Andover News.

WEDNESDAY APRIL 29, 1891.

NEARLY 2,000 persons commit suicide in Russia every year; the violent deaths of all kinds annually reach 45,000; while 16,000 die of typhus fever, the most destructive disease in the country.

THE chimney of a stove in Paris refuses to draw; smoke fills the stove; workmen called in to investigate, finds object in chimney; object turns out to be dead body of infant six months old.

Chronology of Iron.

Bible speaks of Tubal Cain as the discoverer of iron and the father of smiths; the Egyptians imputed to Hephæstus the same honor, while Pliny mentions it having been discovered by the Dactyles, on Mount Ida, after the forests on the mountain side had been destroyed by lightning, this about 1432 years B. C.

Jeremiah and Ezekiel both mention iron in their scriptural writings, the latter specially mentioning two qualities of the metal, calling one "bright iron," which was probably steel. Moses mentions an iron furnace, and Job speaks of it as being taken out of the earth. Thousands of years before the opening of the Christian era the Egyptians used iron in making sickles, knives, etc. Sparta first used iron for money; Britain also used it as a medium of barter and exchange prior to the conquest by the Romans. The use of steel is known to be quite ancient, its invention being ascribed to the Chalybes, who in ancient times lived at the present Batoum. The Britans, before the time of Christ, used to export iron to Gaul, and after the Roman conquest the conquerors established extensive smelting works, which existed at least as late as the Saxon conquest. Iron bars were demanded by William the Conqueror as tribute from the city of Gloucester. In 1355 Edward III. forbade the export of iron from England, and in 1483 the importation of iron articles that could be made at home was forbidden. Bar iron was made in the American colonies as early as 1662. The tinning of iron was introduced from Bohemia in 1681. The first experiments in smelting iron with anthracite coal were tried at Mauch Chunk, Penn., 1829; in France two years earlier, and successfully in Wales in 1837. The first iron works in America were established near Jamestown, Va., in 1619; in 1662 the works were destroyed and the workmen and their families killed by Indians. The next attempt was at Lynn, Mass., on the banks of the Saugus, in 1648. The ore used was the "bog" variety, still found in abundance in that vicinity. At these famous iron works Joseph Jenks, a native of Hammersmith, England, in 1652, by order of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, coined the first of the historical old "pine tree shillings."—[St. Louis Republic.

Date Palm Legends.

Of the various palms the date palm is one of the most useful and ornamental. The old Assyrians thought it was the mystical tree of life, and other ancients considered the date the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden. The Greeks are very fond of the tree, the splendid stem of which is said to have given them the first idea of columns. They said Hercules had brought the first palm to Greece from the infernal regions. The Romans were the first to give palm branches to victors. But the natives of India have woven most legends and stories round the tree which gives them food and shelter. The following is one of the most fantastic ones. A palm grew by the side of a lake in Central India. It was visible during the day, and in the evening it vanished in the earth. One morning a pilgrim climbed to the top, but the tree grew rapidly to a tremendous height, so that the pilgrim was scorched to death by the hot rays of the sun, and the palm itself was scorched and died. On the spot where it had grown there stands now the idol of the genii of the lake called Taroba.—[Brooklyn Citizen.

Drawing the Line.

Landlady (trying to start the conversation)—Are you fond of the antique, Mr. Slim?

New Boarder (suspiciously)—Um—er—not at table.—[Good News.

A REVISED FABLE.

You may say, "The grapes are sour,"
Smiling add, "They're hanging high,"
And it is not in my power
To deny the assertions to deny.

But I'd like to turn the tables,
And display the other side,
For I sometimes think old fables
Show extremely narrow pride.

And the fox—poor, ancient creature!
Has been most misunderstood,
For he surely had *one* feature
Which we all consider good.

When we lose a hope, most cherished,
Who of us does not feel sad?
But the fox, when his had perished,
Made the most of what he had.

—Caroline Evans, in the Century.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP

BY JOHN ALTURN.

Poor Tom! He was a fellow among a thousand; brave as a lion, merry as a lark, and so handsome and dashing!

Shoulder to shoulder we marched many a long mile under the baking African sun; and when Tom succumbed to fever and died, there was not a dry eye in the regiment.

"Harry, old man," he said to me, watching through an opening in our tent, the last sunset his mortal eyes were to look upon, "I can trust you to give these trinkets to my sister Mary, can I? She will prize them. She always had a tender spot in her heart for her good-for-nothing brother. Poor child; she will be alone now—quite alone. A risky fate for a pretty girl of twenty. Well, never mind. My little Mary! Harry, I wish——"

The sentence was never finished, and the voice which, with its merry ring, had given courage and hope to many a fainting heart of late, sank into eternal silence.

Reverently I took charge of the poor boy's legacy to his sister, his medals and crosses, won at the peril of his life. Soon afterwards fate led me back to Europe.

