Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1890.

IF YOU SWEAR

You May Be Interested to Know What Your Cuss Words Mean.

"You need not have looked severe because I said that I didn't care a damn," said a gruff old Senator. "That is not swearing. The expression has a very different meaning from what is popularly supposed, and was originated by the Duke of Wellington. A dam in India is the smallest piece of money known, and not to care that much means simply that one is very indifferent. That was all the phrase was intended to signify. The word 'damn' from the Latin verb meaning 'to condemn,' is a very different thing. Curiously enough it seems almost invariably to be the first word in our language acquired by foreigners, and it has always been such a favorite with the English that in the last century the French always referred to them as the 'Goddams.' A distinguished Gallic writer of that epoch said that English was a beautiful tongue and that 'Goddam' was the basis of it. 'People of that nation,' he remarked, 'have a few other words which they use in conversation, but the principal one is Goddam. You can go anywhere in England if you know that.'

"A funny misapprehension also exists as to the expression 'Go to the deuce.' People generally suppose that 'deuce' means 'devil,' whereas, as a matter of fact, it is derived directly from the Latin 'Deus'—'God.' So, when any one is telling you to go to the deuce he is unconsciously uttering the best of good wishes for your welfare.

"Speaking of Latin reminds me that among the ancient Romans it was considered the thing for each man to have some particular god to habitually swear by. Some swore by Jupiter, others by Mars, others still by Minerva, and so on. The demi-gods, like Hercules, Castor and Pollux, were also made use of in the way of oaths. Castor and Pollux were usually appealed to as the 'Twins' — 'By Gemini!' — the phrase whence we get our exclamation 'By Jiminy.' It was not thought very proper for Roman ladies to swear by the male gods, but they were permitted to take the names of the Twins in vain, and also especially that of Venus. In moments of great aggravation they might go so far as to cry 'Mecastor!'—'By Castor!' The Greeks swore by the cabbage, which was the most prized of vegetables, and even to this day the same oath is often heard in Italy, while in France a lover is being intensely affectionate when he calls the lady of his heart 'petit chou,' or 'little cabbage.' 'By Jingo' is from 'Jincos,' the Basque name for God. Barbarous tribes have been accustomed to swear by the head of their ruler. Queen Elizabeth was said to have been a very hard swearer, as ladies were very apt to be in her day. Louis IX of France forbade the use by his courtiers of such oaths as 'Pardieu,' 'Cordieu,' 'Tete-dieu,' and so on. There chanced to belong to one of the ladies of the court a small pet dog named 'Bleu.' The courtiers made up their minds to swear by the dog instead of the deity, and hence came the parbleus and corbleus of later times. Pythagorus had a favorite oath, which most people would consider not sufficiently forcible to be satisfactory. He swore by the number four, which the Greeks regarded as symbolizing perfection."

Lydia Maria Child.

The present generation hears little of Lydia Maria Child, of whom the poet Whittier wrote, "It is not too much to say she was the most popular literary woman in the United States."

In her home life, says Mr. Hudson in the *New England Magazine*, a large share of the day was spent in writing, and at night she would read what she had written to her husband, and submit it to his criticism and suggestion. The dependence upon each other in their home life was mutual, and each appreciated the other. Her husband once said to her:

"I wish for your sake, dear, I was as rich as Cræsus."

"You are Cræsus," answered Mrs. Child, "for you are king of Lydia."

Whether at home or abroad, she was plainly dressed. Her bonnets were almost alike, and evidently the old was not exchanged for the new because of change in the style. It is said that one of her distinguished literary friends, when he saw her one day in Boston with a new bonnet, exclaimed, "There will be a change soon, for Maria has a new bonnet!"

A minister who was spending a day at Wayland, seeing her go by and not knowing who she was, exclaimed, "I have seen what I never expected to see again—a woman with a bonnet on!"

Her bonnets were large, and generally trimmed with green, and at one time when New York friends sent her a bonnet made in the prevailing style, she trimmed it over to suit her own taste.

In Hard Luck.

Billikin—What's the matter, Willikin?

Willikin—Matter enough. You know, some time ago I assigned all my property to my wife, to—to keep it out of—of the hands of people I owe, you know.

"Yes."

"Well, she's taken the money and gone off—says she won't live with me because I swindled my creditors."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

FROM THE WEST

LIST POEM WRITTEN BY THE LATE JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

City Comptroller Graham, says the Chicago Post, is the possessor of an interesting bit of manuscript which he recently rescued from oblivion on account of certain associations connected with it. It consists of three sheets of ordinary sized note paper, containing three pages of closely written matter. The handwriting is that of the late John Boyle O'Reilly. The book was found in the last place it would be looked for, namely, in a copy of a book never published. The poem was written for the occasion of the dedication of the Washington University. It was read at those ceremonies Nov. 7, 1888, but was not published in the daily press. "I was beside O'Reilly when he wrote that poem," said A. W. Graham, and I was not through with it I turned to him and asked him for the manuscript. He cheerfully promised it, and he kept his word." The poem is as follows:

"Come to me for wisdom," said the mountain;
"In the valley and the plain
There is knowledge dimmed with sorrow in the gain;
There is effort, with its hope like a fountain;
There the chained rebel, passion,
Laboring strength and fleeting fashion;
There ambition's leaping flame,
And the iris crown of frame;
But those gains are dear forever
Won from loss and pain and fever.
Nature's gospel never changes;
Every sudden force deranges;
Blind endeavor is not wise—
Wisdom enters through the eyes,
And the seer is the knower,
Is the doer and the sower."

