The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LXXVI.--NO. 52. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1892. $1.50 PER YEAR

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

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

Professional Cards.

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

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

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

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

ROBSON BROS.
NEWS DEALERS, EASTON, MD.
Daily, Weekly and Monthly Papers furnished. Publications ordered from Agents for Harper's. Leslie's and Pet Century Co's. Publications. Prompt attention to all orders guaranteed. ja20tf

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

LEWIS BUFFETT, M. D., D. D.
Dentist, Easton, Md.
Office in Masonic Temple. 21nov 1y

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

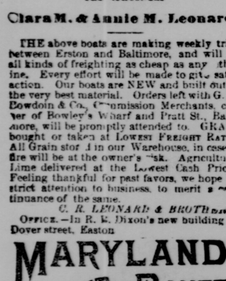
WILLIAM H. ADKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, EASTON, MD
Office on Dover street, adjoining Building Association. 12oct89 3m

COME AND SEE ONE OF THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCKS OF
BRICKS AND DRAIN TILE
EVER EXHIBITED IN A COMBINED BRICK AND TILE YARD.
I have on hand an extra large stock of
DRAIN TILE,
And now is the time to put them in for the fall crop. If farmers will call I think terms can be made to suit them.
BRICKS
In any amount and quality can be furnished at short notice.
TERRA COTTA,
For Drain Pipe and Chimneys, in stock in all its Branches.
JOSEPH H. WHITE,
EASTON, MD.

WAGNER'S GREEN HOUSE,
W. PRATT STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
J. & B. L. WAGNER, - - Proprietors.

This Restaurant is the oldest and most extensive in its accommodations of any in the city.
PRICES MODERATE.
The crowds which lunch and dine daily at this restaurant attest the public approbation of its management. 31mhly

PACKET LINE.
THE SCHOONERS
Clara M. & Annie M. Leonard.
THE above boats are making weekly trips between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Our boats are NEW and built out of the very best material. Orders left with G. E. Bowdoin & Co., Commission Merchants, corner of Bowley's Wharf and Pratt St., Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. GRAIN bought or taken at Lowest Freight Rates. All Grain stored in our Warehouse, in case of fire will be at the owner's risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the Lowest Cash Prices. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.
C. R. LEONARD & BROTHER.
OFFICE.—In R. K. Dixon's new building on Dover street, Easton.

MARYLAND ROASTER AND BAKER


BEST SIMPLEST AND CHEAPEST
THE STEAM produced by the process of cooking cannot escape, is absorbed by the article in the roaster, and acts as a basting. There is no evaporation, no drying up or burning, hence no shrinkage or loss of weight, and all the flavor and nutritious qualities of the food are retained. Tough meats are made tender, and any article roasted or baked will be sweeter, healthier and more digestible. Put the food in the roaster, place the roaster in a well heated oven, the roaster will do the cooking. It requires no attention. Can only be bought from dealers, the trade supplied by:
MATTHAI, INGRAM & CO.,
120 HANOVER ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
64 READE ST., NEW YORK.

DIFFUSIBLE TONIC ALL FEVERS
The Only Remedy of its Kind.
RELIEVES AT ONCE
all Feverish conditions. When used promptly, in the first stages, will prevent Malarial Fever, Typhoid Fever, Yellow Fever, and quickly relieves all serious conditions in Hay Fever, Measles, Scarlet Fever and Diphtheria.
Guaranteed to Break up Chills and Fever, Ague Colds and LaGrippe at once. No Bad Effects.
A Medical Record Without Parallel:
Yellow Fever, Jacksonville, Fla., 1888; Typhoid Fever, Newaygo, Mich., 1889; Malarial Fever, Chills and Fever, Colds, Scarlet Fever, Measles and Influenza or LaGrippe.
The Proprietor's guarantee with $1.00 bottles.
Sold by Druggists at 50c and $1 per bottle.
Prepared by Diffusible Tonic Co., Sturgis, Mich.
DIFFUSIBLE TONIC CHILLS

A BLOW FROM AN UNSEEN HAND.

Give us the hand that will strike a blow
In the open market-place,
While the well-roused blood from the angry heart
Inflames the answering face!
Rather than that sly, stealthy hand
That aims a blow in the dark
And leaves, like a poisoned serpent's fang,
A sure and deadly mark.

