The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LXXVI.---NO. 15. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1892. $1.50 PER YEAR.



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 per package. Buy one to-day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary.

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Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.
Office at his residence on Washington street

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Jan25,'90ly

WILLIAM H. ADKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, EASTON, MD
Office on Dover street, adjoining Maryland Building Association. 12oct89 3m

MURRAY, the BARBER.
MURRAY, the Barber, respectfully informs his customers and friends that he continues to prosecute his profession at his old stand, four doors east of the European House

Before assuring your life, or investing your money, examine the Twenty-Year Tontine Policies of The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S.

Policies maturing in 1891 realize cash returns to the owners, of amounts varying from 120 to 176% of the money paid in, besides the advantage of the Assurance during the whole period of twenty years.

The following is one of many actual cases maturing this year:

Endowment Policy No. 64,925.
Issued in 1871, at age 27. Amount, $5,000.
Premium, $239.90. Total Prems. Paid $4,798.

RESULTS
at End of Tontine Period in 1891:

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COME AND SEE ONE OF THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCKS OF

BRICKS AND DRAIN TILE

EVER EXHIBITED IN A COMBINED BRICK AND TILE YARD.

I have on hand an extra large stock of

DRAIN TILE,

And now is the time to put them in for the fall crop. If farmers will call I think terms can be made to suit them.

BRICKS

In any amount and quality can be furnished at short notice.

TERRA COTTA,

For Drain Pipe and Chimneys, in Stock in Its Branches.

JOSEPH H. WHITE,
EASTON, MD.

PROBLEMS.

Years come and I go,
We know not the beginning nor the end;
Eyes cannot see the wind, yet branches bend;
Mind governs matter, none can show the cause;
Man cannot fathom even Nature's laws;
Why is it so?

Why are we, whence, or how, that we exist?
How long will it be ere the solemn change,
Which we call death, that transmutation strange,
Shall wrap us in impenetrable mist
We do not know.

But this we feel—
Yea, in each human heart there dwells a thought,
A hope, a knowing, that life cannot cease;
That death's the signal of a soul's release
From matter, and what Power these wonders wrought
It will reveal.

—T. Tracy Walsh, in Boston Transcript.

Louise Bouvier's Reparation.

BY M'KENDREE BANGS.

As the interview between her landlord and herself ended Madame Bouvier became very angry. Had the landlord remained to see how her black eyes snapped and to note her appearance and manner he might well have thought that she meant to do harm of some sort to him or his interests.

And indeed Madame Bouvier had good cause to be angry. She had struggled hard and long for success and now just as she had attained it it seemed to her that its fruits were to be gathered by another. It was all too cruel. Her husband, Paul, had established the business many years before and she had been good and kind and helpful to him in those days, which, now, as she looked back upon, through the intervening years, seemed to her to have been such happy ones. It may be that her memory glorified them; but she herself was very certain. Even then it was a hard struggle, though Paul was skilful and hard-working. Perhaps the struggle was the harder because Paul was so skilful and knew so well when the feathers were properly curled and as smoothly and evenly dyed as they should be. He worked so carefully and neither his own work nor that of the young girls he employed to help him was permitted ever to go out unless it met his own approval. And there were others with, may be, larger establishments, who could sell for much less than Paul could; but whose work, although it met in some measure trade requirements, was not yet as well done as Paul's.

Yet they struggled on and slowly their market grew. Then Paul fell ill and things looked very dark for them; but Louise, his wife, found somehow time to carry on the business and to take good care of him, too. However, notwithstanding her good care and her prayers, he died and the poor little widow was very lonely; but she had never given up courage or lost hope. And she had worked on with the business, and had paid the debts Paul's long sickness and death had forced them to incur, and she had done so well that she could not only be sure of her livelihood, but could even look forward, old though she already was, to the possession of a competency for that time which was certain and soon to come when she would be no longer active or able to work as she had. And now it was all brought to an end, she thought.

"We shall see," she had said almost threateningly to the landlord, "You can not turn me out; you cannot, you cannot, I will not go."

"But you will go," he had responded angrily, for the interview had made him impatient. "I can turn you out. Your lease has expired and I will not renew it. And out you will go."

