

Pittsburgh News.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1893

During the past ten years Pittsburgh, Penn., has built 25,000 houses within her limits; 15,000 of those buildings have been erected since 1887, at the stupendous cost of \$40,000,000. Magnificent business structures have been built which, according to the Washington Star, compare favorably with some of the finest commercial buildings on the continent, and tourists visiting the city have been unstinted in their favorable comments upon the city's growth in this direction.

The world's greatest pest hole is at last to be cleansed, announces the Chicago Herald. The Sultan of Turkey has resolved to put Mecca, Arabia, into something like a healthy condition. The decision is the effect of an intimation from the British government that unless the holy city is cleaned it will take means to prevent the annual pilgrimages from India. The Sultan has decided not only to cleanse the town, but to erect at his personal expense a great lodging-house capable of containing 6,000 persons.

Not all the Indians are yet deprived of their natural means of livelihood, the hunt. Many of the tribes inhabiting reservations in the far northwestern states live almost entirely on the spoils and profits of hunting and fishing. The coast Indians employ themselves busily during the salmon-running season in supplying fish to the canneries, and piece out their livelihood at other seasons by the proceeds of furs and flesh obtained by hunting and trapping. In the interior of Oregon and Washington big game is yet plentiful enough for the hunting season to afford to the Indians a pretty good source of support for most of the year.

It is reported that a movement is on foot, with its headquarters at Pittsburgh, to girdle the earth with a series of religious conventions on the 1900th anniversary year of the Christian era. A great expedition will start out, numbering, it is thought, some 1,000 persons, who will go entirely around the world holding religious services at every important stopping place. The first service will be held in San Francisco and the last in New York. Bombay, Jerusalem, Rome and London will be taken in on the way. The services are to be entirely non-sectarian. Several weeks will elapse between each service, and it is calculated that the expedition will take a year in making its rounds, and that it will cost each of the crusaders about \$1,000.

It is asserted that the introduction of the carp in the Pacific coast states was a great mistake, as this fish breeds incredibly fast, is a ravenous eater, and is also a unpalatable table food. An Oregon sportsman thinks that it the black bass were introduced in the ponds and sloughs where the carp breed, it would soon exterminate them. On an objection made that the bass might also war on the young salmon and trout he says: "I think this objection has no reasonable foundation: The bass is not a migratory fish. It delights in ponds or rivers, or in quiet lakes and ponds. Unlike some of the salmon trout so-called and the bull trout so-called (the char) it never follows other fishes like the salmon in their pilgrimages up stream, devouring the spawn as they go. The bass is never found at the head waters of streams, where all the salmonids seek their spawning grounds. The head waters of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri all abound in trout, but the bass is never found there, although plentiful far below in all these streams and their tributaries. Moreover I have reason to believe that the temperature of the water of these rivers is too low for the habitat of the bass, especially at its spawning time. My reason for this opinion is founded on the fact that four years ago about fifty healthy bass were put into the Willamette river, but I believe there has never been one seen since. According to ordinary production of these fishes, there should now be thousands of them in the river, and some specimens would have been seen. This adverse condition would not prevail in the sloughs and ponds mentioned."

O. CALM, SWEET FACE.

BY CHARLES CURTIS HARR.

The power of thy calm face hath changed my life.
Hath weaned my heart from every low desire.
So through it, need I not the purge of death.
Nor cleansing of the purgatorial fire.

Thy sweet, calm face hath made me what I am.
If any praise is due me for my strife
Against the sin which tempt the human soul,
I owe it all to thee and thy true life.

The power of thy calm face is greater far
Than words of priests or prayer of holy saints.
With it before me, strong am I and great,
Without thy face, my spirit drowns in faints.

And can God frown, if thou lead me to Him,
The soul that sought for peace, and through
Was lifted to a higher aim in life,
And by thee slowly walked from sin to grace?

Can He condemn, if, loving thee, I seek
To reach the pureness of the saints above,
In all the trials of this life below,
Thou hast not left me in the way He taught?

O calm, sweet face, thou art the power that
Moves me.
My soul to emulate the saints above;
I shun the evil, choose the good, because
Thy face is good and thy pure face I love.

