The Easton Gazette.

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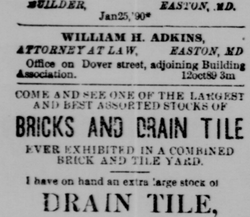
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THANKSGIVING DAY!

With grateful hearts let all give thanks,
All lands, all stations, and all ranks:
And the cry comes up along the way,
For what shall we give thanks to-day?

For peace and plenty, busy mills,
"The cattle on a thousand hills,"
For bursting barns, wherein is stored
The golden grain, a precious hoard:
Give thanks!

For orchards bearing rosy fruit,
For yielding pot and toothsome root,
And all that God declared was good
In hill or dale, or field or wood:
Give thanks!

For water bright and sweet and clear,
A million fountains far and near,
For gracious streamlets, lakes, and rills
That flow from everlasting hills:
Give thanks!

For summer dews and timely frost,
The sun's bright beams, not one ray lost,
For willing hands to sow the seed
And reap the harvest, great indeed:
Give thanks!

For hearth and home—love's altar fires—
For loving children, thoughtful sires;
For tender mothers, gentle wives,
Who fill our hearts and bless our lives:
Give thanks?

For heaven's care, life's journey through,
For health and strength to dare and do,
For ears to hear, for eyes to see
Earth's beauteous things on land and sea:
Give thanks!

—M. A. Kidder.

BESSIE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.



MOST diffident and modest knock it was. Perhaps because it was so very diffident, so very modest, irritated all the more the peculiarly alert nerves of Mr. Godfrey Kirke.

"Oh, come in, come in!" he cried.

An elderly woman entered the room. She had a small, pale withered face; a kind face, though, pleasant, gentle. She was dressed in a worn dark gown. The net fichu, crossed over her slender shoulders, was clasped by an old-fashioned medallion.

"To-morrow will be Thanksgiving-eve," she said; "I wished to know if I might prepare for the day after."

An originally handsome apartment, this in which the old man sat, and it had been handsomely furnished. Now both the room and its belongings bore the mark of creeping poverty, or extreme penuriousness. The master of the house, seated by the center table, seemed to share the character of the room. He, too, had been handsome once. Now he was expressive only of age and indigence, from the threadbare collar of his limp dressing-gown to the tips of his thin and shabby slippers.

"Prepare what?" he growled.

"Why a turkey, sir; or a pie, or—or a bit of cranberry-sauce, sir—"

He looked so fierce, her words died in her throat.

"Turkey! And where do you suppose I can get the money to spend on turkey? And pie! To make us all sick, and bring doctors and doctors' bills down on me! And," with a sniff of disgust, "cranberry sauce—the skinny stuff! No, Mrs. Dotty. A bit of bacon and some bread will be good enough for poor folks like us—good enough."

His housekeeper, for that was the unenviable position Mrs. Dotty occupied in Godfrey Kirke's household, resolved to make one last appeal.

"But I thought perhaps on account of the child," she began.

"The child—the child!" he repeated, irascibly, "I'm sick of hearing about her."

Indignation made Mrs. Dotty quite bold for once.

"She's your own granddaughter, sir. That's what she is."

"Well, I didn't ask for her, did I? I never wanted to adopt her. What right had her mother to make such a poor hand of herself by marrying Tom Barrett, and then come back to die here, and leave me her girl? Eh? She's an expense, I tell you; that's all. An expense!"

"The Lord help us, but he's getting worse than ever!" murmured the woman, as, with a bang that was downright disrespectful, she slammed the door behind her.

"You—you, Miss Bessie!"

She started, as she looked up, and saw Bessie Barrett standing so near her. She was a slim, brown-haired little thing, of about seventeen. She was clad in an ill-made gown of coarse maroon cashmere. Her eyes were large, gray, just now very sorrowful. Her lashes and brows were quite black. The delicate features had a pinched look, and the pretty lips were paler than should be the lips of one so young.

"Yes; and I—heard."



"OH, COME IN, COME IN!" HE CRIED.

"Oh, don't—don't mind, dear!" said Mrs. Dotty, soothingly, putting a hand that looked like wrinkled ivory on the girl's arm. "He is just a cross, soured, lonely old man."

