

# Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1893

All the glaciers in the Alps would not equal one of the largest in our Territory of Alaska.

Says the New York Recorder: "Farms in interior New York are worth now little more than half their value in 1870, and no more than before the war. Western competition accounts for this, though of course the 1870 prices were inflated."

The percentages of the different professionalists who reach the ripe age of three score years and ten are as follows:—Authors and journalists, fifty per cent; clergymen, forty per cent; lawyers, thirty per cent; teachers, twenty-seven per cent, and doctors, twenty-four per cent.

It is estimated by the New York News that the races for the America's Cup cost nearly a quarter of a million dollars, allowing one hundred thousand dollars each for the cost and maintenance of the Vigilant and Valkyrie, the remainder going for steamboats, provisions, traveling expense, etc. That victory came high, but we had to have it.

Within the past twenty-five years the furniture factories of Grand Rapids, Mich., have gradually increased in number and extent until today, the New York Post declares that the city ranks as the chief centre of furniture manufacture in America. The factories, 62 in number, employ some 9,000 hands and represent an investment of \$8,000,000. Grand Rapids owes its pre-eminence in part to its position in the heart of a region abounding in hard wood lumber. Of still more importance, however, is accounted the taste and skill of its designers, the best of whom are native Americans. In aid of good designing the public library, as at Worcester, Mass., makes a specialty of providing periodicals and books of design, however costly.

The recent figures furnished by the census office regarding children under ten years of age show that there were 8,983,000 whites of native parents, 3,735,000 whites of foreign parents and 2,156,000 colored. It is interesting, observes the Atlanta Constitution, to compare these figures with the population at the previous census of 1880 between the ages of twenty and forty-four years; for the children under ten years of age at the recent census would represent the offspring from the population between twenty and forty-four years of age at the previous census, and if we compare the figures in this way we find that for every 100 native whites between twenty and forty-four years of age at the census of 1880 there are seventy-three native whites of native parents less than ten years of age at the census of 1890. On the other hand, however, we find that for every 100 foreign born whites at the census of 1880 there are 108 native whites of foreign parents under ten years of age at the census of 1890.

The St. Louis Republic notes that the Southern papers are having a good deal to say at present about truck gardening and how it kept the panic away from many cities and towns of the south. A Norfolk (Va.) paper says that just as the panic had about reached Mason and Dixon's line, it was arrested by the march southward of the truck and in many places stopped by the southern truck and fruit crop. This crop represents \$5,000,000 to the people of Norfolk and vicinity, and their "banks, manufacturers and other business men stood safely behind the bulwark and withstood the assaults of the enemy." Similar reports came from other cities. The garden crops about Mobile were the largest ever grown in that part of the country, and the amount realized from the shipments has already run up into the millions of dollars. A tremendous crop of cabbages was raised for our German friends, while the crop of Irish potatoes was in size the second ever grown in that section. The production of tomatoes, beans, peas and other garden truck was enormous, and the fruit yield was also large.

## LOVE'S RIDDLE IN EGYPT.

BY MARY SHAW.

A desolate, sun-scorched desert and thirsty dying palm; A pyramid, a brooding sphinx, a soft Egyptian calm. On thoughts of love and wealth and pride, like Cleopatra, she Now dreams the old dreams again in this land of mystery. The old-time palm and pyramid, the sphinx beside the way. And the passion of that long-dead time strokes her to-day. The sands wherein the Christ child played cover the silent sphinx: Waters which laved His sacred feet the heathen Made drink. The gentle Christ and the Arab, to-day, dwell in our hearts. And now our loves, and now our hates, force us to play our parts. And life and love sweep onward past the sphinx and pyramid. At least, as part of that sacred dust, their secrets we'll read. SOUTH KAUKAUNA, WIS.

## The Piccadilly Puzzle.

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

By F. W. HUME

### CHAPTER IX. THE MISSING LINK.

Flip, having a wonderfully tenacious memory, did not forget the conversation he had overheard between Myles and Miss Penfold; so, going to his patron's office, he repeated it in due course to Dowker. The result was that the detective became much exercised in his mind over the whole affair. He could not understand Desmond's refusal to tell the name of the woman he saw on the night of the murder. True, Desmond denied it was Lena Sarschine, but then his denial went for nothing, as he would do so to save himself from suspicion. Mrs. Pory said Lena Sarschine had been there between 11 and 12, and it was unlikely she would be wrong, seeing how well acquainted she was with the appearance of the dead woman. But then, judging from the drift of Desmond's remarks, his refusal to speak was dictated by a desire to screen the name of a woman.

