The Easton Gazette.

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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

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Jan25,'90*

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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

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.

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

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CABLE SPARKS.

THE Baron Castlemaine died in London.

THE cargo of the steamer Ohio, at Rotterdam, from Baltimore, was damaged by fire.

THE British ship Treophane, Captain Nelson, has been posted at Lloyd's as lost with her crew of 25 persons.

COUNSEL for the wife murderer Deeming made application in the Melbourne courts for a further postponement of the trial.

THE French people condemn the verdict of the jury in the Anarchist cases, and it is charged that they were afraid to sentence Ravachol and Simon to the guillotine.

THE Brazilian government has ordered its consuls abroad to refuse to despatch vessels for Matto Grosso, which state has declared its independence of the Brazilian republic.

A BRUSSELS newspaper charges that the government of the Congo Free State, in violation of the anti-slavery conference decision, has ordered 20,000 repeating rifles, which will be bartered with the natives for ivory.

THE foot-and-mouth disease among the cattle in London is reported to have been stamped out. There has been no outbreak for three weeks. The daily inspection of cattle by the government veterinary surgeons will now cease.

MINISTER LINCOLN and wife, Hon. Chas. Emory Smith, Lieutenant-Commander Emory and other noted Americans were present at the marriage at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, London, of J. B. DaCosta Ricci, of the Portuguese legation in London, and Miss Lily Freeman Schultz, daughter of the Late Martin Schultz, of Philadelphia.

THE explosion in the Paris restaurant of M. Very, who betrayed Ravachol, the anarchist, into the hands of the police of the city, has caused a tremendous sensation in the French capital, and many residents, frightened by the event, are preparing to leave the city. The report that Very had been killed is incorrect. There is a chance for his recovery, though both his legs have been amputated.

WORK AND WORKERS.

THE Sligo rolling mill, at Pittsburg, shut down, throwing about 300 men out of work.

FIVE hundred employes of the Paterson Coal Company, at Mt. Carmel, Pa., have gone on strike for two months' wages, said to be due and unpaid.

COATES & CO.'S tin plate mill at Baltimore, began the manufacture of tin plate employing 250 men. The output will be 1500 to 1800 boxes a week of an average of 110 pounds each.

THE employes of the North Reading foundry of the Millert Iron Company refused to return to work, after a week's idleness, the company having given notice of a reduction of wages of from 6 to 10 per cent.

THE Waiters' Association of Chicago has resolved to make a demand for more pay, shorter hours and the abolition of fines. If the demands are not acceded to all the waiters in Chicago will be ordered out on a strike.

A COMMITTEE from the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, representing all the employes of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western system, waited upon General Manager Halstead, at Scranton, and presented a list of grievances. Among other things, they ask an advance in wages.

THE bakers of Detroit, Michigan, employed in the wholesale bakeries, struck because of the refusal of the Wagner Baking Company to discharge a foreman, expelled from the Bakers' Union for "trying to influence the men under him not to strike in case the master bakers failed to accede to the union's demand for the stopping of night work in bakeries.

A TELEGRAM from Poughkeepsie quotes a leading brick manufacturer on the Hudson as saying: "It has been the custom for years for French Canadians to come to the brick yards on the Hudson. Over a thousand have been employed in the yards every season, and stopping them from coming will seriously cripple the yards, and it is decided best to close. The greater portion of the men's wages are spent here, and they buy their winter goods here and take them home in the fall. When they return to Canada they find work in the woods. Now there are 150 Arabs at work. They come here from the Holy Land, and I don't see why Frenchmen are kept back because the brick manufacturers give them the preference."

THE late Amelia B. Edwards was a precocious author. Her first story was written when she was only 4 years old, and executed in capital letters exclusively.

OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVE.

There are no days like the good old days—
The days when we were youthful!
When humankind were pure of mind
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
Became man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
Slave to the tyrant fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As buxom and smart and clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense,
And piety all supportin';
They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too,
And they made the likeliest courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together!
When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the pewee sung to the summer dawn
Of the bee in the billowy clover,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us!
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For that precious grace—God save us!
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Of heaven away off yonder.

—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"IT will be such fun," said merry-hearted Clara Wynford.

"I don't think it will be fun at all," said Marion Dale, gravely. "Only see what a dismal place it is under that ledge of rocks, with only the owls and the crickets for neighbors. Let us run, Clara, and we shall surely reach home before the storm breaks."

"Hush!" Clara held up her finger as a low growl of thunder rolled along the edge of the horizon and the big drops began to patter among the leaves of the beech-copse, on whose outskirts they stood. "Another five minutes, and the tempest will be upon us in all its force. We must not lose an instant in seeking shelter."

"But suppose old Huldah will not admit us?"

"It is all nonsense to suppose anything of the kind. She cannot refuse us shelter in a storm like this."

And seizing her companion's hand resolutely, Clara Wynford almost dragged her along over the rough inequalities of the mountain path to the little cabin which nestled beneath an overhanging ledge of rocks. Once, twice, she tapped, and receiving no response, boldly pushed the door open and entered, while Marian followed with beating heart and cheeks blanched by vague, undefined terror.

A fire of sticks blazed on the huge stone hearth, and an old woman sat before it smoking a short, black pipe. She turned her head as they entered.

"Why didn't you say 'Come in,' Huldah?" inquired Clara, with good-humored imperiousness. "Didn't you hear us craving admission?"

"I heard your knock," hoarsely answered the old crone.

"And why didn't you reply?"

"I want no company!" was the brief answer.

But Clara Wynford, instead of being repelled by this ungracious reception, drew a wooden stool to the fire, beckoning Marian to follow her example.

"You're a cross old thing, Huldah," she said, laughing. "Would you have kept us out in the rain?"

"Better to be drenched by the rain than to seek a shelter like this," said Huldah, her face still turned away from her uninvited guests.

"Why, Huldah, you speak as if this place were uncanny."

"So it is," said Huldah, sternly.

"Are there ghosts here, or evil spirits?" persisted Clara, the words sounding strangely in her gay young voice.

"Clara! Clara! pleaded Marian, pulling her sleeve, "don't talk so; you make my blood run cold!"

"But it's all nonsense," laughed Clara. "Oh, do listen to the rain! how it pours upon the roof, and just see those vivid flashes. You can't turn us out, Huldah, now that we are here!"

Huldah Dare's rigid old face softened somewhat as she looked into the fresh beauty of the sweet young countenance upturned to hers.

"I would never have invited you to come in, Miss Clara," she said; "but since you are here I must do my best to make you comfortable."

"And you will give us some milk out of those darling old blue-rimmed bowls, and some rye bread?"

"Yes."

Clara clapped her hands like a delighted child.

"And may we sleep up in the garret under the eaves?"

"You had better go home, Miss Clara—this hut is no place for the likes of you dainty young ladies to lay your heads!"

"Inhospitable old thing!" pouted Clara. "As if we could go home in such a tempest as this! Why, it will rain all night!"

"They will send the carriage for you."

"How can they, when they haven't an idea where we are? We started to walk to Buckleyville, and then I remembered what delicious wild grapes used to grow up the mountain side, and we wandered off, scarcely knowing where, until we heard the thunder peal, and found ourselves close to your cottage. It's a regular adventure, Huldah, and you may as well give into it first as last."

Marian Drake sat silent the while, and when Huldah had limped into the bedroom to get fresh fuel wherewith to replenish the failing fire, she whispered to her companion:

"I don't like the looks of this place, Clara! I wish we had never come to it!"

"What nonsense!" said Clara, gayly. "I think it is all splendid! Old Huldah is a perfect character, and a night upon the mountain side will be an adventure to talk of for weeks."

