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VOL. LXXVIII. NO. 22. EASTON, MD. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1894. $1 50 PER YEAR.

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STRANGERS IN TOWN.

A DISCOURSE OF INTEREST TO THE TABERNACLE THRONG.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Upon Life In a Great City and the Lessons It Teaches—The Undercurrent of Life—A Plea For the Sabbath.

BROOKLYN, April 8.—Before no audience in the world could such a sermon as Rev. Dr. Talmage preached today be so appropriate as in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, where it is estimated that 150,000 strangers attend every year. It was a sermon that had for them a special interest. The text selected was Matthew xxv, 35, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

It is a moral disaster that jocosity has despoiled so many passages of Scripture, and my text is one that has suffered from irreverent and misapplied quotation. It shows great poverty of wit and humor when people take the sword of divine truth for a game at fencing or chip off from the Kohinoor diamond of inspiration a sparkle to decorate a fool's cap. My text is the salutation in the last judgment to be given to those who have shown hospitality and kindness and Christian helpfulness to strangers. By railroad and steamboat the population of the earth are all the time in motion, and, from one year's end to another our cities are crowded with visitors.

Every morning on the tracks of the Hudson River, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Long Island railroads there come passenger trains more than I can number, so that all the depots and the wharves are a-rumble and a-clang with the coming in of a great immigration of strangers. Some of them come for purposes of barter, some for mechanism, some for artistic gratification, some for sightseeing. A great many of them go on the evening trains, and consequently the city makes but little impression upon them, but there are multitudes who in the hotels and boarding houses make temporary residence. They tarry here for three or four days or as many weeks. They spend the days in the stores and the evenings in sightseeing. Their temporary stay will make or break them not only financially, but morally, for this world and the world that is to come. Multitudes of them come into our morning and evening services. I am conscious that I stand in the presence of many this moment. I desire more especially to speak to them. May God give me the right word and help me to utter it in the right way.

STRANGERS WITHIN THE GATES.

There have glided into this house those unknown to others whose history if told would be more thrilling than the deepest tragedy, more exciting than Patti song, more bright than a spring morning, more awful than a wintry midnight. If they could stand up here and tell the story of their escapes, and their temptations, and their bereavements, and their disasters, and their victories, and their defeats, there would be in this house such a commingling of groans and acclamations as would make the place unendurable.

There is a man who, in infancy, lay in a cradle satin lined. Out yonder is a man who was picked up a foundling on Boston common. Here is a man who is coolly observing this religious service, expecting no advantage and caring for no advantage for himself, while yonder is a man who has been for 10 years in an awful conflagration of evil habits, and he is a mere cinder of a destroyed nature, and he is wondering if there shall be in this service any escape or help for his immortal soul. Meeting you only once perhaps face to face, I strike hands with you in an earnest talk about your present condition and your eternal well being. St. Paul's ship at Melita went to pieces where two seas meet, but we stand today at a point where a thousand seas converge, and eternity alone can tell the issue of the hour.

The hotels of this country, for beauty and elegance, are not surpassed by the hotels in any other land, but those that have most celebrated for brilliancy of tapestry and mirror cannot give to the weary any costly apartment unless he can have a parlor in addition to his lodging. The stranger, therefore, will generally find assigned to him a room with many pictures and perhaps any rocking chair. He will find a box of matches on a bureau and an old newspaper left by the previous occupant, and that will be about all the ornamentation. At 7 o'clock in the evening, after having taken his repast, he will look over his memorandum book of the day's work, he will go to a lecture, to his home, and then a vacation will seize upon him to get rid of it. You hear the great city thundering under your windows, and you say, "I'll not join that procession," and in 10 minutes you have joined it. Where are you going? "Oh," you say, "I haven't made up my mind yet." Better make up your mind before you start. Perhaps every way you go now you will always go. Twenty years ago there were no young men who came down the Astor House steps and started out in a strong direction, where they have been going ever since.

STUDIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

"Well, where are you going?" says one man. "I am going to the academy to hear some music." Good. I would like to join you at the door. At the tap of the orchestral baton all the gates of harmony and beauty will open before your soul. I congratulate you. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going up to see some advertised picture." Good. I should like to go along with you and look over the same catalogue and study with you Kensett and Inman and Church and Moran. Nothing more elevating than good pictures. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going up to the Young Men's Christian association rooms." Good. There you will find there gymnastics to strengthen the muscles, and books to instruct the mind, and Christian influence to save the soul. I wish every city in the United States had as fine a palace for the young Men's Christian association as New York has. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going to take a long walk up Broadway and so turn around into the Bowery. I am going to study human life." Good. A walk through Broadway at 8 o'clock at night is interesting, educating, fascinating, appalling, exhilarating to the last degree. Stop in front of that theater and see who goes in. Stop at that saloon and see who comes out. See the great tides of life surging backward and forward and beating against the marble of the curbstone and eddying down into the saloons. What is that mark on the face of that debauchee? It is the hectic flush of eternal death. What is that woman's laughter? It is the shriek of a lost soul.

Who is that Christian man going along with a vial of anodyne to the dying pauper on Elm street? Who is that belated man on the way to a prayer meeting? Who is that city missionary going to take a box in which to bury a child? Who are all these clusters of bright and beautiful faces? They are going to some interesting place of amusement.

Who is that man going into the drug store? That is the man who yesterday lost all his fortune on Wall street. He is going in for a dose of belladonna, and before morning it will make no difference to him whether stocks are up or down. I tell you, that Broadway, between 7 and 12 o'clock at night, between the Battery and Central Park, is an Austerlitz, a Gettysburg, a Waterloo, where kingdoms are lost or won and three worlds mingle in the strife.

LIFE'S DARK SIDE.

I meet another coming down off the hotel steps, and I say, "Where are you going?" You say: "I am going with a merchant of New York who has promised to show me the underground life of the city. I am his customer, and he is going to oblige me very much." Stop! A business house that tries to get or keep your custom through such a process as that is not worthy of you. There are business establishments in our cities which have for years been sending to destruction hundreds and thousands of merchants. They have a secret drawer in the counter where money is kept, and the clerk goes and gets it when he wants to take these visitors to the city through the low slums of the place.

Shall I mention the names of some of these great commercial establishments? I have them on my lips. Shall I? Perhaps I had better leave it to the young men who in that process have been destroyed themselves while they have been destroying others. I care not how high sounding the name of a commercial establishment if it proposes to get customers or to keep them by such a process as that. Drop their acquaintance. They will cheer you before you get through. They will send you a style of goods different from that which you bought by sample. They will give you under weight. There will be in the package half a dozen less pairs of suspenders than you paid for. They will rob you. Oh, you feel in your pockets and say, "Is my money gone?" They have robbed you of something for which dollars and cents can never give you compensation.

When one of these western merchants has been dragged by one of those commercial agents through the slums of the city, he is not fit to go home. The mere memory of what he has seen will be moral pollution. I think you had better let the city missionary and the police attend to the exploration of New York and underground life. You do not go to a smallpox hospital for the purpose of exploration. You do not go there because you are afraid of contagion. And yet you go into the presence of a moral leprosy that is as much more dangerous to you as the death of the soul is worse than the death of the body. I will undertake to say that nine-tenths of the men who have been ruined in our cities have been ruined by simply going to observe without any idea of participating. The fact is that underground city life is a filthy, fuming, reeking, pestiferous depth which blasts the eye that looks at it. In the reign of terror in 1793 in Paris people escaping from the officers of the law got into the sewers of the city and crawled and walked through miles of that awful labyrinth, stifled with the atmosphere and almost dead, some of them, when they came out to the river Seine, where they washed themselves and again breathed the fresh air. But I have to tell you that a great many of the men who go on the work of exploration through the underground gutters of New York life never come out at any Seine river where they can wash off the pollution of the moral sewage. Stranger, if one of the representatives of a commercial establishment proposes to take you and show you the "sights" of the town and underground New York, say to him, "Please, sir, what part do you propose to show me?"

EXPLORING THE SLUMS.

About 16 years ago as a minister of religion I felt I had a divine commission to explore the iniquities of our cities. I did not ask counsel of my session or my presbytery or of the newspapers, but asking the companionship of three prominent police officials and two of the elders of my church I unrolled my commission, and it said: "Son of man, dig into the wall. And when I had digged into the wall behold a door, and he said go in and see the wicked abominations that are done here. And I went in and saw and behold!" Brought up in the country and surrounded by much parental care, I had not until that time seen the haunts of iniquity. By the grace of God defended, I had never sowed my "wild oats."