The tale that the smooth-tongued slanderer tells
Behind her fair friend's back,
That grows and grows as it onward goes,
With the sound of the mill's click, clack!
The doubtful story set afloat
By some secret, dangerous hand,
To rob a man of his fame or name,
Are blows from an unseen hand.

Give us the open light of day,
With the clear sun shining bright,
Rather than shadows grim and gray
On the darker gloom of night;
Give us a hand that will deal a blow
As a flint may strike a spark,
Rather than that sly, stealthy one
That aims a blow in the dark.

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in the Ledger.

Miss Carnahan's Two Heroes.

BY R. L. KEUCHUM.



THE manager of the "C——," as he rode up to the ranch on his return from town, looked about as cross as a thoroughly good-natured man can. I was smoking my pipe on the veranda, and could see afar off that Sutley's wonted smile was missing.

"Read that," he said, as he flung himself from the saddle and turned the bronco loose to run to the stables. "Reckon we'll have to sleep on the roof or in a haystack. Mph! Seven tenderfeet! Two weeks!" And Sut stamped into the house, swearing softly, while I unfolded the telegram he had flung me and learned that Major Carnahan, President of the Willow Ridge Cattle Company, to which the "C——" Ranch belonged, would arrive, three days later, for a visit of two weeks, and that he would be accompanied by half-a-dozen other "tenderfeet."

They arrived in due time, or rather undue time, for we had inaugurated a house cleaning and general fixing-up campaign which was only about half completed when they came. Besides the Major there were Mrs. and Miss Carnahan; Mr. Potter, who was tacitly understood to be Miss Carnahan's "accepted;" Mr. and Mrs. Wells and Miss Daisy Wells, a young lady of three, to whom the whole outfit capitulated at first sight.

Next day "Teddy" returned from his hunting trip. "Teddy," it may be as well to state, was Edward Thayer, A. M., cousin to Sutley, and a young man of charming personality and considerable attainments. To him fell the duty of acting as chief entertainer of the guests, and he filled this post to the queen's taste—or, at least, to Miss Carahan's, which was much more to the point. The others of the party were easily entertained, but not so Miss Carnahan. She wanted to see everything that was worth seeing, do everything that was worth doing, and, seemingly, tried to find out how many harum-scarum escapades she could accomplish in the shortest space of time; and, of course, this just suited Teddy, who was always ripe for fun.

So, while the others stayed, for the most part, close to the ranch, those two were galloping here, there, and everywhere, as happy as a pair of city school-children turned loose in the country for a short outing, and determined to make the most of it.

Did you ever stop to think how well acquainted two young people, left pretty much to themselves, can become in a very few days, especially when their tastes lie much in the same direction? I have known people on board ship, total strangers, become such good friends in three or four days as to confide their family secrets to each other—people, at that, who under ordinary circumstances were perfect oysters of reticence; and a plain acquaintanceship usually is equally rapid in growth.

Sut and I watched them ride away, one morning—Miss Carnahan and Teddy—the former, in her tight-fitting riding-dress, her cheeks glowing, her eyes sparkling, looking the picture of health and girlish beauty; Teddy's six feet of bronzed, robust manhood sitting the saddle as if it had been his cradle, his wide hat stuck carelessly on the back of his handsome head, and his picturesque dress showing off his straight, strong figure to great advantage. They turned at the top of the hill, and waved us a laughing good-bye.

"By gum! Scribe aren't they a stunning team?"

They were, indeed; and I feared they might come to think so themselves, which would be hard for poor Potter, and maybe for a certain young lady back in the States, to whom Teddy wrote regularly every Sunday.

Poor Potter, it was plain to be seen, was not enjoying himself hugely. He heartily detested riding, and for guns and fishing-tackle he had no use whatever. It is quite likely that he did not altogether approve of his capricious sweetheart's daily expeditions with the handsome and captivating Master of Arts, who, Sutley informed me, was more than inclined to get into flirtations of the pseudo-desperate character, if, really, he was not somewhat susceptible, which is quite possible. However, the tenderfoot was plucky, and gave no outward or visible sign of whatever feeling he may have had in the matter. I was dreadfully sorry for the poor chap, for he was a rattling good fellow—one of the sort who make lots of friends among men, but who are altogether too good to succeed with women to any remarkable extent.