The supper of rye bread and milk was delicious to the two hungry girls, and when afterward Huldah showed them the way up a steep flight of steps more like a ladder than stairs, which led into the garret, Clara's delight was greater than ever.

"What a love of an old place," she exclaimed, looking round her at the bare beams and rafters, which, at their apex, almost touched her head. "How musically the rain sounds, and how cozy that little bed under the beams looks, only we shall have to go on our hands and knees to get into it. Oh, Marian, what do you suppose we shall dream about!"

"Hush!" cried Marian, seizing her companion's arm. "What noise was that?"

"Only an owl hooting in the woods. What a bundle of ridiculous nerves you are, Marian!"

"Ah, but the strange grating sounds as if skeleton fingers where feeling over the roof."

Clara burst into a laugh.

"Nothing on earth but the trees that hang over the ledge of rocks, and brush to and fro across the ridge-pole at every gust of wind. What will you fancy next?"

Marion drew a deep sigh of relief.

"But I shall not undress," she said, quietly.

"Why not?"

"I think it safer to lie down just as I am."

"Marian, you are a goose!" exclaimed Clara. "However, I don't care; we'll just draw the patchwork coverlid over us, and sleep as soundly as if we were in the State Chamber at Windsor Castle, for I think I never was so sleepy in all my life."

"I shall not sleep a wink all night," said Marian. "Oh, Clara, I wish we had kept on down the mountains. I wish we had not come here."

"Marian, what ails you?" cried Clara, almost impatiently, "I wouldn't be such an old maid as you for a thousand dollars. Do lie quietly down and let me go to sleep."

Marion Dale said no more, but at midnight she noiselessly waked her companion.

"Clara, Clara! Hush! do not speak!" she whispered; but a face was looking into the window just now."

"Into this window, Marian! No one but a bird could reach it. You are dreaming!"

"I am not dreaming—neither have I been asleep. But I tell you a face did look in just now—a face ghastly in the moonlight, with shaggy hair and beard."

Clara raised herself on her elbow, and perceived that the violence of the storm was over, and the moon was shining so as to cast a square of white radiance on the rough board floor.

Suddenly the flood of light was darkened. Marian forced her companion back into a reclining posture, and whispered:

"Hush! pretend to be asleep—it is our only safety."

And at the same instant a curious dwarfed figure climbed into the room, its face looking singularly yellow and corpse-like in the magic light, framed as it was with a mat of coarse red hair. A ragged coat hung loosely on its misshapen shoulders, and its feet were cased in something that looked like mocassins of fur. And as Clara lay there, she could feel the blood pulsing in wild leaps to her heart. She could not speak—she had no voice to scream. It seemed to her for the moment that she must surely go mad with terror.

The creature, whether apparition or reality, crept stealthily across the creaking floor to where the girls' necklaces and carrings lay glittering on an unpainted pine table, and uttered a strange, chuckling sound as he gathered them together and dropped them into some receptacle hidden away in his clothing. Then, horror of horrors! he approached the bed, leaning over and listening so intently that they could feel his hot breath on their temples for an instant?

"Asleep!" he murmured, "asleep!"

And when Clara and Marian next dared to open their eyes he was gone.

They lay there trembling and fearing a repetition of the strange visit until daybreak, and then hurried down to Huldah Dare, to tell the story of their night's adventure. The old woman listened with an incredulous face.

"Nonsense!" she croaked; "all stuff and nonsense! You were dreaming!"

"But our rings and necklaces, and Marian's coral brooch?"

"There they are," said Huldah, with a motion of her head toward the pillow of her own rough couch in the corner. "I came up last night to see that you were sleeping well, and saw them all spread out, and knew it wasn't safe, so I brought them down with me and put 'em under my pillow for safe-keeping."

Clara lifted up the homespun linen, and there, sure enough, lay the sparkling treasures! She looked at Marian, almost inclined to disbelieve the evidence of her own senses.

"But, Huldah," said Marian, quietly, "I saw it with my own eyes—the horrid, dwarfed creature gather up our rings and charms and drop them into his pocket. I saw his face, very white, with his glittering eyes and red, tangled hair. I felt his very breath upon my face."

"Dreams! dreams! dreams!" muttered Huldah, impatiently. "Are you ready for your breakfast, young ladies?"

But neither of the girls could eat after the hideous night they had passed. They rewarded the old woman liberally for her grudgingly given hospitality, and set out to walk down the mountain side, with what speed they might.

"But I knew it was no dream," said Clara, in a whisper, as if even the copses, and birds, and bowlders of rock had ears to hear.

About a week afterward the maid who daily came up to brush Miss Wynford's lovely golden hair was brimful of tidings.

"Dear heart alive, miss," said she, "did you know that Widow Huldah Dale, who lives up on the mountain, where you stopped all night in that tremendous storm, you know——"

"Yes," said Clara, impatiently. "Go on!"

"Well, she's got a crazy son that's been wanderin' round in the woods, living on nuts and berries like a wild man these three months, for he's escaped from the asylum, where they didn't use him well noways, and his poor mother hadn't the heart to put him back there again; and last night he slipped on them rocks by Creefel's Creek, and fell in and was drownded! And Widow Huldah she takes on just as bad as if he wasn't a poor, deformed creature without common sense—and to think she's kep' that secret all the years she's lived there, havin' a mad son!"

Clara spoke no word, but her eyes met those of her cousin Marian.

"That explains the mystery," said the latter, quietly. "Poor Huldah! no wonder she was so unwilling to shelter us from the rain! She must have herself taken the jewels from him afterward, and told a falsehood to keep the awful secret."

"Poor Huldah!" sighed Clara. "But, Marian, how wonderful that our lives were preserved. Suppose, in an instant of mad caprice—"

She stopped short and shuddered, instead of finishing her sentence.

And the two innocent young girls, kneeling at their prayers that night, thanked Heaven with tremulous fervency for the perils they had escaped.—New York Weekly.

Migration of Storks.

A Belgian scientist some time ago caught 200 storks in Belgium and affixed a conspicuous tag to each one of them, asking any one who might catch or kill it during the winter to communicate with him. One of these tags recently returned to him with the information that the bird that bore it had been caught near Sidi Belbez, in the western part of Algeria.—Picayune.

Better live in a house without windows than in a house without books.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

"The Greatest Name of All."

TEXT: *"The name which is above every name."*—Philippians ii., 9.

Paul is here making rapturous and enthusiastic description of the name of Christ. There are merely worldly names that sometimes thrill you through and through. Such was the name of Henry Clay to a Kentuckian, the name of William Wirt to a Virginian, the name of Daniel Webster to a New Englander.

By common proverb we have come to believe that "there is nothing in a name," and so parents sometimes at the baptismal altar gives titles to their children reckless of the fact that that title, that name, will be a lifetime hindrance or a lifetime help. You have no right to give your child a name lacking either in euphony or moral meaning.

It is a sin to call a child Jehoiakim or Tiglath-pileser—or by anything that is disagreeable. Because you have had an exasperating name yourself is no reason why you should inflict it upon your progeny. And yet how often it is that we see a name full of jargon rattling down from generation to generation simply because a long while ago some one happened to be afflicted with it. Institutions and great enterprises sometimes without sufficient deliberation take nomenclature. Mighty destinies have been decided by a name. While we may by a long course of Christian behavior get over the misfortune of having been baptized with the name of a despot or a cheat, how much better it would have been if we could have all started life without any such incumbrance!

