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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.

VOL. LXXIX. NO. 29. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1895. $1.50 PER YEAR.

IF LOVE IS AT THE PROW.

If Love is at the prow,
The Summer sky
Shall smile down, even as now;
And you and I
On rippling Summer seas of life shall sail
To blessed havens with a gentle gale—
If Love is at the prow.

If Love our footstep leads,
Then shall we stray
In flower-scented meads,
Where all the way
Is balmy with the breath of radiant June
And tinkling brooks murmur a drowsy tune—
If Love our footstep leads.

Ah, Love, let Love direct!
His beckoning hands
With garlands fair are decked;
And his commands
Are laid upon us for our happiness.
Be his the task to lead us and to bless,
Ah, Love, let Love direct!

—New York Recorder.

A STRANGE RESCUE.



E were very busy at St. Alban's Hospital. Nurses and doctors were hard at work from morning till night, and from night till morning again. The severe winter was bringing its usual accompaniments of starvation and sickness. Hard times and bad living were working havoc among the poor; the hospital was full to overflowing. An unusual number of casualties, at the same time, brought stretcher after stretcher to the accidental room.

The great clock over the entrance was just striking 6 as I threw my shawl round me and hastened off across the grounds to the dispensary. Running quickly through the snow, I soon arrived at the door, and was greeted by the customary growl which awaited late comers.

"I am sorry I am late in coming for the stimulants," I said, as soon as I could get my breath. "I could not leave the ward before. Let me see, six ounces of brandy for No. 20 and little No. 16's port wine; that is all, I think."

"Anything fresh this afternoon, Nurse Deaton?" inquired the dispenser, as I busily packed the bottles into my apron pocket, in order to leave my hands free for my shawl.

"Nothing for us," I answered. "A bad case has just gone up to Mary Ward. A poor young fellow was brought in this afternoon, found dead in the snow—good evening," and I set off across the white ground.

"Off duty at 6," I said to myself, as I went. "I would not go off, only I am so tired, and Sister says I must."

At the ward door I encountered Nurse Flemming, my chum and fellow-nurse, just emerging from the ward, accompanied by two women, one of whom was weeping bitterly.

"Oh, dearie," exclaimed nurse as she saw me, "I am so glad you are come. This is the wife of poor No. 12, who died this morning; she wishes to see him. I know you are off duty, dear, but do you mind taking her? I've just got a fracture in—and Mr. Hooper is waiting to attend to it; thank you." I nodded a cheerful acquiescence, and she turned back to attend to her many duties.

Taking the women with me, I went to the room of the porter, who kept the mortuary keys. With many growls he lighted his lantern and prepared to accompany us, as he was in duty bound to do.

He was one of many male officials of St. Alban's, who consider it right to be as disagreeable as possible to the nurses whenever they required his services, so I took no notice of his mutterings, but devoted my attention to the poor woman at my side. While she was telling me of the many virtues of her late husband, and of the dark future in store for herself and her eight children, we arrived at the door of the mortuary. Leaving us standing there, under a lamp which projected from the wall and which the porter lit from the flame of his lantern, the man entered alone, in order that he might bring forward from the large mortuary the particular body we wished to see; presently he opened the door again to admit us.

The door by which we entered led into a tiny chapel. It was here that the relatives of the deceased looked their last upon the pale, set faces of their departed friends. The body about to be visited was wheeled on a light trolley into the chapel, which was kept very clean, and daily redecked with white flowers.

As we entered, the porter stepped outside to do something to the lamp, which did not burn properly, while I went forward with the women and gently turned back the sheet from the poor, dead face.

The two women were too much absorbed—the one with her grief and the other with her sympathy—to take any notice of me. So I, remembering a poor little waif who had died in my arms a day or two before, and thinking I should like to see him again, for I had grown to love the little motherless creature, picked up the lantern from the floor and went in search of my little patient. It was some time before I found him, and, after imprinting a kiss on the small, pitiful face, I went to look at the new post-mortem room, which had lately been finished, and which I had not seen. I was walking round, the light of the lantern gleaming weirdly on the white tiles which lined the walls and floor, when I suddenly heard a door bang. Without knowing exactly what had happened, I shivered with apprehension and my flesh crept uneasily. In a moment I had flown through the mortuary and into the chapel. Too late! The door was shut and all was in darkness!

