The Easton Gazette.

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"THE WHITE CITY."[1]

I.

Greece was; Greece is no more.
Temple and town
Have crumbled down;
Time is the fire that hath consumed them all.
Statue and wall
In ruin strew the universal floor.

II.

Greece lives, but Greece no more!
Its ashes breed
The undying seed
Blown westward till, in Rome's imperial towers,
Athens reflowers,
Still westward—lo, a veiled and virgin shore!

III.

Say not, "Greece is no more."
Through the clear morn
On light winds borne
Her white-winged soul sinks on the New World's breast.
Ah! happy West—
Greece flowers anew, and all her temples soar!

IV.

One bright hour, then no more
Shall to the skies
These columns rise.
But though art's flower shall fade, again the seed
Onward shall speed,
Quickening the land from lake to ocean's roar.

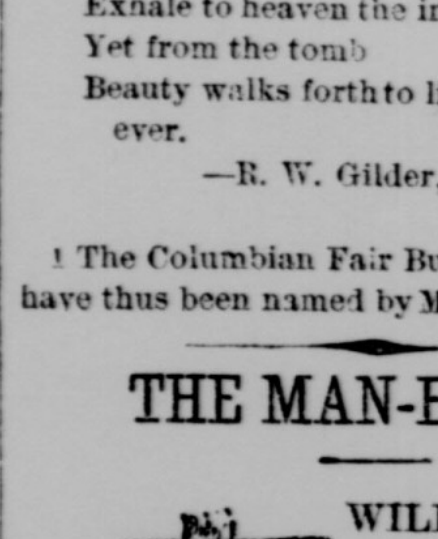
V.

Art lives, though Greece may never.
From the ancient mold
As once of old
Exhale to heaven the inimitable bloom;
Yet from the tomb
Beauty walks forth to light the world forever.

—R. W. Gilder, in the Century.

[1] The Columbian Fair Buildings at Chicago have thus been named by Mr. H. C. Bunner.

THE MAN-EATER.



TWILIGHT had faded on the hills; the great disk of the moon was riding over the serrated hollows of the two great forests. The earth, still hot with the dead day's sun, the sudden drop of the breeze, the roaring of nocturnal beasts of prey, the beauty of the firmament above a land still unsubdued by man after thousands of years of civilization, the ruthless fecundity, savage, vast as the ether, invincible as the ocean, took possession of, dominated and amazed the mind of James MacCarthy, and filled his heart with a fullness of poetic grandeur. Behind him followed a humble son of India, Bavadjee, the runner, slender, with high, shrinking shoulders, formed from a minimum of matter, but with a good head, and intelligent and gentle mouth. Before him went Djouna, the guide provided by the village of Nardonares to pilot him to the lair of the tigress, the man-eater, who had that day carried off a laborer. As they advanced, step by step, the murmurs of the night became louder and more terrible, the growling of the animals re-echoed over the plain, the huge bats floated athwart the orange light.

Bavadjee drew closer to MacCarthy; his fright was balanced by a feeling of pride in serving the thick-set Irishman with the belligerent eyes, with the rough, kind face at once irascible and good-natured:

"Are we near?" asked James.

"Yes, Sahib."

At the entrance to a rocky defile Djouna halted tremblingly. He signed with outstretched hand: "It is there."

Before them lay a sinuous surface, one of those secluded corners of the jungle where the full sway of natural forces, the struggle of the instincts of animals and plants create a splendor and a putrefaction. The moonlight embroidered the fig trees, the somber trunks, the masses of the foliage. It wove a delicate lace work over the great bindweed, the lichens, the castor oil plants, over a pool that was choked with old bark, with half-withered rushes, with bright green water plants. The sky seemed made of scintillating constellations; wild creatures of wood and water roamed stealthily through the undergrowth, lay in waiting for their prey, or fled at the approach of danger. In the intervals of silence were heard the sighings of a mysterious rivulet which seemed to be subterranean, and the distant plaint of jackals.

"It is there?" repeated MacCarthy. "Do you know the exact position?"

"One day in winter," answered Djouna, in a low voice, "when I went in search after a strayed heifer—I saw the man-eater at the mouth of her cavern." In an almost inaudible voice, and trembling in all his limbs, he added: "She was devouring the remains of a young woman! Since then Chandranahour, he who was carried off this evening, witnessed at the same place a similar scene."

"Ah!" ejaculated MacCarthy. "Then, can you lead me to the very spot?"

"I can," answered the Hindu, with gentle resignation.

They rounded the dense thicket and came to a natural pathway cut by the winter torrent. The moon, midway from the zenith, sent penetrating shafts of light through the branches.

The three men advanced lightly and cautiously, with eyes fixed on the darkness. The fret of their clothes against the plants, the tread of their feet on the ground were indistinguishable from the sound of grazing animals and the slight rustle of the fig leaves. A soft, bodeful coolness emanated from the undefined denseness of their surroundings. Peril, like an evil spirit, roamed around them, transfiguring the aspect of every tree they passed, inscribing fantastic, gruesome symbols everywhere.

Bavadjee and Djouna, at the inevitable approach of danger, fell into a sort of hypnosis, the source of the passive bravery of so many Orientals, of their gentle, obstinate resistance before which the Occidental has at times recoiled.

With distended pupils, with thought lulled to passivity, they walked like somnambulists, whereas with MacCarthy, his will, nerves and reason were fighting a sharp battle. In spite of his keen realization of possibilities, his purpose never wavered. He believed in the strength of his arm, in the clearness and precision of his sight; and he felt all the electric elation of the brave man face to face with danger, which permits of no regrets.

While his mind vaguely dwelt on these things in the non-analytic manner of a man of action, he saw Djouna suddenly had stopped and turned nervously to him: "We are there—that clearing behind that block of stone."

They stopped. James took one of the rifles which he had allowed Bavadjee to carry in order to assure suppleness and steadiness to his arm at the supreme moment. Silently, with lightest steps, all three reached the stone and knelt behind it. A fine ground mist hovered before them and sufficed to render them invisible. But, in peering forward, every detail of the clearing could be seen, sparsely covered with low plants, and lit up by a ray of moonlight. Cautiously MacCarthy raised himself above the aerolite, and leaned over it.

He was filled with unspeakable horror.

Toward the middle of the space, ten yards away, at the mouth of a den, formed by superposed blocks of stone, he saw outlined the form of the regal beast; there lay the colossal tigress. Between her huge paws was Chandranahour, the laborer. He was not dead, he did not seem to be wounded even—at any rate seriously. The keen sight of the Irishman could see his eyes open and shut at long intervals, and his breast palpitated with the rapidity of that of a bird caught in a snare. The tigress watched him in an indolent manner, like a cat with a mouse. And like the cat, now and again she let go her prey, she relapsed into a posture of negligence, of feigned inattention, of sommolent grace.

