

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1892.

There are 1275 millionaires in New York city. In the entire country there are 4204.

One man out of every twenty five occupies his own house in England.

The Farmers' Review says that the United States produce 300,000,000 pounds of wool per annum and use twice that amount.

In many of the Italian Universities, once the most celebrated in Europe, the students are so few that there are only four pupils to every professor.

A joint committee of the two houses of the English Parliament has reported electricity a suitable and efficient source of motive power, and recommended that electric railway construction be encouraged throughout England.

The great question in Paris, learns the Boston Transcript, is whether she shall hold a World's Fair in 1900. It is agreed that the Champs de Mars, and such buildings as survive from the great shows of 1869, 1878 and 1889 shall not be used.

France points with pride to its Tunisian colony, where there are now 32,000 French citizens and persons claiming French protection. Great results are expected from the opening of the harbor of Tunis next year and of Bizerta the year following.

Although C. P. Huntington does not expect to live to see it, yet he is convinced, says the Atlanta Constitution, that on the Fourth of July, 1926, there will be a great city at Newport News, Va. Mr. Huntington regards that port as sure to concentrate the traffic from the South and Southwest which seeks the ocean. Railway lines will center there, in his opinion; the main shipments of cotton and tobacco from abroad will be from this port, and he is of opinion that on the level plain where once General Butler's armies were encamped and whence the Union revolutionized the sea fight which revolutionized the navy of the world, there will be built a city containing 250,000 people.

The system of public irrigation in Colorado has met with an unexpected and disastrous check from a lead slide on the side of Table Mountain, where the moisture from one of the main ditches has undermined a great mass of earth, which, as the water penetrates, is slowly slipping down the side of the mountain, carrying with it a house and a section of railway. The ditch is also likely to be carried away, and in that case thousands of acres of farm and garden lands will go dry. As they are entirely dependent on this artificial supply of water, observes the New Orleans Picayune, the loss from the destruction of the ditch will be very great. The success of irrigation has been abundantly demonstrated, waste lands being converted into fruitful farms, it will be more painfully manifest when, by the shutting off of the water, the farms are turned back again into waste lands.

An English writer tells an amusing story of a country house where a regular daily routine is observed, and where no chance is given one of breaking the monotony. It is of a man who wanted to stay in a country-house, thinking it would give him the opportunity of proposing to a girl with whom he had been in love for a long time. His visit was to last a fortnight, but the last evening came without his having had one chance of being alone with her during the whole time. At dinner (of course he was at the opposite end of the table to where she was), he felt the time was fast passing away, and in a few hours he would no longer be in the same house with her. When the ladies went to sit on in the dining-room, he would have to sit on in the dining-room. His host might allow him to look in at the drawing-room for a few minutes that evening, but after that his presence would be required in the billiard-room. In utter desperation he took up the menu card, and on it wrote: "Will you marry me?" He doubled it up, telling the butler to give it to the lady in question. He did so. She read it, and, with the perfect sangfroid born only of the nine-

MY SHIP.

BY F. LEWALD BRUCE.

My ship is on the bay,
Sailing, sailing fast away;
She spreads her wings at break of day
Toward the sun, and sailed away
O'er the ocean wide.

Will she meet tempestuous gales?
Will gentle breezes fill her sails?
Will they greet her with hearty hail
When they see her approaching sail
On the other side?

"Was a message sent that she bore
To my love on a foreign shore?
As I ponder it o'er and o'er,
My ship speeds on to the other shore.
I, waiting, stay.

My ship comes back from o'er the sea,
Bringing this message home to me:
My love is true, from o'er the sea,
She's coming back again to me,
God speed the day.

THE JEWELLED HAIRPIN.

The Strange Tragedy of the Grand Hotel.

BY ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

CHAPTER II. WHO WAS HE?

Every one now was eager to examine the ladder.

But they had been forestalled by Mr. Hasnip. That active officer had already thrown open the window in the passage, and by the red notice-board, which bore a gilt hand and the inscription, "To the fire-escape. Just under the window was a narrow strip, surrounded by an iron hand-rail, below which was the usual small ladder, with the rungs let in close to the brick-work; a difficult method of descent, which none but an acrobat or burglar would willingly use, unless driven to it by an imperious desire to escape from pressing danger.

