THOSE WHO

PAY FOR WHAT THEY GET

the people the advertiser wishes to reach. The subscription list of the GAZETTE is *not* inflated with bums and dead-heads for the sake of "largest circulation."

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. 34. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1895. $1.50 PER YEAR.

"A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE AIR."

There is a bird I know so well,
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young,
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle, joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that, every year,
Sings "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

He comes in March, when winds are strong,
And snow returns to hide the earth;
But still he warms his heart with mirth,
And waits for May. He lingers long
While flowers fade, and every day
Repeats his small, contented lay;
As if to say, we need not fear
The season's change, if love is here
With "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

He does not wear a Joseph's coat
Of many colors, smart and gay;
His suit is Quaker brown and gray,
With three dark patches at his throat.
And yet of all the well-dressed throng
Not one can sing so brave a song.
It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing, to hear
His "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

A lofty place he does not love,
But sits by choice, and well at ease,
In hedges, and in little trees
That stretch their slender arms above
The meadow brook; and there he sings
Till all the field with pleasure rings;
And so he tells in every ear,
The loveliest home to heaven is near
In "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

I like the tune, I like the words;
They seem so true, so free from art,
So friendly, and so full of heart,
That if but one of all the birds
Could be my comrade everywhere,
My little brother of the air,
I'd choose the song-sparrow, my dear,
Because he'd bless me, every year,
With "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

—Henry van Dyke, in the Century.

A Foolish Masquerade.



THREE girls domiciled in the next room! There's an end of my writing for one month, at least!"

Kenneth Ross pushed his papers into a confused heap, shut his desk with a vindictive snap, and lighted a cigar.

"Three chattering, noisy girls, each with a tongue three times its proper length! There's my cousin Flora, Alice Aymer, and Rosa Fernall—blue eyes, black eyes and melting gray; by the way, that little monkey Rosa, isn't bad looking. I rather fancy that peculiar shade of brown hair. She would make a tolerable study for my next heroine. I may as well put her to some useful purpose. Heigho! I think Aunt Meg was crazy to invite all those girls here at once!"

He paused a moment, as the merry peals of girlish laughter echoed in the adjoining apartment.

"They're laughing at me. Girls always think a bachelor fair game."

Tap! tap! tap! sounded softly on the panel of his door, and he had just time to take his heels off the table before Flora Edgeworth put her head into the room.

"Cousin Kenneth, are you there?"

"Well, what's wanting now?"

"May we come in?"

"I may as well say yes!"

"I just want the girls to see what a dear little den you've got here."

Flora threw open the door, and admitted her two companions.

"Here he is, girls! the old bachelor, as he appears in his native wilds!"

"Now, young ladies," said Mr. Ross, throwing his half-smoked cigar out of the window, "I'll trouble you to be a little less unceremonious!"

For Alice and Flora had pounced on his sheets of loose manuscript like honey bees on a bed of heliotrope, and were laughing over the rather illegible chirography. Miss Fernall stood near the door, a little confused and very pretty, in her blushes and uncertainty.

"Don't be cross, Kenneth," said Flora. "We're going down to the post office now. Rosa Fernall has written a twelve-page letter to her sweetheart out in Canada—"

"Flora!" exclaimed Rosa.

"And," pursued the relentless Flora, "we're going to post it. Come, girls."

And Mr. Ross was left alone with the heavy musk roses nodding at the open casement and the dreamy murmur of maple boughs and far-off bees in his ear.

"A twelve-page letter to her sweetheart!" he pondered. "She must have had something very interesting to write. Canada, eh? I wish it was Van Diemen's Land!"

Mr. Ross rose from his easy-chair, and began to walk up and down the floor.

"It's too confounded hot to breathe here!" he said, impatiently taking up his hat. "I'll go and take a tramp in the woods."

Flora Edgeworth had, succeeded in planting a rankling thorn in her cousin's breast, all unconscious though she had been.

The sun was low in the sky when Kenneth returned from his abstracted ramble in the woods, and the wide, old-fashioned country house was very still as he ascended toward his own apartment.

"Hallo!"

Mr. Ross gazed vacantly round the room with something of the bewildered feeling that might have belonged to the Eastern Prince when he found himself transported from pole to pole in an enchanted dream.

"I'm in the wrong room, I believe—for there is Flora Edgeworth's light wrap on the bed, and Rosa's hat and no end of ribbons and gloves and lace collars on the bureau."

He balanced the coquettish little "hat" on his hand.

"So this is the fashionable style of chapeau, eh? I wonder now whether Rosa's hat would fit me!"

Mr. Ross adjusted the article jauntily on one side of his curls, and viewed himself in the mirror.