The Irishman, with rifle ready, dared not fire. A revulsion of fury, of pity, for a moment rendered his hand unsure.

Two awful minutes passed. Then slowly, slowly, Chandranahour moved. He stretched out his hands and raised himself on his elbows. The moonlight irradiated his face distorted by speechless terror; the contact with death had stiffened his mouth, and filled his widely distended pupils with stupor. He turned his head toward the tigress. She seemed to be looking vaguely elsewhere, sleepily indifferent to the presence of her prey. Then Chandranahour began to draw himself along and succeeded in gaining two yards of distance.

MacCarthy, seeing the livid face of the doomed man nearing him, took aim with his rifle. Unluckily a movement of Chandranahour rendered all intervention impossible at the moment; for his head came into the line of sight.

"Curse it all!" murmured James.

However, encouraged by the continued indifference of the man-eater, the Hindu began to drag himself along more quickly. A desperate hope lit up his eyes, but only to die the next moment; he heard the beast move. Suddenly she rose and made a bound. The man, as in a trance, let himself fall to the ground, between the great paws, face to face to the glistening teeth, the terrible eyes.

"She is playing," murmured Djouna, who had gone close to MacCarthy.

"Yes," returned the other, "the accursed brute is amusing herself!" His soul seemed plunged in darkness. He saw looming in a lugubrious apotheosis the beast who in our own era still dominates ancient India; who is not only the devourer of man, but who dares to amuse herself with him as though he were merely a feeble animal.

In the intensity of the moment, he realized that by means of certain subtly displaced forces, by a little more ruse joined to the terrifying swiftness and the alert muscularity of tigers, by the merest power of association, the reign of the feline would have been possible. At that moment there rose in him a desperate thirst for vengeance, overmastering a desire to conquer the man-eater without killing her, to torment her and insult her, to make her feel the supremacy of the being that for six years she had made her prey: "Be calm!" He forced his heart to beat more normally, and anger no longer clouded his eyes. Meanwhile the tiger, with a purring sound, and with light, nimble movements, turned Chandranahour over on the ground and reveled in the joy of domination and of power. The poor man, huddled together, seemed like some poor infirm herbivore, thin, slight and defenseless against the queen of the jungle and the forest. She, blasee, a supple, elegant, awful symol of the struggle for existence, soon recommenced her terrible play, recoiled without haste, in a tremor of anticipation, her movements impelled by the contempt of the strong for the weak.

When she was two yards distant she remained motionless, and her amber eyes closed slowly. She was the expression of perfect certitude; she already tasted the charm of this living repast that she was resolved to make very soon as she crouched there, the sinister magnificence of triumphant muscle. The victim had not relinquished all hope. The instinct to live beat invincibly in him, and dominated the conviction that all effort was futile. After a moment of uncertainty, he raised himself and recommenced his crawling flight exactly as he had done before, that effort of agony, terror and feeble energy. MacCarthy, this time, was in full possession of all his faculties. He allowed Chandranahour's head to pass the line of vision, and made his choice between the prudence of firing straight to the heart and his eager desire to punish the brute. The report rang out. In the cloud of smoke James saw Chandranahour's silhouet raise itself rapidly and the howling tigress with a crushed paw lifted in a moment of surprised stupor.

"Courage!" shouted the Irishman, as he leaped over the sheltering block. Chandranahour threw himself forward; the tigress made a short, rapid bound. She had not time to recommence. A second shot rendered another paw useless. Overcome, powerless, with redoubled howls and gleaming jaws she lay there a mere symbol of force. Chandranahour, sheltered behind his protector, had, in excess of joy, lost the use of his muscles. In a dazed condition he leaned against the stone supported by Djouna. McCarthy seized his second rifle from the hand of Bavadjee and took three steps toward the tigress.

She tried to raise herself, or at least to crawl toward the European; she stretched forward her monstrous head, her devouring jaws in which so much human flesh had been macerated, so much existence annihilated. She fell back powerless, and James contemplated her with a cruel, revengeful satisfaction; it seemed to him that she now understood the power of man, that henceforth she would no longer dare fearlessly to seize her prey in the village; that at least she would kill hastily, apprehensively, as one kills a too dangerous enemy.

"Sahib," asked Bavadjee, "will you not kill her?"

"No; I want to make her a prisoner. Is Chandranahour hurt?"

"No, Sahib, only a little weak."

The rescued man came and knelt before the European and with humility kissed his hands, gratitude and unspeakable admiration shone in his great black eyes.

"There, there," said James gently. "Will you be afraid to remain alone with me while Bavadjee and Djouna go to fetch cords, canvas, a stretcher and bearers?"

"Ah, Sahib! I feel in greater safety near you than behind a triple wall of bronze."

"In that case, Bavadjee, you can go. Is your rifle in order. Good. Then go!"

The night under the clear sky, grew cool. The firmament absorbed the heat; the plain was deadly cold. But in the forest there remained a gentle warmth, a dreamy atmosphere rendered heavy by the carbonic exhalation of the trees. The light fell like a snow of atoms. Pale stars floated in the depths of the zenith, on the imponderable lakes of the Milky Way. MacCarthy sat himself down against the root of a great tree and contemplated the wounded tigress. Moments of pity came to him, gentle shivers suggested by the splendor of the night. But when he turned and saw Chandranahour, still exhausted with his terrible adventure, trembling at every growl of pain, his anger revived, and grew to a solemn hatred.

Four hours later the creature was a captive. Her body was bound with interlacing cords. A network of bamboo formed a sort of low cage. The men of the village pressed round it. She still seemed formidable to them, with the grandeur of a subterranean deity, of a deity similar to the murderous forces, the sinister powers of sickness and death, of which India has made innumerable gods.

They encouraged one another; they were reassured by the presence of the European, and at the moment when the bearers stooped to raise their burden an old man approached.

"There you lie, man-eater, reduced at last to impotence; there you lie, broken and captive! A man has vanquished you! You will now learn the supremacy of our race, you will howl behind the bars of a cage, and little children will mock at your fury. You will go from village to village, from the top of a wagon you will pass the jungle and the forest, whose delights you will never more taste! Your life shall be a profound humiliation because you have profaned the nobility of our brothers, and because you have played with their glories!" The creature cowered, weakened by suffering, and the Hindus thought that, in her obscure substance, in her narrow, ferocious brain, she recognized the supremacy of Man.—From the French, in Independent.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Love is best known by what it suffers.

Thinking will keep us from doing wrong.

The man who will not improve his talents steals from himself.

It is the troubles of to-morrow that make people heavy laden to-day.