"I do mind!" Bessie passionately cried. "Oh, I do! I sha'n't stay here! I sha'n't be an expense to him any longer. I will go away somewhere!"

She broke down in a fit of bitter weeping.

"Now, Miss Bessie, dear, you mustn't cry that way; you really mustn't. I loved your mother before you, and I love you."

But the poor, little, old comforter was almost crying herself.

Years before, the Kirkes were the people of wealth and position in that part of the country. But one trouble after another had come upon the house. First, the wife of the master died. Maud, the daughter, married a man whose only crime was poverty. He was a frail, scholarly man, quite unfitted for a fierce struggle against adverse fortune. He fell ill and died. A year later his wife followed him, leaving their child to its grandfather, Godfrey Kirke. To the latter had come the final blow when his only son Robert, his hope and pride, had run away to sea. Then in the house, which since the death of the mistress had been a cheerless and dreary place, began a rigid reign of miserliness and consequent misery.

Bessie broke from her friend and ran upstairs and into her own little bare room. There was no fire in the grate, though the day was cold with the penetrating damp of a wind from off the ocean. She went to the window and stood there looking out across the flat brown marshes, to where the waters tossed, greenish and turbulent.

"A horrid day," she said, with a shiver, "but it can't be worse out than in."

She put on a short old Astrahan jacket, a little felt hat and a pair of much-mended cloth gloves. Then she went quickly down and out.

The dusk, the dreary November dusk, was filling the room when the old man, plodding over his accounts, laid down his pencil and rang the bell. Mrs. Dotty responded. Mr. Kirke kept but one other servant (if Mrs. Dotty could correctly be termed a servant), and she absolutely refused to enter the protesting presence of her master.

"Tea!"

"Yes, sir."

The meek housekeeper withdrew. Ten minutes later she brought in a tray on which were tea, bread, butter, two cups, two saucers and two plates. Mr. Kirke poured out his tea, shook a little of the sugar he was about to use back in the old silver bowl, added carefully a few drops of milk and cut a slice of bread.

"Butter has gone up three cents in the last week," he said. "I can't afford to use butter."

So he munched his bread dry, with a sense of exaltation in his self-imposed penance. He would not open the poorhouse-door for himself by using butter. But, somehow, the rank tea tasted ranker than usual. Surely the bread was sour. And the gloom outside the small circle that the lamplight illumined seemed singularly dense. What was wrong? What was missing? What was different? He paused, his hand falling by his side. The child—as he and Mrs. Dotty had always called her—the child was not here. She used to slip in so quietly, take her seat, and when her meager supper was over, glide away just as softly. Yes, little as he noticed her, she was generally there. He rang the bell sharply.



HE HAD THE WEAPON IN HIS HAND.

"Where is she?" he asked Mrs. Dotty, when she popped in her mild old head. There was no need to particularize. Mrs. Dotty cast a swift, searching look around.

"Isn't she here?"

Without waiting for a reply, she turned and ran up the stairs to Bessie's room. There she knocked. No answer. She opened the door, went in. The room was empty.

Hastily she descended the stairs.

"She is not in, sir."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know, sir."

Impatiently Godfrey Kirke pushed his chair back from the table.

"You ought to know; it's your business to know. But it doesn't matter—it doesn't matter in the least."

Down to Hanna in the kitchen went Mrs. Dotty.

"Did you see Miss Bessie?"

"Yes'm. Passin' westward a couple of hours ago—yes'm."

"Oh!"

Mrs. Dotty breathed a relieved sigh. Bessie had probably gone to Rose Dever's house. The Devers lived almost a mile away. As a storm was blowing up she would most likely stay there over night.

About ten o'clock Mr. Kirke's bell again tingled out. Again Mrs. Dotty appeared before him.

"Has the child come in?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know why she went out?"

"I suspect, sir."

"Well, speak up."

"She overheard our conversation to-day."

"What of it?"

"Nothing of it," with a very angry dash from very faded eyes, "except that she vowed she would be an expense to you no longer."

"She did, eh?"

"She did."

"Well," grimly, "I hope she won't!"

The child had a sulky fit. She was probably at the house of some neighbor. She would return when her tantrum had passed off. All this he told himself. Still he sat in his lonely room till long after midnight, listening, listening. When he finally went to bed it was to roll and moan till daylight, in the vague wretchedness of unhappy dreams.