Tom's sister was in Paris, and thither I was eager to betake myself with all possible speed, to resign my charge, and, if possible, on the strength of my intimacy with Tom, to win a place in his sister's regard.

If a fellow can fall in love with a photograph and a glowing description, I, thanks to poor Tom's affectionate eloquence, was in love with Mary Marsden. I believed that my comrade's half-uttered dying wish was that I might win the right to protect Mary.

Arrived at Marseilles, I found a letter from my aunt, Mrs. Cashmere, begging me to visit her for a few days at Mentone, as she had an important matter to discuss with me.

This invitation, interfering as it did with my desire to seek out Mary at once, was most unwelcome—particularly as I strongly suspected the reason of my aunt's ardent wish to see me. She had doubtless been playing a little too recklessly at Monte Carlo—the love of gambling being a long-established infirmity with her—and wanted me to help her out of a tight place. Well, one good turn deserves another. In my bread-and-jam days many a half-sovereign had found its way from Aunt Cashmore's purse to my jacket pocket; why should I not put a generous face upon the matter and befriend her now, though I devoutly wished the summons had come at some other time.

Accustomed as I had been of late to the attire of African ladies on their native soil, my aunt's toilet and appearance struck me forcibly.

She was a handsome woman, perfectly aware of the fact, and the rustling, tinkling, and faint odor of patchouli which accompanied her movements, attracted an attention which was not, on the whole, ill paid for the trouble it took to look. She wore her silky, white hair high above her still fair forehead; a soft-tinted shawl hung usually about her silken shoulders in a loose, picturesque fashion; a glittering profusion of costly rings detracted from the beauty of her hands, and pendent from her waist dangled a bewildering array of ornaments, mostly of considerable value—a velvet bag with massive silver clasps, embossed with jewel-studded scent bottles, and a chatelaine so loaded down with trinkets that it was as if she had dragged a silver grappling hook across a jeweller's counter, retaining all the miscellaneous haul.

I thought all this display vulgar in the extreme, but contented myself with expressing a fear that she might be robbed some fine day on one of her walks abroad, as she persisted in wearing all this war-paint.

"Don't be a fussy old granny before your time, Harry, dear," was all the thanks I got for my solicitude. "I haven't lived ten years on the Riviera for nothing,"—she had not, as her losses at Monte Carlo could testify—"and I'm quite able to take care of myself and my property. We have, fortunately, outlived the days of highway robberies upon public thoroughfares."

My aunt had known Tom Marsden's family in years past, and was deeply interested in my mission to Paris. Very reluctantly, to satisfy her almost childish pleading, I showed her Tom's souvenirs, placed in my hands in trust for his sister. It seemed a sacrilege to produce them in such an atmosphere. My annoyance was extreme when Aunt Cashmore begged to be allowed the custody of these valuables until evening, as she particularly desired to show them to a friend. I refused at first, but her voluble pleading at last made me weakly give in.

A few hours later, as I was particularly distinguishing myself over a game of billiards, a fellow brought me a note summoning me to the Hotel des Palmiers, where my aunt lived, with all possible speed.

Here I found a pretty state of commotion. Mrs. Cashmore, my aunt, had been attacked in the avenue and robbed, the thief escaping with his plunder. As soon as I had ascertained that my respected relative had come off without bodily hurt, I could not repress an unworthy feeling of inward triumph at my astute prediction being so promptly and forcibly verified, but I, of course, maintained a discreet silence upon this point while listening to the victim's account of her misfortune.

"I was returning to luncheon leisurely enough," she began, "when, on turning into that quiet bit of ilex walk, I was startled by a man jumping over the hedge and saying something to me which I did not understand. Then, all in a flash, he pushed me back against a tree, clapped one hand over my mouth—oh, such a dirty hand!—and with the other tore off my bag, the chatelaine, and all the rest of it. He got some of my bracelets, too, though I don't quite know how many. Then he bolted, and how I did yell! but it was of no use. A cloud of waiters went scudding down the road after the rascal, but he was too quick for them. I'm very sorry, Harry, but those medals and things of poor young Marsden were in the bag. They were fortunately not of very much value, and I don't suppose—"

"Good gracious! you don't mean to say the thief has got Tom's last gifts to his sister!" I cried, in horrified dismay.

"Yes, they are gone; but what are those bits of things compared with my black pearls and real Indian filigree, and——"

I interrupted with some exclamation more forcible than polite, I fear, for I was vaguely conscious of my aunt's gazing at me in high dudgeon.

What a fool I had been to allow Tom's trust to leave my hands for a moment! I was no more fitted to be given such a mission than any rascally blackleg. Could I ever hold up my head again at the bare thought of Mary Marsden, whom I had so wronged by my dastardly carelessness? And as for looking in her face, how could I dare do that, unless those stolen goods could be recovered?