Duty, or curiosity, or both, sent the detective down the ladder hand-over-head, and I stood with the manager at the window watching him descend.

He stopped suddenly and threw up his head.

"Why, it's broken!" he cried, as he quickly climbed up again and in at the window.

"Then there can be no question that the fire-escape was not used as a means of exit," I said, rather triumphantly. "That brings us back to my first proposition. The murder was committed by some one inside the hotel."

"You advance that statement very positively, my dear Mr. Leslie," said some one behind, placing his hand familiarly on my shoulder.

I turned and found myself face to face with the chief constable of the borough police, a man with whom I had something more than a nodding acquaintance. He had been extremely useful to me in a legal matter altogether foreign to the present narrative, and I had expressed my gratitude so warmly that a certain amount of intimacy had sprung up between us.

"Mine is only an unofficial opinion, Mr. Smart. You may take it for what it is worth."

"It is far too early to express opinions," said the chief constable, rather abruptly. "Forgive me, Mr. Leslie, he went on, half apologetically, "but it is time for the law to take this horrible affair in hand. Mr. Gray, I must ask you to allow me to clear the bedroom and the passage. There are too many people about."

The constable was accompanied by a couple of policemen in uniform, to whom he issued a few short orders. Within ten minutes none of the crowd of eager and mostly excited bystanders remained but the doctor and myself.

Mr. Smart was a rather stout, smooth-faced man with long gray whiskers and the well-to-do, altogether respectable appearance of a prosperous tradesman or commercial traveler, who are sometimes a little too self-satisfied and apt to depreciate the efforts and opinions of others.

We were still in the bedroom—the manager of the hotel, Mr. Gray, one of the waiters, whom he called Cornelis, and kept to convey messages, Dr. Peard, Captain Fawcett, the chief constable, Hasnip and myself.

"I don't want to stay here longer than can be helped, but there are one or two little things I should like to know," said the chief constable.

"Are you going to hold an inquiry?" asked Mr. Gray. "If so, you had better come down-stairs to one of the sitting-rooms. Run, Cornelis—"

"Stay, we will all go down together. I only want to look at the corpse again and ask the doctor one or two questions, privately, of course. The official inquiry will be conducted by the Coroner. He has summoned a jury and will be here very shortly to open the inquest."

"It had better be laid on the bed," said Mr. Smart.

"Lend a hand, Hasnip, and you"—to the waiter.

But the latter shrunk from the unpleasant duty and showed a not strange reluctance to touch the body.

"Why, Cornelis," said the manager to him, "you're growing very squeamish."

"I am always afraid of such things," he confessed, frankly. "I obey, if you order, but it makes me shiver."

The man—evidently a foreigner, although I was not certain of his nationality—was trembling visibly, and his face was very white. It was naturally a pale face, and with his pale, straw-colored hair and white eyebrows he might have been an albino. Now the little color natural to his countenance had altogether disappeared.

"You're not the first man who has hesitated to touch a corpse," said the doctor, in a kindly, reassuring way. "It is more in my line, perhaps. Come, we will lift it together," he added, to the detective.

"I want you to tell me the cause of death. Yes, yes; I know you have given your opinion positively, but I want it verified by ocular demonstration."

"In that case it will be necessary to strip the body."

"Let us do so." The clothes were removed gently and the corpse laid on its stomach on the bed.

"The shape of the orifice indicates that the knife was double-edged toward the

point, becoming triangular with a flat back near the haft."

"Ah!" said Mr. Smart, gently; "an English knife?"

"Possibly; it might have been a surgical knife, a bistoury, or even a dagger."

"This is a point that will have to be looked more into by and by," said Mr. Smart to his assistant, Hasnip.

"The detective nodded and whispered a few words into his chief's ear.

"Yes, yes, of course; I was going to tell you so," said Mr. Smart, aloud. "I think now we will adjourn," he went on. "You can give us a sitting-room, Gray, I think you said?"

"Yes; on the next floor," said the manager.

"May I go with you?" I asked.

"This strange case began to possess an extraordinary fascination for me."

"All right; let's hear what the Chief is after, and then we'll go back."

