The Easton Gazette.

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DISASTER IN HUNGARY.

Eighty or a Hundred Coal Miners Drowned at Their Work.

Many Men, Alarmed at the Approach of the Storm, Refuse to Descend and So Save Their Lives.

Dispatches from Fuenfkirchen, in Hungary, say that a waterspout burst over the mines near the city and flooded them, and that between eighty and one hundred miners, if not more, have been drowned.

The flood came shortly after noon. The atmosphere had been heavy and the temperature high all the morning. An hour before the waterspout burst the wind, which had been from the south, shifted to the east and drove up over the mountains near Peesvarad a huge mass of clouds, at first yellowish gray, but quickly deepening to dead black. The clouds were whirled along the crest of the mountains by the wind, which rose to a gale until over the mountains skirting the coal fields on the north they had assumed the form of an enormous cone, with its edge almost resting on the mountain tops. The men at the mouth of the pits ceased work, and two gangs of men from the pit nearest the mountain became alarmed and refused to descend. They started for their homes to wait for the storm to blow over. Suddenly the wind shifted to the north, the darkness increased and the cone was swept directly over the collieries. It burst a moment later and the water came down in a deluge, sweeping the men from their feet, wrecking the shanties and pouring in floods down the shafts.

Large buildings were swept from their foundations, the roofs were crushed in, and furniture and tools were scattered through shattered doors and windows by the wind and water. Several men standing at the pit entrances disappeared with the first rush of the flood, and are supposed to have been carried down the shaft with the water and wreckage.

In the mines the full force of men were at work. The total number is said to approximate 300 or 400. They had absolutely no warning of the coming disaster, as the men on the surface had refused to descend after the waterspout began pouring. The lower galleries in several mines are said to have been completely flooded, although the water did not rise to the upper galleries. In one pit there are fifteen dead, in another seven, in another nine.

The volume of water broke with a rushing report that alarmed the whole city, and within thirty minutes thousands of men and women were hurrying out to the scene of destruction. Volunteers were called for at all the pits, and men from the night shifts were sent down the shafts, while hundreds left reasonably sale, to rescue their comrades.

The first descent was made in the mine where about fifteen men were at work on the lowest level. The men in the upper galleries were found uninjured and were carried to the top. Nobody in the lowest gallery was alive to tell the story of the disaster. The mine was flooded so that the bodies of several bodies were found floating in the water and were sent up. The number of dead in this mine may reach twenty.

At another pit the entrance of the lowest gallery was under water and no bodies could be found. On this level at least seven men were at work. It is the pit where the miners refused to go down when they saw the water spout coming, and therefore but one-third the usual number were at work.

In the pit where the nine men are known to have been lost there may be twenty or thirty more dead, for the water rushed into the lowest two galleries. It completely submerged the lowest gallery, drowning every soul there.

At other shafts the number of dead is estimated all the way from ten to forty.

The whole mining colony is in the fields awaiting the results of the work of rescue. Women are sleeping with their children on the wet ground, intent upon getting the first news as to the fate of their husbands and brothers. A government official has been sent from Pesth to help superintend the relief of those rendered homeless or fatherless by the storm.

An imperial courier has been dispatched to Fuenfkirchen with the Emperor's contribution for the relief of the most pressing wants of the stricken families. The contribution is said to be 3,000 gulden and a promise of more in case the work of rescue reveals greater loss of life than is now apprehended.

THE SOUL'S RIDE.

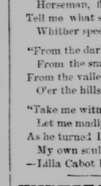
"Horseman, springing from the dark,
Horseman, flying wild and free,
Tell me what shall be thy road,
Whither speediest far from me?"

"From the dark into the light,
From the small into the great,
From the valleys dark, I ride
O'er the hills to conquer fate!"

"Take me with thee, horseman mine!
Let me madly ride with thee!"
As he turned I met his eyes—
My own soul looked back at me!
—Lilla Cabot Perry, in Atlantic Monthly.

UNEXPECTED BUSINESS

BY W. GRENVILLE MURRAY.



RUMBLE was director of a railway company, and Thumble had some business to transact with him. They were both bound from Birmingham to Oxford that night, and so decided that they could talk over their affairs in the train, an express which does the distance in two hours. They according discussed the lighter topics during the snug dinner which they took together at the Great Western Hotel, and strutted into the station some five minutes before the start, just in the humor to look at their business from a jolly point of view. Now, as business is not jolly, the point of view of men just dined is pretty certain to be the wrong one, and as we British plume ourselves on doing much of our business after dinner, this may explain how railroad directors in their jollity often come to queer decisions about us. But this is only a note in passing.