When Paul, in my text and in other passages of Scripture, burst forth in aspirations of admiration for the name of Christ, I want to inquire what are the characteristics of that appellation, "The name which is above every name." In the first place, speaking to you in regard to the name of Christ, I want to tell you it is an easy name. You are sometimes introduced to people with long and unpronounceable names, and you have to listen cautiously to get the names, and you have to hear them pronounced two or three times before you risk trying to utter them, but within the first two years the little child folds its hands and looks upward and says "Jesus."

Can it be that in all this church this morning there are representatives of any household where the children are familiar with the names of the father and mother and brother and sister, yet know nothing about "that name which is above every name?" Sometimes you forget the name of a quite familiar friend, and you have to think and think before you get it, but can you imagine any freak of intellect by which you should forget the name of Jesus? That word seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. Down to old age, when the voice is tremulous and uncertain and indistinct, even then this regal word finds potent utterance.

When an aged father was dying one of the children came and said, "Father, do you know me?" and in the delirium of the last sickness he said, "No, I don't know you." Another child came and said, "Father, do you know me?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." Then the village pastor came in and said, "Dou you know me?" He said, "No; I don't think I ever saw you." Then said the minister, "Do you know Jesus?" "Oh, yes!" said the dying man, "I know Jesus; Chief among ten thousand is He, and the One altogether lovely." Yes, for all ages and for all languages, and for all conditions is an easy name.

Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might hear.

But I remark further in regard to this name of Christ, that it is a beautiful name. Now you have noticed that you cannot disassociate a name from the character of the person who has it. There are some names, for instance, that are repulsive to my ear. Those names are attractive to your ear. What is the difference? Why, I happened to know some persons of that name who were cross or sour, or queer or unsympathetic, and the persons you have happened to know of that name were kind and genial. Since, then, we cannot disassociate a name from the character of the person who has the name, that consideration makes the name of Jesus unspeakably beautiful.

I cannot pronounce the name in your presence, but you think of Bethlehem and Gethsemane and Golgotha, and you see His loving face, and you hear His tender voice, and you feel His gentle touch. As soon as I pronounce His name in your presence you think of Him who banqueted with heavenly hierarchs, yet came down and breakfasted on the fish which the rough man hauled out of Genesaret; you think of Him who, though the clouds are the dust of His feet, walked footsore on the road to Emmaus.

I cannot speak His name in your hearing this morning, but you think right away of the shining one who restored the centurion's daughter, and who helped the blind man to sunlight, and who made the cripple's crutch useless, and who looked down into the laughing eyes of the babe until it struggled to go to Him; then, flinging His arms around it, and impressing a kiss upon its beautiful brow, said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Oh, beautiful name, the name of Jesus, which stands for love, for patience, for self sacrifice, for magnanimity, for everything that is good and glorious and tender and sympathetic and kind! It is aromatic with all odors. It is accordant with all harmonies. Sometimes when I look at that name of Jesus Christ it seems as if the letters were made of tears, and then they seem to be gleaming crowns. Sometimes that name seems to be twisted out of the straw on which He lay, and then it seems to be built out of the thrones on which His people are to reign. Sometimes I sound that word Jesus, and I hear in it the sob of Gethsemane and the groan of Calvary, and then I speak His name and it is all a ripple with gladness and a ring with hosanna. Glorious name!

Take all the glories of bookbindery and put them around the page on which that name is printed. On Christmas morning wreathe it on the wall. Let it drip from harp's string and let it thunder out in organ's diapason. Sound it often, sound it well, until every star shall seem to shine it, and every flower shall seem to breathe it, and mountain and sea, and day and night, and earth and heaven acclaim in full chant, "Blessed be His glorious name forever." "The name which is above every name."

Have you ever heard in a Methodist church, during a time of revival, a score of souls come to the altar and cry out for mercy under the power of just two lines of glorious old John Wesley?

Jesus, the name high over all,
In heaven, or earth, or sky.

To the repenting soul, to the exhausted invalid, to the Sunday-school girl, to the snow white octogenarian it is beautiful. The aged man comes in from a long walk, and he tremulously opens the door of his home, and he hangs his hat on the old nail, and he puts his cane in the usual place, and he lies on his couch, and he says to his children and his grandchildren, "My dears, I am going away from you." And they say, "Why, where are you going, grandfather?" "Oh," he says, "I am going to Jesus;" and so the old man faints away into heaven.

And the little child comes in from play and she flings herself in your lap, and she says, "Mamma, I'm so sick, I'm so very sick;" and you put her to bed, and the fever is worse and worse, and some midnight, while you are shaking up the pillow and giving the medicine, she looks up in your face and says, "Mamma, I'm going away from you." You say, "Why, where are you going, my darling?" And she says, "I am going to Jesus." And the red cheek that you take to be the mark of the fever turns out to be only the carnation bloom of heaven.

Oh, was it not beautiful when a little child heard that her playmate was dying, and she went to the house, and she clambered upon the bed of her dying playmate. "Where are you going to?" and the dying girl said, "I'm going to Jesus." Then said the little girl that was well as she bent over to give the parting kiss to her dying playmate, "Well, then, if you are going to Jesus, give my love to Him." It is a beautiful name, whether on the lips of childhood or on the lips of the old man. When my father was dying the village minister said to him, quoting over his pillow this passage, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation—that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and there he stopped. Then my father finished the quotation by saying, "of whom I am chief."

But I remark again, in regard to this name of Christ, that it is a mighty name. Rothschild is a name mighty in the commercial world, Silliman is a name mighty in the scientific world, Irving is a name mighty in the literary world, Washington is a name mighty in the political world, Wellington is a name mighty in the military world, but where in all the earth is a name so potent to lift and thrill and arouse and rally and bless as the name Jesus? Why, the sound of that one name unhorsed Saul and threw Newton on his face on ship's deck, and that one name to-day, while I speak, holds a hundred million souls under omnipotent spell. That name in England to-day means more than Victoria. In Germany that name to-day means more than Emperor William. Oh, mighty name!

I have seen a man bound hand and foot of the devil and captive of all evil habits, at the sound of that name dash down his shackles and march out forever free. I have seen a man overcome of misfortune and trial, every kind of trouble had he; but at the sound of that name the sea dropped, and the clouds parted, and the sunburst of eternal gladness poured upon his soul. I have seen a man hardened in infidelity, defiant of God, full of jeer and scoff, jocose of the judgment day, reckless of eternity, at the sound of that name blanch and cower and groan and kneel and weep and repent and pray and believe and rejoice and triumph.

Oh, it is a mighty name. Under its power the last temple of superstition will come down and the last Juggernaut of iniquity will be shattered to pieces. The red horse of carnage, spoken of in apocalyptic vision, and the black horse of death must come back on their haunches, while the white horse of victory goes forth mounted of Him who hath the moon under His feet and the stars of heaven for His tiara. Mighty name! It will make the whole earth tremble, and then it will make all the nations sing. Mighty name!

Other dominions seem to be giving way; France had to give up some of her favorite provinces; Spain has lost a great deal of her power; many of the thrones of the world are being lowered; many of the scepters of the world are being shortened, but every tract distributer, every Bible printer, every Christian institution established spreads abroad the mighty name of Christ. It has already been heard under the Chinese wall, and in the Siberian snow castle, and in the Brazilian grove and in the eastern pagoda. That name will swallow up all other names. That crown will yet cover up all other crowns. That empire will yet compass all dominations.

All crimes shall cease and ancient frauds shall fail,
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.

