The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LXXVI.---NO. 27.

EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1892.

$1.50 PER YEAR

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMP'S
BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

Professional Cards.

MAJ. WM. E. STEWART,
Attorney-at-Law, *Easton, Md.*
Office at his residence on Washington street

JAMES C. MULLIKIN,
Attorney-at-Law, *Easton, Md.*
Office next door to the M. E. Church.

T. J. SMITHERS,
DENTIST, *EASTON, MD.*
Office corner Washington and Cabinet streets.

CHARLES E. SHANAHAN,
Attorney-at-Law, *Easton, Md.*
Office on Dover street. Especial attention to Collection of Claims. Purchase and Sale of Real Estate. Conveyancing, &c.

ROBSON BROS.
NEWS DEALERS, *EASTON, MD.*
Daily, Weekly and Monthly Papers furnished at Publishers prices. Subscription Agents for Harper's, Leslie's and The Century Co's. Publications. Prompt attention to all orders guaranteed. ja30tf

DRS. W. T. KELLEY & BRO.
Dentists, *Easton, Md.*
Office in the Shanahan Building, Dover St.

LEWIS BUFFETT, M. D., D. D. S.,
Dentist, *Easton, Md.*
Office in Masonic Temple. 21novly

EDWARD ROBERTS
BUILDER, *EASTON, MD.*
Jan25,'90*

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

MURRAY, the BARBER.

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

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

BRICKS AND DRAIN TILE

EVER EXHIBITED IN A COMBINED BRICK AND TILE YARD.

I have on hand an extra large stock of

DRAIN TILE,

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

BRICKS

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

TERRA COTTA,

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

JOSEPH H. WHITE,
EASTON, MD.
oly

WORLD'S FAIR.

THIRTY state buildings are now in progress of construction at the Exposition grounds.

ALTHOUGH it has been a year in service the Pennsylvania State Commission has expended but $23,000 of its $300,000 appropriation. The building will cost about $80,000, and the balance will be used for collecting exhibits and administration.

ARRANGEMENTS have been completed the past week for a congress to be held in Chicago next summer on water commerce. Delegates are expected from all over the world, and the most important subject for discussion is expected to be a ship canal to connect the Mississippi river with the Atlantic Ocean.

PLANS for the $100,000 building for the leather manufacturers' exhibit have been approved by the director general and the contract will soon be let. The building will be 625x170 feet, and will have two galleries. The ground floor and first gallery will be used for the shoe and leather exhibit, and the second gallery for a promenade, restaurant, &c.

IT is estimated that machinery to be used by the Exposition, but which will also be in competitive exhibits will aggregate in value $420,000. The cost to the Fair for these articles will be less than $100. Among the exhibits used will be lawn mowers that would cost $10,000. Of course, the exhibitors expect their reward in the advertisement their wares will secure.

A DELEGATION from the National Association of Upholstery Manufacturers have applied for space for a collective exhibit. The upholstery men claim that under the beneficent influences of protection, their industry has developed so that domestic goods can now compete with imported goods in every grade. They cited as proof of this that American goods are now made to sell for $10 a yard, almost the highest price for imported fabrics.

OWING to an unintentional and much-regretted blunder, no New York soldiers will participate in the dedication ceremonies next October. When Gen. Miles, U. S. A. who has military matters in charge, invited the adjutant generals of the various states to confer with him in Chicago, Gen. Porter, of New York, was overlooked. It was no use to explain that it was a clerical error. New York soldiers were, and are, firmly convinced that an affront was intended, and will not be coaxed into joining the procession.

CABLE SPARKS.

TWENTY persons charged with the crime of treason in conspiring to overthrow the present government of the Hawaiian Islands and establish a republic have been arrested in Honolulu.

THE prime minister of South Australia, the Hon. Mr. Playford, proposes the holding of a conference of the representatives of Australian conferences with a view of taking combined action against the importation of colored labor into Australia.

THE annual review of the garrison of Berlin at the Tempelhof, the drilling ground near Berlin, was a most brilliant spectacle, and was witnessed by the Emperor and Empress of Germany, the little Queen of the Netherlands and her mother, Queen Regent Emma.

J. W. LOWTHER, parliamentary secretary of the British foreign office, stated in the House of Commons that the British government had no information regarding a rumor that the United States had offered to make tariff concessions on Sheffield and Birmingham goods in return for England's acceptance of the invitation to take part in the monetary conference.

THE French minister of foreign affairs, M. Ribot, has notified the British government that French Catholic missionaries in Uganda, Africa, have been treated with great cruelty by Captain Lugard, agent of the British East Africa Company, and that as Great Britain has established a protectorate over the country France will hold her responsible for the alleged outrage.

AN international art exhibition was opened in Munich with great ceremony by the prince regent of Bavaria. A large number of royal personages were present. The exhibition comprises works of art from most of the European countries. America and Japan are also represented.

A GANG of men supposed to be some of the foreign anarchists who have flocked to London since the authorities of other European cities have started a crusade against them were seen by a policeman behaving suspiciously at the railway station in Londonfields, in North London. When the policeman advanced upon them the men ran off, leaving behind them four powerful dynamite cartridges to which fuses were attached and which, it is believed, were about to be used to blow up the station. No arrests were made.

FATE AND LIFE.

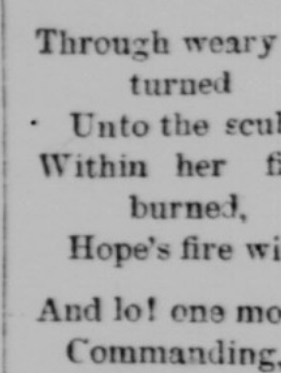
To her, Fate gave a stone in place of bread,
And yet she made no moan,
But took her gift and smiling brightly, said,
"It is a noble stone."

Through weary days her skilful hands were turned
Unto the sculptor's arts;
Within her fine eyes, glowingly there burned,
Hope's fire within her heart.

And lo! one morn the sunrise did disclose,
Commanding, gracious, grand,
A marble statue perfect in its pose,
Carved by her steadfast hand.

—Maude Andrews Ohl.

IN A SQUALL.



