

# Indover News.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25 1893.

A Baltimore invention is designed to outfit train robbers. It is a double safe lock for express car safes. Should the messenger be attacked he throws the combination on lock No. 2 and the safe can then be opened only at the terminal station.

An interesting experiment is now in practical operation at Fategarh, India. It consists in the endeavor to train up in honest habits the children of the Fania race, who have been known in India as thieves and deprecators for ages past.

Statistics gathered by the German Imperial Commissioner on labor show that in many parts of the Empire the duration of work exceeds fifteen hours daily. In Northwestern Germany the percentage of work people laboring thus long is 36.8 of the whole.

Theodore Roosevelt thinks that the day is not far distant when the lake country of Wisconsin and Minnesota will be famous as the summer resort of both the Eastern and Western States, and that a trip thither will be as popular as one to Newport or Saratoga now is.

The London Standard correspondent at Shanghai telegraphs that Viceroy Chang, notorious for his hatred of foreigners and for encouraging natives in the barbarous treatment of Europeans, is reported to have addressed a petition to the throne openly advocating the extermination of foreigners in China, and especially English, in order to prevent the eventual partition of China among European powers. The hostility to foreigners in the provinces is unabated.

So far as the income and equipment go our American universities compare very favorably with some of the far famed European ones. For instance, Cornell and the University of Halle had each about the same number of students last year. Halle, however, had an income of only \$316,000, of which \$170,000 were derived from the State and \$75,000 from investments, while Cornell had an income of \$521,000, \$50,000 of which came from the Government and \$350,000 from invested capital. Harvard had an income last year of \$966,000 to \$700,000 for Paris, \$628,000 for Berlin and \$610,000 for Columbia. The New York Journal declares that the showing is one of which Americans may feel proud.

There are to-day, according to the Washington Star, 243,534 Indians, men, women and children in the United States, and of this number seventy-six per cent, or 185,574 are self-supporting and receive no subsistence supplies whatever from the Government. Of the total number, 133,417 are known as reservation-Indians, residing as wards of the Nation on 129 different reservations, in twenty States and Territories, the reservations being made either by law, by executive order or by treaty and subject to increase or diminution by the Government at pleasure. These reservation Indians own \$13,684,518 worth of horses, mules, swine, sheep and domestic fowls, which with their other property and the trust funds owned by many of the tribes, place them far above the reach of want. The non-reservation Indians, of which there are 110,117, are in an even more enviable condition. All are immensely rich as tribes and the degree of enlightenment and civilization they have attained is a startling revelation to the uninitiated. Of this class 69,000 belong to the five civilized tribes in Indian Territory, 10,287 to the Moquis and Pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico, 5203 to the Six Nations of York, 2885 to the eastern band of Cherokees of North Carolina; Georgia, Tennessee and Alabama, and 17,000 to the Navajos of Arizona. Their lands were acquired by purchase, settlement or treaty, their trust funds by the sale of their surplus lands and their other property by the personal exertion and labor of the tribes, assisted in their efforts by the Federal Government.

Nearly 1600 children are born yearly in London workhouses.

## The Piccadilly Puzzle.

THE STORY OF A TERRIBLE EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

By F. W. HUMER.

CHAPTER II.

DOWKER-DETECTIVE.

The Piccadilly Puzzle, as might be expected, became the talk of the town. At the inquest, which Ellersby attended as principal witness, nothing was developed that could throw a light on the mystery. It was simply proved that the victim had been wounded by some poisonous instrument which had resulted in her death. Mr. Dowker, of Scotland Yard, was the detective detailed to find out who the victim was and if possible to bring her assassin to justice.

Dowker was pleased at this tribute to his cleverness and sighed in an approving manner as he rapidly reviewed all the evidence which had come under the eyes of the police.

In the first place it would be necessary to discover the name of the deceased; and then, by finding out the manner of her life, the motive of the crime might be found. The thing was not marked in any way, but on examining the hat Dowker found from a ticket on the inside that it had been purchased at the shop of Mme. Rene in Regent street; so, wrapping up the hat in paper, he betook himself to the establishment of that lady, as the first step in the chain of evidence which he hoped to complete by the discovery of the assassin.

