TRIPLE NUMBER.

The Pittsburg Dispatch.

TWE[illegible] PAGES.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR. PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, APRIL 7, 1889. [illegible]VE CENTS

Registered January 10, 1889, at Pittsburg Postoffice

A CRUSHING BLOW

At the English Liberty League, in the Form of a Threatening Attempt to

SHUT UP SUNDAY SALOONS.

English Society Shaken Once More by a Divorce Scandal.

STEEL RAILS SELL FOR $130 A TON.

Information Wanted in England Concerning the Failure of Prohibition to Prohibit in America—Pigott Letters Commanding Big Premiums—A Death Blow to the Conceit of English Artists—President Carnot Too Busy to Run Around Kissing the Hands of Queens—Bloodcurdling Tales Told of Hermitages in Holland—English Society Awaiting Boulanger's Probable Coming With Open Arms—How the Famous Sculptor, Bianchi, Courted Death.

The friends of proprietary legislation and the opponents of sumptuary laws in America are called upon to furnish their fellow sympathizers in England with the facts as to the failure of prohibition to prohibit in America, as far as it has been tried. The Beaumont scandal is to be aired in the divorce courts. Steel rails command $130 a ton—in South Africa. English society has open arms for Boulanger if he is driven from Belgium.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, April 6.—[Copyright.]—The Liberty and Property Defense League was established some years ago for the purpose of maintaining the freedom of contract, upholding proprietary rights, and resisting socialistic legislation. It has a council upon which sit the representatives of 88 federated defense societies, and of which the Earl of Wemyss, Lord Bramwell, Baron Dimsdale, Earl Fortescue, the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Penzance, and other great people are members.

The League cannot be said to be a blazing success. Since its establishment the freedom of contract has been persistently interfered with by acts of Parliament, and proprietary rights, notably the rights of Irish land owners to ruin their tenants, and of London landlords to set sanitary laws at defiance, have been assailed with more or less success, and the whole tendency of legislation has been socialistic.

Torn by Conflicting Emotions.

This week the League has been torn by conflicting emotions. A royal commission has been appointed to inquire into the operations of the Sunday-closing law in Wales, a law which the League has denounced for years as subversive of the elementary rights of man, but against this partial victory has to be set a crushing blow at the freedom of contract and proprietary rights involved in the passing of the second reading of the bill which proposes to close taverns on Sundays in England.

In his sore distress Earl of Wemyss, Chairman of the Council, turns his hopeful eyes toward the American continent. He believes that the working of prohibitive laws in the United States and Canada has

Resulted in a Miserable Failure,

and he would be glad if the friends of freedom of contract and proprietary rights in America would furnish him with proofs of increased drunkenness, immorality and crime, which he knows have followed prohibition in Maine and elsewhere.

Meanwhile, his lordship requests me to state that from his place in the House of Lords last Thursday he gave notice that at an early date after Easter he will ask Her Majesty's Government if they will take steps to obtain and lay before Parliament reliable information regarding the present working of liquor laws in Canada and the United States. It is not probable that Her Majesty's Government will take any such steps, even to please the Liberty and Property Defense League, but his lordship's appeal presents an unique opportunity for the friends of temperance in America to extend their propaganda to the most exclusive circles in London.

A SOCIETY SCANDAL.

One of the Descendants of the Last King of Jerusalem Wants a Divorce—His Wife Quite too Giddy for Him—Even Her Income is no Recompense.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, April 6.—One of the most sensational scandals which has ever disgraced English society is about to come before the world. The Hon. Henry Stapleton, ninth Baron of Beaumont, and a descendant of the last King of Jerusalem, has filed a bill in the House of Lords proposing to dissolve a marriage which he contracted only last year with the pretty brunette daughter of Madame Elise, the great court dressmaker, who a year or two ago sold her business for over $2,000,000 and married Mr. Wootton Isaacsons, M. P. Lord Beaumont's friends claim, and it is believed to be truth, that he is not responsible for the scandal. He discovered immediately upon his marriage that his wife's ideas as to the holy state of matrimony and marital duties generally were, to put it very mildly, of a character to make any man's hair stand on end. It did not have that effect in his lordship's case, because Lord Beaumont, although only 40 years old, is very bald, but nature found another vent for his pent-up emotions, in a rush of blood to the head.

Lord Beaumont has many fits, chiefly of anger, but they had no effect upon his amazing young wife, who defied his authority, jeered at his jealousy, made mirth of his person, sneered at his diminutive rent roll, and scoffed at his ancestors, the King of Jerusalem not excepted. Lord Beaumont arrived at the conclusion that his wife must be insane, but as she had an income of $35,000 a year in her own right, he bore with her for awhile. Ere long, however, evidence accumulated under his hand which left him no option but to take measures for dissolving the ill-starred union.

