# Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1894.

The Mayor of Detroit, Mich., wants the street railway company to sell eight tickets for a quarter and five cent fares for universal transfers. He also hopes to have the city eventually own the plant.

Last year foreigners did not flock to the United States so fast as in former years; the decline was 125,000. It is strange, remarks the Drover's Journal, how the great bulk of the immigrants avoid the South; the great West attracts, but the South is now trying to get a larger share.

Professor C. Filmore and Gardner P. Stickney form the nucleus of a branch of the American Folk-Lore Society, which is being organized in Milwaukee, Wis., to preserve the legends and traditions of the region thereabout that were settled by the French and Spanish, as well as those of the English-speaking communities and of the aborigines of the state.

The number of red foxes in Missouri is increasing very rapidly. In some places there are enough to do considerable damage to crops. There is no known reason for this increase except that fox hunting, which was at one time the most popular sport in the country, died out to a large extent on account of the scarcity of foxes, and has not been renewed. It would not be at all difficult now to find the animals, and that too, within a very short distance of St. Louis.

Great alarm was created the other day in one of the principal courts of justice at Berlin by the presiding judge suddenly becoming insane on the bench. His lunacy was first made apparent when, without the slightest provocation, he sternly inquired of the witness whether she liked potatoes. The surprise created by this question was intensified when the judge proceeded to make the most horrible grimaces at the witness, and to talk at random on the most incongruous subjects, until finally led away by the court attendants.

A great many people have laughed at the old lady who started an alarm on the brick-battleship Illinois, at the World's Fair with her fears that the vessel was about to sail and carry her off. It is now announced that the vessel is actually to make a cruise at an early day from her present moorings to the station in front of Van Buren street, where she will be permanently moored as a practice ship for the State naval reserve. The Illinois is the most perfect counterpart of a battleship ever built. She is 348 feet long by 69½ feet beam, and weighs about 2,000 tons. The plan is to float her by means of scows after tying her together so that she cannot tumble to pieces, and then tow her to the position which she is to occupy permanently. The cost of moving her is estimated at from $30,000 to $50,000. If successful, this will be one of the greatest engineering feats ever accomplished.

**Sews On Buttons for a Living.**

"Speaking about odd ways of making a living," said a lawyer, "I can tell you a new one, and it is followed by a man who says he does fairly well. He goes from office to office all over the city and does nothing but sew on buttons for men of all kinds, bachelors and boys and married men, too. It's a nickel a button and he generally furnishes the button, though in most cases he says the men have the buttons with them. As he enters an office his usual salutation is, 'Buttons, buttons, any buttons off,' and on either coat, vest or trousers every man is pretty sure to find a button off or nearly ready to come off. The genius carries his pockets full of buttons of every kind and class, and he seldom fails to match. His waxed threads, needles and scissors are ready at hand, and a man need not miss five minutes from his duties to be nicely repaired as far as buttons are concerned. The shrewd button sewer is not very communicative, but it's a bad day when he fails to sew on twenty buttons. In one office, at least, where six or eight are employed, I saw him gather 40 cents in a half hour. And a girl paid him 10 cents of that amount if he would stitch two loose buttons on her jacket and 'make them firm.'" — Cincinnati Tribune.

**The total income of the Church of England is about $1,000,000 a week.**

**DEAD AT HIS FEET IN THE DRIPPING RAIN.**

BY CHARLES CURTZ HAHN.

As up the stream, unto the very feet
Of Launcelot, the knight whom she revered,
Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat,
By the dumb servitor was gently steered,

So by the voiceless servant, Death, am I
In silence borne away without one sigh,
Up to the feet of him I loved, but who,
Loving me not in turn, hath let me die.

And in the cold gray morning I shall lie
At the feet of him I love, that he may look
On the face of her who, loving, trusted him,
And trusting, both her name and home forsook.

So go I forth with never a moan or tear,
Forth from the world of hate and weariness,
Out on the silent sea of peace and rest,
Into God's love and mighty tenderness.

The sky is raining in my open grave,
In which this sinful body soon shall rest,
But it softens the mold and the sides of the grave,
That they press not too harshly on my breast.

But ere they place me in its cold, moist clasp,
A moment I shall lie at his dear feet,
For death will heed where I could not go
In life, and give to me my boon most sweet.