"Upon my word, it don't look so bad! And now where's the sacque? A little tight in the sleeves, but otherwise quite a decent fit if a fellow holds his arms well back. There's Alice's blue muslin dress. I've two minds and a half to put it on, just for the joke of the thing!"

A momentary silence ensued, broken by the rustling of muslin.

"Don't meet round the waist by a good six inches, but I can hold it up. I wonder what makes the thing drag on the floor and cling round one's legs so! Oh, I know—the crinoline ought to go under!"

"I'm not certain but that I should make quite a nice looking woman," mused Kenneth, strutting backward and forward before the mirror. "On the whole—Tomb of the Prophet! is that the girls?"

Mr. Ross gave a blindly desperate jerk at his "sacque," and a pull at the crinoline: but all in vain. The gay voices, intermingled here and there with a ringing laugh, or a snatch of song, drew nearer and nearer. For an instant Mr. Ross wildly contemplated a rush through the hall to his own door, but a moment's reflection convinced him that such a retreat would be impossible.

"I must stay and face it out!" he thought, "but hold on! there's the closet. It's just possible they will only stay here a minute or two.

And totally oblivious of the "majesty of man," he fled precipitately into the closet.

"Why the deuce didn't I think to secure the key?" he thought, as the girls streamed into the room. "However, I can hold on to the door-handle if any one attempts to get in. By Jove, if the girls should see me in this rig, I should never hear the last of it."

He leaned against the shelves, and breathlessly awaited the progress of events.

"Why!" ejaculated a soft voice—Rosa's own—"where's my hat? Was I careless enough to leave it down stairs? Flora, you have hidden it."

"I wonder what you'll accuse me of next!" said Flora, in an injured voice.

"You told Mr. Ross that Cousin Simon's letter was to—to"

"Your sweetheart! Well, he ought to be, I'm sure. He is the handsomest young man I know."

"Oh, Flora! he don't compare with Mr. Ross."

"Rosa, be honest," said Flora, "which do you like best—Cousin Ken, or Simon Montrose?"

"Flora!"

"Tell me now, honestly."

The answer came in a low, half inaudible voice.

"Kenneth!"

The heart under Alice's sacque gave a great jump! Mr. Ross's head came in contact with something on the upper shelf, and down came a rain of band boxes on his occiput!

There was an instant's terrified silence, and then all the girls began to scream in chorus.

"How silly we all are!" said Rosa sternutatory; "it's only the cat."

"As if a cat could make such a noise as that!" said Flora. "Call Uncle John? Alice, do look and see what it is!"

"No—you look!" faltered Alice.

"I'll look myself," said Rosa Fernall, bravely advancing to the rescue. But when the door-handle refused to turn, even she blanched.

"Some one is holding the door inside. Call the men!"

"There is no necessity," quoth a voice from behind the panels, and the next moment the door flew open, disclosing a tall form in blue, and a countenance whose utter sheepishness can never be described!

"Cousin Ken!" shrieked Flora.

"Mr. Ross!" faltered Miss Fernall.

"Why, it can't be possible!" ejaculated Alice.

And then the three girls clung to each other in paroxysms of laughter.

"The fact is, ladies," commenced Kenneth confusedly, "I—Won't some one help me off with this mouse-trap? Miss Alice, I'm very sorry I've split your sacque, but—Well, if you won't stop laughing I can't explain, 'hat's the long and the short of it!"

But Rosa Fernall had stopped laughing already, and the pink of her cheeks was deepening into scarlet. She had just remembered the words carelessly spoken not five minutes ago.

In an inexplicably short space of time Mr. Ross had torn off his feminine adornments, and fled ignominiously, followed by peals of laughter of his cousin and Alice Aymer. Rosa—strange piece of contradiction—had began to cry!

"Poor little thing! she's hysterical," said Aunt Meg, who had just appeared on the scene.

But Rosa was not hysterical.

The sweet, delicious moon of summer was in the mid-heaven that night, as Kenneth Ross strolled into the garden moodily puffing at a cigar, and contemplating the feasibility of leaving Warburgh to avoid the girls' sarcasm.

"I was a fool," said he aloud; "but—Who's there?"

It was Rosa, coming from the lower part of the garden. By the full brilliant moonlight he saw the traces of tears on her cheek.

"Rosa, you have been crying!"

"No, I haven't!" And to prove the truth of her assertion, Rosa began to cry afresh.

"Look here, Rosa," said the young man gravely, "I have been thinking of leaving Warburgh to-morrow."

Rosa cried on.

"But," pursued Mr. Ross, "I'll stay if—if—you'll only tell me to my face what you told my cousin when I was hidden away like a foolish rat in a trap, Rosa. Speak, little one!"

"What shall I tell you?" faltered Rosa.