"Come to me for riches," said the peak;
"I am leafless, cold and calm;
But the treasures of the lily and the palm—
They are mine to bestow on those who seek.
I am gift and I am giver
To the verdured fields below.
As the motherhood of snow
Daily gives the new-born river.
As a watcher on a tower
Listening to the evening hour:
Sees the roads diverge and blend,
Sees the wandering currents end
Where the moveless waters shine
On the far horizon line,—
All the storied past is mine;
All its strange beliefs still clinging;
All its singers and their singing;
All the paths that lead astray;
All the meteors once called day;
All the stars that rose to shine—
Come to me—for all are mine!"

"Come to me for safety," said the height;
"In the future as the past,
Road and river end at last
Like a raindrop in the ever circling sea.
Who shall know by lessened sight
Where the gain and the loss
In the desert they must cross?
Guides who lead their charge from ills,
Passing soon from town to town,
Through the forest and the down,
Take direction from the hills;
Those who range a wider land
Higher climb until they stand
Where the past and future swing
Like a far blue ocean-ring;
Those who sail from land afar
Leap from mountain-top to star!
Higher still from star to God,
Have the spirit-pilots trod,
Setting lights for mind and soul
That the ships may reach the goal.

"They shall safely steer who see,
Sight is wisdom—come to me!"

MISS ANSTRUTHER'S TRIAL.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

In speaking of her niece, Miss Lettia Anstruther was accustomed to plaintively call her "the trial of my life," and, for once, the expression was a simple truth, entirely devoid of exaggeration. Mattie Anstruther certainly was a trial.

"You know, my dear," Miss Anstruther would say to one intimate friend or another, "my brother John went to Texas twenty years ago. Don't ask me who his wife was! I don't know. I never saw her. I never heard her name until John died, and somebody sent his child to me, with her baptismal record, John's marriage certificate and the lawyer's letters, telling me she will have about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars when she is twenty-one. John made his money upon a stock-farm, and after his wife died, appears to have lived alone with Matilda, on the place—'ranch,' she calls it. She was sixteen when she came here, and she was a perfect savage; a *savage*, my dear, and is very little better now."

And a savage the girl appeared to her neat, prim aunt, who nearly went into convulsions over a crooked table-cloth, and looked upon a knowledge of housekeeping and needle-work as the climax of womanly education.

Miss Anstruther's house was small, a cottage set in an exact square of prim garden, but every room was the perfection of order and cleanliness, and a small income was economized and nursed to give a margin for Berlin wools and tidy cotton, wherewith in the leisure hours left by household care, the old maid manufactured wonderful articles for the ornamentation (or otherwise) of her parlor and guest-room.

Into this domain there had been thrust a lank, tall girl of sixteen, in shabby mourning, grieving violently for the loss of her only friend, her father. A girl who wore thick-soled boots which she never wiped upon the door-mat, whose profusion of hair was gathered into a net loosely, "anyhow," as her aunt remarked, who had never owned a collar or a pair of cuffs, nor had ever seen a carpet.

And yet, a girl who could read Homer and Virgil in the original, was acquainted with Shakespeare, Milton and Chaucer as familiar friends, could solve geometrical problems and make the church organ speak, but never had fashioned a garment or knotted Berlin wool.

And she seemed utterly untamable. In vain Miss Anstruther scolded and groaned; in vain grew pathetic and tearful. Mattie would "litter up" her neat rooms with growing ferns, birds' nests, leaves, flowers, stones, would have "John's horrid books" piled in her own bedroom on shelves, tables or even the floor; would not learn to stir puddings or hem towels, and darted about like an elf, regardless of furniture or decorum.

Now she was singing in a glorious contralto the chimes in glass, now sitting convulsively over some scrap of paper folded away by her father's hand, and newly discovered by the girl in her depository reading. She would sit on the best sofas with her feet tucked under her, and wear the ample handsome wardrobe Miss Anstruther ordered out of her liberal allowance, with utter disregard of the proprieties—wrappers in the evening and evening dresses at breakfast, "just as it happened."

In the first two years of her life at Doncester, it would have been hard to say which was more miserable in the little cottage, the prim maiden lady or the wayward niece.