ON the piazza of Thompson's Hotel, at the Highlands of Navesink, a short distance away, sat two young girls, just bursting into the first bloom of womanhood. One was a blonde of the most refined type. Silken hair, of a soft, flaxen color, was combed back plainly from her pure and white brow. The arched eyebrows of faint brown sat calmly above two of the serenest blue eyes in the world.

Her companion, Nellie Brown, was a brunette of the type commonly called dashing. Her hair was coal black, and in some lights looked bluish. Her eyes were almost black. Nellie's lips were full and ripe, but just a trifle compressed, telling at once of a strong, passionate nature and determined will. Her complexion was of that clear, warm hue that shows the slighest movement of the rich blood beneath it. Her cheeks were never without a sparkle, and her lips seldom without a smile.

When Harry Wilson's clear, manly voice rolled up from the river brink, her eyes danced and her lips quivered. Blanche Hastings was not blind, and just the slightest spasm of fear shot through her heart as she thought that her friend might become her rival in love.

Just inside the window, behind the two young ladies and out of sight of both, stood a young man with his hands thrust deep down in his pockets, and apparently wrapped in deep thought. He was not a handsome man. But George Courtney bore in his face, with its frank blue eyes and its corona of light hair, an expression of marvelous sincerity. No one ever heard him speak without being convinced at once of his truthfulness.

He stood gazing, with a peculiar expression, out though the half closed blinds upon Nellie Brown. He had heard Harry's song, and had smiled as he remembered how often he had heard the same tones ringing out in the University Glee Club, when they had been classmates at Harvard five years before. Harry was his oldest friend; and they always managed to spend the summer together. This year Harry had brought his yacht, the Mystic, down to the Highlands, and he and George were living at Thompson's, where they made the acquaintance of the two young ladies. Six weeks had rolled by very speedily, and George Courtney, hearing his friend sing, and seeing the effect the song had upon a certain young lady with deep brown eyes, was brought very suddenly and painfully face to face with the fact that he was head and ears in love with Nellie Brown.

And giving vent to his feelings by a long whistle, he strode away. At that moment a splendid-looking old gentleman stepped out on the piazza and greeted the young ladies.

"Good-morning, my beauties; how are you to-day?"

"Oh, uncle," cried Blanche Hastings, "how you startled us. We are both splendid, and enjoying Mr. Wilson's singing on the sly."

"A brilliant boy, but no depth, I fear. Now, If I were a young lady, George Courtney would—"

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Nellie, impetuously; "he's too quiet, too lazy. A man to win my admiration, Mr. Hastings, must be a man, not a statue. Now, Mr. Harry Wilson is full of life and dash. He has vim. That is what I admire. I want some one who can conquer me."

"Well, well," said Mr. Hastings, smiling, "such a man would be hard to find; but I'll wager that Courtney will come nearer to your ideal that Wilson."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Nellie, and turned away in pretended disgust.

Harry Wilson came laughing up the walk in front of the house. He was tall, slender and active looking; and in his blue flannels looked the picture of manly health and grace. Both girls arose to greet him.

"Good-morning, laggards," he cried; "I've been up these two hours fondling my beauty down there in the river. I wait for nothing now but my fair weight, and here you sit, not ready to move yet."

"There, sir," said Nellie, "you are out of your course—that's nautical, isn't it?—for we have breakfasted and will be ready to start in ten minutes."

"But where's my super-cargo? my crew? Hello, aloft there! George, where are you?"

"Here I am," said Courtney, coming out of the door, looking plain, but strong, in his yaching suit. "I am all ready, and on deck—not aloft."

In a few minutes they were all aboard the yacht, and in another the water was foaming up around her cutwater, and two long, ever-widening ripples swept away from her bows.

"Oh, isn't this glorious!" cried Nellie.

"It is delightful," said Blanche.

"By Jove, though, we are going outside to-day," said Harry. "Do you think either of you will be sea-sick."

"Sea-sick! Pshaw! I never was seasick in my life, and I'm not going to begin now," replied Nellie.

"Then," cried Harry, "we shall have a glorious day. Just look at those little clouds over there in the west. They are massing themselves in one spot; we shall have a splendid westerly wind before night, and can beat back from Rockaway in two tacks, one to the Scotland lightship, and thence to the hospital ship; another tack brings the wind on our beam, and gives us a straight run home."

"How you do love the water," said Nellie, showing her admiration a little more openly than was pleasing to George.

"Yes, Miss Brown," replied Harry, "I adore the sea."

George smiled at Harry's enthusiasm, and Blanche, observing him said:

"Mr. Courtney, I don't believe you feel like that, do you?"

"Well," replied George, slowly, as a man weighing his words, "I don't know that I can talk like Harry, but I should hate to see harm come to the Mystic's timbers. I've known her from keel to weather-vane ever since Harry bought her, and she's a faithful craft."

"There," cried Harry, "you see my boat has two lovers, and she's shown equal favor to both, and betrayed the trust of neither."

"There's many a woman," replied Nellie, with great audacity, "that dces the same."

"How can that be?" asked Courtney.

"Many a woman has two or more lovers who have never breathed their minds to her, and by showing equal favor to all, she betrays the trust of none."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Harry. "George, will you go below and see where the lunch things are and set the table?"

As George started to carry out Harry's suggestion, Blanche arose and said:

"Let me go, too; I'm sure I can be of assistance to you, Mr. Courtney."

"Well," replied George, smiling, "we usually get along very well without the aid of women on board the Mystic; but I am sure that your skill will be of great assistance to me, and I gratefully accept your generous offer."

That little complimentary speech was not lost on Nellie; she was not in love with George Courtney; but she knew that he was with her: and she brooked no rival, not even in the presence of her nearest friend.

"Why, you have a genuine feast prepared; Nellie will be charmed."

"Will she?" asked George, a little eagerly; "I arranged this lunch myself."

"Yes, she will," replied Blanche, looking straight into his eyes; "you take great delight in pleasing Nellie, don't you?"

"Why, certainly," said George, looking a little embarrassed.

"I fear you are too anxious to please her," Blanche said, her eyes becoming serious. "Pardon my speaking so plainly, but I fear you would better think less of her."

"What do you mean?"

Blanche did not speak, but simply bent her head toward the cabin door, through which Harry could be plainly seen bending over Nellie in earnest conversation, while her eyes were fixed on the seams in the deck.

