The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LXXVII.--NO. 18. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1893. $1.50 PER YEAR

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

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

Professional Cards.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEWIS BUFFETT, M. D., D. D.
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. ja4mly

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. 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. Bowdain & 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 put 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. S. Dixon's new building on Dover street, Easton

MARYLAND ROASTER AND BAKER

IMPROVED ROASTER & BAKER

FOR MEATS, FOWL, FISH, ETC., AND FOR BAKING BREAD, CAKES AND PUDDINGS

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 bas ing. 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 re ained. Tough meats are made tender, and any article roasted or baked at the least, 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.

DR. FLANDERS' DIFFUSIBLE TONIC FOR 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 La Grippe at once. No Bad Effects.

A Medical Record Without Parallel:

Yellow Fever, Jacksonville, Fla., 1888; Typhoid Fever, Neponset, Mich., 1889; Malarial Fever, Chills and Fever, Colds, Scarlet Fever, Measles and Influenza or La Grippe.

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 FOR CHILLS

THE SUNSHINY DOOR.

Oh! lie not at morning encurtained in doubt
And cry, "I see nothing—The light is shut out."
Pull the drapery back! Push the shutters away!
And drink the first draught from the well-spring of day.
The goblins of dusk will hasten to depart
If you open the sunshiny door of your heart.

Oh! sit not at evening in darkness and dread
And watch for the shadows. Still lift up your head,
Till the stars twinkle out. Their reflection will be
A light all sufficient until you can see
The sun smile above you. Doubt's demons will start,
If you open the sunshiny door of your heart.

Oh! sit not at midnight when troubles arise
With the fingers of wretchedness close to your eyes,
Though friendship prove faithless, though loved ones are dead,
Though the burden of sorrow is bowing your head,
Light the candle of hope, and its brightness shall dart
Through the windows of faith to the gloom of your heart.

Cheer up, though the shadows be black everywhere
On the far-off horizon. The sunshine is there.
It is coming—is coming; the darker the night
The brighter and nearer the beautiful light.
Through the crimson of day all your fears will depart,
If you open the sunshiny door of your heart.

—Julia H. May, in Boston Journal.

THE TURKISH SLAVE.

BY LEILA-HANOUM.



I WAS sold in Circassia when I was only six years old. My uncle, Handibey, who had inherited nothing from his dying brother but two children, soon got rid of us both. My brother Ali was handed over to some dervishes at the Mosque of Yeni-Cheir, and I was sent to Constantinople.

The slave dealer to whom I was taken was a woman who knew nothing of our language, so that I was obliged to learn Turkish in order to understand my new mistress. Numbers of customers came to her, and every day one or other of my companion slaves went away with their new owners.

Alas! my lot seemed terrible to me. I was nothing but a slave, and as such I had to humble myself to the dust in the presence of my mistress, who brought us up to be able to listen with the most immovable expression on our faces, and with smiles on our lips, to all the good qualities or faults that her customers found in us.

The first time that I was taken to the selamlik (reception room) I was ten years old. I was considered very pretty, and my mistress had bought me a costume of pink cotton, covered with a floral design; she had had my nails tinted and my hair plaited, and expected to get a very good price for me. I had been taught to dance, to courtesy humbly to the men and to kiss the ladies' feradje (cloaks), to hand the coffee (while kneeling) to the visitors, or stand by the doors with my arms folded ready to answer the first summons.

I felt very agitated on finding myself among the other slaves who were waiting for purchasers. Most of them were poor girls who had been brought there to be exchanged. They had been sent away from one harem and would probably have to go to some other. My heart was filled with a vague kind of dread of I knew not what, when suddenly my eyes rested on three men who had come there to buy some slaves for their Pasha. They were all three leaning back on the sofa discussing the merits and defects of the various girls standing around them.

"Her eyes are too near together," said one of them.

"That one looks ill."

"This tall one is round backed."

I shivered on hearing these remarks, while the poor girls themselves blushed or turned livid with anger.

"Come here, Feliknaz," called out my mistress, for I was hiding behind my companions. I went forward with lowered eyes, but my heart was beating wildly with indignation and fear. As soon as the men caught sight of me they said something in Arabic and laughed, and this was not lost on my mistress.

"Where does this one come from?" asked one of them, after examining me attentively.

