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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SPRING.

'Tis the mystery of ages,
'Tis the miracle of birth,
'Tis the kiss that nature giveth
To the motherhood of earth.

Ever dying, ever living,
Through the cycles of the years,
Spring, a promise and a portent,
Comes in laughter and in tears.

Hark, its voice an echo bringeth
Of the days we loved and lost;
"Hope," the word it softly whispers,
To the soul that's tempest tossed.

You who weep, and you who labor,
Weary of your work and days,
Listen to the voice of nature
Speaking in its wondrous ways.

"Death! There is none," sings the robin,
"What was life shall live again."
This the message, this the promise
That the springtime brings to men.

—New York Journal.

OUT OF THE POORHOUSE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

MARY MILLER came home from the factory upon that April evening with a light, quick step.

The sky was all a jonquil glow; the frogs were croaking in the swamp; the maples were crimsoned with their earliest banners of blossom; and as she tripped along, Mary found a tuft of violets half hidden under a drift of dead leaves—pale purple, scentless blooms.

"The first violets always bring good luck with them," she whispered to herself, as she pinned them into the bosom of her blue flannel gown.

"Home" was scarcely the ideal realization of that poetic word to this factory girl. She and her mother lived in the upper half of a shabby, unpainted wooden house, with the blacksmith's scolding wife and seven riotous children down stairs, and one-half of a trampled-down back yard by way of garden, where nothing ever grew but burdocks, nettles and Mrs. Muggs's long-legged fowls.

But Mrs. Miller, who had been a school-teacher once, and still retained somewhat of the refinement of her early education, had the tea ready, with a shaded lamp and a bunch of maple blossoms on the table ready for Mary to come home.

"Good news, mother!" the girl cried, lightly. "The Meadow Farm is to let! Mother, we must take it."

Mrs. Miller looked dubiously at the bright, eager face, with its blue-gray eyes and fringes of yellow hair.

"Can we afford it, daughter?" she said, slowly. "A whole house and a farm of forty-three acres?"

"It isn't such a very large house, mother," pleaded Mary, as she laid the bunch of violets in her mother's lap—"not so many more rooms than we have here. And we could keep two cows, and I could sell milk and butter, and spring chickens and eggs; and I am almost sure that Will Dowidge would work the farm on shares. And only think, mother, how delightful it would be to have a home all to ourselves, where we couldn't hear Mrs. Muggs boxing Bobby's ears or Helen shrieking with the toothache! And a little garden, mother, where we could have peonies and hollyhocks, and all those lovely old-fashioned flowers that your soul delights in!"

Mrs. Miller's pale, mild face softened.

"It is now a month since old Mrs. Dabney died," said Mary. "And they say that her daughter in the city and her son out in California despise the old farm, with its one-story house and its old red barn. So it is to let. And so cheap, too! Only a hundred and fifty dollars a year! Mother, we must take it! I'll leave the factory and turn dairy maid. I've saved enough, you know, to buy the two cows and some real Plymouth Rock fowls to begin with, and oh, it will be such a happiness! Say yes, mother—do say yes!"

When Mary Miller pleaded like this, the gentle widow never knew how to refuse; and the upshot of it was that they leased the old Dabney house, and became co-sovereigns of the realm of Meadow Farm.

It was their first night there. Overhead the young May moon shone through a veil of purple mist. A solitary owl hooted in the chestnut wood back of the house, for Meadow Farm was situated on a lonely mountain side where no one ever came except on special business.

The Plymouth Rock chickens were safely shut up where foxes could not reach them nor minks steal in to bleed their young lives away, the cows—two fine young Alderneys—were chewing their cud back of the old red barn, and Mary Miller had flung a handful of cedar sticks on the hearth, where their scented blaze illuminated the old kitchen with a leaping brightness beautiful to see.

"Because it's just possible the house may be damp," she said, "after being uninhabited so long. There, mother, isn't that cheerful? And isn't it nice that our old rag carpet should chance to fit this floor so exactly?" with a satisfied downward glance. "And do you see those tiger-lilies? I found them down by the garden wall—oh, such a red wilderness of them? Old Mrs. Dabney set them out herself, they say. It seems only yesterday," she added, thoughtfully, "that I came past here and saw old Mrs. Dabney sitting in the big chair by the fire, just where—"

Mrs. Miller uttered a little shriek, and grasped her daughter's arm at this moment. Mary stopped short, with an ashy pallor overspreading her cheek.

For as she spoke the door opposite had opened and a very little old woman, silver-haired and shrivelled like a mummy, came in, and walking across the floor seated herself in Mrs. Dabney's very corner—an old woman dressed in a snuff-colored gown which Mrs. Dabney had always worn, and wearing a snuff-silk cap, while a bag depended from her arm.