She was seated under the shade of a willow, one June afternoon, looking moodily into the water of a little brook at her feet, while the Reverend Albert Mayhew finished a little lecture Miss Anstruther had asked him to deliver.

He was a tall, near-sighted, bashful man of over thirty, appearing still older from a habitual stoop and a quiet reserve of manner. It had not been a pleasant task to him to obey Miss Anstruther's request; but, meeting Mattie in an afternoon stroll, he had conscientiously done his duty.

"But," she answered him, "I can't. I can't stay in the house day after day, stitching and cooking. Aunt Letty has a servant, and works harder than Jane does. But it kills me; it suffocates me. She can't talk of anything but scrap-bags and tidies. Oh, you do not understand!"

"Understand what, my child?"

"The difference between this life and my real life. We were alone, papa and I, though there were servants indoors and out, but no other house for fourteen miles. Sometimes Mr. Parker, my guardian, came over from Brownsville, but not often. Only papa and I, year in, year out. In the morning we rode over the country to see about the stock, visited the cabins where the graziers lived, and were out till it grew hot, and then we went home to rest till it grew cool. And we read and studied and talked, or we played upon the organ papa had built in the house. We wanted no one else. Sometimes we read Greek or Latin; sometimes we recited whole plays. We did not care what we ate or what we wore, so we were fed and comfortable. Oh, papa! papa!" and sobs shook the slender frame as Mattie rocked to and fro, convulsed with grief.

"But now, Mattie!" said Mr. Mayhew, very gently, "you are a woman with a woman's duties before you! Can you not try to understand that the wild free life is unsuited to your present position?"

She listened, that was one gain, while he talked gravely but tenderly, pointing out to her the pain it would have caused her father to know her discontented, rebellious and wayward. Something in the quiet voice seemed to soothe the girl's heart, and after the sunset clouds were tinged with the last rays of the dying day, she rose up, saying very slowly:

"I will try to be more womanly, I will try!"

Miss Letitia was grimly astonished, but not very hopeful, when Mattie appeared at breakfast with her hair shining like satin in glossy braids, her collar pinned evenly, her feet neatly dressed in kid slippers, and sat erect but silent, actually eating like a lady, not dashing through her breakfast as a necessary evil. Her wonder increased when after the meal was over, Mattie demurely followed her from room to room, awkwardly, but willingly assisting in the dusting and cooking, with a nervous little apology for faults, to the effect that she would try and improve if her aunt would instruct her.

It was like chaining a chamois goat to a plow, and Mattie's cheeks grew thin, her eyes dull, as she plodded on, day after day, conscientiously doing her duty as directed.

Only one pleasure remained. Every afternoon she went across the rye fields to the little country church, and spent two or three hours at the organ, reveling in music, working off some of the crushed vitality of heart and brain in the finger-work that carried out her improvisation.

It became the substitute for home; father, friends and—no, not for love; for often into the church would steal the figure of Albert Mayhew, and Mattie would hear the few words of commendation that were her rewards for this suppressed, cramped life that was killing her.

She loved him after a blind, unreasoning fashion she comprehended as little as he did. He talked of her books as her father had often talked; he loved music and would praise her wondrous genius understandingly.

Summer sped away, and in the early fall a friend with great news came to see Miss Anstruther.

"Have you heard of Mr. Mayhew's fortune?" she asked, and Mattie's tangled wools dropped in her lap as she listened.

"No; what is it?" Miss Anstruther asked.

"He's come into money—a lot, they say—and he's going to be married. There's men to the parsonage now measuring for carpets and new furniture."

"You don't say so?"

And they talked and talked, while Mattie stole away, unheeding the destruction of an elaborate piece of canvas work, she dragged after her over the grass and gravel. Mechanically she went to the church, but not into the organ loft—for in the cemetery she met Albert Mayhew.

His head was more erect, his eyes brighter than she had ever seen them, but he came to meet her swiftly.

"Is it true?" she asked, piteously, knowing no maidenly wile to hide her stricken heart.

"That I am richer to-day than I was yesterday?" he asked. "That is true."

"Yes, I heard that—and—you are leaving the house—" but her lips were parched and she stopped.

"I am making the house more comfortable, or rather Sturgeon, my housekeeper, is. She has been so long lamenting over faded curtains and ragged carpets, that I could not resist giving her the intense happiness of renewing them."

"You look happy, too!" Mattie said.

"Shall I tell you why?" he asked, drawing her hand upon his arm, and so, leading her out of the city of the dead, down the path to the willow and brook, her favorite resting-place.

"I have tried to hide my secret from you," he said, "but now I am free to speak. I love, and I was bound in honor to be silent, because the woman I love will be rich, and I was very, very poor."

Poor Mattie beat her head away from the tender eyes seeking to scan her face. She pictured a stately, beautiful woman, accomplished and graceful, some queen of society Albert had met and loved before he came to Doncester.

