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The Easton Gazette.

THE OLDEST
PAPER IN TALBOT COUNTY

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

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THE AWAKENING.

With a joyous rustle and shiver,
"I wake!" cried the reed in the river;
"I am thrall to the dark no more,
I can sing to the shore,
And can fling my vernal mirth
O'er the fields of earth!"

With a buoyant tremor and thrill,
"I wake!" cried the grass on the hill,
"I am free from the icy hold
Of the vandal cold;
I can urge my jubilant staves
As I surge and wave!"

With a little gurgle of glee,
"I wake!" cried the bud on the tree;
"From the gloom of the bitter night
I leap to the light;
And to grief there's an end and wrong
In my leaf—and song!"

With a strange, sweet, passionate start,
"I wake!" cried Love in the heart;
"And unfold my immortal flower
For a deathless dower;
With its breath into life I bring
An eternal spring!"

—Clinton Scollard, in Frank Leslie's.

SUNSHINE JOHNSON.

SEEING the two men together and knowing that one of them was a murderer, there was one chance in a thousand that the visitor would pick out the right man as the criminal.

The white man sat on an easy canvas camp chair. He was a tall, thin man, with a stern, forbidding look on his face that might have been caused by remorse, but which, more probably, was caused by dyspepsia. There were certain inflexible lines about his mouth which showed him to be a man of great determination, and his firm-set lips were lips that appeared never to smile. His sharp eyes had a clear and steady look in them that went through a man, and few of those around him cared to meet those eyes when there was a spark of anger in them.

He was such an unerring judge of character that he had come to believe he could not make a mistake, which is a dangerous state of thinking for a man in his position, because a mistake made by him might mean death to somebody. Nevertheless, he trusted people that no one else would think of trusting, and his trust was rarely taken advantage of. This man was J. S. Flint, the head of Tall Mountain Penitentiary.

The black man who stood beside him, and who was receiving some instructions from him, had a simple, trustful, childlike face which is so often found in the race. He seemed to have difficulty in keeping his broad mouth from relaxing into a smile; and only the fact that he was talking with the master of the penitentiary kept down his exuberant good nature. No convict would take the liberty to smile while Jackson Flint talked to him, but this one was a privileged character even if he wore the striped suit of an inmate of the penitentiary.

He was Sunshine Johnson, in for life, yet on his arm rested Jackson Flint's little curly-headed daughter, aged six, and her arms were round his black neck, and her fair cheek was pressed closely to his dusky face. The murderer was one of the convicts that Jackson Flint trusted. He had certainly had an easy time of it; he waited on the table, took care of the children, and did any odd job about the house. He was called "Sunshine" by every one around the camp.

Doubtless he had not been christened that name, but he had been called by it before he entered the penitentiary, and by that name he was known on the books of the institution. If a visitor, attracted by his name, or his beaming countenance, so full of good nature and love of all humanity, asked the superintendent who he was, Flint's brows would knit together in a frown as he answered shortly:

"A lifer."

If the visitor still pressed for information as to his crime, the frown grew deeper and the answer gruffer:

"A murderer."

Most people gave a gasp at this piece of information, as they saw the convict playing with the pretty child of the superintendent; but Jackson Flint was not a man anyone would care to ask personal questions of, and if the astonishing state of things caused a look of surprise to come over the visitor's face, the look was seldom translated into speech. Sometimes the inquisitive visitor sought information from Sunshine himself. When asked about his crime Sunshine always looked embarrassed and generally cast an appealing glance at his questioner. He stood on one bare foot, and slowly rubbed the ankle of it with the toe of the other foot, while a look of perplexity came over his countenance.

"Foh de Lohd, boss, I dunno much about it, dat's de truf. I 'spects I killed the man. He's dead, anyhow, and somebody done it; dey said it was me; yes, dey proved dat at de cohts. You see I was drunk at the time, and I dunno anything at all about it. 'Specs dat's de reason dey didn't hang me at the time. I's very sorry I done it if I did do it." And then Sunshine would make an excuse to run away and play with his little charge.

The penitentiary was little more than a camp composed of rough wooden buildings, and was situated on a spur of the mountain overlooking the great deep valley, from the bottom of which the turbulent little river sent up an unceasing roar. All around were the high peaks of the mountain range, closing the place in apparently without a break, although there was an unseen narrow gorge through which the river escaped, and along whose banks the single line of railway track ran. The mountains all around were densely wooded, and not a building was in sight anywhere, except a large hotel at the bottom of the valley, which was a sort of summer resort, with broad verandas.

The eternal silence of its location was broken only by the brawling river that ran beside it, and by the occasional trains which passed close to the hotel, as part of the big house was a station on the line. Passengers on the railway coming to this hotel, when they first caught sight of it, away down in the valley below them, generally made a motion to get their small bits of baggage gathered together preparatory to leaving, but the conductor used to say to them good-naturedly.

"We are not quite there yet; I wouldn't make a move for a minute or two if I were you. Just watch that hotel."

Then, looking out of the car window into this incomparably grand valley, the passenger found himself taken round and round the circumference of the great gulf. No the hotel was directly below him, again he was looking at it from across the valley; round and round the train went, getting gradually lower and lower, and it was nearly an hour after the passengers' first sight of the hotel that the train drew up under its verandas.

