

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1893.

South Florida is a great country for bees, according to the New York Post. There is something in bloom for them to feed on during the entire year. They keep on laying up honey for the winter that never comes. There is no sweeter honey than that made from the bloom of the palmetto and orange.

There is a steady demand for walnut timber, and purchasers are scouring the Atlantic coast region in search of large trees. While metallic coffins, usually called caskets by the undertakers, have displaced walnut coffins, the wood is increasingly applied to other uses. The trees are scarce in most parts of the East, and many are jealously guarded against ax and saw.

The De Beers mines in South Africa employ 3000 whites, and from 15,000 to 20,000 of the natives as laborers. The natives will steal diamonds, and no way had been discovered to prevent the thefts. Under the law the native laborers are kept in inclosures called compounds. They sell the diamonds which they steal at a few shillings per carat. They are purchased, although the natives are ignorant of the fact, by agents of the De Beers Company and returned to the company. Within the last two years, the company has paid in this way \$3,500,000 for diamonds which had been stolen by the natives.

That the public domain still offers opportunities for home seekers is shown, thinks the Washington Star, in part by the figures which are found in the annual report of the commissioner of the general land office, recently made public. It is stated that during the year which closed on the 31st of July last nearly 12,000,000 acres of the public lands passed into the possession of settlers and citizens. Only a little over 1,000,000 acres were sold for cash, and as under the present land laws the public land is open mainly to homestead settlers it is evident that the era of the settler has not yet passed. In spite of the heavy drafts which have been made in recent years the public domain still has respectable proportions, and while a good deal of the land is not considered valuable, still there is a surprising acreage available for settlement under the land laws. These facts show that as a Nation we have not yet outgrown our heritage.

American merchants and manufacturers have a great deal to learn in the matter of exploiting their wares, avers Frank Leslie's Weekly. They have lost some important markets, notably those of South America, just because they have failed to employ the means of success of which other countries habitually avail themselves. In this day of sharp and vigorous competition no business man can hold his own who sits down at home and does nothing to familiarize himself with, and reach, foreign markets. German and English manufacturers afford an example of intelligent enterprise in this particular which is well worthy emulation. An illustration of this fact is afforded by the action of the German makers of machinery in recently deciding to send expert engineers to foreign countries to study and report upon their wants and needs in order that German producers may be able to adapt themselves to the requirements of the markets and develop a demand for their goods. It is by such methods as these that the Germans have acquired so large a share of the trade of countries where we ought to be masters of the situation, and our people must wake up to the facts of the case, and meet competitors with their own weapons, if they would not be driven from every field worth possessing.

A Child's Presence of Mind.

During the Inventions Exhibition I happened to be standing next to the second in command of the London Fire Brigade, and he pointed out to me that presence of mind was required in using all these inventions, and that it was rarely met with at fires. "One of the few cases of presence of mind that I have met with," said my informant, "and the most extraordinary was at a big fire in a girls' school. A number jumped and were lost, but one little girl of ten took off her shoes and stockings so as to get a firm foothold and stood on the window-sill till we rescued her."—Pall Mall Gazette.

LIFE IN DEATH.

BY E. R. LATTY.

A dear, dead child in its coffin lay. A rosy red glow had been borne away from a garden rose, and at love's command the stem was placed in the lifeless hand.

And when it came to the funeral hour, The fragrant bud had become a flower; And friends bereft, through their tears they shed, The scene behind, and were comforted.

The preacher's heart was so deeply stirred by fact so strange that had thus occurred, He said in tones that were low and mild, While standing near to the death-cold child:

"An opened rose in the lifeless hand! A spirit form where the angels stand!" GUTTENBURG, IOWA.

The Piccadilly Puzzle.

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

By F. W. HUME.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"It will be still more so before it is done. I found out from Lydia Penny that Sarschine discovered her lover was about to elope with Lady Balmorale, so went to his chamber to prevent it. She arrived too late, as Lord Calliston had gone down to Shoreham by the ten minutes past 9 train from London Bridge Station. Instead of Lord Calliston she found Mr. Desmond, his cousin, and I suppose he told her she was too late, for there was a row royal, and she left the chambers at 12 o'clock or thereabouts. Desmond followed shortly afterward, and that was the last seen of her alive, as far as I know."

"Why? Didn't Miss Sarschine return home when she discovered Calliston had gone off with Lady Balmorale?"

"I can't tell you, sir; nor what took her to Jermyn street, unless she got lost in the fog, or there was another man in the case."