In a moment I knew what had happened. The porter, supposing that I had gone and left the visitors to him, had turned out the gas, locked the door and gone away with them. Oh, it was too horrible! I beat on the door with both my fists. I raised my voice in a fearful scream, but that was worse than the awful silence, for the E. Willey hollow walls took up the sound and Jas. H. Wh mocking echo came back to me as H. Newnam he dea were shrieking in their Geo. W. Kelle s. I sank to my knees on the charged on ex stones and covered my face with in regard to cu nds.

Talbot building stood far away from At the last m ther; the blustering wind would the al attempt my voice being heard even were consider the courage to shout again, "Cyrene," a no I had not; no one would be in dancer. "Cyre ounds in such weather as this; woman, and is did not be missed. In the ward ty and eccentr d be supposed, being off duty, wire artiste. To my own room. Nurse Flem- congratulated m missing me from the supper would imagine that I had gone , and would probably retire at, as she thought, disturbing

I glanced at the lantern; how long would it burn? Could I depend on its light lasting till dawn? I looked at the trolley with its cold, still burden, then, with a mighty effort, I crossed the chapel, and seizing the end of the ghastly carriage whirled it quickly into the large mortuary. With as much strength as my arms still possessed I sent it into the darkness and flew back into the dimly-lighted chapel, closing the door behind me.

Now, at least, I was alone, with nothing more unearthly than white flowers and a large ebony cross which hung against the wall. Sinking down into the corner most remote from the inner door, wrapping my shawl closely round my shivering shoulders, I placed the lantern beside me and strove vainly to think of pleasant things.

But all in vain! My eyes would keep glancing round at the horrible door. My ears would strain themselves so listen for sounds from the silent room. Oh, I should go mad! I could not bear it! How wicked! how cruel! that no one came to seek me! What was that? The great clock at the entrance was striking. One! two!—but no, seven! eight! then silence. Only 8 o'clock! Only two hours since I ran through the garden to fetch the stimulants!

Almost involuntarily I slipped my hand into my apron pocket. Yes, there were the two bottles, carefully wrapped round with my handkerchief, as I had put them.

Whether I fell asleep or not I have never since been able to determine, but when I roused from the semi-consciousness into which I had fallen, several hours appeared to have elapsed. Instead of the dim light of the lantern at my side, the chapel was flooded with silver moonlight. In spite of my thick shawl, I was fearfully cold and cramped with leaning so long against the chilly stones. I was aware that something had roused me; something besides moonlight and discomfort. A glance at the skylight overhead showed me the moon sailing calmly through the dark, blue vault of heaven, surrounded by fleecy clouds; and even as I looked and listened, the great clock struck two.

For nearly six hours I had lain unconscious in that awful place. The fact did not tend to bring me comfort; I felt sick and ill, my limbs ached; the black cross, touched by the moonbeams, loomed dark and awful against the white wall. Oh, to die and forget everything! What was that? A sound! —a groan! Oh, Heaven! coming from the other side of that inner door!

I had risen to my feet, but now I sank back, frozen with horror, into the sheltering corner. For a few moments silence, then it came again. I listened—a low, long moan—but to my confused brain it was not the hollow, unearthly groan of the stage ghost such as we are wont to associate with rattling chains and lurid blue fire, but rather the groan of a human creature in pain. As soon as this idea took possession of my weakened mind, my courage returned. All my nurse-like instincts came to my aid.

The thought that a living human being was near, much more a fellow creature who needed help, filled me with new energy, and I rose and took up my lantern. What I expected to find I hardly know; perhaps some workmen who had been assisting with the new building had fallen asleep, or been overcome with drink, and shut in, like myself, through misadventure. How improbable a theory this was did not, unfortunately, occur to me until long after ward, and I opened the door and looked into the dark interior. At the sound of the opening door the groaning ceased, and for awhile I stood, uncertain which direction to take.

Presently a movement at the further end decided me, and I made my way slowly round the stone ledges, casting the light of the lantern on the ground as I went. No sign of a human figure could I see. No British workman's recumbent form gladdened my eyes. I stood still, in perplexity. Oh, heavens! what was that? Close beside me, not yet placed in a shell, but lying on the stone slab, lay a long, still figure. Still! Oh, horror! As I looked, unable to stir, I saw the white sheet that covered it move—a long, thin hand pushed itself from beneath and almost toughed me. All my former experience was nothing to this. In a moment the fingers had pulled the sheet from the face, and a pair of dark eyes gazed into mine!

