The Easton Gazette.

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THE PILE OINTMENT

THE DAWNING OF THE MORNING.

When the clouds shall roll forever
From the everlasting hills,
When fruition of endeavor
All the useless longing fills,
When our feet shall ever wander
Where the shadows only stay,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the clouds shall flee away.

When our hands have ceased forever
Gathering what is not ours,
When our hearts are weary never
Through mistaking thorns for flowers,
Then no more the darkening shadows
O'er our happy lives shall play
In the dawning of the morning
When the clouds shall flee away.

Hitherto our eyes were blinded,
Hitherto our hearts were sad,
Then shall come the endless sunshine
Then our hearts be always glad.
Nevermore shall storm clouds gather,
Shadows intercept our day,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the clouds shall flee away.

—Nelly H. Woodworth, in Boston Journal.

An Unpublished Sensation.

BY ARTHUR JAMES PEGLER.

"STEP into my private office when you are at liberty, Mr. Bennett."

The request was made in terse, authoritative tones, familiar enough to every man in the editorial department of the paper as those of Mr. Priest, the managing editor—an undersized, fussy little chap, with hair prematurely gray, tiny sharp eyes, like a ferret's, and enormous ears that seemed designed by nature to catch all the news there was adrift. The latter organs he had a peculiar fashion of moving backward and forward when excited or interested—a mulish mannerism which had earned him various more or less appropriate nicknames.

"Yes, sir," answered Bennett, looking up from the preparation of an article on the superlative greatness, past, present, and future, of Kansas City. "Be there in five minutes," he added, and then sotto voce—"wonder what the deuce is up now. Some idiot's been complaining about a report, of course." With this reflection the young man resumed his laudatory screed on the advantages of Kansas City, commercially, socially, and generally. At last the column of fiction, upon which he had expended a good deal of energy, was handed over to the city editor with the remark, "Here's that rot about the town." An instant later Bennett had disappeared down the passage to confer with the chief.

The air of the managing editor, as he motioned Bennett to a seat, was preoccupied. He was always preoccupied when spoken to or approached by any but the business manager. Then he was obsequious. His manner now said, as plainly as words could have said it, "You are my subordinate, and must be duly impressed with the dignity of my position."

"Mr. Bennett," he said, "I'm going to detail you on an important piece of work."

"Yes, sir," replied Bennett, with a becoming show of interest.

"You know, Mr. Bennett," continued the chief, "all the main facts regarding the counterfeit five-dollar bills which have flooded the city during the last few months."

"I believe I am tolerably familiar with the matter, sir," was the reply.

"The fact is, Bennett," and the little man's ears began to oscillate with increasing rapidity, "the fact is that every detective in the city has worked on this case for weeks at a time. They have all failed, and the case has been practically abandoned. The police acknowledge themselves beaten, Bennett." The editor brought his hand down on the arm of the chair with an emphatic thump. "Now, then," and the ferret-eyed little man leaned forward as though to add weight to his words, "I have always held that a good reporter is the best detective in the world. You have done some good work for the paper, Bennett—very good, indeed. You will take this case. Devote your whole time to it, follow up every conceivable clue, run these fellows to earth and—well, if you succeed, it will make a difference in your salary.

"You will take any other man off the local staff you may desire to assist you," went on the editor, before Bennett had time to reply. "I should suggest Godfrey. He's a bright fellow, quite up to the work, I should think."

"I think Godfrey is the right man, sir," answered Bennett. Godfrey entered a moment later in response to a summons by telephone. The nature of the business on which he had been detailed was explained, and then both men were dismissed with the injunction to do their best.

A week after he had been detailed on the matter, Jack Bennett sat lounging in an arm-chair at his rooms, examining one of the spurious bills for the hundredth time. He had just succeeded in running down, with the aid of Godfrey, a clue which the latter had suggested, but which, like a dozen other supposed clues, had proven false. A week is a long time in a newspaper office, and Bennett was beginning to chafe at his lack of success in finding a single thread to work on.

"A bad beginning," he mused. "A deuced bad beginning."

Taking the cigar from his lips, he again examined the counterfeit minutely. It was almost perfect. A slight difference, perhaps, in the texture of the paper between this and the genuine bill, but the lettering was clear and exact, the ink black and the printing without a flaw. None but an expert could have discerned the fraud.

Then Bennett fell to thinking of certain difficulties he had encountered in this investigation, which had so far proved profitless. Sometimes he had thought Godfrey was jealous of the precedence given another on the case; sometimes his assistance and suggestions seemed half-hearted. Still, there were times when he was feverishly anxious to hunt down a newly discovered clue. There was no doubt of the man's ability. Godfrey had worked two or three affairs single-handed in a manner that proved him a thoroughly capable man—and yet, there was something about his efforts to run down these counterfeiters that seemed but half sincere.

Little was known of Godfrey on the paper. He floated it on the boom tide, just when a good man was badly needed. When Godfrey applied for the job, Fawcett, the city editor, put him on, and it took but a few days to demonstrate that a first-rate all-round man had been secured.

Bennett thought over his associations with the new man, and could feel no real reason for complaint. Mentally resolving, however, to adopt a new line of research on the following day, he was about to retire, when a knock on the door startled him. It was the sharp rapping of some one in a hurry.

"Jack, say, Jack!!" Bennett recognized the voice of young Davis. "Get up and let me in, old chap," went on the outsider.

Bennett walked over, turned the key, and threw the door open. "Why, Davis!" he exclaimed, "what's the row? You look as though you had seen a ghost," for the junior member of the staff was very pale and very much excited.

Davis assumed an air which told plainly enough that he had a disclosure to make. The youngster drew up a chair, lighted one of Bennett's cigars, and replied to his friend's query with a question.

