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The Easton Gazette.

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RETROSPECT.

The roses were not just so sweet, perhaps,
As we thought they would surely be,
And the blossoms were not so pearly white
As of yore, on the orchard tree;
But the summer has gone, for all of that,
And with sad reluctant heart
We stand at rich autumn's open door
And watch its form depart.

The skies were not just so blue, perhaps,
As we hoped they would surely be,
And the waters were rough that washed our boat,
Instead of the old calm sea;
But the summer has gone, for all of that,
And the golden-rod is here;
We can see the gleam of its golden sheen
In the hand of the aging year.

The rest was not quite so real, perhaps,
As we hoped it might prove to be,
For instead of leisure came work sometimes,
And the days dragged wearily;
But the summer has gone, for all of that
The holiday time is o'er,
And busy hands in the harvest-field
Have garnered their golden store.

The summer was not such a dream, perhaps,
Of bliss as we thought 'twould be,
And the beautiful things we planned to do
Went amiss, for you and me:
Yet still it has gone, for all of that,
And we lift our wistful eyes
To the land where beyond the winter snows
Another summer lies.

—Kathleen R. Wheeler, in Lippincott.

AN ARTIST'S ROMANCE.



FIRST came here," said Denis O'Hara, "in one of those fits of enthusiasm at which you all laugh. I had determined to do a great work, and I found everything here I wanted—light, views, climate and models. Our friend Trenoweth introduced me to the place, gave me inestimable hints, and (no use shaking your head, Jasper; you shall not always hide your light under bushel) in every way made me at home and comfortable. We were much together, for he was, or said he was, interested in my work, and approved of my subject. Sometimes I painted out of doors, favored by the soft, gray light and equable climate for which this place is famous. Sometimes I would work in the studio, and often, taking pity on my loneliness, Trenoweth would drop in here in the evenings, and we would talk—as he alone can make any one talk. Altogether it was very pleasant, and I am not sure that I felt pleased when one evening he strolled down here to show me a letter he had received from one of our fraternity asking to hire a studio for three months in order to complete a picture.

"The handwriting was bold and clear; the signature at the end of the simple, concise words only, 'M. Delaporte.' We discoursed and speculated about M. Delaporte. We wondered if he was old or young, agreeable or the reverse; if he would be a bore, or a nuisance—in fact, we talked a great deal about him during the week that intervened between his letter and his arrival. Trenoweth saw to the arrangements of the studio. It was No. 2 he had agreed to let, and gave directions as to trains, etc., and then left me to welcome the newcomer, who was to arrive by the evening train. I had been out all day, and when I came home, tired, cold and hungry, I saw lights in No. 2, and thought to myself, 'My fellow artist has arrived, then.' Thinking it would be only civil to go and give him welcome, I walked up to the door and knocked. A voice called out, 'Come in!' and, turning the handle, I found myself in the presence of—a woman! For a moment I was too surprised to speak. She was mounted on a short step-ladder, arranging some velvet draperies, and at my entrance she turned, and, with the rich-hued stuffs forming a background for the pose of the most beautiful figure woman could boast of, faced me with as much ease and composure as—well, as I lacked.

"'Mr. Trenoweth?' she asked inquiringly.

"Her voice was one of those low, rich contralto voices, so rare and so beautiful.

"'I'm not Mr. Trenoweth,' I said; 'I'm only an artist living in the next studio. I—I came to see if Mr. Delaporte had arrived; I beg your pardon for intruding.'

"'Do not apologize,' she said, frankly. 'This studio is let to me and you are very welcome.'

"'To you?' I said, somewhat foolishly. 'I thought you were a man.'

"She laughed. 'I have not that privilege,' she said. 'But I am an artist, and art takes no count of sex. I hope we shall be friends as well as neighbors.'

"I echoed that wish heartily enough. Who would not in that place and with so charming a companion? There and then I set to work to help her arrange her studio and fix her easel. The picture seemed very large, to judge from the canvas, but she would not let me see it then. I forgot fatigue, hunger, everything. I thought I had never met a woman with so perfect a charm of manner. The ease and grace and dignity of perfect breeding, yet withal a frank and gracious cordiality that was as winning as it was resistless. But, there—what use to say all this! Only when I once begin to talk about Musette Delaporte I feel I could go on forever.