Rumble and Thumble were not destined to do much business that evening. When they arrived on the platform the engine was getting up steam, the porters were hurrying to and fro, and it seemed to be a full train. Rumble and Taumble, trotting down the line of carriages to look for a compartment in which they should be comparatively alone, were unable to find one, and the station-master, who, sighting Rumble, bustled up to touch his hat and assist them in their search, was not more successful—a result which gratified Rumble as director, though it disappointed him as a man. As last a first-class compartment was perceived, out of the window of which leaned a stolid man in a felt hat, and with a briar-root pipe in his mouth. His arms were folded on the window-frame, and this is always suspicious. Rumble, climbing on the foot-board, glanced through the side pane, and saw that there was one other man inside, who appeared to be sound asleep in a corner. He instantly laid his grasp on the door handle.

"Excuse me, this is taken," expostulated the briar-root man, rather eagerly.

"Reserved?" asked Rumble, with sudden politeness.

"No, but we should like to keep it to ourselves."

This impudence amazed and digusted Rumble. He was a conscientious director, who set his face against all breaches of the by-laws on the part of the public. People who smoked in compartments not appointed for the purpose, ladies who introduced dogs into the carriages, were abominable to him; but passengers who tried to usurp more places than they had paid for were his special abhorrence. "I am a director, sir," he said, severely, and the station-master cried, with still greater severity: "This gentleman is a director." Taumble would have put in his word, too, but after a renewed protest from the briar-wood man the carriage door was wrenched open, Rumble and Thumble clambered in and almost immediately the train moved off.

Rumble and Thumble counted they had won a victory. They were in corner seats, and would be able to talk business; but first Rumble thought it would be fitting to address a temperance rebuke to the man who had endeavored to keep him out, and this for the double reason that he was retaining his pipe alight though not in a smoking-carriage. He had scarcely uttered a syllable, however, before the transgressor, who had been bending his eyes anxiously on the face of his sleeping companion, turned, laid a finger on his lips, and said, "Hush-h-h!"

His appearance and manners were those of a confidential servant. He crept noiselessly down the carriage to where Rumble and Thumble were, and whispered, "Excuse me, gentlemen, for trying to prevent you coming in, but that gentleman is mad, and I am taken him to an asylum. We did not reserve a whole compartment because of the expense, and because he is quiet enough when alone with me. But the society of strangers is apt to excite him; so if he awakes I entreat you to do whatever he may ask you, or else there'll be a row."

At the self-same moment the speaker awoke, the altercation about the seats and the commotion of starting had disturbed him. He gave a yawn not unlike a growl, and, as he unfolded himself from his reclining position, developed a stature more than six feet high. There seemed to be no end of him. His head almost touched the umbrella net, his countenance was swarthy and brutish, his eyes were small, but had a gleam in them like a wolf's, and his long arms were terminated by a pair of hands of monstrous size—brown, horny and supple. This unprepossessing lunatic sat up, rubbed his eyes, and noticing his new fellow passengers, grinned to them.

The tongues of Rumble and Thumble clove to their palate. They were both fat men, and not combative, except on paper or in law courts, when people wanted to get money out of them. Rumble had a double chin, and his waistcoat stretched tight over his lower man like the skin of a drum. His eyes peered shyly over little paddings of flesh like small pincushions, and Thumble was in all points like him, except that he was two sizes smaller, Rumble being five-foot-six or so, and he five-foot-four. To say that these two smug gentlemen were horrified at finding themselves in company with a madman, just when they had been dining and wanted to settle business, is to use a weak term. Their digestion stopped; their dinners turned to hard brick inside them, and their business oozed utterly out of their heads. Rumble resolved, with choking wrath, that he would insist on the lunatic's address as soon as the train stopped, and prosecute his relatives. Taumble mused that if he were molested nothing should deter him from bringing an action against the railroad company, although his friend Rumble was a director of it, and both wondered, with an apprehension too hideous for words, how the madman would behave toward them.

They were not kept long in doubt. The lunatic eyed them rather affably than otherwise, and when he had taken stock of them, left his seat smiling to shake their hands.

"How do you do?" he said. "You are going down to look at my estates?"

"Yes, my lord," interposed the servant; "these gentlemen asked leave to travel with your lordship, and I thought you would allow them."

"What, is he a lord?" whispered Rumble to the servant. And this railway director felt his respect much increased for a lunatic who might also be a peer; indeed, he was prepared to find him not so mad after all.

"You must call him 'my lord,' or else there'll be a row," was the servant's answer. And at the same time the lunatic, having shaken hands with Rumble and Thumble, said:

"I don't object at all to your traveling with me, for you seem honest fellows, but tell me your names."

