Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1891.

GEORGE W. CHILDS avows himself one of those who believe it is a mistake to put off being generous until after one is dead. "In the first place," he says, "you lose the pleasure of witnessing the good that you may do, and, again, no one can administer your gifts for you as well as you can do it for yourself."

He Cures Black Eyes.

Three out of every four cases of black eyes are caused by accidents," remarked a well known black eye eradicator to me.

The best thing for a black eye, according to this man's experience, is hot water, applied as soon after the injury is received as possible. A black eye is due to coagulated blood settling in the numerous arteries which surround the eye. The application of hot water tends not only to reduce the swelling, but to dispel this bad blood and restore the eye to its normal appearance.

"I have also," said the man, "a root which grows only in England, which will perform the same duty as hot water in one quarter of the time. I scrape this finely and plaster the affected part with it, a proceeding which I repeat every half hour; it takes from two and one-half to eight hours to effect a cure, but this is then permanent.

"The slightest tap will cause a black eye, especially in round-faced people. Light complexioned people are more subject to it than dark people or people exposed to the weather."

"Is raw meat any use?" I asked.

"None whatever. It is a popular fallacy, as is the tale anent oysters. I never treat a case until at least twenty-four hours old, so that the blood has time to settle. If treated before, a second edition of the complaint is sure to make its appearance. Another peculiar fact about bruises is that, when the forehead is injured, the coagulated blood invariably settles around the eye. Again, a blow on the left temple has been known to cause a black mark around the right eye."

At this point of the conversation a well dressed gentleman entered and presented his left eye for inspection. It wasn't at all lovely. In fact it resembled nothing so much as a black eye. Having thoroughly examined the bruise the "Professor" curtly remarked:

"It will take three hours and cost four dollars."

"All right!" returned the visitor as he divested himself of his coat and collar. Lying down on a lounge, the plaster of root was soon in position.

"Some people haven't time to spend in regular treatment," remarked the Professor, "so I am often compelled to paint the black spot with oil paint to match the complexion, and as a temporary expedient this does very well."—[New York Telegram.

Barnum Exhibited the Pickpocket.

Once, it is said, as president of the Fairfield County (Conn.) Agricultural Society, Barnum found the annual exhibition was only barely paying expenses. An old farmer in the crowd had his pocket picked. The thief was soon found, arrested, handcuffed and put on exhibition in the big tent; and this feature being widely advertised, such crowds came that the treasury was overflowing.

Playing on the Ruins.

"These firemen must be a frivolous set," said Mr. Spillkins, who was reading a paper.

"Why so?"

"I read in the paper that after a fire was under control, the firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go home and go to bed like sensible men, instead of romping about like children?"—[Texas Siftings.

Evidently Didn't Understand.

"Old Hardid must think me a boy," said chappie, "and I attained my majority fah years ago."

"How do you know he thinks you a boy?"

"Why, I asked him for his daughter last night and he said I couldn't have her, he wanted her to marry a man, he! he!"—[New York Press.

KISSING DIMPLES.

I was going to kiss the dimples from out the little cheeks,
Where they ripple and they dance every time she laughs and speaks;
She said I shouldn't do it, but I held her fast
And kissed and kissed the rosy little face with all my might.

And then a pair of eyes twinkled very gravely
And a pair of little lips pouted up a doleful pout,
With little drooping corners—no wonder, you will say,
To see such bonny, bonny dimples stolen all away.

I thought I should have kept them for just a little while;
But little teeth were soon peeping through a little smile.
And then a laugh like sunshine was over all her face,
And every dimple I had stolen was back again in place.

TO BE A LITTLE LESS THAN LOVED.

To be a little less than loved:
O empty hearts the wide world over,
Have you not often thought of this
While waiting for the one true lover?

To be a little less than loved,
To have all friendship and all honor,
Yet miss that one kind, tender hand
Which sets a woman's crown upon her.

To love a little less than love
When one could make one heart the gladdest,
Or be a little less than loved—
Dear heart, I know not which is saddest.
—*Marion Manville.*

A SWEET REVENGE

BY HUGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER III.

Very promising, too, were the events of the next day. I felt that the man I hated was paying no attention above my fellows. Of course, it was not marked enough to attract notice, but attention it was, undoubtedly. He walked with me, and told me, among other things, a great deal about his early life and struggles for success. He was quite interesting, so much so that I wished I could check these confidences. I feared that his talk might awaken a suspicion of sympathy in my mind, which would grievously interfere with my vendetta.

That evening he repeated his request that I would sing; but after the way in which I had misled him, I knew he only urged me for the sake of politeness. I began with one of those little ballads which he so much disliked; an easy, simple little thing, which could only be borne out of the commonplace by feeling on the part of the singer. I glanced at him as I finished the song. He thanked me quietly, but I saw he looked puzzled. Then I placed Beethoven's "Adelaide" before me, and sung it as I had seldom or never before sung it—entirely to my own satisfaction. I rose from the piano, and our eyes met. He did not join in the chorus of thanks; but I knew he was more than moved; and as he followed me to my chair I exulted, as I thought that the pet weapon in my armory had struck well home.