* * * * * * *

To lie at his feet in the dripping rain,
With his eyes upon me is better than life!
To be near him, though dead, will be sweet to me—
The woman he would not make his wife.

I forgive him the sorrow, suffering, shame,
For the bliss that I had, tho' the loving brought pain,
And my body will know when it lies at his feet,
So much does it long to be near him again.

HUTCHINSON, Kan.

# JANET LEE

—OR—

## *In the Shadow of the Gallows.*

BY DAVID LOWRY.

### CHAPTER II.

THE MURDER.

The sailor was awakened by a draught on his hand. The draught came from the opening in the window. He was, as many of his class are, a light sleeper. He lay quietly listening. The storm had expended its fury, but the wind was still high. Above the sound of the storm he heard a peculiar sound against the side of the house.

The sailor sat bolt upright in bed. The noise continued. The sailor slipped softly out of the bed, walked across the room, and felt in his pocket for the weapon he relied upon. Then he donned his clothes. As he was do ng this a gust blew in the room. Stooping, the sailor was just able to discern a figure at the window. The intruder was feeling his way cautiously. The distance between the window and the bed was not more than three feet. The man was well in the room: he was feeling the side of the bed when the sailor's hand clutched his throat.

There was a smothered sound as the sailor pressed the intruder back on the bed silently. At first the sailor was resolved to throttle the robber. Then as he relaxed his grasp, the intruder said, in husky tones, "For God's sake let me breathe."

"Who are you?"

"Take your hands from my throat."

"I'd serve you right to end your life here. Stealing in upon a traveler to murder him."

"I am no thief. I am the landlord's son."

"A likely story. I'll call your father up, and you can tell him how you came in on me."

"For God's sake, listen. I am powerless. See—I bear no arms. I am a sailor—an honest sailor."

"God save the mark!"

"I tell you I have just escaped shipwreck. I am just come from Marblehead on account of a foolish fight, but I'm no more to blame——"

"What! So you were on the——"

"Eliza. And wrecked before. Now the officers are hunting me. I can prove I am not in the wrong; but if my father knows I am here, he will almost kill me. I've cost him trouble—and money. I thought to steal in—this is my own bed and room—sleep a while, and be off early before any one woke."

"Stop—let me feel your hand. 'Tis true. This is no base liar after all."

"I tell you I've been away from home four months—four years it seems."

"Come—let's have a look at you."

The sailor held a tinder box in his hand. A flame illuminated the room, and in the brief period the light fell upon the intruder's face the sailor scanned him from head to foot.

"I know you—you were among the first to stave in the casks of rum. Here, lie down, and in the morning go like a man to your father——"

"I dare not."

"Well, lie down, and go to sleep."

The landlord's son cast himself, just as he was, on the bed. The sailor dozed once more and laid down beside him and fell asleep the second time.

He was awakened later—he had no idea what time it was—by creaking stairs. He removed the cover, stepped noiselessly out of bed, and, as he donned his clothes a second time, listened intently. A life of danger had sharpened senses naturally acute. Yes, there could be no doubt about it. Somebody was ascending the stairs stealthily. The sailor felt his weapon, and moved back to the bench. The door was opened slowly; then in the darkness the sailor thought a man's figure was dimly outlined.

The stature was that of the landlord.

Now another step was heard on the stairs. In the darkness the sailor was unable to perceive the movements of the figure until suddenly he became sensible of the presence of some one near at hand. Then the sailor realized that he was unable to prevent a terrible, a monstrous crime. The figure hovering between him and the bed stooped. At a venture the sailor aimed his pistol at the figure, fired, and then bounding past the man he fired at, he sprang across the bed, darted through the window, and falling on a plank placed against the house (placed there by the landlord's son), slid to the ground and disappeared in the darkness.

When the report of the pistol was heard, Grizzle Meade was approaching the door with a light. The sudden fright caused Grizzle to drop the light, which was extinguished. When the landlord, who had been flung headlong to the floor by the sailor, regained his feet, he cursed his wife for letting the light fall, stumbled against her in the dark, then hastened down stairs for a fresh light, and speedily returned to the bedroom.

Grizzle Meade was wringing her hands in terror, and crying, "We are undone—we are undone, Daniel."