The convict settlement on the spur of the mountain was invisible from the railway track, but the convicts were there because the railway was there. They were hired out to the railway company by the State government, and as the train dashed by, sometimes the passengers were shocked to see, standing close in by the cliffs beside the track, twenty or thirty black men in convict garments, some with ball and chain attached to their ankles. And then, as the train dashed by, white men with rifles on their shoulders were seen guarding the workers on the railway.

There was no wall around the camp, its only protection being a small picket fence, easily leaped over. But nature guarded the prisoners. On almost every side the descent was steep, and often precipitous, but a convict would run no danger to life or limb in making the descent. But although a convict might easily have leaped the slender barrier and might have dodged the shots from the men on the wooden towers, his escape was next thing to hopeless; he had to climb over the mountain to get away, and a telegraph station in the convict settlement quickly apprised all civilization outside this wilderness that such and such a man had escaped from the camp.

The usual result of an attempt to escape was that a week or ten days after the leap over the barrier, a gaunt, starved man came out of the wilderness and gave himself up at the first place where he could get something to eat. Often he failed in scaling the mountain, and returned after a few days to the camp itself. The very frailty of the fence around the camp showed the utter hopelessness of attempting to escape.

On the particular day in summer to which this account relates there had been a furious storm of rain in the mountains. The clouds seemed to have become entangled among the peaks, and they hung over the valley, unable, like the prisoners, to escape, and poured their floods into it until the little river had become a wild and raving torrent, gleaming here and there in white among the dark trees.

Toward night the clouds succeeded in breaking away and floated over to the west, but the mutter of distant thunder showed that the storm was not yet over, while the heat seemed more oppressive than ever after the terrible day's rain. When darkness set in the watery silver sickle of the moon hung over the valley and filled it with a weird, dim, tremulous light. The roar of the torrent, increased by the stillness all around, came up from the bottom of the valley on the night air.

The master of the penitentiary sat in a rocking chair on the veranda of his wooden house smoking his corncob pipe. What little coolness there was was outside and not inside the house. Suddenly a burst of childish laughter broke on his ear, and looking to the left he saw his little girl lashing Sunshine Johnson as if he were a horse, while that good-natured individual trotted up and down with the child on his shoulders.

"Sunshine," cried the master, "what are you doing with Dorothy out so late as this?"

The convict came to an instant stop at the sound of the master's voice, and the child even hushed its laughter. Little Dorothy was much more afraid of her stern father than of the good-natured murderer.

"Well, you see, massa, it's like this," said the convict, deferentially. "Lit-Dot had to be in de house all de day on account ob de rain, sah, and it's so warm inside dat her mother she thought we could play a little before she goes to bed, and den little Dot, sah, she thought she'd like to ax you, if she migh stay up and see de midnight express."

"The midnight express, nonsense!" exclaimed Flint. "Dorothy, you don't want to stay up so late as that!"

The little girl made no answer, but clung the tighter with alarm around the convict's neck, and whispered into his ear.

"She'd like very much to stay up, sah; she hasn't seen it for a long time. I don't think it would do her any harm."

"Oh, she's whispered that to you, has she?"

The convict laughed a little and then checked himself.

"Well, massa, I don't think it would do her any harm; you see it's so warm dat de little gal she couldn't sleep at night, anyway, and perhaps after she sees de train den she goes to sleep."

"Oh, very well," said Flint; "if her mother said it's all right, it is all right."

The midnight express, Flint knew, was a great sight to see on a dark night. The train appeared with a long row of lights from out a tunnel, and passing by the convict settlement, disappeared among the trees and through another tunnel. It came in sight again on the other side of the valley, its long line of lights appearing to crawl slowly around the mountain, while the roar of the train mingled with the roar of the torrent below.

Thus it appeared and disappeared at different intervals and at different levels, sometimes going in one direction and sometimes in another, but always getting further and further down, like an enchanted train that had become entangled in the mountain slopes.

It was nearly time for the train when Jackson Flint was startled by a cry from his child. What he saw the next moment simply paralyzed him for the time. Sunshine Johnson had picked up a lantern which stood on the platform in front of his quarters, and shouting to Dorothy, "Run in de house, honey, run in de house," leaped the fence and made off into the woods. The little girl clung to the palings of the fence and cried for her comrade.

The clear voice of Jackson Flint startled every one in the camp:

"Come back, you scoundrel! Where are you going?"

A wave of the lantern was the only reply.

Then Flint quickly put his hand to his hip and drew his seven-shooter. The sharp crack of the revolver clove the air.

"Run in de house, honey, run in de house," repeated the convict, at the top of his voice, and then the master noticed that his little crying, curly-headed girl stood in a line between him and the escaping convict.

As a general thing Flint was an unerring shot, but now his hand trembled as he fired over his little girl's head six times, and then threw the empty revolver on the ground. Every time he fired the rapidly disappearing convict swung the lantern over his head.

Flint shouted to the sleeping guards on the towers:

"Why don't you fire?" Fire at him with the shotgun!"

Flint clinched his teeth and awaited the result. His command had been practically a sentence of death, and he knew it. The rifle sends one pellet of death, the shotgun sends a dozen leaden messengers, each shrieking for a life.

Three men on the towers fired almost simultaneously from the shotguns, whose scattering fire raked and tore through the bushes. Again the convict swung the lantern over his head, but this time there was a shriek of pain from him, although he never stopped in his headlong career, and the next instant was out of sight and hearing.

