

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1892

MR. HOBWICK, whom death wrenched from a fortune of \$3,000, succumbed to excitement due to a fire that occasioned a loss of only \$150,000. The incident points anew to the well-known truth that it is folly to worry over trifles.

WHILE the militia of Connecticut was enjoying itself in camp an event that for some reason was termed a sham battle sent twelve badly wounded men to the hospital. The inference is natural that if the Connecticut militia ever gets in earnest the carnage will be a thing of terror.

NEW ENGLAND is gaining a rather unenviable notoriety in criminal affairs. During the last few years she has had a large number of highly sensational murders, while minor cases, where human life was taken, are very large. The murder of Hiram Sawtelle by his brother, Isaac, was a most atrocious crime and gave food to the public mind until it was overshadowed by the assassination of Miss Christie Warden by the all-around scoundrel, Frank Almy. The crime for which Dr. Graves, of Providence, R. I., awaits the extreme penalty of the law, has hardly a precedent. He killed his victim in the Rocky Mountains while himself in Boston. Then came the attempted killing of Russell Sage in New York, by Norcross, a New England man, and now the entire East is astounded by the butchery of Andrew J. Borden and his wife in Fall River, Mass.

THE name of Daniel Dougherty must now be added to the long list of distinguished men whom death has claimed as its victims during the present year. Mr. Dougherty was a great lawyer and a magnetic orator. His grandest triumphs were achieved as an advocate addressing a jury. There the power of his remarkable eloquence had full play, and his appeals were materially aided in their effectiveness by his extraordinary knowledge of human nature. It has been said of him that before he began to speak he made it a point to acquaint himself intimately with the character of every man in the jury box—his politics, religion, nationality, and other distinguishing traits, and his hobbies, weaknesses, and eccentricities, as well, if he had them. Mr. Dougherty's career at the bar was highly successful. In politics he was a doctrinaire Democrat, but he never sought nor held public office. His speech placing General Hancock in nomination for President of the National Democratic Convention in Cincinnati in 1880, was a superb oratorical effort, which attracted wide attention and elicited much deserved praise. He also nominated Grover Cleveland for the Presidency at the St. Louis convention in 1888.

THAT Kentucky mob which took Logan Murphy, a 17-year-old paricide, and hung him because of his atrocious crimes, introduced a unique feature into their lynching procedure. It would have been scarcely possible to give him the benefit of clergy, for gentlemen of the cloth are averse to participating in such affairs, but those who officiated at young Murphy's demise were not entirely lost to the solemn suggestions of the occasion. He was given opportunity to pray, but frankly confessed an inability to avail himself of the favor. In this emergency a man in the mob knelt down to ask mercy upon the soul that they were about to launch into eternity. In terse, strong language he told what a grievous sinner Murphy had been and how the law of the land had failed to punish him. He had killed two persons, one his own father, and a third one of his victims lay at death's door. He had been a horse thief and a generally wicked boy, unfit to live and certainly unfit to die. The petitioner evidently had regard for the old Mosaic law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. "The boy had murdered two of his fellow-men and the fitting punishment was death. The law's delay had aggravated the community until men who would pray and listen to prayer at his lynching hung young Logan until he was dead. They had just cause to protest and condemn the slowness of the law, but they can find no justification for the extremes to which they were led. The men who hung Murphy can only be classified as murderers. They acted without sanction of law and can find no apology in morals. The stringent enforcement of the law against lynchings is one of the crying demands of the day.

A SHABBY OLD COAT.

BY EVA KATHARINE CLAPP.

Fold it gently away in this wide cedar chest, The shabby old coat, late his only, his best; There has dawned on his fortunes a prosperous day, And, wolf-like, grim poverty slinks from the way.

But, oh, the sweet memories that tenderly cling Round each rent, fold and fray of this shabby old thing! Stir each pulse of my heart until tears blind my eyes, And its dull, faded colors the bright drops renew.

You were faithful, old friend, all those wintry days bleak, When the foggy, stormy air with nigger grew weak, While his courage stood firm and his honor alone bright, As it does, amidst plenty and friends, on this night.

