Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18, 1891.

About Wind and Windstorms.

Wind has been variously defined, as air in motion, a sensible movement of the air with reference to the earth's surface, etc. The word is usually applied, says Prof. Guyot, to currents of air more or less horizontal, though vertical or slanting currents of air, whether ascending or descending, equally deserve the name. The horizontal component of this movement of the air is usually that which is specially referred to by the term wind, but the powerful vertical movements that take place in tornadoes and other severe storms may also be included under the same subject. Says one authority: In general, a wind is the result of an initial, local disturbance of the density of the atmosphere, in consequence of which the air is set in motion; its motion is then modified by the resistance of the earth's surface, and by the diurnal rotation of the earth about its axis, and may be propagated into regions far distant from the original seat of the disturbance. Some winds have, as indicated, a local or temporary character, while others are very permanent, or prevail over large areas; these latter are generally spoken of as currents, as distinguished from the local or temporary movements which retain the designation winds. Space forbids anything like a full article on this interesting subject, hence we must condense the points and give them as notes to the reader to fill out. It has been ascertained that, between the latitudes 30 degrees north and 30 degrees south, the lowest stratum of air moves westward; between these parallels and the respective poles, the resultant motion of the lowest stratum of air is eastward. A few observations of the trials left by shooting stars show that at heights of from five to 100 miles, a great diversity of currents prevails, but no one direction predominates. The most importants of the general and and periodical currents are the trade winds which prevail between the parallels 30 degrees north and 30 degrees—south, latitude, but attain their full breadth and force only in mid-ocean, and are very materially circumscribed near the Eastern and Western continents. The anti-trades is a term which designates the current of air that prevails quite uniformly above the trade winds, at a height of 3,000 feet or more above the surface of the earth; this current is also known as the upper-trade, or return-trade, and seems to be merely the return to the temperate zones of the air that had flowed at the surface toward the equator. There are also the monsoons, from a Maylayan or Arabic word, signifying seasonal, which comprise all winds that with the season change their character from being land winds to sea winds. We have, further, the day breeze and the night breeze, or the land wind and the sea wind, which are less pronounced than the monsoons; and there are many special winds, which are usually known by special local names. When currents of air which are moving in different directions meet one another, a whirling motion is imparted to the atmosphere, as the simple illustration of wind carrying up dust from the ground shows; and this movement, only on a large scale, is a storm, and it is often accompanied by rain or snow when the winds thus encountering each other are of different temperatures.

Not a Bride.

On a Philadelphia train that passed through Washington the other day the passengers derived considerable amusement from the actions of a handsome young man and a worried looking but still pretty woman. They were so entirely absorbed in each other that they were not separated for a minute the whole trip. When she wanted to walk on the platform in Baltimore he promenaded up and down at her side—yet they never spoke save when necessary, and the people concluded that a honeymoon was in progress. Nobody doubted for an instant they were bride and groom. When they got out to change cars for Richmond, their destination, the conductor, who knew the man well, said:

"Well, so long. Hope you get her there all right."

"Oh, I guess so. But she's a mighty slippery customer, and I have to watch her like a cat."

The good looking man was a deputy sheriff and was taking back to Richmond an unusually clever shoplifter that he had tracked to Philadelphia and arrested.

THE world over the average of weather conditions is maintained year by year. Mild winters in America are usually offset by extreme cold and fierce storms in Europe and Asia. Ethereal mildness prevailed in Iowa and other Western States during the larger part of December, and the month closed with a period of exceptional warmth. In December a cablegram from London stated that the weather prevailing throughout England was the severest that has been experienced in that country since 1813. The river Humber was completely frozen over, and the Tamea partially so. On the Continent the weather was equally severe. In Frankfort-on-the-Main seven persons were found frozen to death in the streets. In the exreme northeast portion of New England the month was unusually cold.

THE RACE.

He who to run life's race doth dare,
With wrong at heart though fleet he flees,
He may not win although he wear
The sandals of Hippomenes.

But he who Keeps a stainless soul,
Albeit by pain and trial shed,
Will reach at last the priceless goal
That stands before the throne of God.
—[Clinton Scollard, in Youth's Companion.

THE LITTLE CHAP.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

The Little Chap had been humored from the time he was born, but then he was such a fascinating Little Chap that nobody could help humoring him. He was stubborn, he was headstrong, he was naughty, if you like, the Little Chap; but in his very naughtiness there was something really captivating which won your heart, but played the mischief with your dignity. When he stood before you with his legs far apart, his hands in the pockets of his much-patched trousers, and the magnitude of his defiance so out of proportion to that of his tiny body, you were altogether at a disadvantage, and I am not sure but that the Little Chap in the innocent slyness of his heart felt that you were at his mercy. A little patched cherub like him, with tousled blond hair and an enormous sense of his own importance, would have been no mean antagonist to Hercules himself; and, what is more, so secure was he in the consciousness of his valor that he would not have been afraid to tackle Hercules.