Rumble and Thumble both gave their names, adding, "my lord," as directed, for they neither wanted a row.

"Rumble and Thumble," repeated the lunatic. "Well, I put you down on my visiting list, and now we'll have a game. What shall it be, Rumble? Do you know 'Frogs in the Pool?'"

"Oh, not 'Frogs in the Pool'" my lord," protested the servant, in evident alarm.

"I will have 'Frogs in the Pool,'" cried the madman, raising his voice and glaring, whereupon he drew from his pockets a copy of the Daily Telegraph and a glass sherry flask with a cork stopper. "Now come and sit opposite me, all three of you," he added. "Rumble, you shall be pool, Thumble will be the cow and my servant Jones will play the calf."

"Please do what he tells you, gentlemen!" whispered Jones to the hesitating director and his friend. And the two gentlemen, grimacing with pardonable uneasiness, took their seats facing the madman and watched his doings.

He had torn up his Daily Telegraph and was converting the paper into good-sized pellets. When he had manufactured twenty he stopped and removed the cork from his flask, asking Jones for a light. Jones struck a match and the lunatic carefully charred the end of his cork. Then, with the pellets in the palm of one hand and cork between the finger and thumb of the other, he said:

"Now we'll begin. You, Rumble, will open your mouth wide and I shall take shots at it with these pellets. The pellets are frogs and your mouth is the pool. All the frogs that get into your mouth you'll swallow; those that fall on your lap or on the seat will be eaten by Thumble, who is a cow and will bellow 'Moo-oo-o!' all the while; those that drop on the floor will be for Jones, the calf, who will have to bleat."

A clammy perspiration broke out on the foreheads of Rumble and Thumble. The lunatic was quite close to them, his hot breath and wild eyes almost touched theirs as he gave his explanations, and those hugh hands of his looked as if they could strangle both of them if they resisted. They felt an inclination to resist, but dared not. He meantime counted over his pellets and continued:

"Now about the scoring. I'll draw a circle round your chin with the burnt cork, Rumble, and that will mark the boundaries of the pool. Every pellet that falls within the circle or inside your mouth will count one to me, and those that miss will be scored to you three. If I lose I'll sing a song for you with my mouth full or tobacco; if I win we'll have hot pancakes all round. We'll mark the points on your cheeks, Taumble," concluded he, laughing; "they're pudgy cheeks, like dumplings, by George!"

Having said this the lunatic stooped and laid a fist heavily on Rumble's chest, approaching the burnt cork to his nose. The shock of a galvanic battery would not have effected the unfortunate director more fearfully. He turned pale as a stone and trembled, while the lunatic, intent on his work, drew a broad, black circle round his upper lip and the highest fold of his double chin. Rumble had not the courage to stir; but when the circle was traced he felt the indignity was too much to be bourne. Taumble, for all his fears about himself, could not help smiling at the figure which Rumble cut with a smudged face, and the lunatic laughed outright.

"Really, sir—my lord—this is to-comfoolery," stuttered Rumble, indignantly, as he felt for his handkerchief. But the lunatic immediately ceased laughing and scowled:

"What, have you got into the train on false pretenses? If I thought so, I would fling you out on the line!"

"No, my lord; the gentleman will play all right," intervened the servant Jones, in a flurry; and under his breath he repeated: "For heaven's sake, gentlemen, do as he tells you. He is like a mad bull when he gets into a passion."

"Well, don't get making difficulties again," growled the lunatic, eying the now horrified Rumble with mistrust. "Take off your hat, sir, and rest your head on the back of the seat, then open your whole mouth as wide as it will go. That's not wide enough. Yes, that will about do. Now we'll begin."

The game began—and how to describe it? Jones, the servant, bleated with frenzy, and Thumble, by his directions, did likewise. It was even fine to hear the way in which Thumble bellowed "Moo-oo-o!" patting his whole soul into it and keeping his eyes fix on the lunatic in abject fear of offending him. Rumble meantime, leaning back with his jaws agape, remained passive while the lunatic took shots at him. Every time a pellet fell into his mouth he was obliged—with what wry contortions heaven knows!—to swallow it, and the madman with his burat cork marked a line on Thumble's right cheek. When the pellet's fell it was either Thumble or Jones who gulped them down, and then Thumble's left cheek received the scores. This delightful pastime lasted as far as Leamington, but the train did not stop; it sped on and on, the lunatic raising shrieks of laughter and throwing his pellets each time with greater force. At last the pellets were exhausted, and it turned out that Rumble had swallowed eleven pills of Daily Telegraph, and Thumble and Jones nine between them, so the lunatic had by his rules won the game. He clapped his hands and yelled, "I'm winner; now we'll have hot pancakes all round!"

