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### DOWN IN THE DUST.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart? that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey,
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere filling the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in the dust at his side?

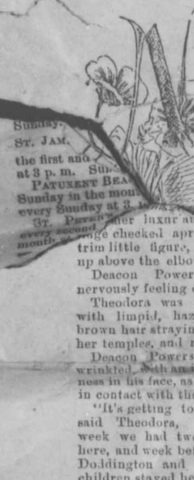
Look at the roses saluting each other.
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

—Joaquin Miller.

## The Minister's Daughter.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



"O, I won't!" said Theodora Reed, impetuously. "I won't—I won't! So there's an end of the matter!"

Theodora was busy making pear marmalade, with a pocket-handkerchief fastened, Beatrice Cenci fashion, over her luxuriant brown tresses, a large checked apron enveloping her trim little figure, and sleeves rolled up above the elbow.

Deacon Powers stood opposite, nervously feeling of his bristly chin.

Theodora was young and pretty, with limpid, hazel eyes, rings of brown hair straying like floss-silk over her temples, and rosy lips.

Deacon Powers was elderly and wrinkled, with an indescribable sharpness in his face, as if it had worn away in contact with the world.

"It's getting to be an imposition," said Theodora, brusquely. "Last week we had two tract distributors here, and week before that old Doctor Doddington and his wife and three children stayed here five days, so that it should be convenient for the semi-annual convention. In fact, I don't remember a single month without company since we have lived at the parsonage. And we have no girl now, and papa has the neuralgia, so you must tell this young clergyman to go away. I won't have him here, and there's an end of it."

"But, my dear Miss Reed—"

"I'm not your dear Miss Reed!" said Theodora, vehemently. "If I was, you would try to spare me a little of all this annoyance. Yes, I know I am the minister's daughter, and as such am expected to have neither feelings nor preference, nor sensibilities of any kind. But I'm human, after all; and I decline to keep a perpetual free hotel for every one who comes in this direction."

"Your predecessor, Miss Reed—the lamented Mrs. Smiley—was never averse to entertaining the saints," reproachfully uttered the deacon. "Her door was ever open, and her amiable hospitality—"

"Oh, yes, I know!" said Theodora. "And she died at forty. I intend to live a great deal longer than that. She was killed by sewing societies, company and Dorcas meetings. I've had enough of that sort of thing, and I mean to stop. If the church people wish papa to entertain all creation, they must raise his salary—that's all!"

"But, my good young friend—"

At that moment, however, a third person unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. The door between the parlor and kitchen, which had, unperceived by Miss Reed and Deacon Powers, stood slightly ajar, opened—a tall, frank-faced young man stook there, with a decided color on his cheeks.

"Deacon Powers," said he, "pray assure this young lady that I will not trespass upon her hospitality. Perhaps we had better go to to the next place at once."

There was something in his air and manner which caused the deacon to shoot out of the kitchen like an arrow from the bow, and the next moment Theodora was alone.

She colored and bit her lip.

"It's all true," she said, "every word of it. But I'm a little sorry he heard it. Perhaps he wasn't to blame, after all."

And Theodora went vigorously on with the pear marmalade, until the old clock in the corner struck eleven, and then she poured out a cup of chocolate and ran up stairs to her father's room.

Mr. Reed sat before his study-table, with his temples resting on his hands, his elbows among the chaos of books and papers. Theo went to his side at once and laid her hand on his head.

"Papa," she said wistfully, "is your neuralgia worse?"

"Very much worse, Theo," he said, lifting his pain-glazed eyes to her eager, questioning young face. "I do not believe that I can preach tomorrow; I do not believe that I can ever prepare a sermon."

Theodora looked aghast.

"But, papa," said she, "what can you do? Old Doctor Denton is out of town, and—"

"My dear," said the poor clergyman, pressing his hands to his throbbing temples, "you must send a note to Mr. Hervey, and ask him to officiate in my place, as a special favor."

"Who is Mr. Hervey?" said Theodora.

"I don't know," sighed Mr. Reed. "I only know that he was to be at Winfield this week. Most probably he will be at the Star Hotel."