They must be recovered; if it took my last penny I would win back poor Tom's legacy, or never know a light conscience again.

"What was the fellow like, aunt, who made the attack?" I asked, with fluttering eagerness.

"A shortish, stumpy man, with a broad nose, and small, dark eyes. One of his hands had a deep scar on the back."

This was a useful and important clue, which the police officers noted with avidity; and I shortly had the assurance that the best measures possible for tracing the criminal will be taken at once.

My state of mind bordered on desperation, and I could see no clear way out of my difficulty. I shrank from presenting myself before Miss Marsden minus her brother's gifts, and yet she might wonder at my non-appearance, having been told of my mission by Thompson. On the other hand, I loathed the idea of tarrying at Mentone where the mishap had occurred.

In the midst of my perplexities I heard the day after the robbery that suspicious characters had been traced to Marseilles, one of whom might turn out to be the man we desired to entrap. Marseilles being a step towards Mary, I decided to betake myself thither to find out if there was any truth in this statement.

My only companion in the railway carriage was a sharp-featured lady of uncertain age, with multitudinous parcels and bags. Not wishing to annoy her with attempts at conversation which might be unwelcome, I retired behind my newspaper, and forgot the lady's existence.

Though I stared fixedly at the printed page, my mind was miles away with Mary, whom I was fated, perhaps, never to see.

Mr bitter-sweet reverie was disturbed unexpectedly by my travelling companion twitching nervously at the corner of my paper. I looked at her in astonishment, and saw that she was much agitated; she drew the paper from my hand, pressing her huger to her lips to enjoin silence.

"I'm in for some sort of a romantic set-to with a crazy woman," I thought to myself, as I involuntarily glanced at the alarm signal on the wall opposite.

The lady wrote hastily some words upon the margin of my paper, which she then returned.

I read:—

"There is a man hidden under the seat. Are we in danger of an attack?"

Much puzzled to know whether my companion was off her head, or really frightened with cause, I wrote in reply:

"Are you sure? Did you see him get in?"

"No, I felt him; he clutched my foot," was scribbled hastily beneath my query.

It was clearly my duty to investigate the cause of my fair neighbor's growing alarm; so with astute caution I asked, with marked distinction, if the lady objected to tobacco smoke, contorting my face the while with signs that she was not to answer in the negative.

She confessed to a decided preference for the odor of a good cigar.

"Thank you for the permission, madam; deprived of my smoke, I really suffer."

It was such a relief to speak after our solemn interchange of written sentiments upon the ragged edge of the Times, that I was prepared to give utterance to any amount of garrulous platitudes. I lighted a match, talking volubly the while, and when it was blazing, purposely dropped it upon the floor, exclaiming at my own awkwardness:

"It was my last match, too. I really must try to save a spark of it to light my cigar."

I stooped to pick up the burned fragments, and took one sharp, comprehensive glance beneath the seat. My companion was right—a man lay crouched and huddled there among the shadows. His face was turned away, but I saw his hand clearly, upon the back of which the scar was visible through the dirt and grime.

At sight of this villainous-looking hand, my heart began a merry dance. Not from fear, my self-respect obliges me to protest against this possible imputation—but because we seemed to have in our clutches the rogue who had stolen poor Tom's medals.

I might dare to present myself before Mary, after all, instead of hanging back like a whipped hound.

"Am I not right?" the lady said, with her eyes this time, instead of with her pencil.

"Yes," I wrote: "we must give the fellow in charge as soon as possible. Don't let him know we suspect his presence."

I reflected that our precaution of writing everything referring to the culprit was perhaps needless, as a common thief from the Riviera would scarcely be likely to understand English, still, in such cases, the extreme of prudence was better than the lack of it altogether.

The half-hour elapsing between the discovery of this man and our arrival at the next station was fraught with ill-concealed terror for the sharp-faced lady, and much repressed excitement for me. Would the man dash out, and either attack me or make good his escape before the train stopped? Far better for me to be worsted in a tussle with him than to lose him and his booty for ever. I could not form a guess as to his strength, not having seen more of him than his branded hand. For the lady's sake, I devoutly hoped that we might be spared a scuffle.

Presently, to my intense relief, the train began to slacken its speed, and the hoarse voice of the guard shouting the name of the station sounded like celestial music in my ears.

I seized upon the first official I could find as we stopped, and he collecting the desired force, made short work of arresting the man who was stealing his ride. He was dragged forth with very little resistance: he saw how useless a fight would be, and was soon in safe custody.

To my inexpressible joy, poor Tom's medals were found upon the thief's person, together with the greater part of my aunt's property.

Two days later I was in Paris and the happy recipient of an invitation from Miss Marsden to dine with her at the villa where she was temporarily lodged, ten minutes' distance by rail from the city.