The taste of pie does not depend upon the size or the shape of the piece.

A great many people are right in their hearts and wrong in their heads.

If the State were as hard a master to men as money is, the world would be full of treason.

The man who claims that the world owes him a living, generally has trouble in collecting the debt.

It is as cowardly to talk about a man behind his back as it is to throw stones at his house in the dark.

There is something wrong if you feel spiteful whenever you see another woman wearing a better bonnet than you can afford.

There are thousands of people who would die before they would steal chickens, who are downright robbers in other ways that are not so risky.

There's nothing like discipline, but it doesn't do a boy any good to make him hoe potatoes in the back garden while a brass band is passing the house.

Boys have been ruined because they had to stay at home and hoe a hard row with a dull hoe when they should have been allowed to go fishing.—Ram's Horn.

Walled Cities in Asia.

The first glimpse we get of an Eastern walled city unfolds at once memories of our childhood days, which have perhaps never been awakened since, and the pictures of our childish books, which impressed themselves so vividly upon our minds, are reproduced in the bright colors of old, when we are brought face to face with the quaint battlements and the dark gateways, with the accessories of bright, burning sunshine and turbaned figures and processions of camels and the listless calm of the tropical land. Such old cities are still to be seen in India, still walled in the old fashion and still peopled by the figures of the Biblical picture book.

Close akin to them are those walled towns standing on the canals of mid-China, passing through which, say at the close of day, when every tower and every roof stands out clearly cut against the brilliant western sky and we are challenged by a grotesque figure, armed with a spear and probably wearing armor, the illusion is complete, and for the moment we find it hard to realize that we are traveling at the end of the Nineteenth Century.

Even in much changed Japan there are old cities which still retain their walls of the age of feudalism, and in the very heart of the capital the imperial palace is surrounded by the same quaint fortifications which in old troublous times made it an imperium in imperio, although the walls are crumbling and the gates are never shut, and the moats have been abandoned to the lotus and to carp of monstrous size and fabulous age.—Chicago Herald.

Utilizing Town Rats.

The town rat, which of all animals is generally considered the one most outside of our affection, is converted into a useful member of society in the French capital. Here these creatures are collected together and placed in the great pound where the refuse of city is thrown. These remains are quickly demolished by the rats, who leave only untainted skeletons or bones behind them. The demolishers are, in their turn, destroyed themselves. Four times a year a great battue is effected, it is in the form of that article of world-wide admiration—the Gant de Paris; indeed, no skin is superior to theirs, the pliancy and strength of it render it the most suitable for the glove market.—New York Dispatch.

Is Coffee Poisonous?

The Royal Academy of Medicine of Brussels has been making careful inquiry into the injurious effects of coffee drinking. The opinions of literary men have been especially sought after. Pierce Loti is one of the few literatreurs who dislike coffee. He gives his opinion as follows: "I despise coffee, the odor is even more offensive to me than the taste. The only place where it should take is in the East, where the dainty cups are accompanied by the narjilhe and by lazy repose. Every time I drink it I feel as if I were swallowing poison, and yet I never neglect to take it when I want to compose and write. Nothing facilitates work like that very poison." —Boston Herald.

THE NEWS.

The striking operators at the Overland Cotton Mills at Denver, Col., to the number of one hundred and fifty, are about to take a new track. They are going away. The question of emigrating has taken hold of the employes, and arrangements have already been made to leave the state for their old homes.——J. T. Watson, of Lynchburg, Va., committed suicide near Richmond, Ind.——The Standard Oil Company has absorbed the Tidewater Oil Company.——Mike Shaughnessy, foreman of the "77" ranch, sixty-five miles northeast of Douglas, Wy., rode into town and surrendered to the sheriff, stating that he had killed Dud Champion near his ranch in self-defense.——The Atlantic Tannery property of South Salem, Mass., operated by Pool Brothers, the most complete tannery property in Salem and vicinity, occupying over ten acres covered with manufacturing building, was totally destroyed by fire.——R. L. Shaffer, son of a wealthy farmer of Northern Fayette county, Pa., is believed to have been assassinated.——William Sullivan, a farm hand, who murdered his employer and assaulted the latter's Wife, was taken from jail at Coruna, Mich., and lynched.——Amos Avery was hanged at Lamar, Mo., for the murder of James A. Miles.

At the meeting of the Boston and Maine Railroad the resignation of President McLeod was submitted.——The directors of the Ives, Blakerslee & Williams Company, of New York, applied for the appointment of a receiver.——Benjamin F. Carver, seventy years old, a guest at the Hotel Bristol in New York, plunged from a fourth-story window of that house and was almost instantly killed.——Breithauft's sole leather tannery in Listowel, Ontario, was destroyed by fire; loss $30,000.——Three children named Brouillet, between two and nine years of age, were burned to death in a tenement house in Gareau lane, Montreal. Their parents were filling bedticks with straw, when one of the children put a match to it, and in a few minutes the house was in flames. The mother escaped, but the three children perished. The father and fourth child were so badly burned they had to be taken to the hospital.——A telegram from Captain Goodman to T. Langford & Son reports the fishing schooner Lawrence A. Monro was seized at Magdalene Islands by a Canadian cutter and towed to Gespe for a violation of the fisheries law alleged to have been committed last year at Canso by Captain Monro, who was in command of the schooner at the time.

Arrangements have been made for Peary's Arctic trip.——The spool mill of J. W. Bennett, at Gilead, was burned.——E. N. Merriam, cashier of the Ogdensburg, N. Y., National Bank, died at the age of eighty-one.——Fire at Rock Creek, Minn., destroyed two general stores and five residences.——Prof. H. I. Thorp shot and instantly killed Thos. R. Mason for slandering his wife, at Pleasant Plains, Ark.——Incendiary fire destroyed $200,000 worth of property in St. Louis, burning the building occupied by the C. M. Crum Livery Company.——Charles H. Weidner, while crazed by liquor and jealousy, killed his wife at her home, in Dayton, Ohio, and then committed suicide.——The postoffice at Bartlett, Kansas, was entered by burglars and robbed of $200 in stamps and other property. Postmaster Lane, who lives in the building, was aroused just as the burglars were leaving with their booty. He fired three shots at them, one of the burglars being wounded in the leg.——The honorary degree of D. C. L. will be conferred on the Governor General of Canada and Bishop Potter, of New York, at the centennial convocation of Bishop College, Lennoxville, Quebec, shortly.——Augusto Nolli shot and killed Tirardo Priginano, in Scranton, Pa.——The Salem, Mass., Register (semi-weekly), established in 1800, and conducted by C. W. Palfrey and E. N. Walton, has announced its suspension in an editorial notice. The senior editor is now eighty years old. He had been in active service fifty-five years, and the junior editor since 1855, beginning as a reporter.

