The Easton Gazette.

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IN QUIET BAYS.

In quiet bays by storms unspent
I moor my boat with calm content.

I sought of yore the deep, wide sea,
The tempest set my spirit free:

I loved to match my puny power
With Nature in her stormiest hour.

But now I bring my little boat
In quiet bays, to drift and float

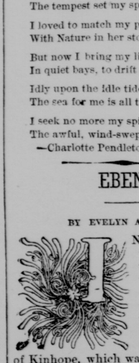
Idly upon the idle tide
The sea for me is all too wide

I seek no more my spirit's mate,
The awful, wind-swept sea of fate.

—Charlotte Pendleton, in Lippincott.

EBEN.

BY EVELYN A. KING.



IN the days before the railroads were established, the arrival of the coach was a matter of much importance to the inhabitants of the little village of Kinhope, which was situated within fifty miles of Boston.

As the coach approached the village this beautiful morning in May, it ascended a long, steep hill, from the brow of which could be seen the many hills lying about, with the pretty wooded valleys between; and away off to the right a mountain peak, which was Mount Wachusett. Among the passengers riding on top of the coach was Eben Eames, and many, many years after, when his last days were spent in a house not then built upon this very hill, Eben recalled the bright anticipations of this day.

Eben was going home after having spent several years as an apprentice with Cobbler Gore in Boston, while two years of work in addition to the apprenticeship, in which he had been industrious and saving, had enabled him to lay by a little sum.

On leaving the coach Eben made his way hurriedly to his home, where he was received with a shout of welcome, and turned about to be praised and admired to his complete satisfaction.

After the exclamations had subsided somewhat, Eben said with a little embarrassment:

"How—how is Molly?"

"An' how should I know; go an' see for yerself," said Eben's mother good-naturedly, understanding his impatience to see the girl who was so soon to be his wife.

As Eben crossed the road, Molly saw him coming, and with a first impulse started to run down the garden path to meet him. Then suddenly a feeling of bashfulness coming over her, she drew back into the house. With Eben's knock at the door, there came a young woman with the fresh bloom of health on her cheeks, and Eben felt almost shy when he greeted Molly, she seemed to him so lovely. When about to leave, Eben said:

"An' then it will be this day week, Molly?" and Molly demurely answered: "Yes."

A week later a few neighbors, with the immediately related families, were present at the wedding of Molly and Eben. From Molly's home they went to live on the main street of the village. There was a cosy house in the rear, and a little shop in front, while a big sign, with its gilt letters proclaiming to all passersby: "Eben Eames, Shoemaker," was next to Eben, the pride of Molly's heart.

These were happy days. Molly singing about her work would stop now and then to hear the rap-rap-tap-tap of Eben's hammer. When the stitching began and all was still, the silence oppressed her, and after listening at the door to make sure no customers were in, she would open the door carefully, tiptoeing up to Eben who sat with his back toward her, when to his great surprise a pair of hands would cover his eyes, and a sweet voice would be sounding in his ears:

"Guess, Eben."

Naturally Eben guessed correctly after a few trials. This play came to be looked forward to by the young man, for it was not always presented in the same way, Molly being a young woman of resources.

But after a time Eben began to be restless, the village was too small; he could not earn money fast enough, and he began to think of going to Boston, when there came a rumor that a railroad was to be built.

"Molly, when that railroad comes, it will be a great day for us. I'll build a bigger shop and make shoes enough to send to other towns, and hire several men to work for me. Oh, Molly, then we'll get rich."

"That would be well, Eben, but we are happy now without riches," she would reply.

The railroad was begun. The tracks were laid almost to the adjoining town and Eben no longer restraining his impatience, began to build his larger shop, Molly said:

"I wouldn't hurry, Eben. You know the proverb tells us 'haste makes waste.' Better wait another year."

Unheeding, Eben pushed on the work of building.

One day a stranger came into the little shop; a fine-looking gentleman. The new railroad naturally became a topic for conversation.

"It will do great things for our village," said Eben.

"Ah," said the gentleman, "have you not heard? We have decided not to have it touch this place, but continue it by way of Rocksboro'. By the way, going to enlarge your business? Nice shop going up opposite."

Eben choked some inarticulate reply, and the stranger left, wondering what had happened to the cobbler, but little knowing or caring what grief his words had wrought.

