The Easton Gazette.

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

COME AND SEE ONE OF THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCKS OF
BRICKS AND DRAIN TILE
EVER EXHIBITED IN A COMBINED BRICK AND TILE YARD.

I have on hand an extra large stock of
DRAIN TILE,
And now is the time to put them in for the fall crop. If farmers will call I think terms can be made to suit them.
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.
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oly

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

COUNT HERBERT VON BISMARCK'S most precious wedding present was given him by his father—he estate of Schoenhausen—with its splendid old schloss and leagues of forest. The Bismarcks take their title from Schoenhausen.

JOHN SARTAIN, artist and engraver on steel, was one of the most interesting characters drawn to the capital by the National Art Congress. Born in 18 8, he is now n his 85th year, yet has the spirit of a boy and walks with the elasticity of half his age.

DON MANUEL ANTONIO MATTA, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs of Chili during the Baltimore affair, and who wrote the insulting despatch concerning President Harrison, has prepared a book of 380 pages reviewing the controversy, and it is now in press.

I. C. AIVAZOVSKI, a noted Russian painter of marine views, is preparing to send a special exhibit of his work to the World's Fair. He is 75 years of age, and has received many honors in Europe. He was an exhibitor at the Paris Exposition of 1855, nearly forty years ago.

BYRON J. PRICE, the newly elected president of the National Editorial Association, is 42 years of age, and lives at Hudson, Wis., where he controls the Hudson Star and Times. He spent his early life on a farm at Menasha, Wis., and graduated at Lawrence College, Appleton, in 1874. Since then he has been in newspaper work.

PROFESSOR VON LEUBACH, who painted the first successful portrait of Bismarck, is one of the lions of Munich. He obtained sittings from Bismarck by working on the vanity of the Princess Bismarck, and telling her that "the woman who could not persuade her husband to be painted could not exercise any influence over him."

CHARLES E. GREEN, of Trenton, N. J., Up n whom Princeton this year conferred the degree of doctor of laws, took his father's (Chancellor Green's) seat in the Board of Trustees of that college about twenty years ago. As he is also a member of the Degree Committee, a vantage was taken of his absence to bestow this honor. He enjoys a high reputation in the legal profession in New Jersey.

LORD TENNYSON is summering at Aldworth Towers, his Hampshire home. He acquired the e tate in 1872 and built the present m nsion. Aldworth, which with its tall chimneys, its oriels and its balustrades, presents a charming picture of an Elizabethan manor, and its windows command a view over portions of Kent, Sussex and Hampsh re—heathery downs for the most, not without a glimpse of the far-distance sea.

TIMOTHY HEALY, M. P., the leader of the opponents to reunion in the Irish party, is the son of a janitor at the Lismore Poorhouse, county Waterford. Healy spent his early life weighing rags and bones in the North of England, but finally drifted into politics. Mr. Parnell took him up, made him his private secretary, gave him his first start in literary life, and finally secured for him a seat in Parliament. Healy's subsequent ingratitude is said to have been very trying to the great leader.

HERR RICHARD POHL, of Baden-Baden, for many years the editor of the Baden-Baden Badeblatt, and widely known as a musical writer and critic, celebrated his fortieth literary jubilee on the first of this mo th. He was he who first drew attention to the significance to the Wagner movement and prominently made propaganda for the new movement—ju t as he had done for Berlioz and Liszt, and in very instance proved himself to excellent prophe.

Aluminum in New Mexico.

An extensive find of rich deposits of aluminum was made last week in the San Mateo Mountains, about forty miles west of Albuquerque. Three miners brought to the latter place samples of a material they had found, and with the nature of which they were not acquainted. It was assayed in Denver, and found to contain 25 per cent. of aluminum. The men say the metal exists in great abundance.

OWING to the shortage of the fruit crop in California, especially apricots, prices have gone up in the past few days, and orchardists who sell their fruit are getting good figures. Apricots, which were selling a few days ago at 1½ cents per pound, or $30 per ton, now bring $70 per ton; prunes, which sold for $30 per ton now bring $50, with a corresponding increase in price for other varieties.

A SLEEP SONG.

Willow, where the rushes grow
Softly swishing, softly swaying,
Sing a music sweet and low,
While the breezes round you playing
Gently come—gently go.

Wind that in the trees doth blow
With a sweet seductive sighing,
Sing a lullaby you know,
Dreamful as the shadows flying.
Something soft—something slow.

River, as you onward flow
Crooning songs of no man's making,
Let me ever seawards go
With no thought of sad awaking,
Even now—even so.
—Irene Noble, in Good Words.

IN THE DEFILE.

