

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

(SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE GAZETTE.)

W. C., V. M. & G. S. R. R.

Stockholders' Annual Meeting.

LYNCHBURG, Nov. 25.—The first annual meeting of the stockholders of the Washington City, Virginia Midland and Great Southern Railroad Company, commenced in this city at 12 m. to-day.

The large majority of the stock was represented in person and by proxy.

The President, John S. Barbour, esq., presented and read his report, which shows that the gross earnings of the road for the past year have been \$953,432.52, of which amount \$469,476.68 was from passengers.

The report of the Examining Committee was read and all the reports referred to a Committee, when the meeting adjourned until 3 p. m.

At the re-assembling of the stockholders, all the old officers of the Company, were unanimously re-elected. W. P. Shepherd, G. M. Chapman, J. G. Meem, J. M. Booker, and W. H. Payne were appointed an examining Committee for the ensuing year.

And after the usual complimentary resolutions the meeting adjourned sine die.

From New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—The Times says the District Attorney thinks that the Sheriff may be liable to indictment for a breach of official duty if Tweed is not soon taken to Blackwells Island.

Tiffany & Co., discovered that they have for sometime past been robbed of a large amount of jewelry. One of the salesmen is suspected.

Among the passengers by the bark Jasper, which sails for Liberia the latter part of the present week will be several colored men from the South, who will be assisted by the American Colonization Society.

The anniversary of the massacre of the medical students of the university of Havana, which took place three years ago, will be suitably observed in the church of Santiago de Cuba in this city to-morrow.

The massacre of the men seized on the Virginia will also be commemorated.

Captain George Schroot, the missing sea captain was arrested at Philadelphia yesterday, he having, as appears, abandoned his wife.

Judge Blatchford, in the United States District Court to-day granted an order empowering Brown, Bros., to sell 2,600 shares of Lake Shore held by them as security for \$200,000 loaned to George Grinnell & Co.

The evidence in the case of the people against the roll and Farrington, charged with fraud in connection with the riot, was closed to-day and counsel for the defence commenced his argument.

The National Colored Convention.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 25.—A convention of colored men of Kentucky met at Frankfort yesterday and appointed delegates to the National Convention of colored men to assemble in Washington on December 9.

The rumor that Mr. John S. Knox, sr., one of the oldest and most respected residents of this city, died yesterday afternoon, is incorrect, though all will regret to learn that he is extremely ill, and that his death may be expected at any moment.

A small colored boy named Peter Washington, employed by Mr. Wyman, the butcher, while delivering some meat on board the schooner Uneas, at the wharves of the American Coal Company, early this morning, fell overboard, but was rescued by the steward.

A Man of Honor, by Geo. Cary Eggleston, illustrated, issued by Orange Juice Company, New York, has been received by Robert Bell, bookseller. It is well spoken of by some of the critics.

It is reported that on and after Monday next passengers via the W. C., V. M. & G. S. R. R. will be transferred between this city and Washington by the Alexandria and Washington rail road, and not by the ferry boats, as heretofore.

Fatal Affair.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 25.—J. P. Dunn and a young man named Clark called at the house of a farmer named Mercer, near Lexington, Missouri, Monday evening, and commenced insulting the ladies. Mercer and his son-in-law demonstrated and were assaulted and badly beaten.

A large and most brilliant and beautiful meteor was seen about half past eleven o'clock last night, illuminating the whole of the southeastern sky.

Financial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—The associated banks hold \$35,000,000 in legal tenders, an increase of \$15,000 since yesterday.

LONDON, Nov. 25.—Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bullion were shipped from Southampton for New York yesterday.

LONDON, Nov. 25.—3:30 p. m.—The amount of bullion gone into the Bank of England on balance to-day is £20,000.

Coal Sales.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—At the regular monthly sale of Scranton coal to-day 70,000 tons were disposed of as follows: Steamboat, 9,000 tons, 4.50; grate, 14,000 tons, 4.98; 8,000 cgs, 9,000 tons, \$5.30; stove, 30,000 tons, 5.42; 4,224 \$5.50; chestnut, 8,000 tons, 4.52; 4 \$5.75.