We were still the same party in the sitting-room, except for Captain Fawcett, who had disappeared.

"I should like to know who first found out what had occurred," said Mr. Smart, seating himself masterfully at a table in the center of the room, while we ranged ourselves around.

"The chambermaid."

"Is she here?"

Emma Jones was called in.

"You were the first, I hear, to find the body. What took you to No. 99?"

She was a chubby-cheeked, robust country girl, in a pink cotton dress and neat cap. Her face still wore a look of startled, horrified surprise, and her bright eyes were at this abrupt question.

"Don't be afraid, my girl. Tell me all you know," went on the chief constable, more kindly. "What took you to No. 99, I ask, this morning?"

"He (the corpse) was to be called at half-past six. It was down on the board."

"Had you called him?"

"Yes, sir, punctually."

"Had he answered?"

"No, sir; but that often happens. I thought he was asleep."

"And you went away?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you came back to No. 99? You must have, to find the body."

"Oh, yes, sir; I came back about half-past 8 o'clock."

"On purpose? (What brought you?)"

"I was only passing, but I saw the door ajar."

"Ha!" the exclamation was mine. But Mr. Smart held up his hand.

"The door was ajar. Was it so at half-past six?"

"Oh, no, sir," she said, quickly.

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure, sir; at least I think I am quite sure."

A great deal depends on this," Mr. Smart looked at me and I saw plainly that his thoughts and mine followed the same line. "You must try and recollect positively," Hasnip, in spite of himself, looked disappointed. "Remember what you have told me. At 6:30 the door was—"

"Closed. I am almost certain—"

"Only almost certain? That won't do, my dear. Stay. Let me help you to fix your memory. You say you knocked at the door. Hard?"

"Yes, with my knuckles; hard enough to be heard inside."

"Then the door, if it had been open, would have given way. Did it?"

"No, sir, it didn't give way."

"Then you can no longer have any doubt that it was closed at 6:30?"

"I suppose not, sir," she said, with her eyes cast down. It was clear that she was not absolutely convinced, although she had admitted as much.

"Well, now, go on, my dear," continued Mr. Smart. "At any rate you found the door ajar at 8:30 or 9."

"I am certain of that, sir."

"And what did you do?"

"I knocked again."

"Did you think No. 99 was still there, asleep?"

"No, sir; I thought he had gone down-stairs, and I wanted to make sure before going into the room."

"You got no answer?"

"No answer, sir; so I went in."

"Meaning to do up the room?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then you found—"

The chambermaid turned very white at the recollection of the horrid sight that had met her gaze on entering the bedroom and could only give a low, almost inarticulate reply.

"Well, well, I won't press you. I understand; and I think that will do for the present," said the chief constable. "You will have to tell the coroner all this, my good girl; remember that, and mind you, don't vary your story."

"The chambermaid throws a new and very important light on this mysterious affair," I could not refrain from saying.

"No more hasty conclusions, I beg," quickly interposed Mr. Smart.

"Some person," I went on, looking hard at the detective, "passed the door of No. 99, between 6:30 and 9. He—or she—may have gone out then for the first time after the murder. That may have been his—or her—first chance of getting away. Or he—or she—may have gone back."

"Rather risky," said the detective, with a laugh that seemed uneasy.

The object in view was perhaps worth the risk. It might have been to pick up some more or less, some article or paper, looted or forgotten, and only missed when afterward brooding over the deed.

"This is all pure conjecture," put in the chief constable more and more displeased, as I thought, at the freedom which the various points in the argument were discussed.

"It will be very awkward and perplexing if all papers have been removed," I went on. "We may have no other means of identification. Don't you—to the manager—don't you know anything of the murdered man?"

"Next to nothing, I believe," replied the manager. "We have his name—the name he gave us on taking his room yesterday—and his address—London; but that is all."

"Identification is very necessary, I presume," the Doctor inquired.

"Essential, indispensable," said the chief constable, warming with his subject. "We shall never arrive at a solution of the mystery in any other way. Given the man's name, antecedents, ways of life, friends, associates, and so forth, and we shall obtain a clew to the cause of the crime. Every great crime has its mainpring. Fear, passion, or greed; it is one of those three that has led to the commission of ninety-five per cent. of the murders known."