AN adventure which I shall never forget occurred during the campaign of Bosnia and Herzegovina, in 1877-78. I was very young then, and consequently full of enthusiasm and exaggerated ideas of the "duty of woman." When the regiment of which my husband was colonel received its marching orders, the wife of the lieutenant-colonel, Count X., and myself obtained, not without a good deal of trouble, permission to follow the regiment to the field of war. We argued that, protected by the Red Cross badge of the "Convention de Geneve," we would really run no danger, and that as far as privations were concerned we did not mind that one bit. This extraordinary declaration, coming from two spoiled children like ourselves, who had been brought up in the very lap of luxury, and who had not the faintest idea of what privations really meant, caused our friends to smile at our simplicity. But as, after all, we were in perfect health and firmly resolved to gain our point, we finally succeeded.

Our first week of "campaigning" were devoted to nursing the sick and tending the wounded. In spite of all that may be said to the contrary by idealists, it is not a pleasant task, and many a time have I cried with bitter tears at the sight of some strong young soldier crippled for life by the bullets of the enemy. Habit, however, is the great master, and with time I became so well used to life in camp ambulances that I really considered myself as cool and collected in the accomplishment of my self imposed duties as any hardened army surgeon among us.

No country on the face of our unfortunate planet has been oftener ravaged, no land oftener soaked with the blood of its inhabitants than the portion of the Balkan Peninsula which our troops were occupying. Everything around us had been desolated by fire and bloodshed as severely as during the first invasions of the barbarians, hundreds of years before. Very grand, but very dreary and sad, was the landscape with its wonderful defiles, its high mountains enclosing rushing streams. The sandstone rocks, worn by erosion into fantastic forms worthy of Gustave Dore, took in the twilight the shapes of huge dragons, lions or other equally terrific looking objects. Then came great deserted plains with here and there cottages built of clay on a foundation of dry stones and covered with pieces of wood, from which the inhabitants had fled in terror. It was difficult to procure food for the army. The culture is always poor in this wild land, and now everything had been pillaged.

For the first time in my life I knew what hunger meant. In after years an experience of that kind makes one feel very charitably inclined toward the unfortunates who claim one's mercy on the plea of starvation. Strange as it may appear, I had never felt better in my life than during these months of privation and fatigue. Many a time after being a whole day in the saddle I slept on the bare ground with nothing to protect me from the sharp night air but a rough military cloak or a horse blanket, and slept far better than under the velvet and lace canopy of my soft bed at home.

Just in the same manner did I relish a crust of soldier's hard bread and a mess of more than questionable soup eaten beside the bivouac fires with a ravenous hunger as appetizer. Everybody was so courteous and considerate. These uneducated men of our regiment, har lened by the adventurous life of soldiers in active service, were always ready to give up their own scant comforts in order to add to mine, had I been disposed to allow them to do so. As it was, I had many a hard fight with my patients in the ambulance, so anxious were they to share with me the thin beef-tea, or sip of wine which it was so difficult to procure for them. But enough of this, or my reminiscences will carry me so far that I shall never come to the adventure which I am about to relate.

It happened shortly after the defeat of the Bosnians by our forces, between Zepce and Maglai. Our brigade was camping at the foot of some high and precipitous cliffs some miles from Zepce, our regiment being separated from the army corps by a superb defile of steep rocks. It was the most romantic site imaginable, plentifully wooded with oaks, beeches and elms; but the very narrow road winding between the cliffs was gruesome in the extreme in its loneliness and awe-inspiring grandeur.

One afternoon I had ridden over from our camp, a distance of ten miles or so, to the other side of the defile, where Countess X. was visiting her uncle, the general in command of the brigade. It was getting toward dusk when I ordered my horse with a view to riding back to our camp before night. I refused the escort which the general most kindly pressed me to accept, for I knew that I would be far safer alone than when accompanied by soldiers wearing the hated uniform of the army of occupation. Besides, this, as I have said before, I was very romantic in those days, and I preferred not to expose any fellow-creatures to the bullets and yataganes of the dreaded Montenegrins, who were known to be always in ambush in the mountain passes.

After having succeeded in persuading the general of my perfect safety, I mounted my black charger, "Dare Devil," and was about to start off at a brisk canter, when the dear old gentleman, putting his hand on the pommel of my saddle and coming close to me, whispered, "Take care, my child. It would never do for you to be caught carrying dispatches." I laughed gayly to reassure him, but nevertheless I knew full well how true his words were, for, indeed, it would very likely mean death to me. The fact was, that seeing me determined to ride back to camp alone, the general, who felt certain that a woman protected by the "brassard" of the Red Cross stood a better chance of passing unharmed through the defile than any member of his staff, had intrusted to me a dispatch of the utmost importance. It was written in cipher on a tiny scrap of flimsy paper, and rolling it tightly, I had inserted it in the woodcock quill which was so jauntly stuck in the band of my military cap.

