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MURFREESBORO INDEX.

JOHN W. HICKS, Editor and Proprietor. DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF HERTFORD AND ADJOINING COUNTIES. $1.50 Per Annum.

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The Only Weekly PAPER Published in the Territory Lying between the Roanoke and Meherrin rivers, embracing the three counties of Hertford, Northampton and Bertie.

Raleigh

THANKSGIVING.

"Have you cut the wheat in the blowing fields,
The barley, the oats, and the rye?
The golden corn and the pearly rice?
For the winter days and nigh."
"We have reaped them all from shore to shore,
And the grain is safe on the threshing floor."

"Have you gathered the berries from the vines,
And the fruit from the orchard trees?
The dew and the scent from the rose and thyme
In the hive of the honey bees?"
"The peach and the plum and the apples are ours,
And the honeycomb from the scented flowers."

"The wealth of the snowy cotton-field
And the gift of the sugar-cane,
The savory herb and the nourishing root,
There has nothing been given in vain.
We have gathered the harvest from shore to shore,
And the measure is full and running o'er."

Then lift up the head with a song!
And lift up the hands with a gift!
To the ancient giver of all
The spirit in gratitude lift!
For the joy and the promise of spring,
For the hay and the clover sweet,
The barley, the rye, and the oats,
The rice and the corn and the wheat,
The cotton and sugar and fruit,
The flowers and the fine honeycomb
The country, so fair and so free,
The blessing and glory of home.
"Thanksgiving! thanksgiving! thanksgiving!"
Joyfully, gratefully call
To God, the "Preserver of men,"
The bountiful Father of all.

—*Amelia E. Barr.*

AUNT HANNAH'S WAY.

"What is Jane doing now?" asked Mrs. Harding, looking up from the pie-crust she was crimping.

"Laughing," replied Aunt Hannah, curtly, "and she always is laughing nowadays. What does make that girl laugh so much?"

"I hadn't noticed it," said Mrs. Harding; "in fact, I have been so busy lately I haven't had time to notice. But I'm glad if she is any happier. A week or two ago she seemed very sad, and I found her a number of times just at nightfall standing out under the willow trees near the water-drain, crying."

Just then Samantha Heath, the hired girl, gave a queer little cry, half between a cough and a sneeze, and as Mrs. Harding turned around, she caught her maid-of-all-work with an unmistakable grin on her broad face.

"Well, Samantha," she questioned, rather sharply, "didn't I remark to you at the time about Jane's low spirits?"

"Yes'm," replied Samantha, with the corners of her mouth drawing up, and the corners of her eyes drawing down, as she kept on chopping her mince-pie meat.

"Well, then?"

"Oh nothing,' said Samantha, "only Jane is mostly merry or sad, as the old song goes, according to the mood of the girl in the story she is reading. The one now is a girl with very red lips and white teeth. It seems to suit Jane, for her lips are amazing red, and her teeth are as white as a dog's teeth. Of course she overdoes it, but that is natural, I suppose."

Mrs. Harding looked at Samantha with ominous little red spots showing themselves on her yet fair face.

"Do you mean to tell me that my only daughter is so simple—"

"Nothing simple about it, I'm sure," interrupted the hired girl. "It's the fact. Jane tells me about it every day when I go up to do the chamber-work; the girl must have something to occupy her mind, and she don't have any work to do."

"That's just it," said Aunt Hannah, interrupting in her turn, "just the secret. She don't have anything to do, and the girls ought to be busy. Now she might just as well be chopping that mince-meat, or paring those apples, or crimping those pies, as any one else."

"Jane never has been very well, you know, Aunt Hannah."

"She has always been made to think she wasn't," replied Aunt Hannah. "What Jane needs now is exercise. If she was a romp, I could stand it; but for a great, tall, healthy and hearty girl like her to sit in her chamber hour after hour, and rock and read novels—"

"'Susette' in the 'Sweet Swans of Savoy' always sat in her chamber," said Samantha; "and most all the story-book girls do. They always 'go to their own rooms.'"

"They'd go to the kitchen were they my girls," muttered Aunt Hannah.

"I am sure Janey is not in her room now," said Mrs. Harding triumphantly. "You just said she was laughing."

"No; of course she was not in her room then," replied Samantha. "The girl in the last book she got from the library goes out and takes a 'quiet walk with a happy smile on her lips.'"

Good Mrs. Harding was really angry now. The red spots on her cheeks deepened to carmine, as Jane came slowly and steadily up the walk, with a book in her hand.

"Look at that girl's stilted, unnatural walk!" exclaimed Aunt Hannah. "At her age she ought to come with a skip and a jump, as unconcious of her feet as a bird is of its wings. What book have you there, Jane? Let me see, it please," went on Aunt Hannah, as the young girl entered the large, neat kitchen.

Jane unwillingly handed it over, with a sickly smile.

"Humph!" said Aunt Hannah. "Where are you going, dear?"

