# Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25, 1891.

### The Invasion of Siberia.

Those who have been accustomed to regard Siberia with horror as a terrible and desolate waste colonized exclusively by the criminal population of Russia will be surprised to learn that there are two enterprising nations, namely, the English and the Chinese, who consider it sufficiently attractive to be worthy of invasion. The conquest upon which they are bent is of an economic rather than of a political nature, and their object is to secure possession, not of the rulership, but of the trade and commerce of Siberia, the value of which, according to Baron Nordenskjold, the highest authority on the subject, is stupendous. Siberia, he declares, surpasses the North American Continent in its area of cultivatible soil. Its forests are the largest in the world, and its mineral resources are immense.

While the Russians are striving by every means in their power to exclude the Chinese, who, much to their dismay, are swarming along the auriferous banks of the Upper Yenesei River, they are disposed to foster and assist British enterprise in Siberia. The animosity between the Muscovites and the English, which is so marked in the European portion of the Czar's mighty Empire, seems to be replaced by feelings of warm friendship east of the Ural range. English engineers have been selected to devise the system of irrigation which is to transform Southern Siberia into the greatest cotton-yielding country in the world; English capital has been bespoken for the construction of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and exceptional facilities, including a remission of all import duties, have been granted to the British pioneers of trade upon the Siberian rivers.

It is possible, of course, that this display of good-will on the part of the Russians is due to their intention of barring out British trade by means of a prohibitive tariff so soon as ever the English shall have developed Siberian industry and commerce to enable them to dispense with any further assistance. But for the present nothing is even hinted of any such design, except in a very guarded manner by one of the most obscure organs of the St. Petersburg press. All the other newspapers, both on the banks of the Neva and at Moscow, unite with the London journals in rejoicing at the success of the establishment of direct trading relations between London and Yeniseisk, a city in the interior of Siberia, some fifteen hundred miles from the mouth of the Yenisei River. Until a few months ago Siberia had been sealed against the chief products of Western industry, which could only filter into the country along the great Moscow highway or through the Afghan passes at prohibitive cost. But during the last summer merchandise has been delivered straight from the port of London, with only one transshipment on the way, to the quays of an emporium in the very center of Siberia. Valuable cargoes which left London early in August were actually warehoused at Yeniseisk in October, and the little fleet has just reached the Thames on its return journey richly laden with Siberian produce.

The opening up of the trade of a continent that has until now been reputed even darker than Africa cannot but exercise a favorable influence upon the industry and commerce of the entire world; and in view of this fact we should not hesitate to congratulate Great Britain upon the enterprise which she has displayed, and Russia for her enlightened and far-sighted policy in the matter.

### A Skittish Fellow.

A horse attached to a light wagon fell down in the street and a great crowd gathered in a moment. "Gentlemen," said the driver of the horse, standing up in the wagon, "I will entertain you a few moments with an account of the merits of Drogladd's household pills, I have——"

"But what about this horse?" some one shouted.

"Oh, he's all right, I have trained him to lie down that way to attract a crowd. Cheaper than music, you know. Now to these pills, I'd like to say"—and he ordered up the horse, after which he delivered a lecture, winding it up with a profitable sale of his goods. After a while he drove to another part of the city and his faithful horse fell down again and drew another large crowd.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A SCHEME is under consideration in Cheshire, England, by which it is hoped much of the friction between foxhunters and farmers will in future be obviated. The farmers having complained that while the huntsmen rode over the farmers' land for sport they invariably went to the large towns for supplies, the huntsmen replied that if they knew where to obtain produce from farmers they would be happy to deal with them. Now, by arrangement between hunters and farmers, an agent is being appointed, to whom the farmers will take samples of their oats, etc., and he will see the huntsmen and supply their requirements at market prices.

NO PAPER or publication containing the slightest reflection on the Government of Russia is allowed to reach the hands of the Czar, and he is, therefore, prone to believe that he is not only the greatest ruler on earth, but all his acts are sanctioned by other nations.

## THE WINTER EVE.

Adown the valley, through the fields,
The twilight forces rise,
Day sullenly and slowly yields;
Not so the sunset skies.
A ruddy glow flings up the west,
And twilight mists of gray
In robes of red and gold are drest
Before the dying day.

Beneath the oil Dutch tiles the fire
Glows like the setting sun;
The flames, frail types of my desire,
Before me leap and run.
The shadows that in corners fail
Fade in the ruddy light.
A ray steals through the darkened hall
And banishes the night.

The thoughts of summer days have fled,
And in the embers' gleam
The hopes and joys I counted de d
Awake as from a dream.
Yet they to me are weird and strange,
Like ghosts of days long past:
The year has brought a wondrous change,
The dream I hold will last.

A dream of youth that will endure
As days pass into years;
To hold a purpose high and pure,
To banish cares and fears;
Though dreams of old shall rise once more,
They are not now so plain.
For life is true: there lies before
A higher goal to gain.