He had not been a good landlord or a kind one. He had declined to do almost anything Madame Bouvier had asked him to, and he had been exacting and unyielding toward her, no matter how circumstances were with her; but in this case he had tried to be fair. He had spoken calmly enough at first and had explained that the building was old and no longer profitable and that he intended to tear it down and build a large fine one in place of it and the two or three similar and neighboring houses; but she had not believed him. No, it could not be that he had spoken the truth, she thought. It was here that she had lived and worked. And it did not seem possible to her that she might move and do as well elsewhere. It was here that the work was done; it was here that the business was established; it was here that her customers came and made their purchases. The place was known and now some one else was to be brought in to reap the reward of Paul's knowledge and of both their work and patience, some man maybe, or some younger, prettier woman. Besides, it was here that she had lived and suffered and been happy with Paul; it was here that he had died. She was determined that no one else should live there.

As the door closed upon the landlord, she did not cry or make useless lamentation. She looked upon the closing door with her snapping bright eyes; she clenched her hands tight, and it was through her teeth, tight closed, that she said to herself, "Yes, we shall see, we shall see. It shall not be. No one else—no one shall have this place."

Throughout the afternoon matters went on as usual in the establishment. The work of the girls was brought to Mme. Bouvier for her inspection, and criticism. She examined it as carefully as ever. There was no manifestation of indifference, no neglect. When the finished work was brought to her, some of the glossy feathers were approved of and put away to be afterward boxed, while some were sent back to be improved. Customers called and with them Madame Bouvier dealt as shrewdly as ever; goods were shipped, and Madame superintended the packing and delivery as was her custom. There was in her appearance or manner no sign of the rage and anger within her, and no indication of what it was she meant to do.

But she had determined upon a plan almost before her landlord had left her building. All through the afternoon, no matter how busy she was, no matter how occupied she appeared to be with the affairs of her daily life, her indignation and resentment at the injustice which was about to be done her grew, and she nursed her wrath until it was far mightier than she was. Her plan developed and all its details were worked out in her quick and active brain. She longed for the time to come when she might execute it.

Slowly the day wore on, and at length the last of her work-girls put on her street clothes and said "Good night" to her. Madame Bouvier was alone.

Then with quick steps she went to her bed-room. From its place upon her bureau, where it had stood for so long, she took Paul's picture and kissed it passionately and put it within the bosom of her dress. She put on her bonnet, and carrying her cloak down placed it within easy reach near the locked front door of her house. She went to the work-rooms and gathered great armfuls of the light tissue paper in which the finished glossy black and white plumes were packed. Without hesitation she hurried with these down stairs again and under the stairs she made a great pile and on it she threw little pieces of boards and broken boxes. She took no time to seek an oil can, but she seized the large lamp, by the light of which she made up her accounts at night, and lifting it high above her head, threw it with all her force upon the pile she had made. The glass chamber broke and the oil was scattered all about. She was very thorough. Then she stooped in the darkness and carefully lighted a match and touched with its burning end the paper. A little flame sprang up and then died away. She lighted another match and then tried again. This time she was more successful, and the flames ran among the papers, the light shining upon her face which had become hard and determined, brightening and coloring it.

Madame stood and watched the flames awhile. A smile played upon her mouth. "We shall see," she said again to herself—"We shall see."

Presently the crackling of the wood assured her that there was no need to fear that her plans would fail. But yet she watched the fire glow, and pushed the paper together with her foot or placed the out-lying sticks of wood where the blaze could reach them. The flames rose and fell and rose again. All the far corners of the hall which had been so dark, were all now lighted. As Madame Bouvier stood still and only watched, she cast a gigantic shadow on the opposite wall; but when she moved, her shadow ran hither and hither, grew larger or diminished, or danced about in queer fantastic manner. Quickly the fire ate up all the paper she had gathered; it played with the small pieces of wood and consumed them, and then, seeking more to burn, darted upward toward the wood-work of the stair-case. Then, at last Madame Bouvier moved away. She was well satisfied. The heat and smoke were already almost stifling, but she went very slowly toward the front-door, looking backwards as she did so toward the spreading fire as though, at any risk, she would be certain.

"I will do," she said to herself grimly, and then she moved more quickly. She picked up her cloak from the floor where she had thrown it; she unlocked the door and opened it and was about to go out into present safety, at least. But, suddenly, she stopped. With a quick, sharp scream of terror, she closed the door violently.

"I had forgotten," she moaned, "I had forgotten."

She hurried toward the stairs and began to ascend them. She was sorry now that she was so old, for she was forced to go but slowly it seemed to her. The flames were climbing upward, too. They reached out and over the front of the stairway; they coiled about the uprights of the banisters and licked the woodwork they were about to consume. They sprang at Madame Bouvier as she passed on as open-mouthed serpents might have done. But she gave no heed to them, nor to the thick smoke which surrounded her and made breathing hard, and threatened to overcome her. On she went, along the hall and up the second and last flight of stairs. She breathed in gasps now; but still she did not pause. But as she climbed she muttered a prayer that she might not be too late.