Mme. Rene's establishment was one of the smartest in London, and was well known to the feminine world, who were accustomed to pay the exorbitant sums demanded there for goods which could have been bought much cheaper elsewhere, but then they would not have been stamped with Mme. Rene's approval, and that omission was to declare that the article was unfashionable. Mme. Rene's trade-mark being thus indispensable, ladies never ventured to go anywhere else if they could possibly manage it, and Mme. Rene flourished greatly.

Dowker entered the shop and asked to see Mme. Rene, to whose presence he was conducted at once, for the detective was well known there, having been frequently employed by Madame in missions of a delicate nature, principally concerning ladies of high rank and diamonds.

Mme. Rene herself was short and stout, with a thoroughly English face, and indeed, she had been born within the sound of Bow Bells, but took her French name for trade purposes. Her voice was sharp and shrill, and her black eyes bold and piercing—a thorough woman of business; who knew the value of money and time, so wasted neither.

"Well, Mr. Dowker," said Madame when the detective had taken his seat in the office and closed the door, "what is the matter now? I was just going to send for you."

"What about?" asked Dowker, with a sigh. "More trouble?"

"Yes, Lady Balcorn's run away with Lord Calliston, and she owes me a lot of money, so I want to know the chances of getting paid."

"Any security?" inquired the detective.

"Yes, I'm not such a fool as to lend ladies money without security," said Madame, with a shrill laugh. "I've got a diamond necklace, but I think it belongs to Sir Rupert Balcorn—part of the family jewels—I suppose I'd better go and see him."

"I think that would be the wisest plan." "Humph!" sniffed the lady, frowning. "I don't know. On the one hand he may pay me my money and redeem the necklace, on the other he may kick up a row and I don't want any dealing in this way made public. I'd have a whole army of men go down on me—just like men—they go to the Jews themselves to get a bit of borrowing and when their wives do it really borrow from their milliners they make a fuss."

"Why not sell the necklace?"

"That's what I'm going to do as soon as I hear from Lady Balcorn. I suppose she'll be divorced and marry Calliston, more fool she, for he's a scamp—then she'll want to redeem the necklace quietly, but I don't know where to write to her. Where have they gone to?"

"I hear in a yacht to the Azores," said Dowker, who knew everything; "they'll turn up again, I've no doubt—then you can see her."

"What an idiot she was to give up such a fair position!" said Madame, who looked at the whole affair from a purely worldly point of view. "She was nobody, but Sir Rupert picked her up and gave her everything—she made ducks and drakes of his money—they fought, and the result is she's gone off with Calliston, a man who is the biggest scamp in town."

"Yes, I know, but a little bit in St. John's Wood," said Dowker, who had no hesitation in talking plainly to this woman, who knew as much about fast life as he did.

"So I hear; never saw his mistress, but hear she's a beautiful woman; there will be a row when she hears his latest escapade; but he'll get tired of Lady Balcorn and go back to the St. John's Wood establishment—they always do."

"Well, the whole affair will end as usual," said the detective with a sigh. "In a public scandal and divorce; but I want to see you about this, and taking the hat out of the parcel he laid it before Madame. It was rather striking-looking—black straw with brown and blue velvet twisted together and caught on one side with a slender silver crescent."

"Yes, that's mine," said Madame, glancing at it. "Rather good style, I think. What do you want to know?"

"The name of the person you sold it to."

"Humph!—rather a difficult question to answer—some one might have bought it and taken it away with them, but if they left an address I'll soon find out."

She touched her veil and a girl appeared.

"Send Miss Brail to me—she's invaluable," explained Madame to Dowker when the girl had vanished. "Such a wonderful memory, forgets nothing. I find her useful in my deals with ladies—a milliner's

business is not all bonnets and hats, as we know."

"It's more than the world does," responded Dowker with an approach to a smile as he allowed himself.

Miss Brail made her appearance and decided the question at once.

"It was sold to a lady about two months ago—somewhere in St. John's Wood."

"Was it a real lady?" asked Dowker.

"Well, she was more like a servant," responded Miss Brail doubtfully. "I should say a lady's maid."

"Was it sent?" asked Madame impatiently.

"Yes—the address is in the book," answered Miss Brail, and went out to get the book. In a few moments she returned and announced:

"Lydia Fenny, Cleopatra Villa, St. John's Wood."

In spite of his habitual phlegm Dowker started, on perceiving which Madame dismissed Miss Brail at once.

"Why do you start?" she asked curiously, when the door had closed.

Dowker sighed in his usual manner, and taking out his handkerchief, twisted it up into a hard ball, a sure sign that he was impressed in some way.