—[Flave S. Mines in Harper's Bazar.

## THE MANGOLDS.

BY CHARLES M. BARGER.

"There's nothing against the Mangolds as I know of," the jolly storekeeper at the Rock Prairie settlement remarked, "but it's plain they don't amount to much."

"That's so," spoke up one of the settlers who were warming themselves by the fire at the stove on an early February evening. "They make the two little fellows do all the work. I've never seen the father anywhere."

"Neither have I," said the storekeeper. "They come here in September; the first we see of 'em was nothing the white-topped camper's-wagon standing on the section of Government land near the cabin that the Blagg boys left when they found the land wasn't first-class. The two boys have been here for a few things and always paid for what little they got; but they wouldn't talk much. I guess they're pretty hard up, and I've thought I'd go over and see 'em, but I never got to it."

The other men agreed with this history of the family, and remarked that they, too, had thought of going to see the family, but they had never carried out their purpose.

One had passed the cabin about a month before: he had seen a woman through the window, but nothing more was known of them. They were evidently the one family of delinquents in a prosperous community of settlers.

"Nice, open winter," remarked Squire Gillett, as they arose to go.

"Yes," said the storekeeper. "Plows'll be going next week, though the nights are kind of chilly yet."

"If the Mangolds expect to hold government land, they must get some plowing done right off."

"Correct. Too bad the old man puts it all on those two boys."

Buttoning up their heavy coats, the settlers mounted their ponies, and rode homeward together.

"There's the two boys now," remarked Squire Gillett, when they had ridden two miles or more across the broken prairie. Looking off to the west, they saw two small boys mounted on large, rawboned work-horses, their outlines distinct against the sunset sky.

The two boys were jogging along slowly and in silence. Their slender forms seemed oddly in contrast with the size of the horses they were riding. They shivered in the raw evening air. Heavy clouds were coming up in great black masses from the northeast.

"We must hurry, Joe," said one of the boys, "or we'll get wet."

"I suppose so, for our coats aren't quite waterproof," said the other.

"Say, Clive," Joe went on, after a moment's silence, "don't you think it's been a pretty lonesome winter?"

Joe nodded three or four times, rather ruefully.

"I shall be glad enough when spring comes," he continued, "for then papa can get out of doors and see folks."

"He's pretty sick, don't you think?"

"Yes, Joe, but mamma says he's feeling better, and if we're brave, strong boys, he'll get well again."

"But the plowing? Can we do it all?"

"Do it? We've got to do it, and there are only a few days left before the time will be up, and if we don't have it done we shall lose the claim. It's too bad the harness broke this afternoon, but if the storekeeper has some straps, we'll be all right."

The horses had started into a gallop, and the boys bobbed awkwardly in their seats. Over the swells, down the grassy slopes they went, and then, with a still faster pace, whirled down another declivity, and crashed through the dead sunflower stalks and tumbleweeds that covered the bottom of the slough.

They had gone but a few yards here when the horses suddenly stopped, and sent the young riders sliding forward to the animals' shoulders and manes.

The object which had stopped them was a large and dilapidated "prairie schooner," which stood at the side of the trail. The horses that had been attached to it browsed upon the dead weeds.

A camp fire had been started beside the wagon, and near it, his hands holding his head and his elbows on his knees, was a flannel-shirted and unkempt man. He did not look up until the boys called to him, and then he raised a worn, anxious, hopeless face.

"Anything the matter?" Joe asked.

"Yes, something's the matter. It's the little one." He motioned toward the wagon.

"Sick?" asked Joe.

"Yes, and maybe dying. I've come for days from the West, calculating to take the child home to the old folks in Missouri, but the little codger couldn't stand the journey."

The boys slipped to the ground, and by the light of the fire, approached the back part of the wagon. They drew aside the cover, and let the firelight into the interior.

A child, hardly more than a baby, was moaning on the bed of straw within.

"Can't we help you?" asked Joe, anxiously.

"I don't know. I've tried to find a doctor, but I don't seem to make out. Maybe the folks are afraid of me. Anyhow, they don't seem to want me around, and now I've clean lost my way."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Joe. "We'll take you home. Papa can doctor people."

"But the harness, Joe?" said Clive.

"That's so: I forgot it. Well, I'll tell you: You drive home with the man, and I'll go to the store. I ain't afraid."

In a few minutes the emigrant was on the road toward the Mangold cabin with Clive, while Joe, his courage just a little weakened by the appearance of the still darkening sky, was riding rapidly in the other direction.

"My goodness, who's this?" exclaimed the storekeeper, as he was putting up the blinds of the lonely prairie store for the night. He could hardly believe his eyes when the young rider presented himself.

"And you've come all this way alone?" he said, when he had heard Joe's story. "Well, my boy, you must be a good one. Look here! I'm going home with you."

He put on his overcoat, and wrapped a shawl about the slender boy's shoulders.