Lovely, dark-eyed Mary, pale as a lily in her black dress; my heart went out to her in sympathy for her great sorrow. I loved her from the moment when she put both her hands in mine and welcomed me as a friend and companion of her lost brother, and before many weeks had passed by I had won from her the assurance that my love was returned.—[Yankee Blade.

Ivy Growing on Trees.

Although ivy growing on trees is considered very ornamental, yet, says an English authority, there can be no doubt that it retards the trees' growth and healthy development, and in time causes their death. The ivy roots itself into the bark of the trees of hardwood as well as pines, and when fully established the trees gradually exhibit a stunted appearance compared with that of the same species where no ivy has been allowed to grow. In cutting up the wood of these ivy-covered trees, the timber, as a general rule, is shorter in the grain and not so elastic. When it is thought desirable to gid the trees of ivy it should be cut at the base of the stem and allowed to decay and fall from the tree gradually of its own accord, for if torn off at once some of the trees are apt to die by sudden exposure, while others are almost certain to become bark-bound, thus lessening their value to a large extent.—[New York World.

School Globes.

The manufacture of school globes was begun in this country in 1853. The first one made was only five inches in diameter, but the sizes were rapidly increased as the globes came into popular use. The balls on which the maps are pasted are many of them made in Boston, from whence they are sent to Troy to be covered and mounted. The balls are composed of papier mache, and the maps are printed in small sections on drawing paper. These sections are so carefully put on the ball that not a line or break occurs; the globe is next painted and varnished. It requires three months to construct one of those miniature worlds from the time the ball is begun until it rests in its frame or sits aloft upon a brass, bronze or nickel standard. The sizes manufactured range from three to thirty-three inches in diameter, and cost from $2 to over $200 in price, and are mounted in forty different styles.—[New York Dispatch.

In Mortal Terror of Nihilists.

During a banquet to the Czarevitch of Russia at the Government House, Madras, a loud explosion was suddenly heard outside the window. At the sound the Czarevitch and his suite instantly sprang to their feet, with hands on their swords and consternation on their faces. It turned out that a soda water bottle had burst on the verranda. Letters from India report that the officials were delighted to get rid of the Czarevitch, as everybody was in a state of trepidation lest he should be assassinated. He was terribly nervous during all his public appearances.—[New York Post.

A WORM-EATING PLANT.

Curious Evolutions of Nature in New Zealand.

One of the officers of the steamer Marposs had a sort of a missing link on exhibition yesterday. It is a combination rush caterpillar in New Zealand, of which country "it" (or they), is (or are) native.

The caterpillar part of the specimen is just an ordinary every day caterpillar, of the kind scientists call the Spheria Robertsia.

The bulrush part of it grows out of the back of the worm's head, and but for the fact that it has a fork in it it could not pose as a miniature American bulrush of the kind commonly known as cattails.

It is about eight inches high, and has hairy stems formed a shell to cover the root.

The catterpillar is only three inches long.

He was quite dead, of course, and careful dissection showed that the root of the bulrush had eaten out every particle of the worm's interior, so that the hairy hide simply formed a shell to cover the root.

The plant is scientifically known as metrosiderks robusta. It grows in New Zealand in more profusion than this particular variety of caterpillar does. While the bulrushes are frequently found without the caterpillar, it is seldom that the caterpillar is found without some bulrush is using him for a vegetating pot, and the extra size of the rushes that spring from the caterpillar betoken that there is a natural affinity for flesh on the part of the plant.

Those who have investigated the subject of the strange combination state that the caterpillar burrows in vegetable soil prior to its metamorphosis, and in its burrowing gets some of the minute seeds of the bulrush lodged in the scales of the neck. Nourished by the warmth, moisture and richness of the insect's body, the seeds strike root into the unfortunate caterpillar's brain. The change into chrysalis is at once stopped, and after a few days the caterpillar dies, whereupon the bulrush proceeds to convert the entire animal substance into plant life.

The hide undergoes this change also, but does not lose its form, and many specimens possess the horns, legs and claws intact but for the transformation of substance from animal to vegetable.

The bulrush pursues its way uninterrupted until every particle of the caterpillar is transformed, when it, too, dies, and the bunch of seeds at the top blow away to chase other worm viteims.

The native New Zealander is very fond of the combination when it is fresh for food, and when evolution is complete for coloring matter to be used in their tattooing.

Decomposition has never been known to occur in a case where the rush completed its deadly work. The plant usually completes it, too, for if the stalk is broken off during growth a second one immediately sprouts just below the wound.—[San Francisco Examiner.

Hawaiia's Leper Colony.