"That you love me! that you will be my wife!"

And she told him so—in the language lovers best like to hear. And Mr. Ross stayed in Warburg, and braved the ridicule of Alice and Flora, with little Rosa marshalled on his side.—New York News.

Loaded Him With Change.

A street car conductor told a good story about a man who tried to fool him. This passenger was aware that the conductor had but a few dollars in change in his pocket on the first trip every morning. So two mornings in succession this passenger tendered a $5 bill. The conductor let him ride gratis. Next morning the conductor was loaded for him, but the man with the big bill didn't appear. But the next morning he was on hand with his bill and the conductor accepted it. He handed the man $2 in coppers, $1 in nickels, and the rest in dimes. But he is sorry he did it, for the passenger has the coppers piled up at home and takes ten of them with him. The conductor gets them.—Lowell (Mass.) Citizen.

Twenty-one Children in Twenty Years.

Worcester has many families of from eight to fifteen children, but so far as heard from, Francis Fervais, a carpenter, holds the palm. Gervais has the distinction of being the father of twenty-four children, twenty-one little blessings having come to him and his wife, Louise, in twenty years of married life. Only nine of these survive, the others having died in infancy. The nine are rugged-looking children, and they make the little home on Oak Hill resound with their hearty sports. Their names and ages are as follows: Frank, aged eighteen; Arthur, seventeen; Roch, fourteen; Henry, ten; Louise, nine; Eugene, five; Edward, four; Eva, three years, and Albert, nineteen months.—Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Love is the poetry of the senses.

Love begins too well to end well.

What a husband forbids a wife desires.

All bow to virtue and then walk away.

The morals of the world are only casuistry.

The worst of all misalliances is that of the heart.

Love is the beginning, middle and end of everything.

Whoever has learned to love has learned to be silent.

There is no game of chance more hazardous than marriage.

The world ceases to be a pleasure when it ceases to be a speculation.

It is hard to convince a pessimist that there are any chestnuts that do not have worms in them.

You never know how much you have always loved a man until you see him achieve a great triumph.

There ought to be more people who know by experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Men are lost not so much from doing the notoriously wrong, as from neglecting to do the obviously right.

Some men love a girl for herself, some love her for her wealth, some love her because they can't help it.

He that gathereth in summer is a wise son; but he that sleepeth in the harvest is a son that causeth shame.

The man who sits himself down on the road to success and waits for a ride will never reach his destination.

A real thoroughbred boy's definition of a sissy boy is one who will go through a gate when there is a fence to climb.

There are men who think they wind up the universe with their watch key every night, forgetting that this is a stem-winding age.

The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer; the conies are but a feeble folk, yet they make their houses in the rocks; the locusts have no king, yet go forth all of them by bands.

He Ate the Pisto'.

The boys are telling a rather good story on a Fargo citizen and police officer, which runs something in this wise: The citizen had purchased a candy revolver for his little boy, which closely resembled a genuine weapon. Last night he was in the ladies' waiting room at the Northern Pacific awaiting the arrival of No. 2, smoking a cigarette. It's against the rules to smoke in this room, and when the officer stepped in he detected the smell of smoke, and after sizing up the crowd finally located the citizen calmly smoking away.

"Here," said the officer, "if you want to smoke you'll have to go outside."

"Don't talk to me that way," replied the cigarette smoker, "or I'll blow you full of holes." As he said this he drew the candy weapon from his pocket and leveled it at the officer. The candy was wrapped in tin foil, and looked like a sure enough revolver. The crowd, at least, took no chances. Convinced that there was going to be a shooting and that a "copper" or somebody was going to be killed, there was a unanimous desire among the bystanders not to witness the slaughter of the devoted guardian of the peace. Everyone made an attempt at the same time to reach the door. Several might have been injured if the prompt action of the police officer had not prevented the panic that seemed imminent. He seized the citizen's right arm and pushed it up and back so that if the candy revolver was discharged it would be in the air. Then he shouted: "You are under arrest!" and led him out into the hallway, which was soon crowded. The citizen still held the candy revolver, which looked formidable enough in the dim light. He seemed to have lost his bold front and was trembling with fear. In faltering tones he said: "Don't put me under arrest. I would rather eat this revolver than be locked up in a police cell."

"Well," said the officer, half in jest, "you eat that revolver, and I'll let you go."

"All right," he returned, and to the amazement of every one, including the officer, he put the barrel into his mouth and bit off a large section. Before the crowd recovered from its surprise the trigger had dis ppeared from view and by the time the officer discovered that he had been the victim of a joke the revolver had been eaten.—Fargo (North Dakota) Forum.

One More Insatiate.

