The Easton Gazette.

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

Winter is a weary time!
Not the ripple of a rhyme
Stirs the icy shores along,
Quickening quietude with song;
Smiles are choked with snow,
Not a metaphor will flow!
Envious frost doth hold in fee
Every lip in Castaly.

But let spring the bonds unbind
With the soft touch of its wind,
What a rapture! What a sweep!
What a swift, ecstatic leap!
Mortal words but half express
All the rapture, all the stress!
Sweeter are the strains that come
If the lip awhile be dumb.

—Clinton Scollard, in New England Magazine

KILLED BY VAN ORDEN.

BY JAMES HARVEY SMITH.

"AMOS, do you believe in dreams?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Everybody has dreams; every animate being, I should have said. They are the creations of the brain, and everything that has a brain has dreams."

Frank looked out of the window in silence, and, by the glare of the gas-lamp, I scrutinized his face with some apprehension. I anticipated something gruesome, although the surroundings were neither gloomy nor romantic.

We were in Frank's room, a second-story front, in a middle-class boarding house in a middle-class neighborhood. The windows looked out on a clean prosaic street, and the room was finished in conventional style. Frank Chessman was a medical student, now in his last year at college, and he was not at all inclined to be mystical, nor even speculative. Of all professions, none is so intensely realistic as the physician's. He cuts and carves to the root, and is so intent upon prying into the secrets of the body that he gives little thought to the mysteries of the soul. The heart is a machine to pump blood, the lungs are chemical purifiers, the brain is a mass of gray matter—that is all. My young friend had not even the average student's fondness for prankish decorations with bones and skulls; his room might have been a bookkeeper's.

Frank laughed softly, and, I was glad to see, without any trace of uneasiness. I had foreseen a discussion on matters about which no man knows anything, and nothing can be more wearisome than that. So I was disappointed when he added. "Let me tell you about a singular dream I had a year ago."

"Very well," I assented.

"I had gone to bed early," began Frank, "and I am quite certain that I did not overeat, and I drank no liquor at all. I am equally certain that I was not in debt, love, or bad health. But I dreamed— By-the-way, did you ever meet Van Orden?"

"Not that I remember."

"If you had, you would have remembered him. He was a law student in the university; had a free scholarship from the city, I believe; and in many respects he was a remarkable young man. He was about my age, but much larger, and I always thought he was too handsome for a man. He had great black eyes—soft as an Italian girl's—crisp curly hair, and complexion like a peach. Not a prig or a fop, mind! He was on the football eleven and baseball nine, and an all-round athlete as well."

"Well?" I said, shortly.

"Well, I dreamed about Van Orden. In my dream I was walking along the edge of a great high cliff which overhung the ocean. I do not remember that I ever saw such a place in my waking hours, and when I thought it over afterward, I came to the conclusion that I had read about such cliffs in England and Scotland, and perhaps seen pictures of a similar locality."

"Very likely," I assented.

"Well, I dreamed I was walking along, when Van Orden came slowly toward me, and as I stretched out my hand to greet him, he seized me around the body and hurled me over the cliff. I fell down, down, an interminable time, as you do in dreams, and then, which is very unusual in dreams, I struck the water."

"And awoke?"

"No, I didn't. A smothered feeling came over me, and then I saw my face floating on the surface of the water, and heard a voice say, 'He has been killed.' Then I awoke, all in a tremble."

"A disagreeable dream," I commented, "but not unique or otherwise remarkable."

"I am aware of that," rejoined Frank. "But it has a sequel. I had another dream a week later. I was in a ballroom having a jolly time, and presently I went into the conservatory. I may say that in this and the subsequent dreams not once was there anything familiar in the surroundings, nor did I recognize a face—with a single exception. I had been in the conservatory only a few minutes when Van Orden appeared in a near-by doorway, and shot me, and I died."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Singular, wasn't it? Well, a month later I dreamed I was lying in a hammock in a grove, which, in my dream I knew to be somewhere in the tropics, when Van Orden suddenly appeared, and strangled me."

"One moment!" I cried. "Were you and Van Orden enemies or rivals in any sense?"

"Not in any sense. I had meant to say that at the start. We were the best of friends, and I cannot remember that we had even a difference of opinion. Not that we were chummy, understand, because we met but seldom, but when we did, we were very congenial. And that reminds me of something else. In all these dreams there was one point of resemblance apart from the killing. Van Orden never appeared furious or vengeful; his expression was invariably one of sorrow or pity, so far as I could judge. It left an impression on me, in an odd way, that Van Orden had to kill me."

"Yes, I understand. Any more?"

"Two more. In one I met him in a secluded by-street where I was walking and was stabbed; and in the fifth, and last we were guests at a banquet. Van Orden passed me a glass of wine, and I knew it was poisoned, but I took it and drank the contents, looking all the while into his great soulful eyes, realizing that he pitied me, but was urged on by fate, or whatever you may call it."

I felt a certain sense of uneasiness creeping over me as my friend concluded. In spite of the fact that I knew, as a philosopher, that the five dreams were but five phantasies, I felt, as a friend, a feeling of dread.

"And that was all?" I queried, after trying to think of something more consoling or explanatory to say.

"All of the dreams—yes," replied Frank, "but there is something else to tell. First, about Van Orden. I am not a philosopher like you, Amos, and so I am not ashamed to say that this series of dreams impressed me deeply. They not only alarmed but bewildered me. Had they been the same scene repeated—say, the cliff—I would have made a vow, and kept it, to never go near such a place, but I could not avoid hammocks, by-streets, banquet halls and ballrooms as well, without being a downright hermit."

"But you could avoid Van Orden," I suggested.

"Not absolutely, without leaving the university. Yet I determined to avoid him as much as possible, and I did so. Mind! I felt no resentment, but as days passed on I gradually formulated the terrifying theory that Van Orden was destined to kill me. He might kill me in a hundred accidental ways—on the play ground or in the gymnasium, at table, in the street—I am sure I thought of a hundred possibilities. The idea took such a hold of me that I actually turned aside to avoid meeting him, even in a crowd. He noticed my behavior, I know, and felt justly offended—he has told my friends as much—but I made no explanation. What could I explain? To rehearse my dreams as I have done to you, and offer them as an excuse for my conduct, would subject me to ridicule. Besides, I wanted him to avoid me, so as to reduce the chances.

"I see; and it seems to have reduced the chances considerably. Van Orden has not killed you."

"No, nor never will," Frank laughed.

I was rather surprised at the sudden change of demeanor, but before I had time to make a comment, he became grave again.

