Andover News.

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 11, 1891

BEFORE he killed himself Boulanger considerately discharged all of his debts, but he overlooked the author of "The Boulanger March."

ITALY has decided to take no part in the World's Fair. She will have no imitators. Even the State of New York will come in with the rest.

Monarch of a Lake Michigan Island.

Much has been said and written of the Lake Michigan island which has been overlooked by the surveyors for the present map of the United States, but little is known of Dick Bassett, its ruler. He is the only human inhabitant of the island. Wolves, bears and other wild animals abound in winter, and, strange to say, Bassett refrains from slaughtering these; and they refrain from feasting upon his carcass, so Dick and all sorts of animals live in peace. When other food is scarce the wild wolves and bears often come to the hermit's cabin and in their own way ask for food. Such is the story that Bassett tells, and in such a serious manner that the truth of the assertion is given considerable weight.

Until recently Basset never left the island more than once a year. On those occasions he would seldom enter a settled region. Not long ago though he surprised people by taking a train at Traverse City and going to Grand Rapids, where he visited for several days.

Dick Bassett is about fifty years old. He arrived in Traverse City about fourteen years ago and lived in a deserted fishing cabin on the beach, far from the abode of men. He occasionally came to town, but only to buy supplies or to sell the fish he caught, and never lounged around the barrooms or corner groceries. He built himself a boat and most of his days were spent on the waters of the bay with fish-line in hand. He was a mystery then and is almost as much of a mystery today.—[Cedar Rapids Democrat.

How He Called the Cow.

He lives just outside the corporation limits, where there are large commons on which the cows pasture. Having a large lawn, he mows the grass with an attachment to his lawn mower which catches the grass cut. This he feeds to his cow at night, and her toothsome lunch of fresh-mown grass has come to be a looked-for evening occurrence. The other evening a friend went out to spend the night. After tea the gentleman's wife remarked to him: "The cow has not come home yet; hadn't you better start her?" "Yes," was the answer, and then while his city friend watched to see him perform the office of cowboy he deliberately got out his lawn mower and began marching back and forth across the shaven sod, as though there was no matter of cream for the coffee next morning at stake. "Did you forget what your wife said about the cow?" the friend asked presently. "Forget? No; isn't she there?" He looked in the direction indicated, and there, sure enough, was Sukey with her nose over the fence. "Sent a boy after her?" "No, I called her." "But I didn't hear you." "Yes, you did; you've been standing right there." "But you haven't said a word." "But I called the cow just the same, and she heard the call—the noise of the lawn mower." And sure enough, every night when the cow hears that, she comes trotting home.—[Maryland Farmer.

Origin of "Starboard."

"Starboard," which has always been disputed by scholars as to its meaning, has at last been explained with satisfactory authority. K. Keat says that Dr. Kingsley informs him that, as "starboard" is, by common consent from "steerboard," the side on which the helmsman stood to grasp the steering paddle, so larboard is from "leer-board," the empty side, where the steersman didn't stand. In Hakluyt's "Voyages" there is this passage about Ohthere: "Whereupon he made his voyage directly north along the coast, having upon larboard always the desert land, and upon starboard those the lereboard the [illegible]."—Boston Herald.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

The teacher, a lesson he taught;
The preacher, a sermon he preaught;
The stealer, he stole,
The healer, he hol-;
And the screecher, he awfully screaght.

The long-winded speaker, he spoke;
The poor office-seeker, he soae;
The runner, he ran,
The dunner, he dan,
And the shrieker, he horribly shroke.

The flyer, to Canada flew;
The buyer, on credit he bew;
The doer, he did,
The suer, he sid,
And the liar (a fisherman), low.

The writer, this nonsense he wrote;
The fighter (an editor), fote;
The swimmer, he swam,
The skimmer, he skam,
And the liter was hungry and bote.

THE BABY.

Oh, mother, dear mother, no wonder I cry!
More wonder by far that your baby don't die!
No matter what ails, no matter who's here,
No matter how hungry the poor little dear;
No matter if full, or if all out of breath,
She trots me, and trots me, and trots me to death!

I love my dear nurse, but I dread her great knee;
I like all her talk; but, woe unto me!
She can't be contented with talking so pretty,
And washing, and dressing, and doing her duty;
All that's very well—I can bear soap and water,
But mother, she is an unmerciful trotter!

LOLA PULASKI;

—OR—

The Victim of Circumstantial Evidence.

A Story of Nihilistic Plottings and Crimes.

BY LEON EDWARDS.

[CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.]

It was only after they reached a hall on the upper floor that Count Linwold noticed the man, who had followed him from the street.

Then he handed him a small gold coin and said:

"Wait near by, my good fellow; I may need you again."

Ivan saluted, and the Count and his companion entered a room, before which stood a guard.

Addressing the guard, Ivan asked:

"Can you tell me what that place is behind you, comrade?"

"That," replied the sentry, "is General Paul's ante-room."