At last she came to a closed door upon the top floor. Upon this she knocked violently, and immediately it was opened to her. A young woman stood facing Madame Bouvier, while a little boy with sottly curling light hair clung to her skirts.

"Come," said Madame quickly. "There is fire. Come!"

"Oh!" shrieked the young woman, and taking her boy's hand in his, she would have rushed out into the hallway and to the stairs, but Madame Bouvier stopped her.

"No," she said, "not that way. The stairs will be gone." And she forced the young woman, who was so frightened that she utterly lost her wits, back into the room again and closed the door; but, quick as she was, before this was done smoke enough had come in to make it difficult to see or breathe. The crackling of the flames could be heard without, and Madame Bouvier knew well enough how imminent was the danger.

"Come," she said again. "Come—this way. Where is your husband? He is out? Good!"

She hurried the others toward a dark closet where were stairs, she knew, leading to an opening to the roof. The door was unlocked; and Madame Bouvier went first up the stairs and unbolted the scuttle-fastening and threw the cover back. The little breath of fresh air was good to her and grateful; but turning without hesitation she went down the narrow stairs again. The younger woman was faint with fright. She was barely able to stand erect; but Madame Bouvier pushed her on and up the stairs. Then the fresh air revived her, and Madame hastened back for the little boy who was crying pitifully. Louise Bouvier lifted him tenderly and carried him up the stairs and placed him in his mother's arms. Then unmindful of her fatigue, or, indeed in the excitement, unconscious of it, she returned again to the rooms below. From room to room she ran, from hanging hook to hook. "They must not lose anything," she said aloud to herself.

But by this time there was a great noise in the street below, for alarm had been given and the firemen with their apparatus had already come. Some were breaking in the door the better to find and meet and fight the fire. Others ran through neighboring houses to the roofs and on the roof of the burning building they found faint but safe a woman with a child holding fast to her. Other firemen raised tall ladders to the upper stories of the burning house, and up these climbed men who broke in the windows, and bravely entered and groped about in the thick smoke to find if by any chance there might yet be a living person there. On the floor near the steep narrow stairs leading to the roof they found Louise Bouvier. She was dead. The flames had not reached her and she had not suffered much, and in her arms was a great bundle of clothing.—The Epoch.

Tea Adulterations.

Tea is skillfully adulterated by the Chinese merchants. The substances they use are among the most fearful poisons known, including various salts of copper. The object generally is to color the tea leaf. For this purpose Prussian blue, gypsum and copperas are commonly used.

Certain green teas can readily be detected as adultertated, by taking a handful and blowing through it, when a cloud of dust will fly out—not tea dust, but coloring matter, which leaves the tea in the hand of an olive tint.

Scented caper is a sort of tea that the Chinese mix with iron filings in order to give it weight. There is nothing injurious about this, though it is a rank swindle.—New York Journal.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Gentle Wind—The Result of Observation—A Sound Base is Valuable—A Candid Tramp, Etc.

She winds a skein of yarn to-day,
While at her side I linger;
So in that soft and gentle way
She winds me round her finger.
—New York Press.

A SOUND BASE IS VALUABLE.

Old Snaggs—"Hain't you ashamed to be at the foot o' yer class, Tommy?"

Tommy—"I don't know why I should be, Popper; the foot's the foundation, isn't it?"—Puck.

THAT REQUIRED COURAGE.

"What particular incident in the life of George Washington marked his undaunted courage?" asked the teacher.

"He married a widow, ma'am," replied Benny Bloobumper."—Life.

A NEW CONCESSION.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Is the women's reading room the same as the men's?"

Cobwigger—"Exactly, except that they had to take down the sign of "No Talking Allowed."—New York Sun."

THE RESULT OF OBSERVATION.

He—"I don't see how a girl can marry a man she's known only two weeks."

She—"And I don't see how she can marry one she's known longer."—Life.

KNEW HIS LITTLE GAME.

Mr. Courter (to her little brother)—"Now, my nice little man, come and tell me how old you are."

Her Little Brother—"I know yer; sister's twenty-six."—Harvard Lumpoon.

TRADE IS SO VULGAR.

He—"Why doesn't that English girl come on deck, and be wooed by the breezes, too?"

She—"Her mother won't let her. She heard the captain say this was a trade wind."—Life.

DIVIDED THE LABOR.

"John, what's the matter with the clocks? This one just struck two while the one up stairs struck three."