Noon—the noon before Thanksgiving eve,—came, went. Bessie did not return.

All forenoon it rained. Toward evening the rain ceased, and a fog, a chill, smoky, blinding fog, began to creep up from the Atlantic.

"If you don't mind," said Mrs. Dotty, making her appearance with a shawl over her head, "I'll just run over to Devers' and see what is keeping Miss Bessie."

"Do!" he answered.

She had spoken as if the distance were not worth considering, but it was quite a journey for her. When she returned she looked white and scared.

"She isn't there—hasn't been."

"Hark!" said Godfrey Kirke, holding up one lean hand.

"That is only the carrier with the flour."

"Ask him if he has seen her?"

Mrs. Dotty went into the hall. Almost instantly she returned.

"He has not. He says there is the body of a young woman at the town morgue."

"What!"

Godfrey Kirke leaped from his chair.

"He says that the body of a young girl was found in the East Branch to-day."

Godfrey Kirke sank back in his seat. Mrs. Dotty smiled a hard little smile to herself as she closed the door and went away. She knew how many friends Bessie had. She shrewdly suspected if she were not found at one place she would be at another, and she was maliciously and pleasantly conscious that she had given the hard-hearted old man a genuine scare.

Long the latter sat where she had left him. Thinking. For the first time in years he was thinking, sadly, seriously, solemnly. Thanksgiving-eve! In his wife's time the house used to be gay and cheerful on that night, so filled with comfort and bright anticipations, so odorous with the homely fragrance of good things in the kitchen, so delightfully merry with the brisk bustle attendant on the morrow's festivity. Now it was desolate, dreary, darksome with depressing and unutterable gloom. Whose fault was it? His! decided Godfrey Kirke, as savagely relentless to himself in this moment as he would have been to another. His! when his devoted wife had drooped and



"ROBERT!" "FATHER!"

died under his ever-increasing arrogance, dictation. His! when Maud married the first man who offered himself, to escape from her father's pretty rule. His! when Robert ran away to escape the narrow obligations and unjust restrictions laid upon him. His! when the child his dead daughter had left him could no longer endure his brutality, or accept from him the scant support he so grudgingly gave. His fault—all his! In those lonely hours the whole relentless truth dawned upon him, as such truths will dawn, in most bitter brilliance. He dropped his head on his hands with a groan.

He looked around the dim, shabby room. He looked at the dying fire in the grate. He wondered of what use would be to him now his twenty-thousand in bonds, his eight hundred acres of meadow land, the money he had out at interest. He rose in a dazed kind of way, a shadowy purpose taking definiteness in his mind. He wished he had been better to Bessie; he wished—but what was the use of wishing now? There could be but one satisfactory answer to all his self-condemnation. A shot from the revolver in the drawer on her, that he had always kept in readiness for possible burglars. He rose. He moved toward the table. His figure cast a fantastic shadow on the wall. The tears were streaming down his cheeks. There might be thanksgiving for his death, though there could never have been any for his life.

Hark!

He had the weapon in his hand. He started nervously. Was that Bessie's voice? He turned, dropping the revolver with a clatter. Yes, there she was, not three feet away, fresh, fair, damp, smiling.

"It is the queerest thing," she said, coming toward him as she spoke. "I felt—badly—yesterday, and I went over to Mrs. Farnham's to see if she could get me work. I met Mrs. Nelson, and she asked me to go home with her. Dicky was ill, and she wanted me to stay over night. She sent you a note. At least she sent the boy with it, but he lost it, and only told her so this afternoon. As soon as I knew that I started home alone—although Dicky was no better."

"Yes?" said Godfrey Kirke. He was listening with an unusual degree of interest.

"And to-night, when I was almost here, (Nelsons' is quite two miles away, you know), I got lost in the fog."

Her grandfather regarded her in amazement. What made he pale cheeks so bright? What excitement had blackened her gray eyes?

"And—a gentleman who was coming here found me, and—and brought me home. Please thank him, grandpa. Here he is!"

With an incredulous, gasping cry, Godfrey Kirke retreated, as a big brown, muscular fellow came dashing in from the hall.

