# The Easton Gazette.

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### Grappling for Sturgeon.

One day in March, 1851, writes a Youth's Companion contributor, I was walking along the road built on top of the great dam which spans the Grand River at Trunville, Ont., when I saw a curious sight. Drawn up by the side of a waste weir at the west end of the dam were several farmers' deep-boxed wagons, the owners of which were engaged in the exciting and profitable sport of loading them with great, floundering sturgeon.

In a minute I was down among the men, watching with interest this novel mode of fishing.

The race or weir was literally filled with the fish, which, in attempting to run up stream to spawn, found themselves stopped by the dam. Every moment fresh schools were coming in from the river, crowding the vast masses already jammed into the shallow passage until some of them were actually forced clean out of the water.

Each of the farmers was armed with a common ten-foot rafting pole, in the lower end of which were a spike and hook. With these rude implements they were simply grappling the sturgeon, and hauling them one by one to shore as quickly as their strong arms could work.

The fish averaged from forty to eighty pounds in weight, but now and then a monster of perhaps one hundred or one hundred and ten pounds was hooked. Three times I saw one of these big fellows drag his would-be captor off the bank, and pitch him headlong upon the squirming shoal, to the infinite delight of his companions.

Notwithstanding many laughable accidents, the wagons, eight in all, were fully loaded in the course of two hours, and as each contained at least a ton the total catch for that boat must have been some sixteen thousand pounds. Yet after the men had driven away the waste weir seemed as full as before!

At that time the sturgeon was not the important article of commerce which it has since become. These farmers would salt down the best portions of the fish, or so much of it as they could use, and feed the rest to their hogs.

Now, such a catch as above described would net the fisherman quite a respectable sum of money—perhaps three cents a pound, or four hundred and eighty dollars in all.

### FIVE MEN KILLED.

**While Investigating a Washout They Meet Their Death.**

A despatch from Peru, Ind., says: The Toledo and St. Louis fast express arrived here two hours late and reported the track between here and Wabash partly inundated and unsafe. A train was sent out to inspect the track, and after passing over the flooded district plunged through the fifteen foot culvert spanning Kithney creek, a brook usually dry in the summer, which the recent rains had swelled to a raging torrent. The water had washed away fifty feet and the roadbed around the culvert, and, permitting the rails and ties to remain, made what proved to be a death-trap. The five occupants of the cab were instantly killed.

The killed are: Train master C. F. Wilcox; Superintendent of Bridges Harvey Dunlap, of Peru; Chief Bridge Carpenter Charles Helm, of Peru; Engineer George Shorey, of Fort Wayne; Fireman Frank Mohr, of Lafayette.

Mohr's body is buried under the engine, and the gigantic wrecking crew has been working all day, but has not yet been recovered.

The caboose, containing seventeen crew and one car, remained on the track, while nine cars, loaded with wood and cotton, followed the engine into the creek.

### THE ROSE WOULD BLUSH.

All through the sweet, bright springtime
I dreamed of a perfect day
That would come to the world in summer,
The rose would blush red on its spray;
The sky would be bright with sunshine
That never a shadow knew,
The bird by its nest be singing
In the joy of a dream come true.
A day like a flawless jewel—
Perfection's radiant sign—
There'd be nothing to miss or mourn for
In this perfect day of mine.

Days came that were full of beauty,
And all the world was gay,
But always something was lacking
To make the perfect day.
In the sweet midsummer music
There would suddenly come a jar,
A blot on the rose's brightness—
Something to spoil or mar.
But I held to my faith and I waited
The crowning day of the year,
Without sight or sound for sorrow,
At last I thought it here.

How the rose glowed in the sunshine!
How the birds sang in the tree!
What grandeur crowned the mountains!
What glory was on the sea!
The day was a wonderful poem
Set to a tune of gold.
My heart was abrim with a rapture
No words have ever told!
But, ah! as I breathed the fragrance
From a rose whose time was brief,
I read earth's old, old story
In a sere and yellow leaf!

—Eben E. Rexford.

### Janet's Match Making.



ONE soft warm June day two young ladies were sitting on the long, vine-embowered veranda of an old-fashioned farm-house.

