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# The Easton Gazette.

THE OLDEST
PAPER IN TALBOT COUNTY
The Purest in Politics, the Subscriptio
Lists containing the most Bona-fide subscribers.

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### LOVE'S POWER.

hough the storms above it beat
ove shall make thy dwelling sweet;
nough the winter falleth gray,
here shall bloom a rose of May;
nd beneath the darkest night
hou shalt rest in peace and light.

in l and sweet shall be thy rest,
ith Love's roses on thy breast;
the dark or in the day
e shall kiss thy tears away.
weeter heaven may not be
han the heaven Love makes for thee!
-F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

## SAVED BY A SQUAW.

BY GERTRUDE P. MILLARD.

IT was so hot that the blue-gum leaves fairly sizzled. So hot that, as Pete Oberlin looked across the road from his shanty, the outlines of the Oasis aloon, and those of the combined ostoffice and grocery, seemed to aver and dance in the furnace curt rising to the glaring, brazen sky. ot as it was outdoors, it was still like an oven in Pete's little one-om hut, for the fire was blazing, l Pete, coatless and vestless, was erseeing a frying-pan of bacon and mess of boiling potatoes.

The appetizing odor floated out of e doorway and spread over the eighborhood. It was distinctly noiceable as far off as the row of lopped ucalypti beyond the saloon. At the oot of one of these trees lay what at irst sight seemed only a bundle of ags; but a closer inspection revealed a shock of black hair and glimpses of a brown parchment skin that indicated a human being. Gradually, as the welcome aroma penetrated the creature's befoggled brain, the heap of rags stirred and tossed, and finally, uplifting bodily, resolved itself into a very dirty and torn blanket, surmounted by a hideous, blear-eyed countenance. The old hag—for it was a woman—sniffed at the wandering fragrance, trying to catch its direction, and then staggered unsteadily across the road to Pete's cabin.

"Hello there, Wawaga! Gettin' over yer spree?" greeted that gentleman, easily.

"Umph! No drunk! Injun hungry!" remarked the visitor.

Pete, laughing good-naturedly, replied: "You wait; I'll give you a bite pretty quick now."

The old woman squatted on her heels by the stove and greedily eyed the preparations for the feast, while Pete kept his own optics steadily on his cooking to forestall any possible burning. The squaw's restless gaze roved around the room, finally pausing at the shelf behind the stove, upon which stood a cheap alarm-clock and a big black bottle; here it remained fixed until Pete looked at her once more, whereupon she announced in her quavering croak:

"Ol' Injun heap thirsty."

Pete laughed again. "Go along out ter ther pump, then," he said.

But Wawaga's eye was still glued to the interesting object before here. Soon Pete himself went out to the pump, pail in hand; immediately the bundle of rags by the wall stretched up a lean arm, with the quick and stealthy motion of a pouncing cat, and, seizing the bottle, poured the fiery contents down through the brown, parchment throat.

Such an unearthly howling and yelling as followed this successful thievery! Pete dropped his pail and came running in, to find his guest doubled up in agony and rolling around on the floor screeching like mad.

"What struck her?" he cried; but ust then catching sight of the black ottle still clutched in the Indian's kinny claw, his blank look turned to a wide grin. He dropped on the nearest box, chuckling: "My eye! ef the old fool ain't drunk that ther quart o' kesosene!" The terror-stricken creaming redoubled, while the man watched the poor wretch's antics in ecstasy. "Guess it'll teach her to quit meddlin'," he muttered, gleefully; but as the moments passed, he began to realize that the matter was serious, for the creature's contortions grew awful and her anguish too great for amusement.

Pete's grin faded insensibly; he scratched his head thoughtfully, grumbling: "Don't know as I want the old gal kickin' the bucket right here and now, but what in tarnal creation's a feller goin' ter do fer her? Oh, gosh! I know!" He bolted across the road, sending up a choking cloud of powdry soil, and burst into the store. "Say, Ike, yer got any mustard?" he demanded; "old Wagaga's done drunk all my coal oil, an' I guess it's goin' ter kill her! Don't yer hear that screechin'?" Ike Dempsey, roused from his mid-day nap, rubbed his eyes and stretched himself, then rising deliberately from the cracker-barrel, and thrusting his quid into one cheek, drawled, lazily: "Wal, now, where's the hurt of the ol' sot do gin us the shake? Oh, doan't be in er rush naow! I guess ther's a can er mustard raound somewhers." Reaching a long, lazy arm under the counter, he clattered among his possessions and brought up a fistful of yellow-brown dust. "Th[illegible]here nuff? Never mind payin'!" In two minutes more Pete Oberlin laid violent hands on the rolling heap of agony in his cabin, and sternly commanded, "Drink this here." She drank it. Then the frotiersman dragged her bodily outside the shanty, and left her alone with her misery.

After some time Pete returned to his patient, bearing a tin plate with a generous share of his dinner. He presented this with a flourish, and grinned sympathetically as the morsels of food disappeared.

When the shadows of the blue-gums stretched long and gaunt to the eastward, and a mellow pink flushed the tops of the grand, distant mountains, a tipsy and squalid old squaw, in tattered blanket, trailed slowly up the dusty road through the foothills; and for six months neither Ike Dempsey nor Pete, nor even Pat Grogan at the saloon, saw any more of Wawaga.

