

Postponing His Punishment.

CHICAGO, Jan. 1.—Prendergast, the condemned assassin, was removed from Anarchist Lingg's old cell, No. 11, in the first corridor, to cell No. 33 in the second tier, in the second tier.

Prendergast was astir early in the morning. He was very gloomy, but talked for awhile with his death watchman. "Oh! I slept well last night," said he in reply to a question from the guards. "I won't hang. I will get a new trial and it will be more fair than the one just closed. No, sir; they won't hang me," replied the prisoner hopefully.

When a reporter sent a request for a short interview, the assassin sent back a very decisive "No."

"The newspapers have all been against me," he said, "and I won't talk for publication."

"There is no possibility of a final decision being reached in the Prendergast case for a year," said Attorney W. A. Wade, who defended the prisoner. "We shall move for a new trial and if it is denied by the court an appeal to the supreme court will be taken."

What They Think Will Happen.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 1.—Early in February ex-President Harrison leaves here for California, where he will give a series of lectures on international law at Leland Stanford university, and politicians are discussing the significance of the trip. The anti-Harrison people also have friends look for ovations all along the line to the Pacific coast and predict that when the president returns his chances for re-nomination will be greatly improved.

Natural Gas Explodes.

VALPARAISO, Ind., Jan. 1.—A terrible explosion occurred Saturday evening at the East Chicago pumping station of the Indiana Natural Gas company's lines. The pipes in this station have been leaking for some time and workmen were sent there to repair the leak. A little after 4 o'clock one of the workmen upset a lantern, which exploded and immediately the leaking gas ignited and a horrible explosion followed, which completely demolished the station, which was of iron, and the workmen were scattered in every direction, some of them being thrown forty feet from the building, seven of them being seriously injured, their flesh being literally cooked and dropping from their bones.

Her Successor Appointed.

TOPEKA, Jan. 1.—Saturday Governor Lewelling appointed J. W. Freeborn, sheriff of McPherson county, member of the board of trustees of state charitable institution to succeed Mrs. Mary E. Lease.

Indicted for Bigamy.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Jan. 2.—Detective Joseph Batnerello of Brooklyn, N. Y., arrested William H. Grim at the city Y. M. C. A., rooms here. Grim is wanted in Brooklyn on an indictment by the grand jury for bigamy. It is said that he has five wives living: No. 1 in Hartford, Conn., No. 2 in Dubuque, Ia., No. 3 in Quincy, Ill., No. 4 in Fulton county, Pennsylvania, and No. 5 in Brooklyn. Grim's crime was discovered by his fifth wife, formerly Mrs. Walker, in Brooklyn, by the finding of a letter in his pocket from No. 2, in Quincy, formerly a Miss Whittaker of that place.

General Resumption of Business.

GALLIPOLIS, O., Jan. 2.—The advent of the New Year has made many a workingman here happy by the general resumption of local industries. The Gallipolis and the Fallow, Huteinpiller & Co., furniture factories, employing between 300 and 400 men, resumed operations yesterday, as did almost every mill, factory and other enterprise in the city.

Farming in England.

LONDON, Jan. 2.—The Times today publishes an agricultural review of Great Britain. According to the figures presented by the Times the area in Great Britain devoted to wheat was 1,798,269 acres, to barley 2,251,293 and to oats 4,435,944. The wheat crop is estimated at 46,429,477 bushels. The paper says that at the end of the year there were 2,079,487 horses in Great Britain, 11,807,344 head of cattle, 31,774,284 of sheep and 3,573,080 of pigs.

Hon. Nathaniel Wheeler Dead.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Jan. 2.—Hon. Nathaniel Wheeler, president of the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing company, died Sunday morning from a disease of the stomach. He was born in Watertown, Conn., in 1829. While on a trip to New York Mr. Wheeler heard of the Wilson sewing machine, which was then being exhibited in that city. He examined it, saw its possibilities and engaged Mr. Wilson to go with him to Watertown to perfect the machine and superintend its manufacture. The result of the arrangement was that Wheeler, Woodruff & Wilson, formed a co-partnership, with the name Wheeler, Wilson & Co. The company prospered steadily and in 1853 the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing company was organized with a capital stock of \$160,000. The manufactory continued in Watertown until 1856, when it was moved to Bridgeport. The company now has an immense plant here. Mr. Wheeler was a staunch democrat and served the city in the common council and on various boards. He also represented the city in the state senate twice and four times in the house of representatives. He was one of Bridgeport's most public spirited citizens, had large real estate interests here and is believed to have left a fortune which may reach \$1,000,000.