But I remark again, taking a step forward in this subject, that the name of Christ is an enduring name. You get over the fence of the graveyard and you pull the weeds back from the name that has nearly faded from the tombstone, and you wish that Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" would come along and rechisel it so that you might really find out what the name is. Why, that was the name of the greatest man in all the town, in all the country, in all the State, now almost faded from the tombstone.

And so the greatest names of this world either have perished or are perishing. Gregory VI., Sancho of Spain, Conrad I. of Germany, Richard I. of England, Catharine of Russia. Those names were once mighty, and they made the earth tremble. Who cares for them now? None so poor as to do them reverence. But the name of Christ is enduring forever. It will be preserved in the world's fine art. There will be other Bellinis to sketch the Madonna, and other Ghirlandajos to present the baptism of Christ, and other Bronzinos to show Christ visiting the spirits in prison, and other Giottos to appal the vision with the Crucifixion. It will be preserved in the world's literature.

There will be other Alexander Popes to write the "Messiah," and other Dr. Youngs to celebrate His triumph, and other Cowpers to sing His love. It will be preserved in the world's grand and elaborate architecture, and Protestanism shall yet have its St. Mark's and its St. Peter's. It shall be preserved in the world's literature, for there will be other Paleys to write the "Evidences of Christianity." More than all, it will be embalmed in the hearts of all the good of earth and all the great ones of heaven. Shall the emancipated bondsman ever forget who set him free? Shall the blind man ever forget the Divine Physician who gave him sight? Shall the lost and wandering ever forget who brought them home?

Why, to make the world forget that name would be to burn up all the Bibles and burn down all the churches, and then in the spirit of universal arson go through the gate of heaven and put the torch to all the temples and mansions and palaces until in the awful conflagration all heaven went down and the people come out to look upon the charred ruins; but even then they would hear the name of Christ in the thunder of falling towers and in the crash of temple walls, and see it interwoven into the flying banners of flame, and the redeemed of heaven would say, "Let the temples and the palaces burn; let them burn; we have Jesus left." Blessed be His glorious name forever. "The name which is above every name."

My friends, have you made up your mind by what name you will accost Christ when you see Him in heaven? Now that is a practical question. For you will see Him, child of God, just as certainly as you sit there and I stand here. By what name have you made up your mind to call Christ when you first meet Him in heaven? Will you call Him "Anointed One," or "Messiah?" or will you take some one of the symbolic terms which you read in your Bible on earth—terms by which Christ was designated?

Some day perhaps you will be wandering among the gardens of God on high, the place abloom with eternal springtime, infinite luxury of lily and rose and amaranth, and perhaps you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, Thou art the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." Some time there will be a new soul come into heaven to take its place in the firmament and shine as the stars forever and ever, and the luster of a useful life will shine forth tremulous and beautiful, and you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, Thou art a brighter star, the Morning Star, the Star of Jacob, the Star of the Redeemer."

Some day you will be walking among the fountains that toss in the sunlight, falling in crash of pearl and amethyst into golden and crystalline urn, and wandering up the round banked river to the place where the water first tinkles in silver on the rock, and from chalices of love you will be drinking to honor and everlasting joy, and you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, my Lord, Thou art the Fountain of Living Water." Some day you will be wandering among the lambs and sheep of heaven feeding by the rock, rejoicing in the care of Him who brought you out of the wilderness world into the sheepfold, and you will look up into His face and say, "My Lord, my Lord, Thou art the Shepherd of the Everlasting Hills."

But there is another name by which you can call Him. Perhaps that will be the name I have not mentioned yet. I imagine that heaven is all full. Every throne has its king. Every harp has its harper. All the wealth of the universe has come into heaven. There is nothing to be added. The song full. The ranks full. The mansions all full. Heaven full. The sun will set afire with its splendor the domes of the temple, and burnish the golden streets into a blaze, and be reflected back from the solid pearl of the twelve gates, and it will be noon in heaven. Noon on the river. Noon on the hills. Noon in the valleys. High noon. And then you will look up, gradually accustoming your vision to the sight, shading your eyes at the first lest they be extinguished with the insufferable splendor, until after awhile you can look upon the full irradiation, and you will cry out, "My Lord, my Lord, Thou art the Sun that Never Sets."

But at this point I am staggered with the thought that there may be persons in this house for whom this name has no charm, though it is so easy, though it is so beautiful, though it is so potent, though it is so enduring. Oh, come to-day and see whether there is anything in Christ! I challenge you to test with me this morning whether God is good, and whether Christ is precious, and whether the Holy Ghost is omnipotent.

Come, my brother, I challenge you. Come, and we will kneel at the altar of mercy. You kneel on the one side of the altar and I will kneel on the other side of the altar of mercy, and we will not get up from our knees until our sins are pardoned and we are able to ascribe all honor to the name—you pronouncing it and I pronouncing it—"the name which is above every name."

His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

I pray God that He may move upon this assemblage now, that we may see Him walking through all these aisles, that the Holy Spirit may spread His wings over this auditory. Now is your time for heaven. Oh, my friends! meeting once, perhaps never again until the books are opened, what shall we say of this morning's service? Have I told you the whole truth? Have you listened to the whole truth? Now is your time for heaven. Come into the kingdom. If you never had an invitation before, I give it to you now.

I do not ask what your sin has been or what your wandering. That is not pertinent to the question. The only thing is whether you want Christ. Come in, the farthest off. Come, the nearest by. "Where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound." Is there in all this august assemblage a man who feels he is too wicked to come? You are mistaken. Come now. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

O ye who are young, come now! It is no gloomy religion that I preach. It will take no lustre from your eye. It will take no color from your cheek. It will take no spring from your step. I know what I am talking about. I have felt the consolation of this grace in my own heart. It is not a theory with me. I know in whom I believe, and He has been so good a friend to me, I have a right this morning to commend His friendship to all the people.

Oh, come into the kingdom! Do not say you are too bad. "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts." "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth." How is He going to do—drive you into the kingdom? He will not do it. If you get in at all it will be because you are drawn in by His love. What does He say? "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth." He was lifted up. What for? To drive? No! lifted up to draw. Oh, come now, come now into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus!

You have heard of that warrior of ancient times who went into battle against Christ. He hated Christ and he went into battle fighting Christ, but in the battle he got wounded, he was struck by the arrow and fell, and as he lay with his face up to the sun and the life blood was oozing away, he put his hand to his heart and took a handful of blood from the wound and held it up to the sun and cried out, "Oh, Jesus! Thou hast conquered."

And if to-day, my hearer, struck through by the arrow of God's gracious Spirit, you realize the truth of what I have been saying, you would surrender yourself to the Lord who bought you, you would say: "I will no longer battle against Christ's mercy. Lord Jesus, Thou hast conquered." Glorious name. I know not what you will do with it; but I will tell you one thing before I stop—I must tell it. I will tell you one thing here and now, that I take Him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peace, my comfort, my salvation, my heaven. Blessed be His glorious name forever. "The name which is above every name."

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

Senate.

81ST DAY.—A communication from the Department of Justice, in reference to General George W. Cullom's bequest of $250,000 for a memorial hall at the West Point Academy, was received and referred. Mr. Stewart's resolution, offered several weeks ago, calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information as to the purchase and coinage of silver under the act of 1890, was agreed to, with an amendment offered by Mr. Morrill, asking a statement of what the silver dollars and bullion on hand would have cost at the present price of silver. The Army Appropriation bill was considered, and the clause prohibiting payment of money to the non-bonded lines of the Union Pacific Railroad Company for transportation of troops was struck out. The bill was then passed. Mr. Jones's resolution declaring there is no sufficient reason for interference in the payment to the Choctaws and Chickasaws for their interest in the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation was taken up and laid over. The bill to punish violations of the treaty rights of aliens was made the special order after the Choctaw resolution. Adjourned.

