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The Easton Gazette.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN TALBOT COUNTY

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

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SOMEWHERE.

Where lies the land of Somewhere—
But days or years away?
Where brown bees ever hum there
'Mong flowers of endless May?
No matter! Deserts must be crossed,
On seas our barks will oft be tossed,
And many dreams as jetsam lost,
Ere reaching thee, O somewhere!

Far, dim-guessed realm of Somewhere,
Beyond the present's pain,
Where dallying sails that come there
Ne'er leave thy ports again—
When life is done, and striving's o'er,
May some strong hand upon thy shore
Reach out a welcome evermore
To pilgrims seeking Somewhere!

Will T. Hale, in Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

A Wallflower's Mission.

MRS. HAY-THESIGER had one of the largest houses in London. Her husband had made a fortune in the city, and, though it was never very clearly explained how this feat had been accomplished, people showed an amiable readiness to help her to spend it while it lasted. Her ball on June 18, 1894, was an event for Kensington and even Bayswater. At No. 100 Queen's Square, the abode of Mr. Symes Protheroe, it was the event of the season to one member of the family. When a card arrived for "Miss Protheroe and Mr. Robert Protheroe" it had given one of the prettiest of pretty girls a happy moment. Mrs. Protheroe was a lean, pushing mother, with a Blackheath accent, keen to marry her daughters, and indignant with them for not gratifying her maternal ambition. A perpetual quest for son-in-law had given her an eager, restless expression, and the young men fled before her in terror.

That is to say, until the youngest daughter of all came out, and then they were almost ready to contemplate her as a possible mother-in-law. For Peroline Protheroe was a beauty of the plump, fair-haired, apple-blossom type. She had such serene blue eyes and such a bewitching smile that at her very first party she had captivated a wealthy bullion broker. Yet, for reasons she dared not hint to Mrs. Protheroe, she had summoned up all her courage and refused Mr. Culdersack. An event had occurred which made the gentle Peroline as obstinate as her eldest sister, Susan. She had secretly fallen in love while away on a country visit. The three intermediate sisters were away when Mrs. Thesiger's invitation arrived, and to Peroline's dismay and Susan's angry indignation, Mrs. Protheroe announced, with a decision there was no gainsaying, that Susan was to accept it.

Susan had always detested balls. She had always known she was ugly; now that she was thirty she felt the fact much less. She probably stifled a private pang or two in her first youth as she sat a lonely wallflower, and realized that no one was ever as likely to dance with her unless compelled to do so. But no amount of neglect could spoil her imperturbable good temper. She had hosts of girl friends who knew the advantage of a comrade who could not bear a rival. Men were repelled by the stumpy figure which seemed made only to show the absurdity of each succeeding fashion, by her freckles, her scanty locks and her big mouth. But Susan had a very pleasant smile and beautiful, capable hands.

She adored her youngest sister, and she alone knew of the little romance of which Captain Anthony Bridgenorth was the hero. Also that his leave was nearly over, and that he would be at Mrs. Hay-Thesiger's ball. Susan exhausted every means in her power to induce her mother to change her mind. "You know, mamma, I do the establishment no credit. No one will take any notice of me, whereas Peroline would meet heaps of men richer even than Mr. Culdersack. Then I have no gown, and she looks so lovely in her white lace."

Mrs. Protheroe, however, was obdurate, and though Susan racked her ingenious brain for excuses she could not find one that was likely to be accepted. "Understand plainly, Susan, that you are to go. I will not have it said that I never gave you a chance."

So it had to be, and pretty Peroline sadly helped her sister to put on an unbecoming and rather rumpled coral pink garment which seemed to have been planned to show how dowdy accordion plaiting can look. Peroline was wearing one of last year's school girl's white dresses, and looked younger and sweeter than ever. The big blue eyes were bright with tears, which rained down on a bouquet of flowers she held. Alas! there was a card with them. He had not forgotten her, after all. They might have been so happy.

"If even there was a chance of your getting introduced to him I could bear it," she wailed; "but I dare not write, and I can't even thank him. I shall never, never see him again; they go to India to-morrow, and I shall be perfectly miserable till [illegible] No, Susan, you are a dear, but [illegible] know how I feel."

Susan was too sensible to lament, but she felt dolefully that her chances of introduction were a broken reed as sole hope.

"Look here, Fairy," she said encouraging, "I am taking that little drawing-block. If I can get a quiet corner I will sketch your Captain. Oh, I'll find him out, never fear. I should go to sleep if I hadn't my little block, and I often find places where I can sketch; then I can work it up into a regular portrait for you to keep as a remembrance."

"You are a dear, but I have another idea. You take the bouquet, and perhaps he will recognize it."

Susan laughed, and her laugh was so merry it was infectious. "No, no, Fairy, that would never do. Why, I should feel and look like a goose, I never had a bouquet in my life; you keep it to comfort you, all but this queer yellow orchid. I never saw one like it, and perhaps if I stuck it somewhere very conspicuously it might catch Captain Anthony's eye."

"But, Sukey, dear, it is quite too awfully ugly with that gown."

"And my hair," finished Susan, without a touch of bitterness in her smile. "The uglier the better; perhaps he will notice this skirt. I think nothing could be more effectually warranted to attract attention."

The orchid fastened in, Susan huddled on her cloak.