"No, my lord, not hot pancakes," prayed Jones, who had probably had a taste of these dainties before and remembered them.

"Yes, yes, hot pancakes," insisted the lunatic, with maniacal glee. "Rumble, I'll slap your face; you'll pass the slap on to Thumble; Thumble to Jones, and Jones to me. We'll hit as hard and as fast as we can till we've done eleven slaps, which is the number of my score. Now, look alive!" W-Whack!

And before Rumble could even see what was coming he received on the cheek, with all the might of the lunatic's brawny hand, a slap which seemed to loosen all his teeth in their sockets. Roaring with pain and fury he jumped up, but the lunatic was standing, too, and bawled: "Slap Thumble," Rumble, scarcely knowing what he did, slapped Thumble, and Thumble, with a howl of anguish, passed the blow on to Jones, who, on trying to hit the lunatic, as per convention, received a kick in the stomach which sent him to the other end of the carriage. W-whack! down came the slap the second time on Rumble's face, and was passed on, and then a third time. At the fourth deal the agony of the situation became unendurable. Rumble and Thumble, their cheeks as red as steaks, consulted each other with the eye, and by common accord sprang together on the madman, yelping despairingly to Jones to assist them.

When, at ten o'clock, the train steamed into Oxford, woful cries were heard emerging from a first-class carriage, and the porters, on opening the door, descried three bruised and bleeding passengers sitting in a row on the prostrate body of a man, who was tearing up the drugget with his teeth. Their faces were battered out of all recognition, their noses were swollen to thrice their natural size, and their torn coats and shirts were literally drenched in blood. It caused a pretty hubbub in the station; the more so when Rumble and Thumble, on being extricated, took to reviling each other on the platform, and calling each other pusillanimous curs. The truth is, for some cause or other bad blood had arisen up between these two, and it has not been appeased yet. Thumble threatened the company with an action, and had to be paid off. Rumble wished to indict the madman's friends, but on being menaced with a cross action for using "more violence than necessary" toward an afflicted man, desisted, and even disbursed money. On the whole, however, this little tiff proved beneficial to the community, for Rumble, disliking superfluous expense, had always dissuaded his company from establishing effective communication between passengers and guard; but after his journey with the lunatic he thought better of it. His line is now provided with excellent alarm-bells, and whenever Director Rumble travels he takes care to be seated beneath one of them.—London World.

Caudles Made From Plants.

"Several very curious substances of an inflammable nature are produced by plants," said a naturalist to a Washington Star writer. "Many vegetable species bear wax, which, in the form of minute scales on the surface of the plum and other stone fruits, makes what is called the 'bloom.' It exists so abundantly in the fruit of a Virginia myrtle that the latter has received the name of 'candle berry.' These berries are collected in great quantities for their wax and candles made from them burn with remarkable brightness and freedom from smoke, at the same time giving out pleasant fragrance. A wax-bearing tree exists in South Africa the berries of which yield a substance which is made into candles by the Dutch. There are several species of wax palms in South America. One of them has its leaves covered with scales of wax, while the trunk of another kind is covered with the wax as with a varnish.

"A substance very like tallow is yielded by a tree in China, the seed vessels of which are hard brownish husks. Each of them contains three round white kernels, about the size and shape of hazel nuts. These kernels have small stones inside them, around which the fatty matter lies. From the pit of the stone an oil for burning in lamps is pressed. Almost all the candles used in the south of China are made from this vegetable tallow. A tree abounds on the Malabar Coast of India, called the 'piney,' which bears a pulpy fruit that yields a great quantity of solid tallow approaching wax in firmness and superior to animal fat for the manufacture of candles.

"Another remarkable inflammable substance secreted by plants is camphor. It is chiefly obtained from a species of laurel native to the East Indies. In preparing it pieces of the root are put into an iron vessel tightly covered. When the vessel is heated the camphor rises in the form of vapor and is condensed on the cover. That is the primitive method at all events, though I believe that it is improved upon by newly invented processes. In old trees the camphor is sometimes found, when the trunks are split open, in a very pure state, forming small concretions or 'tears.'"

Four Boa Constrictors in a Wrangle.