Edgar Thomas, a prominent lumberman of Gainsboro, Pa., and a brother-in-law of W. A. Croffut, editor of the Washington Post, died suddenly of heart disease.——The body of Mrs. Julia Huss was stolen from the grave in an Omaha cemetery.——Forest fires destroyed a lumber camp near Lake City, Mich., and ten men were burned to death.——Frank E. Johnson, the husband of a variety actress in Spokane, Wash., who recently applied for a divorce, committed suicide by shooting himself in the police court, where he had been arraigned on charges preferred by his wife.——George Lankford of Marietta, O., killed his wife and himself. The hot personal campaign between Richey and Broddus, candidates for the clerkship of Page county, Va., has resulted in the withdrawal of the former from the contest and a challenge to Broddus to publish the threatened letters.——Cheers greeted Rev. Dr. Talmage when he made the announcement in the Brooklyn Tabernacle that the building was free from floating debt.——Eugene V. Debbs, of Terre Haute, Ind., has been in New York several days consulting friends and old time associates concerning the organization of the American Railway Union, a new labor order. Mr. Debs was secretary and treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen for a dozen years, but though unanimously re-elected last fall resigned.——Many valuable blocks of property in Saginaw, Mich., were destroyed by fire. Loss over $1,500,000; insurance $700,000.——Dr. Theodore Hartridge, for many years a leading Florida planter, died at Jacksonville.

The Pioneer Furnace, owned by the Cleveland Cliff Company, in Negaunee, Mich., will close down permanently. This is the oldest furnace in the Lake Superior district. It has turned out over $30,000,000 worth of pig iron, and been in operation forty-one years. Its closing down will leave only one charcoal furnace of nineteen in the upper peninsula.——The arrival of the United States ship Mohican at Port Townsend, Oregon, completed the fleet ordered for duty in the Behring Sea.——John Wilson, while abducting Myrtle Summers, his niece, from Mulberry, Ark., was killed by the girl's father, who was discharged subsequently by the coroner's jury.——George Harris' mother, in Lansing, poisoned him to prevent his growing up to become a thief.——William J. Burke was sentenced to life imprisonment for murdering his mother, in Rockford, Ill. Epstein's Dime Museum, in Chicago, was damaged by fire to the extent of $40,000.——James B. Murdock, the famous actor, died at his home, near Cincinnati, at the age of eighty-three years.

BURIED IN THEIR HOMES.

Awful Work of an Avalanche in Norway.

Another and more serious landslide has occurred at Vaerdalen, Norway, just north of Trondjem, where a number of farms were recently buried under an avalanche of slime.

An extent of land, five kilometres by ten, in the Levanger Valley became dislodged and slid down on the soil below, destroying 22 homesteads and 50 cottages.

A vast area is flooded, and many persons are missing, and it is feared they have perished. The missing include Tessem, president of the district, and his family: Road Inspector Rostad and his family, and about 100 others. Residents of the vicinity are taking to flight in expectation that there may be a recurrence of the calamity.

The government has sent 400 soldiers to the locality to assist in the work of rescue and to preserve order.

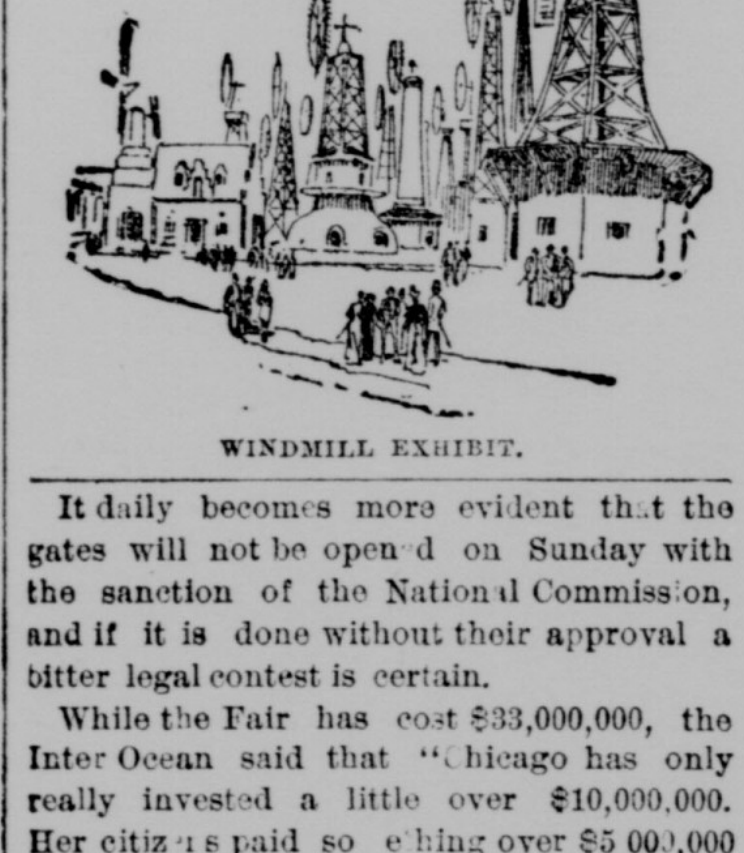
EVERY one of the eight parties in Germany is putting forth its full strength in view of the coming election to the Reichstag.

CROWDS AT THE GATES.

Thousands of Men and Women Seek Admission to the Fair.

Workingmen Threaten to Batter Down the Fence.

The threatened attempt to force the gates open at the Fair grounds Sunday by a great crowd of men and boys did not materialize. The guards were strengthened in anticipation of trouble, but the crowd was no greater than usual. A large number of pass-holders were admitted to the grounds, which lessened the pressure. The plan of keeping the grounds and buildings open until 11 o'clock Saturday nights with an illumination, in connection with the development of the Saturday half-holiday movement, is serving to lessen the cry for Sunday opening.



WINDMILL EXHIBIT.

It daily becomes more evident that the gates will not be opened on Sunday with the sanction of the National Commission, and if it is done without their approval a bitter legal contest is certain.