"To my room," replied Jane, with a smile broader and sicklier than the first one, "when you are through with my book," and she leaned her shoulder languidly against the door, clasped her slim, white hands in front of her, and looked through the window away to the russet hills, with a smile that showed her white, even teeth, still resting upon her face.

Aunt Hannah and Samantha exchanged glances and smiles. Mrs. Harding saw it, and said, in a peremptory tone:

"Jane, go up stairs, braid up your hair, take off that ridiculous bow from the top of your head, put on your everyday boots and an apron, and then come down into the kitchen and wash up the baking dishes."

Jane slowly turned around, gave her fond mother a most withering look, which was copied as nearly as possible from a character in the story she had read a few days before, and returned, in a scornful tone:

"Wash the baking dishes! Me! Why cannot Samantha do it? I never washed baking dishes in my life!"

"Time you had," said Aunt Hannah, who had tucked the book under her apron and gone on with her apple-paring.

Jane went up-stairs to her room, but quite forgot to come down again; and Samantha washed up the dishes.

"Just as I told you," said the hired girl to Aunt Hannah. "She won't do anything but read those foolish stories from the circulating library at the drug store, and then act out the characters they tell about."

It was Thanksgiving time. Guests had been invited, and there was everything to do. There had always been just such times at the farmhouse ever since Jane could remember; but she had never assisted. She was the only daughter, and had been brought up in the useless way that many of the only daughters are brought up in, in the homes of farmers, even, where mistaken mothers often say:

"My girls shall have the easy times that I have missed in my life."

The next morning Aunt Hannah said to Samantha, privately:

"Don't you want to go home to Thanksgiving, my good girl?"

"Yes, ma'am, the very worst way," quickly said the faithful domestic. "My brother's folks have writen for me, and there's to be a big family gathering; but I can't go."

"You shall go, and what's more you shall stay two weeks," said Aunt Hannah, resolutely, "and your wages shall go on all the same. Say to Mrs. Harding to-night that you must go. Jane shall do your work."

"Oh, she can't!"

"She can and she shall," said Aunt Hannah. "I will put my shoulder to the wheel. Don't you worry now; just give out that you must go home this year."

So, just after the mail came in, Samantha said to her mistress:

"I want to go home to Thanksgiving awfully."

"You ought to go," put in Aunt Hannah. "You shall go to-morrow, and be gone a fortnight. I will pay your railroad fare."

"But what shall we do?" said Mrs. Harding, looking really appalled. "It is impossible to hire help at this season; and there's no time to look for any, either."

"I am here, dear sister," said Aunt Hannah—as if that covered all grounds of objection—"and Jane shall help. I will hire her as my assistant, and pay her three dollars a week—and the work will do her good."

Jane was not consulted; to be sure; but she did not dare rebel against good, whole-souled Aunt Hannah, who was a person of consequence in the family, being a childless widow with considerable means at her own disposal. Samantha went, and Jane took her place.

"Oh, I am to be dish washer," said Aunt Hannah, as Jane reluctantly went toward the sink the morning of the hired girl's departure. "You know how to wash dishes well enough, I dare say, although there is a right way as well as a wrong way to wash dishes, but you will learn by seeing me. I can wash dishes and at the same time give directions about the work you are to do. Now you will mix the bread first."

"I don't know how."

"Time you did, and I will tell you all about it, dear. Sister Harding, put the rooms to rights, make the beds, and see to the milk; you are the 'second girl,' remember. Jane and I are the cooks. I intend that on Thanksgiving Day every article of food that goes on to the table shall have been prepared by our Jane."

Jane opened her eyes in unaccustomed surprise, and her lips for wondering speech. But Aunt Hannah, with smiles and good nature, talked so fast that the young girl found no chance to reply.

"You are an intelligent and a pretty conscientious girl," went on the good aunt; "you are as strong as many girls in your position; your appetite is good, and you are capable—" Jane opened her lips again, but Aunt Hannah reiterated—"you are young, capable and hearty. No matter what station in life you may be called to fill, you want to know how to cook and how to do all kinds of housework in the best way."

Aunt Hannah, who was very entertaining, and who knew a great many people, went on telling of this one and that one, and gave Mrs. A.'s rule for making bread, and Mrs. B.'s recipe for a certain kind of cake, until Jane found that even women of culture and wealth took charge of their own households.

When, that night, Farmer Harding complimented his daughter's first gingerbread, she was agreeably surprised to find how much more real satisfaction there was in making it than in rocking idly in her chair, or standing out under the willows in the attitude of a heroine, with a handkerchief pressed to her dewy eyes.

Jane was often tired at first, of course, but she persevered under Aunt Hannah's direction and treatment. Her mother grew rested and young, and was told so by her friends with whom she now had time to visit.

On Thanksgiving Day, when everything was being praised, Aunt Hannah took great satisfaction in saying:

"My pupil, Janey, prepared every dish set before you."