Science is an exacting taskmaster, and he who serves must be ever ready to give up time, talents, hope, ambition, even life itself at the beck and call of the tyrant. The search for the North Pole has cost many lives and more treasure, and yet there is no lack of enthusiasts who are ready to take up the work where the last victims had laid it down. The latest idea is to explore this region by means of a balloon, which seems quite the most visionary and hopeless of all of the many fruitless efforts that have been made in that direction. The effect of intense cold on the gas in the balloon, the possibility of blinding storms, the impossibility of getting out of trouble in case of accident, and the certainty that no rescuing hand could reach the party, as no one would know where to find them, should all be considered. It may be among the possibilities of science to store gas under pressure and at such a low temperature that an amount could be provided sufficient to bridge over any emergency that might arise, but in tasks of this kind there is so much to be looked out for and guarded against that only a temperament of the most elastic and daring description would think of going into it. The history of explorations is punctuated with horrors and tragedies and fringed with the bones of martyrs to science. This, however, is no bar to future investigations, and there is not the slightest difficulty in filling up the ranks when the order comes to go forward.—New York Ledger.

Onyx and Petrified Wood.

Probably every visitor to the Columbian Exhibition spent some time in admiring the beautiful specimens of onyx and petrified wood shown on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Of late there have been some exceedingly fine slabs of this material worked out and used in wainscotings in handsome dwellings. It is said by an expert that in Utah are the finest onyx fields in the known world, and that the largest slabs ever cut out have been taken from quarries in that State. Petrified wood is being used in manufactures of various sorts—table-tops, panels, sections for mantels, brackets and similar pieces are brought out and used with excellent effect.—New York Ledger.

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

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs and and all other Gents' Furnishings greatly reduced. A big line of Sheetings, Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Bed Spreads, Lace Curtains and Portieres, extra cheap. See our Trunks, Telescopes and Satchels. Our Mattings are pretty and cheap. 15 per cent. off on all Carpets, Art Squares and Rugs. 20 per cent. off on all China, Glass and Queensware. A big line of Dinner, Tea and Chamber Sets, Salad Sets, Chocolate Pots, Lamps, in fact everything in the Queensware line. $1.00 Portable Heaters for 75c—now is the time for them. A big line of Pipes and Cigar Smokers, at half price. Over 100 pairs of 50c. Corsets for 32 cents per pair. Children's 10c. Hose for 5 cents. Good Steel scissors, all sizes at 25c. Solid Silver Thimbles for 25 cents. Knives, Forks and Spoons equally as cheap. New Home and American Sewing Machines from $12.00 to $30. A first-class Machine for $18.00. A call will be appreciated by

J. E. SHANNAHAN. 11-18

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!

JOHN MASON & CO'S.

Three story warehouse is full of Furniture from bottom to top, the best and cheapest that was ever brought to town and in price and quality we defy competition. We have bought our goods at the lowest cash price and as times are hard we propose to sell at a very small advance.

COME AND SEE US AND WE GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU MONEY.

UNDERTAKING and EMBALMING.

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

O. F. STURMER, Jeweler and Optician.

OUT OF SIGHT!

Does your eyes cause you pain or a drawing sensation. If so they can be relieved by the proper glasses. You are deaf to your own interest if you neglect your eyesight, and may be doing great injury to your "peepers" by delay. Call at once, don't delay.

LOOK HERE

Do you use Chipped Beef, Sliced Ham, or Cakes, Crackers, Fruits or Confectionery. Well, we keep the best and sell close for CASH. Our stock is complete and our trade is constantly increasing, and why? Because we make it a to sell the best for the least money. Our Queensware stock which is nearly complete, is handled and sold as above mentioned.

MARTIN M. WRIGHT,

No. 3 South Washington St.,

EASTON, MD.

Having Bought

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

Contracting and Building

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

LEWIS WHITEHOUSE, - Prop'r.

E. J. BIERY, Foreman.

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

THE NEWS.

John Brokaw, a wheelman, aged twenty-four years, was killed by colliding with a trolley car, in Wheeling, W. Va.

The brickmaking plant of McKay & Co., in Frankford, a suburb of Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire. Loss $50,000, partially insured. Among the machinery destroyed was the gold medal dry brick-making machine which the firm bought at the World's Fair for $7,500, and another machine that cost $6,000.——A heavy freight train on the Pennsylvania road parted near New Florence, Pa., and came together again with terrific force. Ben Covers, the fireman, was killed, and the engineer was severely injured.——The robbers who held up the Lake Shore express in Ohio obtained only $150.——George Reed, a St. Louis painter, killed his wife because she stayed out all night.——Robert Bruce Laugdon, the well-known railroad contractor, and a prominent figure in the history of Minneapolis, and in the politics of Minnesota, died at Minneapolis, aged sixty-eight. Langdon was a Vermonter, and a self-made man.——At Baton, N. M. Martinez, an escaped murderer, robbed a faro bank of $553.