One was a plump, well-rounded brunette, whose fingers were busy with some fancy work; the other, a tall, fair beauty, was lolled idly in her seat, now and then making a bare pretense of reading.

For an hour neither had spoken, but at last the brunette, having finished her work, held it up to view, saying:

"There, Janet, what do you think of my taste?"

"Oh, dear, Lou," replied Janet with a yawn, "how horridly tiresome you are. Why will you persist in working when you know how vulgar it is? What's the use of being rich if we are not to act like ladies?"

"I am sure, Janet," Lou answered demurely, "there can be no harm in such trifling employment and it is a great pleasure to me."

"Oh, I dare say," Janet cried, petulantly. "I suppose there would be no harm in your going into the fields to help with the harvests. I do wish you would not insist on bringing your disgrace to me, even if you have no care for yourself."

"I do not see where there is any disgrace in work, Janet."

"I suppose it is not a disgrace to have once earned our own living, and I presume there is no harm in proclaiming that fact to the world," Janet replied sarcastically.

"No, I am sure we did not think honest work disgraceful when we were compelled to labor and I do not think so now."

"What will society say, Lou?"

"I do not know, nor do I care."

"I believe you, and I believe, too, that you have no care for what Robert Barton may think."

"I haven't, Janet. If society or Robert Barton think it a disgrace to have earned one's living in preference to begging, stealing or starving I have no respect for their opinions and they are welcome to think of me as they please."

"Lou," said Janet, after a short pause, "if you have no care for yourself, I wish you would have a little for me. Robert will be here to-day, and you know what a great catch he is. I have made up my mind to win him and I will if you don't shock him with your rude ways. So, Lou, for my sake, act like a lady. Do not disgrace me before Robert Barton."

"Well, sister, for your sake I'll try and not shock the sensitive Mr. Barton. As it is impossible, though, for me to be otherwise than natural, and as I can't pretend to be a lady when I am not, the safest way is to keep myself out of Mr. Barton's sight. So, as he will be here soon, I'll take myself to the woods."

Janet sighed hopelessly and closed her eyes as if worried beyond forebearance.

"Ah! Lou, Lou!" she cried at last, "what am I ever to do with you? It will kill me to see you married to some common man, a farmer or a laborer, but with such horrid taste as you have I can expect nothing better. Oh, dear!"

"Don't worry, Janet. I shall not marry at present, and when I do I shall marry the man I love. He may be a farmer, but whatever he is I'll warrant him to be a good man, for I shall never love any other kind."

Lou went down across a wooded meadow, and, coming to a rustic bridge, sat down.

"Ah," she sighed, "I do so wish Janet was not so changed. I am half sorry we are not still poor, for I hate affectation, and I know I shall never succeed in being anything but a plain, matter-of-fact goose. I can't be a lady and affect grand airs, and there's no use in trying."

After a long pause she resumed: "Robert Barton will come, and when he sees Janet he will like her, and after awhile they will marry. What a fine wife she will make, too, and what a grand lady! She is just the sort of a person with her calm self-possession and her stately dignity, to do honor to a fine old mansion like Oakview. Ah, dear old Oakview, how I love you already, because you are so solid and unpretentious. I hope Janet and Robert Barton will be happy."

Janet and Lou Harding had been left parentless and poor, and through the care of a kind but poor old uncle, they secured work in a dressmaker's shop, which they gladly accepted and retained, and whereby they had been able to earn a scanty support for themselves.

After three years of this hard, poorly remunerated labor, their benefactor brought them news one day of some good fortune that had befallen them. A rich uncle had died in Mexico, leaving his entire fortune to his sister's children, and through the efforts that had been made to find the two orphans, a foster sister of their father had been discovered in the northern part of the State, and already she had sent a letter instructing the two girls to come at once and make their home with her.

"How grandly fortunate." Janet had cried when the good tidings were made known to them. "It's good-by once and for all to that miserable little shop, and as soon as we can get a few decent things together we shall take the train for good old Aunt Barton's."

"But what is to become of dear old Uncle Dunkin?" Lou asked.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure. He cannot expect us to chain ourselves down here to this life just for his sake."