The largest merchant in wild live animals for zoological gardens and menageries is Hagenbeck, at Hamburg, whose animal park is a sight to see which many tourists will go expressly to Hamburg. There are at present four large sized boas in one cage. The other day a rabbit was placed in the cage and was seized by two of the reptiles at the same time. The two snakes immediately curled themselves one around the other and began squeezing each other. The larger soon squeezed the other into relinquishing the rabbit. But at the same moment the two other boas came and seized the rabbit simultaneously. In a moment the three snakes were rolled together in a heap and squeezed one another as best they could. One of them soon looked as if it was being squeezed to death, and the attendants went in to try to separate the combatants. Immediately the three heads of the snakes with jaws wide apart turned upon the men, evidently angry at being interfered with in their playful trial of strength, and the men had to beat a hasty retreat. The squeezing match continued for three hours, when the combatants parted from sheer exhaustion. Then the small snake came up again and seized the rabbit, but was immediately pounced upon by one of the larger snakes, which forced the little one again to let go, when the larger managed to swallow the rabbit. Then the little snake attacked the robber and a fearful contest commenced in which the victory remained doubtful, because the bigger reptile was partially disabled through the labor of digestion it had to perform on the rabbit. Night set in and the combatants still held each other embraced. Mr. Hagenbeck was afraid his costly snakes might kill each other. But in the morning he found them all four in the best of health, each occupying a corner of its own in the cage and sleeping the sleep of the just.—Chicago Herald.

Harpoons for Two.

An English officer found his match in an American duelist in 1835. The American was the captain of a whaling ship, and, when in a West India post, had a quarrel forced upon him by a rude bully, who happened also to be a British officer stationed there. The American accepted the challenge offered and chose as the proper weapons harpoons, with which he was an expert.

Forced to assent, the officer had to station himself opposite his now formidable antagonist, who stood poising the long spear in his right hand, while his left held the coil of rope attached to it. Though greatly troubled, shame and desperation kept up the courage of the Britisher, till the whaler cast his coil of rope into the hands of his second mate, exclaiming in a gruff voice: "Stand by, to haul the critter in."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the ready response. But before it was well uttered the "critter" was far beyond the reach of harpoon or tackle, and he never again troubled a Yankee whaler.—New York Recorder.

Almonds.

The almond is simply a peach with a leathery coat instead of the juicy flesh of the peach. This often splits open when the nut is ripe. Those who don't know get varieties that do not open, and then find "almond culture not profitable." It takes brains to run even so simple an affair as an almond orchard.—Meehan's Monthly.

The origin of the pony express in Utah is credited to Brigham Young.

THE NEWS.

Engineer Crockett was run over by his train at Fort Washington, Pa.——The large tank furnace at John Gaynor's glassworks, in Salem, N. J., burst, and for a time endangered the whole plant, but by the exertion of the employes the fire was kept under control. About sixty tons of glass will be lost, and fifty men and boys thrown out of work for several days.——Dr. Keeley has been sued for $10,000 damages.——Joseph L. Tice, the Rochester wife-murderer, was electrocuted at Auburn, N. Y.——One of the largest mining sales ever made in Arizona has been consumated, whereby Dr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., has become owner of the Hillside group of mines. The purchase price is $500,000.——Garza has again been located—this time at Key West, Fla.——Train robbers held up a stage in Turner Canon, Cal., and relieved the passengers.——The Pike Manufacturing Company of Boston, wholesale dealers in plumbers' supplies, with works at Pell City, Ala., has assigned.——The new reorganization plan of the Richmond Terminal Company provides for an assessment on the Terminal stock of about seven per cent.——Porter Stocks, a nephew of the Rev. Sam Jones, the evangelist, was found guilty at Atlanta of the murder of Alph Cossin——The lower section of Sioux City, Ia., was flooded, a number of persons drowned, 2,000 head of cattle lost and several thousand persons rendered homeless.——In Sevier county, Tenn., a whitecap was shot and seriously wounded.——Fort McKinney, in Wyoming, caught fire, and the canteen building and three cavalry barracks were entirely consumed. Several men were injured by the blowing up of a building containing powder.

Adrian Fetard, an interesting historical character, died in St. Louis.——Twelve Garza revolutionists were arraigned in San Antonio.——In El Paso four men convicted of murder were sentenced to be shot.——The Newfoundland government has determined to rescind the enforcement of the bait act against Canadian fishermen this season. This practically ends the tariff war between Newfoundland and Canada.——The forty-second annual session of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society began at Harrisburg.——Ring Rhen Brothers' circus train was wrecked near Concord a, Kansas, and four men killed and five injured.——A servant in the employ of Senator Faulkner, at Martinsburg, W. Va., stole a lot of valuable jewels and clothing.—Chancellor McGill, of Trenton, N. J., refused to admit to probate the will of John Wade, a millionaire who died recently at Plainfield.——Richard Kyle, teller of the defunct Western Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, was indicted for embezzlement, his alleged stealings being $10,000.——Hundreds of persons were rescued from the tops of houses in the flooded districts in Illinois. Immense damage has been done to crops in the bottom lands of Missouri.——Chairman Clarkson was interviewed in Chicago. He said he did not think there would be a nomination on the first ballot.——The remains of Alfred George Lathrop were buried in New York.