As the days went by, it became more and more apparent that Teddy and the fair visitor were nearing the danger-point in their swiftly-strengthening friendship. "Straws show——" and so do the most insignificant actions—a word, a glance, or even less; and when, at the end of two weeks, Miss Carnahan pleaded for another ten days' stay, and the Major and the rest, of course, assented, I knew there were breakers ahead for Potter.

One hot, quiet afternoon, just as Teddy and Miss Carnahan's horses were brought around in front, where we were all lounging on the veranda, Sut, who had been busy writing, came out and joined us with "Where's my best girl?"

Sure enough where was Miss Daisy? Everybody asked everybody else, and everybody else disclaimed all knowledge of that young person's whereabouts; so, while the rest of us began scouring the house and stables for her, Teddy and Miss Carnahan mounted and rode away to see if she had not wandered off on the prairie, or up in the hills.

We could not find her, so all the available horses were pressed into service, and we all started out in search of the little one. A sudden inspiration directed me toward the prairie-dog village, at the end of a coule, half-a-mile away, and I hurried to it.

As I rode out of the coule, the sight that met my eyes almost made my heart stand still. Fifty yards away, standing between two mounds, was little Daisy, and in a circle, surrounding her, were a score of rattlesnakes, all coiled ready to spring, but, for some inscrutable reason, hesitating. Either the child was not alarmed, or else she was too frightened to cry.

I halted short. To keep on was to invite the death of the little one. What could I do? As I sat, half dazed, I heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and presently Teddy and Miss Carnahan rode up. Unable to speak, I pointed to the scene among the mounds. Miss Carnahan nearly fell from her saddle, and her eyes started. Teddy's face blanched, but his nerves did not desert him. I saw him measure the distance with his eye, and look to see if his saddle girths were all right. Then he spoke hastily:

"There's only one chance, but I'll try it."

There was a bound and a rush, as the buckskin flew toward the mounds; then we saw Teddy reach down—there was a flash of white—and in another second the baby was safe in his arms, and the knowing bronco was carefully picking his way out of the prairie dog village. One chance, Teddy had said. Yes, that was all, and he had won. If his horse had stumbled—if he had missed his grasp of the child, or if she, frightened at the sound of his approach, had started to run, the result would have been very different.

As we rode thankfully homeward, I could not help seeing the glances Miss Carnahan occasionally cast at the figure of the gallant Teddy, who hurried on ahead with the child; and I was glad, for Potter's sake, that Teddy did not also see them.

But this incident was not the only one that gave Teddy a chance to raise himself in everybody's estimation. Fortune is understood to favor the brave; certainly she favored Teddy, and that, too, the very next day.

Major Carnahan and his daughter, Potter, Sut and the scribe had ridden up the creek to see a bunch of choice cattle; and, having plenty of time to spare, and wishing to show the guests some pretty scenery, we extended our trip several miles further.

Miss Carnahan and Potter had ridden up the slope on the right to investigate some buffalo wallows, and Teddy had fallen behind a bit to pluck some flowers, when, suddenly, Sut started, and listened intently. From the hills on the east, beyond where Miss Carnahan and Mr. Potter were, a rumbling, rushing sound came, mingled with confused bellowing.

"Stampede!" gasped Sutley. "Hi-i-i! Come away quick!" and he motioned to the couple on the slope, but they did not see nor hear him. We started toward them, full speed, yelling at the top of our voices, just as the herd of the herd of wild, thirsty cattle appeared, bearing directly toward the unconscious couple at the buffalo wallows. They were coming as only stampeded cattle can come, and there were but a few seconds of time in which to escape.

Presently Miss Carnahan heard us, and glanced up, then seemed to call Potter's attention to the coming cattle. We rode out of the way, noting, as we did so, that the engaged couple were doing likewise. Then so nothing happened that has cost more lives than one. Miss Carnahan's horse was "stampeded"—he balked and fought the bit, but would not stir an inch out his tracks, while Potter's, on the contrary, took the bit in his teeth and tore away at fearful speed, resisting all his rider's efforts to hold him.

Miss Carnahan was just out of the track of the rushing cattle, but every man of us knew that before we could reach her side they would be passing her, and her horse was almost certain to dash into the herd. She did not attempt to dismount, but we could see that she realized her danger, and was making every effort to control her horse, but to no purpose.

What we had expected, happened. As the stream of cattle thundered by, Miss Carnahan's horse leaped forward, almost unseating her, and raced directly into the edge of the herd, heading diagonally for the thickest part. Then, while we gazed, too far away to aid, something flew across the slope in front of us, and Teddy, forcing his splendid buckskin to his top speed, followed the stampeded horse.