"No nonsense! what other man could there have been?"

"Well," said Dowker slowly, "there was Mr. Desmond."

"Pshaw!" said Ellersby, springing to his feet. "What rubbish! I've known my friend Desmond all my life, and he's not the fellow to commit such a crime!"

"Yet I understand before you found the body you met Mr. Desmond coming up St. James street?"

"Sponser Ellersby swung round in a rage. 'Confound you!' he said, in an angry tone, 'do you want me to give evidence implicating my friend?'"

"No; but I want to know what took place between you on that night."

"Simply nothing. He was in a hurry and seemed annoyed at my stopping him, but that was only natural on such a beautiful night. I asked him to call on me here, and also asked where Calliston was; he told me something, and then went off. Nothing more took place."

"Humph!" said Dowker, thoughtfully. "It was curious he should have been there at the time."

"I don't see it at all. If you ask him I've no doubt he'll give you a good account of himself. Besides, he had no motive in murdering Miss Sarschine—he is in love with Miss Penfold."

"I don't say he deliberately murdered her," said Dowker, quietly, "but there might have been an accident. You see this?" taking the Malay kris out of his pocket and unwrapping the papers.

"Yes—a dagger. Is that the—?" said Ellersby, recoiling.

"No; but I shrewdly suspect it's the neighbor to it. Down at Cleopatra Villa, hanging against the wall, arranged in a kind of pattern. One side of the pattern was incomplete, and I found out from Miss Fanny that Miss Sarschine had taken one of the daggers with a view to trying it on Calliston if he did not give up his design of eloping. She was mad with rage or she would never have thought of such a thing. Well—cannot you guess what follows?—she has the dagger with her—doubtless shows it to Mr. Desmond during her stormy interview with him, and leaves the house in a rage. He follows her to try and take such a dangerous weapon from her—meets her in Jermyn street—struggles to get it, and in the scuffle wounds herself; consequently she dies, and my friend Desmond keeps quiet, lest he should be accused of murder."

"It was possible enough," said Ellersby, resuming his seat, "but I doubt its truth. However, the only thing to be done is see Desmond, and find out what took place at Calliston's rooms. But tell me, what are you going to do with that other dagger?"

"I want to find out if it is poisoned," said Dowker, handling it gingerly. "If it is it will show that the other weapon was the one with which the crime was committed."

"Will you allow me to look at it?" said Ellersby, stretching out his hand.

"Certainly," replied the detective, and rising to his feet he walked across to Ellersby to give him the dagger. Unluckily, however, just as he was handing it to him he stepped on Pickles, who with a growl of rage made a bite at his leg. In the sudden start Dowker let go the dagger, which fell upon Pickles' back, inflicting a slight wound.

The detective gave a yell as the bulldog gripped him, but Ellersby pulled Pickles off, and Dowker, hobbling to a chair, sat down to nurse his wounded leg. It was not much hurt, however, as Pickles had got a mouthful of trousers instead of flesh.

Alarmed as Dowker had been by the accident, he was not more alarmed than Ellersby, who sprang to his feet with an oath and rang the bell sharply.

"Confound it!" he said, furiously, "if that dagger is poisoned the dog will die. How could you be such a fool?"

"You'd be the same, sir, if a devil of a dog bit you," said Dowker, sulkily, not at all displeased at having the question of the dagger tested at once. "I'm very sorry."

"Sorry be hanged!" said Ellersby, sav-

agely. "I wouldn't lose that dog for a hundred pounds. Here," he said, "that entered, 'send for a doctor at once—don't lose time, confound you!' At which the astonished waiter vanished promptly. Meanwhile all this time Pickles was lying down trying to lick his wound, and evidently wondering what all the fuss was about. Dowker watched him intently, and in a short time saw the dog was becoming drowsy. Ellersby picked up the dagger and was about to hurl it furiously back to Dowker, when the detective jumped up in alarm. "For God's sake, don't!" he cried; "I believe it is poisoned—look!"

Ellersby looked and saw Pickles trying to rise to his feet. He evidently knew something was wrong with him, for he commenced to whine and a glaze came over his eyes. His master knelt down beside him and dried the blood off the wound with his handkerchief, but it was too late. The dog opened his jaws once or twice, tried to rise to his feet, staggered and fell over on his side, to all appearances dead. On seeing this Ellersby jumped to his feet and began to rage. "The devil take you and your case!" he said furiously. "You've killed my dog."

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Dowker, crossing and picking up the dagger; "it was an accident."

