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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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THE CALF PATH.

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves should.
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled
And, I infer, the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day o'er hill and glade
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about.
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—lo not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf;
And through this winding wood-way stalked,
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road
Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And travelled some three miles in one.

And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street,
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.

And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed this zigzag calf about;
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way
And lost one hundred years a day.

For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach.

For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf paths of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue
To keep the path that others do.

But how the wise old wood-gods laugh,
Who saw the first primeval calf.

Ah, many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

—Sam Walter Foss, in Buffalo Express.

MYRTLE'S MARRIAGE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

DREARY place," said Hugh Keppel to himself, with a shrug of the shoulders, "but still—home."

The damp, brown leaves were matted by rain and tempest, where they had drifted up the steps; the vine which garlanded the old tower had lost its scarlet in the cold touch of snow and frost; the cedars shuddered in the wind. For Keppel Tower was on a commanding hill, which, although delightful enough in summer, was not without its disadvantages in the month of December.

Mr. Keppel had been absent for three months, and this was his first home-coming since he had returned from Paris.

His mother's eyes brightened as she stood—a commanding figure in black satin and rich old Mechlin lace—beside the fire in the round drawing-room, with one hand on the gold-headed cane which was her constant support, the other extended toward him.

"You are back again," she said. "Oh, Hugh, I thought you never would return to me!"

The room was very pretty, with the cheerful firelight flickering on the blue-and-white tiles of the chimney-piece, the curtains of wine-colored plush, the decorations of old-gold ribbons, ancient brass and art embroidery.

In all these things he recognized Alice Amadine's taste—the taste of the distant cousin who had always lived with Mrs. Keppel since Hugh was a boy.

They had grown up together, in fact, and Mrs. Keppel had made no secret of her earnest wish that Hugh might eventually marry Alice.

But Hugh Keppel, with all a man's perversity, had rather chosen to fall in love with Myrtle Vennor, the blue-eyed daughter of the old judge who lived in the pretty country house two miles down the river.

To be sure—which was some comfort to Mrs. Keppel—there was no regular engagement; but every one knew that the young people liked one another.

"Don't mind, aunty, dear," said Alice Amadine, with her gracious smile and slow, musical accents. "Love can neither be bound in fetters nor driven in harness. Myrtle Vennor is a very sweet girl, and no doubt everything is for the best."

"My love," said Mrs. Keppel, kissing Alice's rich brunette cheek, "you are an angel, and how Hugh can be so blind is far beyond my comprehension."

"I can endure anything so long as you love me," said Alice Amadine, effusively returning the caress.

Alice was as beautiful as ever in her garnet-red gown, with cardinal roses in her hair, as she smiled her greeting and presently they were seated at the little round table at tea, by the softened light of a student-lamp.

"And how are the Vennors?" said Hugh, after he had inquired after every one else, vaguely hoping that Alice or his mother would mention the subject without his suggestive question.

"Oh," smiled Alice, carefully measuring out the exact number of drops of thick cream which Mrs. Keppel liked in her tea, "the Vennors are very gay this season! They are to remain at the Grange until Twelfth Night, and there are all sorts of balls and parties and festivities going on. And the last time I was at Mrs. Torrence's, the dressmaker, I saw Myrtle's wedding dress being made."

"Her wedding dress?" echoed Hugh.

"And, oh," said Alice, still intent on the duties of the table, "it was such a beauty! Old white brocade, trimmed with lace that must have been perfectly priceless, and a white velvet tablier front breadth. Auntie, will you have some preserved cherries? And there were flowers embroidered in seed-pearl on the sashes, too utterly lovely to describe. Are the Vennors so very rich, Hugh?"

"Then she is going to be married?" he exclaimed, gnawing fiercely at his lower lip. "Myrtle Vennor—I could not have believed it. And never to tell me!"

Alice Amadine laughed softly.

"Dear me, Hugh," said she. "As if a girl confided that sort of her secrets to her miscellaneous gentlemen friends! And Myrtle Vennor always belonged to the secretive kind, you know."

"Who is he?" he asked, hoarsely. "The man, I mean?"

"How am I to know?" said Alice, artlessly. "Colonel Fitz Urse has been staying at the Grange all the autumn, and Doctor Fenimore, from New York, comes there often; and there's Mr. Atwater, and those two young Yale collegians, and—oh, dear, Myrtle is very gay this year!"

