I'll be over that way day after to-morrow."

"It's the Tower of Babel," cried Ralph.

"What?" The dwarf whistled in amazement. "I reckon I'll be over there to-morrow.

"Let's go, Jim," he said, turning to his companion, "and we'll get Higgins to go over, too; but I'm afraid he won't let us cut it."

"Very well, let's go," said Jim hoarsely.

Nick Mar, Big Jim and Mr. Higgins arrived at the Tower of Babel early in the afternoon. Higgins pretended to scoff at the idea of imminent danger from the tree, and refused to allow it to be cut unless Nick Mar could save at least ninety feet of the trunk unbroken. This seemed impossible, for the steep hillside was not even for more than forty or fifty feet in any direction; but Nick Mar examined the tree carefully, and declared that he could fell it and save the required length.

His plan was a daring one, requiring great skill, but he explained it to no one but Big Jim.

Higgins then refused to allow the tree to be cut unless one hundred and fifty dollars were deposited with him, to be forfeited if it were broken.

Ralph still had the money which his mother had left him, but she had told him to return all but thirty dollars of it to Mr. North. He could risk but thirty dollars—his own wages—for this purpose.

He was about to give up the plan when the dwarf said, kindly: "Haint you got the money, my boy? Never mind. I'll put up what you can't. Nick Mar aint afraid to back up his figuring with coin."

Ralph gladly accepted the proposition, and having deposited his thirty dollars with Mr. Higgins, Nick Mar became responsible for the rest, and the work of felling the Tower of Babel began.

In felling a large redwood-tree, a deep notch, called the under-cut, is chopped in the trunk, facing the direction in which it is to fall. Then a ring of the thick, tough bark is removed entirely around the tree, and two men saw into the other side horizontally, with a long cross-cut saw, until the tree breaks off and falls. If a tree begins to lean the wrong way, long steel wedges are driven into the saw cut to force it over.

Nick Mar and Big Jim first erected a staging, so that they could cut the tree at the height of twelve feet. But even there the diameter was so great that they were obliged to cut two notches, each four and one-half feet deep, at right angles with the under-cut. This reduced the diameter from one side to side to nine feet, and barely enabled them to saw the tree with a ten-foot saw.

Then they reversed the usual order, and began the saw-cut before chopping the under-cut on the uphill side. They sawed into the tree about six feet, and Big Jim, with tremendous blows, drove twenty long steel wedges into the saw-cut. This was to wedge the tree up firmly, so that when the under-cut was made it would not swing.

Then Nick Mar chopped the under-cut. Standing first on the staging, and afterward in the cut itself, he swung his axe for two days, till the great, yawning notch was completed.

An interested crowd watched the work from day to day. Some woodmen suggested to Nick Mar that he was aiming the tree so that it would strike the clump of trees on the hill. He replied that "it might come pretty close."

The time came when the saw-cut was to be completed, and the great tree wedged over. In the early morning Nick Mar sat on the staging, and Ralph stood below, waiting for Big Jim.

He did not come. Nick Mar sent Ralph to Kelton to search for him. He found Jim in a saloon, intoxicated and worthless, declaiming in hoarse tones to a crowd of loafers. He refused to come and finish his work; but Ralph succeeded in engaging two other woodmen to help the dwarf.

The loss of Big Jim was severely felt that day, and for the first time Nick Mar seemed nervous. He worked fiercely and tirelessly. The saw sank deeper and deeper into the tree, and all day long the hills echoed with the sharp blows of the mauls on the wedges.

When the evening train came in the station was deserted. The men and boys were all gathered where they could see the big tree fall.

Night had fallen, but the wind was beginning to rise, and the work must be finished now. The tree had been sawed as far as it was safe. Nick Mar was striking furiously upon the wedges when he happened to turn toward the house. There was a light in it!

"Who's in that house?" he shouted. "Run quick, Ralph, and tell them to get out of it."

Ralph ran down the hill toward the house. As he came near he saw a man peering in at the window. It was Big Jim. Within the house, at a glance, he saw people who had evidently just arrived from a journey.