"How are you getting on with the case, Bennett?" he inquired, coolly.

"What case?"

"Come now, old fellow," went on the youth, "I haven't been in this business as long as you have, but I have learned enough to pick up a piece of news before I fall over it."

"Well, what have you picked up this time?" asked Bennett, rather disconcerted at the peculiar manner of his young colleague.

Davis pitched his hat in a corner, stuffed both hands deep down into his trousers' pockets, and with an air of quiet assurance, proceeded:

"What I came here for, at this unearthly hour of the night, was to put you on the right track, and help you capture these queer pushers. You're all wrong," said the lad, with peculiar emphasis on the last three words.

"Look here, Davis," and Bennett rose to his feet, "what are you driving at?"

"Oh, now, don't treat me like a child," interposed the other indignantly. "I'm on to the whole game. You're working on this counterfeiting story, and Godfrey's working with you—that is, he's supposed to be. Am I right?"

"Suppose you are right," said Bennett, guardedly. "What then?"

"What then!" cried Davis, sitting bolt upright, "why, just what I said before. You're on the wrong lay—clear off the scent, I tell you. Look here, Bennett," he continued in an excited voice, "I've been working on this for two months. There's a thousand dollars reward offered for the capture of the gang, don't you see, and what I want is the reward."

Bennett could not suppress an amused smile. The vanity of this youngster tickled him immensely, but Davis was a bright sort of little chap, and a fellow couldn't help liking him.

"I've follered up every clue," he went on. "Hundreds of 'em have amounted to nothing, but I tell you, Bennett," and the lad's face flushed with the excitement he felt, "I'm on to the whole deal now. I'd bet my life against a dollar that I can run these fellows to the earth in a couple of days."

Bennett was interested now, and he was never wider awake in his life than when, turning sharp round on his heel, he pushed the excited junior member into a chair, and took up a position before him.

"Out with it now," he said somewhat fiercely. "What do you know?"

The lad shrugged his shoulders as a man will do who is sure of his position, and replied, calmly, "Turn about's fair play. What do you know?"

"Well," said Bennett, "to be perfectly frank with you, I have discovered nothing. The whole case looks just as blank as it did a week ago, when I was put on it."

"That's what I thought," replied the youth. "Now, I'll tell you something. It's not altogether fame I'm after in this thing, Bennett. I need that thousand dollars. Laugh if you like; laugh your head off. The fact remains that, if I had the thousand, I'd get married in less than no time."

"A laudable idea, my boy—very fine," laughed Bennett "Er—who is the lady?" he added.

"Dolly Taylor, of Omaha. Sweetest little girl in the world. I've known her all my life, went to high school with her, know all about her, and love her all the more, the more I know of her. There are only two in the family—just Dolly and her mother. There's a brother somewhere, but he's the black sheep of the family—been in some bad scrapes, I'm told, but they never speak of him. The father's dead, you know, and it's a case of highly respectable poverty. Well, to cut it short," concluded the youngster, "that thousand dollars would come in awfully handy, and I never miss a chance, Bennett. Will you help me to carry this thing out? Give me the money, and you can take the glory. Will you do it?"

"Yes, yes," replied the other, hastily. "Now tell your story."

"I had better begin with the most important fact," said Davis, deliberately turning over the leaves of his notebook. "Here is the entry," he went on. "It is dated just three hours ago. It reads like this—'Godfrey is the counterfeiter.'"

"Eh! By George, you're crazy. Godfrey, one of the best all-round newspaper in the West, a member of this gang? Oh, come, Davis, this is all rot—utter idiocy," and Bennett began to pace the floor hastily. "Still," he went on, as though arguing the proposition in his own mind, "I don't know either. There have been one or two queer things—"

He glanced at Davis. That young gentleman had placidly closed his notebook, and was waiting for his friend to calm down.

"Go on with your story," said Bennett.

"It was quite by chance." Davis resumed, "that I got my clue. I was down at Schaefer's place to-night, looking up a piece of news, when there was a row at the bar. A swell-looking chap had tried to ring a flash five on Bill, the bartender. Bill had him by the scruff of the neck and was going to send for the police. The man protested violently that he was all right, and offered a large roll of bills in evidence, but Bill was obdurate, and there would have been a pinch all right if something hadn't turned up in the nick of time. Now what do you think happened?"

"Give it up."

"Just then Godfrey stepped over from one of the billiard tables, cool as you please; shook hands with the man, swore to the barkeeper that he was all right, and asked Bill as a personal favor not to disgrace him by arrest. You know Godfrey is chums with every detective and patrolman in the town, and Bill knew him well as the police reporter of our paper. The upshot of the thing was that he just turned the swell loose and apologized. The latter laughed at the adventure, bought drinks for all the loafers, and everybody forgot it. What impressed me was the expression of the man's face. You never in your life saw an innocent man go as white. I kept my eye on the chap, and pretty soon he got over to the table where Godfrey was still playing billiards. They had a brief talk, and as soon as the game was over, Godfrey went out alone. There was a big crowd in the place and he had not seen me. I had a mind at first to follow him, but on second thoughts determined to shadow the other fellow. In a few moments he went out, too. I was on the other side of the street in a jiffy. He went through the front door of Harper's on Topeka street and I was after him like a shot. As I entered the front, he disappeared through the back door into the alley. There was no one watching, and like a flash I seized a waiter's coat from the wall, threw it over my shoulders and walked out into the alley. My hat was pulled over my eyes, and even Dolly would not have known me."

"Well?" asked Bennett, who was now visibly agitated.

"Well, I found 'em there. They were talking in the shadow of the building, and of course I did not dare stop. My object was to find them together. That settled the thing in my mind, but I followed farther to make sure. I've tracked them to Godfrey's room, and now I know enough to justify a raid."