"It's cold, ladies," she said, looking around with a depreciating air, "cold for the season of the year—and they don't keep fires at Tewkstown."

"Mother," said Mary, recovering herself with a hysterical gasp of relief, "it isn't old Mrs. Dabney's ghost at all. It's old Miss Abby, come back from the Tewkstown Poorhouse."

"You don't mean—" began the mild widow.

"Yes, it is quite true. Mrs. Daniel Dabney and Mrs. Everard Elberson let their old aunt go to the poorhouse?" said Mary Miller. "Yes, it is quite true. Mrs. Daniel leads society in San Francisco, I am told, and Mrs. Elberson is a grand lady in Bridgeport, with a reception day and servants in livery. What could they do with a half crazy old aunt, who takes snuff and talks uncertain grammer? Poor Mrs. Abby. She has wandered back to her old home. She was eighty last birthday, and things are all misty and vague to her."

"But what shall we do?" said Mrs. Miller in accents of perplexity. "A crazy woman here! It doesn't seem just right, Molly, does it?"

"I'll take her back after she has rested a little and had a cup of tea," said Mary, cheerily.

"But perhaps she won't go."

"Oh, yes, she will!" said Mary. "Poor Miss Abby! She is as gentle as a child."

Her words proved to be correct. Miss Abby Dabney suffered herself to be led unremonstratingly back to Tewkstown Poorhouse, where the matron read her a shrill-voiced lecture, and declared she should not be allowed another grain of snuff if she couldn't behave better.

Old Miss Abby smiled deprecatingly.

"They are peculiar people here," she said. "I think, my dear"—to Mary Miller—"they forget sometimes I am a lady. But it takes all sorts, don't you see, to make a world."

The next night, however, just as Mary and her mother were sitting down to tea, Miss Abby once more appeared, in the midst of a gentle shower of rain.

"I hope I don't inconvenience anybody," she said, meekly. "But that woman at Tewkstown has cut off my allowance of snuff; and, after all, there's no place like home."

And once more Mary Miller patiently walked back with the poor old crone to the poorhouse.

The matron was infuriate this time. "It ain't human natur' to stand this!" she declared. "I'll put her in the jug!"

"The—jug?" repeated Mary, in surprise.

"It's a room down cellar where we shut up the troublesome cases," said the matron. "I can't stand this running away business, and I won't!"

The "jug," perhaps, proved efficacious, for old Miss Abby Dabney did not appear again for a week.

At the expiration of that period, however, she walked noiselessly in just at dusk, and seated herself like a silent shadow in the chimney corner.

"It is so good to be at home again," said she, rubbing her wrinkled hands. "I somehow seem to get lost of late. Elnathan is gone, and Betsy is gone, and I'm left here all alone. Yes, a cup of tea, please—sugar and no milk. They never remember how I like my tea at Tewkstown. This is good! And butter on my bread, too! We don't get butter at Tewkstown."

Mary burst into tears.

"Mother," said she, "Miss Abby shall not go back to Tewkstown! She shall stay here! Mother, how should I feel if you were wandering, friendless and alone, through the world?"

"But, my dear—"

"She shall sleep in her own old room, out of the kitchen!" persisted Mary. "She'll be no more care than a canary bird. Oh, mother, do consent! She will think then that she is still in her own home. Oh, if you knew how dreary it is at that Tewkstown Poorhouse, with the grass all trampled out, and piles of clam shells lying around the door, and not so much as a dandelion or a daisy to be seen!"

And Mrs. Miller yielded to Mary's tearful solicitations.

"Do as you please, my child," said she.

The Tewkstown authorities were but too glad to be rid of the poor old imbecile, and Miss Abby Dabney settled down into her old home, as contentedly and unquestioningly as if she had never left it. She ate and drank but little; she talked still less, and seemed to regard Mrs. Miller and Mary as guests, who had come to visit the old farm.

"The Widow Miller and her darter must be rich folks, to undertake to support old Miss Abby," sneered one neighbor.

"She was well enough provided for at the poorhouse," said another.

"I never yet saw a farm succeed that was worked by women-folks," jeered a third.

"There'll be the biggest kind of a smash up presently," observed number four. "And an auction sale of everything; and I'll be on hand—for I don't deny that them little Alderney cows is the cunningest creeturs I ever set eyes on, and good milkers into the bargain."

But time wore on, and there was no flutter of any red flag over the porch. On the contrary, matters throve, and Mary Miller declared joyously, that "farming was a great deal more profitable business than working in the factory, and she only wished that she had found it out before."

Until one gray, autumnal evening Mary and her mother came back from a brisk walk to the village, and found a stalwart, sunbrowned man sitting opposite to Miss Abby, by the red glow of the fire.

The old woman rose up, in an odd, uncertain way.