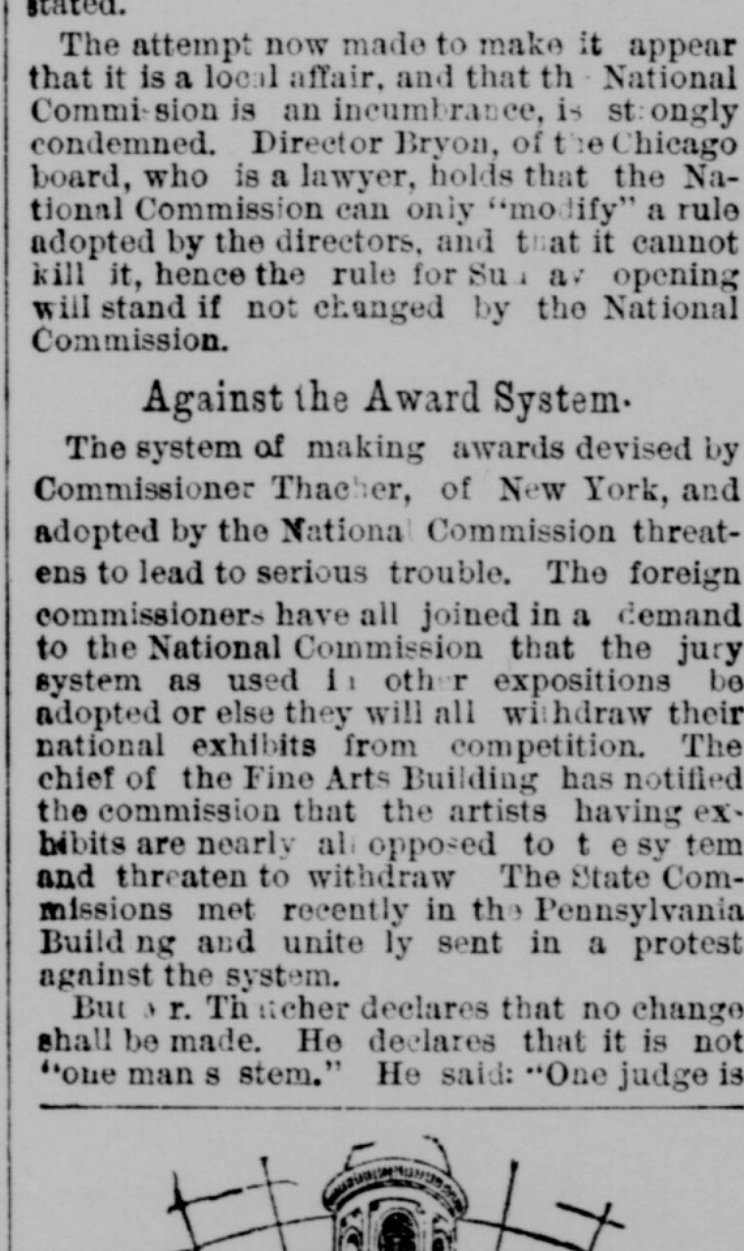
While the Fair has cost $33,000,000, the Inter Ocean said that "Chicago has only really invested a little over $10,000,000. Her citizens paid something over $5,000,000 for stock and the city gave $5,000,000 more. And in addition to that the directors borrowed $5,000,000 more, pledging therefore the net revenues of the Fair as security. How much the appropriation of $2,500,000 aided them in floating the loan is not stated.

The attempt now made to make it appear that it is a local affair, and that the National Commission is an incumbrance, is strongly condemned. Director Bryon, of the Chicago board, who is a lawyer, holds that the National Commission can only "modify" a rule adopted by the directors, and that it cannot kill it, hence the rule for Sunday opening will stand if not changed by the National Commission.

Against the Award System.

The system of making awards devised by Commissioner Thacher, of New York, and adopted by the National Commission threatens to lead to serious trouble. The foreign commissioners have all joined in a demand to the National Commission that the jury system as used in other expositions be adopted or else they will all withdraw their national exhibits from competition. The chief of the Fine Arts Building has notified the commission that the artists having exhibits are nearly all opposed to the system and threaten to withdraw. The State Commissions met recently in the Pennsylvania Building and unitedly sent in a protest against the system.

But Mr. Thacher declares that no change shall be made. He declares that it is not "one man system." He said: "One judge is selected by the Committee on Awards and approved by the Commission. He is an expert and his duty is to examine the exhibits in his department and make whatever recommendations he may deem proper to the Department Committee, which acts finally in the matter. The committee may make awards in accordance with the suggestions of the expert, or it may ignore such suggestions entirely and award premiums to other exhibitors." Thus, Mr. Thatcher contended, it is a jury and not a "one man" judge system. The committee must satisfy itself as to the ability and honesty of the judge before it makes an award according to his recommendations.



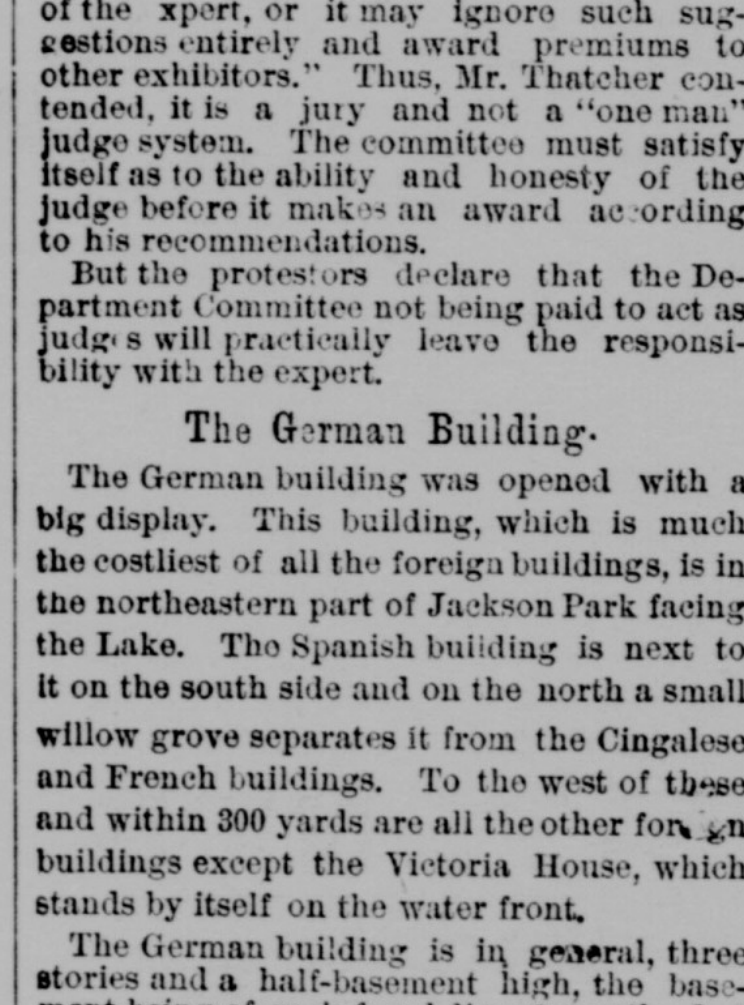
CLOCK TOWER IN THE MANUFACTURERS' BUILDING.