"Come," he said, picking up a bundle which Joe thought was certainly too large to contain nothing more than the piece of harness, "let's go."

Together they mounted the horse, and through the falling rain the two rode on mile after mile, the steady swish of the horse's feet through the dead grasses being the only sound to break the stillness of the night.

At last the faint light in the cabin of the Mangolds shone across the plain, and a few moments afterward the storekeeper and the boy had entered the house.

"I tell you what," said the storekeeper the next evening, when a group of settlers had again gathered about his fire, "it wasn't a pleasant sight. There was the baby moaning and suffering, while the little woman was trying to comfort it. Over in the other corner was Mangold himself."

"The old man, eh?" said the Squire.

"He's sick, boys, pretty sick. He's been a kind of doctor in the East, but was ordered here for his health. He hasn't been able to go about any since he came, and his brave little wife and the two boys have looked after everything."

"That's it, eh?"

"Yes. And besides that, out of all of us they were the ones to take care of the camper. The poor fellow was about discouraged, and it was a godsend to him that the boys came across him, for the baby'd surely died right there in the ravine.

"More'n that, boys, I found out that the plowing that has to be done on the claim to hold it from the government ain't near finished. Those children have been trying to do it, and they've got only a few acres plowed. The time expires on the fifteenth of the month,—that's day after to-morrow,—and the claim's likely to be jumped by some outsider."

"I know two fellows who've got their eyes on it," said the Squire. "They've been wanting it for some time, and are going to make a break whenever they can. They're sharp, and I think they've got wind somehow that the railroad's going to strike through that quarter section."

"It'll be tough on the Mangolds to lose their claim," slowly droned out a lank herder, who was occupying the top of a sugar barrel, "but then they don't amount to much in the settlement, and the Hay boys being hustlers—"

He got no farther. The look that the storekeeper gave him quite upset him, and he relapsed into silence.

Then a very important conference was held between the storekeeper and the other settlers; and after it the party separated with smiling faces and a satisfied air.

The rain had cleared the atmosphere, and next morning the sky gleamed in such blue splendor as only prairie skies can know. The air was full of the softness and warmth of an early spring morning in Southern Kansas.

At an early hour there were seen here and there wagons wending their way along the prairie. In each wagon there was a plow or a harrow, and in some of them were heaps of corn and other provisions.

Clive and Joe looked out of the Mangold cabin, and noticed that the horses' heads were all facing them.

"Let's hurry and hitch up," said Joe, and get to plowing. "All the folks are coming by here, and we ought to be at work."

They ran out and began harnessing the horses to the plow, the stranger emigrant looking on dolefully.

"Hold on there, boys! Unhitch those horses!"

It was the storekeeper, with a grin on his face.

"All you have to do to-day," he went on, "is to boss. We'll do the work. Now, say, where do you want your forty acres plowed?"

Joe bewildered, looked around upon the gathering teams, and pointed to a tract around which the boys had made several straggling furrows.

"All right. Now, fellows, hurry up!" shouted the storekeeper.

There was a great rattling of chains and much laughter, as team after team went with its plow to the corner of the field, presently to send a long chocolate ribbon of and rolling after as it took its way around the great square piece of prairie.

"Twenty-four of them," said Mrs. Mangold, counting with extended finger, her worn face lighting up with pleasure. The strange visitation, and the pile of provisions brought by the settlers, had almost overwhelmed her.

Following the plows were harrows; and the land rapidly took on the appearance of a field long tilled. The sun was half-way across the sky, when all stopped at a signal from the storekeeper.

"Boys," he said, when the men had gathered around, "now let's eat dinner, and then we'll finish. But while we're finishing how would it do for some one to go to the village and bring out a certificate of entry on the claim? That'll make it all sure. By that time he will be able to prove that the required plowing is done, you see."

The proposition was received with a shout of approval.

"I'll go," said the lank herder, who had been completely converted to the Mangolds' side.

As he had the fastest pony in the neighborhood, he was allowed to take the trip.

Just before the sun reached the horizon, the square of prairie sod had been blotted out.

As the party gathered around the cabin in the twilight, the herder rode up, his horse white with foam. He held a large official envelope in his hand.

"February the Fourteenth," read the storekeeper, aloud, beginning the certificate. "Boys," he said with a laugh, looking up, "this is St. Valentine's Day."

"That's so," said several of the settlers.

"Tell you what let's do," proposed Squire Gillett, "let's give the certificate to the woman for a valentine!"

Gathering together, with the Squire at their head, they knocked at the door of the cabin. Mrs. Mangold opened it, and the pale face of her husband was seen behind her shoulder.

Squire Gillett made a very handsome little speech, and presented her with the certificate as a valentine, accompanying his formal words with some hearty praise of the brave boys.

"And the little fellow," he asked, "how is he?"

"Much better," said Mrs. Mangold. "His father will leave him here and come back in the summer to get him. It will be safer for him to travel then."