The Little Chap's father, Amund Myra, was a carpenter by trade, and lived in one of the loneliest mountain valleys of Norway. His wife, Kari, had presented him with five daughters before it occurred to her to present him with a son, and his joy at the last arrival had only been equalled by his disgust at the five previous ones. The Little Chap took instant possession of his father's heart, which had been kept purposely vacant for his reception.

From the hour of his arrival the Little Chap came to be regarded as a person of tremendous consequence. It was impressed upon him from the time he lay in the cradle that he was a boy, and that a boy was a superior kind of creature, who had nothing except certain accidental points of anatomy in common with girls, which latter species had been wisely created by the Lord to wait upon him. He was not very big before Amund, who could not bear to be separated from him, got into the habit of taking him along when he went out into the valley to do a job. There the Little Chap would sit proudly perched upon his father's shoulder, bundled up in scarfs, and with a fur cap that was much too big for him pulled down over his ears. He was not a talkative child; but there was a slow and old-fashioned kind of gravity about him which made everything he said infinitely droll. He took himself very seriously, and allowed no trifling with his dignity. He took much satisfaction in the thought that he was helping his father; and Amund rather encouraged the idea, giving him a hammer with which he pounded nails into a piece of board, and occasionally mashed his fingers. And all day long, while the carpenter worked, whether in-doors or out-of-doors, the Little Chap bustled about him, sat in the shavings whittling sticks, or chipped the edge of the plane by running it into the heads of the nails, which he drove in wherever a convenient place presented itself. But whatever mischief he got into, whatever tools he ruined, Amund regarded it only as a fair price which he paid for his company. And never once did he scold the Little Chap, but gravely explained to him why he must not do such and such things, as if he had been a grown-up man. And the Little Chap would listen gravely, with a quivering underlip; and when the kindly homily was at an end, he would lie very still, with his head buried in the shavings, feeling terribly humiliated at the thought of his delinquency.

Thus winters passed, and summers, until the Little Chap was eight years old. He tyrannized over his sisters, as usual, and accepted their worship as nothing but his due. He was a sore trial to his mother on account of his stubbornness, and because he was "so hard on his clothes." But to his father he was a staunch and loyal friend; I could almost say an older friend, for he began early to feel a kind of responsibility for Amund, and a droll kind of protectorship. He made him go back and put on his coat when he started out in his shirt sleeves in chilly weather; he would send him back to shave, of a Sunday morning, when he proposed to go to church with a two-days' beard; and he would take his dad's part at the table when (as sometimes happened) the mother would scold him or make unpleasant remarks implying disrespect.

"Mother always thinks that everybody can do things better than my dad," he would observe, in his slow drawl, when his dad had been unlucky enough to arouse his wife's displeasure; and straightway dad would feel a little horny paw under the table grasping for his own. That was his way of consoling his dad.

He believed fully that his dad was the wisest, the cleverest, and the best of men; and however unworthy he might feel himself, what comfort, what happiness it was to this poor overworked carpenter to have one creature on earth who reposed this touchingly unquestioning trust in him! What "my dad" said, that was law; and what "my dad" did was always admirable; and though dad was conscious of many a failing, he would not for the life of him have the Little Chap suspect them. He strove manfully to live up to the Little Chap's idea of him. People said he spoil'd the boy; and the mother, particularly, who was a trifle jealous of their intimacy, declared that it was time the Little Chap was sent to school, and learned something besides whittling and cutting his fingers. This seemed so perfectly rational that out of consideration for the Little Chap, Amund was at last persuaded to send him to school. It was of no use that the boy wept, and declared that he wanted to be with his dad. How was his dad to get on without his help? What would become of dad if he did not look out for him? This idea that he was helping dad had become so rooted in his mind that he harped upon it early and late, and grieved himself thin and pale for fear that his dad might come to harm without him.

Somehow, life was no more the same to Amund, after his loss of the Little Chap's companionship. There was no joy any more in his work; and it seemed too that his luck had deserted him. Once he ran a file, the handle of which broke, into his hand, and another time he nearly split his kneepan with an adze. Then he was laid up for three weeks. Provisions ran very low in the house. Kari, his wife, began to talk about applying for help to the guardians of the poor. It was then the plan matured in Amund's mind to cross the ocean and begin life over again in the New World, where a man of his skill certainly could accomplish something more than to keep out of the poorhouse.

Accordingly, though it nearly broke his heart to part from the Little Chap, he crossed the Atlantic, promising to send for the family as soon as he had founded a home for them in the great West. He begged hard to be allowed to take the Little Chap with him, but Kari would not listen to that, because to her the Little Chap was a kind of a pawn, a guarantee that her husband meant to keep his word, and send for her and the undesirable girls as soon as his circumstances warranted. Her conscience was not quite easy in regard to her treatment of him, and she could afford to take no chances.