All the convicts long ago had been locked up in their quarters, and most of the officials had turned in, but now pale-faced men came hurrying up to the master. The assistant superintendent hurried forward, partly dressed, and said to his chief:

"Anything wrong, sir?"

"Yes."

"Any one escaped?"

"Yes."

"Who is it, sir?"

"Johnson."

"Not Sunshine?" said the assistant in amazement.

Flint turned on him savagely.

"I said Johnson. What other Johnson is there here?" And he glared with clenched fists at his subordinate.

The other did not answer for a moment; then he said:

"Shall I turn out the guard and search for him?"

"No; go to bed."

Little Dorothy, silent and frightened at the firing, clung gasping to the paling. Her mother came out and ran toward her, bending over and trying to calm her fright, satisfying herself that the child was not hurt. With the little girl in her arms she approached her husband.

"Who was it?" she inquired in tremulous tones.

"Take that child in!" thundered the master of the penitentiary. "What is she doing out at this hour! And get inside yourself."

Mrs. Flint turned without a word, for she knew her husband in this mood had better be left alone. He strode up and down the platform of the veranda, muttering to himself:

"He is sure to be caught, and then—"

Flint ground his teeth; and there was no question but it would go hard with the trusted convict when he was caught.

The bitterness of it all was that the whole camp—convicts and guards—knew how he had trusted Sunshine Johnson, and then he had fired at him and missed him.

After an hour's walking back and forth, Flint sat down again in his chair and covered his face with his hands, thinking over the startling events of the night. Suddenly a very soft and low voice made him spring from the chair to his feet.

"Massa Flint," said the voice.

Sunshine, with the lantern in his hand, stood before him in a very dejected and crestfallen manner, his clothes torn by the bushes and brambles through which he had run.

"You scoundrel!" cried Flint, "what did you do that for?"

"Well, you see, massa," said the negro, apologetically, "you didn't hear it, did you?"

Like a flash Flint understood, and the hard eyes of the master filled with tears as he placed both hands on the shoulders of the convict, who, like a culprit, gazed on the ground. Flint struggled with his agitation for a moment, but seemed quite unable to say just what he wanted to say. Finally he spoke commonplacely enough.

"Then you saved the express, did you, Sunshine?"

"The convict looked up. The master had always called him Johnson.

"Yes, massa; and de conductor he's a coming. We need a shovelling gang out dar at oncet."

"All right, Sunshine," said Flint. "You go and tell the superintendent to come here at once, and tell him to rout out a gang to clear away the dirt. Say, what's the matter with your arm?"

Sunshine's left arm hung limp by his side, and now that the lantern flashed upon it Flint saw blood trickling down his hand. Sunshine looked sheepish and guilty and scratched his ankle with his bare toe.

"Well, you see, sah, I got hit a little on dat arm when dey fired de shotguns. Don't expect dey fired at me, you see, sah; guess dey wouldn't a hit me if dey had, dey sort of fired promiscuous like," he added, as if it were necessary to make an excuse for the men who had shot him. "Can't expect very good shooting, you know, for thirteen dollars a month, can you?"

"Go in the house," said Flint; "I will rout out the gang, myself, and I'll send the doctor to you at once."

At this moment the conductor, with a lantern hanging from his elbow, and a brakeman, clambered up from the track into the convict camp. The conductor was a jovial fellow who knew Flint.

"Hello!" he said, "what's this you've been doing to us? Been trying to smash up the night express? Say, the whole side of a mountain seems to have come down over the track."

"Yes, I know that," said the other, who did not know, however, the risk the convict had run in order to save the train. "But say, how soon can we get this cleared away? We've got the Governor on board, and he's mad as the mischief at the delay."

Flint pricked up his ears at the mention of the official.

"Oh, he's on board, is he? Well, I am glad of it. I want him to pardon a lifer."

"Well," said the conductor, scratching his head. "I wouldn't ask him just now if I were you, because he's not in the best of humor."

"I don't think he'll ever be in better humor to do what I want him to than now, because if it hadn't been for my lifer his private car might be lying at the bottom of the ravine with him smashed up in it."

"Oh, that's how the matter stands," said the conductor. "Well, I guess the Governor will do it."

And the Governor did.—New York Journal.

An Arboreal Land Owner.

There is a tree at Athens, Ga. which is a property holder. In the early part of the century the land on which it stands was owned by Colonel W. H. Jackson, who took delight in its growth. In his old age the tree had reached magnificent proportions, and the thought of its being destroyed was so repugnant that he recorded a deed conveying to it all the land within a radius of eight feet of its base.—Washington Star.

The North British Railway Company is building a station at Edinburgh at a cost of $1,200,000.

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THE NEWS.

Fire caused $10,000 damage in Angelica, N. Y.—At Oregon, Mo., Miss Ada Wolpenberger was outraged and then murdered. A younger sister is missing.—Every brickyard in Chicago is tied up as a result of the strike in that city.—Burglars blew open the vault at the state bank at Oneida, Kan., and got away with $1,800.—The Oneida (N. Y.) rolling mills were destroyed by fire; loss $40,000.—The Creek nation is in a state of insurrection against the tribal heads of the government. The misappropriation of funds is the cause. Armed bands are moving on Okmuggee, the capital from different parts of the nation.—The Stock Feeders' Association of Eastern Routt county, Colorado, passed resolutions forbidding sheepmen the freedom of the Bar River Valley. The sheepmen will probably disregard the warning. The stock feeders have a force of 800 to 1,000 men ready to resist any advance, and war is imminent.