The leper community is on the island of Molokai, in the Hawaiian archipelago. On this island are a number of precipitous peaks, and at the base of one of these, which is 3,000 feet high, lie the Kalaupapa plains, stretching seaward, and wholly without communication with the rest of the island, except by sea, as the wall of rock stretches on either side to the water's edge. To this plain, thus isolated by nature, all lepers are banished as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear. This settlement was formed by order of the king in 1866, for it was found that, in spite of stringent commands to secure the isolation of individual cases, these could not be carried out while the lepers were allowed to live with their families and friends. Outside of the fact that the lepers are debarred from any direct communication with non-infected persons, no restriction is laid upon them. Their village, which has usually an average of about eight hundred persons, has its churches, schools and stores as other villages have, and also government officers. The government provides all with shelter, necessary clothing, and daily rations of good food; for all luxuries they must depend upon their own resources or the generosity of friends. Medicine and the attendance of a physician are provided by the government, which also appropriates $20,000 a year, a certain portion of which is to be given for every instance of actual cure in the case of a leper. All officials of the island are lepers: the teachers and ministers, with the exception of a Roman Catholic priest, are lepers. These unfortunates employ themselves in many ways; have a band of music and a military drill. There is a large hospital kept in admirable condition in which the more advanced and serious cases are cared. Their disease is the Chinese leprosy, in which the flesh becomes discolored and decays.—[New York Dispatch.

Grim Humor of a Millionaire.

A story illustrating the recent tightness of the money market in New York city, is told of a millionaire business man who has an office in lower Broadway. He desired to raise the sum of $15,000 on his personal note. He sent it to the bank with which he kept his account, with a request that it should be discounted. This the bank officers refused to do. He then sent to several of his wealthy friends, but none of them could accommodate him. Finally he sat down at his desk and with grim humor drew a note for $5, pinned to it a $10 bank note issued by his own bank, got several of his millionaire friends to indorse the note, and then sent it down to his bank with a courteously worded message, asking if they would discount that note for him.—[Times-Democrat.

NEWS OF NEW YORK.

BOSTON, April 28.—A bill was reported in the House which extends the time allowed for building the Cape Cod Ship Canal four years.

GALENA, Ill., April 25.—"Doc" Wilson is said to be in Galena, and is known here as Dr. Levi L. Moen. He is engaged in the patent medicine business.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., April 25.—In the joint Senatorial caucus last night three ballots were taken, the result in each being: Call 57, Speer 39, Bloxham 1.

NEW YORK, April 25.—A coroner's jury found Henry C. Fanning guilty of the murder of Mrs. Emily Taylor. Fanning was sent back to the Tombs.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., April 25.—Fire destroyed eight large ice houses in this city belonging to H. R. Leavens and T. S. Coolidge, containing 8,000 tons of ice. Loss at present unknown.

NEW YORK, April 25.—In the past three days 9,164 immigrants have landed at the Barge Office. This eclipses the record of any three days in the history of the Barge Office Landing Bureau.

WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y., April 25.—The large barn belonging to Michael McNamara, situated about three miles west of here on the Hulsetown road, was totally destroyed by fire at midnight. The barn was filled with hay and contained 43 head of cattle, all of which were burned to death.

NEW YORK, April 25.—The body of John Callaghan, who fell into the sewer on East Twenty-third street, was recovered last evening at the foot of East Twenty-third street, near where the sewer empties into the East River.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23.—Charles Rementer, aged 45, who is blind and a professional beggar, was arrested charged with murdering his wife. The woman was found dead at her home to-day with her body covered with bruises.

PITTSBURG, April 23.—By an explosion of benzine in the Iron City Galvanizing Works Charles Arnold, aged 21, was fatally burned, and Louis Lenz, aged 21, was seriously burned. The loss to the building is $5,000.

HAMBURG, N. Y., April 23.—Wilford D. Harris, aged about 25 years, committed suicide during the afternoon by cutting his throat from ear to ear. No cause is known for the act. He leaves a widow and two children.

AMPERSAND, N. Y., April 23.—The ice went out of the upper and lower Saranac lakes during the morning. This is one day earlier than last year. This insures the opening of trout fishing throughout the Adirondacks May 1.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., April 25.—In excavating for the foundation of a building in this city workmen found a chest containing the bones of a skeleton, which had evidently been chopped to pieces with an axe before burial.

BOSTON, April 25.—Mrs. Martha Hall, aged 65, of Lowell, Mass., who had one leg and her nose broken, and her spine injured, in the Old Colony railroad accident at Quincy, has been awarded $11,000 by the arbitrators.