Amund arrived at Chicago at a time when skilled carpenters were scarce and wages high. There was a great deal of building going on, and he had no difficulty in obtaining work. He was a master in his trade, thoroughly honorable, frugal, and industrious. It is not to be denied, however, that life is a dreary affair to one who toils and toils from morning till night, and whose starved heart cries out every hour and minute of the day for one whose is far away. Where is the Little Chap now? What is the Little Chap doing now? How does he look? Does he care so much for his dad as he did; and is he as eager as ever to help his dad? These were Amund's constant reflections whenever a little respite from labor afforded him a chance to think.

It was this burning heart-hunger for his boy which made him turn every penny many times before he could persuade himself to spend it. He grew positively stingy, denying himself the necessary food and clothes, always trying to do with little less, in the hope of hastening the day when he should be able to send for the Little Chap. He worked surreptitiously after time in order to earn some extra pennies, and he got the reputation among his fellow-workmen of being a mean, penurious skinflint, who hoarded his wages with a view to becoming a boss some day and lording it over them.

At the end of one year Amund had saved $550 from his wages, but having no confidence in the banks, he carried the entire amount in gold eagles in a leather belt about his waist. The consciousness of carrying so much money made him, however, very uneasy, and disturbed his sleep. Four or five times every night he started up in terror, having dreamed that his money was stolen. It then occurred to him that the only safe way to dispose of it would be to invest it in a cottage and lot on the west side, where land was yet cheap. Land could not run away, and a house not even the most daring thief could steal. Distrusting every one in this bewilderingly strange land, he was in no haste to solicit advice. But one day an advertisement in a Scandinavian paper caught his eye and set him thinking. It read as follows:

"THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

"The Fenston Real Estate Investment Company sell choice City Lots, improved and unimproved, on the Instalment plan. West Side Property a Specialty."

Amund cut this out, read it at least twenty times a day, and carried it in his pocket for a week, before he summoned courage to call at the address designated. But his board kept increasing week by week, and his anxiety grew apace.

Finally, one day in the early spring, he called upon the Fenston Real Estate Investment Company. He had fancied from the advertisement something very complicated and magnificent, and was somewhat disappointed at being confronted with a sandy-haired and very pimpled young man, who sat in his shirt sleeves in a scantily furnished back office, chewing a toothpick.

"Is this—the—the—office of the Fenston Real Estate Investment Company?" queried Amund, respectfully.

"Yes," the young man replied, taking his feet down from the table. "What can I do for you?"

"I—I—should like to see the—the—president of the company, if—if—you would be so very kind as to call him," Amund remarked, apologetically.

"I regret to say the president is out of town at present," said the plausible youth; "but won't you sit down, please? I think, perhaps, I can give you all the information you require; and I need not say I shall be very happy if I can be of service to you."

There was something so insinuating in the young fellow's manner that Amund, though he had resolved to be very cautious, soon found himself talking freely with him.

The next day the young man—Farley was his name—dropped in upon him, by pure chance, it seemed, while he was having his noon rest; and they became better acquainted. The following Sunday they met again; and Farley took Amund about in a buggy, and showed him all the property he had for sale on the west side. He invited him to lunch with him in his little cottage on West Indiana Street, where he was living; and the upshot of many interviews and conversations was that he offered to sell this cottage, with lot, to Amund for $2,000, possession to be granted when $1,200 had been paid, and a mortgage to be given for the remaining amount. It seemed all so perfectly fair and square that Amund, after having got the price down to $1,800 and the furniture thrown in, had no hesitation in closing the bargain. He paid over to Farley the $800 which he had then accumulated, and received an acknowledgment of the amount from him, with promise of deed of payment of $400 more.

Then another year passed. Month by month Amund handed over his savings to Farley, who pocketed them in a cool, business-like manner; and at last, when the $1,200 had been paid, he kept his word, and gave a deed of the property to the carpenter. Joyously then Amund wrote to his wife, telling her to make no delay in coming, for he had now a home of his own in which to receive her and the children. And it was all furnished, and there was a separate room for the Little Chap—God bless him!—where he could keep all his funny little traps, so that his sisters wouldn't annoy him. Much he wrote in this strain for his heart was over-brimming with joy, and life seemed brighter and more beautiful to him than ever before. The only thing that troubled him a little was the fact that the family who lived in the house had not yet moved out. But Farley explained that their lease did not expire until April 1st, and that in the mean while he would have to be patient. On April 2d they would be gone, and then he could take possession.

