Andover News

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1893.

German thoroughness has perhaps never been more strikingly illustrated, thinks the New York Post, than in the index to Eulenburg's medical dictionary. This work, of which a third edition is now in preparation, is in 22 volumes, and the index alone takes up 603 pages.

Texas raises 1,200,000 bales of cotton, which yield nearly $50,000,000. The cotton seed product exceeds 600,000 tons. The sugar plantations on the Brazos alone produce 12,000,000 pounds of sugar and 1,200,000 gallons of molasses. Texas has 5,000,000 sheep and clips 25,000,000 pounds of wool. The pecan trees of Texas yield every year 9,000,000 pounds of nuts.

—Exclaims the London Illustrated News. What an admirable place for chevaliers of industry of all kinds must Tunis be! A lady having had a dream there that whoever drank of the water in her cistern would escape cholera, 20,000 people passed through her premises (at a penny a head) in a couple of days. O, Santa Simplicitas! what a town that must be for the confidence trick and all the other little swindles that have fallen under suspicion elsewhere! What a place, if not to dream of, to dream in!

In area Australia equals the United States. According to the census of 1891 Australia contains 3,075,238 square miles and a population of 3,801,050. This population is strongly British. Especially is this true of the religious profession. The sects are all slips from the English planting—the Church of England, the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Baptists, the Congregationalists. The Lutherans are an exception. Of the 2,698,629 Protestants more than half belong to the Church of England.

The Christian at Work avers that in the United States the Methodist Church stands first in point of numbers, having 51,000 organizations and 4,598,000 communicants; the Baptists are second, and have 43,000 organizations and 3,743,000 communicants; the Presbyterians are third, with 13,500 organizations and 1,278,000 communicants; the Roman Catholic organizations number 10,270, with 6,258,000 individuals in them; the Lutherans have 8595 organizations and a communicant membership of 1,231,000.

"Our neighbor on the south, Mexico, gives us a great deal more trouble," maintains the New York Sun, "than our neighbor on the north, Canada. If gangs of Canadian rebels were in the habit of entering our territory as the Mexican rebels enter it, Canada would be brought to order upon short notice. We put up with a great deal from Mexico. Troops of our army are in service against her rebels half the time. It is absurd in Minister Romero to say that these rebels are Americans. We have arrested lots of them, and all bore Mexican names, spoke Mexican Spanish and boasted they were Mexicans.

What is supposed to be the only frostless belt in the United States lies between the city of Los Angeles and the Pacific Ocean. It traverses the foothills of the Cahuenga range and has an elevation of between two and four hundred feet. In breadth it is perhaps three miles. The waters of the Pacific are visible from it, and the proximity of the ocean has, of course, something to do with banishing frosts. During the winter season this tract produces tomatoes, peas, beans, and other tender vegetables, and there the lemon flourishes, a tree that is peculiarly susceptible to cold. Tropical trees may be also cultivated with success, and in connection with this fact it is interesting to know that a part of the favored territory has been acquired by Los Angeles for park purposes, and it is only a question of time when the city will have the unique distinction of possessing the only tropical park in the United States. Strange to say, only the midway region of the Cahuenga range is free from frost, the lower part of the valley being occasionally visited.

THE DYING HORSE.

BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE.

Fall back! Fall back! Give him room to die!
Hard is the bed where he needs must lie;
For his toilsome life this is the end!
Has he no master—no loving friend?

Is it here the old horse must welcome death,
Where a gaping crowd watches every breath,
Under the midsummer's scorching sun?
Is this his reward for work well done?

How his limbs shudder! How his eyes roll!
Seek they at last for a pitying soul?
Or only for quiet—quiet to die
In some lonely valley green, where a brook gurgles by?

No; he knows nothing of clover-fields cool,
Where cattle at noonday stand deep in the pool;
He never wandered the pastures sweet—
His roadway through life was the stony street.

Cherished while work brought his owner gain,
To strangers left in this hour of pain;
Deserted, now that his task is over,
Not for his old days are the fields of clover

Not for him will the field-lark sing,
Not for him the lush grasses spring;
Nor to him will liberty come,
In his tired old age, in some country home.