You were faithful, old friend, while the hard-hearted crew, Who all crowded so close while your glass was withered, could eye, gazed afar down the street, Lest their paucity self-love your mute protest might meet.

'Twas just here he once pinned, with a smile, grave and sweet, A wild blossom, bestowed by a child in the street, And the love that shone forth from that ragged child's eyes, Made the gift, he said, softly, "a keepsake to prize."

To a long-remembered prayer that proud head seldom bowed, But to love's true religion his true heart was ever staunch to a friend, ever just to a foe, While his presence made home a just heaven below.

In their well-cushioned pulpits our natty divines Between saint and sinner draw strict, rigid lines, And their clerical garb, with a manner austere, They would hold far aloof if this old coat drew near.

Good, respectable friends, if the heaven you preach Should be led down in beauty, let down to your reach, Oh, how stung you would feel if its popular vote Should elect him a prince in this shabby old coat.

True, that a never the war, in this blindfold old Where a diamond must glitter to herald its worth; But think he to Nature, some few hearts still The ring of true worth, 'neath all mask and disguise.

So fold it away in the wide cedar chest, Just a shabby old coat, late his only and best, Letting softly the fragrance of lavender float, Like a fragrant, well-done, round our home's old coat.

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to me one evening as we sat over our wine at the "Fonda del Mar." "Not so fast as I could wish; still, we are making progress." And then I opened my heart to him, telling him plainly what I was doing and all the difficulties I encountered.

"Case looks ugly against Sarsfield—is that how you call him?—there's no gaining it," remarked Captain Verheyden, who had listened attentively. "But I've got to prove he came to Cadiz."

"That ought to be easy enough. You've got the chest as a clue. 'Tain't easy to hide a sea-chest."

"Unless he took it off altogether—to England, his own country."

"He'd be far more likely to break it open and extract what he was in search of than destroy or leave the chest behind him."

"Just what was the murdered man's real name? You have not told me that." He was deeply interested now, I could see that. "The Don Hermanson! Yriarte! That's the name of the man," he cried when I told him. "Those names ain't new to me, Mr. Leslie. What like was the ship, and where did she hail from?"

"She was a bark, 400 tons register. Cleared from the port of Cadiz on March 19, 186—, bound for the Havana with a cargo of wine."

"Wine was on her manifest—sherry wine, priorato, and Taragona port—when I boarded her in the Grand Bahama Channel, but nary cask did I find in her."

"When you boarded her, Captain Verheyden? Gracious goodness! What had you to say to her? I was just going to ask you whether you could help me to trace her in the Cuba port, and now you tell me you know the ship."

"Knew her! Yes, by thunder, knew her, and her captain and all her rascally crew!"

"Go on, please, tell me all about her."

"'Tain't a long story, but it's full of meat. In that year, 186—, I was Lieutenant-Commander of the United States sloop Opossum, cruising in the Gulf of Florida, in and about the Bahamas, and round the Havana. You know we'd just put down slavery, and we didn't mean to let no one else carry on the trade in humans, either. My orders were to keep a sharp lookout for any craft that might board and seize her, and there I fell in with nothing, sir, for weeks and weeks, and might not tell now for the master of a cutter from New Providence, who told me a rakish-looking craft, with heavy spars and strongly manned, had been driven northward by stress of weather, and when he met her was trying to beat back toward the Havana."

"Suspicious description this, so I cruised her course. It was still blowing a fresh breeze from the south-southwest; but at daylight on the third day we sighted her sailing on the wind. She must have been seen by us, and there I was at once, and went to her, and I fell in with nothing, sir, for weeks and weeks, and might not tell now for the master of a cutter from New Providence, who told me a rakish-looking craft, with heavy spars and strongly manned, had been driven northward by stress of weather, and when he met her was trying to beat back toward the Havana."

"It was not a hanging State, Mr. Leslie, so they got off with imprisonment. The captain was put down for life, but he seems to have got away somehow—escaped, pardoned."