"Amos," he said, with a sigh, "there is nothing in dreams. I have told you that I have had five most vivid dreams, so realistic that I cannot recall them without feeling a cold chill creeping over me, and yet they have come to naught."

"Wait a bit," I objected, becoming at once logical and argumentive, "you cannot be certain of that. I will never believe that a dream is in any sense a prophecy of good or evil, but, on your part, you can never be certain that Van Orden will not kill you until you are drawing the last breath of a natural decease."

"Oh, yes, I can, most wise logician!" cried Frank. "You have omitted one major premise—suppose Van Orden dies first?"

"Is he dead?" I cried, in turn.

For answer Frank turned up the student lamp until the light flooded the apartment, then he took from a near-by cabinet a polished skull, and stood it on the table before him.

"This is Van Orden," he said briefly.

"Van Orden!" I repeated, recoiling slightly.

"Don't be alarmed," said Frank, after an outburst of merriment. I can read your thoughts, Amos. No, I did not kill him, although an acute reasoner like yourself might have argued that I was justified. No, poor fellow"—dropping again into a melancholy tone—"he died a natural death, if disease is natural."

"And how did you become possessed of this ghastly memento?"

"In a roundabout but perfectly legitimate manner. Van Orden—I told you, did I not?—was a poor chap, working at odd jobs here and there to pay his board and buy the necessaries of life during his term, and when he died, there was no one to bury him. He was a retiring fellow—the pride of poverty, you know—and no one knew where he lived; to tell the truth, no one cared to inquire, and when he was taken sick, he was too proud to appeal to his friends for help. So he was taken to the almshouse hospital when he grew delirious from fever, and there he died. You know what becomes of pauper bodies, don't you? Well, I missed Van Orden, but, under the circumstances, did not care to inquire about him, and when I next saw his face it was upturned on a dissecting table."

I looked at the grinning skull within reach of my hand, and with difficulty repressed a shudder.

"It was a dreadful shock to me for a moment, and then I actually felt a thrill of joy, something like a murderer who has been reprieved, I imagine. But I did not breathe entirely easy until I got this in my possession"—tapping the skull—"and it cost me a pretty penny; you know skulls are expensive. I worked over it until I got it into excellent shape—don't you think?"

"I shouldn't care to keep it," I said, earnestly.

"Shouldn't you?" said Frank, in surprise. "It is my greatest object-lesson; one I shall remember as long as I live. See what it teaches me! Here am I, a young man in perfect health and sound mind, troubled with no mystical notions, and a member of a profession that is singularly free from superstition, and yet a series of disordered visions lead me to unhappy days and restless nights, rout my reason, and warp my judgment, and worst of all, make me cruelly suspicious and unjust to a fellow-being who never did nor never would have done me an injury. Could any lesson be more impressive? Poor fellow!" he added, with tears in his eyes, as he took up the skull in his left hand, and slowly passed his right hand over the cranium. "It will be many days before I can forgive myself for doing you an injustice. Who knows, Amos, that if it had not not been for those foolish dreams, I would have been his dearest friend?"

"Who knows?" I echoed, keeping my eyes upon the skull, which had for me a singular fascination.

"He was a noble fellow, and would have made a noble friend. I wish you had known him, Amos; you would have liked him. I look at this every day, and try to picture it as alive. His mouth, his eyes—"

"What is that?" I asked as Frank uttered a slight exclamation.

"I have pricked my finger in the eye-socket—a mere scratch," he replied. Then, rising, he put away the skull with a sigh. "Well, well, I'll forget it in time, Amos; but the whole affair has certainly been a epoch in my life. Take another cigar, Amos."

Our senior delegated to me to go to Montana next day, where a silver trust was being organized, and some one was needed to draw up the preliminary papers, and it was four weeks before I returned to New York. Almost the first person I met said to me:

"Sad about young Chessman, wasn't it?"

"What of him?" I asked, quickly.

"Didn't you know?" he rejoined, open-mouthed. "Such a promising young fellow—"

"Well? well?"

"Died three weeks ago."

"Good heavens! How?"

"Blood poisoning; curious case, too. It seems he was handling a skull and cut his finger—a mere scratch, they say. He paid no attention to it until the finger began to swell. Then he had two of the best doctors in the city, but they couldn't save him, and he died on the fifth day."—Harper's Weekly.

All Paris is flocking to see Jacques Inandi, a native of Piedmont, twenty-four-years old who solves problems in arithmetic with a rapidity that astounds the learned. A strange fact is that he has no aptitude for anything else.

A tax on credulity—The bunco man's income.—Puck.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Spring Courtship—A Bore's Reception—A Living Example—Defined—Something to Spend—Next Best, Etc.

When running freely the maple sap is,
And buds from the trees begin to shoot,
And tailors are measuring happy chappies,
For the overcoat and the new spring suit,
And amateur gard'ners are telling stories
Of winters that lasted into May,
And the shoots of the last year's morning glories
Come up in a sort of promiscuous way,
Then a feeling wakes in the young man's bosom,
Of yearning fond for some maiden fair,
And he mopes and pines, and we must excuse him,
For he cannot help it, it's in the air,
And the maid, it is meet for the bard to say,
Is affected herself in a similar way,
By some occult law they are brought together,
And they seek to please and attract each other.
He tries to win her by verse or sonnet,
She him, by a gorgeous Easter bonnet.
—New York Press.

A BORE'S RECEPTION.

Smithson—"Anything I can do for you, Brown?"

Brown—"Yes, call again."—Yankee Blade.

DEFINED.

She—"Do you not consider a lap-dog a luxury?"

He—"Goodness me, no! More of a nuisance."—Puck.

NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.

Mrs. Chillun—"What do you suppose the poor baby is crying about now?"

Chillun—"Haven't kept track; should say about all the time."

A LIVING EXAMPLE.

Hicks—"There's a good deal of humbug in this world."

Wicks—"And will be as long as you live."—Boston Transcript.

SOMETHING TO SPEND.

Flossie—"Did your mother give you anything to spend?"

Bessie—"Yes, she said I might come and spend the day."—Yankee Blade.

MARKED ELSEWHERE.

"Has your old mule a star in his forehead?"

"No; but you can sometimes see them in the vicinity of his heels."—Truth.

NEXT BEST.

He—"Will you marry me?"

She (emphatically)—"No!"

He (undismayed)—"Then will you promise not to marry Bob Sawyer?"—Puck.

A PRACTICAL POET.

Poet—"I am going to write a poem to-night."

Wife—"Have you an inspiration, dear?"