Here he must suffer—here he must die,
Under the midsummer's scorching sky;
Him the broad shade-tree will never woo,
He has known but the pavement his whole life through.

Still we in our vaunted pride of soul
Conceive no future, no restful goal—
No ethereal pasture in regions blest
Where the poor old horse may in spirit rest.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Piccadilly Puzzle.

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

By F. W. HUME.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE END OF IT ALL.

Spencer Ellersby, well dressed, nonchalant and languid, entered the room with a smile on his face, which faded quickly when he found there was no one present to receive him.

"I thought you said Miss Penfold was here," he observed sharply, turning to the footman who was showing him in.

"So she was, sir," stammered the servant in some confusion, "and two gentlemen."

"Gentlemen!" muttered Ellersby to himself, taking a chair; "some of those empty headed men about town, I suppose."

"I think Miss Penfold must have gone up to the drawing-room, sir," said the servant, turning toward the door. "Will I take your name up, sir?"

"No," replied Ellersby, with a yawn. "I want to see Sir Rupert, just now; so I'll wait here till he comes in, and go up-stairs afterward."

"Very good, sir," said the footman, and was just retiring when Sir Rupert, looking jaded and worried, entered the room, upon which Ellersby rose to his feet, and the footman, going out, closed the door behind him.

"Ah, Sir Rupert," he said, carelessly, "I am so glad to see you, as I thought I'd have to wait for some time. I must apologize for coming into this room, but your servant said Miss Penfold was there."

"Have you seen her?" said Sir Rupert, moodily, taking his seat in front of the desk and swinging round the seat so as to face his visitor.

"No, he made a mistake. She is up in the drawing-room, so I am going to see her later on."

"Meanwhile?" demanded the baronet.

"I am going to see you," finished Ellersby, smoothly, resuming his seat.

Balscombe raised his eyebrows.

"What about?"

"A very important subject—marriage."

"Whose marriage?"

"My own."

"What have I to do with your marriage?"

"A great deal," replied Ellersby, calmly, "because I want to marry Miss Penfold."

"Impossible," said Balscombe, pointedly, "quite impossible."

"How so?" asked the other, coolly. "I have a good position, plenty of money, and my character is good."

"Your moral character?" sneering.

"Oh, that," with a laugh, "is no better nor worse than other young men, so I would like your answer. Will you favor my suit?"

"No."

"I think you will," said Ellersby, coldly, "for the very good and sufficient reason that I can force you to."

"How so?"

"You know well enough," sneered the other. "If the police ask me who committed the Jermyn street murder, I can tell them who did it—Rupert Balscombe."

"You scoundrel!—do you mean to say I killed my wife?"

"I can swear it—and I will, too, if you [illegible] ward!"

"[illegible] lie!" cried the baronet, white with fury; "where are your proofs?"

"Open that hiding place, and you'll find them."

Sir Rupert gave a stifled cry, and staggered back against the desk, while Ellersby looked at him with a smile of triumph. The three listeners in the other room were standing close to the door, with greedy ears drinking in every word of this strange conversation.

The baronet, with an effort, recovered himself, and, turning to the desk, touched the secret spring and took down the carving. There lay the locket, the chain, and the fatal arrow.

"There is the locket you wrenched off your wife's neck on that night," said Ellersby, pitilessly, "and there is the poisoned arrow-head with which you committed the crime!"

Balscombe took out the objects and looked at them vacantly.

"What deviltry is this?" he said, fiercely. "This is the locket I know—the locket that contains your hair and your picture, curse you! But the arrow-head—I know nothing of that."

"Bah! Who would believe you?" replied the other, mockingly. "It is in your secret drawer."

"How did you know this hiding place?" demanded Balscombe.

"I never said I knew it."

"No; but you said your evidence was in there, so you must have seen these things before. I believe you put the arrow-head there yourself."

"Did I, indeed?" said Ellersby, with a sneer. "Where would I get the arrow-head? Don't blame me for a crime you committed yourself."

