The Easton Gazette.

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THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER. My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

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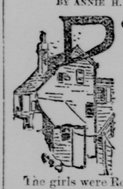
FULFILLED.

She drank from out her curving palms
A draught she could not see;
Full filled they were and running o'er,
There had been space for not one more—
Full filled with kisses three.

A lover's kisses, newly pressed
On soft palms, tenderly
With thirsty lips she eager quaffed,
And smiled, until for joy she laughed
Through tears, and could not see.
—Anna C. Brackett, in Scribner.

How Cassie Saved the Spoons.

BY ANNIE H. PRECHETTE.



DOWN in the milking yard of the Bostwick farm two young girls were milking and talking cheerily. The autumn evening was closing over them and already in the shadows of the barn it was quite dark.

The girls were Rose and Cassie Bostwick, and their pleasant chatter followed their parents upon a journey they had that morning undertaken. They were also speculating as to when their brother, who had driven them to the station twenty miles distant, would be back. They were bright, capable girls with little timidity about them, so that the fact that they were comparatively alone upon an isolated farm did not trouble them much. Especially was this the case with Cassie, the younger of the two. Self-reliant an' full of resource, she would have laughed to scorn any one suggesting the thought of fear. She was big and strong, and to her life was a grand frolic, and her sixteen years had been one unbroken "good time."

At the house their younger sister, Florence, was preparing the supper and entertaining "the baby," a boy of three, who between the falling of evening and the pangs of hunger was growing sleepy and low spirited.

Out from the kitchen's open door appetizing odors of coffee and frying ham stole to greet the two girls as they came toward the house with their brimming pails of frothy milk.

"It smells good," said Cassie, "and I'm hungry as a tramp—"

"Oh, Cassie, why did you say that? I've just been trying not to think about tramps. I always feel creepy when I'm about the barn after dark anyway, and now—"

"Well, my saying that won't bring any along."

"They are positively the only things in the world that I am afraid of."

"Well, then, I'm not afraid of them. And suppose one should come along, surely three great, stout girls ought to be able to take care of themselves."

"Oh, Cassie dear, please stop talking about them. I feel as if one were stepping on my heels. Let's run."

"And spill the milk? Not much!"

The kitchen looked so bright and cheery as they entered it, that Rose seemed to leave her fears outside with the duskiness, and by the time she had strained the milk and put it away she had forgotten that tramps existed.

Cassie had gone up stairs to make some needed changes in her toilet, the baby had roused from his tired nap, and was taking a rather mournful interest in the preparations for supper, when Rose, who had just stopped to ask him whether he would have honey or preserves, heard a stealthy step upon the porch. A moment later, the door was pushed slowly open and a man walked in.

"Good evening, ladies. Is your pa at home?"

"N—no," faltered Rose, trying to settle to her own satisfaction whether this dirty looking stranger might not be some new neighbor, who had come on legitimate business or whether he was her one horror—a tramp.

"Any of your big brothers in?" with rather a jocular manner.

"N—no, sir."

"And I don't see any bulldog loafing round," he added.

"Our dord, he is dead," explained the baby, solemnly.

"Well that's a good thing. Will the old gentleman be in soon?"

"I—I don't know—you—I—I hope so. Is there any message you would like to leave for him?"

Before the man could answer, the boy's voice was again heard.

"My faver he's dorn orf."

"Where's he gone, sonny?"

"He's dorn on the tars, so's my mover—and my brover he putted yem on—and he won't be home 'till I'm asleep—and he's doin' to brin' me a drum and put it in my bed."

(Oh, how Rose longed to shake the baby!)

"Well, then, ladies, since you are likely to be alone, I think I'll stay and keep you company, and since you press me to, I will stay to tea and spend the evening. Don't go to any extra work for me though. I'm rather hungry, so you may dish up that ham at once, my dear." This to poor Florence, who had shrunk almost into invisibility behind the stove-pipe, and who seemed glued to the spot. "I've usually a very fair appetite and I am sure I will relish it."

He tossed his hat down beside the chair which he drew up to the table.

With the light falling full upon his dirty, insolent face, Rose knew that her greatest dread was before her. With her knees almost sinking under her, she started toward the stairs, for she felt that she must let the intrepid Cassie know, and find out what she advised.

