Andover News.

WEDNESDAY MAY 20, 1891.

RAILROAD is the only debt which it is wrong to pay.

OVER 38,000 copyrights were granted to American authors during the past calendar year.

THE cotton yield for 1890 is now placed at 8,160,000 bales, as against 7,800,000 bales for the year 1889.

A Ghost at the Throttle.

"I don't think any Eastern railroad engineer has forgotten the terrible Richmond switch disaster on the Providence & Stonington road. It had a very pathetic feature about it. A little brook became swollen by the rain and carried away a railroad bridge. The train came rushing along that night and was hurled into the chasm. Giles, the engineer, when he saw the danger ahead, instead of leaping from the engine as the fireman did, grasped the lever and reversed the engine. But it was too late. The train was going at such speed that the locomotive leaped clear across the stream and they found Giles lying under his overturned engine with the lever driven through his body, and one hand clutching the throttle valve with the grasp of death.

Giles, when he came into Providence, was accustomed to give two peculiar whistles as a signal to his wife, who lived near the railroad where it enters the suburbs of the city, that he was all right and would soon be home. The absence of these whistles was the first intimation which was received at Providence of the disaster. When the engine which made the terrible leap on that stormy night was rebuilt and put on the road again, there was at first great trouble in getting engineers for it, with such a superstitious horror was it regarded. Today there are people ready to swear that they have heard whistles, such as Giles used to blow as signals to his wife, sound through the suburbs of Providence when no train is coming up the road. And I am not prepared to say they are wrong," says an old engineer in the New York World.

Decay of the Spanish Don.

In a general discussion of the times in California Mr. Buck alluded to the shiftlessness of the Spanish population. "It is interesting to note the progress in a retrograde direction of a Spanish grandee who became possessed of lands and cattle," he continued. "For instance, when I came to Salina County the great don who owned nearly everything was Don Pena, pronounced 'Penya.' Today he is the same proud old don, but the glory of his hidalgo has departed, also nearly all of his possessions. He may before long become a creature dependent upon charity. It was a case of selling this bit of land and that, etc., until everything has vanished. The Spanish can make additions to their capital only through a fortunate year with cattle. All other methods attempted by them are signal failures. It won't be so very long before the last of the dons departs, leaving nothing but the prospect of a career of toil before his progeny."—[Chicago Herald.

The Oldest House in Washington.

Down at the foot of Seventeenth street, away from the usual route of the guide-book sightseer, stands the oldest house in Washington. The moss had grown thick upon its humble roof long before quarrelling Congresses wrangled and disputed over the location of the future "Federal City," and when at last the dispute was ended, and a definite site selected, it was found that the unpretentious home and paternal acres of a sturdy old Scotchman, David Burns by name occupied a large portion of the proposed situation.

The homestead itself was located almost upon the immediate bank of the Potomac, here a mile or more in width, and only a little distance away from the beautiful hill upon which the Observatory now stands—the hill upon which, it is related, Braddock's forces camped on their first night out from Alexandria, in that ill-starred march into the wilderness.—[New England Magazine.

TOO MANY FOR HIM.

BY WARD MEREDITH.

Yes, boss, I'e done packed up, for sho'; I'e gwine to git ready quick.
P'an what de person preach to-day dese parts
Fo' me. Case why? Great Cesar! Di'n't yo' hear de parson's warnin'?
He said de resurrection day was mighty nigh a-comin'.

Now, boss, ef dat yere profesy am wuff de bress dat gub it,
Hit's a h'l sight more fo' me ter think ob home an' how I lub it,
Cuz 'you' dat sore-lot is whar de cemetery's
An' dat' I got six wifes a-seeded down, an' pas' all prayin'.

Wha' dat ter do wid my vamoosin'? Boss! dat's jis' a booster;
Hit's dat idea makes me feel mo' skittish dan I uster,
Case ef dat resurrection ho'n am goin' to be a-tootin',
Ef I don' money now, dat rise'll sen' me cally-bootin'.

Jeroosolem! Jun' 'tink ob it! Dem hal'-a-dozen
All comin' up ter claim dair rights! De lam'! Yis fo' er bitters!
But dat's too much; hit's fo'ein' me ter o'ganize a haren
Ob folks dat knows my weaknesses an' hankerin' ter air 'em.

In corse I chposed 'em, boss, an' 'lows dat each un' bee her merits;
But den, yo' know, hit does n' do ter be a-mixin' spirits;
An' of dat resurrectin' fotches me dis househol' chowder
Hit's gwine ter stir up marters mo' dan any setlitz-powder.