"An expensive accident for me," said Ellersby, bitterly; "at all events, it proves the dagger was poisoned."

"Yes," said Dowker, in a delighted tone; "so the crime must have been committed with the other weapon, for if one was poisoned, it's only common sense to assume the other was."

He had apparently quite forgotten the loss sustained by Ellersby, for there was no doubt the bulldog was quite dead.

That gentleman looked at him in disgust. "Oh, go to the devil," he said irritably, "and thank your stars I don't make you pay for this."

Dowker murmured something about an accident, then, slipping the fatal dagger, once more covered in paper, into his pocket, he took his departure. On his way down he met the doctor coming up, and once outside, he was beside himself with joy at having proved the kris to be poisonous.

"And now," he said, "I'll call and see Mr. Desmond."

CHAPTER VI.

A LITERARY APPOINTMENT.

Primrose Crescent lies just off Tottenham Court Road, and though a short distance away the thoroughfare is full of noise and bustle, everything is comparatively silent in this crescent. Milk-carts are the most frequent vehicles, and occasionally a rakish-looking hansom makes its appearance, while ragged mendicants sometimes pay the neighborhood a visit and troll out lively ditties in ginger-cracked voices.

The organ-grinder is not an unknown personage either, and his infernal machine was frequently heard playing the latest in the hall melodies as he glances round in search of the humble brow.

There are a good many boarding houses to be found in Primrose Crescent, where city clerks, literary aspirants, and coming actors are to be found. A touch of Bohemianism pervades the whole street, and perhaps in the future neat tablets let into the walls of the houses will inform posterity that Horatio Muggins, the celebrated poet, and Simon Mephiston, the famous actor, resided there. But fame is as yet far from the quiet street, and the dwellers therein are still struggling upward or downward, as their inclinations may lead them.

Mrs. Mulvey was the landlady of one of these boarding-houses, and by dint of hard work and incessant watchfulness managed to keep the wolf from the door; but, alas, the wolf was never far off, and it took all Mrs. Mulvey's time to keep him at his distance. The basement of her mansion was devoted to the kitchen, the presiding deity of which was a pale, thin-looking servant, with a hungry eye and a deprecating manner, who answered to the name of Rondalina, which sounded well and cost nothing.

It was about 11 o'clock and Myles Desmond sat in his sitting-room scribbling an article for a society journal, called *Asmodeus*, published for the express purpose of unroofing people's houses and exposing to the world their private life. Not that Desmond did such a thing, he would have scorned to violate the sanctity of private life, but he wrote for all kinds of magazines and papers, and as *Asmodeus* paid well, he now and then wrote there cynical social story.

He was a tall young man, with reddish hair and mustache, a clever, intellectual face, perhaps not actually good-looking, but a face that attracted attention, and when he chose to exert himself he could talk excellently on the current topics of the day. His breakfast lay on the table, untouched, he having only swallowed a cup of coffee and then pushed the obnoxious article to make room for his papers.

Myles looked up and haggard, as if he had been up all night, and every now and then his swift-witted step as he pondered over some thought. There was a ring at the bell below, but he took no notice. This was followed shortly afterward by a knock at the door, and Rondalina glided in, saying a gentleman wished to see him.

"Show him in," said Myles, not looking up. "Wonder who it can be?" he muttered, as Rondalina went out, "hang those fellows, they won't even let me have the morning to myself."

When the door opened he glanced up and saw that the new comer was not a friend, but a tall, gray man whom he did not know. Myles paused with his pen in his hand, and waited for his visitor to speak, looking at him interrogatively meanwhile.

"Mr. Dowker—of course it was he—closed the door carefully, and advancing to the table introduced himself in two words: "Dowker—detective!"

If Myles looked haggard before, he looked still more so now. His face grew pale, and he shot an inquiring glance at his visitor, who stood looking mournfully at him. Then, throwing down his pen in an irritated manner, he arose to his feet.

"Well, Mr. Dowker," he said a little nervously, "you want to see me?"

"I do—very particularly," replied Dowker, coolly taking a seat, "and believe you can guess what it's about."

Myles drew his brows together and shook his head.

"No, I'm afraid I can't," he said coldly.

"The Jermyn street murder," and turned Myles gave a kind of gasp, and ostensibly away toward the mantelpiece, ostensibly to fill his pipe, but in reality to conceal his agitation.

"Well," he said, in an unsteady voice, "and what have I to do with it?"

"That's what I want to know," said Dowker, imperturbably.