"I declare," said the Western uncle, "I declare, that's the way to bring up a girl, be she a merchant's, a lawyer's, or a farmer's."

Before he left the old homestead he gave a bountiful sum of money to his brother with which to refurnish and paint the house, embellish the parlor, build a new front fence, and last, but not least, to pay off an old mortgage on the farm.

"Such a capable, industrious and amiable girl as Janey," this uncle went on, "deserves a house as fine as any in the village. She makes the old Harding homestead a pleasant place to come to; and besides, she saves her mother a great deal of labor and trouble."

So Jane Harding, instead of only reading about lovely, well-kept homes and their presiding angels, became the light and stay of her own mother's household, chiefly through Aunt Hannah's judicious instructions.—*Annie A. Preston.*

FLAYED HIS BOY ALIVE.

Inhuman Crime of a Chicago Stepfather—Ending in Murder.

A neighbor who had wanted to adopt little Max Gilman, the eleven-year-old stepson of August Hatzka, sat by his corpse at Chicago and sobbed as if her heart would break. The child had been beaten to death by Hatzka. His poor, frail little body was literally flayed. The boy was the son of Hatzka's first wife whom he married in Germany and who died there about five years ago. He married again within three months after her death and his second wife died June 15 last, in Chicago. Since then it appears the poor little waif of a step-son has received more kicks than crusts and was half-starved all the time. The neighbors say the boy was a nice little fellow. He could not stay at home to be beaten and starved, but Tuesday night he returned when Hatzka was out. Hatzka went up to the boy's bed when he returned, and, taking a leather strap, to which was attached a buckle, simply flayed the helpless boy alive. This was about 10 o'clock. The neighbors heard the screams of the boy then and later, about midnight, they were awakened by a fresh attack of the insensate brute. Nothing further was heard until the morning, when the sound of blows and groaning could be heard once more.

About 9 o'clock in the morning Hatzka told one of the neighbors that the boy had died suddenly, and they sent word to the coroner and notified the police. Detectives found the body, yet warm, at 10 o'clock, showing that he had died after what was at least the third beating. The body of the little victim is a mass of lacerations where the sharp buckle ploughed up the quivering flesh. On the back of the head are frequent imprints of the buckle, and it is supposed that concussion of the brain from the blows there caused the boy's death. Examination of the premises showed that Hatzka had wiped the blood off the bleeding body of the boy and burned the rags with which he did it. The shirt the boy wore when he was whipped was found hidden away in a shed back of the house. It is all caked with dried blood, and the clean shirt which Hatzka put on the poor little fellow is almost as bloody.

Hatzka is thirty-eight years old, and was employed in a furniture factory. He has two little sons of his own, aged four and three years respectfully. Hatzka obtained an unenviable reputation in the neighborhood some time last summer by his treatment of a young woman whom he engaged as housekeeper. He made proposals of marriage to her after she had been working for him four days, and was very much enraged at her because she was already betrothed to another man and declined the honor of being his wife. It is related that he charged her with stealing half a shawl of his late wife and some table linen, but she not only proved her innocence, but showed that he had cut the shawl himself and hidden away the linen.

When the officers arrived at Hatzka's house they found him seated in the kitchen smoking. He was promptly arrested. The man had evidently been drinking, but whether before or after the tragedy was not apparent. He was very reticent, and pretended not to understand English.

WALKED OFF WITH $250,000.

A Thief Easily Captures a Valuable Valise, but is Arrested.

Col. Andrew J. Rogers, of Brunswick, Ga left a traveling bag in the Old Colony Depot while he bought a newspaper, and when he returned the bag was missing. It contained many valuable papers and $25,000 of the Brunswick Land Improvement and Colonization Company. Of this company Col. Rogers is President, John M Olmstead is Vice-President, and its New York office is at No. 229 Broadway. Col. Rogers, who was one of Jefferson Davis's right-hand men during the war, came to Boston to engage local capital in his enterprise. He left his lodgings in Boston to go to New York by the Fall River line. He arrived in the Old Colony station sometime before 6 o'clock in the afternoon and, having to wait for the train, he left his valise on a settee while he went over to the fruit stand in the station. While making the purchase he looked around towards the settee and saw that the valise was gone. He saw a man going through the entrance with it.

Col Rogers was shot at appomattox, in consequence of which he has to wear a sole several inches thick on one of his feet. For this reason he could not run, and the man had escaped before he could interest anybody sufficiently enough to give chase. He reported his loss at police headquarters. Last Sunday night a stranger at the Parker house came to his room and gave him a letter addressed to himself. It had been in the missing valise. The stranger was S. M. Kopchovsky, who said a young man named Robert Wald had probably stolen the valise. A valise answering the description of the one lost was in Wald's bedroom. The valise was found where Kopchovsky said it was, but there remained in it only $157,000 of the stock. All that had been indorsed by Col. Rogers was gone, likewise an important contract with englishmen, Wald has been arrested and has a police record.

A PANTHER STOPPED.