In a duel at short range in Fort Worth, Tex., Harry C. Robinson was shot dead, and W. H. Coffman seriously wounded.——Alfred Fuechsel was arrested in Chicago on suspicion of having caused the death of a girl by drowning.——In Chicago Albert Gerkrosch was shot dead by one of a gang of youthful highwaymen.—— At Corpus Christi, Tex., John T. Parker, for the murder of City Marshall Mussett, has been sentenced to ninety-nine years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. Four days were spent in securing a jury, but the actual trial only occupied four hours.——Vast beds of steel rails in the Hanover Valley of New Mexico have been purchased by a syndicate.——One of the three stage robbers in Reading Cal., was captured by three boys. He was badly wounded.——Chinamen are conferring with President Diaz with the view of moving the Chinamen in this country to Mexico.——Diphtheria is epidemic in Erie, Pa.——John Pflugler, a well-to-do stockman who held the enmity of the cattle thieves, was found shot to death at Fort Morgan, Col.——Ten tenement houses at Avondale, Ala., belonging to Hon. A. A. Bachellor, of Louisiana, and valued at $12,000 were destroyed by fire.——The floods in Missouri and Illinois continue their work of destruction. The Bowman dyke, of East St. Louis, gave way, and hundreds of acres of lowlands were submerged.

The capitol building at Santa Fe was destroyed by fire. Loss $250,000. No insurance.——Fire in Jefferson, Texas, destroyed the wholesale house of D. C. Wise & Co. Loss $40,000. Partially insured.——Lena Bruno and her two-year-old brother disappeared from her home in St. Louis. It is thought that she jumped into the river with the baby.——The expedition to explore the mineral deposits on the Carriso Mountains, on the Navajo reservation, started from Fort Wingate under escort of Company D, Second Cavalry, and one company of Indian soldiers. General McCook is chairman.——The Mississippi, Missouri, Colorado and other Western rivers are rising rapidly, and the water has gone above the danger line. Heavy rains in the West cause fear of inundations.——Harry Paul, a German tanner of Plymouth, Pa., has fallen heir to $50,000 by the death of his father in Posen.——A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Mayor Westcott, of Camden, N. J., on a charge of false imprisonment.——Reuben Davis, for fifty years a school-teacher, is dead aged eighty-three, at Shiloh, N. J. He was master of three languages, and a noted mathematician. He left valuable mathematical manuscripts.

James Dooley confessed murdering his aunt and her child in Villisca, Iowa.——In a shooting affair at Frankfort, Ky., between John T. Johnson and Charles Owens, the latter was killed, while the former and a number of others were wounded.——Fire in the old Sturtevant block, in Cleveland, did damage to the extent of $23,000.——Capt. J. Snapp was sentenced to ten and a-half years in the penitentiary in St. Paul for check-raising.——The National Executive Committee of the People's party have promulgated a program for the national convention.——The international train was fired on by robbers, near Temple, Texas, and several passengers hurt.——A fire in Hazleton, Pa., destroyed the Valley Hotel, opera house, freight depot and other buildings, entailing a loss of $90,500.——A. M. Slade, aged twenty-three years, of Hackensack, N. J., attempted suicide at his room at the Keystone Hotel, Philadelphia, by inhaling gas.——The coroner's jury on the fire in the Central Theater, in Philadelphia, brought in a verdict charging Manager Gilmore with violating the law with reference to exits, and the inspectors for not reporting that the law was not observed.——Hartman Kuhn a resident of Philadelphia, died, aged eighty years. He was a well-known club man, and a member of the bar, but never practiced his profession, having inherited an ample estate from his father and grandfather.

BURIED ALIVE IN A MINE.

Terrible Cave-in at the Anaconda Works in Montana.

An appalling accident occurred at the Anaconda Mines in Montana. Twelve men were caught in a cave-in from the five hundred level down to the eight hundred. The ground where the accident occurred is sloped out more or less all the way out, so, when it gave way at the eight hundred, all above, as stated, gave way, too. The accident is simply one of the unavoidable occurrences that may be expected at any time, but cannot before be prevented. There was a dozen men working in the slope near the nine hundred level at the various distances down from it. They were all caught in the cave. Three of them—Mike Callahan, James Breen and Robert Works—were near the top of the cave, and were rescued alive, but badly injured. The other nine were so covered with debris, rocks and timbers that life must have at once been crushed out of them. The bodies of three have so far been recovered.

REST FOR AGED TYPOS.

Dedication of the Childs-Drexel Home at Colorado Springs.

Interest in the Ceremonies—Description of the Building Raised by the Money of Printers and Philanthropists.