"I am sorry I said anything," said Blanche, laying her hand gently on his shoulder.

George took the little hand in his, and, smiling gently, said:

"It is better that you told me."

As he turned from her he glanced through the cabin door again, and saw Nellie looking at him with a peculiar expression in her eyes. He dropped Blanche's hand hastily, and busied himself about the dishes.

"All hands on deck to reef!" shouted Harry, half an hour later.

George bounded up the steps, and, throwing a keen glance around the horizon, saw at once the cause of Harry's call.

The southerly wind was still blowing, and the boat was dancing merrily through the water. Sandy Hook was only a gray line behind her, and away to the northeast, dimly visible above the blue water, was Rockaway Beach. About two miles to the south the lightship was rolling lazily on the swells, and a few coasting schooners were taking in their topsails. In the west the clouds which Harry had mentioned before starting were massed into a dense black volume. The lower part of this mass was heavy and bluish. Along its upper edge was a line of dark gray, and in front of that ragged patches of vapor, ashen in tint, were slowly creeping eastward.

"George," said Harry, "that looks as if we should soon have a squall. Take the helm, while I put a double reef in the mainsail."

"Will it be dangerous?" asked Nellie.

George looked at her before answering. Her eyes were full of light and her face a little pale, except where two glowing red spots appeared in her cheeks. He looked at Blanche. Her face was white, but her lips were compressed, and she looked calm.

"I do not wish to frighten you," said George, "but a squall is always dangerous, and this looks like a bad one. Still, I think we shall get through this one all right."

The young ladies made no reply, but somehow this man's calm, deliberate manner of speaking, and his firm, fearless attitude inspired them with something like confidence.

"So there is something strong somewhere in him," thought Nellie, as she looked into his quiet face.

The blue-black cloud in the west was rising with terrible rapidity. A low, humming sound was heard in the west. Suddenly the water a mile behind them became wrinkled and gray, and patches of foam appeared.

In another instant the gaff, with all the yards of canvas beneath it, came rumbling down upon the deck. The next moment the wind struck them. Harry whirled the wheel around like lightning. The boat spun about upon her keel, the force of the wind upon her bare rigging heeling her over and giving her steerage way. Unfortunately, they had to receive the squall over the boat's stern, and so had to go clear around in order to come up head to it. The boom, when it dropped on the decks, had fallen a little to the starboard, and that was the side which was toward the wind as the boat went about.

The wind caught the loose canvas of the mainsail, and swung the boom across the deck with great force. Harry turned at George's shout, saw it coming, and attempted to drop flat upon the deck. He was not quick enough, and in an instant the heavy spar struck him on the side of the head and knocked him senseless over the side of the boat.

The girls screamed and sprang to their feet; the boat careened and came sharply up into the wind. Harry sank out of sight, and the next instant George's form cleft the surface. Nellie and Blanche stood with ghastly faces, locked in each other's arms, and speechless with fear.

They thought only of the two men beneath the waves, buried out of sight under the storm-driven spume. To Nellie's eyes was visible a powerful frame, instinct with every pulse of noble manhood, and a calm, quiet face, that had plunged into the waves to save the man who had been a friend, but a rival in love.

And then there came to her eyes a sight that she never forgot. Less than twenty-five yards from the boat, the foam-covered waters parted, and the face she was waiting for arose; then the powerful shoulders and the sinewy arms, one thrown around the motionless form of Harry Wilson, the other cleaving the water with giant strokes. The calm gaze was turned toward her; their eyes met; and in that supreme moment she knew that he worshiped her, and felt that she loved him.

"A rope!" he gasped.

A spare sheet was coiled on the deck. Nellie seized one end, turned it a couple of times around her waist, and then with all her strength hurled the coil toward George. It reached him, and with a smile on his face he grasped it.

"Pull!" he gasped.

Nellie needed no further instruction. She tugged away at the rope in sheer desperation.

In a few seconds George had his burden at the gunwale.

He passed the end of the rope which he held under Harry's shoulders, and gave it to Nellie.

"Hold that till I get in," he said.

She obeyed, and, climbing over the gunwale, he took the rope from her. In another moment he had Harry in the boat, and was pouring brandy down his throat. Blanche had fainted on the deck.

* * * * * * *

The shades of evening had gathered around the Highlands, and Nellie Brown was sitting on the piazza thinking something of her escape of the morning, but more of him who had played a hero's part.

"Miss Brown, I have come to say good-by. I go away to-morrow."

It was George who spoke.

"Go away to-morrow," said Nellie, slowly repeating his words, while a strange feeling of fear crept into her breast.

"Yes," he said, "my mother has telegraphed me to join her at Saratoga. Good-by. I have spent a very pleasant summer, and I owe much of it to you."

He clasped her hand, held it a moment, and then silently moved toward the door.

Did his ears deceive him, or did she sigh? He could not leave her thus. He turned sharply and went and stood before her.

"Miss Brown, I am going away, but before I go I cannot help telling you that I am mad enough to love you blindly. I have no right to, but I—"

"George!"

She was standing up, holding out both hands to him, and even in the darkness he could see the light in her eyes.

"I told you he was worth something," said Mr. Hastings the next morning.

But Blanche remained true to her first impressions, and is now Mrs. Harry Wilson.—New York News.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The ideas of to-day are the forces of to-morrow.

No amusement that hurts the body can help the soul.

The moral atmosphere is full of seed thoughts, winged.

Let your face be light with cheerfulness during the days of your life.

We, too, must pass through conflict to victory, and be perfected through suffering.

A favorite way of quieting the conscience is to tell other people how to do the thing that you have left undone.

Every day we need to get hold of a rich, juicy text and hold on to it until we have sucked all the sweetness out of it.

With love the heart become a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; but without it, it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

In a truly godlike man his love is pure and unmixed and full of kindness, insomuch that he cannot but love in sincerity all men and things and wish well and do good to them and rejoice in their welfare.

A man cannot for one day compel his body or his mind to unusual exercises without soreness or extreme weariness and languor. A similar and more serious discomfort follows any earnest attempt to adopt a higher principle of conduct, or to subject one's life to motives never before strongly felt.