"Fate brought retribution to the end. To be stabbed in the back with his own clasp-knife."

"Was a death almost too good for him. I am inclined to think that the man who killed him did good service to society."

"That would be a rather dangerous doctrine to preach, Captain Verheyden," I said, protesting, "besides, in this case the murderer shared his victim's crime."

"No, no, you must not say that; you are not certain Mr. Sarsfield was a party to the massacre."

"There was a strong suspicion against his firm, anyway, and if his conscience was not sore, why did he go to such lengths? If he could have braved Yriarte's threats he need not have killed him."

"You still charge him with the murder?"

"Can you doubt it, now that we know so much?"

"I'd rather not stand in his shoes, that much I'll allow. But you've got more to do if you want to convict him."

"His recent visit to Cadiz—"

"Ah, if you can prove that; but can you?"

"We want all over the points again one by one, and while we were discussing the case, detail after detail, trying hard to fix our conclusions by logical proof, a waiter came in to tell me that Ramon had called and wished to see me without delay."

"Well, you have something important to say," I remarked, when the guide came in. "I can see it in your face."

"St. Senor, I have found the chest."

"Where? Then you know the man?"

"One moment, sir. The old woman, after much pressing, let out that the chest was fetched away by a man."

"You have his description? Out with it, quick."

"By a man," continued Ramon, determined to tell the story his own way, "who came in a rowboat from Cadiz. I found the boat and those who rowed it. They told me they helped to carry the chest on board, and brought it back with the man to Cadiz."

"But this man? Describe him, I insist."

"He was a foreigner, speaking Spanish not badly, but still a foreigner; not a sailor, although he tried to pass for one, and was taken with his chest to a sailor's lodging house near the quay. He was looking out for a berth, he said, in a ship bound for South America."

"And he found one?"

"No one can tell; he disappeared after the second day, leaving his chest behind him to pay for his lodging. There was nothing in it except some old clothes, moth-eaten, which must have lain there for a dozen years."

"Clever trick," said Captain Verheyden, who had been listening attentively; "he got well rid of the chest."

"After extracting all he wanted. But not Ramon, for the man's appearance, tall, middle-aged, dark complexion, gray hair."

"No, sir; rather young, short, inclined to be fat, with a white forehead, straw-colored hair, and pale blue eyes. That's how they all describe him."

It was the waiter, Cornelis Janssen, there could be no doubt of it; and instantaneously the whole current of my thoughts was diverted into another channel.

MISSOURI'S GOVERNOR ASKED FOR HIS EXTRADITION.

WAS INDICTED IN PHILADELPHIA. The victim was Millionaire M. J. Winner of Pottstown, Pa. Who secured the indictment—History of the Governor Who Was at the Head of the Missouri Investment Co.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 26.—William Winner, the Kansas City speculator, who made a meteoric flight through the financial world, and who was recently arrested in Philadelphia, is now in the hands of the Missouri authorities. He was indicted in Philadelphia for the murder of a man named James B. M. Winner, who was a resident of St. Louis. In January last, at the instance of James B. M. Winner, the millionaire of this city, a warrant was issued for the arrest of the man who had procured \$1,000,000 from him by false pretenses three years ago.

Winner was a clerk in the office of the Missouri State Treasurer, and was a resident of St. Louis. He was a member of the Missouri State Bar, and was a resident of St. Louis. He was a member of the Missouri State Bar, and was a resident of St. Louis.

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PATRICK SANSFIELD GILMORE

His Band to Keep On—His Estate—Share of His Life.

NEW YORK, Sep. 26.—It is said that Sargent Frensdorff, the assistant director of Gilmore's Band, will continue to act as leader, and will keep up the organization established by the late bandmaster, Mr. Gilmore, while not wealthy, but his family in comfortable circumstances. His estate will foot up about \$40,000. The remains will arrive from St. Louis this evening.

It was known that Mr. Gilmore suffered from an affection of the heart, but the announcement of his death at St. Louis came with crushing force upon his many friends and admirers.