Then she faltered a little. "I—I—cannot thank you enough, gentlemen, for this—valentine," she said, "but you know how grateful we must feel."

"Tut—tut—tut," called out the storekeeper. "No thanking." We ought to be ashamed of ourselves that we didn't help you before, oughtn't we, boys?"

"Of course, we had," they all said.

"And before we go, let's give three cheers for the little woman."

The cheers went up, heartily.

"Now three for the boys," said the squire.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"And three for the baby," added the lank herder.

The cheers went up again.

As the wagons rattled away in the darkness, there was great happiness in the Mangold cabin. There was happiness among the departing visitors, too; and the start they had given the stranded family enabled its members to become as prosperous and as hearty as the rest of the community.—[Youth's Companion.

### Encounter With Albatrosses.

During the passage of a Nova Scotian bark which is now in Liverpool, a most extraordinary affair is said to have occurred, showing alike the ferocious and dangerous proclivities of the albatross. The bark had just got out of the latitude where rough weather is always encountered, and was sailing with a fair wind, when the cry of "Man overboard!" sounded throughout the ship. The unfortunate fellow was a Dane, one of the crew, and he was seen at a short distance breasting the waves. The bark was brought round, answering her helm instantly, and the vessel was soon on her way to the struggling man. Suddenly two large albatrosses were seen to descend with an eagle-like swoop and attack the poor fellow in a terrible manner. Both birds dashed at him, and to those on board the vessel it seemed as if they were endeavoring to gouge out his eyes with their hooked bills, while with their wings they kept beating the unfortunate man about the head. The sight was a terrible one, but it did not last long, as the bark sailed over the course where the Dane had fallen overboard about seven minutes before, but he was nowhere to be seen. There was no doubt in the minds of those on board that the poor fellow was killed by the albatrosses, as he was a powerful swimmer, and seemed to fight desperately for a few moments with the ferocious birds.

### Dissolution of Stones.

It is stated that a Bohemian has discovered a combination of chemicals, by the use of which the hardest stones can be dissolved and molded into any shape, "the cast being as hard as flint, translucent and capable of taking on a brilliant lustre." Very beautiful colors are said to result from the process, which the inventor has so much belief in that he is endeavoring to get some capitalists to back him to float a company to carry out the invention on a large scale. It is claimed that while in the fluid form the dissolving stones can be used for coating anything having a hard or glossy surface.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

FIVE shillings a week is the sum paid to the toiling women who are breaking roads in remote districts of Ireland at inclement weather.

IT is reported that the accounts of the Paris exhibition of 1889 will show a surplus to the state's credit, and it is, besides, an agreeable contrast to the accounts of the exhibition of '78, when there was a large deficit.

WHILE Germany loses only 110 persons per annum from smallpox, France loses 14,000. Dr. Brouardel attributes the astounding difference to the rigid way in which vaccination is enforced in Germany, and to the carelessness of his countrymen in this matter.

TRINITY, in New York city, is by far the richest parish in this country, and even in the world. The taxable property, which produces an annual income and is leased for secular purposes, is valued at only $8,000,000, but the immense blocks upon which Trinity Church and St. Paul's chapel stand are worth enormous sums.

MORE than 200,000 wells have been sunk in the oil fields of western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Ohio in the last thirty years. The total production of petroleum foots up probably more than 500,000,000 of barrels. The wells cost, on an average, at least $5,000 apiece, and represent in the aggregate a larger investment than the total money engaged in the iron and steel industries.

IN England recently it was decided that there is no legal liability for wounding a person in a hunting field where the injury was not intentional or due to carelessness. The case was rather aggrevated, as a man employed to beat up pheasants and carry game lost the use of one eye through the shot of one of the sportsmen. The jury decided that the sportsman was not negligent, but they assessed the damages at $100, should the Judge find that there was legal liability. It would be very difficult to find a jury in this country not partial to hunting as to relieve a sportsman from all blame, and for the loss of an eye $500 would be regarded as merely trifling damages.

"It is bad enough," says a physician, "to have quinine sold as freely as sugar, but morphine is a drug which ought to be retailed only under special conditions. Some cough pills contain an extraordinary amount of morphine, and it is really wonderful more serious consequences do not result. A few days ago I was called to see a man who was very sick, and who had evidently taken a large quantity of morphine internally. He explained that he had been taking some pills for dyspepsia, and when these were shown to me I saw at once that cough pills had been given him by mistake. He had taken as many as six at a dose, and if he had not been blessed with a wonderful constitution he would have found it difficult to pull round."

GENERAL DIAZ, the President of Mexico, is going to try a peculiar experiment in leaving his country to go to Europe. His strength in Mexico is magnificent, and it is thought that it depends on his presence there. After he had been President so long as the customs and the law allow, he resigned and another man took his place, but after one term of private life the law was changed and he was re-elected without longer possibilities of service. An example of his methods it is recalled that he found bands of brigandish, disorderly outlaws in many of the states. He ordered the various Governors to secure him the names of these freebooters. Then he sent for the outlaws themselves and told them he intended to organize them into a sort of militia or civil guard. He added that they could fall in with the plan or be hunted down and shot, whichever they chose. They chose to be soldiers, and now compose a splendid organization.