Keep thy soul attuned to high harmonies. Forgive that self within thee which is an enemy to thy soul. Forget what thou art in what thou wouldst be. Thou canst not know how many souls stands in the ray that passes through thee. Count what thy friend is to thee and say naught of what he is not.

Where Lightning Strikes Oftenest.

From records in the statistical office at Berlin, Germany, it appears that houses with thatched roofs are struck by lightning about seven or eight times more frequently than ordinary slated dwelling houses. Country houses are also more frequently affected than those in towns. This is due to the greater amount of vegetation in the country, plants having more power to induce destructive discharges than other substances.

Though this is the case, there are, of course great differences in electrical characteristics of plants, which increase in some and decrease in others the liability to destruction by lightning.

For instance, if the risk to the beech be taken as one, that to a pine (fir or spruce) is fifteen, to an oak forty-five, and to most other deciduous trees like the ash, sycamore, etc., forty. The comparative immunity of the beech is said to be due to the fact that its leaves are fringed with numerous short hairs which allow the electricity collected in the substance of those organs to escape quietly into the air.

Rocks and soils also have great influence on the risk run by localities from destruction by thunderstorms. Thus, if a limestone rock or limy soil be taken as one, that for a sandy soil is nine, and for natural moss or swampy land, eighteen to twenty-two.

During a thunderstorm in Scotland heavy rain most frequently, and generally only, occurs; but in some parts of England, and in many places abroad, hail is of quite as common occurrence as rain, and far more destruction to property is wrought by these little pellets of ice than by lightning; so much so, that crops, etc., in those parts, are regularly insured against its power of devastation.

With regard to hailstorms in England a curious fact is known, but cannot be satisfactorily explained—viz., that in Huntingdonshire and in the bordering portions of surrounding counties the damage done by hail is very considerably greater than that wrought in any other part of England over a similar area.—Yankee Blade.

Amazing Series of Murders.

The most amazing series of murders chronicled in this country in recent years and fully the equal in atrocity of Jack the Ripper's achievements took place in Austin, the capital of Texas, between the years 1884 and 1887. By a singular coincidence the number was nine. The murderer never was traced, never even pointed at by the finger of suspicion. Incredible craftiness in baffling detection, always discernible in the worst types of homicidal mania, here appeared. No sooner had bloodhounds started from the scene of a slaughter than they met with carefully crossed trails that rendered pursuit impossible. This evasive device had been reduced to a science. Certain well defined features pervaded this entire series of crimes. They were as follows:

1. All these atrocities were committed in the full of the moon.

2. In each case there was the same fiendish mutilation of the victim's head, a hatchet being the weapon invariably used.

3. Through the series there ran the same marvelous cunning that blocked pursuit and discovery.

The Austin victims were all women, occupying such widely different positions in the social scale that revenge as a motive was out of the question. Robbery was clearly disproved, and the violence of the assassin in each case was exhausted entirely on the head. These facts constitute undoubted proof of clear homicidal mania. He killed for the brutal joy it gave. Immense rewards were offered. Every appliance of detective talent was tried, but this wretch's personality and presence have remained to this day as illusive as a fatal lightning flash from the skies. And strangest part of all this mystery, this inhuman compound of mind and matter, with nine monstrous butcheries on his head, may be a citizen in good repute and blameless life, when not frenzied by his periodic mania.—San Francisco Examiner.

AT MINNEAPOLIS.

An Uneventful Opening of the National Convention.

Mr. Fassett Temporary Chairman—The Harrison Men Accept Him and the Day Passes Without a Test of Strength.

A despatch from Minneapolis says: The patriotic air of "Columbia," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and "The Star Spangled Banner" should be the prelude to the opening of a national convention, and scarcely had the last echo of these inspiring medleys died away when Hon. J. S. Clarkson, chairman of the national committee, rapped the Tenth Republican National Convention to order. Prayer was offered by Rev. William Bush, chancellor of the University of Dakota, of Mitchell, S. D., who prayed that the deliberations of the convention might be free from partisanship, to the end that great good of the nation might be subserved.

"Preserve, O Lord," said he in conclusion, "the nation that is loyal to Thee and to the principles of Thy word."

Hon. Michal H. De Young, of California, one of the secretaries of the national committee, read the official call of the convention and five minutes were consumed in the somewhat monotonous proceedings.

"Gentlemen of the convention," said Chairman Clarkson, "I am instructed by the national committee to nominate for your temporary chairman the Hon. J. Sloat Fassett, of New York." [Applause.]

There was a momentous hurrah, while everybody awaited the action that might be taken by the Harrison element in opposition to Mr. Fassett's selection. But the anticipated contest did not take place. No one was placed in nomination in opposition to Mr. Fassett, and when the question was submittted there was not an opposing vote to Mr. Fassett's election.

"Your temporary chairman, gentlemen," was the introduction with which Mr. Clarkson presented Chairman Fassett to the convention. The expected Blaine demonstration was forthcoming when Mr. Fassett advanced to the front. One prolonged cheer resounded through the hall and galleries, and the Blaine delegates arose to a man to salute their chairman.

SPEECH OF CHAIRMAN FASSETT.

Mr. Fassett said: "For the distinguished honor which you have conferred upon me I am very grateful. I assume the duties of presiding officer with extreme diffidence, and am sustained by a release upon your generosity, forbearance and co-operation. It is eminently fitting that a Republican convention should be held in a temple erected for the display of products of protection to American industries, and in this beautiful city of Minneapolis, the joy and the pride of the giant West. This city, which just about equals in age the Republican party, with its prosperous mills and factories and workshops, and its generous and happy homes, abounds in object lessons, teaching clearer than in any words the sound wisdom of Republican doctrine. We are met to exercise one of the highest privileges of our citizenship. As trustees of several millions of voting Republicans, gathering from every state and territory in the Union, it becomes our duty to formulate for the inspection of the people the belief and purposes of our party relative to all the living political questions of national importance, and to choose that man for leader under whose guidance we feel we shall be most sure of establishing this belief in the form of laws. We are here not a warring faction, struggling to win supremacy under favorite leaders, but as co-members of one great party seeking to select from the roll of our honored great men the type of statesman who shall be regarded as the most complete embodiment of cardinal doctrines of our party.