"How is the General?"

"He will be out in a few days, they say."

"And where is the Pulaskis' room? I'd like to see that old man, for I've heard my father say he fought under him," Ivan said, speaking in harmony with his rough soldier character.

The sentry said it was at the other end of the building, and as he knew Ivan had come with Count Linwold, he very naturally supposed him to be attached to that important person's service, and without hesitation directed him how to go.

Ivan started off, and when he reached the place he hesitated, for there were a number of doors in sight, looking as much alike as if they had been cast in the same mold.

He was wondering what he should do, when a door opened, and a woman came out, bearing a tray that contained the remnants of a supper.

He asked her where General Pulaski's room was, and, with a look of wonder at the crippled soldier, the woman pointed to the door through which she had just come.

Ivan tapped on the door, and the well-known voice of Lola, from within, bade him enter.

He obeyed, and closed the door behind him.

He found himself in a cozy parlor, of which Lola was the sole occupant.

Advancing to him, she said, in her kindly way:

"Friend, do you wish to see me?"

"I do," he replied; "I come from Ivan Berger."

"What of him?" she asked, eagerly

"He is here."

"Here!" she repeated, with a look of mingled horror and surprise.

"Here!" echoed Ivan; and he revealed himself to her astonished gaze.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN INTERCEPTED INTERVIEW.

Ever since leaving Ivan Berger in the cell of Neva prison, Lola Pulaski was so anxious and nervous about his fate that she could give but little thought to her own strangely changed condition.

From a long acquaintance with Ivan, she well knew his resources, and his wonderful skill at disguise, but she could not see how these talents could avail in the position in which she left him, inside the gloomy and impregnable Neva jail.

As he took off his hat and wig, and brought his expressive features to their natural shape, she was as much astounded as if she had seen the dead rising up before her.

"Ivan! Ivan!" she exclaimed. "What brings you here into this danger?"

"You do," he replied, as he replaced his wig, drew back his left arm, and again became the rough, crippled soldier.

She well knew that he loved her, and this fact had been to her a source of frequent sorrow and constant anxiety.

Now, she could not help feeling a thrill of admiration for the sublime audacity of this talented youth, who valued his life so little and her love so much.

"Sit down," she said. "I do not think we shall be disturbed. Sit down, and tell me all that has happened since we parted."

Ivan obeyed her, though he was still the old soldier, so that even if his own mother or sister had seen and heard him they would have been deceived as to his identity.

He told her of his wonderful escape from the prison, and how he had brought off Lance and Maux, whose recent troubles grew out of their anxiety to help himself.

"You are a brave, noble fellow, Ivan," she said. "But what are you to do now?"

"I can give no thought to myself," he replied. "If I could see my mother and Elizabeth it would lift a great load from my heart. As it is, I have sent them newspapers, so that they know I am in the city. But I have been unable to hear from them, and that has been a great torment."

"I heard from Elizabeth this evening," said Lola, and she rose and brought Ivan the note.

It was evidently written under great excitement, and was even franker in its expressions than if she had been writing to her brother.

Elizabeth wrote:

The house is still closely guarded, and the effect on myself and mother is so great that we cannot work; and if we do not work you know what the consequence will be; for in our present straits every kopeck is of importance.

Last night Dr. Mulek called.

He was bold, and rude to the verge of insolence, and had Ivan been home trouble to Mulek would have followed; but the fellow did not escape as it was.

He urged me to become his wife, and with an ardor that must have been born of wine he tried to embrace me.

I was on the point of calling for help when Count Orloff, who had entered by another door without being heard, sprang forward and punished the wretch to the extent of kicking him into the street.

I was in hopes that the matter would end here, but this morning I received an anonymous note, in which I am charged with being the mistress of Count Orloff, and the writer swears he will publish the fact to all St. Petersburg.

The writing is not Dr. Mulek's. I send it to you, hoping you may be able to tell whose it is.

Mother and I are in constant agony about Ivan.

Poor boy, he is hunted down like a mountain wolf, and if he turns and bites his pursuing hounds can we blame him?

I have just been talking to mother about leaving Russia, and going to that great, free Western land, America.

Russia is under a curse.

The pall of death is over the land, and from beneath it comes the rattle of chains and the groans of the crushed and enslaved.

Mother and I send you much love, and we pray that you and your noble father may have a happy deliverance out of all your trials and tribulations.

Write me when you can, and believe me with increasing affection, your friend,

ELIZABETH.

Ivan read the note through to the end, and then asked Lola for the letter which Elizabeth mentioned.

"There is no need to show you that," said Lola. "I know who wrote it."

"Who?"

"Peter the student."

"You are sure, Lola?"

"I am certain."

"Curse him!" hissed Ivan. "If he and Dr. Mulek think they can insult my sister with impunity, because I am a fugitive with a price set on my head, they are mistaken. All the troops of the Czar cannot save the dogs from my vengeance."