"Very well, papa," said Theodora, feigning a cheerfulness that she was very far from feeling. "Drink your chocolate, now; there's a darling, and don't fret yourself the least bit in the world, and I will see that all arrangements are made."

So she ran down stairs and set herself to thinking.

A substitute must be found for the morrow's pulpit, and here it was 12 o'clock on Saturday.

She sat down and wrote a little note, consulting the dictionary more than once to make sure of no errors, and carefully copying the whole, because of a spattering little blot which fell, as if "of malice aforesaid," directly across the second line.

"Dear Mr. Hervey—Will you grant us the great favor of preaching in papa's place tomorrow? He is very ill of neuralgia, and is unable even to prepare a sermon. We shall be greatly obliged if you will dine with us to-morrow after church.

"THEODORA REED."

And after satisfying herself that it was all quite right, she carried it herself to the Star Hotel.

Mr. Hervey was not in; hadn't been in since morning.

But they would give him the note directly on his arrival; so Theodora hurried home again, and in the course of the afternoon a boy from the hotel brought a card, on one side of which was engraved "Henry Hervey," while upon the other was written the words, "With the greatest pleasure."

And the minister's daughter, "on hospitable thought intent," roasted a pair of chickens, collected the ingredients for a salad, made a peach pie and baked a loaf of bread, which was light and white as sea foam.

"I'll show him that country girls understand good housekeeping," said Theo to herself.

Mr. Reed was not able to leave his sofa the next morning, so Theo put on her pretty blue-and-white muslin dress and the gipsy hat with the roses that became her delicate complexion so perfectly, and went to church, after first seeing that the table was all spread for the cold dinner, and the coffee-pot simmering on the stove.

The church was full.

Mr. Hervey was a rising luminary in the theological horizon, and almost every one in Winfield had heard of him, so that there was no lack of an audience.

But to Theodora's ineffable dismay, the tall young man who walked so composedly out on the platform was no other than the frank-faced person who had stood on her kitchen threshold, only the day before, and overheard her diatribe on the subject of undesired guests.

Under the shadow of the roses, she turned redder still.

"Oh, my tongue—my unlucky tongue!" she said, fractiously, to herself. "I always knew it would lead me into trouble! What must he have thought?"

And, as may be inferred, Theodora's devotions—albeit she was in reality a sweet, sincere little Christian—did not do her much good that morning.

Mr. Hervey came across into the parsonage when the sermon was over, and held out his hand to blushing Theo Iora.

"We meet again," said he, with a smile.

"I can't help it!" burst out Theodora, in desperation. "I meant every word I said, Mr. Hervey. It was all true, but—but it didn't apply to you."

"I understand," he said, quietly. "I was a little nettled at the moment, for I merely wished for a temporary shelter while they were refurnishing my room at the Star Hotel. But I can easily see, now that I have thought the matter over in a new light, that a minister's family must be sadly pestered with volunteer guests. Pray think no more of it, Miss Reed."

And he spoke so frankly and pleasantly that Theo became quite at her ease, while he carved the chicken and she prepared the crisp lettuce and limpid oil for the salad.

He was taken up to Mr. Reed's sick room after dinner, and had a pleasant chat before the afternoon service.

"You have done me a great favor, sir," said the elder clergyman, when at length he parted from his guest. "And we should esteem it a privilege—my little girl and I—if you would make your home at the parsonage during your stay in town. Should we not, Theo?"

Theodora hung down her head and turned pink to the very roots of her hair.

"Yes," she said, almost inaudibly. "Only—I am ashamed to say so—oh, papa," hiding her face on his shoulder, "I have behaved so badly! I never should have taken it for granted that Mr. Hervey was like the rest."

And then, infuriately to Mr. Hervey's amusement, she told the whole story of her interview with Deacon Powers.

Mr. Reed smiled as he stroked Theo's head.

"My little girl is only a little girl," said he, "and sometimes forgets that the tongue is an unruly member. But she will improve as she grows older."

Mr. Hervey spent the summer at Winfield. He was revising the proof-sheets of a theological volume, and liked the quiet and seclusion of the little village.

Perhaps, too, he liked something else about it. At all events, although he did not make the parsonage his home, he spent a great deal of his time there.