"Miss Rivers," he said, "I thought no amateur in England could sing that song to her own accompaniment as you sing it. I can only congratulate you while blaming you for deceiving me so last night."

I thanked him for his compliment, and for the rest of the evening Mr. Hope talked little except to me.

There I will write no more about it. Now, I am utterly ashamed of it all. Had it not been for my resolve to reject it when offered, I would have stooped to win my man's love—not even Vincent Hope's. But in five days I knew that my work was done, and fully done—so fully that I dreaded the result of it, and began to wish I had not been so vindictive. Worse than all, friends—as friends will—were exchanging knowing glances, and commenting on the relations which appeared to exist between my foe and myself.

Could I have conquered my nature, and decided to forego my revenge, it was now impossible to do so. For my own sake, matters must come to a climax, that all might see how little I cared for the man.

One night, as I sat in my dressing-gown over the fire, trying to make up my mind to tear myself from the pleasant glow and get into bed, Mabel Lighton entered my room. She was a good, true girl, who spoke her mind freely, and at times lectured even me.

"Heritage," she said, abruptly, "what do you mean to do with Vincent Hope?"

I could not for the life of me help changing color, and was compelled to shield the cheek nearest Mabel with the fan which had been protecting my eyes from the firelight.

"Do with him! I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do," retorted my mentor. "Had it been any one but you, Heritage, I should have called her a flirt. But you are not a flirt, we know."

"What have I done, Mabel?" I asked. The screen was still between us.

Mabel quietly pushed it aside; then, placing her hands on my shoulders, scrutinized my face in a most uncomfortable manner.

"You have done this, and who can wonder at it? You have gained that man's love entirely. But, although it seems so unlike you, I believe you have brought him to your feet for vanity's sake. Heritage, he is a good man—a proud man. If you mean to give him nothing in return, I should say his life will be wrecked. Do you love him, or are my fears well founded?"

In some fashion, I was bound to reply. I sought refuge in levity.

"When I am moved to confess my sins, Mabel, it will not be to you, but to some nice ascetic High-Church curate."

"Don't talk nonsense. I am in bitter earnest. Vincent Hope will surely ask you to be his wife. You are rich and he is comparatively poor; but I know that will not influence you. Only I say again, if you refuse, you are to blame for all that happens."

"This must be stopped at any cost. Until now I had always believed that hysterics and affectation were synonymous.

"Mabel," I said, "I hate Vincent Hope, but at this moment I think I hate you even more. Go to bed. I am too tired to say another word; so go away."

Therewith, I got into bed, turned my face to the wall, and left Mabel to put out my candle and get back to her own quarters when she thought fit.

I was annoyed and ashamed. She had nearly scolded me of what I had in truth been guilty of—making love to my enemy. As people noticed my conduct, it became more and more necessary that I should clear myself from all such imputations. This could be done in one way only.

Perhaps I had the grace to avoid Vincent Hope somewhat during the next two days. Perhaps that very avoidance hastened the catastrophe. But on the third day, chance—pure chance, mind—left us together and alone. For a moment there was silence between us; then he drew near to me, and said in a quiet, earnest voice:

"Heritage, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

I could not answer. All I could do was to prevent myself breaking into hysterical laughter.

He tried to take my hand.

"Heritage, my darling! I think I loved you the moment I saw you. Look up, and answer me. Say you love me and will be my wife!"

His wife! After hating him for so long—after Mabel's reproaches—after winning his love in a way the thought of which made me blush! Never, never, never!

So I steeled myself—drew myself up to every inch of my height, looked him full in the face—triumphed, and took my revenge. I hope and think I spoke composedly, if not coldly.

"Mr. Hope, you honor me greatly, but it cannot be. Please never mention it again."

His face was very pale; and when an expression of positive pain left it, grew stern, almost hard. My manner must have convinced him I was in earnest. No doubt, had I wished to do so, I could have made him fall at my feet and plead passionately. But then, unless one is an utter savage, vindictiveness must be limited. I had done enough. Perhaps, under such trying circumstances, no man could have behaved in a more dignified manner than did Mr. Hope.

"I am to understand," he said, calmly, but with a look in his eyes which I dared not meet—"I am to understand you—you do not love me?"

I bowed.

"Please let me hear you say so." he said.

"I do not. Let us say no more about it. I think I will go back to the house now."

We walked in silence until we were close to the gates. Then he said:

"Unless my presumption to-day makes my presence unbearable to you, I shall stay two days longer, as I promised Mr. Lighton. It is not worth while to set people inquiring as to the reason for a hasty departure."

"Certainly not," I answered. "Stay as long as you wish; or, if you prefer it, I will leave."