"Ladies," she said, fumbling in her old snuff-box, "this is my nephew, Cyrus Dabney—he as ran away from home twenty-nine year ago come Michaelmas Day, and we all supposed was dead. Cyrus, these are the ladies who are so good as to visit me here. I don't quite recollect their names, but, then, my memory ain't as good as it used to be—and after all it don't matter much. Nothing matters much nowadays!"

And Miss Abby sat down and fell into a "daze" again, as if all necessity for conversational effort were over.

Cyrus Dabney stood up—a bronzed, bearded giant, with dark eyes and superb stature.

"Ladies, I beg your pardon!" he said. "But s'posed when I came here, I was coming home. I knew nothing of all these changes. I never could have dreamed that my cousin would let this old creature go to—the town poorhouse. I don't know who you are, ladies," with a husky rattle in his throat, "but I thank you from the very bottom of my heart for giving her a shelter in her old age. And if money will pay you for it—"

"It will not!" said Mary, sharply, as if the words conveyed a slur.

"No, I s'posed not," said Cyrus, with a sigh. "But I've plenty of money now. The dear old aunty shall live like a queen all the rest of her days, for she was good to me when all the rest set me down for a black sheep. I've made my fortune out in Panama, and I've come home to redeem myself."

"I have heard of Cyrus Dabney," said Mrs. Miller, gently.

"And I'll venture, ma'am, you heard no good of me," said the young giant, with a short laugh. "I'll not deny that I was a wild boy enough, but there wasn't any actual evil in me, let folks say what they would. And now I've come back a rich man, and there's nobody to bid me welcome home except old Aunt Abby, out of the poorhouse."

He could not long have made this statement, however.

All the town was up to bid the rich Government contractor welcome to Tewkstown within twenty-four hours. Human nature is human nature everywhere. But Cyrus Dabney cared little for the friendly overtures of the old neighbors.

Aunt Abby was the only person for whom he seemed to care, and his greatest grief was that the old woman refused to leave the old Dabney farmhouse to live in the stately brick mansion which he built on Prospect Hill.

And then he asked permission to deck her little bedroom with the curiosities he had brought her from the isthmus, and in tacking up draperies and arranging shells and old silver coins he and Mary became friends.

Friends! She never knew that it was anything else, until one day old Aunt Abby took a strange idea into her head. And Mary, holding a rich Oriental cord for Cyrus Dabney to loop into knots for picture frames, heard her introduce Mrs. Miller to a neighbor as "My guest, Mrs. Miller, the mother of the young lady that Nephew Cyrus is going to marry."

Cyrus looked at Mary. Mary dropped the ball of cord and turned crimson.

"Mary," he said, "say that it shall be so. For I love you—yes, I love you! And I can't live without you love. And—and you were good to old Aunt Abby when all the world turned against her. I sometimes think, Mary, that you must be like one of heaven's angels!"

And this was how they became engaged.

They still live in the old farmhouse, the happiest of married lovers, and Aunt Abbey firmly believes that they are all her guests, for to her the world stands eternally still—the world that is so full of bloom and beauty to Cyrus and Mary.—Saturday Night.

England Advised to Wake Up.

The rise of Japan to the first position among the Asiatic Powers is not only the most amazing incident of the half century, but it is the one which most directly affects the future of Great Britain. If the war ends in one probable way, namely, a subordinate alliance of China and Japan, we shall have in Asia a Mongolian empire of 400,000,000, guided by men who can create fleets as good as any in Europe, who can organize great armies under Prussian discipline, and who can pursue fixed purposes of ambition with patient concealment of them for twenty years—an empire which can attack Russia and France and Great Britain by land, its roads into Turkestan, Tonquin, British Burmah and Bengal (via Sikkim or Nepall) being all open, all known, and all indefensible without frightful expense and exhausting additions to the permanent garrison. If, again, the war ends in another probable way, by payment of a great indemnity and a cession of Korea and Formosa, we shall have a great naval power on the eastern edge of Asia elated with victory, intent of adventure and conquest, and willing for, perhaps even anxious, to test its strength in naval engagements with some single, first-class European Power. And, lastly, if the war ends in a draw game, we shall have a most capable, though disappointed Asiatic people able to live on low wages, devoting itself to manufactures and shipbuilding in a way which may in a few years divert from Great Britain much of its carrying trade, now our largest source of profit, all our textile industry, and much of our trade in iron machinery and coal. Nevertheless, we English are watching events more important to us than any European war, with dull and sleepy interest. Not a word is said in Parliament about them, no candidate mentions them to the hustings, no party has expressed or formed any definite idea as to our fitting policy, and as we have said, even the journals, usually so eager for 'subjects,' content themselves with telegraphic reports, often very costly, but not always either consistent or intelligible.—London Spectator.

The World's Greatest Forest.