Too Near Civilization He Meets His Fate on the Rail.

Engineer Markhan and his fireman had a thrilling encounter with a panther on the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, between Minden and Axtell, Neb. Between the two places named the engine slipped an eccentric and came to a standstill. Markham and the fireman got out to set matters to rights and had about completed the job when both heard a yell that made their blood run cold, and before either could turn a large panther sprang upon the engineer and buried his claws in his shoulder. The fireman had a heavy wrench in his hand and with this struck the brute on the head. This partially stunned the animal and he loosened his hold on the engineer, but before either could take advantage of the situation he make a vicious leap for the fireman and buried one of his claws in his left hip.

Engineer Markham by this time had drawn his revolver and by a lucky shot struck the brute between the eyes, killing him instantly. Both men were badly hurt and will be laid up for some time. The panther measured nearly 6 feet from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail and weighed nearly 200 pounds.

BLOWN UP BY FLOUR DUST.

Destruction of a Mill—Incendiaries Active in an Ohio Town.

A heated journal caused an explosion of dust in the large flouring mill of T. Ault & Son, at Bellaire, Ohio, and the mill was nearly destroyed with all the machinery, grain and flour; loss $15,000, partly insured.

An incendiary fire, the fifth in a week, broke out in Ross's livery stable, at the same place. The horses were saved. The fire department labored under great disadvantage, its hose having recently been cut while at a fire. The Disciples Church, C. & P. depot and B. & O. round house were fired during the past week and a panic has been created by the activity of the incendiaries.

INVOLVING MILLIONS

Revival of an Old Suit on Mississippi River Improvement Bonds.

Detroit parties and Detroit lawyers are about to figure in a lawsuit involving nearly $2,000,000, before the Supreme Court of Illinois. It will be a revival of the somewhat celebrated litigation over bonds issued to drain Mississippi river flats. The suit is to be pushed to a conclusion, with such able legal talent as United States Sena or Edmunds, ex-Gov. Palmer, of Illinois, and James Caplis and Henry M. Duffield, of Detroit, as counsel. In 1871 the people owning land along the bank of the Mississippi river, in Adams, Pike and Calhoun counties, Ill., secured an act of the Legislature for the issue of $650,000 of 10 per cent. bonds for the purpose of constructing a levee to protect these lands from the overflow. The lands comprised an area of about one hundred thousand acres, extending fifty-four miles along the river. The bonds were readily floated, the late Francis Palms, of this city, talking about half of the issue and other Detroiters taking smaller amounts.

The lease was completed, and its value was evident from the fact that the improved lands jumped from $5 to $75 per acre. But having secured the improvement the landowners undertook to raise a technical objection to the value of the bonds, and when the fourth instalment of interest became due payment was refused. In 1876 Mr. Palms employed ex-Senator Trumbull and ex-Gov. Palmer, of Illinois, to collect the bonds. The suit had varying fortunes. Judge Drummond, of the Federal Court, finally held that the landholders, having asked for the improvements, were estopped from attacking the bonds which secured it.

A master in chancery was appointed to compute the amount due from the various landowners. He made his report, but here the matter rested. The trustees of the Palms estate and most of the other bondholders now propose to take up the case. The lands are estimated to be worth $10,000,000 and the claims against them now amount to $1,700,000. The Palms attorneys will at once proceed under the decree of Judge Drummond to file supplemental bill in chancery to compel the landowners to pay the amounts due or surrender their lands to the bondholders.

SUFFERING ON THE LAKES.

The Sailors Lost Their Way—Almost Frozen to Death—A Crew Rescued by Life Savers

The schooner Alice Craig, laden with camp supplies was driven ashore near Bayfield, Wis., and went to pieces. The crew escaped in a yawl and landed in a dense forest. A blinding snowstorm was raging and the crew lost their way. After wandering about in the woods for hours with their clothing covered with ice and almost perishing from cold and hunger, the crew, with the exception of Captain Bunker, reached Bayfield and reported that the captain had lain down in the snow to die. A rescuing party after a long search found the captain. He was insensible and his limbs were badly frozen.

The schooner Halstead, coal laden, for Chicago, went ashore in the fog off Glencoe, Ill. She was discovered and the Evanston life-saving crew were sent for. The life-savers reached the scene of the wreck and the surf boat was launched when a tremendous breaker struck her, knocking overboard Captain Lawson and carrying away two oars. Captain Lawson disappeared under the boat and came up on the other side. He was pulled into the boat again with considerable difficulty, uninjured. The boat, half full of water, was headed for the beach, where she was pulled up and bailed out. Captain Lawson, although benumbed with the cold, entered the boat, launched a second time. Again the boat battled with the huge breakers, reaching the schooner without further accident excepting the breaking of the steering oar. Two trips were made in the surf boat and the crew of the schooner were safely landed on the beach. The Halstead left Buffalo November 12 and has encountered heavy weather ever since. She was come aided by Captain John Pollock and had a cargo of 950 tons of coal.