But the protestors declare that the Department Committee not being paid to act as judges will practically leave the responsibility with the expert.

The German Building.

The German building was opened with a big display. This building, which is much the costliest of all the foreign buildings, is in the northeastern part of Jackson Park facing the Lake. The Spanish building is next to it on the south side and on the north a small willow grove separates it from the Cingalese and French buildings. To the west of these and within 300 yards are all the other foreign buildings except the Victoria House, which stands by itself on the water front.

The German building is in general, three stories and a half-basement high, the basement being of rock-faced limestone, the first story of stuccoed brick and upper stories of exposed timber work and plaster. It covers, roughly, an area of 185 by 110 feet. The style of architecture is mainly German-Renaissance, exhibiting the transition from Gothic to Renaissance in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Its leading features are partial reproductions of typical buildings of this kind in Germany. The front tower is taken from the city hall in Rothemburg under Tauber; the tower at the southeast corner from the Schloss in Aschaffenberg, and the north gable from buildings in Gosslar. The total cost is $250,000. The extensive German book exhibit is installed in the building.



VIEW OF LAGOON, SHOWING WHALER PROGRESS.

The Gothic windows and frescoes are very fine, and there is a chime of bells, loaned by the Emperor. There is a chapel in the building in which religious services may be held.

The Musical Feast.

The musical attractions of the Fair prepared at such great expense have not proved very popular. The past week the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the New York Symphony Orchestra and the Thomas Orchestra were all in evidence. It was a serious managerial blunder to bring the two principal orchestras of the East to the Exposition within the narrow limits of a single week. A mere handful of chilly enthusiasts, frozen to the bone and distressed by the most intolerable echo that ever confounded the usefulness of an otherwise beautiful room, attended these concerts, and went away promising by the "beard of the prophet" never to do it again.

The concerts have been failures, first, on account of the hall's faulty construction, which transforms all sound into an irritating mockery and, secondly, for the reason that the admission price is a great obstacle. It costs $1.70 to attend one of these concerts, which includes admission to the grounds. The musical education of the masses cannot be promoted on any such basis. Mr. Damrosch was evidently mortified by the terrific array of empty benches to which he was obliged to address his efforts, when the hall was comfortable for the first time, and there was no reason save prohibitive prices for the absence of the masses. Choral Hall, with its 1,500 singers, is to be opened this week and it may do better.

Tardy Work at the Grounds.

The work in Electricity Building is still far behind and seems to drag unnecessarily. It will be some time in June before this department is in order. The other buildings' exhibits are nearly all in place, except those of Russia, Norway and Mexico. The displays from the former countries were delayed by an ice blockade in the Baltic sea, while Mexicans were late in starting theirs from that country. All of the Mexican products will be shown in bronze cases of an elaborate nature, and this makes the work of installation slow. They will hardly be in order for two weeks, while Russia and Norway will have everything in readiness by June 1st.

A BATTLE WITH TRAMPS.

They Held Up People and Robbed Them of Their Possessions.

A gang of ten tramps, armed with revolvers and with considerable jewelry about them, took possession of the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Railroad junction and made life a burden to everybody in the neighborhood. A saloon-keeper was held up at the point of a revolver and relieved of a gold watch and some money. The police were notified and three officers had a pitched battle with them, the tramps hiding in the woods and opening fire first. The officers responded, and over forty shots were exchanged, but, owing to intense darkness, their aim was necessarily bad. The officers succeeded in capturing three of them after a hard fight, and one of them, giving the name of George J. Wilson, was so badly cut and pounded that he was covered with blood. He fought desperately, and shot twice at Detective Durr during the scuffle, but missed his mark. On his person were found a fine revolver, the saloon-keeper's watch and a kit of burglars' tools. After the battle the tramps escaped in the darkness, and, meeting Patrolman Starr, who was attracted by the firing and hastening to the scene, they surprised him, and at the point of a revolver compelled him to throw up his hands, while they relieved him of his handcuffs and revolver. A large squad of policemen searched all night for the other tramps, but were unsuccessful.

HE WANTS AN OFFICE.

A Full-Blooded Chinese Applys for a Post Office in Michigan.

Willie Woo, a full-blooded Chinese living at West Harrisville, Mich., is in the race for the post office in that village and is using all legitimate means to attain his ambition. He has forwarded two large petitions signed by the citizens of the village to Congressman Weadcock, and also letters of recommendation from Judge Simpson and other influential Democrats in his behalf.

He thinks he has a good chance of getting the office from the fact that he is the only Democrat who wants it, and he does not think that he should be debarred from the benefits of a Democratic Administration on account of race. He has already obtained bondsmen who will go his security if he succeeds in gaining the office. Woo is an American citizen, having taken his final papers in 1890 at Tawas City. He came to this country some fourteen years ago, when only 14 years old

HELD UP BY ONE MAN.

A Lone Texas Robs an Express Car on the Texas & Pacific.

A lone robber held up the eastbound Texas & Pacific train at Kemp, Texas, and rifled the express car of all the valuable packages in sight.

The station agent was made to go into the train and wait till the robber finished his work. When he had taken what he wanted the man leisurely disappeared in the darkness unobserved by the train men, who knew nothing of what had happened until it was all over.

It is not known how much was secured. The officials of the Pacific Express Company are mum, but it is believed the amount was small.

NEITHER DARE USE MONEY

Two Virginia Candidates Sign an Iron-clad Contract—The Penalty.

A new feature in politics has been introduced into the spring campaign at Luray, Va. A Broaddus, Republican, and S. J. Richey, Democrat, opposing candidates for clerk of the Page county courts, entered into a written agreement, sworn to and subscribed before a notary, obligating themselves not to levy or produce votes for money, whiskey, nor through any other unlawful means, and to prosecute any one, friend or foe, whom they shall ascertain to be buying votes for them. A deed of trust in the penalty of $5,000 has been executed by each to the other on their homes in this place, conditional to meet the full requirements of the agreement. The agreement will be published in the county papers, and thousands of copies as extras will be sent throughout the county. The language of the agreement is strong, and the only use of money under it will be the necessary and legitimate expenses. The election will be held on the 25th instant.

NORFOLK'S BIG FIRE.

Eight Firms Burned Out in Less Than an Hour.

At 11 o'clock the other night fire was discovered in the Hare Building on West Main street, a five-story brick structure extending from Johnson to Fayette streets.

The flames spread with great rapidity, and in less than an hour the building and its contents was in ashes. The loss will reach $100,000.

In the building were located the Davis Dry Goods Company; R. B. Morris, furniture dealer; James Jones, furniture dealer; Baxter & Co., cigar manufacturers; Eastern Shoe Store; Rountree & Co., cotton merchants; Freeman & Co., dealer in fertilizers; Woolley & Co., cotton merchants, who saved nothing.