CAMDEN, N. J., April 27.—Walter Tice, 20 years old, and Charles Christie, aged 18 years, of South Camden, were drowned yesterday in the Delaware river below this city. They were in a sailboat with 12 other young men.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 25.—Morgan L. Mott, the well known horseman and breeder, died at his stock farm at New Hackensack, last night, aged 73 years. His mother, aged 102 years, and two sons survive him.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 25.—Morgan L. Mott, the well known horseman and breeder, died at his stock farm at New Hackensack, last night, aged 73 years. His mother, aged 102 years, and two sons survive him.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., April 23.—A report was adopted by the Presbytery of North Philadelphia inviting attention to the teaching of Dr. Briggs. The General Assembly of the church is requested to scrutinize his sermons.

PITTSBURG, April 23.—Several hundred carpenters quit work on buildings where the stone masons are locked out. The other trades have as yet taken no action, but it is likely they will adopt the carpenters' policy before May 1.

NEW YORK, April 27.—President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, says that so far as he knows there has been no change in the situation with the miners, and he believes they will strike for eight hours on May 1.

FRANKLINVILLE, N.Y., April 23.—Mrs. C. McIntyre, who eloped with her brother-in-law from Lyndon, has returned home with her deserted husband, who found her at Olean. The two brothers were business partners and lived on adjoining farms.

COLUMBUS, Ind., April 27.—A monument fifty feet in height of Bedford limestone will be erected May 10, with appropriate ceremonies, marking the center of population, as shown by the Census Bureau. It will be on a farm twenty miles east of this city.

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 26.—Reports from all over Minnesota and the Dakotas indicate that yesterday was the warmest April day in the history of the country. The highest point reached was 92 degrees at Aberdeen, S. D. General fear is expressed that the excessive heat will be followed by a cyclone, as happened at Winchester in 1883 and St. Cloud in 1886.

WILMINGTON, Del., April 28.—For the third time within six months the post-office at Greenville was robbed and the thief was caught in the act. Two men are now serving terms for robbing the same office.

CHICAGO, April 27.—J. W. Hannan and L. R. Davis, two envoys from the striking miners and coke burners of the Connellsville district, are in the city soliciting financial assistance for the strikers. They have been on a similar errand through Pennsylvania and Ohio, meeting with fair success.

NORWALK, Conn., April 25.—The grip has been very prevalent here for some time, and hundreds of persons are confined to their houses with the disease. Seven deaths occurred here in a single night. The doctors of this town are all overworked attending to patients suffering from this disease.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., April 23.—A telegram received here from Consul General Frye at Halifax states that the Canadian government has agreed to grant American fishermen license. Several vessels will start for Nova Scotia and secure crews under a license.

CHATHAM, Mass., April 25.—G. Collins, a retired chaplain of the United States army, died here last evening, aged 75 years. He was appointed chaplain of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania Volunteers when the war broke out and was retired from the regular army in 1879.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 25.—C. J. Hamlin, the veteran breeder of this city, has announced the retirement of his famous stallion, Manbrino King, from public service. This action has created a sensation among Erie County breeders.

NEW YORK, April 23.—It is reported on good authority that Charlie Mitchell will be arrested as soon as he sets foot in America and held to answer for his share in the Sullivan-Kilrain prize fight, which took place at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889.

TRENTON, N. J., April 23.—T. V. Powderly, Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, was here and investigated the strike of the sanitaryware makers and learned that it was a fight of the manufacturers against organizations, and he has promised financial assistance in the near future.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 23.—Some time ago the employes of the various express companies were subjected to a reduction of 10 per cent. in their pay. An order has been issued by the American Express Company notifying its many employes that on May 1 their salaries will be raised 10 per cent.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., April 27.—A dog fight took place in a barn on the outskirts of the city last evening, and was followed by a general row among the spectators. Rob Peyton, the owner of the victorious dog, was the worst sufferer, and was perhaps fatally injured. He was beaten and stabbed, his skull was fractured and his arm broken.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 27.—Raphael Stearns, an importer and a prominent Grand Army man, committed suicide at his residence, 1164 Keap street, by stabbing himself to the heart with a table knife, which he had sharpened for the purpose. Mr. Stearns, who was 50 years of age, had been in ill health for several months, and was probably mentally deranged.

NEW YORK, April 23.—Rumors of financial troubles in the affairs of the American Car Equipment Company have been current for some time. It is admitted by its officers that the company has practically suspended and will be put in the hands of a receiver in a few days. The liabilities are said to amount to several hundred thousand dollars, but no definite statement in regard to the amount can be obtained.

Detroit's Strike to Be Arbitrated.

DETROIT, Mich., April 25.—The Mayor has sent a letter to the street car officials, suggesting that the trouble between the company and its employes be settled by arbitration. The secretary of the street railway company replied, accepting the Mayor's suggestion. It is not thought that any attempt to run cars will be made until the Committee on Arbitration reports. The strikers are jubilant.