"Perhaps not, Janet, but I shall not leave him after all he's done for us."

"Well, you can do as you like, Lou; as for me, I'm going at once."

But there was no need of any worrying over Uncle Dunkin, for the very next day he was found drowned in the river, and the girls left the city within a week and were whirled away to the North, through the great, open country, so full of freedom and beauty, dotted here and there with clean, sunny villages, and within a few hours were safely lodged at Mrs. Barton's dear old home—picturesque Oakview.

Once during the journey Lou had turned to her sister, and with her voice so soft and trembling, said:

"Janet, how I wish good old Uncle Dunkin could have lived to see this. I should have enjoyed it more if he could have been with us."

"I'm thankful he isn't Lou. He was well enough in our old life, but he wouldn't do now.

From the date of that speech Lou had felt a pang of sorrow that was new to her, and as she sat in the shade of the elm tree down by the bridge the change in her sister came back to her, and she sighed.

Robert Barton was Mrs. Barton's only child, a young man of twenty-two, who had been abroad for a year, and was expected home that evening. The carriage had already been sent to the station to meet him, and Janet, having made up her mind to ensnare and capture him and become the mistress of Oakview, had been practising the art of luxurious leisure from the day of her arrival.

Lou had remained by the bridge almost an hour, when she saw the carriage rolling along the lane, and she watched it until it rolled up to the gate and disappeared among the trees that line the drive. So intent was her gaze and so absorbed her thoughts that she started with a little cry of alarm when she was suddenly awakened by the sound of footsteps on the bridge close behind her.

"Beg pardon," said a dusty, travel-stained man with a tanned face, as he lifted his hat. "I am sorry that I frightened you. I used to like this walk, and especially at this time of day, since it is so quiet and restful, and then the clover scents always brings back the days of my childhood, and when we reached the turn over there I left the carriage to walk across to the house."

"Then you are Mr. Barton," Lou said.

"Yes; excuse me. I should have introduced myself. But when one has been away so long and is getting home again he feels wild with pleasurable excitement. You, I presume, are Miss Harding?"

"I am Lou Harding."

"Oh, indeed! Well, I am anxious to meet dear mother, so if you are going to the house we will walk back together."

But little was said by either of them as they went back across the sward, but Lou was conscious more than once of the handsome man's eyes being fixed intently on her.

When they reached the house Janet affected a manner so cold and distant and so listless that Lou looked at her in surprise.

That night when the sisters promenaded, arm in arm, across the lawn, Janet asked:

"Lou, what do you think of Robert?"

"I do not know that I ought to express an opinion," Lou replied, "since I know so little about him."

"Don't you think he is handsome?"

"Well, no; not handsome, but well enough looking."

"I hope you like him, Lou, for I mean that he shall be your brother. Do you think you will like him for a brother?"

"I shall like him for your sake, Janet," Lou answered.

"Thank you, sister. Now, since you are such a dutiful little dumpling, I'm going to tell you something. I've got it all planned out how we are to manage when Robert and I are married and I am mistress of Oakview. You are to live with us, of course, and I know Robert won't object. And as for the old house, I'm going to have it overhauled and modernized so that it will be respectable. And as for aunt and her traps, they shall be packed off to some obscure room out of the way. Ah, I'm going to have a thorough renovation, and society will find Oakview charmingly fashionable. Don't you like that?"

"No, I don't like it, and if I was Mr. Barton I'd never consent to have the old house changed. It is so dear in its old fashioned simplicity, and, besides, I know good old aunt would not like any changes.

"You little goose, when will you ever begin to learn anything? What do I care for what aunt likes, and who cares for simplicity? Don't I tell you we are in society and we must lay aside all old-fashioned nonsense. I do hope, Lou, you won't mortify me with any of your absurd manners and speeches when Robert is present, for if you do I believe I shall die."

Janet printed a light kiss on her sister's brow and tripped away. Lou continued walking slowly to and fro, and her face had the marks of a deep sorrow.

"If that is to be the outcome of our riches," she mused, "it would have been better for us to have remained poor forever."

