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The big ocean steamship St. Paul, built by the Cramps, of Philadelphia, as a sister ship to the St. Louis, for the International Navigation Company's line, made an average speed of 20.5 knots an hour in her official trip of almost eighty-eight knots over the government course off Gloucester, Mass., coast, and scored another decided success for American shipbuilders. In every respect the trial was a most satisfactory one. The vessel's machinery worked perfectly. There was no foaming of the boilers, as on the preliminary run, and the vessel cut through the waves gracefully and easily, with a noticeable lack of vibration. Her builders and the officials of the International Navigation Company are well satisfied with the result of the trial and are confident that after she has been docked and her bottom has been cleaned, a little work will greatly add to her speed, and when the stiffness of her machinery has worn away, she will equal the St. Louis' record of 22.3 knots an hour.

William H. Crane does not believe the drama is degenerating. On the contrary, he holds that the public will not support immoral plays, but a clean play needs something else besides its morals to make it a go. It ought to be well written.

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ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Hannibal Andrews is Maine's latest hero. He is the veteran brick mason of Milton Plantation, 71 years of age, who crippled with rheumatism, had the neighbors hoist him with ropes to the roof of North Woodstock's new schoolhouse and laid the last brick on top of the chimney.

John B. Bannon, of Youngstown, O., recently found pasted on a Georgia melon the name of Miss Agnes Hillman, of Benevolence, Ga. He at once wrote to the young lady. As a result of the correspondence the couple is engaged. Mr. Bannon will visit the Atlanta Exposition and may return with a Southern bride.

J. H. Bliss, professor of naval architecture in the University of Glasgow, is traveling in China and Japan. He went East some time ago to study the results of the recent naval war. Mr. Bliss is one of the best known naval architects and among other vessels helped to design the City of Paris and the City of New York.

President Dwight, of Yale, who was recently interviewed as to the outlook for the poor young man in one of the big modern schools, said he believed the double struggle for education and support had an excellent effect on a young man. His advice to the poor young man was, "Go to college if you can."

Mr. Chim Tien-yow, a returned American student who formerly studied civil engineering in the Sheffield Scientific school of Yale, has been made surveyor-in-chief of the proposed railway between Yangtze ports and Peking. A fellow student, Mr. Chieng Ta-ch'i, together with several foreigners will be associated with Mr. Chim in this work.

John C. Sheehan, whose selection as chairman of the Finance Committee of Tammany Hall carries with it in the mind of local politicians the leadership of the gigantic political organization, is above the medium height and is of a spare figure. He moves slowly and thinks before he speaks. He also has a pleasant manner that makes him friends.

Rev. J. F. Clancy, who has been conducting a hot campaign against the wicked town of Lemont, near Chicago, where the city authorities and thugs are in strict accord, has broken down under the strain, the only surprising thing, being that he kept up so long. He has been in constant peril of his life day and night. He has never gone abroad with the certainty that he would return alive. He has never retired to rest in the confidence that he would awake in this world, since not only the vicious, but the lawful authorities were ready to get rid of him.

EIGHTEEN KILLED.

A Terrible Wreck of Two Passenger Trains in Belgium.

Two heavily laden passenger trains came into collision between Wavre and Ottignies, about eighteen miles from Brussels, and most of the cars of both trains were wrecked. Eighteen persons were killed and 100 persons were injured.

Several of the people are so seriously injured that their lives are despaired of. There are no Americans among the dead or injured. The passenger train was just passing the railroad station at Mausty when an engine coming from Ottignies at full speed collided with it and telescoped three of the carriages.

Among those aboard the train were M. Bernaert, president of the Chamber of Deputies, and his family. None of them sustained serious injuries and the president was unhurt. Mme. Meurlou, wife of the well-known engineer, was among the killed.

Pots and Stoves.

The fires of energy are lighted very soon in life and the struggle begins, as the saying is "to keep the pot boiling. But speaking literally, fires are still kindled with kerosene, and many a pot boils over or is overturned. Frightful burns and scalds result in spite of warning and suffering. The thing is then not to preach but to practice, and the practice is, for a sure cure, to use St. Jacob's Oil according to directions.

Blind Man—"How's everything this morning, Jerry?" Legless Man—"Oh, I can't kick. How do you see?" Blind Man—"Out of sight."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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Stomachic

means a medicine that strengthens the stomach, or to be brief, it means Ripans Tabules. If you are troubled with a weak stomach and cannot digest your food use Ripans Tabules. One gives relief.