"Theo," he said, one day—they had become fast friends by this time—"you have tested so many of the petty trials and annoyances of being a minister's daughter that I wonder if you would ever consent to be a minister's wife?"

"Well," said Theo, half laughing, half blushing, "it would depend a good deal upon who the minister was."

"Suppose it was Henry Hervey?"

"Do you really mean it?" said Theo, suddenly growing grave.

"It is strange, isn't it?" said he, "that I should lose my heart to such a little termagant as you proved yourself the first day I ever saw you? But it is a foregone conclusion—I am entirely at your mercy. Sweet Theo, will you be my wife?"

And Theo placed her hand in his, with a lovely look of awe and happiness, and answered:

"I will!"

Deacon Powers could not comprehend it at all. "If he marries such a high tempered girl as that," said the deacon, "he does it at his peril. Why, I never was so berated in my life as I was that day at the parsonage."

"But, pa," said the deacon's daughter, "every woman finds her master soon or late. Now I think Theodore Reed has found hers."—Saturday Night.

### The Duck Farms of China.

The fame and splendor of a Chinese city lie not upon its being any cleaner than others, or upon its having wider streets, but upon the wealth of its merchants, the number of its pagodas, the gorgeousness of its temples, the beauty of its tea gardens, and the like. Thus Soo-chow is great, and its women are called the belles of the world. There the floating duck farms and the multitudes of river craft interested us most. In a quiet reach of water beside the walls we saw many flocks of ducks, each containing five hundred to a thousand birds. The shores are covered, and the water was alive with them. The herders sat idly in small boats, while the ducks swam freely about, each flock making a great tremulous brown spot upon the water. We watched to see one flock join another, and to discover how the owners would separate them afterward, but they did not join forces, and I doubt whether they ever would. The drakes led their followers away whenever two herds came too near. On another day, near Soo-chow, we saw a duck farm bigger than all these put together.

What would the reader think of seeing a farmer traveling to market with as many ducks as could be crowded into more than the space of the park between the City Hall and the Post-office in New York City—a mass of perhaps two city blocks of duck flesh and feathers? That was what was driven past us on the Grand Canal one day. Two men in two boats were driving the ducks before them, all as thick upon the water as they could swim. Each man carried a long, slender bamboo rod with the heart of a palm leaf on the end of it. With this he kept the red and gray squawking mass in order. He whipped back into its place every duck that sagged out of the mass, or that lagged behind, or showed a disposition to make for the shore. Suddenly several boats came along in the opposite direction—a big chop-boat and two or three smaller vessels. They were sailing swiftly before a fresh breeze directly down upon the acre or two of ducks. There seemed to be no way of preventing a terrible slaughter of poultry. The big chop-boat, like a house blown before a gale, sped toward the advancing feathered host, and at last the birds that were in the way were almost under her bows. Then a flutter seized many square yards of ducks, the immense flock broke apart, a crack in it opened before the chop-boat, and widened until the boat swept through a canal that divided the flock. Not one duck was run over.—Harper's Magazine.

### Quietude Conduces to Long Life.

That quietude conduces to longevity seems to be demonstrated by the record of longevity in Philadelphia, a matter on which the city prides itself considerably. During the first half of this year the obituary columns of the Ledger contained death notices of 231 women and 189 men who had lived to or beyond the age of eighty years. The greater part of the deaths were of residents of Philadelphia. Thirty women and twenty-six men lived to or beyond the age of ninety years. The extreme ages reached were ninety-nine years by one woman and ninety-six by three men. One colored man has a record all to himself. He was John Gibson, a well known character in Philadelphia, who died on February 21 at the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored People. He claimed to be 130 years old, but the most authentic information made him out to be 117, which was accepted as being probably correct.—New York Sun.

### A Curiosity in Colds.

"The general prevalence of slight colds," said a well-known lawyer at the Continental Hotel last evening, "reminds me of the sad case of an intimate friend of mine who suffers very much from annoying colds. His first wife was a robust woman, who had a wealth of fiery red hair, which, according to his notion, must have kept him comfortably warm at nights. But that as it may, when she died my friend married a dark-haired woman, and, strange to relate, from the very first night of the honeymoon he was afflicted with a pestering cold. He had a suspicion that the lack of that red hair accounted for his affliction, so, by way of test, he sent his new wife to the seashore, and strange to say, he enjoyed immunity from the cold during her absence.—Philadelphia Record.