Through the succeeding days Lou kept away from Robert Barton as much as possible. She slipped out alone for long rambles in the fields, or sat herself up in her room, thus leaving Janet free to enjoy Robert's company undisturbed.

Yet Lou was not happy. Unconsciously she had learned to love Robert herself, and as earnestly as she tried to place him out of her heart she could not.

One night, when a month had passed, she walked alone on the lawn. There was a sad yearning in her soul and a sigh escaped her. The next moment her hand was imprisoned in a strong but tender grasp, and looking up with a little cry she saw Robert Barton bending over her.

"Lou," he said, "why are you so unhappy?"

She did not speak, but her hand trembled and her eyes were cast down.

"Lou," he continued, "I, too, am unhappy, and often of late I have sighed. Can't you, won't you guess the cause of my unhappiness?"

"I cannot," she murmured.

"Then I must tell you," he said. "It is because you avoid me. Lou, I love you, and I cannot be happy without you. Won't you try to learn to love me?"

"I cannot," she whispered, "I have already learned."

He threw his arms about her and drew her to him.

"My precious jewel," he cried. "My true child of nature! I am the most fortunate of men in winning you, for you are capable of love and feeling, and you will make me happy always." And it was so.—Chicago News.

### Novel Rice Pounding Machine.

A novel rice pounding machine used in the northern Shan States (Indo-China) is described by Lord Lamington as including bamboo pipes through which water is led into a hollow cut into one end of a pestle such as is usually worked by foot. The other or mallet end rises with the weight of the water till the latter is automatically discharged, and then the pestle falls back and does its work of pounding the unhusked paddy.

## THE NEWS.

Dr. Tragott Beck, of Newark is reported to have been arrested in Germany.——Wm. Kavanaugh fell down a stairway in New York and was killed.——The Fourth of July celebrations in Kansas City are responsible for the death of one person.——Frank Helmslatter was killed in Pittsburg by his brother-in-law.——An excursion train over the Louisville Southern Railroad was thrown over an embankment by the spreading of rails, near Fisherville. Fireman Henry Nelson was killed.——Bill Williams was arrested at Henrietta, Texas, charged with the murder of Maud Kraum, one of the three women who were victims of the recent mysterious killing at Denison.——Wallie Connors was sentenced to three years and nine months' imprisonment in the Northampton county prison for stealing $4,000 from the vault of the Easton, Pa., bank.——By the explosion of a cannon at Mahanoy City, Pa., four youths were injured, two of whom may die.——The tannery and bark shed of Ritchett, Baugh & Co., at Mauch Chunk Bedford county, Pa., were destroyed by fire.——William Tyler, president of the Vincennes, Ind., national bank, shot himself at his daughter's grave.——George Bencer, a brewery employee, accidentally shot and fatally wounded William Ochs, in Louisville, and then shot himself dead.——Rockland, in Ontonagon county, Michigan, was almost entirely destroyed by fire. The buildings, including stores, dwellings and the Masonic Hall were burned.

While investigating a washout on the Wabash, near Peru, Ind., five trainmen in an engine cab were dashed through a culvert and killed.——J. E. Garner, of the Santa Rosa Smelting Company, was attacked by robbers, who secured $3,000. One of the bandits and Mr. Garner's driver were killed.——Salter M. Jarvis, a retired lawyer and the colonel of the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto, was accidentally drowned. He had a large fortune, and was very philanthropic.——An earthquake shock was felt in Mexico.——The town of Carey, Ohio, was nearly destroyed by a cyclone.——Two sets of claimants are fighting for the possession of the Jacksonville and Mayport Railroad.——Crecion Salinas, one of Garza's lieutenants, was arrested at a branch below Laredo, and brought to San Antonio by United States Deputy Marshal Hall.——Ida M. Greenhoe, a domestic at Sheriden, Mich., died under suspicious circumstances.——In a fight between non-union stevedores at Detroit, Mich., Luke Hawley, leader of the union men, was shot in the hand and William Hanrahan wounded.——D. J. Whitney, for fifteen years a prominent member of the Society for the Prevention of Cr me, died suddenly at Atlantic Highlands.——Augustus Rogers an aeronaut, in attempting to open the valve to his balloon when it had ascended from Boston Common and was going ocean ward, cut a rent in the bag and the balloon descended to the water at a terrific speed. Rogers was drowned, his assistant, Thomas Fenton, died from inhaling the gas, and Delos E. Goodsmith, a newspaper man, was nearly killed.——A terrific windstorm passed over the counties of Dinwiddie, Lunenberg and Brunswick, Va. Barns and fencing were leveled to the ground, trees uprooted, crops destroyed and much damage done.

