# The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LXXVII.---NO. 48. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1893. $2 50 PER YEAR






THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

**LANE'S MEDICINE**

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 per package. Buy one to-day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary.


## Professional Cards.


**MAJ. WM. E. STEWART,**
*Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.*
Office at his residence on Washington street

**JAMES C. MULLIKIN,**
*Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.*
Office next door to the M. E. Church.

**T. J. SMITHERS,**
*DENTIST, EASTON, MD.*
Office corner Washington and Cabinet streets.

**CHARLES E. SHANAHAN,**
*Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.*
Office on Dover street. Especial attention to Collection of Claims, Purchase and Sale of Real Estate. Conveyancing, &c.

**ROBSON BROS.**
*NEWS DEALERS, EASTON, MD.*
Daily, Weekly and Monthly Papers furnished at Publishers prices. Subscription Agents for Harper's, Leslie's and The Century Co's. Publications. Prompt attention to all orders guaranteed. ja30tf

**DRS. W. T. KELLEY & BRO.**
*Dentists, Easton, Md.*
Office in the Shanahan Building, Dover St.

**LEWIS BUFFETT, M. D., D. D. S.**
*Dentist, Easton, Md.*
Office in Masonic Temple. 21nov-ly

**EDWARD ROBERTS.**
*BUILDER, EASTON, MD.*
Jan25,'90*

**WILLIAM H. ADKINS,**
*ATTORNEY AT LAW, EASTON, MD*
Office on Dover street, adjoining Building Association. 12oct89-3m

**WAGNER'S GREEN HOUSE,**
W. PRATT STREET,
**BALTIMORE, MD.**
J. & B. L. WAGNER, - - Proprietors.

This Restaurant is of widest and most extensive in its accommodations of any in the city.

PRICES MODERATE.

The crowds which lunch and dine daily at this restaurant attest the public approbation of its management. 3lmbly

**PACKET LINE.**
THE SCHOONER
**Clara M. & Annie M. Leonard.**

THE above boats are making weekly trips between Erston and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Our boats are NEW and built out of the very best material. Orders left with G. E. Bowdoin & Co., Commission Merchants, corner of Bowley's Wharf and Pratt St., Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. GRAIN bought or taken at LOWEST FREIGHT RATES. All Grain stored in our Warehouse, in case of fire will be at the owner's risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the Lowest Cash Prices. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

*C. R. LEONARD & BROTHER.*

OFFICE—In B. L. Dixon's new building on Dover street, Easton.

COME AND SEE ONE OF THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCKS OF

**BRICKS AND DRAIN TILE**

EVER EXHIBITED IN A COMBINED BRICK AND TILE YARD.

I have on hand an extra large stock of

**DRAIN TILE,**

And now is the time to put them in for the fall crop. If farmers will call I think terms can be made to suit them.

**BRICKS**

In any amount and quality can be furnished at short notice.

**TERRA COTTA,**

For Drain Pipe and Chimneys, in Stock in all its Branches.

**JOSEPH H. WHITE,**
EASTON, MD.
ly

**HUMPHREYS'**

This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine.

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures; Fistula in Ano; Worms of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

**WITCH HAZEL OIL**

Cures BURNS, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant.

Cures BOILS, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head. It is infallible.

Cures INFLAMED or CAKED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price.

HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

**THE PILE OINTMENT**





### A REFRAIN.

Where barefoot once I careless ran
I wander now alone,
And look across the treasured fields
That stranger hands have sown;
But from my heart rise thoughts of one,
As streams unbidden flow,
Until I sing a sad refrain:
"I loved her long ago!"

What are the golden fields to me,
That stranger hands shall reap?
Their beauty stirs my heart until
Pain wakes from fevered sleep;
And as I homeward turn again,
With weary steps and slow,
I sadly sing, "I love her as
I loved her long ago."

—P. McArthur, in New England Magazine.

## Aunt Caroline's Present.



YES, we were really married.

The clergyman, with impressive solemnity, announced that we were now one, and sanctioned our union with the blessing of the church. He shook my hand, and the tears stood in his eyes as he wished me unending happiness. He kissed Eleonore, whom he had christened twenty years before, and repeated again: "God bless you, my dear child!"

Then came the wedding guests, one after the other, to congratulate us. There was quite a procession.

The sixth person in the procession was Aunt Caroline. She is Eleonore's aunt, but I am quite as fond of her as if she were my own. She is the best of creatures, always ready to come when you need her, and quite as willing to stay away when she fancies that her society might be burdensome. She is one of those generous, patient aunts who in winter always have on hand a store of goodies for hungry nieces and nephews; and in summer are ever ready to take charge of a particularly restless schoolboy or girl, whose exuberant vacation-spirits render him or her an annoyance to the quiet home circle. In a word, Aunt Caroline is a noble example of what an aunt really ought to be.