82D DAY.—The day in the Senate was devoted to the discussion of the resolution for payment to the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations for their interest in lands in the Indian Territory. Senators Allison, Teller, Jones and Palmer took part in the debate. The Committee on Interstate Commerce reported a bill to pay fixed salaries instead of fees to collectors and surveyors.

83D DAY.—In the Senate numerous petitions were received against opening the World's Fair on Sunday. The bill exempting coastwise steamships from compulsory state pilotage fees was dismissed. A resolution was offered by Mr. Call directing a special committee to consider some legislation to relieve the scarcity of money among the farmers. A bill was introduced by Mr. Sanders for the protection of the silver-mining industry.

84TH DAY.—Mr. Kyle spoke on the silver resolution. The conference report on the Chinese Exclusion bill was then discussed by Messrs. Sherman, Dolph, Dawes, Vest, Platt, Call, Palmer and Hiscock. It was then agreed to. The House bill placing binding twine on the free list was referred to the Finance Committee. Adjourned.

House.

90TH DAY.—General debate on the Diplomatic Appropriation bill was closed, and it was read by paragraphs for amendment. A motion by Mr. Hitt to separate the missions of Colombia and Ecuador, which are consolidated by the bill, was defeated. He also moved an amendment to restore to $7500 the salary of the Minister to Venezuela (cut down to $5000 by the committee), but no quorum voting on the amendment the House adjourned.

91ST DAY.—The House was unable to transact any business, the Republicans abstaining from voting, and a call of the House always indicating a quorum present. Leaves of absences were revoked, excepted as to sick members, and the House, which had been sitting as a committee of the whole on the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriations bill, adjourned.

92D DAY.—The greater part of the day was taken up in the House with the presenting of excuses by absentees, who were arrested by the sergeant-at-arms in accordance with the order of the House. All were excused. The resolution to expunge the unspoken parts of Mr. Walker's speech from the Record was postponed for a day; and the House, as a committee of the whole, discussed a number of bills on the private calendar.

93D DAY.—The House went into a committee of the whole on the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation bill. The amendment restoring Denmark as a separate mission was adopted. The amendment reducing from $80,000 to $60,000 the appropriation for unforseen emergencies in the diplomatic and consular service was adopted. Adjourned.

94TH DAY.—In the House a number of measures was passed under a suspension of rules. Among them were the Free Binding-twine bill, the bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to grant registers as United States vessels to foreign-built steamships where ninety per cent. of the capital is owned by United States citizens, the bill ratifying the treaty with the Colville Indians, the bill appropriating $150,000 to enable the President to fulfil treaty stipulations with Great Britain, and the bill to provide for the permanent preservation of the records of the volunteer army.

95TH DAY.—The House went into a committee of the whole on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill. An amendment that no part of the emergency fund should be paid to any foreign government was passed. An appropriation for $65,000 to continue the preliminary survey for an inter-continental survey was struck out. The appropriation for the international union of American republics was retained. The Senate amendments to the Army Appropriation bill were non-concurred in. The Ways and Means Committee will recommend to the House the passage of a bill limiting to $100 in value the quantity of personal apparel which tourists may bring into the United States free of duty. Adjourned.

RAPID PROGRESS.

Summary of New Enterprises Started in the South This Week.

A glance at the new industries of the South for the past week, as noted in the Baltimore Manufacturers' Record, shows continued activity in the organization of industrial and development companies. The following are some of the most important: A $1,000,000 phosphate development company at Trenton, Fla.; a $25,000 builders' supply company at St. Augustine, Fla.; a $100,000 land company at Atlanta, Ga.; a $25,000 knitting mill company at Cornelia, Ga.; a $100,000 mining and milling Company, and a $200,000 wheel manufacturing company at Covington, Ky.; a $100,000 iron fence manufacturing company at Louisville, Ky.; a $100,000 land company at Magnolia, Miss.; a $500,000 cotton mill company at Durham, N. C.; a $15,000 candy manufacturing company, and a $10,000 cotton mill company at Columbia, S. C.; a $2,000,000 iron company at Bristol, Tenn.; a $100,000 stove foundry company at Knoxville, Tenn.; a $300,000 mill and elevator company at Cameron, Texas; a $100,000 hat company at Dallas, Texas; a $30,000 mining and oil company at Laredo, Tex.; a 400 ton cotton-seed oil mill at Sherman, Texas; a $30,000 electric light and power company at Wichita Falls, Texas; a $50,000 manufacturing company at Norfolk, Va.; a $100,000 ferry company at Mason, W. Va.; a $100,000 land company at Goldsboro, N. C.; a $100,000 machine tool company at Moundsville, W. V.; a 200 barrel roller process flour mill at Chillicothe, Texas; a $500,000 abattoir and refrigerating company at Wheeling, W. Va., a $10,000 manufacturing company at Austin, Texas; a $100,000 cotton oil company at Dallas, Texas; a $100,000 water power company at New Braunfels, Texas, and a $50,000 cotton-seed oil mill company at Trasca, Texas.

WIND AND LIGHTNING.

Electric Light Works Destroyed and Telephones Burned.

A cyclone, destructive alike to life and property, struck the farming community of Tevis, a village on the Missouri Pacific Road ten miles southeast of Topeka, Ks. A farmer named Plaxton was killed. John P. Heill was badly injured and may not recover. His child was also badly hurt. The buildings and fences on the farms of J. P. Heill, Silas Feigler and Thomas Brooks were demolished. For a space of about two miles square the farms suffered severely.

PITTSBURG, PA.—A heavy electrical storm passed over this section, doing considerable damage. About two o'clock lightning struck the Allegheny county electric light company's works, and burned out seven dynamos and injured the plant to the extent of $7,000. One of the men was overcome by one of the flashes, but was not seriously injured. Five hundred telephones were burned out, and numerous buildings were struck by lightning, but so far as known no one was killed.

READING, PA.—A lively wind storm, accompanied by vivid lightning, passed over Northern Berks county. At Lynnport, Solomon Hartman's barn was struck by lightning and consumed with contents, excepting live stock. Loss $3,500. Many fences were blown away.

THE NEWS.

Henry Huston, aged sixty years, a census examiner in Philadelphia, was arrested, charged with fraud against the government. ——Alden Fales, aged sixteen years, was arraigned in the Criminal Court of Newark, N. J., for the murder of Thomas Hayden, and confessed his crime. ——President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, says his company will not become a party to the anthracite coal combination.——The boiler of a locomotive on the Pennsylvania and Northwestern Railroad exploded in the yard at Irvena, Pa. Engineer Moulton and Fireman Ake, both of Punxsutawney, were instantly killed. Fireman Ake's body was blown entirely through a box car, and the engineer's body was found one hundred yards from the scene of the explosion. Heavy pieces of iron, weighing from two to five hundred pounds, were thrown into different portions of the town.——A cyclone in Missouri blew down houses and barns and killed several people.——William M. Smith, president of Select Council of Philadelphia, died at Atlantic City of Bright's disease.——Rev. Dr. L. D. Stambaugh, of Reading, Pa., was awarded twenty-five cents damages against Nathaniel Stout, whom he had sued for slander.