"Robert!"

"Father!"

Then they were clasped in each other's arms.

"I'm back from the sea for good, father. And I chanced to find my little niece Bessie lost out there in the fog. A young lady, I vow! And I was thinking of her as a mere baby yet! Just think! She tells me Charlie Nelson wants her—"

"No? Well, Charlie is a fine fellow. He can have her—a year from to-day."

So now you know why the Kirke homestead is dazzling with lights and flowers, and why it resounds with laughter this Thanksgiving; why old Godfrey wears a brand-new suit, and a flower in his buttonhole; why Robert, in his rightful place, looked so proud and pleased; why dear, busy little Mrs. Dotty beams benignly; why Bessie, gowned in snowy, shining silk, thinks this is a lovely old world after all; why Charlie Nelson is so blessedly content, and why in each and every heart reigns supreme Thanksgiving.—The Ledger.

A Wonderful Chess Board.

At a late fair in Brittany, France, a monk from the Friestine monastery exhibited a plain-looking table with an inlaid chess board on its surface. The inventor, or anyone so disposed, sets the pieces for a game and then sits along at one side of the table. However cautiously he plays he is frequently checkmated by the pieces from the opposite side, which move automatically across the board. No matter how scientifically the player plays the ghost-moved pieces frequently come out ahead. No mechanism is apparent; to all intent the table is a solid board.—Chicago Herald.

A Thought For the Season.

He in whose store of blessings there may be
Enough, and yet to spare,
Bestowing, with a gentle charity,
Upon the poor a share,
By all the gladness that his gifts provide
Will have his own thanksgiving multiplied.

An Informal Repast.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Brown, "you would like me to wear a new dress at this Thanksgiving dinner you are going to give?"

"Can't afford it," growled old Brown. "As long as you have the turkey well dressed you will pass muster."—Judge.

The Russian Government has sent a note to the Turkish Government warning it that the proposed visit of Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, to Constantinople will be considered as contrary to the Treaty of Berlin.

The Thanksgiving Turkey.

As Thanksgiving Day walks down this way
The strutting turkey is ill at ease;
"I'm poor as the turkey of Job," says he;
"Tough as I am it to eat, you see;
I gobble no more of my pedigree,
Lest some poor fellow should go sole me;
And a turkey buzzard I think I'll be,
For the present, if you please."
—Binghamton Republican.

Thanksgiving Roast Pig.

Take a choice fat pig six weeks old, not younger, though it may be a little older. Have it carefully killed and dressed, and thoroughly washed. Trim out carefully with a sharp, narrow-bladed knife the inside of the mouth and ears, cut out the tongue and chop off the end of the snout. Rub the pig well with a mixture of salt, pepper and pounded sage, and sprinkle it rather liberally with red pepper, and a dash outside, too.

Make a rich stuffing of bread crumbs—corn bread stuffing is de rigeur for pig, though you can put half of one and half of the other inside of Mr. Piggy if somebody insists on loaf bread stuffing. If you use corn bread, have a thick, rich pone of bread baked, and crumble it as soon as it is cool enough to handle, season it highly with black and red pepper, sage, thyme, savory marjoram, minced onion—just enough to flavor it, and plenty of fresh butter; moisten it well with stock, cream, or even hot water. Stuff the pig well and sew it up closely.

If you have a tin roaster and open fire, the pig will be roasted by that much better. If you have not, put the pig in a long pan and set it in the oven, and leave the stove door open until the pig begins to cook, gradually closing the poor, so that the cooking will not be done too fast. The pig must be well dredged with flour when put in the pan. Mix some flour and butter together in a plate, and pour about a quart of hot water in the pan with the pig when it is put on the fire. Have a larding-mop in the plate of flour and butter, and mop the pig frequently with the mixture while it is roasting.

If a roaster is used, set it about two feet from the fire at first, but continue to move it nearer and nearer as the pig cooks. Baste it frequently with the water in the pan betweenwhiles of mopping with flour and butter.

To be sure the pig is done, thrust a skewer through the thickest part of him; if no pink or reddish juice oozes out it is done, and ought to be a rich brown all over. When the pig is done pour the gravy in a saucepan and cook it sufficiently. Tails will not be necessary if the pig was cooked in the stove oven. The pig's liver may be boiled in well salted water, pounded up, and added to the gravy, which should be very savory and plentiful.