"There must be two to make a quarrel, and the second person, the dead man, would thus have been on his guard; forewarned, in fact. But it may safely be presumed that he was taken unawares, eh, Doctor?"

"Quite so. The blow was struck in the back, secretly and without warning, I should say."

"This conclusion disposes of a fight or struggle. Passion may, therefore, be also eliminated from the motives of the crime, I think, Mr. Smart?"

"It is impossible to deny your logic, Mr. Leslie. All causes seem excluded, then, but fear?"

"Fear of what?"

"Fear of some compromising revelations. The dead man had the murderer in his power; perhaps knew something to his or her discredit; was in possession of some damning fact, and threatened exposure."

"A case of blackmail, in fact."

"Possibly. But this is still mere conjecture, of course."

"To accept it we must show that the murdered man had relations, was more or less intimately acquainted, in fact, with other persons staying in the hotel. Yet so far the evidence is all the other way."

"Had no friends here?"

"So far as we know, none."

"Was he absolutely solitary? Did he speak to nobody?"

"They tell me that is the fact. I have inquired within the last half-hour from the head-waiter and others."

"The foreign waiter, Cornelis, was still present, and had heard the whole of our arguments. I fancied as the talk turned upon the loneliness of the dead man that a look of dissent crossed the waiter's white, pasty face. It was very fugitive, and was not followed by any remark tending to elucidate this last point, whether or not the dead man had friends or acquaintance in the hotel; but it was sufficient to make me resolve to subject Cornelis to a little dexterous cross-examination by and by."

CHAPTER III. THE JEWELLED HAIRPIN.

At the end of the dialogue already recorded—and it was more a desultory conversation than an inquiry—Hasnip, in obedience to a look from his chief, rose and left the room. I followed immediately, and overtook the detective as he was close to No. 99. He was unlocking the door when I asked:

"May I go in with you?"

He looked at me curiously.

"Well, as a rule, I like best to work alone. I don't care for help. Advice, suggestions, and all that only put me off my business."

"Work alone, if you like, with all my heart. Only don't prevent me from working, too. Let each go on our own way, until, at least, you wish it otherwise."

"That's fair enough," said Hasnip, more cordially. "Anyhow, come in."

We entered the bedroom.

"I think it will be best to lock the door inside," went on the detective. "We shall be safe from all interruption then."

To be locked in a room with the corpse of a murdered man, even when that room was brightened by the full rays of a September sun, and filled with the sounds of life in progress upon the beach below, was enough to make one shudder. I could not prevent myself from looking at the bed. It was there—the body—a white mass, covered decently with a clean sheet, motionless but not shapeless, telling its story of death and horror only too plainly.

My companion meanwhile had set to work in a business-like manner. He had evidently been taught to conduct a search as part of his profession; and while I was lingering, sentimentally gazing at the bed, he had gone straight to the dead man's portmanteau, which he had opened without difficulty.

There were a few shirts, a suit of clothes, a pair of thin shoes, a collar-box of card-board, and that was literally all. Not a scrap of paper, nothing whatever, written or printed, to help us in our inquiry. The linen was not marked. The only reference to the owner was an address label—a piece of coarse yellow paper—pasted on the top.

This label bore the name, "Joseph Cooch," with the words, "Passenger to London," underneath, the whole written in a large, straggling hand.

"He has a foreign look, rather; so has his handwriting. This name under which he was registered at the hotel was probably false," I said.

"We shall know where he hails from when we know what brought him here; and I expect we shall have to wait till then before we lay hands on his murderer," replied Hasnip.

He bundled the clothes back into the portmanteau and dropped on to his knees. At this moment he was near the dressing-table, with his back to the light. In this attitude he crawled slowly along the carpet, inch by inch, circling round the hideous spot in the center where the half-dried pool of blood still stained the floor, and ending at the bed. He searched the whole room in this way, and last of all lifted the valance of the bed and disappeared underneath.

I, on the other hand, having thus watched the detective for a time, began to work on my own account. I stood erect where I was, and made a slow, careful survey of the room, its furniture, and its fittings throughout, from the door to the window. As my eye rested on the latter meditatively, I remembered that it gave upon a balcony. It was an ordinary window, but the panes were of plate glass, and the lower sash reached to the floor.