As I rode along in the gathering gloom, I glanced once or twice at the two revolvers in my holsters with a feeling of confidence, for I was a neat shot and I knew that I was perfectly capable of defending myself if attacked. The trouble, however, was that those terrible Montenegrins lay in hiding behind jutting rocks, and that their mode of procedure consisted in shooting the unsuspecting travelers who ventured through the mountain passes like so many rabbits in a warren, or sometimes in swiftly pouncing upon them from their places of concealment and making them prisoners before they had time to defend themselves.

The road was frightfully rough and uneven, for it was nothing else than the dried-up bed of a mountain torrent, full of sharp stones and bits of yellow quartz. I picked my way carefully in the last decreasing evening light, much to the disgust of my fretful young horse, who curvetted from side to side in a most uncomfortable manner. Fortunately, as I reached the beginning of the defile, the moon, like a huge silver lamp, rose from behind the mountains, lighting up the path with dazzling brilliancy, but leaving the steep rock walls and densely wooded precipitous slopes on both sides in inky darkness. The road was less difficult now, but I could not take avail of this favorable circumstance to give my impatient horse his head, for I realized that should any Montenegrins be lying in wait behind these dark ramparts anything like flight on my part would surely hasten my fate.

I had reached the middle of the pass, which was very narrow at that point, and I was beginning to think that nothing was likely to happen to me after all, when, without the slightest warning, four gigantic figures rushed upon me, two from each side of the pass, and before I could even dream of seizing my revolvers Dare Devil had been brought to a sudden and most disagreeable standstill by an iron grip, and I myself felt that both my hands were being dexterously tied behind my back. This was shame, indeed, for so brave a little soldier in petticoats as I fondly imagined myself to be, and at the consciousness of the indignity to which I was being subjected all my courage revived. Luckily I spoke have a dozen dialects of this part of the world well enough to make myself understood.

"What do you mean by making a woman prisoner?" cried I. Then, as it flashed upon me that my address was hardly of a conciliatory nature, I added more gently: "Since when have the brave sons of Montenegro sunk so low as to go to war with girls?" The moon shone so brightly that I could see a smile flicker on the superbly handsome bronzed features of the huge fellow who was holding on to Dare Devil's bridle.

"We do not wish to harm you," he replied very softly, "provided you mean no tricks."

"Tricks!" exclaimed I indignantly. "Fine tricks I am able to play when you have begun by putting me thors de combat.' Shame on you! Don't you see the Red Cross on my arm? I am—" Here I slightly hesitated. "I am a sort of Sister of Mercy—do you understand? And many are the men of your race whom I have nursed back to health during the last few months."

"We know it well, and also that you are Princess F., wife of the commander of these White Lancers, down yonder. We are not ungrateful for what you've done, and if you are ready to swear that you are carrying no dispatches we will take your word for it and let you go free; otherwise," continued the man, who seemed, judging by his gorgeous costume, to be a chief, "we will make you prisoner in good earnest, and—" he finished his sentence with a gesture by no means reassuring.

This was a pretty mess, forsooth! I collected my wits as best I could, and, glaring furiously at him, I replied, drawing myself up so far as my pinioned arms would allow me to do: "I refuse to answer your impudent question. If you think that I am a likely object to be entrusted with dispatches, execute your threats, make me a prisoner; it will be an easy job and a glorious victory!—this was a derisive laugh. "Search me! kill me! if so be your pleasure, but pray put an end to this disgraceful scene."

A queer little creature I must have looked on my struggling steed; with my scarlet kilt, spurred boots, white dolman and dashing military cap, through which the ominous woodcock's quill seemed to burn a hole into my thick crop of short curls! My captors looked at me for a moment, then at each other. They were a long time making up their mind—at least it appeared so to me. Finally, at a sign from my interlocutor, one of them untied my hands.