The charges upon which the bill for divorce is based are so revolting and unnatural that they cannot be specified here. For the credit of human nature it is to be hoped that some of them, at least, may be disproved. The lady's friends do not deny that she has peculiar ideas, and that her ways are startlingly unconventional. They put them all down to the account of the wild days of her youth, when she roved the African desert, hunting and riding for days together, sometimes with no female companion. The adulation of the French cavalry officers probably turned the young beauty's head. It has certainly not since received the right twist.

There are letters in the case—bushels of them, and some of the peculiarly Zolsesque documents are claimed by a well-known man about town, who has suddenly shown a yearning desire to get them back into his possession. It is probable that in this connection the matter will come before one of the courts of justice next week, and a big effort will probably be made to have the case heard in camera.

OPEN ARMS FOR BOULANGER.

English Society Eagerly Awaiting the Advent of Another Lion.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, April 6.—Society is getting ready for Boulanger, in full confidence begotten of a belief that he is making Belgium too torrid to hold him. We already have ex-Empress Eugenie, Compte de Paris, and Prince Jerome Napoleon, and there is room for Boulanger. Although his blood be not blue, Boulanger has set the world talking about him, and he is understood to be nice looking. His credentials are, therefore, amply sufficient to open wide all the mouths and exclusive portals in London.

The newspapers here are much worried about Boulanger's flight. They have so frequently made asses of themselves by announcing his political demise that they hesitate to prophesy any more, even when the circumstances seem more propitious. The *Standard*, after clumsily balancing on the fence, has flopped down on the anti-Boulangist side of it, and informs its confiding readers that the General having proved himself a coward, has effaced himself. The *Daily News* cannot quite make up its mind, and the *Daily Telegraph* is editorially dumb.

Monsieur Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, states emphatically that Boulanger is dead and beyond the hope of resurrection, but Blowitz has said the same thing over and over again, and has been in his dealings with French affairs so notoriously and consistently wrong that thousands of Englishmen believe in the vitality of Boulangerism, and proclaim Boulanger to be a live lion simply because the *Times* says he is a dead donkey.

But whatever their opinions, all the newspapers here devote columns daily to Boulanger's movements and sayings, and spend lots of money to get the latest news about him.

HERMITAGES IN HOLLAND.

Bloodcurdling Tales Told of a Couple of Deserted Huts.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, April 6.—Your correspondent at Amsterdam sends me some interesting information about the hermits in Holland. A hermit who lived in a most remarkable manner up to the traditions of his venerable calling has just died in a hut in Genethal, in the Province of Limburg. For a long but unknown number of years he had lived alone and abstained from all food except bread and water. He never used a bed, and in his last illness the people who came to relieve him were unable to make him either use a bed or take more nourishing food than that mentioned. Once when he was absent, thieves broke into the hermitage, suspecting that he had hoarded treasure. They found absolutely nothing but a lash with which the recluse had been accustomed, often and regularly, to scourge himself. The hermitage was on the property of Count Villers, who has received more than 100 applications for the vacant place. The applicants are probably more moved by a desire to obtain a place of profitable notoriety than anything else.

The Duchy of Limburg, however, possesses another genuine hermitage with a blood-curdling history. Fifty years ago it was purchased, with the adjoining chapel, by two rich men who had become tired of the world. In 1868 the one still remaining alive was killed by the terrible winter of that year. After a long delay the house was broken into. The hermit lay dead on the floor, and his cat, which was sitting on the corpse, had, driven by hunger, eaten a considerable portion of the dead man's head. A dead dog was at his feet. A Franciscan monk has since been in possession of this hermitage.

A DEATHBLOW TO ENGLISH CONCEIT.

An Exhibition of American Art to be Given in London.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, April 6.—There is to be an exhibition of American art in London next month, at Johnson & Norman's galleries, in New Bond street, and the collection is expected to be one of the interesting features of the season. Among the representative things to be shown are needle-woven tapestries, embroideries, etc., by the associated artists of New York, and stained glass, art tiles, plastic sketches, pottery, wrought iron work, reproduction of old leather work, examples of Moorish fret and spiral work and other exhibits from private firms.

The Associated Artists' show will, it is hoped, take some of the insular conceit out of the English women, of whome nine out of ten firmly believe the average American woman does not know a needle from a jack-knife.

SMOTHERED TO DEATH.

The True Artist's Mode of Suicide Employed by Achille Bianchi.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, April 6.—Achille Bianchi, the famous Milan sculptor, and known to many Americans, shut himself up in his studio in Rome, Monday night, stopped up all means of ventilation, set fire to a pan of charcoal and went to bed.

When discovered the next morning he was quite dead. The suicide was due to unfortunate speculations.

TOO BUSY TO KISS EVEN QUEENS.