Hugh sat silently looking into the fire. The poisoned arrow had sped to its destination, as Alice Amadine well knew. All the life and animation had gone out of him that night; and when he had departed to his room in the central round-tower, where the windows looked out on the surging tops of the cedar grove, Alice laughed exultantly.

"Dear auntie," said she, "do not look so grave! It isn't pleasant to take a dose of quinine, but one feels so much better after it. Well, this news is a dose of quinine to poor, dear Hugh!"

"Alice," said the old lady, "do you think we have done right? Is—is not this like deceit?"

"Where is the deceit?" lightly questioned Miss Amadine. "I did see the wedding dress, didn't I? The very one that Myrtle's mother wore when she was married, and that Myrtle herself is to wear next New Year's week. Auntie, you know as well as I do that Hugh never would have been happy with that silly, frivolous little Myrtle Vennor."

"No," said Mrs. Keppel, slowly, "I do not believe that he would. Oh, Alice, it is my hope and my prayer that he may marry you!"

"Wait!" said Alice, composedly smoothing the plush table cover. "Don't you remember the old Spanish proverb—'that all things come to those who know how to wait?' Only have a little patience, auntie. There is nothing in all the world so easy to catch as a heart in the rebound."

And in the meantime, sweet Myrtle Vennor secretly devoured her own heart, and wondered why Hugh Keppel never came to the Grange.

"Can it be that he has forgotten me?" she asked herself, "After all that he has looked and spoken—after she flowers he gave me, and the little, old-fashioned ring with the black pearl, that he placed on my finger? Do men's hearts change in such a fickle fashion as that?"

Myrtle Venner was as unlike Alice Amadine as a sweet English rose is unlike a vivid cactus bloom.

She was fair and delicate, with a complexion like pink and pearl; bright hair shot with golden threads, and blue, deep eyes, full of wistful, appealing light; and her nature, too, was dissimilar to that of the wily brunette.

It was, therefore, her first impulse to go to Hugh Keppel, and ask him what dark shadow had come between them.

But Myrtle had all a woman's pride, and so she kept within her own heart the secret of her grief.

And Alice Amadine was well pleased at the success of her subtle scheme, feeling, as she did, that Hugh was drifting slowly and aimlessly into her toils.

"Why should I not?" he asked himself. "One woman will be very much the same to me as another, now that I have lost confidence in Myrtle. My mother is fond of Alice, and I think Alice will not be unwilling to be the mistress of Keppel Towers."

And he made up his mind one chill, bright day, when the hard frozen snow gleamed white in the valleys and the hemlocks were weighted down with feathery fringes of pearl to settle the matter definitely that self-same evening.

"It will make my mother happy," he thought. "And as for myself, what avails it?"

Yet, nevertheless, a pang came through his breast as he stood there, under the shadow of the giant forest oak trees, where, last year, he and Myrtle had gathered mistletoe to adorn the great saloon at Vennor Grange.

"Never again!" he muttered between his teeth. "My lost Myrtle, never again!"

A slight step on the crackling snow, the gleam of a scarlet cloak, disturbed the melancholy thread of his meditations, and, turning, he saw that Myrtle Vennor herself had merged from the evergreen thicket on her way across the glen, and stood there, with [illegible] eyes.

"Mr. Keppel!" she exclaimed.

"Myrtle!" he responded, taken by surprise.

"I—I did not know that you were here," said she, in hurried accents. "I hope you are quite well. We are having lovely winter weather. Good-morning!"

And she would have gone had he not put forth his hand to check her flying footsteps.

"Do not go, Myrtle," he said. "There is no reason why we should avoid each other."

"You have avoided me!" she flashed out.

"But I will not hereafter," said he, trying to speak composedly. "Besides, I have not yet congratulated you, Myrtle."

"Upon what?" she said. "Upon the loss of my faith in mankind?"

"No, upon your marriage."

"Mr. Keppel," she cried, flushing to the roots of her hair, "you are willfully insulting me—"

"I, Myrtle?"

"Then why do you use such language as that?" cried Myrtle, wringing her fur-gloved hands. "Who should know better than you that—that I have no idea of being married?"