"I wish I were a man! I would do something noble, self-sacrificing." "Propose to a girl like yourself?"

Now is the Time to Cure Your Corns

with Hindercorns. It takes them out perfectly and gives comfort. Ask your druggist. 15c.

A delicate silence is the strongest protest that one can be offered.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Some people keep their nails in mourning as if their fingers were dead.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"It's a good thing you married a chemist, Nancy; you always have a retort ready."

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

The death of John Dunn, a Zulu chief, made orphans of seventy children.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

A fisherman at Clinton, Mo., caught a three-foot water moccasin snake on a hook baited with a frog.

Every Mother Should Always Have

a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic. Nothing so good for pain, weakness, colds and sleeplessness

The successor of Prince Cantaizene as Russian ambassador at Washington, is his own brother-in-law.

Nerves and Blood

Are inseparably connected. The former depend simply, solely, solidly upon the latter. If it is pure they are properly fed and there is no "nervousness." If it is impure they are fed on refuse and the horrors of nervous prostration result. Feed the nerves on pure blood. Make pure blood and keep it pure by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.
IMPERIAL GRANUM
Try it when the digestion is WEAK and no FOOD seems to nourish. Try it when it seems impossible to keep FOOD on the stomach!
Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE!
John Carle & Sons, New York.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Point Blank Question."

TEXT: "Is thine heart right?"—II Kings x., 15.

With mettled horses at full speed, for he was celebrated for fast driving, Jehu, the warrior and king, returns from battle. But seeing Jehonadab, an acquaintance, by the wayside, he shouts, "Whoa! Whoa!" to the lathered span. Then leaning over to Jehonadab Jehu salutes him in the words of the text—words not more appropriate for that hour and that place than for this hour and place, "Is thine heart right?"

I should like to hear of your physical health. Well myself, I like to have everybody else well, and so might ask, Is your eyesight right, your hearing right, your nerves right, your lungs right, your entire body right? But I am busy to-day taking diagnosis of the more important spiritual conditions. I should like to hear of your financial welfare. I want everybody to have plenty of money, ample apparel, large storehouse and comfortable residence, and I might ask, Is your business right, your income right, your worldly surroundings right? But what are these financial questions compared with the inquiry as to whether you have been able to pay your debts to God; as to whether you are insured for eternity; as to whether you are ruining yourself by the long credit system of the soul? I have known men to have no more than one loaf of bread at a time, and yet to own a government bond of heaven worth more than the whole material universe.

The question I ask you to-day is not in regard to your habits. I make no inquiry about your integrity or your chastity or your sobriety. I do not mean to stand on the outside of the gate and ring the bell, but coming up the steps, I open the door and come to the private apartment of the soul, and with the earnestness of a man that must give an account for this day's work I cry out, Oh, man, oh, woman immortal, is thine heart right?

I will not insult you by an argument to prove that we are by nature all wrong. If there be a factory explosion and the smokestack be upset, and the wheels be broken in two, and the engine unjointed, and the ponderous bars be twisted, and a man should look in and say that nothing was the matter, you would pronounce him a fool. Well, it needs no acumen to discover that our nature is all atwist and askew and unjointed. The thing doesn't work right. The biggest trouble we have in the world is with our souls. Men sometimes say that though their lives may not be just right, their heart is all right. Impossible. A farmer never puts the poorest apples on top of his barrel; nor does the merchant place the meanest goods in his show window. The best part of us is our outward life. I do not stop to discuss whether we all fell in Adam, for we have been our own Adam, and have all eaten of the forbidden fruit, and have been turned out of the paradise of holiness and peace, and though the flaming sword that stood at the gate to keep us out has changed position and comes behind to drive us in, we will not go.

The Bible account of us is not exaggerated when it says that we are poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked. Poor! The wretch that stands shivering on our doorstep on a cold day is not so much in need of bread as we are of spiritual help. Blind! Why, the man whose eyes perished in the powder blast, and who for these ten years has gone feeling his way from street to street, is not in such utter darkness as we. Naked! Why, there is not one rag of holiness left to hide the shame of our sin. Sick! Why, the leprosy has eaten into the head and the heart and the hands and the feet, and the marasmus of an everlasting wasting away has already seized on some of us.