I had somehow been able to tell from various sources something about the iniquities of the great cities and to preach against them, but I saw in the destruction of a great multitude of the people that there must be an infatuation and a temptation that had never been spoken about, and I said, "I will explore." I saw thousands of men going down, and if there had been a spiritual percussion answering to the physical percussion the whole air would have been full of the rumble and roar and crack and thunder of the demolition, and this moment, if we should pause in our service, we should hear the crash, crash! Just as in the sickly season you sometimes hear the bell at the gate of the cemetery ringing almost incessantly, so I found that the bell at the gate of the cemetery where ruined souls are buried was tolling by day and tolling by night. I said, "I will explore."

I went as a physician goes into a fever lazareto to see what practical and useful information I might get. That would be a foolish doctor who would stand outside the door of an invalid writing a Latin prescription. When the lecturer in a medical college is done with his lecture, he takes the students into the dissecting room, and he shows them the reality. I went and saw and came forth to my pulpit to report a plague and to tell how sin dissects the body and dissects the mind and dissects the soul. "Oh," say you, "are you not afraid that in consequence of such exploration of the iniquities of the city other persons might make exploration and do themselves damage?" I reply: "If in company with the commissioner of police, and the captain of police, and the inspector of police, and the company of two Christian gentlemen, and not with the spirit of curiosity, but that you may see sin in order the better to combat it, then, in the name of the eternal God, go? But, if not, then stay away."

Wellington, standing in the battle of Waterloo when the bullets were buzzing around his head, saw a civilian on the field. He said to him: "Sir, what are you doing here? Be off!" "Why," replied the civilian, "there is no more danger here for me than there is for you." Then Wellington flushed up and said, "God and my country demand that I be here, but you have no errand here."

Now I, as an officer in the army of Jesus Christ, went on that expedition and on to that battlefield. If you bear a like commission, go. If not, stay away. But you say, "Don't you think that somehow the description of those places induces people to go and see for themselves?" I answer yes, just as muchas the description of yellow fever in some scourged city would induce people to go down there and get the pestilence.

But I may be addressing some stranger already destroyed. Where is he, that I may pointedly yet kindly address him? Come back and wash in the deep fountain of a Saviour's mercy. I do not give you a cup, or a chalice, or a pitcher with a limited supply to effect your ablutions. I point you to the five oceans of God's mercy. Oh, that the Atlantic and Pacific surges of divine forgiveness might roll over your soul! As the glorious sun of God's forgiveness rises on toward the mid heavens ready to shine upon you in warmth and light and love, so I bid you good morning. Morning of peace for all your troubles. Morning of liberation for all your incarcerations. Morning of resurrection for your soul buried in sin. Good morning! Morning for the resuscitated household that has been waiting for your return. Morning for the cradle and the crib already disgraced with being that of a drunkard's child. Morning for the daughter that has trudged off to hard work because you did not take care of home. Morning for the wife who at 40 or 50 years has the wrinkled face, and this stooped shoulder, and the white hair. Morning for one. Morning for all. Good morning! In God's name, good morning!

BEFORE PITFALLS.

In our last dreadful war the Federals and the Confederates were encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock, and one morning the brass band of the northern troops played the national air, and all the northern troops cheered and cheered. Then on the opposite side of the Rappahannock the brass band of the Confederates played "My Maryland" and "Dixie," and then all the southern troops cheered and cheered. But after awhile one of the bands struck up "Home, Sweet Home," and the band on the opposite side of the river took up the strain, and when the tune was done the Confederates and the Federals all together united as the tears rolled down their cheeks in one great huzza, huzza!

Well, my friends, heaven comes very near today. It is only a stream that divides us, the narrow stream of death, and the voices there and the voices here seem to commingle, and we join trumpets and hosannahs and hallelujahs, and the chorus of the united song of earth and heaven is "Home, Sweet Home." Home of bright domestic circle on earth. Home of forgiveness in the great heart of God. Home of eternal rest in heaven. Home! Home! Home!

But suppose you are standing on a crag of the mountain and on the edge of a precipice, and all unguarded, and some one either in joke or hate shall run up behind you and push you off. It is easy enough to push you off. But who would do so dastardly a deed? Why, this is done every hour of every day and every hour of every night. Men come to the verge of city life and say: "Now, we will just look off. Come, young man, do not be afraid. Come near let us look off." He comes to the edge and looks and looks until, after awhile, satan sneaks up behind him and puts a hand on each of his shoulders and pushes him off. Society says it is evil proclivity on the part of that young man. Oh, no! He was simply an explorer and sacrificed his life in discovery.