A few moments later Molly came in with her usual light way, but meeting no response asked:

"Eben, what's the matter of you?"

Then Eben, lifting his head, said heavily, "Molly, I am ruined."

"Ruined!"

"Yes, ruined. Mr. Simms, one of the head ones on the road, has just been in, and said the road'll not touch this town. It is goin' by on the other side."

Molly's face blanched, for she well knew what this meant. Money nearly spent on the larger shop. No one would buy it. All their bright hopes dashed in a moment. Recovering somewhat, she put her arms about Eben, saying:

"Even so, Eben. We can begin again and live as we have lived these past few years. You are but twenty-eight now."

At last her sensible words and comforting touch reached him, and he agreed to try to regain his cheerfulness.

A year passed. Molly saw with dismay the change wrought in Eben by his misfortune. He was restless, longing to do something, to go somewhere; irritable even at times; so unlike the gay, good-humored husband of other days.

Molly feared she scarcely knew what, and when sitting at their evening meal one evening, Eben said:

"I've made up my mind, Molly, to leave this place."

She felt the blow had fallen.

"Well, Eben," she answered quietly, "when and where shall we go?"

Eben glanced down at his plate, not liking to see a look of surprise and pain, which he know would come to the face of his wife, at the words he was about to say.

"I've been thinkin', Molly," he said, slowly, "as how you might stay on here a while, an' I'll go to Boston first an' see what I can do, an' if I don't find the right lay of the land, mebbe I'll go farther till I do."

"But Eben—" Molly remonstrated.

Eben did not wait for her to finish, and continued:

"There's a little money I'll leave ye, which will keep ye for a while, until I find a place to settle; then I'll send for ye."

"Yes, Eben," said Molly, "the money will keep me for a little while, but I want to go with you. Do let me. Take me with you. Oh, don't leave me behind. I feel, Eben, as though we'd both be sorry for it, if you don't let me go with you now."

As she clung to him, Eben almost yielded to her sweet persuasion, but suddenly answered with determined obstinacy.

"No, Molly, I'm a-goin' first."

It was with a sad and heavy heart that Molly prepared Eben's valise for his journey. The next morning, as she stood watching him going down the road, Eben, turning, saw her there and for the instant his heart prompted him to turn back, she looked so sorrowful, and he thought of her words, "I feel as though we'd both be sorry if you don't let me go." But he would not give in to such feelings, and soon he was on his way lost in bright hopes of future success, when he and Molly would be living in luxury.

When Eben disappeared, Molly went in through the shop. There everything had been put away, and the shop cleared of the shoemakers' tools. It looked so desolate as Molly took the seat Eben used to occupy that her self-control gave away and the sobs came quick and hard. As the days passed Molly often caught herself listening for the sound of Eben's hammer, but no such sound came to Molly listening, waiting for years. No accustomed sound came to the passerby and in time the people came to the little shop to buy the shining loaves of bread which Molly baked.

It was a May day like the one when Eben had come home and said, "This day week, Molly," and Molly had so shyly answered "Yes." It was the time of day when few customers came in. In the back part of the shop or store sat a woman about thirty-five years old, still fair to look upon, but with an expression in her face which told of anxiety and disappointment. She did not notice the entrance of any one, being so absorbed in the thoughts. The memory of another May was alive still and she was living those early days over again. Until a man's voice close to her aroused her, saying without further preface:

"Molly, I came for the answer."

Molly looked up at him without agitation, but there came no reply. It seemed to her she could not speak. The man continued:

"You know, Molly, Eben is dead, for your last word from him that he was dying with the fever, and James brought you the news from the California mining camp five years ago. Surely I have waited patiently for my answer. What is it?"

And the reply in a low voice was: "I will go with you. I've waited hoping against hope to hear again from Eben, but I believe now that he died at that time."

A few days later, a ceremony was quietly performed at the parson's, and the shop was closed for Molly forever. A chaise carried the two to a distant town, which for many years became a peaceful home for Molly. After these quiet years had passed the man whom Molly had married died. His sickness had been long, and the little money which he had possessed had been spent, only enough being left to give him a decent burial.