"You see this?" asked Dowker, showing Flip the dagger he had abstracted from Cleopatra Villa. Flip intimated by a vigorous nod of his head that he did. "I've got an idea," explained Dowker, smoothly, "that a dagger very similar to this is to be found in the possession of Mr. Myles Desmond, the gentleman you saw to-day, so I want you by some means to get into his rooms and find out if it is there."

Flip screwed his face into a look of profound thought and then smiled in a satisfied manner.

"I'll do it, guv'nor," he said, sagaciously. "How?" asked Dowker, curious to learn how this juvenile detective proposed to deal with the problem.

"I'll doss on his doorstep to-night," said Flip, "and when he comes 'ome do a 'perish'-you knows—in an explanatory tone—'say I'm dyin' for victuals—'ell take me inside, and when I gits there you leave me alone, guv'nor, I'm fly'!"

"Well, you can manage it as you please," said Dowker. "But don't you prick yourself with it, as it's poisoned, and Flip, if you bring me that dagger without him knowing about it, I'll give you half a sov."

"Done, guv'nor," said Flip, joyfully, and, bidding adieu to his patron, went off to get something to eat and prepare his plan of action.

It was now about six o'clock and very dark, the sky being overcast with clouds. Soon it began to rain steadily and the streets became sloppy and dismal. Flip drew his rags round him, shivered a little in a professional manner, and then going off to a cook-shop he patronized in Drury Lane, had a hunch of bread and a steaming cup of coffee for a small sum.

Being thus prepared for his work Flip wiped his mouth and, sallying forth into the dark lane, took his way up to Bloomsbury, combining business with pleasure by begging on the road.

Turning into Primrose Crescent he soon found the house he wanted, and, curling himself on the doorstep, waited patiently for chance to deliver Myles into his designing hands.

The rain continued to pour down steadily, and as it was now dark Flip could see the windows all along the street being lighted up. The gas-lamps also shone brightly through the rain, and were reflected in dull, blurred splashes on the pavements. Occasionally a gentleman would hurry past with his umbrella up, and a ragged tramp would slouch along singing a dismal ditty. It was dreary waiting, but Flip was used to such times, and sat quite contentedly, thinking how he could get the best advantage, till his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps inside.

This was his cue, so he immediately lay down on the wet stones and commenced to moan miserably. Myles opened the door and would have stumbled over him, for he was right in front of the entrance after the fashion of the clown in the pantomime, only he caught sight of him in time.

"Hullo," said Myles, crossly, "what the deuce is the matter?"

Flip made no reply to this, but groaned with renewed vigor, upon which Desmond, who was a kind-hearted man, bent down and touched the ragged little figure.

"Are you ill?" he asked, gently.

"Oh, loo'—awful—my inside," groaned Flip, pressing his dirty hands on his stomach. "Ain't had a bit for days."

Myles was doubtful as to the genuineness of this case, as he knew how deceptive tramps are, but as the poor lad did seem in pain and it was raining heavily he determined to give him the benefit of the doubt.

"Can you rise?" he asked, sharply. "If so, get up and come inside. I'll give you something to do you good."

With many groans and asseverations of

extreme pain Flip struggled to his feet, and aided by Myles went inside, up the stairs and was at last safely deposited on the hearthrug in front of the fire, where he lay and groaned with great dramatic effect.

"I'll give you some hot port wine," said Myles, going to the sideboard and taking out a glass and a bottle, "so I'll have to go downstairs and get some hot water—you wait here."

Flip groaned again and gazed on the floor like a young cat; but when the door had closed behind his benefactor, he sprang to his feet and took a survey of the room.

It was a large and lofty apartment, with a pair of folding-doors on one side, which being half open showed Flip that the other room was a bedroom.

There was a sideboard in the sitting-room, and near this a writing-table, toward which Flip darted and commenced to turn over the papers rapidly with the idea of finding the dagger hidden underneath.

Nothing, however, rewarded his efforts, and though he looked into the sideboard, and examined the bookcase and lifted up the covers of the chairs, he found no sign of the weapon.

"Must be in the bedroom," thought Flip, scratching his head in perplexity and wondering how he could get in, when suddenly it occurred to him that he had not examined the mantel-piece to be lost, as Myles might remember at any moment, so in a second Flip scrambled up on a chair, and was eagerly looking among the ornaments on the mantel-piece.