"Hush, Ivan, they are brother Nihilists, and we are sworn to uphold them and stand by them," said Lola, with a mocking little laugh.

"I am still a Nihilist, so far as it aims at the freedom of the country and the liberty of the enslaved masses; but the men who have joined its ranks are, as a rule, the unprincipled adventurers, who would be dissatisfied even if they were in the United States, and who could not be happy unless they were plotting against the Government or their fellow men."

Ivan was of that impulsive nature that distinguishes alike the successful orator and the fiery soldier.

He spoke from his heart; and Lola, who was in perfect sympathy with what he had said, took his hand, and whispered:

"Patience, patience, brave friend."

"No, Lola, patience is a vice when it is strained so far that it ceases to be a virtue. But I did not come to speak of myself. I wanted to learn of your status, and if there was anything I could do for you."

"My status is simply this," said Lola, quietly, "when General Paul thought he was dying, he sent for me that he might, in the presence of myself and his attendants, exonerate me from the charge of assaulting him."

"And he did that?"

"He did, Ivan; and I am satisfied the Czar and Count Linwold are disgusted at his conduct."

"But they do not believe you guilty?"

"They have no reason to; but they want me out of the way, and, like the wolf in the fable, they will not hesitate for an excuse."

"How did your father come to be freed?"

"He is not freed, Ivan; neither am I."

"You do not mean that you are a prisoner here?"

"But I am."

"I don't understand it."

"It is simply this: The General is responsible for us; he would be so if he were in the Neva jail. When it was thought he was dying, the soldiers in the city, whose idol he is, became wild with excitement, and did not hesitate to say that the General was the victim of a court conspiracy, and to hint that even their royal master had a hand in the work. The Czar and Count Linwold heard of this, and, anxious to appease the army, they have very graciously granted all the General's requests."

"And it is at his request that you are here?"

"Yes; but just as soon as it is known he is out of all danger, and that time has come, then in my opinion a strong effort will be made to degrade him with the army, after which his destruction will be easy."

"You look for that, Lola?"

"He looks for it himself."

"Then he is not the tyrant he has been represented," said Ivan, tugging at his false beard.

"He was never so represented by me," she replied.

After a pause, during which Ivan seemed very nervous, he asked:

"Do you think this man is your true friend?"

"I know he is."

"And that he had nothing to do with your father's arrest?"

"Only to carry out the orders of his superiors."

"Have you any suspicion who his assailant is?"

"All my suspicions vanished when you denied the act. Have you thought much about it?"

"A great deal, Lola."

"And what do you think?"

"I think I can lay my hand on the man," said Ivan, deliberately.

"Who is he?"

"I will not name him until I am certain."

"Do I know the person you suspect?"

"You do."

"Is he a Nihilist?"

"He belongs to the order.

"And to our circle?"

"Yes."

"If I name him, will you tell me if I am right?"

"No."

"Is the man a student?"

"No."

"Is he a soldier?"

"I will not say. But I am sure I can find the man who tried to assassinate General Paul."

"Find him, comrade, and ten thousand rubles in gold shall be yours," broke in a strong, manly voice from an inner door.

Lola suppressed a shriek, and Ivan leaped to his feet and instinctively adjusted his rig and beard.

The intruder was General Paul.

In contrast with his former self, he looked thin and pale, but handsome and more intellectual, if that were possible.

At sight of the young commander, Ivan lost his head, and was about to rush through the door by which he had entered, but the General called to him:

"Wait, comrade; whoever you are, have no fear of me."

CHAPTER XXIII.

GENERAL PAUL'S WAY OUT OF A QUANDARY.

Ivan Berger had often seen General Paul before.

This was the first time they had ever come face to face.

The first time Ivan had ever heard the sound of his voice.

They were rivals for the hand of the beautiful girl in whose presence they stood, but only one of them knew it.

The handsome soldier in his brilliant uniform and the assumed crippled soldier in his rags formed a striking illustration of opposites.

General Paul had not been playing eavesdropper.

He had come to talk with Lola, and as the door leading to his private office was open, he would have walked in, as he had done before that day, had he not been arrested by hearing a strange voice.

He stood in the door for an instant, but long enough to hear Ivan's voice, and to weigh his words, and to come to the conclusion that the man was disguised, for his conversation and dress were not in keeping.

Ivan certainly would have assumed another voice if he had had the least suspicion that they would be overheard.

There was something in General Paul's tones that gave Ivan confidence.

"Whoever you are, have no fear."

On hearing these words Ivan released his hold on the knob of the door, and turning, faced the man whose life he had so recently sworn to take.

"General Paul," said Lola, now the calmest person in the room, "this man is my friend."

She walked over as she spoke and laid her hand on Ivan's arm.

"Then," said the General, "he is my friend, though I should infer that from his uniform; I know that I feel only as friend towards all who bore the brunt of battle, and carry scars to remind them of it."