But the meanest thing for a man to do is to discourse about an evil without pointing a way to have it remedied. I speak of the thirst of your hot tongue only that I may show you the living stream that drops crystalline and sparkling from the Rock of Ages and pours a river of gladness at your feet. If I show you the rents in your coat, it is only because the door of God's wardrobe now swings open, and here is a robe, white with the fleece of the Lamb of God, and of a cut and make that an angel would not be ashamed to wear. If I snatch from you the black, moldy bread that you are munching, it is only to give you the bread made out of the finest wheat that grows on the celestial hills and baked in the fires of the cross, and one crumb of which would be enough to make all heaven a banquet. Hear it, one and all, and tell it to your friends when you go home, that the Lord Jesus Christ can make the heart right.

First we need a repenting heart. If for the last ten, twenty or forty years of life we have been going on in the wrong way, it is time that we turned around and started in the opposite direction. If we offend our friends, we are glad to apologize. God is our best friend, and yet how many of us have never apologized for the wrongs we have done Him!

There is nothing that we so much need to get rid of as sin. It is a horrible black monster. It polluted Eden. It killed Christ. It has blasted the world. Men keep dogs in kennels, and rabbits in a warren, and cattle in a pen. What a man that would be who would shut them up in his parlor. But this foul dog of sin and these herds of transgression we have entertained for many a long year in our heart, which should be the cleanest, brightest room in all our nature. Out with the vile herd! Begone, ye befoulers of an immortal nature!

Turn out the beasts and let Christ come in! A heathen came to an early Christian who had the reputation of curing diseases. The Christian said, "You must have all your idols destroyed." The heathen gave to the Christian the key to his house, that he might go in and destroy the idols. He battered to pieces all he saw, but still the man did not get well. The Christian said to him, "There must be some idol in your house not yet destroyed." The heathen confessed that there was one idol of beaten gold that he could not bear to give up. After awhile, when that was destroyed, in answer to the prayer of the Christian, the sick man got well.

Many a man has awakened in his dying hour to find his sins all about him. They clambered up on the right side of the bed, and on the left side, and over the headboard, and over the footboard, and horribly devoured the soul.

Repent, the voice celestial cries,
  Nor longer dare delay.
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies
  And meets a fiery day.

Again, we need a believing heart. A good many years ago a weary one went up one of the hills of Asia Minor, and with two logs on his back cried out to all the world, offering to carry their sins and sorrows. They pursued Him. They slapped Him in the face. They mocked Him. When He groaned, they groaned. They shook their fists at Him. They spat on Him. They hounded Him as though He were a wild beast. His healing of the sick, His sight giving to the blind, His mercy to the outcast, silenced not the revenge of the world. His prayers and benedictions were lost in that whirlwind of execration: "Away with Him! Away with Him!"

Ah, it was not merely the two pieces of wood that He carried; it was the transgressions of the race, the anguish of the ages, the wrath of God, the sorrows of hell, the stupendous interests of an unending eternity! No wonder His back bent. No wonder the blood started from every pore. No wonder that He crouched under a torture that made the sun faint, and the everlasting hills tremble, and the dead rush up in their winding sheets as He cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." But the cup did not pass. None to comfort.

There He hangs! What has that hand done that it should be thus crushed in the palm? It has been healing the lame and wiping away tears. What has that foot been doing that it should be so lacerated? It has been going about doing good. Of what has the victim been guilty? Guilty of saving a world. Tell me, ye heavens and earth, was there ever such another criminal? Was there ever such a crime? On that hill of carnage, that sunless day, amid those howling rioters, may not your sins and mine have perished? I believe it. Oh, the ransom has been paid. Those arms of Jesus were stretched out so wide that when He brought them together again they might embrace the world. Oh, that I might, out of the blossoms of the spring or the flaming foliage of the autumn make one wreath for my Lord! Oh, that all the triumphal arches of the world could be sung in one gateway, where the King of Glory might come in! Oh, that all the harps and trumpets and organs of earthly music might in one anthem speak His praise!

But what were earthly flowers to Him who walketh amid the snow of the white lilies of heaven? What were arches of earthly masonry to Him who hath about His throne a rainbow spun out of everlasting sunshine? What were all earthly music to Him when the hundred and forty and four thousand on one side and cherubim and seraphim and archangels stand on the other side, and all the space between is filled with the doxologies of eternal jubilee—the hosanna of a redeemed earth, the halleluiah of unfallen angels, song after song rising about the throne of God and of the Lamb? In that pure, high place, let Him hear us. Stop, harps of heaven, that our poor cry may be heard. O my Lord Jesus, it will not hurt Thee for one hour to step out from the shining throng. They will make it all up when Thou goest back again. Come hither, O blessed One, that we may kiss Thy feet. Our hearts, too long withheld, we now surrender into Thy keeping. When Thou goest back, tell it to all the immortals that the lost are found, and let the Father's house ring with the music and the dance.