How long I stood thus I shall never know. At length, a long, quivering sigh from the white lips called me to myself, and I gathered courage to bend over and touch the prostrate form. Enough! The spell was broken! I knew then that this was no time to hesitate—no time to give way to womanish fears. I took the cold hand in mine.

"Do not fear," I said, in as calm a voice as I could command, "I will do all I can for you;" and, taking the shawl from my shoulders, I folded it round the shivering form. Instinctively, I remembered the bottles in my pocket, and, drawing them forth, dropped a little brandy between the chattering teeth. After a while the returning color in the lips, the increasing warmth of the limbs, told me that my efforts had not been in vain. Oh, if I could only summon aid; but that was impossible! If I could keep life in my companion, my patient, until help arrived! Fortunately, my shawl was a large, warm one; fortunately, old No. 20 had not got his brandy, but I had it safely here.

"Where am I?" asked the man, as he looked round the dim place, his face full of surprise—and no wonder, for his surroundings had, to say the least, an unusual appearance. I did not think it wise or necessary to explain matters more than to tell him he was in St. Alban's Hospital, and would soon, doubtless be well. He told me what I had already guessed, that in traveling on foot through the snow he had been overtaken by intense fatigue, and being unable to overcome the drowsiness he knew might be fatal, he had fallen asleep. "It's a wonder I'm not dead," he concluded, and I made no answer.

I had been so absorbed in my work that I had taken no account of the hours as they went by, until now I heard the clock ring out six! Oh, the joy of that sound!

We kept early hours at St. Alban's, and at six o'clock we were expected to rise. I should be missed, sought for and found!

I was shivering and sick. The man had fallen into a doze, from which I could not find it in my heart to rouse him, lonely and miserable as I felt. Oh, how cold it was! My thin cotton dress was scanty covering from the icy air. How long would it be before they found me?

Would they seek long before they thought of the mortuary? Would they think of the mortuary at all? How those thoughts tormented me, chasing each other through my aching brain until, at last, a sound of a key turning in the lock—the voice of my dear nurse companion saying, in bewildered tones, "She cannot be here, porter." Then the whole place spun round, and I saw and heard no more.

It was long before I returned to my work. Pneumonia set it, and for weeks I was too ill to leave my bed.

Tenderly was I nursed and much was I praised for what they were pleased to call my bravery. My patient, I learned, had recovered and was full of gratitude for his strange rescue from an untimely end. The case of "suspended animation" was much talked of among the doctors, and the medical men took it up with interest. "You saved his life, you know," said the nurses to me, apparently to console me for my unpleasant experiences; and the patient himself has told me the same thing a hundred times since that day, for I am now his wife.—Strand Magazine.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Prudence is a plug to prosperity.

An army is a great monster with a head, but no heart.

No man can be happy without sharing it with somebody.

Cupid is a physician who never takes his own medicine.

A dead beat that is hatched from laziness is of few days and full of trouble.

Some men will "bet you ten dollars" when they are at the end of their argument.

The man who becomes a successful hypocrite has to work at it every day in the week.

Hate is two points with poison tips —one toward your enemy the other toward yourself.

There is no place like home, and that is why so many men spend their evenings down town.

It takes some people a whole lifetime to find out that no dollar is big enough to give an hour's happiness.

There are two sides to every question, top and bottom; and the man on the bottom side is liable to be crushed.

As a rule, women say almost everything else of a woman who is engaged except that she is too young to marry.

Some people never want certain things until they see others anxious for them and then they want them bad.

The man who falls in love with a pretty face alone, gets over his disappointment as soon as the pretty face grows old.

One of the most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind, is to be its own master; a pond may lie quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in.

A Novelist's Story.

Mr. Frankfort Moore was for many years one of the leading journalists of Belfast, before he took the English literary world by storm with his successful brilliant and extraordinarily paradoxical in subject and phrase—"I Forbid the Banns," "A Gray Eye or So," and "One Fair Daughter." His "Journalist's Note Book" is full of good stories of his experiences; but the other night he told me one which has never yet seen daylight on paper.