"They are just keeping the score between them. It is just five o'clock by my watch."—London Tid-Bits.

A CANDID TRAMP.

Gentleman—"Does work make you tired?"

Tramp—"No, sir."

Gentleman—"What!"

Tramp—"I never get so far as that. But the thought of it makes me tired."—Epoch.

A REMARKABLE MODERN EPISODE.

Clara—"Have you heard the startling news about Kitty Van Twiller?"

Maude—"Why, no. Do tell me quick."

Clara—"It is reported that she is going to marry the man to whom she is engaged."—Epoch.

QUICK AT FIGURES.

Young Featherly—"Are these your children?"

Mrs. Brand—"Oh, yes! The boy is five years old and this girl seven."

Young Featherly—"Well, how time flies! It doesn't seem possible that you have been married twelve years."—Frank Leslie's.

SAME LANGUAGE FOR HORSES AND HOGS.

There was but one man on the car, and he was seated. The aisle was crowded with women standing. The conductor rang the bell.

"Get up!" cried the driver, addressing the horses.

"I won't do it!" yelled the man. "I've paid my fare, and I'm going to keep my seat."—Bazar.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Wooden—"Is Howler married?"

Bulfinch—"Why, I don't know, I am sure. Yes, now I think of it he must be."

Wooden—"What makes you think so?"

Bulfinch—"Why, he's around with the fellows so much more than he used to be."—Boston Courier.

AN ADVANTAGE.

Employer—"You are having a decided flirtation with the girl who has charge of our telephone wire!

Truthful Clerk—(with cold chills running up and down his spine, and with visions of instant discharge).—"Y-e-e-s, sir; but, please, sir—"

Employer—"Well, keep it up. She will give more attention to your calls if you do."—Puck.

THE REWARD OF COURAGE.

Young Allnerve—"I would like to marry your daughter."

Old Twomillion—"You would? Well, is there anything else you'd like?"

Young Allnerve—"Well, yes, now you ask, I would like you to settle a million on us at once, and I would like to enter your firm as an equal partner, and I would like to have you and your wife get a boarding place outside somewhere, as your home is hardly large enough for so many, and I would like—"

But the old man, after several short, sharp gasps, had passed away, and the courageous youth got the daughter, the whole two million, the entire house and everything there was.—Boston Courier.

THACKERAY DIDN'T WEAR SPURS.

This story of Thackeray has never before been published. He was not a vain man, and he disliked vanity in others and made it the subject of his ridicule and sarcasm.

After long pleading his family induced him to have his portrait painted, and Lawrence, a famous London artist, gladly undertook the task.

Soon after the picture was completed Thackeray chanced to be dining at his club, when a pompous officer of the Guards stopped before the table and said:

"Haw, Thackeray, old boy, I hear Lawrence has been painting yer portrait."

"So he has," was the response.

"Full length?"

"No; full-length portraits are for soldiers, that we may see their spurs. But the other end of the man is the principal thing with authors," said Thackeray. —New York Mercury.

FRANCES'S INTERPRETATION.

Little Frances had two apples. One was a very large one, and the other was decidedly small.

One of them she was to give to her papa, and the other was to be for herself.

As Frances is but four years old, her mamma tries to inculcate in her young mind the Golden Rule, and to induce Frances to guide her actions by its teaching.

In this case Frances manifested an intention to give her papa the smaller apple, when her mamma said to her:

"Now, Frances, you know the Golden Rule, don't you?"

"Yes, 'm," replied the tot; "do to uvvers what you'd have uvvers do to you."

"Just so," said mamma. "Now, if papa had those two apples, which would you like him to give to you?"

"Dis," replied Frances, promptly, holding out at arm's length the small apple, and keeping the other snuggled up to her bosom.—Puck.

Cultivating and Cooking Cassava.

The cultivation of cassava gives very little trouble. A heap of earth is scraped together, and three or four cuttings are pushed into the loose dirt. About two months afterward the weeds are hoed out and the earth is gathered about the roots. Nothing more is necessary. In the country of the Balolo, near the equator, it is always summer, so that it is a matter of little or no consequence what time of year crops are planted. In the same field both cassava and Indian corn may be seen at all seasons, and in all stages of growth.

The cassava root, when full grown, is often as large and stout as a man's arm. The tubers are dug up and boiled, or they are peeled and dried in the sun, or smoked in the house or on a framework of poles in the forest. Then they will keep for any length of time, and when cooked for a few minutes they become very palatable to hungry Balolo. The luxuriance of growth that one sees in an African cassava field would surprise a Floridian or even a dweller in tropical Brazil.

