THOSE WHO

PAY FOR WHAT THEY GET are the people the advertiser wishes to reach. The subscription list of the GAZETTE is *not* inflated with bums and dead-heads for the sake of "largest circulation."

The Easton Gazette.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN TALBOT COUNTY.

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

VOL. LXXIX. NO. 2. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1894. $1.50 PER YEAR.

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. A 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 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.

Dallas B. Hayward.



HAS A WELL SELECTED STOCK OF
Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, &c.
—NOVELTIES,—
Gold Pens and Pencils. Fountain Pens.
Just How—"TALKING STICKS."

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 Shannahan 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

MEAT and PROVISION DEPOT
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.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! Of yore,
In the youth of the Nation,
When the harvest had yielded its store
There was feast and oblation.
Ere when danger had lifted its hand,
From the lips of the living
There rang through the length of the land
A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

Our ... was a wilderness then
With the floods to enfold it
To-day with its millions of men,
We rejoice to behold it.
From the sea to surge of the sea,
We have all for a treasure;
We are blest in the promised To-be
In a manifold measure!

War flaunts not a red pennon now,
For the olive is regal,
Like birds that are twin, on one bough
Sit the dove and the eagle.
The clash of the conflict that cleft
We in sorrow remember,
But the fire of the great fust has left
In the ash scarce an ember.

For the fruit of the time of our toil,
For whate'er we have fought for,
Whether born of the brain or the soil
Be the meed we have sought for,
For the gifts we have had from His hand
Who is Lord of all living,
Let there ring through the length of the land
A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!
—Clinton Scollard.

BRAND'S THANKSGIVING.

BY W. BERT FOSTER.



WELL, as long as you won't go with us, I s'pose you'll look after things," said Farmer Brand halting beside the woodpile where his eldest son was at work.

Farmer Brand was a man of sixty and much broken in health, as his stooping shoulders and attenuated frame showed. John Brand was a young giant of twenty-eight, handsome, with a certain savage kind of beauty, for his straight black hair, heavy brows and piercing eyes made him look more like an Indian than a white man. There was a savage scowl on his face this morning, too, as he swung his axe, sending a keen blade deep into the wood at every blow.

"I wish ye would go with us, John," said his father, after hesitating a moment, gently laying his hand on his son's shoulder. "Brother Eben will be right glad to see ye, an' ye know whether ye ever get over there 'cepting at Thanksgiving."

"I hate holidays," growled John, knowing of his father's hand roughly but continuing his attack on the wood.

Mr. Brand walked slowly away and climbed into the two-seated wagon beside his wife and little Billy. His appearance contrasted greatly with that of his wife. She was not more than thirty-five and was plump and good looking. The little boy, nearly five years old, sat between them.

"Here are the reins, father," she said, and smiled up at him, brightly. She knew that he was greatly disappointed by John's refusal, although she was rather glad herself to get away for one day from the surly fellow.

The back seat of the wagon was piled with extra wraps and hampers of pies and cakes to "piece out" at the dinner, should brother Eben's folks be short; but there was plenty of room for John if he would go. The farmer turned and looked at him, but the axe was going faster and harder than ever, every blow saying as plainly as could be, "I hate holidays!" Little Billy was impatient to start so Mr. Brand reluctantly "clucked" to the old horse and they rattled out of the yard.

It was a crisp November morning, the ground frozen as hard as a rock and a brittle covering of ice over all the puddles and in muddy ruts. The trees on the mountain-side back of the house were bare of leaves and their branches sighed and shivered in the wind. John Brand threw down his axe and gazed after the retreating wagon with lowering brow.

Ten years before his mother had died. He had loved his mother—almost worshiped her, in truth—and her death had made him feel very bitter against the fate which had taken her away. His father had never had any great share of his fierce young heart—he was so much different from his mother. But they always got along well together, and for the next four years, instead of striking out for himself, as he had intended, John put his best exertions into the work of running the great farm.

There were two hundred acres of it, woodland and meadow, hill and plain. It would all be his some day, so there was no use in John's going off for himself, so his father said, and John was accounted a fortunate fellow indeed by the neighbors.

But a change began to come over his father. John was slow to suspect the cause, although the neighbors, as neighbors will, saw and understood it from the first. John had been so wrapped up in his mother that never for an instant did he think that his father might see some other woman whom he might wish to make his wife. It therefore came like a thunder-clap when the farmer told him that he was about to marry a neighboring farmer's daughter, a young woman not much more than half his age.