A slim, fair-haired young man, almost a boy, called on him and sent in his card as Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter. Mr. and Mrs. Moore happened to be familiar with the huge, burly, Max O'Rellish appearance of the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," but they welcomed the visitor none the less, though Mrs. Moore was at pains not to leave them alone, for she intuitively grasped what the pseudo Gunter wanted. So things went on till it was time for Mr. Moore to go to his office. The stranger followed him there. Of course, he wanted money, and when Mr. Moore suggested that the American Consul would be glad to assist so distinguished a fellow-countryman, he explained that he and that functionary had taken opposite sides in the Civil War, so he was afraid he would have to ask Mr. Moore to lend it to him. "I'd be delighted to do so, my dear fellow," said Mr. Moore, with his ready Irish wit, as the office boy appeared in answer to his ring to show the visitor out, "but the fact is, you haven't told us who you are." He pointed to a print of the real Archibald, but the stranger had fled.—London Queen.

Daniel Webster on the Great West.

When we think of the teeming population which now fills many portions of our country west of the Rocky Mountains, and remember how famous, all over the world, is their singular beauty, and their incomparable value to the tourist, the health seeker, the agriculturist and the horticulturist, as well as the miner, it is interesting to read what so intelligent a statesman as Daniel Webster thought of them just fifty years ago, and to know that his views were shared by many other prominent public men of the time. In a speech delivered in the United States Senate in 1845, with regard to the proposal that a mail service should be established between Missouri and the Pacific coast, Webster said:

"What do we want with this vast worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or these endless mountain ranges, impenetrable, and covered to their bases with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless and uninviting, with not a harbor on it? What use have we for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it is to-day."—Scientific American.

A Kind Voice.

There is no power of love so had to get and to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and it sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweets of home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the seas. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines.—Elihu Burritt.

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Having Bought

The Shops and Tools of William H. Wirbgott, 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

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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.

THE NEWS.

The Peoria (Ill.) Manufacturing Company made an assignment to George K. Beasley. Bills payable are $91,474, and bills receivable $11,800.—The West Virginia Transportation Company of Parkersburg, W. Va., brought suit for $100,000 against the Standard Oil Company and for $50,000 against the Eureka Pipe Line Company for malicious conspiracy to destroy the property of the plaintiff.—D. K. Pearson, of Chicago, who has already given Beloit College, of Wisconsin, $400,000, announced at the close of the commencement exercises that he would give another $60,000, provided $200,000 could be raised for endowment.—In a fit of jealousy, Samuel Leahman fatally wounded his wife at Wilkesbarre, Pa., by shooting her in the left breast. The would-be murderer tried to escape, but was arrested, and placed in jail.—Executions aggregating $7,830 were issued against the Altoona Produce Company, a leading wholesale house. The liabilities are estimated at $15,000.—Grasshoppers have appeared in such quantities in certain sections of Nebraska as to interfere with railroad travel.—Daniel Stenzel, of Kutztown, Pa., was murdered while returning to his father's house.—Police Inspector McLaughlin has been sentenced to two years and six months imprisonment in Sing Sing. One week's time is allowed him in which to settle up his affairs.—A terrific cyclone passed over North Platte, Neb., destroying much property and demolishing many houses. Ben Young, a prominent farmer, was carried with his house a long distance, and was killed.—Ten prisoners, four of them murderers, tunneled their way out of the county jail at Poplar Bluff, Mo., and all but one are still at large. One of the murderers was captured.—Mrs. Alabama Knotts, was struck by a train at York, Pa., and killed.—Representatives of twenty-three firms of Tacoma, Portland and Mount Vernon, which ship eighty per cent. of the shingle output of the coast Pacific Northwest, have organized the Pacific Lumber and Shingle Shippers' Association.—"Diamond Charlie," alias Coleman, must be sent back to the Southern States to stand trial on a charge of swindling a number of jewelers there. Judge MacDougall signed the final order in Toronto and Coleman, in charge of United States officers, will leave in a day or two.—The Chicago Milling and Lumber Company's plant, the Wolverine Mills, in Cairo, Ill., owned by H. Speeckes & Co., of Chicago, was destroyed by fire, together with several hundred thousand feet of lumber. The loss foots up $150,000, the machinery alone being valued at $90,000.—Fire at Bousfield's woodenware works, in Bay City, Mich., destroyed the dry kiln and contents, and for a time threatened the company's entire plant. The loss on dry kiln and contents is about $50,000, fully insured.—Senator Camden, of West Virginia, says that the surveys for the new coal railroad from the Fairmount region to the Ohio River have been completed, and that construction of the line will be pushed with all speed.

