THOSE WHO

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The Easton Gazette.

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PAPER IN TALBOT COUNTY

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

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UNDER THE THORN.

Under the thorn in the field of clover
Two hearts met in the Summer morn,
Met by chance with the blue skies over,
Under the thorn.

Love, the live blossom of life, reborn,
Burst into bloom in the heart of each lover
In full fruition, that feared hot scorn;
Sweet are the songs of the birds above her.
While love, no more with its heart forlorn,
Discovers the lips it would fain discover,
Under the thorn.

Under the thorn when the blossoms wither,
Shall Love lie languid or droop forlorn;
When its joys had gone and you wonder whither,
Under the thorn.

Still in the springtimes yet unborn,
Like a cloud or blossom or bird-wing's feather,
Plucked from its flying pinions torn,
Shall love forever in its own weather
Come through the air in life's azure morn,
When two hearts shall meet, thus perchance, together
Under the thorn.

—Bennet Bellman, in Philadelphia Times.

BOHEMIA.

AT SEVENTEEN.

THERE are high hills on every side save one — the south approach leads up from a valley a mile away. The house faces the incline, and back of it, up and up, the grade rises until less than a mile away the tops of the green pines toss their brushes against the sky. Right and left close hills hedge in the house, and on each side is a touch of the primeval forest. Back of the house on the incline is a flower garden, a kitchen garden, a strawberry bed, a strip of green corn and a field of yellow grain.

In a corner of the garden, beyond the beds of vegetables and rows of thyme, rosemary and sweet marjoram, grape trellis and clump of currant bushes, where ripe fruit hangs like bunches of coral, there is a chestnut tree, and under its shade is Janet Townsend's favorite retreat.

Janet is seventeen. Her black hair is braided to her waist, and beyond that falls in a silken bush that touches the grass as she sits with her hands clasped around her knees, her body leaning forward. Her eyes are dark, and have in them that wistful, inquiring look you sometimes see in the eyes of the young.

Janet is dreaming of the future, waiting for the kingdom to come to her, and it is so much nearer than she dreams.

Overhead a songbird rustles among the leaves and flits upward from limb to limb until the topmost bough is reached. He pipes two or three short, inquiring notes, turns his head this way and that to see if he is to be undisturbed, and then he balances forward, while the rich round notes of his wild song seem to fairly tumble from his throat.

"Janet! Janet!" a voice is calling, "Janet, your father wants you." The girl's hands unclasp; she throws out her arms, numbed by the tension of the clasp about her knees, and then she lightly runs down the path to the house.

"Father wants you, Janet," one of the children repeats, as she bounds up the steps of the back porch; "he is out on the front stoop."

"What is it, daddy?"

"Were you busy, Janet?"

"I'm never busy, dad." The man looks at the girl half regretfully. "I am afraid you don't like work, Janet. Work is a good thing."

"Yes, I know work is a good thing—the right kind of work."

There was silence for a few minutes and then she said, reaching out for the paper he held in his hand: "Do you want me to read the rest of that continued story?" They had just reached the trial in the last chapter.

"No, not just now. Mother and I have been sort of talking things over and we have decided that we will use the honey money each year for the children's education. Now, you are the oldest, Janet, and mother thinks you ought to have a chance because you have always had to take care of the younger ones. I saw Zekial Hale in town to-day, and he tells me Elizabeth is going to a business college in the city. Mother and I concluded we'd have you go with her. Elizabeth's a good girl."

"What would I do with a business education, dad?"

"Oh, lots of girls are learning to be bookkeepers and stenographers and so on. Do you want to go?"

"Not to be a bookkeeper, dad."

"Why?"

"I have got book learning enough but if you will let me study drawing"—the girl goes behind her father and puts her arms close around his neck. "I can draw well now; Mr. Muncie says I can learn no more from him. I want to be an artist."

The man's face is thoughtful. "I don't know about that, Janet. I'm afraid mother won't agree, but I'll ask her. Children nowadays do learn different things from what they used to."

"Dear old dad!"—and the arms hug closer. "And I will live in Bohemia!"

He didn't say anything more. He is very proud of this bright, dark girl; he has an innate feeling that she really would not make a bookkeeper or an office girl; she is so different from the other children.

The matter is finally settled, and she is going away. Away from the cottage, all woodbine covered; the sweet, damp woods, the birds that sing in the treetops. Away from the deep, clear watered creek and the favorite spot where the eddy is formed by a jutting bank and the speckled trout skims the water and leaps at the wide winged fly that hovers over. No feather fly and spoon hook have ever swept that water.

It was all about her, but the girl did not know it--Bohemia, land of childhood and innocence, of all good things in life.

AT TWENTY-TWO.

The curtain has gone down on the last stage picture, the immense audience has turned its back upon the orchestra, which is pouring out in stentorian tones the stirring strains of "The Star Spangled Banner." Fashion and beauty have been present to hear a star of unusual magnitude read one of Shakespeare's wonderful characters in the process of a play, and they are going out more than ever impressed with the great bard's wonderful knowledge of the natures and manners and genius of men.