So Molly was to go in her old age back to Kinhope. As the carriage in which she rode slowly ascended the hill toward the comfortable looking white farm house, from the brow of which could be seen the hills lying about, and the pretty valleys between, with a mountain peak rising in the distance at the right, an old, old man, digging potatoes in the field, stopped his work and looked at the carriage coming up the road. While he had been working he sighed often, and there came to him the memory of a young man in the spring time of youth, and in the spring time of the year going home to claim a happy bride. It was fall now, leaves decaying, frost soon to come. When he looked at the carriage turning into the driveway, he thought:

"What poor man or woman is this, who, like myself at the end of life's journey, comes here to the poorhouse, to be taken care of by the town?"

He did not see who alighted, nor hear the kind voice of the overseer's wife ask an old woman if the journey had been hard. For this was the first journey Molly had taken in the train, strangely enough.

The overseer's wife, Mrs. White, made her comfortable and then going to Mr. White, said:

"How shall we tell old Eben?"

"Oh," her husband answered easily, "we will wait, and it will work about itself."

The great bell rang for dinner. Those of the inmates who were able to work in the field left their labor and after washing themselves, sat down to the midday meal. Those who still preserved any interest or curiosity concerning what passed on about them eyed the new comer curiously. Eben particularly felt himself looking again and again. Not that he knew of ever having seen her, but he felt a pity that had never before been experienced when others had come. Presently Mr. White said:

"Eben, how did the potatoes seem in that patch this morning?"

At the name the woman gave a start and looked at the old man addressed, but as the man answered she turned away again with a sigh, and the momentary gleam of interest in her eyes passed away.

As the dinner ended, Mrs. White said to the old woman:

"Molly, if you are ready now, you may pare those apples for sauce."

Eben went out saying to himself, "Molly, Molly," and all the afternoon one could hear him muttering, "Molly, Molly."

During the afternoon Mrs. White took the occasion to say:

"Molly, wasn't your first husband's name Eben Eames?"

As Molly answered: "Yes, it was; he has been dead these many years," one caught something of the old sweetness of tone though it did quaver and crack.

"Did you notice Mr. White spoke to a man, calling him Eben?"

"Yes," answered Molly, without much interest.

"This man once lived in Kinhope many years ago, when he was young."

Molly gave her whole attention now.

"And," continued Mrs. White, "after living here several years, he went away, was to California, where it was afterwards reported he was dying. He did not die. After recovering, the luck he had been striving for did not come immediately, and determined not to return to his home and wife until he was rich, he remained until his ambition was attained. In all this time he had not sent any news of himself but once, to his home, and that was immediately after his recovery from the illness. This news never reached his wife. He returned to Kinhope full of the thought of the bright future, to find his wife had left Kinhope, married again. We have often heard him say: 'How could I have stayed away so long for money, money; I was blind.'"

But Molly had not heard the last sentence. With one gasp she had laid her head back and for the first time in her seventy-eight years of life, fainted.

It had grown colder. Near the fire sat two old people at dusk. The man was saying:

"When I found ye had married again, I felt that I was receivin' my judgment from God A'mighty for not bein' contented with my lot when we was so happy together, and then I keered no more for the money I had made an' gave it away. Yes, and threw it away, an' when the war broke out, I listed hoping to die, but thank the Lord he kep' me for this last happiness. Some time after the war I grew so feeble, an' my money had nearly been lost in some speckelation, so I had to come here."

And Molly, drawing her chair a little closer, laying her hand in his said just one word softly, full of quiet thankfulness: "Eben."—Yankee Blade.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The richest people are those who have the fewest wants.

It is because that we hate the grave that we try to hide it with flowers.

The next best thing to owning something is to be willing to do without it.

A bad man digs a pit for others, and then shuts his eyes and falls into it himself.

You cannot always tell by the shape and fit of a man's coat how much he is worth.

If you want your children to be good, it would be well to show them how to begin with.

It is said that a hornet can easily make a mile a minute up hill, if you get him mad enough.

One difference between a wise man and a fool is that a fool's mistakes never teach him anything.

There may be pigs that never wallowed in the mire, but there has never been one that didn't want to.

The man who howls and growls every time his wife wants a little money, very often buries her in a rosewood casket.—Ram's Horn.

A Strange Career.

Charles T. Yerkes, of Chicago, who will shortly move into a New York palace costing more than $1,000,000, is a man with a history.