Thomas McLaren, the murderer of Miss Jennie Knittel, his mistress, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment by the court in Jersey City.—Two big claims against the Stanford estate have been withdrawn in court in San Francisco by the authority and discretion of all interested parties. One claim was for $5,000 against the estate by Marshall Williamson. The other was for $300,000, held by Horace M. Carpenter, the capitalist, of Oakland.—William J. Farran, alias Dean, was sentenced to four years in Folsom for counterfeiting by United States Judge Hawley in San Francisco. Farren was postmaster at The Needles, Cal. The indictment against his wife was dismissed.—George and Arthur Watkins, aged five and eight years, respectively, were burned to death in their home in Nanticoke, Pa. The children were upstairs when the fire broke out, and the smoke was so dense that they could not be rescued. Maud Watkins, aged eleven years, was also seriously burned.—The Merchants' National Bank of Seattle, Washington, suspended.

The Supreme Court, by a vote of five to four, decided the income-tax law to be unconstitutional. Chief Justice Fuller delivered the opinion of the court.—The Governor of Minnesota signed the death warrant of Harry Hayward, convicted of inciting the murder of Catherine Ging, in Minneapolis, the execution being set for June 21.—Crawford & Valentine, one of the largest stock and grain brokerage firms in Chicago, made an assignment.—Mrs. Warrick, a farmer's wife, in Oskaloosa, Ia., gave poison to her three children and then committed suicide.—With elaborate ceremonies the Confederate monument at Raleigh, N. C., was unveiled. Among the speakers were Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, and ex-Governor Holt.—The brownstone building on N. Broad street, Philadelphia, for years the national headquarters of the Knights of Labor, was sold for $40,000.—A man who gave his name as James McDonough, shot and killed William Leonard in a saloon in Aspen, Col. Three others were injured, and McDonough is in the city jail.—Charles Meister, a teamster of Grants Pass, Ore., threw his wife into a pool of water, and held her head under until she was drowned. Three of his small children were standing near and witnessed the act.

A physician of the Marine Hospital Service has pronounced the malady at Staunton, Va., smallpox.—Charles and Andrew Smith, brothers, were killed by a fall of roof coal in the Plymouth mines, near Winchester, W. Va.—The United States Court of Appeals at Boston reversed the decision of Judge Carpenter declaring the Berliner telephone patent invalid.—The Morrison will case in the court at Richmond, Ind., in which ex-President Harrison was so long engaged, was compromised.—Six persons were injured, two of them fatally, by a trolley car plunging through a bridge over a branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad near Norristown, Pa.—Marcus Negri and his wife were arrested in New York by United States Secret Service officers upon the charge of counterfeiting, and in their possession were found $300 new spurious dollars.—Ned and Will Ross, sons of a prominent Kentucky farmer, quarreled over a calf, when Ned drew a pistol and shot Will dead.—The fast mail from New York was wrecked near Jacksonboro, S. C., on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. Some one had taken up three rails. The baggage car, express car and coaches went over the bank and the engine ran along the ties sixty feet or more.

Dr. Richard Dubois Traver, a Troy physician, took a large dose of chloral by mistake, and died shortly after.—The application for a penitentiary injunction and the appointment of a receiver pendente lite for the Addicks Bay State Gas Company was denied by United States Judge Wales in Wilmington, Del.—Frosts injured fruits and vegetables in various sections of the West.—At Helenwood, Tenn., Mike King was hanged for the murder of W. Beck. It was the first legal execution in the county, and a large crowd was present. King completely broke down on the scaffold.—The Virginia Hotel at Point Pleasant, West Virginia, was destroyed by fire.—Miss Ella Booxmyer was arrested at York, Pa., on the charge of complicity in pension frauds. Her father, pension agent Edwin Booxmyer, was arrested in Lancaster, where his daughter was also taken.—The sixteenth annual meeting of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church was held in Pittsburg.

BLEW UP AMID HUNDREDS.

Five White Men and Probably a Score of Chinese Killed.

The nitro-glycerine department of the California Powder Works at Hercules, near Port Pinole, blew up with a terrible explosion. Four white men were in the building at the time and three of them, Clare Johnson, W. D. Taylor and Charles Ganagas, of Martinez, were killed outright. The other man, D. A. Dean, was fatally injured.

Adjoining the nitro-glycerine department was a tagging house in which 200 Chinese and two or three white foremen were at work. This building was destroyed, but it is not known whether any one was killed or not, though it is reported that eighteen Chinese are missing. Great confusion followed the explosion and it was impossible to tell the extent of the loss of life.

A telegram from Pinole states that five white men were killed, which includes J. Minugh, besides those already mentioned. Fire broke out just after the explosion, but was soon extinguished. The property loss was very light.

The shock of the explosion was plainly felt twenty or thirty miles away.

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REIGN OF TERROR.

Latest Details of the Armenian Massacre.

WHOLE FAMILIES KILLED.

Terrible Torture of Der Hohannes the Priest—Escaped Refugees Appear Before the Armenian Commission at Moosh and Tell of the Sassoun Disaster.