"I never thought to have this money," continued Mr. Mahew, "for my uncle was angry because I would not leave the pulpit and learn his business. But he has left it to me, and I can do good with it; only I want a tender, faithful woman's help in my life-work. I want—ah, Mattie, I want a home; some one to love me, to welcome me there; some one who will let me bring her happiness, will let me shield her from all harm will make my life perfect."

"Yes, Mattie said," wondering where her voice had gone, "you will make her very happy."

"Do you think so, Mattie?"

"Why," she said, simply as a child, "she must be happy with your love."

"Then will she come now into my heart, into my life. Mattie, do you love me? Can you give me love for love, be my wife, my other self? Will not the quiet parsonage be a prison to you, little wild bird?"

To me? You love me?" She gasped.

"With all my heart."

"But you said she—" and just then, not before, Mattie remembered that she would be rich. In her humility, the money had never crossed her mind, and she shuddered as she thought it might have been a bar to this perfect cloudless happiness.

She scarcely knew what she said, but it satisfied her grave lover, and they went home in the gloaming to astonish Miss Anstruther.

It was a nine day wonder at Doncester how Mr. Mahew ever came to perfect that "harum-scarum girl" to the steady, gentle misses of his congregation, but in the parsonage there is no regret, and the Minister does not find his wife or married life a burden, though Miss Lettie still talks of Mattie as a dreadful trial.—[The Ledger.

Hard Fight With a Vicious Stallion.

A terrible conflict with an ugly stallion occurred recently at Castle Hill, Prosque Isle, Me. During the winter Harvey A. Smith drove a team in the lumber woods, one of his team being a large stallion of such vicious disposition that no one but Smith could handle him. At the close of the winter's operations Smith took the stallion with him to his home in Castle Hill. On this day he harnessed him and his mate to the horse-hoe and began work, when all at once the stallion became vicious and frantically attacked his mate with teeth and hoofs. Mr. Smith quickly unhooked the traces and succeeded in uncoupling the horses. Then the stallion attacked his master. Smith is a powerful man, and after a fierce struggle, in which he was severely wounded in the hip by the animal's feet, he succeeded in subduing the horse and led him to the barn, where he hitched him. He removed the harness and was taking the horse to his stall, when the vicious animal violently attacked him again. The wind blew the barn door shut, and Mr. Smith found himself imprisoned on the barn floor with the frantic brute. For nearly half an hour he fought him with no weapon but his fists, leaping aside to avoid the assault as much as possible, but being often knocked down and fearfully bruised. He found his strength failing, and was just making up his mind that he must be killed when the horse in some way disengaged a sled-stake from the side of the hay-mow and Smith saw it rolling toward him on the floor. Seizing the stake he swung it with all the strength of desperation, and striking the stallion just behind the ear, with one blow laid him dead at his feet. A reporter drove out to see Smith and found him badly bruised in all parts of his body, and in a sadly crippled condition. The physicians in charge say that he will recover.—[New York Tribune.

Order of the Longest Rivers.

The Amazon, in South America, falls from the Andes through a course of 2,600 miles; the Mississippi, from the Stony Mountain, runs 2,690 miles; La Plata, from the Andes, 2,215 miles; the Hoang-ho, in China, from the Tartarean chain of mountains, is 2,200 miles; the Yangtse-Kiang runs from the same mountains and is 4,000 miles long; the Nile, from the Jihel Kumri Mountains, courses 2,690 miles; the Euphrates, from Ararat, is 2,020 miles long; the Volga, from the Valdais, is 2,100 miles; the Danube, from the Alps, is 1,790 miles in length; the Indus, from the Himalayas, 1,770 miles; the Ganges runs from the same source and is 1,950 miles long. The Orinoco, from the Andes, 1,500 miles in length; the Niger, or Wharra, is 1,900 miles long; the Don, the Dnieper and the Senegal are each over 1,000 miles in length; the the Rhine and the Gambia are 888 miles in extent.

MAN AGAINST PANTHER

Desperate Encounter with a Eating Brute in Texas.

Henry Tynsley, a respectable well-to-do colored man, living near Montague, Texas, had a tussle a few days ago with a panther of the black variety, which nearly resulted in a victory for the animal, and would probably have cost Tynsley his life had it not been for the timely arrival of assistance on the scene. The black panther is one of the smallest of the species, but is by far one of the most ferocious and aggressive, and is armed with exceptionally long and sharp nails. It is a beautiful and graceful animal; its skin, which is as soft and sleek as velvet, being of a lustrous black, except under the belly, and, usually, one or more paws, where it is of a silvery gray.

The negro was engaged in felling trees on his farm, when he heard close at hand the bleating of a calf, such as would indicate fright. While the larger beasts of prey are still to be occasionally found in unfrequented parts of the woods about them, they of late years seldom ventured near the depredation on the stock pens or poultry yards, and Tynsley, having no idea of the presence of any wild animal, dropped his ax as he ran to see what ailed the calf.