They have some old wine in heaven, not used except in rare festivities. In this world those who are accustomed to use wine on great occasions bring out the beverage and say: "This wine is thirty years old," or "forty years old." But the wine of heaven is more than eighteen centuries old. It was prepared at the time when Christ trod the winepress alone. When such grevious sinners as we come back, methinks the chamberlain of heaven cries out to the servants: "This is unusual joy! Bring up from the vaults of heaven that old wine. Fill all the tankards. Let all the white robed guests drink to the immortal health of those new-born sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." "There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," and God grant that that one may be you!

Again, to have a right heart it must be a forgiving heart. An old writer says, "To return good for evil is Godlike; good for good is manlike; evil for good devillike." Which of these natures have we? Christ will have nothing to do with us as long as we keep any old grudge. We have all been cheated and lied about. There are people who dislike us so much that if we should come down to poverty and disgrace they would say: "Good for him! Didn't I tell you so?" They do not understand us. Unsanctified human nature says: "Wait till you get a good crack at him, and when at last you find him in a tight place give it to him. Flay him alive. No quarter. Leave not a rag of reputation. Jump on him with both feet. Pay him in his own coin—sarcasm for sarcasm, scorn for scorn, abuse for abuse." But, my friends, that is not the right kind of heart. No man ever did so mean a thing toward us as we have done toward God. And if we cannot forgive others how can we expect God to forgive us? Thousands of men have been kept out of heaven by an unforgiving heart.

Here is someone who says: "I will forgive that man the wrong he did me about that house and lot; I will forgive that man who overreached me in a bargain; I will forgive that man who sold me a shoddy overcoat; I forgive them—all but one. That man I cannot forgive. The villain—I can hardly keep my hands off him. If my going to heaven depends on my forgiving him, then I will stay out." Wrong feeling. If a man lie to me once I am not called to trust him again. If a man betray me once I am not called to put confidence in him again. But I would have no rest if I could not offer a sincere prayer for the temporal and everlasting welfare of all men, whatever meannesses and outrage they have inflicted upon me. If you want to get your heart right, strike a match and burn up all your old grudges, and blow the ashes away. "If you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses."

An old Christian black woman was going along the streets of New York with a basket of apples that she had for sale. A rough sailor ran against her and upset the basket, and stood back expecting to hear her scold frightfully, but she stooped down and picked up the apples, and said: "God forgive you, my son, as I do." The sailor saw the meanness of what he had done, and felt in his pocket for his money, and insisted that she should take it all. Though she was black he called her mother, and said: "Forgive me, mother, I will never do anything so mean again." Ah! there is a power in a forgiving spirit to overcome all hardness. There is no way of conquering men like that of bestowing upon them your pardon, whether they will accept it or not.

Again, a right heart is an expectant heart. It is a poor business to be building castles in the air. Enjoy what you have now. Don't spoil your comfort in the small house because you expect a larger one. Don't fret about your income when it is $3 or $4 per day because you expect to have after awhile $10 per day, or $10,000 a year because you expect it to be $20,000 a year. But about heavenly things, the more we think the better. Those castles are not in the air, but on the hills, and we have a deed of them in our possession. I like to see a man all full of heaven. He talks heaven. He sings heaven. He prays heaven. He dreams heaven. Some of us in our sleep have had the good place open to us. We saw the pinnacles in the sky. We heard the click of the hoofs of the white horses on which victors rode, and the clapping of the cymbals of eternal triumph. And while in our sleep we were glad that all our sorrows were over and burdens done with, the throne of God grew whiter and whiter and whiter, till we opened our eyes and saw that it was only the sun of earthly morning shining on our pillow. To have a right heart you need to be filled with this expectancy. It would make your privations and annoyances more bearable.