There was a mirror framed in tarnished gold, and in front of this a tawdry French clock under a glass shade, two Dresden china figures simpering at one another, and two tall green vases at each end. Flip saw nothing of these vases, where he peered into one of them, where he saw something looking like steel, and drew forth a slender shining blade with no handle.

"Wonder if this is what the guv'nor wants?" he said to himself, turning it over gingerly; "taint got no handle."

He thought for a moment, and then, as he had been so lucky with one vase looked into the other, and found a cross handle. He joined the two and they stood perfectly. Being certain that this was the dagger he wanted, he was thinking how he could take it, when he heard Myles ascending the stairs. Jumping down he hid the broken blade and the handle securely among his rags, being very careful not to prick himself as he remembered Dowker's warning about the poison, then he lay down upon the hearth-rug again, and was groaning painfully when Myles entered with the hot water.

"Feeling bad?" asked Myles, sympathetically, pouring out some port wine.

"Awful," groaned Flip, with a feeble attempt at compunction at the treacherous part he was playing. "It's cold, I think, weak with 'unger."

"Here, drink this," said Desmond, sitting down beside him, and giving him the steaming tumbler. "It will do you good."

"Thanks, guv'nor," said Flip, gratefully, feeling if the broken blade was all safe, "it'll warm me up."

Desmond lit his pipe and sat watching the ragged little scab drinking the hot wine, never thinking for a moment that he was nourishing a viper—a viper that would turn and sting him. Honest himself, he never suspected wrong-doing in others, and while succoring this outcast he did not know he was doing an evil thing for himself.

After Flip had finished the wine, he declared he felt better, and, with many asseverations of gratitude, took leave of his benefactor.

"Poor little devil!" said Desmond, as he closed the door, and saw the ragged little urchin scuffling away in the darkness, "he seemed very bad—well, I've done one good action, so perhaps it will bring me a reward."

It did, and the reward was that next morning Myles Desmond, of Bloomsbury, journalist, was arrested for the murder of Lena Sarschine.

### CHAPTER X. ANOTHER COMPLICATION.

Though he had arrested Myles Desmond, Dowker had by no means certain that he had got a hold of the right man. Judging from the conversation reported by Flip, Desmond himself appeared to have strong suspicions about Calliston, and Dowker in his own mind became convinced that there was some connection between the elopement of Lady Balescombe and the murder of Lena Sarschine.

He wanted to find out the name of the woman who visited Lady Balescombe on the night of the murder, for a sudden thought had presented itself that this unknown visitor might have been Lena Sarschine. But the idea seemed absurd, for a woman of such a character could hardly have the audacity to visit Lady Balescombe.

"And yet," pondered Dowker, "I don't know—these two women both loved the same man, and a free-lance like Lena Sarschine would not hesitate for a moment in slandering any woman who had her man."

"Lady Balescombe!" he echoed Lydia in a low voice, "why did not Lady Balescombe kick up a row and offer her to leave the house? I'm hanged if I can get to the bottom of this!"

At length Dowker decided that the best thing to be done would be to find out from some servant of the Balescombe household all that took place subsequent to Lady Balescombe's departure. First, however, he decided on seeing Lydia Fenny, as finding out if Lena Sarschine had let fall any hint of calling on her rival.

Lydia Fenny received the detective eagerly, as she evidently loved her mistress and wanted to do all in her power to further the ends of justice. As there was no time to be lost, Dowker plunged at once into the subject matter of his visit.

"Did Miss Sarschine state, on the night of her murder, where she was going?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Lydia; "as I told you before, she said she was going to Lord Calliston's rooms."

"Where else?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Humph! she did not make any remark that would lead you to believe she was going to Lady Balescombe's?"

"Lady Balescombe!" echoed Lydia in astonishment; "why, what would she want to do there?"

"I don't know, but I think she was there on that night." And Dowker detailed to Lydia the conversation overheard by Flip, at the conclusion of which she said:

"I suppose you want to find out from

the servants if Miss Sarschine was there?"

"Yes; do you know any of the servants?"

"One—Lady Balescombe's maid—Annie Lifford."

"Oh!" said Dowker, in a satisfied tone. "Can you ask her to come along here and see you? I can find out all I want to know from her."

"I daresay I can get her to come here to-day, as her mistress being away she can not be busy."

"Good!" replied the detective. "Send for her at once. I will wait here."

"Very well," said Lydia, and was leaving the room when Dowker called her back.

"Could you let me see your mistress' private desk?" he asked.

Lydia looked at him doubtfully.

"I don't know if I ought to let you see her private papers."