"You confounded young 'un!" gasped the excited Bennett. "I believe you're smarter than the lot of us. Hang me," he added, "if I don't believe you're right."

"Right!!!" exclaimed the youth, in a sort of shriek. "Of course I'm right. Why, man, don't you see the game—Godfrey's, I mean? He's a crack o' jack at the business. Knows something about newspaper work, makes application for a job and gets the very run he most wants—police. He works hard, is a good writer, gets in with all the detectives and patrolmen, and knows just about what they are doing. Why, he even traveled around with them, working on this very case. Right!" added the excited young sleuth, panting for breath. "Why, it's the greatest graft on earth, and the grafter, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion."

"When would you suggest making the arrest?" asked Bennett.

"Godfrey will be alone in the room after midnight. We must manage it alone, us two. If the police make the capture, we shall lose both the credit and the reward. The room is No. 20, top floor of the Perry block. It must be done to-morrow night. If anything scares these chaps it'll be all day with our plans."

"To-morrow, then," said Bennett. "Be here at 10 o'clock sharp, and we can arrange the details then. I'll take care of Godfrey during the day and you keep out of sight."

At a quarter past twelve Fawcett, the city editor, sat lolling in his spring-chair, having one of these little breathing spells that come so rarely to the city man on a morning paper. A sudden, almost cyclonic rush into the local room brought Fawcett up standing in an instant. The new arrival was Bennett. Blood was trickling from a long scratch on his face, and his clothing gave evidence that he was fresh from an encounter.

"What is it, Bennett?" asked the city editor, scenting a sensation.

"Got 'em," answered the other briefly, grasping a tab of paper. "Got the leader of the gang like a rat in a trap. It's Godfrey. We've tied him up, and Davis is standing guard over him with a gun."

"What!!" shrieked Fawcett, and then recovering himself—"Great Scott!! hot stuff, old man. Get right at it."

Bennett's pencil began to fly over the paper.

"The gang of counterfeiters, whose shrewdness has proven too much for the best detectives in the country," he wrote, "have at last been run to earth. The details of the capture, and the events leading up to it, furnish one of the most remarkable pages in criminal history—"

The rest of the story was never written. The half-covered page of copy was torn from Bennett's hands. He looked up angrily, for time was short. There, ghastly pale, and shaking from head to foot, stood Davis.

"Come out, quick," he gasped, and Bennett rushed after him to the elevator. They entered the car just as Fawcett called loudly to Bennett to rush up his copy.

"In heaven's name, what's the matter?" asked Bennett, excitedly, but Davis only gasped for breath and pulled the other out of the lift toward the street door. Once in the street he spoke.

"Jack, you must not write that story. I—I've let the fellow go."

"You!!!"

"I've let him go, I tell you. For God's sake don't write the story, Jack. It's my story, and you shan't write it," as Bennett hesitated before replying. "I'll tell you why. After we tied the fellow up, and you came down here to write the story, I saw a girl's picture on the table. I believe my blood almost froze in my veins when I looked at it, for the picture was of her. It was Dolly's photograph. The man's her brother, the scapegrace, the vagabond, the—"

Bennett was undergoing a struggle, a terrible struggle. If he wrote the story, he would deserve to be kicked all the way to the Pacific Coast; if he didn't write it, he would be kicked out of the office. It was Davis who got the story. He knew that well. Yet the paper would never recognize such an excuse. The faces of the twain shone white in the light of the street lamp. The younger one was watching his companion eagerly.

"You won't write it, Jack," he begged almost piteously.

"No, old chap, I won't. Not if the whole press of the country turns its back on me. Come, youngster, we've got to shake this town. It's too hot to hold us."

At daybreak next morning two unkempt fellows boarded a Chicago train at a way station, ten miles from Kansas City. The morning paper contained a garbled story about a capture and a daring escape, but the only two men who knew the inside of the affair were speeding eastward as fast as steam could carry them. The whole affair was a great sensation in newspaper circles, and there was a good many theories evolved to account for the extraordinary behavior of certain absentees. Bribery was freely hinted, but there were those who knew that something more than mere money had prompted Bennett to throw up the biggest beat of the year. Little Priest swore pompously that he would blacklist both the men in every newspaper office in America, but, despite the threat, Bennett is now one of the most valued men in New York, while little Davis has grown into a big strapping fellow. He is the sporting editor of a Chicago daily and his wife is a pretty girl whose name was once Dolly Taylor, and her residence, Omaha.—Romance.

The first American savings bank was opened in 1778 at Philadelphia.

THE NEWS.

A movement has been formally inaugurated in Scranton, Pa., to send a choir of Welch-American voices to Wales next year to represent the United States at the National Eisteddfod there. One hundred and sixty picked voices are to be chosen.——The members of various commercial exchanges in Memphis, Tenn., in convention assembled, declared for repeal of the silver purchase law and condemned the course of the Tennessee senators.——A tornado did great injury to person and property in Hogan, Ga.——The steamship Waesland, from Antwerp brought to New York the body of Herman Gerstbuch, of Hamilton, O., who died of apoplexy on the steamer.——Missionary Harrison R. Thornton, was killed by natives in the town of Auburn, Alaska.——Ex-Judge Eben Hutchinson, indicted for embezzlement in Chelsea, Mass., has been located in the Argentine Republic, which has no extradition treaty with the United States.——Rev. John S. Hoffman committed suicide at his home in Bainbridge, Pa.——David Bell, the oldest iron and steel ship-builder on the lakes, has made a general assignment in Buffalo, N. Y., for the benefit of his creditors. No schedule of assets or liabilities has been prepared.——Ex-President Harrison attended a meeting of the Loyal Legion in Cincinnati.——John Ackleson was killed, and his brother Thomas seriously injured by their carriage being struck by a railroad train near Washington, Pa.