"That was a memorable evening. When the studio was arranged to her satisfaction, she made me some tea with a little spirit-lamp arrangement she had, and then we locked up the room, and I took her through the little village to try and find lodgings. Of course, Jasper and I, having decided that M. Delaporte was a man, had expected him to rough it like the rest of us. I could not let her stay in Trenewlyn itself, but took her up the hillside to a farm house, where I felt certain they would accommodate her. She was in raptures with the place, and I agreed with her that it was a paradise, as, indeed, it seemed to me on that August night. I remember the moon shining over the bay, the fleet of boats standing out to sea, the lights from the towns and villages scattered along the coast or amid the sloping hills. I did not wonder she was charmed; we all have felt that charm here, and it doesn't lessen with time; we all have acknowledged that also. But I must hurry on. When Trenoweth heard of the new artist's sex he was rather put out. I could not see why myself, and I agreed that the mistake was my own. M might stand for Mary, or Magdalen, or Marietta, just as well as for Maurice or Malcolm or Mortimer. However, when he came down and saw M. Delaporte here, I heard no more about the disadvantages of sex. She was essentially a woman for companionship, cultured, brilliant, artist to her finger-tips, yet with all her beauty and fascination holding a certain proud reserve between herself and ourselves, marking a line we dared not overstep. At the end of a month we knew little more about her than we did on the first evening. I opined that she was a widow, but no hint, however skilful, no trap, however baited, could force her into confidence or self-betrayal. We called her Mrs. Delaporte. Her name was Musette, she told me. Her mother had been a Frenchwoman; of her father she never spoke. She worked very hard, often putting me to shame, but still she would not let me see the picture, always skilfully turning the easel so that the canvas was hidden whenever Jasper or myself entered the studio. We were never permitted to do so in working hours, but when the daylight faded and the well known little tea table was set out, we often dropped in for a cup of tea and a chat. It was all so pleasant, so homelike. The studio with its draperies and its bowls of flowers, its plants and books and feminine trifles. I wonder how it is that some women seem to lend individuality to their surroundings. The studio has never looked the same since she left."

He paused and laid down the sketch. The usual gayety and brightness of his face was subdued and shadowed.

"I—well, it's no good to dwell on it all now," he said abruptly. "Of course I fell madly in love with her. Who could help it? I bet any of you fellows here would have done the same. I neglected work. I could only moon and dream and follow her about, when she let me, which I am bound to say was not very often. I'm sure I used to bore Trenoweth considerably at that time, though he was patient. And she was just the same always; calm, friendly, gracious, absorbed in her work, and to all appearances unconscious of what mischief her presence had wrought. As the third month drew near to its end I grew desperate. I thought she avoided me; she never let me into the studio now, and I must confess I had great curiosity to see the picture. But she laughingly evaded all my hints, and would only receive me at the farmhouse. I believe Trenoweth was equally unsuccessful. At last I could stand it no longer. I spoke out and told her the whole truth. Of course," and he laughed somewhat bitterly, "it was no use. She had been my mother or my sister she could not have been more serenely gracious, more pitiful or more surprised. I—I had made a fool of myself, as we men call it, and all to no purpose. It was maddening, but I knew it was hopeless. I had almost known it before my desperate confession. I couldn't bear to see her again. I felt I hated the place, it was so full of memories. So, suddenly without a word to Trenoweth or herself, I packed up my traps and started off on a sketching tour through Cornwall. When I came back the studio was closed, and Trenoweth had gone away. The man left in charge, and who made the arrangements for letting them, told me that a new rule had been made by the landlord. They were never to be let to women artists. That is all my part of the story. This—this sketch is only the figure I remember. She was standing once just like that, looking at the wall of the studio, as if to her it was peopled with life, and form and color. 'I—I was fancying myself at the Academy,' she said to me, as I asked her at what she was gazing, 'at the Academy, and my picture on the line.' I do not know if she ever attained her ambition," he added. "I have never seen or heard of her since."

He glanced at Jasper Trenoweth, who silently held out his hand for the sketch.

For a moment silence reigned throughout the room. The eyes of all were on the bent head and sad, grave face of the man who sat there them, his thoughts apparently far away, so far that he seemed to have forgotten his promise to finish the story which Denis O'Hara had begun.