"Where are you going, my dear?" asked the tramp, suspiciously. "You've not got any big cousin or uncle or anything of that kind upstairs that you are going to call to tea, are you?"

"Oh, no, there is no one upstairs but my poor sister," she managed to gasp. She could not have told you why she said "poor sister," unless it was from the sense of calamity which had overtaken them all.

"In that case be spry, for I'm hungry and want you to pour out my tea for me. I like to have a pretty face opposite me at table."

Rose dragged herself up the narrow, uncleosed stairs and into Cassie's room.

"Well, Rose, you must be about tuckered out. You came upstairs as though you were eighty," said Cassie, looking up from the shoe she was fastening. "Why, what ails you? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"Oh, Cassie, there is one of them downstairs," came in a whisper.

"What do you mean, Rose Bostwick? A ghost downstairs!"

"No—no—a tramp!"

"Whew!" and Cassie gave a low whistle. "And I s'pose you're scared?"

"Oh, Cassie, I feel as if I were choking! Do hurry down; he may be killing poor little Florence and the baby—what shall we do? The baby has told him we are all alone. What can we do—try to think."

Cassie sat swinging the button hook in her hand and thinking very hard and fast.

"Does he know I'm here?

"Yes, I've told him."

"Then it would be no use for me to pretend to be Ned;" thinking aloud.

"I'm afraid not."

Another silence dedicated to thought.

"Rose."

"Yes."

"I'm going to be crazy. I'm going to chase him off the farm."

"Oh, Cassie, you can't. He's a great big impudent wretch. What folly to talk about chasing him off the farm."

"It's our only chance."

"Don't count on me. I can't help you. I couldn't help chase a fly!"

"You can scream, I s'pose?"

"Oh, yes, I can do that."

"Well, you do the screaming and I'll do the chasing. Rush down stairs and scream and scream—and bang the door to, and just shriek: 'She's out—she's out—she's coming down stairs!' And you will see what a perfectly beautiful lunatic I will be—it's a good thing I have this old dress on—and only one shoe. Now make a rush—and scream."

Rose's over strained nerves were her best allies, and as she flew down the stairs, it was the easiest thing in the world for her to give one piercing shriek after another. They resounded from the narrow stairway through the kitchen, and for the moment seemed to paralyze its inmates. As she burst in upon them, Florence was transfixed midway of the table and the stove, with the platter of ham in her hands—the baby had climbed upon a chair—and the tramp had arisen with a bewildered air from the table. As her skirts cleared the door, she turned and dashed it shut and flung herself against it, shrieking: "She's out—she's out of her room!"

To the mystified Florence there came but one solution to her behavior—fright had overthrown her sister's reason, and with a wail she rushed toward her crying: "She's crazy! Oh, she's crazy!"

"Who's crazy?" yelled the tramp.

The baby now wildly terrified set up a loud weeping, while from the stairway came a succession of blows and angry demands that the door be opened. A moment more it was forced ajar, and a head crowned with a mass of tossed hair was thrust out, and quickly followed by a hand in which was clutched a gun.

"She's got the gun—oh, Florence, run to the baby," cried Rose.

"Who's that?" demanded the apparition, making a rush toward the tramp.

"Here, keep off—leave me alone," backing away and warding off an expected blow.

She stood before him, tall, strong and agile.

"I won't leave you alone. What do you mean locking me into that room? I'm no more crazy than you are. What's this?" as she stumbled over the hat which the tramp had put beside the chair and into which he had deposited the silver spoons from the table. "Oh, I see, you are all in league to rob me of my gold and precious stones!" and catching it up on the muzzle of the gun she gave it a whirl which sent the spoons glittering in every direction, then advancing upon him she thrust the hat and gun into the face of the horrified man. With a volley of oaths he sprang backward, upsetting his chair and falling over it.

"Oh, don't kill him, Cassie, don't kill him."

"We'll have a merry time," gayly dancing about him and prodding him sharply with the gun, as he tried to scramble to his feet.