"Peace—be quiet," her husband commanded, as he approached the bed and held the light over it. Grizzle's eyes were on his every movement. Suddenly he put a hand over his face and staggered back. Grizzle seized the light from his trembling hand and looked at the man on the bed. As she looked her frame seemed to be rigid, the blood receded from her lips; her face grew ashen-gray as she stared stonily down on the face now veiled forever with the awful shadow of death. She opened her mouth, but no sound issued from her lips. Then she turned slowly, her body seemingly as rigid as stone—turned, with horror dilating her eyes, and stared awe-stricken at her husband, cowering, groveling on the floor, with the knife in his hand.

Then, with a cry that sounded like that of a wild animal, Grizzle Meade fell in a heap beside her husband.

### CHAPTER III.

IN EVIL DAYS.

The early dawn saw Grizzle Meade moving briskly about the house. The landlord of Globe Inn was gulping a glass of liquor, when the glass was wrenched from his hand.

"What! Do you want to put the ropes round our necks that you must fly to the liquor? Must I find wits for both? If you had not been so cowardly you would have made sure."

"Have done, Grizzle. It is the hand of God. How could we know he was there—how came he back?"

"You'll drink no more till all is over, or we will hang. Hang! Do you hear that, Daniel Meade? Will we help matters by babbling? I have washed and dressed him. No hand shall touch him."

Her husband shook his head.

"Fool! I see our way clear. Listen! We will say it was the bullet. The boy came home, and we put him to bed. Are you listening, Daniel Meade? Then the drunken sailor fought him in the night, shot him, and fled."

The landlord looked at his wife with lack luster eyes.

"Rouse, man, and leave liquor alone, unless you want to hang."

"I promise, but we might as well le done with it."

"You would think differently an' the rope were about your neck. It is not above understanding. The wound in his head will satisfy all. Now, then, away—speed ye, and tell how our boy's been murde ed. We must alarm our neighbors and the authorities. Away now."

Daniel Meade repeated the story his wife put in his mouth reluctantly. As he repeated it he regained something like the assurance that characterized his dealings with the world.

The announcement of the murder created a profund sensation. The elements of a great mystery—a mystery that seemed impenetrable were recognized by the intelligent, while the uneducated regarded the event as additional proof that supernatural agencies were daily demonstrated in the affairs of mankind.

The authorities, on the other hand, calmly noted: first, that the poor boy who had twice escaped death at sea in a miraculous manner, came home to be murdered by a drunken, quarrelsome sailor; second, that the murderer effected his escape easily and in a manner that would have suggested itself to the dullest comprehension; third, that the authorities owed it to themselves to capture, convict, and hang the murderer speedily.

The news spread fast and far. Great crowds thronged the Globe Inn to view the remains. The marshal of Salem was notified by William Ayers, Daniel Meade's creditor, to postpone the collection of his debt for the present. Such a proceeding at that time would have made Mr. Ayers very unpopular, and he was looking forward to political preferment.

The authorities viewed the remains, made due note of the testimony submitted by the grief-stricken parents, Marshal Hobbs, Giles Ellis, and Ezra Easty, and accorded due prominence to the statements made by the marshal and Ellis in the record. Scarcely any note was made of the sworn statement Ezra Easty made. Ezra was only an apprentice to John Lee.

Thus the remains of the innkeeper's son were committed to their last resting place with much ceremony and public manifestations of concern.

Contrary to the expectations of the landlord, the notoriety given Globe Inn was the means of re-establishing the custom the inn enjoyed in its best days. William Ayers, Meade's creditor, was paid promptly a week after the funeral. Principal and interest on the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds was paid on the nail. There were many who expressed surprise at the ability of Daniel Meade to meet this and other obligations, but as the custom grew, and Globe Inn flourished, the thoughtful held their peace, and rejoiced in the prosperity of a man sorely tried.

* * * * * * *

On the morning the murder was made known, Ezra Easty, apprentice to John Lee, one of the most respectable citizens of Salem, overheard portions of a conversation between his master and mistress and their daughter that made a profound impression upon him. Ezra was not where he should have been when he heard the conversation. His master thought he was in the shop—indeed, had sent him there. The shop was a considerable distance from the house, but Ezra, whose curiosity (always easily aroused) was then aflame; made an excuse to return to the house, and hearing loud words in the best room, glued his ear to the door, holding the outer door in the narrow passage leading to the shop conveniently open.