So strong a power it hath upon me still,
In all the trials of this life below,
Thou hast not left me in the way He taught,
In it I see the light of heaven glow,
HUTCHINSON, KAN.

The Piccadilly Puzzle.

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

By F. W. HUMER.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"First," asked Dowker, "do you remember the night when Lady Balscombe eloped?"

"Not being a born fool, I do," retorted Miss Lifford sharply. "Such going on I never saw."

"Can you tell me all that took place on that night?"

Miss Lifford sniffed thoughtfully. "There was a ball they were going to."

"Who were going to?"

"Lady Balscombe and Miss Penfold. They did go, and left shortly before ten, but before I had time to turn round they were back again, as Lady Balscombe said she had a headache."

"Oh, so I suppose she went to bed?"

"Then you suppose wrong," retorted Annie triumphantly, for there was a pun on waiting to see her."

"A lady," asked Dowker eagerly.

"I don't know," retorted Miss Lifford sharply. "She had a veil on."

"Can you describe her dress?"

Miss Lifford thought a moment, while Lydia bent forward anxiously to hear her answer.

"A hat trimmed with blue and brown velvet, and a sealskin jacket."

Lady Penfold sank back in her seat with a gasp.

"Oh, my poor mistress!"

"Your mistress!" echoed Miss Lifford, turning sharply. "It could not have been Miss Sarschine who called on that night."

"But I'm certain it was," said Dowker. "What impudence!" muttered the virtuous Annie.

"Never mind," said Dowker, sharply. "Go on with your story."

Miss Lifford sniffed indignantly and resumed.

Lady Balscombe returned at half-past ten and went up to her dressing-room, where this lady was waiting for her. Miss Penfold went to bed. I don't know how long the lady was with my mistress, as I was told that my mistress would not require me again that night; but I waited about in case I should be wanted, and saw the lady leave the house about eleven."

"Miss Sarschine?"

"Yes—at least the lady in the sealskin jacket, and you say it was Miss Sarschine, so I suppose it was. I then went to Lady Balscombe's room, but found the door locked; so, as I thought she had gone to bed, I went down-stairs to get my supper. When I came up-stairs again, about twelve, the door was still locked, so I went to bed."

"Lady Balscombe could not have gone out in the meantime?"

"No; because I asked the footman if anyone had gone out or come in, and he said no one."

"She could not have gone out without attracting the notice of the servants, I suppose?"

"No, they would have recognized her at once, I think she waited till everyone was in bed and then went off to meet Lord Calliston."

"But you are sure she did not leave till after twelve?"

"I'd swear it anywhere," returned Miss Lifford, impatiently.

"In that case," muttered Dowker, "it could not have been Lady Balscombe who saw Mr. Desmond at Lord Calliston's chambers, so it must have been Lena Sarschine."

"Do you want to know more?" asked Miss Lifford, icily.

"Yes. Tell me, what was Lady Balscombe like?"

Miss Lifford laughed contemptuously. "Why, don't you know?" she replied. "You ought to, as she was one of the beauties of the season. Her portrait was all over the place. Why, catching sight of the photograph on the study table, 'you have one.'"

Dowker handed her the photograph.

"Do you say that is Lady Balscombe?"

"Yes, certainly."

"What nonsense!" said Lydia. "Why, that is Miss Sarschine."

"I never saw Miss Sarschine," retorted Miss Lifford, "but I know that's Lady Balscombe."

"I never saw Lady Balscombe," replied Lydia, angrily, "but I know that's Miss Sarschine."

Dowker looked from one to the other and then slipped the photograph into his pocket along with the letters and the other photographs.

"There's only one way of settling this,"

he said, quietly. "I'll sail on the photographer and ask him who it is."

He gave Annie Lifford some money and then left the house wrapped in thought.

"This is a new complication," he said to himself, "this resemblance—they must be very like one another if their maids mix them up like this—and then Lena Sarschine calling on Lady Balscombe; I wonder if there can be any relationship between them—not likely—a lady of title and a woman of light character—well, I finished up Dowker, philosophically. "I think the best thing for me to do is to think about Lena Sarschine's cover as much about Lena Sarschine's previous life as possible, and to do this I'll run down to Folkestone and look up Captain Michael Dickfall."