When Pete Oberlin reached up to the shelf behind the stove that night, and, after feeling vainly around in the darkness, struck a match and examined the surface, he let forth a volley of oaths that would have shocked the ears of a mule-driver, finishing up wrathfully with: "Wisht I'd let the old thief die, afore ever she got away with my hand carved briar wood pipe."

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Week after week, Pete Oberlin, in his capacity of mail-carrier, jogged over the dusty plain, wound in and out through the foot-hills, with a stop here and there at the ranches, and climbed over the ridge to the fort on the reservation, always the destination of the biggest part of his budget.

After the early rains had carpeted the bare brown hills with green and given a glossier tinge to the mournful bark-stripped eucalyptus, he began to hear ugly rumors on his trips from farm house to farm house. There had not been an Indian outbreak for twenty years in that section, but some disquieting influence was hard at work on the redskins. Some said the Indian Messiah was coming, others that one of Geronimo's lieutenants had been sowing this excitement among them; be that as it may, there was watchful anxiety at the foot and a growing feeling of danger in the breasts of the neighboring ranchmen.

One soft winter's night, when the damp-laden rain-wind blew heavily from the south and the low-hung cloud-blanket shut out every wee ray of starlight, dark-mounted figures met in a sheltered hill basin. Ten, twenty, fifty, they gathered; then in single file, with muffled hoofs, they wound away from their prison. Several hours later as the mischievous band stealthily made its way out on the plain, a stunted figure, in a ragged blanket, shrunk silently into the bushes to let the cavalcade pass; and then emerged once more from her cover and struck into a swinging trot in the rear of the swift-moving riders.

A faint, angry flush of dawn peeped over the sombre mountains as the redskin braves surrounded the few scattered buildings composing Rush Station. A dog barked in the rear of the saloon, and, in response, a sharp report sent a shudder through the chill morning air; with a howl of anguish, the poor beast rolled over in the dust. At the crack of the pistol, the half dozen men in the shanties came tumbling out from different doorways. Not one was more than half dressed, but each one had snatched up his rifle. What odds are six men against fifty? As the hastily wakened settlers stumbled out from their cabins a leaden hail rattled around them; two of their number fell, struck off at once by the raiders. "Injuns, by the tarnal heavens!" cried Ike Dempsey, and the four remaining defenders, now very thoroughly aroused, drew quickly back into the store and blazed away from this cover at their murderous assailants. They had ammunition in plenty and spare guns. Ike's wife put her two little sobbing children into a big box in the centre of the building as the point that was furthest from danger, and hereself filled the hot, smoking rifles. The fusilade was thick and fast, and bullets flew in through the openings. Pat Grogan's right arm was shattered, but he rested his gun on the window and fired away vindictively. Poor Smith was shot through the lungs, and fell in a dying condition; Mrs. Dempsey took his place, handling her rifle deftly. Time and again some sharp howl of anguish told of a well directed shot at the half concealed, sinister foemen.

Morning was advancing; perhaps by this time the flight from the reservation was discovered, and soldiers were coming to help them—if only they could keep the red devils at bay a while longer. Vain hope! Black Wing, chief of the raiders, had also thought of the soldiers; he concluded it was time to make short work of these sharp-sighted marksmen who were picking off his companions. There came a sudden, fearful yelling, a swift rush and retreat of moccasined feet, then the pungent smell of smoke, and the ominous crackling of the fire licking up the dry boards. The heat became intolerable—to remain was sure death from the destroying element.

"We must run for it, boys!" cried Pete Oberlin. "The door of my shanty stands open, an' ther' ain't no Injuns inside it!"

The shot-riddled portal was flung wide, with the two little lads in the middle, the forlorn hope sought a new refuge, their guns speaking death in the passage. Ike Dempsey fell in his own doorway, shot through the brain. Pat Grogan fell in the roadway, and, at the same moment, the brave who had shot him reeled and toppled down from his saddle. With a horrible sense of sickness, Pete saw a savage horseman bury his tomahawk in the woman's head, and then snatch up one of the children and dash his skull on the doorstone. The other little fellow slipped from the hand that grasped at him and stumbled over the cabin threshold, barely escaping a bullet; a sharp whistle cut the air, Pete felt a stinging pain in his shoulder, and fell to the ground unconscious.

With an exultant shout at the destruction of this last enemy, the savage band swarmed from their places of attack and hastily entered the buildings, stowing away whatever was easily portable and making sad havoc in Grogan's stock of liquors; but they were not yet far enough from the reservation to allow themselves a long stop. The store was burning fiercely; to force his unruly following to hurry, Black Wing fired the saloon with his own hand, the wooden frame blazing like tinder. One by one the sheds and shacks were ignited; three or four wretches, with fresh, gory scalps dangling at their belt, rushed over to apply the torch to the only remaining building, Peter Oberlin's shanty. A young brave stumbled over the inanimate form in the pathway, and with a whoop of delight waved his keen blade over the thick black locks. Just as he stooped to his victim, an odd, long-drawn cry arrested his arm in its motion. A wild and dust-covered figure sprang into the blood-crazed circle, pouring out a torrent of guttural abuse and lamentation that somehow commanded attention.

The old woman—for it was Wawaga—bent above the prostrate man, waving off the armed braves, and felt for the faintest of heart beats; then raising herself to her full height, shaking back her snaky hair, and with a rude, powerful majesty, she commanded in her own tongue:

"Go while yet you have time! Before the morning has ended the soldiers will be on you. This man still lives. He is mine; do not touch him; you have the scalps of the others."