"Dear Felix—Dear Eleonore," she said as she clasped our hands, "my wedding present is so cumbersome that I arranged to have it sent directly to your house, where you will find it when you return from your bridal tour. It will welcome you to your new home, and I trust it may give you much pleasure, and daily remind you of your old Aunt Caroline."

"It is sure to give us pleasure, whatever it may be," responded my wife, affectionately embracing the dear old lady.

A dozen times a day, during our journey, we spoke of Aunt Caroline's present, and tried to guess what it might be. Eleonore was certain that it was a handsome bookcase; while I maintained with equal confidence that it must be a superb bronze ornament.

At last, after fourteen October days of crimson-tinted forests, and deep blue days, enchanting sunsets and cosy evenings beside sparkling hearth fires in comfortable hotels—after two weeks of perfect enjoyment, we returned to the charming little home which had been prepared for us, and which was henceforth to be our haven of happiness.

I kissed Eleonore when I helped her from the carriage, and murmured: "Welcome home, my dear wife."

She returned my caress rather hastily, and, running past me into the house, said: "Now we shall see what it is."

Alas! we learned only too soon. Rika, our maid-of-all-work, had illuminated the little drawing room for our reception. The handsome swinging lamp above the center table—a present from Uncle Augustus—was lighted. Red wax candles burned brightly in each of the two bronze candelabra—Uncle Christopher's present—on the mantel, while two lighted student-lamps, likewise wedding gifts, stood on the piano. The light from all these served to illumine, and direct our glances the moment we entered the room toward Aunt Caroline's present, which hung directly opposite the door. It was an atrociously painted representation of the parable of the Prodigal Son, and looked as if it might have originated in a manufactory of "curiosities." Its true origin I never learned, although I had ample opportunity to study it.

It is quite certain, however, that dear Aunt Caroline, knowing my own and Eleonore's fondness for pictures, and with her heart overflowing with benevolence and affection, had purchased the huge canvas at some auction, paying for it a good round sum, and consoling herself for the extravagance with thoughts of the pleasure the picture would give us.

The canvas measured eight by ten feet. The frame was a broad gilded affair; the composition itself absurd in the extreme. In the middle foreground a group of figures in gala attire, represented the returned Prodigal, his parents and the guests invited to celebrate the return. On a sort of raised gallery in the background were a number of figures and cymbals, dancing and singing. All these persons were in a kind of pillared hall, to the left of which was an abject looking individual in tattered garments, feeding some swine with ears of corn. To the right of the hall was an oriental butcher with a Turkish scimetar, slaughtering the fatted calf.

Aunt Caroline confided to me afterward, that it was because the canvas contained really three pictures, instead of only one, that she decided to secure it, adding with a triumphant smile:

"You see, my dear nephew, you have the entire allegory on one canvas!"

And there it hung—taking up almost one entire wall of the room in which we had decided Eleonore should spend the most of her time.

We surveyed the monstrosity in silence; in silence listened to Rika's admiring comments on the "perfectly lovely painting;" then we went to inspect the dining-room, and my study. We spent the evening in the latter cosy chamber; I read aloud to Eleonore Kinkel's exquisite "Gruss an Mein Weib."

But Eleonore could not at all times use the study as a sitting-room, especially when I had business callers. At such times the poor child would bravely conquer her aversion for the "Prodigals"—thus she designated both the bipeds and and quadrupeds in the picture—and with her back turned resolutely upon them, would sit in the drawing-room until my visitors had departed.

We had a large circle of acquaintances. Of course, they all called on us, and Eleonore said she always felt as if the "Prodigals" helped her "to do the honors." Indeed, the picture seemed to receive the larger share of our visitor's attention. Some of Eleonore's more intimate friends asked her why she had hung such a "very large" picture in our small drawing-room. Some, who considered it impolite to make such remarks, maintained a discreet silence; while those who thought it "good form" to talk about pictures, and to pretend a familiarity with art, would inquire if "that large painting was the work of a Munich artist"; or remark that it reminded them of something similar which they had seen in Dresden—or somewhere.

Then there were some who would observe that the same subject had been treated in so many different ways—that it was very "instructive," and so on. There was still another class of art critics. It was composed of those who knew nothing whatever about pictures, but who were quite ready to admire anything the moment they found out that somebody else admire it.