It seemed hours, but it was only a minute or so, when it was all over. Teddy, guiding his horse beautifully, overtook the gray before he reached the centre of the herd. We saw Miss Carnahan look up in response to his shout, evidently understanding that she was to slip her stirrup, and, presently, guided by a master hand, the buckskin, carrying double, gradually worked his way out of the crush and to a place of safety not twenty yards from the bank of the creek, where Miss Carnahan's pony and a score of cattle were crushed to death.

It was a very thankful party that went home carrying Miss Carnahan, who, of course, fainted promptly when the danger was over. The major gripped Teddy's hand in silence, too much overcome to speak his thanks, and we embarrassed him frightfully with our admiration, the last one of the party to shake his hand being poor Potter who, from the top of a hill half a mile distant, had seen the whole affair, and whose "God bless you, Thayer!" came from the fullness of a relieved heart. If any more agonizing situation can be conceived for an adoring lover than must have been Potter's, helplessly watching his sweetheart being carried to almost certain death I have yet to know it. And then, that night, I heard her tell him, meaningly, that she despised a coward!

She understood, next day, that he was not to blame; but the words had been said, and other words, too. I don't know what these latter were, for Teddy probably spoke them as he carried Miss Carnahan away from the stampeded herd but it is quite certain that he said something, and that there was sorrow ahead for Potter and the Massachusetts girl (to whom Teddy had not been writing as regularly as usual,) unless something happened to prevent.

Just a day or two before the visitors were to leave us, Sutley came in one morning with a very grave face.

"Professor Loring's got the small-pox," he announced. "What on earth can we do for him?"

Professor Loring was a naturalist and botanist from an Eastern college, who had, a few weeks previously, come to study the flora and fauna of the Willow Ridge region. He had, with Sut's permission, built a shanty about two miles up the creek, where he lived all alone among his bugs and snakes and lizards, and we had seen very little of him, but that little inclined us very much in his favor.

"He went over in the hills to the Indian camp for some snakes," continued Sut, "and, of course, caught it there. When I knocked, this morning, he called to me and told me he had the small-pox, and to keep away, but to send a doctor if one was to be had. But great Scott! there isn't a doctor within fifty miles, for Doc Murray went East last week, and he's the only one at Smithberg."

We all sat silent for a moment. Then Teddy, with much concern, for he had become quite well acquainted with the professor, and liked him, remarked:

"Poor old chap! I don't see what can be done for him."

"Has he," asked Potter slowly, "no one at all, Mr. Sutley?"

"Not a soul."

"Then I will go over and take care of him. I have studied medicine."

I am sure Miss Carnaham had not spoken to him for two days or more, and I had feared it was all over between them; but when she started up and ejaculated, "Wallace Popper, you shall do nothing of the sort!" I knew and was glad that there was still hope for him and that Massachusetts girl.

Then, while we all knew that Professor Loring would die unless some one cared for him—anyhow, perhaps—we interposed all sorts of objections. It was Quixotic, wild, utterly foolish, said the major. Why, the man was a total stranger, and the idea was not to be thought of for an instant. Added to the major's objections and those of the rest, were his daughter's efforts to assert her authority, but it was no use. Potter was firm. "It is my duty," he said, simply, "and that's all there is to it."

"Then, Wallace Potter, if you will do it, I shall stay and take care of you.' And Miss Carnahan said it as if she meant it, and every one knew that stay she would.

I don't know what Miss Carnahan and Mr. Potter said to each other during the half hour they were alone together, right after the above conversation, but I know that when he went away after dinner, with his basket of medicine and things, she kissed him before us all, and then went to her room, where she remained over an hour, joining us, later on, with suspiciously red eyes. I know also that Teddy that evening, overcome by the moonlight or something, proposed to Miss Carnahan, and was kindly, but firmly, refused, and informed that the heart he asked for belonged to Mr. Potter—much to Teddy's after satisfaction, as he informed Sut and myself.

"Because," said the young man, "it would have put me in a deuce of a pickle, and, besides, I didn't really mean it. It was because she looked so sweet at that moment that I couldn't think of anything else to say, I guess. She's a lovely girl, and no mistake, but——"

And in that simple "but" was conveyed a world of assurance that the little girl in Massachusetts still held the larger portion of Master Teddy's eccentric heart.

