THOSE WHO

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The Easton Gazette.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN TALBOT COUNTY.

The Purest in Politics, the Subscription Lists containing the most Bona-fide subscribers.

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Here's Your Chance!
FOR BARGAINS.

☞ Everything in CASSIMERES, DRESS GOODS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, LACES and EMBROIDERIES at and below cost. Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves and Corsets greatly reduced. About 300 pairs of Corsets left. 1 good CORSET for 35 Cents.

☞ Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear and all Gents' Furnishings greatly reduced. In fact, everything in Dry Goods, Notions, &c., must go, to make room for our new line of HOUSE FURNISHINGS, of which we intend to carry the largest and handsomest line ever in this market. Our Carpets are extremely low.

☞ Best Razor-Steel Scissors, 25 cents. "New-Home" and "American" Sewing Machines, from $12 to $30. A first-class Machine for $18 and $20. In Queensware we are headquarters. Our Groceries are always pure and fresh. Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobacco, all grades. An immense stock of Pipes at half-price.

J. E. SHANNAHAN,

☞ Agent for the Old Staten Island Dyeing Establishment.

Dallas B. Hayward.

DRUGGIST,
SUCCESSOR TO HAYWARD & BRO.
WASHINGTON STREET.

Drugs, the freshest, finest and cheapest. Prescriptions, compounded with the greatest of care. Every feature of the drug business given particular attention. Our establishment is perfectly appointed, thereby enabling us to supply you with the best assortment of everything in our lines. Besides carrying the best assortment of drugs, we have a choice lot of toilet articles, perfumery, sachet, soaps, etc. Patent Medicines, and all else you may require. Visit us.

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Free of Charge

With each $1.50 Silver Link Buttons, I give you my best wishes.

With every Engagement Ring bought of me, I give my honest desire for your future happiness.

With every Wedding Ring purchased of me, I give you a choice of route on your Wedding Trip.

With every Wedding present bought at my store, I give an assurance that it will please.

STURMER,
The Jeweler,
EASTON, MD.

MRS. JNO. MEINTZER,
CONDUCTS ONE OF THE LARGEST
BAKERY ESTABLISHMENTS.
ON THE SHORE.

Everything in the Bakery line can be found at her store in the Shanahan Building, opp. Saml. Patchett's, Dover Street. Fresh Bread delivered at your home in time for breakfast, Rolls, Buns, Pies, Cakes, etc.

CONFECTIONERIES
of the choicest kinds, together with Fruits are always kept in stock. Your kind patronage solicited and desired.

PRICES THE LOWEST.

JOSEPH MILLER,
MARKET SPACE, EASTON,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harness, Collars and Saddlery Goods
Largest Stock on the Peninsula.
Repairing Department Attached.
All Work Positively Guaranteed First Class.

Lewis Whitehouse,
CONTRACTOR, BUILDER and PLUMBER.

Steam and Hot Water Heating, with latest and most Scientific appliances.

ALL KINDS OF ELECTRIC WORK AND FIXTURES.

Moving Buildings a specialty. Also Agent for AER MOTOR WIND MILL

Carpentering and Constructing given Special Attention. All work GUARANTEED.
ADDRESS. EASTON, MD.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!
JOHN MASON & CO'S.

Three story warehouse is full of Furniture from bottom to top, the best and cheapest that was ever brought to town and in price and quality we defy competition. We have bought our goods at the lowest cash price and as times are hard we propose to sell at a very small advance.

COME AND SEE US AND WE GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU MONEY.

UNDERTAKING and EMBALMING.

This department is complete in all its details, and price the lowest. Our fifty years experience enables us to know our business thoroughly. 11-18

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GEO. C. SHEHAN,
COR. DOVER and HARRISON STREETS.

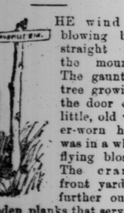
THE RELIABLE MEAT AND PROVISION DEPOT.

Fresh meats, vegetables, canned goods, etc., constantly on hand. Buy only where the best is served at lowest market rates.

FALL NOTICE.

THE WRIGHT
Grocery and Queensware Store,
Is now completely stocked with everything known to the trade.
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS, PICKLES, APPLE BUTTER, PRESERVES, SAUCES
Finest Assorted Confections.
☞ Open stock pattern in Queensware, Cigars and Tobacco.
☞ Prices the lowest to be found anywhere, quality considered.
MARTIN M. WRIGHT,
Successor to B. P. COX.
Odd Fellow's Hall, EASTON, MD.

AN OLD LOVE AFFAIR.



THE wind was blowing briskly straight from the mountains. The gaunt pear tree growing at the door of the little, old weather-worn house was in a whirl of flying blossoms. The cramped front yard and, further out, the sunken wooden planks that served for sidewalk, were heaped and white with them.

Behind the house, its outline sharply against it, a blaze of red revealed the April sunset.