"Keep off with that gun, can't you!" he yelled. "Can't you hold her, you screaming idiots?" and half crawling, half pushed, he gained the kitchen door which had stood partly open since he entered.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid? Don't you try to get away," shouted Cassie as she flitted lightly after him. The tramp stayed not to answer her question nor to obey her command, but clearing the door fled wildly through the dusk.

"Here's your hat—I'll fire it after you," she called, and a sharp report rang out on the quiet evening air, then all was still.

The three girls stood for a moment in the door watching the dim outline fleeing across the meadow in the direction of the highway.

"He'll think twice before inviting himself to supper another time," quietly remarked Cassie with a satisfied smile.

"Oh, Cassie darling, you have saved our lives," cried Florence, flinging her arms around her sister.

"I don't know about that, but I've saved the spoons anyway."

"There, there, baby," going to the still affected boy, "don't cry any more, sister Cassie was just making a dirty old tramp hop; she didn't really shoot him, she was just playing shoot."

"Oh, Cassie, you splendid brave girl, how did you ever happen to think to go crazy?" asked Rose, as she looked over her shoulder from the door which she was barricading.

"Well, I knew something had to be done, and that just popped into my kaind. I was doing 'Ophelia' the other day up in my room, so I was in practice, and didn't I make a sweetly pensive maniac. Now I hope you girls will never again make disrespectful comments upon any little private theatricals of mine. If I had never cultivated my dramatic talents, what would have become of you, I'd like to know?"

It was some time before the tidal wave of excitement subsided sufficiently for the girls to settle down for the evening or for the baby to go to sleep. Again and again they thought they heard stealing foot-steps, and, although the door was locked and doubly locked, they drew up into battle line whenever the autumn wind shook down a shower of leaves upon the roof.

Just as the clock was on the stroke of eight a pleasant sound come fitfully to them. It was a softly whistled tune, and the cheery cadence told of a mind free from unpleasant doubts of welcome.

"Surely that can't be Ned back already—he wasn't to start home till 9," said Rose, going to the window and cautiously peeping out under the curtains.

"Right you are there, Sister Rose," assented Cassie. It sounds uncommonly like young Farmer Dunscomb's whistle to me."

"Well, whoever it is, I am deeply thankful that somebody besides a tramp is coming," interrupted Florence.

"And so am I," demurely agreed Rose. "Do go to the door, Cassie, and peep out and make sure that it isn't that dreadful creature coming back."

"Are you a dreadful creature coming to murder us all!" demanded Cassie of the whistler, setting the door slightly ajar and thrusting her head out.

"Well, I don't go round giving myself out as a dreadful creature," responded a jolly voice from the porch, "Hello! What's this I'm breaking my neck over?" as the owner of the voice tripped upon an old slouch hat.

"Bring that article of wearing apparel to me if you please," requested Cassie as she opened the door letting a flood of light out upon the visitor. "That is a little token of remembrance which I wish to keep. There?" holding the hat out at arm's length, "I have long wanted a gilt toasting fork or rolling pin or something artistic for my room; now I shall embroider these shot holes and gild the brim and hang it up by long blue ribbons, just where my waking orbs can rest upon it as they open in the morning. Ah, this hat will ever have stirring memories for me, friend George," eyeing the young man dramatically.

He looked at her a moment then burst into a hearty laugh. "Is she crazy, Rose?"

"Yes, she's the dearest and bravest lunatic in the world, George," answered Rose.—Courier-Journal.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain.

To give pain is the tyranny; to make happy the true empire of beauty.

Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them.

Be still prepared for death, and death or life shall thereby be the sweeter.

Vast chasms can be filled, but the heart of man can never be satisfied.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves beside.

Government is not mere advice; it is authority with power to enforce the law.

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

Woman is like the reed which bends in every breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.

Make but few explanations. The character that cannot defend itself is not worth vindicating.

Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure which is useful to praise which deceives them.

Let us hope that science, commerce and labor will flourish; for the shedding of blood is a thankless business.

What are the aims which are at the same time duties? They are the perfecting of ourselves and the happiness of others.

The Passing of the Rustler.