In a right hand box some ladies have been sitting during the performance, deeply interested until the next to the final act, when the principal character leaves the stage. He has been the guest of the elderly woman at dinner, for he is one of society's favorites wherever he goes. With the box party there is a dark girl in red cloak, rich velvet ruffles close about her throat, a red flower in her jetty hair and a few more are in her hand. This is Janet Townsend at twenty-two, the clever artist whose work depicts many scenes in books of the day, whose pen and ink sketches are sought by publishers everywhere.

The ladies are waiting for the crowd to pass out, so they may go comfortably to their carriage, then the stage door swings and the star is standing with them—a man of some thirty-seven, straight and firm, eyes dark and tender as a woman's, and hair that is touched with a tint of sunshine. He is a conspicuous figure in the world of men, yet there is not a single trick of manner or a distinguished feature or whim to attract. Brilliant, straightforward, honest and sincere, a poet in nature, he sees the beautiful of life and recognizes it everywhere.

The ladies shake hands with him, with words and praise of thanks for a delightful evening. Janet is the last to offer her hand, and the others are passing out toward the lobby as she does so.

They walk slowly up the short flight of steps, he still holding her fingers as if in assistance.

"There is something very peculiar about this," he is saying. "I have never met you until to-day, and yet it seems as if I had known you all my life." The full glare of the electric light is falling upon her uplifted face. A flush creeps up to her cheeks, making them almost the tint of the ruffles about her throat. She smiles brightly.

"Perhaps we met in some other world," she says.

"I am sure we have not; I should have remembered. Mrs. Allyn tells me you have made some character sketches from one of my plays."

"I made them from your photographs. Would you like to see them?"

"May I?"

"If you care to come to-morrow afternoon I shall be pleased to show them you."

He puts her into the carriage with her friends, and then stands for a moment looking after the brougham rolling down the white asphalted street.

"What a glorious woman!"

Janet Townsend's studio is a simple place where artists may always be sure of finding kindred souls on Friday afternoon, where newspaper men and publishers drop in and get ideas for this or that. Pictures, draperies, potted plants, portfolios, and hundreds of sketches in black and white are all about.

Janet is talking to a well-known publisher about a cover design when the star enters. She drops the piece of card and goes forward to greet him.

"I am so glad you have come." The welcome is simple, but the flush on her face speaks more than words.

She shows him the sketches, exquisite work from photographs in character, and one by one, as the day is drawing to a close, the visitors drift out, and they are left alone.

A sort of embarrassment creeps over both.

"You have had a successful season!"

"Very."

"And you will come this way again?"

"I hope so." He looks up quickly. She raises her eyes. He reaches out his hands and takes one of hers. "Shall I see you when I come again? May I hope that you will look for?"—His voice has grown very tender and he is speaking hastily. Into her dark eyes steals the old sweet wistfulness they used to wear and her lips are trembling. He notes all this, and the tight clasp on her hand lightens.

His voice is changed when he speaks again.

"I am glad I met you, Miss Townsend. I shall always remember you." He drops her hand. "Adieu!" She is not looking at him now. He raises her chin with the tops of his fingers. "God bless your bonnie brown eyes—Janet."

He speaks her name so softly that she scarcely hears it, the curtains part and fall between them, and she is standing alone.

If she sinks in to a chair and throws her arms over the portfolio on the table containing his pictures, there is no one there to see.

Bohemia, world of heartaches and partings, of dead sea fruit, so beautiful, so bitter, yet so sweet.

AT TWENTY-SEVEN.

There is a cottage in the heart of a New England City, built long ago when land was plenty, and no one has ever been able to encroach upon or narrow down a single inch of the generous stretch of lawn and garden. It is a long way from the street gate to the wide veranda. A graveled walk leads up between the wide stretches of rich, green grass. The front of the house is covered with ampelopsis, that rugged vine which beautifies so many Eastern homes. At the right of the house there are pear trees loaded now with white blossoms, tossing out on the wind their rich peculiar perfume.

The moon, so sadly neglected by the people of cities, is sailing overhead and making the pear trees look like great icebergs. The perfume of the blossoms has been intensified by the dew. From one window there gleams a little light; inside a sweet, blue-eyed child is sleeping, while through the gate a man and woman slowly stroll and come up the graveled walk together.

"That play always impresses me deeply. What infinite understanding that man puts into his part!" The serious face of the broad shouldered man shows that he has indeed been deeply impressed by the evening's performance.

"He has lost none of his old art. I saw him in that same character ten years ago and he has not changed one iota. I made some sketches of him then, which afterward appeared in Walter Bridgman's splendid work on Shakespeare."

They have reached the veranda. "Let us sit out here for a while; it is so cool and lovely."

The man draws forward two deep chairs and the woman removes her hat. Her dress of creamy white stuff, with rich lace about her throat, sets off the brilliant beauty of face and the perfect form. The hair is parted and drawn plainly back in the latest mode, and this is Janet at twenty-seven, the wife of a man who has numberless pictures in the academy, whose name is known in this and nearly every other country, but a man as modest and unassuming as man could be.

They have seen that same old play to-night; the star who had almost asked Janet to wait for his return, and who probably had not thought of her twice in all these years, had played that same old splendid character and Janet has sat and listened to him with the keenest enjoyment. She is not thinking of him now, however

"I had a letter from home to-day," she says. "Dad writes that mother is not very well and wants me to come down and bring Rachel. Don't you want to go, too, Robert?"

He thinks of the picture that is to be finished to hang on the line. "You mustn't tempt me, Janet, but you go and take little Ray. It will do you both good. I will take you down and bring you back."