"Good night, my own darling. I shall be thinking of you all the time; go to bed early, and I'll wake you up when I get back."

Susan was introduced to two good-looking young men. One of them bowed and passed. The other put her down for number eighteen. "By which time I trust I shall be tucked up in bed," thought Susan, the philosopher. However, she got a chair in the hall next a girl with red elbows, and a satin bodice all rucks, who seemed as partnerless as herself, and who, being much younger, felt it far more keenly. Susan always talked to any girls who happened to be dull and lonely. She remembered a time when she had been much too shy to venture to bring out her drawing-block and make covert sketches, as she did now, with a cleverness that made a look at a sort of pictorial diary she kept a much-prized privilege among her friends.

"Rather slow work, looking on," hazarded Susan, whose keen eyes were on the perpetual watch for any one at all like Peroline's rapturous description of Captain Bridgenorth. "He isn't so very good-looking, perhaps, but he has something quite, quite different from other men about him."

She of the red elbows looked surprised but grateful, as she replied: "I think it is horrible. Every time I go out it is just the same, and yet I always want to come; I seem to fancy that it will really be nice at last."

"I used to think that, too," said Susan, cheerfully, "but it is a mistake. Home is the best place for some of us."

"I know it's wrong," said the other girl, hesitatingly, "but oh, I do feel so dreadfully jealous of pretty people. Look at that girl by the door with the blue velvet bow in her hair; her mother is very ill, dying, they say, and yet she is here."

She was young, only about eighteen, and was taking the harsh inevitable very hardly. Susan had learned her own lesson quickly and with serenity.

"Take my advice," she said, cheerfully, "don't come to balls unless you are obliged. The little pin pricks one has hurt, I know. But if you are compelled to do it, make the best of it—try to enjoy the flowers and the music."

"Well, I call you downright wonderful, and if there were more girls like you I shouldn't mind things half as much." She did not specialize the things she meant. But Susan was not attending; she was staring with all her might at a short man with a fair mustache and an eyeglass. In his buttonhole there was an orchid, which might have been a blossom plucked from the spray she wore upon her badly hanging lace berthe. She rushed to a prompt, and, as it happened, a correct conclusion. The orchid was so peculiar. No one else had anything like it. Still, the conclusion was something of a blow to her. He was looking about and inspecting the various couples curiously, but evidently failed to find the object of his search. Susan and her friend were partly hidden by a screen, and with a few rapid touches she sketched him as he stood. A healthy, ordinary young Englishman, quite commonplace, and with no especial characteristic beyond an attractive soldierly alertness. It was a very good likeness, for he kindly gave her ten minutes in which to do it.

Her companion watched her pencil admiringly." You have made him rather better looking than he is," she commented.

Susan laughed softly. "That is because this portrait is to be a present to somebody who thinks Captain Anthony Bridgenorth is different from every one else in the world, but I can't see it myself, so I have had to imagine a little. But how white you look. Do you feel faint or ill?"

"I hardly know. I am a little giddy; I suppose it is the heat, or the flowers, or something."

Susan looked positively pleased. She had formed a bold scheme, and found an unconscious coadjutor ready to hand. "I will go and get some water for you. Just lie back on the cushions—nobody can see you behind the screen."

The fact was, Susan had decided on a little experiment. For two months she had heard of Anthony Bridgenorth as a quite peerless person. At last, she, too, had made a hero of him, so that this ordinary young man came as a revelation. Yet she was certain it was he. The question to be decided was whether he was worthy of Peroline's tears. Straws show the drift of the wind. The fashion in which he treated this little emergency would be a good gauge of deeper matters. To play preux chevalier to Peroline in the graceful languor of an indisposition that would be certain to become her as everything else did, was quite another matter to squiring two such damsels as herself and her protegee. She walked up to him quite simply and said, without preamble, in the quiet tone of an old acquaintance:

"Oh, Captain Bridgenorth, my friend is unwell. I wonder if you would mind fetching her a glass of iced water?"

It was a bold stroke, but it succeeded. Had she hit on the wrong man, she was prepared with an excuse. It was not needed, however.

"Of course, I shall be only too glad to be of any service; only I am not sure where the refreshment room is. Perhaps, if you would come, too—He paused, for he could not supply a name, and yet she was evidently perfectly familiar with his. Susan acceded, with a sense of growing satisfaction. She liked his voice; she liked his utter indifference to being seen with such a dress as hers.

"No bounce," she decided, and bounce was a quality Susan loathed.

What was odder still, he seemed really interested in her conversation and indifferent to stray glances from carefully made-up eyes. He was shy, and dared not ask the name of this chatty little woman, who seemed to know him so well. He was always forgetting faces since he had taken to that beastly glass. He gave up wrestling with it, and then, with a start of surprise, he saw a long spray of a quaint orchid—a spray like one he had been assured by a leading florist was unique, and for which he had paid accordingly.

"How curious we should be wearing the same very uncommon flower?" remarked the diplomatist in a tone of easy comment, as she noticed his start of surprise. They had reached the oyster bar. It was thronged, and glasses of water take an immense time to procure. There is no other order against which a waiter openly rebels; it is so alien to his own tastes.

"Very odd, indeed. What I time that man is; your poor friend will think we are lost altogether."

"Yes, mine was a present from somebody who was prevented from coming here; she took it out of a bouquet."