Twenty one years ago Yerkes, then a Philadelphia broker, was convicted of embezzlement and larceny, and sentenced to two years and nine months imprisonment in the penitentiary. His offense consisted in speculating with city funds furnished by the city treasurer.

He went to prison, and although wrecked in fortune his beautiful young wife stood by him. She rented rooms near his prison and aided him in every possible way. At the end of seven months Yerkes was pardoned.

The man disappeared from Philadelphia, leaving his wife in ignorance of his whereabouts. He went to the far West, changed his name, made money, and several years later appeared with a bold front in Chicago under his real name.

His success in speculation was startling, and after a tremedous coup he visited Philadelphia, sought his neglected wife, presented her with an immense sum of money, and then returned to Chicago to a beautiful woman whom he had met and loved in his wanderings. The Philadelphia wife got a divorce and the speculator married his new love.

One day Yerkes visited every Chicago newspaper office and left a written history of his career. To each editor he said: "I want you to print this story. It is unpleasant, but I propose to become a power in Chicago and make my name respected. No door shall be closed to me or to my wife. But I want the public to know just what mistakes I have made. I propose to hide nothing."

It was a bold stroke and it won. Yerkes became a power in Chicago, and continued to make money. Now the ex-convict is building the most splendid residence in America, and next September he will move into it.—Atlanta Constitution.

Some Little Things are Wonders.

It is not always the things of gigantic proportions that excite the greatest curiosity. Mastodons, elephants, whales and other creatures of monstrous size are and have been wonders indeed; so, too, are the pyramids, the great cathedrals, towers, monuments, etc.; the great Corliss engines, the 16-drive wheel locomotive and other triumphs of mechanical skill. But, while this is true beyond question, how about the wonders revealed by the microscope, and the work of the deft fingered artist, Dr. A. Vr. Meer, who painted a landscape on the side of a grain of wheat? By the use of a strong microscope only could the wonders of this minute painting be distinguished. Yet when a good glass was brought to bear upon what appeared to be a spot of variegated paint upon the side of the wheat grain, all was changed into a beautiful landscape—a forest, a mill at the side of a river; a miller climbing an outside stairway with a sack of grain upon his back; a tall cliff at the mill, and a winding road along which some peasants are trying to drive a refractory pig!

If the inventor and builder of the great Corliss engine that furnished power to turn all the machinery at the Centennial Exposition of 1876 deserves great praise, what shall we say for the skillful English watchmaker who exhibits an engine of 122 distinct pieces (not including thirty-three bolts and screws) which could all be hidden in a lady's No. 7 thimble!

In the milt of a codfish, or in water in which decaying vegetables have been infused, the microscope discovers animalcula ("little animals") so minute that 10,000 of them would not exceed in bulk a single grain of mustard. Yet, strange to say, these infinitesimal creatures are supplied with organs as complete and as complicated as those of the whale, the elephant or the mastodon.—St. Louis Republic.

THE NEWS.

The completion of the Great Northern Railroad was made the occasion for a great celebration in St. Paul, Minn.——The National Prison Association met at the Exposition grounds, Chicago, and General Brinkerhoff paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of ex-President Hayes.——The thirty-third annual convention of the United States Brewers' Association opened in Chicago.——Wm. G. Grey, aged twenty-eight years, and Miss Dora Vetzey were found dead in a room in a lodging-house in Grand Rapids, Mich., both shot through the head.——In the World's Temperance Congress, in Chicago, a paper by Archbishop Ireland on total abstinence was read.——The New Albany Banking Company of New Albany, Ind., has suspended.——The International Navigation Company was incorporated at Trenton, N. J. The capital stock is $15,000,000. The incorporators are Clement A. Griscom, Wm. Henry Barnes, A. J. Cassatt, Henry Houston and John D. Potts, all of Philadelphia; Benjamin Brewster, of New York, and ex-Senator Wm. J. Sewell, of Camden.