### THE NEWS.

J. S. Judge, a freight agent for the Union Pacific Railroad in Sacramento, Cal., hung himself to a bed-post with a shawl strap.——Irving M. Scott, of San Francisco, president of the Union Iron Works, which turned out the Olympia and other crack American cruisers, will soon go to Japan to bid on the contracts for building men-of-war for the Japanese navy.——Harvey Merritt, recently pardoned out of the Georgia penitentiary, has entered suit for heavy damages against the company or inhuman treatment while a convict.——George Glass shot and killed an unknown colored burglar near Pittsburg.——The American Looking Glass Manufacturing Company at Chicago, made an assignment. Assets, $96,000; liabilities not scheduled. C. H. Beyer, president, also made an individual assignment, placing his assets at $25,000.——Michael King was shot and fatally wounded by his son-in-law William Haas, in Chicago.——At Willow Grove, a mining town near Pittsburg, Patrick and Dennis Morgan, brothers, quarrelled while intoxicated, and attacked each other with penknives. Patrick was killed and Dennis is dying. Both men were frightfully cut and slashed.

Vice President Stevenson, his wife, daughter and two brothers, passed through Winnipeg, Man., en route to Alaska.——There are one hundred and fifteen cases of smallpox at Quarantine, Eagle Pass, Texas.——Rev. George Wheeler was killed, and three or four others injured in a wreck on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad near Albuquerque, N. M.——The Ohio board of public works is entertaining a proposition from the Winnifred Coal and Company, of Philadelphia, for the purchase of the Ohio Canal.——Four men have been lodged in jail in Kansas City charged with robbing the postoffice in Brookfield, Mo., in February, 1894, of $1,000.——Dr. May and a mining expert named Dun have been arrested at Scottsboro, Ala., on the charge of salting gold mines on Santa Creek, Marshall county, by which a number of citizens were induced to invest large sums of money.——Isabel Garrison, of the Chicago Tribune, is in Quebec to select a site on behalf of the Sons of the revolution for a statue to General Montgomery.

The steamship line of the Panama Railroad Company, between New Orleans and Colon will soon be in operation.——Heirs of the Sharon estate are ready to dissolve the trust organized ten years ago.——The Pan-American Railroad Company, formed to build a road from Victoria, Texas, to Brownsville, and thence to the City of Mexico, will be reorganized August 22.——The California State Board of Dental Examiners has withdrawn from the National Dental Association.——Gottlieb Gillman, aged sixty, and Harry Weinberg, aged thirty-five, were killed by a cave-in at a gravel pit on the outskirts of Philadelphia.——Eli Highland four children were buried to death at Stone Gap, Va.——Fire in the establishment of Geo. Bros., publishers, 69 to 83 Purchase street, Boston, caused a loss of $41,000.——Peter Marchetti, a commissioner of Richmond, Va., had his head blown off by an overcharged gas generator, used in the soda water fountain.——Charles H. Cramp has requested the Navy Department to have the official trial trip of the battleship Indiana on October 1st.——John S. Mathews, secretary of the Valley Exchange Building and Loan Association, of Martinsburg, W. Va., has been arrested, charged with being short in his accounts.——The United Typothetæ met in Minneapolis, where an address of welcome was made by Mayor Pratt. The next convention will be held in Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Annie M. Gardner, of Arcadia, Neb., who disappeared at the time of the Christian Endeavor Convention, in Boston, met her husband in Chicago.——The women of Lexington, Ky., held a convention and nominated candidates for the Board of Education.——The convention of the Knights of Labor garment workers, held in Chicago, ended in a free fight, the Federation members breaking up the meeting.——Miss Annie Divis, a missionary in Japan, writes that cholera is raging in that country.——Three persons were killed and two seriously injured by railroad trains in Philadelphia.——T. Dabney Marshall, a Mississippi lawyer and state legislator, shot down and killed R. T. Dinkins, at Brandu, Miss.——Fremont Smith was hanged at San Quentin prison, California, for the murder of two fishing companions.——Thos. Hartley, aged thirty-two years, died at Reading, Pa. He was crushed under an embankment of earth at the Reading Iron Work.——Benjamin Wagner and Frank Chambedi were drowned in the Delaware.