"She is a Circassian. She has cost me a lot of money, for I bought her four years ago and have been bringing her up carefully. She is very intelligent, and will be very pretty. Bir elmay (quite a diamond)," she added, in a whisper. "Felikuaz, dance for us, and show us how graceful you can be."

I drew back, blushing, and murmured, "There is no music for me to dance to."

"That doesn't matter at all. I'll sing something for you. Come, commence at once."

I bowed silently and went back to the end of the room, and then came forward again dancing, bowing to the right and left on my way, while my mistress beat time on an old drum and sang the air of the yassedi dance in a hoarse voice. In spite of my pride and terror my dancing appeared to please these men.

"We will certainly buy Felikuaz," said one of them; "how much will you take for her?"

"Twelve kesatchies; not a fraction less."

The man drew a large purse out of his pocket and counted the money over to my mistress. As soon as she had received it she turned to me and said:

"You ought to be thankful, Felikuaz, for you are, the first time you have been shown, bought for the wealthy Said Pasha, and you are to wait upon a charming Hanoum of your own age. Mind and be obedient, Felikuaz; it is the only thing for a slave."

I bent to kiss my mistress's hand, but she raised my face and kissed my forehead. This caress was too much for me; at such a moment, and my eyes filled with tears.

The men laughed at my sensitiveness and pushed me toward the door, saying, "You've got a soft heart and a face of marble, but you will change as you get older."

The old slave woman had told me the truth. My new mistress, Adile-Hanoum, was good and kind, and to this day my heart is filled with gratitude when I think of her.

Allah had certainly been kind to me. So many of my companion slaves had, at ten years old, been obliged to go and live in some poor Mussulman's house to do the rough work and look after the children.

I had only one trouble in my new home, and that was the cruelty and the fear I felt of my little mistress's brother, Mourad-bey. It seemed as though, for some inexplicable reason, he hated me; and he took every opportunity of teasing me, and was only satisfied when I took refuge at his sister's feet and burst into tears.

In spite of all this I liked Mourad-bey. He was six years older than I, and was so strong and handsome that I could not help forgiving him, and, indeed, I just worshiped him. When Adile-Hanoum was fourteen her parents engaged her to a young Bey who lived at Salonica, and who a she would not see until the eve of her marriage. This Turkish custom of marrying a perfect stranger seemed to me terrible, and I spoke of it to my young mistress.

"She replied in a resigned tone: "Why should we trouble ourselves about a future which Allah has arranged? Each star is sate in the firmament, no matter in what place it is."

One evening I was walking up and down on the closed balcony outside the haremlik. I was feeling very sad and lonely, when suddenly I heard steps behind me, and by the beating of my heart I knew that it was Mourad-bey.

"Feliknaz," he said, seizing me by the arm, "what are you doing here, all alone?"

"I was thinking of my country, Bey Effendi. In our Circassia all men are equal, just like the ears of corn in a field."

"Look up at me again like that, Feliknaz; your eyes are gloomy and troubled, like the Bosphorus, on a stormy day."

"It is because my heart is like that," I said, sadly.

"Do you know that I am going to be married?" he asked after a moment's silence.

I did not reply but kept my eyes fixed on the ground.

"You are thinking how unhappy I shall make my wife," he continued; how she will suffer from my bad treatment."

"Oh! no," I exclaimed. "I do not think she will be unhappy. You will, of course, love her, and that is different. You are unkind to me, but then that is not the same."

"You think I do not love you," said the Bey, taking my hands and pressing them so that it seemed as though he would crush them in his grasp. "You are mistaken, Feliknaz. I love you madly, passionately; I love you so much that I would rather see you dead here at my feet than that you should ever belong to another than to me!"

"Why have you been so unkind to me always, then?" I murmured, half closing my eyes, for he was gazing at me with such an intense admiration on his dark handsome face that I felt I dare not look up at him again.

"Because when I have seen you suffering through me it has hurt me too; and yet it has been a joy to me to know you were thinking of me and to suffer with you; for whenever I have made you unhappy, little one, I have been still more so myself. Your smiles and your gentleness have tamed me though, at last; and now you shall be mine, not as Feliknaz the slave, but as Feliknaz-Hanoum, for I respect you," my darling, as much as I love you!"

Mourad-bey then took me in his arms and kissed my face, and then he went back to his rooms, leaving me there leaning on the balcony and trembling all over.