Poet—"No; but I need three dollars."—Puck.

ENJOYS HIMSELF.

"Young Siggerly enjoys a good income, doesn't he?" said Mabel's father.

"Oh, yes, father," she answered; "I'm sure he does. I don't know of any one that would be likely to get more enjoyment out of one than Charley is."—Washington Star.

THE BEST PART GONE.

Kind Son (back from the city)—"I didn't know exactly what to bring you, mother, but here is the material for a new silk dress."

Loving Mother (opening package)—"Oh, George, this would be just what I wanted if I had only bought it myself."

NOT A FLATTERING CHART.

Dr. Bumps (a phrenologist)—"This boy, ma'am, will never die in State's Prison."

Mrs. Gimlet—"I'm sure we ought to be thankful for that."

Dr. Bumps—"Yes; the bump of longevity is highly developed; he will live to serve out his time."—Truth.

IN THE DAIRY RESTAURANT.

Mr. Clarking (to waitress)—"Say, Mary, I ordered some rolls and a bowl of 'half-and-half.' What do you think I meant by 'half-and-half?'"

Mary—"I brought you half milk and half cream, sir."

Mr. Clarking—"Oh! I thought may be it was half milk and half water."

A BARREN EXISTENCE.

Strawber—"Mangle and his wife have gone out West, and are living on a ranch."

Singerly—"How do they like it?"

Strawber—"He likes it well enough; but she is miserable. I hear she says she can't tell when her next door neighbor has a new dress."—Cloak Review.

ONE WAY OF TELLING.

Wife—"I know that Mrs. Bronstone was thinking all sorts of horrid things of me while she was talking to me."

Husband—"Why, my dear, I don't understand why you should say that. She certainly was very pleasant."

Wife—"Oh, yes, of course, but she kept looking at my dress all the time she was talking."—Detroit Free Press.

A MEAN TRICK.

He—"That was a mean trick of Brown, Jones & Co., that large dry goods concern."

She—"What did they do?"

He—"Advertised 'circulars given away to-day,' and all the women within ten miles went down to get one. When they got there they found the circulars were printed ones, and not cloaks."—Cloak Review.

A HORSE TRADE.

The man had a horse for sale.

"What's the price?" asked the dealer.

"A hundred and fifty dollars," said the owner.

"I'll give you fifty," proposed the dealer.

The man laughed.

"I guess," he said, "you take me for about as big a fool as I took you for. You can have him for a hundred dollars," and the horse was sold.—Detroit Free Press.

NEW TERRORS FOR SCHOLARS.

Thoughtful Pupil—"Is it true, professor, that nothing is every really lost?"

Professor (of mathematics)—"Such is the opinion of our most advanced students and thinkers. The indestructibility of matter, the sensitiveness of the all-pervading medium we call ether in responding to the slightest impression, and the infinity of space all point to such a conclusion."

Thoughtful Pupil (in consternation)—"Then those lost books of Euclid will turn up some time."—Chicago Tribune.

INDIGESTIBLE.

Young Farmer Medders (at supper)—"Ouch! Wouark! Kah! Jeeminy-jeeswax! What in Heaven's name is the matter with the cake, Gloriosa?

Bride (a city girl)—"Why, darling, there can surely be nothing the matter with it. I followed the recipe exactly."

"Tastes as if it was made of clam shells. Kah!"

"Oh, dearest! May be it was the fault of the eggs. I always thought eggs were soft and yellow inside; but these were white and brittle all the way through, and I had to powder them with the flat-irons, and—"

"Where did you find them?"

"In the hen-house, darling. There was only one egg in each nest, and—"

"Gloriosa, you have used my new china nest eggs."—Puck.

HIS ULTIMATUM.

"Madeline, will you marry me?"

His voice had a husky, appealing sound, his heart thumped audibly and his knees had got beyond his control, says an exchange.

"No, Horace, I will not."

"This—this is your final answer, is it Madeline?"

"It is, Horace. I am sorry I cannot—"

"This is the end of all my fond hopes, the waking from the dream I have been dreaming, and the winding up of the fool's paradise in which I have dwelt for the last three months, eh?"

"I—I suppose it is, Horace, but do not be utterly cast down," said the young woman, soothingly. "Time softens all our griefs and turns sorrow into joy. In the future, Horace, when the pain of this refusal shall have—"

"Miss Shuckers," he exclaimed, rising with dignity, as became a man who had received a temporary backset, but had recovered himself, "talk not to me of the future. It may have its consolations, its joys and its repose, but it cannot reawaken old delusions. Henceforth, Miss Shuckers," he added, reaching for his hat and cane and moving with unruffled self-possession toward the door, "I can never be anything more to you than a brother."—New York World.

"The Gospel of Wealth."

Andrew Carnegie, the "iron king," delivered an address on the gospel of wealth at the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York City. He said:

Accumulated weath, which by a fiction we call the property of one, has become the slave of all, at work day and night promoting the general welfare of the community. Unless it is hoarded in the form of jewels or the precious metals, it is impracticable to devise any mode of using it which will not promote the common good. Small sums can be wasted, but great wealth to-day, under our conditions, must inevitably be kept at work chiefly for the benefit of the masses, whether its nominal owner desires it or not. It was exactly the reverse in ancient times, when riches were hoarded for selfish, miserly ends, which aroused hostility to their accumulation. The opposition of the early teachers has little bearing upon the question to-day, since wealth is no longer primarily for the individual, but for the people. The gospel of wealth is comprised in a few words. Surplus wealth is a sacred trust which its possessor is bound to administer in his lifetime for the good of the community from which it was derived. The man who dies possessed of available millions, free and his to administer in life, dies disgraced. Men must keep their capital in business so long as they labor, for capital is the tool with which they work wonders; but, beyond that necessarily so employed, the aim of the millionaire should be to die poor. The use of surplus wealth for objects which commend themselves to the administrator as best calculated to promote the genuine improvement of his fellows is believed to be the highest possible solution of the question of wealth and poverty. Those into whose hands surplus wealth flows thus become the trustees and administrators of the public. How, then, are the hoarders who evade the gospel of wealth to be reached? They must be let alone during life, but after death the State should step in and demand its share of their hoard through a graduated system of taxation. Every fortune left by a hoarder should contribute to the State in proportion to its size, small amounts left to those dependent upon the decedent being exempt, but the scale rising by steps until in the case of enormous fortunes of many millions the decree should be "one half to the privy coffers of the State." This is what the laws of Venice exacted from Shylock. Our modern Shylocks should be made to contribute at least as much.—New Orleans Picayune.