"You cannot deceive me, Myrtle," he said, sadly. "Alice Amadine herself saw your wedding dress being made. She told me."

"My wedding dress!" For a second Myrtle's brow contracted with perplexity, and then it cleared instantly. "Oh, I know now!" she cried. "She must have meant mamma's wedding gown that Miss Torrance is remaking for the tableau vivants next week, when I am to be Ginerva, in 'The Old Oak Chest.' But as for my being married, Alice Amadine knew that was not true."

Her cheek kindled with crimson bloom; her lip quivered; the blue lightning of her indignant eyes was quenched in coming tears.

"Speak those words again, Myrtle!" cried Hugh, in a voice that shook with repressed emotion. "Let there be no mistake in a matter that is so vitally essential to my happiness. You are not to be married this next week?"

"I am not," she answered, earnestly.

He took the little, trembling hand in his.

"Sweet Myrtle, forgive me?" he said. "But my heart was torn with hot jealously and burning anguish. I believed that you were lost to me, and life was scarcely worth having without your love. Now let us begin the world over again. Promise me, dearest, to become my wife. Let no more cruel doubts rise up between us forevermore. Will you promise, Myrtle."

And Myrtle answered, in scarcely audible tones:

"I promise!"

Hugh Keppel's face was radiant when he came back to the round drawing room at the Towers that afternoon. His mother looked earnestly at him.

"Dear Hugh," she said, "you have had good news."

"The best of news," he answered, brightly. "News that Myrtle Vennor will become my wife soon; news that the false report of her marriage to any one else is utterly unfounded."

And as he spoke, he looked full into Alice Amadine's face. She colored deeply under the scorching light of his eyes; but she knew that it would be fatal to quail at this juncture, or to show any consciousness of her own guilt.

"Dear me!" said she, smiling as graciously as ever, "what ridiculous stories do get trumped up among the neighboring gossips? And so you are to be married, Hugh? I am sure I wish you every happiness."

And no one who saw Alice Amadine at that moment would have dreamed that her life hopes had been cruelly smitten down—for women are heroes at heart.—Saturday Night.

The "Boom, Boom" of the Blasts.

People within ten miles of the valley of the Des Plaines River, in Illinois, can hear the dinner-bell of the sanitary canal. They know when the low growls of the exploding dynamite come from the rock-cut that hundreds of tons of limestone are breaking away from the bed-rock and that thousands of laborers are cleaning the plates on the mess tables in the contractors' camps, for the blasts are shot at noon.

Visitors are first warned of their danger by the red flag which is all ways displayed near the face of the working where the rock is to be blasted, and they receive another warning from the men who scramble from the floor of the cut to the surface on their way to dinner. The "boom, boom" of the blasts rolls along the canal from one end of the rock-cut to the other, for it is dynamite which is cleaving a way through the backbone of the divide preparing a bed for the great river which is to carry Lake Michigan's waters to the Mississippi. Before the canal is completed thousands of tons of dynamite will have been exploded, for it is estimated that for every cubic yard of rock half a pound of dynamite is used.

The three-legged rock drills drive a series of holes across the canal; the channeling machines cut narrow furrows twelve feet deep along the sides of the canal, and then a man with a wooden rammod drives dynamite cartridges into the holes. At noon a pressure of the finger on an electrical button explodes the mine and a mass of rock 300 feet long, seven to nine feet deep and from ten to twelve feet thick is shattered into pieces which can be handled by the men who load the skips and buckets of the conveyors.

A dynamite cartridge is about eight inches long, an inch and a quarter in diameter and weighs about half a pound. It is shipped to the canal from the factories in wooden boxes, which hold fifty pounds of the explosive, and comes on board at a time. The dynamite used in the rock-cut is known as forty per cent. dynamite, and, contrary to the general belief, can be thrown from the top of the Masonic Temple to the ground without exploding, for it is made of forty per cent. nitro-glycerine and sixty per cent. "dope."—Chicago Record.

Growth of Agricultural Schools.