CHAPTER XI.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

Mr. Dowker was not a man to let grass grow under his feet, so he went straight to the photographer whose name was on the back of the portrait found in Lena Sarschine's possession and ascertained without much difficulty that it was that of Lady Balscombe.

"Now, what the deuce was that portrait doing in her desk?" he muttered, as he left the gallery, "and why should Lydia Fenny mistake it for her mistress? I wish I could get a picture of Miss Sarschine."

But he could not manage this. For, according to Lydia Fenny, Miss Sarschine would never consent to have her portrait taken; so that he had no means of learning if there was such a wonderful resemblance between the two women except by personal satisfaction, which was not by any means satisfactory.

Under these circumstances there was only one thing to be done—see Captain Dickfall, the father of Lena—so, putting a few things together, Dowker caught the afternoon train to Folkestone from Charing Cross.

Dowker duly arrived at Folkestone and took up his abode in a hotel in the Sandgate Road, where he ordered himself a pleasant little dinner and made the acquaintance of a fatherly old waiter who knew everyone and everything.

This waiter at the Prince's Hotel rejoiced in the name of Martin, and, hovering about Dowker, armed with a napkin and a pint bottle of Heideck, managed to satisfy that gentleman's curiosity concerning the existence of Captain Michael Dickfall.

"Yes, sir—know him well, sir—by sight," he said, brimming the empty glass with champagne. "A fine gentleman, sir—bin in the army—ad two daughters."

"Two daughters?" repeated Dowker, eagerly.

"Yes, sir—Miss Amelia and Miss Helena, sir—twins—as fine-looking gals as you ever saw, sir—tall, and some, and golden hair."

"Oh, indeed!" replied Dowker indifferently. "And are they living with Captain Dickfall?"

"No, sir," said Martin gravely. "You see, sir, Miss Helena fell in love with a gentleman who was stopping at the Pavilion, sir, and went off with him."

"What was his name?"

"Don't know, sir. He called himself Carril, but they do say it was not his right name."

"Humph!"

Dowker pondered a little over this. It was as he had thought after reading the letters Lord Calliston had masqueraded at Folkestone under the name of Carril, and had inveigled Helena Dickfall away from home and kept her in St. John's Wood as "Lena Sarschine."

"And the other young lady," he asked, "Miss Amelia?"

"Oh, she made a good match, sir," replied Martin. "Married Sir Rupert Balscombe, sir, about a year ago. But I did hear, sir, as 'ow she ad bolted last week, sir, with Lord Calliston—same blood, sir, it will come out. And Martin departed to attend upon an important customer."

"Same blood," repeated Dowker musingly. "I wonder if he knows it's the same man?" Calliston evidently had a penchant for the family, for there seems to be no doubt that Miss Sarschine and Lady Balscombe were sisters. Queer one and made love to the other! Heer—denied queer! Well, I think I had better look up Captain Dickfall.

He finished his wine, and, putting on his hat, went out into the cool evening and strolled first to the hotel and then to the beach, where he took the precaution of putting Dickfall's address in his pocket.

He had no difficulty in finding Captain Dickfall's cottage, which was a comfortable-looking place with a small garden in front. A neat maid servant admitted him into a dusky passage, and from thence showed him into a small drawing-room, at the end of which, near the window, Captain Dickfall lay on a sofa, looking out on to a quiet street. A haggard, pale face, a thin, suffering, but which had once been handsome. He lay supinely on the sofa in an attitude of utter lassitude, covered by a heavy rug, and his slender white hands were toying with a book which was lying on his lap.

He turned fretfully when Dowker entered, and spoke in the querulous voice of an invalid.

"What is it, my good man?" he said peevishly. "Why do you come and disturb me at this hour? My doctor has ordered complete rest, and how can I get it if you trouble me?"

"Selfish old chap," thought Dowker, but without saying a word he took his seat near the invalid and commenced to talk.

"I am sorry to trouble you, sir," he said, respectfully, "but I wanted to see you about your daughters."

"My daughters!—You are making a mistake. I have only one—Lady Balscombe!"

"I understood you had two daughters, sir—Lady Balscombe and Miss Helena Dickfall?"

The invalid turned sharply on him. "Who the devil are you to intrude yourself into my private affairs?"

Dowker came at once promptly to the point.