Allah had surely cared for me, for I had never even dared to dream of such happiness as this.

And so I became Mourad-bey's wife. My dear Adele was my sister, and though after years of habit I was always throwing myself down at her feet, she would make me get up and sit at her side, either on the divan or in the carriage. Mourad's love for me had put aside the barrier which had separated us. There was, however, now a terrible one between my slaves and myself. They had all of them undoubtedly hoped to find favor in the eyes of their young master, and now that I was raised to such a high position their hatred was terrible. I did my utmost, I obtained all kinds of favors for them; but all to no purpose, for they were unjust and unreasonable.

Mourad loved me, I think, more and more, and when a little son was born to us it seemed as though my cup of happiness was full. I had only one trouble, the knowledge of the hatred of my slaves; and after the birth of my little boy, that increased, for in the East the only bond which makes a marriage indissoluble is the birth of a child.

When our little son was a few months old Mourad went to spend a week with his father, who was then living in Belcose. I did not mind staying alone for a few days, as all my time was taken up with my baby boy.

One night, when 11 o'clock struck, everything was silent in the harem; evidently everyone was asleep.

Suddenly the door of my room was pushed open, and I saw the face of one of my slaves. She was very pale, and said in a defiant tone; "Fire! fire! The konak (house) is on fire!" She laughed—a terrible wild laugh it was, too, and she locked my door and rushed away. Fire! Why, that meant ruin and death.

I had jumped up immediately and now rushed to the window. There was a red glow in the sky over our house. I heard the crackling of wood and saw terrible smoke. Nearly wild with fright I took my child in my arms, snatched up my case of jewels, and wrapping myself in a long white simare, I hurried to the door. Alas! it was too true; the girl had indeed locked it! The window, with latticework outside, looked on a paved courtyard, and my room was on the second floor of the house. I heard the cry of "Yaagheer var!" (fire, fire) being repeated like an echo to my misery.

"Oh, Allah!" I cried, "my child, my child!" A shiver ran through me at the horrible idea of being burned alive and not being able to save him.

I did my utmost to keep calm, and I walked again to the door and shook it with all my strength. Then I went and looked out of the window, but that only offered us a speedy and certain death.

Suddenly an idea came to me. There was a little closet leading out of my room, in which we kept extra covers and mattresses for the beds. There was a small window in this closet looking on to the roof of the stables, I fastened my child firmly to me with a wide silk scarf, and then I got out of the window and dropped on to the roof of the stable, which was about two yards below. Everything around me was covered with smoke, but fortunately there were gusts of wind, which drove it away, enabling me to see what I was doing. From the roof to the ground I had to let myself down, and then jumped. I sprained my wrist and hurt my head terribly in falling, but my child was safe. I rushed across the courtyard and out to the opposite side of the road, and had only just time to sit down behind a low wall away from the crowd, when I fainted away.

When I came to myself again nothing remained of our homes but a smoking ruin, upon which the toulombad jis were still throwing water. The neighbors and a crowd of other people were watching the fire finish its work. Not very far away from me, among the spectators, I recognized Mourad-bey, standing in the midst of a little group of friends.

His face was perfectly livid and his eyes were wild with grief. I saw him pick up a burning splinter from the wreck of his home, where he believed all that he loved had perished. He offered it to his friend, who was lighting his cigarette, and said, bitterly: "This is the only hospitality I have now to offer!"

The tone of his voice startled me—it was full of utter despair, and I saw that his lips quivered as he spoke.

I could not bear to see him suffer like that another second.

"Bey Effendi!" I cried, "your son is saved!"

He turned around, but I was covered with my torn simare, which was all stained with mud; the light did not fall on me, and he did not recognize me at all. My voice, too, must have sounded strange, for after all the emotion and torture I had gone through, and then my long fainting fit, I could scarcely articulate a sound. He saw the baby which I was holding up, and stepped forward.

"What is he to me," he said, "without my Feliknaz!"

"Mourad!" I exclaimed, "I am here, too." He darted to me and took me in his arms; then, with his eyes full of tears, he looked at me tenderly and kissed me over and over again.