Fishing by Electric Light.

Electricity calls attention to the wholesale and wanton slaughter of fish by the use of the electric light. The sense of sight is highly developed in fishes, and the Indians have always recognized this, attracting fish within reach of their spears by means of a torch. When used along with the electric light, most kinds of nets become simply murderous in their effects, for the brilliancy of the sight is an irresistible attraction to the fish. Salmon fishers and others who take and pack fish on a large scale are resorting to the use of the electric light for this purpose, and the wholesale destruction of fish is likely to lead to the extermination of certain species. The great injury arising from this cause consists in the fact that such quantities of fish are caught that a large proportion of them are wasted instead of being turned to their legitimate use of feeding the population of the entire country, says Electricity. The indiscriminate destruction of fish in this way is almost criminal, and if prompt measures be not taken for placing it under some sort of restriction, our fish supplies will in a few years be, if not exhausted, very seriously crippled.—Picayune.

The Thinness of a Bubble.

The most powerful microscopes render visible a point about 1-100,000 part of an inch in diameter. There is reason for believing that a single molecule is much smaller even than that. One reason for this has been deduced from the soap bubble. Scientists have measured the thickness of the envelope of soapy water inclosing the air of the bubble when it had become so thin as to produce rainbow tints. At the appearance of the shade of violet, it was one-fourth the thickness of the length of an ordinary violet wave of light—one-sixty-thousandth of an inch—thus making the thickness equal to one-two-hundred-and-forty-thousandth of an inch. As the bubble continued to expand a black patch formed adjacent to the pipe from which the bubble was being blown, and the thickness of such patch has been found to be only one-fortieth of the thickness of the violet section, or about one-millionth of an inch.—Electricity.

The Sacred Plants of the Druids.

The Druids held many plants sacred, as, for instance, vervain, selago, mistletoe, and, among trees, the oak and the rowan. There is, I think, no serious doubt as to the identity of any of these except the second (selago), which is generally thought to be the club moss. Oak mistletoe is certainly rare, and that may have been the reason why it had an especially sacred character, but it does not exist.—New York Recorder.

THE NEWS.

The funeral of Poet Whitman took place in Camden, N. J., the remains being placed in the tomb erected by the poet. Many prominent literary men were present, and Colonel Ingersoll delivered an eloquent oration.——Assistant Treasurer of the United States General Daniel Dustin, of Chicago, is lying at the point of death, at the residence of his sister, at Carthage, Mo.——Stockmen west of the Missouri river are making arrangements for the annual round-up. All report stock in fine condition, and the losses through the winter have been very small.——L. E. Francis the apostle of Schweinfurth, the Illinois false Christ, died at his home in Richmond, in poverty.——Mrs. Johanna Matzoni, an Italian woman, committed suicide in New York by jumping from a third-story window. Her suicide is attributed to her remorse for unfaithfulness toward her husband.——Governor W. R. Merriam, of Minnesota, has purchased the Richelieu Hotel property at Chicago, for $400,000.——Thomas Edwards, a well-to-do citizen of Madison Cross Roads, Alabama, was murdered and his house burned over him. Peter Martin and John Mullens, supposed to be the murderers, have fled, and a sheriff's posse are on their track.——The United States Rubber Company, known as the Rubber Trust, was incorporated at New Brunswick, N. J., with a capital of $50,000,000.——Joseph S. Elwell, of the firm of Darrah & Elwell, ship-chandlers, Philadelphia, is dead. While a sea-captain, he was rewarded by the English government for rescuing the crew of a Nova Scotia bark.——Brakeman John Bauer and Josiah Troy were killed in a collision on the steep grade on the Frackville branch of the Philadelphia and Reading road.

Nine men were terribly burned, four of them fatally, by the turning over of a convertor filled with molten metal, in the Carnegie mill, at Homestead, Pa.——A decree was filed in the United States Court, at Charleston, S. C., directing the railroads in that state to pay into court the amount of taxes on the old assessments, and ordering the clerk of the court to turn the money over to the state.——The Norfolk, Wilmington and Charleston Railroad Company was incorporated and organized at Charleston, with A. A. Gaddis as president.——In a quarrel over a butcher bill, at Somerset, Ky., Jesse Davis was shot and killed by Robert Ethridge, Davis' wife and children witnessing the shooting.——A little daughter of William Taylor, at East Union, Ohio, died from the sting of a rattlesnake.——The Wyoming M. E. Conference, in session at Wilkesbarre, Pa., voted against the admission of women.——The Reading Railroad Company has shut down the Jersey central's shops at Ashley Planes throwing seven hundred men out of work.——George Hutchins, a farmer, who believed in the Henry George theories, left his entire estate, valued at $30,000 to that cause. His widow only received her legal dower. She contested the will, and her money and the entire estate was finally expended in lawyers' charges, and the widow is now in the poorhouse.——J. A. Leak, president of the Bank of New Hanover, at Wadesboro, N. C., died at the age seventy years.——Walt Whitman, the poet, died at his home, in Camden, N. J.——A detective employed as a night watchman at a stove factory in Blissville, L. I., was murdered by strikers.——Frederick A. Thompson, aged thirty-two years, wanted in New Haven, Conn., for forging checks to the amount of $10,000, was arrested in New York.——Henry Albinger shot his brother John at Nogardore, Ohio, then blew his own head off.——Barney White, who took part in a lynching in Georgia was convicted of murder.

South Dakota delegates to the Republican Convention were instructed for Harrison.——The American National Bank, of Birmingham, has gone into liquidation. The bank originally had a capital of $250,000, which was, to a large extent, loaned out on securities that depreciated in value, and not long since it threw out its worthless securities and scaled its stock down to $120,000.——Executors for $135,000 were entered in Allentown, Pa., against the Lehigh Iron Company. Stagnation in trade and the recent break in prices are the causes assigned for the embarrassment of the company.——The Supreme Council Royal Templars of Temperance elected officers.