"My name is Dowker. I am a detective."

"I do not come from Sir Rupert," said Dowker coldly, "but from Scotland Yard."

"About what?"

"The death of your other daughter."

"Captain Dickfall started up with a groan, and stared wildly at Dowker.

"Good God! Is Helena dead?"

"Who is Helena?" asked Dowker stolidly.

"My daughter—my daughter."

"I thought you said you'd only one, sir."

"The sick man turned away his face."

"I had two," he said in a low tone, "but one, the eldest, ran away with some scamp called Carril. Since then I have heard nothing of her, so I always say I have only one."

Dowker thought for a few moments. It was a very delicate position to occupy, and, feeling it to be so, for a moment he was doubtful as to how to proceed at length.

"Captain Dickfall," he said at length, "I know I am only a common man and you are a gentleman. It is not for such a man to speak to you about your private affairs, but this is a matter of life or death to a human being; and if you hear my story I am sure you will not refuse to help me by telling me what I want to know."

Dickfall was looking at the detective with a somber fire burning in his usually bright eyes, then with a sigh he lay down and prepared to listen.

"Tell me what you wish," he said languidly, "and if possible I will do what you require."

Whereupon Dowker told him the story of the Jermyn street murder, the elopement of Lady Balscombe, and the resemblance he had believed that the two incidents were connected in some mysterious way. He also informed him of the arrest of Myles Desmond, and of the doubts he entertained concerning his criminality.

At the conclusion Dickfall was silent for a minute, then turned toward the detective and clasped his thin fingers nervously together.

"I am a proud man," he said, with a touch of pathos, and do not come to me telling the world my private affairs; but in a case like this it is only right I should put myself aside for the sake of clearing the character of an innocent man. What do you wish to know?"

"Was Lena Sarschine your daughter?"

For answer Dickfall pointed to a small table near at hand upon which was a morocco frame containing two portraits. Dowker took them to the window and looked at them.

"Both of the same lady?" he asked.

Dickfall smiled faintly.

"You are not the first who has been deceived," he said with a sigh. "No. One is my daughter Helena, who, from your story, I believe to be Lena Sarschine, and the other is Amelia, Lady Balscombe—twins."

Dowker examined the photographs closely, and was astonished at the likeness, which was further aided by both of them being dressed exactly alike.

"It is wonderful," he said, and no longer wondered at the way in which Lydia Fenny and Annie Lifford had confused the identity of the portrait found in Lena Sarschine's desk.

"I have been living here for many years," said Dickfall, in a low voice, "and my two daughters lived with me. Their mother has been dead a long time. About three years ago a young man who called himself Carril came here, and stopped at the Pavilion Hotel. He obtained an introduction to me by some means, and appeared to be struck with the beauty of Helena. I thought he was going to marry her, when I heard rumors as to the fastness of his life and also that he was not what he represented himself to be. I taxed him with it, but he denied the accusation, yet so transparent was his denial that I forbade him the house. The result was that Helena ran away with him, and until the time you spoke to me of her and told me his real name, I did not know it, and never entertained any suspicion of his real rank in life. I was mentioned in my hearing, and always said, as I did to-night, that I had only one daughter—my daughter Amelia, married to Sir Rupert Balscombe 1st year—and I thought she would, at least, not follow the example of her sister. Now, however, I know all; but, to tell you the truth, I blame Sir Rupert for her elopement, as I know she was a kind daughter, and I am sure she had made a good match. He was very jealous of her and had a fearful temper, so I dare say he drove her to it. From what you say, I suppose my poor Helena went to see her sister on the night of the elopement to dissuade her from going with Lord Calliston, and surely she had the best right to speak of one who had ruined her own life, but evidently her arguments were of no avail, and she called at Calliston's chambers to remonstrate with him. He was here and she went out to her death, and then Amelia eloped with him, as you have told me. I was a fast man in my youth and the sins of the father are being visited on the children."

"But this does not clear up the mystery of Lena Sarschine's death."

"Don't call her by that name," said Dickfall, angrily. "It is the name that shames her. No, you are right; it does not explain her death. But I do not know what you say, what motive Myles Desmond could have had in murdering her."

"Do you know the name of anyone who admired her?"

"No."

"Not one?"