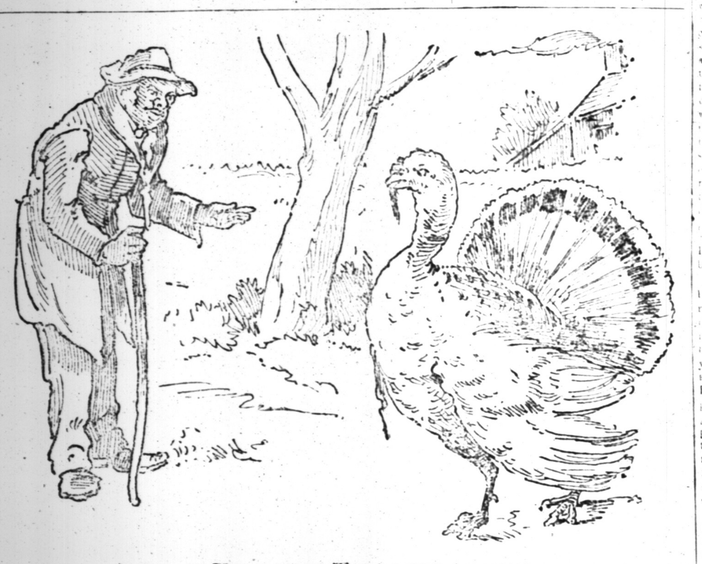
John did not oppose the union by words. His father's determination seemed, in fact, to have made him dumb. He only looked his scorn, anger and contempt, and from that day was a changed being.

His sociability and wit had enlivened almost every gathering of young people in the region since his arrival at manhood. These gatherings knew him no more. He refused every invitation, retired within himself and brooded over the wrong which he fancied had been done his mother's memory and himself.

He would not even attend his father's wedding and when Mr. Brand brought his bride home all traces of his former wife—those little things which had become as familiar to him as the old house itself—had disappeared. Her picture which had been taken in her bridal dress and had hung over the high mantel in the parlor, her work table, the "cricket," on which her feet had rested during the long evenings when she sat and sewed or mended—all were gone and nothing but a heap of ashes and charred wood in the great open fireplace was left.

Mr. Brand had never taken John to task for this. He felt somehow as though he had no right to complain. The things had been more John's than his, for John was the one who had remained entirely faithful to the dead.

At first this new wife tried her best to gain John's favor; but the young man repelled all her advances and never spoke to her unless he was absolutely obliged. In fact, he spoke to no one unless forced to. He even carried his clothing to an old lady in the neighborhood to be mended, rather than have Mrs. Brand touch his garments.



JUST BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

The young wife did all she could to win his love, but to no avail, and before a year of her married life had passed she had something else to think of. A little baby came to the Brand house that John foresaw would eventually fill his place and possess his rights. John had passively endured the coming of the wife; he hated the baby with an almost murderous hatred.

He hoped that it would die, but little Billy grew up a strong, healthy boy, never having seen an ill day in his short life. He was the child of Farmer Brand's old age and before he was two years old completely owned the entire house and its contents—except John Brand. No amount of coaxing baby ways won his heart. John simply hated him the more for being so pretty and sweet-tempered. He would not even touch the child.

All the bitterness he had cherished for these six long years filled his heart on this Thanksgiving morning as he stood gazing after the departing wagon. There had been nothing to keep him at home from the Thanksgiving merry-making except his own ugly feelings, for the farm work was all finished and everything made shipshape for winter. There was wood enough cut already to last an ordinary lifetime, but there was a certain fierce pleasure for him in forcing the axe into the knotty sticks.

He worked moodily on till noon, then fed the stock, and after locking the house went down to the village tavern and eat his dinner there.

It was almost dark when he returned to the farmhouse. He did the chores and went to bed before the others arrived—little Billy wild with delight over the festivities of the day, Mrs. Brand smiling and happy, and her husband with a sore spot in his old heart for his eldest son.

Winter came quickly after that Thanksgiving. The snow wrapped everything in its fleecy covering, drifted over fences and across the public roads, became crusted hard and snowed again, repeating the performance until it lay three or four feet deep all over the country side. Farmer Brand shelled corn or smoothed axe helves and hoe handles in the kitchen corner; John chopped wood all day long as though he had taken a contract to supply the whole village with kindling; little Billy, with Guard, the Scotch collie, played in the snow and came in rosy-cheeked and panting after his frolic with never a suspicion of "croup"—that bane of children who are brought up like hot house plants.

Sometimes Billy stopped near the scene of John's labors and watched the chips fly from the sticks with delight. They seemed to fly all the faster the longer he watched them; but John paid no attention to his childish prattle and his dark, scowling face soon drove him away.