"Effendis," he cried, turning at last to his friends, and with a joyous ring in his voice, "I thought I was ruined, but Allah has given me back my dearest treasure. Do not pity me any more; I am perfectly happy!"—From the Turkish, in the Strand Magazine.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Worry is a tack in our shoe.
Poverty and sin are partners.
A kiss is a language to itself.
A sigh is the effervescence of sorrow
There's crape on the door of the whole world.
Every man has in his heart a slumbering hog.
Who ceases to be a friend never was a friend.
A bird would sing just the same if no body heard it.
The prettiest women are rarely the prettiest wives.
Do they call it a white lie because the dirt shows on it so easily.
He who deserves nothing has no right to complain of anything.
We like those to whom we do good better than those who do us good.
True courage never figures on results. Prudence looks after that consideration.
The average reformer never sails into the faults to which he himself is addicted.
Happiness is the shadow of man; remembrance of it follows him; hope of it precedes him.
If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter the face of the whole world would have been changed.
The mind of each man is the focus of the human race and his voice an echo of the whole creation.
Everything else of time melts into eternity without resistance or complaint. Why does not man? Only because he is sinful and discordant.
Archimedes sits in history crowned forever with that golden crown of Hiero by means of which he discovered the law of specific gravities.
The disinterested lover of beauty goes through the world as free as a humming bird, and advances wherever the divinity plants his lures.

The South African Republic.

Hidden within the mountain ridges of the land locked Transvaal lie such rich deposits of gold and so fertile a soil that it may well have excited the desires of England for its possession, although, until now, it has succeeded in practically maintaining freedom from European domination. We have a few salient facts regarding the country:

The South African Republic, also known as the Transvaal, touches on the east Portuguese Africa and Zulu Land; south, Natal and the Orange Free State; west and north, Bechuana Land and British South Africa. It would be entirely shut in from the coast but for the recent annexation of a small part of Swaziland and Amatonga Land, giving a narrow access to the ocean at Cosi Bay. The country's area is 113,642 square miles, divided into eighteen districts. Its white population is 119,123, and native, 560,064.

The capital is Pretoria, with a population of 5,000, but Johannesburg, Lydenburg and Utrecht are also important cities. The Transvaal was originally settled by Boers from Cape Colony and Natal, and its independence was recognized by European powers in 1852. In 1877 it was annexed by England, but three years later, after a resort to arms, self government was restored. Great Britain retains control of foreign affairs. The executive is vested in a President, assisted by a Cabinet, and there are two elected legislative bodies known as the First and Second Volksraad. The Dutch Reformed Church is the principal religious body, and there are 330 schools.

Although gold is mined extensively in the Barberton, Witwatersand and nineteen other gold fields, the chief pursuits are agriculture, stock raising and ostrich farming, soil and climate being especially favorable. The exports are wool, cattle, hides, grain, ostrich feathers, ivory, gold and other minerals. The imports for 1890 amounted to $27,500,000, on which the custom duties were $1,935,950.

The country's mineral wealth has attracted thither so many miners from the United States and Great Britain that in a few years the naturalized Anglo-Saxon element in the Transvaal may dominate the early Dutch settlers. In such a case, we may look to see the restoration of English rule and the probable inauguration of an era of increased prosperity for the Republic.—Mail and Express.

A Good Dog Story.

Last summer I stopped at a small town in Northern Virginia, writes a correspondent. A young man at the same hotel had two setters and a black and tan terrier. I experimented extensively with these three dogs during my stay, and deduced therefrom some conclusions which were inevitable. The hotel veranda opened on the street and was a place of resort for gentlemen of leisure about town. There was also a side entrance through a large yard. I have frequently observed the dogs lying asleep on the veranda when the owner would enter the side yard on a flagstone walk, often in the midst of conversation of a dozen men. The terrier would recognize the footsteps of his master, would utter a low sound and spring to his feet and rush at once in the direction whence he heard the steps. The setters invariably seem to know what it meant, would raise their heads, lash their tails upon the floor, showing evident signs of understanding the situation. I have seen this terrier recognize the steps of his master when the latter was accompanied by two or three other persons. The delicate precision of his hearing was marvelous. I cannot believe that he was guided by the sense of smell, as it is evident that the setters whose habits of hunting have developed in them much more sensitive olfactory power, would naturally have been the first to detect their master's approach, and yet it was equally evident that the terrier's ears were the first to catch the sounds.—New York Press.

THE NEWS.