Engineer A. E. Leighley and Fireman J. W. Keeler on a west-bound train on the Texas and Pacific Railroad, near Bonham, Tex., were killed by collision with an engine.——The government, appreciating the services of Chief Redstone, of the Assinaboine tribe, has paid his way to Chicago for treatment for cataract.——A tin-manufacturing concern will be opened at Duluth.——Max Phillips, a St. Louis musician, who is under a hallucination that people are going to kill him, cut himself in twenty places, and will probably die.——The court-house at St. Charles, Mo., was destroyed by fire, with all its records.——It is now reported that Sheriff Dunn, of Seward county, Ill., was not murdered by a mob organized to kill Judge Botkin, but by his own deputies for the money he possessed.——Rev. John Temple, of Evansville, Ind., has been sentenced to seventeen years in the penitentiary for the murder of Warren Gray, who was acting as peacemaker between Temple and his wife.——A fire swept Dunlap Island, Miss., loss $25,000.——Henry Smith was hung at Louisville, Ky. His crime was the murder of his employer, Louis Specht, January 18, 1891.——Burglars made an attack on the house of James Taylor, at McKeesport, Pa., and roughly handled the daughters, one of whom will probably die from the shock. The burglars were frightened off.——John McKirdy, auditor of Allegheny, has been put under arrest on the charge of selling feed to the city while serving as city councilman.——A Chinese steward of the ship Annie M. Staple, of Boston, committed suicide because a plot with the Chinese cook to kill the captain and his wife had failed. Before killing himself the steward hacked the cook up with a sharp knife.——The Yantic, Ct., postoffice robbed and a suspicious character is under arrest.——The railroads have conceded the demand of the Birmingham iron masters for reduced rates on pig-iron to points north of the Ohio.——Mrs. Henry Lards, wife of the turnkey of the county jail at Adrian, Mich., was fatally burned while cleaning a carpet with gasoline, and both her children were burned to death.——Mr. J. B. Wickersham, an inventive genius, and for whom is claimed the invention of elevated railroad system, is dead.——There was a row in the yards of the Erie Road at Kent, O., and an attack was made by discharged men and others on new men. The police interfered, and two of the attacking party was badly hurt.——United States Minister to Russia Charles Emory Smith telegraphs to this country that the Russian peasants will need relief till June.——Massachusetts capitalists will erect at Nottingham, Ala., a cotton mill to cost $400,000.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

THE Secretary of the Navy has made a payment of $40,000 to the Bethlehem, Pa., Iron Works, for forgings for a 12-inch gun.

THE Comptroller of the Currency has authorized the Citizen's National Bank of Pottstown, Pa., to begin business with a capital of $100,000.

IN one week the Pension Bureau allowed 5735 claims, of which 1623 were under the general law and 4162 under the act of 1890.

THE House Committee on Banking and Currency decided to report with a number of amendments Representative Bacon's bill to provide for the organization of an International American Bank.

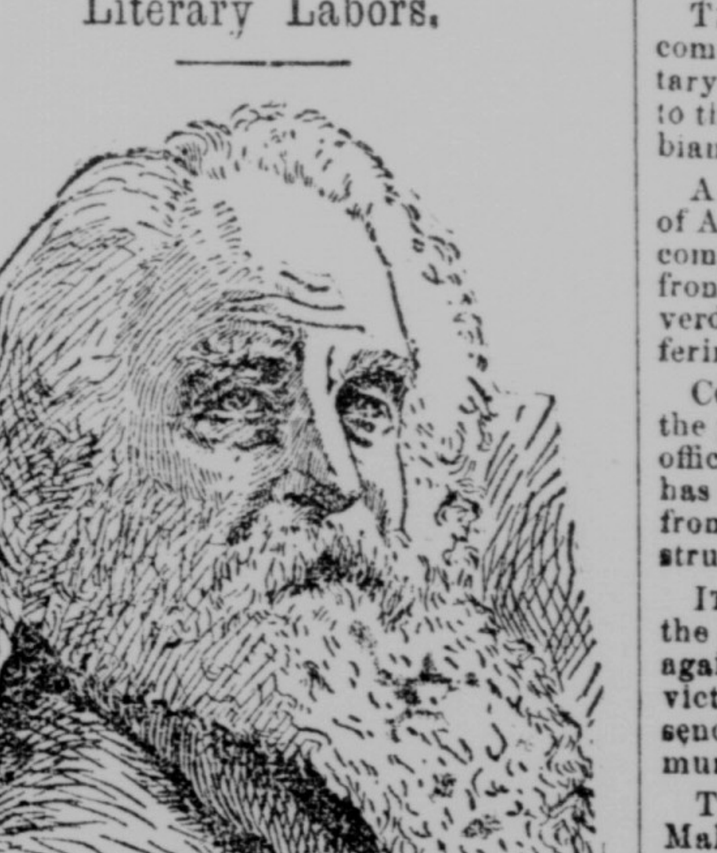
A FAVORABLE report was authorized by the House Committee on Naval Affairs, on a bill authorizing the payment to Rear Admiral Jouett, retired, of the highest pay and compensation of his grade as a rear admiral.

FAVORABLE action was taken on a resolution to deliver to the officers and crew of the U. S. S. Baltimore, 354 medals presented by the King of Sweden to commemorate services rendered by them in transporting the remaint of John Ericsson from the United States to Sweden.

WALT WHITMAN DEAD.

The "Good Gray Poet" Breathes His Last at Camden, N. J.

Sketch of His Eventful Life and Literary Labors.



WALT WHITMAN.

Walt Whitman, the "good gray poet," died at his home in Camden, N. J., at 6:43 a few evenings ago. His end was peaceful, and he was conscious until the last. The aged bard had been struggling with death since December 17, when he was taken down with pneumonia. His death was looked for daily. His vitality was so great that he rallied from the attack, although his physicians said he was very weak and liable to expire at any time. Five days before his death a change was noticed in Whitman's condition, and for the last three days he took no nourishment at all. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon his attendants noticed he was growing worse, and Dr. Alexander McAllister was sent for. He saw the poet was dying and remained until the end. The other persons by his bedside were Mrs. Mary Davis, his housekeeper; Warren Fritzinger, his nurse; and Thomas B. Harned and Horace Traubel, two warm friends. Dr. McAllister asked Whitman if he was in pain, and the dying poet answered: "No." Whitman's last words were a request to his nurse to shift him in bed. Then, reaching for his handkerchief, respiration ceased, although his heart beat for ten minutes afterward. Artist Aitken made a plaster cast of Whitman's face. It was decided that Whitman should be buried in Harleigh Cemetery, Camden, where he superintended the erection of his tomb several years ago. He died a poor man, his only possessions being his house, library and copyrights. Whitman disposed of these by will three months ago, leaving his property to those who nursed him in his last illness.

Life and Literary Productions.

Walter, or Walt Whitman, was born at West Hills, Long Island, N. Y., May 31, 1819. His father, whose name he bore, was a farmer; and the boy, the eldest of the family, was brought up with slight knowledge of even the few refinements obtainable in the country sixty years ago. He was strong and sturdy, a good rider and swimmer, fond of out-door exercise, and impatient of all the amenities of life. What book education he had he received in the public schools of New York and Brooklyn. It was not much, for when only sixteen he was back in the country, teaching others and learning from them rather than from books.