A Boat from the Polaris.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 25.—A small boat, made from the Polaris, which the whaler Ravensraug took on board when she rescued the Biddings party, will be sent from this city to New York by the steamship Georgia. It will be placed in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

The Prospect.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—The Times this morning, in a double-leaded editorial says, "we have reason to believe the negotiations with Spain have assumed a shape which places the prospect of war at a much greater distance than was the case yesterday."

U. S. Judge.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—Judge Charles T. Sherman, of the Northern district of Ohio, has resigned and Martin Welper, formerly a member of Congress, has been appointed his successor.

Congressman Elected.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—A new Orleans dispatch says George L. Smith, the Republican candidate was elected by a large majority in the Shreveport Congressional District, made vacant by the death of Samuel Peters.

Cruelty to Seamen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 25.—The jury in the case of Frank Harris, the mate of the ship Sunrise, tried for cruelty to seamen, returned a verdict of guilty on twenty nine counts of the indictment.

Snow.

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—It is snowing very heavily this morning with the wind from the Southwest.

Failure.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 25.—The live stock firm of J. B. Hunter & Co., of Kansas City, failed Monday for \$180,000.

LOCAL NEWS.

POLICE REPORT.—The following cases have been reported at police headquarters since yesterday's issue of the Gazette: Lucy Williams, colored, for stealing a watch from a sailor named Joel Vauvill, was sent to the work house for thirty days; a stranger from New York, named Woodruff, for disorderly conduct, was discharged upon a promise to quit the city; and David Henry, colored, for stealing a coat from a colored man named Leon Jackson, was sent to jail for six months.

LAND SALE.—Greed & Wise, real estate agents, sold on the 21st inst. a tract of land in Alexandria county, belonging to Mr. Parker H. Sweet, containing about 41 acres, to Walter Tucker, esq., of the same county, for \$50 per acre, cash. The land has no improvements or wood.

LOCAL BREVETTES.

Services will be held in Christ Church and in the 1st Presbyterian Church to-morrow, the Citizen's National Bank will be closed, there will be no meeting of the Commercial Exchange, and the Postoffice will be open only from 8 to 10 a. m. and from 7 to 8 p. m.

While policeman Arnold was on his way to the jail and work house with two colored prisoners, this morning, he met a colored man for whose arrest he knew a warrant had been issued, and though to guard three is a rather risky attempt for one man, he gathered him up and succeeded in reaching the jail with them all.

The steamer Palisade will be taken off the Currioman line after Friday next until next spring, when she will resume her regular trips. She will lie up at Washington during the winter. Her commander, Captain Wins, has, by his gentlemanly behavior and accommodating manners, rendered himself and his boat extremely popular all along the river.

Another new passenger car was turned out of the shops of the W. C., V. M. & G. S. R. R. Co., in this city, to-day, and was taken on a trial trip a short distance up the road. This car, No. 24, for strength, comfort and finish, will compare most favorably with more Northern work, and reflects great credit upon our home mechanics.

Gooding's tavern, on the Little River Turnpike, between here and Fairfax C. H., in an railroad times the breakfast-house for the stage lines, and a famous hostelry, but since the war, sadly deteriorated, was destroyed by fire last night. It was unoccupied, having been vacated a few days ago by Mr. Triplett, its late tenant.

The meeting of the Directors of the W. C., V. M. & G. S. R. R. adjourned yesterday evening, after transacting the business for which it had assembled. The work of extending the road from Hamilton to Winchester will be commenced on the 1st of the new year and will proceed with vigor.

A meeting of those favorable to the organization of a colored military company in this city was held at the colored school-house on north Alfred street last night. About fifty names were signed to the roll, and a constitution and set of by-laws were adopted.

The rumor that Mr. John S. Knox, sr., one of the oldest and most respected residents of this city, died yesterday afternoon, is incorrect, though all will regret to learn that he is extremely ill, and that his death may be expected at any moment.

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The slight and circumscribed alarm of fire early this morning in the 1st Ward was caused by the burning of the chimney of a house on Water, between Wolfe and Wilkes streets.

A great shooting match will come off at Opusson Hall, the ferry house on the opposite side of the river, to-morrow. A fine heifer and fifty fat turkeys are among the prizes.

A large and most brilliant and beautiful meteor was seen about half past eleven o'clock last night, illuminating the whole of the southeastern sky.

Though the water will probably not be let off the Chesapeake and Ohio canal until about the 20th, all shipments of coal over it will, it is thought, close about the 10th proximo.