In Jersey City John Czech was found guilty of the murder of his wife, and remanded until July 31 for sentence. Czech and his wife were fish peddlers. Jealousy was the motive of the crime.

An examination shows that the deficit in the Dime Savings Bank, of Willimantic, Conn., is $23,9.0.——A tornado tore through a camp-meeting at Zanesville, O., and two women were killed.——Near Salem, O., Elisha Brigham was killed and two other men injured by lightning.——The Horr-Harvey debate on silver was continued at the Union Club.——The business section of Silver City, N. M., was destroyed by flood.——In Lafayette and Taylor counties, in Florida, many negroes have become frightened on account of attacks by white men, and are leaving their homes.——Wheat in Northern Minnesota and Northern Dakota has been damaged by rain and rust.——Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. George Deselm were killed at a camp-meeting, near Zanesville, Ohio, during a storm.——At Howards Mill, Kentucky, Green Garrett was killed by lightning.

There was a $25,000 fire in Winston, N. C.——The miners of the Wilmington Coal fields have adopted resolutions to contribute five cents per ton for every ton of coal mined to assist Indiana miners in resisting reduction of wages. It was also decided to join the United Mine Workers of America in a body.——E. R. Forsythe, cashier of the First National Bank, of Greensburg, Ind., and Mrs. O. P. Roberson, wife of a farmer near Adams, are direct descendants of Lord Austrim and heirs to his vast estate in Ireland, valued at $75,000.——S. Behr Andrew, a former cashier of the First National Bank of Texarkana, Texas, was arrested at Mt Vernon, N. H., on a charge of making false returns to the United States Comptroller, and admitted to bail in $10,000.——A sewer in Philadelphia caved in and killed Daniel Donnelly.——A severe electrical storm passed over Kewanee, Ill., Lightning struck the house of Eli McHenry, and instantly killed Eli McHenry, Edward Grimes and Frank Brown. All the victims were married and leave large families.——Four tramps stealing a ride were killed in a railroad wreck on the Atlantic Coast Line at Pleasant Hill, Va.——John Hold Foster and wife were found dead in their home at Elizabeth, N. J. It is supposed the man shot the woman, and then killed himself.——Mrs. Graham, of Buffalo, N. Y., fell over the Canadian bank of Niagara gorge, but escaped without a bone broken, although she fell fifty feet.——Frank H. Hall, of the Standard Oil Company, was murdered and robbed at Whiting, Ind.——Porter Starks, of Atlanta, who was serving a five years' sentence for manslaughter, committed suicide at the convict camp.——The postoffice and an adjoining grocery at Lapressa, Col., was burned down, and the body of Mrs. Louise Schaeffer, the postmistress, was found in the ruins. The affair is a mystery.——James Lower and his son, John E., were instantly killed in Philadelphia by coming in contact with an electric light wire.——Four men in a carriage were killed by a train striking their vehicle crossing the track near Williamstown, Mass.

Professor Legger, the state entomologist of Minnesota, has invented a machine that is used to exterminate grasshoppers.——John B. Leeoni, who has been smashing windows in Chicago, was captured. He is insane.——A suit has begun in the United States Circuit Court in San Francisco to test the federal shipping laws.——Peter Bellecque, an Oregon fisherman, has fallen heir to $50,000.——Engineer Mark Wickens, who went down with the Santa Fe bridge at Monument, died at the railroad hospital at La Junta, Col.——H. E. Smith, a condemned murderer, at Spokane, Wash., tried to escape, and being overtaken cut his throat from ear to ear.——Dick Hansen and John Hall started from Great Falls, Mont., down the Missouri River for St. Louis. The boat was overturned five miles below Big Falls, and both were drowned.——David J. Martin, ex-police commissioner of Denver, Col., committed suicide.——Five Philadelphia firemen were injured by the overturning of a hose carriage going to a fire.

The report comes from Duluth that much of the wheat had been injured by smut.——A. C. Crane was shot and killed at Sparta, Mo., by Bud Bay, marshal of the town.——It is officially announced that the union carpenters of Boston will demand, on and after September 1, eight hours as a limit of a day's work and an increase of five cents an hour in wage rates. The present rate is thirty cents an hour.——The Philadelphia, the People's and the Electric Traction Companies of Philadelphia have been combined, and a new company will be formed, with a capital of $30,00),000.——The national convention of the Patriotic Order of True Americans opened in Wilkesbarre, Pa., Miss Laura Stauffer, the national president, presiding.——In the floods at Silver City, N. M., nine buildings were washed down, and the losses will aggregate $30,000.