President Carnot's Excuse for Snubbing Her Majesty of England.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, April 6.—Some of the French newspapers are violently abusing President Carnot for not paying sufficient attention to Queen Victoria. They reproachfully remind him that that the Queen is a woman, and think he ought at least to have gone to Cherbourg and kissed Her Majesty's hand.

Carnot says he has too much to do in Paris, just now, to allow time for kissing.

Steel Rails Selling at $130 a Ton.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, April 6.—Are the Pittsburg people aware that steel rails are selling for $130 a ton at Johannesburg, in the South African gold district?

DEATH OF A DUCHESS.

Another Shock to English Society—The Queen's Venerable Aunt Expires—A Fresh Lot of Mourning Garments to be Ordered.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, April 6.—Society has had another disagreeable shock this afternoon by the announcement of the death of the Duchess of Cambridge. The court was gradually getting out of mourning, and fashionable folks cherished hopes of a gay season. Now fresh mourning frocks will have to be ordered, and there will be no state balls for some considerable time to come. Next week's drawing room has been postponed, for Queen Victoria was very fond of her venerable aunt, and never failed to visit her when in London.

The old lady was 92 years of age, and has been confined to her rooms for many years. Nevertheless, she was a most genial invalid, and it was her delight to have musical parties in the afternoon at St. James' Palace, where she lived. She paid a regular salary to several eminent instrumentalists for playing at her parties, and occasionally she would have a violinist in her room and keep him going for hours at a stretch. The parties were nearly always made up of the same old ladies and gentlemen, for the royal Duchess was chary of making acquaintances, and she positively disliked strange faces, either among her servants or visitors. Her last little gathering was on the 26th of March, and it was given in honor of the 70th birthday of her son, the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the army.

The Queen heard of the death of her aunt while holding a council at Windsor Castle. She at once ordered a special train to be prepared for her, and as soon as the state business had been completed she came to London. I saw Her Majesty drive up to St. James' Palace. Her eyes were red and swollen, as though she had been weeping.

A BOOM FOR CONGO LANDS.

The Belgian King Thinking of Emulating Stanley's Example.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, April 6.—General Strachey, one of the Secretaries of the Royal Geographical Society, informs me that Stanley's letter to the society gives details, both ethnographical and geographical, of his journey which will prove of surpassing interest and importance. Between the mouth of the Ituri river and Albert Nyanza there are nearly 300,000 square miles of forest, but any syndicate proposing to handle that lumber will have to dispose first of cannibal savages and equally ferocious dwarf tribes, not to mention such trifles as rapids, cataracts and swamps. Nevertheless, Stanley's published letters have deeply moved certain capitalists, and there is wild talk of a colossal Central African syndicate on the lines of the old East Indian Company. Would-be speculators, however, will find that Stanley has done a considerable amount of preempting on behalf of Sir Francis De Winton and the other astute gentleman who backed the expedition.

It is believed that Stanley's discoveries will attract capital to the Congo free State, which has been under a cloud lately. The King of the Belgians has long cherished the idea of paying a visit to Congo, and thus starting a boom. This information comes from an exalted functionary at the Belgian Court, and its accuracy is beyond doubt. His Majesty will penetrate as far into the interior of Africa as may be considered safe for a king, and he may be absent from Europe over a year. Before starting a regency will be appointed. It is confidently hoped that European capital cannot fail to follow the first European monarch who has set foot in Africa within modern times.

PIGOTT LETTERS ABOVE PAR.

A Premium That Solicitor Soames Might Well Take Advantage Of.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, April 6.—Any American citizen possessing letters written by Pigott may find a market here. The prices range from $5 to $25, according to the date.

It is estimated that Solicitor Soames, of the *Times*, has at least a couple of thousand dollars' worth of them, but he is not likely to spoil the trade by flooding the market.

ALMOST PERPETUAL MOTION.

A Machine Patented That, Once Started, Runs Till it is Worn Out.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

ST. LOUIS, April 6.—Daniel W. Smith, a St. Louis engineer and mechanic, secured, on March 9, a patent for an electric steam generator that he claims will revolutionize motive power. By means of electric heat steam is generated and superheated. The steam passes into the engine to be operated, whence it is carried into an electric dynamo, which supplies the electricity for heating the water, and thence the exhaust is delivered back into the generator, so that there is no waste. In starting the machine some extraneous heat is necessary to put the dynamo in motion. After that the machine runs itself. The dynamo supplies electricity, which heats the water and makes the steam; the steam runs any engine to which the generator may be attached.

After serving the engine the steam passes into the dynamo, which it also operates and the exhaust is then, by means of a very ingenious and original mechanical device, forced back into the generator, so that no steam is wasted. Thus there is no smoke, no exhaust, no noise. The machine is self-operating, self-acting and self-regulating. It consumes no fuel, and after once being started in operation, runs itself until its parts wear out.