Now, there was no one in our village who was as familiar with really good pictures as myself. When any of my neighbors wanted to buy a painting, or engraving, he first consulted me; consequently the fact that I had the "Prodigal Son" hanging on my wall was enough to convince those of our friends who really thought the picture an abominable daub that there must be "something in it;" and they exerted themselves manfully to discover this something.

"How very natural those swine are!" one would say.

"Just see what brilliant coloring in those clouds," another.

"How repentant the Prodigal looks," a third would remark, with the air of a connoisseur.

"It is really quite interesting to see those ancient fashions. Now, that tunic is really quite picturesque," and so on, until my poor little wife actually grew to despise these well-meaning art-critics.

When I came home evenings and found Eleonore almost worn out, and would inquire tenderly what had wearied her, she would only sigh, "Oh, those Prodigals." And really, it was almost unendurable. But we could not offend dear Aunt Caroline—whose admiring gaze always hung with devouring interest on the mammoth canvas every time she visited us—by cutting it in pieces, burning it, or hanging it in the cellar.

However, after everybody had called, and had been called on in return, there came a season of comparative peace, during which Eleonore went to pay a two-days' visit to an school-friend.

During her absence I had the upholsterer and two of his men come and remove the Prodigals into the dining-room; and when Aunt Caroline, on her next visit, missed the picture from its accustomed place, she seemed quite downhearted. I, however, boldly declared that the light in the dining-room was much better, and that the subject—feasting—was more suitable for a dining-room than a drawing-room.

Dear Aunt Caroline! she had so much faith in my reputation as art-connoisseur that, notwithstanding her disappointment, she said I was quite right to move the picture.

Now, thought I with self-gratulatory feeling, Eleonore can receive her callers in comfort.

But I reckoned without my Prodigals.

Although the picture gave us less annoyance in its present position, we did not become reconciled to it. Far from it! but as I sat with my back toward it during meals, and Eleonore had only a side view, it was not so constantly obvious as it had been, and when the warm weather came we covered it with gause—on account of the flies.

It happened that the distinguished botanist, Dr. S—, visited our town about the holidays.

There were no flies at that time. Our guest was a most amiable man, and as friends whom we had invited to dine with him did their best to help entertain him.

During the soup he related a highly amusing adventure he had had in Egypt. When Rika removed his plate he looked up—the Prodigals were directly opposite him—and well-bred though he was, he could not help a look of wondering surprise at sight of such a travesty on art. He paused—stared at the picture, then, turning toward my wife, stammered confusedly:

"I—I beg pardon, madam, but—really I forget—ah, yes—it was the officinalis, and not the maritima; but the two are very easily mistaken for each other."

Naturally every glance was directed toward the object which had so confused the learned gentleman.

Eleonore declared that from the moment his eyes fell on the Prodigals the doctor talked to her as he would to a child; and is certain that it is because of that unfortunate canvas that he did not pay us a farewell call, notwithstanding my assurance that he was hastily summoned away by a telegram.

A few days later Eleonore went to visit her mother, and while she was gone, I again sent for the upholsterer and his men, and had the picture removed to my study. To do this, I was obliged to take down about two hundred books, together with the shelves.

The light here was execrable, but that did not matter. I placed my desk so that my back was toward it, and feeding some swine with ears of corn. To the right of the hall was an oriental butcher with a Turkish scimetar, slaughtering the fatted calf.

"This picture, my dear children, is partly allegorical, partly realistic. These two rows of columns on either side of the centre divide the different eras of the parable. Here on the left you see the Prodigal, hungry and wretched, sharing the swine's food—as the Scriptures tell us. Here in the background you see them singing and dancing, rejoicing over the return of the Prodigal. Here, on the right, is the butcher in the act of killing the fatted calf."

While I delivered this highly instructive leture, Herr Diebert pointed with a ruler toward the designated object.

The silence which followed my remarks was actually oppressive. At last, one little fellow, Fritz Diegel, the butcher's son, feeling that something ought to be said, stammeringly asked: "Be them Hungarian or Bavarian hogs?"

The laughter which followed lifted the general oppressiveness, and, the clock striking nine soon afterward, Eleonore and I gave thanks for our release.

These are only a few of the many annoyances which Aunt Caroline's well-meant wedding-present brought upon us.

Fortunately, there were some very warm days in March—quite warm enough to bring to life two flies in my study. Once I should have put an end to their premature existence. I did not do so now. I fetched the gauze veil and draped it securely over the Prodigals. The next day Aunt Caroline called. Said I to her when she came into the study:

"Have you noticed, dear aunt, how very early the flies have made their appearance this spring?"

Aunt Caroline had not noticed.