The pig should be invariably served with baked sweet potatoes and plenty of good pickle and sauce, either mushroom or green pepper catsup, for despite his toothsomeness, roast pig is not very safe eating without plenty of red pepper.—Good Housekeeper.

Thank-giving Day.

Merriment should run riot on Turkey Day. Let Thanksgiving be a night of rollicking fun for the children, little and big. In after years when they are away from home its influences will linger around them still. Your son or your daughter may be kept in the "straight and narrow way" by the remembrance of just one happy home night.

A simple game that even the baby can almost take part in is called "Fish, flesh or fowl." The leader must stand and say to one, "Fish, flesh or fowl," then if before he has counted five that one does not give the name of some fowl he must pay a forfeit. There is lots of fun in this game, for in his effort to think of some fowl quickly one is likely to get confused and cry out "eels" or "elephants," forgetting that these are unlikely fowls. The leader must talk rapidly for the older folks, but more slowly for the little ones. It will incite the latter to look up all the available names of fowl when they know this game is to be played.

"My father's got home from India" is a game that never failed to bring down the house in my young days, and it must have been enjoyable, for after all these years I feel as if I would like to play it now, if I had a right merry lot of readers about me, writes Palmetto Goldsmith in the American Agriculturist.

Seat the children on three sides of a room, and let the leader sit so that he can be seen by all. He must then say, "My father's got home from India."

"What did he bring you?" one must be instructed to ask.

You reply "A fan," and then begin to fan yourself with your hand, which all must imitate.

Then you repeat the remark about the return of your father, and another asks, "What did he bring you?"

"Two fans," fanning with both hands, which all must imitate.

To the next question the answer is, "Two fans, a boot and a shoe," which necessitates that both hands go through the motion of fanning, while the feet tap the floor.

To the next you reply. "Two fans, a boot, a shoe and a hat," and then the head must be nodded.

The first one who misses any motion must pay a forfeit, and it is needless to say that the forfeits are many. It is really good exercise, and after the little ones have been thoroughly instructed in games of this kind, they will relieve you of their care through many a busy hour by playing them among themselves.

He Charged for Knowing How.

"I paid a bill the other day," said a large manufacturer, "without a murmur, simply because of the way it was worded. My engineer found that his hot water pipe would not work and after puttering at it for an hour, sent for a machinist. He bothered with it half a day and then concluded it must come apart. I was much annoyed, for that meant the stoppage of my factory for a long time. Before I gave the order to take it to pieces some one suggested that a neighboring engineer be sent for, as he was a sort of genius in the matter of machinery. He came, and after studying the pump awhile he took a hammer and gave three sharp raps over the valve. 'I reckon she'll go now,' he quietly said, and putting on steam 'she' did go. The next day I received a bill from him for $25.50. The price amazed me, but when I had examined the items I drew a check at once. The bill read this way: Messrs. Blank & Co., Dr. to John Smith. For fixing pump, fifty cents, for knowing how, $25. Had he charged me $25.50 for fixing the pump I should have considered it exhorbitant. But fifty cents was reasonable and I recognized the value of knowledge, so I paid and said nothing."—American Furniture Gazette.

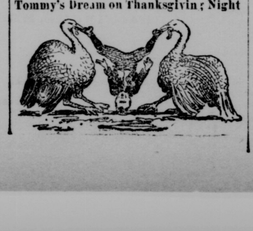
Cause for Thanksgiving.

Sunday-school Teacher — "Willie, have you had anything during the week to be especially thankful for?"

Willie—"Yes'm, Johnny Podgers sprained his wrist and I licked him for the first time yesterday."—Burlington Free Press.

Spears are found in the earliest hieroglyphics of Egypt.

Tommy's Dream on Thanksgiving Night



THE NEWS.