I shall not attempt to describe the meeting between the Little Chap and his dad. It was just the 2d of April when the family arrived in Chicago, and were put, like so much baggage, into an express wagon and driven to West Indiana street. Amund ran up the front steps with the Little Chap in his arms to show off his cottage; and the wife and the five girls all bundled up with scarfs and kerchiefs until they looked like walking haystacks, scrambled out of the wagon as best they could. Farley had promised to be there with the keys, and formally put the new owner in possession. It answered Amund a good deal when his first and second ring at the door bell remained unanswered, and still more annoyed was he when, at the third, a man who had not the least resemblance to Farley opened the door and asked him, in language more vigorous than polite, what he wanted.

"I—I have bought this house," Amund said, with an air of righteous indignation, "and I was told by Mr. Farley that you were to move out on the 1st of April."

The occupant of the house smiled an extremely unpleasant smile, and asked, coldly, "Whom did you buy it of?"

"Mr. Farley."

"That is a great pity, for he never owned it."

"But where is he? He promised me the keys last night."

"He has gone West."

"Gone West?" An icy terror clutched at the Norseman's heart, and he reeled backward as if he had been struck. "Good God!" he groaned, sinking down upon the topmost step. "Good God!"

The Little Chap, seeing his distress, wound his arms tightly about his neck and rubbed his cheek against his face. He sat thus for five or ten minutes, while the five blonde bundled-up girls stood on the sidewalk staring at him with innocent stupidity. Then the man of the house reappeared, and ordered them in harsh language to move on. And when they only continued to stare in uncomprehending wonder, two policemen were sent for, and the whole family were huddled into a patrol wagon and driven to the nearest police station. There Amund, under the stress of answering the required questions, was aroused sufficiently from his dumb misery to send for a Norwegian lawyer, who presently made his appearance. He listened to the carpenter's story, and then shook his head mournfully.

"You have been swindled, my friend," he said. "You ought to have been more cautious."

"But—but, lawyer," the poor fellow went on, gazing into his face with an anguished expectancy, "he—he—sold me—the house—and here I've got the papers. It's all right, surely. Ain't it, lawyer?"

The lawyer looked at the paper which was handed him, and then dropped it contemptuously on the floor.

"A very clumsy forgery," he said.

"But—but—he couldn't surely sell me—what—what didn't belong to him, lawyer?"

"Yes, he could, if any one was fool enough to buy."

"But, lawyer—I say lawyer—do you mean to say now, that—that I have worked and slaved high on to three years, and often starved and skimped myself for the Little Chap's sake—do you mean to say that—that man is to have it, and not my Little Chap?"

Beads of cold perspiration burst out upon his brow, and the pained wonder and stunned bewildetment in his face were pitiful to behold. His slow wits could not yet grasp the situation, and he was obvious hoping against hope that there was some terrible misunderstanding at the bottom of it all, and that sooner or later it would be cleared up.

The lawyer had in all his practice never encountered so heartrending a case. He weighed his words before he answered, "My dear friend, you have a fearful lesson for your first experience in New World."

Amund, taking in slowly the bearings of this remark, stood staring before him with a vacant look of dawning terror; then tremblingly he raised his hands towards the ceiling, and cried, with a frightful energy, "But, God, what—what you doing up there in heaven when such things can happen on the earth?"

There was a hush as of death in the station-room. In the presence of so monstrous a wrong every one stood helpless and a little awed. After the terrible explosion of despair Amund's head dropped upon his breast, his knees unstrung, and he fell in a heap upon the floor.

The Little Chap, who had stood with his hands in his pockets, a puzzled frown upon his face during this strange scene, grew suddenly alarmed as his father fell. He strove bravely to distinguise his distress, which he felt to be unmanly, but his lips quivered, and his eyes were full of tears.

"Dad," he said, stooping over the prostrate form of his father with a touching air of loving protectorship—"dad, I wouldn't take on so if I were you." He waited anxiously for a response, and when none came, he continued in a soothingly comforting tone: "Dad, dear dad, don't you worry. I'll help you, dad."

The sweet old well-remembered phrase penetrated through the stricken man's numb lethargy of despair. He raised himself suddenly on his knees, stared with a wakening wonder at the child; then, closing him in his arms, he burst into tears.

"Yes, my Little Chap," he cried, "you *will* help me. And may God forgive me for despairing as long as I have you!"

And he arose with the Little Chap in his arms, and the two began bravely the battle of life anew.—[Harper's Weekly.

A Business Woman, Indeed.

Mrs. Lorrata J. Beard, of Montana, who has a Mexican Government concession for a railroad 262 miles long from Tucson, Ari., to Lobos, Mexico, showed to a World reporter in her office, at 401 Broadway, papers which indicate her heavy interest in various other enterprises. She is negotiating with capitalists of Munich, Bavaria, to develop an onyx quarry in Arizona. She has placed on the London Exchange six silver mines located in Arizona and Mexico which belonged to the late G. L. Morse. She is interested in a scheme for the development of Lower California and for the raising of coffee on land there, when it is made possible to ship the product by railroad connections; she has a concession from the government of Honduras for a canal from Truxillo Bay to the Rio Aguanl, to open up the United States market for tropical fruits and precious metals; she holds a Mexican concession for a steamship line from the Gulf of California to Vancouver, B. C., and has a "free continental trade" bill which will be introduced in Congress, which Senator "Joe" Blackburn, of Kentucky, is said to have promised to support.