THE era of the wooden sailing ressels, according to the Captain of an American ship, is passing away. He predicts that within fifty years the wooden deep-water ship will be as rare as the wooden steamship is now. He says the steel ship is lighter, cheaper, and, in proportion to the size of hull, has a greater carrying capacity than the wooden craft. Freight rates are eight times as low as they were when the Dreadnought made her famous run to the great Liverpool, and to carry freight profitably the hold of the modern craft must be capacious and her crew must work cheaply. Machinery for hoisting sail has lightened the work of the sailors, and has cheapened his labor. The British man and cheapened his labor. The British shipyards are turning out big steel sailing craft with a rapidity that indicates that they have come to stay. Within the last few years a fleet of about twenty monster four-masters, all measuring more than 2,000 tons, have been launched.

"THE Jones County Calf Case" is the title of a legal action which will rank in the history of Iowa jurisprudence with the most celebrated cases. The calves involved were not more than ordinary calves—born in a very common manner, nourished with the usual bacteria, fed and turned out to grass as soon as they were able to work their grinders successfully. The calves that were, if all be true, must be gray and decrepit cows. Twenty years ago the action was begun, and has been in the lower courts several times and has graced the Supreme Court—not the calves, but the case involving the calves—with its presence on more than one occasion. The attorneys have waxed fat and rich over it. The bovines may have been worth $25 apiece when the case began. The total cost of the case amounts to about $20,000. If anyone believes that there is nothing in litigation let him contemplate these figures.

# BURNED TO A CRISP

## Six Lives Lost in a Tunnel Collision in New York.

### THE WRECKED CARS TAKE FIRE.

### Failure of the Signal System the Cause of the Calamity.

### Citizens Render All Possible Assistance to the Tortured People—Taking Out the Dead and Wounded—Railroad Officials Disagree About Responsibility—Engineer Fowler Arrested.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—A rear end collision between a "shop special" and the New Haven local in the Fourth avenue tunnel at 84th street at 7:20 a. m. was the direct cause of the death of six persons and the maiming of three others. The deadly car stove was the indirect cause of the fatalities, as it communicated its fire to the wrecked cars, and increased the horror of the calamity by literally roasting to death victims of the collision. The list of dead and injured was as follows:

**The Dead and Injured.**

The following is a corrected list of the dead and injured: Dead—John Hancke, aged 39; Michael Mullane, aged 15; Mrs. Ellie Supple, Mrs. Ellen Fay, John Murray, aged 49, all of this city, and an unknown colored man. The injured—William F. Brown, a brakeman, injured internally; D. M. Culbreth, colored cook, suffering from shock, Engineer Fowler and Brakeman Lynn, slightly hurt.

**Who is to Blame?**

So far as the details are ascertainable, the responsibility narrows itself down between an engineer on the Hartford local and the operator at the signal station at 42nd street.

The engineer says that, notwithstanding the fact that a train was in the tunnel only a few blocks ahead of him, he was given the signal of "clear track" at 42nd street. In this he is sustained by his fireman and conductor. The operator, on the other hand, asserts that the signal was clearly set at "danger," but that, disregarding this, the engineer ran by. The trackwalker confirms this statement, and the New York Central officials are inclined to hold the operator free from any fault on the strength of an investigation which they made, and which they claim shows that the engineer ignored the signals that were posted.

**Crushed and Bruised.**

Wherever the blame lies, the result of the carelessness displayed was most shocking. In the narrow confines of the brick tunnel one train loaded with passenger dashed into the rear end of a freight train.

By a miracle no one was injured on the crowded passenger coaches. But on the other train death came in the most horrible form to six poor working people, car cleaners, bound for their day's work at Mott Haven. They were maimed and crushed under the shattered ruins of the car in which they were riding, but their sufferings on this account were as nothing compared with what followed.

Fire broke out among the wreckage and the helpless creatures were roasted alive. They could see the flaming death crawling near them, and could feel the terrible heat of the fire on their backs for some time before the blaze reached their pinioned bodies. They called out for help in a wild agony of fear and horror, but their cries could bring them no succor. All around were the walls of the dingy tunnel, lighted up now by the hungry fire, which transformed the scene into a regular underground furnace. Through this mass of flame raging there no one could venture to the rescue until the firemen had conquered fire with water.

**Succor Came Too Late.**

And then it was all over with the imprisoned victims. Fire, smoke and the hiss of the fatal engine had done their work. The unfortunates had died shrieking for aid—aid that was only a few feet away, but from which they were as effectually barred by the great piled brick and stone as if buried a mile underground in a burning coal mine.