A runaway locomotive ran into an express train on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, killing two people.—Paul Cook and Alexander Watson, two switchmen in the employ of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis Railroad, were killed at Memphis, Tenn. They were riding on the footboard of an engine when the rails spread, and the engine, jumping the track, buried its front deep into an embankment. Both men were caught beneath the engine and crushed into the earth.——Sergeant O'Leary was shot and mortally wounded by Private Roberts, in Spokane, Washington.——Two hundred and fifty employes at the Standard Oil refinery at Whiting, Ind., struck.——Collector Logan finished the examination of five hundred Chinese brought to Portland, Ore., from Victoria, by the steamer Danube. One hundred and eighty-two were refused permission to land. These will probably apply to the courts for writs of habeas corpus.——Fire destroyed the Schlep wagon and carriage factory, Levee and Carr streets, St. Louis. Damage to stock, $50,000; to machinery, $25,000; to building, $15,000; total, $90,000. Fully insured. Satione Martella was electrocuted in Dannemorra, N. Y., for murdering Giovanni Parella.——Six robbers armed with Winchesters, entered the People's Bank at Little Rock, Ark., and compelled the cashier to hand over $10,000. An alarm was given, and a number of citizens attacked the thieves as they were leaving the bank, shooting and wounding two of them. Several of the citizens were also wounded.

President F. T. Day, of the Plankinton Bank, Milwaukee, made an assignment.——The furniture factories in Cincinnati closed down because of the strained labor troubles, and five thousand men were thrown out of work.——John B. Cleveland was appointed permanent receiver of the Augusta and Knoxville and Port Royal and Western Carolina Railroads.——Chicago courts postponed action on the World's Fair Sunday closing case, and the Fair was again open Sunday.——Two men were killed and two wounded in a fight at a primary election in Pineville, Ky.——Captain C. D. Cox, of the Omaha fire department, was killed, and several firemen fatally crushed by falling walls at a fire caused by lightning.——The Board of Control of the World's Fair sanctioned the change in the awards system to meet the demands of the foreign exhibitors.——Four persons were burned to death in a fire in a New York tenement.——Robert J. Hoerner, of Pennsylvania, who was with his brother Edward when the latter shot and killed green-goods man, George Phillips, in Brooklyn May 13th last, was discharged from custody.——Edward Hoerner is now under indictment of murder in the first degree.——Christian Nelson and John McKay, of Shelburne, N. S., were returning from North East Harbor in a boat loaded with salt, a squall struck them, and the boat was capsized. Both were drowned. Nelson had a wife and six children.

The south bound passenger train on the Iron Mountain Road jumped the track near Mill Spring, Mo., and about a dozen passengers were injured.——Two trains collided near Red Cut, Mo., entailing a loss of $50,000.——The property of C. A. Wesbach, a clothing and shoe merchant, in Chicago, was seized by the sheriff. Execution was made on judgments aggregating $26,000, confessed in the Circuit Court.——Jerry Laughlin and Thomas Kneebone, two convicts in the branch state prison in Marquette, Mich., escaped by scaling the wall. There was no guard on the wall, as the convicts were inside. Laughlin and Kneebone were taken out in charge of a keeper to bring in the convicts' suppers. They ran, got over the walls, and were out of sight in the brush in two minutes.——John C. Mining, town treasurer of Fort Jennings, Ohio, has disappeared with $5,000 cash, and an additional shortage of $10,000 has been discovered. He left his family, who profess not to know his whereabouts.——The office of the Hustler, a local option paper in Cattlesburg, Ky., was blown up by dynamite.——The westbound limited on the Pennsylvania Road due at Lima, Ohio, at 6:14 A. M., stopped on a sliding at Van Wert to take on a dining car. An eastbound freight, coming around the curve, ran into the observation car, smashing it considerably and derailing a number of freight cars.——The passengers were greatly alarmed, but no one was injured.

Ex-Governor Chase and Zimri Dwiggins, of Chicago, have been summoned before the Indianapolis grand jury to tell what they know of the affairs of the Greentown Bank, and the cashier, now under arrest, promises to make a clean breast of the whole matter, intimating that he was simply the victim of his superiors, and that they are the real criminals.——Harry Hill, who is wanted in Atlanta, Ga., for a forgery amounting to $20,000, was arrested in Chicago by detectives. He is about thirty years old, and belongs to one of the best families in the South. The forged notes bore the name of Mrs. Porter, wife of the president of the Merchant's Bank, who, for years, had been a staunch friend of his.——Harry K. Webster was appointed receiver of A. J. Ames' broken bank at Beresford, Iowa. His first statement shows liabilities of $35,000, with assets, par value, $40,000.——Lewis W. Baker, of Hoytville, Pa., committed suicide.——Charles Jones, of North Adams, Mass., shot himself dead while his wife and two sisters were trying to prevent it.——John Wilis, an employe of the Buffalo Furnace Company, accidentally locked himself in a furnace and was suffocated.——The Thorp & Martin Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of typewriters and other light machinery, in Boston, assigned to George E. Adams and Edmund P. Talbot. The liabilities are reported to be $100,000, with nominal assets about the same.