A very gratifying announcement is that of the opening recently of a well equipped agricultural school at Kensico, Westchester County, N. Y. The school has been established and will be maintained by a private bequest, and is to be known as the "Brace Memorial Training Farm." The building which is to shelter the young farmers is three stories in height, built in the old Colonial style of architecture, and is large and roomy enough to accommodate 100 students. A number of earnest young men have been enrolled, and the work gives every promise of being highly successful. In this connection it will be interesting, perhaps, to note the progress of similar institutions throughout the country. In fourteen States schools devoted to this special work are maintained for both white and colored students. The total number of institutions offering courses in agriculture is sixty-five. In these institutions the college course leading to a degree in agriculture extends over a period of three or four years, while there are shorter courses in dairying and similar work, which cover only a few months. Besides these there are courses of lectures on farming given in various localities by members of the faculties of these colleges. These courses are particularly popular. Some idea of the extent of this work may be gained from the following figures taken from the United States Agricultural Report: The total number of professors in the faculties of these several colleges numbered in the past year 1282; the total number of students, 17,623; the total revenue of these institutions for the year was $4,024,132; and the value of additions to their equipment is placed at $1,481,637.—Scientific American.

The Earth's Heart May Grow Cold.

Referring to the warmer climate which is evidenced as having existed at one time all over the earth, Sir William Thompson says: "The earth might be a globe of white hot iron, covered with a crust of rock 2000 feet thick, or there might be an ice-cold temperature within fifty feet of the surface, yet the climate could not on that account be sensibly different from what it is, or the soil be sensibly more or less genial than it is for the roots of trees or smaller plants." Manifestly, therefore, the duration of life upon the surface can in no way be dependent upon the length or intensity of heat supply from the interior. This, it is claimed, could not at the present time melt a millimeter thickness of ice.—Chicago Herald.

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THE NEWS.

The trial of a suit brought by the Mormon Church against the Church of Christ at Independence, Mo., to recover possession of certain church property claimed by adherents of the Brigham Young school, was begun in the United States Court at St. Louis. ——Snowstorms and avalanches have done great damage in California. ——Leander Shutt, of Dunmore, Ky., was knocked in the head on a bridge near Bowling Green, robbed of his money and clothes, and thrown into the river from which he was taken in a dying condition.——John Scott, for eighteen years general solicitor for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, resigned, to take effect February 1.——In the joint convention of the West Virginia Legislature Mr. Elkins was elected United States Senator, receiving sixty votes to twenty-nine for Camden and two for Neal.——Three children of William Reabach, all under twelve years of age, were burned to death while attempting to start a fire with coal oil in their home at Millsdale, Ky.——Ex-United States Immigration Inspector Thomas N. Fisher was arrested at Fort Towsend, Wash., on a charge of forgery. ——Joseph P. Piana, the fugitive magistrate from Nanaimo, who is charged with embezzlement, was arrested in Seattle. Piana says he will return home without extradition papers. The Canadian officials have been notified.

An explosion of one the generators in the works of the Huntingdon (Pa.) Gas Company wrecked the whole structure. Flames from the boiler set fire to the plant, which was totally destroyed. Loss, $12,000; no insurance.——Bill Cook was arraigned before Judge Parker in Fort Smith, Kan., and pleaded not guilty to each of the three counts. He is charged with robbery in two counts, and with taking government money in another count.——The store of A. S. Thomlinson & Co., and a clothing store adjoining, in Charleston, S. C., were destroyed by fire. The Exchange Bank building was also damaged. Loss, $150,000.——S. Downing & Son, dry goods dealers at 612 and 615 Fulton street, Brooklyn, have assigned with liabilities at $40,000. Mr. Downing says the assignment was caused by the hard times, which have been aggravated by the street railway strike. ——The stockholders of the Cumberland Valley and Martinsburg Railroad met in Martinsburg and elected officers.——The mother of Chief Spotted Horse was burned to death at a ghost dance on the reservation of the Pawnee Indians.

A company of Brooklyn millmen are tacked by strikers fired into the mob, but so far as learned wounded no one badly. Sunday night the trolley cars on many of the Brooklyn lines were cut, and many of the linemen, through sympathy for the strikers, refused to repair them. The fact that eight thousand men were under arms did not deter the strikers from interfering with the running of cars whenever they found an opportunity. Shots fired from a house wounded two policemen, one of the Richard Gilmore sewing machinery at the Cameron mine near Shamokin, Pa., his clothing was caught in the belting, and he was whirled against the side of the engine room with such force that his brains were battered out.——Rufus Boone, residing near Decaturville, Mo., was shot at Dixon church by Lum Farmer. At a religious service Saturday night a disorderly party became embroiled when Stone interfered as peacemaker. Farmer drew his pistol and shot Stone in the right side, from the effects of which he died.——The grand jury in New York found fifty-two indictments against police officials.——Major Henry Goldsped died in Salt Lake.