BLEW FOUR MEN AWAY.

Tornado at Circleville, N. Y., Carried Human Beings Forty-Five Feet.

A terrific windstorm passed over Sullivan, Ulster and part of Ontario Counties, in New York, accompanied by a cloudburst. The Ontario & Western tracks are buried near Liberty. Several barns were completely wrecked at Pine Bush and barns at Livingston Manor were struck by lightning and burned.

At Circleville four men were shingling a roof of a barn, when the tornado struck them. All were blown off, three going a distance of forty-five feet, and were seriously and perhaps fatally injured.

BIG COLLISION.

Terrible Disaster in the Gulf of Genoa, Italy.

148 PERSONS DROWNED.

An Emigrant Vessel Run Down at Night—She Sank Within Three Minutes and Nearly All the Passengers Were Carried to the Bottom.

The Italian steamers Ortigia and Maria P. collided off Isla del Pinto, at the entrance of the Gulf of Genoa. The latter sank and 148 persons were drowned.

The Maria P was bound from Naples to La Plata. There was a crew of 17 and the passengers numbered 173. She was sailing at Genoa en route to her destination. She was entering the Gulf of Genoa at 1 30 o'clock, when she met the Ortigia outward bound.

The bow of the Ortigia crashed into the starboard side of the Maria P, penetrating six yards and ripping up the Maria P like matchwood. The water rushed in through the hole and the Maria P sank in three minutes.

The majority of the passengers were asleep at the time of the accident and had no time to escape after the alarm was given. They were engulfed with the vessel. The Ortigia remained on the scene for several hours to pick up the survivors. She rescued 14 of the crew and 28 of the passengers of the Maria P. Other steamers have been dispatched to the scene of the disaster and are now searching for further survivors.

The Ortigia's bow was smashed for a space of 12 feet along the water line. There is some comment upon the fact, brought to mind by the disaster, that the Ortigia once collided on the same spot with the French steamer Oncle Joseph.

At the conclusion of the sitting of the Chamber at Rome the minister of marine announced the news of the disaster in the midst of a profound sensation, adding that an officer, a seaman, stoker and one passenger and forty-four passengers of the Maria P had perished. The Ortigia had twenty-five passengers on board. The Maria P's captain was named Ferra. The Chamber has ordered an inquiry into the disaster.

The sky was overcast at the time of the accident and there was little sea. Both captains were asleep and Third Officer Revello was on watch on the Ortigia and Second Officer d'Angelo was on watch on the Maria P. The Ortigia was going at the rate of eleven miles an hour and the Maria P. at the rate of eight miles. Both vessels saw the lights of the other and continued on their proper roads till the mistake was made. It is not established by whom, which brought the Maria P. broadside towards the Ortigia. Third officer Revello, of the Ortigia, saw the danger and ordered the engines reversed, but the order came too late.

All the boats of the Ortigia were lowered and the crews rescued all they could of the survivors.

Captain Ferrara, who was saved, said that he was sleeping in his cabin, when he was awakened by cries and shouts and a great noise. He rushed up on deck and saw the Ortigia backing off while his own ship was sinking. Seeing that all was lost he jumped into the sea, where he was picked up by the Ortigia's boat.

Second Officer d'Angelo, of the Maria P, who was on watch on that ship when she was struck by the Ortigia, was drowned.

KENTUCKY'S WAVE OF CRIME.

Four Brutal Murders in the State in Twenty-four Hours.

It seems as though the mountaineers around Sergen have had murder in their hearts for the past twenty-four hours. For ten days the wildcat distilleries have been running in full blast. At Quicksand Friday afternoon Dick Oliver stabbed Sam Fitzpatrick to death. They were at a dance, and whiskey flowed freely. It seems that Oliver captured one of the young ladies from Fitzpatrick. Oliver drank because of his conquest, and Fitzpatrick drank because of his defeat. About the time both became thoroughly drunk they met in the ballroom. There were but few words. Oliver drew a dirk from his bosom and stabbed Fitzpatrick, who died on the ballroom floor in ten minutes. Oliver escaped, and is now hiding somewhere in the mountains. A large posse is in pursuit.

On Peter Creek, not far from Sergent, James Smith shot and killed Robert A. Coleman. It was the result of a feud which has been existing between the two families ever since the war. Smith gave himself up, and is now in jail.

At a picnic William Tuey shot and killed Thomas Bailey. It is not known for what reason. Every constable and peace officer is now busy trying to apprehend those who have committed crimes and to prevent others from doing so, while the mountain dew is being so freely distributed as it now is.

The murder at Fish Trap of William Thacker by John Matony, for protecting the former's sister, made the fourth murder in one consecutive day in this state.