There was clearly nothing more to be gained from Dickfall, so Dowker respectfully said good-by and took his leave.

"At all events," he said to himself, as he wended his way back to his hotel, "I've found out one thing—Lena Sarschine and Lady Balscombe were sisters, and both loved the same man. What I'd like to know is, whether Lady Balscombe killed her sister out of jealousy. I'm getting more perplexed than ever. This visit, instead of clearing up the mystery, deepens it. I think I'll see Sir Rupert Balscombe and ask him about things; as his wife is mixed up in it I've a right, and I'd give anything to save that young fellow's life, because I'm sure he's innocent."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEWTON, N. L. Nov. 27.—The Methodist Episcopal church of Middle Village celebrated its 120th anniversary yesterday.

AN ENEMY.

Great Destruction in Delaware Bay Made by the "Borer."

The "borer," a pest of oysters, has been among the oyster beds in Delaware Bay and tributary streams.

Capt. Moses Veale, of the oyster schooner White Lily, says that the destructive powers of the "borer" have been known to oystermen only a few years. He has followed oyster dredging nearly thirty-five years, and the first "borer" he saw was about ten years ago, but their ravages in the oyster beds were comparatively unnoticed until last year.

Capt. Veale said that "last year the number of dead oysters with holes made by borers in the shell became so great that oystermen were alarmed. The year the work of the borers has become a grave matter, and if it continues many bays will be depopulated of oysters. From one bed we dredged on this trip we got 1,300 baskets of oysters, but out of these only 200 were good, the dead oysters having been killed by borers. A peculiar thing about the ravages of the 'borers' is their apparent selection of the best oyster-beds. We have found this to be true several times this season. We have found a bed of small oysters almost entirely free from 'borers.' This bed will be separated from another bed of larger oysters, by 200 feet, but this latter bed will be badly affected by the creatures that it will hardly pay to work it."

"From what I can learn from oyster men the destruction wrought by borers is much more severe in Delaware Bay than in other places."

"The work of the borer this year makes a double misfortune, for the oyster beds were badly damaged by the big storms in August and September. Very few people who are not in the oyster dredging business know anything of the methods of the borer. When I first took notice of its work I secured several oysters just after the borer had fastened itself to the shell. When the borer fastens itself it holds on like a leech, and it is with difficulty that it can be removed with the fingers."

"Sometimes the 'borer' fastens itself to the oyster shell near the edge, and then the oyster is not killed. When the whole of the 'borer' is made near the center of the shell the oyster is attacked in its vital parts and dies in three or four days after the hole is first made."

Some of the bed-owners near Maurice River have lost large sums of money this year on account of the "borer." Thomas Munsey, who has a number of large beds, it is said, will lose \$10,000. Several other men have lost nearly as much through this unlooked-for calamity, and a number of men have lost in the neighborhood of \$2,000 or \$3,000. All oystermen say there can be no way of taking away the "borer" without destroying the oyster-beds. [Philadelphia Ledger.]

hindoo stances. Titles.

A few words of elementary instruction in Sanskrit and Hindoo stances about the meaning of the titles borne by the oriental potentates. The simplest of these royal titles is that of rajah, which is literally "king," but is applied even to a petty princeling. A maharajah is a "great king"—usually a ruler who retains some degree of actual sovereignty and is not compelled to look to the British official resident at his court for authority to act. The feminine of rajah is rani, better known in the Anglo-Indian form of rane, and this is the proper designation of a reigning Hindoo princess or queen.

A begum, whose characteristics every reader of Thackeray knows, is any prince or other lady of rank and wealth—the word being the Anglo-Indian term for the Hindoo stances begum, a "princess." Nawab is our familiar "nabob," which has its origin in the same Hindoo stances word. Officially a nawab is a deputy governor or viceroy. In pronouncing the word the 'a' should be given the value of a in "fall," and the accent placed on the final syllable. In rajah the 'a's are given the sound of a in father and its natural sound.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Origin of Starching.