He found that it had broken out of the pasture, and was running wildly along a line of fence separating the farm from the road, vainly seeking for the gate, which was some distance below. The road was a wide one, bordered on the other side by a wood with a dense growth of bushes on the hedge, and there, skulking with the airs of a pusser-cat stealing up on a bird, was the panther, and just as Tinsley reached the fence it crouched and sprang toward the calf, which, at the sight of the man, had stopped running.

The panther had either not seen Tynsley, or was already in the air before it did, for it paid not the slightest attention to him, but sprang right on the back of the calf, bearing it to the earth. Tynsley then ran back, and catching up his ax, jumped the fence, and with uplifted ax ran toward the pair. The calf, bleating piteously, was trying to struggle to its feet and throw off the panther, which, with its powerful claws buried in the poor creature's flesh, was draining its life's blood through a gaping wound in its throat, which it had torn with its cruel teeth.

The negro struck at the panther's head with the ax, but, owing to his fear of striking it and killing the calf, the blow only laid open a gash in its jaw, and as was afterwards learned, breaking it. With a roar of rage and pain, the brute relinquished its hold on the calf, which was bleeding to death, and turned its attention to its new assailant, at whom it sprang, knocking him down. They fell together and rolled over in the dust; the negro, unable to use his ax at such close quarters, endeavoring to get at the animal's throat to choke it to death, and the big cat biting and tearing with tooth and nail, snarling and snapping like a fury.

The man having on only a thin cotton shirt and jeans pantaloons, and weakened by the blood which was flowing profusely from the terrible scratches inflicted by the great claws of the savage cat, was getting much the worse of the combat, when a wagon appeared, driven by Joel Barnes, a white man employed as a day laborer on the plantation of Scruggs, Benthuysen & Co., a short distance beyond Tynsley's place.

This man, seeing the state of affairs, jumped down from the seat, and, though armed only with his whip, ran to the assistance of the negro, who was now beneath the panther, and so exhausted that he was only able to push the animal's head away when it attempted to fasten upon his throat. Barnes grabbed the cat by the back of the neck and tried to choke it off of the colored man, but the creature, snapping furiously at his hands, refused to give up its hold, and only dug its nails deeper into Tynsley. The white man then belabored it about the head with the stock of his whip, and at last succeeded in stinging it into leaving the colored man, who had swooned, for him.

He met its attack with a crack on the head that knocked it back ward. When it had recovered itself it had evidently decided that things were getting too hot for it, so the vicious brute broke for the woods, but Barnes, having found Tynsley's ax, caught it up and ran after the animal, which, half dead from the bleeding wound in its jaw and the terrible beating it received, was easily overtaken and killed by Barnes with a single blow of the ax on the back of the skull, crushing it in. Tynsley was so badly hurt that at first great fears were entertained that he would not recover, but, though the entire front of his body is a mass of raw flesh, from which the skin was torn almost to ribbons, he is getting well. A purse of $50 was made up for Barnes by the citizens.—[Globe Democrat.

Gloves While You Wait.

Julga, of London, will deliver a pair of kid gloves an hour and a quarter after they are ordered, provided he has a skin of the correct shade in the house. The nearest approach to this is done here by a firm who make gloves to order, and will always give them in two days, unless they have to dye the skin to match some particular color. They can deliver a pair for the evening if ordered early in the morning, though they do not like such hurried orders. They charge fifty cents more for an ordered glove than a ready-made pair.—[Dry Goods Economist.

One evidence of the economy practiced by American railroads during the past year is that the percentage of the increase of steel rails in the track was less in that year than in any year since 1886.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Aug. 21.—Committees representing the trainmen of the entire Central system presented petitions for an advance in wages, and stated that they would strike if the demands were refused.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 23.—All indications point to a strike of 4,000 men on the St. Louis division of the Big Four road. The men are all waiting for the word and seem to understand that it will be given shortly.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 23.—Jacob Gergold and Frank Olean, who were injured in the recent cyclone, died last night. This makes twelve deaths so far. James Long and Mrs. Barrett are in a critical condition.

FRIEDENSBURG, Pa., Aug. 21.—Several buildings in the lower part of Schuylkill County were struck by lightning. Minnie Young, the daughter of a farmer living near this place, was killed by lightning and instantly killed.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 23.—The thermometer Saturday night registered 60 degrees. A cool land breeze prevailed all day, driving most of the people from the beach. The ladies went to the balls wrapped in furs, their escorts wearing heavy overcoats.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—A telephone message was received in this city from Englewood, N. J., that Mickey McDonald, a burglar, had escaped from the Hackensack, N. J., jail about 7 o'clock last night by sawing off a bar in his cell.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—It is reported that the World's Fair will be located on a tract of land east of Roger's Park on the lake shore and just inside the city limits. The tract spoken of is a tract 320 acres, with a mile and a half frontage on the lake. It is 25 feet high and dry above water. The owners have offered it free of all charges.