I should not be adhering strictly to the truth were I to say that we were not perfectly happy in our little home. We were—even though there was hardly a forenoon, afternoon, or evening, that one of the Prodigals—either the son, one of the parasites, the butcher or one of the swine—did not somehow mix in our conversation. It was not for this—although it helped somewhat—that, when summer brought my vacation, we concluded to spend it in the Black Forest.

Those were enchanting days!

Eleonore embroidered, sketched and read to her heart's content, while I wrote diligently in a new work I had begun.

Thus we passed six delightful weeks with never a thought of the Prodigals, when one morning Fate, in the person of the postman brought me a newspaper.

"Are you Herr Treuberg?" he in quired.

"I am."

"From Immigen?"

"The same."

"Then here's something that may interest you," he added, pointing to an article in the paper. I read:

"Yesterday, in the town of Immigen, upper Bavaria, a fire consumed the residences of Frau Julie Zieber and Herr Felix Treuberg. The loss is total, partly covered by insurance."

I summoned my poor little wife, to whom I communicated as gently as possible our great loss.

We began at once to prepare for our return journey; and as our train would not leave until the afternoon, I wired a friend for further particulars of the fire.

The answer came as we were leaving the hotel;

"Fire started in the Zieber house Unfortunately very little saved."

As I concluded this rather depressing message Eleonore clasped my hand in both her own, and whispered assuringly: "We have each other, dear Felix, we shall not be poor—we have each other—and our love."

A few days later we were in Immigen. As we drew near to the station, Eleonore leaned toward me, and said—smiling through her tears:

"Felix, dear—we have one comfort."

"What is it, my love?"

"We are rid of those detestable swine."

"That's so," I assented. "There is never a misfortune that has not some recompense."

I had sent word to a friend to meet us at the station. He had not come alone. There were several sympathetic acquaintances with him.

"It was so late," said my friend, referring to the fire, "and so sudden! There was a furious wind—"

"But," interrupted Herr Diebert, "one thing will give you great pleasure."

"Indeed?" exclaimed Eleonore expectantly. "What, pray?"

"You have to thank Fritz Diegel's courage for it. When all hope of saving the house wrs gone, he, and several of my Sunday scholars, broke open the shutters of your study window, and Fritz bravely entered the burning dwelling and cut the large painting from the frame. That was the only thing saved!"—From the German, in Romance.

### Salmon a Cent Apiece.

Probably humpbacked salmon were never cheaper or thicker in Tacoma than they are right now. All sizes from three to six pounds are selling for one cent per fish. A batch of 107 were sold to an enterprising expressman yesterday for $1. About 3500 fish were brought in during the day by fishing boats.

The fish peddlers came down in full force and loaded up their wagons and started back uptown singing: "Fresh fish here. Five for a nickle!"

The fish, which for the past two weeks have been playing in schools around in the bay, are now beginning to go up the river and the creeks. Their meat on this account is not as good as it has been heretofore. Fishermen say they will soon disappear up the streams and the silver salmon will put in their appearance. Two or three of the boatloads brought in yesterday were caught in the channel of the Puyallup River. The difference in the meat of those and the meat of the ones caught out in the bay could be plainly seen. The meat becomes whiter and is less firm.

The silver salmon in turn give way to the hideous dog salmon, which will not appear for several weeks yet.—Tacoma (Washington) Ledger.

### "Emir."

Emir is not properly a title, but a descriptive word. Correctly used, it is applied only to descendants of the prophet, all of whom are styled Emir, just as the title honorable is applied to the people of a certain rank by birth in England. Emirs are now found among Turkish and Arab people of every rank and class in life. Every one who can prove his descent from the prophet is entitled to wear green in some portion of his costume, the turban being usually chosen for this sign of rank. The claim to the title is considered far more satisfactory where traced back through the female ancestry.

## THE NEWS.

Adolphus Blair, a merchant, of Richmond, Va., is dead.——Abner Redmond was taken from his home in Charlotte county, Va., by a vigilance party and lynched.——John Saville, a lad of fifteen years, accidentally shot and killed Miss Lacie Everett, aged eighteen years, near Romney, W. Va.——Guy Colson and Miss Tillie Wilson, of Dunkirk, N. Y., were killed by their buggy being struck by a train on the Lake Shore Road.——The Elwood Window Glass Works at Elwood, Ind., was destroyed by fire. Loss $ 0,000.——The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company notified its section hands in the vicinity of Wheeling of a reduction of ten per cent. in wages.——The certificate of consolidation of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern and the Ohio and Mississippi Railroads was filed with the Ohio Secretary of State in Columbus.——The steamer Foxhall arrived at New Orleans, having on board Francis H. Weeks, the embezzler, wanted in New York. The prisoner was at once turned over to a New York officer.——J. K. Payne, a farmer, of Winston county, Ala., who had informed on a number of illicit distillers, was found dead near his home, his body riddled with buckshot.——Mrs. Etta Sample, of Louisville, Ky., in a fit of despondency over family troubles, gave her son, aged seven years, a fatal dose of morphine and tried to kill herself.