In the midst of the city of Paris stands a statue of the good but broken hearted Josephine. I never imagined that marble could be smitten into such tenderness. It seems not lifeless. If the spirit of Josephine be disentabernacled, the soul of the empress has taken possession of this figure. I am not yet satisfied that it is stone. The puff of the press on the arm seems to need but the pressure of the finger to indent it. The figures at the bottom of the robes, the ruffle at the neck, the fur lining on the dress, the embroidery of the satin, the cluster of lily and leaf and rose in her hand, the poise of her body as she seems to come sailing out of the sky, her face calm, humble, beautiful, but yet sad—attest the genius of the sculptor and the beauty of the heroine he celebrates. Looking up through the rifts of the coronet that encircles her brow. I could see the sky beyond, the great heavens where all woman's wrongs shall be righted, and the story of endurance and resignation shall be told to all the ages. The rose and the lily in the hand of Josephine will never drop their petals. Believe not the recent slanders upon her memory. The children of God, whether they suffer on earth in palaces or in hovels, shall come to that glorious rest. O heaven, sweet heaven, at thy gate we set down all our burdens and griefs! The place will be full. Here there are vacant chairs at the hearth and at the table, but there are no vacant chairs in heaven. The crowns all worn; the thrones all mounted. Some talk of heaven as though it were a very handsome church, where a few favored spirits would come in and sit down on finely cushioned seats all by themselves and sing psalms to all eternity. No, no! "I saw a great multitude that no man could number standing before the throne. He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and it was 12,000 furlongs"—that is, 1500 miles—in circumference. Ah! heaven is not a little colony at one corner of God's dominion, where a man's entrance depends upon what kind of clothes he has on his back and how much money he has in his purse, but a vast empire. God grant that the light of that blessed world may shine upon us in our last moment!

The first time I crossed the Atlantic the roughest time we had was at the mouth of Liverpool harbor. We arrived at nightfall and were obliged to lie there till the morning, waiting for the rising of the tide, before we could go up to the city. How the vessel pitched and writhed in the water! So sometimes the last illness of the Christian is a struggle. He is almost through the voyage. The waves of temptation toss his soul, but he waits for the morning. At last the light dawns, and the tides of joy rise in his soul, and he sails up and casts anchor within the vale.

Is thy heart right? What question can compare with this in importance? It is a business question. Do you not realize that you will soon have to go out of that store, that you will soon have to resign that partnership, that soon among all the millions of dollars' worth of goods that are sold you will not have the handling of a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a penny worth of anything; that soon, if a conflagration should start at Central Park and sweep everything to the Battery, it would not disturb you; that soon, if every cashier should abscond and every insurance company should fail, it would not affect you? What are the questions that stop this side the grave, compared with the questions that reach beyond it? Are you making losses that are to be everlasting? Are you making purchases for eternity? Are you jobbing for time when you might be wholesaling for eternity? What question of the store is so broad at the base, and so altitudinous, and so overwhelming as the question, "Is thy heart right?"

Or is it a domestic question? Is it something about father or mother or companion or son or daughter, that you think is comparable with this question in importance? Do you not realize that by universal and inexorable law all these relations will be broken up? Your father will be gone, your mother will be gone, your companions will be gone, your child will be gone, you will be gone, and then this supernal question will begin to harvest its chief gains, or deplore its worst losses, roll up into its mightiest magnitude or sweep its vast circles.

What difference now does it make to Napoleon III. whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan, whether he lived at the Tuileries or at Chiselhurst, whether he was Emperor or exile? They laid him out in his coffin in the dress of a field marshal. Did that give him any better chance for the next world than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? And soon to us what will be the difference, whether in this world we rode or walked, were bowed to or maltreated, were applauded or hissed at, were welcomed in or kicked out, while laying hold of every moment of the great future, and burning in all the splendor or grief, and overarching and undergoing all time and all eternity, is the plain, simple, practical, thrilling, agonizing, overwhelming question, "Is thy heart right?" Have you within you a repenting heart, an expectant heart? If not, I must write upon your soul what George Whitefield wrote upon the window pane with his diamond ring. He tarried in an elegant house over night, but found that there was no God recognized in that house. Before he left his room in the morning, with his ring he wrote upon the window pane, "One thing thou lackest." After the guest was gone the housewife came and looked at the window, and saw the inscription, and called her husband and her children, and God, through that ministry of the window glass, brought them all to Jesus. Though you may to-day be surrounded by comforts and luxuries, and feel that you have need of nothing, if you are not the children of God, with the signet ring of Christ's love, let me inscribe upon your souls, "One thing thou lackest!"