He turned the dull red that is the masculine equivalent for a blush. "Then you know Miss Protheroe?"

"Very well; in fact, I am she. Didn't you know me?"

Susan's little eyes twinkled, for she saw that this poor young man thought the florist had made some terrible mistake. To fetch glasses of water was one thing. To buy ruinously dear flowers to be worn by a girl who was downright ugly, not even plain, was quite another. He was not quick enough to grasp the true aspect of affairs. The glass of water came at this juncture. Captain Bridgenorth looked so very crestfallen as he took it that Susan relented. A rather serious expression came across her face as they went down the passage.

"Yes, I am Miss Protheroe, but I think you stayed at Cherrington with my little sister."

"Oh, is she here to-night? I thought she might be."

"No, she is not here; she is in disgrace."

"In disgrace!" The he lowered his voice, and said, as if to himself, with a pretty touch of tenderness: "The Queen can do no wrong."

Evidently he was very far gone, indeed. They were back again by this time, and he administered the glass of water, very kindly making eager proffer of any further help.

"You must rest," he said, in quite a brotherly way, "and then presently you must let me take you in for a little supper." He forgot that they had not been introduced. Then he turned anxiously to Susan: "Have you any dances left, and if so, will you give me all you can?"

"Will you sit out the rest of this?" They sat down, and ugly Susan was the happiest girl in that ballroom.

"I go to India to-morrow," said Anthony Bridgenorth, becoming very serious, "but our time is nearly up, and I shall be home in a year. It is very hard to me to go without saying good-by to your sister."

"Peroline is very young yet," Susan interpolated, with an indefinite sense of being consolatory.

"But she is so lovely, there is no one like her," said the lover, with a conviction that thrilled Susan. A little picture of Peroline, with tears falling on the white roses, suggested itself. "That is quite true."

"Some other fellow will get her while I am gone. I am certain of it. I meant to have spoken to her to-night and told her that she is all the world to me."

"You have my very best wishes, and they are hopeful ones." Susan could not say more. Peroline's dainty secret must only be revealed by her own lips. Her voice was more expressive than she guessed.

"Then you think I may hope?"

If it had been her own "Yes," Susan could not have said it more softly or more sweetly.

Her listener was evidently very deeply touched, but he was silent. Then she showed him the little portrait of him she had sketched, and he found ready words. They were not so fluent, when, with a few rapid touches from the apt pencil, Peroline's own face was before him. Meanwhile plenty of inquiring glances had been directed towards this couple, who had occupied that secluded seat so long. Presently, to Susan's great pleasure, he remembered her forlorn protege. "Now let me take you two ladies comfortably in to supper." He was as good as his word, and they had a cheery repast at a vacant table. The forlorn one was more amazed at Susan than ever, when that plainest of maidens touched Captain Bridgenorth's glass with her own and drank "to our next meeting," he responded with unmistakable sentiment.

As they came away the lanciers were beginning, and Susan went off to dance with her Captain. It was actually No. 18, but she had forgotten all about her prior engagement. Bob was in the same set with Miss Denderleigh, more kittenish than ever, and they were all very merry. Captain Bridgenorth put Susan into the cab with an attention that amazed her brother.

"Bravo, Sukey, you've got an admirer at last; better late than never," was his amazed comment, but she made no rejoiner.

When she got home Peroline was lying asleep, looking prettier than ever, with flushed cheeks and curls in confusion. Susan woke her gently. "Open your eyes, Fairy. He has sent you a message." And Peroline awoke to a happiness that was permanent.—Black and White.

Whining Children.

Dr. Mary Wood Allen writing in Womankind of breaking children of the habit of whining says: "In this case, I should say, that the first thing to do is to secure the cordial co-operation of every other adult member of the family. Let there be united purpose never to give to the child that for which he whines, even if it would be given to him otherwise. Give him to understand this in a firm but gentle way, and if possible secure his approval of the idea. Tell him kindly of the evil of the habit, the unhappiness it causes him and every one else, show him that it is creating a habit for the future years and tell him you all going to help him to overcome it. Let him feel that your refusal to grant his whining requests are to aid him, not to punish him. Then steadily, persistently, sweetly and firmly, adhere to this policy. Never once yield to his insistence, but always recognize his attempt to meet your wishes in a pleasant manner.

If the thing he wants is something he should not have, tell him so, and assure him that no amount of whining will secure it, and then let him whine. Wait, don't scold, don't tantalize, don't appear to be either disturbed or moved by his whining. If what he desires is something he can have, and he whines for it, assure him that as soon as he asks pleasantly he can have it, and then give him time to make up his mind to be pleasant. We are too apt to try to drive our children rapidly from one frame of mind to another. Wait patiently, and if possible help him by diverting his thoughts to something agreeable. In a few minutes he will probably get control of himself. It is often a very-touching sight to witness the efforts of children to gain self-control, sometimes under the stings of the tantalizing reproaches of their elders.

Double Locomotive Head Lights.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad is experimenting with a double head light on one of their locomotives. The plan has long been used on some of the railways in Great Britain, and has proved advantageous in increasing the safety of trains and passengers. The points of advantage claimed are that should one light become extinguished (which not infrequently occurs) there is still another to fall back upon, also that the double light enables the engineer to obtain a better illumination on curves, and when making switches.