Myles Desmond glanced keenly at him, lighted his pipe, resumed his seat at the table, and leaning his elbows thereon, stared coolly at the detective.

"You speak in riddles," he said quietly. "Humph!" answered Dowker, meaningly, "perhaps you can guess them."

"Not till you explain them more fully," retorted Desmond.

It was evidently a duel between the two, and they both felt it to be so. Dowker wanted to find out something which Desmond knew, and Desmond on his side, was equally determined to hold his tongue. The cleverest man would win in the end, so Dowker began the battle at once.

"The woman who was murdered was Lena Sarschine."

"Indeed!" said Desmond, with a stare of surprise. "May I ask how you know?"

"That is not the point," retorted Dowker quickly. "I have satisfied myself as to the identity of the murdered woman— you were the last person who saw her alive."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, at Lord Calliston's chambers, between 11 and 12 o'clock on Monday night."

"Who says I saw her?"

"Mrs. Povy."

"You seem to have obtained all your information beforehand," he said with a sneer; "perhaps you'll tell me what you want to know from me?"

"First—did you see Miss Sarschine on Monday?"

"Yes, I did, but in the afternoon, not at night."

"But Mrs. Povy said she called on you there on Monday night."

"Mrs. Povy is mistaken, I did not see her."

"Did you see anyone at that time?"

"That's my business."

"Pardon me," said Dowker ironically, "but it's mine also. You had better answer my questions or you may find yourself in an uncommonly awkward fix."

"Oh! So you mean to accuse me of Lena Sarschine's murder?"

"That depends," replied Dowker, ambiguously. "Tell me what you did on Monday night?"

Myles thought a moment, and seeing his perilous position resolved to answer. "I went to the Frivolity Theater then to the office of the newspaper *Hash* and afterward—"

"Well?"

"I went along to Lord Calliston's rooms, about half past ten."

"I thought so; and why did you go there?"

"To commit a crime," retorted Desmond, coolly, "but only to arrange some papers for my cousin—he had gone down to Shoreham by the 9-10 train."

"Did you see him off?"

"No."

"Then how do you know he went?"

"Because he said he was going."

"With Lady Balmorale?"

"I know nothing about that," said Desmond, coldly, "he went as far as I know by himself. I was at his chambers to arrange his papers, and after I had done so I left."

"Did no one call while you were there?"

"Yes, reluctantly."

"A lady?"

"Well, a woman," evasively.

"Miss Sarschine?"

"No, it was not Miss Sarschine; that I can swear to."

"Then who was it?"

"No one having anything to do with this case—a friend of my own."

"I must know the name."

"I refuse to tell you."

Both men looked steadily at one another, and then Dowker changed the subject.

"Why did you quarrel with your friend?"

"That is my business."

"Oh! And what time did your friend leave?"

"Shortly after 12."

"And you?"

"Went a few minutes afterward."

"You came home?"

"After a time—yes."

"Where did you go in the meantime?"

"I refuse to answer."

"Then I can tell you—down St. James street."

Myles Desmond uttered an oath, and asked, sharply:

"Who told you that?"

"No one; but Mr. Ellersby met you coming up shortly after 2 o'clock."

"Yes, I did meet him there."

"Why did you not go straight home?"

Desmond seemed to be trying to think of something—at last, with an effort, he said:

"I was afraid my friend might get lost in the fog, and followed her down St. James street, then I lost sight of her, and after a time came up St. James street, where I met Ellersby. I did not see my friend again, so I came home."

"You did not see your friend after she left Lord Calliston's chambers?"

"No, I did not," said Desmond, with a sudden flash.

"That's a lie," thought Dowker, eyeing him sharply; then he said aloud:

"You have answered all my questions except the most important ones."

"I have answered all I intend to answer."

"Then you refuse to give me the name of the woman whom you saw on Monday night?"

"Yes!"

"Mrs. Povy is certain it was Miss Sarschine."

"As I said before, Mrs. Povy is mistaken."

"Do you know I can arrest you on suspicion?"

"You have no grounds to go upon."

"You were the person who last saw the deceased alive."

"Pardon me. I deny that I saw the deceased at all on that night."

"Mrs. Povy can prove it."

"Then let Mrs. Povy do so."

"Dowker grew angry—the self-possession and coolness of this young man annoyed him—so he resolved for the present to temporize."

"Well, well, Mr. Desmond, I suppose you can give a good account of yourself on that night?"

"Certainly, to the proper authorities."

"Good morning," said Dowker, and walked out of the room. When he got to the street he strode along at a little way, thinking deeply.