It appears that Siberia, from the plain of the Obi River on the west to the valley of the Indighirka on the east, embracing the great plains, or river valleys, of the Yenisei, Olenek, Lena and Yana Rivers, is one great timber belt, averaging more than 1000 miles in breadth from north to south, being fully 1700 miles wide in the Yenisei district, and having a length from east to west of not less than 4600 versts, about 3000 miles. Unlike equatorial forests, the trees of the Siberian taigas are mainly conifers, comprising pines of several varieties, firs and larches. In the Yenisei, Lena and Olenek regions there are thousands of square miles where no human being has ever been. The long stemmed conifers rise to a height of 150 feet or more, and stand so closely together that walking among them is difficult.

The dense, lofty tops exclude the pale Arctic sunshine, and the straight, pale trunks, all looking exactly alike, so bewilder the eye in the obscurity that all sense of direction is lost. Even the most experienced trappers of sable dare not venture into the dense taigas without taking the precaution of "blazing" the trees constantly with hatchets as they walk forward. If lost there the hunter rarely finds his way out, but perishes from starvation or cold. The natives avoid the taigas, and have a name for them which signifies "places where the mind is lost."—Youth's Companion.

What Must the Parson Have Thought!

A young lady organist in a church was captivated with the young pastor of a church in the next street, and was delighted to hear one week that by exchange he was to preach the next Sunday in her own church. The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough. This day the organist was anxious that all should go well, and as the service was about to begin she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eye. He took it, and in spite of her agonized beckonings carried it straight to the preacher. What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read: "Oblige me this morning by blowing away till I give you a signal to stop.—Miss Allen." Montreal Star.

Beau McAllister's Ideal Gentleman.

The late Ward McAllister gave this definition of a gentleman: "A gentleman is a person free from arrogance and anything like self-assertion, considerate of the feelings of others, and so satisfied and secure in his own position that he is always unpretentious, feeling that he could not do an ungentlemany act; as courteous in his manners to his inferiors as to his equals."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Mexico's coffee exports increase, from $2,420,000 in the last three months of 1893 to $5,990,000 in the same moths of 1894.

A BIG CUT in all kinds of DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GENTS' FURNISHINGS CARPETS, QUEENSWARE, &c., for 30 days at J. E. SHANNAHAN'S. Cashmeres, Dress Goods, Dress Trimmings, Velvets, Ribbons and Embroidery Silks, at and below cost.

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs and and all other Gents' Furnishings greatly reduced. A big line of Sheetings, Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Bed Spreads, Lace Curtains and Portieres, extra cheap. See our Trunks, Telescopes and Satchels. Our Mattings are pretty and cheap. 15 per cent. off on all Carpets, Art Squares and Rugs. 20 per cent. off on all China, Glass and Queensware. A big line of Dinner, Tea and Chamber Sets, Salad Sets, Chocolate Pots, Lamps, in fact everything in the Queensware line. $1.00 Portable Heaters for 75c—now is the time for them. A big line of Pipes and Cigar Smokers, at half price. Over 100 pairs of 50c. Corsets for 32 cents per pair. Children's Ice Hose for 5 cents. Good Steel scissors, all sizes at 25c. Solid Silver Thimbles for 25 cents. Knives, Forks and Spoons equally as cheap. New Home and American Sewing Machines from $12.00 to $30. A first-class Machine for $18.00. A call will be appreciated by J. E. SHANNAHAN. 11-18

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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.

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

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Having just purchased a complete test case, I am prepared to examine eyes and fit spectacles and eyeglasses in a thorough and complete manner. YOU need not go to the cities for relief if your eyes cause you pain or headache, but call and consult "STURMER."

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Wanted!

50,000 lbs. of Wool

Beginning about May 10th, I will pay the highest cash price for Wool delivered at my store in Easton, where it will be weighed and inspected right before you

MARTIN M. WRIGHT,

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Having Bought

The Shops and Tools of William H. Wihgott, opposite Wilson's Mill, Easton, Md., also the tools of E. J. Biery, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and repair all kinds of Machinery, from a sewing machine to the largest and heaviest machinery made. A competent blacksmith and machinist always in charge of shops. I shall also continue to carry on my old line of

Contracting and Building

Plumbing and Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating.—Agent for the Aremotor Windmill. All work carefully and promptly done. Give me a call. I think I can please you.

LEWIS WHITEHOUSE, - Prop'r.

E. J. BIERY, Foreman.

☞N. B.—Mr. William J. Biery has also located his wheelwright business in the same shop with me, and is now prepared to do all kinds of Repair work in his line in his usual prompt and careful manner.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Genius never plods.

Time may be money, but eternity is not.

Many love and marry; fewer marry and love.

Good advice is liable to spoil for want of use.