No, no! Dem wifes is dear ter me, dat is, in single doses;
But er I is gwine ter be bumbarded wid 'em, I ter shin de ranch; I hain't de chile ter hitch up ter de traces
An' re-doins' de home affa'rs on sich a hullaule basis.

WE BUILD THE LADDER.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true;
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

A SWEET REVENGE

BY HUGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER I.

It will simplify matters if I say at once that I am a strange girl. After this confession, you will be more inclined to believe that my story

is a true one, and, it may be, condemn my conduct less. If your god fathers and godmothers think fit to give you a strange name, they can scarcely expect you to be the same as other people; and the name some one chose to christen me by is a strange one. "Heritage" is certainly not in common use, although, when one gets accustomed to it, it sounds rather pretty, especially when coupled with my surname. "Heritage Rivers" is not at all bad for a name, and I use it when I have known people's natures accommodate themselves to their names. Nearly all the Lucys I have known have been fair and romantic, nearly all the Janes and Susans homely and fond of housekeeping. A girl's career seems often to be settled by her name. So, having no precedent to show me what the owner of the name of Heritage should be like, I always plead it as an excuse for any peculiarities of disposition. Nevertheless, I am not called upon to dissect my mental qualities for the benefit of the inquisitive, so shall only say that one of my chief characteristics is that of being a good hater. Mind, I don't respect a good hater. No doubt it is unchristianlike; but it is so natural. I am not ashamed to say that if people injure me I don't forget or forgive until I feel I am about even with them. Of course, if anyone who had wronged me asked forgiveness, I should forgive freely enough—I don't see how that can be avoided—but I should never be eager to do my enemy a good turn unless I felt sure of Heaven taking it off my head. Now you know what manner of being I am; and very dreadful the description looks as I write it; so dreadful that I am obliged to comfort myself by thinking of the reverse of the picture—that I can be as true a friend as an enemy.

It is not so many years ago that I, Heritage Rivers, a slim girl of seventeen, left school, and stepped out into the grown-up world to meet what fate swaited me. For the time, my only idea was to enjoy my freedom. I was delighted to think that masters and mistresses were finished and done with for ever and a day. So I bade them a glad adieu, and went down into the country to stay with an aunt of mine, and for several weeks reveled in sunshine and liberty. Then, in accordance with a solemn promise, I spent some little time with an old school-friend—one, like myself, just emancipated. Her people lived at Twickenham, in a delicious old house with a large garden. I was made heartily welcome. The mother took me to her heart as her daughter's dearest friend. The father, a courtly gray-haired man, with literary tastes and pursuits, was kindness and politeness itself; while Clara Ramsay's brothers were in an hour my devoted slaves and lovers. Surrounded by such pleasant attentions, I began to realize the fact that I was now a grown-up young lady, not altogether unattractive, and so valued myself accordingly.

As the Ramsays were quiet people and kept little company, an announcement made by Mrs. Ramsay that a dinner-party was projected was sufficient to flutter our hearts. For several days before it took place, we discussed again and again the merits of the guests who were to be present. As Clara knew them all except one, her interest was centered on the probable appearance of this gentleman. As even her mamma did not know him, all information respecting him must be extracted from Mr. Ramsay, whom we friend-the-was. Girls being inquisitive creatures, Clara, at breakfast time, egged on by me, began her inquiries.

"Who is Mr. Vincent Hope, papa?"

"A friend of mine, my dear. A very clever young man, who will end a day, I think, be a most distinguished member of society."

So far as it went, this reply was satisfactory; but we wanted a categorical testimonial, not a general one.

"How will he distinguish himself?" asked Clara.

"He is a rising author—that's known as you; but all that must come."

"O, dear!" sighed Clara plaintively; "I know exactly the sort of man. I have seen so many of them here. Of course he wears spectacles!"

"I don't think he does—or if so, I never noticed them," replied Mr. Ramsay.

"You never notice anything you ought to, papa. But he does wear a large beard—unkempt and unoared for. They all have."

"He has no beard, I fancy," answered Mr. Ramsay meditatively.

"Is he good-looking and nice?" demanded the indadious Clara.

Mr. Ramsay looked much amused at his daughter's questions.

"I find him nice," he said. "But what a chit of a girl like you may find him, is another matter—a very small matter. I should think that most people would call him extremely good-looking."

"Is he dark or fair—tall or short?"