At last he roused himself. "There is not much more to add," he said slowly. "All that Dennis has said of Musette Delaporte is true, and more than true. She was one of those women who are bound to leave their mark on a man's life and memory. After Denis left so abruptly I saw very little of her. She seemed restless, troubled and disturbed. Her mind was absorbed in the completion of her picture. That unrest and dissatisfaction which is ever the penalty of enthusiasm had now taken the place of previous hopefulness. 'If it should fail,' she said to me. 'Oh, you don't know what that would mean. You don't know what I have staked on it.'

"Still she never offered to show it to me, and I would not presume to ask. I kept away for several days, thinking she was best undisturbed. All artists have gone through that phase of experience which she was undergoing. It is scarcely possible to avoid it, if, indeed, one has any appreciation for or love of art in one's nature.

"At last one day I walked down to the studio. I knocked at the door. There was no answer. I turned the handle and entered. In the full light of the sunset as it streamed through the window, stood the easel, covered no longer, and, facing me, as I paused on the threshold, was the picture. I stood there too amazed to speak or move. It was magnificent. If I had not known that only a woman's hand had converted that canvas into a living, breathing history I could not have believed it. There was nothing crude, or weak or feminine about it. The power and force of genius spoke out like a living voice, and seemed to demand the homage it so grandly challenged. Suddenly I became aware of a sound in the stillness—the low, stifled sobbing of a woman. I saw her then, thrown face downward on the couch at the furthest end of the room, her face buried in the cushions, her whole frame trembling and convulsed with a passion of grief. 'Oh, Maurice!' she sobbed, and then again only that name—'Maurice! Maurice! Maurice!'

"I closed the door softly and went away. There seemed to be something sacred in this grief. I—I could not intrude on it. She was so near to Fame. She held so great a gift, and yet she lay weeping her heart out yonder, like the weakest and most foolish of her sex, for—well, what could I think, but that it was for some man's sake.'

He paused, his voice seemed a little less steady, a little less cold.

"'Oh the morrow,'" he said abruptly, "she was gone, leaving a note of farewell, and—and thanks for me. I felt a momentary disappointment. I should like to have said farewell to her, and it was strange, too, how much I missed her and Denis. The loneliness and quiet of my life grew more than lonely as the days went on, and I at last made up my mind to go to London. Whether by chance or purpose I found myself there on the day the Academy opened. All who are artists know what that day means for them. I—well. I was artist enough to feel the interest of art triumphs, and the sorrow of its failures. I went where half London was thronging, and mingled with the crowd, artistic, critical and curious, who were gathered in the Academy galleries. I passed into the first room. I noticed how the crowds surged and pushed and thronged around one picture there, and I heard murmurs of praise and wonder from scores of lips as I, too, tried to get sight of what seemed to them so marvelous and attractive. At last a break in the throng favored me. I looked over the heads of some dozen people in front of the picture, and I saw—the picture I had gazed at in such wonder and delight in the studio of Musette Delaporte! Deservedly honored, it hung there on the line, and already its praises were sounding, and the severest critics as well as the most eager enthusiasts were giving it fame.

"I turned away at last. My steps were, however, arrested on the outskirts of the crowd by sight of a woman whose figure seemed strangely familiar. Her face was veiled and somewhat averted, but I knew well enough that pose of the beautiful head, that coil of gold brown hair, just lifted from the white neck. She—she did not see me as for a moment I lingered there. Then I noticed she was not alone. Leaning on her arm was a man, his face pale and worn, as if by long suffering, his frame bent and crippled. As his eyes caught the picture I saw the sudden light and wonder that leaped into his face. I saw, too, the glory of love and tenderness in hers. I drew nearer; the man was speaking 'How could you do it?' he said; 'how could you?' 'Oh, Murice, forgive me,' said that low, remembered voice, 'Dearest; are we not one in heart and soul and name? I only finished what you had so well begun. You were so ill and helpless, and when you went into the hospital, oh, the days were so long and so empty, I meant to tell you, but when it was finished I had not the courage; so I just sent it, signed, as usual, M. Delaporte. I—I never dared to hope it would be accepted. After all, what did I do? The plan, the thought, the detail all were yours; only my poor weak hand worked when yours was helpless.'

"I was so close I heard every word, so close that I saw him bend and kiss with reverence the hand that she had called poor and weak, so close that I heard the low-breathed murmur from his lips, 'God bless and reward you, my noble wife!'