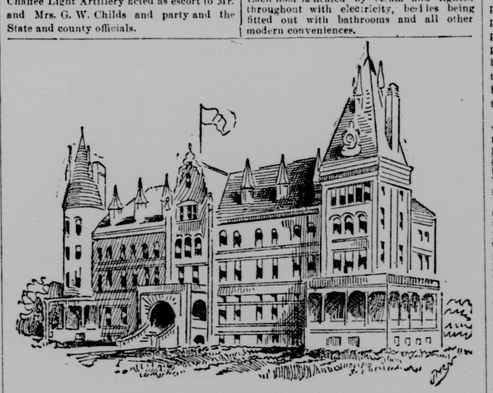
A despatch from Colorado Springs, Col., says: Twenty thousand men and women, representing the union printers and newspaper writers of this country, assembled on a broad plateau on the foothills and took part in the dedication of the magnificent structure that is henceforth to afford an asylum to the aged and infirm of the typographical fraternity. The event of the day was preceded by a parade, in which were the typographical unions of Denver, Pueblo, Creede, Leadville, and Colorado Springs, and the carpenters, stonecutters, painters, plumbers, and other trades unions. In the second division the Chaffee Light Artillery acted as escort to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Childs and party and the State and county officials.

There was a renewal of the previous scene of enthusiasm as the speaker concluded. Thereafter brief remarks from Vice-President McKenna of the International Typographical Union and the reading of the poem composed by Eugene Mundy, the printer poet of Philadelphia, United States Senator J. H. Gallinger of New Hampshire, who was greeted with prolonged applause, was presented to deliver the oration of the day.

Senator Gallinger reviewed the history of printing and the influence of the art upon civilization. He paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Childs's generosity.

Brief remarks followed from W. S. Cappeller of Mansfield, Ohio, President of the National Editorial Association, several hundred members of which organization were massed around the speakers' stand. With the pronouncing of the benediction the exercises came to an end.

The building of the home is one mile from the city, on a small elevation, which overlooks the surrounding country, including the Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak, Manitou, and Cheyenne Canon. It is constructed of white lava stone, with red stone trimmings. The style is Renaissance, and the construction cost $50,000. The home is four stories in height and 144 feet front, with a depth of 40 feet. It has three towers, with balconies extending along both sides and on every story. Each floor is heated by steam and lighted throughout with electricity, bells being fitted out with bathrooms and all other modern conveniences.



THE CHILDS-DREXEL HOME FOR UNION PRINTERS.

Addresses of welcome were delivered in behalf of the State by Gov. John L. Routt, in behalf of the citizens by Mayor Ira G. Sprague, and for the Typographical Union of Colorado by the Hon. H. G. Lunt, President of the Chamber of Commerce. The latter said in part:

"The Childs-Drexel Home for Union Printers is no local undertaking, confined to a narrow section or favored few, but it is as broad as the spirit of the nineteenth century, and marks an epoch in the progression and humanity. At the gateway to our mountains it will stand, a splendid monument to generosity and affectionate consideration for the unfortunate."

When Mr. Childs rose to reply the enthusiasm of the assemblage reached a climax. The immense gathering got upon its feet and cheered and shouted and yelled until the din was deafening. He said:

"I am not unnaturally embarrassed in addressing a company of such a distinguished and diversified representative character. I can express it the deep sense of my appreciation of the honor such a reception confers upon me. I am profoundly impressed by the generous welcome of the chief magistrate of this young, wealthy, and vigorous commonwealth; of the chief magistrate of this affluent, beautiful city, and of the President of your Chamber of Commerce, who have put aside the grave affairs of State and municipality and the exactions of business to give greeting to us who have come from a long distance to assist in the dedication of this home.

"It was forty-one years ago that the International Typographical Union was established by and for the members of that honorable craft whose intelligent minds and skilful hands have so disseminated human thoughts throughtout the world. [Shouts of "Good!"

"The printers' unions have not only spread the light of education and religion over this vast continent; they have given to labor a higher dignity, a broader independence, and all those qualities which render it of greatest worth. From my boyhood I have been more or less intimately associated with the members of the printers' craft, and, knowing it so long and well, I have naturally sympathized with it [cries of 'You have,'] and, therefore, I have been able to do to express my respect, admiration, and affection for it has honored me more in the doing of it than the craft in the reception of it.

"It is not the printers who owe me gratitude. [Applause.] The indebtedness is mine. I regret that my dear friend associate, Mr. Drexel, is not here to-day in person to share with me the friendly warmth of your generous greeting. For him, who is here in spirit with me, whose sympathy for all that is good and noble is so great, as well as for myself, I heartily, earnestly thank you. It is not our deserving, but your generosity, which has made your welcome so impressive and grateful."