SCOOPED IN BY THE STANDARD.

The Cleveland Gaslight and Coke Plant Captured by the Great Harvester.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

CLEVELAND, O., April 6.—After many unsuccessful efforts the Consolidated Gas Trust, which is virtully the Standard Oil Company, has secured control of the plant and franchise of the Cleveland Gaslight and Coke Company. The Cleveland Gaslight and Coke Company has had control of the gas business of almost the entire city, and its rights are perpetual.

The Standard Oil Company has already begun leasing land and securing the right of way for an oil pipe line from Cygnet, Wood county, to this city. The distance is over 100 miles, and the line will pass through parts of Wood, Seneca, Sandusky, Erie, Lorain and Cuyahoga counties, and the supply of oil will be used for other purposes as well as the manufacture of gas in the big Cleveland plant.

RETURNS FROM THE DEAD.

Reappearance of a Man Supposed to Be Drowned Last November.

EASTPORT, April 6.—H. F. Wilder, proprietor of the Eastport *Messenger*, disappeared last November. His hat and small boat in which he had gone to Lubec were found at that time bottom up, and he was given up by his wife and friends as lost. Within three days his wife has received a letter from him at Pawtucket, R. I. He says the last thing he remembers is standing on the beech at Lubec.

After that his mind was blank until he found himself in the woods near Pawtucket, ragged and poor. At the time of his disappearance he was worn out by overwork and sickness in his family. These cares, with loss of sleep, probably unsettled his mind.

DISS DEBAR'S LOVE.

The Celebrated Spook Artist Becomes Deeply Infatuated With

A HANDSOME SPANISH STUDENT.

She Watches His Nightly Performances and Sends Him

RARE BOUQUETS AND PERFUMED NOTES.

Madame Desires the Services of the Students for Her Spirit Temple.

Mme. Diss Debar is before the public again. She is visiting a theater nightly to watch the performance of a Spanish student, and allows the audience to view her infatuation. Madame sends flowers and notes to her Romeo, who is oppressed by the unlooked-for honor and by the gibes of his comrades. Madame's affection is platonic. She is endeavoring to obtain recruits for her projected temple to the spirits.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, April 6.—For the past four weeks the audiences at Dockstader's Theater have nightly had their attention divided between the performances of Magician Kellar and a very large woman occupying a front chair in the right hand box. From the way in which her movements are watched by a portion of the audience it is evident that to some, at least, she is very well known. The woman's size and assurance are sufficient to attract attention to her, however, even if she were a stranger to all.

At first she came at the beginning of the performances and stayed through to the end, but lately she has been in the habit of coming in at about 9:30, just before the Spanish students come upon the stage, and going out as soon as their performance is over. She is Madame Diss Debar, the great spook artist.

For some time Mr. Kellar and the members of his company wondered what was the attraction that drew the big medium to the theater so often. Mr. Kellar has his share of human conceit, but he could not believe that it was his skill alone that delighted the madame so greatly.

WATCHING FOR HER AFFINITY.

At first she sat calmly through the performance smiling broadly or shaking with subdued laughter at the funny incidents. After the fourth or fifth visit she hardly looked at Mr. Kellar at all, yawned as though bored to death while he exposed the supernatural arts of mediums, and was quite distressing to look at until the Spanish students made their appearance.

Then all was changed in her demeanor. She became interested—almost excited. Her face lit up with a smile so expansive as to be almost startling. The fat cheeks fell into many folds and dimples, the dark skin became illuminated, the black eyes danced with innate fun, the vast bosom rose and fell with the power of a bellows. She had apparently lost all consciousness of the audience, and was intent only on watching the graceful movements of Senor Paul Ripal, the leader of the students.

THE ROMANTIC RIPAL.

Ripal is a rather short, stout man, who looks anything but Spanish. He has classical features, to which a somewhat fierce expression is imparted by a bushy red beard and mustache, worn in the English fashion, that is divided in the center and brushed from the part. He is the only one of the "students" who stands during the performances. He wears a long velvet cloak which hangs in graceful folds from his shoulders and makes him look quite romantic. He plays the violin with much feeling and is just the sort of man who might be expected to impress the heart of a lovely boarding school miss.

But he has caught bigger game this time, or rather, perhaps, the game has tried to catch him. Senor Ripal cannot count upon the fingers of both hands the beautiful bouquets that the smitten lady has sent him, while the perfumed notes are said to be legion. Each bouquet was composed of the choicest flowers the market affords, and spoke well for the depths of Mme. Diss Debar's purse. It was invariably tied with a silk ribbon. Sometimes this was snow white, doubtless indicating the purity of the affection that had inspired the giver; sometimes red, which was taken to denote great warmth of passion.

FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE.