"My dear girl, I shall answer no more questions about him. Why don't you imitate the discretion of Miss Rivers, who seems free from your failing—curiosity?"

I blushed at such undeserved praise; while Clara, to show her opinion of my false pretenses, nudged me under the table.

Although Mr. Ramsay would tell us nothing more, we, in our idle moments, which were many, speculated a great deal as to the probable personal appearance of Mr. Vincent Hope. I had a certain right to feel some anxiety about the matter, as I was informed that it would be my lot to be taken in to dinner by him; therefore, it was a great comfort to me to hear he wore neither spectacles nor beard.

"I know he will be a delightful!" cried Clara. "I feel sure the whole matter is arranged by fate. Of course he will fall in love with you at once! Who could help doing so? You will look so nice, Heritage!"

This is the way in which foolish young women chatter at times.

It would be my first dinner-party—an ordeal always trying to a young girl. Anyway, I dreaded it. In spite of Clara's well-meant compliments, my mind was not easy. I mistrusted the appearance I should present. My new dress, I fancied, fitted me badly; and I was haunted by a presentiment that my hands and the backs of my arms were destined to grow crimson. So distressing were my fears, that, as the hour approached, I would much rather have joined the boys, who, not being admitted to the feast, had gone off for a jolly long row on the river—"to get out of it all," they said.

As I dressed myself, I wondered whether I should quite know what to eat, what to drink; and above all, if any one should deign to speak to me, what to talk about. Perhaps, I thought, all this came instinctively. If, happily, such is the case, could it be possible, as Clara boldly predicted, that I should carry the little world by storm? I took one last glance at the mirror. After all, I did not look so very unamiss. Then, a few minutes before the hour struck, I entered the drawing-room, feeling almost sanguine.

The guests arrived—two by two. "Like animals going into the ark," whispered Clara, who, having seen a little more society than I had, seemed quite at her ease. Mr. Vincent Hope, as became a distinguished man, was late. At least, it was not until a few moment before dinner was announced that Mr. Ramsay brought a gentleman to me and presented him.

We bent to each other; then taking his arm, I joined the procession to the dining-room. Of course I dropped my fan, or something, by the way. This necessitated my cavalier's stooping down to recover possession of it, thereby delaying all the couples behind us for a moment or two. I was beginning badly.

We sank into our appointed places, and as the soup was being handed round, Mr. Hope addressed a few ordinary remarks to me. Then I began to realize how shy—how stupid a person I was. The only words my foolish tongue seemed capable of forming were "Yes" and "No." Connected words had left me for an indefinite period. I felt my conversational shortcomings so acutely, that it was some little while before I was able to look at my neighbor, except furtively and timidly.

He was tall, I knew; that fact had made itself manifest as we walked arm in arm. I had also received a sort of impression that he was good-looking. At last, when able to really look at him, I found that Mr. Ramsay's account, so far as it went, was a true one.

The young man was undoubtedly handsome. His eyes—the features a woman first looks at—were good; gray, I decided, with dark lashes. His face was pale, and bore a look of refinement. His forehead was high—not too high—and his chin was large, and gave him the appearance of possessing considerable force of character. Above all, his nose was straight, and his hands well shapen. Twenty-eight, I should have guessed his age. Altogether, a very creditable young man.

Fate had been kind in selecting this companion for me, if only I could find something to talk about—something so gifted a creature as he was reported to be would not be bored with. Alas for me, the conversation field seemed to have become suddenly barren of flowers of speech—not a bud was left! Yet among people with whom I am at home, I have never yet been accused of taciturnity.

For some short time the lady on the other side of him saved me. She appeared to know him, and complimented him on the success of an article in one of the reviews, which she attributed to him. He thanked her for her praise, spoke a few words on general subjects; then, as I supposed, in duty bound, turned to me and recommenced conversation.

In five minutes, I positively hated myself and Mr. Vincent Hope. It may be kindness to bring one's intellect down to the level of the listener; I call it conceit. If in spite of my elaborate new dress, he could not help seeing I was but a school girl, was there any reason why he should so plainly show me he saw it? Was there any reason why he should quite change the manner of his discourse as he changed his listener—should talk to me in a way he evidently thought suited to my caliber? If he meant it kindly, what right had he to think I should esteem it kindness? I dare say I deserved nothing more; but who was he to judge of my deserts? I writhed in my vanity, and destroyed any self-confidence I was beginning to feel. The worst of it was, he meant no rudeness.

