Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 10, 1890.

MILLIONAIRE SPLITLOG.

Some of the Curious Personal Traits of the Wealthiest Indian.

I have just returned from a trip through Arkansas and the Indian Territory, and in the course of my travels I met what I never expected to see in this world—a millionaire Indian. I had heard of this unique personage, but was not prepared to meet such a strange combination of opulence and ignorance. He is known as Matthias Splitlog, the chief of the Wyandotte tribe, and is a powerfully built man, 5 feet 8 inches tall, with a swarthy countenance, but not the high cheek bones usually found in the Indian. This is accounted for from the fact that Splitlog is a half breed, having been born in Canada and afterward adopted into the Wyandotte tribe in 1843, before its removal from Northern Ohio to the West. Splitlog is now 70 years old and cannot read or write. He speaks English imperfectly, but is a great money getter, and is constantly growing richer by the advance upon the thousands of acres of lands which he owns in Southwestern Missouri and the Indian Territory.

A story will give an idea of the old chief's manner of transacting business. About two years ago a syndicate of Kansas City capitalists persuaded him to part with 140 acres of land on the Kaw bottoms between the two Kansas Citys for $140,000. The trade was to be completed at one of the banks on Minnesota avenue, Kansas City, Kan., at 10 o'clock on a certain morning. Promptly a few minutes before the time, Splitlog walked into the bank and took a seat. He kept his eye on the clock, and as the hand pointed to the hour of 10, and the other party had not yet materialized, the chief put on his hat and started down the avenue. At a short distance he met the capitalists on their way to close the bargain. They said they were ready for business.

"Not to-day," replied the chief.

Knowing that persuasion would be useless, they asked when he would meet them.

"To-morrow, 10 o'clock," was the laconic response.

At 10 o'clock all were present at the bank.

"Can't sell for $140,000; must have $160,000," said the Wyandotte chief.

The surprised purchasers held a hasty council and decided that they must hustle up the $160,000 or the figure would go still higher. They raised $20,000 more and counted out the money in crisp greenbacks. As the chief saw the paper money he shook his head.

"Can't take paper money; must have gold," he said.

Quickly half a dozen hacks were called and the banks of Kansas city were ransacked for the required amount of the yellow metal. After it was fixed upon a table before the chief he pawed it over like a miser and then said:

"Give 'em deed."

The money was deposited in the bank, but Splitlog would have deposited his eyes had he seen the same hacks used in collecting the gold receiving it back again and being driven rapidly back to Missouri. That 140 acres of land is now selling at the rate of $2,000,000 and proved one of the best speculations ever entered into at the mouth of the Kaw.

Splitlog is married and has seven children. He never stops at a hotel when visiting Kansas City, Kan., where he owns valuable property, but always puts up with a negro who is one of his tenants. One of his daughters is married to a negro. He is building a railroad in Southwest Missouri. In religion he is a Roman Catholic. There is a rather peculiar history given of the origin of his name. At the time of his birth his mother was at work with other Indian women in a field near a log that had been split. As she gave birth to him near that log he was christened "Splitlog." He is still robust and active and bids fair to live to a great age.—*Denver News.*

Observation Parties.

A famous detective, noted for his powers of observation, was able, after one sweeping glance at any store window, to tell everything displayed therein. In the course of an interview he said that he practiced this trick in the streets, so that when he went into the house of a criminal or a suspect he was able to see everything around him at a glance. One of his hearers, struck with the value of such an accomplishment, applied the information to a game with his children. He brought home all sorts of queer things, and emptied his pockets on a table, covering the objects over with a cloth, and then offering a reward to the child who, after looking at the table while he counted three, could name the greatest number of objects upon it. I understand that this is now a means of entertainment at parties called "Observation Parties" and gotten up entirely for the practice of this interesting exercise.

Modern Journalism.

Benevolent Gentleman (at Fashion Beach)—You appear always alone, my little man. Where is your papa and mamma?

Small Boy—I come alone. I'm the summer resort correspondent of th' New York *Daily.*

Gentleman—You? My goodness! Do you write articles for the newspapers?

Small Boy—Ah, there ain't nothin' to do 'cept copy the names off th' registers.—*Good News.*

MAKE YOUR MARK.

In the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark;
Do you delve upon the soil,
Make your mark;
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand,
Moving swift or moving slow,
With a firm and honest hand,
Make your mark.

Should opponents hedge your way,
Make your mark;
Work by night or work by day,
Make your mark,
Struggle manfully and well,
Let no obstacles oppose,
None, right-shielded, ever fell
By the weapons of his foes.
Make your mark.

What though born a peasant's son;
Make your mark;
Good by poor men can be done;
Make your mark.
Peasants' garbs may warm the cold;
Peasants' words may calm a fear;
Better far than hoarding gold
Is the drying of a tear;
Make your mark.