A snowslide in Marshall Basin, Col., demolished the Cimarron stables and part of the Cimarron mill, twisting the Union tension tramway, knocked down the San Miguel Consolidated Electric Light wires and did much other damage.——Thomas Buck and Joseph Ermin, two boys who had run away from St. Vincent's industrial School, in Utah, lost their way in the woods and were frozen to death.——Several freight cars sank into a mine hole at Auleneide, Pa., the railroad bed having caved in.——Joseph Green, alias Buckskin Joe, was arrested in Gettysburg, Pa., charged with getting $3 under pretense of being a government officer. ——The list of the dead by the explosion at Butte, Mon., has been swelled to fifty-three, and four of the injured cannot recover.——Fire damaged the Columbia (S. C.) Female College $10,000.——A heavy snow has fallen on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. ——Miss Mary G. Stevenson, eldest daughter of Vice-President Stevenson, died at the Battery Park Hotel, Asheville, N. C.——Archbishop Michael Oldendorf was sentenced in Pittsburg to eighteen months in the workhouse.——Charles L. Carter, one of the Hawaiian annexation commissioners was killed in a conflict with royalists.——Emory Davison was probably fatally injured while coasting at Berkeley Springs, W. Va.——Edwin O. Quigley, when arrested in New York, confessed that he was a forger.

The second trustees for the first mortgage bondholders of the Union Pacific Railroad filed a bill in the United States Court, St. Louis, asking the foreclosure of the $27,000,000 first mortgage and the appointment of receivers.——Delegates from factories of the East have combined under the name of the American Broom and Brush Co.——The Rev. Dr. Henry S. Lunn, the president of the Grindelwald Conference, arrived in New York from England, and will lecture in this country on the reunion of Christendom.——Charles A. Morgandell, the train robber, arrived at Fredericksburg, Va., in the custody of officers, and as he was taken off the cars by the officers, an angry crowd of men wanted to lynch him.——The establishment of a winter Chautauqua in Georgia is projected. ——Several floods have occurred in California, a large amount of property being destroyed and several lives lost near San Diego. ——Harry B. Spaulding, formerly bookkeeper for the wholesale firm of Wheeler, Blodgett & Co., charged with embezzlement of $15,000, who disappeared from Boston September 11th last, was arrested in New Orleans and taken back to Boston.——Robert Fitzsimmons was indicted for manslaughter in Syracuse, N. Y.——A strike was instituted at the Tudor Iron Works, in East Louis.

FIVE MEN BURIED IN A MINE.

An Internal Explosion of Powder is the Cause of a Frightful Disaster.

About 11.30 P. M., an explosion occurred at the mines of the Tradewater Coal Company, Sturgis, Ky. Five kegs of powdere exploded inside the mines, killing five men and two mules and caving the mines in on them. About seventy-five men are now at work digging the men from the debris, and have reached the mules, and they are horribly mangled.

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OHIO RIVER WRECK.

The Steamer State of Missouri Struck on a Rock.

THE PASSENGERS SAVED.

The Catastrophe Happened Near Alton, Ind.—Members of the Crew Reach Louisville—Thrilling Tales of the Survivors.

The big New Orleans packet, the State of Missouri, struck a rock on the Indiana side of the Ohio River near Alton, Ind., and went down in fifty feet of water.

She gave a heavy lurch forward and sank rapidly. Four passengers on the city of Owensboro were picked up on the Kentucky shore. They swam for life on planks and reached the willows. One reached the shore and others remained in a tree many hours until rescued. They were W. C. Leathers, from Hopkins county, Ky., and a man named Gregory, of Cave-in-Rock, Ill. The names of the other two could not be learned. Those passengers report that the boat struck a rock near the stern and gave a sudden lurch forward.