There was an explosion on the steamer San Matteo, which was on her way from Last Point to San Francisco. She put in at Victoria, B. C.——A requisition from the governor of Massachusetts for Geo. B. White, a prominent tanner of Bedford, has been honored by Governor Pattison. White is wanted in Boston to answer a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.——While Albert Sponenberg, and his wife and child, were driving across the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks at Hazelton, Pa., they were struck by a freight engine. Mrs. Sponenberg was instantly killed, and the husband was badly injured. The child escaped.——Mrs. Francis B. Bannan, until recently an extensive iron founder in Pottsville, Pa., has made an assignment to the Schuylkill Real Estate Title Insurance and Trust Company.——Isaac S. Fisher, a cloak manufacturer, of Boston, was arrested on request of Superintendent Byrnes, of New York. Fisher is charged with the larceny of $4',0 0 from Fred. E. Lynde & Co., of that city. Fisher refused to make an explanation of the affair, other than that he was innocent.——Mrs. Theresa Kranz was burned to death in Attleboro, Mass., her clothing having caught fire while she was singeing a chicken.——Andrew Kosceck, a miner, was instantly killed, and Michael Burke and Sheridan Hilton were slightly burned, in the Stanton mine at Wilkesbarre, Pa. The former was sitting on a box in the mine making a cartridge, and by his side stood a keg of powder. A blast was fired in a gangway nearby, causing a concussion, which knocked Kozeck's lighted lamp into the powder, exploding the same, and horribly mutilating him.

Jack Dillon and Happy Jack, two members of a desperate gang of Coeur d' Alene desperadoes, were captured.——Mrs. John Williams was killed in Duluth, Minn., in a collision with a bicycle ridden by G. L. Robbins, a nineteen-year-old boy. Robbins was coming down a rather steep grade, and came to the street crossing just as Mrs. Williams was in the center of the street.——A mixed train on the Chicago, Great Western Railroad went through a bridge near Red Rock Station. Three passengers were serious y injured, among them Rev. R. T. Rogne, of Austin, Minn.——The Chicago and Alton railroad shops, at Bloomington, Ill., were closed.——The steamship Gellert, which caught fire at sea, landed all her passengers safely in New York.——Robert Waring, a capitalist of Newport, Ky., was forced to assign, because he could not renew a note for $85,).——Somers Shaeffer was fatally shot by robbers at Groffdale, near Reading, Pa.——An oil tank ship, with a capacity of 760,000 gallons, was launched at Roach's shipyard.——A notice has just been posted in the two Farnum cotton mills, in Lancaster, Pa., employing 1,200 hands, that after this week the mills will only run on alternate weeks, until business allows running on full time. Stored away in the warehouses of the mills are goods worth nearly $3,00 ,000, and until some of the great stock is sold, the mills will run on half-time.——R. C. Burckman, an operator on the Board of trade, died at his home in Chicago, from an overdose of morphine. It is not known whether the drug was taken intentionally or death caused by an accidental overdose. He was forty-seven years old, and unmarried.——Mrs. Ella Rudiger shot and killed Henry J. Reiser, a club man in Omaha.

Mrs. Frances Adams died in Kingston, N. Y., aged eighty-nine years. She was the mother of the late Lieutenant Commander L. P. Adams, U. S. N.; Lyle T. Adams, United States consul to Geneva, Switzerland, and an aunt of ex-Governor John T. Hoffman.——The central and business portion of Pasco, Pa., was destroyed by fire.——Rev. J. Orten was horsewhipped in Winamac, Ind., by two boys whom he had reprimanded for misconduct in church.——The Chicago grand jury promptly indicted Patrick Eugene Prendergast for the murder of Mayor Harrison.——The closing exercises of the great World's Fair were simple and sad. Thousands of people attended the meeting in Festival Hall, and all the foreign representatives were present. Resolutions of respect to the memory of Mayor Harrison were adopted, and, after a short address by President Higinbotham, President Palmer declared that, in accordance with the act of Congress, the World's Columbian Exposition was at an end.——The Singer Sewing Machine works, at Elizabeth, N. J., closed down for a week on account of a break in the machinery, and three thousand men are idle.——A crank has shot Superintendent Frank Matthews, of the new Postal Telegraph Building, in New York city.——Another crank walked into Elwin Gould's office, in New York, and demanded $5,000 during a personal interview. He was detained until a policeman arrived and was arrested. His name is Andrews and he was once a telegrayh operator.——A. J. Gurney, the chief money clerk of the American Express Company, at New Orleans, was arrested, charged with the theft of $22,000, which myst riously disappeared some time ago while in transit.