In these visits to the theater, Mme. Diss Debar was usually accompanied by a small, young, slightly built man, who the theater attaches supposed was Mr. Marsh's nephew. He usually sat in the shadow behind Mme. Diss Debar, and appeared desirous of escaping public attention.

On last Friday night Madame drove up to the door of the theater at about 9:30 o'clock. She stepped out as lightly as though she did not weigh in the neighborhood of 300 pounds, and was followed by a handsome young woman. Madame has free entrance to the house through the courtesy of Mr. Kellar and she did not, therefore, have any tickets. With many groans and sighs, she mounted the steep flight of stairs that leads to the inner doors. Then she paused and clung to the railing while she waited for her breath to return. Her companion stood by her side smiling. In a moment Madame had regained her composure and climbed up the second flight. Arrived near the head of the stairs, she ran up the few remaining steps and looked down the aisles. Then she walked rapidly across the parquet to the box and took her seat in front near the stage, while the young woman sat a little behind her.

AN OVERGROWN JULIET.

Madame looked well, and, for so large a person, almost handsome. Her skin was as smooth and polished and firm looking as a school girl's. She wore a black bonnet trimmed with jet beads and ornaments, a handsome and elaborate black silk dress and a very elegant pressed velvet wrap. The latter was thrown open, showing the generous outlines of her figure. Madame's dress fitted without a wrinkle, and even Judge Duffy's committee of experts would have been puzzled to find a blemish in it. Yet there was something that gave the impression that Madame had been compelled to lace very tightly before she was able to get inside that waist.

Some of the other occupants of the box shuddered as they saw Mademoiselle calmly drop down on a chair. The box chairs are small and look frail, and it was natural to fear that Mademoiselle might find one a feeble support. Nevertheless no accident occurred, and Mademoiselle surveyed the audience through her glasses without a suggestion of embarrassment.

Following the wonderful adventures of the young woman known as "Astarle," Mr. Kellar vanished from the stage and the Spanish students occupy the attention of the audience for some 15 minutes. On this occasion Madame leaned forward in her chair waiting for the plush curtains to part and reveal the handsome Ripal.

MY LOVE HAS COME.

There was a look of ecstatic joy in her face and her hands nervously played with the opera glasses. Ripal stood sideways on the stage, facing the box opposite to that in which Madame Diss Debar was seated. There was a slight frown on his face and he appeared to avoid looking in her direction. Nevertheless, Madame gazed at him with gratification and seemed entirely deaf to all music but that of his violin. She applauded vehemently at the end of the playing, clapping her hands together with vigor and energy. Her eyes rolled with tragic intensity every time his face turned at all in her direction and her efforts to attract his attention became painful before the act was ended.

The students played three selections, but not once did Ripal face the siren who was watching him so closely. Some of his companions, however, ogled her surreptitiously and seemed to enjoy Ripal's position. When the curtain finally shut him off from view Madame heaved a languishing sigh that thrilled every occupant of the box, rose and left the theater. Many eyes followed her and her companion as they disappeared down the stairs. A moment later her carriage was rolling down Broadway.

SERVANTS OF THE TEMPLE.

The contents of some of the notes that Madame has sent to Ripal are known only to the two. At first Ripal didn't seem to mind her flattering attentions, but much bantering on the part of his companions has made the subject a sore one to him. Usually the flowers and notes were addressed simply: "To the Spanish student, from Loleta." By her directions they were always delivered to Ripal.

Madame has disclaimed any tender sentiment in the matter, and has declared that her admiration is without any manner of feeling. She would like the services of the students, she said, for the temple that she intends to dedicate to the spirits. Madame is living in elegant style these days in West Twenty-eighth street. She declares that she loves the "General" Diss Debar, and considers him to be her husband. She vows vengeance against Bill Howe, the Judge and the jury that convicted her, says she is a Catholic and not a Spiritualist, and rambles in a most bewildering manner over a dozen subjects in one-quarter as many minutes.

WANTED, A MAIL CLERK.

John G. Thompson, of Ohio, Disappears Under a Cloud—Charged With Stealing Registered Letters While Employed in the Railway Postal Service.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

COLUMBUS, O., April 6.—For several days rumors concerning the mysterious disappearance of John G. Thompson, a railway mail clerk, have been rife. The reports have coupled his absence with the loss of several registered letter packages on the Columbus and Toledo Railroad. All doubt as to the cause of his absence has been removed by the Government secret service officials announcing that he has failed to account for several registered letters, and being unable to avert the investigation pending, has absconded, taking with him all books and papers relating to his work in the mail service.