Raymond Mears, an old bachelor, of seventy years, was brutally murdered at his home near Sue Belle, S. C., by unknown parties.——A boiler at the mill of Brooks Bro her' gin house at Drifton, Fla., exploded, killing Allen Brooks, Prince Hall and Amos Gross, and badly injuring Jim Reagan, Cinda Johnson, Nancy Johnson and Charlie Harris, all colored. The cause of the explosion is unknown.——W. F. Banks, one of the most prominent young men in St. Matthews, S. C., was killed by W. B. Chapline. Chapline caught Banks in his yard and emptied a double-barreled shot gun into his body. There are mysterious hints as to the cause of the shooting. The coroner's jury found the killing justifiable.——A bill in equity was filed in a Philadelphia court to restrain the city from taking the Liberty Bell to Atlanta.——The senate committee appointed by the Pennsylvania legislature to investigate Philadelphia's municipal affairs accepted the money offered by the citizens' associations to defray expenses.——Mrs. Mary Murphy, aged sixty, and Frank Kelly, aged four, were burned at Cohoes, N. Y. The woman fell asleep while smoking, and her dress caught fire. It is thought the boy must have been burned in attempting to extinguish the flames.——Miss Charlotte Dutton has been arrested in Wellsboro, Pa., on a charge of poisoning Miss Elizabeth Knapp.——The Waco, Tex. Morning News has closed its doors as a result of a failure to meet obligations.

Three seamen of the steamship Bengorhead were drowned at Montreal while going ashore without leave. They were Frank Stokes, of Dublin; William Robinson, of Shields; Thomas Monagle, of Carrick Fergus, Ireland.

Italy is preparing to send an army of 20,000 to Abyssinia in October next to carry on the war against the King.

## JUSTICE JACKSON.

### He Expires at his Home near Nashville, Tenn.

### AGED SIXTY-THREE YEARS.

**His Career on the Supreme Bench—The Income-Tax Decision the Last Case in Which He Sat.**

Justice Jackson died after a long illness.

Justice Jackson's residence is six miles out in the country. The news of his death was telephoned from his house at 3.30 P. M. The telephone was then immediately disconnected apparently to save off the flood of inquiries from points far and near which began pouring in.

The death of Justice Howell E. Jackson was not unexpected, though sudden, as his close friends have known for days that his end was near. There is no talk as yet of a probable successor.

JUSTICE JACKSON'S CAREER.

Howell Edmunds Jackson was born in Paris, Tenn., April 8, 1832, so that he was in his 63d year at the time of his death. Justice Jackson was a classical scholar, graduating from the West Tennessee College in 1848.

He studied law two years at the University of Virginia and in Jackson, under his kinsmen, Judge A. W. O. Totten and Milton Brown; graduated from the Lebanon Law School in 1856, in which year he was located in Jackson and engaged in the practice of his profession; removed to Memphis in 1869, where he continued the practice of law; served on the supreme bench by appointment on two occasions, and was once a prominent candidate for supreme judge before the nominating convention; relocated in Jackson in 1876; was elected to the state house of representatives in 1880 on the state credit platform; was elected to the United States Senate as a Democrat in 1881, and served till April 12, 1886; was appointed United States Circuit Judge by President Cleveland, and nominated for associate justice by President Harrison; was confirmed by the Senate February 18 1893, and entered upon the duties of the office March 4, 1893.