The schooner E. Stevenson, of Chicago, left Burlington for Chicago, loaded with lumber. The storm struck her near Kenosha and she was driven in the gale until she struck the bar, near South Chicago. The waves dashed over the vessel and the captain and crew climbed into the rigging and signalled for help. The life-saving crew reached the scene of the wreck and rescued Captain Chapin and a crew of three men.

FORTUNES IN MILEAGE.

Large Sums Paid to Lucky Congressmen Who Live Far Away from Washington.

The clerks in the office of the Sergeant-at-Arms of Congress are busily engaged in revising the mileage accounts of the Representatives in the next Congress. Under the law each Representative is entitled to mileage to and from Washington at the rate of twenty cents a mile.

In the case of Mr. M. A. Smith, the new Delegate from Arizona, the sum of $1,600 will be paid to reimburse him for his expenses from Tombstone and back again. Mr Herman, of Oregon, who comes next on the list, will be paid $1,340. The two San Francisco members, Messrs. Morrow and Felton, who will travel 6,346 miles each, will receive $1,269.

Mr. Crain, of Texas, who lives 2,000 miles from Washington, will be allowed $880. Mr. Milliken, of Maine, whose home is 703 miles east of Washington, will receive $281, and Mr. Dougherty, of Florida, $456.

The New York city members will receive $92 each, enough to pay their traveling expenses half a dozen times or more. Major Farquhar, of Buffalo, exceeds this sum by $86.

The smallest mileage credit will be to Mr. Lee, of Alexandria, Va., who will succeed Mr. Barbour, of that place. Alexandria is eight miles distant from Washington, according to the Sergeant-at-Arms' computation, Mr. Lee will therefore receive the sum of $3.20.

Mr. Halman will draw the respectable sum of $254; Mr. Carlisle, $220, and Mr. Randal, who lives in Washington, but who represents a Philadelphia district, $55.

WHY HE TOOK HIS LIFE.

Approaching Exposure of Forgeries Drove a Lawyer to Suicide.

Charles Albert Kebler, a leading attorney of Cincinnati, committed suicide. He was driven to the deed by the approaching revelation of heavy forgeries committed by him in the management of estates and of trust funds. It is estimated that his liabilities amount to about $175,000, while the property left will not exceed $60,000. The persons most seriously affected are his own family and friends.

The astonishing revelation discloses his motive to have been nothing more than to keep up a style of luxurious living beyond his means. The use of trust funds having been begun, the continuance became an apparent necessity. An instance is given where $10,000 was invested for a client and all the papers relating to it, including the mortgage, were forgeries. Friends believe that insanity must have led him into such a course.

HANGED BY A MOB.

A Negro Taken From Jail in Frederick City, Maryland, and Lynched.

John H. Bigus, a negro, on Friday night attacked Mrs. Yeakle, a widow, on a street in Frederick City. He was not found until Sunday. Mrs. Yeakle recognized him as her assailant. The Sheriff, to protect the prisoner, put him in chains in the strongest cell in the county jail and doubled the guards. Fifteen minutes after midnight a mob of over one hundred men wearing white muslin masks, and the foremost of them armed with picks and axes, marched from the suburbs of the town to the jail. The mob, at a signal, rushed at the jail-door, and a long heavy pole, used as a battering-ram, in a few minutes splintered the door. The guards about Bigus's cell were overpowed, the locks broken. The terrified negro was found couched in a corner, his hands held beseechingly toward them for mercy. A rope was placed about his neck. He cried out that he was innocent, but he was ordered to come on, and with the rope tied around his neck was led to a tree in front of the house of George H. Rider, on Jefferson Heights. He persisted in declaring his innocence, until he was swung up and nearly strangled. Then he made a confession, in which he implicated "Joe" Hull, another negro. He was then given three minutes to pray. The leader of the lynchers held a dark lantern so that the light would fall on his opened watch. When the three minutes expired, he remarked, "Time's up," and the next instant the negro was swinging in the air. The death seemed rather too slow, for one of the lynchers drew a revolver and emptied three chambers of it into the suspended body.

MISSED A RICH HAUL.

Frightened Burglars Flee Leaving Valuable Booty behind Them.

About two miles from Warwich, Conn., in the town of Ledyard, live Peter Williams, seventy-seven years old, and his aged wife. The house is in a lonely and dismal spot. Mr. Williams is a wealthy retired farmer and was reputed to have some $75,000 hidden in his house, having no faith in banks or bankers. He is a vigorous man, noted for his temper, and when he was awakened by a noise which resembled that of a cat he hastily rose, lighted a candle and went through the house.

As he opened the kitchen door two masked burglars, revolvers in hand, sprang upon him and demanded his money or his life. Mr. Williams dropped the candle, clinched with one of the men and a struggle followed. Mrs. Williams was powerless to render her husband any assistance. Finally the second robber succeeded in dealing Mr. Williams a heavy blow on the head, knocking him senseless.