A CAPTAIN IN A PICKLE.

Ordered to Produce 350 Chinese Under Writs of Habeas Corpus.

The State Department will probably not interfere in the case of the steamship Danube at Portland, Ore., where the captain appealed to the British Legation for relief from an order of the court which requires him to bring 350 Chinese passengers before the court to answer writs of habeas corpus. The captain was willing that the Chinese should answer but he feared to assume the heavy responsibility of preventing the escape of the Chinamen when they were once ashore. Sir Julian Paunefote, the British ambassador, was at the State Department, probably to state the case to Secretary Gresham. It is believed at the department that there will be no difficulty in complying technically with the order of the court while avoiding any possible lity of the escape of the Chinese. This could be done if the marshal served his writs on board the vessel, and left a deputy on board in charge of the Chinese until the court passed upon the cases.

WORLD'S FAIR.

The Second Sunday Not a Success as Compared With the First.

Many of the Finest Exhibits Covered With Canvas.

There was no great outpouring of the wage-working class or any other class at the exposition Sunday. The oppressive heat and a heavy storm of lightning, thunder and rain, which came in the middle of the afternoon, account in part for the decreased attendance.

But, compared with the mighty multitudes of visitors last Sunday, the second open Sunday at the World's Fair can hardly be called a success. The spacious cafes, with their broad verandas, the beer gardens in the foreign village on the Plaisance and the restaurants within the park proper were liberally patronized all day, not so much on account of the storm, for the sky was clear of even clouds until 2 o'clock and there was no necessity for the people to seek shelter. In fact, the storm was of short duration, although black clouds hung over the White City for the rest of the day, threatening at any time to give the pedestrians a drenching. There was a bright spot on the horizon, which had the effect of bringing a fair-sized crowd out toward evening.

State and Foreign Buildings Closed.

The New England State buildings, which were closed to the public last Sunday, remained locked. Pennsylvania, New York, Missouri, North Dakota, Utah, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia joined in the Sunday-closing movement, and it is now to be a permanent matter with them if the gates of the fair remain open the next five months.

There is another feature of this Sunday fair which calls forth complainings from the visitors. Many of the finest exhibits in the manufactures and other departmental buildings were hidden from the view of visitors because the exhibitors or their agents in charge did not propose to work seven days in the week.

The coverings which protect the exhibits at night were not removed and all the visitors could see were big ornamental berths and showcases disfigured with canvas, wood or iron sheeting. The exposition authorities have no right to remove the coverings without the permission of the exhibitor, and no arrangements has yet been made for unveiling on Sunday.

Not even a flag was to be seen on the buildings of Great Britain, Canada, New South Wales and India, and the doors were locked. Visitors were denied access to the great display of the United States government in the big domed building and the small adjuncts. Machinery Hall was as silent as it was last Sunday.

Over 54,000 Visitors.

Music appropriate for Sunday was provided in the early part of the day by the Chicago band stationed in the pavilion between Machinery Hall and Administration building. The Sousa band played afterwards in the same part of the ground, but the audiences were not large at any time on account of the scarcity of seats and the muddy ground.

The official report of the department of admissions showed that 838,000 tickets had been sold at 3 o'clock, 3,000 being children at half price.

The total admission for Sunday numbered 54,304.

The Award System Modified.

The board of control has formally sanctioned the modification of the award system offered by the committee on award to the dissatisfied foreign exhibitors.

The modification is practically an abandonment of the single judge plan and a return to the jury system in all cases where the exhibitors demand it. Many of the foreign commissioners were present at the meeting of the board of control and expressed satisfaction with the change and most of them will reserve their exhibits for competition. The action of France, however, in withdrawing her exhibits from competition is believed to be irrevocable, and it is also doubtful whether Germany will re-enter her display.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES

PURCELL THOMAS fell from a parachute at Buffalo, a distance of 50 feet, and was killed.

THE Baltimore Sugar Refinery, in Baltimore, was burned. The loss is estimated at $1,000,000.