A skiff that had gotten adrift from the sloop of Capt. Cage Bately, off Four-mile Run, was picked up this morning by the ferry boat City of Washington.

Among the freight brought up yesterday afternoon by the steamer Palisade were nine hundred bunches of fish for Washington, from Mr. Caswood's shore, at Powike's.

A school boy named Charles Waller, son of Mrs. A. W. C. Waller, while exercising on parallel bars this afternoon, fell and broke his right arm.

A meeting of the members and pew-holders of Christ Church is called to-morrow immediately after the Thanksgiving service.

There will be a collection taken up for the poor to-morrow, at Christ Church, at the Thanksgiving service at 11 a. m.

It is understood that work at the Mount Vernon Cotton factory will be suspended next Saturday night.

To-morrow has been recommended by the President as a day of Thanksgiving.

To editor of the Alexandria Gazette:

In my Historical sketch of Christ Church, I stated that in the contract for a Globe House, made by the vestry in 1767-8, provision was made for a Dancing Room. A careful re-examination of the record has convinced me that I fell into an error in this. The word is Dance Room; the loop to the "e" is so faint that every one to whom I have shown it has taken it for a "c." It is thus an instance of free living, spelling rather than an indication of free living.

Yours truly, R. H. McKIM.

ALEXANDRIA, Nov. 16th.

HOMINY CHOP.

IS A RICH AND CHEAP FOOD FOR HORSES AND COWS.

GEORGE R. HILL & CO.

THE GOLDEN IDOL; OR, THE ENCHANTED TREE.

CHAPTER I. A GIRL'S DESPAIR.

Upon a lonely shore of Tonga-taboo harbor, in the island of Tonga taboo, two persons sat hidden in a dim recess of palms.

They were father and daughter. The former was a plaid, simple clergyman of middle age.

The latter was a charming girl of seventeen years, scarcely more remarkable for her loveliness than for her sterling good sense and a worldly wisdom far in advance of her years.

As to the wife and mother of this couple, she had long been sleeping her last sleep in one of the lonely nooks of this far Pacific island.

Ten years had passed since Mr. Fortescue had come to the shores of this lonely harbor, with the intention of passing his days in the labor of converting to Christianity his pagan idolaters; but the good missionary had, in his unintentional way, fallen under the displeasure of the ruler of the island, and was now being hunted for his life.

"I am so tired, father," panted the girl, as she clasped her hand tightly to her heart.

"We ought not to have run so fast," responded Mr. Fortescue. "But I am sure the savages were near us."

"Hush! here they are!" breathed the girl.

A rush of footsteps was heard, and a moment later several savages came flying past, reading the air with their eyes.

"They think we have gone in that direction," whispered the missionary. "Oh, if they only knew how near we are still to the settlement!"

"Will they not soon be back this way, father?" asked Miss Fortescue.

"I dare say they will, Ellie. Ah! here comes another band of them."

A dozen armed warriors traversed the sandy beach immediately in front of the hiding-place of the couple.

"How terrible they are! how lost to all pity!"

"Alas! for the poor results of all my toils!" sighed Mr. Fortescue. "To see these savages pursuing and hear their yells, one would little imagine the sacrifices we have made on their account. All the benefits they have received from us are forgotten. They are determined to kill us as we can find us."

At this point Ellie started violently, half arising to her feet.

"Oh, look, father!" she cried.

"This was all she could say, but she pointed far away in the direction from which the fugitives had come."

"I see," murmured Mr. Fortescue. "They have fired our dwelling."

A lurid flame arose in the air in the distance.

"It is hard to see our home perishing," sighed the daughter. "What demons they are!"

She started again, even more violently than before—at this time at the barking of a dog within ten feet of her.

"The cur will certainly betray us!" cried the missionary, springing to his feet.

"He has betrayed us already," returned Ellie. "See! they are coming."

In the last moment at his residence, Mr. Fortescue had seized an old sword he chance to have upon his premises, and he thanked heaven for the service this weapon now rendered him, he being able to cleave the dog in twain with a single desperate blow.

"I will better not plunge into the interior, father," said Ellie.

"I think not. It is there that they are looking for us. They are beating up every bush, and—yes! they are certainly coming nearer to us. See! they have torches! Oh, this is horrible!"

"Perhaps we had better throw ourselves in to a boat, and trust ourselves to the winds and waves."