A young man comes in from the country bragging that nothing can do him any harm. He knows about all the tricks of city life. "Why," he says, "did not I receive a circular in the country telling me that somehow they found out I was a sharp business man, and if I would only send a certain amount of money by mail or express, charges prepaid, they would send a package with which I could make a fortune in two months, but I did not believe it. My neighbors did, but I did not. Why, no man could take my money. I carry it in a pocket inside my vest. No man could take it. No man could cheat me at the faro table. Don't I know all about the 'cue box,' and the dealer's box, and the cards stuck together as though they were one, and when to hand in my checks? Oh, they can't cheat me. I know what I am about," while at the same time, that very moment, such men are succumbing to the worst satanic influences in the simple fact that they are going to observe. Now, if a man or woman shall go down into a haunt of iniquity for the purpose of reforming men and women or for the sake of being able intelligently to warn people against such perils; if, as did John Howard or Elizabeth Fry or Thomas Chalmers, they go down among the abandoned for the sake of saving them, then such explorers shall be God protected, and they will come out better than when they went in. But if you go on this work of exploration merely for the purpose of satisfying a morbid curiosity I will take 20 per cent off your moral character.

A PERILOUS ROAD.

Sabbath morning comes. You wake up in the hotel. You have had a longer sleep than usual. You say: "Where am I? A thousand miles from home? I have no family to take to church today. My pastor will not expect my presence. I think I shall look over my accounts and study my memorandum book. Then I will write a few business letters and talk to that merchant who came in on the same train with me." Stop! You cannot afford to do it.

"But," you say, "I am worth $500,000." You cannot afford to do it. You say, "I am worth $1,000,000." You cannot afford to do it. All you gain by breaking the Sabbath you will lose. You will lose one of three things—your intellect, your morals or your property—and you cannot point in the whole earth to a single exception to this rule. God gives us six days and keeps one for himself. Now, if we try to get the seventh, he will upset the work of all the other six.

I remember going up Mount Washington, before the railroad had been built, to the Tip-Top House, and the guide would come around to our horses and stop us when we were crossing a very steep and dangerous place, and he would tighten the girth of the horse and straighten the saddle. And I have to tell you that this road of life is so steep and full of peril we must at least one day in seven stop and have the harness of life readjusted and our souls re-equipped. The seven days of the week are like seven business partners, and you must give to each one his share, or the business will be broken up. God is so generous with us—he has given you six days to his one. Now, here is a father who has seven apples, and he gives six to his greedy boy, proposing to keep one for himself. The greedy boy grabs for the other one and loses all the six.

How few men there are who know how to keep the Lord's day away from home! A great many who are consistent on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or the Alabama, or the Mississippi are not consistent when they get so far off as the East river. I repeat—though it is putting it on a low ground—you cannot financially afford to break the Lord's day. It is only another way of tearing up your government securities and putting down the price of goods and blowing up your store. I have friends who are all the time slicing off pieces of the Sabbath. They cut a little of the Sabbath off that end and a little of the Sabbath off this end. They do not keep the 24 hours. The Bible says, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

I have good friends who are quite accustomed to leaving Albany by the midnight train on Saturday night and getting home before church. Now, there may be occasions when it is right, but generally it is wrong. How if the train should run off the track into the North river? I hope your friends will not send to me to preach your funeral sermon. It would be an awkward thing for me to stand up by your side and preach, you, a Christian man, killed on a rail train traveling on a Sunday morning. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." What does that mean? It means 24 hours. A man owes you a dollar. You don't want him to pay you 99 cents. You want the dollar. If God demands of us 24 hours out of the week, he means 24 hours and not 19. Oh, we want to keep vigilantly in this country the American Sabbath and not have transplanted here the European Sabbath, which for the most part is no Sabbath at all. If any of you have been in Paris, you know that on Sabbath morning the vast population rush out toward the country with baskets and bundles, and toward night they come back fagged out, cross and intoxicated. May God preserve to us our glorious, quiet American Sabbaths.