Wawaga was one of the mothers of the tribe, and her words had weight with the warriors. Black Wing mounted his pony and all his raiders did likewise. In the light of the gray, cloudy morning, a wild procession scurried over the plain and away once more to the mountains, where they could find secret hiding and for months elude their pursuers, while they kept the whole country in terror with their thieving, burning and killing."

When Pete Oberlin, lying in his own bunk, opened his eyes on the dim scene lighted by the flickering fire, he thought he had gone through a horrible dream. Kicking off the covers, he sat up with a vigorous jerk, but the sharp pain in his shoulder made him grind his teeth in agony. At the same moment he became aware of a dark figure crouched in one corner holding a bundle of white. His sudden motion and muttered exclamation stirred the quiet watcher; stumbling to her feet, she bore her burden to the pallet and deposited it beside him. "Him live, lil boy," she announced gravely. Pete sank back beside the sleeping child, with a choking sensation, half-thankfulness for their escape and half-horror at the suddenly conjured picture of the boy's murdered mother and brother. He remembered how he was wounded. How had they two escaped scalping? How came Wawaga there? Were the redskins still at the station? If so, he must use greatest caution. Perhaps they had kept him for torture. The woman anticipated his queries. "Injuns gone! You go now, 'fore come back!" Pete started again upright, maintaining his position in spite of the shooting pain and dreadful dizziness.

"Which way shall I go, and how?" he asked, eagerly. "I must take little Jim! Did them raskils git all their hosses?"

"White man keep still! Wawaga get pony!" and the old woman drew the tattered blanket around her and slipped noiselessly from the room, leaving Pete to his own busy thoughts. She was gone but a few seconds before she glided in again, muttering: "Him ready! You go forth, no find Injuns!"

Pete felt sick and faint; he wondered how he could keep himself and the drowsy child on the animal's back over the many miles of rough road that lay between them and safety; it was impossible to remain in their defenseless position, so he must make the effort. He could not imagine how the squaw had dismissed his assailants, and he expected their return with darkness to finish their programme of vengeance.

Wawaga herself carried out the boy. "No touch, arm hurt," she said, motioning away the wounded man. Very gently she lifted the tiny figure, stilling the fretful wail and coaxing him to wake up and ride on the pony. She led the way and Pete followed; as he stepped out into the dusk, his heart swelled at the utter desolation, only the scorched row of gum trees marked the side of Rush Station beside his forlorn little cabin.

With a good deal of wrenching and pain, Pete clambered into the saddle, the squaw lifted the boy before him, the man gathered the bridge into his useful hand, encircling the child with the same arm. Before he put spurs to his horse and set out on his perilous journey, he leaned down toward the stunted and squalid hag at the horse's head, saying hoarsely: "You're a good un, Wawaga! I'll do as much fer you if ever I git ther chance."

"Ugh!" grunted the old woman. "Squaw no good! Heap good white man, no let ol' Injun'die! All even now. Here—ol' squaw take um—no good, b'long white man." She thrust a black something into his hand, and, turning stolidly around, re-entered the desolate cabin.

Pete Oberlin buried his spurs in his animal's flank, and the beast sprang forward past the heaps of smoldering cinders and the blasted row of gum-trees and headed straight for the mountains. In his unwounded hand, with the bridle, Pete held his long-lost briar-wood pipe.—San Francisco Argonaut.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Success is the advertisement of industry.

Amusements we have outgrown are called follies.

The hands grow heavy when the heart is weak.

Mammon's conscience does not worry him greatly.

Learn from the enemy, take hold and keep hold.

History doesn't repeat itself as often as gossip does.

The brave do not ask mercy, but they do demand justice.

The worst kind of a trouble is the kind you can't tell about.

Distance seldom lends enchantment to a job of work that is coming.

No man likes to hear his wife talk of what she will do after he is dead.

If a wolf goes no farther than your door, he will finally starve to death.

It is very hard to admit that a man younger than yourself has more sense.

Most men avail themselves of their opportunities to make asses of themselves.

Corruption always leaks out somewhere. With a corrupt heart it is at the mouth.

One of the funniest things in the world is too see a fat girl or a tall girl act kittenish.

One may make a promise and break it, but cannot make a mistake and break it so readily.

One cannot get too much of a good thing. When it reaches too much, it is no longer good—The South-West.

### "Mrs. Muggins."

A family who live out in the suburbs think they possess the smartest cat in the country. The father of the family, after long hours of office work, has the habit when he gets home in the evening of walking the floor for exercise. As soon as he begins his walk, "Mrs. Muggins" falls into line behind him, and, with head erect and tail waving in graceful curves, marches up and down and back and forth through the room, only varying the proceedings once in a while by rolling over on her back as the man turns around and plays with her with his foot. When the walk is over and "Mrs. Muggins" sees her master start for his big rocking chair, she makes one bound, settles herself in the chair before he can get there, and, with a countenance that speaks as plainly as words, looks up at him and says: "Did you ever get left?"