"You are right, Princess, we do not fight women," said he, baring his head, "and especially not when they are brave like you. Go in peace. Had you been afraid of us, things would have turned out differently; but we admire a virtue of which, above all others, we pride ourselves. This pass is not safe, as you have had reason to find out to your cost, and we shall accompany you until you are within hearing of your sentries, but believe me, do not tempt Providence thus again." As he said this, the handsome chief let go of Dare Devil's bridle, a circumstance of which this well-named animal immediately availed himself by bolting with lightning rapidity. It was no easy task to rein him in, but I did so, not wishing to look as if I meant to run away. In silence we proceeded on our way, my stalwart bodyguards keeping pace with me all the time. At the end of the pass, which we reached some twenty minutes later, the camp fires became discernible, glittering like so many grown glow-worms on the dark plain. I stopped my horse, and, beckoning to the chief, I said, not without emotion:

"You have been very generous, I shall not forget it. Pray accept this as a little token of my gratitude," and I handed him my two revolvers, which were jewels of their kind. With a bow worthy of a throne-room, the young man thrust them in his broad belt, which bristled already with weapons of the most forbidding aspect, then pressing most deferentially to his lips the hand I extended to him, he turned on his heel and followed by his imperturable subordinates, he vanished as he had come in the darkness.

Within a very few minutes I answered the sentry's challenge, and rode at a hand-gallop into camp. I could not easily have analyzed my somewhat mingled feelings, but until the end of the campaign I repaid the wounded Montenegrins who fell in our hands by extra care and extra devotion for the chivalrous conduct of the unknown chief who had proved to me a friend indeed, as well as a friend in need.

Two years later I was staying with my husband at the house of the Austrian Envoy at Cettinje. On the eve of my departure, a great dinner, to which several Montenegrin dignitaries were invited, was given in our honor. Shortly before we entered the dining-room, a tall and remarkably handsome Montenegrin made his entrance into the drawroom. Where I had seen this superb specimen of manhood? These great, dark-blue eyes, fringed with abnormally long lashes? This firmly chiseled chin? This beautifully curved mouth, shaded by a long, silky mustache? Suddenly I remembered my captor of the Gorge Pass. On the impulse of the moment I started to my feet, and, much to the amazement of my hosts, I rushed up to the hero of my adventure, and, extending both hands to him, I exclaimed:

"How happy I am to see you—"

A puzzled expression on his face urged me to add, stupidly

"Surely you cannot have forgotten me!"

"No, I have not," said he, while a decided blush fell over his dark skin, "but remember, Princess, that when I last saw you you were a little soldier, while now—" His sentence remained unfinished, much to my satisfaction. There was a slightly awkward pause, and then, pointing to the silken, pearl-studded belt which encircled his slim waist, he showed me my two little jeweled revolvers.

"I have worn them ever since," said he, "in remembrance."—New York Tribune.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A little sin is as black as a big one.

If you want to feel right, do right.

Every little act is the child of a great principle.

No deed can be small when the purpose is great.

Nobody wants to go back until they first look back.

A sure way to punish yourself is to hate other people.

The higher men rise the more dependent they become.

To be close-fisted with money is the highest kind of distrust.

A preacher with a warm heart will not long have a cold church.

It is well to hope for success, but it is much better to deserve it.

The blindest men are the ones who think they have no faults.

The truth always gives life to those who take it to their hearts.

No matter where we walk we are sure to be followed by somebody.

It never makes the day any brighter to growl at the cloudy weather.

Prepare for little trials and you will never be overcome by big ones.

It is hard to overcome a man who believes he is working for eternity.

The man who knows a great deal, knows better than to try to tell it all.

To be slow to anger is better than to own the best kind of a seven-shooter.

The survival of the fittest is the doctrine that always wins in a dog fight.

People who pray right don't have very much trouble about living right.

Statues are molded with little touches. Characters are formed in the same way.

Higher criticism has not yet done a thing to make men more patient on washday.

The man who never makes any mistakes never does any work that will outlive him.

The hypocrite never tries to behave himself except when he thinks that he being watched.—Indianapolis (Ind.) Ram's Horn.

What Brushes Are Made Of.

"Did you ever see a brush of spun glass?" asked a professor of physical science of a Washington Star reporter. "There is one. It is for use where acids are employed that would eat up any other substance. Bless you! the materials of which brushes are made are innumerable. Among other things they are manufactured out of whalebone, hora, wire and the quills of feathers. The quills and the whalebone are split for the purpose, and the horn is softened, rolled out flat and broken into threads. Ever so many animals contribute their hair for brushes. Bears' fur, being coarse and stiff, makes the best varnishing brushes; brushes for gilding and graining are made out of badgers' hair and a part of the hair inside of every cow's ear is utilized for lettering brushes.