Engine No. 218 is thus equipped. This locomotive was badly smashed up in the accident which recently occurred near New Haven to the early Sunday morning paper train. When the engine was repaired a long platform was erected in front of the smoke stack, and two full sized head lights were placed side by side, one each side of the stack directly over each rail.—New York Herald.

FALL WEDDINGS

DEMAND Your Attention.

Silverware and Bric-a-Brac a Specialty.

STURMER, THE JEWELER

THE NEWS.

William Cattrin, George True and John Harper were killed in a wreck on the Missouri Pacific Railroad. Seven more were injured.——G. W. Cole was killed by a cable car in Chicago.——The mother of Vice President Stevenson celebrated her eighty-sixth birthday at Bloomington, Ill.——It is stated by the Texas Live Stock Association at Dallas that the importation of Mexican cattle along the entire border to December 31 of this year will not exceed 100,000 head.——At Seattle, Judge Hanford fixed the salary of Receiver Burleigh, of the Northern Pacific Railway, at $15,000 a year.——The raisen crop in California will be shorter than that of last year. The schooner Carrie L. Godfrey, loaded with phosphate, went ashore near Paramount Beach, and will probably be lost. The crew were saved.——Fire in New Martinsville, W. Va., caused a loss of $16,000.——Ex-City Treasurer George W. Boggs, of Tacoma, was arrested near Jacksonville, Ore., by Sheriff Parker. One warrant charged Boggs with larceny and embezzlement of $109,000; the second with unlawfully using $180,000 for a purpose not authorized by law.——Jesse Coxey, son of the commonwealer, has gone to Cuba to fight.——J. J. P. Odell, president of the Union National Bank of Chicago, on account of ill-health, will retire January 1. He has just finished a term as president of the American Bankers' Association.

The police Sunday made a general raid on the drug store saloons of Des Moines, Iowa, which have sold liquor by the drink after regular saloon hours and on Sundays, and as a result a considerable stock of liquor was seized.——The exploring party which went from Port Townsend, Wash., into the Olympic Mountains, seeking evidences of alleged volcanic fires, has returned after an unsuccessful trip.——When the case against Richard H. Harris, Jr., charged with the killing of W. F. Malloy, was called in Petersburg, Va., the defendant waived an examination, and the case was certified to the November term of the Corporation Court.——The motion to advance the Lambert murder case, brought up from the New Jersey courts, was granted by the Supreme Court, and the second Monday in December designated for the hearing. ——Two children of John Conley, aged five and six years, in Manistee, Mich., were smothered by smoke and died. They had gotton some matches and set the bedding on fire.——Latest estimates of the losses by the University of Virginia fire place the figures at $250,000. The trustees are already making arrangements for rebuilding.——The public school children of Philadelphia celebrated the two hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the arrival in the Delaware River of the ship Welcome, with William Penn on board.——Wendall Swartz, a farmer of White Deer township, near Lewisburg, Ia., committed suicide.—— E. K. Smith, aged seventy-three years, of the defunct banking firm of E. K. Smith & Co., of Columbia, Pa., was placed on trial in Lancaster on the charge of embezzlement. Thousands of acres of timber-land on Welsh Mountain has been swept by fire.——The city solicitor of Wilmington rendered an opinion that the Sunday meetings of the single-tax men were Sabbath desecration. The barn of Mahlon Haller, near Hamburg, Va., was set on fire by an incendiary.—— Steve Burris was beaten to unconsciousness near Wilmington by Joe Schutiss, who fled. Virgil Stealy killed his brother-in-law, Lafayette Adkins, near Huntington, W. Va.—— Dr. Carpenter, brother-in-law of ex-Governor Flower, and one of the wealthiest citizens of Gouverneur, N. Y., committed suicide.——Anthony Strauber shot P. L. Farrell, whom he caught breaking into his tailor shop in Chicago.——The schooner Charles L. Davenport went aground above Cape May, N. J.

It is reported that John D. Rockefeller, the Standard oil magnate, was backing the plan of reorganization of the Wisconsin Central lines in the hope of ultimately securing control of the property.——The Presbyterian Synod of Virginia voted to remove Union Seminary from Hampden Sydney to Richmond.——By an explosion in the mill of the Pacific Coast Lumber and Milling Company, at Fair Haven, Wash., two boilers were blown five hundred feet, two men killed, another fatally injured, and several seriously hurt.——A large number of vessels are missing on the Pacific Ocean. The amount of property represented by the overdue vessels is valued at $6,000,000.——Bamberger, Bloom & Co., wholesale dry goods merchants of Louisville, Ky., made an assignment. Liabilities $1,200,000; assets about the same.—— An east-bound passenger train on the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railroad was wrecked by running into a burned culvert near South Bend, Ind., and four trainmen and a number of passengers were more or less injured.—— By the explosion of a boiler in the tugboat T. T. Morford, lying at Chicago, one of the crew was killed and several injured, and Captain John Ferguson, who was lying asleep in another boat nearby, was instantly killed.