A yawl was launched, but so many people crowded into it, fighting for life, that it was soon sunk. As the boat lurched again a second yawl was put off from the sinking boat in which four women and some of the cabin passengers managed to get places. Leathers never saw them before but was able to keep afloat until he reached the willows. He says four men drowned near him, but was powerless to act. One chambermaid was picked up by a boat from a farmhouse nearby, and several rescued were picked up further on and taken to Louisville by the steamer Tell City. One yawl that was upset by the frantic passengers was full of women and children, and all are thought to be lost.

There were 15 cabin and 30 deck passengers and a crew of 60 on board. The surviving passengers think that at least 35 were lost. The cabin and upper works of the boat floated away. The City of Owensboro rescued part of the freight from the cabin. Not less than 500 minutes from the time the boat struck she had gone down.

At Rockport and Owensboro as well as at all intermediate points, the bank is lined with skiffs picking up pieces of furniture and watching for dead bodies, but the current is too swift for small craft to get far from shore. No names of those drowned can be learned.

THINKS THIRTY-FIVE WERE DROWNED.

Mr. Leathers thinks that at least 35 people were drowned. He saw four men go under when the yawl was upset. The clothing was caught in the belting, and he was whirled against the side of the engine room with such force that his brains were battered out.——Rufus Boone, residing near Decaturville, Mo., was shot at Dixon church by Lum Farmer. At a religious service Saturday night a disorderly party became embroiled when Stone interfered as peacemaker. Farmer drew his pistol and shot Stone in the right side, from the effects of which he died.——The grand jury in New York found fifty-two indictments against police officials.——Major Henry Goldsped died in Salt Lake.

A snowslide in Marshall Basin, Col., demolished the Cimarron stables and part of the Cimarron mill, twisting the Union tension tramway, knocked down the San Miguel Consolidated Electric Light wires and did much other damage.——Thomas Buck and Joseph Ermin, two boys who had run away from St. Vincent's industrial School, in Utah, lost their way in the woods and were frozen to death.——Several freight cars sank into a mine hole at Auleneide, Pa., the railroad bed having caved in.——Joseph Green, alias Buckskin Joe, was arrested in Gettysburg, Pa., charged with getting $3 under pretense of being a government officer. ——The list of the dead by the explosion at Butte, Mon., has been swelled to fifty-three, and four of the injured cannot recover.——Fire damaged the Columbia (S. C.) Female College $10,000.——A heavy snow has fallen on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. ——Miss Mary G. Stevenson, eldest daughter of Vice-President Stevenson, died at the Battery Park Hotel, Asheville, N. C.——Archbishop Michael Oldendorf was sentenced in Pittsburg to eighteen months in the workhouse.——Charles L. Carter, one of the Hawaiian annexation commissioners was killed in a conflict with royalists.——Emory Davison was probably fatally injured while coasting at Berkeley Springs, W. Va.——Edwin O. Quigley, when arrested in New York, confessed that he was a forger.

The second trustees for the first mortgage bondholders of the Union Pacific Railroad filed a bill in the United States Court, St. Louis, asking the foreclosure of the $27,000,000 first mortgage and the appointment of receivers.——Delegates from factories of the East have combined under the name of the American Broom and Brush Co.——The Rev. Dr. Henry S. Lunn, the president of the Grindelwald Conference, arrived in New York from England, and will lecture in this country on the reunion of Christendom.——Charles A. Morgandell, the train robber, arrived at Fredericksburg, Va., in the custody of officers, and as he was taken off the cars by the officers, an angry crowd of men wanted to lynch him.——The establishment of a winter Chautauqua in Georgia is projected. ——Several floods have occurred in California, a large amount of property being destroyed and several lives lost near San Diego. ——Harry B. Spaulding, formerly bookkeeper for the wholesale firm of Wheeler, Blodgett & Co., charged with embezzlement of $15,000, who disappeared from Boston September 11th last, was arrested in New Orleans and taken back to Boston.——Robert Fitzsimmons was indicted for manslaughter in Syracuse, N. Y.——A strike was instituted at the Tudor Iron Works, in East Louis.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

SENATE.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY.—In the Senate the announcement of the revolution in Hawaii was productive of a debate which was participated in by Messrs. Frye, George, Gray and Lodge. The announcement of the death of Vice-President Stevenson's daughter was made. Eulogies were passed upon the late Senator Vance.