Up the long street only two persons were visible. One was a rosy-faced woman toiling up from the grocery below with her arms full of packages; the other, a lank, middle-aged, like herself, figure slouching along from the opposite direction. They met at the little house.

"Why, Rachel."

"Why, Bill."

"What are yo' gittin' 'long now? I ain't seen yo' fo' near two weeks."

"Well, only toler'ble. Mother's feelin' more'n usual, an' I've been purty close. She's better now. How you look well, Bill.

"Yes, nothin' ever happens to me." He leaned his arms upon the pailings before him. "Wan't any wood needed, Rachel, or anything heavy split, or a nail put in somewheres?"

"No, Bill; I'm real comfortable just now."

This fence needs fixin'." He shook it roughly, and a piece of pailing broke off in his hand. "One strip o' timber an' a half a dozen nails'd make it all right again. It's rotten, tho;" he shook it once more.

"Yes, it's old, Bill, like most everything 'bout here is. A new coat o' whitewash 'll make it better, I guess."

"I won't be here to put it on fo' yo', Rachel; I've got a three-months' job down to Rider's at Haversham. I'm goin' down the road a piece an' git a lift in his cart. He's waitin' fo' me."

"I'm real glad to hear it, Bill."

"A good three months' job. Rider's daughter's goin' to git married, an' he's goin' to give her a house, and I'm to build it—sort o' cousin o' mine, yo' know." He pulled himself away from the fence and held out his hand. "Yo'll have to do without me for a while, Rachel; goodby."

"Goodby, Bill."

He lingered yet another minute. "No show fo' me yet, eh, Rachel?"

She shook her head. She looked young as she smiled up at him. With that smile on her face she lifted the latch and let herself into the little green yard. A daffodil was blossoming at the foot of the pear tree. She stooped to pull it, and, carrying it like a little candle in her hand, made her way back to the kitchen. A blaze of sunset blinded her as she opened the door. She groped her way across to the table in the corner, and dropped her packages in a heap upon it.

Two people were speaking in the adjoining room. She could hear every word that was said. With bonnet in hand she stood listening.

"It is fifteen year ago to-day since Bill Tipsdale shot my Tom, Mis' Simmons."

"Yes, I remember all 'bout it, Mis' Fuller."

"An' I a'n't never been able to git over his doin' it neither. An' when he comes here an' wanted my Rachel, I jist says: 'No; no girl o' mine is goin' to marry into a fam'ly where they are sich fools they p'int loaded guns at their neighbors.' An' he says: 'Yo' know I didn't do it o' purpose, Mis' Fuller.' An' I says: 'Purpose or no purpose, yo' ain't goin' to git my Rachel.' An' I ain't ever felt like sayin' anything different.

The old woman turned her gaze to the wall. There was no sunset light in this room; the only window faced toward the east and the pike road. It was light enough, however, for her to see a face that stared down upon her from its time-worn frame on the bureau. It was a crude, boyish, unshaded [illegible] Roberts, Easton, but it [illegible] such a

[illegible] the privilege of

said, "an' I've got to git up early, an' stir 'round, an' work. I haven't a day nex' week I c'n call my own. I'm goin' up to the Turner farm to help with the spring cleanin', an' then the Methodist preacher's wife stopped me down on the pike, an' asked me come an' help her with her sewin'."

The daffodil in the glass on the little table and a few of its kin still left unpulled in the neighboring yards were soon all that survived of the April bloom. A storm raged the next day; Green Meadows was swept clean of its white. May came. June flashed down upon the hilly land. The bushes that walled in Bill Tipsdale's little garden were heavy with roses. Many a time on her way back and forth Rachel pulled a handful to put in the cracked Japanese pitcher on the kitchen shelf. They seemed to bring her uncouth lover nearer to her. The year took a great stride toward Thanksgiving. There were scarlet berries instead of roses on Bill Tipsdale's long bushes.

One Sunday afternoon Rachel broke off a sprig from an overhanging branch as she passed by on her way from church.

"Yo' haven't seen him lately, have yo', Rachel?"

She turned and faced Miss Simmons. "No, not fo' mor'n seven months, Mis' Simmons."

The older woman stood silent a moment and looked, first at Rachel and then at the barred, smokeless house standing in the thin November light, and back at Rachel again.

"They're hardly any o' them—hardly any man—worth rememberin' in that way," nodding toward the berries.

"They're pretty," said Rachel, rather stiffy.

"He ain't as nice as yo' think he is, Rachel," laying a hand on her arm. "Don't yo' ever hear any news from Haversham?"

"No; what is the matter, Mis' Simmons?"

"Bill Tipsdale's married to Hester Ridey. They've been married more'n a month."

"How do yo' know he's married to Hester Rider?"

"Folks at Haversham all say so, an' Simmons asked old man Rider, an' he said yes; an' that same day he seen him and Hester walkin' down the street together."