Dowker laughed in a subdued manner. "Why not?" he said lightly; "she is dead, and we want to find out who killed her; looking at her papers can not do any harm and may save the life of an innocent man."

Lydia Fenny hesitated no longer, but leading the detective to the end of the drawing-room showed him a recess where in was placed a very handsome desk of extraordinary office character. Dowker tried some of the drawers.

"Locked," he said quietly. "Have you the keys?"

"No," she had them with her."

Dowker made up his mind to commit a burglary.

"Bring me a chisel."

"At once," replied Lydia Fenny, going; "and I'll also send for Annie Lifford."

She left the room, and Dowker, sitting down in front of the desk, examined it carefully. It was one of those table desks with a knee-hole in the center and a row of drawers on each side. At the back were a number of pigeon-holes containing papers, and these Dowker examined, but found nothing more than bills and blank sheets of paper.

"Whatever private papers she's had," said Dowker, on discovering this, "are in the drawers."

Lydia Fenny arrived with a chisel and a small hammer, both of which she handed to Dowker, telling him at the same time she had sent for Annie Lifford. Dowker nodded assent and began to force open the drawers.

After half an hour's hard work this was the result of his labors:

First, a bundle of old letters addressed to "Miss Helena Dicksfall, Post Office, Folkestone," signed F. Carrill.

Second, a photograph of a handsome, white-haired old man, on the back of which was written, "Your loving father, Michael Dicksfall."

Third, a photograph of Lena Sarschine, taken in a white dress, with a tennis racket in her hand.

Dowker examined the photographs carefully and then coolly read all the letters, of which there were about ten. After doing this he turned to Lydia Fenny, who had been watching him all the time, and said:

"I can read a whole story in this. The name of your mistress was not Lena Sarschine, but Helena Dicksfall. She lived at Folkestone with her father, Captain Michael Dicksfall, and a lady she calls Amelia, whom I take to be her sister. Lord Calliston went down to Folkestone, saw her, and fell in love. All these letters show how he conducted his intrigue which he did under the name of Frank Carrill. He loved Miss Dicksfall, but did not wish to marry her. At last he persuaded her to run away with him, and at last she did so. Ashamed of her position, she changed her name to Lena Sarschine so as to conceal her identity. The portrait of the old gentleman is that of her father, Michael Dicksfall, and this one is herself."

Lydia Fenny listened in silent amazement to the way in which he had pieced the story together, and then taking the portrait in her hand she looked at them long and earnestly.

"Ye," she said at length, laying down the photographs with a sigh. "It is Miss Sarschine, but it must have been taken some time ago, for I never saw her in that dress, and I have been with her for about a year."

Dowker was about to make a reply, when the door opened and a woman entered. Tall, thin, with a pale face, dark hair, and an aggressive manner, dressed in a green dress, and bonnet to match.

"Oh!" observed Lydia on seeing her, "this is Annie."

Dowker looked sharply at the newcomer, whom he now knew to be Lady Balescombe's maid, and she returned his gaze with a look of suspicion.

"Well, sir," she said at length, in a rather harsh voice, "I hope you'll know me again."

Dowker laughed, and Lydia hastened to introduce him to Miss Lifford, who, being an extremely self-possessed young person, took the introduction very calmly, though she manifested some surprise when she heard Mr. Dowker's calling.

"This gentleman," said Lydia, when they were all seated, "wants to ask you a few questions."

"And for what?" asked Miss Lifford, indignantly. "my character I hope being above policemen's prying."

"I'm not a policeman," explained Dowker smoothly, "but a detective, and I want to know all that took place on the night your mistress's o'ped."

"Are you employed by Sir Rupert?" asked Annie, grandly, "because, though I know they fought bitter, yet wild balls won't drag anything out of me against my mistress, she being a good one to me."

"I don't want you to say anything against your mistress," replied Dowker, mildly; "but I am investigating this case of murder."

"Murder!" echoed Miss Lifford, in a scared tone. "Who is murdered—not Lady Balescombe?"

"No," said Lydia, bursting into tears, "but my poor mistress, Miss Sarschine."

"A person of no repute," sniffed Annie, coldly.

"Leave her alone," said Lydia passionately. "She's dead, poor soul, and even if she was not married, she was better than a mix up Lady Balescombe with your mistress."

"I won't have anything to do with it."

Dowker caught her wrist as she arose, and forced her back into her chair.

"You'll answer what I want to know, he said sternly, 'or it will be the worst for yourself."