General Vasquez, of Honduras, was installed as president of the 15th. He has issued a degree of amnesty and forgiveness for all exiles and political offenders and other decrees restoring to Honduras liberty of the press and re-union.——Disastrous rains in the Pan-Handle country in Texas caused a number of washouts and did other serious damage.——Fire destroyed the immense car barns and a number of cars of the Canton-Massillon Electric Railroad Company in Canton, Ohio. The cost will go beyond $100,000; insurance about half.——Near Live Oak Prairie, Texas, Paul Kazmire, a farmer in good circumstances, shot and instantly killed his wife and then shot himself in the stomach, from the effects of which he died. Jealousy is said to be the cause of the tragedy.——Hon. Erastus Wells, aged seventy years, one of the best known citizens of St. Louis, died of locomotor ataxia. Mr. Wells owned and operated the first omnibus line west of the Mississippi River. He served as a member of Congress for four consecutive terms, retiring March 4, 1887. He was the pioneer in the matter of opening up the Territory of Oklahoma, having introduced the original bill in the Forty-fourth Congress.

The Memphis Federation of Railway Employes declared a boycott on the Chesapeake and Ohio.——A passenger train on the Frisco road ran into an open switch at Lyman, Mo., dashing through three stock cars. Engineer Maxey Hall and Fireman Charles Robinson were both instantly killed.——In an uprising at the federal jail in Fort Smith, one of the convicts was killed, and the others returned to their cells.——In a freight train wreck on the Big Four two tramps who were stealing a ride were boiled to death.——Three Chinese gardeners, living on the suburbs of Butte, Mont., were killed by some unknown persons.——Policeman James F. Ball was shot in the left breast and seriously wounded at the station-house in New York by a brother patrolman named John F. Storms. The shooting occurred in the dormitory. Ball and Storm were skylarking.——John B. Koetting, cashier of the failed South Side Savings Bank, of Milwaukee, under indictment for illegal banking, failed to appear in court, and his bond of $15,000 was declared forfeited. Koetting was recently brought from Denver after much trouble, and put under bonds to appear.

Many Americans are gold prospecting in Mexico, and some rich finds are reported.——Thousands of Irishmen marched through a heavy rain in the parade in celebration of Irish Day at the World's Fair. Frank Millet, the director of decorations, tried to prevent the hoisting of the Irish flag on the Electricity Building, but after it had been hauled down twice by his orders, the council of administration ordered him not to disturb it, and it remained up the remainder of the day.——At a funeral in Kingston, Wis., the floor of the house in which the services were held gave way, and twenty persons were badly injured.——Dull times has caused the Auburn Woolen Company of Auburn, N. Y., to go into voluntary liquidation, and 450 operatives are thrown out of employment.——Robert T. Hunt shot and killed his wife in Indianapolis and then committed suicide.——Martin E. Boland, president of the Grand Rapids Typographical Union, committed suicide at his room taking morphine. At one time he owned and edited a newspaper in Kansas, and was once a member of the Kansas legislature.——Dr. M. H. Fogelsong was convicted in Hillsdale of having murdered his wife by poisoning her.

Milo Wilson shot his baby sweetheart, Ida Warman, a girl of eleven years, in Williamsport, O.——Edward Wheary killed his sister-in-law, Mrs. Hedly Wheary, near Fredericktown, N. B.——Arthur W. Campbell was arrested in Boston on the charge of passing worthless checks on dry goods houses.——M. C. Percival, the defaulting cashier of the National Shoe and Leather Bank in Lewiston, Me., died in the state prison at Thomaston.——Five colored men, convicted of various murders, were hanged in Atlanta, Ga.——Adolphus Reynohl, one of the associate justices of Lebanon county, Pa., died of pneumonia, aged sixty-three years. At the time of his death Judge Reynohl was president of the Farmers' Bank, of Lebanon, and was interested in a number of enterprises.——Fire destroyed the cotton compress and railroad depot at Munder, La.——The mattress factory of W. H. Foster in New Orleans was burned.——Two trainmen were killed and several injured by the collision of a passenger train and a freight on the Knoxville and Cumberland Gap branch of the Louisville and Nashville near Hazel Patch, Ky. Misunderstanding of an order by one of the train crew is given as the cause of the wreck.

INVENTIONS AND PROGRESS.

Another Congress Opened at Chicago—Women's Mission Work.

Matters religious give way in a measure before matters secular in the series of the world's congresses for the present week. A congress having an unusually strong and interesting programme was formerly opened shortly after noon in the Hall of Columbus. It purpose is to discuss matters relating to patents, trademarks and copyrights, and delegates from England, Germany, Belgium, France, Sweden, Austria-Hungary, Holland, Switzerland, Canada, Japan and Mexico, in addition to over 100 from this country, responded to his names.

After the gathering had been welcomed by C. C. Bonney, Hon. Henry W. Blodgett was selected as permanent president of the congress and addresses at length on the influences that encourage and discourage progress were made.

Brief remarks were made by several of the delegates and ex-Secretary of the Interior John W. Noble read a paper on the inter-dependence and of inventions of the effect of one upon the other. During the week Richard Pope, Canadian Commissioner of patent, John S. Seymour, United States commissioner of patents, Congressman Wm. F. Droper and Elijah J. Morse, of Massachusetts, ex-Congressman, of New Jersey, Carroll D. Wright, United States commissioner of labor, and many foreign delegates will make addresses on present papers.

HUNDREDS PERISH.

Appalling Reports from the Great Storm in Louisiana.

VILLAGES SWEPT AWAY.