### A PROMISING OUTLOOK.

**An Iron Expert Outlines the Business Prospects.**

There are few men in the country better posted on iron and kindred matters than Col. A. M. Shook, of the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Co. In close touch with the industrial interests of the entire country, his views on business prospects are of unusual value. In discussing the outlook with the Manufacturers' Record Col. Shook said:

"The day that Congress adjourned marks the line of demarkation at the end of the great panic which commenced in 1893. About half the people of the United States were waiting until Congress adjourned, fearing it would do something; the other half waiting, hoping it would do something. The next day everybody realized the fact that at least for the near future nothing harmful could be done, nothing helpful would be done. This threw the country upon its own resources and everybody went to work. The result was that by the first day of April marked evidences of returning prosperity were visible in every direction. Four months have now passed, and when we take a retrospective view of the business revivals and improvements that have taken place during that period it seems very wonderful—not that prices have gone so high; not that there have been any extraordinary or unnatural causes to produce the revival, but the fact that in all lines there has been a steady, gradual improvement. The movement, starting as it did four months ago, has grown in volume and increase in momentum, until today it has practically touched every village and hamlet in America. The fact that it is so universal is the best evidence of its stability and its certainty to continue at least until we have passed the normal condition of business.

"The hope is that we may continue in the same gentle and general way for the next several years to come without creating a panic in any particular line of business."

### ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

In his boyhood Charles A. Dana was a clerk in a Buffalo store.

Hohenzollern is not the family name of Emperor William. His true name is William Zollern.

I. Zangwill, the novelist, has a fondness for wearing red neckties, which by no means become his style of beauty.

Mrs. A. S. Palmer, who died at Cleveland recently, was in her youth instructor of James A. Garfield. It was she who taught the future President his alphabet.

Chief Inspector Watts, of the Boston police force, is said to have the finest collection of clippings relating to crime and criminals that can be found anywhere.

Mrs. Eleanor Sedgwick, dean of Newnham, England's famous college for women, is a sister of first lord of the Treasurer Balfour, and famous as one of the best mathematicians in England.

Joseph B. Stearns, of Camden, Me., who died recently, at the age of 65 years, was the inventor of the famous duplex system of telegraphy. He had the largest collection of carved ivories in the world and was also a bibliomaniac.

Lady Aberdeen is the latest victim of Canadian discontent. The wife of the Governor-General asks the servants of the households which she visits how they are treated, advises the maids to doff caps and other badges of servitude, and shakes hands with all the servants.

Georges W. Cable began his literary career by contributions to the New Orleans "Picayune," and they were so much liked that he became one of its regular staff. He then sent short stories to "Scribner's Magazine," which upon publication, aroused the attention of critics to the rise of a new man in a new field. His first long story was "Grandissimes."

### SOUTHERN INDUSTRY.

**Improved Cotton Ginning and Compressing System.**

The Manufacturer's Record reports that the past week has been an unusually active and busy one in Southern industrial affairs. Cotton enterprises have been pushed with more than usual vigor. A company has been organized with a capital stock of $1,000,000 with strong New York capitalists interested to introduce improved cotton ginning and compressing systems. Among the cotton enterprises reported for the week were a $500,000 company to build at New, not Noxs, Va.; a $300,000 mill company at Memphis, Tenn.; a $101,000 company being organized at Statesville, N. C.; a $50,000 mill at Greer, N. C.; a large mill at Haw River; a $3,000 spindle mill near Pine Bluff, N. C.; a $75,000 company at Monroe; a new mill at Burlington in the same State; while two mills at Columbus, Ga., will add about $75,000 new machinery; a new mill in Richmond County, N. C., and a number of extensive improvements to mills throughout the South.

Among miscellaneous enterprises reported for the week were the organizement of iron pipe works at Gadsden, Ala.; gold mining operations at Heflin; 250,000 bushel grain elevator at Mobile; 20-ton ice plant at the same place; $50,000 brick company at Daytona, Fla., a large phosphate elevator to be operated by electric power at Tampa, Fla.; furniture works at High Springs; a $20,000 lumber company at Whitfield; a 20-ton ice plant at Ocala; a $50,000 construction company at Dahlonega, Ga., organized to build a railroad; $18,000 water works at Elizabethton, Ky.; a $10,000 trunk factory at Louisville. In Louisiana a $50,000 hardware company and a $100,000 sugar refinery. A $120,000 lumber and mercantile company in South Carolina; $20,000 oil mill at Anderson, S. C. In Tennessee a lumber mill at Memphis; electric plant at Knoxville, and a 75-barrel flour mill. In Texas $20,000 furniture company at San Antonio, and a compress company at Texas City; $18,000 water works at Hillsboro, compress at Dallas. In West Virginia three lumber companies with an aggregate capital stock of $380,000.