WORK OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Interesting Data Contained in Director-General Davis' Report.

The report of Director-General Davis, of the Columbian Exposition just issued, is replete with interesting data. It occupies about 3,500 pages of printed and typewritten matter, mostly the latter, illustrated by about 2,000 photographs.

The history of the exposition is described in five periods, each terminated by some notable act or event. To each a chapter is devoted, with one upon the exhibits, and one upon the close and distribution of exhibits.

The first chapter covers the period of inception, and the next the several steps that led to the ultimate establishment of the vast enterprise. The third chapter is in two divisions—one relating to construction and the other dealing with the work of commissioners sent abroad.

The fourth chapter is devoted to the process of allotment, and the fifth dwells at length upon the efforts and accomplishments of the administrators. A general review of the exhibits is contained in the sixth chapter, while the last refers to the ceremonies with which the exposition was to be closed.

CABLE SPARKS.

The Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education opened in Toronto, Ontario.

Mexican print cloth mills are running night and day and are unable to supply their orders.

The council of the French Legion of Honor has resigned in consequence of criticisms in the Chamber of Deputies.

The Lord mayor of London entertained August Daly's company at luncheon. Mr. Bayard was present.

A force of 7,000 Japanese troops has left Taututia to attack the Black Flag at Tai Wan Fu, Island of Formosa.

The relations between Peru and Bolivia are strained, and it is said Peru will send troops to the Bolivian frontier.

M. Stambouloff, the ex-premier of Bulgaria, who was murderously assaulted by four men in Sofia, died of his wounds.

A party of five Englishmen fell while trying to ascend Mount Ortler, the loftiest mountain of the Rhaebon Alps, in Austria. All were seriously injured.

The British warship Terrar seized the schooner World near Kingston, Jamaica, but found only tobacco, all arms and ammunition having been thrown overboard.

Captain Whitechurch has been awarded the Victoria Cross and Colonel Kelly made a Companion of the Bath for distinguished services in the Chitral campaign.

The bodies of the two Pitzel children found in a cellar at a residence in Toronto, where they are supposed to have been placed by H. H. Holmes, were removed to the morgue in that city.

A correspondent of the London Times in Cuba says the revolution is spreading and that it is believed an American protectorate or Independence is the only means of permanent settlement.

It is reported in Havana that Colonel Santocides, the Spanish commander who has taken an active part in the operations against the insurgents in Santiago de Cuba, has been killed in a skirmish.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

Two men were killed and six very seriously injured by the explosion of the boiler of a threshing machine outfit, near Tulare, California.

The reports received by the United States Marine Hospital Service, from Cuba, show a threatening increase in the number of deaths from yellow fever.

John Tenney Ellis, a well-known newspaper writer and yachting reporter, fell and fractured his skull in Boston. There is little hope of his recovery.

Joseph S. Booth, aged 67 years, Adjutant General Delaware G. A. R., was killed at the works of the Jackson & Sharp Company, in Wilmington, by being struck by a board.

Five men in the engine room of the torpedo boat Erie sonwere terribly scalded by steam from a broken pipe, while the vessel was making a speed trial off Bartlett's Reef, near New London, Conn.

A despatch from Iron Mountain, Mich., says that a disastrous cave-in, with a probable loss of life, occurred on the first level of the Pewabic iron mine. Nine miners were imprisoned by the cave-in and it is feared some of them were crushed to death.

The American barkentine Thomas Brooks, owned by Waydell & Co., of New York, was stranded on the Cuban coast, about six miles from Santiago de Cuba, on June 26, and will probably prove nearly a total loss. The crew were saved.

A Banton Harbor, Mich., despatch says that a heavy wind storm damaged the fruit along the fruit belt. "All fruit trees were badly broken and apples and pears were nearly all blown from the trees."

Two men were killed, one fatally injured and two others frightfully maimed by the caving in of 400 feet of earth in a sewer excavation at Harrison, N. J. It is said that the sides of the excavation had been improperly braced, and rain had undermined the sides.

Torrents of rain fell at Peoria, Ill., and the city's sewer system was greatly damaged. Over 2,000 feet of the track of the Peoria and Pekin Union Railroad were washed out, and trains were delayed for hours. At East Peoria the tracks of the Lake Erie and Western were washed away.

The family of C. C. Newton, on the way from Marion, Indiana, to Arkansas, and encamped near, Anna, Illinois, have been poisoned by eating toadstools, which they supposed were mushrooms. Two little girls aged 13 and 17, and a boy, aged 15, died. The mother and two other children are not expected to live.

STORMS OUT WEST.

Two Ladies Killed at a Camp-Meeting in Ohio—Other Victims.