Mrs. D. E. Park, aged sixty-six years, of Washington, D. C., a saloon passenger on the steamer Servia, which sailed from Liverpool on November 13, and arrived in New York, died on board on the 19th inst. of heart failure.—The hearse horses ran away in Brown City, Mich., and the body of Joshua Summers, which was being taken to the grave, was dashed through the glass and badly mutilated.—The steamer Anglomen arrived in Boston from Liverpool with the crew of the wrecked bark Cubena, of London.—Train-wreckers placed obstructions on the tracks of the Western and Atlantic Railroad two miles from Atlanta. The engine and four cars left the track. Engineer Squires and his fireman were seriously, perhaps fatally, injured. A train was wrecked at the same spot a year ago in the same way by fastening an iron band across the rails. The purpose of the wreckers is supposed to be robbery.—John Fulton, living near Reading, was shot by a party of trespassing sportsmen whom he ordered off the place.—A fire occurred in the store of Joseph Manly at Pittston, caused by the explosion of a coal oil lamp. Before the fire department could get to the spot the large block containing the Manly general store, Hileman's office, Mathews' music store, Weeks Bros.' cigar store and factory were burned to the ground.

There is now no doubt that Gamble Weir, the late superintendent of police at Pittsburg was poisoned. Hugo Blanck, the aged chemical expert, has completed his analysis of the dead man's stomach and states positively that he has found three different poisons, in sufficient quantities to cause death.—There was a wreck on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, near Hacksberry, in which one man was killed and thirteen wounded, some seriously.—A fire that broke out in the wholesale cigar factory of Hirsch and Bodenheim, in St. Louis, destroyed also the adjoining building, occupied by the American Oak Leather Company.—A village in Washington county, on White River Arkansas, was totally destroyed by a cyclone. Every house in town except the schoolhouse, were demolished. No lives were lost, but the damage to property is great. The cyclone also did considerable damage in Chester, Ill., where it caused the death of the wife and two children of Herman Ottengen.—William Maier, the wife-murderer, was hanged in Wheeling.—It is again reported that the Indians are restless, and likely to go on the war path.—The case of Sylvester Critchlow, the first of the Homestead strikers, charged with murder, was begun in Pittsburg.—Mrs. Peter Bowman, of Saltillo, Pa., died from the effect of poison, given to her by a drug clerk instead of epsom salts.

The steamer Ethelmold sailed from Fernandina with 10 000 boxes oranges for England. It is the first direct shipment of Florida fruit ever made across the water.—The British steamship Thordisa was cleared by Ross, Howe and Morrow for Liverpool from Pensacola, Fla., with a cargo of 7,610 bales of cotton, weighing 3,805,898 pounds. This is one of the largest, if not the largest, cargo in proportion to tonnage that has ever left a United States port.—At a celebration at Mountain View, Ariz., in honor of Cleveland's election, fireworks exploded prematurely and a number of people were killed.—A fire that broke out in the Koch & Loeber Company building, Milwaukee, Wis., destroyed $150,000 worth of property.—Wrecks in the Schuylkill seriously hamper navigation.—As the 8:15 Central train westbound reached Lockport, N. Y., S. N. Woods, of Brooklyn, N. Y., stepped in front of it near the city limits, and was instantly killed. The suicide was a son of the late Judge Woods, and highly connected. He was about sixty years of age. The reason for taking his life is unknown.—A amicable settlement is about to be effected in the suits of the farmers along Shamokin and Mahanoy Creeks against the Reading Coal and Iron Company and individual operators. The suits involve over a million dollars, and were the result of coal dirt washing down the creeks and thence on the land of the farmers.

Eight men were imprisoned seven or eight hours by a cave in at the Hazle Dell colliery at Centralia, near Pottsville, Pa.—Ella Niland, aged seventeen years, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., was instantly killed by being struck by a railroad train.—Capt. John S. Bourke, of the Third Cavalry, was shot dead by Paul Fricke, a United States deputy marshal, while on the witness stand in the investigation of the violation of the neutrality laws in the Garza uprising in the court at Los Angeles.—Capt. J. J. Brarens, of the steamer De Ruyter, became insane on the voyage from Antwerp to Boston, and the other officers had to place him in confinement and take command.—F. H. Kelly, prescription clerk for James W. Caldwell, druggist, of Detroit, Mich., was found murdered in the cellar under the store.—Taubeneck and other Third party leaders have organized the Industrial Legion, a move to carry the Farmers' Alliance into the Third party.—A man calling himself the Healing Evangelist is claimed to have performed some wonderful faith cures in Wilkesbarre.—Arguments in the application of the Edison Electric Light Company for a preliminary injunction against the Sawyer-Man Electric Company, which is associated with the Westinghouse Company, to restrain it from manufacturing or selling incandescent lamps, were concluded before Judge Lacombe in the United States Circuit Court. Judge Lacombe granted a *pro forma* order for an injunction *pendente lite*, and an appeal was taken to the United States Court of Appeals.