At an Easter celebration in Granger, Tex., a feud of thirty years' standing was wiped out by a shooting between Jim Beard and Jim Curtis. Both men were killed, and during the shooting Dore Milkers, a Bohemian girl, was seriously wounded. Beard fell first with four bullets in his body. After he fell he fired twice with effect and Curtis fell across Beard's body.——The orange industry of Southern California is at the present time in the most unsatisfactory condition known, owing to a lack of method and system in making shipments. Indiscriminate consignments and auction sales have brought about this result.——A violent wind storm passed over Fostoria, O., tearing down the walls of a cold storage warehouse. The falling walls struck a building occupied as a potato flour factory and levelled it to the ground.——The machinery, boiler, engine and contents are completely destroyed. Loss $30,000.——Wm. H. Kitchen, proprietor of the City Hotel, in the village of Rogers City Mich., committed suicide by taking a large dose of carbolic acid. He was nominee on the Republican ticket for supervisor, but was defeated. This, added to domestic trouble, made him despondent and he took his own life.——Thomas A. Brown, of Boston, is charged with matricide.——South bound throught freight train No. 209, on the Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West Railway, was wrecked. The engine turned over on Buffalo Bluff draw bridge, six miles below Palatka, Fla. A. C. Knox, engineer, of Sadford; J. H. Olmstead, fireman, of Birmingham, and J. A. Lewis, of Boston, a stockman in charge of horses and mules bound for Baricaville, were killed.

The swell Colonial Clubhouse, Cambridge, Mass., with its costly furnishings, beautiful paintings and bric-a-brac, was discovered on fire, and before the flames could be extinguished some $4,000 damage had been done to the interior of the building.——Two sons of Jacob Snyder, of Port Treverton, Pa., disputed about a trivial matter, and one struck the other on the forehead. Death resulted instantly. The murderer is in jail.——John Smith and William Mitchell were held in $2,500 bail each by Commissioner Shields, in New York, on the charge of passing counterfeit silver dollars. When the men were arrested Smith threw away several of the bogus coins, which were recovered. They are a good imitation.——Charles W. Goodspeed, a wealthy and highly connected young man of Joliet, Ill., committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart.——The Atlanta and Florida Railroad has been ordered sold by Judge Clark on the first Tuesday in May. The minimum price is fixed at $500,000, and the purchaser is required to assume the bonded debt.——Marshal Harris, of Forsythe, Ga., who was shot by a negro, died. The Negroes threatened to storm the jail and release the prisoner. The local militia were ordered out and dispersed the negroes. The militia remained on guard all night.——City Treasurer Strong, of Omaha, confessed to his bondsmen that he was $13,900 short in his accounts. He surrendered his property and turned over his office. An investigation is in progress.——The Houston and Texas Central Railroad, which has been in the hands of a receiver since 1885, was turned over to the Huntington syndicate.

James M. Hamilton, the colored preacher convicted of murdering his wife, was electrocuted at Sing Sing.——Lyman's confectionery establishment, Sayre & Shafer's hardware store and three other buildings, occupied by two markets and a saloon, at Montrose, Pa., were burned. The fire is supposed to have originated from a defective flue. The loss is estimated at from $50,000 to $60,000, covered by insurance.——Miss Nellie Vilas, the daughter of Senator Vilas, died in Madison, Michigan.——A change in the direction of the wind stopped the forest fires in New Jersey, after they had destroyed a great deal of valuable property.——The hoy press, operated by S. D. Liedy & Co., at Point Pleasant, Pa., was burned with all its contents, including two horses, thirty-five tons of hay, and considerable machinery. In the ruins was found the charred remains of S. D. Liedy. He had been out collecting and was heard to return at eleven o'clock at night. No trace of the money he collected was found.——James M Intosh, of Coos River, Oregon, having suicided himself that he would eventually die from consumption, placed a rifle to his head, touched the trigger with a stick and blew out his brains. He was fifty years of age, and a well-to-do farmer. He leaves a wife and four children.