It Is Feared the Loss of Human Life Will Exceed that Caused by the Storm on the Sea Island of South Carolina--Several Families Drowned

A despatch from New Orleans, La., says: Although the wires are still down, bits of intelligence continue to come in from various points which impart the information that the loss of life, to say nothing of the destruction of the property, is tremendous.

From Bayou Cook, the great oyster field which leads to the gulf, it is reported that the settlements of the fishermen have been completely demolished and that the loss of life has reached the appalling figure of 250.

Grand Isle, a summer resort, lying in the gulf directly in the path of the storm, is said to have been utterly destroyed, and it is known that the loss of life is large. Many people were spending the delightful early autumn season, and numbers of those who had spent the late summer months in their cottages had not yet started for their homes. The hotel and the two long rows of cottages which constituted the resort are said to be no more, and it is feared that the loss of life at this point will be very great.

In the parish of Plaquemine, the villages of Bohemia, on the Mississippi, and Shell Beach, on Lake Borgue, were wiped out, and at least four lives were lost in each place. On both sides of the river the sugar, rice and orange crops suffered a great deal of damage. On the west side the loss of life is reported to have been very great.

It will be some days before the full extent of the damage wrought will be known, but it is feared that the grand total will pale into insignificance the number of deaths reported from the storm which recently devastated the Atlantic coast.

Pointe a la Hache, forty-five miles below the city, on the Grand Isle Railroad, suffered the most from the fury of the winds. When the tornado struck the little settlement on the river it had attained a velocity of nearly 100 miles an hour. Roofs, shanties and fences were hurled through the air, and not a structure in the village came out unscathed. As soon as daylight broke the storm abated, and a special train was sent from the city which picked up the planters along the line and brought them to New Orleans. Ex-Governor Warmouth and Mr. James S. Wilkinson, a prominent lawyer of the city, were among those who returned, and from their reports the little town is a ruin. Two cars which were standing on a side-track were lifted in the air and carried quite a distance from the line.

Two deaths are reported, the victims being a Mrs. Lafrace and a colored woman, name unknown, both of whom were killed by flying timbers. All telephone and telegraph wires in the lower coast country are down and communication has not been established. The tornado has played incalculable havoc with the crops.

Pointe a la Hache is in the heart of the orange growers section of the State and the trees were nearly all in bearing. Large orchards, which were unprotected, were totally destroyed, and for miles all trees have been uprooted and lost beyond recovery. The sugar crop down the coast has also been badly hurt and the rice crop has suffered to a great extent.

Bohemia, near Pointe a la Hache, and Prescott also suffered greatly. At Prescott several lives were lost.

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIES.

Speculative Enterprise Has Fallen Off. But There Is a Healthy Growth.

The quarterly report of the industrial development of the South, prepared by the Tradesman, of Chattanooga, Tenn., for the quarter just ended, shows a considerable falling off in the number of new industries reported, as compared with the same periods of 1891 and 1892.

It is claimed, however, that the decrease is chiefly in enterprises of a speculative nature. One hundred and thirty-two new saw-mills and furniture factories are reported, as against 147 during the same period last year; 53 quarrying and mining companies have been organized, as against 40 in 1892. It is the only item indicating an increase. Thirty-three new flour mills have been established, as against 45 in 1892.

The textile industry, as was to be expected shows a falling off. The large amount of capital required for the starting of a cotton or woolen mill, coupled with other uncertainties and the financial condition, account for the establishment of only 22 new mills, as compared with 49 in 1892. Twenty-seven water-works companies have been organized, and 17 foundries and machine shops, In these, also, there is a considerable falling off.

Other industries reported are as follows: Four shoe factories, 14 brick and tile works, 12 canning factories, 14 compresses and gins, 10 distilleries, 17 electric light companies, 9 ice factories, 6 natural gas and oil companies, 13 cottonseed oil mills, 4 tanneries and 9 miscellaneous or unclassified industries, making the total for the quarter 444.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

IN the public and private schools in the United States, there 369,634 teachers.

A DISTINGUISHED British scientist believes that the coming man will be toothless.

THERE are 660 women journalists, editors and authors in England and Wales according to the British census reports just published.

The Navajo Indians are great shepherds, unlike most redmen, and are said to have herds of a million sheep near Flagstaff, in Arizona.

HAU QUAY, a Chinese banker, said to control a number of the largest banks in the empire, is said to be worth $1,800,000,000, and the richest man in the world.

WHEN a Chinese girl is married her attendants are always the oldest and ugliest women to be found in the neighborhood. They are supposed to act as foils to her youthful beauty.

THE ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico, has aged rapidly in the last twelve months. Although only about fifty-three years old, the deeply wrinkled face, the pure white hair, and the careworn expression of her eyes, make her seem at least seventy. Hope that she will ever recover her reason was long ago abandoned.

"MISS COLUMBIA," the charming daughter of the Duke de Veragua, was engaged to a young Spanish marquis when she accompanied her father to this country. When the Duke discovered that his fortune was greatly impaired he cabled to the Marquis releasing him from the engagement. The proud and loyal Spaniard returned answer that what he wanted of the Duke was his daughter, not her dot. The marriage has taken place.

THE Pope's will has been made for many years. The document is in Latin, and begins with an humble confession of human weakness, and appeals to the merits of our Lord and all the saints. In it Leo XIII distinctly disclaims all personal inclination in the matter of the choice of his successor.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Extra Session.

SENATE.

44TH DAY.—In the Senate there was a lively debate between Senators Gorman and Wolcott following the Dubois resolution for the postponement of consideration of the Silver bill, the tariff and the Federal Election laws until January next, so that the vacant seats from Montana, Washington and Wyoming may be filled in the meantime. The day's debate closed by a speech from Mr. Teller, in which he defended Mr. Stewart against the animadversions to which he had been subjected on account of his discussing the President's course.