"It's strange fo' Bill Tipsdale to do a thing like that, Mis' Simmons."

"It's a shame an' a sin, Rachel. Stickin' to yo' so long, an' then not to know any better'n to marry a girl jist half's old as he is."

"I don't seem able to believe it at all."

"It's as true as that I'm standin' here tellin' yo' and yo're stan'lin' here listenin'." Rachel stooped and picked up the bunch of berries that had fallen out of her hand. "Don't yo' go worryin' 'bout it, Rachel. Yo' were too good for him, anyhow."

Rachel stared steadily into Mrs. Simmons's face. "There isn't anything to worry 'bout, Mrs. Simmons. I've always had my mother to tend to, an' sewin' an' cleanin' fo' other folks, an' I'll jist keep on doin' as I've always done. I ain't a baby to go an' knock my head against a stone wall."

She tramped homeward erect and stern. Once she stopped and flung the rose-hips far out into the middle of the road. A little cloud of dust rose up and hid them from her. She felt as if she had flung away the last shred of her youth.

"Where are yo' goin', Rachel?" asked her mother an hour later. "What yo' puttin' yo'r bonnet on fo'? Seems to me yo' jist come in an' then go out again."

"I'm goin' to run down an' tell Mr. Simmons to stop fo' me to-morrow mornin' with his express. I might's well go to Haversham to-morrow an' do my fall shoppin' as nex' week. When it's done it's done."

Out of the fog that shrouded the dawn of the following day rattled a curiously colored vehicle—a glare of yellow and splotchy crimson—and drew up in front of the Fuller house. A muffled figure waited at the gate.

"That yo', Miss Rachel?"

"Yes, I'm here, Mr. Simmons." He helped her up carefully to a seat. "Only got yo' and the letters this mornin'. Chilly, ain't it?"

The last house on the street had been but lately built. Its white paint was void of age and weather stain; its shingles fresh and yellow. It had no garden; simply a strip of grass divided by a brick walk that ran up to the door.

Rachel had her hand held out to the latch when a step sounded behind her.

A young woman with her sun bonnet pushed back off her face and a kettle in her hand stopped at the gate. She was tall and had an abundance of very fair hair that curled about her brows like that of a baby's; her eyes were blue.

"Are yo' Bill Tipsdale's wife?"

"Yes, m'm." The young woman gazed curiously at the blunt middle-aged one.

"How long have yo' been married to him?"

"Most two months. It'll be two months to-morrow."

"I heard so, but I jist come in from Green Meadows to-day, an' I thought I'd ask,"

"I hope yo'll be happy," she said, slowly.

The gabled houses swam out of sight. She could smell the late roses in the little gardens as she stumbled along; but she was half way down the street before the fences stopped wavering, or the rose bushes were more than a blur of crimson. It was a shadowy vehicle driven by a shadowy Mr. Simmons that rattled toward her as she waited on the corner.

"Yo' look mortal pale. Miss Rachel. Heard anything while yo' went 'round doin' yo'r shoppin?"

"No; I'm tired Mr. Simmons. I'll feel all right when we'se movin' an' the wind blowin'. I guess."

They had traveled more than half the distance to Green Meadows and were in the heart of the hill country when Mr. Simmons turned upon his companion with the same question he had asked her in Haversham.

"Heard any bad news to-day, Miss Rachel?"

"No, none a'tall."

"Now, don't yo' git frightened, Miss Rachel, but I'm goin' to tell yo' 'bout something that happened in Green Meadows this mornin'."

"What, Mr. Simons?"

"Well, then, yo'r house burned down this mornin'."

She caught his arm in a grasp that made him wince.

"An' what's come to my poor old mother, Mr. Simmons?"

"She's safe an' sound, an' not a scratch on her. Bill Tipsdale was passin' an' he rushed in an' carried the old lady out through the blaze an' took her up to his house an' laid her on the bed, an' went back an' helped to save the things. Everything'd been burnt up if Bill hadn't been so stirrin'."

Down they plunged into a hollow; anything that Rachel had to say was lost in the clatter that followed. They climbed up to the level again; the mountains were closing in about them.

"Can't yo' go faster, Mr. Simmons?"

A cloud of dust rose up and went before and behind them. The little naked birches along the pike looked silver like and ghostly through it. They beckoned, but the two travelers rattled on. It was through this cloud of dust that Rachel caught a glimpse of the blackened walls of her old home. A little after she stood at Bill Tipsdale's door.

There was a lamp burning in the front room. That and the logs on the hearth flooded it with light.

The old woman propped up in bed in the corner, rose on her elbow as Rachel came in. Her face was as vital as ever.

"Go git Bill Tipsdale. Go git him, right now."

"Mother—"

"Go git Bill Tipsdale, I say."

Bill thrust his head in from the blackness of the outer room.