* * * * * *

"'And she was married all the time!' said Denis plaintively. 'She might have told us!'

Jasper Trenoweth was silent.—The Strand.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Prudence is the muzzle for zeal.

Truth is truth, come whence it may.

Conservatism is a mild form of cowardice.

Society is no comfort to one not sociable.

A woman who can love once can love twice.

We shape our own fate quite as much as fate shapes us.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

As soon as two people begin to think alike they disagree.

Avarice is so close that he who has it denies its possession.

Pretense may not be of long continuance but it goes while it lasts.

In all human action those faculties will be strong which are used.

The vain man makes a merit of misfortune, and triumphs in his disgrace.

Wisdom is everlasting; early or late, we apprehend her just the same.

Life is short. The sooner that a man begins to enjoy his wealth, the better.

A woman may be no more vain than a man is, but she will do more for vanity's sake than a man will.

A Shark's Effort to Swallow a Turtle.

On Wednesday morning about ten o'clock as the pilot boat Addie was cruising off the east end of Dog Island in charge of Captain Cisco Kent, and having on board Frank Comforter, pilot, they spied a large loggerhead turtle floating lazily on the water. They sailed up close and just as the pilot was about to jump on its back they saw an enormous shark swim up swiftly but quietly behind the turtle and swallow him tail first as far as the forward flippers. The shark with the struggling turtle in his mouth, made ineffectual attempts to dive, but could not stay long under water. Meanwhile the pilot, who had jumped into a dingy, was paddling towards the combatants, when the shark, finding that he could not swallow his prey, reluctantly disgorged and hovered a short distance away, while Frank seized the turtle with a boathook, fastened a rope round his flipper and towed him to the Addie, where he was hoisted on board and brought into Carrabelle. He would weigh about 400 pounds, and was nearly six feet long and thirty inches wide, and bore terrible evidences of the struggle. His under shell was crushed in, his tail and three of his flippers were bitten off and he was gashed up generally. The shark was over twenty feet long.—Apalachicola (Fla.) Times.

Distinguished Bachelors.

No one need be ashamed of being a bachelor, says a contemporary writer. He produces a list of famous men who never married. Among them are Descartes, Spinoza, Newton, Swedenborg, Kant, Voltaire, Horace Walpole, Edward Gibbon, Francis Drake, Beethoven, Richelieu, Michael Angelo, Isaac Watts, Montgomery, Cooper, Grey, David Hume, John Randolph, Washington Irving, James Buchanan, Samuel J. Tilden, Thaddeus Stevens, Alexander Stephens, John G. Whittier, Walt Whitman and Phillips Brooks. The only comment to be made is that nobody knows how much greater they might have been had they married.—Buffalo Courier.

The First Piano.

No one can tell exactly who made the first piano, for the reason that it has gradually "evolved" from an instrument as much itself as one could well imagine. In the twelfth century it appears to have been a gigantic dulcimer, which was merely an oblong box holding a series of strings arranged in triangular form across its centre. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the "clavichord," another musical monstrosity, had developed from it, and was used well up in the eighteenth century. About 1711 Christofali of Padua invented a real piano, but it is said to remind one of a coal box when compared with the elegant and perfect toned instrument of to-day.—St. Louis Republic.

THE NEWS.

The storehouse and three other buildings of the Cable Flax Mills in Schaghticoke, N. Y., were burned. The main mill building was saved. In the storehouses were 300 tons of flax and hemp, which will be almost a total loss. The loss is estimated at $75,000. ——The house of John Garmon, in Pittsburg was destroyed by fire, and two of his children burned to death.——Michael Zarro, an Italian in Newark, N. J., shot himself while lying beside the body of his dead wife.——Hugh Medill, a saloon-keeper of New Brighton, S. I., was arrested on a charge of manslaughter, in having caused the death of Mrs. Mary O'Connor.——Philip Henry Brown, banker, is dead, aged sixty-two. He was the wealthiest man in Portland, Me.——Burglars broke into the store of Doc Ramsey at Pottersville, N. J., and stole goods which they secreted some distance away from the store. Two of the thieves returned for the stolen property, but were fired upon by a party of citizens, and one fell dead riddled with bullets. The other robber was wounded and captured.——A bronze statue of a Confederate soldier standing on a handsome granite shaft, was unveiled at Clarksville, Tenn., with interesting ceremonies, the Hon. S. Wilson, of Gallatin, delivering the oration. Rev. Joseph C. Price, President of Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C., died in Boston.