45TH DAY.—In the Senate Mr. Hoar denounced the revived charge that Ernest Seyd the French writer, had much to do with the action of the House Committee on Banking many years ago, when Mr. Hoar's colleague, Mr. Hooper, was chairman of the committee. Mr. Peffer began another speech on the Silver Repeal bill.

46TH DAY.—Senators Harris of Tennessee, and Morgan, of Alabama made attacks in the Senate on the Silver Purchase Repeal bill. Senator Cameron, presented a petition bearing the signature of Mr. Wharton Barker, and probably more than a hundred business men and firms of Philadelphia asking the Senate to preserve the protective character of the tariff, and the integrity of silver as a money metal.

47TH DAY.—The only incident that marked the session of the Senate was the speech made by Mr. Chandler on his resolution calling for information on the subject of the Fairchild Commission that has been holding its session on the New York Custom House. The repeal was taken up, and a speech in favor of it was made by Mr. Camden (Dem.) of West Virginia. Then Mr. Peffer continued, and finished the speech which he began on Thursday.

48TH DAY.—The resolution proposing a postponement of action on the repeal bill and other measures until the three vacant seats from Montana, Washington and Wyoming are filled, was brought up in the Senate incidentally by the Senator who offered it last week, Mr. Dubois, of Idaho. He disclaimed any purpose of obstruction in offering it. The debate on the Silver Purchase Repeal bill was continued by Mr. Kyle, of South Dakota, against the repeal, and by Mr. McMillan, of Michigan, for it.

49TH DAY.—An amendment to the Silver Purchase Repeal bill was suggested in the Senate by Mr. Morgan, of Alabama. It proposes the revival of the free coinage act of 1837, and the remission of 20 per cent. of import duties to the countries that receive American standard silver dollars, of present weight and fineness, at par as legal tender money. The debate on the repeal bill was continued by Mr. Dolph, of Oregon, in favor of its passage. Mr. Power, of Montana, in opposition to the repeal bill, and by Mr. Palmer, of Illinois, in its advocacy.

50TH DAY.—Two exciting speeches were made in the Senate on the Silver Purchase Repeal bill by Messrs. Butler, of South Carolina, and Blackburn, of Kentucky. Each speech lasted about two hours, and each speaker had large audiences, both on the floor and in the galleries. They were both against the Repeal bill, and in favor of such a compromise as would result in the permanent establishment of bimetalism. The third speech of the day was made by Mr. Call, of Florida, in opposition to repeal.

HOUSE.

44TH DAY.—In the House, Representative Morse became indignant because some clippings, pertaining to his speech, had been omitted from the Record, whereupon he declined to permit business to proceed in the absence of a quorum. Three hours of the session were occupied before Mr. Bland could get the resolution passed, which called on the Secretary of the Treasury for the reason why he had not bought 4,500,000 ounces of silver in each of July and August, as required by the Sherman law.

45TH DAY.—The debate in the House on the Federal Election Repeal bill was continued. Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and Mr. Johnson, of Indiana, became involved in a personal controversy, which, at one time, promised to become exciting, but finally lapsed into insignificance. Prior to this time there had been a colloquy between Mr. Morse, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Fithian, of Illinois, wherein the epithet of "falsehood" was passed, but this also ended amicably.

46TH DAY.—In the House the debate on the Federal Election Laws Repeal Bill was resumed, the speakers being Messrs. Gillett, of Massachusetts; Lacey, of Iowa; Blair, of New Hampshire; De Armond, of Missouri, and Wheeler, of Alabama.

47TH DAY.—In the House the debate of the bill to repeal the federal election laws was continued. Speeches were made by Representative Patterson and Warner for the bill and McCall against it.

48TH DAY.—Outside of a humorous speech by Mr. Clarke (Dem.), of Missouri, against the federal election laws, the proceedings in the House was lacking in interest. He kept the attention of the House for more than a hour, and his sallies were enjoyed alike by political friend and foe. The other speakers were Mr. Dinsmore, of Arkansas, Mr. Dinison, of Alabama and Mr. Cooper, of Florida, all of whom spoke in favor of repeal.

49TH DAY.—In the House the debate on the Federal Election bill was continued by Mr. Northway, of Ohio, and Mr. Bowers, of California, in opposition, and by Mr. De Forrest of Connecticut, and Mr. Kyle, of Mississippi, in support of it.

50TH DAY.—In the House Mr. Compton, of Maryland, made a constitutional argument against the Federal Election laws, but he was listened to by a mere handful of representatives. Mr. Lane, of Illinois, received a little more attention when he spoke in the same line. Mr. Sweet, of Idaho, criticised President Cleveland, and Mr. Murray, of South Carolina, opposed the passage of the Repeal bill.

INTO AN OPEN SWITCH.

Three Persons Killed in a Railroad Wreck in Mississippi.

A special dispatch from Gulf Port, Miss., says:

Passenger train No. 2, on the Mobile and New Orleans division of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad consisting of three sleeper and smoking coaches, mail and baggage and express car and engine and tender, went into an open swith here at 1 o'clock A. M. The train was running forty-five miles an hour when the accident occurred. Investigation by the railroad officials after the wreck showed that the switch, which had been properly set and locked, had been opened. The lock had been burned off with a large pine knot and thrown away. John Allison, Geo. Anderson and Wm. Robinson, colored tramps were killed. Frank Coffin, engineer, of Mobile, received serious internal injuries, his head and face also being badly cut. George Morgan, fireman, of New Orleans, had his left foot crushed and severe scalp wound. Louis Robinson, colored tramp, received dangerous internal injuries. Joseph Hughes, of Algiers, La., postal clerk, E. C. Caro, of New Orleans, postal clerk, William Locke, of Greenville, Ala., express messenger, and Harry Kingston, of Greenville, Ala., baggage man, was slightly hurt.