"Confound him! He knows something," he said to himself, "and refuses to tell. I won't lose sight of him, so I must get that little devil, Flip, to look after him. I'll look him up now, and start him at once."

Just as he was about to put this resolution into execution he saw the door of the house he had just left open, and the servant came out with a piece of paper in her hand, which the keen-eyed detective saw was a telegram form.

"Hullo!" said Dowker to himself. "I wonder if Mr. Desmond's sending that. I'll just hunt out."

Rondalina went along to the little postoffice at the end of the street, and turned in. Shortly afterward Dowker followed, and, going to the counter, took a telegram form as if to send a telegram. The girl was attending to some one else, and Rondalina, with the telegram opened out before her, was waiting for her turn. Dowker dexterously snatched across her to get a pen, and glanced rapidly at the telegram, which he read in a moment:

"Penfold, care of Balmorale, Park Lane. Meet me Marble Arch three o'clock."

"MYLES."

Dowker sent a fictitious telegram, and then strolled leisurely out.

"Hm!" he said, thoughtfully. "That's the girl he wants to marry. I wonder what are his reasons for seeing her today. I'd like to overhear their conversation. Can't go myself, as he knows me, so Flip will be the very person."

And Dowker departed to find Flip.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAPPY is said to be the family which can eat onions together. They are for the time being separate from the world and have a harmony of aspiration.—C. D. Warner.

BANK STOCKS AT AUCTION.

Madison Square Securities Bring in Some Cases Almost Nothing.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—At the real estate exchange yesterday, by orders of Receivers O'Brien and Cannon, of the Madison Square bank, the stocks held by the bank as collateral for money advanced were sold, together with the "wild cat" securities which wrecked the institution.

In the whole 48 lots sold there was but one, namely 157 shares of the East river bridge company, that brought par. This was knocked down on the first bid of 100.

Bonds of the Prescott & Arizona railroad, to the face value of \$405,000, were sold for less than one cent on the dollar.

The stock of the Madison Square bank itself fluctuated considerably, one lot of 30 shares selling for \$7, while another of 25 shares brought \$18.

The 48 lots of stocks which had an approximate face value of nearly \$750,000 only brought \$27,092.

His Sister to Guard Him.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Nov. 3.—The disputed matter of the commissioner of the person and estate of Frank Thompson, the insane wealthy New York lawyer, has been settled by the resignation of his cousin, James L. Scott, and the appointment of his sister, Miss Alice Thompson, of Ballston Spa.

To Bring Back Henterman.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Nov. 3.—Chief of Police George C. Tenney sailed yesterday on the steamer Columbia for Southampton to bring back Ewald Henterman, the infamous insurance agent, and Freda and Elmer Laucks, the children he enticed away with him.

In Financial Trouble.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 3.—Samuel Blaisdell & Co., dealers in cotton and wool, of Chicago, with branches in several cities, are financially embarrassed. Liabilities are over \$250,000 and assets unknown.

Will Attend the Carnival.

BOSTON, Nov. 3.—The National laurers of this city will attend the New Orleans carnival, which begins on Jan. 30, next, having almost unanimously accepted an invitation to attend as body guard to the king.

Viking Off on a Long Voyage.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—The Viking ship yesterday started on her long voyage down the Mississippi. She will be taken through the gulf and up the Atlantic coast to Boston, then returned to Washington.

Claimed to Be Gen. Palmer's Brother.

TOLSON, O., Nov. 3.—Charles S. Palmer, who committed suicide yesterday at the hotel Lalond by taking rough on rats, claimed to be a brother of Gen. Palmer, of New York city.

Ex-Senator Potter Dead.

BERLIN, Wis., Nov. 3.—Ex-State Senator R. L. D. Potter, author of the famous Potter railroad law of 1873, since repealed, is dead. He was elected mayor of this city only last spring.

Acquitted of Murder.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 3.—The jury in the case of Gerolamo Valentini, on trial for the murder of Michael Izzo, found a verdict of not guilty.

Yellow Fever.

BRUNSWICK, Ga., Nov. 3.—Fourteen new cases of yellow fever were reported yesterday, 11 of which are whites.

Call For Gold Bullion.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—Notice was received at the assay office here to-day that a call will be made by the mint at Philadelphia for \$20,000,000 of gold bullion to be coined.

Charged With Forgery.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—George Linwood, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was arrested last night on a charge of forgery in the sum of \$15,000 by the Garfield bank.

Anti-Cigarette Bill.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 4