"That is out of the question," he replied, as we crossed the threshold and parted.

I went to my room—to exult, of course, in my revenge. It was so full, so complete, so exactly as I planned it. And writers and poets say that revenge is sweet. Oh, yes, it was very, very sweet—so sweet that I double-locked the door, that no one might see how much I enjoyed it—so sweet that I threw myself on my bed, and thought my heart must break as I sobbed and wept, for the truth must be told—I loved Vincent Hope, even as he said, and as I hoped he loved me. Yet, for the sake of vanity, I had to-day rejected the love of a man, the best, the noblest, the cleverest in the world! I had hurled my hoarded stone, and right well had it fulfilled its mission; but its rebound had crushed me. Oh, yes, revenge is very sweet!

I rose, and, walking up to the Heritage Rivers in the cheval-glass, shook my fist at her violently "You fool!" I said to her. "A nice mess you have made of life! Revenge, indeed! Call it by its right name—folly! Go and clothe yourself in sackcloth—cover your head with ashes, and cry your eyes out for to-day's work." Then Mabel's words about a wrecked life came to my mind; and although I could not believe that the happiness of such a man as Vincent Hope could be dependent upon an idiot like myself, I thought of that strange look I had seen in his eyes—that look which no resolution of mine could make me meet. So I went back to bed once more, and cried and abused myself. Ay, revenge, forsooth, revenge is sweet!

In spite of all, I determined to go down to dinner. I would do that much for his sake. It should not be suspected that anything had gone wrong between us; and I knew that, if I stayed away, Mabel, for one, would certainly guess what had occurred. This, if I could prevent it, should be known to one. I smiled grimly as I thought how my revenge must fail in this; that the world would never know what I had scorned and refused. I made a great effort, dabbed my eyes with rose-water, and went down-stairs in passable trim.

To-night we were not side by side, but sat directly opposite to one another. Mabel was right—Vincent Hope was a proud man. His discomfiture was no concern of the world's, so he showed no traces of it. All save one at that table would have said that his heart was gay and light. No one would have dreamed that, a few hours before, his love had been refused by an idiot of a girl. He laughed and jested; anecdote and witty repartee fell unceasingly from his lips. He held the whole talk, or every unit of the party talked to him. Yet, woman-like, I noticed that he drank more wine than was his usual custom, and at times there was a sharper, harder ring in his voice. Had it not been for this, and the remembrance of the look which still haunted me, I could have believed he had forgotten or brushed away from his mind the events of the day. Vincent Hope was a proud man, and Heritage Rivers a fool!

I would rather say nothing about the next two days. I hated myself so much that I wonder I have ever forgiven myself—perhaps I never have. All I care to say is, that none even suspected what had happened; even Mabel began to think that the accusation of flirting should lie at Vincent Hope's door, not at mine; for, although he talked to me when needful, it was easy to see that his manner was changed.

The morning of the third day came, and I knew that in a few hours we should shake hands, part, and there would be the end of everything.

Blaize is fifteen miles from a railway-station, and that station is so unimportant that very few trains stop at it. Vincent Hope, to reach town that evening, was obliged to start betimes. Soon after luncheon, Charlie Lighton and the dog-cart were waiting to take him to the train; and, after many expressions of regret from host and hostess, he took his seat and was ready to start. Of course, our hands met, as, in common with every one else, he bade me adieu—a quiet, polite adieu, nothing more—not even coupled with the conventional wish that we might meet again. Why should he wish to meet me again? Our encounters as yet had not been happy in their results to either! That accomplished whip, Charlie, gathered up the reins, and with a last, all-embracing good-by, Vincent Hope was sped away along the winding carriage drive, and, for the first time in her foolish life, Heritage Rivers felt that her things had broken hearts may be found outside romances.

Something was afoot that afternoon—walking party or skating party, for it was the middle of January, and bitterly cold. Now that the necessity of keeping up appearances for another's sake was at an end, Miss Rivers felt very much like breaking down and disgracing herself. She longed for solitude, and made some excuse to stay at home. As everyone was bound on the expedition, she had the house practically to herself. After bemoaning her wickedness and folly for some time in the sanctity of her own chamber, a strange craving came over her. She felt she must go down and sit in the little room which adjoins the library; and, although censuring her own weakness, she yielded to the impulse.

Vincent Hope, in spite of his resolve to spend his time at Blaize House in well-earned idleness, had been unable to do so exactly. Ominous rolls of printed matter came by post—a sin of long standing, he said, which publishers insisted on dragging into daylight at once. So he did one or two hours' work each day, and grumbled at it in a very amusing manner. By tacit consent, the little room had been kept sacred to him; there, when he chose, he worked without fear of interruption. It was, no doubt, on account of this that Miss Rivers felt that uncontrollable desire to sit for a while in this particular room. The stupidity of her desire need not be commented upon, as her generally idiotic nature must have made itself manifest many pages back. She entered the room and closed the door softly. She sat down at the leather-covered table, and leaning her head on her hands, looked anything but a prosperous, healthy, comfortable young woman.