"There is not a Republican in this convention whose heart does not burn with ardor for triumph in the impending compaign. We are all eager for success. We are here to make the necessary preliminary arrangements, and we all propose to make them in the right way and in the right spirit. If there is ever a time for Republicans to differ, it is essential in such conventions as this, when they are met together for the express purpose of reaching ultimate unity through the contest of present differences.

"In the wide-reaching and delicate business of agreeing upon the standard-bearers for a great party, there is a grand opportunity for the great men to hear and express honest differences of opinion, and the more earnest the men and the more hearty the opinions, the more determined will be the contests and collisions, and the more complete the final unanimity.

"The air is always sweeter. It is our right now to oppose each other, it will be our duty to unite to-morrow. Our differences should end at the convention doors, and will end there. When this convention shall have concluded its labors we shall have but one choice, and that the nominees of this convention; but one purpose, their election.

HON. THOMAS B. REED.

"The nomination does not end the campaign; it begins it. The campaign which is to be made will not be the campaign of the candidate by the candidates and for the candidates, but of all the party, by all the party and for all the party in the interests of the whole people. With malice, then, toward none, but with a veneration and respect toward all, each of us, according to his light, as God gives him to see the light, should subordinate all merely local and personal consideration to an earnest endeavor to secure the best interests of the Republican party throughout the entire sisterhood of states. None of our trusted leaders are weak; all of them are strong. Some may be stronger than others.

"The history of our party since 1856 is the history of our country. There is not a single page but shines brighter for some act or some word of some great Republican. Count over our chosen whom we are teaching our children to love, emulate and reverance, and you shall name Republicans—Lincoln, Seward Grant, Sherman, Garfield, Logan, Harrison and Blaine. These are a few of our jewels, and we may proudly turn to our Democratic friends with the defiance, 'Match 'em.' These men were great through their belief and advocacy of the ennobling and inspiring doctrines of the Republican faith. Name me over the great masterpieces of construction and progressive legislation enacted since the civil war, and there one by one, their authors and finishers will be found Republicans.

"That a free people should cast a free vote and have it honestly recorded and returned, is the usual dream and determination of the Republican party and the despair and nightmare of the Democrat. It is the pride of the Republican party that it never yet has committed an assault upon the freedom of the ballot.

"The entire vocabulary of political crimes has grown out of attempts to describe assaults of Democracy upon the freedom of the ballot and fair play in the exercise of franchise, as the individual words have been made intelligible by Democratic practices.

"No question has ever been permanently settled and never will be finally determined until it is settled in the right, and until every citizen—white or black, East or West, North or South—can approach the ballot-box with absolute security and have his vote counted with absolute honesty. None of us can rest assured that our liberties are safe, unless the votes of all men are safe. It is not the negro alone who is disfranchised; it is every American.

"The contest before us assumes all its difficulties from the fact that we enter the presidential race handicaped by the certainty that in an electorial college of 444 members 156 votes are now already absolutely secured in advance by the Democratic nominees, and these 156 votes come from the South, which is kept permanently solid through a perpetual breach of the guarantees of the Constitution of the United States.

Sometimes we are told that the mission of the Republican party is ended; we have met our destiny and fulfilled it. But the destiny of a progressive party is never fulfilled in an advancing and expanding national life. So long as there remains a wrong to be redressed; so long as there remains a right to be enforced; so long as all the privileges of citizenship are not freely enjoyed under the guarantee that the Constitution gives to all citizens of this Union, just so long will this be a mission for the Republican party. So long will there be a great work for us, and each Republican may exclaim:

I live to greet that season,
By gifted men foretold,
When men shall live by reason
And not alone by gold.

When men shall be united,
And every wrong thing righted,
This whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for every cause that lacks assistance,
For every wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance
And the good that I can do.

There were several outbursts of applause during the speech. The words "Harrison and Blaine" were mentioned so rapidly that the friends of the former candidate were taken by surprise and had no opportunity to cheer for their leader. But the Blaine men made the most of the occasion, and for three minutes delegates waved their hats and handkerchiefs wildly in the air and cheered the great leader.

Temporary officers were elected, and it was ordered that until the permanent organization should be effected, the convention should be governed by the rules of the last preceding Republican convention.

Immediately after completion of the call of states and announcement of membership of various committees, the convention adjourned until eleven o'clock next day.

WORK OF THE SECOND DAY.

Again the Convention Adjourns Without Balloting.

A determination to get all the live-liness and fun possible out of the Republican convention, if graver matters proved impossible of focus, seemed to be the determination of everybody when the big gathering pulled itself together.

The first cheering was when McKinley entered, and the ovation lacked none of its heartiness.

Ingalls, of Kansas, got a quick volley of loud recognition when he put in appearance.

It was then close to noon and the hall was crowded almost to its utmost capacity, when Chairman Fassett pounded for order, and proceedings were opened with a prayer by Bishop H. P. Whipple, of Minneapolis.

Hon. L. E. Walker, of Beatrice, Neb., on behalf of the Nebraska delegation, presented Temporary Chairman Fassett with a gavel made from trees grown on the first homestead in Nebraska. The gavel, he said, was of wood of hardy growth, and was inlaid with silver.

The next thing in order was the report of the committee on credentials.

The Hon. E. C. Lockwook then presented the report of the committee on organization.

A wild scene took place when the committee reported Gov. William McKinley of Ohio for permanent chairman.

Hon. Samuel Fessenden, of Connecticut; Ex-Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, and Gen. William Mahone, of Virginia, were appointed a committee to escort Governor McKinley to the chair.

A magnificent ovation greeted the governor when he stepped upon the platform. Temporary Chairman Fassett introduced his successor, saying: "The retiring chairman, gentlemen of the convention, before presenting to you your permanent chairman desires to thank you most heartily for the kind forbearance which you have extended to him. I now have the honor and the distinguished pleasure to introduce the Hon. William McKinley, of Ohio."

CONVENTION HALL.

MAJOR WILLIAM McKINLEY.

At the conclusion of McKinley's speech calls for Hon. Fred. Douglass, the colored orator, elicited simply a bow of acknowledgment.

Hon. Henry Bingham, of Pennsylvania, presented the report of the rules committee and it was adopted by acclamation.