The Merrson roller mill in Newton, Iowa, was destroyed by fire. Loss $45,000.——At McCarty's saw mill, near Pueblo, Col., the boiler exploded with great force. Charles Langname, the engineer, was blown over one hundred feet and instantly killed. J. M. Hardin was seriously injured and two men slightly hurt. The mill is a total wreck.——The five five-story buildings, Nos. 129 to 137 North Front street, Philadelphia, owned and occupied by the Weikel & Smith Spice Company, were partially destroyed by fire. Loss $75,000; covered by insurance.——Peter Bloom, aged fifty-two, who made a fortune in the Bradford oilfields during the oil excitement, committed suicide in Sunbury, Pa. Bloom was injured in the head several months ago and has since been subjected to fits of insanity.——Mrs. Mackenzie, the widow of the late Premier of Canada, died in Toronto.——William B. Van Dyke, twenty-six years of age, a native of Cincinnati, is locked up at police headquarters in New York, for the forgery of his employer's name to a $1,000 check which he had cashed for him and then lost the money upon the horse.——A dynamite explosion near Etna, Pennsylvania, caused the death of one quarryman and the serious injury of two others.——James Rose, a boot-black fifteen years of age, and Wm. Nogel, a baker's helper of the same age, engaged in a quarrel in Paterson, N. J. Nogel picked up a heavy stick and beat the bootblack into insensibility, and badly fractured his skull. Rose was removed to the hospital in a dying condition.——Internal Revenue Collector Klein seized the brewery of Philip Klein & Son, in Philadelphia.

500 DEAD IN BATTLE.

Revolutionists Hold the Upper Hand in a Brazilian State.

Details have reached Rio Janeiro of the battle fought on March 27 at Alegrete in the State of Rio Grande do Sul between the State Government troops and the revolutionists. The slaughter of the State troops was frightful, while the loss of the revolutionists held an entrenched position at Alegrete, and when the State troops attempted to drive them from their vantage ground they made a most desperate and successful resistance.

It is said that there were 1500 combatants engaged on both sides, and that of this number 500 were killed and a very large number wounded. The State troops were driven back and the revolutionists have now undisputed sway at Alegrete, which place is used as their base of operations against the government.

It is stated that the troops will be reinforced and another attempt made to drive the insurgents from their positions. The National Government has as yet taken no active steps to support the State Government.

A GIANT IN HIS GRAVE

The Massive Coffin Had to Be Lowered With a Derrick.

The funeral of Joseph Taverner, better known as Uncle "Joe," the giant shoemaker of Rahway, N. J., took place on Thursday.

The body was encased in a casket 32 inches wide, 22 inches deep, and 6 feet 6 inches long.

An improvised derrick was erected to lower the body to its final resting place.

AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND

Cleveland Honors His Former Secretary of State.

Appointments Made in the Various Bureaus.

Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, will be ambassador to the Court of St. James, his appointment having been sent to the Senate and immediately confirmed. The full list of nominations is as follows:

State—Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to Great Britain.

To be envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary of the United States—James D. Porter, of Tennessee, to Chile; James A. McKenzie, of Kentucky, to Peru; Lewis Baker, of Minnesota, to Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Salvador; Pierce M. B. Young, of Georgia, to Guatemala and Honduras; Edwin Dun, of Ohio, (now secretary of legation at Japan), to Japan.

To be consuls of the United States—L. M. Shaffer, of West Virginia, to Stratford, Ont.; Harrison S. Williams, of Missouri, to Vera Cruz; M. P. Pendleton, of Maine, to Picton; Theodore M. Stephan, of Illinois, to Annaberg; William T. Townes, of Virginia, to Rio de Janeiro; Claude Meeker, of Ohio, to Bradford; Newton B. Eustis, of Louisiana, to be second secretary of the legation of the United States at Paris.

Interior—John M. Reynolds, of Pennsylvania, to be assistant secretary of the Interior, vice Cyrus Bussey, resigned.

Treasury—Henry J. Hathaway, of Maine, to be collector of customs for the District of Aroostook, Me. Walter Goddard, of Connecticut, to be collector of customs for the District of Fairfield, Conn.

Justice—Lawrence Maxwell, Jr., of Ohio, to be solicitor-general, vice Charles H. Aldrich, resigned. John I. Hall, of Georgia, to be assistant attorney-general, vice George H. Shields, resigned.

AMBASSADOR BAYARD.

Mr. Bayard is descended from a race of statesmen, and his history during his lifetime is closely allied with the history of his country. He was born at Wilmington, Del., October 29, 1828, and, although his early training was for a mercantile life, he later studied and adopted the profession of law and entered the bar in 1851. In 1853 he first assumed office, that of United States district attorney for Delaware, but resigned in 1854. He succeeded his father, James C. Bayard, in the United States Senate in 1869, and served three consecutive terms with great distinction, holding places on leading committees and being one of the recognized heads of the Democratic party in the body.