"Mrs. Muggins" is a very good mouser, and occasionally she will catch a great big rat out in the barn. Of this feat she is always very proud, and invariably brings the rat, after it is dead, to the house, where every member of the family must see it, and praise and pet her for being such a good, brave cat. The first time this occurred one of the members of the family took the rat up on a shovel and threw it over the back fence, but in a very few minutes "Mrs. Muggins" had it back again; again and again was it thrown away, but every time it was brought back. At last the two compromised matters by allowing the rat to remain just outside the back door by the side of the step. There it stayed all day until evening, when it was found why "Mrs. Muggins" objected to having it thrown away.

The father had been home only a few minutes when "Mrs. Muggins" walked proudly into the sitting room with her head aloft and the big rat dangling from her mouth. She went up to the man and laid the rat down at his feet, looked up in his face and waited to be caressed and praised. After she received the desired attention, she allowed the rat to be carried away, and cared nothing more about it.

Now the rats that are caught always allowed to remain near the house until all the family have seen them.—Cincinnati Tribune.

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J. E. SHANNAHAN.

## THE NEWS.

Fire destroyed over half of the lumber and nearly all of the building belonging to the Dwight Lumber Company, in Detroit. The aggregate loss is $50,000, with an insurance of $60,000.—Private Geelin, a marine on the cruiser Raleigh, fell into the sea while boarding the vessel, and was drowned.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company was held in Pittsburg.—Eli Williams, colored, aged forty-two years, who lived at 129 North Juniper street, in Philadelphia, attempted to kill his wife and then committed suicide.—J. P. D. John has resigned as president of Depauw University. The resignation is the result of a difference of opinion regarding educational methods.—Special Master Crawford filed his audit in the United States Circuit Court of the accounts of the receivers of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad and Coal and Iron Companies for the month of March last.—In an attempt to recover a heaving line, worth seventy-five cents, the tug Mogul, of Victoria, valued at $25,000, was wrecked near Port Townsend, Washington. The tug, after towing the bark Dara to sea, tried to run alongside the vessel to secure a heaving line. The sailing vessel struck the Mogul's bow, tearing away her stem and opening up the seams of her hull, the tug filling so rapidly that it was necessary to beach her.

Jere Young, aged sixty years, committed suicide at his home, in Newmarket N. H., by shooting himself through the head. Temporary insanity, resulting from a year's illness, is supposed to have led him to end his life.—W. C. Donnelson, alias W. K. Crow, has been arrested in Sacramento, Cal., for a $2,000 postoffice burglary at Colville, Kas.—The greater part of the large pottery of S. A. Weller, in Zanesville, Ohio, was burned including the new building for the manufacture of Lonhuda ware, which is similar to the celebrated Rookwood pottery of Cincinnati. The loss is about $50,000, with an insurance of $54,000.—The Imperial Varnish Works plant, in Akron, O., was totally destroyed by fire. Loss, $125,000.—During a heavy fog opposite Skilligallee Light, off Lake Michigan, the steamer Cayuga, bound down, loaded with merchandise, ran into the steamer Joseph L. Hurd, bound for Chicago, with lumber, and both sank. Both crews were picked up by the Minnola, except the cook of the Hurd, George Johnston, of Chicago, who was drowned.

Robert E. Brooks was fined and sentenced to ten months in jail at Wheeling, W. Va., for selling indecent literature on B. & O. Railroad trains.—The United States customs officials in Montreal have discovered a gang of smugglers who have been engaged in smuggling phenacetine and sulfonal across the border concealed in hollow walking sticks.—The fast mail train on the Georgia Railroad was wrecked at Union Point, Ga., and several persons injured.—Four persons were killed and two injured by a glass explosion in the mines of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, at Soprie, Col.—The Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the M. E. Church met in Meridian, Miss.—The schooner Mary Eda, from Hampton Roads to Absecom, struck on a shoal and foundered at the entrance to the inlet at Atlantic City.—A heavy fall of rain caused a landslide on Terrace Mountain, near Mount Union, Pa., and a freight train of eighteen cars was wrecked, but the crew escaped injury.

At Newburyport, Mass., F. H. Cate, W. W. Ham and Dudley Hoyt, ex aldermen of Haverhill, convicted of bribery, were sentenced by Judge Gaskill to fifteen months, each at hard labor in the House of Correction. George O. Tilton, another alderman, and Fred M. Smith, a Boston liquor dealer defaulted in $5,000 bonds each.—While blowing stumps, Albert Sacket and Frank Jones, living near Lebanon, Ind., were blown to pieces by the premature explosion of a stick of dynamite.—Judge M. P. Jarnagan, of Mossey Creek, Tenn., died of Bright's disease on a plantation in Northern Louisiana. He was a prominent lawyer of Tennessee, president of the Mossey Creek Cotton Mills and a trustee of the University of Tennessee.—Mrs. Thaddeus Brown and child were burned to death near Bryan, O.—Rev. W. R. Woodbridge, of Port Henry, N. Y., was attacked at Westport, N. Y., by several dogs and probably fatally injured. His skull was fractured, left arm broken and limbs terribly lacerated.—Prof. W. M. L. Coplin, of Philadelphia, has been elected to the chair of pathology in Vanderbilt University.—State Senator Peter R. Morrissey was shot and killed in St. Louis by Maud Lewis, his mistress.—Anarchist Schnaubelt, who, it is believed, threw the bomb at the Haymarket riot in Chicago, May 4, 1886, has been traced to California.