It was quite a fortnight after Thanksgiving Day. The weather had been threatening for several days and the wiseacres declared a heavy storm brewing. John loaded up the wood-team during the forenoon with stove wood for the old lady who did his mending and washing. This was how he partly paid her for the work. As he climbed aboard and gathered up the reins Billy came round the corner of the house.

"Can I go to ride with you, please?" he asked, doubtfully. "I want to go to Mrs. Peckham's."

"Not on top of this load. You weigh so much that the horse couldn't draw it," growled John sarcastically.

But Billy took the reply in perfect good faith.

"Can I ride back when the team's empty?" he asked.

John growled something which might have meant yes, or nay, and drove out of the yard. Billy started bravely in the rear, although it was quite two miles to Mrs. Peckham's. It was terribly cold and John turned up the collar of his rough coat and chirruped to the horse. The wheels creaked most musically over the hard snow and the little figure trudged sturdily along in the rear. Billy's short legs could not keep pace with the strides of the farmer's and he gradually fell behind. John looked back at him with a scowl and started into the woods. He followed them rapidly. Guard sniffing excitedly at the prints of the little rubber boots. A few yards back from the road was the log on which little Billy had seated himself to rest. When he arose from that he turned deeper into the woods instead of toward the road. John and the dog pressed on before the blast. The snow was coming faster now, and the footprints might soon be obliterated.

He shouted occasionally as he went on, but no answer reached him. The child had traveled an astonishing distance, and almost directly away from home. Before long John reached higher ground and found that the boy had climbed the mountain side.

Finally Guard bounded away with a short, sharp bark, and hurrying on John found him licking the cold face of his little master where he lay curled at the foot of a great gnarled oak. There was a strange feeling at John Brand's heart as he picked the boy up and strode down the hillside in the teeth of the blast.

The wind had risen to a gale and howled and shrieked through the woods in a perfect frenzy. Even Guard cowered before its strength. The keen wind cut John's bare hands and face like a knife, but he pressed on determinedly, sheltering the child's body as much as possible from the cold.

He was cold himself. John could not remember having so cold in his life before; but somehow the unconscious body of the little child below against his breast was warming his cold heart and melting all his hard and bitter feelings.

Giant though he was in strength and endurance, he had to fight for each step of the way. It was only by the aid and direction of a higher power than his own that he at last reached the farmhouse and was hailed inside by the anxious men who had been driven back from the search some time before by the gale.

He had a very dim recollection as to how he got there, but some time later he found himself lying on the soft settle in the chimney corner with his father holding a bowl of some hot decoction to his lips. He pushed it away and looked across the hearth to where his stepmother, tearful and smiling, was holding little Billy in her arms.

"Is he all right?" asked John hastily.

"Yes, thanks to the Almighty and to you, my son," replied his father reverently, and John smiled.

It was late, indeed, but this was John Brand's Thanksgiving.

Giving Thanks for Turkey.

We're thankful for the things we eat,
The oysters with the turkey meat,
The health we have, the sweet content
With blessings which to us are sent
The golden, glorious pumpkin pies,
The hope of heaven beyond the skies
The sweet potatoes, piping hot,
The cluster'd lin-forget-me-not;
The celery crisp and full and white,
The chicken gravy, seasoned right;
The royal pones of sweet corn bread,
The righteous sleep of all our dead;
The yellow beet, the parsnip brown,
The cross that must precede the crown,
The butter served in pats of gold,
On pancakes of brown mold,
The wide expanse of all things good,
No sickness toothsome, though they're rude,
And last of all, our dinner done,
We hasten to give thanks as one
Who feels that thanks are more than due
For medicine to pull him through.
—W. J. Lampson.

Thankful.

"I don't see what makes people go to football games on Thanksgiving Day," remarked his wife. "It hasn't anything to do with the spirit of the occasion."

"Oh, yes, it has," was the reply; "I never went to a football game in my life that I didn't feel tremendously thankful that I wasn't one of the players."

Practically Considered.

"What's the good of Thanksgiving Day, anyhow?" exclaimed Plodding Pete in a discontented tone.

"What's the good of it?" echoed Meandering Mike in dismay. "Honest, Pete, some times you talk like a regular heathen. Don't you know that Thanksgivin's one of the biggest free lunch days in the whole year?"

DAY OF FEASTING.

SOME GOOD THINGS FOR THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Approved Recipes for the Great American Feast Day—Roast Turkey and Stuffing—Pumpkin Pie.