In 1885 he resigned his Senatorial seat to become Secretary of State in President Cleveland's Cabinet, and while acting in that capacity was called upon to deal with some extremely knotty and difficult diplomatic problems, among which was the Bering Sea question, which for the first time became an issue during his administration. Since his retirement from the Cabinet, Mr. Bayard has engaged in the practice of law.

MORE APPOINTMENTS.

TREASURY.—William Edmund Curtis, of New York, to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, vice Genio M. Lambertson, resigned.

Charles S. Hamlin, of Massachusetts, to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, vice John H. Gear, resigned.

James H. Eckels, of Illinois, to be Comptroller of the Currency.

James F. Meline, of the District of Columbia, to be Assistant Treasurer of the United States.

F. Stobo Farrow, of South Carolina, to be Second Acditor of the Treasury.

John B. Brawley, of Pennsylvania, to be Auditor of the Treasury for the Postoffice Department.

James J. Willie, of Florida, to be Deputy First Auditor of the Treasury.

Henry W. Egnor, of New Jersey, to be Collector of Customs for the District of Newark, N. J.

Dudley O. Watson, of Michigan, to be Collector of Customs for the District of Michigan.

STATE.—John Tracey, of New York, to be Superintendent of Charities for the District of Columbia, vice A. G. Warner, resigned.

WORK AND WORKERS.

DESPATCHES from St. John, Newfoundland, say that the prospects for the seal fishery are very bright.

THE grievances of the conductors and the brakemen of the Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad have been amicably adjusted.

THE Bellfonte Furnace Company, whose plant at Bellefonte, Penna., has been idle for three years, will resume operations next week, giving employment to 1000 men.

SEVENTY-FIVE core makers employed at the Worthington Pump works, at Elizabeth, N. J., struck work on account of the firm's refusal to discharge a non-Union man who has been employed for two weeks.

CHIEF ARTHUR, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, was on the stand in the United States Court at Toledo in the suit for damages brought against him by the Ann Arbor Railroad. A decision in the case is likely to be given this week.

THE Department of State is informed by Minister Egan that the Chilean Department of Public Works is contracting with the Rogers Locomotive Works for a number of locomotives, and that the department in question will in future give a decided preference to the manufactures of the United States.

GENERAL MANAGER PECK, of the San Antonio and Arkansas Pass Railroad, at San Antonio, informed Grand Master Wilkenson, of the Order of Railway Trainmen, that the local Grievance Committee that he would consider a contract with the men when the differences between the trainmen and the conductors were harmonized.

GRAND CHIEF RAMSEY, of the Order of Railway Telegraphers, is authority for the statement that there is a movement on foot to organize a new Railway Federation. It will be composed of all classes of railway employes, from engineer to boiler-makers. A strike cannot be ordered by any one organization without the full consent of all the other Orders.

THE Clothing Manufacturers' Association in New York city, had summonses issued against the leaders of the United Garment Cutters and of the American Federation of Labor to appear in Court and show cause why they should not restrain from boycotting the manufacturers. The men appeared before Judge Lawrence, and an adjournment for one week was granted on the condition that in the meantime the garment cutters should not issue any more boycotting circulars.

WORLD'S FAIR BELL.

The Monster Will Weigh 13,000 Pounds and Stand 6 1-2 Feet High.

The Columbian liberty bell for the World's Fair will be cast in Troy, N. Y. Historical heirlooms of value and in great variety that have been preserved for generations on account of their associations, are daily received to be melted into the bell. It was made known that Mrs. Grover Cleveland had consented to take an interest in the movement, and her co-operation, it is anticipated, will be of incalculable assistance.

During the World's Fair the bell will be kept in the city of Chicago. The weight of the bell will be 13,000 pounds, the height six feet six inches and across the mouth the bell will measure seven feet six inches

WENT THROUGH A TRESTLE.

A Number of Persons Injured in a Railroad Accident.

A special from Jug Tavern, Ga., says: A train on the Georgia Southern and Florida Railway went through a trestle a few miles from Atlanta, and was wrecked. The engine remained on the track. Eight freight and two passengers cars fell a distance of fifty feet. They were torn into splinters.