An Elephant Creates a Panic.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 2.—An elephant which arrived here by the Illinois Central railway, intended for a local circus, broke loose from his keeper at the corner of Royal and Conti streets and for over an hour ran riot through Royal, Charles, Conti, Dauphin, Canal and other streets, inflicting considerable damage to property and causing many bruises. The elephant, when he got loose, tore up Royal street, knocking over several horses and breaking several show windows. He broke into the shirt store of A. Rossi, destroying both front and back doors, chasing the frightened families up stairs and tearing everything on one side of the store to pieces. Reaching Canal street he marched along the thoroughfare, knocking down horses and carts which came in his way, making the crowds scatter in all directions and causing several runaways, which resulted in bruises, but no serious accidents. The elephant was finally overtaken and captured at the corner of Dauphin and St. Ferdinand streets, two miles from where he started on his rampage.

New Year's Honors.

LONDON, Jan. 2.—The announcement of the new year's honors conferred by her majesty has begun. Theodore Frye, liberal member of parliament for Darlington, and Leonard Lyle, a large land owner and liberal member of parliament for Orkney and Shetland, have been made baronets. Thomas Roe, a timber merchant and liberal member of parliament for Derby, and Donald Horne MacFarlane, a East India merchant and member of parliament for Aylesbury, have been knighted. Joseph Norman Lockyer, the astronomer, has been made companion of the bath; Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, head of the recent diplomatic mission to Afghanistan, knight commander of the most exalted order of the star of India; Lord William Hersford, son of the Marquis of Waterford, knight commander of the most exalted order of the Indian empire.

Found on the Beach.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—At 9 o'clock Sunday morning the unconscious and bleeding body of May Barrowcliff was found on a pile of rocks in a vacant lot at the foot of a steep bank on Romaine avenue, Jersey City. There were unmistakable evidences that the young woman was assaulted and robbed. Her clothing was soaked wet and she had evidently laid out on the rocks all night. She had started from her cousin's house intending to take supper at the house of a friend on Wylie street. Her skull is fractured and the doctors conclude that she will die. There is no clue on which to work.

Death of a Governor's Daughter.

WATERLOO, Ia., Jan. 3.—Miss Jessica Boies, daughter of Governor Boies, died in this city at 5:30 p. m. Monday of heart trouble. She has been failing in health for several years, but being possessed of remarkable will power she would not give up, and made a gallant fight for life. She was about twenty-nine years old. During her father's administration as governor she spent much of her time at Des Moines, where she took an active part in the social features of his administration and made many friends. She was a woman of many graces of character, modest and unassuming, and was a superior woman intellectually.

Made False Charges.

TOPEKA, Kas., Jan. 3.—Secretary of State R. R. Osborn, was convicted in this district court last September of criminal libel, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 and costs and stand committed until the penalty is paid. He took an appeal to the supreme court and was released on bonds. Osborn, in an interview published in a local paper several months ago, charged Cyrus Leland and a number of other prominent republicans with having been engaged in defrauding the state out of large quantities of coal.

Determined to Prevent the Fight.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Jan. 3.—In reply to a question Governor Mitchell said: "The Corbett-Mitchell prize fight will not take place in Florida unless the supreme court of this state decides that there is no law prohibiting such a fight. It will not be necessary to proclaim martial law to prevent such a fight, but were it necessary I should not hesitate to proclaim it, as I am determined to prevent this fight."

His Wife Gave Him Away.