There is such a thing as useful truthfulness.

It is cowardice to fear men, but discretion to fear women.

Some charitable people are almost objects of charity themselves.

The good is always beautiful, but the beautiful is not always good.

The misanthrope is the result of too much or too little human association.

A mother is the only person on earth whose goodness isn't the preface of a request.

There is so little real reason for vanity that it is remarkable that it is so prevalent.

When we look at the result of some human follies they become too tragical to laugh at.

Energy is the greatest aid that old men or young men can have in their plans and projects.

The stronger the body, the more it obeys; the weaker the body, the more it commands.

If all men were absolutely equal, hypocrisy would be crushed out and superseded by candor.

Know what thou canst best work at, and work at it like a Hercules. That will be thy better plan.

The gloomy and resentful are usually found among those who have nothing to do or who do nothing.

Reading simply to be amused is not enough, since there are many works both amusing and instructive.

Hearts are like flowers; they remain open to the softly falling dew, but shut up in the violent downpour.

It has been proven that when a hostess stops bringing out refreshments to her callers half of them quit.

The Great Man Milliner.

The death at Paris of Charles Frederick Worth, who made gowns for all the Queens of Europe save Victoria, has aroused many reminiscences of his unique career. Although it has been generally thought that he was a Frenchman, he was born in the little town of Bourne, Lincolnshire, England, in 1825, and was first apprenticed to a printer. Being of a delicate and artistic nature he forsook printing and went into a dry goods establishment in London. He was developed rapidly until he became the most famous man milliner the world has ever known.

Worth was kind-hearted, generous and philanthrophic. During the Franco-Prussian War, when there was a paucity of hospitals for the sick and wounded, he surrendered his beautiful country seat at Suresnes and all his emporiums to be utilized by the French as hospitals, and he made his clerks act as nurses. The supply of wood and coal gave out, and there was no way to replenish it. What did the kind-hearted Worth do but order his men to tear down the staircases and use the wood for fuel.

During the reign of the Communists at the siege of Paris he contributed money liberally to defray the expenses of war.

As a man Worth was exceedingly moderate in his tastes. He possessed but one hobby; that was horseback riding. Both in Paris and at his suburban country seat he kept several thoroughbred horses. He was by no means a sportsman, cared nothing for shooting or riding after a pack of hounds, but his chief delight—in fact, it was almost a mania—was to attract attention and receive public notice and comment. Frequently he would saddle his horse and ride through the principal thoroughfares in Paris, attired in gaudy colors, for no other purpose than to allow the public to gaze upon him, and to hear the throng say as he passed: "There goes the great Worth; see how finely he is dressed!"

He had a different costume for every day in the week, and no one could induce him to wear a Monday's attire on a Tuesday.

Velvet was his favorite cloth, of which he had costumes in nearly every shade and color. He insisted upon wearing heavy long lace upon his cuffs; and, whenever he went driving with a friend, he invariably wore a long velvet dressing gown, with a flowing silk sash.—New York Recorder.

Peculiar Fruit of the Mountain Ash.

The mountain ash is a species of Sorbus, and the berries are found to contain a saccharine substance wholly peculiar to this fruit, and which has therefore been named sorbitol. The chemical world has been astonished to find precisely the same substance in a species of cherry—Cerasus—lawrocerasus. The same chemists, Vincent and Delachanal, have found in the fruit of this species of cherry, mannitol, a substance hitherto found among trees, chiefly in the manna ash. A remarkable circumstance about the latter is that it is found to some extent in some seaweeds and in mushrooms—plants so widely separated genetically from the manna ash from which the substance originally derived its name.—New York Independent.

An Infamous Trade.

A Bohemian named Proschaska has been arrested at Prague for selling to a Hamburg firm a number of children whose growth had been checked by peculiar diet to such a degree that they were midgets in size. He and the parents of the children have been sent to prison.—Chicago Times Herald.

Annie Gormon, a 2-year-old Chicago tot, fell thirty feet recently and in two minutes after was as chipper and bright as before. She had a good cry, as she was badly scared but the doctors say she is absolutely uninjured.

THE NEWS.

It took the fire department and a posse of citizens, led by a sheriff's deputy, to arrest a burglar named Camp, who was in the room of a hotel in New Richmond, Wis.——An attempt was made to blow up a new hotel at Garwood, N. J., with dynamite. Garwood is situated a short distance from Cranford, in Union County. A portion of the building was destroyed. Proprietor Patterson and his wife, who were in the hotel at the time, escaped without being seriously hurt.——A party of workmen were drilling in the rock at the foot of a thirty foot precipice, at Uniontown, when a ledge became loosened and fell, burying three of them. Michael Joy was crushed to death, Patrick Ryan was fatally injured, and an Italian was seriously hurt.——In Pottsville, Pa., Thomas Flood was killed James Tidibock fatally injured, and two other men badly burned while drilling a hole that had already been charged with dynamite, at the Albright colliery at Llewellyn.