He did not pretend to even patronize me; he simply chose to talk upon subjects which he was pleased to think were well within my limited range. It was mortifying! I twisted up my dinner napkin under the table, as a sort of vent to my vexation. Soon I grew desperate. I would show this man I was not the inane empty-headed [illegible]

[illegible] OF [illegible]

[illegible] Two Hundred Thousand of Them Killed Every Year in China.

IN CHINA tens of thousands of recently born girls among the poorer classes are thrown out to perish, and at Shanghai a society exists formerly kept to facilitate this infanticide, says Dr. Joseph Stringer, who has recently returned from an extended trip of the flowery empire, it is specially in the interior and in the Lower district. As soon as we get many miles from the coast, it is quite usual to see a small stone tower from 10 to 80 feet high, with no door, but a hole in one side, reaching into a pit in the centre. The children that parents wish to get rid of are thrown into this hole, and quick-lime soon consumes the lifeless little form. It is said that the priests take charge of this cruel work. It has been estimated that every year 200,000 female babies are brutally slaughtered in the empire. One Chinamen being interrogated about the destruction of his recently born girl, said: "The wife cries and cry, but kill alles same."

In every large city in China there are asylums for the care of orphans, supported and conducted by foreigners, who save yearly from slaughter tens of thousands of female infants. At Han-Kow, which is 600 miles inland, I visited a Roman Catholic orphanage for children that have been cast out to perish. Mother Paula Vismara, the lady superior of this institution, informed me that she had received seven that day, and one day thirty were brought in. Of course these had never been consigned to a baby tower. Sometimes they are found wrapped in paper and left at the edge of the river. Sometimes they are buried alive by the father, but while yet living are dug up by some one else and brought to this institution. Several women are employed by the mother superior in looking about for the little victims. Upward of 1,000 are received every year. Many of them, of course, died soon after the exposure and neglect they have suffered through being abandoned, and many are boarded out by the institution in the town. Those who accept the charge have to bring the children once a week for inspection, and then, all being right, they receive the pay for maintaining them. This is an Italian charity, and one of the most estimable in China. During the twenty-three years of its existence it has saved the lives of say 25,000 to 40,000 children, of whom a fair proportion have grown to womanhood. I received considerable support from the European residents at Han-Kow, of whom there are about 120.

Those children who remain within the premises of the institution are fed and clothed, and when old enough, taught to sew, make lace, knit stockings, and do other useful work. They never know where they came from, or who their parents were. When they are four years of age their feet are bandaged, according to the general custom of all classes in China, to keep them small, as that increases their chances of marriage.

An Icicle 1,000 Feet Long.

On Monday last a loud noise and slight shaking of the earth caused no little wonderment among residents near the hills. Investigation proved the cause to be an ice slide. A small and innocent spring issues from the side of one of the mountains, its waters spreading and flowing over a steep incline of rock. During the past winter months ice formed against this wall of stone, increasing in size until one vast icicle, fully twenty feet in thickness and 1,000 feet in length, projected into the valley below. From the warmth of the sun and its own weight it released its hold and thundered down the mountain slide, carrying everything before it, even trees three feet in diameter. Those who have visited the place say that the foot of the cliff presents a mass of broken ice, trees, limbs, and earth fifty feet in height. This is a repetition of occasional similar occurrences in previous years, but on a grander scale.—[Seattle Telegraph.

Song Birds from Japan.

Just before his death, writing to a friend in San Francisco, John F. Swift, the later Minister to Japan, commended warmly a movement for the introduction of song birds into the Golden State. Said he: "By the way, is it not easier to get some from this side than Europe, being more convenient for transportation? There are many good singers out here. For example, there is a species of nightingale said to be identical with the bulbul of Persia. It is easily obtained here and would not cost much. It is susceptible of being trained in songs. My next door neighbor, the Marquis Tokeshima, has one for which he gave $50—a trained one. But the untrained I do not suppose need cost over a dollar or so." The San Francisco Bulletin announces that Mr. Swift's suggestion will be adopted, and "the songs of birds will serve to keep ever green his memory."—[New York Witness.

An Unnecessary If.

During the recent visit of Jay Gould, of New York, and his daughter to Washington they were taken through the Treasury building, and, of course, into the money room. There, as is usual, the guide gave them the opportunity of holding $1,000,000 in their hands. As Miss Gould held the money the Hibernian guide, who had no idea who the visitors were, remarked:

"Och, Miss, all yez only needed the folkes ay, that yez, yez wouldn't be nadin' to worry about how yez would be getting your living at all, at all."—[Philadelphia Record.