"The squirrel, the goat, the horse, the bear, the camel, the sable and even the polecat supply material for brushes. Some of it is very valuable, three or four ounces of selected camel's or sable's hair being worth $100. For artists' pencils the hair of the ichneumon and the finest of that which grows within the cow's ear are employed, but the best and most costly of such exquisite brushes are manufactured from the long hairs of the sable tail. However, not all of these beasts put together contribute so importantly to the brush making industry as does the hog. The hogs of Russia and Poland afford the chief market supply of bristles for the world, the crop being gathered at regular intervals. Of the product the whitest and best bristles are utilized for tooth brushes and paint brushes.

"In the manufacture of artists' pencils the delicate hairs employed are first washed, dried, combed, sorted and arranged in bunches of the desired sizes. Each bunch must be formed so as to have a sharp point when it is wet. Very delicate manipulation is required in this work, which is always performed by women and children. Each bunch is fastened together and drawn through the large end of a quill until the hairs project sufficiently from the other end. The quill, having been soaked beforehand in the hot water to enlarge it, shrinks enough on drying to hold the brush securely. For this purpose quills from geese, turkeys, ducks, pigeons, quails, larks and other birds are used.

"Among the vegetable materials used for making brushes are cocoanut fiber, old rope and the roots and fibers of many tropical plants; also 'broom corn,' rattan and rushes."

Fish That Eat Grass.

S. C. Little, manager of the Laguna de Tache Rancho, says the carp which were introduced in the Kings River a few years ago have grown so plentiful that they are thinning out the ducks and all over water fowl, except the wild geese.

"They pervade the river in large numbers," said he, "and are very thick in the irrigation ditches. They seem to eat the grass. They devour the various kinds of small animal life and, though the ducks and other fowls dive down deep, they can find little to eat.

"I cannot imagine what the United States Fish Commission was about in sending out such a coarse-fleshed, ravenous kind of fish as these carp are. They are certainly worse to eat than almost any fish we have in California, and they are thinning the good fish out.

"Shoals of them are to be found in the water ditches. They get out in the grass where there is little water and there you can scoop them up. Some are very large. Plenty can be seen from a foot to two feet long.

"They were the natural food of ducks, widgeon and snipe, and as a consequence all these are getting scarce. We need no more carp, and what we will do with those we have seems to me a great problem. They are breeding very fast. Care should be taken that they are not introduced in other streams and lakes."—Plant Life.

The yearly consumption of milk at the Hotel Metropole, London, is 75 000 quarts, and of water 20,000,000 gallons.

THE NEWS.

The patrol squadron of the United States revenue cutters and cruisers are breaking up the industry of hunting sea otters.——At Davenport, Iowa, Rev. Ch rles R. Hale was consecrated assistant Bishop of Springfield.——Several factories shut down in Grand Rapids because of the heat.——Eight hundred men in Gilkey & Anson's lumber yard at Merrill, Wis., struck because they wanted ten instead of eleven hours.——Rev. Dr. Charles R. Henderson of Detroit, has been chosen as assistant to President Harper, of the Chicago University.——The prospects for corn in Illinois are good.——Nicholas Gerardan Lallian, was arrested at Newark, N. J., charged with abducting Fanny Snyder fifteen years old.——Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed was renominated for Congress in the First Maine District.——Two robbers, believed to be the Daltons, robbed a bank in El Reno, O. T., getting $10,500 in money.——The White Mountain and Portland express on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railroad, collided with a freight train near Caledonia, N. Y. No passengers were hurt. An engineer, brakeman and Wagner car porter were slightly injured.——Alice Mitchell testified in her case at Memphis. She is losing her defiant air.——Supplies have been sent to sufferers by the floods in Louisiana.——At Philadelphia, Hercules Atkin & Co., carpet dealers, made an assignment for the benefit of creditors to W. H. T. Reeves. E. R. Artman-Treichler & Co., issued an attachment against the firm for an indebtedness of $4,185,77.

Governor Willey has ordered the withdrawal of the national guard from Coeur d'Alene.——A syndicate to be known as the Historic Art Association has been formed in Chicago with a capital of $5 000,000, for the purpose of making an exhibit of the works of American artists of note, old and new, during the World's Fair.——Smallpox broke out among Japanese railroad laborers at Nampa, Idaho.——Dr. David K. Dodge accepted the chair of English literature at the Illinois University.——Judge Howell Jackson, of the Federal Court at Chambers, in Nashville, appointed C. M. McGhee, of Knoxville, joint receiver with Henry Fink, of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad.——The steamer Queen, on her trip to Alaska, carried bonds to the amount of $125,000 for the release of the British steamer Coquitlan and her cargo of sealskins, recently seized by the United States revenue cutter Corwin.——Cooke Brothers' lard, tallow and neatsfoot oil plant, in Elizabeth, N. J., was almost entirely destroyed by fire.