"These stories that are finding their way into the papers nowadays about impending trouble between cattlemen and rustlers on the ranges of Montana and southwestern Dakota have probably little foundation in fact," said George Weare. "The maverick and the rustler appeared about simultaneously in the history of Western cattle-raising, and with the disappearance of the maverick the rustler has also left the ranges. In an earlier day great herds of cattle, owned by Eastern capitalists, were left on the ranges in charge of men who had no personal interest in them. These herders were none too particular about gathering in and branding calves. Cowboys, who had nothing else to do, found a lucrative business in picking up these strays, branding and selling them. This was the origin of the rustler, and in a few years he increased amazingly. It was not uncommon for them to band together in formidable combinations, and when mavericks were scarce there was a tendency to keep up the supply by cutting out calves from the herds by night. Rarely they would make daylight raids, but on such occasions the poorly paid herdsmen did not care to risk their lives to defend the stock of men they had never seen and had no particular reason to love.

"The rustler's methods of getting rid of their stock were numerous. A favorite plan was to give a chattel mortgage on a given number of cattle of a certain brand, then grazing in a specified locality. The cattle were usually found according to representation and the money was advanced, and before the fraud could be discovered the mortgageor was well out of harm's way.

"But of late years all this has changed. Herds, as a rule, are under closer supervision by their owners. Cowboys are better paid and correspondingly more loyal to their employers' interests. I believe there isn't a man on the ranges in which I have any concern who would not fight at the drop of the hat if he thought our interests were being interfered with. Mavericks are scarcely known. The men of neighboring ranges carry the brands of their neighbors as well as their own, and wherever a cow is found with an unbranded calf the brand of the mother is applied to the youngster. Under these conditions the rustler has gradually disappeared, and the only relic of his race is found in the common cattle thief. Live oaks and lariats are rapidly thinning out even these."—Sioux City (Iowa) Journal.

A Dog Who Deserves Fame.

While Herman Richard, who is employed in the south yards of the Northwestern Railway Company, was driving from his homein Milwaukee, one of the buggy wheels struck a sidewalk approach, the vehicle was overturned and Richard was thrown out. His left leg and one of his arms were sprained. The horse broke loose and continued down Broadway on a gallop. Mr. Richard has a Newfoundland dog which usually follows him downtown, and this morning when the dog saw the horse break away he started in pursuit. At various places between Michigan street and the Broadway bridge, the faithful dog grabbed the trailing lines, only to be jerked about until he lost his hold. But the dog succeeded in slacking the speed of the horse somewhat and some men caught it near the bridge. When the dog got back to where his master lay he was utterly exhausted, but afterward picked himself up and followed the ambulance containing his master to the Emergency Hospital.—New York Recorder.

Fish Packed For Transportation.

Fish transported long distances in hot weather are thus packed: They are laid in tight layers in boxes and loaded in refrigator cars, which are reduced to as low a temperature as possible. The floor of the car is covered to a depth of several inches with chilled sawdust, upon which the boxes are loaded, leaving a space of some inches between the sides, ends and top of the car, which space is filled with cold sawdust. Then the car is closed and the door sealed. No ice is placed in the tanks of the refrigerator car, as it has been found that ice is unnecessary if the packing is thorough.

The Shakespeare Society of Germany has sold 20,000 copies of a cheap edition of the dramatist's works within a few months, and 10,000 additional copies are being printed.

THE NEWS.

The H. M. Brown Dry Goods Company, of Cleveland, O., made an assignment.——The International Typographical Union had $30,000 in the Indianapolis National Bank which failed Tuesday.——Two children of William Caynor, a farmer of Muncie, Ind., fell out of a hay-mow and were instantly killed.——B. S. Lowenthal & Son, and M. L. Levy & Son, wholesale whiskey dealers of Nashville, Tenn., made assignments.——Twenty-seven people were made sick by milk obtained from one dairy in Louisville, Ky.——During a windstorm in Chesterfield county, Va., James A. Jones was killed, and Capias Dillon, seriously injured by a tree falling upon them.——Fire at Ashland, near Richmond, Va., burned out a number of stores. Total loss about $30,000, insurance $12,000.——The forty-seventh anniversy of Liberia's independence was celebrated at the Exposition by the dedication of that country's pavilion in the Agricultural building.——The annual convention of the North American United Caledonia Association was opened in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago.——Jacob Heinze and Henry Kaiser were convicted in St. Louis of the murder of Edwin E. Brown, a wealthy citizen, on the night of March 2 last.——The failure of H. L. Nichols & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, was announced. The firm is composed of H. L. Nicholas, John D. Nicholas, Walter C. Taylor and Marcus Moyer. The firm was considered quite a prominent one in Stock Exchange circles.