"And you don't mind if I am not here to meet the people from abroad, and will you cancel our engagement with the Murrays at the shore?"

"Certainly. Don't we owe everything to dad—mustn't we establish a precedent for Rachel?"

"Robert, do you know I told dad ten years ago that I wanted to live in Bohemia, and he said in his letter today: 'You will find the same old seat under the chestnut. Maybe it isn't like Bohemia, but it's mighty pleasant.'"

"And you found Bohemia, Janet? Don't you know that Bohemia is everywhere? It was under the chestnut when you were a girl; it was in your studio when you were sketching; it is here under the pear trees now. When you bound Bohemia, sweetheart, you do not say it is bounded on the north by this country or that, and on the south by something else; you say it is bounded above by the blue sky of heaven and on every side by God's free air and sunshine."

"Why, you are a poet, Robert."

"No, dear, only a Bohemian."

And with her arm through his she crosses the veranda and together they go in to little Rachel.—Chicago News.

A Burglar's Dual Life.

The arrest of "Joe" Killoran, alias Howard, in New York, together with several notorious characters, on the charge of being a postoffice robber, has revealed to many New Haven residents one of the most interesting characters that ever entered the City of Elms. Killoran lived in New Haven several years ago in one of the most respectable portions of the town and became acquainted with many society leaders, who would hardly care to claim his acquaintance to-day. He came as mysteriously as he left. He brought with him an attractive woman, whom he claimed was his wife, but who was in reality Fanny Wright. The pair were charming and interesting to meet, and soon made the acquaintance of a number of members of the best families.

The Killorans took a house at 86 Wall street, and it was there that many well known persons came to know them and frequently dined with them. About ten years ago Killoran was first arrested, and it was then that his acquaintance with prominent persons stood him in good stead. A gentleman who knew Killoran told the following story about him:

"Killoran," this gentleman said, "was a charmer among men and women. He had a wonderful personality that attracted almost every one that ever knew him, and he knew many of the most prominent and influential persons in New York. His friendship with these persons undoubtedly kept him out of prison a good many years. When he was arrested ten years ago there were eight penitentiaries waiting to receive him. When Killoran lived in New Haven he knew many of the best citizens, and yet his house was visited again and again by the most notorious bank burglars this country has ever produced. They came to consult with him whenever they had a big job on. He was what is called a 'spider' in that business, and if he told all he could make a book of the most startling order. 'Joe Howard' and 'Joe Lawler' are two of Killoran's aliases.'

In a Desert Sand Storm.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who have been visiting Egypt and the Holy Land for the last seven months have returned to New York City. While in the Egyptian desert they were obliged to lie flat on the ground with their heads covered for several hours in order to avoid being suffocated.

The storm began first in the middle of the night. The first gusts swept the tent from its fastenings and spread the suffocating canvas over the sleepers. Then it was swept away into the night, leaving them all at the mercy of the blinding, choking clouds of sand. The minute particles cut into their flesh, got into their eyes and mouths and buried them in its drifts. It flowed down their backs, filled their shoes and every fold in their clothes. The force of the blasts blew particles even through the chinks in their trunks, and when the bags and boxes were opened afterward they were found to be full of sand. Almost imperceptible particles were driven between the leaves of books in these bags and boxes.

The storm lasted seven hours. At its outbreak the camel drivers, who had seen such things before, piled the camels' saddles about Mr. and Mrs. Reid and covered their heads with blankets. Then they built up a bulwark of trunks and lay prostrate while the suffocating blasts continued. The seven hours of the storm were hours of agony. Every one in the party was almost suffocated by the sand, and when it was over they arose as if from the dead. The faces of all were cut and sore from the flying sand and their eyes were red and aching. The traces of this experience remained with them for many days.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Some Great Readers.

One of the best educated men in this country, says, regretfully, that he never had a day's schooling in his life. He taught himself to read, a friend introduced him to the famous works of modern authors and he has eagerly devoured books, newspaper and magazine articles until he is an authority on literature. Yet he has found time to make a modest fortune, not by speculation, but close attention to business; is devoted to his family and belongs to several clubs, so that he cannot be called a book worm.

George Peabody used to tell how his uncle thrashed him for "wasting his time over books," but the taste for reading was never whipped out of him.

John Wanamaker says: "Since I was a boy I have read everything that came into my hands, and I have been surprised how useful odd scraps of information have proved. When I see a young fellow spending his spare cash on magazines and papers I know he is furnishing his brains for success."

Gladstone is an omnivorous reader and one of the best customers London booksellers have.

Cecil Rhodes, the richest and most influential man in South Africa, one whom English politicians watch with suspicion, was described by a native chief as "A man who eats a whole country for his breakfast and sits amidst clouds of paper."

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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

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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.

THE NEWS.