Life is fleeting as a shade;
Make your mark;
Marks of some kind must be made;
Make your mark;
Make it while the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong;
Make it with the stamp of truth;
Make your mark.

—[David Barker.

"HAVE YOU SEEN MOSES?"

BY EVELYN RAYMOND.

It was the saddest sound I ever heard. The first day it set my mind continually wandering from the work in hand; on the second it exasperated me; but on the third I felt that I must answer the mournful question in the affirmative or go mad.

"Have *you* seen—Mose-s?"

Over and over again, with its pathetic iteration, its little ending of the breath before the final word, and that emphasis upon the second one which made it such a personal matter. I heard it from the bar across the hall, from among the group of loungers on the hotel stoop, beside me at the post-office window, all up and down the straggling street—everywhere throughout the small mining town in which the interests of my employers had stranded me.

To the credit of my kind I must say that I rarely heard an impatient retort given to the appealing inquiry. Rough miners would break off in the middle of an oath and answer with unlooked-for gentleness: "No, Pop; I hain't seen him."

Some would merely smile and shake their heads kindly, and one exceptional brute would thrust his hand in his vest-pocket—the abomination of the chestnut-bell had just gravitated to Boomville—and ring his little admonition in the other's ear. He had done this for the second time within my hearing and within the space of an hour, when I could bear it no longer. I wheeled around from the table strewn with the company's maps and charts, and demanded, savagely: "Who is that man, and what does he mean by that eternal question?"

The landlady—she was landlord as well, her husband being a poor thing with good clothes on—stopped dusting and looked at me gratefully. She had disturbed my solitude unceremoniously enough, and I had at first resented it; till I found out that the poor creature had come "from Cawncord way," and was suffering for news of far-off New Hampshire. After satisfying her to the best of my ability, and having regretfully assured her that I did not know "the Dows from 'round Coontoocook," she had still hovered near me. She felt, no doubt, that I had almost the claim of relationship upon her hospitality because I had passed through Concord on my way to the West, and had had the good fortune to be born among the granite hills of her native State.

She sat down near me. "The poor fellow is—well, nobody knows, exactly. He came to Boomville some months ago. He had a son with him, and he told me that it was on account of the boy's health. He bought a little tract of land out toward the gulch, and put up a shanty. He didn't seem to care much whether he made any money or not. If the boy felt like work, work it was; if he didn't, it was all one to his father. So it 'peared, any way. He was the handsomest young chap that ever set foot in this city"—the "city" boasted one street and a few houses—"but any one could see at a glance that he wasn't right in his head."

"Insanity?"

"No; it didn't bear that way. I kind of picked it out that the boy, Moses, had been at college and overworked."

"What did you say the man's name was?"

"I didn't say. I don't know. That's the worst of it—nobody knows. The old man—though I ought not to call him that, for he isn't more than fifty—used to say to the boy: 'Mose-s'—some s you hear him now—but the boy himself never was heard to say anything that folks could understand."

"Yet, when they bought their land there must have been some name revealed in the transaction."

"I suppose there was. Only the company he dealt with all went to furnish a few days after arterwards, and their right vanished. They didn't have any more right to the land, anyhow, than you or I have, and you know how much that is. Nobody molested the pair, and they would have been there yet if it hadn't have been for the cyclone."

"Did it blow their wits away?" It was such tedious work getting at the few facts of the old man's story, that I was fast losing my patience.

The landlady looked at me in mild reproach, as if I had jested with a sacred subject. I found that I had.

"That is exactly what it did do."

"What!" I cried, in astonishment. The woman seemed to expect me to believe her startling statement.

"That is exactly what it did do," she repeated with grave distinctness. "It swept through the gulch, and there wasn't much dirt left when it got done its work, now I can tell you. Afterward, when the men from here went up to the camp to see if anybody was left alive, they found 'Pop' lying in the bottom of the canon. They thought he was dead at first, and started to bring him into town just to bury him; but Jim Corson, the veterinary, he said that he reckoned there was some little life left in the man, and after he had worked over him a spell he found that he was right. We pieced it out that he had been blown off the bluff where his cabin had stood and landed in the ravine; but whatever became of 'Mose-s,' no one has heard from that day to this. 'Pop'—he goes by that name everywhere now, seeing that he doesn't know any other—was sick more'n a month right here in this house. I tended him, and I never heard him say one thing the whole 'during time, only just that heart-breakin' question: 'Have you seen—Mose-s?' He had struck his head, and every other idee 'peared to have left it except that he had lost his boy and must find him. Here he comes, now. Be kind to him, neighbor; how do we know but that he hails from Cawncord?"

How, indeed? Yet, even without that recommendation to my sympathy, I should have been "kind" to the harmless mental wreck whom chance had thrown in my path.