Dr. Herman Hirchberg shot and killed Theodore K. Meiss in a dispute over a bill for the pulling of a tooth at Columbus, O.——W. A. Thompson, of Chicago, interfered in an altercation between William Schumacher, his coachman, and another employe at Oconomowoc, Wis., and struck the coachman a blow under the ear from which he died in a few minutes.——The alarm in Milwaukee banking circles is subsiding, and the national bank which closed Saturday is preparing to resume.——The World's Fair National Commission decided that a depleted treasury would not prevent the body from continuing its sessions until the close of the Exposition.——The cork syndicate has secured control of the several cork manufactories in Lancaster, Pa.——Work on the Gettysburg trolley road was temporarily suspended.——Patrick McCarthy, a Boston clerk aged twenty-eight years, and a middle-aged glass-blower named Brady were struck by a train and killed near Fall River, Mass. They were apparently intoxicated.——The New Jersey metal refining works at Elizabethport, N. J., are closed on account of general trade depression. Two hundred employes are laid off. The company expects to resume operations September 1.

The jury in the Mead murder case, at Waupaca, Wisconsin, after a brief charge by Judge Barden, and in twenty-four minutes returned a verdict of not guilty as to all of the defendants, Sam Stout, Charles A. Prior and Edwin C. Bronson.——The Aspen, Col., miners have appealed to Grand Master Workman Powderly to unite the laboring classes in their interest and incidentally of the free-silver people.——Agents Thompson and Calder, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, appeared in court at Tacoma, Wash., to answer to the indictment by the United States grand jury for cutting rates contrary to the inter-state commerce law. Both entered pleas of "not guilty," and their trial was set for November.——In the United States Court at Atlanta, Ga., the attorney for the Central Trust Company filed a bill to foreclose a fourteen million five hundred thousand dollar mortgage on the Georgia Pacific Railroad. This is part of a reorganization scheme.——Wm. La Forge, of Kingston, N. Y., is charged with murdering his young wife.——Henry A. Hoffman, of Pittsburg, Pa., a successful inventor, committed suicide while troubled with melancholia.——Wm. Dixon, an evangelist, was arrested in New Brunswick, N. J., on a charge of assault.——Three young men, sons of Frank Lundgren, of Genesee, Ill., aged, respectively, fifteen, twenty and twenty two, were drowned in Green river by the capsizing of a boat.

A fire at Rockaway Beach destroyed an ice factory and other property to the value of $30,000.——Charles W. Depauw and the New Albany Rail Mill Company, of New Albany, made an assignment, the trouble being caused by the failure of the Premier Steel Works, of Indianapolis.——Murphy & Boland, real estate agents and bankers, of Dallas, Texas, made an assignment.——Milo T. Bogard has been found short in his accounts with the Western Union Building Association, of St. Louis.——A mob took Lee Walker, colored, charged with assaulting a young girl, out of the jail at Shelby, Tenn., lynched him, and cremated his body.——Davis Laser shot and killed Benjamin Levinson at Little Rock, Ark., alleging that Levinson had made improper proposals to his sister.——Jacob Palm was killed by Wm. Strong at Circleville, O.——At Alpena, Mich., three men, named Jacobs, Vogler and Repke, convicted of murdering Albert Moletor, were sentenced to imprisonment for life at hard labor.——One thousand negroes will be taken from the South to Kansas to work in the coal mines.——Fire destroyed the Methodist Church, two hotels, and the old postoffice building and several houses and barns at Shelia, N. B. Total loss about $50,000; partially insured.

HEAT AND FOREST FIRES.

Temperature Over a Hundred Degrees in Wyoming.