The favorite method of cooking the cassava root is to make it into besomba, a kind of pudding or moist, solid bread. The roots are first soaked in running water for a few days. When the water is deep the cassava is put into a basket which is tied to a stake. After soaking for several days the rods become quite soft; the bark-like skin is then rubbed off, and the roots are pounded in wooden mortars. The pestles are sometimes made of a hard wood-like teak, but a piece of elephant's tusk is preferred. When a woman pounds cassava she sits on the ground with the mortar between her knees and holds the pestle with both hands. The mashed cassava is wrapped up in plantain leaves, tied with string made from the tough, fibrous root of a vine, and goes into the family pot. When ready for the table it appears of about the same consistency as cheese, and is rather solid food, but very nourishing. The taste is rather sour, but not at all unpleasant even to a civilized palate.—New York Independent.

A Cruiser in the Form of a Goose.

A naval cruiser in the form of a goose is one of the latest novelties in naval architecture. This suggestion comes to the Navy Department from W. R. Frick, an old sailor residing in San Diego, Cal. In a crude pencil sketch he endeavors to show the naval authorities how a vessel might be designed after a goose and make a formidable, fast and safe fighting ship. The sketch represents a goose and a number of goslings. The former is called a cruiser, the latter torpedo boats. In the centre of the interior of the goose is some crudely-drawn machinery connecting with the feet, which are to be the propellers. The head of the goose is the pilot house, a man with spy-glass in hand is peering through the eye. In the after-quarter are a number of goslings ready to be launched. The tail is to be used as the launching apparatus. The writer thus describes his design:

"The goose should be at least 200 feet long, seventy-five feet wide, and only five or six feet out of water. It should carry twenty-four goslings. Each gosling should carry six men. They should be six feet under water and the head four feet above water. They should be provided with floating torpedoes carried under and attached to the bow and arranged so that they can be detached at the will of the man at the head. They should each have three propellers. They should have power enough to run twenty-five miles an hour. They should be made of the best steel, bent to the shape of a goose. The propellers should be where the goose has its feet, and the rudder further aft."

The writer considers his design not only desirable for naval vessels, but for life-saving boats. Their shape, he argues, would make it impossible to capsize them.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Dead Man's Eyes.

"It was a strange and dreadfully realistic presentiment that the fireman on the engine which killed Rice had last night," went on Beckrath after a painful pause.

"Since the death of Rice the fireman, try as hard as he may, he cannot drive the accident out of his mind. It appears vividly before him at all times—on and off duty.

"Last night, after firing up, the fireman remarked to the engineer, 'Danny, I see the eyes of Pat Rice on the track.'

"The engineer tried to allay the fears of the fireman.

"'Danny, it is no use for you to say that,' he replied. 'I see Pat Rice on the track, and I believe that it bodes evil—another accident. I am going up the track.'

"Saying this the fireman jumped from the cab.

"Walking up the track about twenty-five feet he made the dreadful discovery that his presentiment presaging accident was too true. There, with his head resting on the rail, was the body of the prostrate man.

"He was lying in exactly the same way as James Murphy, who was found yesterday afternoon crushed by a flat-car, and which was 'shot out' by the same engine.

"This man seemed to be in a stupor, and was removed to a position of safety."—Sacramento (Cal.) News.

The Mocking Bird is Praised.

As the one American bird of all others which Dr. Russ recommends for acclimatization in Germany, England and other parts of Europe where the winters are not too severe, he mentions the mocking bird. "Not only is this one of the most highly prized singers," he says, "but this bird is also one of the most efficient, because one of the largest and most voracious destroyers of insects, hence of great benefit to the agriculturist. This is also true of their nearest relatives, especially the cat bird and of the blue jay, oriole and other insect feeders. Even the two beautiful grosbeaks, the rosy-breasted and the cardinal one, would be of vastly more benefit than injury to the farmer. They feed their young almost exclusively on insects, especially caterpillars and larvæ. Their prime value, of course, would consist in their being birds of decorative plumage as well as songsters. The same might be said of the American thrushes, finches, etc. Both the American indigo and purple finch would be of use to farmers around orchards. Their accession to the ranks of our native birds, therefore, would mean a distinct advantage."—Chicago Herald.

There are thirty colored men in the priesthood of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America.

THE NEWS.