The bodies of the dead and dying were brought up in the 86th street station of the railroad, where they were laid out side by side. The dead were covered with blankets, while priest and surgeon administered to the injured. They were then transferred into the ambulances and taken to the hospital.

**The Engineer Arrested.**

Louis C. Fowler, the engineer of the New Haven train, was arrested and taken before the coroner, who committed him without bail. Fowler has been 13 years with the railroad and is considered a careful engineer.

Superintendent Shepard of the New York says that Fowler and his fireman reported to him as soon as possible after the accident. Both claimed that the signals were clear and that they were the lights. Neither of them knew of the existence of the yard train until their train crashed into it.

## FAMILIES HOMELESS.

### Gas and Explosion Cause a Panic Among Tenement Dwellers.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Feb. 21.—Fire broke out last night in a row of tenement houses in that part of the city known as Downtown. The tenements are occupied largely by Italian families who became terribly excited and narrowly escaped losing their lives in trying to save their effects. The fire started by a clerk named dropping a lighted match between some oil barrels in the cellar of Adams's grocery.

The flames spread rapidly and several barrels exploded. The neighborhood is thickly populated, and at one time it looked as if a great amount of property would be destroyed. The loss will be $10,000. About 20 families were

**The Hungarian Extradited.**

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—An extradition warrant has been received by the Hungarian Consul in this city from Secretary of State Blaine in the case of Josef Christoffy, alias Howack, a fugitive from justice. The accused was taken from jail and delivered to Captain Ruich of the German steamer Fulda. Christoffy was chief collector of taxes in Hungary and embezzled a large amount of the funds. He fled the country, came here and was arrested. He confessed his guilt and agreed to return to Hungary.

**Anteo Resold for $60,000.**

LEXINGTON, Ky., Feb. 21.—Late last night S. A. Brown, of Kalamazoo, Mich., who bought Anteo at public sale here for $55,000, resold him to H. S. Henry, of Morrisville, Pa., for $60,000 cash. He will take him to his Pennsylvania home and keep him as a private stallion.

**Bad Freight Collision in Quebec.**

LACHUTE, Que., Feb. 21.—About 4:15 a. m. two freight trains collided two miles west of St. Hermis, completely demolishing both engines and several cars. Both engineers and firemen were injured and one man killed.

**Appointed Minister to London.**

LONDON, Feb. 21.—Bourcart, secretary to the Swiss Legation in Paris, has been appointed Minister to London.

**Attempt at Assassination.**

BUENOS AYRES, Feb. 21.—An assassin fired a revolver at General Roca, wounding him slightly. The assassin was immediately arrested and precautions taken to prevent a rising against the government.

**The French Budget.**

PARIS, Feb. 21.—The increase from customs is expected to cover the loss from the reduction of the railway traffic duties, which came into operation on April 1. No fresh taxes are needed.

**Disastrous Fire.**

WATKINS, N. Y., Feb. 21.—A disastrous fire occurred here about 6 a. m. destroying the Watkins Democrat block, the Kendall Hotel and two other three-story buildings occupied by H. Considine. The fire communicated to the Fitzgerald block and Cole's bottling works, which were also destroyed. The total loss will amount to about $25,000.

**The Hearing Adjourned.**

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The motion of William J. Gardner in behalf of Attorney-General Taber for the appointment of a receiver of the assets of the American Loan and Trust Company in the suit brought to dissolve the corporation and to annul its charter, has been adjourned until Tuesday, owing to the efforts being made to set the concern on its feet again.

**Charges Against a City Treasurer.**

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 21.—In the common council last night charges were preferred against city treasurer Edmond A. O'Brien by Alderman Barnes. O'Brien is charged with absenting himself from his office, with failure to make his annual report, and with being in default $1,173. This deficiency was shown by the report of George D. Dimon, an expert, who has been examining the treasurer's books for some weeks. O'Brien has been living rather fast of late, and his books have not been posted for over a year.

**Death of Ex-Judge Caleb Green.**

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 21.—Caleb Smith Green, ex-Judge of the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals, is dead, aged 72 years. He was born near Trenton and was graduated from Princeton College in 1837. He was was admitted to the bar in 1841 and for 30 years was prominent in public life.

**Jugiro Failed in His Appeal.**

NEW YORK Feb. 21.—Jugiro, the Japanese murderer, has failed in his appeal to the United States Supreme Court to escape the penalty of electrocution. The Court has denied the writ of habeas corpus applied for by his counsel.

**King William is Worried.**

BERLIN, Feb. 21.—The Kaiser is worried over the rumors that his health is such as to necessitate his spending four months in the milder climate of Italy. These rumors are accompanied by the assertion that during the alleged contemplated absence of the Kaiser from his capital his brother, Prince Henry, will be placed at the head of the regency. It is officially stated that the rumors are baseless.

**Lord Churchill's Intentions.**

LONDON, Feb. 21.—Lord Randolph Churchill is expected to address his electors within the next ten days. It is said that he does not intend to take any active part in Parliament this season and will be much absent from London.