THANKSGIVING is a purely American feast day. It is a day dedicated not only to the giving of thanks, but to dining, and rightly enough, for there is nothing which will inspire one to a feeling of thorough content and good fellowship with the world more than a good dinner.

The New York Herald gives its readers some excellent suggestions for dinner, with many proved recipes for the preparation of the different dishes.

Oyster Soup—To make a delicious soupcont of these succulent bivalves observe the following directions: Have two nice agate or porcelain lined saucepans, one for milk and the other for the juice of the oysters. As this is a dinner for eight people, you must have good-sized saucepans. Put in two three pints of milk, with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a level teaspoonful of salt and a few blades of mace. Stand over a slow fire. In another saucepan put the liquor from two quarts of oysters, leaving the oysters in the colander through which the liquor has been strained until ready for use. Stand this over the hot part of the range, and as soon as the liquor rises skim every flick of it off with a silver or agate spoon—iron or other metal should not be used in cooking. After skimming stand the saucepan back where it does not boil; as soon as the milk begins to boil pour the oyster liquor into it, stirring gently to prevent curdling. Have ready two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour well mixed with cold water, thicken the soup with this, stirring fast to break the lumps. When you have strained the liquor into the soup put in the oysters and let them cook until the edges curl. Put some fine cracker dust, parsley and a pinch of pounded mace over the bottom of the tureen. Pour the soup in, season with salt and pepper, and it is ready to serve.

To Roast a Turkey—After choosing a tender, young and properly fed fowl, singe, draw and truss it for roasting, thoroughly before cleaning, and having it on a platter, put in a cool, dry place for twenty-four hours to put it in the best condition for cooking. Then wash it, inside and out, in your bag, deeply dipping and plunging the turkey in it, having on hand enough to cover it. If the turkey is fat put no water in the pan, as it will baste itself; if not, put in a little water in the bottom of the pan. A twelve-pound turkey requires three hours' good roasting. A turkey that is not well done is a miserable thing and this is a Thanksgiving feast and everything must be perfect. Keep a tea kettle of boiling water on the range and when you see a white on the turkey is roasting dash some water from the kettle over it, and do not fail to baste often.

Celery and Oyster Stuffing—Chestnut stuffing is delicious, but is more expensive than the bread or potato and requires a good deal of care and patience in preparation. Parboil a good bunch of celery in the first water, then put it in cold water and let it cook till tender; take a deep baking dish with a biscuit crust, put in the pieces of chicken, add some pieces of butter and sprinkle with pepper; thicken the gravy in the stew pan, having enough to cover the chicken in pie; cover with a biscuit crust; bake in a quick oven till crust is a delicate brown. This pie may be served hot or cold, but is better hot, and is delicious.

How to Make the Stuffing—Put in a chopping bowl half of an onion, a sprig of parsley and a good sized stalk of celery; chop these all very fine, then take a loaf of stale bread which has had the crust removed and been soaked in cold water until soft; put it in with the chopped herbs; flavor well with sweet marjoram, salt and pepper, and after mixing all well together put it in the turkey. Sew up the aperture, and just before placing in the oven salt and pepper the turkey well outside.

Pumpkin Pie—To a quart of squash, which has been boiled and mashed through a colander, add the yolks of four eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a little salt; sweeten with half molasses and half sugar; season well with powdered cinnamon, ginger, mace and allspice; add the milk the last thing, making it the consistency of a thick batter; pour it in the pie pan, already lined with paste, and bake till a nice, rich brown; do not bake till watery, this spoils the pie.

Oyster Pie—Line a deep porcelain dish with a rich paste; put in two quarts of oysters well seasoned with salt and pepper, a little powdered mace, a few little pats of butter and some chopped parsley; stir in a cup of fine cracker crumbs put on a top crust and bake in a quick oven.

Celery Salad—Cut the celery in small dice and when ready to serve pour over it rich mayonnaise dressing; vinegar and salt may be added to taste when eating.

THE NEWS.

The Mexican warship Zaragoza, which is in the drydock at San Francisco undergoing repairs, will be sent south as soon as possible to look out for Mexico's interests on the western coast in case of war with Guatemala. ——Mr. Endicott, Boston's commissioner of corporations, has fixed the price of the five thousand new shares of American Bell Telephone which are to be issued at $190 per share. ——Wm. A. Jones, a farmer living near Boonville, Ohio, was bunco'ed out of $7,000. ——An order was received at the headquarters of the Department of Colorado from Washington, deciding that Theodore W. Morrison, of the Sixteenth Infantry, stationed at Fort Douglass, be tried by court-martial for alleged insubordination during the railroad strike last summer. ——George A. Elder, formerly manager of the American Loan and Trust Company, was arraigned at Duluth in the District Court, on four indictments for grand larceny in the first degree. ——Nine horses and ten head of cattle perished in the burning of a barn and stable belonging to C. S. Hutler, near Lynchburg, Va.