A letter relating to the alleged Armenian atrocities has been received by reliable parties in Boston from an American resident in Turkey, the value of which consists in its accounts of interviews with refugees and returned soldiers, some of whom have been witnesses before the commission of the European powers.

"While at Moosh, February 15-27, 1895, I saw a large number of persons who had escaped the sad fate which befell many of their kindred. Having fled from the scenes of horror they had found a temporary refuge in the city and surrounding villages. I saw a man by the name of Tavon, a most intelligent person, "rais" of the village of Semal. He gave a deeply pathetic account of his experiences. He is one of five brothers, one of whom died in Moosh prison; three brothers and a large number from their households were killed at the time of the massacre.

"Tavon said the Kurds attacked them first, but were unable to do much damage, as the Armenians had the advantage in position; also, that when the soldiers, who 'were as the soil for numbers' came some Armenians fled to Kourdish villages, where they were received and protected; but the government, calling the chief men, told them that they defended the refugees at their peril. The friendly Kourds told this to the poor people, bidding them flee for their lives. I should say that this Tavon was successful in gaining admittance to the commission and giving his testimony before it.

BRIBED TO SWEAR FALSELY.

"Tavon said a certain ~~Turk~~ Saliagha, came to him and, among other inducements, offered him $2,500 if he would testify falsely. To this he said: "Will you give me back my brothers?" He was exhorted to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, to which he said: 'I would rather be cut to pieces and go to them than tell lies.

"One morning, when I was at Moosh, the door of the little room which I occupied was opened and in came two persons, women we supposed by their dress. I was surprised at the early call. I concluded some important errand had brought them and so it was. One of the persons was a wounded man from the Sassoun district, in disguise. He sought an opportunity to appear before the commission.

"That he would not be allowed this, unless careful measures were taken, we had seen abundant proof. The man's name is Avak; he was from Semal village. He said there were 10 persons in his father's family. His father, a brother and a cousin were killed by bayonet wounds before his eyes. One brother and he escaped, both badly wounded.

"He said the treacherous enemy gave word to the villagers that "there is mercy for you," giving them to understand they were safe, whereupon about 300, led by their priest, Der Hohannes, presented themselves before the officers, avowing that they were the obedient, loyal subjects of the Sultan.

"The order was given to take out the eyes of the priest, which the heartless soldiers did; they then tore away his beard and skinned his face, pierced his throat, and forced him to drink a cup of water, which ran from the wounds in his throat right and left. Death at last ended his physical sufferings.

HORRIBLE WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER.

"Immediately after this the soldiers were given the order to charge and a dreadful slaughter by bayonets followed. Early in this massacre Avak was severely wounded and fell; others soon fell upon him, but he remained for a time unconscious beneath the bodies of the slain. Rousing from his well nigh death stupor in the night he extricated himself with much difficulty by pushing away the corpses above and around him. Slowly and patiently he made his way to some low bushes, among which he hid for three days, eating leaves, roots and gum from the shrubs.

"A cousin, Hachig by name, also from Semal village, in passing saw Avak, and helped him to get to the shelter of some great rocks not far away. Here, in pain and weakness, he stayed three days, his cousin bringing him a little food by stealth. Finding he could walk, he set out alone, and by slow stages he was able to reach the village of Shushanamerg, where he had an uncle living. Here his friends wrapped him in the skin of a freshly-slaughtered sheep. When able to be removed he was taken to a shelter where hay and straw were kept, in the outskirts of the village.

"After about a month's stay there he returned to Semal where surviving members of his father's family were, and had begun to renew some of the houses which the soldiers had torn down and burned a short time ago. The attempt to rebuild was in obedience to the order of the governor to his subordinates.

"Avak was living with a few others who had escaped the massacre, when word reached them that foreign consuls had arrived at Moosh, and wished to see persons who could testify concerning the events at Sassoun. He came to Pertag village, and was kept for about 10 days in hiding there. The Turks having heard that a man from Semal was there tried to find him.

"The villagers believed, and with good reason, that they sought him with the intent to hinder him from appearing before the commission. He came to us disguised in woman's dress, and we put him in an inner room. He remained there until dusk, when we sent him away, and he was taken in charge by the Gregorians. The English Consul approved, and at length the poor man was able to appear before the commission. We saw the scars of the bayonet wounds, 22 on his back and nearly as many on his head. I shall never forget that sight.

"I saw also another refugee, who said he was from Semal; that his name was Asdadoor, and that four from his family had been killed. He alluded to the terrible tortures inflicted on Der Hohannes, to his having his eyes taken out while he was alive, &c.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

WHOLE FAMILIES MURDERED.

"At Dekevauk I saw three women refugees from Semal. One of them, with quivering lips and quietly weeping, said: 'I had two brothers, a son-in-law and other relatives killed.' All three women said, with emphasis, that the black soldiers (alluding to dark uniform) attacked and slew by bayonet large numbers of people. They added that protection was offered the women and children on condition that they should adopt the Moslem faith; but, they added, 'rather than do this we fled.' After hiding in the shelter of rocks for several days they were able to make their escape.

"At Havadoric a man by the name of Terres, also from Semal, told me that his son, a brother, a brother's daughter and a sister were killed in the massacre. He stated that after five days of the dire conflict he fled and hid for ten days among trees, subsisting meanwhile on the fruit of a kind of thistle. He stated that he helped open a pit or trench, and removed and buried five bodies, one of whom was the priest, Hohannes, who, he said, met his death after severe and prolonged tortures at the hands of the soldiers. He said they wished to remove many more bodies and bury them, but the stench of the decaying bodies was so great that they would not do it.