He attached himself to me from the beginning, and in a short time became the constant companion of my walks. He was always silent, save for that pitiful query, which it is quite likely I heard less than any one else, but which after a long interval of silence he would suddenly propound. He would toss back the iron-gray locks from his worn face and look up into my eyes with that wide, wondering glance of his: "Have you—seen Mose-s?" and would impassively receive my sorrowful, negative shake of the head. Evidently he expected no other reply; that is, if his brain had any power of expectation left within its convolutions.

When I left Boomville I parted with "Pop" with real regret. He was so patient, so faithful, so unobtrusive, that his society was more like that of some devoted animal than of any human being; and those who have lived much with the companionship of a favorite dog or horse will understand that there are times when their silent presence is vastly more agreeable than that of one's own kind.

As I journeyed farther into the wilds, sometimes meeting not more than one or two fellow-creatures in the course of a long day's ride, I found myself recurring with strange persistence to "Pop's" pathetic story, and half impelled to ask of each traveler whom I met: "Have *you* seen—Mose-s?"

I do not now remember when it was impressed upon me that I should yet "see Mose-s;" but I became imbued with the idea very shortly after leaving Boomville. I did not go about making the inquiry which now seemed so natural to me, but I kept my eyes and ears well open. If Moses were still alive—and, probable as it might be, no proof of his death had ever yet been found—he could not have wandered very far away from the scene of the accident which had injured his father's brain.

He had been described to me as an extremely winning and handsome lad. Everyone, white men and Indians alike, had been kind to him; there was an appeal in his silent helplessness which no one could resist.

The hopeful possibility was that he had attached himself to some company of trappers or miners; and as my business led me to visit many camps, I had an excellent opportunity of searching for the missing lad. I was the more determined in my endeavor by the thought that his restoration to his father might also serve to clear that father's clouded intelligence. For "Pop's" trouble was not insanity; I agreed with the landlady in that. It was a total suspension of memory and interest save on one point. It was like a clog in machinery that is only a temporary hindrance, and of no permanent injury once it is removed.

I was not at all surprised when I found him. I knew him at once from the description I had had, and from the intuition that I was destined so to do.

He was washing dishes in a mining camp where I had stopped to pass the night, and, as good fortune had it, I was on my return trip toward Boomville. After watching him closely for a little while I asked the miner sitting next me in the circle around the fire: "Where did that boy come from?"

"Him—why, we've got me, stranger. He come—nobody knows from whar. He just crawled inter camp one day, long last spring, e'na most dead with hunger, an' wore ter a shadder trampin'. When the boys seen him we give er count of hisself—he jest looked at 'em an' laid right down on them groun' an' went ter sleep. We see 't he was clean bout out, an' wal, we jest fed him an' took keer on him, so bein's he didn't pear ter know enough ter take keer on hisself. An' that's—all I er anybody knows."

"Does he never speak?"

"Look here! How'd ye ever come ter ast that, I'd like ter know? Ever seen him afore? Er heern tell on him?"

I told him the story of poor "Pop's" misfortunes, the disappearance of his son, and my own ideas concerning it.

Not only he, but all his fellow-miners listened with the utmost attention. Finally, one who appeared to be a leader among them, cried out, excitedly: "See here, pocket! that thar boy hain't spoke nary word sence ever he come inter camp, but thar ain't no better ner handier critter 'bove ground 'an what he is; an' I'll tell ye what we'll do. You kin git on ter him with 'Mose-s,' er any thing ye've a min' ter, an' if ye kin git anything outen him we'll b'lieve the yarn ye've been telin', an' 'll fix him up to go 'long back with ye ter that thar looney daddy o' his'n. If ye can't—we'll low this ain't ther chap ye're a-lookin' fer, an' keep him 'mongst us er spell longer. What d'ye say, boys?"

They allagreed to the experiment.

The spokesman, toning his voice as if the handsome dishwasher were deaf, bawled out: "Look-a-here, Numby!"

The lad desisted from his unfitting task and lifted his great blue eyes toward the speaker's face. That his brain was not wholly without intelligence was evident from the fact that he had learned the title his protectors had given him, and that he paid no attention when he was not addressed.

The miner raised his grimy hand and beckoned. Laying his towel softly down—a peculiar quietude accompanied all his movements—"Numby" obeyed. He came slowly up to the circle and stood just outside its limits, looking mutely from face to face as a dog might have done, yet without a dog's inquiring interest.

"Tackle him, stranger," said some one with eager curiosity.

Fixing my eyes upon the vacant face, and putting all my will into my low-pitched voice, I spoke to him: "Mose-s! Mose-s!"

The blue eyes ceased wandering and fastened themselves upon my lips. A profound hush fell over the circle. There is no man either so stolid or so sensitive as the frontiersman. If there is any psychological principle involved in the fact that the wish of every miner present was for "Numby" to find his way back to his own identity, I do not know it; but this I do know—each would have sacrificed a fragment of his own intelligence to augment that of the poor lad before us. This may have helped—no human sympathy is wasted—and certain it is that there had come over that fair, boyish face a new expression.