"I did not commit it!" shouted Balscombe in a frenzy. "I acknowledge I knew of my wife's intended elopement, and came up from Berkshire to prevent it. I was too late, and went to Calliston's rooms to see him. I missed the door in the fog, and when I found it, the first thing I saw was my guilty wife leaving the house. I followed her and caught up to her—she shrieked, and I gave way to my just anger. I knew she had this locket, and thought it contained Calliston's portrait, not yours, so wrenched it off her neck to make sure. She ran away across the street and I lost her in the fog. I swear I saw no more of her on that night till I read of her death."

"You knew it was your wife that was dead?"

"I was not certain. I heard the Seamew had sailed with Lady Balscombe on board, and thought that the dead woman was some wretched street-walker with whom my wife had changed clothes; but I was not certain that she was dead till I saw Lena Sarschine on board the Seamew, then I knew my wife was the victim of the Jermyn street tragedy; but I swear I did not kill her."

Ellersby laughed scoffingly.

"Of course it is to your interest to say that; but who will believe you with such strong evidence against you?"

"Then I suppose you mean to denounce me?" said the baronet, coldly.

"Not if you agree to give me the hand of May Penfold."

"I cannot force her inclinations."

"No; but you are her guardian and can influence her."

"If I refuse?"

"You do so at your own risk."

"And that risk?"

"Means hanging to you!" said Ellersby, brutally.

The two men stood looking fixedly at one another, and for a few moments there was a dead silence, while the three listeners waited with beating hearts for the end of the conversation, which seemed to promise the solution of this extraordinary mystery.

Balscombe remained for a time in deep thought, and then looked up with a look of determination in his eyes.

"I decline to accede to your demand," he said, firmly.

"Then you must take the consequence."

"I am prepared to do so."

Ellersby paused for a minute.

"Will you tell me the reason for your decision?"

"First, because I am innocent of the crime you accuse me of; and second, I believe you placed this poisoned arrow-head here in order to implicate me in the murder."

"I can speak openly to you," said Ellersby, coolly, "because you are in my power. I did place the poisoned arrow-head there, in order to secure evidence against you!"

"Then it was you killed my wife!" cried Balscombe, stepping toward him with the arrow-head in his hand.

"I never said I did," retorted Ellersby, audaciously; "but I can tell you this—I met your wife on that night after you left her, and I asked her for those letters, as they compromised both her and myself. She told me where they were, and described the hiding-place to me. Last time I was here I searched and discovered the secret, but the letters were not there."

"No. They were removed by me."

"So I see—but if I did not find the letters I found something better, the locket with my portrait which you took from your wife's neck on that night—so, as I wanted to marry Miss Penfold, and wanted you to help me, I placed there the arrow-head so as to force you for your own safety to help me. I have succeeded, and you must do what I order or swing for it."

"You devil!" cried Balscome, madly. "It was you who murdered my unhappy wife. Do not deny it! I can see it in your cowardly face. I will accuse you before the world and hang you for your crime."

"Bah! Who will believe your word against mine? There is no evidence against me!"

"Your own confession!"

"Does not include a confession of murder. What I have said to you in private I will deny in public; you have no witnesses."

"You lie—here are three!"

The two men turned round with a cry, and there on the threshold of the room stood May Penfold, with a look of triumph in her eyes—and behind, Dowker and Norwood. Ellersby saw he was lost, and with a harsh shriek made a bound for the door of the library, but before he could reach it Balscombe threw himself on him and bore him to the ground. The two men rolled on the floor fighting desperately, and then Dowker joined in to assist in securing Ellerby, when suddenly his struggles ceased and he became quite passive.

"It's all over," he said quietly, with a livid face, as Balscombe arose to his feet. "I will escape you yet."

"You will not escape the gallows," cried Balscombe [illegible]

"Yes, I will," sneered Ellersby, with a ghastly smile, "and by your own act. You forgot you had the poisoned arrow-head in your hand, and you have wounded me. See."

He held up his right hand and there they saw a long red, ragged wound where the weapon had torn him.

"In ten minutes I will be a dead man," he said quietly. "Not all the science in the world can save me now."

"Curse it!" cried Dowker, in a rage, while the other three remained silent with horror.