In the South Carolina constitutional convention Senator Tillman urged the adopton of the New England towhship government system.——The police of Chicago are looking for Ernst Hertzen, a crazy Anarchist, who attempted to kill Matthew J. Steffen, the Chillian consul at Chicago.——One hundred delegates were in attendance at the convention of the National Delta Upsilon Society at Greencastle, Ind.——Orson English, aged eighteen years accidentally shot and killed himself while on a gunning trip near Laurel, Del.——A special train of three cars and a locomotive beat the record for railroad speed by running from Chicago to Buffalo, 510.1 miles, in 481 minutes and 7 seconds, an average speed of 63.6 miles an hour.——In a wreck on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Newport, Pa., the fireman and engineer were killed and a number of mail clerks hurt.—— Walter Dobbins shot and killed Joseph Miller because the latter had insulted Dobbins' mother.——Fire caused $100,000 loss in McKinney, Tex.——Mrs. Delia T. Parnell has gone to New York from Bordentown, N. J., to live.——The celebration of the seventieth anniversary of Professor Francis A. March was held at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.——Four men were reported missing by the captain of the schooner Lizzie Griffin, who arrived at Gloucester, Mass., from Grand Banks. They are Isaac Little, Edward Carrigan, Martin Hansen and Carl Johnson. Little and Carrigan were from Nova Scotia, Hansen and Johnson being Swedes. The men were lost while hauling trawls.

Henry de la Poer Beresford, fifth Marquis of Waterford, is dead, having committed suicide. He was born in 1844, and is succeeded by his son, the Earl of Tyrone, who was borne in 1875.

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A Word

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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.

RIOTING IN OHIO.

Two Men Shot in an Attack on the Jail at Tiffin.

MOB BENT ON LYNCHING.

A Crowd of Angry Men Had Battered Down the Jail Doors, and Dispersed Only After Two of Their Number Had Been Shot.

Two men were shot and killed by the guards at the Seneca county jail in Tiffin, Ohio, in resisting a mob's attempt to lynch Lee J. Martin, who killed Marshal Schultze last week. The city is now practically under martial law, four military companies having been ordered out by Governor McKinley in response to requests from the sheriff of the county. The prisoner has been moved to another county, but the apprehension of trouble has not yet subsided altogether.

Lee J. Martin was charged with threatening to kill Ezra Smith, a neighboring farmer, near Tiffin, and when Schultze attempted to arrest him he killed the officer. The double crime aroused the indignation of the people to an unusual degree, especially in the neighborhood of Bascom, the marshal's old home. Anonymous letters had been sent to Mayor Rex notifying him of an attempt to be made at lynching. Owing to these threats State's Attorney Schroth announced that he would ask for a special grand jury, in order that the prisoner might be speedily tried, and the sheriff announced that the first man who put his hands on the jail door with hostile intent would be shot.

That the movement of the mob was preconcerted was shown by the method of its appearance. The crowd had been circulating in the neighborhood af the jail all the evening. About 1:15 A. M. six men gathered on the lawn about fifty feet from the jail and in a moment about thirty others joined them. Then a sharp whistle was heard and out of an alley on the opposite side of the street and a little to the west rushed fully 300 more, the leaders carrying a rope and sledge hammers. The sledges were procured at a stone quarry and the rope was thick enough to hang a dozen men.

A squad of policemen who had stationed themselves on the steps were brushed to one side as though they were so many straws. Officer Keiffer who made a brave and fierce resistance, was struck on the head and kicked brutally. He was carried home unconscious. Officer Fisher was thrown against a brick wall and partially stunned, and Officer Hennessey was tumbled over in the grass and kept there by a ruffian who held a club over him and threatened death if he did not lie still. The other officers were treated in the same way.

The mob went direct to the side entrance of the jail and commenced an onslaught on the door with their sledge-hammers. They made no demand for the keys. Michael Schmidt, a powerful teamster, wielded a sledge, and the door was broken into splinters in a short time. A wild rush was made and the hallway was filled with excited men.

Sheriff Van Nest and three men stood in the opposite end. The sheriff appealed to them several times, asking them to disperse. The mob responded by breaking the locks of the sheet-iron door leading into the corridor. This left only a heavy grating between the mob and the cells.

Then it was that the guards, who were in the corridor, began to fire. At first they shot over the heads of the attacking party. The rioters swore they would kill every person in the jail, and, to show their purpose, began firing at the guards. The guards then fired direct at the rioters.

Henry Mutschler, the first man killed, was the one who carried the rope. He was shot through the left temple, the ball coming out on the right side, and he died instantly.

Christoper Matz next received a bullet through his heart. He was also picked up dead.

The action of the guards awed the would-be lynchers and they left the place, cursing and wilder than ever. Victor Vindone, a young Italian laborer, threatened to procure dynamite to blow up the building, but he did not return to carry out the threat. While in the midst of the attack Vindone rushed upon a daughter of the sheriff and threatened to kill her.

Another fellow held a revolver close to the heart of Andrew Greer, a one-armed son-in-law of the sheriff, and pulled the trigger, but the weapon missed fire and the next instant the one fist of Greer felled the would-be assassin to the floor.

The sheriff's family was upstairs and one of the mob seeing them at the head of the stairs rushed viciously at them, but some one threw him headlong to the bottom.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock after the mob had moved further down the street, the prisoner was handcuffed, taken through a side door and then to a side alley, where a carriage was in waiting. Police Captain Falkner and Office Tweeny took him to Sandusky county as fast as the horses could carry them.

Citizens viewed the scene of the tragedy by hundreds. Many refused to believe that the prisoner had been taken away, and at 10 o'clock a crowd numbering hundreds started to make another attack, but wiser counsel prevailed.