ALBANY, Aug. 23.—In police court the four Pinkerton men charged with creating a disturbance on Sunday last, were admitted to bail in the sum of $500 each except in one instance where a man was charged with firing on the crowd, and his bail was fixed at $1,000. Two members of the firm of Weed, Parson & Co., went on the bonds.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—Persons in whom Captain French, of the East New York police station, has entire confidence, reported to him at the station early this morning that the rumors of John, a son of ex-Speaker Littlejohn of the Assembly, had fallen from the balcony of the Bay View House at Canarsie, and had been killed instantly, his neck having been broken.

HALIFAX, Aug. 25.—The British warship Buzzard arrived here to-day from Jamaica with yellow fever on board, having been ordered here when the fever appeared among her crew. At one time there were nineteen cases on board, and one of the victims died at Port Royal. All the others have recovered except five, and these cases are not very serious.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—Acting Superintendent Byrnes has so arranged the police under him that the New York Central Railroad will be afforded ample protection. The police at the different points in this city where trouble is liable to occur have been strengthened, and arrangements have been made by the inspector to mass the reserves on short notice.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 21.—At a meeting at the Burnett House between W. H. Waltz and Billy Barnie, representing the Baltimore Baseball Club, late of the Atlantic Association, and Zack Phelps and W. H. Whittaker, representing the American Association, a formal contract was drawn up and signed admitting the Baltimore Baseball Club to full membership in the American Association.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Aug. 25.—George G. Stockton, cashier of the Wabash freight office in this city, is missing. Failing to report for duty yesterday an investigation was inaugurated and is still in progress. So far his shortage is said to amount to $2,000. A month ago his accounts were checked up and found to be correct. Stockton was an expert accountant, but it is said was infatuated with poker.

LONDON, Aug. 25.—The Pope has written to Cardinal Manning, expressing sympathy over the loss of Cardinal Newman. In his letter the Pope says: "I am deeply grieved at the departure of a man who, by his learning, his writings, and his singular piety, gave great splendor to the Sacred College. I do not doubt that he has already received the reward of his virtues. Nevertheless, I will continue to pray for his blessed soul."

MILTON, Pa., Aug. 25.—The temperature that was up in the eighties yesterday afternoon, with occasional flashes of lightning, changed shortly after midnight, and by 3 o'clock in the morning there was a quarter of an inch of snow on the awnings of the stores in the business part of the town. The early freight trains on both the Philadelphia & Erie and the Philadelphia & Reading roads were covered with about a half inch of the white article.

WEST LEBANON, Ind., Aug. 25.—Wm. F. Dannison, of Terre Haute, one of the best calesthenic exponents in the country, met a horrible death Friday. He tripped to the ground from a height of over 700 feet. The parachute broke and he became tangled and he dropped about a hundred feet from the ground, but Dennison had such momentum that it availed nothing. His body was horribly mangled.

HOLLAND AND TOUCEY.

The Two Opposing Generals Take Charge of the Interests at Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 23.—The two opposing generals in the railroad war arrived in the city during the morning in the persons of J. J. Holland, of the Executive Board of the Knights of Labor, and J. M. Toucey, general manager of the New York Central Railroad.

Mr. Toucey went out to East Buffalo with a carload of about 40 non-union men with Superintendent Burrows. Mr. Holland registered at the Arlington Hotel, and after dinner repaired to the locomotive firemen's hall where the Switchmen's Union held a meeting.

To a reporter Mr. Holland said: "I am here in the interest of the Knights of Labor, and shall remain until the strike is opened. We tried every fair means possible with Mr. Webb to have the matter settled in an amicable way, and he declined to entertain any of the propositions made to him."

Mr. Holland further said he was in communication with the Locomotive Brotherhood Chief, P. M. Arthur, and he did not doubt he would approve the movement, and might be induced to join it. "The length of the strike is uncertain," said Mr. Holland in conclusion, "but we are in it to stay. We did not want to strike, but it has been forced upon us. The railroad would not take a step in the direction of arbitration."

WATCHING TERRE HAUTE.

Sargent Says that He Will Endorse Everything that Powderly Has Done.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Aug. 23.—It will not be the fault of Frank P. Sargent, or due to any deficiency in his powers of persuasion if every employe of the New York Central railroad, who is a member of the various orders identified with the Federation of Railroad Employes, does not find himself enrolled under the banner of the strikers by sundown to day.

Before the Council went into session Mr. Sargent said he would heartily endorse everything Mr. Powderly has done when the question came up as to what action would be taken regarding the request of Powderly for assistance, for that is the form in which the matter will resolve itself. "It is not now," said Mr. Sargent, "a question as to how much beef is buried on the New York Central, but whether organized labor shall be crushed, and buried, to boot."

Sargent, when asked the question, point blank, as to whether in the event of a strike being ordered it would be confined to those portions of the New York Central now affected, or extended to the connections west of Buffalo and the Vanderbilt lines in general, said that this would be one of the specific questions for the Supreme Council to decide. If they decided to call out the men, they would also designate the lines upon which the order should go into effect.