Ex-Governor Foraker arose in response to the call for the committee on resolutions and the convention burst into applause that continued for some time. When the committee requested further time to consider the resolutions an extension of time was granted and the roll of states was called for the names of a new national committee. When Iowa was called and the re-election of Clarkson, the Blaine leader, was announced cheer after cheer followed from the Blaine Delegates.

A similar demonstration greeted the report of the names of J. H. Manley, of Maine, James A. Gary, of Maryland, and W. W. Mahone, of Virginia, and when Missouri was called and Hon. William Warner presented the name of Richard Kerns the Harrison delegates made a grand counter demonstration.

Various resolutions and petitions which had been introduced and sent to the clerk's desk were read by title and referred to the committee on resolutions.

"The next thing on the list is the nomination of candidates for the Presidency," said Chairman McKinley.

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, arose to question the regularity of this order of business, but the convention, supposing he had arisen to place some one in nomination, complimented the distinguished Illinoisan with prolonged applause. The Senator was slightly embarrassed, but quickly recovering he stated that he rose to question the regularity of proceeding to nominating speeches before the adoption of the reports of the committees on credentials and resolutions. A glance at the rules showed that nominations could not be made until the reports of the committees had been received, and on motion of Hon. M. H. De Young, of California, the convention adjourned until 11 o'clock next day.

WORK AND WORKERS.

PETROLEUM of a good quality has been struck at Bonne Bay, Newfoundland.

THE 400 employees of the New England Granite Works at Concord, New Hampshire, are on strike.

ONE hundred stone cutters, employed on the new locks at Sault Ste. Marie, struck for $4 a day of nine hours' work. The contractors refused to grant the demand.

WORK was resumed in the Oxford Iron and Nail Company's Works at Oxford N. J., after an idleness of six months. The puddlers have promised to make six heats. Some of the strikers threaten to interfere.

THE Durham (Eng.) coal-mine owners and their miners held a meeting and ended the strike. The mine-owners have agreed to make only a reduction of 10 per cent. Work will be resumed immediately.

THE Iron and Steel Wage Committees of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers met in Pittsburg and prepared the scales for the coming year. It is probable that the present scale will be continued.

THE Iron and Sheet Steel Manufacturers' Association, the Galvanized Iron Manufacturers' Association and the Tin Plate Manufacturers' Association, the interests of which organizations are identical, held a joint meeting in Pittsburg and agreed upon a wage scale to be presented to the Amalgamated Association at its meeting this week. A scale satisfactory to all present was prepared.

BY an explosion of fireworks in a small factory at Jersey City, N. J., August Koster was burned to death.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

Two Boys While Robbing a Bird's Nest Meet Swift Retribution.

An unusually fierce thunder storm passed over Scranton, Pa., the other evening. The lightning flashes were continuous and thunder peals were deafening.

While the storm was at its height two Polish lads, brothers, Casmir and Joe Tichon, age 9 and 16 years, climbed up a tree in the outskirts of the city to rob a bird's nest. While they were in the tree it was struck by lightning. Joe Tichon was instantly killed, but Casmir, though literally roasted, was found alive and was hanging to the three when the persons who witnessed the occurrence reached him.

There was apparently not a place on his body which was not burned. This was due to his clothing catching fire. Had help arrived a little sooner his life might have been saved. He cannot recover.

COMMANDER HANNAH OUCHTERLONG, the Swedish Salvation Army officer, who has recently arrived in this country, is described as "a keen, sharp-eyed little woman who can make a pretty good talk in English, but who is a wonder in Swedish, and has built up the army in Sweden at an absolutely astounding rate."

GEORGE BRADSHAW, son of a prominent resident of Wichita, Kansas, died, it is alleged from the effects of the treatment given in an "institute" for the cure of drunkenness.

DEATH IN A SHAM BATTLE.

While Loading a Cannon County Surveyor Wentzell, of Lehigh, Is Killed.

On the Fair Grounds in Allentown, Pa., while an exhibition was being given, County Surveyor Charles W. Wentzell, who had charge of the attraction known as the sham battle, was almost instantly killed.

He was engaged in loading one of the large cannons when an explosion occurred and Wenzell received the force of the discharge. His face was blown almost beyond recognition. He was only recently elected County Surveyor.

EMIN PASHA DEAD.

It is Now Certain That He Died in the Interior of Africa.

A cable despatch from Berlin, Germany, says: The Tageblatt confirms the recent rumors of the death in the interior of Africa of Emin Pasha. If it is true that Emin is dead the natural supposition is that he has fallen victim of smallpox, from which disease trustworthy reports received in April stated he was suffering. At that time it was said that Dr. Stuhlman, with the greater part of Emin expedition, had arrived at Bukoba and that Emin himself, who was ill with smallpox, was slowly following in the direction of Bukoba.

FLOODS AND FIRE.

A Hundred and Fifty Lives Lost in Pennsylvania Oil Region.

MILLIONS OF PROPERTY DESTROYED

Overflowing Streams Covered With Blazing Oil at Titusville and Oil City—The Greatest Disaster in the State Since the Johnstown Flood.

The oil regions of Pennsylvania were visited by a disaster of fire and water that is only eclipsed in the history of this country by the memorable flood of Johnstown just three years ago. It is impossible at present to give anything like an accurate idea of the loss of life and property, as chaos reigns through the devastated region and a terrible conflagration still rages in Oil City. It is safe to say that not less than 150 lives have been lost. Nearly 100 bodies have already been recovered and many people are still missing. The number may far exceed 150, but this is regarded as a conservative estimate.

The property loss will reach far into the millions. At Titusville the loss is estimated at $1,500,000; Oil City, 1,500,000; Corry, $60,000; Meadville, $150,000, and surrounding country probably a million more.

For nearly a month it has been raining throughout Western and Northern Pennsylvania almost incessantly, and for the past three or four days the downpour in the devastated regions has been very heavy.

The constant rains had converted all the small streams into raging torrents, so that when the cloudburst came the streams were soon beyond their boundaries, and the great body of water came sweeping down Oil creek to Titusville, which is 18 miles south of its source.

The lower portion of the town was soon inundated. The flood came so quickly that the people had not time to reach a place of safety. The water soon swept a number of oil tanks down the stream and in some way not known they were ignited. In less time than it takes to tell the story the flames spread to the surrounding buildings, and before they could be subdued five blocks had been burned.