"He added: 'At the time I buried my sister I cut off her hair, and it is now in my mother's possession.' When his brother was seized and hurried off by the soldiers, he took off his cap and threw it back to his mother, with the words: 'They are going to kill me! keep this as a remembrance.' The man was cruelly murdered.

"A woman by the name of Rahan, formerly of Dalorig, now staying at Havadoric, said: "Our family numbered 12, of whom five were killed. My husband's brother and his son were hacked to pieces; my husband received a terrible wound, and he is now at St. Aghperig Monastery. I saw them kill my brother's wife. A soldier took up a large stone and struck her so violently that her brains were scattered, and she fell down dead. When I saw this and the others killed by bayonet, I wept sorely and beat my head so that now I am blind.

"All classes of people feel that the present state of things is far from safe, and the query is continually raised: 'What is to come?' Alas for the world today if the tongues of its statesmen be mute in an hour like this. We cannot believe that England will hold her peace.

USED AS HUMAN TARGETS

"At Havadoric I saw a man by the name of Rasho, from Rateath. He spoke about the ruthless destruction of property. Two from Rasho's family were killed. Mug aditch, a native of Hakman, staying temporarily at Havadoric, said: 'There were 32 in our house. Five were killed, two died of fright, and I do not know where the rest are. My brother Caspar fell, wounded by a bayonet; afterward they put fire on him and he died. His children, a boy and a girl, died of fright. I saw a nephew killed by a gun.

"The soldiers stood Kevon and Stepan up together, and shot at them as a mark; one was killed and the other fled. They shot after him, and he is now badly wounded. When the soldiers blew the trumpets and began to strike, they seized my nephew's wife, and removing a yet unborn child from her slew it. We buried the poor woman, but they took the body out of the grave and left it unburied.'

"Shamman, a woman from Dalovig, told her sad story as follows: 'Of the 30 who composed her family, her husband, his brother and two others were known to have been killed. The soldiers carried her handsome little son of about 3 years away captive. An Armenian afterward saw the boy, and offered a cow and three sheep for a ransom, but it was rejected.' Shamman had a beautiful daughter of about 8 years with her. I asked her how she escaped, and the mother said at the time the village was attacked the girl was caring for sheep in the lower pasture, and thus was safe.

"A woman from Akpee, a village of 40 houses, told me she escaped by telling the soldier: 'I'll be a Turk and follow you.' She said she saw them kill her husband, and when a soldier seized her she appealed to an officer close by, imploring him for her life. He said, 'Let her go.' They beat her severely, took most of her clothes, then allowed her to run away.

"She said she could hardly get on because of the slain persons who covered the ground and that sometimes she had to step upon the corpses. She hid among rocks, and finally escaped, but was sick a month from the effects of the cruel beating she received. She said that she knew several women, who, having hidden themselves and children behind trees and rocks, were compelled to choke their younger children when they began to cry from hunger lest the soldiers hear the cries and discover them. Sometimes, too, the distressed mothers would fill the children's mouths with dirt to drown their cries, especially when they saw anyone drawing near.

"I saw one woman and heard of another who were begging in the streets of Moosh whose reason had evidently been shattered by the terrible experiences they had passed through.

CHILDREN HACKED TO PIECES.

"Some of the most harrowing stories we have heard have been told by the soldiers themselves, not a few of whom claim to have been very unwilling agents, but compelled to obey the commands of their superiors. One soldier, on his return to Moosh after slaughter, gave the following incident: "During the terrible time at the province, in passing by a field one morning, he saw a little motion among the grain, and drawing near found three little boys huddled together. He told them not to be afraid, he would take care of them.

"Upon reporting the case to his superior officer, he was allowed to bring the boys into camp and make a little booth-like shelter for them. He fed them several days, and hoped to save their lives; but after about a week had passed, when he went to carry them bread one day, he found they had been wantonly murdered.

LIGHTNING KILLED THREE.

Illicit Whiskey Distillers Struck While Standing Beneath a Tree.

News comes from Lawrence county, Ala., that while a crowd of mountaineers were sitting around a "will cat" distillery, a storm came up and the men sought shelter under the protection of several trees.

Scarcely had Frank Walker, Frank Dill and Bob Moreland reached the cover of a large oak when lightning struck the tree and shattered it, killing the three men.

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.

THE LAW INVALID.

Every Section of the Income Tax Unconstitutional.

THE COURT STOOD 5 TO 4.

Chief Justice Fuller Read the Opinion of the Majority—Justice Jackson Delivers an Extemporaneous Opinion and Returns to Philadelphia.

The income tax law is no longer upon the statute books. It has been declared by the United States Supreme Court unconstitutional in every particular. All of the ten sections of the tariff act of 1894 which relates to incomes have been wiped out and there is not a vestige of the law left.

Upon the question of the general constitutionality of the law the court stood as follows:

Against the law—Chief Justice Fuller, Justices Field, Gray, Brewer, and Shiras.

For the law—Justices Harlan Brown, Jackson and White.