[illegible] Rouse, May 18.—Charles King, who was born in January, 1761, died in Middleton yesterday. He was a Canadian by birth, and served in the British army in the war of 1812. But a few years ago he was able to go in swimming in the ocean. He leaves 400 descendants, so his family says.

LONDON, May 18.—Mr. Parnell is now free to marry Mrs. O'Shea, as the decree nisi was made absolute to-day.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 18.—A scarlet fever epidemic has broken out at the New Haven County Jail. Nine prisoners are down with the malady.

TIFFIN, O., May 18.—Northern Ohio was visited by a frost unequalled at this season in 11 years. What was left of the early fruit is practically wiped out.

NEWARK, N. J., May 18.—The case of Lucy Gardner, the Orange belle, recently convicted of larceny, will be called to-morrow on an application for a new trial.

NEW YORK, May 18.—A dispatch from London reports that Mrs. Langtry has been unable to satisfy her creditors and that she will shortly appear in the bankruptcy court.

GREENSBURG, Pa., May 18.—The trial of the Horewood rioters has ended and out of the 18 indicted 13 were found guilty. This was the sealed verdict brought in by the jury.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 18.—The Yale Theological Commencement began last night with the baccalaureate sermon, which was delivered by Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Boston. His subject was "Enthusiasm for the Ministry."

WILKESBARRE, Pa., May 16.—Felix Merzblowicz, aged 31, Felix Fierashitzski, aged 36, and Joseph Howitzski, aged 42, all married men, were killed in the Gaylord Mine at Plymouth by a heavy fall of coal and rock.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., May 18.—Blaise Soules, a well-known railroad man of this State, died at his home here last night, aged 67 years. He has been general freight agent of the Naugatuck Railroad for the past 25 years.

BALLSTON, N. Y., May 16.—The jury in the trial of Patrick Hughes, of Helena, Mont., charged with the murder of old John Churchill, near Schuylerville, last November, came in at midnight and reported that they could not agree. A new trial was moved.

CAPE MAY, N. J., May 18.—It is reported that the President is no longer a property holder at this place, he having recently disposed of his cottage here. The President paid $10,000 for the cottage, and it is understood that he sold it for the same price.

NEW YORK, May 16.—District-Attorney Nicoll has formally turned over to the public administrator the documents he received some time ago from Mme. Diss Debar, in which she stated that she intended to put an end to her life and made him the custodian of her children.

BOSTON, May 16.—By the recent death of Dr. Joseph D. Wickham, of Manchester, Vt., Charles Judson McCurdy, LL.D., of Old Lyme, Conn., becomes the oldest living graduate of Yale University, having graduated in 1817. He is 94 years old, and has held office under both the State and Federal governments.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., May 16.—The employes of the quarry owners, Brownsell and Murkland, and Jenny and Buffington are on a strike. The men, who are members of the quarrymen's union, have demanded an increase of 15 per cent. The demand was refused by the firms mentioned.

NEW YORK, May 14.—Frederick Buckley, a genteel looking young man, who is believed to be the son of a nobleman resident in Ireland, was sentenced to two years and six months' imprisonment for attempted forgery. Numerous charges are pending against him in Brooklyn for forgery.

MANCHESTER, N. H., May 14.—The Manchester Cigarmakers' Union, which includes all the cigarmakers in the State, have on strike for an increase in wages of $1.50 per 1,000. The manufacturers offered an advance of 50 per cent. of the union's demand, but the offer was rejected. Both sides are firm.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., May 14.—The object of President Gompers' visit to the coke region is said to have been to induce the district organizations to sever connection with the Knights of Labor and join their forces with the American Federation of Labor. It is also said that he met with an energetic refusal.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—The affairs of the Evening Critic newspaper company of this city have been placed in the hands of a receiver, and the paper suspended. All the compositors have been paid in full but the editorial and reportorial staff is in arrears for about a week's salary. The paper has been running at a big loss.

NEW YORK, May 18.—The feeling against the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton that was stirred up by Father Ignatius has crystalized to some extent, and a number of clergymen have united in asking Bishop Potter to make an investigation. The investigation, if made, will determine the question whether Dr. Newton is orthodox.