The injured are Conductor C. F. Moss, cut over right eye and badly bruised; Judge Windburn, mail clerk, right leg and thigh broken and bruised internally; J. O. Lay, express messenger, slightly cut and bruised Rev. J. H. Wood, of Jug Tavern, badly mashed on the head and body and internally bruised; Miss Williamson, of Social Circle dangerously hurt, not expected to live; Mrs. Atticus Nowell, of Hoschtons, slightly bruised; George Lyon, colored, train hand, badly hurt; Steve Thomas, colored, train hand, killed.

CABLE SPARKS.

THE arsenal at Lillie, France, was burned. Loss $1,000,000 francs.

THE evicted tenants bill was dismissed in the House of Commons, but no action was taken upon it.

Delegations of business men from Belfast and London called on Mr. Gladstone to protest against home rule.

Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, son of the late Rev. Chas. Spurgeon, has been chosen pastor of the London Tabernacle.

GERMAN traders who sold firearms to the natives in Dahomey have been expelled from that country by the French commander.

THE United States war vessel Kearsage has sailed for Hayti and will remain there to protect American interests should there be a revolution.

Monsignor Chappelle called on the Pope and was assured that Archbishop Satolli's mission in America was to restort union and concord in the church.

IT is proposed to build a canal in France from the Gironde to the Mediterranean sea. It will be 328 miles long and large enough to admit the passage of warships.

M. SAMARI, an actor of Theatre Francais, and M. Collarius, one of the staff of the Gil-Blas newspaper, fought a duel near Paris and M. Collarius was wounded in the arm.

M. ANDRIEUX, ex-perfect of police, testified before the parliamentary commission in the Panama case, but refused to reveal the name of "X," who received 500,000 francs.

THE eminent scientist M. Saint-Ingenon predicts a succession of cyclones around the Gulf of Mexico during the summer months, owing to the moon's exceptional proximity to the earth.

NEWS from Honolulu is to the effect that the provisional government is strengthening its position at every possible point. Annexationists have formed a political organization, while royalists have bonded together in a patriotic league.

THE French Cabinet has resigned owing to an adverse vote in the Chamber of Deputies upon an item in the Budget. It is hinted, however, that this vote was brought about through fear of the consequence that would follow the arrest of Arton, the Panama go-between, who the government is endeavoring to apprehend.

FOUR WOMEN DROWNED.

The Pleasure of a Yachting Party Spoiled by a Tragedy.

A sailing party on Lake Ponchartrain, in Louisiana, came to a sad end by the drowning of four of the pleasure seekers. Thomas Kelly, his wife, Mary A. Kelly; W. B. Knops, a stenographer; Thomas Smith, an engineer; Edward Smyth, a mechanic; Miss Mattie McCue, aged 16; Mary Flynn, aged 13; Agnes Flynn, aged 15; Maggie Sheppard, aged 20; and Effie Kelly, aged 13, went to Mineburg, a lake resort, and hired a sloop to go out for a day's sail.

After coasting about the lake for a few hours they determined to make a trip a mile and half out from shore where they saw a fishing party. The course of the sloop was changed and the party was seen within hailing distance of the fishing party. Thomas Kelly was in charge of the sloop and attempted to turn the craft. As the boom went from starboard to port the sloop's gunwhale went under water and the boat began to fill rapidly.

Kelly lost his head and ordered the people to right the boat by getting on the other side. His evident lack of ability caused the women in the sloop to be infected with his fears, and they tumbled over one another in their efforts to obey their orders.

As a consequence the coat was capsized and the entire party was thrown into the water, which was thirteen feet deep at that point. The anchor of the sloop slipped from its deck and caused those of the party who had secured a hold on the keel to lose their grip.

The men in the skiff succeeded in rescuing Maggie Sheppard and Mamie McCue, but as they were on their way to rescue Mrs. Kelly she gave a cry of despair and sank to the bottom before the eyes of her husband. Agnes and Mary Flynn slipped from the bottom of the upturned boat and sank to the bottom in one another's arms. Little Effie Kelly clung to the rudder post of the sloop with the energy of despair, but each wave which struck the boat caused her little hands to slip, and the girl went down just before the skiff could reach her.

The men were all saved and with the two rescued children were rowed to the shore. E. C. Flynn, the father of the drowned sisters, is wild with grief and has sworn that he will kill Thomas Kelly on sight. Flynn lost his wife recently and this second double blow, it is believed has effected his