Charles Ulrich, who has been on trial in Houghton, Mich., for three days for the murder of Dominic Christina by blowing up the nitro-glycerine factory of the Hancock Chemical Company, was acquitted.——Jas. Dailey, a car cleaner for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, was instantly killed near the car sheds in New Haven, Ct. He was crossing a broken train, when the engine suddenly backed the forward section, and he was crushed to death between the buffers.——The board of directors of the Cotton States and International Exposition decided to invite President Cleveland and his Cabinet to Atlanta on the opening day of the exposition.——Connell, Green & Co., retail dry goods merchants of Nashville, Tenn., made an assignment, H. B. Claflin & Co., whose claim is $26,000, being the largest creditor.

In an explosion at the Cambria Iron Works several men were hurt.——Aaron Lyman, a lineman, met with a horrible death in Cincinnati by falling upon a live wire.——Burglars ransacked two business establishments in Norfolk, Va. and escaped.——Captain Wm. J. Jones, of the ship Bidston Hill, at Newport News, Va., was held for the action of the federal grand jury for ordering a custom-house inspector off his vessel.——The Delaware State Senate passed the House bill making Mar. ret H. and Rosalie Wilson the daughters and heirs of J. Edward Addicks.

Judge Wood discharged Charles J. and Frank R. D. Meadowcroft, insolvent bankers, from indictment in Chicago on charge of receiving money when they knew their bank was insolvent.——Dr. J. B. Murphy, of Chicago, was elected president of the National Association of Railway Surgeons at its session in Chicago.

The schooner E. Merriam arrived at Boston with the crew of the Norwegian bark Carl, abandoned and set on fire at sea.——The annual meeting of the Harrison International Telephone Company was held in Chicago.——The sixth annual session of the International Association of Mechanists was held in Cincinnati.——H. W. Thomas was shot and killed by F. L. Williams as he was leaving the residence of the divorced wife of the latter, in Minneapolis.——Isaac Jope, night clerk in a Pittsburg hotel, was found murdered in the basement of the hotel.——Harry Thatcher, a student at Lehigh University, had his eyes destroyed by an explosion of acids.——An eruptive disease resembling small-pox has caused a big scare in Staunton, Va., and Lexington has quarantined against the suspected town.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

Wilkins, Ketcham & Rothehild's furniture factory in Chicago was damaged by fire to the extent of $125,000.

M. A Elder, janitor of the G. A. R. Hall at Elyria, Ohio, was possibly fatally burned by an explosion of gas, which wrecked the building.

A cyclone struck Halstead, twenty miles east of Hutchinson, Kansas. It is reported that ten people have been killed and great damage done.

A despatch from Niobrara, Nebraska, says that the Government school building on the Santee Indian Reservation was burned, causing a loss of $40,000.

Frank H. De Alva, aged about 28, was crushed to death while trying to fix some belting on a shaft in the Mohr printing establishment in New York city.

During a heavy gale 11 loaded freight cars on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railroad were blown from the track and overturned, near Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

James Hoffneim r, a deaf mute, 21 years old, was struck by a trolley car, in Brooklyn, and instantly killed. This makes the total number of victims killed by the Brooklyn trolleys 110.

The bodies of Mrs. Mary Potter, her daughter, Mrs. Pat Finley, and little Ethel Finley were found in the Austrian river, in Alger county, Michigan. It is believed that they were drowned by the capsizing of a boat.

Reports received from Southwest Missouri state that chinch bugs have made an early appearance and much damage is being done to growing wheat. Similar damage from these bugs is reported in Northern Kansas, Arkansas and Indian Territory.

The town of Lorimore, Iowa, was almost entirely wiped out by fire, of supposed incendiary origin. Sixteen business houses were consumed and enough residence property to render 11 families homeless. The loss will aggregate $100,000.

The grand jury at Butte, Montana, which for three weeks has been investigating the dynamite explosion in which 58 men were killed, reports it has been unable to fix the responsibility. Civil suits for damages, aggregating $230,000, have been brought against the two hardware companies.

The tug boat R. H. Smith was sunk in a collision with the tug W. E. Chapman, off Pier 46, East river, in New York. Three men were picked up out of the water by the tug N. L. Wright, which was near by at the time of the collision. It is thought that one man was drowned from the sunken tug.

LIGHTNING STRUCK ANGLERS.

One Sportsman Killed, One Fatally Injured and a Third Shocked.

Chilton Woods, Ham Basolle, Jr., and T. J. Boldman, three young married men of Rock Camp, Ohio, went fishing. During a storm the party took shelter under a tree which was struck by lightning and shattered into fragments.