It has been discovered that a number of Milwaukee officials have been robbing the city.——Charges of fraud are to be preferred against Chancellor C. F. Creighton, of the Nebraska Wesleyan University.——J. J. Bowen, a merchant of Reedville, Ark., shot and instantly killed two white men, Wilcox and Ace.——Cadelarie Perez was legally shot to death in Tlaltenango, Mexico.——Rev. Father Leander Schauer was elected archabbot of the Benedictine order.——A terrible tornado swept over the morning town of Hitchman, Iowa, blowing down and unroofing several residences.——In a fight between a sheriff's posse and a circus men, one on each side was badly hurt. Eight were finally landed in the Phoenix, N. Y., lockup.——An incendiary fire destroyed the three-story brick building occupied by Ralston & Buzby, wholesale grocers, in Columbia. The stock was entirely destroyed. Loss $17,000. Insurance $13,000.——The Barnum shaft, at Pittston, operated by the Pennsylvania Coal Company, was destroyed by fire. Loss is estimated at $75,000. Five hundred men are thrown out of employment.——Fire caused damage to the amount of $60,000 in Sauk Center, Minn.——Four indicted election officers in New Jersey plead guilty.——Gus Williams, colored, one of the three convicted murderers of August Meyer, last January was hanged in Savannah.

A riot arose between Norwegians, Swedes and Finns at a picnic given at Queen's Lake, Ill., and several were hurt on both sides.——Some privates of the Sixth Cavalry conspired with civilians to burn Fort McKinney and rob during the fire.——The town of Iron River, Wis., was wiped out by fire.——A carpenters' strike is being advocated in St. Louis.——Fire destroyed the tube works of the Edison General Electric Works, in Schnectady, with all its contents; loss about $100,000.——Nicholas E. Brodhead, treasurer of Ulster county died. Mr. Brodhead was also treasurer of the Ulster County Savings Institution, lately wrecked.——A safe robbery in Asbury Park yielded the burglars three dollars.——James Lee, a youth of sixteen years, was struck and instantly killed by lightning while walking along a path near the river in North Camden. The fluid passed through the shoe on his left foot and entered the body.——A. A. Redway, while insane from the grip, committed suicide in Cambridge, Mass.——In the West Susquehanna yard, an extra New York, Lake Erie and Western Wells-Fargo Express train collided with a switching engine. Both engines were wrecked, and six carloads of merchandise destroyed. Trainmen saved their lives by jumping.——John Boylan shot and killed Samuel Warlesburg in Benwood, W. Va.——The weather was intensely warm throughout the country, the thermometer ranging from 90° to 104°. There was a number of cases of sunstroke, some of them fatal.

DISCOVERY DAY.

Proclamation Instituting a Columbus Anniversary Holiday.

The following proclamation was issued by the President of the United States of America:—

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, By a joint resolution approved June 29, 1892, it was resolved in the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, "that the President of the United States be authorized and directed to issue a proclamation recommending to the people the observance in all their localities of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus as a general holiday for the people of the United States. On that day let the people, so far as possible, cease from toil and devote themselves to such exercises as may best express honor to the discoverer and their appreciation of the great achievement of the four completed centuries of American life.

Columbus stood in his age as the pioneer of progress and enlightment. He was a type of universal education as in our age the most prominent and salutary feature of the spirit of enlightment and it is peculiarly appropriate that the schools be made by the people the center of the day's demonstration. Let the National flag float over every school house in the country and the exercises be such as shall impress upon the youth the patriotic duties of American citizenship.

In the churches and in the other places of assembly of the people let there be expressions of gratitude to Divine Providence for the decent faith of the discovery and for the Divine care and guidance which has directed our history and so abundantly blessed our people.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this 21st day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and seventeenth.

[SEAL] BENJAMIN HARRISON.

By the President: John W. Foster, Secretary of State.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS devotes hardly more time to the composition of his sermons than did the late Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher used sometimes to delay that essential proceeding until Sunday morning after breakfast, and on one occasion when in the pulpit he would discard the material thus prepared for a new idea that had struck him

SHOT BY A CRANK.

Henry C. Frick Attacked in His Office at Pittsburg, Penn.

Seriously Wounded, but Cheerful and Confident of His Recovery—Mill Men Denounce the Act.

A desperate and almost successful attempt was made in Pittsburg to assassinate Henry Clay Frick, chairman of the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited.

His assailant was Alexander Berkman, a Russian Jew, who came to Pittsburg from New York with the evident intention of removing the man who has been the principal on the employer's side in the great struggle now going on between capital and labor.