"As you have been so frank, sir," said Ivan, in his natural voice, and with a courtly bow that was not in character with his costume, "I will prove I am not unworthy your candor, by saying, that I have no right to wear this uniform."

"No right to the uniform," repeated the General, waving Ivan into a chair, and sitting down himself.

"No, sir."

"Then why do you wear it?"

"As a disguise," said Ivan, frankly.

"Why should you, who seem to be a gentleman, masquerade in this guise in the streets of St. Petersburg?"

"Why," replied Ivan, with a flash of the eye, "does the stag start at the sound of the hunter's horn, and seek the forest cover at the baying of the hounds?"

"The love of life moves the stag," replied the General.

"Ay, your excellency, and it moves me."

"You are then a fugitive?"

"I am, sir."

"I promised you protection while in this place, and you have, therefore, nothing to fear from me," said the General, glancing from Lola to Ivan. "I regret, however, that one who seems to be a gentleman, at least by education, should be a breaker of the law."

"General Paul," said Ivan, leaping to his feet, "do not take advantage of your position to charge me with being a breaker of the law, when you can know nothing about my antecedents."

"Pardon me, but did you not say you were a fugitive?" said the General, quietly.

"I did."

"You are wanted by the authorities?"

"I am."

"Then the authorities believe you have violated the law."

"Sir, there are no laws in Russia. In free lands the laws are the expression of the people's will; here we are governed, or rather misgoverned, by rules—harsh, arbitrary, and cruel—that emanate from one man, often at the bidding of some unprincipled favorite."

"I am a loyal soldier of the crown," said General Paul, with a show of anger, "and therefore cannot listen to treason."

"I thought from your manner that you gave me liberty to speak. But, sir, as to treason, is it any greater crime to think and act it than it is to speak it?"

"People may think what they please; thoughts are matters that lie between the thinker and his God; but talking or acting treason make the crime in the eyes of the law," replied the General.

At this juncture Lola placed her chair between the two men.

She had more power over both than any woman in the world, and she seemed to know it.

She understood Ivan Berger even better than his own mother did.

She knew that either one of these men would risk his life, if need be, to save her.

For Ivan she had an intense admiration. She admired his splendid acquirements and appreciated his fine intellect.

She had no brother—never had had one, but from her first acquaintance with Ivan Berger he took the place of a brother in her heart.

Lola's feelings toward General Paul need not be described.

She loved him in spite of her will, What has the will to do with love?

He was the son of a man who had cursed the life of a father whom she loved, and who had sent her mother to a grave among strangers, yet she loved him.

She had pledged herself to slay him—yet she loved him.

Even when she believed that he was engaged of his own volition to Elvira, the Countess Linwold, she could not crush out her love for the man she believed, for the moment, to be a deceiver and a traitor.

Her father was sent to prison on a direct order from General Paul, yet in that awful moment her woman heart—prophetic in the awful, sublime intensity of its love—told her that this man was not to blame.

She had absolutely refused to become his wife; that she never would be his wife she was very certain, still she was just as sure that, so long as her heart beat, this noble young soldier should be the one ideal of its pure affections.

"General Paul," she said, in the low, sweet tones that thrilled him like music. "I have no right to ask a promise from you."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because our relations might not warrant the liberty."

"Let me be the judge of that. I promise in advance to grant any request you may make, for I am sure that you will ask me to do nothing that would not become a gentleman, and which my own heart would not approve."

"I thank you for your confidence."

"But what is the promise?"

"It is that if my friend explains who he is, and tells you why he came here and all about the offense with which he is charged, you will permit him to leave this place as he came."

"I promise that, Lola, and I will add thereto my word of honor that I will never take any advantage of the information he may impart, certainly not to work harm to him."

"You are a brave soldier, and will you give me your hand on that?" said Ivan.

"Here is my hand," replied the General.

"I am Ivan Berger, for whom all your police are searching," said Ivan, showing that he had his hands by removing his beard and wig.

Though General Paul tried to remain calm, he was evidently not prepared for this disclosure.

He had known Ivan, through his friend, Count Orloff, for a long time, and he half-suspected the young man's love for Lola. His presence here, under such circumstances, confirmed this suspicion, and stirred up in his heart that jealousy which is said to be inseparable from love.

But he had given his pledge, and if Lola announced, as he half-feared she might, that this handsome young man was her betrothed husband, still would the General shield him from harm, so far as lay in his power.

"If I am free to speak," said Ivan, "let me return your confidence, General Paul, by beginning at the first."

"I leave all that to you," replied the General.

Without entering into details, Ivan told the story of his life, though to do him justice he kept himself in the background, and spoke of his dead father, and of the struggles of his mother and sister for a living, and efforts of himself to get a proper education.

He confessed that he belon[illegible]

[illegible] and boldly ac[illegible] the charge of being a leader of the people of the same class.

He told of the efforts to arrest him, [illegible] he wisely kept to himself the means by which he had so far successfully eluded the authorities.