Oh, strangers, welcome to the great city! May you find Christ here, and not any physical or moral damage. Men coming from inland, from distant cities, have here found God and found him in our service. May that be your case today. You thought you were brought to this place merely for the purpose of sightseeing. Perhaps God brought you to this roaring city for the purpose of working out your eternal salvation. Go back to your homes and tell them how you met Christ here, the loving, patient, pardoning and sympathetic Christ. Who knows but the city which has been the destruction of so many may be your eternal redemption?

A good many years ago Edward Stanley, the English commander, with his regiment, took a fort. The fort was manned by some 300 Spaniards. Edward Stanley came close up to the fort, leading his men, when a Spaniard thrust at him with a spear, intending to destroy his life, but Stanley caught hold of the spear, and the Spaniard in attempting to jerk the spear away from Stanley lifted him up into the battlements. No sooner had Stanley taken his position on the battlements than he swung his sword, and his whole regiment leaped after him, and the fort was taken. So it may be with you, O stranger. The city influences which have destroyed so many and dashed them down forever shall be the means of lifting you up into the tower of God's mercy and strength, your soul more than conqueror through the grace of him who has promised an especial benediction to those who shall treat you well, saying, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

INTO A FIERY FURNACE.

Terrible Experiences at a Theater Fire in Milwaukee.

NINE FIRE FIGHTERS MEET DEATH

The Men Were at Work on the Roof of the Building When It Gave Way, Precipitating Them Into the Blazing Auditorium Beneath.

MILWAUKEE, April 10.—Early in the morning flames were seen breaking from the rear of the Davidson theater and hotel, a structure valued at $300,000. An alarm was promptly responded to, but not until the roof was a sheet of flame. Immediately on the arrival of the firemen, ladders were run up and the men rushed up on the roof, six stories from the ground. In doing so Ollie Reis, one of the men, slipped and fell to the ground, being killed by the fall.

Twenty firemen were upon the roof of the building when it fell, and in a moment every man was pitched into the auditorium of the theater, some falling into the parquet and others into the balconies.

When the roof of the theater fell the members of the insurance patrol were covering up the seats in the parquet. A light was suddenly seen through the roof above, and the men in the auditorium ran back just as the crash came. Several of the men in the theater were caught by the falling timbers. There was trouble in getting water on the fire, which, after the fall of the roof, rapidly made its way throughout the building.

The water was finally got into the auditorium, and several of the firemen who had fallen nearest the front door of the lobby were dragged from the burning debris and carried out more or less injured. The men were removed to the saloons across the street, and their wounds dressed.

While the firemen were at work amid the ruins of the floor of the parquet the gallery began to burn, and while directing their attention to this blaze another part of the roof fell.

Deeds of heroism were numerous, as usual under such circumstances. Michael Dunn, captain of one of the fire tugs, slid down a rope, made it fast to several of the men who were not pinioned down by the debris and then climbed the rope, hand over hand, to the roof of the Davidson hotel, which escaped destruction. The fire took a new start among the debris, and amid the groans and shouts of the imprisoned firemen the work of rescue began and was kept up until 8 o'clock last night, when the eighth body was taken out and the work abandoned until today, when the body of Third Assistant Chief Janssen was taken out.

John Crowley remained in the ruins alive for hours. There was fire all around him, and the spot where he was pinned down was kept flooded. Finally Crowley was released from the ruins and taken to the hospital. He is badly hurt and will probably die.

The guests of the Davidson hotel, which occupies a part of the building, fled panic stricken from their rooms when the alarm of fire was rung in the hotel corridors. They were really in no danger and had ample time to get out. No one was injured.

The firemen killed by the fire were: Archie Campbell, captain of the fire boat Foley, fell from the upper part of the theater; Lieutenant Charles Reis, fell from ladder in rear of theater, died on the way to hospital; Fred Koschmider, aged about 35; August Janssen, assistant chief of the department; Thomas Morgan, stigle; George Janssen; Frank McGurk, acting captain, married; James Freeman and Frank Wurrer. Eight other firemen were seriously injured, and it is feared that Lieutenant Curran, of No. 2, will die.

The loss on the building, scenery and equipments of the Liliputian company aggregates $300,000, on which there is an insurance of $80,000, of which $10,000 is carried by Rosenfeld Bros., owners of the Liliputians.

TERRIBLE POWDER EXPLOSION

Twelve Killed by the Destruction of a Fireworks Factory.