Mrs. Beard, is the wife of Colonel Beard, of Montana. She is about forty-five years old, a native of Havana, and a daughter of Joaquin A. Velasquez, a General in the Mexican army. She owns estates in Central America aggregating 24,000 acres, along with railway and steamship and mining interests, and attends closely to business, though she manages to find time for home life and to care attentively for a three-year-old son, of whom she is very fond.—[New York World.

Introduced to His First Cadaver.

"Medical students live in a world by themselves," said a young friend of mine who is studying at the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. "We have about five hundred of them now, I should judge, and the majority of them are from out of town. New men are inclined to talk very learnedly of medicine, but as the end of the college course draws near this inclination disappears.

"On the student's first introduction to the dissecting room he is generally stimulated for the occasion by some alcoholic preparation so that he may habituate himself to the overpowering stench. With trembling limbs, but wearing a look of haggard bravery, he approaches the corpse for the first time, fully convinced that medicine is not his forte. His assumed air of indifference is easily penetrated by his older companions, who wink at each and slyly slip pieces of amputated human anatomy into his pockets. The corpse which he has dissected follows him home, as a rule, and gets into bed with him to sit down upon his chest as soon as he drops asleep."—[New York Telegram.

A Doctor in Great Luck.

Dr. Fordyce sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient, when he was more than half seas over, and conscious that he was so. Feeling her pulse, and finding his self unable to count its beats, he muttered: "Drunk! by Jove!" Next morning, recollecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed, and just as he was thinking what explanation of his behavior he should offer to the lady, a letter from her was put into his hand. "She too well knew," said the letter, "that he had discovered his unfortunate condition in which she found him when he last visited her; and she expected that he would keep the matter secret in consideration of the enclosed $500."

NATION MOURNING

Universal Sorrow Over the Death of Gen. Sherman.

TO HAVE A SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

Over 12,000 Grand Army Men to Attend the Obsequies in New York.

THE BODY WILL NOT LIE IN STATE.

St. Louis Citizens Preparing to Receive the Distinguished Dead.

The Cortege to Start on Thursday Afternoon—President Harrison and Ex-Presidents Hayes and Cleveland to Have Positions in the Procession—The Body Covered With an American Flag and Guarded by Regular Soldiers—Over Three Thousand Messages of Sympathy Sent to the Bereaved Family.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—Under the starry folds of the flag he loved so well the honored form of General Sherman lay at rest in the plain but pleasant chamber where he died.

It was a rest well earned. Ripe in his years and full sheathed in his honors, dire rumors of the past faded out by the steady hand of time and the comradeship and friendship of the men whom he had once waged fierce but honest warfare with. He had lived a life plethoric with the best blessing that attend humanity and died honored and mourned by the millions of the reunited nation.

An unstained name, a deathless fame, a heritage to the great unknown after a gallant and heroic battle with disease that added to the lustre of his renown, he could die more happily than William Tecumseh Sherman, the man who with prophetic eye saw death coming afar off and blanched not at the fearful apparition? Let the drums be muffled and the flags float low, but let the hearts of the American people rejoice that they can claim such men as these, last but not least of the war's great triumvirate.

Mourning on All Sides.

The city fluttered with the emblems of patriotic mourning as it has not done since the other great adopted citizen, General Grant, stacked his arms and lay down to die invincible.

It was not the public buildings merely that hung out the colors at half mast, but thousands of private residences on the wealthy avenues, thousands of humble tenements in the squalid streets displayed their colors to the symbolic grief. Across the street from the four-storied house which yesterday became the shrine of hordes of the inhabitants two silken banners bordered with crape hung down. The house itself the sombre drapings of the doorbell were the only tokens that there was the place toward which the nation's eyes were turned.

The dead man's family indulged in no ostentatious grief. They permitted no curious eyes to look upon the dead, and kind comrades and the idly curious were turned from the chamber where the dead lay.

Tributes from Everywhere.

Callers came and left their cards all Friday, and there were enough of these to fill a bushel basket. The telegraph boys brought messages of sympathy from far and near, from Europe and Canada and Mexico and South America, as well as from the nation's capital and from all of the country until they numbered upward of three thousand.

In the General's office in the basement his son and sons-in-law, assisted by Private Secretary Barrett, one of the sincere mourners, passed a busy day reading and assorting the messages and picking out a few of the more important for the use of the press.

Dressing the Body in the Casket.