Upon this, Miss Lifford began to weep, and demanded if she was a slave of a British female, to be thus badgered and assailed by a policeman. At last, after some difficulty, Dowker succeeded in making her understand that what he wanted to know was not detrimental to her mistress, upon which she said she would tell him what he required.

Dowker produced his note-book and prepared to take down Miss Lifford's statement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### New Postmasters.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—Among the latest appointments of fourth-class postmasters are the following:

New Jersey—Oxford, J. Hilbert; Steen, J. P. Kinney.

New York—Bridgeport, L. E. Conkling; Erieville, E. S. Jillion; Glenora, William Townsend; Lebanon, J. E. Mosher; Nelson, W. H. James; North Lawrence, Miss M. E. Malakie; Perryville, J. G. Wells; Second Mile, J. V. Maaten; Stockbridge, A. J. Hinman; Willink, J. P. Bartlett.

Pennsylvania—Dayton, R. M. Marshall; Frankfort Springs, W. H. Crumlin; Stevens Point, W. B. Stevens.

### Bismarck's Health.

BERLIN, Nov. 18.—Prince Bismarck has sent a telegraphic reply to a message received a few days ago from his admirers in West Prussia, expressing the hope of his speedy and full recovery from his illness.

The prince in his message said: "My recovery progresses slowly, though steadily. With God's aid I hope in the course of the winter to regain my former health. Then I shall always be pleased to receive again my political and personal friends who favor me with their visits."

### Carnegie's New Scheme.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., Nov. 20.—The Carnegie steel company has, for some time, contemplated the manufacture of Harveyized steel. Improvements on an extensive scale, for that purpose, have been commenced. This department will cover several acres of ground and will be ready for operation by spring. This addition will give employment to five hundred men. Other extensive improvements are in progress, particularly in the armor plate press shops.

### Insurance in Canada.

TORONTO, Nov. 18.—A matter that is now occupying the consideration of the premier of Ontario and the cabinet is the operation of unlicensed insurance companies that send their agents here from the United States to prey upon the property owning public. The government will so amend the insurance act next session that the solicitation of business for unregistered and unlicensed companies will be a criminal offense.

### Philadelphia's Unemployed.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 18.—The police of all the districts of the city, under orders from Mayor Stuart, have made a canvass of the number of persons who generally have work, but at present are unemployed. The returns, as gathered and submitted by each police lieutenant to Superintendent Linden, show a total of 46,859 persons out of work.

### McKinley in New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Gov. William McKinley, of Ohio, made several calls on prominent republicans here, among them a long one on Gen. Clarkson, Joseph H. Manly, of Maine, an ex-Sergeant-at-Arms Meek, of the republican national committee accompanied him. The governor will remain in the city several days longer.

### Pleads Guilty of Bigamy.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 18.—William A. Smith has pleaded guilty to an indictment of bigamy. He will be sentenced next Monday. He married a Miss Lockard of Atlantic City, N. J., in July, 1890, and in September of the same year married Miss Mamie A. Mertens of this city.

### Declined to Act.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 18.—Ex-Judge Reynolds and lawyer E. M. Shepard, whose names were forwarded to Gov. Flower by District Attorney Ridgway, of this city, with the suggestion that they act as assistant district attorneys in the prosecution of John V. McKan for contempt of court, have both declined to act in that capacity.

### Capt. Oates Cashiered.

ALBANY, Nov. 18.—The proceedings findings and sentence by the general court martial of Capt. Andrew A. Oates, of the eighth regiment, have been approved at general headquarters, and he henceforth ceases to be an officer of the national guard.

### War Talk at San Salvador.

SAN SALVADOR, Nov. 20.—The government denies that there is any understanding with Nicaragua. Efforts will be made to confine the war to Honduras and Nicaragua.

### Snow in New Jersey.

SOMERVILLE, N. J., Nov. 20.—The first snow fall of the season in this vicinity occurred last evening. About one inch of snow fell.

### His Resignation Accepted.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—The resignation of Gen. L. A. Grant, assistant secretary of war, which was tendered to the president on the incoming of the administration, has been accepted, to take effect Dec. 15.

### On Trial for His Life.

FONDA, N. Y., Nov. 20.—The trial of Pasqual Leonardo, recently indicted for the murder of Alva B. Conover in Amsterdam, will commence to-day before Judge Landon in the supreme court.

### Madison Square Bank Affairs.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—The Madison Square bank cases are rapidly coming to a point when the public will be informed of the true facts through the course. The directors will be examined.

## MADE IN BRITAIN

## Review of Business for Week Just Closed

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### NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—A review

### business situation for the week ju

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