It is reported that a vast extent of fertile land is under water, and there is danger of New Orleans being flooded.——The anti-lottery men won in the contest over judgeships in Louisiana.——Dr. W. B. Green, of New York, was killed by a locom tive while crossing a railroad track at Long Branch——Information comes from Rio Grande City of the surrender of Cayetano Portilozo, another of the Garza revolutionists. Elzondo was formerly a United States marshal, who resigned his office to go with Garza.——The east-bound express on the Chicago and Erie was wrecked near Indianapolis. No lives were lost, but the damage was heavy.——August Bapappy, twenty-nine years old, fell into a large vessel containing hot porter, at Lynch's brewery, in Philadelphia, and was so severely scalded that he died.——The Louisiana legislature passed a bill appropriating $36,000 for a state exhibit at the World's Fair.——Four hundred iron and steel mills have closed down. The old scale of wages expired and in those mills the proprietors of which have not signed the new scale work is entirely suspended. In accordance with custom, all the glass factories have closed down for the summer.

## ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

SIR H. TRUEMAN WOOD, British Commissioner to the World's Fair, has arrived in Chicago. Sir Trueman wants an increase in the allotment of space to Great Britain in this Exposition.

EMILE ZOLA is a great lover of curios. His home in Paris and his country seat at Medan are filled with artistic treasures and he spends much of his spare time in the auction rooms. He only remains three hours at his desk, and those in the morning.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, acknowledging a copy of the Brentford Free Library report, says: "I used to be a constant reader of the Breakfast table" had been issued twenty-two times in the course of the year, has, we hear, sent a characteristic letter to the liberian expressing his gratification.

CHARLES VILLIERS, who long preceded Cobden and Bright in agitating for a repeal of the English corn laws, has been in Parliament fifty-seven years, and in point of age (90 years) is the oldest member of that body. In point of service, however, Gladstone outranks him by three years.

AUSTIN CORBIN designs to plant 20,000 hawthorn trees on his great game park in New Hampshire. The trees have all been imported from England, and 4,000 have so far been set out. They are to serve as a hedge to retain the buffalo and other large game wit in the limits of the reserve.

MILLE. TELECHOWA, the distinguished Russian lady of science, has just returned to St. Petersburg from her journey in Eastern Siberia. She has brought back much valuable information of an ethnogr phical character, and will probably acquaint the public with some of it in the form of a lecture.

DR. EDWARD BICKERSTETH, who has just resigned the office of Dean of Lichfield, belongs to a family that has produced three Anglican bishops. Rumor says that he was twice selected for episcopal honors himself, but that owing to a confusion of names the invitation was delivered each time to another Dr. Bickersteth.

THE HON. G. R. DIBBS, the Prime Minister of New South Wales, who has arrived in London for the purpose of representing to the Imperial Government the views of several of the Australian governments on the financial posit on of the antipodes, was born under the Southern Cross. He was until 1887 a free trader, but in that year went over to the protectionists because Mr. Dibbs was a member for a brief period, and his Ministry then contained only two members who were not Australians born.

JOHN A. BRASHEAR, the famous astronomer, resides in Allegheny City, Pa., where he has a private observatory. In early life Professor Brashear was a laborer in one of the Pittsburg iron mills, but his inventions and evident talent attracted the attention of Henry Phipps, the millionaire, who induced him to give up puddling and devote his time to astronomy as a leisure in the Western Pennsylvania University. He has just returned from a long stay in England, where he was the guest of Mr. Phipps at Knebworth, the famous seat of the Bulwer Lytons.