"I would have done so, darling, but for the roughness of the sea."

"It's all up with our halt here," said the missionary, turning back. "We must fly. The dog was heard, and the savages are hastening in this direction."

Breaking from their covert, hand in hand, the father and daughter ran along the beach and gained a temporary shelter behind a small ledge of rocks which jutted out into the sea in the form of a small promontory.

"If we only had a boat now!" sighed the father, "possibly we could get off in it."

Eve Ellie could reply, a solitary savage, bounding from the bushes, brandishing his war-club.

"Alas! alas!" mourned Mr. Fortescue.

He had realized only too well the imminence of the peril—the utter futility of all his efforts at escape—but he met the foremost savage with the strength of desperation, cleaving him in twain nearly as cleverly as he had dispatched the dog which had discovered the whereabouts of the couple; but then came the sharp, loud report of a musket—and the good missionary lay weltering in his blood, with a bullet through his vitals.

"I am hurt," he cried. "I cannot go on."

"Not even to the boat, father?"

"Alas, it is too late!" filtered the dying missionary, as everything reeled around him.

"To thee, O God, I commend her!"

These were the last words of the devoted missionary. As he uttered them, he tumbled into the boat he had succeeded with his last desperate efforts in reaching, and in that same instant his senses left him forever.

"Off, demons!" cried Ellie, still wielding her sword with the strength of despair.

By the last desperate effort of her exhausted powers the brave girl succeeded in pushing off the boat and in breaking clear of the pursuers with it.

A FENISH REVENGE.

At the same hour when the preceding events were occurring, a large top-sail schooner was standing on and off the East Passage of Tonga-taboo harbor, waiting to enter the port and come to anchor.

Upon the stern of this schooner, leaning against the bulwarks, stood a fresh-looking and rosy-faced youth of eighteen or nineteen years, who was looking dreamily through the night in the direction of the distant land. And near this youth stood the skipper of the schooner, whose gaze had long been fixed in the same direction.

"Did I understand you to say, Denny Breeze, that you expect to find old acquaintances upon this island?" asked the commander, breaking a long and attentive silence.

"Yes, Captain Morrison," replied Denny Breeze, drawing nearer to his commander, so as to speak with more of the freedom of confidence. "I refer to the Reverend Mr. Fortescue and his daughter."

"Yes, they are acquaintances, then?"

"Yes, sir. They used to live in the village where I was born, and their house was always to me like a second home—the only home I have had, in fact, since the death of my mother."

"And the strange disappearance of your father, you should have added," said Capt. Morrison, gravely, as he patted the youth affectionately upon the shoulder. "It is the strangest thing in creation whatever became of your father, boy. And yet, in another sense, there was nothing strange about it; it was simply another case of 'Lost at sea!' How many a life has ended to all earthly ken in that brief announcement. But what is it that is going on ashore to the westward of us?" he

added, as a vast blaze illuminated the horizon at that quarter. "Looks like a house afire."

"Yes, sir; it does," assented Denny. "And it is a house afire," affirmed Capt. Morrison, after a long look through his glass.

"And it's curious that none of the savages who are running about make the least effort to put it out. And now that I look again, it seems to me that the burning house is exactly in the direction of the one Mr. Fortescue occupied."

Denny Breeze turned pale at this suggestion.

"Oh, I hope not, sir!" he exclaimed.

"It would be horrible if Ellie Fortescue should be in such trouble," said Denny, after a long look shoreward. "There seems to be a great deal of jumping and dancing in the neighborhood of that fire, and not a soul doing anything as I can see toward putting it out."

"Guess I'll go below now and get a bit of sleep, Mr. Buncle, said Capt. Morrison to his second mate. "Call me if anything happens."

And with this the commander withdrew.

He had scarcely gone when Mr. Buncle, the second mate, approached one of the seamen under his charge, and said:

"Now is our chance, Bill. If you'll call Tom, and the rest for'ard, we'll soon arrive at some conclusion. My opinion is that we had better give the old tub the slip to-night."

"But the cap'n thinks as how the savages may be at this blessed minute a killing of the missionaries on the island," remonstrated Bill, energetically.

"I think we had better see Tom, and the rest, and make our escape immediately in the long boat while the old man is snoozing."

"Good! Let's move at once."