PETERSBURG, Va., April 9.—Twelve persons were killed and several badly injured by an explosion which occurred in the power house of the fireworks factory of C. N. Romaine & Bro., in Blankford. The explosion was distinctly heard in the city, where windows of stores and dwellings were rattled by it. The building was set on fire by the explosion, and the flames spread to adjoining buildings, in which powder and fireworks were stored. As each house took fire an explosion followed, and the flames shot across the street to the large trunk factory of Romaine & Bro., which was burned to the ground, as was also the old whisky distillery. The dead:

John B. Bland, member of the city council; James Bryant, employe in fireworks factory; John F. Harris, tailor; Quincey Livesay, employe in fireworks factory; William Parker, employe in fireworks factory; James W. Perkins, bricklayer; Charles N. Romaine, member of the city council; James Rowland, farmer of Prince George county; Robert Rowland, carpenter; James T. Tosh, candidate for revenue commissioner. Edward Traylor, employe in fireworks factory; Thomas Woodfolk, colored, fireman in the factory.

A colored boy named Samuel Drew was sitting in the front door of his parents' home, near the factory, and was struck by a flying brick or piece of timber and terribly injured, but may recover.

The shock from the explosions was felt for a distance of fully a mile, and in the neighborhood of where they occurred ceilings fell and windows were shattered.

An Engineer's Fatal Mistake.

HARTFORD CITY, Ind., April 12.—In a freight train wreck A. Beuthin, brakeman, was instantly killed, the fireman, J. W. Tucker, had both legs broken, Al Phillips, brakeman, was injured so that he died soon after, and two tramps were seriously injured. The engineer thought he was on the main track when he was on a switch and ran the train off the end of the switch down an embankment.

Miss Tyler Will Not Wed Howard Gould.

NEW YORK, April 12.—The engagement between Miss Odette Tyler, the actress, and Howard Gould, the son of the famous financier, is reported to be broken off. It is supposed that Miss Tyler, for reasons of personal import, has changed her mind and reconsidered her determination to wed the young millionaire.

The McGarrahan Claim Again.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—The McGarrahan claim has been ordered favorably reported by the house committee on land claims.

POLLARD-BRECKINRIDGE CASE.

It Will Probably Not Reach the Jury Until Next Week.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—Several witnesses from Kentucky testified for Miss Pollard yesterday. The principal one was Mrs. Brown, wife of the former principal of Wesleyan Institute. She flatly contradicted the testimony of Rossell, saying that no young lady was permitted to meet a gentleman friend alone. She exhibited a portrait of Miss Pollard taken at that time, showing that she was a schoolgirl, and not a mature young woman. Mrs. Louise Lowell, the stenographer, testified regarding letters she had written for Mr. Breckinridge to "My Dear Sister Louise." These letters Miss Pollard claims to have received while she was at the convent near Cincinnati, under the name of Louise Wilson. They were filled with endearing phrases, Mrs. Lowell said. Other witnesses testified that at the time Mrs. Miller (nee Shindlebower), Brandt and Kaufman had asserted that Miss Pollard was living an improper life in Lexington the plaintiff was living with her aunt in Pittsburg. Mary Yancey, a colored cook, testified that in April and May last, while Miss Pollard lived on H street, Colonel Breckinridge was a daily visitor. His actions toward Miss Pollard were those of a lover. He would take the plaintiff in his arms and kiss her. On one occasion he told the witness he wanted her to come and cook for them when they began housekeeping. In the many love meetings between plaintiff and defendant the sewing basket that belonged to the second Mrs. Breckinridge was frequently brought out.

WASHINGTON, April 10.—The arguments in the Pollard-Breckinridge case were begun yesterday. Calderon Carlisle opened for the plaintiff, and his argument was a masterly presentation of his client's case and a scathing arraignment of the defendant. He was followed by Colonel Phil Thompson, formerly a member of congress from the Blue Grass state, for Mr. Breckinridge. Major Ben Butterworth, ex-member from Ohio, will close for the defense, and Judge Jere Wilson, ex-member from Indiana, will give the final plea for Miss Pollard. It is now believed that the case will not reach the jury before next week.

Chicago's Great Lockout.