"Ah! You are angry at my escaping from you," said Ellersby, with his usual cynicism. "Console yourself, my astute thief-catcher; my capture would have not redounded to your credit, as you were quite on the wrong scent. You suspected Desmond, Lena Sarschine, and Balscombe, every one but the right one. I have fooled you to the end, and, now I am caught, will yet escape your clutches."

May Penfold stepped toward him.

"As you have sinned so deeply," she said, in a low tone, "you had better make reparation while you may, and confess all, so as to release Myles from prison. Meanwhile, I will go for a doctor."

He signed her feebly to remain.

"No doctor can do me any good," he said, faintly, "but I will tell all. Mr. Dowker will, perhaps, write it down, and, if I'm not too far gone, I'll—I'll sign it."

"I will write your confession," said Norwood, and, sitting down at the desk, he took up a pen and waited.

It was a strange scene. Ellersby lying on the floor with his eyes half closed, Balscombe leaning against the desk, with his clothes all torn, and a white, haggard face, and May Penfold, standing beside Dowker, looking with pitying eyes at the dying man at her feet.

As he knew he had not long to live, Ellersby commenced at once:

"I am, as you know, the son of a West Indian, and came to England to be educated. I was brought up, in early childhood, by a negro nurse, and before I left Barbadoes she gave me an arrow-head, which, she told me, was steeped in poison, and that one scratch would kill. Something to do with their Obi business, I suppose. She told me to use it on my enemies, but I was not so savage as she was, though I have got negro blood in my veins, and I did not bother much about it. I finished my education and went into society. One time, while down at Folkstone, I met Amelia Dicksfall, and loved her—you do not know how I loved her—with all the mad passion of a Creole. She led me on till I was her slave, and then refused to marry me for at least two years, for what reason I was then ignorant, but now I know it was because she wanted to marry a title, and kept me in hand so as to become my wife if she failed to realize her ambition. I went abroad and when I returned a short time ago I found she had married Balscombe. I saw her and reproached her with her treachery, but she only laughed at me. Then I heard how she carried on with Calliston and swore I would kill her if she preferred him to me. She denied that she cared for him, and then I heard about her projected elopement and determined to make one more appeal to her. If that failed I took an oath I would kill her with the poisoned arrowhead. I thought I would see her on that night, so, dressing myself in evening dress, I put the arrowhead in my pocket and went along to Park lane. I was told she had gone to the Countess of Kerstoke's ball, and, thinking this was a mere subterfuge on her part, I thought I would go to Calliston's chamber and see him. I went along to his rooms in Piccadilly, but as I did not know where they were it was some time before I found them. I was going in when I saw Balscombe waiting about and wondered what he was doing there. While thus waiting a woman came out and I recognized Lady Balscombe at once. I saw Sir Rupert go after her and witnessed their dispute under the lamp. I saw him wrench off the locket and then Lady Balscombe fled. I followed and found her wandering vaguely about in the fog. She recognized me and we had a stormy interview. I insisted on her coming to my hotel and going away with me in the morning, pointing out that now her husband had seen her coming out of Calliston's chambers he would apply for a divorce. I then asked her about the letters, and she told me where they were. I said I would get them, and then Sir Rupert would never know with whom she had gone away. She agreed to go with me, and went as far as Jermyn street; then she refused to go further, saying she loved Calliston and hated me. She insisted on going down to Shoreham in the morning, and taunted me so that I got mad with anger and determined to kill her. So I apparently agreed to what she said and asked her to kiss me for the last time. She did so, and when I was embracing her I wounded her in the neck with the poisoned arrow-head. She thought it was only a pin pricking her, but when she was dying I told her what I had done, and said that now she could never be any other man's mistress or wife. She died shortly afterward, and then I thought about saving myself, so went along to the Countess of Kerstoke's ball, in order to prove an alibi should it be necessary. In coming back I went up the steps where I had left her to see if she was still there, thinking the body might have been discovered. It was still lying there, however, so I called the policeman. The rest you know. As to the arrow-head, I placed it in there in looking for the letters, in order to throw the blame on Balscombe, because I knew all his movements on that night were in favor of the presumption of his having committed the crime."