"Cleopatra Villa is Lord Calliston's place."

"Oh!" said Madame, with an amazed tone, "what a curious thing! We should have been speaking about him? I suppose this Lydia Fenny is the lady's maid there."

"Was the lady's maid," corrected Dowker.

"What do you mean?"

"If this hat," touching it, "was sold by you to Lydia Fenny—she is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, the victim of the Jermyn street murder."

"What?" Madame Rene sprang to her feet, greatly agitated.

"I wanted to find out the name of the dead woman in order to get a clue to the perpetrator of the crime," explained Dowker, rapidly; "this hat was on the head when the body was discovered. It had a mark inside showing it was bought here, so I came here to find out to whom it was sold—you tell me Lydia Fenny, so the logical conclusion is that Lydia Fenny is the victim."

"It's all very strange," said Madame, rapidly looking at him with keen eyes, "but it may not be Lydia Fenny at all. Other hats might have been made similar to this one, or Lydia Fenny might have lent or given the hat to another person."

"There is only one way of finding that out," said Dowker, wrapping up the hat and rising to his feet.

"And that is?"

"To make inquiries at Cleopatra Villa. Good-day." And the detective went out, leaving Madame transfixed with astonishment.

"Humph," she said at length. "I wonder if Lord Calliston's got anything to do with this murder."

CHAPTER III.

THE ST. JOHN'S WOOD ESTABLISHMENT.

Cleopatra Villa was a pleasant house and a very expensive one, as Lord Calliston found to his cost. But then, the presiding deity, by name Lady Balcorn, was very beautiful, and insisted upon having her dwelling fitted up in a corresponding manner, so Calliston gave away and spent a small fortune on this bijou residence.

Dowker knew a good many of these little worldly wise Eves, the existence of whom was not supposed to be known to the polite world, so he felt quite at ease when, upon ringing the bell, he was admitted to the garden by a solemn-looking man servant. He was well acquainted with Calliston's life, both public and private—neither side being very reputable—but then, with such advantages of wrong-doing as the world now offers, 'tis hard to be virtuous.

Calliston had come into the title while in his childhood, and the estate having been well looked after during his minority, he found plenty of money to spend when he came of age; and he certainly did spend it. Horse racing and yachting were his two principal pleasures. Curiously enough his name was never mixed up with any well-known woman, and few of his friends knew, except by hearsay, of the divinity who dwelt in Cleopatra Villa. Calliston had fallen in love with her down in the country some years before. Occasionally she went to the theater, and sometimes drove in the park, but at such rare intervals that few people knew who she was. Calliston was very jealous of her and seldom asked his friends to supper, but she was reported by the few who had been thus honored to be a very beautiful woman with charming manners. The general opinion was that he would end up by marrying her, when his entanglement with Lady Balcorn became known, and henceforward he was seen more by that lady's side than in the neighborhood of St. John's Wood.

From some mysterious source only known to himself, was cognizant of all this, and had now come down to discover what connection the establishment of St. John's Wood had with the murder in Jermyn street.

He knew that Calliston had gone off with Lady Balcorn, so said he had a message from him and would like to see Miss Sarschine. The servant drew him into a magnificent furnished drawing room, where he waited the appearance of the lady, attending when she entered to ask her all particulars about her maid Lydia Fenny, with a view to discovering the perpetrator of the crime. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, Dowker rose from his seat when the door was closed, and folding his hands behind his back, strolled about the room, his long, gray-clad figure seeming sadly out of place.

It was not a very large apartment, but luxuriously furnished, the walls being hung with pale-green silk draped in graceful folds and caught up here and there with thick silver cords. The carpet, also of pale-green, was embroidered with bunches of white flowers, and the window curtains were of soft, white liberty silk. There were two windows on one side in deep recesses filled with brightly tinted flowers, white blooms predominating, and at the end of the room were folding doors opening into a conservatory filled with ferns, in the middle of which a small fountain splashed musically into a wide marble basin.