CHICAGO, April 12.—Pursuant to the decision of the Central Building league and a majority of the leading builders of Chicago the lockout of all the employes engaged in the building trades began this morning at 7 o'clock. No man affiliated with a trades union will be taken back to work until a general agreement is reached that they will consent to an arbitration of all differences growing out of the schedules which the bosses have refused to sign. Representatives of both sides say that a long fight, and one in which the building trades allied industries will remain practically at a standstill, is imminent. Others declare that the lockout will last until Saturday night, but not much longer.

Four Fatally Burned by Molten Metal.

POMEROY, O., April 12.—A hydraulic plunger on a convertor at the Middleport steel plant broke yesterday, precipitating 8,000 pounds of white hot metal among sixty workmen from a distance of fifteen feet. Two were burned, four fatally. Those who will surely die are Jack Hayden, Orlando Grady (a boy), William Cozens (colored), who had his arm burned off, and Stephen Weeks, who had both eyes burned out. The hot metal scattered for fifty feet in all directions. The clothes were burned from all who reach. All the fatally injured are single men except Cozens, who has a large family.

Brutal Lynching in Texas.

GALESVILLE, Tex., April 12.—People in this locality are terribly wrought up over the hanging of Sam Allen by a mob. The crime was most cruelly executed, the victim being dragged out of his home in the presence of his invalid wife and strung to a tree but a few yards from the house. Not satisfied with this, the mob riddled the lifeless body with bullets, while the woman prayed for the deliverance of her husband. The murderers have not yet been captured. Mrs. Cash, who was married but a year, is momentarily expected to die. What prompted the murder is unknown.

Castelar's Desertion from Republicanism.

MADRID, April 12.—No event of greater political interest has occurred in Madrid in many years than the formal withdrawal of Emilio Castelar from the Republican group in the Cortes and his alliance with the Monarchists. The scene in the Cortes when the announcement of Senor Castelar's secession from the Republicans was made was one of great excitement, which was intensified by the announcement of several other Republicans of their intention to follow Senor Castelar into the Monarchist ranks.

Nominated by the President.

WASHINGTON, April 10.—In a list of nominations sent to the senate by the president were the following: Edward H. Strobel, of New York, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Ecuador; William W. Rockhill, of Maryland, to be third assistatn secretary of the state, vice Edward H. Strobel, nominated to be minister to Ecuador; Allen T. Frederick, postmaster at Allentown, Pa.; Robert C. Haverton, postmaster at West Point, Va.

National Strike of Miners.

COLUMBUS, O., April 12.—The United Mine Workers of America will declare a general strike on April 21. This was decided at the national convention of the organization. John McBride was re-elected president. P. H. Penna vice president and Patrick McBride secretary-treasurer. W. B. Wilson of Pennsylvania, W. C. Webb of Kentucky, Cameron Miller of Ohio and J. A. Woodford of Illinois were elected members of the executive board. Wilson is the only new man chosen.

Royal Amenities.

FLORENCE, April 12.—Queen Victoria and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenburg (Princess Beatrice) lunched at the Pitti palace yesterday with King Humbert and Queen Margherita of Italy. The luncheon service used upon this occasion was of solid gold, and was the workmanship of Benvenuto Cellini, the famous Florentine artist in metals. King Humbert and his family returned to Rome in the evening.

Destitution Among Strikers.

GROVE CITY, Pa., April 12.—Many families of the striking miners at Chestnut Ridge are starving. For the past month they have been receiving aid from the farmers of southern Mercer county, but now the latter refuse to aid them further because they think the men should accept the reduction and return to work. The operators say the old wages will be paid when trade brightens up.

THE APRIL BLIZZARD.

Work of the Storm in This and Adjoining States.

FOURTEEN SEAMEN ARE DROWNED

Two Schooners Wrecked on the Jersey Coast and Only Two Men Escaped—From Two to Three Feet of Snow Fell, and Crops Are Greatly Damaged.

LONG BRANCH, April 12.—Two vessels were driven ashore within twenty miles of Sandy Hook. One, the big three-masted schooner Albert W. Smith, from Providence, R. I., was driven before the northeast blast and dashed on Squan beach, eight miles below Long Branch. The high surf rendered it impossible to save any of the crew although the wreck occurred opposite the life saving station. The schooner was on her way from Philadelphia to Providence, laden with coal.

In less than half an hour after the vessel struck she was pounded into kindling wood by the seas which broke over her. What was left, a portion of the hull, was carried up about a quarter of a mile south of the life saving station. Eight men composed the crew of the schooner not one of whom has been seen since their boat was wrecked, and it is unlikely that a man of the crew has survived to tell the tale of his experience in the awful gale.