SENATOR BARBOUR'S DEATH,

Causes a Shock to the Entire Community in Washington.

It is seldom that the announcement of the death of a public man causes such a shock to the entire community in Washington as did the news of the sudden demise of Senator John S. Barbour, of Virginia, at his residence, No. 144 B street northwest. The Virginia Senator had resided in Washington so long, and had been so closely connected with the administration of affairs as a member of the Senate District committee that he had come to be regarded as a citizen of Washington as well as a citizen of Virginia. Soon after 5 o'clock his sister-in-law, Miss Butterfield, was shocked by the Senator knocking on her door. He told her he had a choking sensation in his throat, and asked her to send for a doctor. A servant was at once started for Dr. Byrne, a few doors away, and Capt. Ham. Shepherd, who was in the house, was called. The Senator lay down on his bed and almost became unconscious. Restoratives of various kinds were administered, without avail, and when Dr. Bayne arrived, a few minutes later, he gave it as his opinion that death had followed as soon as the Senator lay down, and resulted from heart failure. On two previous occasions Senator Barbour had had attacks of the same choking sensation, accompanied by pain, and resulting from imperfect action of the heart.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Hon. John Strode Barbour was born at the family seat, Culpeper county, Va., on the 29th of December, 1820, and so was verging on seventy-two years at the time of his death. His father, the Hon. John S. Barbour of other days, was long one of the Representatives in Congress from Virginia, and his family has always been one of the foremost of the commonwealth and of the landed gentry of Culpeper county. Senator Barbour had three brothers, Hon. James Barbour, who survives him; Col. Alfred Barbour, who had charge of the Harper's Ferry armory at the outbreak of the war and who died in Alabama during the war, and Dr. Edw. Barbour, who died a few years ago. Both his sisters, Miss Sallie Barbour and Mrs. C. C. Slaughter, are dead, so that ex-State Senator James Barbour is the only survivor of his family.

Mr. Barbour graduated at the law school of the University of Virginia in 1843, and in 1847 was elected to represent Culpeper county in the House of Delegates of Virginia, and having served several terms became in 1850 president of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad Company, succeeding George H. Smoot, and continuing at its head for nearly thirty years. He served as Congressman for three terms. In his second term he came into prominence as a political manager, when, in the exciting campaign of 1883, as chairman of the State central committee, he defeated Mahone in the contest for the control of the Virginia Legislature. He was chairman of the committee again in 1884, and successfully managed the campaign which gave the electoral votes of the state to Cleveland and Hendricks.

He was a candidate before the Legislature for the United States Senate at the expiration of Mahone's term, but was defeated by John W. Daniel. Four years later, at the expiration of the term of Harrison H. Riddleberger, Mr. Barbour was the almost unanimous choice of his party for the Senate. He received the caucus nomination by acclamation. He took his seat in the Senate March 4, 1889.

THE remains of Paul Hammond, the printer, who died in a Paris hospital from the effects of the injuries in the explosion at M. Very's restaurant which was blown up with dynamite by anarchists in revenge for the capture of Ravachol, were interred by the State in the cemetry of Pere la Chaise, near Paris. A large number of citizens followed the body to the grave. The president of the municipal council of Paris delivered an address in the cemetery, in which he denounced the ruthless acts of the anarchists.

In the basement is the kitchen, lavatory, &c. On the the first floor are the executive offices, the Drexel parlors, the San Francisco room, and the Childs parlors, all of which are most handsomely furnished.

Among the many beautiful things in the latter room is a magnificent painting of Hon. George W. Childs, which cost over $1,000. Other rooms on this and other floor are furnished by unions in Chicago, San Francisco, New York and St. Louis, the fittings and furniture in every case both of the handsomest kind, and made in the cities furnishing them. The library has already many volumes but it is the intention of the managers to make it one of the most complete collections in the world.

The fund for the construction of the building was started in 1886, when Mr. George W. Childs and A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, presented the International Typographical Union their joint check for $10,000. To increase this fund it was agreed that on May 12,



GEORGE W. CHILDS.

the anniversary of the birth of Mr. Childs, every union printer east of the Mississippi River should contribute the price of 1,000 ems, and on September 13 following, the birthday of Mr. Drexel, all union men west of the river should donate a like sum. By this means the money was secured to construct this magnificent home, the location of which was decided upon during the national convention held in Denver in 1889.

M. CARNOT, President of the French Republic, is by descent the Count Carnot de Feuleins, and Mme. Carnot is a countess, but these things don't count as much as they did in France.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

MISS NANCY CORNELIUS, an Indian, has