It went hard with the unfortunate sick man, and for a time we feared he could not live; but Potter was fighting a good battle, and fighting to win, and one morning, when Miss Carnahan and the scribe rode over, as some of us did every day, with food and other necessaries, the glad look on the worn, thin face of the brave nurse told us that the victory was his.

Then Miss Carnahan cried, and called him a hero, and her dear, darling, brave boy, quite regardless of the presence of the scribe. "And now," she concluded, "I suppose I'll have to take care of you, just as I knew I should."

And so she did. I suppose that, according to accepted traditions, I ought to kill off poor Potter at this at this point, or, at least, bring him to death's door, but I'll do nothing of the kind, for it didn't happen that way. Potter was ill, it must be acknowledged, but the story doesn't end with his untimely demise. He didn't even have the small-pox, but was just laid up a few days from nervous exhaustion. Then came the end of the story—at least, of Miss Carnahan's part. For Potter was pretty weak to travel, and would need good care; so, one day, the minister came over from Smithburg, and performed, in the big room of the ranch house, a marriage ceremony as binding as the most fashionable kind that obtain in New York—and when our guests went away there wasn't any Miss Carnahan.

It wasn't so very long after that, that Teddy returned to Massachusetts, and found that girl still waiting for him. Cards.

It isn't necessary to kill a man off in order to make a hero of him; besides, it is so much more satisfactory to be a live Benedict than a dead hero—Romance.

Characteristics of John Calnaman.

As an inventor John has achieved some distinction, and has won for himself the name of the "Yankee of the East." Besides the mariner's compass, type, printing, paper, porcelain, silk, gunpowder, and clocks are some of his alleged discoveries. He has kept the knowledge of these things to himself as much as possible, scorning to give to those so much inferior to him as he supposes other Nations to be, the knowledge which he has made his own. John himself and his countrymen are "celestials," his Emperor is the "Son of Heaven;" why should he stoop to benefit a people so much inferior to him as the inhabitants of England or the United States! John's school books give amusing testimony to the abundance of this National pride and self-satisfaction. His geography allots nine-tenths of the globe to China, about a square inch to England, and no space at all to our own great country! This same self-conceit helps to account for the lack of progress noticeable in John and his countrymen. For centuries they held themselves quite apart from other Nations.

At the same time, John's Nation is, in its way, an educated Nation. All public offices are open to the graduates of their colleges, without any distinction of class or creed. Brains and skill, rather than money, are the highways to honor and office.

John's language is said to be the hardest of all to learn. His alphabet has two hundred and fourteen letters, and such complications of tones and inflections that one word spoken in ten different ways means ten different things.

As a business man John is not remarkable for honesty, to say the least. One traveler asserts that the first Chinaman by whom he was swindled was the first one with whom he had any business transactions—and that the last one who swindled him was the last one with whom he had any dealings when he left the country a year later.

John, as a soldier, is so brave that he goes to a night attack with his lighted lantern. It may expose his whereabouts to the enemy, to be sure, but if hostile soldiers are to be dreaded, much more the dark—in John's opinion.

John's religion? He has plenty—such as it is. Every trade has its patron divinity. The joss-houses have their idols by the dozen, and John smokes and chats as he prays. As he has only a single tongue, however, he must use some device to do either the chatting or the praying. So he prays by means of two sticks, half round, determining by the way they fall whether or not his prayer is granted. Or he prints his prayer on a strip of red paper and pins it on the wall near the door. At the proper time the priest sends it, with other accumulated prayers, up into the air on the wings of fire —St. Nicholas.

Abbe Lizst's first concert programme, when he was only nine years old, has been discovered. It bears the date of 1820. The performance was given in Oldenburg.

THE NEWS.