Thompson is a son of the late John G. Thompson, for many years Sergeant at Arms of the National House of Representatives, and once a prominent man in Western Democratic politics. Young Thompson will be known in the East by recalling an incident that happened nine years ago at a preparatory school near the West Point Military Academy. He had an appointment, secured through the influence of Senator Thurman, and was preparing for examination. While at this school he insulted a young Texan named Buck, who retaliated by shooting Thompson in the stomach. The affair caused a great deal of comment, and for months Thompson hung between life and death. Buck was acquitted, and, upon regaining his health, Thompson took his examination and passed, but was refused on account of physical disability arising from the wound.

Since then he has been concerned in several questionable transactions, but finally gave promise of reform, and upon the recommendation of Judge Thurman secured a place in the postal service two years ago. Early in this year he was transferred to the railway mail service. The amount of his peculations is unknown.

FOUND IRON ON HIS FARM.

The Lucky Discovery Made by a Maryland Dentist-Farmer.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BALTIMORE, April 6.—Dr. David Genese, a well-known dentist of this city, who some time ago purchased a farm of seven acres at Betterton, Kent county, on the east shore of Maryland, recently picked up pieces of a dark substance that looked very much like iron ore. He had the ore examined by an iron master from Troy, who said it would yield 70 per cent of the metal. There is very little sand and a good deal of metallic substance in the ore.

The Doctor has made an investigation and ascertained that a vein of iron ran in a line 12 miles in the direction of Galena, and another in the direction of Stillpond, five miles from Betterton. In fact, the vein is supposed to lie along the entire extent of what is known as the Sassafrass route of the proposed Chesapeake and Delaware ship canal.

ANY AMOUNT OF FUN.

The Entire Populace of Kittanning Out After a Legion of Wild Ducks.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

KITTANNING, April 6.—Our sportsmen, and their name has been legion to-day, have been in luck, and Kittanning expects to revel in duck for its Sunday dinner. Vast numbers of this aquatic but misguided fowl, probably chased south by the storm, have swarmed along the river in search of shelter and security, but instead have called out the entire armament of the place, from the costly fowling piece down to the gun bean-shooter, and the popping of firearms has been almost incessant.

While some of the hunters met with good success in shooting and capturing their game, there were doubtless enough powder and lead wasted to purchase a river full of ducks—but then Kittanning has not enjoyed so much fun for a decade.

KILLED BY A COWARDLY COMPANION.

Frank Shafer Shoots a Friend Who is Botanizing With Him.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

FT. SCOTT, KAN., April 6.—This afternoon, at 2 o'clock, M. H. Millspaugh, of Ypsilanti, Mich., and Frank Shafer, of Ottawa, Ill., were rambling through the woods near the city, examining botanical specimens. While Millspaugh was in the act of stooping over, Shafer drew a pistol and shot him twice in the head, killing him instantly. The murderer fled, but was arrested at Gerard two hours later.

The men have been traveling together, and the motive for the murder is supposed to be robbery.

FORGERY, ARSON AND ABDUCTION.

The Only Charge the Prisoner Cares to Deny is the Latter One.

NEWARK, N. J., April 6.—J. S. Grier, a special agent of the Governor of Colorado, arrived here to take the Cowboy Herbert E. Coddington, back to prison in that State on three indictments—burning the hotel of James Pyle, forging an order for $200, and running away with Pyle's daughter, and was looking for Governor Green to-day to get his requisition signed. The only charge Coddington denies is that of kidnaping the girl. She claims to have been 16 years old when she left home.

THE EXILE IS HAPPY.

General Boulanger, from His City of Refuge, Views the Victory

SCORED BY FRIENDS IN PARIS.

Instead of Being Sent to Prison for a Year They Are Merely Fined.

THE RUNAWAY WILL REMAIN TILL FALL

His Fair Traveling Companion Makes a Flying Visit to Paris.

The Boulangists on trial in Paris yesterday scored a victory. Instead of getting a year's imprisonment, the League members were only fined $20 apiece. The General is yet in Brussels, and says he will probably remain there till the October election. The woman who accompanied him in his flight made a flying trip to Paris yesterday, with a satchel of important papers.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

PARIS, April 6.—[Copyright.]—Early yesterday morning the lady with whom Boulanger escaped from Paris, disappeared from the Hotel Mengell, in Brussels, and came to Paris. A valise, which she carried, was said to contain an important batch of papers. She came here, but eluded the police, and left again for Brussels last night.

Meanwhile, a small, sinister and nebulous-looking man arrived in Brussels and called on the General. He was not received. After glaring gloomily at the exterior of the hotel, the sad, small man went to a neighboring cafe and resolutely drank himself into a state of exalted and autocratic inebriety, after which he communicated to Belgium at large the important international fact that he was the divorced husband of a lady who at present enjoys the devotion of the brave General.

A wild and vivid hope sprang up in the hearts of a platoon of the sleepy French journalists on watch, that the husband would become dangerous and make it unpleasant for Boulanger, but the husband lacked what is generally known at home as sand. He returned by the evening train in a state of maudlin slumber and a third-class compartment.