I rose and went to his side. Taking his hand in my own, I repeated as distinctly and impressively as I could: "Mo-ses—Mo-ses!"

A slow, faint flush, lovelier than any maiden's blush could be, stole up into the blonde cheek of the poor waif. "Moses, your father—wants—you!"

The color deepened, but some of us could not see it for the mist that veiled our eyes.

We had been two days on our homeward journey, and I had become intensely absorbed in the mental experiment which I was making. The same gentle docility which had characterized the lad's father during his intercourse with me at Boomville was manifest in my fellow-traveler. I was trying to discover the path to the hidden intelligence of Moses, and to lead him with me.

We stopped for a noon rest by the bank of a little stream, and the boy lay at my feet as a child might have done, and it was then and there that I found the covert clew.

I needed to sleep, but was wakeful. To facilitate the matter I began idly to repeat a Latin conjugation—the old familiar jingle: *Amo, amas, amat; amamus, amatis, amant.*"

There was a strange sound from the lad as of suddenly catching his breath, then his hand clutched mine, and the long-silent voice took up the refrain: "*Amabx, amabas, amabat; amabamus, amabatis, amabant.*"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet I could not have been more startled. Had the thunderbolt brought me a fortune I could not have been so glad.

When we came within sight of Boomville another period of days had elapsed, and the random beginning had led to blessed results. I could scarcely restrain my impatience to find poor "Pop," and was sanguine even of his future. All things seemed now possible. I had not only "seen Mose-s," but I had brought him back sound in body and hourly gaining in mind. Fortunately, the passage of a swift-riding cowboy, who halted and fed with us, enabled me to send a message to the landlady of the "Eureka" concerning my happy "find" and its results. I wished the "city" to be prepared, that no untoward shock might undo the work which had already been accomplished for "Mose-s."

But I was destined to a surprise. That kindly soul "from 'round Contoocook" welcomed her compatriot with more than granite force; she literally fell upon my neck and wept.

Corson, the veterinary, in fact the only physic dealer of any sort in the place, took immediate possession of the returned Moses, and, after profuse promises that the newly awakened brain should not be overtaxed, carried the lad away in triumph. The landlady then ushered me into her little parlor, and into the presence of a gracious, sweet-faced woman with soft gray hair and a general air of culture and refinement that could only have been acquired at either "Cawncord" or "Bawston."

"This is him!" my friend explained, by way of introduction, and with a total disregard of her early advantages, which was barely excusable on the ground of superabundant Western emotion—"This is him—himself!"

"Mrs. Dow has forgotten to tell you who I am," said the sweet-faced woman, coming toward me with extended hands and a smile upon her grief-marked features.

"There is no need, I think, dear madam," I answered, grasping the slender fingers. "You are—Moses' mother."

"Yes; and eternally beholden to Moses' savior."

"But that was a mere chance—a happy one, I grant you. Your husband—"

"Lies on the bed in the room yonder. Will you believe that the days of miracles are past when I tell you, as I do, that he also is restored to a comprehension as much that has befallen him? Not all, of course; but the rest will come—must come. Do you, who have done so much, care to hear our whole, simple story?"

"I do care to hear it—greatly."

"My husband had not the advantages of the education we desired to give our son, and we both erred, as many ambitious parents have done, in urging a brain which too late we saw was not as strong as we had fancied it. The tension was too great that just before our dear boy was to have been graduated he broke down utterly. The best physicians said there his only hope lay in a complete change of life and surroundings; so his father brought him West, and, hoping for his restoration, sheltered the lad's pride by withholding his name.

"Everything was going well until the passage of that cyclone. You know the rest. But you do not know how long has been my search for my dear ones. I knew that Mr. Penniman intended to change his residence from time to time, as he saw Moses wearying of any; and I never heard when he came here."

There was a feeble call from the bedroom, and the sweet-faced woman went to answer it.

"And, indeed, it was the Lord guided her to this very door!" exclaimed the landlady, wiping away her ready tears, and continuing the tale: "The stage drove up, and out she stepped. There sat 'Pop,' and when he clapped eyes on her he sprung up wild like and pushed his hair off his forward, as if that would help him to remember. Then he gave an awful cry and fell down in a fit. When he had come to again she was with him, and he's been getting clearer and clearer ever sence. It's stranger than a story out of a book; but Corson, he allows that it was the shock of seeing her so sudden that brought Mr. Penniman to his senses. But I'm kind of dreading to have her and Moses meet. The poor woman has gone through trouble enough, Lord knows, and if no shouldn't happen—"

There was a noise outside the door, and we looked toward it to see Jim Corson enter from the street leading his temporary charge, who had been intrusted to his care in accordance with the landlady's urgent advice that his longing mother should be duly prepared."