The large furnaces at Emaus, Pa., after a long idleness, is being put in readiness for resumption, and No. 2 furnace, of the Brooke Iron Company, at Birdsboro, after an idleness of some time will resume by January 1st. Wanner's forge, near St. Peters, Pa., which has been idle six months, resumed operations with large orders on hand.——The Huntsville, Alabama, Oil Mills, employing over thirty hands, has stopped work, owing to the high price of cotton seed and the low price of oil. The mills have been running for over ten years.——An eastbound freight train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, ran into the rear of another freight at Glen Loch, Pa. The rear end and several cars were wrecked. A west-bound train crashed into the wreck, and the engine was thrown over an embankment and several additional cars were wrecked. Engineer Frederick Miller was severely injured about the leg. The tracks were blocked for five hours.——A posse of deputy sheriffs raided an illicit still in Union county, Tenn., and destroyed 200 gallons of mash.——Daniel Reardon, a workman, who had just arrived in New Castle, Del., and was looking for his boarding-house, got into the wrong house and being mistaken for a burglar, was nearly killed by Peter Moran.——The Stone City Bank, of Joliet, Ill., suspended payment, the trouble being caused by the shutting down of the Enterprise Wire Fence Manufacturing Company.——Carver Myers, ex-speaker of the Kentucky legislature, was indicted by the Covington grand jury for offering a bribe.——Bohemians in Cleveland came near mobbing an agent of the Fraternal Guardians who first promised and then refused to purchase their certificates.——James E. Ostrander, late treasurer of Ulster County, New York, Saving Institution, was found guilty of perjury, and sentenced to seven year's imprisonment.——The Hamilton Woolen Company, controlling sixteen mills in Amesbury, Mass., has increased the wages of all employees except spinners, seven per cent. The spinners were given an increase of ten per cent. recently.

Jabob Whittier forced six dynamite caps into Miss Dollie Walton's mouth, in Denver, and made her swallow them.——Robert Barbour, president of the Barbour Flax Spinning Company, died in Paterson, N. J., of apoplexy. He was born in Ireland in 1814. He came to this country in 1825 and established an extensive American industry. He was also interested in large linen works at Lisburn, Ireland. He left a fortune variously estimated at from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000.——Oliver P. Pindel, ex-president of the Commercial Travelers' Associations of the United States, and a popular traveling salesman for the past twenty years, died in Columbus, Ohio, aged forty-five.——A fire broke out in the Blossburg Mine, four miles south of Raton, N. M. Over a hundred men were at work in the mine, but all escaped through an abandoned shaft. All the mules and mine cars were destroyed. These mines are operated by the A. T. & S. F. Railroad, and are the largest in New Mexico, the average production being about seventy-five cars a day. About five hundred men are thrown out of work.——The Michican Peninsula Car Company's works, in West Detroit, burned down. Loss will probably be half a million.——Sydney Wortham was shot and killed while on his way, with other good citizens, to raid a house of ill-repute in Danville, Ky.——Sam Lancaster drank six beer glasses of whiskey in Knoxville, Tenn., and dropped dead.

Angelo and Joseph Zappe, Italians, sentenced in Pittsburg to hang for the murder of Frank Hinstetter, attempted to dash their brains out against the prison wall, after being taken back to their cells in the county jail. Both men were seriously injured, but were detected before accomplishing their purpose.——In Rome, Ga., a white man named Wooten, during an altercation with a colored man struck him over the head with the butt end of his double-barreled shotgun. The gun was discharged and Wooten was shot in the stomach and instantly killed. The negro will also die.——Jesse Ayer, a prominent wealthy farmer who resides near Lavender Mountain, a few miles north of Rome, Ga., was found murdered in the big road near his home. Col. Ayer took his axe and started to the woods to cut some wood, and being gone longer than usual, some of his family were sent to look for him. When found he was lying in the middle of the road dead, with his axe lying by his side, covered with blood.——George Washington Peat, the celebrated bunco man, and a colleague of Tom O'Brien, Red Austin and others distinguished in their line, was sentenced to ten years in Clinton Prison, having been convicted of robbery in the first degree in burning the venerable John M. Peck, of Albany, N. Y., out of $10,000 two years ago.

George Francey, colored, was hanged in Franklin county, Texas, for murdering his stepson.——An organization has been formed by the broom manufacturers of Milwaukee, and notice was given of a thirty per cent. advance in prices. The advance effects all grades and types of brooms, and takes effect at once.——The safe of the R. J. Gunning Sign Company in the third story of the building at Van Buren street and Third avenue was blown open, and its contents stolen in Chicago. The amount of money secured by the burglars is not known, but it is thought that it will reach into the thousands.——Two men who robbed the bank at Roslyn, Washington, September 24 last and secured $10,000 were captured at Arlington, Oregon.——Dr. Q. A. Bridges, a physician of high standing in Rangley, Me., announces a case of Asiatic cholera there in the person of Mrs. Stephen Philbrick. The house has been placed under quarantine.——Archie Hart, of Fredericksburg, Va., who had gone turkey hunting, was found dead in a blind.——The first of a series of bills presented by Representative Bacon, of Bibb county, directed at wreckers of railroad companies, passed the Georgia House of Representatives by a vote of three hundred and fifteen to nothing. The bill will prevent the consolidation of stock in the hands of a few people, who would place the same in trust companies or corporations to be held practically in perpetuity.