JAMES DICKSON, aged 70 years, one of the wealthiest residents of Mansfield, Ohio, was killed by a railroad train at that place.

Two trains ran into each other near Austin, Texas, killing Charles Link and Francisco Salso, train men. Ten others were severely injured.

A Vicksburg despatch says there are at least 10,000 homeless people in Northwestern Louisiana by reason of the floods, and that their sufferings are appalling.

SAMUEL ENGLE, Peter Wolf and John Mahn were frightfully burned by an explosion of gas at the Burnside colliery, near Shamokin, Penna. Wolf cannot recover.

A trolley car, at Buffalo, was struck by a train on the Lackawanna road injuring the motorman, Benjamin Martos, and Mabel Waldam aged 18, a passenger, probably fatally.

ELLA KNAPP, aged 9 years, was shot dead by her brother Willie, aged 11, in St. Paul, Minnesota. Willie got his elder brother's revolver and playfully pointed it at his sister and it went off.

A crevasse occurred on the levee in the Mississippi river, 14 miles above Arkansas City, Arkansas. At last accounts it was 200 feet wide and 15 feet deep, and was rapidly enlarging. A large force of men was at work trying to fill it with sacks of dirt.

A tornado passed over portions of Northern and Northeastern Georgia, and many houses were blown down. At Gilisville, James Kinsley was killed and his wife badly injured, and in Banks county George Dowdy was killed.

A despatch from Forest City, Arkansas, says that the floods of the St. Francis swamps have begun to recede, "although three and a half inches of rain have fallen during the last 18 hours." Heavy rains caused several small washouts on the Iron Mountain, between Forest City and Helena, and trains were delayed several hours.

TREASURY AXE IS SHARP.

One Day's Appointments, Removals and Forced Resignations

The following changes were announced in the Treasury Department:

Appointments—John D. Putman, Wisconsin cap ain of the watch Treasury Department; Anthony J. Cannery, Michigan, special inspector of customs; Stephen L. Purdy, of New York, special inspector of customs; William Bethel, Florida immigrant inspector; Peter J. Donohue, New York, assistant inspector of boilers, New York city, vice W. K. Thomas, removed; Samuel S. Baker, Delaware, assistant keeper Brandywine light station, Del.

Removed—John J. Holland, District of Columbia, immigrant inspector.

Resignations called for—M. J. Bunnell, New York, chief division Third Auditor's office; Chauncey G. Heath, Michigan, chief division Second Auditor's office; Hiram Smoke, Michigan, special inspector of customs.

ELEVEN WERE INJURED.

A Car Jumped the Track, and Every Passenger Was Hurt.

A passenger train on the Northwestern Division of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad was wrecked near Newcomes Station, twelve miles from Nashville, Tenn. The rear coach from Memphis jumped the track and rolled down an embankment forty feet deep. The train was behind time and was running at a high rate of speed.

There were only eleven passengers in the coach, and they were all injured, several severely. The injured are: Mrs. Susan Stephens, Nashville, bruised about the head and body seriously; Mrs. L. M. Douglass, Chester, S. C., shoulder and head bruised; Mrs. M. C. Worsham, Marianna, Ark., leg and face cut; J. L. Spurlock, Vienna, Cherokee Nation, leg, side and shoulder injured; J. S. Maroney, Murphy, N. C., head and back bruised; Mrs. Suddath and baby, Nowata, I. T., the former cut on head; Mrs. Killinworth, Alvord, Tex., face cut and back bruised; J. R. Freeman, Harold, Tex., head and hip bruised; A. S. Harris, Nashville, head and back bruised; John A. Perry, Memphis, hip bruised; J. D. Graves, Alford, Tex., head cut.

SOUTHERN NEWSITEMS.

The South Carolina railway commission has received a protest from the Richmond and Danville Railway officials against the low freight rate fixed by the commission on liquor for the State dispensary.

Checks are being sent out under the South Carolina fund for supplying artificial limbs to ex-Confederate soldiers. Altogether there are 254 approved applications. The board has divided the applications into four classes. Those who lost an arm below the elbow get an allowance of $12; those who lost an arm above the elbow get $15.50; those who lost a leg above the knee are allowed $26, and those who lost that member below the knee are apportioned $20.