"Come in here, Bill Tipsdale." He lumbered forward. "I don't luv yo' better'n I ever did, Bill Tipsdale, an' I don't ever expect to, an' I don't think yo've got more sense than yo' had before, either, but yo' saved me from bein' burned up this mornin', an' I ain't goin' to forgit it any more'n I'm goin' to forget some other things. An' if yo' want Rachel, yo' can have her."

"I guess Rachel'll have to decide that, Miss Fuller; but if she'll have me, I'll be glad to have her."

"But yo're married to Hester Rider," said Rachel.

Bill took a step or two toward her. "How do yo' know I'm married to Hester Rider?"

"The folks all say so, an' to-day, when I went to town, I went an' asked her."

Bill became radiant. He held up his left hand, with all its five fingers spread out as far as possible, and with the forefinger of his right checked off each statement he made.

"William E. Tipsdale—that's me, William C. Tipsdale—that's a nephew of mine. Will Tipsdale they call him, not Bill, an' he looks like me, too, only younger. He's married to Hester Rider. Don't I tell yo' old Rider's daughter was goin' to git married, an' I was goin' to build a house fo' him?"

Rachel was dumb.

"I guess that's why folks have been foolin' me all day long."

The old woman championed him from her pillows.

"Yo' must have forgot Bill Tipsdale's one o' the stickin' kind, Rachel."

"No; I never thought yo'd believe that o' me, Rachel."

"I don't know how I could have believed it, either," she said.

The afternoon of the following day they walked together to the parsonage and were married. Coming back through the churchyard Bill pointed toward a little sunken grave on the edge of the winding walk.

"He's kep' us waitin' a long time, Rachel."

"Poor Tom! Mother loved him better than all the rest of us put together."

They let themselves out into the deserted lane that ran along on one side of the church, and strolled along like two children, hand in hand.

"I guess yo' all think I'm the kind that lives from hand to mouth, without any care fo' to-morrow; but there's where I've been just a little smarter than yo' think. I know I ain't worked hard enough to hurt myself, Rachel, but I've been savin' an' savin', an' there's a right smart sum o' mine in Haversham bank. I thought that maybe some day yo' an' me could have a chance, an' so I kep' on savin'. We could begin buildin' to-morrow, Rachel."

"We'll talk it over first with mother, Bill."—The Independent.

Unpopularity of the Mulberry Tree.

It is a curious fact that no insect but the silkworm will willingly eat the leaves of the mulberry tree. In seasons when the grasshopper or the army worm abounds, every other tree and plant may be stripped of its foliage by the devourers, but the mulberry tree will escape to the last. Kansas locusts will eat everything else first, and, when all the rest is gone, with wry mouths will then tackle the mulberry leaves. It seems to be the one food specially designed by nature for the support of the silkworm.—New York World.

The favorite flower in the Prince of Wales's household is the lily of the valley.

A Scientist on the Mosquito.

More mosquitoes are in Baltimore this year than usual. Professor P. R. Uhler, of the Peabody Institute, who has written many scientific articles upon insects of every kind, says that this is because the rains last spring gave them every opportunity of breeding in numbers.

"Twenty or thirty varieties of mosquitoes are in the neighborhood of Baltimore," said he, "but most of these are content to remain outdoors. Only five of these species invade human habitations and sting human beings. Of these five three are with us just now, the most common one being the goodly sized yellow mosquito. The one whose stinz hurts the most, in my opinion, is a little dark brown creature found only in America, and we also have with us a large sized black variety, with striped legs.

"It is only the female mosquito who stings and buzzes. The male mosquito seems to be useless. He dosen't even eat. At least entomologists have never found anything in his stomach. The female breeds but once each year, but that once she lays seven or eight hundred eggs.

"Mosquitoes are not entirely a pest. They do much good in this world by eating deleterious organic matter and getting rid of so much malaria. There are countless billions of them in fresh water swamps along the Atlantic coast, and although the amount of good that one of them does is ridiculously small, the sum total must be large.

"Sucking the blood of human beings can't be a thing of nature with female mosquitoes. It is an acquired taste. Did you ever notice how quickly they discover places on the exposed parts of your body where arteries full of blood lie near the surface? They always go for the temple or the back of the hand. A little ourzate of ammonia is an excellent thing to get rid of the pain of their sting."—Baltimore Sun.

An Exciting Sport.