He told of his anxiety to see Lola, [illegible] how he had put on this uniform [illegible] assumed this character the better to carry out his purpose.

Nor did he neglect to tell of his meeting with Count Linwold, of his visit to that gentleman's palace, and all the circumstances connected with his entrance into the General's hotel.

General Paul heard him through, then rising and pacing back and forth, he said, as if thinking aloud:

"This places me in a quandary." Then after a pause: "Did I not hear you say as I came in, that you know the man who attempted my murder?"

"I said, I thought I aid," replied Ivan.

"Do you object to telling me who this person is, and why you suspect him?"

"I do, at this time."

"Would you be willing to continue that disguise and take service with me?" asked the General abruptly.

"If it gave me the liberty to visit, and, if need be, to protect my mother and sister," replied Ivan, "I would."

"I promise you all that liberty."

"Then I agree."

"Good; report at my office to-morrow. And now I shall leave you with Miss Pulaski."

The General was about to withdraw, but Ivan anticipated him by saying "good-night," and going out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DUBLIN, Nov. 7.—The sudden death of Mr. Kerr, agent for the property and affairs of the late Charles Stewart Parnell at Avondale, will cause some delay and confusion in settlin the estate. Kerr had everything at his fingers' ends and no one else had.

ROME, Nov. 8.—Baron Fava, Italian Minister to the United States, who has been absent from his post of duty on leave, owing to the controversy between the Italian and United States Governments on account of the New Orleans affair, has been promoted to the rank of Plenipotentiary of the First Class.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—Over five thousand dollars were realized at the sale of boxes, reserved seats and tally-ho stands for the Yale-Princeton football game on Thanksgiving Day, on Manhattan Field. Mrs. Garrison, of Princeton, paid $105 and H. H. Strong of the Union Club paid $100 for boxes.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 7.—The great iron firm of Jones & Louthlin has reduced the wages of the 500 laborers employed by it from $1.50 to $1.36. There was much grumbling among the men over the reduction, but they say they are powerless to resist, having no organization and being unskilled hands.

Pennsylvania W. C. A.

ALTOONA, Pa., Nov. 9.—Miss Blanche Zehring of Ohio, Miss Bertha McCurdy of Scranton, Pa., Miss Coralie Tarr and Miss Hattie Dyer of Pennsylvania, were the speakers at the meeting of the State Women's Christian Association convention yesterday. The convention finally adjourned last night without selecting a place for next year's meeting.

Wants $25,000 Damages.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 9.—William Hamlin, guardian for Daniel G. Watkins, has commenced action against the Steam Gauge and Lantern Company, formerly of this city, to recover $25,000 damages for injuries sustained by Watkins in the great lantern works fire of 1888.

Hope for Justice Adams.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—Justice N. S. Adams, of Sanford, Fla., who was almost suffocated by gas in the Morton House on Thursday night last, is now resting easier at the hospital and the doctors have hopes of his final recovery.

Says She Was Not Notified.

NYACK, N. Y., Nov. 7.—A year ago an absolute divorce was granted by a New Jersey court to Thomas Main, a former wealthy resident of a Nyack suburb, by default, his wife, who was in Colorado, not appearing to answer. The wife is now on the scene and claims she was not notified of the suit. The Chancellor of New Jersey has reopened the divorce proceedings on her application. Much interest centres in the case in Rockland County, where the participants are well known.

A Poetess' Body Removed.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Col., Nov. 9.—The remains of Helen Hunt Jackson, the famous poetess, known as "H. H." were removed Saturday from Cheyenne Mountain, where they have been buried for six years. They were taken to Evergreen Cemetery and buried, and the spot will be appropriately marked. This step has been in contemplation for a long time, as the spot which the authoress intended should be held sacred by those who knew her has been desecrated by toll-gates and become the resort of pleasure seekers.

They Beat the Insurance Company.

BOSTON, Nov. 7.—James Sullivan and Mrs. Catherine McDonough have been arrested charged with conspiracy to defraud the New York Life Insurance Company of $2,000. John W. King is now under arrest in Brooklyn on the same charge. The above persons it is said, brought a portersly well man to the Company's office, pretending he was the husband of Mrs. McDonough, and obtained an insurance policy, while her real husband was at the time dying of consumption, and has since died. Sullivan and Mrs. McDonough were brought here to-day.

UNITED STATES DENOUNCED.

Excited Chilians Speak Out—Rear's Demand for Protection Honored.

SANTIAGO DE CHILI, Nov. 7.—Wild stories have been in circulation here for several days to the effect that a conspiracy had been formed among the refugees in the American Legation for the assassination of Colonel Canto, who so successfully led the Congressionalists during the recent insurrection.

As a result of these reports a mass meeting of citizens was held in the Plaza to denounce the conspiracy and to take whatever action was deemed necessary.

Minister Egan notified the Junta that threats of an attack upon the Legation had been made with the avowed purpose of securing the refugees. In very firm times Mr. Egan announced that the Junta would be held strictly responsible for any damage which might be done to the Legation or any harm that might befall any of its inmates. The Junta promptly dispatched a troop of cavalry to the United States Legation for its protection.