The activity in iron interests continues, and Southern furnaces are being pushed to meet the demand for iron. Col. A. M. Shook of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, the largest coal and iron company in the South, in a letter to the Manufacturer's Record, says: "The business movement starting as it did four months ago, has grown in volume and increased in momentum until to-day, it has practically touched every village and hamlet in America. The fact that it is so universal is the best evidence of its stability and its certainty to continue, at least until we have passed the normal condition of business. Notwithstanding the recent advances in iron, the indications for a steadily increasing consumption and as a natural consequence increased prices, have not been so manifest at any time since the revival started as it has been during the past two or three days."

### DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

Forty or more buildings in Halifax, Nova Scotia, were burned, loss $100,000.

John Strand, Jr., and Arthur Hemmingway were drowned by the capsizing of a yacht in Jamaica Bay, Long Island.

Elwood F. Butler and Timothy Sweeney were drowned in the Niagara river by the capsizing of a boat. Their bodies went over the Falls.

Five young children, the off-spring of Eli Hix, and his wife, of Big Stone Gap, Va., were burned to death. Hix, who started the fire while drunk, was also fatally burned.

Mrs. Annie Schaffl and her three small daughters were frightfully burned in Baltimore by the explosion of a gasoline stove. Two of the children will die of their injuries.

Frank Briggs died at Parkill, New York, from eating toadstools, which were mistaken for mushrooms. Justice William B. Slocum ate them at the same time and died on Friday.

Thomas Moberly, of Richmond, Kentucky, was drowned at Virginia Beach while endeavoring to save his daughter, who went beyond her depth while bathing. The young lady was saved.

A Baltimore and Ohio freight train jumped the track at Finlayville, Ohio, and the engine, which turned over, killed Engineer William Funk, of Pittsburg, and seriously injured the fireman.

The Red "D" steamer Venezuela, which arrived at New York from Curacoa, brought five distressed seamen among her passengers. They were the crew of the Norwegian brig Hebe, which stranded on Little Caracoa on July 13 during a heavy gale of wind.

John H. Miller was instantly killed at Duncansville, Pa., by lightning; his mother was fatally injured and two other members of the family received severe shocks. They had sought shelter from the storm under a tree, which was shattered by a bolt.

Wilkerson Keith, aged 28 years, and his sister Annie, aged 19, were killed by a train on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, near Louisiana, Missouri. Keith, who was feeble minded, was walking on the track, and his sister, seeing the approaching train, ran to his assistance, with the above result.

### LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHS.

**Two Boys Have a Picture of a Tree Printed on Their Bodies.**

Lightning played a curious prank at Glen Cove, L. I. After ripping off the windows and cupboards from a newly erected house it made a good photograph of a big tree upon little Thomas Foley's back and Charles Miller's leg.

A severe storm passed over the place shortly before noon. The Foley and Miller boys were playing about the house at the time and ran to the stoop for shelter. Suddenly there was a terrific clap of thunder and the lightning struck the house. It then made a sudden bolt toward the boys. The flying electricity played about the boys in a blue flame. It leaped over them and bristled their hair. Finally it went off on to the ground and entered the earth.

The boys were left stunned upon the verandah of the building. On being undressed, the photograph of the tree was seen. The tree on Foley's back begins just beneath his shoulder-blades and extends upward. The branchings are perfect. Both the boys are doing well.

## BOTH GO DOWN.

### Prince Oscar Collided With a Strange Craft in Mid-Ocean.

### ALL LOST ON THE UNKNOWN

**Sixty Lost on the Catterthun—British Steamer from Hongkong for Australia.**

The British steamship Capac, Capt. Loroule, which arrived in Philadelphia from Pisagua, had on board seventeen of the crew of the British steamship Prince Oscar, bound from Shields, England, to Iquiqui, Chili, which foundered after colliding with a big unknown four-masted steel sailing vessel in mid-ocean. The survivors of the disaster tell a harrowing story of the loss of the sailing vessel with all hands aboard after the collision and the sinking of their own boat seven minutes after the ships crashed together. Of the crew of twenty-three souls six were lost and the remaining seventeen were brought safely into port.