He shook Jim's arm roughly.

"Jim! The tree's going back on 'em! Go help 'em! Run!"

Jim turned on him with a strange look, like a man awakening from a beautiful dream. Then he flung Ralph to one side and was gone.

Ralph rushed in. Mr. North stood in the centre of the room beside a young lady. She was looking with pleasure at a picture on the wall, of which Mr. North was evidently speaking, for he had a hand extended toward it, although he was looking at her. On the other side stood an aged lady, with a very kindly though sad face.

It took but a moment to warn them of the danger, and they hurried from the house.

Meanwhile Jim had hurried to the tree Nick appealed to him fiercely:

"Jim! Brace up! She's trying to go back! Jump up and hit the wedges while I cut the centre! Hit 'em! Hit 'em hard, Jim, and never stop!"

Nick sprang up and leaped into the under-cut. He raised his axe, and at that instant the Tower quivered to its heart with the blows which Big Jim was showering upon the wedges on the other side. Swiftly and carefully Nick Mar began to chop out the centre of the tree.

Suddenly a deep, hollow, stunning crack sounded as the wood broke. Nick Mar, tingling as if with an electric shock, threw up his hand. The great slanting bevel of the under-cut was closing down upon him. The tree was falling.

He sprang out upon the staging and then to the ground, ran swiftly two or three rods to one side, and looked up. The majestic top of the Tower was slowly and grandly describing its tremendous arc in mid-air, and Big Jim stood on the staging, at the gaping saw-cut, still striking the wedges, which now flew from under the blows far into the heart of the tree.

"Look out, Jim!" screamed Nick Mar.

He had time for only one cry, for then the descending mass struck the largest tree of the clump above squarely. It bent far back, but perceptibly checked the momentum of the fall; and the recoil whirled the great butt of the Tower off the stump and projected it down the steep declivity, filling the air with flying rocks and earth.

This was the successful consummation of the dwarf's plan, for the Tower of Babel lay with the butt forty feet below the stump, and one hundred and fifteen feet of the trunk unbroken.

Nick Mar was not thinking of his triumph. He called for Jim, but there was no answer in the stillness that followed the downfall. Lanterns were brought, and after a time Ralph and the dwarf found poor Jim, hurled down the hill, with the pallor of death on his face.

The men bore him down to Mr. North's house, and at the door they met the aged lady whom Ralph had seen. Her face turned white, and she threw herself down beside him with a moaning cry, "Jamie!"

Jim opened his eyes, and his face lighted up with a smile.

"Mother," he sighed, faintly. She kissed him and wept, and smoothed his damp hair, and spoke to him tenderly as she had done when he was a little boy. His head drooped, and he died in her arms, with the light still lingering on his face.

Mr. North came and knelt beside her, and said, "We have found him at last, mother."—[Youth's Companion.

Quinine is now successfully manufactured in Madras, India.

TREATMENT OF WATCHES.

Some Good Advice from a Practical Watchmaker.

Views as to the proper treatment of watches differ so greatly, and are, moreover, so confused, that a few words of advice from a practical watchmaker are not out of place. A watch, to meet the requirements made upon its capabilities, must in the first place be treated well. When it is considered what continuous care is bestowed upon every steam engine, how it is watched and guarded night and day, it appears self-evident that a watch, which is, after all, not only an engine, but one of a most delicate and complicated construction, should be carefully and tenderly looked after. Consequently, a watch, even the most perfect one, will satisfy its owner only when it is treated in accordance with its sensitive mechanism, when it is preserved against every kind of concussion, and is kept scrupulously clean. As there is a constant accumulation of dust and fibres from the waistcoat material in the watch-pockets, which penetrates even into the best closing watches, it is advisable to turn out and clean those pockets frequently.