There were low velvet-covered lounging chairs all about, tables crowded with bric-a-brac and photographs in oxidized silver frames, while here and there on the carpet were skins of bears and tigers, to the usual custom in drawing-

rooms, there was only one mirror, a small oval glass over the mantel-piece, framed in pale-green plush. In the corners were high palms and other tropical vegetation, with white marble statues peering from out of their green leaves, and in one corner a handsome grand piano, on the top of which lay a lot of sheet-music. The room was illuminated by two or three tall brass lamps with bright green shades smothered in creamy lace, and just over the piano were a number of quaint-looking, Highland broad-in-a-fantastic fashion. Highland broad-in-a-fantastic fashion. Highland broad-in-a-fantastic fashion.

They were arranged in a fantastic pattern, each side being the same, but here Dowker noticed with much curiosity that one side was incomplete, a Maylay kris having been removed. He looked at the other side and there were certainly two other side crosses, but on the other arranged were only one. Dowker was startled by this discovery, as it seemed to point to the fact that the crime had been committed by the missing kris. He knew the Maylays were a savage nation, and without doubt poisoned their daggers, so the absence of one of those would argue that it had been the weapon used. He gingerly touched the point of a kris with the tip of his finger, and then drew it hastily away.

"It might be poisoned," he muttered, looking at his finger to assure himself he had not broken the skin. "I wonder if it is—I'd like to find out."

Glancing hastily round the room to make sure he was alone, he took a kris from the wall on the other side, so that the pattern was now equalized, and the trusted to this fact to hide his abstraction of the weapon. Then he took some old letters out of his pocket, and tearing them up into strips, carefully swathed the blade of the kris to prevent possible accidents, and slipped the parcel into his breast pocket.

"I'll go and see a doctor," he muttered to himself, as he buttoned his coat, "and try the effect of this on a dog; if the symptoms of death are the same, the kris will be proof conclusive that the missing dagger was used to commit the crime. Once I establish that, I'll soon find out the guilty party, as it must have been the blade of the kris in this house—especially as Lydia Fenny was a servant here."

He walked back again to his chair and had just sat down when the door opened and a woman entered. Not at all pretty, medium height, dark hair and eyes, and a sharp, active-looking face, which, however, was disfigured by marks of the small-pox. She was dressed in a well-made dark costume, and wore a knot of crimson ribbon round her throat. Dowker surveyed the lady carefully and instantly came to the conclusion that this was a fellow-servant of Lydia Fenny, certainly not Miss Sarschine.

"Hang it," muttered Dowker, "he wouldn't make love to that!"

The newcomer advanced as Dowker arose to his feet.

"You want to see Miss Sarschine?" she asked, looking at the detective.

"Yes; have I the pleasure?"

"No; I am not Miss Sarschine, but I can let her have any message you wish delivered."

"Cannot I see the lady herself?"

"You can't; she is out of town."

"Oh!" Dowker looked rather blank. This, then, was the reason Miss Sarschine did not come forward to identify the body.

"From whom is your message?" asked the woman.

"From Lord Calliston," said Dowker, in a hesitating manner.

"That's impossible," replied the woman, curiously.

"Because Lord Calliston is away yachting, and Miss Sarschine is with him."

"Oh, indeed!"

Dowker was beginning to feel rather nonplussed, as he was now at a loss for an excuse for his presence, so he tried another plan.

"Do you read the papers?" he asked, sharply.

"Sometimes; not often," said the woman, somewhat taken aback. "Why do you ask?"

"I have particular reasons for the question."

"I am not bound to answer your question. May I ask your name?"

"Dowker—detective."

The woman started at this and looked a little curiously at him.

"What do you want to know?"

"A story of the servants of this house missing?"

"No."

"Dear me! Have any been lately dismissed?"

"No; do you allude to any particular servant?"

"Yes; Lydia Fenny."

The woman started again.

"What about her?"

"She is dead. If you had read the papers you would have noticed the Jermyn street tragedy. She is the victim."

"There's some mistake," said the woman.

"I don't think so," said Dowker, coolly taking out the hat from the newspaper. "Do you know this?"

At the sight of the hat the woman became violently agitated.

"Yes; where did you get this?"

"It was on the head of the woman who was murdered."

The other gave a cry and staggered back.

"Oh, my God!" she said, under her breath, "what does it all mean?"

"Mean? It means that Lydia Fenny is dead."

"No!" she cried, vehemently, "not dead."

"How do you know?"

"Because I am Lydia Fenny!"

Dowker stared at her aghast.

"Yes," she went on, rapidly, "the hat is mine; how did you find out I was the owner?"

"I went to Mme. Rene and she told me you bought it from her; but who was the dead woman?"

Lydia Fenny again gave a cry.