Count de Garcia, a grandnephew of Lafayette, who is hunting in the Rocky Mountains, tells a San Francisco man the following exciting tale of wolf hunting in Russia, which he calls the most dangerous of sports: "With a servant and a couple of fast horses attached to a sleigh, I have gone out and battled the ground for the brutes on numerous occasions. A fat hog tied to a tree never failed to collect a pack. The trouble was that it drew too many. The wolves would gather to the number of 200 or 300 and devour the pig. Then we would dash upon the scene and the fun would commence. They are as fleet as a deer. To say that they are as fleet as wolves would be more like it. They can outrun the horses every time, and if they are not picked off as fast as they come up, you might as well give up the fight and permit yourself to be devoured. Imagine yourself making a running fight with a band of 300 hungry, maddened wolves, and with the knowledge that if one of the fleet little brutes reaches your horses you are a dead man, and you can possibly imagine what a nervy sport it is. It requires a cool head and a good eye. If you miss your mark you're gone. Your only chance of safety is in keeping your horses up. It is generally a long fight. You look back and see the carcasses of the animals dotting the snow for a mile or two in your wake, and still they pursue you in great numbers. Slowly the pack thins out. Many have dropped bleeding to the ground. Others stop to devour the carcasses. The more that fall the more timid the rest become. When you finally out-distance the pack you have been through the most trying ordeal that the most ardent sportsman could wish."—New Orleans Picayune.

Curving the Baseball.

The only elucidation of the principles involved in throwing baseball curves we can offer is the following taken from a recent article on the subject:

Scientists have formed many theories trying to explain why this is so. The one generally accepted as correct is simple. If one side of a ball can be made to pass through the air with greater rapidity than the other side there is greater friction produced by the atmosphere on the side moving most rapidly. This retarding effect drags the ball to one side and produces the so-called curve. To curve a ball, therefore, it is only necessary to make one side travel faster than the other. This is accomplished by twisting the hand sharply at the moment of delivery, allowing the ball to roll off the fingers instead of being released from all points at the same moment.

The case seems to be very much like that of a billard ball under the influence of what is technically called "English." A further illustration of the principle may be had by throwing a child's hoop in such a way as to give it a rotary motion opposite to that which takes place when it rolls naturally; the friction of the hoop on the ground will retard its progress and end by bringing it back to the hand of the thrower.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cryostase.

A German chemist is reported to have discovered a new substance which has the remarkable and unique property of solidifying when heated and remaining liquid at temperatures below zero. It has been named cryostase, and is obtained by mixing together equal parts of phenol, camphor and saponine, and adding a somewhat smaller proportion of essence of turpentine. Certain substances, like the albumens, harden on heating, but this is the only product that again liquefies on cooling.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

THE NEWS.

The funeral services over the remains of Dr. Oliver Wendall Holmes were held in King's Chapel at Boston, and the poet was laid to rest in Mount Auburn Cemetery.—The Twelfth annual Indian conference opened at Lake Mohawk, N. Y., with three hundred and fifty members in attendance.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Valley Railroad was held at Staunton.—The northeasterly storm did great damage to shipping along the east from Cape Henry northward. On the Newfoundland coast many fishing vessels were wrecked, and over thirty lives lost.—The American board of commissioners for foreign missions met at Madison, Wis.—Four people were drowned off San Pedro, Cal.—Passengers on the Missouri Pacific road in Indian Territory were robbed of small amounts.—Fire at Warsaw, N. Y., caused a damage of $50,000.—A receiver was appointed at Chicago for the American Debenture Company.—S. S. Vincent, United States marshal for West Virginia, has resigned.—Fire broke out in West Cleveland, O., and robbed.—Many distinguished people attended the funeral of ex-Governor Curtin, at Bellefonte, Pa.—Mrs. Catherine Neale, aunt of Stonewall Jackson, died at Parkersburg, W. Va.

Chicago Day, the anniversary of the great fire of 1871, was celebrated in Chicago. The celebration was begun by the ringing of the Columbian liberty bell, which was carried about the city and rung at the statues of Lincoln and Grant in Lincoln Park, on the site of old Fort Dearborn, at the Columbian monument on the lake front, at the City Hall and the Board of Trade.—The convention of the Commercial Travelers' Home of the United States was held at Binghamton, N. Y.—George Reams murdered his wife, in Marble Rock, Ia., breaking her head with a chair, and then cutting her throat. He then cut his own throat and will die. Domestic trouble was the cause.—Judge Gaynor, of the Supreme Court of Kings county, N. Y., appointed Samuel R. Probasco and Frank Gross receivers of the American Dry Goods Company of Brooklyn.—Fire destroyed the main building of the Tudor Iron Works at East St. Louis, causing a loss of $75,000, principally on machinery. Insurance $62,000.—The steamer Adirondack, which arrived at New York, reported a disturbed state of affairs in British Columbia.—The International Typographical Union continues their convention at Louisville.—James Chambers, a Democrat, shot James Weaver, a Populist, in Atlanta, Ga.—Fire broke out in the Lykens Valley mine near Shamokin, Pa., the smoke and gas suffocating several workmen, and fifty-five of their companions making narrow escapes.