There was a stir, also, from the bedroom way, and a rustle of woman's garments. The landlady hid her face upon my shoulder, and I turned away my eyes.

For a moment an intensity of silence—then a low cry: "Moses, my son!"

Almost at once the answer: "Mother—why, mother!"

It was the gladdest sound I ever heard.—[Frank Leslie's.

Ensilage Butter.

Alfred Hudson, a leading Massachusetts farmer and dairyman, tells of an interesting experiment in the manufacture of butter from the milk of the cows on his farm and those of a neighbor who is engaged in the same line of farming:

"I have always held to the opinion," said he, "that the best butter that can be made is obtained by feeding the cows on hay, grass and timothy. My neighbor claimed that just as good butter was obtained from the milk of cows which were fed with ensilage. Ensilage, you know, is made by cutting up the corn stalk on unripe grass. The corn becomes thoroughly ripened. It is preserved all winter by being buried in the ground, and is a cheaper food than hay. We agreed to make a test. I was to feed my cows on hay, and my neighbor was to feed his on ensilage. We were each to make twenty-five tubs of butter and send them, without any stamp on the tubs to mark by which they could be identified except a private mark known only to ourselves, to a committee of experts in Boston, who were to select the twenty-five best tubs of butter. The plan was carried out. When the test was made, one of the fifty tubs tested the committee selected is the twenty-five tubs made from the milk of my cows. They all agreed that my butter had a delicate and delicious flavor which the other did not possess. The result has thoroughly satisfied me that I can obtain a sufficiently higher price for butter made from cows which are fed on hay to more than pay for the difference in the price of the food."

The Cabbage Tree.

One of the most peculiar and most valuable trees in Florida is the cabbage tree. "The tree, in fact, belongs to the palmetto family. It grows to a height varying from twenty to forty feet, and the trunk is scarcely an inch in diameter from the roots up to the leaves. The leaves, or bayonets, all grow in a cluster at the top. The wood is very porous and extremely light; it resembles cork. The value lies in the fact that it is attacked by no insects, and is impervious to the ravages of salt water and barnacles, which quickly destroy all other natural woods. Hence the cabbage tree is much sought after for piles, for buffering bridges and wharves in salt water. Pine piles that are used in building through salt water have to be crossed in order to preserve them a length of time, and the cabbage is the cheapest, as well as the most expensive one, but the cabbage wood needs no application of any sort."—New York Telegram.

A consciousness of doing right is more valuable than popularity.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LONDON, Sept. 8.—It is estimated that the damage done by the floods in Central Europe amounts to $20,000,000.

CONCORD, N. H., Sept. 8.—Hon. Henry H. Huse, State Insurance Commissioner, died suddenly last night of apoplexy. He was 61 years of age and has held several important positions.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Sept. 6.—The family of William J. M. Byrne, the local banker and financial agent, is a complete and total one. He cannot possibly pay over 50 cents on the dollar.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Adolph Plas s, a fireman, was arrested last night on a telegram from the chief of police of St. Louis and held on a charge of grand larceny to await requisition papers.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—The President sent to the Senate the nomination of John H. E. Annick, of Pennsylvania, to be Special Examiner of drugs, medicines and chemicals in the district of Philadelphia.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 8.—At the primaries in the Twenty-third Congressional district, Col. Stone defeated George Shiras by a popular vote of about 5,000. Stone ran in Congressman Bayne's district and will be his successor.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., Sept. 8.—Rev. Dr. Jay, of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, and Rev. Dr. Brown, of Washington, officiated at the dedication of the Pennsylvania College Chapel, erected by the late Col. V. P. Bruce, of Philadelphia.

TRENTON, N. J., Sept. 6.—John A. O'Neil was re-elected president of the National Assembly of the Potters. David Miller of Kittaning, Pa., was chosen vice-president. The Western Executive Board is abolished and an Central Board is formed.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 6.—Two of the largest natural gas wells ever developed in this district have been struck within the past twenty-four hours. Both are within pipiing distance of the city. The gas from the wells would be sufficient to run half the mills in the city.

NEW YORK, Sept 8.—Lillie Young, a horse girl, while returning from Coney Island on a steamer, was challenged by her escort to leap into the bay. She sprang from the rail in an instant into the water and might have been drowned had not a tug rescued her in the nick of time.

TROY, N. Y., Sept. 8.—On June 23, 1888, John Walker, a canal boat captain, was robbed and murdered near Waterford. James Miller, long suspected of the deed, was arrested at Whitehall yesterday. He said he saw John Connors commit the murder, and the latter has just been captured.

BUFFALO, Sept. 6.—In the Supreme Court Judge Lewis affirmed the order for the imprisonment of Emma W. Courtney for contempt of court in failing to appear before a referee to answer to the financial relations between her and her husband. She was sentenced to pay $55 fine and spend thirty-five days in jail.