W. G. Pennypacker's barrel factory, in the rear of Spreckels' big sugar refinery in Philadelphia, was damaged $150,000 by fire.——A report regarding the solvency of the Savings Bank of Rockville, Ct., caused a run on that institution. The bank is considered one of the strongest in the state.——Thomas Ingolisky, father-in-law of Congressman O'Neill, committed suicide in Boston by cutting his throat with a razor. Temporary insanity from the grip was the cause.——W. G. Trunkey, a prominent attorney of Warren, Pa., committed suicide by hanging in the Turkish bath parlors of the Todd House, at Youngstown, O. He had been on a spree, and leaves a wife and family.——The body of Charles Wall, murderer, has been stolen from his grave in Exeter Township, Pa., probably by experts in brain diseases, who want to decide whether or not Wall was insane.——An important meeting of the Richmond and Danville Railroad and Richmond Terminal Company was held in New York, in which John H. Inman resigned as president of the Richmond and Danville, and Walter C. Oakman was elected president of both concerns. A plan of reorganization was agreed upon.——Judge Van Brunt in New York decided to send E. M. Field to an insane asylum until it can be positively determined whether or not he is insane.——The Diamond Match Company, of New Orleans, has become alarmed over the anti-trust law, and is canceling its contracts.——There is a movement on foot looking to the formation of societies all over the state of Maine pledged to agitate for a resubmission of the Prohibitory law to the voters for reconsideration.——The Columbia Encaustic Tile Works, of Henderson, Ind., were destroyed by fire, B. O. Haugh and George Lilly were the principal owners. The loss will amount to eighty-five thousand dollars. One hundred and fifty people are thrown out of work. The works will be rebuilt.

Walter Snyder, of Tiffin, Ohio, while in an insane fit, shot E. Naylor, Burt Colebaugh and Thomas Downey.——Rev. J. F. Conley, of Chattanooga, Tenn., committed suicide.——There was a disastrous fire in Danbury, Ct., the loss being between $75,000 and $100,000.——Anderson's gun store, in Fort Worth, Texas, was burned. Stock was valued at $120,000, and insured for $75,000; the building, valued at $10,000 and insured for $7,500. In a quarrel in Lancaster, Pa., James Sellers stabbed Frank Daily in the breast, inflicting a probably fatal wound. The men are cattle drivers and both had lost an arm.——The body of David Boyer, who had been missing from his home in Newport, Tenn., was found in a cave near that city, and his son was arrested on suspicion.

Arrangements have been made for the annual meeting of the Association of Military Surgeons in St. Louis.——Lindsay A. Bennett of Atlanta, Ga., shot his wife and himself.——Ross Locke was acquitted in Vandalia, Ill., of murder.——The elevator and mills of the Sergeant Milling Company, in Joplin, Mo., were burned to the ground.——A colored girl in Rayville, La., who had tried to poison a whole family, was lynched.——John Lyons alias Harry Hines, has been arrested in Chicago, charged with passing five, ten and twenty-dollar counterfeit bills to a large amount, and the Treasury officials believe he is one of a gang which has been working extensively of late in that and other Western cities and towns.——The Philadelphia M. E. Conference voted against the admission of women delegates to the General Conference.——Frank & Laubach, jewelers of Akron, Ohio, have failed with liabilities reaching to $50,000.——As a cart loaded with stone was entering the jail yard at New Castle, Del., four short-termed prisoners, employed at the stone pile, made a dash through the open gate. One was knocked down by a piece of rock, thrown by a warden and recaptured. The others escaped.——At the railroad station, Milford, Del., four stores, a carriage factory and blacksmith shop were burglarized. In the station and stores safes were blown up. The burglars got away with about $600.——Charles Oshler, fell from the top of a telegraph pole in Wilmington, Del.——Mrs. Jane Younglin died in Norristown, Pa., of starvation.——The bodies of Miss Annie Bell Medley, J. A. Medley and Felix Burdette, who were drowned near Peerless, W. Va., were drowned.——The fall of an elevator in St Louis killed three men and badly hurt two boys.