Mrs. Nelson Byers, aged fifty-six years, and her grandson, Nelson Allen, aged four years, were killed in an accident on the city railway, at Williamsport, Pa. The aged car, set adrift, crashed into a hand-car, near Eakins, W. Va., and three workmen were killed and two injured.—Lewis Carlin accidentally fatally shot his companion, Robert Cumming-, of Philadelphia, both young men being members of the Third Regiment, N. G. P.—The caving in of mines threatens the destruction of one of the principal towns in the Cripple Creek district, Colorado. The convention of the Master Steam and Hot Water Fitters' Association of the United States adjourned at Philadelphia, to meet in St. Louis next year. A new constitution was adopted and 150 new members added to the roll, making it the largest association of the kind in the country.—Judge Hallett, of the United States Court, at Denver, has signed a degree of foreclosure and order of sale in the case of the Central Trust Company, of New York, against the Denver City Cable Railway Company. The amount of damage is $5,652,147.07. This step is taken in carrying out the plan of the organization.

R. T. S. Hastings, aged twenty-three years, shot a girl named Trixie St. Clair, at Sandusky, O., killing her instantly, and then attempted suicide.—Delegates are gathering in Cleveland, O., to the National Republican Convention. Secretary Humphrey stated that prominent professors in economics would be there to answer the silverites.—Boston celebrated the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill with a grand carnival procession and Masonic parade.—The boilers at the water works plant at Union City, Tenn., exploded, killing Engineer Carman instantly and injuring other persons.—A big boiler in the Union Cotton Press building, New Orleans, exploded killing one man and injuring a number of others.—A certificate of incorporation of the Terminal Railway Company, of Buffalo, with a capital of $500 000, was filed in that city.—The twenty-seventh annual convention of the National Council of the Junior Order United American Mechanics opened in Omaha, Neb.—An armed body of men attempted to take possession of the Schufeldt, Distillery, at Chicago, one of the plants of the Whiskey Trust. They exchanged shots with the deputy marshals on guard, and were driven away, no one being injured on either side.

Four fires were lost and five persons seriously injured by the explosion of the boiler in H. J. Langley's factory at Fall River, Mass.—It was reported from Sioux Falls, S. D., that an agreement had been reached between the friends of Absconding treasurer Taylor and Attorney General Crawford whereby Taylor is to return.—At Natchez Island plantation, a few miles below Natchez, Miss., R. W. Dawson, shot and killed Frank Macklin and a negro woman and severely wounded a negro boy.—The reorganization committee has offered to buy the plant of the Whitney Trust for $9,810,000.—A dog afflicted with rabies bit a number of other dogs, cattle and horses in Hancock county, W. Va., and they all had to be killed.—H. S. Shirk & Sons, proprietors of Seven Cotton Mills and manufacturers of cigars in Lancaster, Pa., against whom executions aggregating nearly $50,000 were issued last week, made an assignment.—The Supreme Court of the state of Minnesota has decided that the Kenwood land suit in favor of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad Company. Under this decision the railway company will receive about $100,000.

Miss Frances Willard emphatically denies a report current in England that she is to marry a prominent English temperance reformer next fall.

Twenty-four persons are known to have lost their lives in the recent mine disaster in Prussian Silesia.

STORM IN KANSAS

Twenty Dwellings Destroyed and Many Persons Hurt.

BIG STORM IN NEBRASKA.

Startling Spectacle Seen from a Railroad Train—Passengers Witness the Formation and Descent of the Clouds.

A special to the Kansas Times from Hartford, Kan., says:

About 5 o'clock P. M., a tornado struck this place, coming from the southwest, and sweeping everything in its path, which was clean cut and about 100 feet in width. Several per one were injured so badly that they are not expected to live. No one, so far as known, was killed outright.

Twelve houses were destroyed, as well as many barns and outhouses. Among the houses destroyed were those of Judge Combs, Mrs. Bawsons, Clarence Comley, L. F. Dudley, J. A. Thomson, W. G. Root and Godfrey Schwartz.

The roof of Charles Comley's house was lifted off as cleanly as if the house had been put up and the roof left unfinished. The remainder of the structure was unharmed.