CHICAGO, Sept. 4.—The carpenters' strike is to all appearances already ended. At the headquarters of the strike committee of the Carpenters' Council it was stated that fully 4,000 men returned to work at the rate of pay and terms demanded and that not over 600 men are now idle on account of the strike.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Sept. 4.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the National League of Republican Clubs it was decided to not advise incorporation under the laws of the National and State Leagues as proposed. April 21 next was chosen as the date of the next National Convention to be held at Cincinnati.

DUBLIN, Sept. 4.—Excitement runs high in this city over the report that the recently discovered ruins of the old Chapter House of Christ Church Cathedral are haunted by ghosts, and crowds assemble nightly to witness the appearance of the spirits, who are said to have the forms of priests and nuns.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 4.—A fire at 1502 Germantown avenue early in the morning caused great excitement. Three unfortunates, a mother, her daughter, and adopted daughter, were suffocated to death. The names of the victims are Mrs. Sarah McIntyre, aged 59 years; Mamie McIntyre, aged 10; Agnes Rogers, the adopted daughter, aged 12 years.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—M. Stambouloff, the Bulgarian Premier, says in an interview that he compelled the Exarch of the Bulgarian Church to permit the clergy to pray for Prince Ferdinand by threatening to stop the Exarch's stipend from the Treasury, and to pay the clergy of various dioceses without the intervention of the Exarch has been forwarded in the Russian interest.

DUBLIN, Sept. 8.—A conflict between the Nationalists and the police occurred at Loughrea to-day. The officers attempted to prevent a Nationalist procession from marching through the quarter inhabited by the Loyalist section of the population. A serious affray resulted, and many heads were broken before the police succeeded in forcibly taking their mandate. A number of arrests were made.

GLEN FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 8.—After two days of tedious work a jury was obtained in the Cal Wood murder trial. Many witnesses were examined to-day in the story of the crime repeated. The wife of the murderer will go upon the stand and swear that her father, Lessie Pasco, the murdered man, had many occasions forcibly held incestuous relations with her. A strong attempt will be made to prove that the murderer is insane.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Sept. 4.—To-day is a field day here for the Knights Templar of the State of New Jersey. The headquarters of the Grand Commandery are at the Ocean Hotel. There will be a big parade and prize drill this afternoon. Eighteen commanderies are expected to participate, and their families and friends arrived in special trains early in the day.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Sept. 4.—The New York State Breeders' Association races at the Interstate Fair were well contested. Capt. Waters won the race for stallions who had never beaten 2:40. His best time was 2:35¼. The Nursery stakes was won by Sunshade Patchen. Best time, 2:31½. The race for stallions without records better than 3:20 was won by Sunrise Patchen. Best time, 3:26.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—Mail Clerk Massey reports to the Inspector at Indianapolis that as the postal car on the Big Four road was nearing Anderson, Ind., last night, it was entered by a burly negro, who compelled him to hand over all his registered letters. The negro jumped off the car at Anderson, dropping some letters, and it is though all or most of them were recovered. The negro escaped.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 8.—The steamer Rialto, Captain Akester, arrived in this port to-day from Antwerp, and reports that on August 46, in latitude 49.42 degrees north, longitude 17.40 degrees west, she passed an abandoned and waterlogged vessel, apparently an American of about one thousand tons burden. Her decks were swept and masts gone by the board. She had a white painted figurehead.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—It now appears to be settled that the New York Central strikers are to enter politics this fall. In accordance with resolutions adopted at the Union Square mass meeting of August 26, a committee of twenty-five has been appointed to take initiatory steps in the movement, and will issue an address next Tuesday. Among the members of the committee are Dr. McGlynn and James Redpath.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., Sept. 6.—John Rhodes was acquitted of the murder of his nephew, William Rhodes, by shooting him on April 19 last. The man had been visiting Hagerstown, Md., during the day, and while there had quarreled. On their return to their home in this county the quarrel was resumed, when William drawing a revolver, was killed by John. The jury based its verdict on the theory of self-defense.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—Frederick Nicholas Smith, a negro, claiming to have come to England from Africa by way of Boston, America, has been arrested on a charge of writing letters to the Queen of England. He claims to be the rightful King of Yoraba, in Africa, and to have been deprived of his kingdom by the British. The authorities are not satisfied as to whether his statements are true or whether he is a lunatic.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—Holler, who commanded the Bavarian infantry, which was forced to march at full speed from Wurzberg to Markbreit under a scorching sun during the recent manoeuvres, has been dismissed from the service. Of the 380 men who fell by the way, many will never recover their health. Three died, and six committed suicide by throwing themselves into the river Main, having been rendered insane by their sufferings.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 4.—Frederick Collett was assassinated near Ferrisburg, Vt., Sunday evening by Alphonz Shackett, who crept up to Collett's house and without warning emptied the contents of a shot-gun into Collett's head. Shackett was arrested shortly after and his examination began to-day. Shackett was a rejected suitor of Mrs. Collett's, and he swore vengeance against Collett, who successfully wooed the lady.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., Sept. 4.—The directors of the Battlefield Memorial Association re-elected the old officers and transacted other business. The 14th Indiana monument will be brought to the crest of East Cemetery hill, and the 4th Ohio memorial, which had been ordered removed, will be permitted to remain where it now is. The 11th New York memorial also stays on the front line. Lieut. Calvin Hamilton was made secretary, vice John M. Krauth, deceased.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 8.—A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Independent Order of Railway Conductors was held here yesterday. The resignation of president Calvin B. Dyer, of Albany, N. Y., was accepted and E. D. Nash, of St. Albans, Vt., was elected to fill the vacancy. W. W. Pardee, conductor on the New York & New Haven road, was elected a vice-president. A committee of five was appointed to prepare and issue a circular setting forth the principles and aims of the order.