Shot Himself Before the Girl He Loved.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 25.—Last evening at 9:30 o'clock, as Mr. Skillman, son of Rev. Dr. Skillman, was returning to his home in Greece, nine miles from here, Edward Happ, aged 18 years, stopped the buggy and said to Miss Jessie Fisher, the young lady riding with Mr. Skillman, that she was the only girl he ever loved. He immediately drew a revolver and placed it to his own head and fired. The young man will probably die.

AVENGED THEIR COMRADE.

A Body of Soldiers Break Into a Jail and Shoot to Death a Prisoner.

PORTLAND, Ore., April 25.—The news has been received here that a body of 150 soldiers broke into the jail at Walla-Walla, Wash., and shot to death A. J. Hunt, who shot Private Miller, Wednesday night.

It is reported that the guards fired on the soldiers and that several persons were killed.

Big Planing House Burned.

PHILADELPHIA, April 27.—The five-story building, Nos. 728 and 730 Cherry street, occupied by J. R. Jones & Co. (The National Publishing Co.), who conducted an extensive book publishing business, was completely destroyed by fire during the morning. Loss, about $200,000; insurance, one-third to one-half. The origin of the fire is unknown. One hundred tons of paper, which were stored on the top floor, were burned.

Will Strike for Eight Hours.

BERLIN, April 27.—The Westphalia miners, in a meeting held at Bochum, have resolved upon a general strike tomorrow, and have appointed a committee of 21 delegates to negotiate with the masters for eight hours and an increase of wages.

YON MOLTKE IS DEAD

The Great Military Strategist Passes Away Suddenly.

STRICKEN WITH HEART FAILURE

The News of His Death Caused Great Sorrow in Berlin.

He Was Present at the Reichstag Yesterday Afternoon—The Ninetieth Anniversary of His Birth Was Celebrated Last October—Sketch of the Great Field Marshal's Career—The Kaiser's Sorrow.

BERLIN, April 27.—Count von Moltke died suddenly here last night. He attended the session of the Reichstag held in the afternoon. His death was very sudden, and the physicians who were summoned announced that it was caused by failure of the heart. He died at 9:45 p. m., passing away quietly and painlessly. The news of the Count's unexpected death has caused great sorrow in this city.

Sketch of a Glorious Career.

The passing away of Count Hellmuth von Moltke, Chief Marshal of the German Empire, will leave a vacancy as great as that left by the death of Frederick the Great. He was certainly the greatest General of the present century. He was more to Germany than Grant was to the United States, for he won from the beginning on military tactics and plans peculiarly his own.

GEN. VON MOLTKE. at Parchim, in Mecklenburg, October 26, 1800. He was, so to write, brought up with the sword ever within sight.

The family settled in Holstein when the subject of this sketch was an infant, and at the age of 12 young Moltke was sent to Copenhagen to study modern science.

Count Maltke entered first into the Danish service, being of Danish descent, but shortly afeerward, in 1822, passed into the Prussian army. In about ten years he succeeded in achieving promotion to the staff.

In 1835 he made a voyage to the East, where he was introduced to Sultan Mahmoud of Turkey. At the request of the Sultan Von Moltke undertook important military reforms in the Turkish service and also won considerable credit in the Syrian campaign of 1839.

Returning to Prussia, he was appointed Chief of Staff in 1856, and aide-de-camp to Prince Frederick William. He devised the campaign of 1866 against Austria, and, having been promoted to the rank of general, he directed operations, under King William, in the decisive battle of Sadowa. He is credited with having laid out the plan of operations for the Franco-Prussian war, and he was the chief military director on the German side in that great struggle. The investment of Paris was his plan for ending the war.

He has since been the chief military figure in Europe, keeping up his activities even until his death.

DAVITT COMING HERE.

He Will Try and Regain His Health in California.

LONDON, April 24.—Michael Davitt's resignation from the editorship of the Labor World was made necessary by the state of his health. The doctors told him that he must take a long holiday or break down. He still retains his stock in the company which controls the paper, and will contribute to its columns occasionally.

Mr. and Mrs. Davitt will soon start for San Francisco, and will remain on the Pacific coast for an indefinite period. Mr. Davitt will take no part in politics during his absence.

Mr. Michael Davitt when asked if he intended to make a long stay in the United States, replied that he was only going to California for rest and in order to recruit his health. It is Mr. Davitt's intention to return soon to England.

Cause of the Explosion in Rome.

ROME, April 25.—The investigation made by military and engineering experts shows that the explosion of the magazine at Pozzo Pantaleo originated in the accidental discharge of some sharpnell capsules. Seven of those who were taken to the hospitals in a critical condition have died. King Humbert has been unremitting in the manifestation of his solicitude for the families of those who were killed and for the wounded.

Drowned Himself in a Bath Tub.

BALTIMORE, April 25.—Albert W. Bissel, 45 years old, committed suicide by drowning himself in the bath tub at his home, 630 Gold street, last night. He was despondent over continued ill-health and lack of employment. Bissell formerly lived in Woodsborough, Vt., and was a war veteran.