The disaster occurred shortly after midnight in latitude 9.30 south, longitude 28.20 west. The Prince Oscar, which was bound from Shields, which port she left May 27 for Iquiqui, laden with coal, was going at a clipping gait on the port tack before a brisk wind and with all canvas set. She was making about 6½ knots an hour, when suddenly there loomed up directly under her bows a four-master vessel. The mate asserts that the stranger had no lights burning, and after she was sighted it was impossible to alter the course of the Prince Oscar. The iron hull of the latter struck the unknown full amidships, knocking her almost on her beam ends and crashing through the woodwork until her prow was more than half buried. The stranger went over almost on her beam ends as the Prince Oscar backed away from the rebound.

As the crew of the Prince Oscar stood peering through the darkness they saw the stranger partially right herself and then she rapidly began to sink. They listened in vain for some signs of life, but not a cry for help nor a word of command came from the stricken vessel. In less than four minutes from the time she was struck the stranger heeled over and plunged stern first into the depths below.

Capt. Henderson of the Prince Oscar, who was below in his berth, rushed on deck just in time to discover that his ship also was sinking. The pumps were manned, but it was soon discovered that there was no hope from that source. Lifeboats were ordered cut adrift, and the men were told to jump and swim for their lives. They climbed overboard and, with the exception of two unfortunates, reached the small boats.

Capt. Henderson, who was the last man to leave the ship, went over in his night garments and swam fully two miles before he was picked up. Both boats hovered about the scene of the wreck until daylight in an effort to rescue the two missing members of the Prince Oscar's crew and any member of the crew of the stranger who might have been fortunate enough to have kept afloat. They found no one, however, and nothing to indicate the name, home or destination of their companions in misfortune.

SIXTY LOST AT SEA.

The British steamship Catterthun, 1,406 tons, which sailed from Hong Kong May 27 for Australian ports, was wrecked. So far as can be learned sixty persons were drowned of whom forty-six were Chinese.

Second Officer Lunzfar, who had the watch on deck at the time of the disaster, states that the night was very dark. Suddenly the steamer experienced a terrific shock, and foundered a few minutes afterwards. The Chinese in the steerage made a rush for the boats, but only one boatload reached the shore.

A tug was sent out, but no trace could be found of the missing cabin passengers. Three ladies are said to be among them. A boat's crew of Chinese landed at Forster, about one hundred miles north of this port.

It appears that the Catterthun was wrecked on the Seal Rocks, off Cape Hawk, during a gale. The passengers, of who fifty-five were Chinese, were asleep below when the steamer grounded. Only three of the European passengers and the second mate of the steamer were saved. The others are missing, but it is believed that they succeeded in taking to the boats, and may be heard from later on. However, the tug sent out failed to find any trace of them.

### WORK AND WORKERS.

Francis H. Saylor, of Pottstown, was elected President of the Reading Rolling Mill Company, to succeed Joseph H. Coyrode, resigned.

The National Convention of Trades Assembly 231, of the Knights of Labor, composed of garment workers, was held in Chicago.

It was reported that 300 weavers in George Campbell's woollen mill, at Thirty-first and Reed streets, had struck for an advance of wages. Chenille weavers contemplate striking for an increase in wages.

A despatch from Hancock (Mich.) says that the employes of the Franklin Copper Mine have had their wages restored to the figure holding before the cut caused by the panic two years ago, when a general cut was made in all the copper mines of the lake district.

Frederick H. Britton, a Detroit newspaper correspondent, was compelled by 500 excited miners, armed with clubs and bricks, to leave Ishpeming, Michigan. Britton was accused of getting a couple of the striking miners intoxicated and then pumping them for information.

The voluntary advance promised by the Rhode Island Woollen Manufacturers' Club, composed of the Providence National, Saranac and Man on Mills at Olneyville, and the Farwell Mills at Central Falls, the scene of the recent great strike, went into effect on light goods. The advance on the weaving schedule is about 7 1-2 per cent.