In order to keep the "going" of a watch as regular as possible, it should be subjected to regular treatment; that is to say, it should be wound up always at the same time of day, and during the time that it is not worn it should be laid down or hung up regularly, according to habit, as every watch goes differently when it is hanging than either lying down or wearing. In watches having a double case, that over the watch-glass should never be left open. An attentive observer will find that, if such a watch is left open even for one night, the glass is covered with a thin film of dust, which will gradually enter the works even through the tiniest openings in the case, and thus cause disturbances. People should wind up their watches in the morning, not only because they generally rise more regularly than they go to rest, but also because a spring fully wound up will more readily overcome the disturbances which affect the correct going of a watch during the movement occasioned in wearing it. Springs will not break so easily if the watch is carefully wound up, and is not placed directly out of the warm pocket against a cold wall, or one still colder marble slab; and for that reason a pocket is desirable.

The capacity of a watch, or, more correctly, its keeping correct time, is very much governed by its construction and its more or less perfect finish. It cannot be expected of the best horizontal watch that it should always keep good time, and even less so of the inferior watches which are sold in large numbers. The changes of the oil, the variations in temperature, the density or humidity of the air—all greatly affect the going of a watch; and it is only the lever watch of the most perfect finish which neutralizes those adverse influences to the greatest degree. As a matter of fact, no watch keeps perfectly correct time; and even the best chronometers, used in observatories and on board ship, must be regulated according to tables which fix those variations to which watches are subjected.

A watch should be cleaned every two, or at most every three years, if it is desired to preserve it. In time the oil decomposes, gets mixed with the particles of dust which enter the works of even the best-closing watch, begins to act as a grinding material and wears out the working parts. The best watch will be spoiled in this way, and will never keep such good time as before. It frequently happens that a watch requires cleaning in less than two years, according as it closes badly or is exposed to much dust and dirt. Anyone having the misfortune to drop his watch into water or any liquid should take it at once to a watchmaker, to have it taken to pieces and cleaned, for a delay of even an hour might spoil the watch forever.—[Chambers' Journal.

The Omnipresent Microbe.

Not many years ago few persons, if any, surmised that certain microscopic living beings—microbia, or micro-organisms—could be powerful agents of combination and decomposition, not merely in living matter, but even in the mineral kingdom. Some time ago the researches of Schloesing and Muntz, of Marcugno, of P. F. Frankland, and of others showed that the decomposition of dead organisms into their components depends mainly on the action of microbia which break up blood, flesh, leaves, and even wood, into carbonic acid and ammonia. Living organisms further convert the ammonia into nitric acid, which if potash is present, forms saltpetre. By a due selection of different ferments, all of them living organisms—we can produce, in a solution of sugar or a decoction of malt, alcoholic liquors having the actual aroma and flavor of the choicest wines. More remarkable still, it is now proved that the green rust on antique bronzes is a product of microscopic plant life.—[The Forum.

A Slot-Machine Microscope.

The newest slot machine is a microscope. Underneath it in a box is arranged a circular glass plate, to which are fastened various minute objects. In the one the reporter saw was a piece of the flesh of a monkey, a black spider's head and eyes, and a collection of insects said to have been taken from sea shells. Under the plate a small lamp burned. It gave sufficient light to enable the man who looked down the microscope to distinguish the object on the plate. A cent dropped in the slot started clock work that made the plate revolve. It stopped an instant as each object was directly under the microscope. The microscope magnified about forty times.—[Philadelphia North American.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SAN PEDRO, Cal., May 11.—All on board the Robert and Minnie are under arrest. They have delivered their cargo, but decline to say anything about the trade.

ROTTERDAM, May 9.—Early in the morning the State Warehouse and the greater part of its contents were destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at $1,250,000.

BUFFALO, May 11.—At Niagara Falls Patrick Donnelly, an employe of tunnel shaft No. 1, was instantly killed while being lowered into the shaft by the bucket cable slipping. He fell thirty feet.

CHICAGO, May 9.—Paul Holz, the boy who cut his father's throat while the latter was asleep, was found guilty of murder, and his punishment was fixed at 14 years in the penitentiary.

DOVER, Del., May 9.—The House of Representatives passed a bill to give the people of the State a right to vote on the question of local option. The General Assembly will adjourn May 15.

ROCKVILLE, Conn., May 11.—Cyrus White, one of the oldest and most prominent business men in this city, died last evening from congestion of the brain. He was born in Richford, Vt., in November 1814.