He paused at this point, for his eyes were becoming glazed and his voice was faint and weak. Norwood had written out the words that had fallen from his lips, and now brought the paper and a pen in order for him to sign it. The dying man raised himself on his elbow with an effort and signed his name with difficulty in the place indicated by the lawyer. When this was done Balscome and Norwood affixed their signatures as witnesses; then the latter placed the confession in an envelope.

The action of the poison being very rapid, Ellersby was now in a half-comatose condition, his eyes being closed and his breathing stertorous. He began to speak again in a drowsy voice, which sounded as if he was far away.

"It's the irony of Fate * * * brought me here * * * to my death. I came to conquer and remain to die. * * * The old Greeks were right. * * * Man * * * sport of Fate * * * Nemesis * * * wins hands down * * * if there is * * * world beyond * * * I * * * I * * * find * * *"

His slow, monotonous voice stopped here and his head fell back; to all appearances he was asleep, but the onlookers knew it was his last earthly sleep, and when he awoke it would be in another world.

The calm, placid light of evening stole softly through the windows and shone on the still face of the dead man, and on the awe-struck spectators.

Epilogue.

The Piccadilly puzzle being now solved, nothing remained but to settle all matters in connection therewith, which was speedily done. The publication of the whole story caused a great deal of excitement, and of course all the newspapers quoted the well-known proverb that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Myles Desmond was released from prison, and became a kind of hero owing to the fortitude with which he had sustained his unpleasant position. Sir Rupert gave his consent to May Penfold's marriage with Myles, and it took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, with great splendor, and the happy pair departed to the Continent for their honeymoon. On their return, Myles published a novel he had written, which was a great success, and being in an independent position, owing to his wife's fortune, he had the peculiar satisfaction of writing to please himself and not the public.

Lord Calliston did not remain in London long, as the part he had played in the terrible drama was not by any means an enviable one; so as soon as Lena Sarschine, now Lady Calliston, recovered from her illness they went away to the South Seas in the Seamew, where among the gorgeous scenery of the islands they soon forgot the one tragic episode of their lives.

Sir Rupert did not marry again, but left London for his place in the country, where he shut himself up like a hermit, and steadily refused to see any one. His faith in womankind was gone, and not having any heirs, a distant cousin is now eagerly waiting for his demise, as he is anxious to enjoy the Balscombe estates and the large income appertaining thereto.

[THE END.]

MARKET PRICES.

New York Quotations for Produce of Various Kinds.