Woods was instantly killed, Basolle fatally injured and Boldman seriously shocked. Their steel cartridge belts were torn and twisted out of shape.

TEN KILLED.

Kansas Cyclone Spreads Ruin in Its Narrow Path.

LIKE AN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK

A Whirling Black Cloud Struck the Farming Country South of Patterson, Kan.s. and Left Nothing Standing in Its Way.

Wreck, ruin, and loss of life were crowded into a brief space of time by a cyclone in the farming district twenty miles east of Hutchinson, Kans. Ten lives were crused out.

About 4.20 o'clock P. M., a twisting, hurling cloud was seen to approach Patterson, a small station of the Frisco road, about six miles from Burton. The air was dry and filled with electricity. Those who saw it say it resembled a great mass of flying smoke and dust from a prairie fire. The air was hot as if it came from a furnace. The storm struck about a mile south of Patterson, and for sixteen miles in a north westerly direction left death and ruin in a path 100 yards to a quarter of a mile in width. Twenty were injured.

The residence of Cyrus Hinkstein, William White, B. E. Friselle, and A. S. Powell were demolished, and many others damaged. The pupils of the Hoge District School, in the path of the storm, were hurried out of danger by the young lady teacher, and she is the heroine of the hour. A few minutes after the last pupil left the building fell.

WHAT THE STORM LOOKED LIKE.

The sky was overspread with black clouds, and the storm cloud as it approached the town wound about like the swaying trunk of a giant elephant. After the cyclone swept by, leaving devastation and death in its wake, the citizens went to work caring for the wounded and removing the dead bodies from beneath the heaps of debris.

Rain had been falling throughout Southwestern Kansas at intervals for two days, and there was a severe hail storm in this section. Of the twenty injured, Mrs. Frye, Joseph Wear, and Mr. Friselle will die.

The first house demolished was that of Mrs. Frye, a small structure. The house of Jake Salmisky and John Sultzbach were wrecked, but no one was killed.

George Wear's fine residence was reduced to kindling wood. His wife and three children were killed. Two of the children escaped by going into the cellar.

E. C. Caldwell's house, on the West Side, was destroyed. The family escaped by going into the cellar.

D. E. Friselle's new $3,000 house was wiped out, leaving only the cellar in which were his wife and three children uninjured. Across the road was the large house of J. B. Friselle which met the fate of all in the tornado's pathway. Mrs. Friselle was fatally hurt. Will m Armstrong's house was torn to pieces, he was killed and his wife seriously injured. William Morris was severely injured and "Grandpa" Chapin killed when his house was torn by the wind.

STRANGE FREAKS OF THE WIND.

The homes of William White and Cyrus Henson were also destroyed and the latter was injured fatally, it is feared.

The houses of A. R. Parnell, Spencer Ray, A. Cummings and M. G. Hogrex were demolished, but the only person dangerously injured is Mrs. Cummings.

Jacob Stinchey saw the storm and hastened from the field, where he was working. He turned his horses in the barn and ran to the house taking the family into the cellar. The storm blew away the barn, lifted the house from its foundation and landed one of the horses on Mrs. Stinchey, probably injuring her fatally. The horse was taken from the cellar harnessed and unhurt. The Schmidt family of four were all killed.

A west-bound passenger train on the Santa Fe was held at Halstead until the storm had passed. Where it crossed the track telegraph lines, poles, wires and all were swept away. The train would certainly have been wrecked had it gone ahead. In addition to the houses destroyed were barns, buildings, orchards, &c., while the pathway of the storm is lined with carcasses of dead horses, cattle, hogs, and other animals.

The loss will be great, as the district visited was settled by well-to-do farmers.

NICARAGUA'S TROUBLE OVER.

President Zelaya Still Says the Trouble Was Caused by England.

A despatch to the London Times from Granada, Nicaragua, says that President Zelaya has telegraphed to that city confirming the statement that the trouble between Great Britain and Nicaragua had been settled.

The President added that it was painful that the question had reached the extremity it did, when it might have been settled by friendly discussion. That, he says, was flatly refused by Great Britain.

AN ALLEGED REVOLUTION.

NEW YORK.—A special cablegram from Tegucigalpa, Honduras, says:

"Fighting has begun in Granada, Nicaragua. Disorder is reported from Leon also. Word comes from there that the followers of Ordiz, Zerula and Macherro have united to make war on Zelaya.

"The Honduran troops concentrated at Cape Gracias will remain there, as it is feared that the threatened outbreak on the Mosquito Reservation may extend here. The troops at Amalpa will be distributed along the coast.

"General Bonilla will take 4,000 men and go to President Zelaya's aid if requested.

"The evacuation of Corinto and the sailing of the British ships is announced.

SIGHTEEN YEARS IN PRISON.