As soon as he could contrive it he made an excuse to leave the shop shortly after his master entered it. John Lee's manner as he looked at his apprentice that morning was peculiar, or perhaps the apprentice felt guilty.

Ezra's purpose was to speak to the maid servant, Ann Bigger, who seemed equally anxious to place a distance between herself and the house. They encountered each other at the end of the shop opposite the house.

"Oh, Ezra! You heard them, too?"

"I could not help hearing. If people talk so loud one might hear them half way across the lot."

"Such sharp things as Master Lee said."

"But did not his own daughter answer him promptly?"

"Aye, and so did the mistress speak out boldly. I did not think it was in her."

"Who, think you, Ezra, is all this quarreling over? I was setting the milk, and was fearful the mistress would come on me every minute, so I dare not remain longer."

"That is plain. Heard ye no name?"

"I have told you I was fearful of the mistress."

"I heard plenty—more than master or mistress would like me to know. John Lee had best not make such an ado an a man stops a few hours late with his friends."

"What did you hear? I have my own suspicions, but first tell me what you know."

"Well, then," Ezra answered with a backward glance, "it is plain to me all this talk is about Martin Lee, John Lee's brother, who must have done some dreadful thing."

"Aye, that is clear, else Janet would not defend him so warmly. She was ever talking of her uncle—and when he comes home how it will be this way or that way. 'Tis likely she remembers him when she was a child; all the presents she places store by are her Uncle Martin's. But what terrible thing has this brother done to set his own flesh and blood against him?"

"That is plain, too," said Ezra. Then he coined a lie solely to make the maid servant think he was much wiser than he really was. "Master is, as you know, proud of his good name."

"And so is mistress, for that matter—aye, and Janet thinks she is as good as lives."

"So it is not much wonder John Lee is angry because of the disgrace his brother may bring on the Lees. I heard enough. I make bold that this brother is in trouble, and has written or sent to his brother to help him. Janet was hot to help her uncle in his strait, and I heard ——" here Ezra Easty looked around him and whispered, "Ann, I heard John Lee say his brother should never darken his door until the matter was cleared up. But it is best we say nothing for the present. Mayhap this will prove something. There are strange rumors going."

"Yes, and we must take heed, Ezra."

"What! Art not afaid?"

"I am—and so are you. There's none living are not afraid of witches. Why, an a witch were to come now." Ezra started, then blushed.

"Ann, it is not well to invite them."

"Pooh! I but did it to try you."

"Why, what can a man do more than a woman if the witches are at hand. There! I must be going—master will miss me."

"Say not a word of this, Ezra—we will speak of it again," said Ann Bigger, as she hastened into the house.

When they separated Ann Bigger could scarcely restrain the inclination to run to her sister, who lived near by, to inform her of the mysterious quarrel she had overheard. It was later in the day when she availed herself of the first opportunity to visit her married sister, and retailed all, and much more than she had heard.

The air of New England at that time was full of strange rumors. The evil one, it was said, was lying in wait in every imaginable shape, ready to pounce upon weak humanity. When Ann Bigger's sister listened to the story Ann related, she instantly assumed Martin Lee had incurred the ill-will and fear of his brother by making a compact with the devil.

"It is all plain to me, Ann. This Martin Lee we have heard of has come back with the devil's art, and has cast a spell on Dorothea and her daughter. John Lee will see his brother burned for the good of his fellows rather than bear him near."

"I never thought it could be like that. An that be so—why, I'll not tarry in the house longer lest I be bewitched like my mistress."

"Tush! Have you no fear. Say your prayers three times a day. If you eat a crust when you get up, or before you go out."

"A crust! I'll eat half a loaf if it will keep the evil one off."

"There are many ways of spiting witches besides having a clear conscience, else there'd be none free from them. But you are sure Martin Lee has returned?"

"As good as sure—Ezra Easty agrees with me. He heard all, and he says——"

"Then come to me to-morrow, and keep your ears and eyes open. We'll see what is at the bottom of this."