It is stated that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is about to absorb the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company.—Fire at Adel, Ia., consumed the opera house and a number of other buildings in the business portion. Loss seventy-five to one hundred thousand; insurance about half. Fifteen horses were cremated.—The assignee appointed at the time of the failing of ex-Governor Foster announces that he will pay forty cents on the dollar.—James H. Crossman, a mining speculator, committed suicide in San Francisco.—Near Sallisaw, I. T., Nathan Jones, a deputy United States marshal, shot and instantly killed Newt Fry, one of the wealthiest Cherokees in the nation. Fry shot at Jones first, and was attempting to shoot again when killed. Jones was guarding a prisoner whom Fry was desirous of releasing.—Mrs. Wiley White, aged thirty-five years, of Irvine, Ky., was beaten to death by some unknown man in the woods near her home. She leaves four little children.—Albert Harris, of Harris Bros., glove manufacturers, killed himself at his home in New York city.—While John Chandler and his wife, colored, were absent from their home at Smithsonia, Ala., their house caught fire, and four of their children were burned to death.—A Cincinnati bank loaned Samuel Benjamin, a printer, $1,500 to pay the expenses of himself and family to Australia to secure an estate of three million dollars left him by an uncle.

A battle occurred between the white and colored passengers on an excursion train near Hawesville, Ky., and several were badly hurt.—Fire in a building adjoining Jacobs' Clark Street Theater, in Chicago, caused a panic among the audience.—Andrew Mullen hung himself in Philadelphia.—Andrew Shaw, a wealthy and prominent Board of Trade man, died suddenly in Chicago.—Reading Railroad employes petitioned the court in Philadelphia to enjoin the company from discharging them because they are members of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen.—A member of the Carnegie Company stated authoritatively that the steel rail pool, which expires by agreement on December 5th, will not be dissolved, nor will there be a reduction in the prices of the product.—Mrs. McGuire and her daughter, Maggie, were fatally burned by the explosion of a gasoline stove in Yellow Springs, O.—The forty-second annual convention of the International Typographical Union was begun in Louisville.

Col. W. Smith Fowler died at his home in San Diego, Cal., as a result of the amputation of a leg on account of gangrene in the foot.—The murderer of Chas. H. Birdsell was captured in a lodging house in Seattle, Wash., after a desperate struggle, in which Detective Culshaw nearly lost his life.—A sawmill at Mineral Wells, W. Va., owned by George Schultz, blew up, killing Frank Haley and fatally wounding Samuel Cook and George Schultz.—S. M. Biddeson, secretary of the State Mutual Life Insurance Company of Chicago, was arrested, charged with running a lottery under the guise of an insurance company. The state company is a prominent one, ex-Governor Beveridge, of Illinois, being its president.—The Mechanical Rubber Company, of New Jersey, has filed in the county recorder's office in Cleveland, O., a trust deed for $2,500,000 to secure the issue of bonds for a like amount. The deed is in favor of John P. Townsend and John S. Tilney, trustees, of New York city, and covers valuable property in Cleveland and in Chicago.—George Neorr, a saloon keeper in Indianapolis, shot his wife and killed himself.

MME. COQUELIN, the mother of the two great actors, died recently at the age of 84. After her husband's death she carried on the bakery at Boulogne-sur-Mer for a long time. When her sons became successful they established her in a comfortable house at Sceaux.

PEKIN IN DANGER.

Minister Denby Warns Americans to Flee.

A CRISIS EXPECTED SOON.

An Attack by the Japanese Expected Very Soon--Li Hung Chang Slaps General Sheng--More Internal Troubles for China.

A dispatch from Shanghai to the Central News says that Hon. Charles Denby, United States Minister at Pekin, has warned the Americans resident in the Chinese capital that the city is certain to be attacked by the Japanese.

Minister Denby advises that all the ladies and children shall be sent at once to places of safety. Already many of the wealthier natives are departing, and many others are making preparations to follow their example.

A rebellion has broken out in Jehol, the seat of a celebrated imperial palace, 120 miles from Pekin.

A dispatch from Tien-Tsin reports that Shenz, the Taotai of that city, is in disgrace. It appears that Shenz had bought from Germany 300,000 discarded rifles, for which he paid two taels each and charged the government nine taels. He also bought a large quantity of cartridges, which were found to be utterly useless. Li Hung Chang discovered the fraud and summoned Sheng to him. In the interview that followed Li Hung Chang is said to have slapped Sheng's face. Sheng then made application for leave of absence on the plea that he was ill, and the leave was granted.

A dispatch from Che Foo to the Pall Mall Gazette says that seven Japanese warships were sighted off Wei Hai Wei steaming westward.

The Globe publishes a dispatch from Tien-Tsin saying that the steamer Wen Chow, which has just arrived there, reports that about 10 miles south of Che Foo she met the Japanese squadron. The Japanese flagship hailed the Wen Chow and questioned her captain concerning the whereabouts of the Chinese southern squadron.

TILLMAN'S LAW STANDS.

The Supreme Court Reverses an Opinion and Sustains the Dispensary Act.