BUTTER.—State dairy, fancy, per lb	26
State dairy, fair, per lb	23
Eastern Creamery, fancy, per lb	26
Welsh tubs, fair to good, per lb	22
Welsh tubs, choice, per lb	24
Elgin Creamery, new, fancy, per lb	27
Western Creamery, new fancy, per lb	27
Western Creamery, new choice, per lb	26
Factory, fresh, choice, per lb	20
BEANS AND PEAS.—Beans, mar., choice	2.25
Beans, pea, choice	[illegible]
Beans, medium, choice	2.00
Beans, red kidney, choice	2.65
Beans, Lima, California, per 60 lb	1.70
Green Peas, foreign, per bushel	1.40
CHEESE.—State Factory, large fancy	11¾
State Factory, small fancy, lb	12
State Factory, part skims, per lb	8
State Factory, full skims, per lb	2¾
DRIED FRUITS, ETC.—Apples, evap., [illegible]	[illegible]
Apples, sun dried, per lb	5
Apricots, California, per lb	11
Raspberries, evaporated, per lb	17
Peaches, evap. peeled, per lb	12
Cherries, per lb	9
Chestnut, Northern, 60 lb	[illegible]
Chestnuts, Southern, 60 lbs	[illegible]
Plums, Southern damson, lb	[illegible]
Hickory Nut, new, 50 lbs	[illegible]
Peanuts, shelled, Spanish, per lb	[illegible]
EGGS.—Eastern, firsts, per doz	25
State and Pa., per doz	26
Western [illegible] choice, per doz	24
FRUITS.—Winter, Pippin choice, bbl	2.50
Apples, Baldwin, per bbl	1.50
Apples, ordinary, per bbl	1.25
Cranberries, Cap., per bbl	[illegible]
Cranberries, N. J., crate	1.40
Grapes, Concord, 5 lbs	11
Grapes, Delaware, 5 lbs	12
Oranges, Florida, bright, per box	2.00
Lemons, Florida, per box	1.75
Quinces, apple, prime, per bbl	1.50
HAY AND STRAW.—Hay, No 1, per 100	[illegible]
Hay, Clover, mixed	70
Hay, Salt	50
Hay, shipping	70
Long Rye Straw	65
Short Rye Straw	50
Oat Straw	50
Wheat Straw	40
POULTRY, ETC.—Western Geese, per pair	1.40
Fowls, Western, State and Pa., per lb	9
Roosters, old, per lb	[illegible]
Dressed Phila. chickens, per lb	13
Dressed western fowls	[illegible]
Dressed Turkeys, prime	11
Turkeys, young, scalded, per lb	11
Turkeys, fancy, per lb	15
Ducks, Western, per lb	10
Ducks, young L.I., fair, per lb	13
Wild Ducks, canvas pair	2.00
Wild Ducks, redhead, pair	1.10
Partridges, State, per pair	1.10
English Snipe, per dozen	1.25
Quail, fresh, per doz	1.75
Rabbits, prime, per pair	35
VEGETABLES—	
Celery, per doz	35
Cabbage, Dutch, per 100	3.00
Potatoes, Southern N. J., per bbl	2.00
Potatoes, Long Island per bbl	2.15
Onions, State and Pa., per bbl	1.65
Onions, Conn. red, per bbl	1.65
Sweet Potatoes, N. J., per dbl. bb	2.50
Turnips, Russia, N. J., per bbl	85
Squash, Hubbard, bbl	1.35
Squash, Marrow, bbl	85
SUNDRIES.—Maple Sugar, new, per lb	[illegible]
Honey, white clover, per lb	13
Honey buckwheat, per lb	10
Maple Syrup, per gallon can	55
Beeswax, Western, pure, per lb	25

Democrats Had No Candidate.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20.—At the special election in the second congressional district Robert Adams, jr., republican, was elected to congress to fill the unexpired term of the late Charles O'Neill. In consequence of the overwhelming republican majority in the district the democrats had no candidate, and Mr. Adams' only opponent was a prohibitionist.

Anti-Tariff Reform Meeting at Troy.

TROY, N. Y., Dec. 20.—Music hall was thronged last night with a crowd of 5,000 people who attended the mass meeting to protest against the passage of the Wilson bill, in so far at least as it effects this city's industries, the most important of which is that of the manufacturing of shirts, collars and cuffs.

Dropped Dead at a Neighbor's House.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Dec. 20.—Jacob S. Davis, president of the First National bank and vice-president of the National fire insurance company, dropped dead last night at the house of a neighbor. Heart failure was the cause.

Money Rates Advanced.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—As trust companies and others are getting ready to pay interest charges on Jan. 1 the rates for money has advanced slightly the past few days.

Confesses to Pension Frauds.

NORFOLK, Va., Dec. 20.—Mrs. Eugenia Etheridge, of Princess Anne county, has pleaded guilty to 16 indictments for frauds in connection with pension claims.

Order for Passenger Coaches.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—The Long Island railroad has ordered 55 new passenger coaches from the Pullman company.

Admits He Made the Bombs.

BARCELONA, Dec. 20.—Jose Codina, the anarchist prisoner, admits having made the Pallas and Villanueva bombs.

UNITED AFTER 30 YEAR[S]

A Joyous Christmas to th[e] Williams Family.

Strange Disappearance of a Fathe[r] Struck Down in the Streets of Ne[w] York, He Returns to Reason, Aft[er] a Long Period, in an Insane Asylu[m].

CORNING, N. Y., Dec. 23.—A hap[py] Christmas re-union will be held in the ho[me] of Henry Williams, in Penn Yan. Thi[rty] years ago, Williams went to New Yo[rk] to seek work. Soon after he arrived th[ere] in passing a crowd of fighting boys he w[as] struck on the head with a stone, thro[wn] by one of them, and knocked sensele[ss]. He was picked up and carried to the h[os]pital, where upon examination it w[as] found that his skull was fractured. Williams lingered between life a[nd] death for many weeks and when at [last] he began to recover it was found that [his] mind was gone and he was removed to [the] insane asylum on Blackwells Island.