Presently she glanced stealthily around her, and from the bosom of her dress drew out a photograph of a very handsome, distinguished-looking man. Mr. Hope had given it to her, at her request, some days before. It was to go into her celebrity-album, she told him. Laying it on the table between her elbows, Miss Rivers gazed at it long and earnestly, until her foolish eyes became so misty with tears that she could see it no longer. One by one those tears began to fall, and soon came so fast that she gave in altogether—forgot where she was—forgot all risk of interruption; and laying her head on the table, presented the very picture of woe.

Her bewailings and beweepings were at their greatest height, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Mr. Hope stood before her. She sprung to her feet and in her agitation brushed the photograph to the ground. Even in her dire confusion, the prayer that it might have fallen face downward framed itself. But she dared not look to see; she had to face the intruder as best she could. Yet he seemed for the moment to be taken even more aback than Miss Rivers. He stammered out something about a shaft broken short off his walking-stick, and about a catching train—came back to write telegrams, etc. Then he looked on the ground, and what he saw there was enough to make him glance wonderingly at the shamefaced girl who had broken him with wet lashes and glowing cheeks.

"Miss Rivers—Heritage," he said, "tell me what this means."

She made no reply, but endeavored to pass him. He blocked the way, and by the exercise of some force took both her hands in his. As they stood there, she could see on the ground between them that unlucky photograph lying face upward.

"Let me go, Mr. Hope," she said, "it is unkind to keep me against my will."

Her appeal was in vain. His strong hands held her yet more firmly. He seemed to be waiting until she chose to look up and meet his eyes. But that would never have been—not if he stood there till the present moment.

At last he spoke; his voice was almost grave:

"Heritage, I am very proud. I have always vowed I would ask no woman twice to be my wife; but I will ask you once more if you love me."

Miss Rivers only bent her head lower and lower.

"Answer me, Heritage!" he said, in a changed, passionate voice. "My darling, answer me, and this time truthfully!"

It was no use. Had she wished to do so she could fight no longer. She ventured to raise her eyes a little, and said, so timidly, so differently from her usual way of speaking:

"If I thought you would only forgive me, I would try and show you what I can not, will not tell you—how much I love you!"

She was very, very humble in her newfound happiness.

Then Vincent Hope loosened her hands a little, and—— Well, these things only happen once in the life of a true woman, and she should neither write nor speak about them. But when Charlie Lighton came to look for the telegram, not even written, save in the proposed form, to be written, Vincent Hope and Heritage Rivers were wondering, as every orthodox pair of lovers should wonder, why they were chosen out to be made the two very happiest people in the whole world.

So this was how I worked out my revenge.

It was only after we were married that I ventured to tell my husband that I had actually laid myself out to win his love—and why. When won, I had rejected it. My confession, which was really seriously made, being complete, he looked at me with mock severity.

"Heritage," he said, "had I known this before, I might, even at the eleventh hour, have thought better of the step I was taking in putting my future in the hands of such a vindictive young woman."

"And perhaps, sweet—sir," I answered, "for the very fear of that I have deferred my explanation until now."

(THE END.)

BOSTON is the only city in the world which preserves an exact record of the proceedings of its Common Council. Every motion, argument, and remark, no matter how unimportant, is stenographically taken down. The members are therefore very careful in their utterances.

SAN FRANCISCO gets her coal supply from Australia.

TWO BOYS are held for trial in New York upon the charge of stealing three cents.

THE San Diego papers report an increasing Eastern demand for California wild flowers.

A JEWSHARP FACTORY.

How the Little Musical Instruments are Made.

The village of Bath-on-the-Hudson, though its manufacturing interests are few, can boast of possessing the only jewsharp factory in the United States outside of New York city. Simple as the jewharp is it requires, nevertheless, no little skill in construction.

The proprietor of the factory in Bath is John Smith, and he has perfected himself to such an extent that his work is recognized as among the best in the world. The factory is a small building situated a short distance off 3d street, and although unpretentious contains every facility for the manufacture of jewsharps.

When the factory is running at its full, est capacity over two gross a day are turned out. The busiest time of the year is that just preceding the holidays. During this season the factory employs five people—the proprietor, his two sons, and two other Englishmen, who live near the factory.

The manufacture of the "harps" is an interesting process, and but few people are aware of the large amount of work expended in making a jewsharp of good tone. The frames of the instruments are not made by Mr. Smith. He buys them from a foundry. Upon these frames is bestowed the first work; it is in setting the steel tongue in the frame and filing the lower portion of the frame to fit the tongue that the most care and skill are required.