TRENTON, N. J., May 9.—After a contest lasting 21 weeks the strike of the potters has been settled, and the men will resume work next Monday. Mutual concessions were made by the manufacturers and the union.

STAMFORD, May 11.—James Sutton, a workman, arrested for disorderly conduct, shot himself dead in his cell with a pistol which the officer who searched him failed to find. Despondency over his wife's recent death unsettled his mind.

MAHANOY CITY, Pa., May 9.—Peter Chornus shot and probably fatally wounded his cousin, Anthony Chornus, during a row at their boarding house, near this city, last night. Peter was arrested.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 9.—It is now believed that Mrs. Elizabeth Fletcher, who was found dead at her home here, was the victim of violence. Her husband has been arrested on suspicion pending an investigation.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 9.—In the trial of the breach of promise suit of Nellie Livingston against Frank W. Knox the jury rendered a verdict, giving the plaintiff $5,000 damages. Miss Livingston sued for $20,000.

OTTAWA, May 9.—Mr. Mills, Conservative member for Annapolis, intends to give notice of a resolution declaring that the New England States should be invited to join the Maritime Province and become part of the Dominion.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 9.—J. L. Crowley, twice member of the State Legislature, secretary of the National Undertakers' Association, and one of the most prominent men in that business in the country, is dead.

NEW YORK, May 9.—Frank Rheingold, the cloakmaker and convicted thrower of of vitriol, was arraigned before Judge Garretson at Long Island City for sentence. He was sent to Sing Sing Prison for five years and eight months at hard labor.

NEWPORT, R. I., May 11.—Two prisoners, James Phenix, alias "Blood and Thunder," and Micael Conway escaped from the county jail here Saturday night, and although the police are scouring the country for the men they have not yet been captured.

SAN DIEGO, Cala., May 11.—Pilot Dill, who took the Itata out of the harbor, has been arrested at San Pedro. Supercargo Burch has also been taken in custody. He was arrested at Los Angeles and says he landed the arms, but declines to say at what point. It is thought this was done at Catalina or San Clement's Island.

LYNN, Mass., May 7.—The liabilities of Dickinson, Count & Co., shoe manufacturers, at a meeting of creditors were given as $31,000, and the assets as $10,000. Twenty per cent. was offered by the firm, but was not accepted, a committee of investigation was appointed.

RONDOUT, N. Y., May 7.—Mrs. Edward Kearney, the wife of a well-to-do quarryman living at Sawkill, near here, has mysteriously disappeared, leaving two small children. Family troubles are the cause. Kearney has instituted a search for her.

MONTREAL, May 9.—The Parnellite delegates held a well attended meeting last night, notwithstanding the opposition of the clergy. Both Redmond and O'Kelly delivered lengthy addresses and were heartily applauded. They regard the meeting a success.

NEW YORK, May 9.—State Senator William Robertson was interviewed at his home in Katonah, Westchester County, in regard to a report that he intended to retire from politics. He admitted that the report was true, and gave as a reason for getting out of politics that he wanted to devote his entire time to his law practice.

LANSFORD, Pa., May 11.—All efforts made to smother the fire in the Lehigh Coal Company's No. 4 colliery at Summit Hill have proved unavailing. It is believed that the missing miner, Hugh Sharpe, has perished. Preparations were made to flood the mine, but this means of extinguishing the fire will only be resorted to after all others fail.

BOSTON, May 11.—The name of Canon Farrar, of London, is prominent as the successor at Trinity Church of Phillips Brooks, just elected Bishop of the Massachusetts Diocese. Other names have been suggested, such as Dr. Arthur Brooks, Dr. John Brooks and the Rev. Mr. McVicker, of Philadelphia. The rector, first can scarcely be induced to accept, however, unless it be Canon Farrar.

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Among the graduates of the Annapolis Naval Academy next month will be Kaga Kaku Niro, a young Japanese, who was educated at Annapolis at the expense of his Government, and will graduate thirtieth in a class of forty-eight.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 9.—Prosecution has begun in the United States Court against the Hartman Steel Company, of Beaver Falls, for violation of the Interstate Commerce law and falsifying the weights of shipments. The grand jury has indicted the members of the firm.