The shock also produced paralysis [of] the lower limbs and from that time [he] was unable to work. There was noth[ing] on William's person by which his ident[ity] could be revealed and he was commit[ted] to the hospital as "unknown" and th[ere] he has remained for 30 years.

Mrs. Williams had believed her [hus]band dead until a short time ago, w[hen] the Penn Yann postmaster received a le[tter] from Mrs. Vanderwater, a lady conne[cted] with charitable institutions in New Y[ork] asking if he could find the whereabou[ts of] the Williams family.

The letter went on to state how, [on a] visit to the asylum, she had talked [with] Williams, who had just recovered his [rea]son, and he had informed her who he [was] and where he came from, asking h[er at] the same time to locate his family. [This] she did, and it is through her instru[men]tality that the family will soon be united.

Railroad Contract Awarded.

DULUTH, Minn., Dec. 23.—Wolf [&] King, railroad contractors of this [city,] have been awarded a contract for bui[lding] 60 miles of railway in eastern Kent[ucky,] connecting the coal fields of Pike co[unty] with the Big Sandy river at White[...]. The contract price is about $600,000.

"Dink" Wilson's Case Appeale[d].

ALBANY, Dec 23.—Counsel for "[Dink"] Wilson, who is awaiting electrocuti[on in] Auburn prison for the murder of Det[ective] Harvey, at Syracuse, on July 31 last, [has] filed with the clerk of the court of a[ppeals] a notice of an appeal from the judg[ment] of conviction of the general term.

Libel Filed Against the Tug A[tlas].

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 22.—A [libel] was filed in the United States d[istrict] court yesterday by Thomas [...] against the steam tug Atlas of New[...] Dennin's barge, loaded with 200 t[ons of] coal, was sunk in a collision on N[...]. He claims $1,400 damages.

Bank President Commits Su[icide].

SHAKOPEE, Minn., Dec. 23.—Da[...] How, president and cashier of th[e ...] National bank of this city, shot [himself] through the temple at an early ho[ur this] morning. Death was instantaneou[s. De]spondency over domestic and fi[nancial] troubles is the cause assigned.

Treasury Balance Decline[s].

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—The net [...] balance has declined to $90,589,[...] which $82,609,000 is in gold and [...] 000 is in currency. It is feared [...] January 1, the balance will, with [...] receipts, decline below $90,000,000.

The Damrosch Orchestra T[...]

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—After a[n confer]ence of four hours Mr. Damros[ch's or]chestra agreed to accompany Solo[...]ner, but on condition that he sho[uld] be allowed to sit in the orchestra. [Mr.] Damrosch accepted the agreement.

Compelled to Suspend.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Dec. 23.—[...] K. Birdseye, wholesale dealer [in] coffee and spices, has notified his [...] that he is compelled to suspend a[nd] to compromise at 20 cents on $1. [Liabil]ities about $29,000; assets, $6,000.

New York Dry Goods Ma[rket].

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—There w[as] a susceptible falling off in the a[mount of] business transacted in dry goo[ds to]day, the attendance of buyer[s having] dwindled away to exceedingly s[mall pro]portions.

Plaintiff Non-Suited.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 23.—[...] of Frank R. Childs, an ex-hi[gh school] teacher against this city for da[mages for] dismissal before expiration of [...] plaintiff was non-suited.

Four Killed; Three Wou[nded].

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 23.—[...] of the lumber mill of the Alexa[...] ber company exploded yesterda[y, killing] four persons outright and seriou[sly injur]ing three others.

In the Receivers Han[ds].

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The [...] phonograph exhibition compa[ny of this] city has gone into the hands of [...]. The liabilities are $36,000; act[ual assets] about $1,000.

Wire Mill Closed Do[wn].

PITTSBURG, Dec. 23.—Oliver [...] wire mill, [...] down for an [...] when running [...] men.