Charles Smith, a prominent young man of Caldwell, Ks., was shot and killed over a game of cards, by Bert Williams, a bartender. ——The Wyoming rustlers hold out the olive branch to the cattlemen, but their overtures are rejected.——A. C. Rodriguez & Co., wholesale and retail cigar dealers, New York, assigned to Ferdinand Thomson.——The Pennsylvania Supreme Court sustained the constitutionality of the bill that allows only the names of the candidates of the parties polling at least three per cent. of the vote to be printed on the official ballot.——A bill has been filed by the United States government in Philadelphia against the Sugar Trust.—— A freight train on the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago dashed down through a broken bridge. Engineer, Fireman and brakeman were killed.——Five hundred quarrymen and stonecutters of New Haven struck for an increase of one cent an hour. ——The journeymen plumbers of Providence, R. I., struck for nine hours and $3.50 per day. ——Wind storms in Missouri and Kansas did much damage. At Eldorado, Kansas, a school-house and four buildings were destroyed.——At Cherry Run, W. Va., a trestle was blown down, and one workman killed and others injured.——New York carpenters struck and forced the bosses to sign an agreement fixing a schedule of prices for work.

Henry Hadden, a clerk in the employ of the Porters, hat manufacturers, of Newark, N. J., while returning to the factory with $500 with which to pay off the hands was knocked down and robbed.——Six thousand pounds of whalebone, valued at $5,50 a pound was destroyed in an incendiary fire at New Bedford.——The National Executive Committee of the Prohibition party, met in Chicago to complete arrangements for the national convention, to be held June 27 in Cincinnati.——The coroner's jury is inquiring into the cause of the accident at Lytle colliery near Minersville, Pa., by which ten men were drowned, returned a verdict censuring the company's officials for not having sufficient plank poles.——Charles Shane, aged fifteen years, of Boylestown, Pa., was found hanging in a stable.——The request of the trainmen of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad for an increase in wages has been granted and wages advanced five per cent.——August Konntze, a New York banker, died at the age of sixty-five years.—— Herman Stalbert, a civil engineer, of Richmond, Va., was drowned in the Kanawha river, W. Va.——The main building of the Minnesota State University, at Minneapolis, was damaged $25,000 by fire.——John Lodg's home at Pittsburg, Pa., was burned to the ground and his two little children perished. ——N. J. Thompson, ex-mayor of Jonesboro, Ark., was whipped on the streets by a farmer named Joe Wright. Thompson accused Wright of stealing his cattle.——A mob stormed the Nashville, Tenn., jail to lynch the ravishers of Miss Bruce, but were driven back. One man was killed.

At Blockton, Ala., Frank Dexter shot and killed Joe Lisle, as the result of an old feud. ——Governor Spencer and Jack Burnett were killed in Wyoming by deputy sheriffs.——A well-to-do farmer named Wetherton and his wife are reported to have been foully murdered while on a visit to the house of some relatives near Amity, Ark.——An incendiary fire destroyed the lumber yard and adjoining buildings in Browning, Mo., loss $30,000 insurance, $6,800.——At the Grand Army of the Republic Encampment Adjutant General Kennedy was elected commander of the Colorado and Wyoming G. A. R. F. M. Sawyer, of Boulder, was elected senior vice commander.——Six hundred coal miners in the Collinsville district, Illinois, struck.——A fire at Nantasket Beach destroyed the Arlington and Germania Hotel.——A collision occurred on the Louisville and Nashville near Guthrie. A fireman and negro tramp were killed.——The Big Four Railroad Company has purchased the Toledo, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad, and within sixty days will have trains running into Toledo. The new line is seventy-two miles long.——The jury brought in a verdict in the case, in Houston, Tex., against Henry McGee of murder in the first degree, and assessed the penalty to death. The case consumed two days. He killed Officer James Fenn a year ago by shooting him while he was trying to stop a fight.

A CYCLONE IN OKLAHOMA.

Two People Killed, Several Injured and a Number of Houses Wrecked.

A cyclone gathering force in the southwest portion of Kingfisher created wild excitement and fear among the residents.

A heavy rain storm began an hour before, quickly followed by immense hail stones. Windows were broken and men and animals knocked senseless. The loosely built boarding houses were deserted and women hid in cellars under unfinished buildings, half filled with water from the recent storm, but the cyclone turned to the South, a half a mile, and just missed the town.

The cyclone did great damage to growing crops, overturning houses in its path and killing considerable young stock, finally spending its force about fifteen miles distant. The only damage done in Kingfisher was to overturn small outbuildings and unroof two residences.

Fourteen residences outside of the city were destroyed and great damage done to crops by hail.

F. A. Bidwell, of York, Neb., and his son were killed by the cyclone. Simon Bates, a farmer, while riding was overtaken by the cyclone. He dismounted and held his horse by the lariat. The horse became frantic and wound Bates up in the rope. Before he could extricate himself the horse was lifted from the earth and carried 100 feet. Bates' left leg was fractured and he received internal injuries.

George Rickert and his family of ten entered a dug out and the house was torn to atoms. A portion of the room was hurled against the roof of the cave, crushing it in. All escaped with bruises.

WRECK ON THE PANHANDLE

A Fast Express Dashes Into a Freight Train—Passengers Shaken Up.

A bad wreck occurred on the Panhandle Railroad, one mile west of Scio, Ohio, at five o'clock A. M. Second section of No. 2 east-bound passenger, which was coming along at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, crashed into No. 85 west-bound, extra freight. The fireman and engineer of engine No. 104, extra freight, jumped for their lives. Engine No. 93, of No. 2, was in charge of Robert Buchanan, engineer, and William Cullom, fireman. Both stuck to their posts, and Buchanan was seriously injured internally. The passengers in the forward coach of No. 2 were badly shaken up and a number injured, but none fatally.

The wreck was the result of carelessness on the part of the trainmen of the extra freight, who did not notice the signals. Both engines and the mail and express cars were badly broken up. One freight car in which were three tramps stealing a ride, was completely demolished and the tramps badly injured.

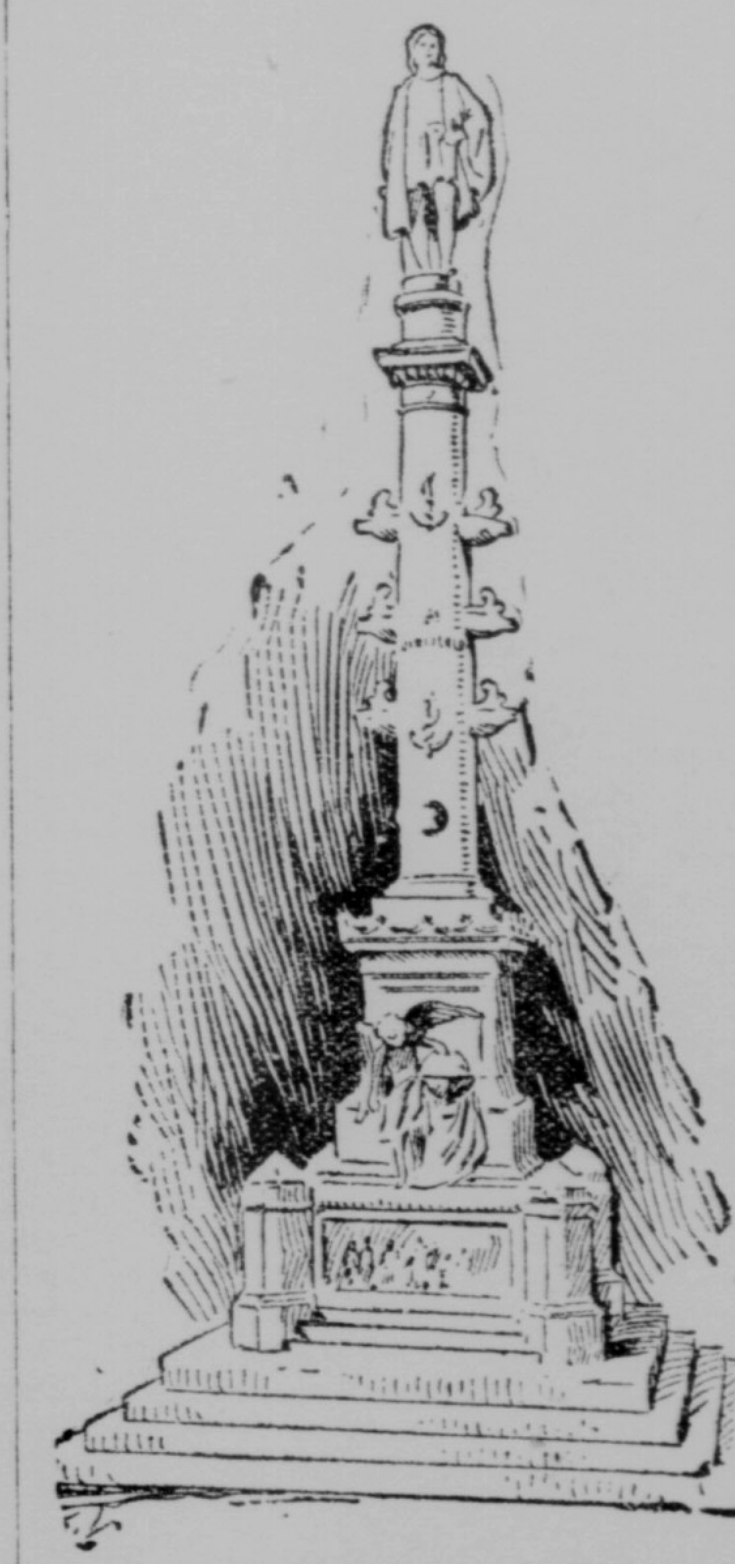
MEMORIAL TO COLUMBUS.