With the idea of further investigating the balcony I approached the window, and found to my surprise that it was open a few inches from the ground. How long had this been the case? From the early morning? It was impossible to fix this with any certainty at the moment, but I knew that if the window had been open at the time of our first intrusion into No. 99, the fact had escaped my observation, else, so far as I knew, that of every one else. The point of the open window was one to note for future consideration, closely affecting as it did the question of access to the death chamber.

Meanwhile, as Hasnip was still underneath the bed, I lifted the sash and stepped out on to the balcony. As the manager had said, it did not serve No. 99 alone. This room was at the end of a corridor; it was really a corner-room in the northern flank of the building. The Grand Hotel, by two, consisted of a central block, with two long wings slightly in advance of

the center. The balcony I now stood on occupied one of these squares, and was apparently an external means of access to this part of the building, an important fact, bearing closely on this same question of access to No. 99.

I did not think it fair to pursue the fresh scent alone, and I turned to re-enter the bedroom. As my foot was on the window sill, something lying amid the long hair of the wool-mat below, and entering in the sunlight, caught my eye, I stooped at once and picked up a tortoise shell hairpin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Reflections.

Stilts are no better in conversation than in a footrace.

Polly must hold its tongue when wearing the wig of wisdom.

It is the foolish aim of the atheist to scan infinitude with a microscope.

When poverty comes in at the cottage door, true love goes at it with an ax.

Many an object in life must be attained by flank movements; it is the zigzag road that leads to the mountain-top.

All the paths of life lead to the grave, and the utmost we can do is to avoid the short cuts.

The office should seek the man, before taking him.

Humility is most servicable as undergarment, and should never be worn as an overcoat.

The Good Samaritan helps the unfortunate wayfarer without asking how he intends to vote.

Knights of S. E. & I. All Right.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 13.—The examiners of the State Insurance Department have filed with Supt. Pierce the result of their investigation of the charges preferred by C. P. Meade against the present management of the Knights of Sobriety, Fidelity and Integrity, of Syracuse. The report shows the company's assets, which consist of cash in the bank and mortgage investments, amount to \$41,474. The liabilities amount to \$400 for unpaid sick benefits. The reserve fund amounts to \$46,778.

Labor Leaders to Visit Newark.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 13.—Hugh O'Donnell, of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers; W. L. McConogh, the corresponding secretary; Thomas J. Campbell, chairman of the Advisory committee; Samuel Tompkins, president of the Federation of Trades and Labor, and P. J. McGuire, secretary of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, have accepted invitations to be present next Saturday at the picnic projected by the Essex Trades Council for a defense fund to be used in aid of the Homestead strikers.

Swimming Contests at Asbury Park.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 13.—The ocean swimming contests attracted 20,000 people to the beach. There were 46 entries in the match for men. The course was from the wave power pier in Ocean Grove to the fishing pier in Asbury Park, a distance of 700 feet. The prizes were gold medal and a diamond scarf pin. The match was won by Charles McCauley of Brooklyn, Ralph D. Paine, of the Yale football team, being second. The ladies' match brought out four entries, and was won by Mrs. R. L. McLean of New York city. Miss Bessie Smith of Asbury Park was second.

A Mysterious Disappearance.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Aug. 13.—Great excitement prevails at Middletown over the disappearance of Capt. Henry Miller, a very wealthy and influential citizen. He was seen last Thursday evening by his nephew, Henry Ives, but now cannot be found. Searching parties have scoured the country and drawn off men and horses, but no trace of Mr. Miller has been discovered. He was about 80 years of age, unmarried and eccentric. He wore long, white hair.

Stone Cutters' Strike Off.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 13.—A committee of stone cutters have waited on the bosses and notified the latter that the men had declared the strike off. This means that the men go back on 44 terms and work 48 hours instead of 47 per week. Non-union men will not be discharged to make places for the strikers. The year is to begin March 1.

Had Four Sets of Twins.

BOON, Mich., Aug. 13.—Ten years ago Mrs. W. M. Smith made her husband happy by giving birth to twins. Eight years ago she repeated the operation, and three years ago again astonished him and herself by giving birth to four children. She gave birth to her fourth twins. The eight children are all healthy and well.