When Ann Bigger's sister was alone she did not permit much time to elapse before she shared her secret with a neighbor.

And this was the way the trouble began that imperiled the lives of the Lees.

### CHAPTER IV.

A BALD LOVER.

"And so," Giles Ellis said, musingly, "Martin Lee has returned. Art quite sure this is true?" he asked his cousin. Now, this cousin was the neighbor with whom Ann Bigger's sister shared her secret before the day was over. It was now evening, and Giles had called to see his cousin's husband upon a business matter. "Strange," continued Giles, "that John Lee has not made his brother's return known. He is not a man to keep secrets."

"They may have good reason to be silent. I have always heard Martin Lee was of a headstrong nature."

"And so is John Lee, as all well know. He was never known to turn, once his foot was well set on the road. But your meaning——"

"Ought to be plain to a man as keen-witted as Giles Ellis."

"Do you think Martin Lee is not a welcome visitor—that it is as well he keeps indoors? Is that not it?"

"God preserve us!" his cousin exclaimed. "You take the words out of my mouth."

"There is no mistake—Martin Lee you are sure has returned?"

"Nay, I said not so."

And then Giles Ellis' cousin told him how the news came to her—if she added to it she was, as most people are, unconscious of it. Upon hearing this Giles Ellis smiled, but it was not the smile which made people think they wronged him when they suspected a such keen black eyes, so closely his head; for his was, at best, a sin face.

"This is worth pondering over," he to himself when he was alone.

He was walking toward John L house rapidly, when a sound attracted attention. He had a quick ear and There was light enough to see the that was crossing a field near him. Ellis looked savagely at the lamb, casting a swift glance around him, toward it. As he ran he produced a bladed knife. The lamb avoided him it ran into a corner, but Giles grasped and drew it toward him, saying bet his set teeth:

"Now, then, John Winslow, this will show thee what I can do to the man who bears witness against

His teeth gleamed. The smile on Ellis' face was sardonic as he turned lamb's face up to him roughly and its neck over his left knee while slashed its throat. The lamb straighten its legs out as the blood spurted from great wound.

Giles Ellis rose, and, looking down the dying animal, said: "And had I score here I would serve them the way as I did thy fine horse, Master W low. Blame that, too, on the witche he added, scornfully, as he thrust knife-blade into the soft earth repe edly. Then wiping it carefully on grass, he replaced it in his pocket and turned to the path. He was walki away from the field where the lamb when he paused suddenly, stood still, listened. Then he vented a terrible oa darted to a clump of undergrowth, there, in a depression in the earth, held a man crouching.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

**The Famous Actor Celebrates His Birthday.**

Joseph Jefferson, whose fame as actor is world-wide, recently cebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary his birth. Singularly enough favorite play, "Rip Van Winkle," also 65 years old. "Jo" Jefferso grandfather, Joseph Jefferson, an English actor of some celebri who came to the United States

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

1795. "Jo" went on the stage very young and rose rapidly in profession, having a wide range comedian.

When not upon the stage Jefferson spends his winters Louisiana. He has a beautiful su mer home at Buzzard's Bay, Ma known as the Crow's Nest. It said that a great many very paintings have come from the br of Mr. Jefferson, who can thus called not only a great actor bu talented artist. In June, 1892, received the honorary degree of Ba elor of Arts from Yale University.

### HERE'S MEANNESS FOR YOU

**A Wealthy Farmer Acts as His Own dertaker to Save Money.**

Joseph Witcher, a wealthy far at Bloomingdale, in the Adirond died the other day, leaving all money to his brother George, him worth about $75,000. Immedia upon his brother's death George ited a firm of woodworkers and ed a coffin made. He picked out lumber himself, the poorest in yard and badly worm-eaten.

firm refused to allow their me make the coffin, and Witcher ca the rotten lumber away to his h where he made his brother's c himself. Leather taken from boots was cut into strips for the dles. Then, placing the body in crude affair, he loaded the coffi his wagon and, with his old nag tached, drove with it to Platte eighty miles away, through the est parts of New York State. reason for taking the body to P burg was that he had a lot at place, and, he said, land is too at Bloomingdale to buy another.

"WHAT do you call that clumsy dog of yours 'Conductor' "That's it, because he is always knocking down something."—Commercial Bulletin.