Finally, to pacify them, one of their number, who knew the murderer, was allowed to search the building. He did not find the prisoner and so informed the crowd, but they refused to believe him.

Then Company E, of the Second Regiment, of militia, of Tiffin was called to guard the building.

FIERCE DUEL TO THE DEATH.

Texas Trainmen Shoot Each Other and Then Clinch in a Final Struggle.

Charles H. Neville, freight conductor, and Sidney B. Lane, a brakeman fought a duel in a narrow hall leading into the office of the train dispatcher's office of the Southern Pacific, at Houston, Tex. Lane was instantly killed and Neville was mortally wounded.

The two men, who worked together in the same crew, had some trouble that resulted in the brakeman making a threat to kill the conductor. They met, and each pulled a gun and fired five shots, two taking effect in each man. They then clinched and clubbed each other with the butt ends of their pistols until Lane sank to the floor, dead, and Neville fell over with a groan. Neville is not expected to live. The men were about forty years of age. Neville is married.

HON. JAMES BARBOUR DEAD.

Passing Away of a Noted Figure in Virginia Politics.

Hon. James Barbour died at his country home, Clover Hill, about three miles from Culpeper, of a violent attack of pneumonia. His long life associate, Dr. Robert S. Lewis, was called in to attend him, and his physician had hopes of his recovery, but Maj. Barbour's feeble condition sank so rapidly with the progress of his malady that when his death was announced it was a great shock and sudden surprise.

Maj. Barbour was a lawyer by profession. He was a brother to United States Senator John S. Barbour, of Virginia, and himself prominent in politics. In 1850, when but twenty-five years of age, he was elected to the Virginia State Convention that had for its duty the changing and amending of the State constitution. He was repeatedly elected to the State Legislature, and was a member of that body at the time Virginia seceded from the Union. He was opposed to secession, but when Virginia went out of the Union he followed his State. Entering the army he became a member of General Ewell's staff, with the rank of major and adjutant. Conspicuous among the engagements he took part in were Cross Keys and Port Republic.

After the war, wrecked in fortune and broken in health, he again returned to the practice of law, principally at this bar. He entered actively in politics, and was elected to the House of Delegates, soon after bolted the convention, and ran independently for Congress against Gen. Eppa Hunton. Culpeper cast for Maj. Barbour an almost unanimous vote and returned him by a majority larger than any other candidate had ever received before, or has received since. He was a candidate for Lieutenant Governor on Democratic ticket with Hon. John W. Daniel as candidate for Governor. In the Republican victories of that year the ticket was defeated. He was elected several times after that to the State House of Representatives, but his health continuing to fail, he had finally, within the past three years, to retire from politics and public life.

Maj. Barbour was a most magnetic man and had a wide friendship among the Congressmen and Senators of the country. It is said of him that he never forgot a face. He was about seventy years of age. He leaves a wife and seven children.

DISASTERS AND CASUALITIES.

The village of Ceres, New York, was almost totally destroyed by fire. The loss is $30,000.

Small-pox has reappeared in Wheeling, West Virginia. Schools in the infected district are closed.

Daniel Kehoe and Edward Thompson were killed by the collision of two freight trains at Martinsburg, Missouri.

Four men were killed by a train while crossing the Pan Handle Railroad in a wagon at Miller's Station, Ohio.

Eight men were seriously and two fatally injured by the explosion of a steam pipe in the American Wire Mills in Anderson, Ohio.

The boiler of the Lomax Picket Fence Company, at Lomax, Illinois, exploded, killing two men and wounding two others. The factory was demolished.

The Grand Union Hotel, of Chicago, caught fire and was slightly damaged by water. The house is owned by Chief Justice Fuller, of the Supreme Court.

A freight train on the Grand Rapids Railroad was wrecked at a crossing in Portland, Indiana. The dismembered body of a 15-year-old boy was found under the wreck.

A Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern passenger train ran into a freight near Fritchton, Indiana, and both trains were wrecked. Engineer Felix Quirk received fatal injuries.

A telegram from Osceola, Michigan, say nothing has been heard of the tug Petrel, and her owners have given her up as lost. Without doubt her crew of eight persons went to the bottom with her.

George E. Swain, an engineer on the New England Railroad shot and killed W. H. Boyle and wounded his brother at Hartford, Connecticut. He says he was set upon and fired in self-defence.

The drying room of the Fiberloid Works at Newburyport, Massachusetts, was demolished by an explosion. Of five men in the room Charles McManus was killed, and J. K. Reed and James McLaughlin mortally injured. The others will recover.

A freight train on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, in Virginia, was wrecked by running into a herd of cattle near Max Meadows. George O'Neil, engineer, and C. P. Lindman, fireman, were killed. Front Brakeman E. Newson is missing.

STATE DEPARTMENT REFORMS.

Olney Anxious to Simplify an Antiquated Routine System.

The present investigation into the financial methods of the State Department may lead to a general inquiry into the business affairs of that department. Secretary Olney is said to be impressed with the awkwardness of transacting public affairs and is credited with a determination to simplify the methods, which are somewhat antiquated and involved.