The thieves then turned their attention to Mrs. Williams, and she besought them to have mercy and promised them all the money their was in the house. She opened a chest where the coveted treasure was supposed to lie and the two men took the contents into another room. While they were out Mrs. Williams secreted herself in a closet and when they returned and found her absent they became frightened, thinking she had gone to arouse the neighbors and they departed in hot haste, carrying with them but $20 in their flight. Mr. Williams injuries, although painful are not dangerous There is no clue to the robbers.

A WOMAN'S CRIME.

She is Arrested for Aiding a Gang of Counterfeiters and is Locked Up.

Mrs. Edna Perrin, a young and pretty woman, stylishly dressed and holding a baby in her arms, was before court in New York city, charged with entrapping people to buy counterfeit money.

For many years Mrs. Perrin was a customer of David Hynes, butter merchant, and, when two months ago she requested letters that came directed to Wm. J. Jones might be kept for her, he cheerfully assented. Half a dozen letters came almost every day, and finally Mr. Hynes, thinking something was wrong, notified the police. Detectives then opened one of the letters. It proved to be a reply from a victim who wished to purchase $5,000 in bad money for $400 good money.

The officers shadowed Mrs Perrin in the hope of catching those in league with her, but without success. She was arrested just after receiving a batch of letters. At her house, 231 East Seventeenth street, were found thousands of circulars advertising the bogus money, and addresses of persons all over the country. The woman refused to tell where her husband was, and with her infant she was locked up in Ludlow street jail.

A NOVEL PUNISHMENT.

One Woman and Four Men Compelled to Whip Each Other.

A bungling attempt at Forgery was made in Lancaster, S. C., by a woman named Henrietta Brooks, who had for her accomplices four colored men. An order for $500 to bearer, purporting to be from a respectable and well-to-do farmer, was presented to Messrs. Heath, Springs & Co., of Lancaster, by a negro. The bad spelling and unusual wording of the order caused an investigation to be made. One of the men became frightened and confessed the whole thing. The woman had devised the scheme and drawn the forged order. All the parties were arrested and brought together in a room. They grew angry with each other and it was decided, instead of prosecuting them, to make them inflict proper punishment upon each other. Keen whalebone whips were procured and each was made to administer twenty lashes upon the other, making 100 for each, or a lash for every dollar they expected to get by the forgery. When the 500 lashes had been inflicted the five victims were allowed to depart.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, extra, $3.00 a$3.62; Wheat—Southern Fultz, 86a88cts; Corn—Southern White, 52a53cts, Yellow, 51a52 cts.; Oats—Southern and Pen sylvania 34a35cts.; Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania 60a62cts.; Hay—Maryland and Pennsylvania 11 00a$12 00; Straw—Wheat, 7.50a$8; Butter, Eastern Creamery, 30a32cts., near-by receipts 19a20cts; Cheese—Eastern Fancy Cream, 12½a13cts., Western, 11½a12cts.; Eggs—23a24; Cattle — $2.75a4.00; Swine — 6¼a6¾cts.; Sheep and Lamb — 2½a4¼cts; Tobacco Leaf—Inferior, 1a$2.50, Good Common, 3 50a$4 50, Middling, 5a$6.00 Good to fine red, 7a$9 Fancy, 10a$12.

NEW YORK—Flour—Southern Common to fair extra, 3.25a$4.00; Wheat—No.1 Whit ,88a90cts.; Rye—State, 54a55; Corn—Southern Yellow, 54a55cts.; Oats—White State, 33a34 cts.; Butter—State, 17a26 cts.; Cheese—State, 10a10¾cts.; Eggs—19a20 cts.

PHILADELPHIA — Flour —Pennsylvania, fancy, 3.50a$4; Wheat—Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 86a88cts; Rye—Pennsylvania 57a58cts.; Corn—Southern Yellow, 53a54 cts. Oats—36a37 cts.; Butter—State, 18a19 cts.; Cheese—N. Y. Factory, 11a12 cts.; Eggs—State, 17a18 cts.

NEWS IN SHORT ORDER.

DOMESTIC HAPPENINGS TOLD IN A FEW BRIEF WORDS.

Interesting Paragraphs Condensed from Many Redundant Columns.

—A coal miners' strike, involving 500 men, with a strong probability of extending to 1,000 men, on the line of the Shenango and Alleghany Railroad, has been inaugurated in the shafts at Stoneboro, Grove City and the Carver mines. The men are employed by a half dozen firms, and demanded an advance of 9 cents per ton, which would, if granted, make what is known as the Columbus scale.

—At Englewood, N. J., the Athenæum building was burned. Loss $100,000.

—Mr. Beaver-Webb, the English yacht builder, was married in Washington to Miss Alice May, daughter of Dr. John F. May. They will live in New York.

—A new railroad is announced as surely to be built from Orange, N. J., to connect with a railroad entering New York city.

—The largest elephant in this country was among those burned at Bridgeport. His name was Samson, and he was about 50 years old. Only five horses were burned.