THIRTY-SECOND DAY.—The United States Senate again gave its attention to the Hawaiian question. Mr. Lodge added one more to the large number of Hawaiian resolutions. It was less critical than those preceding it, congratulating the administration on sending a ship to Honolulu, favoring annexation, and opposing any British occupation of Hawaiian soil. In a sharp debate Mr. Gray upheld the policy of the administration, and Mr. Frye gave notice that he would keep his Hawaiian question to the front until disposed of. The rest of the day was devoted mainly to the appropriation bills.——In the House Mr. Catchings, from Mississippi, called up the bill to amend the act of August 28, 1894, so as to provide for the collection of the income tax. The bill was passed by a vote of 182 to 90.

THIRTY-THIRD DAY.—The policy of the administration as to Hawaii was again the subject of sharp attack and defense in the United States Senate. The debate was still in progress when the morning hour expired, and the Nicaraguan Canal bill was taken up and Mr. Turpie (Dem.), of Indiana, spoke against the measure.

THIRTY-FOURTH DAY.—In the Senate two currency bills were offered. One by Mr. Smith provides for a temporary bond issue pending an investigation by a "monetary commission" composed of senators, members of the House and civilians. Another, by Mr. Jones, provides for a bond issue and a conditional restoration of silver. The two senators urged their respective measures in speeches which received close attention from a well-filled Senate and crowded galleries.

HOUSE.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY.—In the House of Representatives Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, offered a resolution bearing upon the Hawaiian question. Senator-elect Burrows, of Michigan, was enthusiastically greeted by his fellow-members of the House. Senate amendments to the pension bill were disagreed to. In committee of the whole the Indian appropriation bill was discussed. Eulogies were paid to the late Representative Lisle, of Kentucky.

THIRTY-SECOND DAY.—The House of Representatives, operating under a special order, passed seven public building bills, the largest authorizing the construction of a public building at Chicago to cost $4,000,000. The appropriating clause in each bill was stricken out, and the appropriation must be made in future Sundry Civil bills.——Mr. Boutelle was prevented from gaining consideration for his Hawaiian resolution.

THIRTY-THIRD DAY.—The Indian Appropriation bill, which has been under consideration for five days in the House, was finally passed. It carries $6,494,820 when reported; but, as passed, the total was considerably augmented, one amendment alone—to pay the first instalment for the purchase of the Cherokee outlet—carrying $1,050,000. Several unimportant amendments were added to the bill.

THIRTY-FOURTH DAY.—In the House Mr. Childs, of Illinois, introduced a bill providing for the construction of a railway from New York to San Francisco.——The remainder of the day in the House was devoted to the consideration of the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill. Fifty-five paces of the 145 in the bill were disposed of without amendment before adjournment.

PANIC REIGNS IN PEKIN.

Chinese Peace Envoys Ordered to Expedite Negotiations.

A dispatch to the Central News from Shanghai says:

"The Japanese movement on Wei Hai Wei has caused a panic in Tien Tsin and Pekin. The Chinese Peace envoys have been ordered to expedite the negotiations with the Japanese Government. Japanese cruisers are watching both channels at Wei Hai Wei. The siege trains move slowly, the roads being covered with snow.

A dispatch to the Central News from Shanghai states that the Chinese peace envoys made applications to the agents of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for transportation to Japan, and will sail on January 26. They will be transferred to a Japanese steamer at Shimonoseki.

San Francisco, Cal.—The steamer Peru arrived at 6 P. M. bringing Yokohama news to January 5th, and Tokio news to January 8th. Under date of January 2 the Japan Gazette says:

"We understand that no attempt will be made to reach Pekin this winter. The reason is obvious, but it will never do to allow the army to remain idle or permit the national enthusiasm to cool through a passive policy. Hence it is reported that it has been decided to capture Wei-hai-wei. If it was not for the bad weather this diversion would not be attempted, as the Chinese fleet is afraid to fight, and Wei-hai-wei is no obstacle to a march on the capital. But since forward movements of any magnitude are at present impossible the value of capturing Wei-hai-wei is easily comprehensible. Before the end of January we believe Hai-hai-wei ought to be in Japanese hands."