The oil from the scores of broken tanks ran into the creek and was ignited by floating debris. In a few minutes the creek was ablaze from shore to shore, and it was carried down the stream. Death and destruction followed in its wake.

Everything inflammable took fire and by the time it reached Oil City all the bridges between the two points were consumed. Oil City is eighteen miles from Titusville. The town along the creek are Broughton, Miller Farm, Pioneer, Petroleum Centre, Rynd Rouseville and McClintockville.

Rouseville has about 1,000 inhabitants, and the other towns about 200 each. Oil creek flows through a narrow gorge all the way, and as the towns are mostly situated on the hills, it is hoped there is no loss of life. Communication has been cut off from these places, however, and nothing is definitely known.

CONFLAGRATION AT OIL CITY.

The City Still Burning—List of the Dead and Wounded.

At 11:45 A. M., a shifting engine set fire to oil dripping from a leaky tank car on a siding of the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railroad, half a mile north of the centre of Oil City. The tank exploded and the burning oil over-spread Oil creek, destroying about thirty lives and burning thousands of dollars' worth of property. It was the greatest disaster that ever occurred in the oil regions.

Oil creek is not usually more than a foot deep at this point, where it empties into the Allegheny river, and about 100 yards wide. Directly at its mouth is the iron bridge of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad. About two squares further up the stream is the iron and wooden bridge of the city connecting the third ward with the city proper. On the east side of the creek is Trinity Methodist Church on one side of Center street and the Derrick office and Oil Exchange opposite. Across the creek and built up squarely from the water's edge was the hotel and livery stable of J. B. Reinbold and the furniture house of Paul Sons. These buildings were built on a narrow strip between the creek and the hills which rise precipitously immediately back of them.

The flames swept over the entire upper part of the city which was flooded by the oily waters of the creek, and men, women and children who were moving from their houses were caught by the deadly flames, and if not burned to death outright were drowned in the raging flood.

At this end of the city was another iron and wooden bridge, which went down five minutes after the fire started, the huge iron structure being broken and swept away like so much kindling-wood. From this bridge southward for a quarter of a mile the entire town was destroyed.

Paul & Sons' furniture house, a four-story immense building, was swept away, with $30,000 worth of stock, furniture, &c. Reinbold's Hotel and stable were destroyed in a few minutes, and Mr. Reinbold and two others, who have not been identified, were burned to death.

People are panic-stricked all over town, and all afternoon mothers have been running madly about looking for their lost children. Fathers of families are searching for their children and endeavoring to get them all together in a place of safety.

The loss of property is estimated from $750,000 to a million. Up to 5 P. M. from fifteen to twenty bodies have been recovered and identified and the death list will figure up much larger, some placing it as high as fifty. The third ward from Seneca street bridge to within nearly a square of the Lake Shore Depot is as level as a field.

TITUSVILLE OVERWHELMED.

Fire and Water Damage the Prosperous Oil Town.

The city of Titusville has been visited by one of the most disastrous fires and floods in all the history of the region.

Oil creek has overflowed its banks from the west, and above the water and gas works to the city line below, and for hours assumed the proportions of an almost resistless flood, reaching almost up to the line of Spring street.

The city is without fuel or street electric light; the water works and gas works are surrounded by water and inundated.

The Perry street and Franklin street iron bridges have been swept away; scores of cheap dwelling-houses in the lower part of the city, on Mechanic street and vicinity, have been destroyed and scores of lives have been lost, some being burned, but the majority perishing by drowning.

To add to the horror of the scene rain fell in torrents, fire broke out in the refineries at different points, and the burning oil sweeping down the current was communicated to other manufacturing plants and establishments and the destruction was increased a hundredfold.

Among the losses by fire are the International Oil Works, the Hiram Blow Copper Shops, the Rice and Robinson Refineries, the Titusville Radiator Works, the W. N. Y. and P. Railway freight offices, Casper Son' furniture works, store and residence, Jack Cullen's Hotel and the Crescent Oil Works of John Schwartz & Co.

The Western New York and Pennsylvania passenger depot, built of brick and somewhat elevated in site, escaped with little damage.

The freight office of the railroad was burned with its contents, including all the books and papers of the freight office. $10,000 worth of merchandise received for delivery, and a large amount of furniture awaiting shipment.

Fifteen dead bodies have already been recovered and the search continues.

The Galena Oil Company, the Titusville Refining Company, the Western Refining Company, the American Refining Company and the Oil Creek Refining Company are intact or slightly damaged by water.

The Titusville Iron Works were flooded, but only slightly damaged. The T. C. Joy Radiator Company, the Cyclops Steel Works, the Acme Extract Company had a narrow escape with only slight damage by water.

The Queen City Tannery, which was in the direct sweep of the flood, sustained no other loss except the spoiling of the tanning liquor in 300 vats, and will resume full operations immediately.

CORRY INUNDATED.

The most destructive rain-storm that has ever visited this locality began at 3 o'clock. It was like a heavy cloudburst, and by 9 o'clock the business and eastern portions of the town were under water, with the rain still falling in perfect torrents.

The worst was reached at 11 o'clock, when First avenue, Main street, the railroad yards and Centre street were like a roaring river, the water being from one to three feet deep and all emptying into the flats in the eastern portion of the city. There many people were being rescued from their homes in the best way possible. The police force was stationed a greater part of the time at Union Depot, where the water had surrounded the building, was two feet deep and running at a rapid rate. Many in attempting to cross were thrown into the water and carried some distance before they could be rescued by the officers. There was no loss of life and but few injured.

MEADVILLE DESTROYED.

Meadville was swept by the worst flood in its history. A mid-day rain of great volume swelled every stream bank-full, and the storm which followed in the evening brought the flood.

Mill Run overflowed its banks and swept the whole business portion of the city, demolishing a dozen or more buildings and entailing a total loss of $150,000, of which $50,000 are to the streets. The loss throughout the county cannot be estimated. Bridges were washed away in every direction, leaving scarcely passable roads in the county. The damage to growing crops is heavy.

No casualties are reported. The loss of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railway Company on their Eastern division is heavy in bridges and track. One of their passenger engines lies buried in 15 feet of water with a broken bridge near Saegestown.