With great difficulty the Atlantic Hotel and the Consulates of Great Britain, Brazil and the Netherlands were saved.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES

AN Oakland ferry-boat at San Francisco, ran down a boat containing five persons, all of whom were drowned.

By an explosion of gas in a coal mine at Lincoln, Illinois, Michael Gleason was killed and several others were injured.

Dennis McFadden, aged two years, of Bethlehem, Pa., was killed by swallowing creosote carelessly left within his reach.

AN explosion occurred in C. I. Pope's glucose factory, at Geneva, Illinois. Six workmen were killed and one fatally scalded.

By the sinking of the schooner Pelican, with ore from Escanaba, in the Harbor at Ashtabula, O., three of the crew were drowned.

THE British schooner Ossico, of Monckton, New Brunswick, was wrecked in a fog near Rockport, Maine, and one of her crew was drowned.

THE factory of the Yonkers Hat Manufacturing Company, at Yonkers, N. Y., was burned; loss, $100,000. About 600 hands are thrown out of work.

THE German line steamship Wandraham from Hamburg, is reported ashore, and is in a critical condition, on Apple Island, in the St. Lawrence, 69 miles below Quebec.

Chester Simons, John Johnson, Nicholas Servas and Albert Currier, members of the life saving crew at Cleveland, Ohio, were drowned by the upsetting of their boat while trying to rescue two men in a row boat.

A DESPATCH from Concord, N. H., says that James Roy, Elmer Arbo and Alexander Alcaron were drowned while attempting to shoot the rapids at Sewall's Falls in a boat.

O. F. DAY, SON & CO.'s trunk and satchel place, in Baltimore, was burned, causing a loss of over $100,000, besides several thousands dollars to Cushing's book store adjoining. The firemen were delayed ten minutes by overhead wires.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

For Sale By J. S. GRIFFITH, and Leading Grocers of Easton

BIG BLOWS IN THE WEST.

The Hot Wave Broke Up By Destructive Storms.

Four Men Killed and Many Injured at Cleveland.

A terrific wind storm struck Cleveland, Ohio, at nine o'clock in the morning. Four men were instantly killed and many injured in the numerous casualties. A scaffold blown from its fastenings by the high wind seriously, but in one case fatally, injured four men employed by the Cleveland Gaslight and Coke Company.

It had been found necessary to elevate a brick chimney on top of the Bradley block at the corner of Superior and Erie streets, and for this purpose a scaffold had been built up twenty feet above the six-story building. Seeing the storm coming, the men employed on it ran to shelter. The wind was soon upon it, and, with a tearing of timbers, the whole mass broke loose. It dropped straight down the side of the building till the second floor was reached. Here it was caught by another gust of wind and hurled with terrific force towards the gutter, where it landed with a crash that could be heard for blocks around. Twenty men under the direction of Jack Fleming, of the gas company, were at work in the gutter. They were working hard to get the ditch they had just dug covered up, so as to not block the sewer when the rain fell. The huge mass of heavy timbers fell right among them. They were all thrown off their feet by the concussion, but all but four of their number immediately sprang up. As soon as the men were extricated they were taken to Lakeside Hospital.

A portion of the plate department of the Cleveland Rolling Mill Company undergoing construction gave way to the storm with fatal results. There were a number employed on the structure, two of whom were killed instantly, another received injuries which will doubtless prove fatal, and several more were badly injured.

Another casualty caused by the severity of the storm was the destruction of a two-story frame house at the corner of Doan and Superior streets. It was blown down and John C. Cole buried beneath the debris. When taken out the man was in a terrible condition and death soon followed after intense suffering.

At Elwood, Ind., the roof of the American Tinplate Company's building was blown off, and many small dwellings were lifted from their foundations.

At Vanceburg, Ky., one house was blown down and many others damaged more or less.

A Celina, O., several houses and many trees were blown down.

At Fort Recovery the damage to property was considerable.

At Kenton, O., trees of six inches in diameter were snapped off, chimneys overturned and fences blown in all directions.

At Akron the new shop of the Akron Boiler Company, 53 by 23 feet was demolished. Loss, $[illegible],000; no insurance.

The loss in the vicinity of Columbus, Ind., is estimated at $20,000, and reports are coming which will greatly increase this amount. The telegraph service in every direction is badly crippled.

At Louisville, Ky., dwellings were ruined, streets were filled with the wreckage of roofs with broken and uprooted trees, remnants of walls and twisted wires. No lives are known to be lost, and few of the injuries received are serious. The blow struck the south of the city first, making its destructive force first upon the Louisville and Nashville round-house, at Tenth and Broadway. From there on the center of the city suffered little, save by chimneys blown down and trees uprooted. The full force of the wind struck the squares bounded by Campbell, Hancock, Broadway and Green streets, and there the principal damage was done.

ASSAULTED THE CONSUL.

The State Department Will Investigate a Trinidad Outrage.

The State Department has received from Mr. Pierce, the United States Consul at Trinidad, a copy of a newspaper containing an account of an assault committed on the United States Consul at Trinidad by two sailors, Donald Macfarlane and Edw. Irving, last month. The seamen shipped with Capt. Milard F. Harris, of the American schooner, Conecah, but refused to go to sea with him. They made charges against Captain Harris, which were investigated by Mr. Pierce and pronounced groundless. Mr. Pierce ordered the sailors to go on board the vessel and on their refusal he declared them deserters.

Macfarlane and Irving threatened the captain's life and forced him to take refuge in the United States Consulate, where they made attempts to stab him and assaulted the Consul. The men were arrested and brought before Mr. Justice Rayner, who dismissed them with a reprimand. The newspaper calls on the British Government, through its representatives in Trinidad, to make proper reparations to the United States for the indignity offered in one of its ports. It is probable that the State Department will order an investigation of the affair.

TEN MEN CREMATED.

The Awful Result of a Forest Fire in a Michigan Lumber Camp.

A forest fire destroyed Louis Sand's lumber camp near Lake City, Mich. Out of a total crew of 60 men only 49 escaped uninjured. Ten are dead. They took refuge in a well and were cremated there by the timbers and curbing falling in on them and burning. They tried to run the gauntlet and were burned to a crisp.

The ten men, with Edward Sullivan, were hemmed in at the camp by fire. A strong wind cut off all escape. Sullivan started north in the face of the fire, and by some chance escaped. He is severely burned but will live. Edward Roohbacher started east, and got about 25 rods away before being caught. Mulholland started west, and got about the same distance. The remaining eight stayed too long and took refuge in a well about twenty feet deep. The top curb of the well burned and the timber fell on the men huddled in the well, literally cooking their heads, the remainder of their bodies being under water.