## A LION BROKE LOOSE.

### He Killed a Trotting Horse in the Stable Where He Was Confined.

The vicinity of East Eighteenth street, Irving Place and Third avenue, New York, was in a state almost bordering on a panic.

In a stable at 113 East Eighteenth street, for the past month, five lions in two cages have been confined. Wallace, the largest of the lions, who is unamable, succeeded in getting loose, and the stable was closed and he was allowed to roam about the building free. For a time he was apparently quiet and then he began to annoy the neighborhood by his howling.

In this room was also kept a trotting horse which was to have been sent to Europa. The horse and the lions are owned by Frank Bostock and the latter were to be taken to Central Park. Mr. Bostock and one of his assistants succeeded in getting into the second story of the building. They found that the horse had been killed.

Up to midnight he had not been captured He was still at large in the stable feasting on the horse he had killed. A crowd of people were gathered in the street at the time listening to the roars of the animal.

Spain has decided upon a plan of campaign that involves sending 12,0 0 regular troops against the rebellious tribesmen. It is thought that the country around Melilla will be annexed.

## SHOT BY A CRANK.

### Carter Harrison, Chicago's Mayor, Assassinated.

### THE CITY MUCH ENRAGED.

#### Prendergast an Ex-Policeman Did the Deed—He Ran Several Blocks and Finally Walked Into a Police Station and Surrendered Himself.

Carter Harrison, five times Mayor of Chicago, ex-Congressman, ex-county commissioner, editor, capitalist and author, was assassinated in his own residence, at 231 South Ashland avenue, Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

Three bullets entered his body, and within 1 hour and 12 minutes after the first shot was fired death ensued. The man who did the shooting was arrested and locked up at the Desplaines-Street Station. There the man gave his name as Eugene Patrick Prendergast. He was at one time a member of the Chicago police force

The incidents that led up to the killing show that it was premeditated and deliberately planned.

There is no question that his life would have been taken if he had been compelled to remain near the scene of the crime a few minutes longer. The man's actions before the shooting were not such as to attract attention, but his talk and manner since he was placed under arrest leave no doubt as to his insanity.

At 7,0 o'clock a man ran up the front steps of Mr. Harrison's residence, at 231 South Ashland avenue, and rang the bell. Mary Fansen, the servant, answered the bell, and the man outside asked for Mr. Harrison. She said he would have to wait a moment, as Mr. Harrison was asleep on the sofa in the parlor, at the same time going back through the hall to call him, leaving the door open.

In a moment Mr. Harrison stepped from the parlor into the hall. In an instant the man had drawn a revolver and fired, the shot entering the abdomen just above the navel. Two more shots rang out an instant later, the first of which entered the mayor's body under the left arm, penetrating the heart. Mr. Harrison, when the first shot was fired, had started toward the door, and the second shot struck him when within a few feet of the assassin.

Mr. Harrison was so close to the muzzle of the revolver when the third shot was fired that the bullet shattered one of the knuckles of his left hand and the powder burned the flesh.

Mayor Harrison, after the last shot was fired, stepped into the parlor and started toward the dining-room. He had taken but a few steps, however, when he reeled and fell into the butler's pantry, which led to the rear of the house. His son Preston, who was upstairs at the time of the shooting, ran down, and was at his father's side in an instant.

Mr. Harrison said: "I am shot, Preston, and cannot live."

Mr. Harrison hastily left his father's side and rushed out upon the street in pursuit of the assassin.

In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Chalmers, who live across the street, had started for the Harrison residence, as they had heard the shooting. They saw a man running up Ashland avenue and met the son, Preston, in pursuit. Young Mr. Harrison stopped long enough to inform his neighbor's of the terrible affair and then started in pursuit of the murderer. Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers hastily entered the house, Mr. Chalmers at once making a pillow of his overcoat, which he placed under Mr. Harrison's head.

"I have been shot and cannot live," said the mayor as he grasped for breath.

"You won't die," said Mr. Chalmers, "you have only been shot in the abdomen."

"No! I have been shot in the heart, and I know I cannot live," was the reply.

These were the last words of the mayor. He immediately became unconscious and died at 8.25.