Half hidden by sundry hamper at the foot of the main-shrouds, Denny Breeze had listened to every word of this conversation.

"A general desertion, eh!" said Denny to himself, as he saw the perfidious second-mate becoming the centre of a little knot of eager men forward. "This thing won't work, my fine fellows."

He lost no time in entering the cabin and proceeding directly to the commander's stateroom. The old sea-dog was just in the act of "turning in."

"Why, what ails you, Denny?" he cried. "You are pale."

"Perhaps I have reason to be. Mr. Buncle and a good share of the men are hatching up a plot to leave the schooner in a long-boat and make the island!"

"What!—to-night?"

"Yes, sir—to-night. 'Now is our time,' they say, while the old man is sleeping!"

The commander slipped noiselessly from the cabin, and soon his voice was heard upon the forecastle. The truth was, he had waited unobtrusively and silent until the conspirators were about to resort to the measure of getting out the long-boat, and then he had fallen upon them with all the stern authority of his position and the still sterner authority of his character.

A few minutes only the din lasted, and then the commander slipped back to the cabin.

"I've fixed them," he muttered, as he rubbed his hands gleefully together. "I waited till they were getting out the boat, and then I went for them. You can imagine how Buncle is cut up. Mr. Skill is now in charge of things. Here, steward!"

The steward immediately responded to the call.

"Make me my usual favorite punch," added the commander, and let us have it while it is hot."

The steward bowed understandingly, and set about obeying the order.

After remaining alone in the cabin an hour or two, musing intently upon all he had seen in the direction of the island, Denny Breeze again took his way to the deck, which seemed to him singularly dark and deserted.

The wind had freshened notably. A choppy sea had arisen, and the vessel was laboring more than she had done for several days preceding. The heavens were nearly obscured by a mist of impending rain.

"Is it you, Pete?" asked a voice, as Denny emerged from the cabin.

Pete was the colored steward.

"No, it's me—the passenger, Mr. Breeze," answered Denny.

"Oh, it's you, eh?" said the voice, which our hero now recognized as that of Mr. Buncle. "All right, sir. I thought it was Pete."

Advancing upon the deck, Denny Breeze continued to look around him, waiting for the schooner to tack forward again.

"A rough night, Mr. Breeze?" said the mate.

"Yes, sir, quite rough," he responded.

"Do you know where the cap'n is?" was the next question of Buncle.

"Abed and asleep, sir."

"Do you know how deeply he is? But of course you don't, and so I will tell you: he is as sleepy as a good dose of medicine can make him."

"Do you mean to say that he has been drugged?" asked Denny.

"That's just what I mean to say. A good dose of medicine was put in the punch Pete made just before the old man tumbled in."

"It was easy enough for Denny to see, by this time, that something wrong was taking place—that at the very least the villain he had interrupted was gathering head again."

"I know not why you tell me this," said Denny, "but I know that I'll soon see for myself if you are telling me the truth."

He turned toward the cabin.

"Softly! One moment!" said Buncle, advancing nearer. "My young gentleman."

"Say on, then!"

"What I have to say is this," said Buncle. "Did you not tell Capt. Morrison that I, and Tom, and Bill, and some others of the crew, were about to run away in the long-boat?"

Denny was not pleased with the situation, especially as several of the intruded runaways had gathered about him, but his was a soul inaccessible to fear, and he responded:

"Yes, I told Captain Morrison of your intended flight. What of it?"

"You shall soon see, my young bantam," said Buncle, with suppressed passion. "The long-boat is in the water, duly provisioned and stored, and we are ready to push off in her."

"But Mr. Skill?" cried Denny, looking around excitedly. "Where is Mr. Skill?"

He referred to the executive, in whose charge Capt. Morrison had left the vessel.

"Mr. Skill is bound hand and foot and gagged in the forecastle, as are several of the men who took part with him," declared Buncle, with brutal insolence.

Denny Breeze, at these words, bounded toward the cabin, shouting:

"More villains, Captain Morrison! Help! help!"

He had scarcely finished this cry, when he found himself intercepted by several pairs of hands and numerous fingers clenching his throat.

"Up with him, boys!" was the short but fearful command of Buncle.

It was in vain that Denny, realizing the horrible intention of his enemies, essayed to defend himself—all in vain! He was lifted clear of the deck in an instant, and hurled over the bulwarks into the raging waters!