For some days at Fort McKinney, Wyo., the temperature has been 102 degress in the shade at Buffalo from four to six o'clock, while the mercury in the sun stands 130 to 150 degrees. This is the hottest weather recorded for eight years. Not a drop of rain has fallen for nine weeks, and the range is completely destroyed. Buffalo is surrounded by forest fires. To the southwest twenty miles fire has been burning with more or less intermittent severity since July 7th. The fire at one time came down into the valley, destroying all of Tulley's fields, pastures, fences, corrals, etc., on Poison Creek, and burning half of Hoster's place, south of Muddy Creek. By great exertions the fire was checked.

Up Clear Creek Canon another fire raged. The cavalry troops from McKinney went out to endeavor to extinguish it, but nothing can be done without rain. Ten thousand acres of choice timber are already destroyed just east of Buffalo. Another fire broke out in the Red Hills and is burning some ten square miles of grass, which was the last range fed in the locality. When the fire came into the flats approaching Buffalo, all neighboring rangers and some citizens and firemen from town fought it all night, getting it out off. John Hillsberry was arrested and fined heavily, being convicted of setting fires on the mountains by leaving a burning camp fire.

BURNED IN A MINE.

Four Persons Badly Injured by a Gas Explosion.

An explosion took place in No. 4 shaft of the Kingston Coal Company, at Edwardsville, Pa. A gang of men were at work driving a slope, when a naked lamp came in contact with a large body of gas.

The shock of the explosion tore away timbers, smashed mine cars, and horribly burned three men and one boy, who are not expected to recover.

A rescuing party in charge of Superintendent Risser went to the assistance of the victims, who were hurriedly brought to the surface. The mine is very gaseous, an explosion having occurred in the same place some three weeks ago, in which several men were badly burned.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

All Buildings Closed and the Gondolas Tied Up.

THE LONESOME GUARDS.

A Plan to Compromise With Conscience on the Sunday Question—The Attendance at the Fair is Very Much Less Than it Ought to Be.

The great white city lay dismal and silent Sunday. Its gates were barred to the world, its streets echoed only the footfalls of the pass-holders and of gorgeously decked barbarians who wandered over from the Midway Plaisance. Even the Stars and Stripes were lowered and not a flag floated over the nation's wonder world. The twittering of the birds as they sweep over the waterways or nestle in the eaves of the grand structures sound like vociferous cries, and the gentle beating of the waves of Lake Michigan against the pier down by the Peristyle seems to be the boom of thunderous seas.

The vast buildings appear to have the power of multiplying sound like immense sounding boards and sending reverberations through all the courts. There is something weird and uncanny in it all after the bustle of the week and the sight of human faces where now there is a vacancy and the sound of human voices where now is only the cry of birds and the ripple of waters. It may be that it is only the Sabbath stillness, but here amidst all the wondrous evidences of God's power and man's dignity the stillness is depressing; it does not soothe, it startles. It is like the silence of an accursed town. Even the gurgle of silver as they paste to and fro along the dismal aisles of the great buildings with the handiwork of the men of all the nations gathered round them with no one to view it.

THE LONESOME GUARDS.

The guards in the outer air, along the lake front and the waterways, are weary in their utter lonesomeness. Amidst the fields, the very stillness would be natural and sweet, but here amidst the splendors of this great city it seems almost unnatural, and one regrets the possession of the pass that brings him within the bars, and he hurries away in search for something less suggestive of death. And one found that something just outside the Fair grounds. All the shows and clap-traps and jugglerios of the creation seem to be clustered round the gates, and everyone of them was palsating with life, aglow with enthusiasm. Buffalo Bill could not find room for all the thousands that sought to get into his show, and every fakir in the throng had the crowd of admirers.

There was no attempt to get into the Fair grounds on the part of the general public. The fact that the Fair was to be shut tight to pay visitors was very widely heralded, and there was no repetition of the scene of a month ago, when people pounded upon the gates and besought admission. It was an honest close-up, too, with no underhand favors for anyone. The pass-holders were exhibitors, newspaper correspondents and others, who had genuine business on the grounds. They could not have seen much of the show, even if they had desired to do so, for nearly everything that was not locked up was covered over, and even the wooden horse in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's hanson was enveloped in a black shroud.

Mr. Clingman declares that he will go into court some time this week and endeavor to procure an injunction against closing the Fair on Sunday and to prevent anyone from covering up any exhibit.