The murderer, pursued by the coachman, ran along Ashland avenue toward Monroe street at a breakneck pace. Coming to Monroe street he turned to the east and started for the city. The pursuer, who had been reinforced by an officer and several citizens, gained rapidly on their man. On they sped until Desplaines street was reached, when the hunted man again turned to the north and in a few moments had reached the Desplaines Street Police Station. He walked in and approached the sergeant at the desk. He was about to speak when the foremost of his pursuers rushed breathlessly into the station.

"Lock that man up," said the coachman, "he has killed Mayor Harrison."

In an instant the sergeant was out from behind his desk, and catching hold of the man's arm, pulled him within the wire enclosure as though to preserve his life from a crowd which was gathering with astonishing rapidity. Without waiting to register the prisoner he was quickly taken back and placed behind the bars. The station was then cleared of the excited people and the sergeant went for a talk with the prisoner.

"My name is Eugene Patrick Pendergast," he said in response to the first inquiry.

"Do you know that you have killed Mayor Harrison?" said the sergeant.

"Yes, and I am glad of it," was the answer. "He promised to give me the corporation counselship and has not kept his word."

"Where do you live?"

"At 600 Jane street, with my mother," said the prisoner.

This ended the interview. The sergeant at once telephoned to the Central Station, and in a few moments several officers from that district were at the Desplaines-Street Station. A patrol wagon was called after a few minutes, and the prisoner was taken to the Central Station down town. Here another examination was held, and the revolver which had been taken from the murderer at the Desplaines-Station was given into the keeping of the officer in charge.

Shortly after 11 o'clock the patrol was again brought into requisition for the purpose of conveying the prisoner to the county jail.

The news that the murderer had been apprehended spread rapidly down town and when the officers emerged from the station in the big county building they found a crowd of nearly five hundred persons assembled about the entrance to and the walk from the station. The prisoner was instantly taken back to the station and a consultation held. The officers, expecting violence to their prisoner from the crowd without, feared to made the trip and asked for reinforcements.

A detail of six officers was summoned, and at 11.15 the prisoner closely guarded was taken out of the station, hurried through the long passageway to the street and hustled into the wagon in a jiffy. The officers were barely seated before the wagon was in motion and, amid the mutterings of the crowd, was hurried off to the North Side, where the prisoner was lodged in the county jail for safe keeping.

When the news of Mayor Harrison's assassination reached the down-town streets immense crowds gathered around the newspaper buildings reading the bulletins posted from time to time with eager interest.

The building occupied by the *Times*, of which Mr. Harrison was proprietor, is at this hour the gathering place of the most excited throng, and murmurs against the life of the assassin are heard on every hand.

### Carter Harrison's Career.

"Carter Henry Harrison was born in Fayette county, Ky., February 15, 1825. He was graduated at Yale in 1845, read law, engaged in farming, traveled for two years in foreign countries and after receiving his degree from Transylvania Law School, Lexington, Ky., settled in Chicago, where he engaged in real estate operations.

After the great fire in 1871 he served as county commissioner for three years. After returning from a second European journey in 1874 he was elected to Congress as a Democrat by so close a vote that his competitor, who had defeated him in the preceding election, gave notice of contest. He was re-elected, and when his second term was ended in 1879 was chosen Mayor of Chicago, in which office he continued for four biennial terms.

In 1893 he ran for Mayor of Chicago as Independent, against Dewitt C. Cregier, the regular Democratic nominee, and Hampstead Washburn, Republican. The three-cornered fight resulted in the election of the Republican candidate. Again, in 1892, notwithstanding the fact that he was generally held responsible for the Democratic defeat in 1890 in this strongly Democratic city, he received the regular nomination of that party for mayor after a memorable fight, backed solely by his own personality.

The campaign was one of the most bitter municipal contests on record, and Mayor Harrison held his office as a result of this fight, his majority reaching almost 50,000, one of the greatest personal triumphs recorded in American politics.

Carter Harrison was to have been married within a fortnight.

## FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

### Extra Session.

SENATE.

71ST DAY.—After four important and interesting speeches, delivered by Senators Wolcott, Sherman, Gorman, and Voorhees, the Senate proceeded to vote on various amendments as they were offered. They were all voted down. The only amendment which was finally adopted was one offered by Mr. Berry, of Arkansas, to revive and reenact the Bland-Allison bill, with its coinage of two million silver dollars a month. After all the amendments were voted down the bill was taken out of committee of the whole (where it had been considered all this time) and reported to the Senate. The bill is still open to amendment in the Senate.

72ND DAY.—The long conflict in the Senate over the bill to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman act came to an end with a victory on the side of repeal. The vote on the passage of the bill as amended (that is, of the Voorhees substitute) was: Yeas 43, nays 32. Not only was the Repeal bill brought to a termination but so also was the abnormally long legislative day of Tuesday, the 17th of October.