A boiler at the Homestead Steel Works exploded, wrecking the building and fatally injuring two men. They are James Anderson, machinist, aged thirty-eight years Thomas McHenry, visitor, age thirty years.—The flue of the towboat Rescue collapsed near Pittsburg while the vessel was going up the Monongahela River. Engineer George H. McKinnis and Fireman Samuel Schoomover were fatally scalded.—The Supreme Court in Columbus, O., decided the law constitutional which requires the Fidelity and Casualty Company, of New York, and similar companies to deposit $50,000 with state treasurer to do business in Ohio.—Webster Mott, eighteen years old, son of State Senator Frederick W. Mott, and Alexander Middleton, Jr., son of the proprietor of the St. Louis and Carondelet Express Company were drowned in the Mississippi River, at St. Louis, by the capsizing of their boat.

## THE INCOME-TAX LAW.

### Its Constitutionality Will Be Upheld by the Supreme Court.

The reconsideration of the income tax by the United States Supreme Court will result in the constitutionality of the law being upheld by a majority vote of one, Mr. Justice Jackson casting the vote which sustains the law. The decision will not be rendered until next week, the day the court next meets, but it is learned from a source which is entirely trustworthy that Judge Jackson has already made up his mind to support the law. The exemptions under the first decision will probably be sustained on a full vote of the bench.

Mr. G. Du Maurier, Jr., son of the famous author, distinguished himself at Hampstead Heath the other day by rescuing a little fox terrier from drowning in the pond there. Its owner had thrown it in in order to teach it to swim, but as it was too young death awaited it had not Mr. Du Maurier intervened.

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and
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11-18

## A BIG WRECK.

### Eighteen Racers and Three Men Killed in a Car.

### AN ENGINEMAN ROASTED.

### A Pennsylvania Freight Train Buried by a Landslide and the Main Line Tracks Covered with Earth for Nearly a Mile.

One of the worst wrecks that was ever known took place on the Western Division of the Erie, three miles west of Hornellsville, N. Y., at an early hour in the morning. Fast freight No. 92 was thrown in the ditch by a broken wheel and ten cars were piled up in a confused heap. The accident occurred when the train was making fast time, and the cars were completely shattered. One of the cars that was in the wreck was from Mercer, Pa. and contained horses that were being taken East to enter the races. There were eighteen horses in this car, attended by three grooms. The grooms and all the horses were killed. The names of the grooms are unknown.

Foster, one of the managers of the cars of horses, had several ribs, both arms and a leg broken. It is thought besides this he has sustained internal injuries. The physicians say he cannot live. Two other men, whose names are unknown, were severely injured.

Patrick Shannelly, a brakeman was thrown into the air when the accident occurred. An ankle was broken and his head badly cut.

### A Freight Train Wrecked.

Shortly after 11 o'clock P. M., a Lehigh Valley freight train, bound eastward, ran into an open switch at the point on the Meadows near Elizabethport, where the Lehigh Valley Railroad crosses the tracks of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. The engine toppled over upon its side and eight cars were piled up on top of it. The wreck was complete. The train was a fast through one and was traveling at a high rate of speed. The accident came without warning and no one had time to jump. The wreck caught fire. The engineer, William Kester, of Easton, Pa., was caught beneath one of the driving wheels of the engine. The wreckage above him burned fiercely. He begged the men at the scene to cut his legs off with an axe and free him. They refused and worked hard to get him out, but without avail, and he was slowly burned to death. Fireman Linsberger was injured about the hips and back. Brakeman Barthol had both his hips dislocated.

### Landslide in the Narrows.

As a Pennsylvania east-bound freight train was passing the Narrows, a landslide occurred on Terrace mountain, lying parallel to the tracks, and the engine, tender and eighteen cars were buried under hundreds of tons of rock and earth. The train crew escaped uninjured. A cloud burst occurred just previous to the giving way of the sides of the mountain, and this, it is believed, undermined the earth and caused the slide. The tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad were covered for nearly a mile and travel was delayed for several hours.

### A Runaway Locomotive.

An engine of the Delaware, Susquehanna and Schuylkill Road ran away from its yard at Drifton, Pa., and, descending a sharp grade on the main line of the Lehigh Valley, crashing into a passenger train which had been stopped at the station. No one was injured, but the passengers were frightened, the engine was dismantled and the rear coach of train badly damaged.

## REFORMS FOR ARMENIA.

### Abuses the Commission Has Found and the Remedies Suggested.

The commission which has been investigating the atrocities in Armenia traversed the devastated villages and arrrived at Jellygoozan, where 120 houses were found to have been burned. The people were sheltered in miserable huts and ample proof was found for the truth of the stories told regarding the massacre of Armenians and the fact that their bodies were thrown in large numbers into a pit, where the Turks endeavored to conceal their crime by pouring barrels of petroleum upon the bodies and setting fire to the oil. The commission has returned to Moosh.

The delegates of the powers left Moosh on April 5. The Turkish delegates at first declined to accompany them, and then changed their minds. They proceeded to the ruined villages and traversed Shenik and Gernal, which were found in ruins, standing in the midst of devastated fields. They passed other villages where many houses were burned. At Jellygoczan the commission caused two pits instead of one, as originally reported, to be opened, and found in them the remains of skulls and bones, with the hair and clothing still adhering to them. Still another pit was searched. It was situated in a ravine near Jellygoozan, and inside it was found a decapitated trunk and other remains. But few bodies, however, were found. The villagers told the delegates that they had removed the bodies from this pit.