—A piece of incandescent carbon, falling from an electric street light in New York city, set fire to some cotton bales.

—St. Louis is much exercised over the forest fires. News from Arkansas, Texas, and as far west as Fort Worth a distance of 800 miles, indicate no abatement of the fires. In sections remote from telegraph and railway stations it is feared that terrible loss to human and animal life has occurred. Southwest Missouri timber regions are all ablaze.

—Some of the Chicago employing printers have accepted a compromise offered by the men of nine hours' work for nine hours' pay.

—A startling report comes from Fisher's Station, Ind., a small village. Since the opening of a mammoth natural gas well at that place, a few days ago, there has been a settlement of the earth of several inches, and the whole population are terrified beyond description.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

—Russia has begun work with great vigor on the vast Siberian trunk railway scheme, which was outlined in these dispatches some time ago. Eleven engineers have just started for Vladivostock to survey the line from that port to the best port on the Usuri River, 65 miles distant, and the contracts for that section have already been made. Work on the European side will be begun the moment the snow is off the ground.

—Michael Davitt's speeches in Ireland seem to indicate that he may soon give the British Government a chance to provide him a convict's suit and cell.

—Two thousand crofters on the Isle of Lewis, Scotland, supplied with rifles, tents, &c., have begun a campaign to exterminate the deer in the forests. They allege that 6,000 crofters are starving who ought to be living on the land now given up to deer, and they declare that in adopting their present course they are actuated by sheer necessity.

—The Cologne *Gazette* has caused a sensation by the statement that the Czar, in his recent interview with Prince Bismarck, learned that he had been deceived in regard to Germany's politics by a forged letter purporting to be from Prince Bismarck. On the Czar's arrival at the frontier station of Wirballen all approaches were closed, even to pedestrians. The route thence to St. Petersburg was guarded by 80,000 men, and the Czar changed several times on the journey.

SUGAR FROM SORGHUM.

Successful Experiments Carried out by the New Process.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 22.—Commissioner of Agriculture N. J. Colman, in attendance upon the sessions of the National Grange at Lansing, stated that he had received a telegram from Chief Chemist Wiley, of the Agricultural Department, announcing that experimenting at Magnolia plantation, Louisiana, in producing sugar from sorghum by the new process, which is just at present a pet project of the Commissioner's, had produced the best results at the first trial. Mr. Colman is confident that his method will revolutionize the sugar industry of the United States. The roller process of extracting sugar sorghum which was in use when he became Commissioner three and a half years ago, pressed out only about half the juice, or 40 pounds of sugar to the ton of cane, while every ton of sugar contained over three times that amount. He at once sent a special agent to Europe to study the system of beet-sugar making, known as the diffusion or saturation process. The agent brought home plans and drawings of the entire apparatus required, and from these the battery of cells that has done such excellent work at the experiment station at Fort Scott, Kan., during the last year was made.

Overcoming many difficulties, the station produced over 235,000 pounds of fine sugar from sorghum, over 140 pounds of sugar being turned out from each ton of cane. "Besides this amount," said the Commissioner, "many more thousand pounds will be made from the seconds, which is the molasses reboiled. Aside from the sugar, there are many thousands of gallons of molasses and about the same number of bushels of seed of sorghum are grown to the acre that there are of corn, and it is just as valuable for feeding all kinds of stock, and really pays for the raising of the crop. A fair average yield is twelve tons of cane to the acre. The Louisiana experiment has produced 98 per cent. of the sugar from the cane, while the old milling process obtains only 60 per cent."

Mr. Colman says the prospect is that in a few years America will make all the sugar she can use, and the $100,000,000 annually sent out of the country for that item will be kept at home. The new industry has come to stay. It will draw followers from other branches of farming and give great relief to other industries in which there is an overproduction, and the sorghum sugar can be made just as good as that from Southern cane.

IT WAS A BILLY GOAT.

Fear of Escaped Wild Animals Makes Even Policemen Quake.

Since the big Barnum menagerie fire in Bridgeport on Sunday night very many people in New Haven have been much scared by what they believed to be prowling wild beasts. Soon after midnight Tuesday morning Policeman Riley while passing Merwin's Packing house heard a great howling in one of the alleyways, and when he turned the glare of his lantern into the darkness he saw some strange sort of spotted animal crouching against the side of the building as though ready for a spring. He at once came to the conclusion that it was one of the escaped animals and hurried to the precinct office for help.

A squad of five policemen then hurried to the packing house, obtained an entrance to the building and fired a round from their revolvers at the animal in the darkness. The howling ceased and the policemen then went down and made an examination. They discovered a billy goat with a spotted skin browsing on some stubble. This was the animal they had been firing on. He was undisturbed by the bullets.

Insane by the Faith Cure.