73RD DAY.—The Senate met at noon and did not adjourn till a quarter before five. Between those hours it considered and finally passed the very important measure known as the New York Bridge bill. It is a House bill, with various amendments reported by the Senate Committee on Commerce. All these amendments were agreed to by the Senate, and the discussions which took place were over amendments proposed by Mr. McPherson (Dem.), of New Jersey. The bill passed without any other amendment than those reported by the Committee on Commerce.

74TH DAY.—In the Senate Mr. Hill introduced two amendments to the rules, the object of which were to count a present any senators who refused to answer on the roll call, and also restricting the number of times that the cry of "no quorum" might be raised. The Senate then took up the discussion of the Chinese bill, and was addressed by Messrs. Gray, Palmer, Perkins, Dolph, Squire and Frye, until five o'clock, when it adjourned without action on the bill.

HOUSE

71ST DAY.—The House of Representatives was not in session to-day.

72ND DAY.—Mr. Bailey, of Texas, introduced into the House bills repealing the laws providing for the retirement of officers of the army and navy, and providing that such officers heretofore retired shall not receive pay from the government. He also offered a bill providing that no person who has heretofore resigned his position as a United States judge, shall receive any pay from the government.

73RD DAY.—The Silver Repeal bill reached the House just before one o'clock, the time before that being spent in some caustic debate upon the naturalization bill. The New Mexico Statehood bill was reported, and the bill giving the brick ship to Illinois was passed. When the Silver Repeal bill was presented it was laid on the Speaker's table. Later on, Mr. Livingston, of Georgia, created a diversion by asking that the Silver Repeal bill be taken up at once and debated. Mr. Bland objected and the bill went over. The discussion of the Bankruptcy bill consumed the remainder of the afternoon.

74TH DAY.—The final legislative touches were put upon the Silver Purchase Repeal bill in the House. It was taken up soon after the reading of the journal, and was, after a series of abortive attempts at obstruction, and after a half hours' discussion—the time being parceled out to some half dozen speakers—steered to a final vote by Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, who had charge of it.

## THE GROWING NAVY.

### An Interesting Report on the Year's Work by Commodore Hitchborn.

What the naval department has accomplished during the past year in the way of constructing and repairing vessels is succinctly told in the annual report which Commodore Philip Hitchborn, chief constructor of the navy has just submitted to Secretary Herbert.

"At the beginning of the administration of the late chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair," (Commodore Wilson), Constructor Hitchborn says, "the navy consisted of a compartively small number of obsolete wooden steam and sailing vessels, and half a dozen small iron gunboats. Since then there has been added to the navy fort.-five vessels aggregating 173,0 0 tons displacement, and costing for hulls and machinery alone more than $52,000,008. These vessels embrace almost every variety and type of modern vessels of war and the excellence of their design and construction has been the subject of most pronounced commendation by naval architects who stand at the head of their profession in the principal maritime countries of Europe.

During the year the New York, Monterey, the Bancroft, the Detroit and the Machias have had their official trial trips. "The results," says Commodore Hitchborn, "in all cases being highly satisfactory to the Government and demonstrating the ability of our ship builders to turn out the highest grade of work."

Good progress has been made on vessels in course of construction during the past year, although there has been some delay due to the deferred deliveries of armor contractors, and it is expected that they will soon be able to furnish armor promptly so as not to retard other work of hull construction.

The United States is the only great maritime country which does not possess a tank for experimenting with its vessels of war, the Russians having rendered their deficiencies in this respect during the past year, and Commodore Hitchborn hopes that his government will see the necessity of establishing one at an early day. The valuable data to be obtained by experiments with models in a properly equipped tank, would, he says, soon repay the original outlay necessitated by its installation.

Vessels launched during the year were the Columbia, the Marblehead, the Olympia, the Cincinnatti, the Katahdin, the Indiana, the Massachusetts and the Minneapolis, and of these the Columbia and the Marblehead are preparing for their acceptance trials and will soon be added to the effective fleet of the navy. The Olympia and the Cincinnati will probably have their trials within the next year.

J. J. VAN ALEN is said to be well up in gastronomy. Does he realize that his political entree is a cold roast?


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


## SILVER'S DEFEAT.

### Repeal Carried By a Vote of 43 to 32.

### THE CLOSING SCENES.

#### An Analysis of the Vote Shows That the Supporters of Repeal Actually Had Forty-Eight of the Eighty-Four Sitting Senators on their Side.

The bill for the unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase clause of the Sherman law passed the Senate at half-past 7 o'clock Monday evening by a vote of 43 ayes to 32 noes. For three months