It is proposed to have a bull fight at Cripple Creek, Col.——William Walker, a colored desperado, was killed by William Walton, colored, near Memphis, Tenn.——In South Camden, N. J., a locomotive struck a trolley car and demolished it. All the passengers succeeded in escaping before the collision.——Albert Bucke, a nineteen-year-old lad, committed suicide in Carlisle, Pa. Fire broke out at Mauwatosa, the western suburb of Milwaukee, Wis., sweeping away almost the entire business part of the place within two hours, and entailing a loss of between $40,000 and $50,000. The insurance will not amount to more than half that sum.——Alexander Simms was hanged at Jacksonville, Fla., for the murder of Policeman Minor last April.——In an explosion of gas at the Neilson colliery, near Shamokin, Pa., Nicholas Gebrich, Henry Osman, Joan Francois, Joseph Falicht and William Duffy were severely injured. Gebrich will probably die.——An additional number of bonds forged by Z. T. Lewis, the bond broker of Urbana, Ohio, came to light.——The coal operators at the Elkhorn mines appealed to Governor McCorkle for troops, claiming that a reign of terror exists at the mines.

Thomas A. Goodman, who shot and killed H. E. Parsons some time ago and who on his second trial was acquitted, is a candidate for the position of special policeman of Henrico county, Va.——Two severe shocks of earthquake occurred at Shawneetown, Ills.——Judge Lurton, in the United States Court at Memphis, appointed a special commission to conduct the sale of the Tennessee Railroad.——Charles W. Irvine, charged with robbing the Bank of Lexington through his business partner, Charles M. Figgatt, who wrecked that bank by overdrafts, was acquitted at Lexington, Va.——Two brothers, Wash and Rufus Lyne, shot and instantly killed Luther Ryan, at a negro festival at Gordonsville, Ky. Two balls went entirely through Ryan's body.——It is stated that negotiations are pending between the Navy Department and the Cramps relative to making a practical test of the turret now used on modern warships. Just how soon the matter will be decided is not known to the shipbuilding firm, but it is expected that it will be quite soon.

N. P. Montserrat has been appointed receiver of the Columbus, Sandusky and Hocking Railroad, vice J. H. Stewart, appointed a week ago. The change is made to get a practical railroad man outside of the factions which led to a receivership.——George Lawson, proprietor of the White Ribbon Hotel, in Springfield, Ill., fatally shot his wife and then himself. Lawson was drunk. He went to the kitchen, where his wife was preparing a meal. He kissed her, and then shot her through the body.——Thomas Norville, colored, was hanged in the Mobile Jail, for the murder of Louis Coleman, colored, whom he killed last summer.——James Poole and John Case, alias McDowell, were arrested near Canyonville, Ore. They are suspected of being the parties who held up and robbed the Oregon express in Cow Creek Canyon. Both men are convicts.——The bodies of Mary Morgan, aged twenty-one years, and Maggie Lafferty, aged twenty-one years, of Philadelphia, were found on the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad a short distance above Holmesburg Junction, a suburb. The girls are supposed to have been run down by a train.

Mrs. Gustavas Schuck, of Philadelphia, committed suicide by stabbing herself in the breast.——Six lives were lost by the sinking of the Mississippi River packet Lady Lee, near Memphis.——Frederick T. Bittenbender, a manufacturer of Nanticoke, Pa., was shot and killed by Abraham S. Eckerd.——Rev. H. Edward Howland, of Los Angeles, Cal., was convicted of perjury and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.——Five persons were killed and a large number injured in a tornado that swept over Baxter Springs, Kan.——By the explosion of a gasoline stove in the residence of W. C. Bartel, Chicago, Mrs. Bartel and her sister, Miss Ora King were fatally burned.——The town of Wenona, Mo., was destroyed by wind and flood, and twelve persons killed and many hurt.——George S. Good and James Kerr, clerk of the House of Representatives, at Washington, D. C., composing the firm of Good & Co., have been cited as intruders by Agent Wisdom, and ordered from the Choctaw Nation in five days, and, in event of failure, to pay royalty to the Choctaw Nation.

Patrick Bakey, a foreman in the Lytle Colliery at Minersville, Pa., was killed by an explosion of gas, he having entered the mine with a naked lamp.——The Redding and Alturas stage was robbed by highwaymen on a lonely road in California, and the express money-box and registered mail taken.——Smithley, Harvey and Patterson were convicted at Kingwood, W. Va., of the shooting of Sheriff Leroy Shaw.——Two workmen were killed in Chicago by falling from a scaffold.——Six prisoners made their escape from the jail at Hendersonville, N. C.——At a conference in Atlantic City of prominent officials of the Order of Elks it was agreed to compromise the difference existing between the two factions.——Fifty houses have been destroyed by fire at Lorneville, a suburb of Cornwall, Ont., and 100 people are rendered homeless. Great distress prevails. One child was burned to death. Some boys playing in a shed set fire to it, and thus started the blaze.——Five men were badly hurt in a wreck on the Paulina street electric line in Chicago.——Mrs. Lizzie Cottier was committed for contempt in Chicago for refusing to reveal the whereabouts of her child.——Dr. H. Trollinger reported that the negro colonists are held in slavery in Mexico.

KILLED BY A SKYROCKET.

An Infant Fatally Injured During a Pyrotechnic Display.

Edna Hewes, the 2-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hewes, was struck on the head by the descending stick of a skyrocket in Philadelphia and died in convulsions.

Mrs. Hewes, with the child in its coach, was witnessing the pyrotechnic display of the Bramble Club, in the northeastern section of the city. She stood in the midst of a large crowd and was arranging the little one in the coach preparatory to starting for home, when the stick, which had been unperceived by her, struck the babe. The child's death had been caused by concussion of the brain.