It was a few minutes before 2 P. M., when a dark-complexioned young man with a Jewish cast of countenance, of medium height, and fairly well dressed, entered the elevator in the Chronicle Telegraph building, which is also occupied by the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, and asked to be let off at Mr. Frick's office.

The young man had been a frequent visitor during the past few days, and David Fortney, the elevator boy, thought nothing of the request, but stopped at the second floor, and pointed out the way to the chairman's private room.

Leaving the car the stranger proceeded across the hall and entered Mr. Frick's outer office, and requested the usher to take him to Mr. Frick.

The boy, having recognized his visitor as a man who called before and was refused an audience, complied, and immediately thereafter the voice of Mr. Frick was heard in the private office saying to let him come in.

The man stepped briskly through the glass door into the private office.

What brief conversation passed between the two men is not known, but it was hardly more than a minute before there was a noise like a scuffle, and then a shot rang out upon the air.

Before the startled clerks in the other offices could rush to the scene there were three more shots.

The first man to enter the room found Mr. Frick hanging on his assailant, while blood was streaming from his wounds.

At the sight of the clerk the would-be assassin shook himself loose from his victim and dashed out of the door. But, instead of running to the main hallway, he made a bound into the elevator cab which was standing with the door open.

The elevator man had sufficient presence of mind to hold him in the cab until the arrival of Officers McRoberts and Cronin, who placed him under arrest.

In the meanwhile, an immense crowd had begun to gather in the streets, and when the officers appeared with their prisoner, who was pale and trembling, with his clothing spattered with blood, there were hundreds of persons in and in the immediate vicinity of the Carnegie building, who greeted the officers with a perfect storm of hisses and cries of "Shoot him," "Lynch the murderer."

He was roughly pushed into the patrol wagon and taken to the Central Station, where he gave the name of Alexander Berkman and said that he resided on Forty-second-st., New York.

He was, he said, a Russian Jew; had been in America six years, and in Pittsburg two days. He has been stopping at the Merchants Hotel on Water-st.

He said he had been a compositor on a New York paper, but declined to give its name.

It was the general impression of all who saw him at the station that he was undoubtedly demented. Before being locked up he was asked if he knew Mr. Frick, and replied in the affirmative.

"Why did you shoot him?" was asked and with a half hysterical gurgle he replied: "I guess you know that."

In the meantime all the physicians in the immediate neighborhood had been summoned, and, with Dr. Litchfield, an eminent practitioner, at their head, proceeded to administer to the wounded man.

Although weak from the loss of blood and suffering great pain Mr. Frick still retained consciousness.

He was lying on a couch when the doctors arrived, and the first report that came out, which was evidently based on the superficial examination, was to the effect that four shots had taken effect, that one had penetrated the bowels, another had entered the chords in the back of his neck.

Later the following official statement came that three shots had taken effect, one in the ear, another in the neck, and a third in the back. The untruth statement had also received a serious gash in the neck from a sharp knife.

It was decided that the patient could not be immediately removed to his home except at the risk of his life, and for two hours thereafter the physicians exercised themselves in relieving his sufferings by all methods and appliances known to medical science.

Ex-Sheriff Gray was on the witness stand when the news reached the court-room that Mr. Frick had been shot. The news caused great excitement.

Mr. O'Donnell was evidently greatly shocked, and said, "Oh, that is terrible; that is terrible!"

He was deeply and visibly affected, and it was only with the greatest effort that he controlled himself.

Plot Evidence.

A despatch from Pittsburg says: There is a big mystery surrounding the attempted assassination of H. C. Frick, and the police authorities of Pittsburg are do ng speedy and commendable work. They brought another man over from the nest of Anarchists in Allegheny City at noon.

His name is Henry Bauer. He is it is charged, the agent of various Anarchistic publications in this country. After he was placed in a cell officers were sent to search his house. A correspondent visited the Anarchist quarters in Allegheny City, and for days in succession, general neglect and repulsiveness ruled fully on a level with the Haymarket district of Chicago.

It was doubtless from this quarter that the seditious matter distributed in camp a few days ago emanated. There is a dark conspiracy, it is believed, surrounding the attempt to kill Mr. Frick. The police regard as very important the arrest of Mollich at Long Branch, the man who, it is claimed, sent money by express to Bergman while he was in Pittsburg.

It is not known where this investigation will lead. Superintendent O'Mara is acting in conjunction with the New York authorities and the detectives are busily at work here. That there was a carefully organized plan to consummate the killing of Mr. C. Frick is clear and the public will keenly await the results of its investigation by the police.