The body will be put in the casket tomorrow and no one but the family and intimate friends will be permitted to look upon the remains. The casket is of ebony covered with black cloth and lined with white satin. The handles are plain silver bars, and on the lid is a plain silver plate on which is inscribed the name of Gen. Tecumseh Sherman, and the dates of his birth and death. While he was laid in state at his residence in St. Louis his body will be placed in a polished oak casket with silver trimmings.

The body of the General still lies in the room in which he died and is covered with an American flag. Father Taylor was at the house in the afternoon. Colonel Hoyt Sherman, a brother of the deceased General, arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last night. Major Sherman lives in Des Moines, Iowa, but was in New Orleans at the Mardi Gras carnival when he learned of his brother's death. He came on at once. In appearance he resembles General Sherman very much.

Nelson A. Miles also arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last night, having come on from Chicago to attend the funeral. He will accompany the remains to St. Louis.

The public buildings and stores in St. Louis are draped in mourning and the flags will be lowered largely within the next two days.

A Military Funeral.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—The preliminary arrangements for the funeral of the late General Sherman have been made. At 11 a. m. Gen. Howard, Howard and Butterfield, Lieutenant Tyler, aide-de-camp to General Howard, met at the Sherman house and consulted with the members of the family about the matter. It was determined to keep the remains in state at the house from 2 o'clock on Friday afternoon until 10 o'clock Saturday morning, when they will be removed to the City Hall, where they will lie in state until the time for the funeral procession to move.

The funeral will be held in St. Louis, Mo., on Saturday, and the remains will be taken to Washington and there lie in state for a day. It will not lie in state anywhere else.

SORROW IN ST. LOUIS.

Arrangements Being Made to Receive the Body of the Dead General.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 16.—Mayor Noonan issued the following proclamation to-day:

"For many years Gen. Sherman was a resident of St. Louis, and here his body is to be buried. He was one of the foremost men of his time and his life is written in the history of his country. The intelligence of his death will be received in St. Louis with abundant sorrow and emotion. The flags on the public buildings will be displayed at half-mast until the day of the funeral and on that day the public offices will be closed."

The following telegram has been received by Ransom Post, G. A. R.:

NEW YORK, Feb. 15, 1891.

Ransom Post:—The family was glad to accept offer of escort on arrival of remains of Gen. Sherman at St. Louis. Send a delegation of not to exceed four to meet cortege at Indianapolis. Gen. Howard and Gen. Slocum have by request provided for everything from here to St. Louis. Probably leave New York Thursday evening. J. J. HOWARD.

It is thought that the funeral in this city will take place on Saturday next. The Merchants' Exchange Executive Committee have decided to close the exchange on that day. No definite arrangements can be made for the funeral until the committee here is advised from New York. Should the funeral occur on Sunday it is thought it will be the largest one ever held in a western city.

PENNSYLVANIA'S ACTION.

Governor Pattison's Order to the National Guard.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 16.—The following order has been issued from National Guard Headquarters here:

"Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, U. S. A., retired, was born in Lancaster Ohio, February 8, 1820; he died in New York city February 14, 1891. Through all the years of his active life from July, 1840, when he graduated at West Point Military Academy until his death, his one ambition was to serve his country.

"He distinguished himself in the Indian war in Florida, the Mexican war and during the war of the rebellion, in all the grades from second lieutenant to general in command of the army. Always in advance in military ideas movement and action, his march to the sea fittingly crowned his matchless military career.

"Such honors as can be rendered by regiments and companies on the day of the burial will be observed. Officers will wear the usual badge of mourning for 30 days from date of this order.

"By order of Robert E. Pattison, Governor and Commander-in-Chief; William H. McClelland, Adjutant-General."

General Miles' Tribute.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—Gen. Miles was profoundly grieved at the news of Gen. Sherman's death. "And so he has departed," the General said, "the last of the three great American generals, Grant, Sheridan and Sherman, will be classed in history among such soldiers as Wellington and Napoleon and among such patriots as Washington and others."

Beloved at the Capital.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—In no city of America is the memory of Sherman's memory so deeply revered as here. The citizens of the capital, among whom he enjoyed a wide acquaintance, venerated the old hero and sought constant opportunities of testifying it. The President is much distressed over the General's death.

Veterans Honor His Memory.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 16.—At a largely attended meeting of the Sons of Veterans' Association of Northwestern New York, held in Amsterdam, resolutions of respect for the memory of General Sherman were adopted. The badge of the association will be decorated in mourning for 30 days.

Gov. Bulkeley Will Issue an Order.

HARTFORD, Conn., Feb. 16.—Gov. Bulkeley will issue an order to-day from the Adjutant-General's office regarding the death of General Sherman. He will send a communication to the Legislature when it meets again next Wednesday.

THE ADMIRAL'S FUNERAL.