The first work done on a jewsharp is to place the frame in a vise, file off the roughness and taper down the points, so that each side presents a sharp edge, between which the tongue is to vibrate. The most delicate work then begins. A piece of steel wire is cut from a coil, hammered flat at one end and left round at the other and tempered with the greatest care. The flat end is then set in the arc of the frame, and then the two ends are carefully pressed and hammered until they come as close as possible to the tongue without touching.

The round end of the tongue is then bent in the form of a right angle, the point is turned over and the "harp" is ready to be placed in the hands of a finisher. There are seven sizes and four kinds of finishing—the common, gold bronze, lacquered and tin plated. The harp can be toned to any pitch. To make the tone high the tongue is made small and pressed back toward the frame; to make the tone lower it is bent forward. Mr. Smith is not only a good maker of the harp, but can extract quite a little music from the little instrument. He can also play two at once, which he tunes, so that they are in harmony, by filing the frames.

When business is rushing Mr. Smith's whole family is pressed into service, and each member excels in his or her particular work. Mr. Smith prophesies that within a few years the instruments he makes will be in more general use than now. He has once enlarged his factory and expects to do so again.—[Albany Journal.

Improved Cattle Ship.

The ship is 460 feet long, 49 feet beam, and 35 feet deep. Her gross registered tonnage is 5,750, and her dead weight capacity 7,300 tons. She has three complete decks for the storing of cattle and each deck is divided into watertight compartments, which can be instantly separated from the rest of the ship in case of fire or other accident. The ship can carry 1,216 cattle, and has insulated storage rooms abaft the main engine rooms with a capacity for 2,387 quarters of beef. The refrigerator machinery consists of engines and compressions. In the latter the air is cooled and then sent among the suspended quarters of beef. The cattle when brought aboard are placed in separate stalls, which are arranged in rows with a wide passageway between. This permits the cattlemen to give them the best of attention. The floors of the stalls are of cement, and can be easily cleansed with hose. In the rear scuppers are arranged, and the drainage they collect is ejected over the side at every ten feet. Wooden frames above the cement afford the cattle a good foothold when the vessel is pitching.

Water is supplied to the cattle from buckets instead of casks, the water being stored below the engine rooms, whence it is taken by pumps and distributed by hose to the various compartments.

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the Normandie is the system of ventilation. Thirty-four cone-shaped ventilators forward bring in fresh air by natural draught. The air ports on each deck are so constructed that the water striking them in heavy seas will be checked from entering by floating valves, which open to admit the air when the water recedes. Foul air is drawn to the top of the vessel by huge centrifugal fans.—[New York Sun.

A Big Royalty in a Name.

Shakespeare asked, or rather Juliet, "What's in a name?" The world has been pretty unanimous in replying, "A good deal." An example of the power of a name has just come under my observation. A short time ago one of the leading corset houses found that a rival was selling goods under a name very closely resembling their own. They looked the matter up and learned that this house had found a woman engaged in a corset factory near by whose name suited their purpose and that they give this woman a royalty of ten cents a dozen on all the corsets they sell bearing her name. Thus it appears that there are cash advantages in having a name which, if not famous itself, sounds and looks very like the famous name of somebody else.—[New York Continent.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CITY OF MEXICO, June 1.—Minister of France Duchesne died at midnight.

MONTREAL, Can., June 1.—Sir George Stephen has been created a peer by Her Majesty. This is the first instance of a peerage having been conferred on a Canadian.

LONDON, May 28.—Mr. Parnell, it is confidently stated, will pay a visit to the United States as soon as Parliament adjourns.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 29.—Pitcher Bell of Kansas City and Second Baseman Jennings of Leighton, Pa., have been signed by the Louisville Club.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., May 28.—The Lutheran Ministerium, which has been in session here for several days, adjourned to meet next year at Reading.

BOSTON, May 28.—The bill constituting eight hours a day's work for State, county, city and town employes was rejected in the House by a vote of 90 to 62.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 1.—The Standing Committee of the Episcopal Diocese of Kentucky decided to vote in favor of ratifying the elevation of Philip Brooks to the Bishopric of Massachusetts.

NEW YORK, June 1.—Mr. Blaine was reported to-day as slowly improving in health. It is not yet known fully decided on what time to-day he will leave for Bar Harbor.

OTTAWA, Ont., May 29.—There is no cause for alarm about Sir John Macdonald. He is suffering from a cold, and although in a weak condition he is able to attend to the public business at his home.

WATERTOWN, Mass., June 1.—The Glen House, formerly a famous sporting resort, was burned yesterday. Loss, $10,000; partly insured. The Kilrain-Lannon fight occurred at this hostelry.

BOSTON, May 29.—On account of the illness of General Butler the habeas corpus proceedings in the case of Charles Johnson have been continued until next Monday.

NORFOLK, Va., June 1.—John Kelly, last evening shot and fatally wounded his brother-in-law, Otto Cayton. Kelly is in custody. Cayton persuaded Kelly's wife to leave him.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—The organization of the American University was effected at a meeting in the parlors of the Arlington Hotel. An appeal will be made for $5,000,000.