For the second time Governor Tillman's liquor law came out of the hands of the Supreme Court and it stands as the law of the State. Justices Pope and Gary, Tillmanites, sustain the dispensary, thus reversing the decision, pronouncing it unconstitutional delivered by the court last April, when Samuel McGowan, anti-Tillmanite, was a member. Justice McIver, adhering to his former opinion, dissents.

When the dispensary at Aiken was opened, after the Governor had declared the act in force, arrested George, the dispenser and Holly, a member of the County Board of Control for violation of city ordinances against the sale of liquor. The State carried the case before Circuit Judge Aldrich, who sustained the City Council, and then the State appealed to the Supreme Court. A special session of the latter was immediately convened.

Justice Gary takes the ground that the dispensary system is within the State's police power, that the privilege of selling intoxicants had been previously delegated to the saloonkeeper and was not his "inalienable right" as a citizen. He declared that the Board of Control had the power representing to eliminate this wrong.

The cause of the passage of dispensary law he attributes to dissatisfaction with licensed saloons as a delegated method of police regulation. As to interstate commerce he holds that it was the intention of the Wilson bill to subordinate the regulation of trade in liquor to local police regulation of the States.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

UNITED STATES SENATOR SMITH, of New Jersey, is expected home from abroad about the middle of October.

THE daughter of Garibaldi, Signora Teresa Canzio, expects to have ready before Christmas a book entitled "La Vita Intima di Garibaldi."

JOSEPH SWILSON is being patched with frog skin grafts in a Brooklyn hospital. If he should be something of a croaker hereafter it will be with some reason.

MISS DANIEL MUDDONALD is assistant editor on her husband's newspaper, the Plymouth (Ind.) "Democrat," and also first vice-president of the Northern Indiana Editorial Association.

GENERAL WILLIAM WARD DUFFIELD, the new Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, is a native of Pennsylvania. He was twice wounded in the Mexican War—in which he served as a mere boy—and reached the rank of brevet major general in the Civil War.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has written to a friend in England that her husband shows no signs of improvement; that his physical weakness is serious and frequently alarming, and that it is improbable that he will be able to fulfil the engagements which he made in anticipation of his recovery.

DURING the sessions of the Rock River conference of the Methodist Church the other day, in the Methodist Church of Galena, Ill., new No. 65, which General Grant used to occupy, was draped with the Stars and Stripes. Bishop Vincent, who was then pastor of the church, presided over the conference.

THE Duchess of Hamilton is quite devoted to cows, and has just designed and had built for them a lovely marble house to dwell in. It has beautiful tiled floors and marble water tanks, and cost a great deal of money. The Duchess also makes butter and cheese with her own hands, and is quite an adept at handling the fickle churn. For milking the cows, which is one of special pleasures, she has invented soft hair gloves.

MARYLAND STATE ITEMS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Part of the State.

Two young men named Robinson and Woolford, while going home to Oxford from their day's work at oystering, upset their boat, a bugeye, in the Choptank river, near Todd's Point. Woolford was drowned. Robinson managed to get on the boat, where he remained from 7 o'clock in the evening until 6 o'clock next morning, when he was rescued. He became unconscious as soon as he was taken off, the exposure and fatigue having prostrated him, but is all right again now. Woolford's body has not been recovered.

The total number of registered voters of the six Hagerstown districts, according to last revision, is 3,510, an increase over 1893 of 157.

Mr. William Byrem has arrived at Smoketown, Washington, county, from Polo, Ill., having made the trip in a two-horse covered wagon. He was on the road seven weeks and brought his family with him.

Mr. Vincent Sanner was stricken with paralysis while walking on the street in Middletown. He was carried to his home where it was found that his entire left side was affected.

Since the late hurricane it is reported that ducks are arriving freely on the Susquehanna flats. Gunners are busily engaged making their usual annual preparations for the regular shooting season, which will begin Friday, November 2. From the activity shown in getting sink boxes, boats and decoys in order it is apparent that there will be an increase in the number of gunners during the coming season. Last year about 200 licenses were issued from Harford and Cecil counties.

Capt. Warren Simmons, a respectable citizen of Hooper's Island, Dorchester county, committed suicide by shooting himself through the body with a double-barrel shotgun, loaded with nails. The tragedy occurred on board the schooner Clayton, in Hoopa river. There was only one person on the boat at the time besides Simmons. The captain had been paying attentions to a young lady in Virginia, and a recent misunderstanding between them is supposed to have been the cause of suicide. Captain Simmons was the son of Capt. John T. Simmons, and was about twenty-six years old.

The large residence of Mr. Thomas Miles, one mile north of Clarksburg, caught fire during the prevalence of a high wind and in about twenty minutes from the time the flames were first seen was entirely destroyed. None of the furniture was saved. There was a small insurance on the building.