The decision by which this nullification was reached was rendered by Chief Justice Fuller in the presence of a most distinguished gathering within the historic Supreme Court chamber. As in the case of the previous hearing, the purport of the decision was well known long before the justices filed out of their consultation room and took their seats upon the bench. It was foreshadowed last week. No one, however, had forecast the bitter and almost sensational utterances of Justice Harlan, who, in voicing his dissent from the opinion of the bare majority of the court, went to further lengths than was ever before known in the history of the august tribunal of which he is a member. His words were, without doubt, the sensation of the day and they were all the more remarkable because they were carefully prepared and premeditated, being printed and read from the proof-slips with much emphasis and deliberation.

THE CROWD IN THE COURT ROOM.

Although the court was announced to meet at noon, it was long before that hour when the expectant crowd began to arrive. The chamber—not too capacious—was soon thronged to suffocation. Within the bar a group of distinguished men had gathered, headed by the Attorney General of the United States and his staff of assistants, including Solicitor General Holmes Conrad, of Virginia. Of the counsel who had fought for the victory now so near at hand, no one was present. Mr. James C. Carter, of New York, who argued for the law, had a front seat near Mr. Olney, and throughout the entire time consumed in the reading of the decisions gave the most earnest attention.

ALL THE JUSTICES APPEAR.

The appearance of the judges was in the nature of a surprise, for with them was Mr. Justice Jackson, who was supposed to be at his home in Tennessee. He had not, however, been South, but spent last week in Philadelphia, under the care of his physician. He participated in the consultation which preceded the announcement of the decisions, and made known his intention of delivering some remarks in support of the constitutionality of the law. It was easy to see, as he took his seat, that he was feeble and ill, but he remained throughout the session of the court and then returned to Philadelphia. Chief Justice Fuller bore with him a large bundle of manuscript and glanced with evident curiosity over the assembled crowd while the crier officially opened the court. All the justices, black-gowned and dignified, were present. When the Chief Justice began to read the decision they settled themselves comfortably in their great leather chairs, Justice White throwing back his head and turning his face, with his eyes tightly closed, up to the paneled ceiling. Between the row of justices and the rich red curtain that forms a background to the bench, stood the pages, silent and unembarrassed. Overhead a gilded eagle stretched his golden wings, while still further toward the vaulted roof was the gallery as empty and as bare as a deserted barn.

ESSENCE OF THE MAJORITY DECISION.

Without a moment of introductory business the Chief Justice proceeded to read at once with much earnestness and feeling the decision which nullified the law. He held in his hand the sheets of paper upon which the opinion was printed and he kept his eyes fastened upon them. His great shock of white hair fell upon his brow and touched his glasses. His voice was low, but distinct, and was plainly audible, so intense was the silence. Nearly all of the justices paid close attention to the reading which lasted for three quarters of an hour, the decision being summed up in the following words:

First—We adhere to the opinion already announced that taxes on real estate being undisputably direct taxes, taxes on the rents or income of real estate are equally direct taxes.

Second—We are of the opinion that taxes on personal property, or on the income of personal property, are likewise direct taxes.

Third—The taxes imposed by sections 27 to 37, inclusive, of the act of 1894, so far as it falls on the income of real estate and of personal property, being a direct tax within the meaning of the Constitution, and, therefore, unconstitutional and void, because not apportioned according to representation, all these sections constituting one entire scheme of taxation are necessarily invalid.

The decrees hereinbefore entered in this court will be vacated, the decrees below will be reversed, and the cases remanded with instructions to grant the relief prayed.

Chief Justice Fuller was followed by Justice Harlan, who sat next to him on the bench. Justice Harlan supported the law. In doing this, however, he set all precedents of conservative utterance at naught. He made an almost personal attack upon the justices who had concurred in the majority opinion, and he was caustic in review of their decision, and he added the emphasis of gesture to his vigorous words.

Justice Jackson's dissenting opinion was delivered extemporaneously, and was punctuated by paroxysms of coughing which was painful to witness. His words were listened to with a pathetic interest, due to the fact that he was probably making his last utterance upon the bench. His address was brief but forcible. Justice Brown then read an opinion in support of the law, emphasizing the declaration that the decision of the majority laid a heavy burden upon the general tax-payer while the wealthy was allowed to escape their just proportion of taxation. Justice White concluded the delivery of the dissenting opinions with an address as remarkable as that uttered by Justice Harlan.

When the court adjourned the Chief Justice announced that it would finally adjourn for the term on Monday, June 2.

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.

INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY.

Large Amounts of Money Being Invested in Southern Cotton Mills.

The Manufacturers' Record in its weekly report of the business interests of the South shows that there is a very marked increase in the number of industrial enterprises that are being organized. This is especially noticeable in cotton mill interests. Railroad earnings and bank clearings continue to show an increase. The bank clearings for the South for the last week reported showed an increase of 12.5 per cent. over the corresponding week of 1894 against an increase of 7.1 per cent. for the rest of the country not including New York city.

Among the new cotton mill companies and additions to old mills reported for the week were an addition of 10,000 spindles to a duck mill at Columbia, S. C.; 5,000 spindles and 168 looms to a Greenwood, S. C., mill; 2,500 spindles to a King's Mountain, N. C. mill, and 1,500 spindles to another mill at the same place. A $200,000 mill is projected in South Carolina, a $100,000 mill at Rock Hill in the same State; $50,000 mill at Franklinton, N. C.; $50,000 mill at Clemson College, S. C.; a $100,000 company at Elizabeth City, N. C.; and a $100,000 company at Selma, Ala. A special dispatch to the Manufacturers' Record from the Spartan Mill, Spartansburg, S. C., reports that the company expects to build a 30,000 spindle mill next year. This would represent an additional investment of about $500,000.