After a year or so of teaching he became a carpenter for a time; then he learned printing, working at the case in New York City and Brooklyn, and editing papers in New Orleans and in Huntington, Long Island. In 1847-8, with his brother Jefferson Whitman, he went on a long pedestrian tour of the country, working his way along by doing carpenter's jobs, tramping it, one might almost say. For two years the brothers wandered about, down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, in Louisiana and Texas during the Mexican War, along the lakes, into Canada, and down the Hudson back to Long Island, where Walt Whitman betook himself once more to the printer's case.

Up to 1855 he had been known, so far as he was known, simply as a carpenter-printer of no especial steadiness. In 1855, however, appeared his first and most famous book, "Leaves of Grass," a volume of rhapsodical poems, always without rhyme, generally without rhythm, dealing especially with the interests involved in America life and progress of the time.

The first edition of this book Whitman set up and printed himself, and for thirty years he has been revising and adding to the book.

At the beginning of the war Whitman was living in New York City; but his brother George was wounded at Fredericksburg in 1862, and the poet went to the front to nurse him. He remained with the army until the close of the war, afterward giving his experiences in two volumes, "Drum Taps" (1865), and "Memoranda During the War" (1867). His most conventional poem is in "Drum Taps"—"Captain, My Captain," in memory of Lincoln.

In 1864 he had been compelled to give up for a time his work as nurse, because of a fever caught in the hospital camps among the sick. From the effects of this fever Whitman never recovered fully, though he returned to his nursing as soon as he was able to be about.

At the close of the war he obtained a clerkship in the Interior Department, from which he was dismissed when his superior officer learned that he was the author of "Leaves of Grass." He obtained a clerkship in the Attorney-General's office, however, which he kept until 1874. In February, 1873, he had a stroke of paralysis, resulting from his fever of 1864 and the exposures of his army life, and went to Camden, N. J. He was recovering rapidly when in May his mother died suddenly in his presence. The shock caused a relapse, and he was incapacitated for any work for many months. On his recovery he resigned his clerkship and settled in Camden, where he resided the rest of his life.

Before this, while in Washington, he published "Passage to India" (1870), "After All, Not to Create Only" (1871), "As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free" (1872), and a volume of prose essays, "Democratic Vistas" (1870, republished in 1873 and 1888). In 1881 a new edition of "Leaves of Grass" was published in Boston, to the sale of which the Massachusetts authorities objected, on the ground of immorality. In 1883 Whitman published "Specimen Days and Collect," in 1885 "November Boughs," and in 1888 "Sands at Seventy."

In the latter year he had another stroke of paralysis. It crippled him almost entirely, and on his seventieth birthday his friends gave to him a pony carriage and pony, and the "good gray poet" drove himself about Camden, enjoying the outdoor life he had always loved. His infirmity was physical, not mental, however, and within a few months he has published a farewell volume of poems, "Good-By, My Fancy."

Of late years the bitter attacks on Whitman have ceased, and he has been admitted to be indeed a poet.

Whitman was dependent entirely on the sale of his books, and while never rich, of late years has been absolutely poor. He steadily refused to accept charity, however.

Whitman was described by the admirer, who gave him the title by which he is most widely known, that of "the good gray poet," as tall and stalwart, his face rosy, and seamed with kindly wrinkles; with heavy-lidded, firm blue eyes, and with a short thick beard, and thinly flowing hair. Of late years his hair and beard have been almost snowy white.

He never was married. It was said that a disappointment in early life was the cause.

JEALOUS OF HER CHILD.

A Mother Murders Her Daughter on Account of a Hired Man.

Mrs. Marion S. Moore, a beautiful woman, 30 years old, was arrested at Charleston, W. Va., for one of the most horrible crimes on record.

Mrs. Moore was married when she was 16. Her oldest child was a handsome girl of 13. Two weeks ago the daughter was found murdered, her throat having been cut from ear to ear with a razor. All the family were absent from the house at the time.

Mrs. Moore claimed that as she was returning she saw a woman named Eliza Hackney leaving the house, and on her evidence the Hackney woman was arrested, charged with the crime. The evidence failed entirely to connect her with it, and she was discharged.

In the meanwhile, evidence has been secured showing that Mrs. Moore was blindly infatuated with James Semple, a hired man in her husband's employ. The man apparently paid no attention to her advances, but had repeatedly asked Moore to be allowed to marry the daughter, Bettie, and paid her assiduous attention.

All the evidence tends to show that the woman, in her jealousy, killed her own child.

CABLE SPARKS.

THE committee of the General Assembly of France on the Chicago World's Fair credit has adopted the government proposals with slight modifications.

REPORTS to the British agricultural board show that pleuro-pneumonia is extinct in Great Britain, and that there have been only a few sporadic outbreaks of foot and mouth disease.

THE German Parliament has referred to a committee a bill providing for a supplementary credit of 2,500,000 marks, to be devoted to the German exhibit at the Chicago Columbian Exhibition.

A CORONER'S jury in London, in the case of Arthur Goring Thomas, the well-known composer and author, who threw himself in front of a Metropolitan train, has returned a verdict that he committed suicide while suffering from an attack of insanity.

COUNT BOTHO EULENBURG has accepted the presidency of the Prussian ministry, which office Chancellor Caprivi resigned. Caprivi has submitted three names to the Emporer from which to select a minister of public instruction in place of Count Zeditz, resigned.

IT is thought in Melbourne, Australia, that the police of that city have sufficient evidence against Deeming, the wife murderer, to convict and have him executed there instead of sending him to England to stand trial for the murder at Rainhill, a suburb of Liverpool.

THE uprising in Pahaug, a state of the Malay peninsula, against British rule promises to be a much more formidable movement than was at first expected. A large force of soldiers will be necessary to suppress the rebellion. The Malays have already attacked Temerlot and captured that station.

THE foreign residents in Shanghai, Hanlow and Kiukaing have held a public meeting and unanimously resolved to petition the governments of Great Britain and the United States that pressure may be brought to bear on the Chinese authorities to suppress vile anti-foreign literature published and circulated in Hanan.

THE financial crisis in Oporto, Portugal, continues. Several banks have been embarrassed by depositors withdrawing their money and the government has asked the Bank of Portugal to assist three banks that have suspended payment. The governor, fearing an outbreak, has reinforced the Oporto garrison. The Banco Lusitano of Lisbon, has obtained a three months' moratorium.