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 3.—Nine years ago, December 20, 1884 between the hours of 2 and 4 in the afternoon, Mrs. Joseph Stahl, a wealthy and miserly old woman who kept a small saloon on Monroe street in this city, was murdered and robbed of \$1,000. Yesterday morning, acting on information received in a telegram signed by the prisoner's divorced wife, George Kohler, a peddler and huckster living in the city, was arrested charged with the murder. A telegram from the wife contained a query as to the amount of reward offered for the capture of the murderer. Chief Raitz replied that the offer of \$3,000 made eight years ago, still held good. The ex-wife then wired to a confederate in this city, whose name the police refuse to divulge, instructing him to give Kohler's name to the police. The latter did so, and the man was arrested. He was overcome with fright when apprehended, but strenuously denied knowledge of the case or having been connected with the killing of Mrs. Stahl. The chief of police at Peru, Ind., was instructed to arrest the complaining witness, Mrs. Kohler, she having resided in that city for some time. Tomorrow she will be brought to Toledo and the truth of her story tested. The murder of Mrs. Stahl attracted a great deal of attention at the time it was committed.

A Boston Fire.

BOSTON, Jan. 3.—At 1:30 yesterday morning fire was discovered in the cloak room of the Globe theatre in this city and in fifteen minutes the entire building was in flames. The first pieces of the fire apparatus were wholly unable to cope with the flames and a second, third, fourth and finally a general alarm was sent out. Even then the fight was too great and the fire apparatus from the suburbs was sent for. At this hour, 2 a. m., the theatre building is a mass of flames and the surrounding property is threatened. The building is so located that it is impossible for the firemen to enter it or to reach the flames except on one side, and in the rear is a section filled with old buildings which will go quickly if once ignited. Across the street from the theatre are three large hotels and almost a panic has sprung up among the guests, for at this point Washington street is not more than forty feet wide.

Favors Labor Organizations.

LEAVENWORTH, Kas., Jan. 3.—Mary E. Lease, who was removed from office last week by Governor Lewelling, sent the following telegram to the 'ederation of labor, in session here: "I desire to join my voice with yours and tender time and money in denunciation of the executive power that has recognized the 'rats' and scoundrelism, ignored the labor organizations. The principles of the people's party are eternal and unassailable. Through them we will triumph, but the crowd betraying the trust must be buried out of sight by the laboring vote." [Signed] MARY E. LEASE, President of the Board of State Trustees.

Time to Bury Him Now.

CORDELE, Ga., Jan. 3.—On the death of Mayor Marvin a year ago his widow had his body embalmed and placed in a glass case in her parlor. Funeral exercises were held, but the casket was empty. The body has remained in the house ever since. Friday the widow married Joseph E. Bivens, assistant cashier of the First National bank of Cordele. Dr. Marvin was president of this bank at the time of his death, and left an estate worth \$250,000. Bivens looked after the widow, they fell in love and were married in a room adjoining the one in which the embalmed body of the first husband lay. Bride and groom are in Florida on a bridal tour. What disposition will be made of No. 1 on their return is not known.

They Sold Well.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 4.—A public auction was held yesterday of the horses, dogs, shotguns, revolvers and camping outfit with Phil M. Scheig, the defaulting tender of the Bank of Minneapolis, and the Floyd boys had when they travelled through Tennessee, on their way to the coast to embark on South America. There was also a fine library, pictures, bric-a-brac, clothing, etc. The sale was largely attended and smaller articles sold like hot cakes as souvenirs. The sale netted over \$6,000, which will revert to the Bank of Minneapolis.

Train Robbers Indicted.

CAROLINA, N. C., Jan. 4.—The grand jury of Ballard county, Kentucky, has found indictments against William O'Hryan, James E. Breckinridge and William Brown for holding up and robbing a train on the Illinois Central railroad at Mayfield Creek, five miles from here, on the morning of November 11, and against the first two for a similar crime committed at Laketon, on the Mobile & Ohio railroad near the same place, last June.

Found in the Wreck.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 4.—Tuesday afternoon, under the ashes and twisted iron of what had been a passenger coach, a caboose and two freight cars, a wrecking crew found a few handfuls of human bones and the battered and wrecked works of two gold watches. Not a particle of flesh, not a shred of clothing, not another trinket of any kind was found to identify the bones of these who perished pitifully in a collision and wreck closely followed by fire near Linwood, twenty-seven miles west of Kansas City, on the Union Pacific, at 5:30 in the morning. One man is known certainly to have perished in the wreck—J. H. Atwood, conductor of one of the trains, who met his death while bravely trying to warn his passengers of their danger. Two other men, stockmen, are missing and are believed to have perished, but this will not be definitely known until the Union Pacific surgeon has made a thorough examination of the few bones recovered from the ashes of the burnt car.