Mrs. T. P. Martin, of Loas, wife of Dr. Martin, and a native of Philadelphia, died in Santa Fe from nervous prostration, brought on at the time the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe train was held up at Cimarron, Kansas, three months ago. She was a passenger on the train, and never recovered from the fright.——Assistant Engineer Orville T. Golightly was instantly killed in an elevator accident in St. Louis.——Four Italians were badly hurt in a row in New Haven, Ct.——While two boys, aged sixteen and fourteen years, respectively, sons of Mrs. Kate Henry, a widow, living in Salamanca, N. Y., were out hunting, the gun of the younger was accidentally discharged, the contents entering the elder's abdomen, inflicting a fatal wound.——George Meyer and Henry J. Meyer, carriage manufacturers of New York, assigned.——Chief John P. Brooks, of the United States Secret Service in New York, died from apoplexy at his house, in Newark, N. J.——Martin Foy, who killed his mistress in Saratoga, N. Y., was electrocuted in Dannemora.——The retrial of the suit of Alexander Stewart, who claims to be a cousin of the deceased millionaire, against Judge Hilton, was begun in New York.

Executions aggregating over $20,000 have been issued against the carpet and wallpaper firm of H. & F. Welty, Allegheny, Pa. The establishment is in the hands of the sheriff.——Great distress is reported among the miners in the Houtzdale district, Pennsylvania. Mines No. , , 8 and 9 have been closed for a long time, and the others are running on half time.——Elmer Craddock, who killed a man named Follan in Parkersburg, was convicted of murder in the first degree, with a recommendation to imprisonment for life.——A building in Hopkinsville, Ky., which was undergoing repairs, collapsed, killing John Parker, a bricklayer, of Nashville, and fatally injuring Charles Davis, of Clarkesville, Tenn., and another workman.——The postoffice at Shiloh, N. J., was robbed. The safe was blown open and all the money in it taken. All last evening's mail remaining there was carried off. Samuel M. Tomlinson is postmaster. The thieves then robbed a bakery and stole a horse and buggy.——Laborers digging a trench in the Carnegie steel works at Homestead were covered under several feet of clay by a cave-in. Andrew Dursk and John McManus were dead when taken out. Both men leave families residing in Homestead. Five other men were seriously, but not fatally injured.——The annual statement of the Northern Pacific was made.——A number of papers on financial topics were read at the closing day of the nineteenth annual convention of the American Bankers' Association in Chicago.——The building occupied by the Canada Banknote Company in Montreal was burned.

The postoffice at Grafton, W. Va., was broken into by thieves, the safe blown open and over $1,000 worth of postage stamps stolen.——The Virginia Synod of the Presbyterian Church ordered the division of the East Hanover Presbytery, the new body to be known as the Norfolk Presbytery. The synod was adjourned at Lexington, to meet next year at Danville.——An attempt of fifteen Irishmen to pull down the English flag from the tower of the Blarney castle at the World's Fair, on which it had been raised in honor of Lady Aberdeen's husband, the governor general of Canada, caused a riot in the Irish village, and crowds of anti-English visitors tried to prevent the guards from arresting the offenders.——The First National Bank of Dayton, Tenn., closed its doors, owing to the financial stringency.——The American Association, limited, a corporation created under the laws of Great Britain and Ireland, and which owns thousands of acres of land in Pell county, Ky.; Claibourne and Campbell counties, Tenn., and Lee county, Va., was placed in the hands of two receivers by the Louisville court.——Colonel Robert S. Lanier, probably the oldest lawyer in Georgia and most eminent in his profession, died in Macon at the age of seventy-four years.——Stratton & White, electrical and general implement dealers in Fort Worth, Texas, filed a deed of trust for $40,000, with but $30,000 preferred.——The business portion of Varna, a village of the Chicago and Alton Road, was wiped out by fire. Two elevators a lumber yard and thirteen store and office buildings were burned. Loss, $45,000; insurance $30,000.——Mrs. Augusta Schneider shot Oscar Walton, a tenant, near Walton, Indiana.