The course of history carries us back no further than the year 1654 for the origin of starching in London. It was in that year that Mistress Van der Plasse came with her husband from Flanders to the English metropolis "for their greater safety," and there professed herself a starcher. The best housewives of the time were not long in discovering the excellent whiteness of the "Dutch linen," as it was called, and Mistress Plasse soon had plenty of good paying clients. Some of these began to send her ruffs of lawn to starch, which she did so excellently well that it became a saying that if one sent her a ruff made of a spider's web she would be able to starch it. So greatly did her reputation grow that fashionable dames went to her to learn the art and mystery of starching, for which they gladly paid a premium of £1 to £5, and for the secret of seething starch they paid gladly a further sum of twenty shillings.

In some of the Paris museums are to be seen collections of wax models of the flowers of plants of the Eocene age. The story of how these have been obtained is an interesting one. The growing plants were encased in calcareous mud, which afterward hardened to travertine. Then the vegetable matter decaying left delicate molds of their form in the rock. Into these molds melted wax was introduced under an air pump, and the calcareous matter then dissolved by acid. The result was these wonderfully perfect wax models of man.—[Gentleman's Magazine.]

OTH SHIPS CONTINUE

honors Equally Divided

the Lehigh Strike.

ore Men Desert the Company

Their Places Are Being Filled

New Men—The Strikers' No Tr

mined and Hopeful—No Tr

Anticipated by Gov. Pattison

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Nov. 27.—

the fifth day of the strike on the Lehigh railway, and an unprejudiced observer would say that the honor about equally divided. The company claim—and their claim is substantiated all their mail and passenger trains running on schedule time.

Freight for the east was moved last night and early this morning a great freight for the east was moved to the Coxton yards, but little or no was transported. Supt. Easer says he has enough crews to fill all the day and that coal shipments will not be delayed.

Yesterday afternoon the Lehigh station was crowded by idlers here through curiosity. Supt. notified the chief of police that a crowd had gathered at the depot and was requested to disperse them. The chief dispatched four officers to the station with the aid of the company's men and dispersed the crowd.

At Sugar Notch, three miles from Wilkesbarre, there was more or less of a riot. A motley gang of men gathered and made all sorts of threats against the men who were at work through the windows of the station. The operator to flee for his life. As Sugar Notch is an important station this episode delayed the running of trains for quite a time.

Last night two long freight trains signalled to stop at the Hazle station in this city. A large crowd gathered in sympathy with the strikers at the crossing and when the trains stopped the two engineers, who were hooted and the crowd.

"Get off the engines you scabs; best workmen a show." No violence was offered and the train went on safely on their northern trip.

To a reporter Mr. Easer said that freight traffic was in excellent condition, three trains left the company in the morning for the east and the west. The company officials notified their attorney that they tolerate any further interference with them.

Sheriff Walter will have to take action to-day to protect the property. So far as can be learned, M. J. Keck, of the Ninth Precinct, received no intimation from the strikers at Harrisburg to order out.

The strikers held a large assembly meeting yesterday afternoon. Desertions were reported, but union men joined the ranks and their intention of standing by until the end. The Brotherhood realize that this is a battle to win, to continue the various Brotherhood men from all over the country are pouring in money to treasury and the strikers will be provided for the next three months.

At Pittston the strikers' meeting last night again. They eighteen more engineers and join the order this afternoon, they will leave for their homes and to be men who have heretofore on the Lake Shore and Michigan and New York Central roads.

An attempt was made by a crowd to drive a shifting crew engine on one of the Lehigh branches, near the Hillman yard. The excitement ran high for stones and clubs were thrown until a posse of deputy sheriffs arrived, who dispersed them. Idlers are breaker boys and some of them are known as old and arrests may be made.

EMPLOYEES STILL HERE.

Assistant Chief Wilkinson Men Are Well Satisfied.

Waverly Depot, N. Y., Nov. 27.—Assistant Chief Wilkinson in an interview with the press said that the men along the line terminated and hopeful that some time during the strike they would be well satisfied with the situation.

"I'm getting many new men, but many of the best on them, leaving them the local. We shall use every lawful power to keep men from under no circumstances or allow violence to operate the road of men that they are engaged in damage to rolling stock interfere with them."

Asked as to the plan of the company and as to the probability of the chief declining option.

All passenger trains are being run by the company.

Baltimore is reported to have been closed for several days, as a result of the strike.

London, Nov. 27.—The London and North Western railway has been closed for several days, as a result of the strike.