THE FAIR COURIER RETURNS.

At 2 o'clock this morning there was a slamming of outer doors in the Hotel Mengell, and a patter of small feet on the stairs. The General's beautiful courier had got back from Paris, after traveling continually for nearly 24 hours. Her big eyes were blazing with excitement as she rushed up the first flight of stairs, and her cheeks were flushed with triumph. The General knew her step and hurried out into the corridor to meet her.

"I've got them," she cried, happily, as a smile sprang to the General's face, and with muttered words of satisfaction and delight he handed her into his salon. Word was sent to Count Dillon, who immediately hurried down the corridor to the General's apartment. Whatever the papers were that the madam brought back they were evidently of great importance.

I took the train this morning to Paris, to be present at the Palace of Justice when the decision was given on the trial of the League of Patriots. I expected some excitement, but the condition of things that ensued rather staggered me. Just before I left I asked General Boulanger what he thought the result would be. He wrote in reply: "The temper of the people of Paris is such that anything short of the full penalty asked by the Government will be regarded as an acquittal."

A CORRECT FORECAST.

It struck me at the time that this was a rather sanguine forecast, but Boulanger's judgment was correct. The sentence of the Judges has struck into the Government ranks like a thunder-clap. It was totally unexpected. The Government demanded that the accused leaders of the Boulangist party should be sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and, what was more important still, have all civil rights interdicted for five years. Instead of this, Naquet, Deroulede, Richard and Gallean were let off with a trivial fine of $20 apiece.

When the President of the court pronounced this sentence to-day, at 1:30 o'clock, every man in the courtroom jumped to his feet and a shout of "Vive Boulanger" rang above all the din. The acquitted deputies hurried out and turned toward the Cafe Bacque, 2 Rue Deshaties, followed by a vast crowd howling Boulanger's name like mad. I noticed that the men who did the greatest vocal honor to the General were lawyers of the court who had assembled to hear the verdict.

There can be no doubt in the world of the extraordinary popularity of the General. All the Government organs are uneasy over the verdict. It has increased the prestige of the General. Five or six thousand people are around the Cafe Bacque now, at midnight, cheering the refugee. Omnibuses are stopped in the street while people swarm over them trying to get a look at the leaders in the cafe.

EVERYTHING IS BOULANGER.

At Belleville a big dinner by anti-Boulangists was given to-night. A reporter whom I sent there has just sent a line by messenger to say that the Boulangists have surrounded the place and made egress and ingress impossible. The enthusiasm in that democratic suburb of Paris, over the General, is very great. He is the only topic of talk on the boulevards.

Rochefort's statement that he has positive proof that the council of the Government recently decided that Boulanger could be tried by court martial is generally believed. This was in answer to an inquiry of President Carnot. Rochefort says that this means that the General would be shot immediately after conviction.

Warrants are said to be out for the arrest of Count Dillon and Henri Rochefort, so that the choice which those gentlemen made to remain by the side of the exiled General is undoubtedly strengthened. In an interview which I had with General Boulanger last night, he assured me that he had no reason to believe that the Belgian Government would object to his presence. Indeed, he was now free to say that there would be no objection at all, and he spoke after having received distinct assurances.

"Will you stop here till the general elections in October?" I asked.

WON'T RETURN TILL FALL.

"Yes," was the answer, "in all likelihood I shall. Then my enemies in the Senate will no longer have power."

"What do you say of the disaffection of some of your former partisans, M. Thiebaud, for example?"

"Oh, Thiebaud! He is of little importance. We have long suspected him of relations with the Government. Spies were seeking an opportunity to place him outside our party. He has saved us the trouble, at first menace. It is better that we should be without the support of others like him."

On leaving the General I asked if he had not experienced any fatigue in his present weak state of health. "Not at all," he answered quickly. "I have seldom felt better. For a long time at Paris my house was always full of callers, receiving whom, it is easy to understand, was an arduous duty. Here I have more leisure, but I have still little time to sleep."

A MERCENARY MAIDEN.

She Dismissed Her Lover for a Pledge of $10,000 Cash and $1,000 a Year—A Law Suit Necessary to Secure the Promised Wealth.

CHICAGO, April 6.—A novel suit has just been decided by Judge Clifford, after a litigation lasting several years in different courts. The case was that of Sorosia S. Alexander, an elderly spinster of Brattleboro, Vt., against the estate of E. S. Alexander, her brother, a wealthy Chicagoan, now deceased. The litigation grew out of alleged breaches of agreements made by the deceased with his sister upward of 20 years ago. According to the statements made by Miss Alexander and the evidence given by numerous witnesses, whose depositions were taken in Boston and other Massachusetts cities, she was, at the time of making the first agreement, a teacher of music of acknowledged reputation and ability.