# GOSSIP FROM BERLIN

## The Kaiser Makes an Impression at Vienna.

**Arrival of Bismarck's Attacks on the Government Expected By His Friends—American Swindlers to the Front Again—Count Eulenburg Dines Ambassador Runyan.**

(Copyright, 1894, By the United Press.)

BERLIN, April 16.—Letters from Vienna say that the emperor distinguished himself by jovially and good fellowship at the huzzars' luncheon on Friday. He clinked glasses with several officers of the regiment, drank an unusual quantity of champagne, and displayed decorations from Count Starhemberg, winner of the long distance race between Vienna and Berlin, he gave a silver snuff-box set with diamonds.

Frau Sacher, who provided the luncheon, showed the emperor, with great pride, a tablecloth on which were embroidered the initials of the long-distance riders. The emperor admired the tablecloth so openly that, eventually, he received it as a memento of the occasion. There is no doubt that by his visit to the barracks the emperor has enhanced his popularity with the Austrian army.

Prince Bismarck will go to Varzin in June, and later, despite the recent declaration to the contrary, he will make his annual visit to Kissingen. The Kolnische Zeitung says: "Prince Bismarck's daily walks are growing longer and his health is better than in years. With the return of self-confidence, he has relaxed into his old habit of occasionally disobeying his doctor's orders as to his diet and drinking. He feels again the keenest interest in politics and is especially disturbed by the anti-Agrarian policy of the government. His friends expect an early revival of his press attacks upon the government. The prince holds that the restoration of his pleasant relations with the emperor need not prevent the frank expression of his opinions or his efforts to influence the public mind."

Complaints lodged with American consuls show that the opening of the tourists' season has brought the usual number of traveling swindlers from England and America. The favorite dodge of these swindlers is to call themselves American journalists. They pretend to represent American newspapers or news syndicates, and try to obtain free board and lodging at the hotels, promising in return to puff the proprietors. At the same time they use the proprietor's name to help them buy on credit. Eventually they disappear, leaving numerous unpaid bills.

Anton Rubenstein, the composer and pianist, told an interviewer on Wednesday that he was about to retire from public life. He would pass the rest of his days on his estate in Russia, he said, and under no circumstances would he then return to the concert stage, as he had had quite enough of it.

Captain Vreeland, accompanied by his wife, has left the American embassy here for Vienna, where he will serve for four months as naval attache. He will go to Rome next winter on a leave of absence.

Count Botho zu Eulenburg, Russian premier, gave a dinner on Thursday to Theodore Runyan and the secretaries of the American embassy.

Dr. Von Lenbach, the artist, is staying at Friedrichsruh to do a portrait of Bismark in Cuirassier uniform. The portrait is to be given to the emperor.

The Queen of Wurtemburg is seriously ill and is likely to be confined to her bed for several weeks. An abcess in her leg was cut recently. The operation was followed by symptoms which reveal a grave constitutional weakness.

It is understood that the foreign office here is prepared to claim a protectorate over Samoa, as the best solution of the present complications, in case the American senate first approve a resolution that the United States withdraw from the Samoan agreement.

Alexander Ukrainzeff, who says that he is the illegitimate son of Emperor Alexander II., of Russia, was sentenced in Dresden Saturday to eighteen months' imprisonment for swindling.

**Talking Free Trade.**

PHILADELPHIA, April 16.—Free trade theories, not "tariff reform" principles as the speakers declared, were free ventilated at a mass meeting in the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the Philadelphia single tax society. The speakers were Congressman Tom Johnson, Henry George and Arthur Stepenson, the latter a local wool merchant.

**Striking Weavers Return to Work.**

FALL RIVER, Mass., April 16.—The striking card room operatives at Mechanics mill have returned to work and the mill will soon be in full operation again. Investigation made by the strikers since they left work disclosed the fact that they had been receiving higher wages than other mills were paying for similar work.

**Still With the Prendergast Case.**

CHICAGO, April 16.—William Prendergast denies the story that A. J. Trude has withdrawn from the Prendergast case. "Mr. Trude has not thrown up his brief in the case," said Mr. Harrison, "and he will be found here when the case is called in Judge Chetlain's court on May 21."