An Unnatural Son.

ELIZABETH, N. J., April 25.—Patrick Conners was arrested here charged with causing the death of his mother. He while drunk, dragged her about the room and she fell dead. He had just completed a term in prison for assaulting her. Death was due to heart failure brought on by shock.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., April 27.—The officers of the fair held here last September, President Roth, Secretary Hecker and Treasurer Butz, have been arrested for permitting gambling on the fair grounds. Daniel Dutt, who served 90 days in jail for gambling on the fair grounds, is the prosecutor.

NEW YORK, April 27.—Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is confined to his bed seriously ill with the grip.

MARKET PRICES.

Latest New York Quotations—Cattle Market.

BUTTER.—State Dairy, u.f., new, fancy	26
State Dairy, u.f., new, good to choice, lb	25
Western Dairy, choice, per lb	23
Western Dairy, good, per lb	20
Imitation Creamery, fancy, per lb	24
Imitation Creamery, good to choice, lb	23
Welsh tubs, fancy, per lb	28
Welsh tubs, good to choice, per lb	25
Western Creamery, fancy, per lb	29½
Western Creamery, good to choice, lb	28
Factory, fresh, per lb	23
BEANS AND PEAS.—Beans, Mar., choice	2.35
Beans, medium, choice, new	2.25
Beans, Red Kidney, choice, new	2.50
Beans, foreign, Pea	3.10
Beans, Pea, choice	2.20
Green Peas, bbls, per bushel	1.15
Beans, Lima, California, per bag	2.85
CHEESE.—State Factory, fancy	12½
State Factory, full cream, choice, lb	11½
State Factory, part skim, per lb	10½
State Factory, full skims, per lb	4
DRIED FRUITS.—Apples, evaporat'd, f'cy	16
Apples, sun-dried, fair to choice, per lb	13½
Apricots, California, per lb	18
Raspberries, evaporated, per lb	26
Raspberries, sun-dried, per lb	25
Cherries, per lb	27
Blackberries, per lb	8½
Peanuts, fancy, per lb	8½
Pecans, per lb	11½
EGGS.—Eastern, new laid, choice, doz	15
Western, choice, per doz	14½
Southern, choice, per doz	14
FRUITS.—Apples, Russet, per bbl	4.50
Apples, Wine Sap, per bbl	5.50
Apples, Greening, fancy, per bbl	6.50
Apples, Northern Spy, per bbl	5.00
Apples, Western Baldwin, per bbl	5.00
Cranberries, N.J., per 30-qt crate	3.00
Oranges, Fla., Mandarins, per box	3.50
Oranges, Fla., fancy, per box	3.75
Oranges, Fla., tangarines, per box	3.50
Strawberries, Florida, per quart	30
Strawberries, Charleston, per quart	30
HAY AND STRAW.—Hay, No. 1, per 100 lb	65
Hay, Clover, mixed	50
Hay, Salt	50
Hay, shipping	45
Long Rye straw	85
Short Rye Straw	65
Oat Straw	55
Wheat Straw	50
POULTRY, ETC.—Live Western Geese	1.50
Chickens, spring, per pair	1.00
Chickens, Western, per lb	13½
Ducks, Western, per pair	1.00
Fowls, State, N. J., and Pa., per lb	13½
Fowls, Western, per lb	13½
Roosters, per lb	10
Chickens, Phila. mix. weights, per lb	16
Chickens, New Jersey, per lb	15
Ducks, Western, fair, per lb	16
Ducks, Western, poor, per lb	12
Turkeys, frozen, prime, per lb	15
Turkeys, young Toms, prime, per lb	13
Squabs, white, per doz	4.25
Squabs, dark, per doz	2.50
Plover, Golden, per doz	2.00
English Snipe, per doz	2.00
Live Pigeons, per pair	30
VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, Canada, per bbl	3.50
Potatoes, N. J., Peerless, per bbl	4.00
Potatoes, N. J., Blush, per bbl	3.25
Potatoes, New Jersey, Queen, per bbl	3.25
Sweet Potatoes, Vineland, per bbl	3.25
Sweet Potatoes, N. J., per bbl	2.25
Onions, Conn., white, per bbl	7.50
Onions, Conn., red, per bbl	6.00
Onions, Orange Co., red, per bbl	5.00
Cabbage, Fla & Charn, bbl	2.00
Lettuce, New Orleans, per bbl	3.50
Turnips, Russia, Long Island, per bbl	80
Tomatoes, Key West, per box	75
Celery, per doz roots	75

WILL FIGHT IN TWO CITIES.

St. Paul and Minneapolis Wrangle Over the Hall-Fitzsimmons Battle.

ST. PAU