Mrs. Margaret Kidder, of Chicago, was mentally sound up to six weeks ago, when she went to see Mrs. Johnson, a faith cure doctress. She first visited Mrs. Johnson out of curiosity, was fascinated with the doctrines of faith cure, and then went repeatedly to be treated for some stomach disorder. She took lessons in the art and talked of nothing else at her home. A few days ago she was taken with acute dementia, and she is now in an asylum.

PANIC IN MINING STOCKS.

The Bottom Knocked Out of the Gogebic Iron Mine.

A panic has seized the holders of what are known as Gogebic iron mining securities. The Gogebic iron range is a strip of land running some twenty miles through the northern portion of Michigan and Wisconsin, about twenty miles below the shore of Lake Superior. Its development was begun about two years ago, and during the present year something like 1,250,000 tons of high grade hematic ore were shipped from there. This is the ore that is used for the Bessemer processes of iron making, and is valuable because it has hitherto been scarce. Quantities of it have been imported annually. The finding of this ore started up a speculation in the mining property and this has been followed by the wildest kind of wildcat operations.

Some fifty mining companies have been organized on the range, though there are not above fifteen shipping mines. These companies are none of them organized on a less capitalization than a million dollars, and some of them are capitalized at two millions and even more. The total capitalization of the several companies will reach $70,000,000. Many of the mines exist merely on paper. Others were organized under leases of property or on the promised payment of royalty for ore produced. The nominal values of the shares were made low, in some instances only $10, and ranging from that up to $50. With such a small par value it was easy to work off large quantities of the stock upon small investors at 30 to 50 per cent. for cash. Thousands of dollars' worth of this stock found its way into the hands of mechanics and tradesmen in Milwaukee, Chicago, Cleveland, and in the small towns surrounding these cities.

One year ago Moore, Benjamin & Co., the heaviest firm of speculators and promoters on the range opened a branch office in New York and through heavy advertising large sales were made to persons there and throughout out New England. Offices for the sale of the stocks were opened in Boston about the same time. About $8,000,000 to $10,000,000 of stocks were sold in New York and New England. It was also about this time that the public began to hear of a great scheme for the consolidation of mines on this range. Ex-Senator Stephen W. Dorsey was the principal figure in the manipulation. It was given out that through Moore, Benjamin & Co., he and a syndicate of wealthy gentlemen purchased or secured an option to purchase fourteen of the best mines on the range, which were to be operated by one company. Ex-Secretary William Windom, of Minnesota, was chosen chairman of the company, and Jesse R. Grant as Secretary. The Lake Superior Consolidated, as it was known, held an agreement to purchase properties at certain prices for the stocks which were then ruling in the market. Almost immediately the prices began to decline. They can now be bought for a third of the prices then quoted. The Lake Superior Consolidated people under these circumstances declared themselves unable to go on with their option, and reconveyed the mines to their original purchasers.

Moore, Benjamin & Co. have made an assignment which, taken in connection with other depressing causes, has knocked the bottom all out of the Gogebic stock market, and sent holders of these securities rushing around to realize on them at any price.

MISS FARGO SUES.

Says Her Share of the Estate is Withheld.

Georgia Fargo, the daughter of William G. Fargo, the late President of the Wells-Fargo Express, has just brought suit against her uncle, James C. Fargo, and Charles Fargo and Franklin D. Locke, to compel them, as executors of her father's estate, to pay over to her about $40,000, which she claims is due to her as one of the heirs. President Fargo died in August, 1881, and by will, after providing for his wife, left in trust for each of his two daughters a third of the income of $1,500,000, payable semi-annually. The other daughter, who has since died, was the wife of Lieut. Squires of the Seventh United States Cavalry.

Georgia Fargo, through her counsel, Geo. H. Foster, declares that the income from the money in trust with the executors amounts at this time to more than $300,000, and that her share thereof is more than $37,500, but that the executors never paid her anything until last January, when they gave her $10,000 on account. She asserts that they have wrongfully withheld the rest from her when she needed it for her comfortable support, and that meanwhile they have drawn from the estate $3,000 a year each, making $18,000 each all told, nearly double what they paid over to her. The executors set up the defence that they are paying the plaintiff her share of the income of the estate as rapidly and as fully as the condition of the estate will permit. They deny any intention to wrongfully withhold anything that belongs to the plaintiff.

A HEAVY FAILURE.

Rumored Collapse of a Farm Mortgage Company—How it Worked.

The Western Farm Mortgage Company, of Lawrence, Kansas, is reported to have failed with liabilities which, it is believed, will reach $1,000,000.

Case after case in Elk, Greenwood, Lincoln, Woodson and Labett counties is reported where farmers have placed mortgages in this company's hand and have recorded the same, expecting to get their money at once, and have been waiting from three to six months and have never received a dollar, although in some cases the farmers have been notified that interest is due on the same mortgages which they gave to the company, clearly showing that the mortgages have been sold and the money used for other purposes than paying these farmers, who now have a mortgage on their property but have never got a dollar for the same.

The company has admitted that it was in straitened circumstances and that cla