Professor George William Smith has been chosen president of Colgate University. He is a graduate of Johns Hopkins, and thirty-two years of age. He is the youngest college president in the United States. He has been professor of history in Colgate University.

PILGRIMS PERISH.

Thirteen Persons Killed on a Canadian Railroad.

TWENTY-SEVEN INJURED.

The Second Section of the Train Ran Into the First Section, which Had Stopped for Water, at Craig's Road Station.

A terrible accident occurred at 3 o'clock A. M., at Craig's Road Station, on the Grand Trunk Railway, about fourteen miles west of Lewis, Quebec. A very large pilgrimage from Sherbrooke Windsor Mills and Richmond had left the latter town about 10 o'clock P. M., for the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. There were two sections of the train, one running a few minutes behind the other. The first section was standing at the Craig's Road Station taking water, when the second section, passing the semaphore, dashed into the rear Pullman coach of the first section, crushing it. The Pullman coach was telescoped into the first-class cars of the first section, killing a number of passengers riding in them. The total number killed is thirteen and the number injured twenty-seven.

The work of rescue was done as soon as possible. When the blinding clouds of steam had subsided the trainmen and priests rallied the men together and the dead and injured were taken from the ruins of the engine, Pullman and first-class coaches and cared for wherever temporary quarters could be found.

The women of the party ministered as best they could to the wants of the maimed pilgrims. They tore off their underclothing and made bandages for the gaping wounds and tried, in the absence of surgeons, to staunch the flow of blood and properly cleanse the hurts.

Word was sent to Montreal and orders from there were issued to Levis to send out a force of doctors from Quebec to attend the wounded and a force of men to clear up the track.

SCENES OF SUFFERING.

At Levis hundreds of people had congregated and numerous express wagons containing mattresses and pillows were awaiting the arrival of the train. The wounded had all been made as comfortable as possible on mattresses on the cars and were attended by physicians who had been sent on from Levis at an early hour. The unfortunate victims were covered with blood and their clothes were torn to shreds. Bruises and cuts on the head and body were particularly common.

The second person taken from the train was Rev. Mr. Dignan, cure of St. George's of Windsor, who died just as he was taken from the cars. The other wounded were immediately driven to the Hospital Dieu, at Levis.

The unfortunate pilgrims all occupied beds in the different wards in the Hospital Dieu and were attended by physicians of Levis and Quebec and nuns and ladies of Levis. The cries of some of the wounded were fearful as they were attended to by the physicians.

It is hard to say where the blame for the accident rests. It has been suggested that Engineer McLeod might have dozed off to sleep, and thus missed seeing the semaphore, and was unconscious of his whereabouts. A strict investigation will be held at once to determine where the responsibility rests.

THE PILGRIMAGES TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

The shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, whither these unfortunate pilgrims were destined, lies on the St. Lawrence river, 21 miles below Quebec. It has been a resort of pilgrims ever since its foundation by the Bretons away back in 1660, but it is only during the past half century that any great throngs have visited the church. In 1874 17,001 flocked to the shrine, and since then the numbers have increased steadily. In 1893 there were 119,000 visitors and last year over 150,000.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Samuel Minturn Peck and William H. Hayne, it is said, are to take the platform together. Peck weighs 200 and Hayne 97 pounds; but they are both good poets.

Agnes Booth says that she did not see two pretty women in London; that the famous grisettes of Paris are a delusion, and that apartments in Europe are not up to the average of Harlem flats.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, of this city, who is lecturing on the Pacific Coast, has been received everywhere with great enthusiasm. In San Francisco much attention has been paid to him, and as a representative Philadelphia philanthropist he has aroused much interest.

The ex-King of Servia won $140,000 at the Paris Grand Prix, enough to pay a quarter of his gambling debts at least. There was an element of superstition in his betting. A mare had won every eight Grand Prix race previously, and his inference that a mare would win the 1895 race proved to be correct.

A young man named Bennett has put his bicycle to profitable use in the Australian gold fields by establishing with it a postal route between Coolgardie, the center of the mining district, and Dundas, which is 280 miles away. Strapped on the wheel is a small letter-box in which he carried letters between the two town for a shilling apiece and telegrams for five shillings, making one round trip a week. A revolver, a sharp knife and a water-bottle comprise the rest of his outfit.

King Menelik of Abyssinia is founding a large library at Abbis Abeba and collecting all the old Ethiopian books he can find. According to tradition, when the Somalis invaded Abyssina in the sixteenth century, all the books belonging to the Emperor were hidden on an island in Lake Zuai, in Southern Shoa. In December last Menelik sent a fleet of rafts to the island, where the hidden books were actually found. The natives could not read them, but kept them as religious objects. The manuscripts were left with them, but copies were ordered for the new library.

In Mr. Gladstone's farewell address to the electors of Midlothian he declares that the century just expiring has witnessed unexampled progress in the matter of franchises for the people.

WORK AND WORKERS.

The American Wire Company's 300 wire drawers went on strike at Cleveland for a 10 per cent. increase in wages.

The Stamford, Connecticut, Manufacturing Company, employing 500 hands, announced that the wages of all its employes would be increased at once 10 per cent.

The 200 employes of the Canton, O., Steel Company went on strike for a restoration of wages of 1892. This is equivalent to a demand for an increase of from 25 to 40 per cent.