Contracts has been signed for the early completion of the Carrabelle, Tallahassee and Georgia Railroad to Tallahassee. Arrangements are being made to build on to Thomasville. All financial embarrassments of the company has been removed by the sale of $600,000 of first mortgage bonds in Scotland. The company will also erect one of the largest saw-mills in the South at Carrabelle, with a capacity of 100,000 feet of lumber per day.

A Madison (Fla.) special says fire was discovered in the large general store and warehouse of T. J. Beggs & Co. The building was soon in flames and before they could be subdued five other stores and buildings had been burned to the ground. Beggs & Co. lose also $20,000 in stock, with insurance of $7,500. It was the largest mercantile establishment in Florida west of Jacksonville. The total loss on the buildings and stock is $31,000; insurance $12,500. There is no fire department in the town.

Judge C. G. James, at Douglassville, Ga., has decided that Henry Ward and J. T. Bowen are entitled to the offices of Sheriff and clerk of the county court, respectively. In last January's election for county officers the third party almost swept the field, electing all their men but three. The defeated Democ ats all submitted except Henry Ward and J. T. Bowen, who were apparently defeated by P. M. Bomar and R. A. Wilson for the offices of sheriff and clerk of the court, respectively. They filed their contest, which was ably responded to by Bomar and Wilson. Several weeks were consumed in taking evidence on either side before a justice of the peace.

Gov. Tillman, of South Carolina, has appointed D. M. McIntosh and Claude Magwood terrapin commissioners under the act passed at the recent session of the legislature. The commissioners are to enter at once upon the discharge of their new duties and see what can be done to save the terrapins from threatened extinction. The act makes it unlawful for any person to catch, trap, or have in his possession terrapin between the first day of April and the first day of August of any year. The law is made to apply to the counties of Georgetown, Charleston, Beaufort, Colleton and Berkeley. Those trapping to rapins are required to take out a license from the county commissioners of the county named. The violation of the law is deemed a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of not less than $50 or imprisonment of not less than six months, or both.

Howard County, Ark., was swept by a terrific storm of wind and rain, resulting in loss of life and great destruction of property. County Assessor Stewart and two children are reported to have been killed in the collapse of their house. Many bridges and trestles along the different railroads have been wrecked and several hundred feet of the Arkansas and Louisiana Railroad was washed away. Train services has been abandoned. At Harrisburg the Cantly Lumber Company's property was swept away. Among the injured were David Roberts, fatally, and Jacob Swede and wife slightly injured. Wm. Martin, living twelve miles south-west, had his farm washed away. The entire county is wrecked from two to seven miles southwest. Rain and hail both fell heavily. Judge Gibson's farm house, three miles south was totally wrecked. At Guernsey half a dozen houses were blown down and many inmates seriously hurt. At New Leadville a destructive hail-storm did great damage to crops and residences and killed a large amount of stock.

In the course of the next few months it seems certain that Atlanta will have its fourth direct trunk line of railroads through to New York, it having at present three lines—two the Richmond and Danville and the Seaboard Air Line, in close and direct competition, and the third the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia. The fourth connection is to come through an extension of the Atlantic Coast Line, connecting in a direct air line with the South Carolina Railroad, and thus through the Georgia Railroad with Atlanta. The Atlantic Coast Line extension, for the construction of which bids are now being advertised, is to connect the present terminus of the Manchester and Augusta Railroad at Remini, in Clarendon county, with Denmark at the junction of the South Bound and South Carolina Railroads, in Barnwell county, a distance of forty-four miles. As soon as this connection is established the Georgia Railroad from Atlanta becomes a part of a direct line connection with the Atlantic Coast Line to Richmond, Washington and New York.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Alabama Industrial and Scientific Society several interesting papers were read about coke-making and the advantages and saving obtained by washing it. Col. T. H. Aldrich, of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, made important statements in regard to the experiments now going on at Bessemer. The question of making cheap steel with the ores of this district is now settled, as the Tennessee company has shipped during the last two weeks more than 1,200 tons of pig-iron, which was made in the Little Bello furnace, and the iron is so low in sulphur and silicon that it can be made into steel by the basic process without the necessity of adding scrap. In six or eight weeks an ore-concentrating plant of 100 tons daily capacity will be in operation, by which an ore will be obtained of 61 to 65 per cent. pure iron, the percentage of phosphorus and silic