To be Presented to New York by Her Italian Citizens.

A Beautiful and Appropriate Monument to the Discoverer of the Western Hemisphere in It's Chief Metropolis.

Right in the heart of Rome, at the foot of the Pincio and close by the famous square, the Pizza del Popolo, on the end of the Via Babuino that is farthest from that center of many vias—the Piazza di Spagna—there is one of the largest and finest "Salas di scultore" in the Eternal City—that of the Andreoni.

In this studio is to be seen rising to almost gigantic proportions the magnificent statue of Columbus that is to be the splendid gift of the Italians of New York to that city, and that is to be erected on Washington Square in season for its unveiling with imposing ceremonies on October 12th next the four hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of the Western Hemisphere's new epoch by Christopher Columbus.



THE NEW COLUMBUS MONUMENT.

The award of the commission to Signor Russo under these circumstances, by such a corps of judges and the minister of public instruction, was a very great honor, and when the name of the successful competitor was announced the most general satisfaction was expressed.

The award being made, Signor Russo, though much occupied with other orders, commenced immediately the execution of the commission and soon had the model of the figure, the column and the pedestal complete, with the basso relievos in wax ready for casting in plaster.

The entire monument will be 77 feet in height. Its terraced pedestal and octagonal corner columns will be of the handsome and durable red granite of Raven, against which the noble figure of the genius that crowns the second terrace of the pedestal and the magnificent Alpine eagle—the strongest, most fearless of all the eagle family—that has alighted on the other side at the back of Genius, both in marble, will be seen with great effect.

The graceful column is of the same red granite as the pedestal, from which it is separated by a short terrace of Carrara marble. The ornamental capital of the column is of marble, and the plain pedestal that is crowned with the marble statue of the great navigator is also of red granite. The basso relievos below the genius and at its sides are of bronze; so are the six prows—three on each side of the column—that are fac-similes of those of the admiral's small Spanish fleet and the anchors and central inscription—"A Cristofero Colombo"—forming a commingling of color and material that is very beautiful. The size of the basso relievos is 10x2 feet. The genius is 10 feet 4 inches in height; the figure of Columbus is 12 feet 9 inches in height, and its feet are 36 inches long.

It is very singular, but no portrait of Columbus whose authenticity can be thoroughly proved has yet been discovered; the sketch for this monument was made after long and careful research and most critical comparisons of those of the earliest paintings and engravings which have the greatest possibility of a real likeness.

As the architecture of the monument as well as the commingling of its materials and its design, was to be considered, nine judges were appointed—three architects, three painters and three sculptors—all famed in their lines.

The figure below the statue is one of the noblest. It represents the genius that sprang full-fledged from the discoverer's brain at the time of his meeting with the council of Salamanca—a genius strong and perfect in its symmetry; a magnificently proportioned youth upheld by the wings of faith, yet firm on the ground of its own understanding and holding in its grasp the whole globe, which it is studying with an intensity like that which absorbs an astronomer who has just discovered and is taking the latitude of a new and important star.

The eagle at the reverse side of the monument from the genius is, as I said, the imperial eagle, that king of all eagles, whose home is in the highest peak of the snow-covered Alps. He is in an attitude of defense, and the treasures he is guarding are the arms of the United States of America and those of the Republic of Genoa. The shield of Genoa is the one adopted during its rule by the German Empire and retained for many centuries.

The space between the basso relievos and at the sides of the genius and the eagle will be filled with bronze tablets bearing English inscriptions composed by Ugo Flores, the famous Italian poet.

This monument is the only one of which there is record that has been accepted by and sent from one country to another without any previous and formal inspection, but owing to the high standing of both the judges and the artist, it was thought in this case unnecessary.

BOLD HORSE THIEVES KILLED.

Sheriff's Officers Use Snowshoes in Reaching Their Rendezvous.

Detailed information has just been received of the killing of the two desperate horse thieves, Got Spencer and Jack Burnett, at Jackson Hole, in the extreme northwestern portion of Wyoming. The men were killed by five deputy sheriffs, headed by J. H. Holland, of Uintah county, and fifty horses stolen from the Big Horn country and Montana were found at the rendezvous. The journey to the horse thieves' camp, which is fifty miles from any settlement, was made on snowshoes, and in the evening of the third day the officers came within sight of it. While in hiding they saw Got Spencer enter the cabin, and as soon as night came the house was surrounded by the officers. At daylight the cabin door opened, and Spencer came out and went toward the stable. He was told to surrender, and replied by emptying his six-shooter at his would-be captors. They returned the fire and Spencer fell riddled with bullets. The firing brought Burnett to the door, and he had a six-shooter and Ballard rifle with him. As he was known to be one of the best shots in the country, the deputies entrenched themselves behind a ridge. After two dozen shots were fired, Burnett was given a chance to surrender, but he refused, and a bullet through him settled the career of one of the most notorious horse thieves of the Northwest. Four other horse thieves are under arrest in the same country, the result of a crusade inaugurated six months ago.

CAUGHT IN A TORNADO.

A Trestle on the Western Maryland Blown Down With Fatal Results.

A terrific wind-storm, including in its scope a territory of about 15 miles wide, passed over the northern portion of the Eastern Panhandle of Martinsburg, W. Va., doing incalculable damage to property.

At Cherry Run the worst is reported. Some carpenters and an engineering corps, under the supervision of Major Boyne, were at work on a trestling 25 feet high on the Western Maryland extension, when the storm came up so suddenly that before they could escape the trestling was blown down, carrying with it several carpenters.

One man named Amos was instantly killed, and another badly injured. Several other carpenters, whose names could not be learned, were also injured.

GENERAL STATE NEWS.

THE LATEST HAPPENINGS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE.