Many other houses were more or less damaged. The total loss is estimated at $20,000.

STORY OF AN EYE WITNESS.

F. B. Tuck r, a traveling salesman from Emporia, says: "I was on the incoming Missouri, Kansas and Texas train due at Hartford at 5.25 o'clock. Just as the train was stopping the passengers noticed to the southwest a peculiarly shaped white cloud formed in airy like a balloon, but a little more tapering. Its peculiar whiteness first attracted our attention. In a few moments it seemed to stretch out its neck to the ground and turn darker. Then coulds from all directions seemed to cluster around the top and as the cloud neck struck the earth, trees, fences and everything in it struck were torn up and lifted into the air. The flash was it struck was bodily lifted into the air. In another second beams, furniture and stoves, building and all kinds of material were seen shooting high into the air from all directions. By this time the passengers were beginning to notice that the funnel-shaped cloud was coming straight for the cars in which we were and inquiries began as to what was best to be done. Suddenly a trakeman solved the question by saying, Here goes for the prairie,' and rushed for the door, followed by every one in the car. The run, however, was not necessary, for when only about one hundred feet from the car the storm took a sudden turn southwest and swept past the rear of the train without touching it. The storm, after passing through the town to the east, seemed to jump the Neosho river and then disappeared."

Several persons are reported injured during the storm at Sheffield, an outlying town.

OMAHA, Neb.—A tornado at Stella, Neb., did great damage, but no lives were lost.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

A Chicago and Alton freight train was backed into a trolley car on the street railway at Streator, Ill., and killed two passengers.

Miss Nellie Neff and a man named Shallbacher were drowned in the lake at Washington Park, Kansas City, by the capsizing of their boat.

A freight train on the Marietta and North Georgia Railroad was derailed by train wreckers at Bently, Ga., and Lee Dickey, the fireman, was killed.

During a fire in a tenement in Bridgeport, N. J., Mrs. Mary Menzell jumped from a window and was severely injured, and John Grid was overcome by smoke.

Four men were suffocated by gas in Alpine Tunnel, near St. Elmo, Colo. The tunnel had long been abandoned, but was being cleared of debris in preparation for reopening.

Fletcher Sells was instantly killed and Oliver Reems terribly scalded by an explosion at the Crystal Ice Manufacturing Company's works in Columbus, O.

A freight train on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad was wrecked at Dixon, Ill., by the breaking of a rail on a curve. Louis Brooks, fireman, and John Wadley, brakeman, was killed.

A Big Four train broke in two nine miles west of East Sydney, O., on a heavy grade, and came together with a crash, telescoping eight cars. Eight tramps were riding in one of the cars, and three of them were crushed to death and a fourth fatally injured.

Meagre details have been received at Perry, Oklahoma, of a hurricane which swept the country 20 miles west of there on Sunday night. Twenty or more houses is said to have been blown down and several persons injured, a Mrs. Hammer, a widow, fatally.

A fire in South Chicago, Ill., destroyed an entire block, including several business houses and a number of dwellings. Several people narrowly escaped with their lives, from their burning homes. The loss is estimated at $200,000.

Michael Sheridan, Patrick Morris and Emmett Sweeny, boys were drowned in Lake Erie, at Cleveland, while bathing. Morris was taken with cramps, and Sheridan went to his assistance, but his strength gave out. Sweeny then attempted to rescue them, but all three became locked in a helpless and frenzied grip and were drowned.

COLIMA SURVIVORS.

Three Members of the Steamer's Crew Returning from Mexico.

The steamer City of Sydney, from Manzillo, is carrying to San Francisco, three of the survivors of the ill-fated Colima. Their names are John Reinous, J. Jokeman, Santa Maria—all of the crew.

They boarded the Sydney at Manzanillo. They are members of the party who got ashore in lifeboat number 5, and were afterward found by the steamer Manzatlan. The survivors found by the Barracouta to have gone South, Chilberg has gone to Guatemala, Bryan, to New York, and five at Manzanillo have left for their respective destinations.

The latest reports from Manzanilla say that ninety miles south of Manzanillo, two women and one man, survivors of the Colima, are living on a ranch.

WORK AND WORKERS.