HENNA, Mont., Sept. 8.—Henry A. Root, of New York, who represents himself and other Eastern heirs of the late Andrew J. Davis, has been in Montana several days examining the will filed by John A. Davis making Davis heir to his dead brother's millions. D. W. Carwathe, the New York expert in handwriting, after a thorough examination pronounces the signature to the will a forgery and the document itself spurious. This conclusion of the expert will cause still more litigation.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 8.—Three weeks ago James Wain, while intoxicated, was run over by a train on the New York Central. The great quantity of liquor he had consumed previously served as a stimulant for the amputation of both legs and his entire left arm. His collar bone was also badly fractured. He is rapidly recovering, and will be sent to his home in Marquette, Mich., in a few days. The doctors regard the operation as a triumph of surgery, and say the whisky probably saved his life.

IN CONGRESS TO-DAY

Senators Continue the Debate on the Sugar Schedule.

A DECIDING VOTE TO-MOROW.

The Division on the Final Ballot Will be on Strict Party Lines.

A New Order of Business to be Arranged Before the End of the Week—The Virginia Contested Election Case to be Called Up for Action in the House To-morrow.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—The Senate will dispose of the Tariff bill this week. To-day was devoted to debate on the sugar schedule and the reciprocity proposition under the 30 minute rule, the agreement being that a final vote of the bill be taken to-morrow. The chances are that a vote will not be had before Wednesday or Thursday, and it may be that some further time will be allowed for general debate.

There is no doubt that the bill will pass, the expectation being that the division on the final vote will be on strict party lines.

Mr. Frye will probably ask the Senate to agree to the conference report on the River and Harbor bill to-morrow morning. If there is any disposition to debate the report, it will go over until the Tariff bill has been disposed of.

Mr. Plumb has given notice that he will call up the conference report on the Land Grant Forfeiture bill when the Tariff bill is out of the way, and Mr. Sawyer has announced his intention to ask immediate consideration for the anti-Lottery bill. It is probable that before the end of the week the "Steering Committee" will arrange a new order of business.

To-morrow the contested election case of Langston against Venable, from the Fourth District of Virginia, will be called up in the House, and it will be immediately followed by the case of Miller against Elliott, from the Seventh District of South Carolina. The Republican members of the Committee on Elections have declared in favor of Messrs. Langston and Miller, both negroes, and it is safe to say that they will be seated, although General Mahone, it is understood, is opposed to the seating of Langston, and some breaks among the Republicans may occur in the vote on this case. In every contested election case that has been before the House this session the House has sustained the majority of the Elections Committee.

The conference report on the General Deficiency bill is expected before the end of the week, and it is possible that the Tariff bill will come from the Senate. There is but little disposition on the part of the Democrats to delay the bill, and it will probably be referred to the Committee on Ways and Means under the rules, reported back with a general disagreement, debated briefly and sent to conference.

NEWS FROM THE PRESIDENT.

He Strolls Through the Woods and Receives a Call from Mr. Pullman.

CRESSON SPRINGS, Pa., Sept. 8.—The storm which began on Saturday gave way to bright sunshine in the morning, and it has been an ideal summer day. Mr. Russell Harrison spent Sunday with his family and went East last night. Mrs. Russell Harrison is contemplating going West to-morrow.

The President, accompanied by Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Dimmick, and Secretary Halford, attended divine worship in the large parlor of the Mountain House at 11 o'clock yesterday morning. The services were conducted by Rev. George Rodgers, an Episcopal clergyman from Verona, Pa. Miss Jeannette Halford assisted in leading the singing. The young lady also sang with good effect a solo entitled "Angel of Charities."

In the afternoon the President and Mrs. Dimmick indulged in another stroll through the woods. Last night Mr. George M. Pullman, of Parlor Car fame, arrived on the Chicago Limited express, stopping off here to pay his respects to the President.