## WOULD-BE LYNCHERS' MISTAKE.

**They String Up a Man for Killing His Wife When She Proves to be Alive.**

At West Baden, Ind., Conrad Schultz was accused of killing his wife. A crowd of men quickly seized the alleged culprit and fastening a rope around his neck sung him up to a tree.

At this juncture a man from Orleans, Ind., appeared and claimed there was a mistake about it as he had seen Mrs. Schultz in his town a day or two before. He demanded that the accused be released. He was cut down, but locked up until the matter could be investigated.

COLONEL LEOPOLD G. PAGET, whose death is announced, joined the Royal Artillery in 1838 and retired in 1881, having seen much service during the Indian mutiny, including the action near Nurgound, the storming of Petta, and the defeat of Tantia Topee at Chapra Burole.

## LABOR RIOT.

### Strikers and Detectives in Collision at Homestead, Penn.

**Details of the Bloody Conflict and Lists of the Dead and Wounded—The Pinkerton Men Mobbed.**

Pittsburg has had another experience with labor riots, and this time, as during the fearful scenes which were witnessed during the railroad riots of 1877, blood has been shed, life jeopardized and valuable property placed in danger. This time there was no destruction of property, but the mob was thoroughly well organized, well disciplined and had efficient officers at the head to conduct their operations. The forces embraced all the men employed in the extensive plants of the Carnegie Iron and Steel Company, at Homestead, some eight miles east of Pittsburg, and a battle, which for bloodthirstiness and boldness of execution has not been excelled in actual warfare, waged from 4 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and only ceased when the forces of Pinkerton's brought to the place to suppress the strike, unconditionally surrendered, leaving their arms in the barges in which they had been transported to the works.

The riot was the culmination of the troubles which have been brewing at Homestead for the past month. The Carnegie Company submitted a scale to govern their workmen in the steel plants and announced that it was their ultimatum. The scale made a sweeping reduction in the wages of skilled men, and it was officially announced that unless the terms were complied with before July 1 the places of the workmen would be filled by others. This was followed by a peremptory refusal on the part of the company to recognize the Amalgamated Association of Steel and Iron Workers as such, or to confer with any committee of the workmen short of an acceptance of the terms offered. The men stated that they would never submit to the proposed reduction and announced their determination to resist any effort on the part of the Carnegies to start up their plants with non-union men. As both sides were determined both proceed d to prepare for the contest which culminated in such deeds of violence and bloodshed that were witnessed in the big hive of industry on the Monongahela river.

The contest was precipitated by the workmen at Homestead by hanging H. C. Frick, president of the company, in effigy, and in reaction the company ordered an immediate shut-down of the big works, two days before the time provided by the contract under which the men were working. The employes at once began to organize for the defensive, and the company erected a high board fence around the entire works, giving them the appearance of an immense stockade, the sides being pierced with portholes.

Yesterday the Carnegie Company announced their inten ion to proceed to get ready to make repairs, and the officials asked the sheriff to appoint deputies to protect their property. The sheriff sent a small squad of men up to the work, but the strikers assembled in force and notified them to get out of town, as no disorder was intended and that no damage would be done to any prope ty. They then offered to be sworn in as deputies and to give bonds for the faithful performance of their duties as conservators of the peace. When this offer was declined the advisory committee, which had been directing the action of the workingmen and which had been keeping turbulent spirits among the men in check, was immediately dissolved and all the records of the committee promptly destroyed.

The developments showed that the application made for assistance of the sheriff was merely for the purpose of covering what was intended to be a coup de main on the part of the Carnegie Company in clandestinely introducing a body of Pinkerton detectives into the mill inclosure. The detectives had been rendezvoused some five or six miles below the city on the Ohio river, at which point two model barges had been prepared for them. The barges were of the best build and were used in shipping rails down the river from the Carnegie mills at Braddock. The holds were filled with bunks, cooking arrangements and other accomodations, and as an extra protection, as if in preparation for the siege to which they were subjected, were lined with heavy steel plates on the inside, while the whole back deck was protected in a similar manner. It was the intention that the men should reach the works about 3 o'clock A. M., but the guards which were on duty along the river got word of the threatened invasion of the hated Pinkerton men, and prepared to receive them. The barges were towed up the river by a tow boat, but long before the Pinkerton men reached Homestead thousands of strikers had gathered on the banks of the river ready to give them a warm welcome. When the boats attempted to land the workmen broke through the fence surrounding the mill, and entrenching themselves behind piles of steel billets prepared to resist the landing of the detectives.