LATEST DETAILS.

OIL CITY, PA.—Governor Pattison and Adjutant-General Greenland, of Pennsylvania, have arrived to lend their assistance in the efforts to recover from the calamity. Mayor Hunt has issued a proclamation calling upon all store-keepers, manufacturers, bankers and business men generally, to close their establishments so that all may engage in the work necessary to a recovery from the present condition of the city.

That many of the victims of the flood and fire will never be found is certain. The swift current has carried them away. Then the fierce flames have made cinders of human bodies and the crumbling banks of the creek have made graves. The list of the dead as made up does not give an adequate idea of the loss of life. In the portions of the city which suffered the greatest damage there lived hundreds of foreign laborers whose names are unknown and who will never be found. In this same section there were numerous children, and of the number only ten have been found.

Conservative estimates now put the number of deaths in Oil City at 154, and some insist that 200 have perished.

TITUSVILLE, PA.—A coroner's jury made a trip over the ground where the lives were lost during the recent outbreak of fire and flood, picking up information which may be of service to them when they come to examine into the calamity. The men on the jury have no doubt whatever that the disaster could have been averted, but nevertheless they intend to make a thorough examination.

The total amount of money subscribed for relief is $11,720, as far as known, but it will take more than a dozen times that sum to do much practical good. The estimate that 100 lives were lost has not been changed.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

DR. JOHN TYNDALL, the eminent scientist, began his career in 1843 as an assistant on the staff of the British ordnance survey at 20 shillings a week.

JOSEPH ARCH, the pioneer in the agricultural laborers' movement in England, is in very bad health. He is only 66, but he is said to be quite broken down.

HERBERT SPENCER was tendered, but declined, a nomination for Alderman in London. Had he been a resident of New York or Chicago he would have known better.

GEORGE W. ESTES, who recently died in Salem, Mass., at the age of 87, was said to be the first man who ever played a snare drum by note. He officiated as drum major at the funeral of President William Henry Harrison in 1841.

VASILI VERESTCHAGIN, the famous Russian painter, was bitten in the leg recently by a mad dog. Although the injured flesh was cut away immediately it is said that M. Verestchagin will place himself under the care of Dr. Pasteur, in Paris.

SENATOR HANSBROUGH loves light opera and is better pleased to hear the "Mikado" than any other piece upon the musical stage. This may not be refined and cultured taste, but it is one which a few millions of melody lovers will forgive.

MRS. CRAWFORD, who attained notoriety in connection with the scandal about Sir Charles Dilke, became a member of the Roman Catholic Church some time ago, and now devotes much of her time to improving the condition of the London poor.

EMILE ZOLA may secure a seat among the Immortals of France after all. At the last session of the French Academy Camille Doucet read a letter from the popular novelist, announcing his candidacy for the seat made vacant by the death of Admiral de la Graviere. Pierre Loti being out of the way, Zola, it is said, believes that his election will be certain.

MISS JULIA WARD HOWE is the subject of a pretty story. When she was a child of only 9 she was so charmed with the melody of the Italian language as she heard it in a class of other girls that she secretely procured a grammar and studied by herself until she had gained sufficient facility to write the Italian teacher a letter in his own tongue, asking permission to join his class.

RICHARD M. YATES, whom the Illinois Republicans have nominated for Congressman-at-Large, is a son of Governor Yates, the State's former War Executive. Young Mr. Yates is 32 years old, and has been for eight years a lawyer in good practice at Jacksonville. He has displayed considerable talent at the bar and in politics. In personal appearance he is tall, slender, and stoop-shouldered. He is an agreeable speaker, and possesses a great charm of manner.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER makes it a custom to open his morning mail at the breakfast table. The letters from unknown writers are distributed among the children, who peruse them and mark upon each envelope the disposition which should be made of the case. Afterward Mr. Rockefeller himself goes over the correspondence and revises the work, but to one unacquainted with such matters the accuracy of judgment displayed by the little ones in passing on the merits of begging requests can be nothing less than startling.

MR. BLAINE'S RESIGNATION.

Text of the Correspondence Between Mr. Blaine and the President.

The following is the letter of resignation of Secretary Blaine and the letter of the President accepting the resignation:

Department of State, Washington. To the President: I respectfully beg leave to submit my resignation of the office of Secretary of State of the United States, to which I was appointed by you on the 5th of March 1889. The condition of public business in the Department of State justifies me in requesting that my resignation may be accepted immediately. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Executive Mansion, Washington. To the Secretary of State: Your letter of this date tendering your resignation of the office of Secretary of State of the United States has been received. The terms in which you state your desire are such as to leave me no choice but to accede to your wishes at once. Your resignation is therefore accepted. Very respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Hon. James G. Blaine.

Secretary Blaine's resignation was taken to the White House by his private secretary, Mr. Dent, who placed it in the hands of the President. This was a little before 1 o'clock, and within fifteen minutes after it was written. Soon after reading it the President descended to the East Room and held his usual Saturday afternoon reception to the public. There were about 200 persons present, not one of whom as he shook the President's hand could have told from his cool and collected manner that anything unusual had happened. Indeed an official of the mansion said the President really seemed to be in better spirits than usual, and made felicitous replies to the greetings of some of his visitors. The reception over the President returned to his library and addressed a letter to Mr. Blaine accepting his resignation. This was given to Private Secretary Halford, with instructions that it be delivered at once, and Mr. Halford thereupon took it over to Mr. Blaine's house and placed it in his hands. Thus the whole transaction did not consume more than an hours' time.

LEOPOLD, hereditary Prince of Isenberg and Birstein, the eldest son of Charles, sovereign German Prince of Isenberg and Birstein, and Louise, Archduchess of Austria, has arrived in Washington, having made a tour of the United States during the past three months.

THE flour, provisions, &c., sent by the people of Iowa to the Russian famine sufferers per the British steamer Tynehead when discharged at Riga filled 310 railroad cars. Captain Carr, commander of the Tynehead, was presented with a splendid silver service.

GENERAL TUPPER and General Dalley are the two oldest pensioners on the rolls of the New York Pension Office and two of the oldest in the United States, although pensioners are proverbially long-lived. They are veterans of 1812.