As a result of this investigation and the reports of the delegates of the powers, the powers have submitted notes to the Turkish government impressing upon the Porte the necessity of promptly inaugurating a scheme for Armenian reforms, which should include the appointment of Christian officials in Armenia, the powers to have the right to vote the appointment of the Governors.

## FRAUD IN CHICAGO.

### A Million Dollars Said to Have Been Stolen from the City.

A Chicago paper charges that frauds of the grossest nature in the pay rolls of the Department of Public Works have been uncovered by Commissioner Kent. Dead men, the commissioner says, have been enrolled as laborers, and their names forged to time checks. Names have also been duplicated and residences located where there were vacant lots.

All of these facts are now in the possession of Commissioner Kent, and in course of preparation for submission to the legal department of the city for prosecution. It is estimated that a million dollars has been stolen from the city in this manner.

O. F. STURMER,
OPTICIAN,
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.

### LAWRENCE DELMOUR.

Lawrence Delmour, the present chieftain of Tammany Hall, came to this country from Ireland in 1817, being then 7 years old. He attended the public schools of New York City for a few years and then entered the employment of a morocco manufacturer. For some

time he has been in the real estate business. He has been a member of Tammany Hall since its reorganization in 1872. His activity in politics, and his great ability as a political leader, led to his selection as leader of the Democracy in the 24th Assembly District. In all affairs except those of politics De mour is now a retired business man. He is to-day the most popular man in Tammany Hall.

## DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

Small-pox is reported to be an epidemic at Staunton, Va.

John Swedyke and Adam de Meister, two boys of Grand Rapids, Mich., were drowned while swimming.

Peter Hammond his wife and Miss Belle Taylor were drowned while crossing Denton Creek near Justin, Tex.

A cloud-burst in Ontario county, N. Y., cut off telegraphic communications and did great damage to property.

John R. Chandler, a prominent attorney of St. Louis, was killed by falling through an elevator shaft from the fifth floor of the Security Building in that city.

Five young men and two girls were drowned at Carsrude Lake, six miles from Fort Collins, Col., by the upsetting of a boat from which they had been fishing.

A cloud burst at Dayton, Tenn., flooded the town and destroyed fruit and crops over an area of four square miles. Hail and lightning accompanied the storm.

By the bursting of a steam pipe in a locomotive at Hyde Park, Mass., Owen W. Caffrey, brakeman, was killed, and a fireman named Fuller was fatally injured.

A boiler explosion destroyed a saw mill of John Bennett, northwest of Kokoma, Ind. The engineer, James Catt, was killed and all the other mill hands were injured, one fatally.

A freight train on the Lake Erie and Western Railroad left the track just south of Celina, O. Twelve cars was piled up. Six tramps were stealing a ride upon an oil car and two of them were killed.

A telegram from Emporia, Kan., says that the recent rain and hail storm did great damage to fruit of all kinds and caused the loss of one life. Reports from the surrounding country state that hail fell to a depth of six inches.

A despatch from Kingston, Ont., says that the forests in the rear of Frontenac county are ablaze, and great quantities of fine timber are being destroyed. Men, women and children are fighting the flames to keep them away from the settlements.

Six persons were probably fatally burned by the explosion of a gasoline stove, and by the fire which started in a sweatshop in Baltimore. But for the heroic conduct of a colored teamster—Samuel Morris—who heard the frenzied appeals for help, five of the unfortunates would not have been taken alive from the garret.

## CABLE SPARKS.

General von Pape is dead in Berlin.

The government of New South Wales intends by gradual steps to revert to the policy of free trade.

The Reichstag definitely passed the Baltic and North sea canal festivity credit of 1,700,-000 marks, the social democrats alone opposing it.

The envoys of Great Britain, France and Russia are preparing a joint note which will be presented to the Porte conjointly with the scheme of reforms for Armenia.

A rumor that the Bank of Montreal had suspended caused a run on all the banks of St. John's, N. F. The story was started by a number of anti-confederate fanatics.

A train in which King Humbert and Queen Marguarite of Italy were traveling met with an accident, one of the coaches being derailed, but fortunately no one was injured.

It is reported in London that Japan will receive an additional 10,0000,000 pounds indemnity from China in consideration of the abandonment of the Liao Tung peninsula.

It is stated that the Spanish government no longer regards the Cuban uprising as a serious affair and has canceled its arrangements to send reinforcements to the island.

In London financial circles it is thought that Servia is going bankrupt. The people are said to be in favor of repudiation, and the government is spending money lavishly.

The report circulated in London that Sir Frederick Leighton is dangerously ill in Algiers proves to be erroneous, as the distinguished artist is rapidly regaining his health.

Sir Frederick Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, who has been ill for some time past in Algiers, is now in such a serious condition that hopes of his recovery have been abandoned.

The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, widow of the sixth Duke of Roxburghe, is dead. She was a daughter of Lieut. Gen. Sir James Charles Dalbiac and was a lady in waiting on the Queen.

## A HUMAN SACRIFICE.

### A Mother Follows Abraham's Example and Her Child, Too, is Saved.

Newton Blagg, a rancher residing near Chateroy, Wash., came home just in time to save his 2-year-old child from a horrible death. His wife driven insane from religious frenzy, had built an altar in the woods near the house, upon which she had secured the little babe, preparatory to roasting it alive.