A San Francisco despatch says that the steamer Belgic, due from China and Japan, has on board a number of Japanese who will not be permitted to land. "A contractor named Shiono has made a confession which proves that the Japanese on board are sent by a Yokohama hotel-keeper, who is in the business of supplying cheap labor to California syndicates."

The Executive Board of the Oneyville, Rhode Island, strikers deny that the strike has been declared off. "The evident intention of the strikers is to go to work in all save the Atlantic and Fletcher mills, and to draw on the operatives outside those mills for financial help."

The Knoxville (Tenn.) Iron Company has posted notices of an increase of 10 per cent. in the wages of its employes.

Notice has been posted in the Androscoggin Mills, in Lewiston, Maine, of the advance of seven per cent. in wages.

The employes of the Ames Iron Works, in Oswego, N. Y., have received notice of a ten per cent. increase in wages.

It is stated that the Illinois Steel Company will erect a construction mill in Chicago, at a cost of about $1,000,000.

Another voluntary increase of about 10 per cent. in the wages of all the furnace employes in the Mahoning Valley was granted by the blast furnace operators at a special meeting held at Youngstown, Ohio.

A despatch from Huntington, West Virginia, says that almost all the mines along the Norfolk and Western Railroad have resumed operations. Many of the men are now hands.

The coal miners of Ohio have, by a vote of 5091 to 4351, decided to accept the offer of the operators to go to work at 51 cents per ton. The machine mining question, however, is still unsettled. The miners demand three-fifths of the pick mining rate and the operators offer only one-half.

Samuel Gompers, ex-President of the American Federation of Labor, addressed a large assemblage of laboring men in Memphis, Tenn. He spoke mostly on the sweat shop system. Incidentally he declared himself in favor of free silver coinage.

The trouble in Buffalo, N. Y., between the Plumbers' Union and the Master Plumbers' Association culminated in a lockout of plumbers. An effort will be made to fill the strikers' places with non-union men.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Edison's great-grandfather lived to the age of 102. His grandfather died at 103 and one of his aunts at 103, while his own father is still alive at 93.

Dr. Claudius B. Webster, for many years United States Consul at Sheffield, England, and prior to that time principal of a young ladies' seminary in Gorham, N. H., died at the old station viving graduate of Dartmouth College, having been graduated in 1836.

Herbert Brennan, Jr., is the hero of the Long Island Century Run which was held last Saturday. Young Brennan is only 10 years of age, and he rode the century in good style with his father. He says he does not feel the youngster is all right and he did not anticipate any evil effects from the run.

Mrs. William Rockefeller will build a new parsonage for the First Baptist Church, at Tarrytown, on the lot near the church purchased by Mr. Rockefeller some time ago. The new parsonage will be built of matched brick, with stone trimmings. The specifications call for the best interior fittings and the building will cost at least $20 000.

John Joseph Kain, the new Archbishop of St. Louis, was born in Martinsburg, W. Va., May, 31, 1842. He received his preparatory education at St. Charles Seminary, in Howard County, Md., and finished his course at St. Mary's University, in Baltimore. He was ordained priest in 1865 by Archbishop Spalding at the same time as was Bishop Keane, of Washington University. They pronounce their names alike.

The Macleods have been leading men in the Church of Scotland for more than a century. Three of them have presided as moderator over the general assembly, and the fourth Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, of Glasgow, has just been chosen for that office. Dr. Macleod is the editor of "Good Words," has traveled over most of the world, loves boating and fishing, is a capital story-teller, and has the most fashionable congregation in Glasgow.

WESTERN ARID LANDS.

Millions and Millions of Acres to Be Reclaimed for Settlers.

Millions and millions of acres are to be added to the great homestead areas of the West. The last Congress enacted a law providing that the general government shall donate to each State in which there are arid lands one million acres of such land, on condition that the reclamation is done by the States.

Already Idaho and Wyoming have complied with all the formalities of the law, and have taken steps towards securing a million acres of lands within their borders. Lieutenant-Governor Mills, of Idaho, and E. Mead, of Wyoming, the engineers, have been appointed by their respective States to complete the final arrangements. Their mission promises to be very successful, for they are receiving from Land Commissioner Lamoreaux the most cordial co-operation.

"The steps which are now being taken to transform an immense section of arid country into fertile and fruitful farms," said the commissioner, "will, without doubt, be far-reaching in their effects. Up to the present time the arid section of the West have been lying barren because the government could not be induced to enter upon wholesale irrigation, and private corporations found the task both gigantic and, in a certain sense, unprofitable.