NEW YORK, May 16.—It has just been discovered that Medad W. Stone, who died six weeks ago, had wronged the Corn Exchange National and two other banks in this city out of at least $40,000 on bogus certificates. Mr. Stone was one of the best known members of the Cotton Exchange, and no man had a better reputation for honesty and faithfulness to duty.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 18.—Capt. Henry Erben took command to-day of the Navy yard here in place of Admiral Braine, who has been placed on the retired list. Captain Erben has been active service since 1856 and had sixteen years of sea service. Rear Admiral Braine's retirement Capt. C. H. Stanton will become Commodore and Captain Erben will head the list of captains with the rank of commodore.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 18.—Frank Webber and Lewis O. Lenphiere, young men of the town of Milford, were drowned in the sound yesterday by the capsizing of their boat. Frank L. Burns and Frank Green, who were also in the boat when she capsized, succeeded in clinging to the bottom of the craft until rescued.

NEW YORK, May 18.—Moderator Shearer has announced the names of the committee which is to act upon the recommendations contained in the majority report of the committee which investigated Dr. Briggs' inaugural. They are: Rev. George W. F. Birch, D. D.; Rev. G. G. Lampe, Rev. R. F. Sample, D. D.; Prof. J. J. Stevenson and J. J. McCook.

DECATUR, Ill., May 18.—General Veazey, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, notified the National Memorial Committee here, that he has issued official general orders calling upon all Grand Army comrades in all parts of the United States to contribute to the $300,000 fund required to erect the G. A. R. memorial hall at Decatur, the birthplace of the organization.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 18.—John Shaw, who killed his wife at Oceanic, N. J., two months ago, was placed on trial to-day to answer an indictment charging him with murder in the first degree. This is the first murder trial in this vicinity since the conviction of Richard Kearney, colored, who was hanged nearly three years ago for the murder of Miss Mary Purcell at Long Branch.

GREAT RELIGIOUS EVENT.

The Corner Stone Laying of a New Seminary Witnessed by 50,000 People.

YONKERS, N. Y., May 18.—At least 50,000 people witnessed the ceremonies of laying the corner stones of the new St. Joseph's Catholic Seminary on Valentine Hill yesterday.

It was one of the grandest ecclesiastical demonstrations ever held in the country, and the largest in the State since the dedication exercises of the great Cathedral in New York city.

The corner stones were to be laid at 3 o'clock, but it was nearly 5:30 before Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Ryan and the priests and guests reached the platform, owing to the dense crowds which blocked the road for miles and prevented their progress to the scene.

The programme opened with the anthem "This is the Lord's Day," which was followed by the singing of "Ecce Sacerdos" and "Veni Creator." The corner stone of the main building was first laid and blessed, when a similar ceremony was performed with the corner stone of the chapel. The blessing of the stones was conducted by Archbishop Corrigan.

The sermon was delivered by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. The singing was by the chancel choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, under the direction of Rev. John A. Kelly, assisted by the Catholic Saengerbund comprising four societies. A large number of prelates, priests and distinguished citizens from all parts of the country were present. The seminary will cost $500,000.

TOMS' ASSAILANTS CAUGHT.

The Torturers of the Aged Housekeeper in Jail in New Brunswick.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., May 18.—The men who on January 17 gagged and bound aged John Toms and left him tied up in a closet in the Kilpatrick cottage for 52 hours have been captured, and one has made a confession. They are George Cook and John Walker, both well known characters here. They disappeared at the time of the assault, but were traced by detectives for some distance. Pursuit of them was given up owing to the lack of funds, but private subscriptions enabled it to be taken up again.

A week ago Walker was located on a farm near here and watched. It was then ascertained that Cook was in Newark. They were arrested simultaneously Saturday and locked up in the jail here. Walker made a confession, in which he said Cook was the prime mover in the scheme. It had been their intention to rob the house, and when Toms attempted to prevent them Cook suggested that they kill him afterwards. Walker objected but Cook drew a revolver and would have shot the old man but the cartridge failed to explode. Toms was then taken up stairs to the garret and thrust into the closet.

MR. BLAINE'S CONDITION.

He is Said to be Improving, but Callers Are Not Wanted.

NEW YORK, May 18.—Reports given out from the sick room of Secretary of State Blaine are to the effect that his health is improving and that his condition is satisfactory.

The gout was said to be steadily subsiding. During the day he was represented to have rested comfortably and to have been in cheerful spirits. Very few callers, however, were permitted to enter the house of Mr. Damrosch, as Mr. Blaine expressed the wish that no one be admitted to see him except members of the family and regular attendants.