The town council of Elkton has passed an ordinance giving the Elkton, Middletown and Marcus Railroad Company the right to cross Bridge street, Main street, Maffit street and High street. The work on the new road is being rapidly pushed. A large force of men has been busy for several weeks past removing houses that were in the line of the road.

DETROIT'S DEADLY FIRE.

Five Firemen Instantly Killed By the Falling Walls.

Fire gutted Keenan & Jahn's furniture store at Nos. 213, 215 and 217 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich., entailing a loss of $60,000 on stock and $25,000 on the building. The fire started in the boiler room and shot up the freight elevator, obtaining such a headway that the firemen were unable to save any portion of the building or contents.

Six men were killed and several injured by the falling walls.

The floors of the building fell in at 9.15 o'clock, and the front and rear walls immediately collapsed. The men of engine company No. 9, chemical No. 1, and truck No. 2 were working in the windows and doors of the ground floor in front. In the rear the men of engine company No. 8 were playing on the fire from a bridge that spanned the alley. The men were working close to the rear walls, and when they collapsed they were completely imbedded in the debris. Every man in the company, except the Captain, was more or less injured, and Frederick A. Bussey, a spectator, who was standing beneath the bridge, was killed.

The work of rescue was immediately begun, and in 15 minutes the men who had been working in the alley had been taken out.

The firemen working in the front of the building did not fare so well, however. When the first crack of the falling floors were heard the men began to run, but the walls came down on them so swiftly that all were buried under tons of brick and mortar. The walls did not fall outside of the middle of the sidewalk, and the last brick had scarcely touched the walk before the work of rescue in front began.

The building was a five-story brick, with twelve-inch filled walls, and it is said that it had been condemned as being unsafe. The insurance on the building foots up $10,000 and on the stock about $50,000.

TEN HURT IN A WRECK.

Caught Under a Heap of Burning Cars Which Were Wrecked by a Bolt.

Ten people were injured by the wreck of train No. 5, from New York on the Southern Railway. The train jumped the track about three miles south of Bristol, Tenn. The engine fell across the track and the express and mail cars jumped over them, and falling on their sides, were soon a prey to the flames which consumed all of the train—eight coaches, with the exception of the last Pullman, which was cut loose and backed from the train. A train with the physicians from Bristol, Tenn., arrived about an hour after the wreck and immediately set to work to remove the injured.

Everybody was badly shaken up, and it is a miracle that more casualties did not result. Captain Bell, conductor, escaped with slight bruises. The injured were brought to Bristol for attention.

The accident happened in a cut between two high embankments, and was a result of a bolt having been placed on the rail by some unknown person or persons. Great heroism was displayed by the passengers and crew who were rescuing the injured. From under a flaming car, which threatened to topple over at any moment, the engineer was taken from his engine by uninjured passengers.

IN A FIRE-TRAP.

Five Men Meet Death in a Burning Coal Mine.

RESULT OF CARELESSNESS.

Disregard of the Rule Against Carrying Naked Lamps Was the Cause of the Catastrophe--Exciting Escape of the Remaining Operatives.

Irwin Buffington and several other carpenters were engaged in replacing timber supports in No. 1 shaft of the Luke Fidler colliery, Shamokin, Pa., when Buffington disobeyed orders by lighting his naked lamp in the air course for the purpose of testing the air. A spark set fire to the timber, that was as dry as powder, and the current carried the flames down the shaft like lighting. Buffington was advised by his fellow-workmen to make good his escape, but he neglected to heed their warning and returned to the bottom of the shaft in order to exchange his gum boots for his shoes. This delay cost him his life, and his dead body was recovered in the tunnel.

Superintendent Williams, Mine Inspector Edward Brennan, Inside Foreman August Hehr and Arthur Kennedy and all of the under bosses at the Fidler and Cameron mines formed three relief parties and entered the mine to rescue the sixty imprisoned workmen by way of the coal run workings through No. 3 airway on the mountain and down the new shaft. The latter opening proved a godsend to the men, as it is to this channel that most of them owe their escape. The smoke spread through the inside workings with great rapidity and alarmed men and boys doing night duty in the mine.

While the imprisoned men were rushing through the inside workings in search of an airshaft for an outlet, hundreds of their friends gathered about the mouth of the shaft, and as the fanhouse was destroyed by the flames the cries and moans of the mothers, sisters, wives and children of the imprisoned employes sent chills through the hearts of many hardy miners who were waiting for an opportunity to assist their doomed comrades.

Two of the men were overcome by the smoke while making their escape, but the Coal Run rescuing party succeeded in carrying them out and restored them to consciousness.

Everybody in the mine was rescued except four—George Brown, a miner, and his Polish helper, Anthony Robert, a driver boy, from Luke Fidler, and another Polish laborer whose name is not known by the mine officials. No hope is entertained of recovering them.

It has been decided to drown out the fire, but it will require six weeks to fill the inside workings with water.

Operations cannot be resumed at this mine for at