Her brother was anxious to have her return to the house of their aged parents in Brattleboro, which, he thought, needed her care. He offered to pay her $1,000 a year, or as much as she could earn by teaching music, if she would assume the care of the old folks. She accepted, and for a number of years took care of them. About three or four years before the death of her brother Miss Alexander was about to be married, when he wrote to her, urging her not to marry and leave her parents, but to stay with them. He agreed to pay her an additional $10,000 if she would remain with her parents as long as they lived.

With this promise before her she "shipped" her lover and the wedding was declared off. Miss Alexander remained an old maid and cared for her father and mother in their declining years. Up to his death Alexander did not even keep his promise to pay his sister the $1,000 a year he had agreed to pay her, and, except a few small sums of money which she used for the common house support of herself and parents, she received nothing.

Alexander made no provision in his will for the payment of the $1,000 a year, or of the $10,000 promised her. She filed her claim against the estate, but it was disallowed by the Probate Court and an appeal was taken to the Circuit Court.

The case was before Judge Clifford, and, upon the evidence, a verdict was given for $41,300 against the estate in favor of Miss Alexander.

WINDOM'S FINANCIAL POLICY.

The New Secretary Designates the Prices He Intends to Pay for Bonds.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—Secretary Windom to-day verified the prediction made several days ago that he would buy 4 per cent bonds if offered at reasonable rates by accepting $1,376,000 bonds of that loan at 129. He also established the highest price he will pay for 4½ per cents by accepting $82,500 of that class of bonds at 108, and rejecting offers aggregating $1,633,000 at 108¼. It was learned this afternoon that the above rates, viz: 129 for 4 per cents and 108 for 4½ per cents will govern bond-buying operations of the Government for some time to come, unless some unforseen disturbance should occur in the money market to require a modification of this policy.

It is regarded as likely that Secretary Windom, in dealing with the surplus question, will confine himself for the present to the purchase of bonds without attempting any radical change in the system of National Bank deposits adopted by his predecessor. The surplus to-day is stated at $55,000,000, an increase of $10,000,000 since the 4th of March. The total amount of bonds purchased to date under the circular of April 17 is $128,914,600, of which $62,713,000 were 4 per cents and $76,201,300 were 4½ per cents. The cost of these bonds was $159,222,620, of which $67,700,939 was paid for the 4 per cents and $82,521,681 was paid for the 4½ per cents.

TO REACH THE NORTH POLE.

A Companion of Lord Lonsdale Has a Very Plausible Scheme.

CHICAGO, April 6.—Alphone Leduc, the half-breed who accompanied Lord Lonsdale part of the way to the Arctic, arrived in Chicago to-day from Manitoba. Leduc says that with funds and material he can reach the North Pole. His idea is to go overland by sled. He thinks that with 300 men a line of communication for supplies north and news south could be maintained without great difficulty.

Headquarters would be on the Peninsula of Boothia, 12 days by courier from the nearest telegraph to Winnipeg. Leduc will attempt to interest a number of newspapers to get them to back him. It is possible that Government aid will be asked. Leduc goes from here to New York within a day or two.

TO BURN THE BRIDGES.

Oklahoma Boomers Are Bound to be the First in the Field.

WINFIELD, KAN., April 6.—A reliable man just from Oklahoma says he learned the fact that the boomers, hundreds of whom are hid in the thicket brush on the many streams in that country, have combined on a plan to burn all the bridges on the Santa Fe on the night of April 21, or sooner, so that no trains can get in Oklahoma on the 22d. He says the boomers swear they are going to have the claims they have staked over at whatever cost.

People bound for Oklahoma are arriving here daily from all over the Union, and excitement runs high. Thirty-five wagons arrived from Lead and Comanche counties today and camped just west of town to await the proper time to move to Oklahoma.

A VARIETY OF WEATHER.

Washington's Snowstorm Punctuated With Thunder and Lightning.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—A heavy snowstorm and rainstorm has prevailed here since early this morning. The rain, which began falling some time before daylight, at about 9 o'clock changed to snow, and from that hour until after dark the air was dense with great flakes driven before a strong north wind, but the weather being mild, it melted as it fell.

Several times during the day heavy peals of thunder were heard, and stray sparks of lightning frequently darted across the switchboards in the telegraph offices.

THE SETTLERS ON TOP.

The United States Marshals Forced to Discontinue Their Forcible Evictions.

DES MOINES, April 6.—The United States Marshal's posse that went from here to evict settlers in Hamilton county has returned. The men say that no more attempts will be made at evicting for a few days, as the settlers are prepared to use force, and the evictors are not prepared to meet it.

Pardon Applications to be Heard.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

HARRISBURG, April 6.—Among the cases to be heard by the Board of Pardons, at its regular meeting, are the following: A. M. Bowser, murder in the second degree, Allegheny; James H.