Arrested for Blackmail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 15.—Mrs. Annie Vanzandt, aged 40 years, was arrested here charged with attempted blackmail. Chas. S. Smith, an agent of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, was discharged after paying her $190 on a policy on a deceased daughter, it having been stated by her at the company's headquarters in Newark, N. J., that the girl only died last July. She tried to collect the balance from Smith, and upon his producing a receipt in full from her he was reinstated with the company, and the woman arrested.

THE ADVANCE GUARD

Great Gathering of Third Party Men at Cincinnati.

3,000 DELEGATES TO BE PRESENT.

The Russian Delegation to be Welcomed by a Brass Band—Two-Thirds of the States Will be Represented—Ignatius Donnelly Working for the Nomination of President of the United States.

CINCINNATI, May 18.—The advance guard of delegates to the National Union Convention, which opens to-morrow, has been straggling in through the day, and about 200 of the 3,000 or more that it is expected will participate in the deliberations of the gathering are on the ground.

Many of them are men whose rough attire, bronzed faces and horny hands betoken long acquaintanceship with the plow and harrow. Others bear names that are prominently identified with economic and radical movements. Among these are ex-Congressman Weller, of Iowa, more familiarly known as "Calamity Weller;" General Secretary Hayes, of the Knights of Labor; W. C. Crum, of New York, editor of the Wall Street Farmer and president of the recently formed National Union League; G. L. Washburne, of Boston, president of the Northeastern Industrial Alliance; Mason A. Greene, of the Boston Nationalist Club; W. T. Wakefield, of the Lynn, Mass., Nationalist Club, and John H. Crouch, of Fort Scott, Kan., brother of the deceased Oklahoma boomer.

The Lion of the Hour.

The temporary lion of the hour is Farmer H. L. Brien, of Winn County, La., whose acceptance of a delegate's mission necessitated his riding 50 miles on a plantation pony to the nearest railroad station. His credentials bear the signatures of 1,200 grangers out of a total voting strength of all parties of 1,700 in the county.

Stragglers are also here from Maine, Kentucky, Texas, Tennessee, Minnesota and other States, but the full delegations will not arrive until to-night. The Kansas delegation, which is en route on a special train of 10 cars, will be met by the reception committee, all the delegates in town and a couple of brass bands and escorted to headquarters in triumph.

Will be a Big Mass Meeting.

Despite the fact that it is styled a convention, however, it is apparent thus early that the forthcoming gathering will be nothing more than a big mass meeting. There has been no idea of conforming to a basis of representation. While it is anticipated that two-thirds of the States will be represented, yet two of these, Kansas, with her 500, and Ohio, with nearly as many more, will control at least a third of the total vote that will be cast on every proposition. Hamilton County alone furnishes credentials for nearly 100 participants, representing such heterogeneous elements as the Knights of Labor, City Alliance, Railway Employes' Association, Municipal Congress, the United Labor Party, composed of adherents of Henry George, and the Nationalists or Bellamyites.

There is some talk already about the organization of the conference, and it is the general impression among the delegates that Senator Peffer of Kansas will make the best presiding officer.

Ignatius Donnelly Causes a Split.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 18.—The attempt of Ignatius Donnelly to take a delegation to the conference at Cincinnati, which would back him as a unit as the Alliance candidate for President of the United States, has split the Alliance party into two bitterly warring factions, one of which is certain to withdraw from the party.

CRUSHED TO DEATH.

Two Persons Killed and Three Injured in a Railroad Accident.

NEW YORK, May 18.—Two persons were instantly killed, one was fatally hurt and two more were severely wounded by a peculiar accident on the Long Island Railroad last night.

A passenger train suddenly ran off the track near the Greenville station, plunged down an embankment 100 feet high and cars and locomotive crashed together at the bottom with all on board. From the wreck the dead and wounded were taken as soon as possible.

The dead were Frank Coombs, the engineer of the train; John Jarvies, a friend of Coombs, who was riding with him on the cab.

The wounded were: Michael Riordan, fireman, caught by the wreck of the locomotive and terribly scalded; Conductor Jones, bruised and shocked; Brakeman Riordan, badly injured.

There were only a few passengers on the train. These were badly shaken up, but escaped any serious hurts.

Remarkable Baseball Game.

TACOMA, May 18.—One of the most remarkable baseball games on record was played here between the Seattle and Tacoma clubs, of the Pacific Northwestern League. It took 22 innings to decide the game, which was won by Tacoma by a score of 6 to 5. At the ninth inning the score stood 3 to 3; in the fifteenth each club scored one run, and each again scored one run in the eighteenth, making the score 5 to 5. No more runs were made until the twenty-second, when Tacoma scored one run, winning the game.