THE FAIR'S FINANCES.

The Total Paid Admissions Expected to Reach 21,000,000.

With only one full week left of the official Exposition season a close estimate can be given of the profits made by the hundreds of concessionaires in Jackson Park and the Midway. Chief Clerk Blackman, of the administrations and collections departments, figures that the profits of the concessionaires will aggregate $4,030,000, after deducting the percentage to the Exposition. This represents about 20 per cent of the gross receipts. Most of the concessionaires have made money after paying from 25 to 50 per cent. into the Exposition treasury. The Ferris Wheel Company will pay a profit of about $260,000, after deducting $30,000 for cost and 50 per cent. of the receipts paid to the Fair.

But the men who will leave the World's Fair with fortunes in their pockets are Colonel Cody and his colleagues, who were told by President Higinbotham when they opened negotiations to put the Wild West Show on the ground that it was not refined enough. They leased a big tract of land just outside the Fair gates, and reaped a golden harvest.

The total paid admissions up to the closing hour Monday was 19,712,026, and Superintendent Tucker said the figures would go to 20,000,000 by next Saturday, leaving Sunday and Monday, which should bring the grand total up to 21,000,000 if the weather is favorable.

THE striking miners at St. Helens, Lancashire, attacked and destroyed the colliery offices and beat back the policemen who attempted to disperse the mob. There was a hard fight.

A SPANIARD has succeeded in extracting from grasshoppers a certain fatty substance, which he claims is capable of being transformed into the finest soap extant.

26 WERE ROASTED.

Frightful Wreck On the Grand Trunk Railroad.

HEARTRENDING SCENES.

Living Beings Imprisoned in Blazing Cars—No One Could Aid Them and Death Ended Their Sufferings—Disobedient Trainmen Responsible for the Wreck.

A despatch from Battle Creek, Mich., says: Twenty-six heaps of charred, blackened flesh, all that remains of what less than 24 hours ago were men, women and children in the enjoyment of life, health and happiness, rest upon the floor of an improvised morgue in the basement of a furniture store in this city.

A mile away in the city hospitals are a score or more of human beings with gashed bodies and broken limbs. Add to this an engineer in jail and a conductor a fugitive from the law, and the story is told in brief of the latest railroad horrors, and one of the most appalling in character of this or recent years.

Direct disobedience of orders on the part of a Chicago and Grand Trunk engineer and conductor, both of whom had seen long service with the company and were regarded as model employes, was the cause of the tragedy.

At Raymond and Whitcomb special train of eight palace cars, filled with Eastern folk who had been taking in the sights of the World's Fair, left the Sixtieth-street depot of the road at Chicago at 8.15, as the first section of the night express known as No. 6. The train was in charge of Conductor Burt N. Scott and Engineer Harry Woliey, both residents of this place.

All went well until the Battle Creek Depot was reached. This was at 8.35 o'clock. From here to the railroad yards, a distance of a mile and a-half, there is a double track. When the Whitcomb special came to a full stop in the depot the night operator handed to Conductor Scott two copies of an order for the train to proceed to the double track east of Main street, about a-half mile distant and there await the passing of the west-bound Pacific Express, known as No. 9.

The train, which was nearly three hours late, was composed of 13 day coaches and 2 baggage cars. Most of the day coaches had been many years service and were in poor condition to withstand a collision. Every one of the fated number was packed with Eastern people, the majority of whom, taken advantage of the low rates, were on their way to take in the last week of the exposition. The Pacific Express was in charge of Conductor John Bird and Engineer Gilcranshaw, both of whom had received orders at Lansing to lookout for the east-bound train on the double track, and were accordingly on the alert. After receiving orders at the Battle Creek Station Engineer Woolley proceeded up the double track, but instead of stopping in accordance with his instructions until the west-bound express had passed, he continued on and entered again on the single track.

He had hardly gone more than an eighth of an mile when the headlight of the Pacific Express was seen coming around the slight curve behind the telegraph office of the railroad yards. It was speeding westward at a rate of 45 miles an hour.

There was no time to apply air brakes or reverse levers. The engineers and firemen of both trains jumped for their lives and a second later the giant locomotives came together with a crash that could be heard a half mile away. With fearful force the engine of the special plowed half way into that of the express, driving it backward into the baggage car, and the latter in turn the day coaches behind.