**The Servian Ministry Resign.**

VIENNA, Feb. 21.—The Servian Ministry has resigned.

**New Silver Mining Company.**

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 21.—The certificate of incorporation of the Pyramid Silver Mining Company was filed in the County Clerk's office here. The company will carry on its mining operations in New Mexico. The principal office is to be in this city. The capital stock is $2,800,000. The stockholders are T. S. Reynolds, G. C. Buell, James Jackson, jr., of Lockport; Marsenus H. Briggs and Isaac W. Moore.

**About the Coal Trade.**

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Feb. 21.—The coal output still continues to exceed that of last year, being now 900,000 tons in excess of the same period a twelvemonth ago. It is also evident that the production for the first two months of 1891 will exceed the 5,000,000 tons agreed upon unless there is a radical curtailment of the production during the last two weeks of the month.

# SHERMAN AT REST

## The Warrior Buried in the City He Loved So Well.

### A GRAND FUNERAL PAGEANT.

### Great Outpouring of Veterans and Friends from Several States.

**Fully 25,000 Men in Line—The Procession Several Miles in Length—The Services at the Grave Conducted by the General's Son—The Funeral Party to Return East To-Night.**

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 21.—The funeral train bearing the remains of General Sherman to his last resting place arrived here at 5 o'clock this morning. There was a large crowd at the station, which was heavily draped in mourning.

The casket and funeral party remained at the depot until 11 o'clock when the procession to the cemetery took place.

The city that the dead General loved so well made his obsequies an event memorable in the annals of the nation and a funeral pageant that was worthy the fame of the last great triumvirate of American generals.

Prominent among those in the procession were Hoyt Sherman, jr., of Omaha, a nephew of the deceased, Col. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), who served under General Sherman as a scout on the plains a quarter of a century ago, Col. Forsythe of Fort Leavenworth, Hon. Amos Townsend from Ohio and Governor A. J. Smith from Leavenworth, and delegations from Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Kansas, Iowa and other states.

The precession was in five divisions and several miles in length. The number of men in line was fully 25,000. The following were the local pallbearers: Military—Maj.-Gen. John Pope, Brevet Maj.-Gen. Amos Beckwith, Brevet Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith, Brevet Maj.-Gen. John W. Turner, Brevet Maj.-Gen. Willard Warner, Brevet Brig.-Gen. John W. Barringer, Commander Charles S. Cotton, U. S. A. Citizens—Judge Samuel Treat, Col. J. L. Leighton, Col. Charles Parsons, Byron Sherman, Daniel F. Harrison, Isaac H. Stirgeon, Thomas E. Tutt, R. P. Tansey.

Brief funeral services took place at the grave, and were conducted solely by Father Sherman, who declined the offers of co-operation and assistance tendered by members of the local priesthood, and said that he desired to use his own discretion with respect to the character of the services and to perform them himself.

Amid the booming of artillery the General was laid to rest beside his wife and children, and a military guard will watch the grave.

The funeral train from the East will leave here at 7 o'clock to-night on the return trip.

## THE POPE'S PLAIN TALK.

### He Accepts the Republic of France and Rebukes the Monarchists.

PARIS, Feb. 21.—The Figaro says that Bishop Freppel has handed to the Pope a letter signed by the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, M. Paul de Cassagnac and 45 members of the Right and has had two audiences with the Pope.

The Pope declared himself in a better position than any one else to judge as to the best course, and since he accepted the republic he saw no reason that any Catholic, even a bishop, should reject it. On two points, he said, no misconception was possible: First, that the government must be acknowledged, and second, that the Church must hold aloof from political parties.

**Great Relief for France.**

LONDON, Feb. 21.—The French government is immensely relieved by the departure from Paris of the Empress Frederick and her daughter, the Princess Marguerite. Notwithstanding that no hostile demonstration was made, the authorities were in continual apprehension lest some fanatic should make an attempt to injure the Empress. Detectives in large numbers were employed to keep a watch for dangerous persons, and anyone who approached the imperial carriage was closely inspected. While the Empress was dining at the British embassy ten police agents in plain clothes kept guard outside, and no one was permitted to loiter on the street in the vicinity.

**Lady Campbell Attempts Suicide.**

LONDON, Feb. 21.—A constable last night discovered a woman standing on the Thames embankment weeping bitterly and making such motions as indicated her intention to commit suicide. He placed her under arrest and at the police station it was ascertained that she was Lady Lyang Campbell. Shortly after her arrest Lady Campbell's husband made his appearance, and after he had furnished surety for the future good conduct and safe-keeping of his wife, the lady was permitted to depart with him for home.

**Terrible Torture.**

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 21.—Theere is intense excitement herr over the horrible accounts received from Warsaw of torture inflicted in the examination of political prisoners. Poles arrested on a charge of being interested in a revolutionary propaganda were flogged severely and questioned at intervals in the flogging. One of the victims was intentionally deprived of sleep in order to drive him into delirium, during which he might make acknowledgements.