The train left Mississippi City ten minutes late, and the engineer was running to make up lost time. When the engine struck the switch frog it jumped so that the flanges rode on top of the rail 30 or 40 yards and left the track to the right and plunged through an empty box car on the siding.

Engineer Coffin and Fireman Morgan gallantly stuck to their posts and attempted to apply air-brakes. The shock uncoupled the tender, which kept on the main track, riding on its wheel flanges till a hundred yards beyond where the engine was wrecked, and as it left the rails capsized. The baggage and express car followed the engine and collapsed alongside of it. The mail car left the track to the left and was shattered into splinters. The smoker and passenger coaches followed the wrecked engine and baggage car, and the first-class coach was piled on top of the smoker.

PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.—Deputy Sheriff F. P. Lazina arrested two men supposed to be part of the gang that wrecked the mail and express of Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Gulf Port. One of them gave his name as Geo. W. Young, from Richmond, Va., and the other C. E. Muncey, from Roanoke Va. One of them had two railroad-switch keys in his pockets. They are in jail to await an investigation.

A riot occurred in Hamburg when the health officers attempted to enforce sanitary ordinances in a suburb peopled with the poorer classes. A policeman was killed in the fight.

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

28 DROWNED.

Their Almost Instant Death in a Michigan Mine.

FLOODED BY THE RIVER.

The Stream Rapidly Filled the Drifts But Eighteen of the Miners Managed to Escape--The Workings Believed to Have Been Practically Ruined.

A despatch from Crystal Falls, Mich., says: With a terrific rush the water of the Michigamme River broke through a bed weakened by mining into the Mansfield mine, between 9 and 10 at night, drowning twenty-eight men who were at work directly under the cave-in. There were forty-six men in the mine when the accident occurred, but eighteen of them who were working in the lower levels managed to escape.

None of the bodies have been recovered, and it is believed it will be necessary to divert the channel of the river before they can be secured. The news was slow in reaching the outside world. The nearest telegraph office is at Crystal Falls, six miles away, and though a railroad track runs into the Mansfield mine camp it was only used to haul out ore and bring in supplies. A courier carried the news to Crystal Falls. It is believed to have been the worst disaster that ever occurred in the Lake Superior iron region.

When the night shift went on duty it was noticed that more water was coming into the mine than usual, but no alarm was felt by the men at the pumps, as they managed to keep the drifts free. The miners pursued their work as on every night when they started in to pass the twelve hours under the ground earning bread for their families. Suddenly, a few minutes after 9, there was a loud report and an overpowering rush of water, and the men felt themselves being overwhelmed by an avalanche of mud, ore, and water.

So fast came the flood that it is doubtful whether the men on the upper levels had time to drop their tools and run for their lives to the old shaft. Had any of them reached the perpendicular opening, however, it would have availed them nothing, for the shaft known as "Old No. 1," collapsed as soon as the water reached and undermined its base. This occurred precisely at 9:30 and it was then known to those in charge of the mine that the men in the upper level had been trapped and drowned like rats by an accident which had been long expected. Had there been time the men might have descended by some means to the lower levels and crossed over to shaft No. 2, but the inrushing flood came too fast and it is thought that most of them met death within five minutes after the break occurred.

The men at work in the lower levels were warned in time to escape. A few minutes after 9 they heard an ominous roar, and at once suspecting the cause dropped their picks and fled for their lives. The water, pursuing as it did the devious course necessary in running from one level to another, was already ankle deep in the lower levels when the men reached the shaft, and were drawn up from what seemed certain death. The news of the disaster sped on swift wings throught the little hamlet, and a wild cry of alarm was voiced by the inhabitants as they rushed from their homes and gathered about the shaft just the last one of the eighteen men was brought to the surface.

There was a call for volunteers, which was at once answered, to descend the only available shaft and succor, if possible, any miners who might possibly be found alive. But the courage and strong intent of the hardy miners was of no avail, and the waters had hardly reached the lower level shaft, and the angry roar which greeted the would-be rescuers as they peered over into the dark channel at once precluded all hope of rescue, and the twenty-eight men were given up.

The Mansfield mine is situated on the banks of the Michigamme River, about six miles east of Crystal Fall, the country seat of Iron county. It has been worked between three and four years, and has shipped about 660,000 tons of bessemer ore.

FATAL FREIGHT WRECK.

Three Men Were Killed and One Was Fatally Injured in a Collision.

Freight train No. 63, on the Big Four Railroad ran into three loaded flat cars at Edgewood, Ohio. The engine was lifted bodily from its trucks and the tender thrown down a thirty-feet embankment. On the front of the first car in the train three men from Columbus was riding.

They were pinned in the wreckage and two of them were boiled to death by escaping steam. The other was fearfully crushed about the head and breast, and was taken from the debris only to die shortly afterward. The track was torn up for about 200 yards. While prying a car off the rails, a tie flew up and struck William Hobusch in the pit of the stomach. It is thought that he is fatally injured.

Superintendent Gibson, of the Big Four, places the blame on the switch engine crew. They had run three loaded cars on the main track and had gone back on the siding for more cars, trespassing on the fast freight's time.

A CRASH AT A FUNERAL.

The Floor Gives Way, and Twenty Peasons Are Injured.