BOSTON, May 29.—W. & J. M. Bent, boot and shoe manufacturers of Cochituate, Mass., are financially embarrassed and will probably settle through insolvency. Their liabilities are estimated at $150,000.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., May 28.—While in a drunken passion last evening Taylor Taggart, a Fayette City contractor and builder, killed his wife with a brickbat. He had been on a spree for several days.

BANGOR, Me., June 1.—Capt. Robert Hichborn, of Stockton, died of blood poisoning, caused by the application of some new patent corn salve, a remedy he had used for corns, from which he was a great sufferer.

Confessed She Killed Her Husband.

MACON, Ga., June 1.—At an early hour the body of Tom Long was found lying naked near his house. He had been murdered with an axe. The coroner's jury returned a verdict that Long came to his death at the hands of unknown persons. Later in the day Long's wife confessed that she killed her husband at 4 o'clock by striking him on the head with an axe. The woman is in custody, and fears are expressed that she may be lynched.

She Sees the Dead Face of Moore.

CHICAGO, June 1.—Minnie Winterling, 22, was locked up last night to prevent her from drowning herself. She was the main witness in the Moore murder trial at Ottawa, Ill., which resulted in the hanging of Charles Ford on May 9 and the incarceration in the State's Prison of William O'Brien for life and Kate Ford for 14 years. The girl says whenever she thinks of the past she can see the dead face of Moore, and it almost drives her to distraction.

Married Women May Teach School.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 1.—The women teachers in a Jersey City public schools were formerly subject to discharge in case of their marriage. The Board of Education has changed this rule, and now a teacher can get married without being obliged to tender her resignation. Director Reid was the only member of the Board who objected to the change. He said he was opposed to married women teaching school. He thought they ought to attend to their household duties and give the single women a chance.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A Remarkable Case in Connection With the Tobin Tragedy.

ERIE, Pa., June 1.—One of the most remarkable cases of mistaken identity on record has come to light here in connection with the Tobin murder at Franklin, Pa., on the night of March, 21, 1891.

Daniel O'Brien, a prisoner in the Erie jail, was suspected of complicity in the crime, and two witnesses positively identified him as a tramp who had been seen in Franklin on the day of the murder. They unhesitatingly pointed out O'Brien from a crowd of 11 prisoners who had been ranged in line. The police of Oil City likewise identified the prisoner's photograph as that of a man who sought lodging in the lock-up the night before the murder.

The fact had already been established that O'Brien was a crook from Syracuse, and a telegram was received last night from the chief of police of that city saying that O'Brien was in that city in the penitentiary from March 13 to May 15, thus proving an alibi.

SPRINGFIELD, O., May 28.—The People's party will hold a State convention in this city August 5.

LONDON, May 28.—Mrs. Langtry plunged heavily on the Derby and is reported to have won an enormous sum, Common, whom she backed at the advice of Sportsman Baird. Some runners place the amount of her winnings as high as $200,000.

NEW LONDON, Conn., June 1.—The Columbia 'Varsity and freshmen crews have arrived here and taken up quarters with Captain Kit Brown at Gales Ferry. There are 23 in all in the party. The Columbia boys arrived much earlier than usual in order to make up for their poor condition.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., May 29.—The notorious burglar, Henry Luddington, who was arrested several weeks ago charged with a score of burglaries in various sections of Fairfield County, pleaded guilty to four counts and was sentenced to State prison for eight years by Judge Sanford.

NEW ORLEANS, June 1.—The Grand Jury made their final report. Referring to the irregular proceedings about the court building, the fact is mentioned that the list of tales jurors in the Hennessey case was delivered to the defence nearly 24 hours before it was given to the State's attorneys. The Grand Jury suggest that the court officials investigate the matter and place the responsibility where it belongs.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., June 1.—The annual New England tennis tournament will be held at the grounds of the New Haven Lawn Club for three days, beginning June 16. The entries will be gentlemen's singles and doubles. The challenge cup, which was won last year by R. P. Huntington, jr., will be defended by him against all comers. The cup becomes the property of the person who wins it three consecutive years.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—In accordance with the decision reached by the Navy Department, Commander Evans' board will reassemble at Fort Monroe next Tuesday to determine the nature of the further trials that shall be made of the guns of the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 1.—A heavy hail and rain storm passed to the north and west of this city last evening, doing great damage to the growing grain. The hail beat down the standing wheat. Thousands of dollars' worth of damage has been done. A rain storm which almost amounted to a water spout followed, washing out many bridges.

OMAHA, Neb., June 1.—The three doctors arrested for criminal malpractice are still in jail. The remains of two infants have been exhumed in the yard of the Medical Institute. Dr. Hugeson, another member of the staff of the institute, has disappeared. The institute has been closed, all the employes and patients being dismissed.