Train Robber Morgan Refused a New Trial by a Virginia Court.

The Supreme Court of Appeals refused a writ of error in the case of the Acquia Creek train robber, who was arrested in Cincinnati and taken to Stafford county, Va., for trial. This settles it and Morgan must go to the penitentiary for eighteen years. No power can now save him except the Governor.

Major Wissmann, the well-known German explorer, has been appointed Governor of German East Africa.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Sir Oliver Mowat has become the honorary president of the Hamilton, Ont., base ball team.

Sig. Alata, a telegraph operator in Milan, is said to have invented a method of musical notation by wire.

Captain Joshua Slocum has sailed for East Boston in his forty-foot sloop Spray for an all around the world voyage. Captain Slocum is a noted adventurer.

Mrs. Mary E. Richmond, of Batavia, N. Y., widow of Dean Richmond, the famous railroad and steamboat man, leaves an estate of $15,000,000 to be divided among her children.

Gen. Simon B. Buckner, the Confederate veteran, is one of the most enthusiastic advocates of good roads in Kentucky. On his big farm in Hart county he has constructed ten miles of macadamized highways.

J. B. Gordon, General Commanding the United States Confederate Veterans, through George Y. Moorman, Adjutant General, has issued an order in which he announced that No. 600 has been reached in the enrollment of new camps, and that application has been made for the organization of nearly 100 more.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid was in Jerusalem April 6. At that date he had just come up from Suez through the Sinai Desert and was about to start northward through Damascus to Beyrout, which he expected to reach on April 30. Taking steamer at that point to Marseilles, the party hoped to reach Paris by May 10 and New York about the middle of June. Mr. Reid's health is greatly improved and he writes he is as well to-day as he has been at any time during the past ten years.

Oronhyatekha, a Canadian Indian, is employing himself in London. He is a pure Mohawk and is president of the Grand Council of the Chiefs of Canada, which comprises the Mohawks, Oneidas, Omondagas, Cayugas, Senecas and Tuscaroras. He tickets the Londoners by saying: "The Americans sacked our towns and villages. As to the French we thrashed them; when they came we drove them back. Originally, you know, we were settled on the banks of the Mohawk Valley, stretching from Albany to Niagara. We left it voluntarily in order to be still British, made ourselves exiles in order to be still British.

CABLE SPARKS.

Sentiments in Newfoundland is said to be growing against annexation with Canada.

The Dowager Duchess of Marlborough was married in London to Lord William Beresford.

In the Spanish Chamber of Deputies the adoption of reforms for Cuba was advocated by Senator Lobra.

Troops were called out in Mexico city to quell striking street porters at the custom-house. The trouble was quieted and the strikers returned to work.

The condition of the Duke of Orleans, who broke his leg near Seville, Spain, while out hunting, is serious. A slight attack of pneumonia is complicating matters.

Cuban insurgents give no quarter to the Spanish in battle, and in a recent engagement nearly 200 soldiers were killed. General Maceo's troops have been defeated by the Spaniards.

May-Day celebrations throughout Europe were generally of an orderly character, but little attempt being made at demonstrations and only a few people taking part. At Liege, Belgium, ten arrests were made.

The breaking of the Bouzey dyke, near Epinal, France, is said to have been caused by the disintegration of the masonry owing to the severe cold of last winter. Government relief is being given the homeless people.

It is reported from Paris that Russia has asked France and Germany to sign a joint note requesting their objections to the Japan-China treaty, and declaring that armed intervention will be warranted if their objections are ignored.

Great Britain has consented to withdraw her fleet from Corinto provided reasonable security is given by Nicaragua for the payment of the indemnity within 15 days. This it is thought, will end the incident, although it is reported there is danger of a revolution should the Nicaraguan government yield to Great Britain.

WORK AND WORKERS.

The Minnesota Iron Company has announced a 10 per cent. raise in wages for its 1,000 employes.

The molders employed in eight foundries in Cleveland, Ohio, went on strike for an increase in wages.

The annual convention of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers will be held in Cleveland in two weeks, and it will be the most important session since 1892.

Two hundred employes of the Athens, Ga. Cotton Mills struck on account of a 10 per cent. cut in wages and an order to pay only half cash and the remainder in tickets. This will force out 125 hands at the upper mills also.

Six hundred coal miners, employed by the companies composing the Laurel (Ky.) Coal Association, went out on a strike and will probably remain out all summer. They strike for the pay of last year—70 cents per ton. The operators offer only 65 cents.

A special from Janesville, Wis., says, Three hundred employes of the Janesville Company struck because the company would not restore wages which were cut 10 per cent. two years ago. The manager says the mills will probably be closed indefinite y.

At Pocohontas, Va., no attempt was made to join the strike. The town is quiet, and this company, the larg