She was engaged in offering up a prayer for her sacrifice when her husband happened along in time to save his child.

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,
Successor to B. P. COX.

## WON BY REBELS.

### Spanish Troops Annihilated by the Cuban Leader Gomez.

### A THOUSAND MEN CAPTURED

### The Spaniards Fight Stubbornly, But to No Avail—Cuban Loss Was Four Hundred—A Complete Change in the Situation in the Past Few Days.

A special to the Jacksonville Times-Union from Tampa, Fla., says:

"Private advices receives here from the Cuban revolutionary leaders say a big battle was fought at Boryey, province of Puerto Principe, between Gomez, the Cuban leader and Calcedo, the Spanish commander. Gomez was victorious, annihilating the Spanish troops, killing and capturing more than a thousand men and great quantities of ammunition and army stores. The battle lasted four hours and was hard fought.

"Men from the plantations are joining the insurgents hourly. Fifty from the sugar plantations around Consolacion del Sur, well armed with rifles, joined the revolutionists. The ranks of the insurgents are filling up from the small towns and plantations. All labor has been stopped in the province of Puerto Principe. Laborers are flocking to Gomez. Thousands are joining him. All work in the outlaying provinces is at a standstill.

The Cuban patriots here are jubilant over the news.

A cablegram to the Times-Union from Key West, Fla., says:

An excited movement has been noticed among the prominent Cubans in this city. It was reported by Cuban leaders that upward of 100 carrier pigeons will be used by filibustering expeditions.

Two prominent young Cubans arrived in this city on the Mascotte from Havana. One is a son of Fabio Friere, a leading member of the home rule party in Camaguey, and Silvestre Auglada. It is rumored they will join an expedition from some point in Florida.

A battle was fought by Gomez and San tocildes, between Camaguey and Santiago on the 8th instant. It was hotly contested. The Spanish troops were defeated with eleven hundred loss. The Cubans lost four hundred. Gomez continues his march through Camaguey.

The government has committees collecting funds from business men and others in Havana. They only collected $20 in gold and $104 in silver in two days.

Several suspicious looking vessels are reported off Pinar de Rio and Santiago. It is supposed they are landing expeditions and arms.

### GROWTH OF THE INSURRECTION.

Spain is throwing troops into the province of Santiago at the rate of two or three thousand a week, but the insurrection is growing apace. For six weeks following the rising of February 24th, little progress was made, but within ten pays the situation has completely changed, and in Cuban circles, where there was no hope absolute confidence of ultimate success now prevails. The two Maceos, Antonio and Jose, after terrible hardships in the mountains, and many narrow escapes from Spanish bullets, have reached the place from where the insurgent operations are to be conducted, and have been joined by Maximo Gomez and Jose Marti, who eluded men-of-war on the sea and troops on the land. With these leaders at the front there has been a rapid growth in all the insurgent bands in this province, and the concentration of forces in the vicinity of Jarahueca, shows that Maceo has now 3,000 men with him, and there are nearly 2,000 others under arms in other parts of the province. Jose Maceo with 800 men, is near Guantanamo, and Masso has won in the Manzanillo district; and there are half a dozen small bands scattered about on the north side and near the Puerto Principe line.

## THE CROP REPORTS.

### Condition of Wheat and the Other Cereals in May.

The May returns of the Department of Agriculture show an increase in wheat of 1.5 points from the April average, being 82.9 against 81.4 last month, and 81.4 in May, 1894. The averages of the principal Winter wheat States are: Ohio, 85; Michigan, 78; Indiana, 87; Illinois, 90; Missouri, 90; Kansas, 48; California, 97. The average of these seven States is 82.3 against 81.1 in April, being an increase of a little less than one point. In the Southern States the averages range from 55 in Texas to 93 in Alabama.

Winter rye, like wheat, has advanced nearly two points since last month, its average for May being 88.7 against 87 for the same date in April.

The percentage of New York is 97; Pennsylvania, 92; Michigan, 88; Illinois, 92; Kansas, 54.

The prospects for rye throughout the rye belt are fair except in the State of New York where it is too dry, while in the States of Minnesota and Kansas the crop was considerably damaged by the severe Winter and has not yet recovered.

The average condition of Winter barley is 94 against 62.3 in the month of May, 1894, and 88.6 in 1893.

The lowest conditions are in Texas, Indiana and Iowa and the highest in New York, California and Oregon. The condition of Spring pasture is 89.7; of mowing lands, 89.4.

The proportion of Spring plowing done May 1 is reported as 82.8 per cent., against 83.5 last year and 78.4 in 1893.

## FOUR MEN DROWNED.

### A Small Boat Overturned While Crossing the Ohio River.

William Elliott, Davis Weaver, of Portsmouth, O., and Dick and Henry Bainey, of Kentucky, were drowned in the Ohio. They attempted to cross in a small boat with two boys and a heavy wind capsized the boat. The boys clung to the boat and were saved, but the four men all went under.

A search has been in progress all day, but none of the bodies have been recovered.