A large force of men is still scouring the adjoining country to make certain no other unfortunate has been overlooked.

The property loss consists of three horses, 40 hogs, camp tools, &c., also 11 cars loaded with logs, owned by the Thayer Lumber Company.

WAITING FOR THE WORD.

San Francisco Officials Preparing for Chinese Deportation.

Congressman Geary, author of the Chinese registration act, discussed the situation with United States District Attorney Carter, Judges Morrow and McKenna, and other Federal officials. Mr. Geary is of the opinion that the administration will proceed to enforce his measure. He believes that all Chinese in San Francisco could be deported for a sum not exceeding $15 per head. "And I have no doubt that arrangements could be made for their passage to China," he said, without the chartering of many vessels, or without the use of the naval force of the United States."

On leaving the federal officials Mr. Geary visited the office of Chief of Police Crowley, and the deportation of the Chinese was again discussed. It is undoubtedly the intention to have the police act with the federal officials in making arrests when word is received from Washington.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been caused in Hamburg by the official announcement that a laborer had died of Asiatic cholera at Schiffluck, near Hamburg.

MARYLAND STATE NEWS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Parts of the State.

MESSRS. WM. I. HARDING, James L. Geasken and C. Hammond Carr have been appointed a board of examiners to locate and open a new public road in the sixth district of Howard county to follow the course of the Patuxent river from Bond's Mill to Laurel. The distance is about two miles. The new road will be a great convenience to the traveling public.

FOUR hundred and five thousand shad fry have just been deposited in the Patuxent river at a point near Laurel by order of the United States department of fish culture.

THE residence of Mr. Thomas Desvereaux, about three miles from Snow Hill, was burned, and his family, consisting of his wife and two grown daughters, and their guest, Miss Lilly Duffy, of Snow Hill, narrowly escaped in their night clothes.

The recently elected town commissioners of North East organized by the election of B. F. Thomas, president, and John L. Moore, secretary and treasurer.

The carbon works of the McCullough Iron Company at North East have shut down for repairs.

Steps are being taken to organize a fire company at Perryville. There is every probability that the next Legislature will be petitioned to grant a charter to a company for the erection of an electric-light plant in the town.

The Princess Anne Manufacturing Company of Somerset County was organized to manufacture crates and baskets on a large scale. The capital of the company is $30,000. The directors are Robert F. Brattan, H. Fillmore Lankford, Robert F. Maddox, Roger Woolford and Thomas H. Bock. The company will employ between two and three hundred men.

The cool weather has been favorable to the increase of cut-worms, and the farmers and truckers are complaining of the serious injuries sustained by them.

Aberdeen has a new fire engine, costing $450.

The city council of Havre de Grace has resolved to ask for bids for electric-lighting.

R. E. Stottlemyer and Howard Sutherland, of Hancock, have purchased eight miles right of way for the Baltimore and Cumberland Railroad west of Hancock. They have now reached the end of Long Hollow. Murdoch's surveying corps have completed their work in the vicinity of Little Orleans.

Mr. Henry Faltz, a well known farmer, died at his residence at Beaver Creek, aged fifty-eight years. He received a paralytic stroke and was unconscious for two days.

A west-bound freight train on the Western Maryland Railroad struck Edward Clopper's horse attached to a cart that was crossing the track on Elizabeth street, Hagerstown. The horse's hoofs became fastened in the rails. One foot was cut off and the horse was knocked over, falling on Berry Miller, the driver, and badly injuring him.

THE first consignment of bridge iron for the new bridge over the Potomac river at Brunswick, Frederick county, arrived Saturday. Work on the bridge will be commenced by the contractors, the Youngstown (Ohio) Bridge Company, as soon as possible. Considerable uneasiness prevailed among the people recently by the long delay of the bridge people, and many said the bridge would never be built, but the delay was fortunate for the contractors, as the recent high waters would have washed their trestling work away. The business interests of Brunswick will be greatly increased by this connecting link with the rich and fertile section of Loudoun county, Va., and it will also be an important feeder to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. It is said the same gentlemen interested in the bridge have in contemplation the erection of a large canning factory.

A PRACTICAL joke played on three hands of a vessel lying at Elkton resulted disastrously. The men were taken on what is known as a "bee hunt," in which guns are discharged to purposely frighten the victims and drive them off the property. One man fired carelessly, the shot striking one of the victims in the head and neck. The wounds, however, were slight. One of the Elkton men in the party was shot in the eye and in the face and it is feared his eye is seriously injured and that he may lose his sight.

COL. TOWNER SCHLEY, of Shepherdstown, has in his possession pictures of the twelve jurors who convicted John Brown. The pictures descended to him from his father, and is the only complete collection in existence.

MR. BENJAMIN DINSMORE, residing south of Hagerstown, was attacked and bit by a dog supposed to be mad.

MESSRS. YULEE and Merrick Huyett, of Cavetown, while driving, were pursued to Chewsville by a dog supposed to be mad. The dog bit four other dogs, who, in turn started across the country and pursued persons and animals.

ERNEST TALBOTT was shot and seriously wounded near Martinsburg, in Montgomery county. The shooting, it is said, grew out of the marriage of Talbott over a year ago with the daughter of John V. Stevens against the parents' wishes.

The Baltimore and Ellicott City Electric Railway Company has completed the surveys, and is at present negotiating with the property-owners along the line of the proposed railway between Ellicott City and Clarkson for the right of way between those two points. One of the routes under consideration is along the Sucker Branch Valley, and it is understood that the property-owners along that line between Ellicott City and Clarkson (a distance of five miles) have offered to donate the right of way. Should such a route be chosen the road would cross the Patapsco at a point about one-half mile north of Ellicott City.

A move is on foot to organize a stock company to develop Claiborne, the western terminus of the Baltimore and Eastern Shore Railroad. A large number of Talbot and Wicomico people are interested in the enterprise, and it is proposed to make Claiborne a summer resort, like Bay Ridge. A large hotel, pavilions, etc., are to be erected. The oyster and crab business will also be conducted there during the winter and spring months.

The grist and chopping mill belonging to Samuel D. Reifsnider, known as the Cassell Mill, on Little Pipe Creek, one mile from Wakefield, was destroyed by fire. All the machinery and contents of wheat, corn, etc., were burned. The fire originated from a hot journal. Loss about $2,000; insured for $1,[illegible]00, in the Dug Hill of Carroll county.

Mr. M. Thomas Phillips, superintendent of the Patapsco Flouring Mill at Orange Grove Station, caught from the Patapsco river at that place a mirror carp measuring twenty-eight inches in length and weighing twelve pounds.

THE Russian cruiser Vitiask has been wrecked off the coast of Corea. All on board were saved.