A despatch from Calumet, Mich., says that work was begun on number five shaft of the Tamarack mine. "The shaft will extend vertically a most one mile into the earth before striking the copper lead. It will require four years, working day and night with dynamite, to reach the vein."

The agents of the manufacturing corporations of Lowell, Mass., have been asked by the mule spinners to report upon a new schedule of wages. The new schedule is practically the same as that already in use in Fall River and New Bedford, being based upon the number and quantity of yarn produced.

A Richmond, Virginia, despatch says that Governor O'Ferrall's information from Pocahontas was to the effect that there is likely to be serious trouble among the coal miners and he has ordered the Roanoke Light Infantry, the Roanoke Machine Works' Guard and the Lynchburg Guard to proceed to the scene of trouble.

According to advices which have reached Charleston, West Virginia, from the Elkhorn mining region, "the situation is hourly growing more serious. The 9000 miners who have been out on a strike are reduced almost to starvation, and, as many of them will be refused employment, are growing desperate. Adjutant White, of the Governor's staff, thinks the troops will be required to preserve order."

The furnace men of the South Chicago plant of the Illinois Steel Company have been granted an increase of 15 per cent over the 10 per cent. increase in wages which was given them voluntarily by the company on July 1. The increase effects the wages of over 500 men. They claimed that the voluntary increase invalidated their contract with the company, and being insufficient they asked for more.

A despatch from Muskegon, Mich., says hostilities between the old and new boom companies have been resumed. A number of arrests were made. The old company owns every acre of land along Muskegon river for a distance of five miles and will allow no person to drive logs or trespass on their grounds. If they succeed in preventing the big drive of logs of the new company, containing millions of feet, from coming down the river every mill in the city will shut down within a few weeks.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES

The Clifton Fire-brick Works, at Cumberland, W. Va., was burned. Loss $20,000.

Egbert Mayer, aged 18 years, was fatally injured in Minneapolis by the bursting of a toy cannon.

Two men, a woman, a boy and a horse were in a trolley car collision in Newark, New Jersey.

A head-on collision between trolley cars occurred at Midway Park, near Middletown, N. Y. Several persons were severely injured.

John Swanstrom, aged 22 years; Miss Helwig Lawson, aged 19, were drowned while boating near Long Point, on Chautauqua Lake, N. Y.

A section of the grand stand at the Buffalo Driving Park, in Buffalo, N. Y., fell owing to a weak stairway. About 50 persons were injured, three probably fatally.

Thomas Habishaw was instantly killed and Samuel Farmer seriously injured by a 500 pound boulder falling on them in the Marabel quicksilver mine, at Calistoga, Cal.

A boiler explosion in the Howard, South Dakota, roller mills, almost destroyed the building, killed the engineer and seriously injured five other people, three of them probably fatally.

Nearly three inches of rain fell in three hours in the vicinity of Fort Smith, Ark. Several bridges on the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway were washed away and the damage to crops was considerable.

A despatch from Atlanta, Ga, says that B A. Walton, of Houston county, died of hydrophobia. He was bitten six weeks ago by a mad dog. 'Walton went to New York and was treated at the Pasteur Institute. After fifteen days he was dismissed as cured."

A despatch from Denison, Texas, says that that country "is literally under water. It has rained almost constantly for the past month with no prospect of an abatement The oat crop is much injured, cotton is in the weeds, and the farmers are despondent."

The schooner Lucia Porter, from Philadelphia for Groton, arrived at New London Conn. Captain Farrow reported the loss of Charles Peterson, one of the crew, on the passage to the latter port. Peterson was sent aft to cast the lead and fell over the stern. He caught hold of the line, but let go before he could be hauled on board.

Louise, aged 10, daughter of Samuel A. Galpin, President of the New Haven Clock Company, and Ella Johnson, aged 16, a Swedish nurse, was drowned in Taunton Lake, Conn. The children were in bathing, and the younger girl went beyond her depth and was sinking. The nurse swam out and she, too, sank.

A runaway horse at Columbus, O., threw a carriage and four occupants over a 20 foot embankment. William Thompson, the driver, was probably fatally injured. Mrs. A. J. Bright had her left arm badly crushed; Ray Bright, aged 3 years, lost one of his fingers, and his sister, Bessie, aged 5, was badly bruised.

SWEPT BY THE TORNADO.

Houses Blown Down and Wide Paths Made by the Wind.

A terrific electric rain and wind storm swept over Ardmore, I. T., doing great damage. In certain localities the force of the wind equalled a tornado. The main force of the storm seems to have spent itself about fifteen miles southeast of Marietta, I. T., where a number of houses were blown down.

Bob Brazil's house was blown from over the heads of himself and family and they had a narrow escape. One person was killed by lightning at Bob Station, twenty miles south of Ardmore. The large store of M. F. Michal & Company was blown down. The wind swept everything in its path for an area of a mile and a half and several miles in length. Cornfields, fences and buildings were laid down. A full account of the damage cannot be ascertained on account of the wires being prostrated.

MURDERED BY GAS

Chicago Contractor Suffocates Wife and Family.

STRUGGLE WITH CHILDREN.

Apparently Under Influence of an Insane Impulse Frederick Hellmann Planned the Extinction of Himself and His Family.