Riot Victims to be Buried To-day.

DENVER, Col., May 18.—There will be two corpses in the funeral procession that is to be conducted this afternoon under the auspices of the Trades' Assembly. John Riordon and Thomas Kelley, who were wounded in the brickyard fight, died at St. Joseph's Hospital. The funeral will call forth the largest assemblage of workingmen ever seen in Denver. Ten trades and workingmen are expected to take part, and so great is the excitement that the police force has been doubled to prevent any further trouble.

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MARKET PRICES.

Latest New York Quotations—Cattle

BUTTER, ETC.—State Dairy, ordinary	20
State Dairy, fancy	26
Western Dairy, choice	20
Western Dairy, good	18
Western Dairy, fair	14
Imitation Creamery, fancy, per lb	27
Imitation Creamery, good to choice, lb	25
Welsh tubs, fancy, per lb	28
Welsh tubs, good to choice, per lb	27
Western Creamery, fancy, per lb	30
Western Creamery, good to choice, lb	28
Factory, fresh, per lb	24
BEANS AND PEAS.—Beans, Mar., choice	2.55
Beans, medium, choice, new	2.40
Beans, Red Kidney, choice, new	3.00
Beans, foreign, Fea	2.25
Beans, Pea, choice	2.35
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	3
DRIED FRUITS.—Apples, evaporat'd, f'cy	15
Apples, sun-dried, fair to choice, per lb	12½
Apricots, California, per lb	16
Raspberries, evaporated, per lb	24
Raspberries, sun-dried, per lb	23
Cherries, per lb	24
Blackberries, per lb	7
Peanuts, fancy, per lb	4½
Pecans, per lb	10½
EGGS.—Eastern, new laid, choice, doz	16½
Western, choice, per doz	16
Southern, choice, per doz	16
FRUIT.—Apples, Russet, per bbl	4.00
Apples, Vine Sap, per bbl	5.00
Apples, Ben Davis, per bbl	5.00
Apples, Northern Spy, per bbl	5.50
Apples, Baldwin, per bbl	5.00
Oranges, Fla., Indian River, per box	5.00
Oranges, Fla., bright, per box	2.75
Oranges, Fla., sun 112, per box	1.75
Strawberries, Florida, per quart	12
Strawberries, Charleston, per quart	12
HAY AND STRAW.—Hay, No. 1, per 100 lb	75
Hay, Clover, mixed	65
Hay, Salt	50
Hay, shipping	50
Long Rye Straw	85
Short Rye Straw	65
Oat Straw	55
Wheat Straw	50
POULTRY, ETC.—Live Western Geese	1.00
Chickens, spring, per pair	1.00
Ducks, Western, per pair	75
Fowls, State, N. J. and Pa., per lb	12½
Fowls, Western, per lb	12
Roosters, per lb	8
Chickens, frozen, good, per lb	10
Chickens, frozen, inferior to fair, per lb	9
Ducks, frozen, Western, per lb	12
Turkeys, frozen, prime, per lb	14
Turkeys, young Toms, prime, per lb	12
Tame Squab, white, per doz	4.00
Tame Squab, dark, per doz	2.00
Plover, Golden, per doz	2.00
Salt Snipe, per doz	50
VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, Cana, per bbl	3.75
Potatoes, N. J., Peerless, per bbl	3.25
Potatoes, N. J., Blush, per bbl	3.50
Potatoes, New Jersey, Queens, per bbl	3.50
Sweet Potatoes, Vineland, per bbl	2.25
Sweet Potatoes, N. J., per bbl	1.75
Onions, Bermuda, per crate	2.25
Onions, Egyptian, per 112 lb bag	2.75
Cabbage, Fla & Chsin, bbl	1.25
Green Peas, New Orleans, per box	75
Asparagus, N. Y., per dozen bchs	2.50
Tomatoes, Florida, per bushel, crate	2.50
Beets, Southern, per crate	1.50

RESUMES THE CHASE

The Charleston Leaves Acapulco for Chili.

NO NEWS YET FROM THE ITATA.

It is Reported that She is Pushing South as Fast as Possible.

The Esmeralda Still Lies Near the Harbor Entrance of Acapulco—Her Officers Kept Informed of What is Going on in the United States—Many Rumors About the Fugitive Vessel.

ACAPULCO, via. GALVESTON, May 18.—Ever since her arrival here the Charleston's ship's company has been on the keen jump to get ready for sea again.

The work of coaling has been r