THE May term of the Circuit Court of Calvert county began at Prince Frederick, with Chief Judge Briscoe on the bench. Benjamin Parran was selected as foreman of the grand jury.

THE Howard county school board awarded the contract for books and school furniture for the ensuing year to Messrs. J. H. Medairy & Co., of Baltimore.

UNDER the new law for Howard county the county commissioners appointed Mr. Wm. J. Robinson as clerk to the board for the ensuing year. His salary is $700.

A cow belonging to Mr. L. E. Kinsey, of Etchison, Montgomery county, has given birth to a calf which has no eyes and no tail.

AT the meeting of the Westminster school board the board resolved that in consequence of an amendment to the school law whereby the time for the annual appointment of trustees was changed from May to August, all the old boards should be continued in office until August except in cases where for special reasons immediate changes were necessary.

THE high license law passed by the recent General Assembly, which provides that three-fourths of all liquor licenses shall go to the county school board for the uses of the public schools, has already yielded nearly $4,000 for that purpose. The gross receipts so far are $5,100, of which the school board will get $3,825.

THE Coroner's jury in the case of Dr. Hill who was murdered near Millington, Md., held Fletcher Williams, Charles Brooks, Perry Bradshaw, and Frisby Comegys as principals in the crime. The other colored men under arrest were held as accessories or witnesses.

CHIEF of Police James E. Vansant, of Ellicott City, has received a large and handsome piece of silver inlaid with gold and suitably inscribed from Mrs. J. C. G. Kennedy, Mrs. John Bidwell and Mrs. Thos. H. Alexander, of Washington, D. C., as a token of gratitude for the part taken by Mr. Vansant in recovering the body of Col. Joseph M. Kennedy, who was, it is suspected, accidentally killed at Alberton on the night of March 24, 1892.

HARVEY GREEN, colored, was acquitted in Cumberland of the killing of Chas. Ross in Westernport, February 23d.

THE corporation election in Taneytown was hotly contested. The chief interest was centered in two amendments to the charter—to increase the tax rate 10 cents and borrow $5,000 for street improvements, and to levy 10 cents tax for a proposed water supply. The former of these was carried by a majority of 31, the latter by 24. The old board of commissioners were re-elected, also H. D. Mehring, the present burgess.

THE election of town commissioners for Snow Hill passed off quietly. Considerable interest was manifested in the election and a large vote was cast. The board elected consists of A. D. Irwin, Dr. E. S. Dashiell and Wm. F. Johnson.

SINCE the reopening of the canal the Cumberland boat builders have been compelled to extend their facilities. Orders for new boats are coming upon them with great rapidity. A boat of 125 tons capacity was launched for the Consolidation Coal Company.

MR. HOWARD LARRIMORE, a prominent citizen of Piney Neck, Queen Anne's county, died of consumption at the residence of Mr. Wm. Prince in Winchester.

ROBERT J. SHAFER, member of the Legislature from Washington county, fell forward on a log and fractured his breastbone.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

THE Queen of Portugal invariably sits by her husband while he does all his work.

THE Grand Duke Paul, of Russia, is so tall that he is obliged to carry his bed with him, as he cannot find one at any hotel long enough to hold all of him.

CAPTAIN JAMES S. PETTIT is to take Totten's place at Yale and Totten is to rejoin his battery, where his prophecies will not be confounded with scientific instruction.

PIERCE LOTI's excellences are not confined to literary work nor travel service, skilled as he is in both. He is a fine pianist, the composer of many melodies, and draws admirably.

THE late Prince of Fürstenburg practically owned the entire country between the Neckar and the Danube, in which is situated the Black Forest, the Schwarzwald, dear to song and story.

MISS LALLA HARRISON, of Leesburg, London county, has been selected as the most beautiful woman in Virginia to represent that Commonwealth as one of the thirteen original States at the World's Fair.

THE late Alexander Mackenzie, ex-Premier of the Dominion, had few of the graces of an orator, yet he possessed persuasive powers, and was one of rare speakers whose utterances would bear verbatim reporting.

MISS HELEN GLADSTONE, daughter of the ex-Premier, is the vice-principal of Newham College, the woman's annex of Cambridge University. Miss Gladstone is 46 years old and of a very retiring disposition.

LORD TENNYSON is not so full of poetry and aristocratic self-esteem as not to know every country public house within a dozen miles of his residence where it is possible to get a good three pennyworth of bread and cheese as a stiffener to a tankard of ale.

MAJOR TASUMASA FUKUSHIMA, the Japanese gentleman who is riding from Berlin to Viadivostock in the saddle, is making slow progress. A pedestrian could easily keep up with him. Although there is nothing wonderful in his undertaking, he is met at every town with a big crowd and sometimes with courteous military attention. The Major is of small stature, being half a head shorter than the shortest Russian officer, and slight in proportion, though very muscular. His horse, Alhambra, is of an English breed.

BARON ALBERT DE ROTHSCHILD, whose wife died a few days ago, became the head of the Vienna branch of the great banking firm bearing his name when the Baron Nathaniel withdrew from business. The family mansion is stored with priceless art treasures, but Baron Albert has the name of being less lavish in his generosity than the old chief of the house, who, however, now lives quietly, taking occasional spells of an uncomfortable nerve-cure, which involves walking barefoot, bathing in icy cold water, and submitting to a diet of milk and vegetables.

SMOKED HIS LAST PIPE.

Two Men Blown Up in a Powder Magazine Through Carelessness.

A powder and dynamite magazine at the Wildcat Iron Mines in Big Stone Gap, N. C., exploded. Tom Darnell and Zac Wells, employed at the mines, were in the building at the time and were blown nearly 100 feet and horribly mangled. One of the men were smoking, and a spark from his pipe fell into a keg of powder.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, super, $2.50 @3.00. Wheat—Southern Fultz, 98@1.00 Corn—Southern White, 47@48c., Yellow, 49@50c. Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania 34@38½c. Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania 85@86c. Hay—Maryland and Pennsylvania $14.00@14.50. Straw—Wheat, $7.50@8.00. Butter—Eastern Creamery, 21@22c. near-by receipt 19@20c. Cheese—Eastern Fancy Cream, 12½@12¾c., Western, 8@9½c. Eggs—14 @14½c. Tobacco, Leaf—Interior $1.00@1.50 Good Common, $4.00@5.00, Middling, $5.90 @8.00, Good to finered, $9.00@11.00. Fancy, $12.00@13.00.

NEW YORK—Flour—Southern Good to choice extra, $2.65@3.25. Wheat—No. 1 White 99@99½. Rye—State 8 ½@83½c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 51@52c. Oats—White, State 33½@33½c. Butter—State, 16@21c. Cheese—State, 11½@12c. Eggs—14½@14½c.

PHILADELPHIA — Flour — Pennsylvania Fancy, $3.50@4.25. Wheat, Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 96½@97 Rye—Pennsylvania, 84@85c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 50@59½c. Oats—37½@38½c. Butter—State, 20@32c. Cheese—New York Factory, 13½@14c. Eggs—State, 14@15c.

CATTLE.

BALTIMORE—Beef—$4.50@4.85. Sheep—$3.00@5.50. Hogs—$4.60@4.75.

NEW YORK—Beef—$4.50@4.90. Sheep—$4.25@6.00. Hogs—4.90@5.30.

EAST LIBERTY—Beef—$4.75@5.00. Sheep—$4.00@5.00. Hogs—$4.70@4.90.

QUEEN VICTORIA, who is travelling as the Countess of Balmoral, has arrived in Darmstadt on a visit from Hyeres, France, where she has been sojourning.