A MASS MEETING.

New Yorkers to Protest Against Pinkerton's Men Next Tuesday Night.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—The latest development of the New York Central strike is a mass meeting to express the sentiment of the people of New York against the existence of "Pinkerton's private army," and in behalf of the rights of citizens to organize.

A meeting was held last night at which arrangements were made for the demonstration to take place next Tuesday evening. The meeting was instigated by the Radical Club. Among the speakers invited are T. V. Powderly, Samuel Gompers, Robert G. Ingersoll, J. J. Holland and Roger A. Pryor.

A personal canvass of every labor organization in the city was arranged for to insure the success of the demonstration.

Railroad Men Organizing.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 23.—The railroad men of Vermont are rapidly affiliating with the Steam Railroad Men's Protective Union. Grand Organizer Burns of Boston organized a union with 65 charter members at White River Junction and a union at St. Johnsbury with 75 charter members. He states that the discharge of members of the Knights of Labor on the New York Central road has thoroughly aroused the railroad employes on the Grand Trunk and other roads, and that the men are flocking into their various organizations in large numbers.

Won't Work for Non-Union Men.

BUFFALO, Aug. 23.—Secretary Edwin Kettle and all the nurses and waiters at the railroad branch of the N. Y. M. C. A. quit last night. The branch consists of a dining room, reading room and hospital. The reason given for quitting was that Superintendent Chamberlain, of the Central car shops, insisted on fitting up the branch as a lodging-house for the men taking the place of strikers. The employes claimed they were not hired to run a lodging-house. To-day a few colored people are doing the work. The patients in the hospital department were removed to the general hospital.

Congratulations for Webb.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., Aug. 23.—A large number of manufacturers of this city have signed a letter, which has been sent to the acting president of the Central Railroad, in which he is congratulated for "the manly stand he has taken against the strikers." The manufacturers say they hope and trust that he will not recede from his position and they predict that he will come off victorious if he remains firm.

In Memory of John Boyle O'Reilly.

BOSTON, Aug. 23.—Mayor Hart has issued a call for a memorial meeting for Sept. 2nd, "to express to the world the appreciation of all our people of the loss sustained by the death of John Boyle O'Reilly," and to take appropriate action thereon.

THE SAWTELLE CASE

Was the Murder in Maine or New Hampshire?

CHOLERA SCARE EXAGGERATED

The Reported Resignation of Minister Robert T. Lincoln.

Snow in Pennsylvania—The Bicycle Long Distance Record Broken—This Week's Congressional Programme—The Great Gathering at the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting—Every State Represented.

DOVER, N. H., Aug. 25.—On Wednesday, September 3, the famous Sawtelle case will come up again, when the grand jury of Strafford County will be asked to find an indictment against Isaac B. Sawtelle for the murder of his brother Hiram.

It is said that a mass of strong evidence has been secured to prove that the crime was committed in New Hampshire and not in Maine. This question of jurisdiction is conceded to be the most important to be considered by the grand jury and its decision will be of vital importance to Sawtelle, since conviction in New Hampshire means death, while in Maine the extreme punishment for murder is life imprisonment.

A new link in the chain of evidence, which indicates beyond a doubt that the crime was committed in New Hampshire, was recently discoveaed. It establishes the fact that the fatal shots were fired in a yard on the road from Rochester to East Rochester, not on the road as was generally supposed. It is said that the shots were fired not over 200 feet from the highway, in the area where a barn and adjoining carriage sheds form an angle. When the carriage was driven into this yard it was more or less secluded from passers-by in the road, but not entirely hidden, the back being visible from the street. Here is what the prosecution will allege:

I. B. Sawtelle had noticed the stable while on his journeys to Lebanon, Me., from Rochester, N. H., and return on the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday previous to Hiram's arrival. Isaac observed that there was not a house within three-sixteenths of a mile of the stable, and that the road was not much traversed.

It is further said that the State has evidence to show that Isaac was seen with a man answering the description of his brother in a buggy going toward the place. A man has been found who saw the carriage just outside the stable yard, going toward East Rochester.

Then there are about six witnesses who heard shots fired that Wednesday afternoon in February when Hiram Sawtelle met his death. The witnesses locate the point from which the sounds came at almost this very spot. The prosecution will produce a person to corroborate the testimony of the man who saw Isaac meet his brother Hiram at the depot, and also one who saw the brothers get into a carriage together and drive away.

WILL LINCOLN RESIGN?

His Law Partner Declines to Deny the Report and it is Believed.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—Edward S. Isham, one of Robert T. Lincoln's law partners, was seen to-day in reference to the report that upon Secretary of Legation White's return to England six or eight weeks hence, Robert T. Lincoln, United States Minister to the Court of St. James, would resign his position. Mr. Isham declined to either confirm or deny the report.