The Fair directors, however, are seriously debating the question of opening the Midway Plaisance on Sundays. It is argued that as those on the midway are engaged in the show business they should be given a square chance to compete for business with their rivals out side the grounds. Besides the Midway showman have been grumbling about bad business and they pay the Fair Commission one quarter of their gross receipts.

A MOCKERY OF CONSCIENCE.

Yet the Fair directors will not escape criticism if they open the Midway on Sunday, for it is already argued that it will be like a mockery of conscience to shut the world out from a sight of the elevating exhibits in the Fair on Sundays and yet permit them to view the capers of Oriental dancing girls in the Plaisance.

What effect Sunday closing will have on the financial results of the Fair is as yet problematical. It was believed that the closing order would remove the conscientious scruples against attending the Fair at all if opened on Sunday, which tens of thousands of people manifested, and thus would operate to the Fair's benefit. So far there is no sign of that, though it may be that as yet there has been no sufficient opportunity to see what the effect is to be.

The attendance at the Fair is very much less than it ought to be. The best friends of the Exposition believe it wise to be perfectly candid on that point, and to let patriotic people everywhere know that the nation's credit is at stake, and that it is a duty to attend this, the greatest exposition the world has ever seen.

CABLE SPARKS.

YELLOW fever is decreasing in Port Limon Costa Rica.

TWELVE workmen were drowned in the Danube river at the Iron Gates.

FREIHERR VON MOLTZOHN, secretary of the German imperial treasury, has resigned.

MR. GLADSTONE received a severe shaking up by his brougham colliding with a van in Parliament Square.

IT is said that no official opposition will be made in the Reichstag to permitting the Jesuits to return to Germany.

ADMIRAL WENDENKOLK, who was blockading Rio Grande do Sul, has been captured by the Brazilian cruiser Republica.

Justice Walter Lloyd Smith, of the New York Supreme Court, was married in London to Miss Jessie Gonzales, of Elmira New York.

CHINA has refused to make reparation for the killing of two Swedish missionaries in Macheng and the situation is said to promise trouble.

DELEGATES representing 248,000 English coal miners have refused to submit to a 25 per cent. reduction of wages and a strike is feared.

IN the Victoria court-martial Flag Lieutenant Gilford testified that after the collision Admiral Tyron admitted that the accident was all his fault.

THE report of a Corean uprising against foreign missionaries proves to have been a political trick to cover a demonstration against the government.

THE Rome Tribune gives a semi-official confirmation of the report that 100 Senators, members of the Chamber of Deputies and journalists, are implicated in the Banca Romana scandals.

THE French Chamber of Deputies voted confidence in the government after the ministry had explained that it would not permit of outside interference in the dispute with Siam. If the latter country did not make reparation for the murder of M. Grosgurin France would blockade the Mekong river.

THE carriage of the Prince of Wales was in collision with another vehicle in London and the Prince was badly shaken up.

WEATHER CROP BULLETIN NUMBER 16.

For the Week Ending Monday, July 24, 1893.

SUMMARY OF REPORTS

WEATHER.

Since the first of the week no rain has fallen in any section, and although the condition of corn and tobacco is satisfactory, generally, all growing crops would be much benefitted by rains. The decidedly cool weather of the latter portion of the week has been of some benefit in offsetting the effect of the drought. There has been a very large amount of sunshine. For threshing grain, saving hay, and shipping fruit there could have been no better weather than that of the past week.

CROPS.

Western Maryland: Wheat and hay harvest at out over and a good crop secured. Corn coming into tassel and the crop looks well. Oats harvested and acreage light. Pastures light. Peaches promise a fair yield. Wild berries a failure. Potatoes looking well. Plowing for fall crops has commenced.

Northern-Central Maryland: Oats being harvested. Corn growth heavy and looking well. Pastures are short, with no prospects of clover seed. Early peach and apple crop good. Potatoes ripening.

Southern Maryland: Wheat threshing well under way and yield above the average. Oat harvest over and crop good. Corn making excellent growth and a satisfactory yield should result. Tobacco not doing well. Early potatoes fair. Pastures short. Peaches are bringing fair prices. Fruit suffering some from insects. Tomatoes are troubled some with worms.