A despatch from Chicago, Ill., says: Frederick Hellmann, a well-to-do mason contractor, murdered his wife and four children and then killed himself. It was at first supposed that Hellmann and his wife and children met death by accident, but it developed at the coroner's inquest that the wholesale murder was calmly planned, and that the man intended to kill himself, and end the existence of the members of his family.

The tragedy took place in a little brick cottage at the corner of Cornelia and Wood streets. The motive for the crime may never be known, but it is supposed the act was that of a mad man, as Hellmann, ten years ago, had a sunstroke, from which he never recovered completely. Suspicion was first aroused by the fact that the house in which the Hellmanns lived was tightly closed long after the usual hour for the family to be astir. The mother and married sister of Hellmann, who lives next door, attempted to break into the house, but were unable to do so.

The finally managed to force an entrance through a window that had been left unfastened, and make their way to one of the bedrooms where the dead bodies of all the family were found. The house was so full of gas that the two women were nearly overcome, and it was only after it had been opened up that it was found possible to turn off the gas, which was streaming from an open jet.

The relatives and all the neighbors at once concluded that the deaths had been the result of an accident, and the police, when they came, adhered to the same opinion. The open gas jet was just above the bed in which the mother and one of children lay, and it was supposed that one of them had, during the night, accidentally hit the stop cock and knocked it open.

At the inquest, however, an entirely different complexion was given the affair by Charles, a brother of Hellmann, who produced a letter, written by the murderer and suicide late on the previous evening, in which he clearly stated his purpose of killing himself, although he gave no intimation of the fact that he was meditating the deaths of the members of his family. He spoke of the window through which the women had crawled as the only way in which his brother could gain admission to the house, and said that he had left it open for that purpose. The brother had not received the letter until afternoon, and came directly to the inquest. Other circumstances also went to show the deliberate intentions of the man. The gas pipes were only placed in the house two weeks ago. It is now the belief that they were put there for the purpose of carrying out the deed so successfully accomplished.

The position of the bodies at the time they were found indicated that the two boys and older girl fought desperately to leave the room after the father had turned on the gas. The mother and baby were lying on the inside of the bed as if in peaceful slumber, but the two boys and the older girl were in different attitudes and the expressions of their faces were those of persons who had struggled hard. The father's hand was firmly placed across the mouth of the older boy, and there is an abrasion of the throat of the other lad, as though he had been strangled.

A STRANGE DISEASE.

People Near Wellsboro, Pa., Afflicted With Symptoms of Poisoning.

The physicians attached to the State Hospital at Blossburg, this county, are trying to solve the mystery surrounding peculiar cases of apparent poisoning that have been brought to their attention. A few days ago, Jacob Rymska, of Blossburg, died presumably from the effects of a bite from some insect, as he stated that he felt a sting under his eye soon after going to bed. He died two days afterward. Since that time there have been three similar cases in that town, one of them proving fatal. In the case of Rymska the patient's head swelled to enormous proportions and his death was caused by suffocation occasioned by the terrible swelling.

In all of the cases there was a small pimple discharging a watery fluid and the head of the patient swelled to a remarkable size. In the fatal cases the bodies turned to a dark color almost immediately after death. It is reported that a number of cattle have died in that region lately with the same mysterious symptoms. The physicians are unable to explain the matter. Dr. Crandal, of the State Hospital, says he has had considerable experience in spider bites, but the symptoms in these cases are entirely different. The people of the neighborhood are excited, some claiming that a poisonous fly has been imported, while others maintain that it is a plague and not the bite of an insect.

FIREPROOF WOOD.

The Naval Construction Bureau Discovers a Composition to Prevent Combustion.

As the result of experiments running through three months at the Boston Navy Yard, conducted by Naval Constructor Hanscom, the Construction Bureau has at last succeeded in finding a means of rendering the woodwork of the interior of men-of-war fire proof.

The sap of the wood is extracted in vacuum in large iron tanks, and the pores of the wood are then filled under heavy pressure by a chemical composition of borax, boracic acid and muriate and sulphate of ammonia. Thus treated the wood may be subject to flames without taking fire. The color and texture of the wood is unaltered and none of the desirable qualities is impaired.

The same process may be used to fireproof cloth fabrics, such as spare sails, hammocks, ropes and all the material going into a ship of war. The Construction Bureau thinks so well of the process that it has recommended that the department adopt it and fit out all of the new ships with woodwork so treated instead of abandoning woodwork in favor of compositions of cork and other substances.

OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.

The War Department Issues an Interesting Report on the Country's Militia.

The Military Information Bureau of the War Department has issued a report on the organized militia of the United States. It contains special reports of inspection officers and other information covering the encampment season of 1894, together with the following table showing the total organized strength of the militia in the several States:

Alabama	2,982	New Jersey	3,970
Arkansas	1,079	New York	12,846
California	4 934	North Carolina	1,512
Colorado	1,021	North Dakota	5,54
Connecticut	2,765	Ohio	6,057
Delaware	421	Oregon	582
Florida	960	Pennsylvania	8,702
Georgia	4 194	Rhode Island	1,258
Idaho	305	South Carolina	4,674
Illinois	5,313	South Dakota	709
Indiana	2 581	Tennessee	1,669
Iowa	2,478	Texas	3,[illegible]00
Kansas	1,725	Vermont	787
Kentucky	1 471	Virginia	3,010
Louisiana	1,249	Washington	1,530
Maine	1,241	West Virginia	538
Maryland	1,907	Wyoming	450
Massachusetts	5,[illegible]30	Wisconsin	2,571
Michigan	2 297	Arizona	503
Minnesota	1,900	District of Columbia	1,578
Mississippi	1,740		
Missouri	2 106	New Mexico	470
Montana	5 6	Oklahoma	130
Nebraska	1,249	Utah	1,080
Nevada	547		
New Hampshire	1,337	Total	114,145

The whole number of citizens in the United States liable to military duty is given at 9,945,043.