Among other important enterprises reported for the week were a $1,000,000 beet sugar factory at Bowling Green, Ky.; 100-barrel paint factory in New Orleans; $400,000 electric light, power and railroad company in Florida; a $30,000 cottonseed cleaning manufacturing company at Galveston; cottonseed oil mills at Calvert and Caldwell, Texas; a $50,000 mining company at Birmingham, Ala.; two cottonseed oil mills at Girard, Ala.; $10,000 tobacco manufacturing company at Darlington, S. C.; and of miscellaneous enterprises in other parts of the South, such as mining companies, electric light plants, lumber mills, water works, quarries, ice plants, canneries, &c., a large number. The most important buildings announced for the week include a $100,000 auditorium, a $50,000 opera house, a 200-room hotel, a $200,000 hotel, &c.

Special reports from all parts of the South show a general upward tendency in business with an indications of a steady increase in the volume of trade as well as in profits.

IN TROUBLE OVER SEALS.

A Crisis Reached in the Bering Sea Regulations.

An ugly crisis has been reached in the negotiations between the United States and Great Britain looking to the adoption of uniform regulations for the government of the seal fisheries this season. The British government positively refuses to re-enact the regulation of last year, which prohibits the carrying of firearms by sealing vessels through the zone north of the thirty-fifth parallel during the closed season. The United States officials look upon this as disastrous to the seal fisheries, holding that the result will be to relieve the pelagic sealers of the only restriction which has operated to prevent an unlimited slaughter of the herds. While killing by firearms remains illegal, it is realized that it will be impossible to enforce this prohibition if arms can be freely carried, for the sealers would kill freely unless they should happen to be under the very eye of a revenue cutter.

Meanwhile the United States cutters have gone out under the old instructions to seize all vessels carrying arms not under seal. These must be modified speedily by orders sent through the Alaska Commercial Company's steamer, which leaves San Francisco in a day or two, or else there may be another big claim for damages on account of illegal seizures filed by the British government. The attitude of the latter is viewed with much dissatisfaction at the State Department, where it is regarded as evidence of unwarrantable concession to the Canadian pelagic sealers. It is also held that the effect of the British action is to practically nullify all measure of protection for the seals that was conferred by the Paris arbitration, and it would not be surprising, if this course is persisted in, if it resulted in a declaration by the United States of the abrogation of the treaty.

SPAIN DISAVOWS THE ACT.

Her Reply to Mr. Gresham's Protest Has Been Completed.

The London Standard published a Madrid dispatch saying that the Spanish government has completed its final answer to the United States in regard to the firing upon the American steamer Allianca by the Spanish warship Conde de Venadito off Cape Maysi.

The reply is couched in cordial and friendly terms, and will be entirely agreeable to the requests made upon Spain by Mr. Gresham, the American Secretary of State for a full and satisfactory answer.

In the answer the evidence received by the Spanish government is repeated, and it is understood that Spain disavows the action of the officer of the warship in firing upon the American merchantman.

It is also understood that Spain admits that she has no rights over foreign vessels where the firing took place.

MADRID.—The government is negotiating with the Bank of Spain for a $10,000,000 4 1-2 per cent. loan to meet the expenditures incurred through the campaign against the insurgents in Cuba.

The government is making preparations to send 1,500 cavalry to Cuba at once.

Areski, the famous bandit chief, and five of his companions were executed at Azaza, Algiers. The band of outlaws to which these men belonged terrorized Kabylia for a long time.

ROBERT H. BLAIN,

Civil Engineer, Surveyor.

EASTON, MD.

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COLLINS, GARRISON R.	General Store.	Dover Street.
DAVIDSON, WM. H.	Paper Hanger, Painter,	August Street.
DIXON, R. B. & CO.,	Coal and Lumber. General Ins. Agts.,	Moreland Building.
DAWSON & JENKINS,	Druggists.	Washington Street.
GRIFFITH, JOHN S.	Grocer	Washington Street.
HARTNETT, W. J.	Stoves and Tinware Roofing and Spouting,	Dover Street.
HUBBARD & BRO.,	Fertilizer. Cannery	Washington Street.
HOLLINGSWORTH, T. H. & CO.,	Dry Goods	Odd Fellows' Building.
HENRY, M. P.	General Store.	Market Space.
LITTLETON, W. C.	Tailor.	Washington Street.
MASON, JOHN & CO.	Undertakers.	Washington Street.
MYERS, W. H.	Jeweler, Optical Goods, &c.	Dover Street.
MARTIN, R. HERBERT,	Atty. at Law.	Dover Street.
MULLER, JOSEPH,	Harness Maker.	Market Space.
MASON, FRANK,	Carriage Manufacturer.	Market Space.
NORRIS, SAMUEL,	Provision Depot.	Market Space.
MICHOLS, M. B.	Dry Goods Merchant.	Washington Street.
NICHOLS & BRO.	Stoveware.	Dover Street.
SHANNAHAN & WRIGHTCON,	Hardware.	Washington Street.
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.
TREGANOWAN, J. R.,	Crayon Portraits, &c.	Cabinet Street.
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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.
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