FATAL STEAMBOAT FIRE.

Six of the Deck Passenger Perished—Women in Peril.

The steamboat Ora Lee was burned to the waters edge at the wharf in Memphis Tenn., six o'clock the other morning.

There were about thirty cabin passengers abroad. Among them were three women and about forty deck passengers. All, together with the officers and crew, were saved except six deck passengers. They were drunk and asleep on the lower deck by the engine room, where the fire started, and the supposition is that they were cut off by the flames and perished.

The Ross Lee arrived at 4:30 A. M., and after all fires had been extinguished and the boilers cooled down, the engineer seeing that every thing was safe left for his home in the southern portion of the city. The night watchman, who went through the deck room twenty minutes afterwards, discovered several bales of cotton afire. The bell was rung and Clarence Vanker, the colored cabin watchman on duty, went through the cabin, arousing the sleeping passengers.

The fire spread rapidly, and the upper part of the boat was soon in flames. Many passengers and officers had narrow escapes, and all lost what they had.

Captain Henry Cooper, who was asleep in the Texas, was awakened by the ringing of the bell. He remained to put on his shoes, and was compelled to slide down one of the iron stanchions of the boat. The flames had cut him off from the stairs leading down to the boiler deck.

The Ross Lee was lying between the Rowena Lee and the Ora Lee, two steamers owned by the same company, both of which were in danger of burning. They were cut loose from their moorings and towed to places of safety by harbor boats. The fire department of the city answered the alarm that was sent in and succeeded in saving the hull of the boat.

Two men supposed to have been lost were laborers employed at the government works in Ashport Bend.

The fire, it is thought was started by sparks from the pipes of the deck passengers.

The Grand Duchess Nicholas Alexandrovitch widow of the recently deceased uncle of the Czar, is about to leave the convent at Kieff, where she has spent several months, and taken up her abode permanently in Jerusalem with ten nuns whom she will take with her.

GREAT STRIKE ENDED.

The Lockout at Homestead Declared off.

Cost of the Fight Estimated at Nearly Six Million Dollars.

At last the great strike at Carnegie's Homestead Steel Works has been declared off.

After a five months' struggle, which for bitterness has probably never been equaled in this country, the army of strikers finally decided to give up the fight. This action was taken at a meeting of the lodges of the Amalgamated Association at Homestead, the vote standing 101 in favor of declaring the strike off and 91 against it.

Among those present at the meeting were Vice-President Carney, Secretary Kigallon Treasurer Madden and David Lynch, of the advisory board. The officials addressed the members, and in plain words told them the strike was lost and advised them to take steps to better their condition.

The remarkable part with considerable opposition, but when the vote was taken it showed a majority of 10 in favor of declaring the strike off. Those who were in favor of ending the struggle were jubilant, while those who were against it were badly put out. Most of the latter were men who were obstinate, and many of them had either applied for positions in the mill and had been turned down or felt sure that their names were on the company's black list and could not get positions.

A member of the advisory board said that he has been trying to get the strike declared off for weeks, as he knew it was lost, and it would have been better for the men, as a great many of them could have gotten their place back.

Those who could not get back are in a bad fix, as the relief funds will be stopped and many hundreds of them have nothing to live on. The people in Homestead, especially the business men, are highly elated over the action of the meeting, for if the strike had continued much longer it would have ruined the town. Many business houses have fell into the hands of the sheriff since the strike has been on. Business is expected to resume its normal condition soon.

The Homestead strike has proved one of the most disastrous in the history of the country. It originated from a reduction in the departments in which members of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers were employed. The hitch was on what is known as the sliding scale. It is a scale which regulates the men's wages by the market price of steel billets. Nearly every mill in this vicinity signed the scale, including other mills of the Carnegie Company.