The works of the Colville & Collins Norway Bolt Company, in Pittsburg, were burned to the ground. The loss on building, machinery and stock is at least $100,000.——Alf Morrow, deputy sheriff in Texas, killed John Fulfor, who tried to kill a prominent farmer.——James P. Freese, a prominent Mormon, was arrested for unlawful habitation.——Tom. A. Godfrey, in jail in Fort Dodge, Iowa, for murdering Ed Burgy, tried to commit suicide by battering his head against the iron bars of the cage. Doctors say he will die.——In attempting to cross Red river, in Texas, the team of Wm. Briscoe took fright, and three of Briscoe's children were drowned, the wife and eldest child and Briscoe getting safe ashore.——A fire at Bloomfield, Iowa, laid waste the entire south side of the public square, including the opera house and many fine store buildings. The loss will probably reach $200,000.——The cries of a baby awakened a family in a New York flat in time to save themselves from fire.——Robert Taylor, serving a five years' term for burglary, escaped from the Berks county, Pa., jail by cutting a hole in his cell, through a wall over thirty inches thick.——Joseph Cary, aged nineteen, and Annie Frolin, sixteen years of age, and the heiress to $10,000, were married secretly in Newark, N.J., and the girls friends are seeking to annul the marriage.——Two cars being shifted at Atglen, Pa., jumped the track and crashed into a building occupied by Frank Smith and his mother. The building was wrecked and both occupants seriously injured.——Maggie Kelly, the fifteen-year-old daughter of John T. Kelly, a farmer near Huntingdon, Pa., was waylaid in the woods and outraged by a married man.——Waylon A. Swartz, a farmer of Westminster, Ont., who had met with heavy financial losses, became despondent, saturated his clothes with coal oil and set fire to himself, meeting with a horrible death.

KILLED BY A HYENA.

A Lion-Tamer's Terrible Death in an English Menagerie.

A frightful affair occurred in the town of Hednesford, Staffordshire, Eng., during a performance given by Wombell's menagerie.

The lion tamer, Delhi Montano, armed only with a small rawhide, entered a cage containing three immense bears and a wicked-looking hyena, which growled and showed its gleaming fangs as it paced restlessly up and down the narrow confines of its prison.

Montano made a misstep and fell into the cage, and the heavy iron door fell with a crash behind him. The hyena seized him with its fangs and flung his body with much force across to the opposite side.

The bears now seized the latter, and tossing him from one to the other, worried him like a rat or would a rat, at the same time repeatedly biting him in a savage manner and tearing his limbs and body cruelly.

The brutes were finally beaten off, and Montana was dragged from the cage, and after lingering in great agony for an hour, death finally put an end to his misery.

SPOTTED FEVER SCOURGE.

The Dread Disease Break Out at Boylestown, Ind.—Nine Children Have Died.

Word was received in Frankfort, Ind., that spotted fever has broken out in the Armstrong family, of Boylestown. Two have died and a third member has been attacked. Seven children of Mr. Hiott, of Kirklin, have died from the same disease.

Physicians fear a repetition of the spotted fever scourge of twenty years ago.

It is stated from Warsaw that Russia is billeting troops in private houses in that city, fearing an insurrection.

FIGHT WITH BURGLARS.

Thrilling Adventure on a Train in Delaware.

Bullets Flying Thick and Fast—Passengers Dodge Behind Seats While the Fusilade Goes on.

A desperate battle with revolvers between four burglars who blew open safes and robbed stores in Milford, Del., and three constables, occurred on a rapidly-moving train near Wilmington. The burglars boarded the Norfolk express, due in Wilmington at 4:45 A. M. They were recognized by the constables who had also boarded the train in pursuit of them.

It was between midnight and daylight that the Milford burglaries were committed. The burglars had blown open and robbed the safes at the Delaware, Maryland and Virginia Railroad station and at four stores in the town making their biggest haul—about $400—at J. E. Holland's store. They had also broken into several other places, including a blacksmith shop and carriage factory, getting away with about $600 in all.

As soon as their operations became known along the line of the railroad every neighboring town was alarmed and on the lookout. The suspected men first showed up at the private boarding-house of William Wheatly, where they ate enough for eight men. Their hunger was one thing that aroused suspicion. After supper they went across to Barber Fouchi's place and got their whiskers and mustaches shaved off. When this became known it still more aroused the suspicion of the town people. The four men then started afoot along the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad track toward Dover.

Previous to all this the town folks had been thoroughly aroused by the detailed story of the five burglaries at Milford, and the probability of the cracksmen passing through Wyoming. They were sharply on the alert watching for any strangers appearing in town. Telegrams were sent to Dover and Camden of their suspicions. A posse of citizens armed to the teeth and headed by Officers Smith and Lockerman started out boldly on the railroad track in hot pursuit of the four men. It was a tedious march of three miles to the State capital. A bright, clear moon lighted the way, and encouraged the posse in the belief that the suspects would not make a break into the woods. Tired and out of breath, but with not a whit of their enthusiasm allayed, the energetic vigilants arrived in Dover. After a conference with Officers Smith and Lockerman the Wyoming citizens decided to return home and leave the outcome to the officers.