At the Plaza meeting many incendiary speeches were made and the United States Legation, and its troop of so-called called conspirators were severely denounced. Just before the close of the meeting government officials distributed a circular among the crowd which announced that the conspiracy stories were devoid of all foundation. This had a soothing effect upon the excited citizens and they dispersed to their homes without making any demonstration whatever against the Legation.

FEARS FOR THE CROWELL.

A Captain Reports Passing a Wreck Which May Have Been the Schooner.

BOSTON, Nov. 7.—Grave fears are entertained for the safety of the three-masted schooner Hattie M. Crowell of Providence, Capt. Chase, which sailed from Long Cove, Me., Oct. 22, with a cargo of paving stones for New York.

Captain Nickerson, of the schooner Florence Nowell, which sank off Pollock Rip Lightship during the October gale, reported having been in company with the Crowell on the evening of October 22 off Seguin. That night it commenced to blow hard from the northeast and on the following day the Nowell put into Boston for safety. It is presumed that the Crowell continued on her course and in all probabity met with disaster.

Captain Bearse, of the schooner O. D. Witherill, which recently arrived at New York, reported by letter that Oct. 28, off South Shoal Lightship, passed close to a sunken schooner, with all three topmasts out of water.

It is possible that this was the Crowell. The Crowell had seven men all told, and Capt. Benjamin R. Chase is a part owner. He has a wife and four children living in West Harwich, Mass. Mate Harvey Phillips belonged on Cape Cod and Cook Nickerson was formerly of Harwich. The four seamen are thought to be foreigners. Mr. John A. Cady, of Providence, R. I., is the principal owner.

FOUL PLAY SUSPECTED.

Farmer Foote's Friends Believe That He Was Murdered.

SUSQUEHANNA, Pa., Nov. 7.—The discovery of the remains of Farmer Richard Foote in the ruins of his barn, which was burned last Friday night in Kirkwood township, this county, has been followed by the universal belief that he was murdered, his dead body placed in the barn and the building set on fire. Foote was one of the most highly respected citizens of that locality.

Unquestionable evidence that fire was of incendiary origin has been found. The disappearance of a colored tramp, whom Foote had hired to work for him about ten days ago and with whom he had a bitter quarrel on Friday, convinces the public that he was the murderer and incendiary. He was seen about the barn in the evening not long before the fire broke out. Farmer Foote was supposed to be in a neighboring place on business at the time. His non-appearance was inexplicable to his family, but they had no suspicion of foul play until a search of the ruins of the barn resulted in the finding of his charred remains. The country is being searched for the supposed murderer, but no trace of him has yet been found.

IRON SHIP CONSTRUCTION.

A New Invention That May Revolutionize the Present Industry.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—Patents in the United States and Canada have been issued to Herbert M. Griffiths, a carpenter in the United States Navy, for a simplified method of construction of iron ships. Patents are pending on the invention in France, Germany, Spain and Italy.

The invention consists of an overlapping of the iron plates at a reduction of 15 to 35 per cent. from the present cost of iron ship building, doing away entirely with the inside frame and lessening to a minimum the liability of strain from shock. The plates, instead of being strapped together, as in the old way, are riveted to each contiguous plate.

It has been said by prominent ship builders that Carpenter Griffith's idea is likely to revolutionize iron ship construction. One prominent builder says Griffiths was twenty years ahead of the time.

The patentee is 55 years old, and has been in the navy thirty years. He served in his official capacity as a carpenter on the Chicago during her recent service in the White Squadron.

Exit John E. Redmond.

CORK, Nov. 9.—John E. Redmond, the defeated Parnellite candidate, took his departure from Cork last night. He was escorted to the railway station by a large gathering of his adherents bearing torches and headed by bands of music. Before taking his seat in the train Mr. Redmond was presented with an address by the members of an organization known as "Young Ireland," composed of young men who have just attained the right of suffrage. Mr. Redmond replied briefly, thanking his supporters for their adherence in the face of the violent tactics resorted to by their opponents.

INDIGNANT OFFICERS

Angry at the Torpedo Yarn About the Baltimore.

THE CHILIANS SEEKING PEACE.

Captain Schley Will Allow the Wounded Men to Testify.

But They Must First be Recovered in Health—Officers Given Leave to Go Ashore at Night—Chilian Police Still Guard the Stewards—A Peaceable Settlement of the Trouble Likely.

VALPARAISO, Chili, via Galveston, Texas, Nov. 9.—Captain Schley and the other officers of the United States war ship Baltimore are indignant at the yarn about its sinking, for there is not the least semblance of truth in the rumor. They know that it must have caused a great deal of unnecessary anxiety among their families, friends and the people generally of the United States.

The utmost quietude prevails in this city and in the harbor, where the Baltimore is lying as peacefully as if she were in home waters and nothing had happened to disturb life aboard ship.