A Pugilistic Mayor.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Mayor Gleason of Long Island City committed an unprovoked and brutal assault upon Geo. A. Crowley, the Long Island representative of the Associated Press, last night. Mr. Crowley stood talking with a number of prominent gentlemen in Miller's Long Island City Hotel when the Mayor entered, and seeing Crowley, exclaimed: "You are a loafer and a thief!" Mr. Crowley resented the accusation, whereupon Gleason knocked him down. The Mayor was finally induced to desist, and Mr. Crowley went out in search of a warrant for Gleason's arrest, but could find no magistrate at home. The Grand Jury will convene to-morrow, and Mr. Crowley intends to take steps to have the Mayor indicted for assault.

A Three-Cornered Congressional Fight.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 8.—The Independent Political Labor League nominated Isaiah C. Emery, local passenger agent of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad, for Congress to succeed Charles S. Baker. It is probable that ex-Congressman Greenleaf will be the Democratic nominee, and as the Republicans have already placed ex-Congressman Van Voorhis in the field, a lively fight is probable.

Fell From the Fifth Story Window.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 8.—E. E. Smith of Binghamton, a guest at the Breezel Hotel, fell from the fifth story window of the hotel to the pavement about 1 a. m. and was instantly killed.

WON THE $1,000 PRIZE.

Over 3,000 Competitors for the Novel Offer Made by Harvard College.

BOSTON, Sept. 8.—Some three years ago Dr. D. A. Sargent, director of the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard College, offered $1,000 in two prizes to persons, male and female, whose physical proportions should most nearly approach perfect symmetry as indicated by his anthropometric chart.

The object of both chart and prizes is to stimulate the youth of both sexes with a laudable incentive to systematic and judicious physical training with a view of reaching as nearly as possible the normal standard. The time allowed for the competition was three years, and there have been about 3,000 competitors.

The prizes have been awarded as follows: Prize for the most perfect male development, Henry Chaster Jackson, Wiscasset, Maine, senior in Bowdoin College and prominent as an oarsman since entering college. Prize for most perfect female development, Margaret Blanche Best, Meadville, Pa., member of the summer school of physical training at Hemenway Gymnasium and instructor of physical training at Allegheny College.

Mr. Jackson's nearest competitor was William Fay Garcelon, graduate of Bates College and director of the Forsyth School Gymnasium, Philadelphia. Miss Best's closest rivals were two members of the Hemenway Summer School, a saleswoman in a Boston store, a teacher at Wellesley Highlands, a pupil of Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, and two members of the Berkeley Ladies' Athletic Club of New York, both daughters of prominent lawyers in that city. It is understood that similar prizes are to be offered the coming year.

SWEPT BY A CYCLONE.

Several People Injured and Cattle Crushed to Death.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Sept. 8.—A report of a terrible cyclone reached here last night from Roan and Jackson Counties.

The storm passed near Le Roy and Meadowville, in Jackson County, going in a northeasterly direction. It struck the earth near the farm of W. H. Davis, near Le Roy, and swept away everything in its path. Hay stacks, fences, crops and timber were flattened out or destroyed. A number of cattle were picked up and carried several hundred yards and or ushed to death.

On the Adams place barns, cattle, hay and out-buildings were crushed and carried away. At George Boggs' farm sheep barns, with a large flock of sheep and his granaries, were carried away. Not a living thing was left in the path of the storm. From the Boggs place the cyclone dropped again and carried away the dwelling of Farmer Kebauch, leaving not a stick of timber. There were nine people in the house: Kebauch, his wife, two children and five others, all of whom were terribly injured, four reported fatally. The cyclone and cloud burst was the most destructive and fatal that has struck this section for many years.

FIRED BY A CIGARETTE.

A Young Woman Falls Asleep While Smoking and is Horribly Burned.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Early last evening a young woman who is known at her boarding house, 54 Lexington avenue, as Ethel Curtis, was reclining on a sofa in her room reading a novel and smoking a cigarette.

She fell asleep, and the cigarette, falling from her fingers, set her clothing on fire. She awoke and rushed to the window, where she was seen by two young men across the street, who ran to her rescue. When they reached the room the girl's clothing was burned from her body and her flesh almost roasted. She was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where her injuries were pronounced fatal. She died two hours after the doctors' examination.

Though she was known as Ethel Curtis, her real name is Lizzie Brown, of Providence, R. I., where her stepfather, John Wilson, resides at 146 Deane street. She has been employed as a typewriter and stenographer.

SIXTEEN KILLED.

Additional Names of the Victims of the Spokane Falls Explosion.

SPOKANE FALLS, Wash., Sept. 8.—It is now certain that sixteen men were killed and seven severely injured by the premature explosion of dynamite while blasting rock in the Northern Pacific freight yards here.

The dead are: Joseph McP