HOW IT OCCURRED.

The wreck was caused by a freight train on the Rock Island railway, which uses the Union Pacific track between Kansas City and Topeka, running into the rear of a mixed freight and passenger train of the Union Pacific. Both trains were coming to Kansas City and were in motion when the accident occurred. They were a few minutes late and the Rock Island train was running fast to make up time. The Union Pacific was near a water tank west of Linwood, and was slowing up when the other train crashed into it. Ahead of the two trains was another Union Pacific freight. It is said that this train threw out a burning signal of warning to the train back of it to run cautiously. It is claimed that the second train failed to throw out a similar signal and this is given as the cause of the disaster. The Union Pacific was a stock train due in Kansas City about 7 o'clock. There were about twenty-five passengers on board, riding in a combination baggage and passenger car just in front of the caboose and between it and a stock car. The passengers, most of them, were stockmen from stations in Kansas, who were coming to Kansas City with cattle and hogs. Nearly all of them were sleeping when the accident occurred. Conductor J. H. Atwood saw that a collision could not be avoided and started from the caboose to the coach to warn the passengers, but was caught between the cars and crushed. His rear brakeman and a young man who was in the caboose saved their lives by jumping.

Killed by an Explosion.

BOSTON, Jan. 4.—Three men were killed and several injured by the premature explosion of a blast at Townsend and Washington streets, in Roxbury district. The scene of the accident was a ledge from which the city has been taking stone for several years under contract. The contractor had twenty men working for him, many of them supplied by the relief committee. Several holes had been bored preparatory to inserting the blasting powder, and Thomas Black was sent to the street, some twenty feet below, to procure the explosive. As he was reascending the hill with a keg of torpex on his shoulder he slipped on a icy surface, the keg falling on the ground and exploding with terrific force. Foreman Hardeman and other laborers were standing at the bore holes. Some distance behind Black stood Leary. The concussion tore up the ledge, filling the air with flying pieces of rock, dirt, board and stools. Hardeman and Black were instantly killed. The former's body was thrown several hundred feet against the jagged walls, breaking every bone in it. Black was terribly mangled and Huse, who was standing near the foreman, was thrown several yards in the air, his injuries resulting fatally in a few minutes. Leary is at the city hospital so badly hurt that the physicians do not expect his recovery. Gately and McDonald are at the hospital and will probably recover. The noise of the explosion was heard three miles and window glass for a long distance was shattered.

THE SHIPMAN'S TALE.

Listen, my masters, I speak naught but truth. From dawn to dawn they drifted on and on, Not knowing whether or to what dark end, Now the north from them, now the hot south scorched.

THE RUN ON THE BANK.

There was a run on the Sandhill and District Bank. It had lasted the whole of one day and showed no signs of abating in the evening. If it lasted another day—old Mr. Bradshaw wiped his brow. It was no use talking to his son Dick, for he took no interest in business and had spent the day in a boat with the Flirtington girls; still Mr. Bradshaw was bound to talk to some one. "We shall have to put the shutters up. One day's grace would save us, I believe; we could get the money then. But if they're at us again to-morrow morning, we can't last two hours." Dick sympathized, but had nothing to suggest, except that it would not make matters worse if he carried out his engagement to go to the circus with the Flirtington girls. "Oh, go to Hong Kong with the Flirtington girls, if you like," groaned Mr. Bradshaw. "So Dick went—to the circus (the other expedition, as he observed, would keep) and enjoyed the performance very much, especially the lion-taming, which was magnificent, and so impressed Dick that he deserted his companions, went behind the scenes, and insisted on standing Signor Philippini several glasses. "Is that big chap quite safe?" he asked, admiringly. "I can do anything with 'im," said the signor (whose English was naturally defective); "but with any one else's a roarer, 'e is, and no mistake."

Sat On by a Smuggler.