Her stewards for several days past have gone ashore to do necessary marketing, under the protection of a police guard furnished by Intendent Arlegui. The officers will be granted leave by their captain to land to-night.

Although, as a matter of fact, no threats have been made nor any signs been given that violence would be attempted should the American officers appear again on Valparaiso's streets, Captain Schley, in order to be on the safe side and as an act of prudence, had stopped night leave.

In reply to a letter sent Captain Schley, asking him to allow the victims of the recent riot to appear before the court of inquiry and tell Judge Foster what they know of the outrageous assault upon them, Captain Schley sent word that he was willing to grant them permission to testify on certain conditions.

The injured men would first have to be entirely recovered in health, and the officers of the Baldimore must be permitted to be present at the inquiry while the men are giving evidence. Capt. Schley also agreed to give the court a copy of the information about the assault sent to the United States government.

A Yarn Pure and Simple.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—All the efforts to ferret out the origin of the story current Saturday night that the cruiser Baltimore had been destroyed by a torpedo at Valparaiso have proved fruitless. The yarn caused considerable excitement for some time.

WANTS TO BE FRIENDLY.

Chilian Government Seeking a Peaceable Solution of the Trouble.

VALPARAISO, Nov. 9.—The Chilian government is seeking a friendly solution of the difficulty with the United States over the Baltimore sailors' incident.

TO SHOW OUR STRENGTH.

Likely that Every Steel Ship May Go South Before Long.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Of course there is no intention on the part of our government to provoke war, but it is evident that the United States naval force in South American waters is about to be so increased as to give us a fleet of greater strength than we have ever assembled since 1865.

With the exception of the Miantonomoh, the Chicago, the Dolphin, the Vesuvius and the Cushing, every one of our completed steel ships may be gathered in one South American port within the next two months.

The ships thus to be assembled, if necessary, are the Atlanta, the Baltimore, the Bennington, the Boston, the Charleston, the Concord, the Newark, the Petrel, the Philadelphia, the San Francisco and the Yorktown.

It is not expected that this fleet will be called upon to do any fighting at the present time, or even make a "demonstration" against any South American State. It assembled its purpose will be simply precautionary.

Sometimes the knowledge that a sufficient police force is close at hand will keep the mob from reckless acts that they would commit if no repressive force was available. Similarly a show of naval strength may repress a tendency among the people of a brave, but ill informed nation, to attack us.

White Caps Settled With Him.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Nov. 9.—Early yesterday morning Alex. Rice was taken from his bed by White Caps, stripped to the waist and 100 lashes laid on his bare back. He was then given an hour in which to leave town, which he did. Last Tuesday night Rice, with the help of the mother, succeeded in inducing a 12-year-old girl to marry him. The child was weak and delicate, while Rice is a big, burly fellow, old enough to be the child's grandfather. The action of the White Caps is generally approved.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Nov. 7.—There is no more prospect of rain than there was two months ago, and everybody views the situation with alarm. Wells, streams and ponds are completely dry in entire sections, and since the 15th nothing like this has been known. The worst aspect is the damage to wheat and meadows. In the inland towns, like Charlestown, water is being sold.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—Sir John Gorst said, in a speech at Liverpool, that England owned 13,000 out of 17,000 miles of Indian railways, and had expended £9,500,000 yearly on the railways and irrigation in India. The building of a railway to the Chinese frontier was proceeding.

SECRETARY RUSK'S REPORT.

The Increase in This Year's Value of Products $700,000,000.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Secretary Rusk has presented to the President his annual report as Secretary of Agriculture. He calls attention to the specially noticeable feature regarding the crop values of the present year. They are so well sustained in the presence of large yields, that the Secretary estimates the probable increase in the value of agricultural products for 1891 over 1890 at not less than $700,000,000.

Reviewing our exports and imports of agricultural products, Secretary Rusk states that during the first three months of the present fiscal year our exports in cereals alone have aggregated in value over $76,000,000. He notes the increase by some $28,000,000 in the imports of agricultural products during the first ten months under the present law by comparison with the same period during the last year of the old law.

He reviews the subject of meat inspection, stating that it was not only demanded in order to keep our foreign markets and develope them, but that there was a very general demand for some such inspection by the people of our own country, in many states of which laws had been passed providing for a local inspection. He urges a system of inspection for all articles of food which are the subject for interstate or foreign trade.

Secretary Rusk devotes considerable space to a review of the work of the bureau of animal industry. Pleuro pneumonia he regards as quite under control and limited in territory to two or three counties on Long Island and in New Jersey, over which a thorough quarantine is exercised.

He earnestly recommends increased appropriations to extend meat inspection to all applicants. "The benefits," he says, "which have already accrued by the opening up of the foreign markets to pork products, the increased demand for beef products, and the re-establishment of their reputation for wholesomeness and soundness in the markets of the world, together with the protection which this inspection furnishes to our own consumers, amply justify a liberal appropriation."