A tornado swooped down on a grove west of Zanesville where a camp-meeting with a very large attendance was in progress. The wind prostrated great trees, and one was thrown on the auditorium, crushing it to pieces. Mrs. Clement Wilson and Mrs. George Desel were killed. A baby in Mrs. Wilson's lap was saved. A son of Mrs. Wilson was seriously hurt. The tornado was one hundred yards wide and spent its force on the grove

Near Pittsburg, Ohio, Edward Baird's barn and other buildings were blown down and corn crop ruined.

Near Franklin, Ind., Shiloh Church was wrecked and corn was leveled to the ground.

Near Lisbon, Ohio, the barn and other buildings of Dr. T. B. Marquis were destroyed.

Near Salem, Ohio, Elisha Brigham was killed and Charles Blythe and Jacob Wishgert were badly injured by their houses being struck by lightning.

At Howard's Mill, near Mount Sterling, Ky., Green Garrett was struck by a cloudburst while riding along the highway. He and his horse were killed.

STRUCK BY A HURRICANE.

A Terrific Wind Storm Damages St. Clair Property and Kills Children.

A terrific storm of wind struck St. Clair, Mich., with hurricane velocity. Several yachts are said to have been overturned in the river and two children were crushed under a falling chimney. They were the children of William Lee.

The Hotel Cadillac was unroofed and the tower of the Court Hall was wrecked and the roof lifted off. Trees and chimneys have everywhere been blown down, and telephone and telegraph wires prostrated.

Heavy damage to property is reported at Cortright, including the wrecking of two churches.

OUT OF SIGHT!

Does your eyes cause you pain or a drawing sensation. If so they can be relieved by the proper glasses. You are deaf to your own interest if you neglect your eyesight, and may be doing great injury to your "peepers" by delay. Call at once, don't delay.

O. F. STURMER, Jeweler and Optician.

HELD LIFE CHEAP.

An Inoffensive Family Murdered in Cold Blood.

THE ASSASSIN ESCAPES.

He Appeared at the Giordano Household While the Victims Were at Supper and Began His Fiendish Work.

A despatch from New Orleans, La., says:—On the Terra Haute plantation, in St. John's parish, a terrible butchery of human beings took place.

While Rosario Giordano and his family were seated at the supper table Joe Nesita walked up to the door and, leveling a double-barreled shotgun, fired. Mrs. Giordano fell to the floor a corpse, and the bullets that did not go through her went through both legs of the 4-month-old infant she held in her arms.

Giordano fearing that the tender babe would be killed in the fall, sprang forward to clasp it and the assassin fired again. The buckshot entered the groin and leg of Giordano.

The 10-year-old girl on seeing her mother fall ran forward and received a portion of the load of buckshot that struck her father. The shot entered her abdomen, literally tearing it to pieces. At the same time little Nicolina fell to the floor, wounded through the head.

The assassin, Joe Nesita, did not move from the spot, but when he saw Benditto Giordano, a nephew of the dead woman, and Charley Columbano coming toward him he coolly placed two fresh shells in his gun and was ted until they got very close to him. Then he ral ed the gun and fired both barrels, the two men falling to the ground dead.

Then the murderer, throwing his gun over his shoulder, made his escape to the woods. When the citizens ascertained the extent of the dead they organized a posse, and, led by the sheriff, attempted to capture the assassin.

The wound d were taken to the Charity Hospital in New Orleans. They are: Rosario Giordano, the unfortunate head of the family, aged 38 years, shot in the left thigh; Mary Giordano, 10 years, shot in the abdomen, the bullet perforating the bladder and intestines; Nicolina Giordano, 7 years, shot in the corner of the eye, the ball penetrating the skull; Joseph Giordano, 4 months shot in both legs and in the head.

WORK AND WORKERS.

Four hundred employes in the pipe mill of the Donaldson Iron Company at Emaus, Pa., have had their wages advanced 10 per cent. The increase will take place beginning August 1.

The Ihpeming, Mich., miner's strike presents no material change. The strikers are not yet thoroughly organized and daily meetings are being held at the park between Ishpeming and Negaunee.

All the miners in the Ohio County, West Virginia district, who have been working below the 60-cent rate went out. The districts Glendale, Moundsville, Glenwood and South Wheeling. Over 1,000 men are idle.

At Amesbury, Mass., the Hamilton Mill strike ended when the strikers voted by a small majority to return to work. The employes, about 400 in number, struck for higher wages about a month ago.

Mayor Pettit has called on the state board of arbitration to settle the strike now in progress in Kenosha, Wis., and which threatens to spread to every manufactory in the place. It is the first time the board has been called upon to settle a strike.

The Talbot Woolen mills at North Billerica, Mass., which shut down three weeks ago on account of a strike of its 400 operatives, resumed operations with the strikers