The Smith was commanded by Captain Samuel R. Berry. Her crew consisted of Mate Jardon S. Barber, of Narragansett Pier; Cook George Lopez, Seaman Manuel Silver, Peter Pino, Andrew Deloutra, Metrici, Ambrogues, and a boy, Cezar Gomez. Captain Berry has a wife and two children in Providence.

Directly opposite the Highland Beach station the three masted schooner Kate Markee came ashore at the outer bar, a distance of a quarter of a mile from the shore. She has gone to pieces, having eight of a crew on board. It was at first reported that the entire crew was lost, but later reports show that two of the men were saved. Owing to the vessel being so far away from the shore the life saving crews from life saving stations Nos. 1 and 2 were unable to shoot their lines to it, and as a high sea was raging it was impossible to render assistance.

The storm is declared the worst that has visited Seabright in fifteen years. Three thousand feet of the New Jersey Southern railroad between that place and Highland Beach has been washed out. The waves were so strong that the iron rails were twisted out of shape. The sand has been washed over the tracks for nearly half a mile. Travel on the road has come to a standstill, no trains running further north than this place. A cut is reported in the Shrewsbury river near Gallilee, which completely shuts off travel either north or south from Seabright. Telegraph and telephone wires are down, poles having been blown down by the strong wind. General Earl's hotel, the Normandie, is in danger of going to pieces. The sea has cut through to Ocean avenue at Gallilee, and St. Peter's church is in danger and is liable to be undermined.

At Cape May the storm damaged the trolley road to the extent of $2,500. Seven hundred feet of the Mount Vernon curbing was washed away. Yesterday's tide was the highest known in eleven years.

The storm at Atlantic City has done considerable damage. The tide is very high and the meadows are flooded. Trains over the Camden and Atlantic railroad are unable to cross the meadows, owing to the high tide. At Brigantine Beach a large quantity of lumber has been washed away.

HARRISBURG, April 12.—The greatest April snow storm in thirty years has covered the city streets and country roads to the depth of nearly two feet. Snow fell almost continuously for twenty-eight hours. Telephone, telegraph and other overhead wires are down in all parts of the city, and the service of the Western Union and Postal lines east and west was considerably interrupted. Thousands of trees have broken under their weight of snow. Similar reports come from Lancaster, Reading, Williamsport, Lock Haven, Scranton and other sections.

BUFFALO, April 12.—Snow fell here without cessation for over twenty-four hours. It is wet and heavy, loading trees and wires as heavy as they will hold. All communication by wire is difficult. Telegraph, telephone, electric light and police signal wires above ground are more or less broken, clogged and crossed. It is impossible to learn how great is the extent of the storm in this territory, but from scattering services at hand the snowfall seems to be general at this end of the state, and to extend beyond Rochester.

WILMINGTON, Del., April 12.—The few peach buds that lived through the severe freeze of the last week of March have been finished by the present severe storm of snow and sleet. The storm extended all over the peninsula, and trees were covered with ice all night. Report from all sections are uniform in expressing the opinion that all crop prospects have been completely ruined by the storm and that there is little chance of any considerable crop of berries.

Coxey's Army in a Storm.

CHALK HILL, Pa., April 12.—The march of the Commonweal from Uniontown to this point, on the Alleghenies, was one of the most trying ones yet experienced. It was made in a driving storm, with the ground covered with a foot of snow. The stops were many, and at times it was necessary for a force of men to be sent to the rear to push along the commissary and supply wagons. The men were weary with the tramp, and gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to rest.

Newfoundland's Ministerial Crisis.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., April 12.—The resignation of the government was announced in the assembly yesterday afternoon, and the formal resignations of the members were handed to the governor at 3 p. m. The governor announced on Tuesday that he had decided not to dissolve the house, and this left no alternative to the government ministers but to resign.

To Drop Colonel Breckinridge.

CHICAGO, April 12.—Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, will be dropped from the roll of honorary membership in the Union League club of this city immediately after the verdict is rendered in the suit now pending in Washington. The announcement is made by an official of the club.

Commodore Ramsay's Elevation.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—Ay the retirement of Rear Admiral Benham Commodore Ramsay becomes a rear admiral. He has been for the