A few miles from Lochow is the little harbor of Daily Bay. Here smugglers had landed a cargo of their usual wares and these were carried up the hill of South Cairn, waiting till a band of volunteers arrived with a string of packhorses to transport them inland for distribution, says the Boston Herald. The custom-house officer in charge of the district received information of their doings, and, hurrying to the spot with the only coast guardsmen disengaged, he promptly effected a seizure of the goods. The smugglers skulked off and the one guardsmen was sent back to press men and horses in the King's name to carry the precious treasure to Stranraer.

Presently Maggie McConnell.

The officer, pluming himself not a little on his alacrity, sauntered senuy fashion round and round his prize, which lay heaped before him in rich profusion, his sword and a brace of formidable pistols at his side. Presently Maggie McConnell approached the great man, wishing him a good morning, to which he affably replied and accepted Maggie's proffered hand. His arm was thrust up and at the same time he was encircled by the siren's arms, and, with a heavy fall, was thrown helplessly on his back. Maggie then sat coolly down upon her victim and, having placed her apron over his eyes, she held him firmly down, as if held in a vice. At last but only when it suited her pleasure, Maggie released him from her grasp. But when he looked up not one of the articles lay in its place, as he had himself seen them before on the ground. By and by his companion re-appeared, but only to find the head officer tete-a-tete with this Galloway matron, who, bidding them adieu, disappeared without further loss of time, wishing them both a pleasant ride into Stranraer.

Fast Railroad Time.

Exceedingly fast time has been made on some American railroads within the past few years, in several instances a speed of more than a mile a minute having been attained. But in nearly all these cases the runs have been short, often covering only a few miles. For a trip of nearly two hundred miles, the record made a short time since on the Chicago and Alton road between Chicago and Springfield has rarely been equalled—never, it is said, on a western road, whether for a long or short run. The distance traveled in this case was 186 miles, which was accomplished in 196 minutes, making fourteen stops and eight slow-ups. The train consisted of seven cars, and was drawn by an eight-wheel engine, the weight of which is about 93,000 pounds.

London Real Estate.

Several lots in Cornhill, London, in the immediate neighborhood of the Bank of England, were sold several days ago at a price that averaged a day foot, or something over £2,000, an acre. Several neighboring lots equal size were offered for sale some weeks ago, and were bought in by the owner at a price considerably higher

to hear Atlas screeching; but he only roared. When Dick was inside, he paused and asked in a low voice, "Is he chained?"

"You," answered Signor Philippini from behind the safe. "Is the Aunt Sally business over?" and he came out with a long pole in his hand. He used the pole to stir poor Atlas up when the roars became deficient in quantity or quality.

"The money ought to be here in three hours," said Dick. "Have you got the back-door key?"

Philippini reassured him. Then Dick took a wild running leap at the window; Philippini stirred up Atlas, who roared lustily. Dick escaped with his life and landed a breathless heap at the mayor's feet. The mayor raised him and said he should write to her majesty and suggested that Dick would be a proper recipient of the Albert Medal, and the vicar (who had no money in the bank) indignantly asked the crowd if they could not trust a family which produced scions like that. Several people cried, "Hear, hear!" and told Mr. Bradshaw that they never really meant to withdraw their deposits. Mr. Bradshaw thanked them and looked at his watch.

At half-past three, Philippini ran up; he was breathless, and his shoes were dusty from wading in the country. At once he affected an entry, amid a scene of great excitement. A moment later, he appeared at the window and cried, in a terror-stricken voice:

"I can't 'old 'im! I can't 'old 'im! He's mad! Look out for yourselves!" and he leaped from the window.

The crowd fled in all directions, and two boys were all but run over by a cart which was being driven rapidly from the railway station to the bank.

"All right," said Dick to the signor; "bring up the wagon." And then, with great difficulty and consummate courage, the signor and Dick brought an iron cage up to the window and drove Atlas in. The operation took more than an hour, because they had to feed Atlas and drink a bottle of champagne themselves before they set about it. So that it was 6 o'clock before Atlas was out and the money was in and the Sandhill and District Bank opened its doors for business.

"We gained just the time we needed," said Mr. Bradshaw. "It was dirt-cheap at fifty pounds!"

And Dick, although he did not get the Albert Medal, was taken into partnership and married Fanny Flirtington. It was the only way of preventing her seeing things she was not meant to see out of the window at 2 a. m., and chattering about them in public.—St. James' Gazette.

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