It is stated in Denver that a big syndicate is scheming to obtain control of the silver market and dictate the price of the metal to all silver-using countries. ——A reign of terror exists in Indian Territory. Bandits are in full control and commit crimes at pleasure without molestation. ——The faculty of the Healdsburg University deny the story that twenty students are seriously ill from drinking impure water and three deaths have occurred within the past week. They say nine students at different times have been ill, but there have been no deaths among them from fever. ——Thos. F. Drake, the oldest employe of the B. & O. system, died near Pittsburg. The Denver Chamber of Commerce has adopted resolutions inviting the governors of different states throughout the country to meet in Denver in mid-summer, when the new capitol building will be formally dedicated to agree on different subjects, such as direct, requisition, etc. ——Rev. Richard Carroll, prominent Baptist preacher, hung himself near Maysonsville, Ky. He was eighty-nine years old, and had been preaching sixty-five years. ——Fire destroyed the Central Vermont car sheds at St. Albans, Vt., the president's private car and a number of private coaches. Estimated loss between $60,000 and $100,000. ——A company of Pennsylvania capitalists propose to put down oil and gas wells in West Virginia. ——The twenty-first annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was begun in Baltimore. Miss Frances Willard, the president, read her annual address. The recording secretary and treasurer delivered their reports, and a number of addresses were made.

The two hundred pounds of Hong Kong opium, that came over on the steamship Kaga, is being detained by the custom-house authorities, at Tacoma, Wash., and will, doubtless, be seized. The opium was consigned to a Portland Chinese firm, and duty paid of about $2,500. ——The Denver detectives have arrested Frank Rock, a French Canadian, on suspicion of being the strangler. ——At Denver, Col., after a careful canvass a committee has reported 215 families of American Railway Union men are on the verge of starvation, and 300 unmarried men are destitute, in consequence of the black list ordered by the railway against the men who struck last summer. ——The Pittsburg Syndicate, a disreputable pool, W. C. Smith, manager, made an assignment to Attorney T. R. Trimble for the benefit of its depositors. Mr. Trimble has taken charge, and says he thinks the syndicate will pay fifty cents on the dollar. ——Five Georgian mountaineers were sentenced in the United States Court, in Nashville, Tenn., to ten years each in the penitentiary. They are the moonshiners, who shot Wm. Roper, the government informer, and threw him into a pit, where he remained five days, until found by a searching party.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

The Most Powerful Known to Science to Be Tested at Indian Head.

A most important test, to determine the practicability of discharging the highest explosive known to science from a modern navy rifle, will shortly come off at the Indian Head proving station, and if it is the success that Captain Sampson believes it promises to be, there will be produced the most destructive implement of warfare yet found by scientists.

The Government laboratory of the Columbian University here is the producer of the explosive, which is said to be of greater power than No. 1 dynamite. So much impressed with it was the ordnance bureau that a number of the shells have been in course of manufacture at the ordinance shops. The object of the trial will be to determine whether this new compositon can be thrown from a navy gun without jeopardizing the ship and gun. If it can be accomplished then great steel bolts of heavy armor will no longer prove protection to warships.

The test will be conducted privately and great care exercised to prevent foreign governments from learning the nature of the explosive. Naval officers who have been let into the secret predict that the test will prove that the dynamite gun is but a plaything alongside the power of destruction possible by firing the new explosive from a naval ship.

Shells for the largest naval rifle are soon to be purchased, and to discover the best projectile a competitive test has been held at Indian Head of several varieties submitted by the leading projectile firms of the country. The gun used in the test was the 13-inch, now mounted at the station. Plates of steel representing the side armor of the monitor Terror were stationed at targets for the great shells, hurled with high velocities. These plates were 22 feet long, 6½ feet high, 7 inches thick at top and leveled to 4 inches at bottom. Thirty-six inches of oak backing secured and braced them for the attack of the gun at a distance of 377 feet. The charges used with all the projectiles were the same, being 175 pounds, giving a striking velocity of 975 feet seconds and striking energy of 7,249 feet tons. This velocity was taken by firing through the screens in the first round.