PHILADELPHIA, May 7.—The remains of Dr. Joseph Leidy, the famous scientist, and those of his brother, Dr. Philip Leidy, were cremated at the crematory of the Philadelphia Crematory Society. This was done according to the expressed desire of the eminent physicians.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., May 7.—Dennis Mahany, the Buffalo tramp, who was shot by Policeman Joey, died at 5:15 a. m. Joey was arrested and arraigned during the morning. He pleaded not guilty, on the ground of self-defense. Public opinion is against him, as it is believed he was over hasty.

NEWCASTLE, Ind., May 9.—William Wrightman, living near Middletown, who has kept several hundred bushels of wheat stored in his barn for a year, while removing the wheat for market found in the grain an old pocketbook containing $11,500 in gold coin and paper currency. How the money came there is a mystery.

PROGRESS OF PLANTING.

The Area Already Seeded Less Than the Average of a Series of Years.

WASHINGTON, May 11.—The report of the Department of Agriculture for May relates to the progress of planting.

The proportion of the proposed breadth already planted on the first of May was 77.5 per cent., which is less than the average of a series of years.

Many correspondents report planting one or two weeks late. It is especially late in North Carolina and Tennessee; fully one-third of the area yet to be seeded north of the Gulf States. From Georgia west to Texas the State averages vary only two or three per cent.

The figures are as follows: Virginia, 40 per cent.; North Carolina, 63; South Carolina, 78; Georgia, 80; Florida, 92; Alabama, 30; Mississippi, 77; Louisiana, 78; Texas, 79; Arkansas, 76; Tennessee, 71.

The delay is due, in all sections of the cotton belt, to excessive rainfall in February and March, which made early plowing impracticable, and to a very general deficiency in April, rendering the soil dry and cloddy, and hindering germination. The seed bed, as a rule, has been imperfectly prepared, and is in relatively poor condition.

Reporters intimate, as a result of the unfavorable spring, that a reduction of acreage may be expected. This may depend somewhat on the opportunity for completing the area during this month, and the prospective profits of a large breadth of cotton.

A TALK WITH MR. GOMPERS.

What He Says About the Eight-Hour Movement and the Strikers.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 11.—Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, is now in this city. He comes to Pittsburg for the purpose of conferring with the officials in charge of the building trades strike. He said:

"The eight-hour movement is proceeding admirably."

"How many members of the Federation of Labor are on strike throughout the country?"

"The estimate I made one week ago was 130,000. Since then several of the strikes have been settled and the men are back at work. To-day the number is not over 90,000, and I think 80,000 would be nearer the correct number. This number includes the mine and coke workers of the Connellsville region. There are in the Federation of Labor 750,000 men, so that the total number of strikers in the different parts of the country is small in comparison with the membership of the organization. With only 80,000 or something more than one-tenth out of work, so far as financial support is concerned, each strike might continue almost constantly."

President Gompers will go from here to Beaver Falls, Pa., and from there to other Western points.

WRECKED BY FIRE.

Leggett's Big Grocery House in New York Badly Damaged.

NEW YORK, May 11.—A most disastrous fire visited the wholesale grocery house of Francis H. Leggett & Co. at the junction of Varick and Franklin streets and West Broadway last evening.

After three hours of hard work the fire was gotten under control, but the immense stock of groceries in the building was almost a complete wreck and the building was badly damaged.

The damage to the stock is estimated at $400,000, while the building was damaged to the extent of $30,000. The stock was insured for $500,000.

Senator Quay's Successor.

PITTSBURG, May 11.—A story is published here to the effect that ex-Congressman Bayne of Allegheny City will be a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Senator Quay, when the latter's term expires, and with the Senator's support. Ex-Congressman Bayne will leave on a two-years' tour of Europe in a couple of weeks, the object of which is said to be principally to avoid any factional fights that might arise in the meantime.