A peculiarly sad case is reported from New York. It appears that a society widow of that town paid court to her coachman, won his young affections and then tired of him and heartlessly threw him off. The betrayed young man has sued for damages for breach of promise to marry. We hope the recreant woman will be made to serve as an example to all designing females and a warning that they must not trifle with the affections of the weaker sex.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FELL INTO THE PIT.

Fatal Accident at a Church Corner-Stone Laying.

THE SUPPORTS GAVE AWAY.

Though the Contractor Had Been Warned Defective Timbers Were Allowed to Hold the Platform and the Crowd.

While a great crowd of people was assembled to witness the laying of the corner stone at Lorain, Ohio, of the new St. Mary's Catholic Church, a temporary floor on which many of the people were standing suddenly gave way, precipitating many men, women and children into the basement. One was killed outright, two were fatally injured, and between thirty and forty others were badly hurt.

The services were just about to begin when the accident happened. Fully 3000 persons were assembled on and around the platform, which had been constructed across the foundation of the edifice. The boards forming the temporary floor had been laid across the joists, which were supported in the middle by upright posts. These supports broke and the floor went down with a crash. Fully 300 people were thrown into the pit formed by the sagging in the middle of the floor.

For a moment everybody was paralyzed by the calamity, but soon there was a rush forward by those willing to lend assistance to the crushed and struggling people. This made matters worse, for fifty more persons were crowded forward into the hole upon those who went down with the floor. When the confusion had subsided somewhat many of those who were able to extricate themselves did so by walking and crawling over their less fortunate companions. The rescue was begun at once, and all were finally taken from the pit.

The old Catholic Church and Parochial School were at once turned into hospitals. A score of doctors were called and they were kept busy for hours caring for the injured, several of whom will die.

The accident was due to defective timbers. The contractor was told that the platform was insecure, but he said it would hold all the people that could be crowded upon it.

Despite the accident the services were continued and the laying of the corner-stone was completed.

THREE KILLED IN A WELL.

One After Another They Descended and Were Suffocated.

At Pemberville, Ohio, a water well thirty-five feet was shot to increase the flow of water. Two hours after the shot Henry Fahey descended to note the effect. After being in the well some time and no response being given to repeated signals, Louis Wegman also descended to bring him to the surface. He, too, failed to respond to the calls of his friends and his brother, Charles, was then lowered into the hole only to meet with the same fate. The men were overcome by poisonous gases and were taken out dead. Fahey and Louis Wegman are married and Charles Wegman's marriage was to have occurred within a month.

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MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

CABLE SPARKS.

The cholera scourge in Russia is said to be unusually severe, 3,000 deaths being reported in one province.

Severe storms prevailed in Great Britain and many disasters to shipping occurred. In the wrecks it is known that at least twenty-four lives were lost.

The passage of the silver marriage law in Hungary has led to disturbances at Turdossin. The registars were ejected by a mob and their books were torn up.

The British ship Europa, bound from Leith to San Francisco, has been burned at sea. The crew of the Europa were rescued by the Oscar II, which landed at Liverpool.

The Empire Theatre, London, was granted an unconditional license. This is the playhouse which Mrs. Ormiston Chant, the noted reformer, succeeded in depriving of a license last year.

Anxiety is felt in London concerning the fate of Dr. Donaldson Smith's African expedition, news of which is long overdue. The expedition is said to have been stopped by the Abyssinian army.

The Russian mail steamer Tsarewna has been wrecked near Cape Tarkhankut, on the coast of the Crimea. Her passengers and crew were saved, but it is believed that the steamship will prove a total loss.

Manuel Romero, Mexican minister of the interior and father-in-law of President Diaz, died, having failed to rally from an operation for cancerous tumor. His age was sixty eight. He was a good friend of Americans.

Armenians in Constantinople are panic-stricken in consequence of the riots in that city in which scores of their countrymen have been killed. The Turks declare that the riots were incited by Armenian agitators. The situation of affairs is said to be critical.

The little Central American Republic of San Salvador is reported to be in a condition of feverish unrest on account of an expected invasion by Antonio Ezeta. Soldiers are in every seaport town prepared to give the general a warm reception. Many of his friends are being persecuted by the government.

Emperor William and his brother, Prince Henry, of Prussia, are said to be on bad terms, owing to the latter speaking his mind freely in regard to the management of naval matters.

A general movement of coal miners for an advance in wages is reported in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa.

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mouths or I mistake
mankind.
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