Of the rainfall experiments he states briefly that they have been made, but that as regards the production of rain he has no data yet at hand which would justify him in expressing any conclusions on the subject.

In concluding his report he indicates that from the time he assumed the reins of office he has devoted his personal attention to a general enlargement of the scope of the work of the department in the interest of practical agriculture, especially to the extension of the market for the disposal of the surplus of our great staple crops.

WANTS A MEAL EVERY HOUR.

Abnormal Appetite of a Girl Who Was Cursed By a Tramp.

NORTH PLAINS, Conn., Nov. 9.—The peculiar case of Miss Julia Hepburn, who resides near here, is attracting the attention of local physicians. She has become possessed with a mania for eating, and the amount of food that she daily devours is astonishing. She has to be fed every hour in the twenty-four, and her appetite is growing. She seems to enjoy perfect health physically, but she has become very nervous. Her physicians think she is suffering from a nervous affection of the stomach, and suggested that she be fed until she was glutted, and that she be forced to take food until she turned sick. This was tried, but she ate all that was placed before her without signs of distress, until the physician gave up the treatment in despair.

A magnetic healer from New Haven claimed that he could cure her by hypnotizing her, but he failed. Then came a physician from Hartford, who claimed that she was "cranky," and said that if she was put on a diet of three meals a day, and not allowed to eat any more, she would come out of the "spell." This treatment was tried, but she became delirious. She seems to have no preferences for food. Anything that is edible she devours ravenously, so long as it is cooked.

Miss Hepburn, who is of a religious turn of mind, believes that she is suffering from a curse. Last September she turned a tramp away from the door of her father's house one morning, refusing to give him food. In departing the tramp told the young woman that God would curse her for her treatment of him. These words preyed upon her mind so that she reported the tramp's words to her parents, who laughed at her. But she grew moody over the matter, and about six weeks ago the voracious appetite came upon her. Since then she has got rid of the melancholy fits she had previously. She possesses her senses perfectly and is able to perform household duties.

MAVERICK BANK DIVIDENDS.

Controller Lacey Says They Will Be Larger Than Expected.

BOSTON, Nov. 9.—Controller Lacey makes this statement in connection with the affairs of the Maverick National Bank:

"Receiver Beal has filed his bond and received his commission, and is now actively employed in providing for the prompt return to correspondents of such remittances as have been received since the failure of the bank.

"They are so large in volume that their proper investigation and classification will necessarily employ some time, but is hoped that a very few days will complete all this part of his duties.

"As investigation proceeds there is a more cheerful feeling as to the ultimate The judgment of those best informed is that larger dividends may be realized by creditors than at first anticipated.

"I know of no other bank in Boston which is not fully entitled to confidence. Both myself and the receiver agree that a dividend shall be declared at the earliest practicable moment, and it is hoped that every creditor of the bank will promptly present his claim for allowance."

KILLED IN A SHAFT

Eight Miners Meet Awful Deaths at Nanticoke, Pa.

SIX OTHERS FATALLY HURT.

The Explosion of a Safety Lamp Caused the Terrible Disaster.

A Band of Rescuers Came Near Meeting the Same Fate—Heartrending Scenes at the Mouth of the Mine—Horrible Appearance of the Corpses—Another Theory of the Accident.

NANTICOKE, Pa., Nov. 9.—A terrible explosion of gas occurred yesterday afternoon in No. 1 shaft of the Susquehanna Coal Company's mine, causing the instant death of eight men and so badly burning and injuring several others that it is feared they will die. The killed are:

WILLIAM J. WILLIAMS, 50 years old, leaves wife and four children.

PERRY H. JONES, Town Clerk of Nanticoke, fire boss, 40 years old, wife and two children.

WILLIAM JONATHAN, 36 years old, wife and four children.

JOHN ARNOTT, 40 years old, wife and four children.

CALEB JETHING, 30 years old, wife and four children.

THOMAS LLOYD, driver, 18 years old.

DAVID L. SMITH, 27 years old.

HENRY WILLIAMS.

The critically wounded are: David Powell, 32 years old; Thomas Thomas, 19 years old; Henry Williams, D. W. Evans, Howell Jothenski, a Polander; two Polanders, names unknown.

When the news of the disaster reached this town, there was great excitement, as it was feared many had been killed, and the relatives and friends of those known to be employed in the mine flocked to the scene. While they waited for news from the shaft, the scene was harrowing in the extreme.

Women and children ran hither and thither, wringing their hands, wailing and weeping and seeking news and sympathy from relatives and acquaintances in the crowd. It was soon learned that, owing to the fact that it was Sunday, there were but fourteen men at work in the mine at the time of the explosion.

The smell of the fatal after-damp that found its way to the surface only added to the fever of suspense and all these anxious ones could do was to wait.

The officials of the mine soon had a band of brave volunteers together, and after the engines were set in motion these heroes entered