The Japanese are reported to have been repulsed at Malfen-Lung. The defences of Port Arthur have been strengthened on the land side, and a bloody battle is expected when the place is attacked.

EARTHQUAKES.

Nearly a Hundred People Killed on the Island of Sicily.

MANY CRUSHED IN A CHURCH

The People Fled From Their Homes in Terror and Camped in the Streets—The Disturbance Caused by the Mount Ætna Volcano.

Details of the earthquake disaster in Sicily and Southern Italy have been slow in coming to hand, owing to the damage to railroad and telegraph lines, but the damage to life and property was much worse than at first supposed, and it is now known that nearly a hundred persons were killed in the disaster. The province of Reggio Del Calibria suffered the severest damage by the seismic disturbances. Little damage was done in Reggio, the capital of the province. Seventeen communes were involved in the disturbance, the centres of which were in the vicinity of Palmi twenty-one miles northwest of Reggia, and Bagnara, on the Gulf of Gioja, almost directly opposite Punta del Faro, Sicily. The village of San Procopio, near Palmi, was almost entirely destroyed. Forty-seven of these there were killed. Forty-seven of these met their death in a church to which they had fled for refuge. Three bodies are still in the ruins. At Bagnara ten persons were killed. Eight lost their lives at Mamertino and San Eufernia, being crushed to death, while many others were injured. The inhabitants of these places are obliged to camp in the open air. Prime Minister Crispi has sent a large sum of money for the relief of the sufferers and has placed two vessels at the disposal of the prefect of Bagnara. In the Calabrian towns of Trearni and Milsto many houses were destroyed and a number of persons injured.

Renewed shocks were felt at Milazzo, eighteen miles west of Messina, on Tuesday, terrific movements of the earth that great seams appeared in the walls of many houses.

At Messina the shock of the earthquake lasted 12 seconds. It was accompanied by loud rumblings. The terror on the part of the people was universal. The authorities soon perfected an organization and, assisted by the militia, succeeded in restoring quiet for the time being. The people remained on the streets during the entire night. The populace fled, panic stricken, rushing wildly in all directions. In the morning another shock occurred and the people fled to the ships in the harbor.

Signor Tacchini, chief of the observatory at Rome, says the earthquake was confined to the area of the Lipari Islands and the provinces of Messina and Reggio di Calabria. He is of the opinion that the entire phenomena is closely connected with the volcanic system of Ætna.

A dispatch from Rome to the Standard says that King Humbert has donated a large sum of money for the relief of the earthquake sufferers. The dispatch adds that sixty lives were lost by the falling of the church at San Procopio.

CABLE SPARKS.

Dr. Schoustelt has been appointed Prussian minister of justice.

The bomb, which was found outside the London Law Courts, was not loaded.

Freight traffic on the Canadian rivers and canals the past season showed a great decrease in volume.

General Prudente Moraes was inaugurated President of Brazil. He promises to respect the liberties of the people.

A terrific hurricane swept over Belgium. In Brussels a number of unfinished houses collapsed and three persons were killed.

Loss of life and property by the storm in England has been very heavy. The steamship Culmore sunk, and 22 persons were drowned.

The seaport town of Limasol, on the Island of Cyprus, has sustained much damage through the recent floods, during which 21 persons were drowned.

Anthrax or splenic fever prevails to an alarming extent among the cattle of Sicily, and several people have died from eating the flesh of cattle so affected.

Confirmation has been received at Varna of a raid by Bashi Bazouks upon villages in a Turkish Armenia, by which six thousand persons were killed, wounded and maltreated.

The officials of the Chinese government have made the apologies demanded by the British government for the outrage committed by Chinese soldiers on board the British steamship Chung King in August last.

The Assembly of New South Wales has adopted a motion declaring that, in view of the rapid growth of Australian national life, an early resumption of the consideration of the question of federation is desirable.

LEAPED FROM A TRAIN.

Sensational Suicide of an Insane Man on the Alabama Southern.

Louis Rosenburg leaped from a southbound Alabama Great Southern passenger train at an early hour near Dudley, a way station, below Birmingham, Ala., and was instantly killed. Rosenburg had for a time been an inmate of the State Insane Asylum at Tuscaloosa, but a few days since, by some means escaped. Notice of his escape was sent out to all cities and towns in the State, and he was found in Birmingham and arrested by Detective Barnes Morgan and Policeman Newman. At 1.15 o'clock Morgan and his prisoner boarded the train for Tuscaloosa. The two men sat side by side conversing. When near Dudley, Rosenburg asked to be allowed to go to the closet. Morgan went with him, but Rosenburg opened the door and stepped out into the darkness before Morgan could catch hold of him. The train was stopped, and a search disclosed the man's body, death having evidently been met without a struggle. Rosenburg was a German, and formerly a resident of Montgomery, Ala.