It Will Take Place To-morrow—The Burial Will be at Arlington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Admiral Porter's body will be laid beside that of Gen. Sheridan, at Arlington to-morrow. The ceremonies are intended to be the most imposing seen in Washington since the death of "Little Phil."

Services are to be held at the Admiral's late home, beginning at 2 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Douglass of St. John's is to officiate. The President and his Cabinet, as well as all the army and navy officers available, will participate.

The naval regulations require for the funeral of an Admiral a complement of 5,000 It is doubtful, however, if that number of marines and regulars can be concentrated here quickly enough. Those stationed in the barracks at Washington, Annapolis and Fortress Monroe, together with Grand Army posts and the District National Guard, will constitute the military and naval contingents. Eight sailors from the receiving ship Dale constitute a guard for the body until it is consigned to the tomb. Mrs. Porter has been showered with telegrams of condolence.

THE MAMMOTH MINE VERDICT.

The Coroner's Jury Give Their Opinion of the Cause of the Explosion.

GREENSBURG, Pa., Feb. 16.—The jury in the Mammoth mine explosion case after a short deliberation rendered the following verdict:

"It is our opinion that the cause of the Mammoth mine explosion, occurring on Jan. 27, 1891, was carburated-hydrogen which had accumulated in the lower bed or dip of the mine. No evidence exists to show the condition of the mine at that time, or that ever any gas had existed in the mine at any time to any considerable extent prior to the explosion. We find all machinery about said mine in good condition and working order.

"While we find that the H. C. Frick Coke Company has not been guilty of any neglect in providing for the care and comfort of its underground employes, we protest against the employment of fire bosses and mine bosses in any mine who are addicted to the use of liquor. We also believe that there should be an amendment to the mining laws of the State against the working of any mine under water level with any flame or open light, but to compel the lighting of same by electricity or safety lamps.

"We also recommend that no person be permitted to enter any mine now operated in this State or hereafter opened out except those whose names or numbers shall be kept in a registry at the entry of the mines."

CUSED OF IDOL WORSHIP.

A Providence Pastor on Trial for Paying Homage to Hindoo Gods.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 14.—A curious church scandal is be brought out here through the trial of the Rev. Felix Morgan of the Church of Jesus Christ for heresy.

He is accused of having fitted up in an upper room of his house a heathen sanctuary, in which are several disreputable and heterodox looking idols, to which he pays homage.

The affair is being kept very secret, and the inquiry is being conducted in an upper room at No. 275 High street. There are several other interesting features to the case, a young lady member of his congregation being mixed up in the affair. It is supposed that he has become a convert to Buddhism.

The judges of the Ecclesiastic Court are the Revs. Dr. Gowen and Griffiths of Kentland, Ohio, and the Rev. Lorenzo Powell of Lamoine, Ia.

The Astor-Willing Wedding.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 16.—Three thousand guests have been invited to the Astor-Willing wedding, which takes place to-morrow at the residence of the bride's parents on South Broad street. Local feeling and family pride enter into the matter, and the affair is intended to equal in proportions the Paul-Astor wedding here, and not to be excelled in splendor by the Wilson-Astor nuptials in New York. The cost of the floral decorations alone has been placed at $20,000, which does not seem excessive where thousands of roses costing $3 or more apiece and orchids costing $10 a spray will be used in a single room.

Their Wages Advanced To-day.

NASHUA, N. H., Feb. 16.—Notices are posted in the mills of the Nashua Manufacturing Company and the Jackson Company that the wages of the employes will be raised 5 per cent., beginning today. This is a restoration of the cut down of December, 1889, which caused a five weeks' strike, the most disastrous this city ever experienced. The raise affects over 2,500 people.

A SHOCKING MURDER

Edward McMullen Kills His Wife With a Hot Poker.

HE WAS CRAZED BY WHISKEY.

The Woman's Body Mutilated in a Horrible Manner.

The Murderer Arrested and Confesses His Crime—When the News of the Fiendish Deed Spread a Feeling of Rage Was Manifest in the Vicinity. Threats of Lynching Made.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Feb. 16.—The village of Shermerville, five miles from this city, was the scene of a horrible murder about midnight.

Edward McMullen killed his wife with a red-hot poker, wounding and mutilating her in a shocking manner. McMullen is about 50 years of age and so was his wife. They had been drunk all day, as was their custom after pay day.

In the evening they were alone in the house and were heard by their neighbors quarrelling. No attention was paid to this, but about midnight shrieks were heard coming from the house which were soon followed by groans.

Soon after McMullen came running out of the house shouting and cursing like one insane.

Burned and Mutilated.

When the neighbors ventured in they found the woman lying on the floor with every particle of clothing torn from her body, which was burned and mutilated in a horrible manner.

McMullen had evidently taken a red hot poker, beaten her on the head and thrust it into her body and pressed it into her flesh in dozens of places.