By 4 o'clock in the morning an effort was made to land the detectives, but the strikers met them and a fierce battle was precipitated, both sides exchanging a heavy volley of shots. The detectives were all armed with Winchester rifles, but at the point where the attempt to land was made there was a steep embankment and they were compelled to go in single file and were soon driven back by the boats by the steady fire from the shore. The noise of the battle spread about the borough like wildfire and thousands of men, women and children thronged to the river bank to witness the fight in progress. The Pinkerton men were determined to land and poured volley after volley into the ranks of the strikers, many of whom were stricken down by the bullets, some of them being fatally injured and others killed outright.

As the battle progressed the strikers took up a position behind a breastwork, hastily constructed of steel rails and billets, and from this place of safe refuge were able to pick off the detectives as soon as they appeared on the decks of the boats.

In the meantime Captain Hynd and Superintendent Kline, of the Pinkerton men, were disabled, and the fire was so fierce that the men on the tow-boat hastily cut loose from the barge and steamed up the river, carrying as many of the wounded as they could reach to Braddock, from which point they were sent down to the hospitals for treatment at Pittsburg. Seven of the force were thus cared for, while the strikers that fell wounded were carried to their homes at Homestead, the dead being taken to the morgue and undertaking rooms in the town.

The tow-boat reached Pittsburg as early as six o'clock in the morning and thousands of mill-workers, all of whom are now idle, pending the increase on the scale, congregated in the streets while hundreds of others armed with guns and revolvers, and well supplied with ammunit on, took up the line of march to reinforce the strikers.

As soon as day broke the strikers carried a small brass three-pounder cannon and planted it within steel bullet embrasure so as to command the barges which were moored at the bank of the river. At the same time a force of more than a thousand men took up a position on the opposite side of the river and also planted a cannon which they protected with a breastwork of railroad ties. On the first to both sides was kept up, the barges having been pierced along the sides. Shortly before nine o'clock the cannon was turned on the boats and for several hours an awful bombardment was kept up. The stout oak timbers forming the sides of the boat were pierced, but the heavy steel plates on the inside prevented the balls from penetrating the interior. Many of the strikers, however, were expert marksmen and they sent shot after shot into the portholes in the bows and inflicted terrible injury to the imprisoned men.

When it was found that little impression could be made by the cannon on the boats, an effort was made to fire the barges and thus compel the detectives to leave the vessels or suffer the terrible fate of being burned alive. Hose were procured, and oil was spouted on the decks and sides of the barges. While this was being done barrel after barrel of oil was emptied into the river above the mooring place, the object being to allow it to float against the boats and then ignite it. This terrible deed was attempted several times but the boats did not burn.

Then the mob became infuriated and hurled dynamite bombs at the vessels with great effect. The situation on the detectives was such as to appall the stoutest heart. The men had been left cooped up in the barges at the mercy of the infuriated mob. The tow-boat had left them, and they were so encompassed by the maddened army of strikers that no succor could reach them.

Three times they ran up a flag of truce, but as many times was it stricken down by bullets fired by the strikers. Then it became evident that the ammunition of the besieged detectives was either exhausted or they were too much worn out to count one the fight, and for nearly two hours before it ended of the struggle was reached not a shot was fired.

Towards dusk efforts were again made to burn the boats with their living freight, and they would doubtless have succeeded had it not been for the interposition of the leading officers of the Amalgamated Association, who went to the scene of war in the afternoon. Through their efforts it was agreed to allow the detectives to surrender, but this was not secured without the great est object en on the part of the men, many of whom having lost friends and acquaintances during the day. Besides, as in all such outbreaks, there were thousands of turbulent characters attracted to the place, and as they owed no allegiance to any organization could not be controlled. They wanted to see the carnage go on, and it was not until some of the strikers pointed their guns at the outsiders that a hearing was obtained.