Camps of instruction was held in 1894 in thirty States—Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Texas, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia and Wisconsin.

In all but one of these States officers of the United States were detailed by the Secretary of War for duty at the encampments. In nine States—Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, Ohio, South Dakota, Tennessee, Virginia and Wyoming, and in one Territory—Utah, where officers of the United States Army were on duty with the State troops, there were, owing to lack of appropriations, duty of the troops during railroad strikes, and other causes, no camps. In the States where camps were held over 80 per cent. of the organized force was in camp.

The largest regular annual appropriation, $400,000, is made by New York; the smallest, $1,000, by New Mexico. Arkansas makes no appropriation, and depends upon an allotment from the United States appropriation and the subscriptions of the members and friends of the State Guard. The States appropriating in 1894 $1,000,000 or more besides New York, were Pennsylvania, $32[illegible],000; Massachusetts, $215,000; California, $180,000; Illinois, $12[illegible],000; Rhode Island, $14,000, Wisconsin, $100,000.

A summary of the active duty performed by the troops of different States in the year 1894 demonstrates that their services were in demand over a surprisingly large area of country. They were called out in Arkansas, California, Florida (at the Corbett-Mitchell fight) Georgia (to repel an invasion by the Corbett-Mitchell combination), Illinois (twice), Indiana, Iowa (twice), Maryland, Montana (twice), Nebraska, North Carolina (twice), Ohio (eleven times), Pennsylvania, Washington and Utah.

LIVES LOST AT SEA.

Inspector General Dumont Submits His Annual Report.

The records of the United States steamship inspection service, which during the last nineteen years has been under the direction of General Dumont, as inspector general, show that during the last fiscal year the number of lives lost on steam vessels was approximately 358. This was an increase over the average of the preceding eighteen years of 128. This great increase was caused by the large loss of life by the founding of the steamship Colima, recently, off the Pacific coast. This make the average for the last 19 years 247. The highest previous annual lost was 586 in 1874. The lowest was 133 in 1886. Notwithstanding the great increase in the number of vessels since 1870—over 100 per cent.—there have been but 729 disasters to steam vessels, with a loss of but 5 07 lives, the number of persons carried per annum having increased from 122,589,130 carried in 1870, to not less than 650,000,000 carried in 1892. The average loss of life under the law of 1852 was one person to every 250,181 passengers carried, while under the act of 1871, which greatly improved the efficiency of the service, there was only one life lost in each 2,7[illegible]8,333 passengers carried, or a reduction in the number of lives lost of nearly 11 to 1 in proportion to the number of passengers carried. The service consists of 175 officers and clerks, one supervising inspector general, ten supervising inspectors of districts, under whom are local inspectors, divided amongst the various customs collecting districts of the United States.

One of the most striking instances of the benefits derived from the powers conferred upon inspectors under the law is the almost entire absence of intemperance at the present time upon the part of the licensed officers.

An alleged defect in the laws, and one which has caused much criticism, is in the local inspectors' power to investigate the cause of boiler explosions and casualties to steam vessels, thus giving the inspectors the right to pass judgement upon their own acts.

MILLS MOVING SOUTH.

A Big Chester Concern Will Go to Birmingham, Ala.

The Thurlow Manufacturing Company, of Chester, Pa., concluded a deal for the purchase of the Enterprise Manufacturing Company's buildings and property at Birmingham, Ala., formerly used as a soap factory, and will at once remove from Chester, Pa., to Birmingham a 5000-spindle cotton mill. The shipment of the machinery will begin at once and the mill will be in operation here by September 1.

J. B. Cotton, president of the Thurlow Manufacturing Company, recently made a four months' tour of the South and decided that this section is to be the future seat of the cotton manufacturing industry of America. His company already has one mill in North Carolina and contemplates the location of others, besides one in Birmingham.

A military balloon exploded in the barracks at Berlin. Three soldiers were injured and one of them has since died.

Got a Cold

Means much more than you imagine

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BALTIMORE, MD.

EASTON BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BRADY, JOHN T.	Harness Maker.	Dover Street.
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.
WORKINGMENS' P. B. & L. ASSN.,	Loans.	Moreland Block.
WRIGHT, M. M.	Grocery.	Odd Fellows' Building.
WOOTERS, W. J. H.	General Store.	Dover Street.

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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The crowds which lunch and dine daily at this restaurant attest the public approbation of its management.

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LAST OF A FAMILY OF OUTLAWS

Bill Best, of Kentucky, Picks a Quarrel With the Wrong Man.

William Best, the most notorious resident of Paint Lick, Kentucky, was shot and instantly killed in a quarrel by Speed Nunn. The killing of Best wipes out at least a family of outlaws who have been the terror of this section for many years.