Death of Hon. Peter Ward.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., May 11.—Hon. Peter Ward died at his home in this city yesterday after a long illness. He had an operation performed for cancer at the base of the tongue last fall, and he never fully recovered from the shock. He was a noted railroad contractor. Politically he was a Democrat, and as such was elected mayor of the city and State Senator for two terms. He was a member of the Tilden club, and was one of the original members of the Democratic club. He leaves a family of adult children. Mr. Ward was 66 years old.

THE BARNABY CASE

The Great Mystery May Soon be Cleared Up.

DR GRAVES STARTS FOR DENVER.

He Goes Voluntarily to Appear Before the Grand Jury.

His Visit to the West Causes Considerable Surprise—He Will Have to Explain About Forwarding the Bottle—Another Statement Coming About the Poisoned Whiskey—Miss Hanley's Notoriety.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 9.—The mystery surrounding the sending of a bottle of poisoned liquor to Mrs. J. B. Barnaby, at Denver, which caused her death, will in a few days be cleared up.

Late night Dr. T. Thatcher Graves and his wife left for Denver, and this morning the Pinkerton detectives and the Conrad family followed, so that they will be but a few hours later than the Graves party in reaching Denver. Miss Hanley, the maid Dr. Graves secured for Mrs. Barnaby last summer, is not to accompany the party, as the Pinkerton men have not regarded her as of any importance as a witness.

An important discovery, which may lead to a solution of the mystery, has just been made. A bottle, which was identical with the one which contained the poison sent to Mrs. Barnaby, was found in a drug store. It contained some medicine put up by Dr. Graves.

That Dr. Graves should start for Denver to appear before the grand jury caused considerable surprise, but that he should do this of his own volition was even more surprising. While he goes voluntarily, he did not decide to do so until after a great deal of pressure had been brought to bear to convince him that it was the best thing he could do, considering what had been said and the information obtained by the detectives, and he was urged to make some explanation of the forwarding of the bottle. The public must not be surprised if the statement is soon forthcoming that the bottle, when mailed, contained only whiskey, but that it was tampered with after its arrival in Denver.

Miss Hanley, on account of the unpleasant notoriety attached to her name, has been compelled to leave her boarding place at the request of the landlady.

STILL ANOTHER CRASH.

The Spring Garden Bank of Philadelphia Closes Its Doors.

PHILADELPHIA, May 9.—There is considerable uneasiness among bank depositors over the closing of the Spring Garden Bank, following so closely after other bank failures here.

The doors of the Spring Garden Bank were closed at 11:30 o'clock. At that time Bank Examiner Drew came to the door and posted this notice:

"This bank is closed by order of the Comptroller of the Treasury until further notice."

The last check was paid at 11:30. In a few minutes a crowd had collected and the street was impassable.

In answer to a request sent in to President Kennedy for some information as to the reasons for the bank's closing he made the following statement:

"We have decided to place the bank in the hands of Mr. Drew, the National Bank Examiner. This step has been forced upon us principally by the large withdrawals of deposits during the financial stringency which commenced last September, and the continued dullness of business since. To meet these demands on our reserves, it was found impossible to realize rapidly on our assets. We have been below in our reserve for some weeks past, and can see no immediate prospect of increasing it. We still owe a balance to the Clearing House Committee for outstanding loan certificates, payment of which is being pressed. These facts, coupled with the disturbances of the past week, have caused increasing uneasiness on the part of some of our depositors, together with the weakening of our credit with the other banks. We hope the suspension will be only temporary."

The Penn Trust Company has made an assignment for the benefit of creditors. The Trust Company is now a State institution, separate from the Penn Bank, but it was originally an outgrowth of the bank in this, that the stockholders of the bank were also largely stockholders of the Trust Company.

There were rumors flying around that the Girard National Bank was in trouble, but Vice-President Caldwell publicly states that the bank was never in better condition than it is to-day and that they are able to pay every dollar they owe.

The crash was a great surprise to the general public, as at the last sale of its stock the price obtained was $121.50. The capital stock of the institution was quoted at $750,000 and there was a supposed surplus of $130,000. A dividend of 2 1-2 per cent. was paid upon the capital stock at the last annual meeting.