STRIKING miners of Durham, Eng., attacked the enginemen at the Hebburn colliery, who refused to join them, and with stones severely injured a number of the enginemen The police had to escort the latter to their homes. The miners believe that if they can force the enginemen to join them they will be in a better position to compel the mine-owners to grant their demands.

SAD SCENES AT THE MINE.

Men and Women Fight to See the Faces of Their Loved Ones Long Dead.

A despatch from Dunbar, Pa., says: The twenty-three bodies of the victims of the Hill Farm Mine explosion, found after a search of twenty months, were buried. The remains were placed in the coffins, or rough boxes, down in the mines, and the relatives and friends were not permitted to see them. All but two were identified by some trinket on their persons. The names were written on the boxes, which were securely nailed down. Father Milady conducted the services at the Catholic Cemetery, where twenty-one of the victims were interred side by side.

During the services a brother of Richard Bigley insisted upon seeing the face of his dead brother once again, but this was refused. At this he grew frantic.

"By Heaven, I shall see him!" said he, and seizing a hatchet, attacked the rough box to cut a hole in it. He was grabbed by several men, and after a struggle they succeeded in forcing him out of the cemetery. The other two bodies were buried in Franklin Cemetery.

Coroner Hurlbert and his jury concluded on and executed a deed of astonishing stupidity. They decided that as two bodies were not positively identified, there was reason to doubt that any were, and to satisfy themselves they must view the remains again. Superintendent Lang and others begged them not to do so, but they proceeded to the graveyard, where 500 people were gathered. They ordered the undertaker to open the coffin of Martin Cavanaugh. Scarcely was the lid removed when everyone in the cemetery rushed to the place. Among them were Mrs. Cavanaugh, her daughter and the sister of the deceased.

"Stand back, ladies," said the coroner. He was too late. The wasted, almost skeleton form was seen by its loved mother. Mrs. Cavanaugh shrieked, as did her daughters; others crowded around, and the over thurst of grief was heartrending. The women were prostrated and had to be taken from the cemetery. The coroner, after being satisfied that it was the corpse of Cavanaugh, had it closed, and proceeded to another one. Here an effort was made to keep the crowd back, but it was useless. A similar scene was enacted. At this moment a woman sank to the ground and said: "Hush, let us pray." For a while the widowed and fatherless stood quiet as the woman repeated the Lord's Prayer, but at its conclusion grief broke out anew, and when the casket containing the body of Courtney was opened Mrs. Courtney fainted on it.

Mrs. Joy was also overcome, and threw her bonnet and veil in the grave, after which she fell upon the coffin, and burying her face in the hard wood, sobbed piteously.

The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that the men met their deaths on June 16, by suffocation from smoke from a fire accidentally started in a brattice. No blame was attached to the Dunbar Company.

ACCIDENTALLY HANGED.

A Burglar Meets Death on a Ladder He Was Using to Enter a Store With.

Workmen cleaning out the cellar in the Manly Building at Steubenville, Ohio, about daybreak were horrified to come across the badly decomposed body of a man. A lantern was brought, and revealed the fact that the man was hanging by his neck, between the second and third steps of a ladder.

In his right hand was grasped a screwdriver, while his left held a large grain sack. The body was brought to light and identified as that of Henry King, an ex-saloonkeeper, and a painter by trade.

The store over the cellar was lately occupied by Thomas Odbert, who made an assignment February 20th. It is conjectured that King had forced his way into the cellar through the front entrance to rob the store while it was temporarily closed. He was last seen on Washington's birthday, when he was drinking heavily, and it is thought on that night he made an attempt at burglary and slipped off the ladder in his intoxicated condition and slowly strangled to death.

He was formerly well-to-do, his parents being wealthy residents of Cincinnati, but his wife left him, since which time he has gone to the dogs.

CRASHED THROUGH A TRAIN.

Singular Accident on One of the B. & O. Leased Lines.

The Ohio and Mississippi train from St. Louis, due in Cincinnati in the morning, arrived several hours late owing to a wreck at Odin, Ill., where the Illinois Central road crosses the Ohio and Mississippi.

While the Ohio and Mississippi train was crossing the Illinois Central tracks a freight train on that road tore through it, carrying away the day coach and the front end of the sleeper. There were 17 passengers in the day coach, all of whom were injured. It was at first thought some were fatally hurt, but later investigation shows they will all recover.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, super, $3.10 @3.30. Wheat—Southern Fultz, 1.01@1.02 Corn—Southern White, 46@47c., Yellow, 48@49c. Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania 33@35c. Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania 93@94c. Hay—Maryland and Pennsylvania $13.00@13.50. Straw—Wheat, $7.50@8.00. Butter—Eastern Creamery, 29@30c. near-by receipt 21@22c. Cheese—Eastern Fancy Cream, 12½@13c., Western, 8@9½c. Eggs—14 @15c. Tobacco, Leaf-Interior $1.00@1.50 Good Common, $4.00@5.00, Middling, $5.00 @8.00, Good to fine red, $9.00@11.00. Fancy, $12.00@13.00.

NEW YORK—Flour—Southern Good to choice extra, $3.75@5.00. Wheat—No. 1 White 98½@1.01½. Rye—State 91@94c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 47@48c. Oats—White, State 34½@34½c. Butter—State, 15½@21c. Cheese—State, 11@11½c. Eggs—14½@14¾c.

PHILADELPHIA — Flour — Pennsylvania Fancy, $3.50@4.25. Wheat, Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 1.00½@1.01 Rye—Pennsylvania, 83@84c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 46 @46½c. Oats—37½@37c. Butter—State, 34@ 35c. Cheese—New York Factory, 10@10½c. Eggs—State, 14@14.c.

CATTLE.

BALTIMORE—Beef—$4.60@4.75. Sheep—$3.60@6.25. Hogs—$4.90@5.20.

NEW YORK—Beef—$4.85@5.25. Sheep—$5.50@6.87. Hogs—4.90@5.50.

EAST LIBERTY—Beef—$4.75@5.00. Sheep—$4.00@5.00. Hogs—$5.10@5.30.

SILVER SIDE-TRACKED.

Unparallaled Uproar in the House over the Measure.

The Mace Called Out--Scenes That Were Unequaled in the Memory of the Oldest Members.