Wm. Opperman, a Harlem foot ball player, died of injuries sustained a week ago in a game at Newark.

MARYLAND STATE ITEMS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Parts of the State.

Clifton D. Lamkin, architect, sustained very serious injuries by falling from the second story of J. C. Harper's dwelling-house in course of erection in Hagerstown. He was found several hours after he had fallen lying in the cellar unconscious.

An attempt was made by a number of prisoners confined in the jail at Frederick city to gain their liberty. They had succeeded in sawing a large iron bar in two places before they were discovered. It is thought, that two shell-game sharpers who are in the jail, were the ringleaders in the attempt to get out. One of these men has received at different times supplies of food from his wife, and it was in the bread or pies that the saw was probably secreted which did the work.

Capt. Philip H. Cooper, the new superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, issued an order, which was read to the battalion of cadets, condemning hazing and announcing that in the future executive clemency will not be exercised in behalf of those dismissed for this offense. Acting on the assumption that each student will tell the truth, the signing of conduct reports certifying to have told the truth will be discontinued in the future.

Gunners report that the ducks on the Susquehanna flats are not so numerous as it was expected they would be at this time. Those who make a business of gunning and who have heretofore in this time of the season killed any day from — to — ducks complain that they are "shy." Twenty-five or thirty ducks is about all the average Havre de Grace gunner can bag just now in a day's shoot.

Samuel Hanson, aged and infirm, was accidentally burned to death at the house of his sister, Mrs. Thomas Miller, in Charles county. It is supposed that his clothing took fire from a lamp in his bedroom, where he was found dead with all his clothing burned off.

The contract for supplying metallic furniture for the courthouse at Snow Hill has been awarded to E. H. Morrison, of Baltimore, representing the Office Specialty Company, of Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Noble A. Thompson died at his home near Newport, Charles, county, after a long illness with a complication of diseases.

Dr. J. M. Worthington, health officer for Anne Arundel county, has been informed of a reported case of small-pox near Jessup's. He says the case is on the Howard county side, about one mile from Jessup's, and he has written to Drs. Hammond and DuBois, vaccine physicians in the fourth district of Anne Arundel county to ascertain the facts. He has also telegraphed to the health officer of Howard county to learn more about the case.

Deputy Commander Hayden, of the State fishery force, in charge of the police schooner Bessie Jones, reports that between three and four hundred dredges are at work from Blackstone's Island to Cedar Point, in the Potomac. He recently arrested Capt. Henry Handy, of the schooner George James, of Crisfield, on the charge of dredging without displaying his license number. Justice Geo. R. Sive, of St. Mary's county, imposed a fine of $25 and costs, which was paid.

A gang of expert store robbers are operating in Salisbury. The store of Mr. Gutherie was entered and considerable goods taken. Last Monday night the store of Mr. Samuel Wells, in the district known as Georgetown, was broken into and quite an amount of goods taken away.

Mr. William Sweets, of Ellicott City, met with a painful accident, having three toes mashed by the pick-up train of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It is likely that the foot will be amputated. Mr. Sweets had formerly been in the employ of the railroad, and during that time lost one of his legs by being run over by a car. His present occupation is that of night watchman in Baltimore.

Frederick Hetzner was fined $100 and costs and sentenced to thirty days in jail for selling liquor at Bay Ridge.

Twenty-five cases of scarlet fever are reported in and around Cherry Hill, Cecil county. Only two deaths have resulted from the disease. The public schools are closed.

The board of county commissioners of Worcester have awarded the contract for furnishing the offices of the clerk of the Circuit Court and register of wills with metallic furniture, such as documents, files, book shelves, counters, etc., to a Philadelphia concern for $1,438.50.

Harmony Council, Junior Order of United American Mechanics of Cecilton, raised two American flags in the first election district, one over Pond Neck schoolhouse and the other over school No. 7. The exercises of the day were eminently patriotic and much interest was shown on both occasions.

The large stone barn of David H. Powell, three miles west of Hagerstown, tenanted by Calvin S. Eyers, was destroyed by fire, along with five valuable horses, eighteen tons of hay, a large straw stack, a lot of wheat and clover seeds and farming implements. Mr. Powell had insurance on the barn and contents amounting to $1,900. He estimates his loss at $3,000. Mr. Byers's loss was total.