Justice of the Peace Scanlon was aroused and a constable was sent in search of McMullen. He found him lying in a drunken stupor on the road about half a mile from his house.

The Murderer Arrested.

When aroused and told that his wife was dead he said: "I know it; didn't I kill her myself?"

He was brought to this city and lodged in the county jail. The crime is the outcome of almost lifelong drunkenness. Not only have McMullen and the murdered woman been drunkards for years, but their children have inherited the vice.

Two years ago, in the same house, their only daughter, a girl of 20 years, was burned to death with her infant child while lying in a bed in a drunken stupor, while her father and mother were in the next room in the same condition.

When the news of the awful deed spread through the vicinity a feeling of horror and rage soon became manifest. The house was surrounded by curious crowds, but no idle spectators were admitted.

Threats of lynching were heard, but no attempt was made to carry them into execution.

BIG HOSPITAL BURNED.

Over 200 Patients and Several Nuns Safely Removed.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 16.—A night watchman at St. Mary's Hospital discovered the eastern wing of the building to be on fire at 20 minutes past 11 o'clock last night. A general alarm was sent out and the fire department responded promptly. As there were 250 patients, 19 nuns and a number of employes in the building, there was great excitement.

The east wing was totally destroyed, and the entire building was practically ruined before the firemen gained control of the flames. Frank A. Jaynes, foreman of Hose No. 1, was hit on the head by a falling cornice. He was removed to the City Hospital. His injuries will probably prove fatal. All the inmates of the hospital were safely removed to the adjacent buildings and houses.

Yesterday was the golden jubilee of Mother Hieronymo, who has just completed her 50th year as a professed nun, and who founded the hospital. The occasion was to have been celebrated with much ceremony to-day.

Collision in a Fog.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 16.—A dense fog prevented the engineer of the South-bound Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo passenger train seeing the target lights last night, and he dashed at full speed into a freight train standing across the track at the Scioto Valley crossing seven miles south of here. The passenger engine struck the cab of the Scioto Valley train, which had the right of way, whizzing right through it. Engineer Charles Bothwell of Portsmouth and two brothers named Johnson of this city were probably fatally injured, and Mrs. Robert McClure of Reynoldsburg, O., was badly cut but will recover. The wife and three daughters of Congressman Grosvener were on the train but escaped with slight bruises.

The Man Was Murdered.

LANCASTER, Pa., Feb. 16.—The body of the man found with his throat cut in a chicken house in this city has been identified as John Roland. The police upon investigation declared that the man had been murdered. He is believed to have been killed on the night of February 3 by the inmates of a notorious colored resort. An arrest is expected shortly.

Joining the Coke Strikers.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., Feb. 14.—A big mass meeting of cokers and miners was held here last night. This morning 600 employes of W. J. Rainey quit work at the Paull and Fort Hill Works and joined the strikers' ranks. It is expected that the men at Moyer works will join the movement to-night. Deputy sheriffs and Pinkerton guards are protecting Rainey's works from threatened raids.

MARKET PRICES.

Latest New York Quotations—Cattle Market.

BUTTER.—State Dairy, h.f., new, fancy	26
State Dairy, h.f., new, good to choice, lb	24
Western Dairy, fancy, per lb	19
Western Dairy, good to choice, per lb	18
Eastern Creamery, fancy, per lb	26
Eastern Creamery, good to choice, lb	25
Imitation Creamery, fancy, per lb	20
Imitation Creamery, good to choice, lb	19
Western Creamery, fancy, per lb	26
Western Creamery, good to choice, lb	25
Factory, fresh, per lb	19
BEANS AND PEAS.—Beans, Mar., choice	3.75
Beans, medium, choice, new	3.25
Beans, Red Kidney, choice, new	3.00
Beans, foreign, Pea, new	2.25
Beans, Pea, choice	2.30
Green Peas, bbls, per bushel	1.05
Beans, Lima, California, per bag	3.10
CHEESE.—State Factory, fancy	10¼
State Factory, full cream, choice, lb	9¾
State Factory, part skim, per lb	9
State Factory, full skims, per lb	4
DRIED FRUITS.—Apples, evaporated, fancy	16
Apples, sun-dried, fair to choice, per lb	11½
Raspberries, evaporated, per lb	29
Raspberries, sun-dried, per lb	27
Cherries, per lb	30
Blackberries, per lb	9
Huckleberries, per lb	19
Peaches, fancy, per lb	4¾
Peaches, per lb	11¼
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	1.75
EGGS.—Eastern, choice, doz	24
Western, choice, per doz	23¾
Southern, per doz	23¾
FRUITS.—Apples, Ben Davis, per bbl	5.00
Apples, Wine Sap, per bbl	5.25
Apples, Greening, per bbl	6.50
Apples, Northern Spy, per bbl	5.00
Apples, Baldwin, per bbl	4.50