At the refusal of the firm to sign the scale for the Homestead mill a lockout occurred by the Amalgamated Association, and they were joined by the mechanics and laborers who struck out of sympathy only, their wages not being reduced. The strikers were determined to keep non-union men out of the mills and adopted military discipline.

The story of the arrival and bloody fight with the Pinkertons on July 6, the subsequent riotous proceedings and the calling out of the National Guard and its departure after three months' duty is too well known to repeat. For six weeks the mill has been running almost as well as before the strike, but until within the last week the strikers have steadfastly refused to admit defeat.

The news declaring the strike off was received with dismay by the strikers in the two Lawrenceville mills of Carnegie's. These men were sympathy strikers, and went out at the time the men at the Beaver Falls and Duquesne struck. The Duquesne men gave up the fight in three weeks, and the Beaver Falls' strikers decided to go back to work. The Lawrenceville men, however, wrestled fast, and had no intention of giving in. They are now in the position of striking for no cause. They are very angry at the Homestead men, and will declare the strike off.

The strike at one time involved near 100,000 men and the loss in wages will reach, it is said, in the neighborhood of $2,000,000. Then there is the immense loss to the firm, which cannot be estimated, but which can serve to people put at at least double the amount lost by the men in wages. To this can be added nearly $500,000 paid to the State troops and the cost to the county of Allegeny for the riot, treason and other cases growing out of the strike.

There are 180 Homestead strikers who are indicted for the crimes of treason, murder, aggravated riot and conspiracy to be tried at the present and December terms of court. Little more than two-thirds have been arrested. About 140 have been bailed out in the Criminal Court or by Squire McMasters. The se are the persons who will be tried. Only three, O'Donnell, Clifford and Critchlow, are in jail. It is said the officers do not expect to arrest any of the missing men.

At least 35 deaths were directly or indirectly caused by the strike. Besides those killed in the battle of July 6 many soldiers contracted fever, which resulted fatally, one soldier was accidentally shot by a comrade, another was killed by the cars; one striker committed suicide, one was drowned, one was killed by the cars; several non-unionmen died from fever and several were killed in the mill and one was murdered by another non-unionist. The attempted assassination of Chairman Frick, of the Carnegie Company is also indirectly credited to the strike.

CABLE SPARKS.

The convicts in the prison at Torragona, Spain, attempted to escape and nine were killed.

THOMAS NEILL convicted of poisoning girls in London, was hanged in Newgate prison.

THE Turkish army office has prohibited all officers below the rank of major to take a second wife.

THE Rochdale, England, mill owners have decided to put their operatives on short time. The decision effects 1,200,000.

THE Paris Figaro says the United States of Columbia has extended the time of the Panama canal concession one year.

BY a vote of 318 to 211 the French Chamber of Deputies abolished the wine grower's privileges to manufacture alcohol from a portion of their crop duty free.

THE London Standard's Berlin correspondent writes that he hears a series of private conferences is under way, having for their purpose a revision of the Samoan treaty.

IT is announced that the tariff on raw cotton will be raised by the Russian government to 140 copecks per pood when imported by sea, and 155 copecks when imported overland.

WHEN the international monetary conference opens at Brussels on November 22 one of the Belgian representatives will invite the American delegates to state the proposals they desire to have discussed.

PRIVATE letters received in Paris state that Captain Montell, the French explorer, will arrive shortly at Tripoli, after traversing the desert of Sahara from Senegal by way of Lake Tchad. Captain Montell, has been eighteen months making the journey.

THE convention of the Irish National Federation in Dublin was addressed by Thomas Sexton and adopted resolutions denouncing the course of the tory landlords and warning them not to drive the tenants into a new combination for self-preservation.

THE cavalry that were sent out to drive the chieftain Osman Digna back into the desert have returned to Suakim from Sinkat after burning the camp there that Osman Digna had deserted. The chieftain and his forces remain quiet at Ame'.

UNHAPPY HAYTI.

Exiles Preparing for Another Revolution in December.

The Haytian exiles and malcontents have decided to postpone their revolution until December, in order to allow the coffee crop to be harvested. They claim that while General Manigat is determined to overthrow Hippolyte, who has had his hands in the treasury for near