There is propably no department under the Government of whose transactions so little is known as the State Department. The secrecy which must necessarily surround the diplomatic negotiations extends to the routine affairs of the State Department. The head of the department has usually entrusted to subordinate officers the actual administration of minor affairs, being generally engrossed with the large and absorbing problems of State. Secretary Olney has discovered many irregularities and inconsistencies and he will endeavor to systematize the routine work.

LILIOUKALANI'S PLANS.

The Ex-Queen Buys Property in Italy Where She Will Reside.

A despatch from Vienna says that ex-Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii has purchased a site between Torbole and Malcesine, on Lake Garda, Italy, for the purpose of erecting a villa for a winter residence, and has also purchased the Castel di Pionelli, in the Italian province of Udine, for a summer residence.

The despatch says that the ex-Queen will arrive in Austria in the summer of 1896, after making a protracted stay in London.

The American Line steamer St. Louis arrived at Southampton in tow of two tugs, having lost her rudder at sea.

ATLANTA'S BIG DAY

Visit of the Presidential Party to the Exposition.

MR. CLEVELAND'S ADDRESS.

The President Compliments the South Upon Her Prosperity and Says It Is Founded on Beneficent Political Institutions.

No brighter or balmier day has ever shown over this particular portion of the South and than that which dawned on Presidential Day at the Cotton States and International Exposition. The thousands of visitors swelled the throngs on the streets to immense proportions and locomotion soon became a difficult matter. In accordance with the carefully laid plans of the Exposition management, the exercises of the day were all concentrated within the Exposition grounds, into which the cohorts of visitors and large proportion of the population of the city emptied themselves during the morning.

The Presidential party spent the morning quietly at the Aragon, where they remained until 11 o'clock, when they were driven rapidly to the Exposition grounds, without any parade whatever. Inside the gates the military was already gathered.

After the review the President delivered an address. He was introduced by President Collier, of the Exposition Company. The President said in part:

"Mr. President: On my own behalf and for my co-laborers in the executive branch of our government who have accompanied me, I thank you for your kind words of greeting. We are here to congratulate you and your associates upon the splendid success of the Exposition you have set on foot, and upon the evidences you have here gathered, chiefly illustrative of Southern enterprises, Southern industry, and Southern recuperation.

"But we are also here to claim a share in the pride of your achievement. No portion of our countrymen, wherever found, can exclusively appropriate the glory arising from these surroundings. They are proofs of American genius and industry which are the joint possession of all our people, and represent triumphs of American skill and ingenuity in which all our citizens, from the highest to the humblest, have proprietary right.

While my fellow citizens of Georgia and her neighboring States may felicitate themselves to the fullest extent upon such evidences as are here found of the growth and prosperity of interests and enterprises in which they are especially concerned, I cannot be deprived of the enjoyment afforded me by the reflection that the work they have done emphasizes in the sight of the world the immense resources and indomitable thrift of the people of the United States.

"If we are to enjoy the blessings our government has framed fairly and justly bestow, we shall secure them in due time by cultivating a spirit of broad American brotherhood and insisting upon such conduct as will, within the spirit of the golden rule, promote the general welfare."

The President was greeted by an ovation which lasted for several minutes. Hats were thrown into the air and boundless enthusiasm was manifested. His speech, though short, consumed considerable time in delivery because of frequent interruptions of applause.

AN INFORMAL RECEPTION.

At its conclusion Mr. Cleveland held an informal reception. A line was formed along the front of the stand and a squad of police kept it open. President Cleveland took a position on one of the steps and began shaking hands with the people, who pressed up to him. For five minutes he grasped the hands of the great American citizens at the rate of one hundred and three per minute. Then the number per minute gradually lowered, until he was shaking hands with the rate of one every second. In fifteen minutes the President's face was covered with perspiration, and he was evidently tiring. For thirty-three minutes he continued to shake hands with the throng and to speak a pleasant word to many.

He finally said that he was fatigued, and he line was closed. The carriages for the party were driven to the stand, and all were taken to the Piedmont Club, where a cold luncheon was served to the company of 300 people. After luncheon, the President began a tour of the grounds, visiting the Government Building, the Main Building, the Negro Building, and inspected the Exposition throughout.

The series of courtesies extended to the Presidential party was concluded with a reception at the Capital City Club which put itself on record as the most elaborate social function ever undertaken in the South. The Chief Executive reached the club, accompanied by the Cabinet and the ladies of the Cabinet, between 9 and 10 o'clock and spent an hour or more receiving the 1,500 people present. Maj. Livingston Mills, president of the club, did the honors of the occasion. After the reception, the President and his party boarded their special train and left for Washington.

FATAL RAILROAD WRECK.

Two Killed and Three Injured in a Crash on the Baltimore & Potomac.

A collision occurred on the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad at Bowie Station, midway between Baltimore and Washington, in which two persons were killed and three injured.

Engine No. 113, moving north from Washington with a stock train, backed in on the "Y" at Bowie to allow an express train to pass, when a work train on the Pope's Creek Line ran into the rear end of the train.

F. A. Ellis a drover, of Fort Springs, W. Va. instantly killed. Isaac N. Hearn, foreman of the construction gang, died after being removed to the hospital in Baltimore.

The injured are: A. E. Johnson, drover, of Fort Springs, W. Va., head burned and cut; W. W. McClelland, drover, of Hughert, Green Brier, W. Va., injured in the breast; J. M. Skeggs, drover, of Hughert, W. Va., injured in the head.