NORTHFIELD, Minn., June 1.—The body of E. F. Haskell, who has been dead for over 20 years, was yesterday removed from his grave, it being purposed to put the body in another lot. When his body was exposed it was found that he had a beard over 23 inches long. His wife said that before he died he had been shaven and all his hair must have grown after his burial.

MACON, Ga., June 1.—At an early hour the body of Tom Long was found lying naked near his house. He had been murdered with an axe. The coroner's jury returned a verdict that Long came to his death at the hands of unknown persons. Later in the day Long's wife confessed that she killed her husband at 4 o'clock by striking him on the head with an axe. The woman is in custody, and fears are expressed that she may be lynched.

FIGHTING THE FAIR

Chicago Workmen Begin an Attack on the Exposition.

THEY WILL FOMENT STRIKES.

Trying to Induce the City Council to Hold Back the $5,000,000 Voted.

The War Will be Bitterly Waged Unless Organized Labor Get Some Sort of Satisfaction—The Unions Meet and Adopt a Fighting Programme—All Workingmen Will be Called Upon to Take Part.

CHICAGO, June 1.—Organized labor, failing to obtain any satisfaction from the World's Fair people regarding the minimum wage question, has begun an attack upon the enterprise and will endeavor to induce the city council to hold back the $5,000,000 recently voted by the city for exposition purposes.

A meeting was held yesterday by representatives of the Central Labor unions and a fighting programme laid out. These unions propose to do everything in their power to hurt the fair unless they get some sort of satisfaction, and the probabilities seem to be that a series of strikes will result as soon as work is begun upon the fair buildings, which will be in a few weeks.

The war will be bitterly waged, and strikes will not only be fomented among the men employed in the work of construction upon the grounds, but those who work in the mills and foundries that are to furnish materials for the buildings.

Nothing will be left undone to injure the fair, and workingmen in all departments of labor and in all grades will be called upon to withhold their patronage.

TO LEAVE THE CABINET.

A Rumor that Secretary Noble Will Go to St. Petersburg or London.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—It is generally believed in official circles that while Secretary Noble is not going to leave the public service they would not be surprised if in a very short time he would retire from the Interior Department to accept a prominent place in the Diplomatic Service.

One story is to the effect that he will take Minister Smith's place at St. Petersburg. Another and more probable story is that if Secretary Proctor should be selected to succeed Senator Edmunds, which now seems certain, Minister Lincoln will be made Secretary of War and Secretary Noble will be sent to the Court of St. James.

Secretary Noble is still absent, but there are those in his department who believe that he will not much longer occupy his present position.

Mrs. Harrison's Plans.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—Mrs. Harrison has been giving much of her time lately to settling upon the plans of the redecoration and various other changes which will be made in the White House during the summer. The decoration of the vestibule and corridor, the green parlor and state dining room are what the public will see the most of, but the necessary changes and repairs in the plumbing and other work of that character is giving her as much concern. If the weather is favorable for the change, she now expects to go to Cape May Point about June 15 and spend the entire summer there. The White House will scarcely be habitable after July 1.

Died While Undergoing an Operation.

NEW YORK, June 1.—Willis P. Canda, aged 13, residing in Brooklyn, died at his home last evening while under the influence of chloroform during the performance of an operation. His upper lip had grown to abnormal size through his habit of continually sucking it. An operation was decided upon by physicians to remove some of the excess growth. Chloroform was administered, and while in an unconscious state the boy showed signs of heart failure. The doctors made every effort to save his life, but he gradually grew weaker and in an hour's time was dead.

West Point Examinations.

WEST POINT, N. Y., June 1.—The annual "June examinations," at West Point, begin to-day and will terminate on June 12, with the graduation of the first class. The class numbers 66, and as there are 100 vacant second lieutenancies in the army to be filled there will be no waiting for promotion or gazetting to regiments. All of which is very pleasing to the cadets.

No Money for Prosecutors.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 1.—The State' Treasurer has notified the various States' attorneys that on account of the legislative deadlock the appropriation for prosecuting officers has run out. Unless the States' attorneys choose to act for nothing there can be no criminal session for the criminal court until an appropriation bill is passed.

Commissioner Mitchell to Retire.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—There is what seems a well-grounded rumor afloat to the effect that Charles E. Mitchell, Commissioner of Patents, has tendered his resignation of the office to the President. The cause of the resignation is said to be the desire of Mr. Mitchell to resume his practice of patent law, in which he was very successful.

Russians Wanted in Brazil.

BERLIN, June 1.—Forty Russian colonists have been sent back to Russia by the Brazilian Government at its own expense to encourage their relations and friends to emigrate to Brazil. This is done to counteract the opposition of the Czar's Government to the emigration of his subjects to Brazil.

Revolution in Port-au-Prince.