Alexander Bergman indicated his intention to make a statement to the Associated Press of his reasons for shooting H. C. Frick and his story of the attempted assassination as soon as he should be settled in the jail. He is still in ignorance of the fact that other arrests have been made or are contemplated. H. Bauer, the recognized leader of the Anarchists who was arrested at noon, will be held until an investigation can be made. The police were also notified of Mollich's arrest at Long Branch, and have arranged to have him brought here. Knolds is still detained at the Central Station. His part in his connection with Bergman is not believed by the police.

Troops Ordered Home.

The departure of the Eighth and Fourteenth Regiment seem to indicate that it is the policy to slowly withdraw the troops from Homestead, leaving a sufficient number on hand to prevent any difficulty from arising. While this interpretation may be correct, it is probably better for the troops to remain, because if they had to be called out again and marched any distance under such a scorching heat there would be more than one man who would succumb to it.

The departure of a portion of the troops has had a good effect. It has cheered up the hopes of those remaining, because there is promise now that other regiments will follow the Eight and Fourteenth in due time.

Two hundred more non-union men were brought to Homestead works. They left the cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Swissvale, and are supposed to have come from Philadelphia. Two companies of the Tenth Regiment escorted the men from the cars to the banks of the river, whence they were ferried across to the Carnegie Works. With the arrival of these men and the departure of the Eighth and Fourteenth Regiments, the interest begin to diminish at Homestead.

The Homestead men have apparently abandoned all endeavors to bring the Bridgedock workers out on strike. A member of the advisory committee said that he had been informed by several Amalgamated men who had gone among the Bridgedock men that they had not forgotten the fruitless appeals for assistance they made to Homestead in 1887, and were disinclined to strike for sympathy. Several of the locked-out men, although aware that the leaders have given up the hope of a strike at the Elder Thompson plant are still hopeful of bringing them out.

The intense heat has prostrated many of General Superintendent Potter's non-union men, according to the Amalgamated scouts.

MESSRS. JOHN L. PLATT and James B. Platt, brothers, who have long conducted the Poughkeepsie Eagle, which was founded by their father (Isaac Platt) in 1828, has just taken into partnership a representative of the third generation of the family, Edmund Platt.

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

Senate.

155TH DAY.—The Senate passed, without question, the House bill authorizing commercial retaliation on Canada. The relations of capital and labor were brought to the attention of the Senate in two speeches. The first of them was made by Mr. Peffer, and was based on a resolution previously offered by him, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into that subject and as to what legislation was necessary to protect the right of the employes to fair rates of wages. The other speech was made by Mr. Call, and was directed chiefly against the Pinkerton detective force as an unauthorized armed organization. Mr. Peffer's resolution was referred to the Committee on Education and Labor. The Anti-option bill occupied the attention of the Senate for the remainder of the day's session.

156TH DAY.—A debate involving the question of specific contracts, payable in gold, was precipitated on the Senate in an unexpected manner and continued until it was crowded out by the Anti-Option bill, Mr. Hansbrough making an argument in favor of it and Mr. Hiscock an argument in opposit on.

157TH DAY.—In the Senate Mr. George held the floor through the greater part of the session, making an argument in favor of anti-option, a lot of he o es actually before the Senate, but of one offered by him as a substitute, on the part of himself, Mr. Pugh and Mr. Coke, a minority of the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Hunton made his maiden speech in the Senate on the Anti-option bill. A motion to refer the pending bill and amendments to the Committee on Finance, with instructions to report it next session, was made by Mr. Wolcott, and was pending when the Senate adjourned.

158TH DAY.—The Senate went into executive session and confirmed the nomination of Mr Shiras as justice of the Supreme Court. Mr. Sherman received a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for informat on with reference to State and National banks. A number of House financial bills were passed. Senator Allison made a thorough and exhaustive speech on Mr. Hale's resolution, in which he showed the advantages of a protective tariff. Mr. Vest replied, and there was a general discussion. The conference report on the General Deficiency bill, which finally disposes of it, was agreed to. Then the tariff discussion was continued by Senators Hale, Allison, Palmer and Carlisle. The bill to grant army nurses a pension of $12 a month was passed.

159TH DAY.—In the Senate the Hudson River Bridge was discussed, after which the Anti-option bill was taken up. On the latter, the speakers were Messrs. Coke, Mitchell and Palmer. No attempt was made to have a vote on Mr. Wolcott's motion to refer the bill to the Committee on Finance. When Mr. Washburn asked to have unanimous consent to have a time fixed, perhaps to-morrow, for taking a final vote on the bill and pending amendments, a prompt and determined objection was interposed by Mr. White.

House.

153D DAY.—The Committee on Public Lands had an hour of the time of the House, but was peculiarly unf