"Under the new law, however, the State is to sell the lands in sections of not over 160 acres to any one person for such price as can be obtained. The government retains possession for five years, and if at the end of that time the reclamation appears to be permanent, the title to the land passes to the State and thence to a settler. This means homes and farms for a multitude of people. Millions and millions of acres will in course of time be reclaimed under these new conditions. The work may not and doubtless will not be finished in my lifetime or mine, but it has begun and that means everything."

The life of party in Ecuador is now master of the situation. Salazar has resigned and Carlos Manta is now President of the State. He has assumed power and nearly all the republic has submitted.

MUST NOT AID CUBA

President Cleveland Issues an Emphatic Proclamation.

WARNING TO FILIBUSTERS.

By This Action the President Takes an Important Step in Absolving the United States From Any Claim for Damages.

Secretary Olney is determined that the United States government shall do all in its power and all that international law requires to prevent the violation of the United States territory by persons who undertake to make it a base of hostile operations against Spain, with which power it is at peace. Complaints are reached the Department of State through the Spanish minister, that men are recruiting on American soil, and that armed expeditions are leaving our shores for the purpose of attacking the Spanish forces in Cuba. Whenever the necessary evidence can be produced the instructions of the law of the United States are to be severely published, for the Secretary of State will have no just grounds for complaint that the United States has failed in its obligations to other nations. Meanwhile, however, it has been deemed proper to give formal warning to misguided people of what they may expect, so the following proclamation, signed by the President, was issued by the State Department:

By the President of the United States.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Island of Cuba is now the seat of serious civil disturbances, accompanied by armed resistance to the authority of the established government of Spain, a power with which the United States are and desires to remain on terms of peace and amity; and

Whereas the laws of the United States prohibit their citizens, as well as all others being within and subject to their jurisdiction from taking part in such disturbances adversely to such established government by accepting or exercising commissions for warlike service against it, by enlistment or procuring others to enlist for such service, by fitting out armed or procuring to be fitted out and armed ships of war for such service, by augmenting the force of any ship of war engaged in such service and arriving in a port of the United States, and by setting on foot or providing or preparing the means for military expeditions to be carried on from the United States against the territory of such government.

Now, therefore, in recognition of the laws aforesaid, and in discharge of the obligations of the United States toward a friendly power and as a means of precaution and to the end that citizens of the United States and all others within its jurisdiction may be deterred from subjecting themselves to legal forfeitures and penalties,

I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States of America, do hereby admonish all such citizens and other persons to abstain from every violation of the laws hereinbefore referred to, and do hereby warn that all violations of such laws will be rigorously prosecuted, and do further enjoin upon all officers of the United States charged with the execution of said laws the utmost diligence in preventing violations thereof and in bringing to trial and punishment any offenders against the same.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President:

RICHARD OLNEY, Secretary of State.

The issuance of the President's proclamation against extending aid to the Cuban insurgents gave rise to considerable discussion as to where it did not practically amount to a recognition of the rebels as belligerents. Such an interpretation of the proclamation, however, is not correct, according to the opinions of several well-known public men.

TRAMPS CUT TO PIECES.

Terrible Wreck Through the Negligence of an Operator.

A head-end collision occurred at 1.05 o'clock A. M. between two passenger trains on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad at Yemassee, S. C. The engines were telescoped and were completely wrecked. Engineer William Black jumped as the collision came, breaking his leg.

Four unknown colored tramps, who were stealing a ride on the front trucks, were ground and cut to pieces. The mail car of one train was torn to shreds, but Mail Clerks C. P. Grotz and J. P. Breard escaped injuries.

The passengers were terribly shaken up and thrown about, but escaped serious injury. A relief train sent from Savannah, accompanied by Drs. Charlton and Duncan, ministered to the injured. The wreck occurred through the negligence of an operator in giving orders.

FORTY THOUSAND MEN.

Spain in Alarm to Send an Army to Cuba.—A Big Loan Planned.

The Spanish Senate has adopted a bill to authorize the Government to raise, in case of need a loan of 600,000,000 pesetas on account of the Island of Cuba.

The Minister of War, General Azcarraga, is actively occupied in organizing reinforcements, and 40,000 men will be ready to