The shock was so terrible that the first four of these were completely telescoped, the first coach cutting through the second into the third like a flash of lightning, the roof of each passing over the heads of the sleeping passengers and sweeping in a mass to the north end of the car. To add to the horror the wreck took fire from the stoves or lamps, and as the flames mounted up the groans and shrieks of the maimed and injured were succeeded by heartrending agonizing cries and appeals for help from the scores imprisoned by the heavy timbers, or held down by the seats and iron frame work.

The travelers on the special, nearly all of whom had been shaken out of their berths by the shock, poured out of the cars, but before the fury of the flames they were almost powerless to render any assistance except to the injured in the fourth car. At the moment of the crash Henry Caulfield, one of the night clerks in the Grand Trunk office, a short distance away, pulled the fire alarm box and also telephoned to the engine house for aid. As ill-fortune would have it however, the key to the tower was mislaid and several minutes were lost before the alarm bell was sounded to awaken the citizens.

The fire department was prompt in responding, but the nearest hydrant was nearly 2,000 feet away, and when a line of hose was laid the pressure was not sufficient to throw a stream. Finally, a stream was secured from another hydrant, the fireman meanwhile attacking the blazing wreck with axes, hatchets and lengths of rails found in the yard, but by the time a supply of water was available the telescoped coaches had been reduced to fragments of charred timber little more than the trucks remaining.

Auo her Crash

The New Orleans Limited over the Illinois Central railroad was wrecked by colliding with a coal train three miles beyond Kankakee, Ill. Two persons were seriously and six others slightly injured.

The New Orleans limited was due at the Twelfth-street depot at 12.20 o'clock. It had seven coaches and two sleepers, all filled. At Otto Junction the Bloomington division branches off the main line. A coal train, under charge of Conductor Gallard, of Bloomington, neared the junction as the limited got under way after having stopped for the signal.

The passenger train had the right of way, and Engineer Smith, of the passenger, expected the coal train would stop before reaching the crossing. For some reason the coal train forged ahead, running half its length upon the main track, when the passenger train struck it. Both trains were going at a fair speed, and the shock threw the passenger coaches off the track. The engine was derailed and the sides of the mail baggage and express cars and two coaches were torn out by the cars loaded with coal.

Most of the passengers were asleep, and the shock through them to the floor. The splintering of the cars and the flying glass did the worst damage. Those in the forward car and smoker suffered the most. Those injured were taken from the side next the coal train.

CHARLES DECKER, a ticketseller, at the Sixty-second street gate of the Chicago Fair grounds, sold 17,800 souvenir admission tickets on Chicago Day, and won the box of cigars offered by Superintendent Tucker to the man selling the largest number. He is an old circus ticketseller.

Emperor William has accepted the resignation of Gen. von Kaltenborn-Stachau minister of war, who will to given command of an army corps. His successor is Gen. Brousort Schillendorf.

THE Standard Oil Company has chartered the British tank steamer Batoum, to trade between New York and England. She is the largest tank steamer in the world, her capacity being 2,700,000 gallons of oil in bulk.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Extra Session.

SENATE.

65TH DAY.—In the Senate Mr. Peffer (Pop.) of Kansas, brought to a finish the speech begun by him on Friday of last week, and continued nearly every day since then, and Mr. Jones (Rep.), of Nevada, delivered the third instalment of his dissertation on money and the money metals, and his argument against the repeal of the Sherman act. He said he would require two or three days more to finish it.

66TH DAY.—In the Senate speeches upon the Silver Purchasing Repeal bill were made by three senators from silver states, Messrs. Jones and Stewart, of Nevada, and Teller, of Colorado. All of these speeches were in continuation of some that had been begun weeks ago, and all of these went over with an arrangement "to be continued" at some future time. The legislative fiction of a continuous day's session, to be recorded as of last Tuesday, was carried on by a recess instead of an adjournment. One result of this fiction is that the Voorhees closure resolution cannot be got at, even though there might be a desire to do so. Under the rule it must remain on the table for one day, and that day will not expire until there be a regular adjournment of the Senate. The Hill closure resolution is not subject to that objection, because it has been on the table for weeks. A motion can be made to take it up.