Writing under date of January 8, the United Press correspondent at Tokio says:

"In addition to two first-class fortresses and a dock yard with all appliances as well as a great tract of territory, China has lost in the present war fighting ships aggregating 13,346 tons and valued at 11,000,000 yens (five and one-half million gold dollars). Of these vessels three were captured by the Japanese. The rest sunk or burned. Among other spoils taken by the Japanese are 607 cannon, 7,403 stand of rifles, 2,601,741 rounds of cannon ammunition, 77,458,785 rounds of small arm ammunition, 16,957 Koku of rice, specie and coin to the amount of one million yen, 3,326 tents, eighteen sailing ships and steamers, and a quantity of other things, the value of the whole, including the fortresses and dock yard being about eighty million yen."

NO SLEEP FOR 116 DAYS.

An Indiana Farmer Has Not Lost Consciousness Since September 25.

David Jones, a prosperous farmer living near Elwood, Ind., has had no sleep since September 20. Three years ago he was afflicted in the same way for a period of ninety days, when sleep again returned and he was normal until about September 18 last, when he became restless and could only catch short naps.

On September 25 sleep left him entirely and he says he does not feel that he would ever desire to sleep again. At times he becomes very nervous, but if he lies down and remains quiet for a time he arises much refreshed. He has now been without sleep for 116 days.

KILLED THREE PEOPLE.

Samuel G. Hotaling Murders His Wife, Mother-in-Law and Father-in-Law.

Samuel G. Hotaling shot and killed his father-in-law, mother-in-law and wife at their home near Fairmount, Minn. He went to Fairmount, about four miles from their home, bought a Winchester rifle went back and shot them.

He then fled to an unoccupied house, where a Sheriff's posse pursued him. He was killed by a shot in the temple while resisting arrest. Domestic troubles caused the trouble. T. B. Whitney, Hotaling's father-in-law, was a veteran of the Rebellion and a well-known man.

RUIN AND DEATH.

Details of the Catastrophe that Overwhelmed Butte, Mont.

SIXTY LIVES WERE LOST.

Twenty Tons of Giant Powder Spread Ruin Through a Section of the City,—Like the Scene of a Battle.—Human Bodies Shattered.

Twenty tons of giant powder went up at one blast during the conflagration in the Montana Central yards, followed almost immediately by two less explosions, wrecking this entire quarter of the city, killing or wounding nearly every man connected with the Butte fire department, and mowing down by scores spectators who crowded the streets in the vicinity of the fire.

The city is just awakening from the stupor into which it was plunged by the disaster, and investigation is hourly adding to the horror of the accident. The latest figures as to the number of lives lost indicate that it is likely to exceed sixty. The list of injured is shorter, approximating fifty, the terrific force of the explosions having mercifully killed outright instead of maiming.

With the fire department practically annihilated, the engines remaining as masses of twisted and discolored metal, the flames burded until nearly daybreak, when they had entirely consumed the warehouses of the Butte Hardware Company, the Parchen Dachnell Drug Company and the Kenyon Connell mercantile company, the Electric light plant, Schiltz brewing building; and a dozen and local warehouses. The Northern Pacific freight depot was completely wrecked, six cars were burned and structures for squares about were wrecked or swept out of existence.

At 9.55 P. M., an alarm of fire was turned in from Box 72, in the Montana Central Yards. The fire department responded promptly, and at 10.03 were preparing to turn water on the blaze.

There was a rumor that there was powder in the building, and this reached the ears of the firemen as soon as they reached the scene, but it was denied, and after a moment's hesitation they began fighting the fire.

Chief Cameron was directing the work on the building, and while some of the firemen hauled a line of hose along the others started to tear off the iron covering of the warehouse so that they could get at the flames. Just as they had succeeded in wrenching off a part of the covering the first explosion came. A blinding sheet of flame forced the roof from its fastenings and shot a hundred feet into the air. This was followed by a moment's silence, and then came a heavy roar, and the upper walls of the building were blown into fragments.

HEROISM AMID HORRORS.

There were heroes among the spectators, however, and as soon as the stun of the shock passed away, while some ran in terror, they immediately began pulling the mutilated bodies of the firemen and injured from the proximity of the flames. From all over the city people began moving toward the fire, and the crowd had greatly increased within five minutes. Just about that length of time after the first explosion a second explosion almost equal in volume to the first heightened the terror all over the city and spread death and destruction among scores of citizens. Parts of bodies were hurled hundreds of feet away. A man near the