Meanwhile the whole town of Wyoming was aflame with excitement, armed men patrolling the streets all night. Officers Smith and Lockerman repaired to the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Station, where they were joined by Officer Hutchins of Dover. It was determined to watch for the Norfolk express, due at 3 A. M. The idea was that the suspects would board the train going North. Just before train time the four strangers walked quietly into the station. The officers allowed the suspects to board the train, which soon came along, but got on with them.

The plan for the capture of the four men was hastily arranged, Officers Lockerman guarding the front door, while Smith and Hutchins planted themselves at the other end of the car. The coach was filled with passengers for Philadelphia and New York. The plan was the best under the circumstances, as the thieves had distributed themselves among the passengers, and the plan was to drive them toward the front door, where Officer Lockerman stood outside on the platform. The two officers had entered at the back door.

At a given signal they drew their pistols and marched up the aisle. In an instant the whole interior of the coach was in an uproar. The passengers bobbed under their seats, entirely disappearing. The officers' pistols were leveled at the burglars, who, with instant appreciation of the situation, leaped from their seats, and, with drawn revolvers, rushed to the front door of the coach. No heads were to be seen but those of the officers and burglars. All four attempted to go through the front door at once. The shooting commenced at this point, and the interior of the car re-echoed with pistol shots. "Bang! bang!" they went, but no one was hurt. Three of the thieves crowded out of the front door. They drove Lockerman on to the platform of the forward car with their revolvers. The three men then jumped from the rapidly-moving train.

In the melee the front door got closed against the fourth man. Quick as lightning he opened the door of the toilet-room and locked it after him. Officer Smith went outside, and, clambering along the coach as the train rushed along, got his pistol hand inside the toilet room and commenced firing at the desperate man within. The man immediately returned the fire, putting a bullet through Smith's hand. The officer then retired. He already had a wound under his right eye, and his clothing had been shot through. Burglar No. 4 had not been hurt, although officer Smith claims that he heard him fall heavily against the door after a shot. The thief, with courage born of desperation, crowded himself through the window of the toilet-room and made a reckless plunge from the car.

While all the shooting was going on the train hands were invisible. The whole affray only lasted a few minutes. When the passengers emerged from their hiding places, they found evidence of the conflict in broken window-glass and splintered wood work.

It was at first thought that none of the burglars had been hurt, but word was received that one had been captured in a fodder stack, near Clayton, with a bullet-wound in his thigh. He was taken to jail at Dover, and was recognized as James Burns, a Wilmington base-ball player. The men are described as ranging in age from twenty to twenty-four years. Men are scouring the country in search of the three men who got away.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD is 41 years old.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S household numbers 1,000 persons.

SENATOR CULLOM is said to resemble Abraham Lincoln.

THE Duke of Edinburgh is, after the Queen, the richest member of the royal family.

EX-SENATOR INGALLS has declined an offer of $10,000 a year to become the editor of a new local afternoon paper in Kansas City.

"GENERAL" BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, attracted much attention in Rome, where he was mistaken for a precursor of the carnival.

THE Comte d'Andlau, the French exile who recently died in South America, was one of the few habitual gamblers who always came out ahead of the game.

EMILIE FLYGARE-CARLEN, the venerable Swedish novelist, in her day the most popular of Scandinavian writers of fiction, passed away recently in Stockholm, in her 85th year.

GOVERNOR FRANCIS, of Missouri, is a stickler for "the swallow-tail" coat at his receptions. Colonel Richard Dalton, who wants to succeed Francis, says that if he is elected Governor the people may call on him in their shirt-sleeves.

THE Grand Duke Paul, of Russia, carries his bed about with him when he travels, not, as in the case of Queen Victoria, because she prefers it to others, but because he is so tall he cannot sleep in a bedstead of ordinary proportions.

FRED. TARAL, a well-known Western rider, has signed a contract by which he gets $17,000 for his services as a jockey for two stables this year, and he expects to get more than half as much more from outside riding. He is mounting to success.

SENATOR GORDON says that when he was wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg he thought his head was carried away by a cannon ball. It then struck him that if his head was gone he could not think and eventually he discovered that the wound was not so serious after all.

SIMON NEWCOMB, senior professor of mathematics in the United States Naval Academy, and professor of mathematics and astronomy at Johns Hopkins University, has just received his diploma of election as an honorary member of the Royal Institute of London.

M. C. CREEDE, the owner of the Last Chance and Monarch mines at the new camp in Colorado that bears his name, is a native of Illinois, who settled in Colorado in 1870. He is a man slightly above med