Eastern Maryland: Wheat harvesting over and the yield is the largest in years in this section. The quality of the wheat is excellent. Corn tasseling and looks fair. Gardens look dry. Pastures are short. Peaches are bringing fair prices. Potato crop short. Fruit looks well.

BIG FIRE IN HAGERSTOWN.

Property Worth $125,000 Goes Up in Smoke.

One of the most destructive fires that has occurred in Hagerstown, Md., for many years and one which for a time threatened a destruction of the entire southern section of the city occurred at 11.30 o'clock A. M.

It broke out in a stable in the rear of Jones & South's wholesale grocery house, on South Jonathan street, one of the most thickly-built up sections of the city. A stiff breeze was blowing at the time, and as the supply of water from the water works was meagre a serious conflagration was threatened.

Mayor Hahn telegraphed for assistance to Chambersburg, Martinsburg and Waynesboro. Engines and men were sent from each place on fast trains. An area of about 7,000 square feet was burned over, including one section of Mumma's livery stable, John W. Emmert's private residence on Jonathan street, that also of Dr. J. S. Wishard, and the wholesale grocery house of Messrs. Jones & South, all of the latter being large and substantial brick buildings.

Numerous sheds and stables on the alley in the rear of these properties also went up in smoke, three horses owned by Jones & South perishing in the flames. The Mail office building was slightly damaged, and the offices of the Daily News and that of the Herald greatly endangered. Jones & South say their loss is $100,000 on their stock, with an insurance of $35,000. Dr. Wishard's loss is about $5,000, with a partial insurance. Emmert's will reach the same amount, with insurance small

The greatest consternation prevailed throughout the entire city, and people from the adjoining town and surrounding country poured into town by thousands. Sparks were blown squares away, setting fire to numerous buildings, especially on South Potomac street which, however, were saved by hand hose and the serviceable bucket brigade composed of men, women and children.

WORK AND WORKERS.

Delegates from theatrical employes unions in 22 states met in New York city and organized a national alliance.

Switchmen in the Rio Grande yards at Pueblo, Colorado, are on strike, demanding the discharge of the yard master, who, they say, is tyrannical and unreasonable.

The moulders at Smith and Anthony's foundry, at Wakefield, Mass., who struck nearly three months ago for an increase of 10 per cent., resumed at an increase of 3½ per cent.

The striking Kansas coal miners propose, with the assistance of the Populist State officers, to attack the operators in the courts, alleging that the companies have formed a trust or combine to keep wages down and fix the price of coal.

Two warrants were issued for the arrest of President Walters, of the Kansas Mine Workers Union, on charges of trespass. It is thought that this action on the part of the mine owners will "prevent further visiting of men at work and compelling them to quit.

ABOUT 500 of the local lumber shovers were put to work at Tonawonda, N. Y. An effort was made by some of the officers of the Union to hold the men together and induce them to remain out longer, but it failed, "the men realizing that they must work or starve next winter.

A Pittsburg despatch says: The conference between the Amalgamated Association and the iron manufacturers has for the present practically ended, with an agreement no nearer than at the beginning. Altogether 20,000 men are idle pending a settlement. It is the intention of the Amalgamated Association to treat with the manufacturing firms individually.

THE Grievance Committee and many employes of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company held a secret meeting in Wilkesbarre, Pa., to consider Vice-President Voorhees' letter. The meeting decided to send another committee to confer with the Reading officials and endeavor to have them reconsider their action before taking any further steps.

DELEGATES representing the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association and order of Railway Conductors, met at Pittsburg, Pa., and formed a federation, the object of which is mutual protection and aid. The Order of Railway Telegraphers was not represented, but it will be included in the new organization, which, however, will not admit the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

DUEL TO THE DEATH.

Kentucky Citizens Engage in a Bloody Encounter.

A desperate fight occurred between two prominent citizens of Sevier county, Ky.—Robert McMahon and Robert Caton.

Eighteen pistol shots were fired and Caton was struck by six, nearly every one of which, of itself, would have proved fatal. He fell and expired in an hour.

McMahon was saved by his pocket-knife, which was struck by a shot from an English bull-dog pistol. It was a desperate hand-to-hand duel.

The cause of the difficulty was undue intimacy of Caton with McMahon's wife.

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

A TRAIN DERAILED.