At five o'clock the Pinkerton men hung out another white flag, and this time it was respected and a committee of strikers went about it to prepare terms of capitulation. They guaranteed safe conduct for the Pinkertons provided they left their arms and ammunition behind and agreed to leave the place under guard. The detectives had no alternative and promptly accepted the terms, some of the men saying that it was the first time they had ever submitted to such a humiliating surrender.

When an inspection of the boats was made it was found that at least seven of the Pinkerton men had been killed and twenty or thirty wounded, many of them so badly that they will die.

As they were brought from the boat they presented a terrible appearance. Many were besmeared with blood, while all of them showed signs of exhaustion from the long confinement in the close quarters between decks.

After the prisoners had been removed from the barges the floors had their revenge. They carried out into the holds, poured it over the bedding and furniture, and then set it on fire, first securing them so that they could not float down the river and cause damage at points below. When the flames broke through the decks the cheers which rent the air was deafening, and the noise could be heard miles away. The hills on either side of the river were literally crowded with people, who could witness from this high point all that was transpiring on the battlefield and be out of range of the deadly bullets.

The day was one that will be remembered with horror by the people of the borough, as well as the citizens of the entire county, who, for the second time, will be called upon to pay the enormous amount of money entailed in the shape of riot losses.

KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The list of killed and injured, as near as can be ascertained, is as follows:

*Killed*:—Marion Foy, John Morris, Jules Markowsky, Henry Steegel, Peter Heise, David Davis, Robert Foster, William Johnson, J. H. Klein, Joseph Supper, two unknown Hungarians, and nine Pinkerton detectives. Their names have not been learned, as most of them were known by numbers.

*Wounded*:—David Lester, detective, shot in the head and ankle sprained.

Fred. H. Hind, chief of detectives, shot in the leg.

Russell Wells, detective, shot in the leg.

J. G. Hoffman, detective, shot in the knee.

Geo. W. Rutter, Homestead steel worker, shot in the hip and dangerously wounded.

Lawrence Laughlin, steel worker, thigh broken.

An unknown Pole, shot in the knee.

John McCurry, watchman on the Little Bill, shot in the groin, dangerously.

Andrew Soltz, Joseph Zsido, W. J. Wallace, Michael Murray, John Kane, Harry Hughes, an unknown man, Miles Laughlin, seriously injured.

John Kane, shot through leg.

Andrew Murphy, shot through knee cap. Capt. Haney.

The imprisoned Pinkertons say that seven of their men were killed outright and eleven wounded. They believe several others were thrown off the Little Bill into the river. The number of Pinkertons now in the lockup and rink is 254.

The names of the detectives are: Chicago, 12; New York, 75; Philadelphia, 25; remainder neighborhood of Brooklyn.

The coroner of Allegheny county is making preparations for an inquest.

## CABLE SPARKS.

MRS. MARION HUMPHREYS, wife of the Vicar of Warton, Eng., has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for brutal treatment of a servant in her family.

A NEW ridge over the river Lavon, Fifeshire, Scotland, fell in the falls work which had been used in building it being removed. Five workmen were thrown into the river and drowned.

IN spite part of Russia the spread of cholera is very rapid that consternation prevails among the people. Germany and Austria are acting in concert in the adoption of measures to prevent the disease entering their respective countries.

THE feeling against Timothy Healy, who was one of the bitterest critics of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish leader, after the latter's downfall, is growing in bitterness in Ireland, and Mr. Healy, when he appears in public, has to have a body guard.

RUSSIANS born in the English in India as the indirect cause of the epidemic of cholera prevailing in Russia, because they omitted selection of precautions against western people—notably the Afghans—to adopt measures of isolation and sanitation.

REUTER'S speeche of Prince Bismarck, which he criticised the present policy of Germany, has caused the greatest excitement throughout the country in addition to arousing much attention at points below. When the flames broke through the decks the cheers which rent the air was deafening, and the noise could be heard miles away. The hills on either side of the river were literally crowded with people, who could witness from this high point all that was transpiring on the battlefield and be out of range of the deadly bullets.

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