Patrick Sansfield Gilmore was the most widely known bandmaster in America. He was born near Dublin, Ireland, on Dec. 28, 1820, and was, therefore, in his 63rd year at the time of his death. He demonstrated great love for the music of brass instruments when but a boy, and at the age of 15 connected himself with military bands. Before long he had gained a reputation for himself with an English military band and after spending a year in the Dominion near Salem, Mass., where he became a leader of the principal brass band in that city.

In 1861, at the outbreak of the Rebellion, Gilmore accompanied the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts regiment to the field, and in 1863 he was placed in charge of all the bands in the Department of Louisiana. At the close of the war Gilmore devoted himself to the work of his band with redoubled energy. It was his first conceived idea of giving music concerts in the great cities of the country, and he successfully carried his idea into execution.

He was the projector of the great "Peace Jubilees" given in Boston in 1869 and 1872, and it was under his leadership and his management that the Jubilees proved such great successes. He wrote a book about the first jubilee, which was published in Boston in 1871.

In 1878 Gilmore took his band to Europe and made a successful tour of the cities of the Old World. He played before crowned heads, princes, dukes and lesser nobles, and was received with great favor.

Soon after the opening of Manhattan Beach as a summer resort the big auditorium in front of the hotel was built and Gilmore and his band were secured as a regular summer attraction there.

He has been one of the features of Manhattan Beach every season since. Only a few weeks ago his last great jubilee was given at Manhattan Beach. It was just about that time that the report, which afterward proved unfounded, that the great bandmaster had been drowned, was circulated. Gilmore had a great ambition to be recognized as a composer, and he wrote many songs and ballads, some of which gained great popularity.

His "National Anthem" he considered his finest composition and nearly always played it when his band gave an entertainment. His last work of any note was the arranging of the music of "Marching Through Georgia" into a funeral march. He marched at the head of his band playing this work at the funeral of General Sherman.

SETTLEMENT AT LAST.

Rejoicing at the Ending of the Granite Cutters' Strike at Haver, Vt.

BARRE, Vt., Sep. 24.—The trouble of the granite industry, which has been the cause of the Union and the Association signing a bill of prices and agreement, thus ending a long and bitter contest of five months' duration. The dealers held a long session to discuss the wisdom of beginning work before a settlement was made elsewhere, but finally decided to do so, and the bill was signed.

It is understood that the Association agrees to have Barclay Brothers' influence removed, and all sheds will remain work as union yards Monday. Granite cutters are happy over the outcome of the struggle and look upon the settlement as a partial victory.

THE DEATH OF WICKES.

Is Friends in New York Greatly Shocked Over the Report from Detroit.

NEW YORK, Sep. 26.—Friends of Wickes in this city are greatly shocked in a manner of his death as reported in Detroit despatches, and express regret as to their correctness.

Mr. Ernest F. Walton, agent of Wickes' Refrigerator Company in this city, said that he knew Mr. Wickes very intimately, and knew that so far from being a man likely to go on a drunk spree, he was unusually temperate. He said that he had with him frequently, and never saw him even taste a glass of wine with his meals.

He also said that there was nothing to indicate that he was anything but a sober and sensible man, and that he was a man of high character and high intelligence. He said that he was a man of high character and high intelligence.

Other friends in this city spoke in a similar strain and highly eulogized Wickes' modest and retiring life.

SEARCHING FOR A CHILD. HARTLETON, Pa., Sep. 28.—More than 200 men and women are searching for a child named Alice Czaja, who was last seen near Hartleton, Pa. She is a four-year-old child of Alice Czaja. She was last seen on Friday afternoon. She is believed to be in a cottage that nestled close to a mountain a mile from Hartleton.

THE ARMS SPIRITED AWAY.

HARTLETON, Pa., Sep. 24.—Detectives here have been trying to locate the arms of the Pinkertons on the day of the strike. On July 6, they traced the weapons to a place near Minhall station, about a mile from Hartleton. The detectives made a raid on the place and recovered the arms. They learned that the arms were hidden in a cottage that nestled close to a mountain a mile from Hartleton.