The last day of the debate on the Bland free-silver bill was one of excitement throughout. The debate was opened by Mr. Williams of Illinois, a democratic member of the committee on coinage, in favor of the bill, and Mr. Cockran, of New York, followed in a strong speech against the bill. Mr. Cummings of New York, also spoke against the bill, and numerous speeches for and against the bill followed up to 5 o'clock, to which hour the debate had been extended on motion of Mr. Bland. At 5 o'clock the excitement reached a climax, when a motion of Mr. Burrows to lay the bill on the table was lost by a tie vote of 148 to 148. As the roll-call progressed and it became evident that the result would be close every vote was listened to with the greatest attention. When the call was finished some opponent of the bill who had kept tally passed the word around that the motion to table had been carried by a majority of one. There was a ripple of applause, but it came too early, for after the vote had been recapitulated Speaker Crisp said: "The clerk will call my name." His name was called, he voted "No," and the vote was tried.

THE SILVERITES SURPRISED.

The result of the vote was a reverse for the opponents of the bill, but it was not a reassuring victory for the free-coinage men, for instead of a majority of twenty or more they had escaped defeat by a tie. The effects was to reverse the position of the two sides, and the advocates of the bill immediately began to play for time and make filibustering motions. The opponents of the bill were not slow in taking advantage of their position and refused to adjourn or take a recess. After these dilatory motions had been voted down Mr. Johnson, of Ohio, who had been in his seat, with Senator Brice at his side, moved to reconsider the vote by which the motion to lay the bill on the table was lost. He had voted against this motion, and his change of front was evidently suggested by Senator Brice.

THE SPEAKER'S MISTAKE.

After Mr. Bland's motion to table Mr. Johnson's motion had been lost, the roll was called on the latter, and the Speaker, without giving time for a recapitulation, announced the vote again, 148 to 148, another tie. Instantly the House was in the greatest confusion, members demanded a recapitulation, and several of them who had kept tally insisted that there was an error in the vote. The Speaker held that the vote having been announced a recapitulation could not be had. Republicans and democrats all over the House protested, but in vain. The Speaker was immovable. Finally Mr. Reed obtained recognition, and he explained that he understood that previous to the Fifty-first Congress the uniform practice had been to recapitulate, unless by unanimous consent the recapitulation was dispensed with. In the Fifty-first Congress he had declined to allow recapitulation when the object was to filibuster, but never had he done so on the ground given by the present Speaker. Mr. Crisp seemed to realize that he had made a mistake, and he suggested that by unanimous consent the vote could be recapitulated. Mr. Cockran asked unanimous consent, there was no objection and the recapitulation showed that the clerk had failed to record two members who had voted in the affirmative. This changed the result to 150 to 148, and the question then recurred back to the original motion of Mr. Burrows to lay the bill upon the table.

INTENSE EXCITEMENT.

The vote progressed amid intense excitement and when it was concluded it was apparent that though Mr. Johnson and one or two other recruits had joined the opponents of the bill a few others who had voted before had left the hall and the vote stood 145 in favor of laying on the table to 148 against. Before this announcement was made, however, Mr. Outhwaite, of Ohio, amid the greatest confusion declared that Mr. Donovan, of Ohio, who was recorded as voting in the negative, had not been present during the roll call. He asked if the error in the tally was to decide the question. Mr. McRae, of Arkansas, demanded to know whether the clerk or the gentlemen from Ohio, Mr. Outhwaite, was to keep the record of the votes in the House. Members crowded in the aisles and in the open space in front of the Speaker's desk shouting and gesticulating wildly. Finally Mr. Dugan, of Ohio, managed to make himself heard and declared that he had seen Mr. Donovan leaving the House during the call, but after his name had been called. This statement did not allay the excitement and the Speaker was forced to call upon the sergeant-at-arms to clear the aisle. Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms Hill lifted the silver mace from its pedestal and advanced to the centre aisle. The emblem of the authority of the House was greeted with shouts and members hurried to their seats and then in answer to a question from Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky the Speaker announced that the vote of Mr. Donovan would not effect the result. This satisfied the House and the vote was announced.

The question then was upon Mr. Bland's motion for the previous question on the bill and pending amendments. Filibustering motions to adjourn and to take a recess were interposed. The Republicans would not join with the anti-free-coinage Democrats in these motions, or the bill could have been defeated by an adjournment.

ATTEMPT TO BREAK A QUORUM.

The democratic opponents of the bill made the first attempt to break a quorum at half past 10 on the vote on a motion of Mr. Tracey to take a recess until 11.15. With some difficulty a quorum of voters was obtained. Mr. Tracey then moved that when the House adjourn it adjourn to meet on Saturday. Mr. Rayner moved to amend by providing that when the House adjourn it adjourn until Monday. Mr. Rayner demanded the yeas and nays on his motion, and three-quarters of an hour was consumed. The House was thinning out slowly, as the members became tired, but more than a quorum voted. Mr. Rayner, Mr. Tracey and others of the leaders had been in close consultation during the call of the roll, and more motions and roll calls were in order.

A CALL OF THE HOUSE.

Finally, just as the hands of the clock indicated midnight, a call of the roll failed to show a quorum, and Mr. Bland moved a call of the House, which was ordered. The call showed a quorum present. During the call Mr. Campbell and Mr. Durborrow, who had been absent on all the votes, arrived and added two to the strength of the opponents of the bill.

A DEFEAT FOR THE SILVERITES.

Mr. Bland finally gave up all hope of passing the bill at present, and moved to adjourn. The free-coinage bill now takes its place upon the calendar and can only be reached in its regular order or by another special order from the committee on rules. It is probable that after the return of Mr. Catchings, of that committee, who is now in Mississippi, such a rule will be brought in, but it is generally believed that the bill has received its death-blow. The opposition to it has been increasing for some weeks past and a number of those who voted for it are wavering. The advantage of the fight is clearly with the democratic opponents of the bill, who prevented its passage with practically no help from the republicans.

MOST STRIKING FEATURE OF THE SESSION.

The debate upon the Bland silver bill and the exciting scenes will form the most striking feature of the first session of the Fifty-Second Congress. Both parties were divided on the subject, though the worst division was on the democratic side. As the debate proceeded, however, it became apparent that the bill was losing ground.

A TORNADO'S WORK.

Buildings Leveled and Houses Carried in the Air in an Illinois County.

A tornado swept over Piatt County, Ills., leveling buildings and destroying many thousands of dollars worth of property. It came from the South, and was accompanied by a severe hail storm.

Barns and houses were carried from their foundations and demolished. Buildings were seen high in the air, being carried along by the cyclone, which was 200 feet wide.

No loss of life has yet been reported.

The tornado also skirted Bloomington, McLean County, unroofing a number of houses and a chair factory. An old lady named Matz was badly hurt and her house was blown down.