**Dr. Harris Secures Bail.**

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Feb. 21.—Judge Barnard fixed the bail of Dr. Harris, who is under arrest for malpractice, charged with causing the death of Carrie Gerard, at $5,000, and that of Mr. and Mrs. Gerard at $1,500 each. Dr. Harris secured bail and was released.


THERE ARE POETS AND POETS.

How Some Writers of Verse are Deceived in Their Own Work.

Though nature and life are full of poetry great poets are few; for the poet is not a seer only, but a "maker" also. Innumerable hearts and minds have the gift to perceive what only one has the gift to perceive and write. People are constantly self-received about this, and fancy they can express, because they can feel, the beauty, harmony, and pathos of the world; and the delusion is sometimes kept up by the fact that now and again, in a rare verse or two, the fancy comes true. More often something not good, but nearly good, is achieved, and the writer sees in it not what it actually is, but what he meant it to be—an error the reader does not make.

Again, assiduous perusal of other poetry, combined with what may be termed unconscious memory, produces a quantity of versification which apes the form but lacks the soul of real poetry. The composer's inspirations is stimulated or generated by the marriage of a faint original experience and a strong communicated hint while his utterance falls hoplessly into the lilt and fashion of the exemplar. Indeed, the strongest poets who ever soared have often at the outset of their flight thus timed their wing strokes by those of some broad-pinioned predecessor. But, after passing an apprentice shop sloft they have learned a rythmic motion of their own.

There is another class of rhymers who, judging them on the basis of what they have done, might have developed into original poets, but who—whether through pressure of circumstances or from deliberate choice—have turned into other channels the energy that would have won the bays; or we may say that their poetry, instead of getting written down, is worked out in the deeds and relations of their lives. They do the beauty which others sing; they show how well good actions rhyme and how musically fall the feet of noble purposes. Friends are their critics, and the criticism they offer is their friendship.

A man who, feeling poetry within him, resolves that it shall be felt rather than heard, may claim the honor due to a noble self-abnegation. Toward such the muse, we may suppose, feels an arch and peculiar tenderness; for, although professing to renounce her, human frailty leads them now and again openly to invoke her, and to strive with somewhat unready tongue to voice her inspiration. She marks their embarrassed wooing with a secret smile and affects coyness, but, perhaps, loves them none the less for their timidity. She is theirs in spirit, though not in form. "Our union," she says, "can never be fully acknowledged before the world; but the bond between us is nevertheless a vital one, and hereafter in the higher life its integrity shall be vindicated."

**His Victory Came Too Soon.**

A Detroit wholesale house sent an agent into one of the northern counties the other day to investigate and report on a failure of a dry goods man whose assets were below zero. The bankrupt was perfectly willing to explain how it all happened.

"You see," he said, "I got married about two years ago. Up to that time the postmaster and his wife had been at the head of society here and run the ranch. He had the only swallow-tailed coat and she the only silk dress in the town."

"I see."

"We had to make a lead for the head, and I bought my wife a $12 bonnet and a diamond ring."

"Yes."

"The postmaster bought his wife a broncho pony and a pair of diamond ear-rings."

"Yes."

"Then I subscribed $200 to a new church, gave two lawn parties and bought a top carriage and a pacer."

"Yes."

"He came up smiling with a new brick house, a progressive eucher party, and gave $250 to the heathen of Africa."

"I see."

"Well, I had gone in to smash him or lose a lung, and so I pledged myself for the preacher's salary for a year, lost $400 on a deal in wheat, kept two hired girls, bought three Persian rugs, backed a barber shop, took a half interest in our home newspaper, and presented every church in town with a bell."

"That must have laid him."

"It did. He threw up his hands and surrendered, but when you fellows in Detroit drew on me at three days' sight, I was dished. I am sorry it happened, but you can't blame me. If that postmaster hadn't made a fool of himself I'd been able to pay 150 cents on the dollar."—*Michigan Tradesman.*

Todiscern light in shadows is an art.

Oklahoma Guide Book and Map sent any where on receipt of 50cts. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

In Paris there are 56.000 gaslights.

**Proving His Case.**

Judge Bacom—Uncle Abner, didn't you say those chickens you brought on Christmas were tender?

Uncle Abner—Dat's w'at I say, yassir!

Judge B.—Well, you old rat, they were tough as black gum knot. I'm inclined to have you arrested for false pretenses.

Uncle A.—Hol' on dar, Judge. Didn' yo' gree ter take dem chickens in full an cl'ar ob dat bill yo' got agin me?

Judge B.—I certainly did; but what's that got to do with it?

Uncle A.—Dat's de hull case, Judge. Ef yo' 'gress ter dat fac', an' yo' mos' sholy do, den 'cordin' ter de revisable statchoos dem chickens war legum ten'er.

SYRUP of FIGS