STORM ON THE PACIFIC.

California Visited by Quite a Severe Gale—Damage to Shipping.

The storm continued for two days with unabated fury. In addition to the damage to ships at anchor in the stream and wharves of San Francisco and Oakland, shipping suffered severely at Sausalito and Tiburon on the Marion Shore. The damage at Tiburon alone is estimated from $20,000 to $30,000 and probably as much more at Sausalito. At both these places big ships and steamers, many yachts and small boats lie up for the Winter. They were thrown about by wind and sea in a most alarming manner, many being sent ashore and others sunk.

The damage to the big ships on the San Francisco and Oakland sides of the bay cannot be estimated until they go on dry dock for repairs. The big iron ships Talisman, Benecia and Norna had plates stove in and spars broken while in collision. Hundreds of small sail and row boats were knocked to pieces or sunk.

In San Francisco the wind did little harm. The rain, however, caused a few sewers to burst and wash out gardens and yards. At Golden Gate Park the Casino was unroofed and plants and shrubbery suffered some injury. The storm was general throughout Northern and Central California, but beyond a few buildings unroofed no damage is reported.

During the recent visit of the Earl of Roseberry, British Secretary of State for foreign affairs, to Windsor Castle, the Queen privately invested him with the Order of the Garter, the highest British order of knighthood.

WHITE HOUSE IN GLOOM.

Death Again Invades President Harrison's Home.

Rev. Dr. Scott Follows His Well-loved Daughter to the Tomb.

The shadow of death cast a sombre cloud over the Executive Mansion again, and the President and his family spent nearly the entire day at the bedside of Dr. Scott, the President's venerable father-in-law, awaiting the inevitable, which, owing to the unexpected vitality displayed by the invalid, did not happen as soon as was anticipated.

Dr. Scott visited the sick-room at 7 o'clock and found that the case was beyond the power of medical skill. He did what he could to ease the old man's last hours and delicately notified the family that the end was near at hand. In his opinion the invalid could not live more than a few hours, and might pass away in a few minutes. He added sorrowfully, that he would not call again, as there was absolutely nothing short of a miracle that could prolong life much longer.

Dr. Scott has proved a most remarkable patient, and had already lived much longer than his family even hoped for. Notwithstanding his 93 years he has enjoyed exceptionally good health up to the time of his last sickness, and his mental vigor seemed to have kept pace with his physical soundness. On the 19th instant he was stricken with a chill, accompanied by a low, consuming fever, and continued getting weaker and weaker until Saturday last, when he rallied to such an extent that the family were encouraged to believe he might recover. The improvement in his condition was, however, of short duration, and the following evening he had a relapse, since which time he steadily lost ground until the spark of life was extinguished.

The Rev. John Witherspoon Scott D. D., was born in Beaver county, Pa., June 22, 1810, and was, therefore, in the 93d year of his age. He was a son of George McElroy Scott, a native of Bucks county, who afterward went to Beaver county to take charge of a Presbyterian church.

Dr. Scott graduated from a college at Washington, Pa., and subsequently took a post-graduated course at Yale. Afterward he accepted a professorship in the college from which he graduated, which position he held for two years. About this time he married Mary Neal, and, going West, he accepted a professorship in Miami University at Miami, O., in 1826. While there three children were born to him. Elizabeth, afterward Mrs. Lord; Caroline, afterward Mrs. Harrison, and Joan Neal Scott.

A number of years later Dr. Scott founded the Oxford, Ohio, Female College and in 1855 became its president. As he advanced in years Dr. Scott gave up college work, and coming to Washington he was appointed to a clerkship in the Interior Department, which position he held up to the time of the advent in Washington of President Harrison, when he resigned at the instance of the latter's son-in-law, Mr. Scott, the President's venerable father-in-law, awaiting the inevitable, which, owing to the unexpected vitality displayed by the invalid, did not happen as soon as was anticipated.

Dr. Gordon