Uneasiness as to Silver.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—The financial articles in the "Pall Mall Gazette" says that there is an acute feeling of uneasiness as to the outlook for silver. The weakness, it says, is due to the expectation that the United States will repeal or modify the "Silver Act" of 1890. The depression may have a sinister influence on stocks.

Boiler Makers Discharged.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 13.—Thirty-eight boiler makers and riveters at Cramp's shipyard, who struck because of the employment of a non-union riveter, have been discharged. One hundred and fifty men are employed in the boiler shop. The firm does not anticipate further trouble as applicants for the positions are numerous.

Bradford, Pa., Aug. 13.—Peter Anderson, a Swede, aged 34 years, committed suicide at Bradford City, a small village near here, by cutting his throat with a jack knife. He was dependent on his

THE MINERS' DEFIA

determined to Put an End to Convict Competition.

THE MILITARY READY TO M

Governor Buchanan Says He Is Going to Stop the Trouble for All Time—Dead Convicts Found—Saturday's

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 15.—Convicts were found dead yesterday with bullets. Nat Wilson, a convict, was killed in the night, and Smith is dying. These five uncoupled men and attempted escape. It is said that the inmates will be attacked by 50 guards who brought the 55 City convicts here were sent.

Governor Buchanan is very nervous over the trouble for all time—He is waiting to hear from the sheriff of Grundy county, who wired yesterday that he would probably

Gov. Buchanan said last night: "I am tired of this foolishness, and I am going to issue a proclamation offering a reward for the leaders. If nothing happens, and if anything else does, then upon their heads I will draw the swords of the Tennessee National Guard."

Tom Carrick, the leader of the miners yesterday that this was the beginning, that the miners had been posed on by a standing army who had them with their arms, and that the miners shall crackle in the streets of the valley, and have sworn to hold meetings every night for the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Company shall not operate the mine at that region again. They swear at the State shall take its convicts away from the labor can operate the mine they are ever reopened.

Another reason for fearing a strike that the labor unions all over this are better organized than ever, and urging the men who sympathize with the miners to withdraw from the militia is having the effect to keep some from volunteering, though the action of the labor unions encourages the miners to believe that they will be protected, and that the State cannot increase its force if it should necessary.

The outbreak Saturday, when the miners forced the guards to remove convicts from the stockade at City, after which the stockade burned, was but the culmination of a long contemplated plan of the free men and goes to show how determined they are to keep up the fight against the government of convict labor.

The capture of the stockade at City was an easy matter, the guards being that resistance would be met and surely result in serious losses. A stolen switch engine with cars, which the miners captured, started down the mountain toward the convicts. The train was bound with 380 helpless convicts under a guard of miners armed with six miners were in the capture of the engineer to make time.

After the prisoners had been taken the conductor and been ordered to leave at once for the convicts, who had been turned to Deputy Warden Burton and five guards.

Between Swannoe and Mount convicts cut the train in two and made a break for liberty. Several shots were fired. Matt Wilson, white, was killed. Tom Smith, colored, wounded. Six or eight made good their escape. The train was held at Coopers to come on were received at Nashville.

The convicts taken from the City stockade were brought to prison here and will be kept in a new stockade can be built, and will be returned, as was done at Crack.

TOO POOR TO RUN

Why Judge Gresham Declined Party Nomination.

Boston, Aug. 15.—On the action of the delegates to the convention, it is stated that when Judge Gresham's committee waited on him to make sure that his determination to accept the Third Party was final, Judge Gresham told him he believed in the principles of most thoroughly, and that campaign was over he would speak in Chicago, advocating the principles.

But, he said, he could not accept nomination because he was tired and in poor health. His duty was to prevent him. If he should have to resign his position, upon which he was for a living.

TWO MYSTERIOUS W

Either Him Be Able to Kill Gen. Dunn Killed Him.

DEVER, Col., Aug. 15.—Surrounding the case of Gen. Dunn's suicide is still unsolved. In his letter to the mystic Barnes he speaks of her not him. She is not located as yet. Another letter dated September 1890, fully two years before Dunn was found in the Denver, which ended his life