"I'm afraid to say—I'm afraid to say; how was she dressed?"

"In a certain jacket, a silk dress and that hat."

Lydia wrung her hands in despair.

"It must be true," she moaned; "it is the dress she wore."

"Who were?" asked Dowker, who had

A fat woman, with a very red face, got on a crowded Broadway car yesterday. She was so exceedingly fat that it was a great effort for her to stand at all, and a young man, as thin as she was stout, squeezed up out of his seat, and lifting his hat gracefully invited her to sit down.

The fat lady looked him over with a contemptuous glint in her eyes, and then, in a loud and angry tone, said:

"Young man, I suppose you thought you was awful cunning to ask a woman as fat as I am to sit in the six-inch space that you have been occupying. I'm fat, but I'm not foolish, and if you thought you would mortify me before all these people, why yer barkin' up the wrong saplin'. I'll let you know who's to be mortified."

The thin man blushed crimson and muttered that he "meant no harm," "didn't notice," etc.

"Oh, you didn't notice, didn't you? Well, I'll teach you to notice next time and not insult respectable ladies in such a way. I'm fat and I'm not ashamed of it, but if I was thin and scrawny as you are I would go pad myself from A to Zizzard."

The young man tried again to say his intentions were the best, but she cut him off.

"Shut up, you wasp-waisted cadaver, or I'll pull you in two. Come back here and sit down again in this crack, you long-drawn-out link between a hard winter and hereafter."

She reached for him, but the young man had wisely left the car at the last crossing.—New York World.

GEN. BUTLER'S BOOK.

Boston, Oct. 21.—The supreme court has just settled the litigation over "Butler's book," which has attracted a great deal of attention for the past two or three years, deciding that the estate of the late Gen. Butler must pay the C. F. Jewett publishing company \$2,500 damages for breach of a contract made by Gen. Butler with the plaintiffs to publish his book.

Set Free by the Judge.

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## THE PRUSSIAN

Reaches a Point Where Emperor Must Act

Russian-French Running Riot

sorted That Alsace is Ho

Germany—Triple Alliance

(Copyright, 1893, by the United

Berlin, Oct. 23.—The semi

dailies continued until Friday mo

deny the reports of dissensions

Chancellor von Caprivi and Coun

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The fact is that a ministerial c

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Eulenburg the Malcontent

Eulenburg precipitated the tro

He told the emperor that he sh

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wishing to resign, however, is a

trigue, in which Dr. Boose, D

and Herr von Heyden, all cabin

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has not interfered in the Prussia

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hand in every detail. Neverthe

agrarians openly accuse him of

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These charges have produced suc

anarchy in the corps of Prussian

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The Kaiser Must Intervene

This splitting of the bureauca

be remedied by the emperor.

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Already the feud has passed the

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Suggests That Caprivi

The Hamburger Nachrichten

the old contention that the pos

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The only way out of

difficulty, it adds, is that Cal

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The men nearest the emperor

Caprivi, who retains the entire

of his sovereign. It is admitte

that the fight is a hard one, fo

cellor. He has a few strong f

host of powerful enemies.

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Gen. Von Werder, German

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post, had an audience with th

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Morenheim and Admiral Avel

French fetes. Nothing cou

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that he did not desire to encou

demonstrations.

Russo-French Rel

An official Russian mis

round of the European peace. It

the message of peace. It w

Berlin that possibly French

infect the Russians, perhaps

but matters have gone furth

nificant that since the czar's

French cruiser Ialy, off Cor

Russian press has been allow

in the matter of Russo-Fren

Triple Alliance I

On Friday, for instance, Ga

Gazette proclaimed that hen

and Russia would go hand i

der to shoulder, through

fortune, and would remain

defying the triple alliance

menacing England's suprem

Is Alsace Hostile to

In St. Petersburg the

not reported by the French

story is that Admira

oived in Paris a de

Alsace and after receiving

address distinctly hostile to

pressed the hope that Alsac

would be won back by Fre

Muenster should be able

story, the emperor would

not to demand from the c

of some sort.

Spotted Italy's Chan

Signor Giolitti, the Itali

thoroughly disappointed

clerk with his exposition o

and his scheme to meet p

All chances of placing an

has vanished since he sp

necessary for him to real

foreign money can be

government. Giolitti's

can do without a foreig

some time he evades the

will meet the 10,000,000

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