Mr. J. W. Troxel, civil engineer of the proposed Queen Anne Railroad, has been in Caroline county for several days in the interest of the railroad, securing from the property holders the right of way. He reports that he has been very successful and much encouraged. For a distance of three miles on both sides of the town the right of way has been granted except in three cases. The people of Hillsboro' are desirous of seeing the road rapidly advanced. Messrs. George H. Beaven and Y. C. Hockett, as a committee on right of way, have been active in efforts and have done much effective work.

CHEWED ON DYNAMITE.

John Wise Wanted to Die and Blew His Head from His Body

John Wise, citizen of Coalville, W. Va., committed suicide in a fearful manner. He procured a dynamite cartridge, put it in his mouth and exploded it.

The dynamite tore Wise's head from his body, scattering pieces of flesh and brain over his room.

The French government has asked for a credit to send 15,000 troops to Madagascar. England is said to be in accord with the French policy.

KILLED BY A MANIAC.

Mother, Daughter and Son Slain With an Ax—Murderer Commits Suicide.

The village of Wellsville, Mo., was the scene of a horrible murder and suicide which wiped out all but one member of a family.

Thomas Portercheck with a mother, two sisters and a brother occupied a small house half a mile from the business portion of the village. They were Bohemians in humble circumstances. Thomas was discovered acting strangely and gave indications that his mind was deranged. He labored under the hallucination that his neck was broken, and insisted that a physician be summoned. His relatives endeavored to convince him of his error and tried to get him to bed. He insisted on sitting up all night.

Late at night the family retired, leaving Thomas in a rocking chair. At 3 o'clock his sister Mary was awakened by an agonizing scream from her mother. When she emerged from her bedroom she found her mother lying on the floor, while Thomas stood above her brandishing an axe. The floor was covered with blood, and from an adjoining room her other brother, James, could be heard moaning in the agony of death. The girl ran through the house, and, finding all the doors locked, opened a window and jumped to the ground. She remained under the window and as her maniac brother made no attempt to follow her, she stood and watched him at his murderous work.

The murderer seized a can of coal oil, and after pouring it over the floor and furniture, set it on fire. He then drew a butcher knife and plunged it into the breast of the dead mother. The girl attempted to extinguish the flames, but they spread so rapidly that in less than 10 minutes the house was a furnace. The screams of the girl awakened the neighbors, and they rushed to the scene, but the flames had finished the work which the maniac had commenced. When the blazing wood had cooled sufficiently to allow a search of the ruined home, four bodies were found blackened and charred. They were those of Mrs. Portercheck, her youngest daughter and her sons, James and Thomas. Investigation showed that the mother, daughter and son James had been horribly mutilated by an axe. It is believed that Thomas first killed his brother then his sister and mother. It was probably his intention to kill his sister Mary also. The mother had been confined to her bed for 12 years.

PROGRESS IN ALASKA.

Its Governor Reports a Prosperous Year and an Advance for Civilization.

James Sheakley, Governor of Alaska, has submitted his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior. He says—

"Notwithstanding the unfavorable climatic conditions of the Spring and early Summer months, many new enterprises were entered upon and old ones completed.

The fisheries have been successful, the mines have yielded profitable returns, the population has been largely augmented by immigration, and the people have enjoyed a season of unusual progress and prosperity.

"The building of saw mills and the manufacturing of lumber in the territory has revolutionized and improved the manner of constructing habitations in all of the villages. The leading trait in the character of the Alaska natives is imitativeness, and being possessed of considerable mechanical skill and willing to work, they purchase lumber and erect modern houses. They have much improved in the way of preparing food and clothing. The impression of the missionaries is visible in parts of southeastern Alaska, and they deserve the commendation of all for the good they have accomplished among these native people."

The Governor estimates the population at about 32,000. The Siberian reindeer experiment, he thinks, will prove successful. Good progress is made in education. Considerable trouble has been experienced in preventing the sale of intoxicating liquors. He says that Alaska has 4,000 miles of sea coast and 20,000 miles of shore line and the revenue officers have serious difficulty in preventing smuggling.

A BLOODY BATTLE.

Two Men Fatally Wounded and a Policeman Shot.

A bloody battle was fought at Owensboro, Ky., which John Asbby, an ex-policeman and Jack Haverin, a grocer and saloon keeper, were mortally wounded and a policeman wounded.

Haverin had told Asbby and his gang to stop dancing in his place on Sunday. Asbby attacked Haverin with a club and Haverin ran into the house and he and his brother appealed to two policeman who approached for protection. When Asbby