Claims to be 124 Years Old.

BARABOO, Wis., May 9.—Door County, in the northern part of this State, has living within its borders about as old a person as can be found in this country. She is an Indian woman named Angelica Bear, who claims to have reached the advanced age of 124 years. She is not able to speak English. There is no doubt that she is very old.

The Heirs Will Suffer.

PORTLAND, Me., May 9.—An investigation of the affairs of the late Rufus Prince of Turner, ex-State Senator, proves that they are in a very bad condition. His estate is estimated at only $15,000. Since 1861 he has been administrator, executor or guardian of ninety-five estates. In thirty-three of these cases no record appears of any settlement. In ten cases no inventory of the estate was ever filed. In the remaining unsettled cases there appears to be due to the heirs $75,000.

MARKET PRICES.

Latest New York Quotations—Cattle Market.

BUTTER.—State Dairy, fancy new, fancy	26
State Dairy, h.f., new, good to choice, lb	25
Western Dairy, choice, per lb	23
Western Dairy, good, per lb	21
Imitation Creamery, fancy, per lb	24
Imitation Creamery, good to choice, lb	23
Western creamery, fancy, per lb	25
Welsh tubs, good to choice, per lb	23
Western Creamery, fancy, per lb	27
Western Creamery, good to choice, lb	25
Factory, fresh, per lb	23
BEANS AND PEAS.—Beans, Mar., choice	2.50
Beans, medium, choice, new	2.40
Beans, Red Kidney, choice, new	2.80
Beans, foreign, Pea	2.20
Beans, Pea, choice	2.35
Green Peas, bbls, per bushel	1.10
Beans, Lima, California, per bag	2.85
CHEESE.—State Factory, fancy	12¼
State Factory, full cream, choice, lb	11¾
State Factory, part skim, per lb	10¼
State Factory, full skims, per lb	4
DRIED FRUITS.—Apples, evaporat'd, For	13¼
Apples, sun-dried, fair to choice, per lb	13¼
Apricots, California, per lb	18
Raspberries, evaporated, per lb	25
Raspberries, sun-dried, per lb	24
Cherries, per lb	25
Blackberries, per lb	8
Peanuts, fancy, per lb	4½
Pecans, per lb	11½
EGGS.—Eastern new laid, choice, doz	15½
Western, choice, per doz	14¾
Southern, choice, per doz	14¾
FRUITS.—Apples, Russet, per bbl	4.25
Apples, Wine Sap, per bbl	5.50
Apples, Greening, fancy, per bbl	5.25
Apples, Northern Spy, per bbl	5.25
Apples, Baldwin, per bbl	5.00
Cranberries, N.J., per 20-qt crate	3.00
Oranges, Fla., Mandarins, per box	3.50
Oranges, Fla., bright, per box	2.75
Oranges, Fla., Tangarines, per box	3.50
Strawberries, Florida, per quart	35
Strawberries, Charleston, per quart	30
HAY AND STRAW.—Hay, No. 1, per 100 lb	65
Hay, Clover, mixed	60
Hay, Salt	50
Hay, shipping	50
Long Rye straw	85
Short Rye Straw	85
Oat Straw	55
Wheat Straw	50
POULTRY, ETC.—Live Western Geese	1.50
Chickens, spring, per pair	1.25
Chickens, frozen, good, per lb	10
Ducks, Western, per pair	80
Fowls, State, N. J. and Pa., per lb	14
Fowls, Western, per lb	14
Roosters, per lb	10
Chickens, Phila, mix. weights, per lb	15
Chickens, New Jersey, per lb	15
Ducks, Western, per pair	80
Turkeys, frozen, prime, per lb	15
Turkeys, young Toms, prime, per lb	12
Tame squabs, white, per doz	4.00
Tame Squab, dark, per doz	2.50
Pigeons, Golden, per doz	1.75
Sand Snipe, per doz	40
Live Pigeons, per pair	45
VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, Cana., per bbl	3.37
Potatoes, N. J., Peerless, per bbl	3.20
Potatoes, N.