An accident occurred at Kingston, Wis., which resulted in the injury of a score of persons, and one, at least, will die. The funeral of Mrs. Bow, wife of Assemblyman Bow, was being held, and the house was crowded. The services had hardly begun when there was a crackling of timbers, followed by a crash, and the floor of the building collapsed. Under the main apartment, in which nearly all the people had assembled was a cellar, and into this sixty persons were precipitated. They were entangled in the debris of broken timbers, flooring and furniture, and it was some time before they could be extracted; when the rescuers had assisted all from the cellar it was found that one-third of the number, who went down with the floor, were hurt, fully twenty receiving severe bruises and cuts. Mrs. Vanberg, who was badly crushed and injured internally, will die.

MARYLAND STATE NEWS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Parts of the State.

IN opening the regular fall term of court for Caroline county Judge Frederick Stump called the attention of the Grand Jury to the unsafe condition of the public records and administered a scathing rebuke to those who have selected so vital a matter.

FOR the sixth time within the past fourteen years Jacob Bixler's store at Westminster, was robbed. The burglar first attempted to bore a hole through the store shutter, but the auger being stopped by a sheet iron lining he piled store boxes upon one another until he was able to open the second-story window, and then, by forcing off the locks of two doors, got into the store downstairs. Mr. Bixler was awakened several times during the night by the barking of his dog, but hearing no noise supposed nothing was the matter. Upon going into the store he discovered that he had been robbed of about fifty dollars' worth of clothing, and that his money drawer and desk had been opened. No money was secured, as he never leaves any in the store at night.

AT a meeting of a number of merchants and manufacturers of Westminster and Taneytown it was decided to have at the Hagerstown Fair an exhibit showing the manufacturing enterprises and agricultural products of Carroll county.

J. BENSON GABLES's large canning-house, near Stewartstown, was destroyed by fire. He had quit canning corn the night before and got up early in the morning to put up peaches. One of his gasoline kettles had been leaking for some time during the night and in trying to repair it the whole thing went up, fortunately not killing any one. The loss is about $10,000; insured for $2,500 in the American Fire Insurance Company of Philadelphia.

THE mayor and common council of Westminster passed an ordinance making a levy of thirty cents on the hundred dollars municipal expenses and water tax for the ensuing year. The taxable basis of Westminster is $2,117,000.

NEAR Middleburg, Carroll county, as Stella Sherman, aged ten years, was riding one of Jacob Beck's plow horses from the field, the horse became frightened and threw the child. Her foot became entangled in the harness, and with every bound the horse struck her with his feet. After running about an eighth of a mile the horse jumped over some bars of a gate, and as he came down the child's head struck one of the bars and her scalp was torn off. She died soon after the horse was caught.

THE people of Snow Hill are showing a great deal of energy in rebuilding the burnt district of the town. New ordinances were passed, requiring the use of brick or stone instead of wood, within certain limits, and providing for the widening and straightening of certain streets which were before a drawback to improvement. Snow Hill has a large business. It is at the head of steamboat navigation on the Pocomoke River and is on the line of important railroad connections. Its merchants have an extensive territory to supply and the volume of business annually is large. It has ample banking facilities and advantages for extensive manufacturing industries. The indications are that it will come out of the fire all the better for having experienced such a reverse.

AT Albany, N. Y., the Clarke, Wand & Bennett Company has filed articles of incorporation to grow and deal in oysters, fruit and vegetables in Somerset county, and in Albany. The capital is $15,000. The directors are Robert J. Wands, Harry Clarke and E. M. Clarke, of Albany, and William F. Bennett and George W. Bennett, of Upper Fairmount, Md.

ISAAC C. TIPPETT, a lunatic, escaped from Upper Marlboro' jail during the absence of Jailer Jones.

THE worst freight wreck the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has had for some time occurred at Charlestown, three miles south of Northeast. The wrecked train was extra freight No. 60, Daniel Sewell, conductor, running at the rate of 45 miles an hour, going north. It was caused by the breaking of a flange from a wheel on one of the cars. Eleven cars were piled up. Three were loaded with hay, straw and iron, the remaining eight were coal hoppers and were laden with bituminous coal. The train hands escaped injury by jumping.

A TELEGRAM reached Cumberland announcing the death at Garrett of Miss Mattie Halley, fourteen years old, daughter of Thomas Halley, of Cumberland. She was visiting relatives at Garrett and had gone out driving with a cousin about her own age. The horse took fright and ran away, upsetting the carriage. Miss Halley fell on her head and broke her neck. She was not quite dead when help arrived, but apparently expired before she could be moved. She was taken to the house and attempts made to resuscitate her, which failed. After all efforts to revive the young lady by physicians had failed, preparations were made for burial. She was laid out and the undertaker was expected to place the body in a casket for shipment to Cumberland. Before he arrived the watchers around the supposed corpse notice a twitching of the eyelids and presently she aroused, although still unconscious. The physicians were again summoned and treatment for her recovery began. After diagnosing the case, ascertaining her temperature and thoroughly examining her symptoms, they now express their opinion that she will perhaps live a short time.

AUGUSTUS WRIGHT, one of the three colored men charged with attempting to steal chickens from Miss Hannah Dougherty, was brought to Westminster to await the action of the grand jury. Miss Dougherty lives with her mother and sister near Berrett's postoffice, Carroll county. On the night of September 15, hearing a noise in the chicken house she got her pistol, went to the chicken house and found three colored men in the act of stealing her chickens. Promptly covering the negroes with her pistol, she marched the three to the house, where she kept them until her sister obtained assistance.

AT the September sitting of the registrars for Carroll county 196 voters were registered and 172 stricken off, making a net gain of 24 for the county.

KILLED TWENTY NATIVES.

The Germans in South Africa Involved in a Fight.

A dispatch from Cape Town, South Africa, says it is reported there that the Witbooi tribe destroyed twenty German wagons that were going from Windhoek to Swakof and four that were going in the opposite direction. A quantity of arms and ammunition and 400 head of oxen owned by the Germans were seized and twenty natives traveling with the Germans were killed.