PARIS, June 1.—A cable message has been received at the Haytien Legation here announcing that a revolution has broken out at Port-au-Prince and a state of siege has been proclaimed. A French ironclad has been sent.

MARKET PRICES.

Latest New York Quotations—Cattle Market.

BUTTER.—State Dairy, n.f., new, fancy ... 27
State Dairy, n.f., new, good to choice, lb ... 26
Western Dairy, ordinary, per lb ... 23
Western Dairy, good, per lb ... 20
Imitation Creamery, fancy, per lb ... 22
Imitation Creamery, good to choice, lb ... 20
Welsh tubs, fancy, per lb ... 26
Welsh tubs, good to choice, per lb ... 26
Western Creamery, fancy, per lb ... 27
Western Creamery, good to choice, lb ... 25
Factory, fresh, per lb ... 23
BEANS AND PEAS.—Beans, Mar., choice ... 2.30
Beans, medium, choice, new ... 2.30
Beans, Red Kidney, choice, new ... 3.00
Beans, foreign, Pea ... 2.00
Beans, Pea, choice ... 2.40
Green Peas, bbls, per bushel ... 1.15
Beans, Lima, California, per bag ... 2.85
CHEESE.—State Factory, fancy ... 13
State Factory, full cream, choice, lb ... 11½
State Factory, part skim, per lb ... 9¼
State Factory, full skims, per lb ... 4
DRIED FRUITS.—Apples, evaporat'd, Fcy ... 13
Apples, sun-dried, fair to choice, per lb ... 12½
Apricots, California, per lb ... 16
Raspberries, evaporated, per lb ... 23
Raspberries, sun-dried, per lb ... 21
Cherries, per lb ... 20
Blackberries, per lb ... 7
Peaches, fancy, per lb ... 4½
Peaches, per lb ... 10½
EGGS.—Eastern, new laid, choice, doz. ... 16½
Western, choice, per doz ... 15½
Southern, choice, per doz ... 15¼
FLOUR.—Apples, Russet, per bbl ... 5.50
Apples, Wine Sap, per bbl ... 5.50
Apples, Ben Davis, per bbl ... 5.00
Apples, Newtown Spy, per bbl ... 7.00
Apples, Baldwin, per bbl ... 5.00
Oranges, Fla., Indian River, per box ... 5.00
Oranges, Fla., bright, per box ... 3.00
Orange, Fla., 96 and 112, per box ... 2.50
Strawberries, Norfolk, per quart ... 11
Strawberries, Charleston, per quart ... 12
HAY AND STRAW.—Hay, No. 1, per 100 lb ... 80
Hay, Clover, mixed ... 65
Hay, Salt ... 50
Hay, shipping ... 55
Long Rye Straw ... 85
Short Rye Straw ... 65
Oat Straw ... 55
Wheat Straw ... 50
POULTRY, ETC.—Live Western Geese ... 1.25
Chickens, spring, per pair ... 1.00
Ducks, Western, per pair ... 80
Fowls, State, N. J. and Pa., per lb ... 12½
Fowls, Western, per lb ... 12
Roosters, per lb ... 10
Chickens, frozen, good, per lb ... 11
Chickens, frozen, inferior to fair, per lb ... 8
Ducks, frozen, Western, per lb ... 12
Turkeys, frozen, prime, per lb ... 15
Turkeys, young frozen, prime, per lb ... 14
Tame Squab, white, per doz ... 3.75
Tame Squab, dark, per doz ... 1.75
Plover, Golden, per doz ... 2.00
Sand 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, Queen, per bbl ... 3.50
Potatoes, Fla., new, seconds, per bbl ... 4.00
Sweet Potatoes, Vineland, per bbl ... 2.25
Sweet Potatoes, N. J., per bbl ... 1.50
Onions, Bermuda, per crate ... 2.25
Onions, Egyptian, per 112 lb bag ... 2.75
Cabbage, Fla. & Chstn, bbl ... 4.00
Green Peas, Norfolk, per 2½bbl crate ... 1.25
Asparagus, N. J., per doz bchs ... 2.25
Tomatoes, Florida, per bushel, crate ... 3.00
Beets, Southern, per crate ... 1.50

FIFTEEN SKINNED.

A Novel Grafting Process Performed on an Injured Miner.

PLYMOUTH, Pa., June 1.—A successful case of skin grafting was performed by Dr. Frank McKee, of this place. About one month ago John Watt, a miner, sustained an injury in the mines whereby he lost all the skin and flesh of his thigh and leg, necessitating the removal of several muscles.

Watt is a member of the Plymouth Lodge of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and 15 of his brethren in the lodge volunteered to present him with portions of their skin when the operation was decided on.

It was a novel spectacle to see these 15 strong, healthy and cheery miners entering the operating room literally for the purpose of being skinned. They were prepared antiseptically before the knife was applied.

Ten grafts were secured from each man, making 150 grafts in all. These were placed on the raw sore near the