Samuel Gwinn, of Lowell, W. Va., an octogenarian, has just returned from a visit to relatives in Indiana and Illinois. He traveled the distance of 1500 miles on horseback, using the same horse for the entire distance. Mr. Gwinn is quite wealthy, but has an abhorrence of railroads. His trip, he says, has benefited his health.

MARYLAND STATE NEWS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Parts of the State.

For several days forest fires have been burning in nearly every part of Dorchester county. At Bucktown, Col. Geo. E. Austin's fences have been destroyed and his barns seriously threatened. The postoffice at Dailville is in danger, and in a half dozen other places dwellings and barns are only saved by heroic efforts. The long-continued drought has left the ground in a parched condition the falling leaves readily ignite from the carelessness of gunners and smokers. At night the reflection of the raging fires can be seen in every direction and much valuable timber is being destroyed. In some places travelers find much difficulty in passing the roads because of dense smoke and flames.

The hay-bailing establishment of the Gaithersburg Milling and Manufacturing Company and the stock-yards of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company at Gaithersburg were burned. The property was fired by sparks from a passing train. Vigorous efforts of the volunteer fire company prevented the spread of flames to railroad station and lumber-yard. The building, bailing outfit and over one hundred tons of straw destroyed were valued at $1,800 to $2,000; insured for $1,200.

Mr. Henry L. Shriver, of Westminster, met with an accident which resulted in his death. Since the recent death of his father, Mr. Francis Shriver, Mr. Shriver had been occupying alone a small apartment which had formerly been used as an office. On Friday neighbors noticed that his window curtains had not been raised all that day. Upon forcing open the door they discovered him lying on the floor in a pool of blood which was flowing from his wrist. He had evidently gone in his apartment in the dark, had thrust his hand through a glass bookcase and had fallen to the floor. His death was due to the large loss of blood. His brother, Mr. Frank Shriver, lives in Philadelphia.

The new Methodist Episcopal church at Urbana, Frederick county, was dedicated. Rev. Richard Norris, of Harford Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, preached in the morning. Rev. J. W. Steele, of Clarksburg, Md., preached in the afternoon, after which the dedicatory services took place. During the day the sum of $640 was contributed, the balance needed to pay all indebtedness. The building is of brick, 48 by 32 feet, with vestibule in front. All the finishings are tasteful. The windows are gothic, with enamel glass. Rev. W. L. Dice and Rev. Linden S. Barnes are the pastors.

Fire destroyed the well-known and hospitable home of Senator E. Stanley Toadvin, known as "Lemon Hill," in Salisbury. The fire caught from a spark from a manufacturing plant in the neighborhood, and, owing to a fierce wind, was soon ablaze in every direction. The magnificent work of the fire department prevented a large conflagration. The loss is partly covered by insurance.

E. E. Craig, an aeronaut, of Sturgis, Mich., made an ascension at Hancock. Ascending, he performed daring feats on the trapeze, and when at the height of eight hundred feet he cut loose. The parachute failed to open for two hundred feet and Craig came down with great velocity. His body struck the roof of the stable on the hill in the rear of St. Peter's Catholic Church. His right arm was cut so badly by the point of a lightning rod that it will be useless if he survives the other injuries received in falling from the stable roof to the ground. His tongue was also badly cut. Craig weighs nearly two hundred pounds and has made one hundred and fifty ascensions. This is his fourth accident.

Mr. Elias Cobientz, one of the oldest residents of Middletown, who was stricken with paralysis, died at the home of his nephew, John C. Stone, aged eighty-four.

The 5-year old son of Henry Burkett was struck by a Baltimore and Ohio passenger train at Valley street crossing, Cumberland. His skull was fractured and internal injuries sustained. He will die.

The Grand Jury of Chestertown brought in an indictment against Sheriff Dodd for alleged neglect of duty. Never before was the Sheriff of Kent county under arrest.

The barn on the farm of Francis M. Shipley, at Gleneig, Howard county, was burned a few days ago. The loss on the building was partly covered by insurance. Besides a lot of farming implements about 25 barrels of corn and seven hogs were destroyed.

Fire of unknown origin destroyed the large bank barn on the farm of J. Howard Allnut, near Licksville. Several fine horses, fifty-six hogs, a lot of hay, grain and a large wind pump was burned. The building was insured for $1,100. The stock and contents were uninsured.

Henry W. and Lorenzo Foard, canners, near Level, Harford county, have applied for a receiver, and the court has appointed Mr. W. G. Rouse receiver and he has been bonded for $6,000.

James Walsh, aged one hundred and six years, is living near Frostburg, and is in enjoyment of good health and unimpaired faculties. His father died at the age of one hundred and ten years.

Fire broke out in a large grain warehouse at Boyd's Station, Montgomery county. Close to this are tracks of the switch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. At the time the fire broke out there was a freight train on the switch. As an express was expected this could not be moved, and as a consequence seven freight cars bound west were burned.

The Harford Historical Society held its annual meeting in the courthouse in Belair. Dr. G. W. Archer read a sketch of the life of Freeborn Garrettson, and the following officers were elected: President, E. A. Colbourn; vice-president, A. Finney Galbreath; treasurer, N. N. Nock; secretary, A. P. Silver; librarian, H. W. Archer.

A man never knows the extent of his wife's patience till he is sick and has to be waited on.

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