67TH DAY.—In the Senate there were but two speeches, or rather, sections of speeches, made, and they were those of the two Nevada senators, Messrs Stewart and Jones. The latter assured the Senate, before taking his seat, that there was no intention on the part of the opponents of the Repeal bill to prolong the discussion further than was necessary to enable them to state their own views clearly to the Senate and to the people.

68TH DAY.—Mr. Jones, of Nevada, delivered in the Senate the seventh and final portion of the speech against the Silver Purchase Repeal bill, which he commenced early last week. His colleague, Mr. Stewart resumed the bill commenced by him several weeks ago but did not conclude it. Mr. Pugh, of Alabama, made a brief speech against the Repeal bill. The House joint resolution tendering the acknowledgments of the government and the people of the United States to each of the foreign governments that co-operated in the Chicago Exposition, was amended and passed.

HOUSE

65TH DAY.—The House was in session only three hours, two-thirds of the time being devoted to the further consideration of the Deming bill. It reached a vote, but no quorum appearing, it went over until this week, when it will be the unfinished business of the first session. A bill was passed directing the construction of a revenue cutter for use on the New England coast, the cost not to exceed $175,000.

66TH DAY.—The Public Printing bill, a resolution distributing $237,000, now held by the receiver of the Mormon Church for charitable purposes, and a bill appropriating $175,000 to construct a revenue cutter for service on the great lakes, were passed by the House. The Oates Bankruptcy bill was taken up for consideration, without a limit being fixed for general debate. Mr. Oates, of Alabama, spoke in favor of the measure, while W. A. Stone, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Sibley, of Pennsylvania, antagonized it. A point of order being raised on the calling up of a bill, on the call of committees, which had previously received two hours' consideration, it was discovered that no ruling had ever been made on the question. Mr. Crisp took the point of order under advisement.

67TH DAY.—After passing a bill to license engineers and assistant engineers on vessels in the Merchant Marine, the House took up the Bankruptcy bill. Mr. Denson made a vigorous speech against. Mr. Daizell, favored such a bill, if objectionable features could be eliminated, as did also Mr. Ray and Mr. Bryan.

68TH DAY.—In the morning hour the House passed a resolution introduced by Mr. Caminetti relative to the consolidation of land offices in California. The Bankruptcy bill was taken up, and Mr. Lane, of Illinois, spoke against the proposed measure. He was followed by Mr. Coombs, of New York, who spoke in favor of it. Mr. Kilgore, of Texas, addressed the House in opposition to the bill, and spoke until the House adjourned.

WORLD'S FAIR POULTRY.

Five Thousand Fowls on Exhibition—Plymouth Rock Lead.

The display of poultry at the World's Fair numbers about 5,000 fowls. The leading class is Plymouth Rocks. Though this breed outnumbers the recent exhibits at the state fairs, they do not equal their excellence. The light Brahmas are greatly above the usual standard specimens exhibited, with probably some of the largest cockerels ever before shown so early in the season. Canada is out in strong force, having more than half the number of fowls in the display. Among them are a number of Polish, with the largest and most perfect crests ever before seen. Another remarkable class from Canada is the Hamburgs. Many of the golden and silver pencilled have the most perfect penciled breasts, with proper barring clear to the throats. Wyandottes are a strong class. Nearly all known breeds are represented. The bantams are out in force, with many remarkably neat and clean-cut specimens among the games. There is a large display of aquatic fowls, also of turkeys. There are twenty-two poultry judges and two pigeon judges, who commenced their "scoring" at 1 o'clock Wednesday. The judges complain very much of the red-tape restrictions, which prevent their making very rapid progress in placing the awards. Score-card explains the relative merits of each specimen, and at regular poultry shows they decide without further parley the proper placing of the premiums. Here the judge is compelled, in addition to the score-card, to make out a written report, stating why one bird is better that another. Practical methods are ignored and new departures made that confuse instead of enlighten. Instead of completing the judging in at most two days, as should be the case, it will take three times as long.

WORK AND WORKERS.

UNEMPLOYED working men from Colorado are flocking to Texas.

THE wages of Lehigh Valley switchmen have been reduced to $1.50 per day of 12 hours.

THE Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen began its first biennial convention in Faneuil Hall, Boston.

IT is stated that the Pottstown, Penna., Steel Company will probably not resume in full before 1894.

WAGES in the Universal mill of the Pottstown Iron Company have been cut from about 10 to 35 per cent.

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