**Having Bought**
The Shops and Tools of William H. Withgott, 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.

### TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA.

Tomas Estrada Palma, recently proclaimed President of the Cuban Republic by the insurgents, lives in Central Valley, N. Y. There he directs a large seminary, for the education of wealthy Cubans. Senor Palma was born in Bayamo, Cuba in 1835. During the

last revolution he was constantly in the field. His valor and natural ability to handle soldiers attracted the attention of his countrymen and he was named for one office after another until finally he was proclaimed President of the Republic. In 1877, he was captured and imprisoned. When the war ended he was freed and came to this country. Senor Palma is married and has five bright children. He is an interesting talker and his manners are those of a courtier.

## SNOW FOUR INCHES DEEP.

### Michigan Covered with a Robe of White of Killing Effect.

Michigan's many peach orchards, which for the past ten days have furnished the prettiest of effects in pink, are now covered with a robe of white. Snow has fallen at some places in that State to a depth of four inches. All garden truck and many fruit and shade trees are ruined.

"The storm is severe," said Professor Moore, as he looked anxiously over the weather map. 'Frost conditions rule again throughout Dakotas, Minnesota and Nebraska, and were it not for her proximity to Lake Michigan, Chicago would be now experiencing similar weather.

"The freezing temperature prevailed throughout Illinois, Indiana and Iowa, and even Missouri is not wholly exempt from the fruit-killing invader."

Life in Chicago streets was beset with many trials. The winds swept along between the tall buildings with furious velocity, and at exposed corners pedestrians had need of a sheet anchor to maintain their equilibrium. The high gale and the cold rain played hob with the telephone and telegraph wires, and poor connection bothered nearly everybody who attempted to use the "hello" instrument.

Seldom has Lake Michigan roared with such fury as it did. Waves that seemed as high as some of the cottages along the beach dashed over the sea wall in Lincoln Park and lashed the plunge along the tracks of the Illinois Central on the south shore. Much damage was done along the lake shore drive. Evanston also suffered from the effects of the storm. Three boats attempted to put out of port and were forced to come back on account of the high seas.

In Indiana the frost has done little, if any damage. In Iowa fruits and garden truck have suffered badly, but only slight damage has been done to grain.

## ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Lord Roseberry and Mr. Balfour, Lord Elgin and Mr. Rhodes—the four men who between them guide and govern the British Empire—are all under 50 years of age.

Mr. E. Matthews, aged 72, and Miss Mary Bright, aged 86, were married in London recently. It was explained that the happy bridegroom had been courting the bride for upward of twenty-five years, but that their marriage was delayed because they could not agree on the question what religious persuasion the children should be brought up in.

Rev. Charles P. Strong, of Savannah, one of the most prominent Episcopal clergymen in Georgia, has followed the example of the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton and repudiated the doctrine of the physical resurrection of Christ. The Southern dissenter challenges the right of the Church to discipline a minister on account of his belief upon the subject of the Resurrection.

Dr. Dubois, of the Netherlands India Service, the reputed discoverer in Java of the Pithecanthropus erectus, probably Darwin's "missing link," is at present prospecting with the help of the Rajah of Simur—a warm supporter of scientific research—for specimens of the Stegoden, an intermediate species of extinct animal between the elephant and another better known extinct animal, the mastodon.

Dr. Elmer Lee, the Chicago physician who rendered such efficient service in the Imperial Hospital, Russia, and in Paris and Havre during the European cholera scourge three years ago, and who was recommended by medical friends to be summoned to the bedside of the Czar during his Majesty's final illness, has been still further honored by being made an honorary member of the National Association of Railway Surgeons, which was recently in session in Chicago.

Hon. Charles Foster, of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury under the Harrison regime, is in Washington. He is in splendid health and spirits and has gained ten pounds avoirdupois since he ceased to direct the finances of the nation. On being asked what he thought what would be the relative positions of the two great parties on the financial question, ex-Governor Foster said: "The Republicans will not vary from their present attitude, but will stand pat on their previous declarations. The Democrats will be dominated by the free silver wing of the party."

The request of Secretary Gresham for the recall of Minister Thurston, of Hawaii, was made upon the charge that he had exhibited to reporters private letters from Honolulu reflecting upon the administration.

ROBERT H. BLAIN,
Civil Engineer, Surveyor.
EASTON, MD.
Office with J. Frank Turner, Dover street, adjoining Farmers' & Merchants National Bank.

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Means much more than you imagine
FOR A SURE CURE TRY
FAIRBANK'S
Cough Syrup.
*"It Cures When All Others Fail."*
A POSITIVE CURE
For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and Consumption. Can be had of all druggists and dealers in medicine or the manufacturers. Price 25 cents per bottle.
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BALTIMORE, MD.

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| LITTLETON, W. C. | Tailor. | Washington Street. |
| MASON, JOHN & CO. | Undertakers. | Washington Street. |
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| NICHOLS & BRO. | Stoveware. | Dover Street. |
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| SPENCE, JAS. | Carriage Manufacturer. | Washington Street. |
| STOOPS, W. G. | Provision Market. | Washington St. & Point Road. |
| STURMER, O. F. | Jeweler. | Washington St., Sangston's Old Stand. |
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AND LIGHTNING RODDER.
☞ESTIMATES Cheeerfully Furnished.
EASTON, MD.

NOTICE.
The business formerly conducted by C. R. Leonard & Brother, will hereafter be continued by E. T. Leonard, member of the late firm. All business entrusted to my care will receipt prompt and careful attention.
EDMUND T. LEONARD,
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The crowds which lunch and dine daily at this restaurant attest the public approbation of its management.

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