It is the general opinion of a number of Mr. Lincoln's friends, however, that he will resign his position before the new year and return to the practice of his profession in Chicago. This is strengthened by the report that when Mrs. Lincoln and her two daughters return from Iowa they will take up their residence in their home on the Lake Shore drive.

AN IMMENSE ASSEMBLAGE.

Over 50,000 People Gather at the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 25.—Fully 50,000 people assembled at the various meetings of the annual camp meeting at Ocean Grove yesterday, the largest gathering in its history.

Among the prominent clergymen officiating were: Revs. S. M. Vernon, of Lancaster, Pa.; T. L. Paulson, of Brooklyn; H. N. Lawrence, of New York; D. B. Updegraff, Mount Pleasant, O.; W. L. S. Murray, Wilmington, Del., and G. W. Miller, of Kansas City. The clergy present represented every State of the Union.

London's Cholera Scare.

LONDON, Aug. 25.—It is now believed that a great deal too much has been made of the case of cholera which has put the whole city into a terrible scare. The doctors of the Poplar Hospital think that the case is one of English cholera, and the statement that the nurse at that institution has died from Asiatic cholera is unfounded. The case was a well defined case of English cholera.

Funeral of Walter Howe.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 25.—The funeral of Walter Howe, the New York cottager who was drowned on Thursday, took place yesterday afternoon, and was attended by a large number of cottagers and many friends who came on from New York. The services were conducted by the Rev. George W. Douglass of Washington, and the body was interred in the Island Cemetery.

MARLBORO, Md., Aug. 25.—W. B. Hill, aged 77 years, died suddenly of heart disease. He was one of the best known citizens of this county and served as State Senator in 1873. For 20 years he was Chief Judge of the Orphans' Court.

THE SITUATION AT ALBANY

Said to be More Critical Than At Any Other Time.

ALBANY, Aug. 25.—The situation here is more critical than at any stage since the strike began. Despite the fact that no action has yet been taken at Terre Haute, it is altogether probable that by to-day noon every railroad running into this city will be tied up. These roads are the New York Central, West Shore, Delaware & Hudson, Boston & Albany and Fitchburg road. The Central and Delaware & Hudson are now partially crippled.

One of the prominent men of D. A. 246 said: "The Fitchburg and Boston & Albany continue to roll Central freight and we shall shut them down. Fitchburg and Boston will be the central places.

A United Press reporter learned that Pinkerton had dispatched 50 of his men to Rotterdam Junction, where the West Shore and Fitchburg roads connect. It is thought there will be trouble at that point.

Mr. Hammond, superintendent of the Delaware & Hudson, was asked if it was true that men were brought from Canada to take the strikers' places. He said the story was false in every particular, but in the light of future developments his answer looked queer. At 8 o'clock last night he telephoned to Chief of Police Willard asking for police protection this morning, as he expected to move freight trains with new men. The strikers say that if the attempt is made with scabs the whole road will be tied up. They say that the Central has promised to supply men if the Delaware & Hudson is tied up, but this is looked upon as a good joke, as the Central has not got men enough to run their own road. The only freight moved to-day by the Delaware & Hudson has been a couple of through trains and some empties. The road is a direct connection for the Central, the West Shore and Pennsylvania Railroads. The strike, if general, will cut off the supplies of such summer resorts as Saratoga, Luzerne, Lake George and others, all of which depend on the large cities for them. There has been pasted in all of the freight stations a notice as follows: "To employes who are not working: All men must return to work. Those who do not will consider themselves discharged and will receive no further consideration by this company."

Delaware & Hudson Supt. Hammond, being again seen, said: "We have moved no freight of any account, but our passenger service is uninterrupted. We are going to hold our own in this matter and I shall begin to fill the places." Genl. Freight agent Farlin said: "I have always sympathized with labor in their struggles, but I cannot think that the men are doing right in interfering with us in this matter. We are badly crippled in this our Albany department, but our through freight is running all right. We shall have the strikers places filled unless they return to work."

At Karners trains of general merchandise are still stalled; one of these was moved out to-day. At West Albany the blockade has certainly been broken. The first week of the strike there was not a clear track except the passenger track. To-day it was found that there was as many as eight side tracks completely cleared, while the two freight tracks used for through freight are both in use.

The only accident occurring to-day was a smash-up of freight cars at West Albany. It was shortly before noon, and a train of empties were being backed down on a side track. The new switchman turned his switch the wrong way and five cars were thereby turned into the ditch. Two yard engines were set at work and it took them all day to clear up the debris.

At Schenectady by great effort the double freight track has been cleared and the side tracks are pretty well cleared out.

The tracks running into the Edison Company's Works are now ready for traffic. The side tracks are yet full at Karners, but the majority of the cars are empties. Between Karners and West Albany a stranger would think that there is a bad blockade, but the fact is that is small compared with what it was the first week