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Septl6 tf

"WHEN LOVE COMES KNOCKING AT THE GATE."

When Love comes knocking at thy gate,
Bid him at once depart.
He will be patient, and will wait
The bidding of thy heart.

Tell him he knocketh there in vain,
That he may ne'er come in.
He'll smiling leave—but come again,
Thy loving heart to win.

Then when at last he knocks in tears,
Oh, open wide love's gate.
He'll soon forget his foolish fears,
And vow 'twas sweet to wait!

—William H. Gardner.

WON BY WAITING.

IN one of the turret rooms of Reitzenberg castle, a young girl arrayed in a simple dress and white apron, sat sewing industriously. At the sound of footsteps she paused her work; at the sight of a Hussar officer in uniform she reddened with vexation. Yet there was nothing in Albrecht von Reitzenberg's appearance to annoy her; on the contrary, he was young, very good looking, tall, and of dignified bearing.

"Will you allow me to come in?" he asked, standing on the threshold.

The girl took up her work again. "You can come in if you wish," she said indifferently.

He walked across the room. "I have a proposal to make for you, Baroness Irma. Will you give me your attention for a little while?"

She looked at him indignantly; she had a sweet oval face and deep gray eyes.

"I prefer not to listen to you, Count Albrecht."

"I thought you would say so!" (there was something like a ring of triumph in his voice), but indeed my proposal is very harmless. Let us come to an understanding."

There was uncertain distrust in her eyes.

"Yes," continued the young officer, "I know that you have every reason to be offended. You have been most unfairly treated."

"I have been invited to this house under false pretenses. I came because I thought that the visit would give pleasure to Frau von Wolde, who, this, we is supposed to be the friend of my mother. I am sorry to speak disrespectfully of your cousin, but—"

"Not at all. You are perfectly right, and my relative, Frau von Wolde, is in the plot, and has been from the beginning. I know all about it now. I, as the heir of Reitzenberg castle—you will excuse my mentioning my name first?—have received orders to offer my hand, and my debts, in marriage to the Baroness Irma von Buchow, who, on attaining her majority, will become possessed of so large a fortune that she could free the Reitzenberg estate with a stroke of her pen. Nay, hear me out; this lady was to have been kept in ignorance of the plan, but that the friend and chaperon could not resist the temtation of giving her a hint as to how matters stand, after she had become the guest of the castle. Is this so?"

"Yes." She stood by his side now and the sunlight just touched the coils of her auburn hair. "I have been deceived, cruelly deceived."

"Under the circumstances nothing remains for me but to give you the opportunity of expressing your opinion as to this tyrannous family compact even more decidedly than you have done already. Baroness Irma of Buchow, will you consent to give me your hand in marriage?"

"Count Albrecht of Reitzenberg, I thank you for the honor which you have shown me. I will not."

They stood facing each other, and as Irma looked at her strange wooer she saw a faint smile in his eyes. Her own anger was beginning to evaporate; he really was behaving well, considering that the Reitzenbergs were renowned for their hasty tempers.

"You admit," she said, after a pause, "that I have been awkwardly placed."

"I admit that you have been inhospitably, abominably treated! I blush to think that a member of our family could have dreamed of such a scheme. In order to show you how penitent I am, now that I have received my dismissal, I will immediately leave the house and rid you of my presence."

"If you do that, Count Albrecht, I shall be worse off than ever. You don't know your cousin, Frau von Wolde. She will insist upon my remaining here for three months, as was arranged; she will reproach me for your absence, she will argue and make one dislike you more than ever, if—"

"If possible?"

His good humor was irresistible; she burst into a merry laugh.

For another half hour the rejected suitor remained in conversation with the heiress, and at the end of that time they, too, had made a plot. Albrecht was to remain at the castle, he and the Baroness Irma were to pretend to be on amicable terms, and the two conspirators (the conspiracy was an open secret) were not to learn until the last day of the visit had expired that their hopes had failed.

"I will endeavor to make your visit as little irksome to you as possible," explained the heir of Reitzenberg; "and we can behave as if there were no enmity between us."

"Yes," (there was still a little doubt in her voice and manner,) "I think that I can trust you."

"Come," he said gently, "Baroness Irma, is it a truce between us signed and sealed?"

He took her hand in his, and bending over it, raised her fingers to his lips.

* * * * * * *

The master of the castle was the first to begin hostilities. One day, toward the end of the three months' visit, Irma came into the drawing room to find the whole party awaiting her arrival, and in an instant she perceived that something was wrong. Frau von Wolde had been shedding tears, the old count's brow was clouded with anger, and Albrecht!—Irma hardly dared to look at him, so changed was his aspect. It was too clear that the termination of the pleasant companionship of the last few weeks was to be war.

"My dear Baroness Irma," said the count, advancing to meet his young guest with ceremonious politeness, "I am exceedingly pleased to see you. Your visit here has given me great satisfaction. You honored this house with your presence, with the full consent of your guardian and my esteemed cousin, Frau von Wolde. I had hoped, not without grounds, that the friendship between you and my heir was gradually ripening into a deeper and more lasting feeling. The alliance is one which must give satisfaction to all interested in our families. Imagine our distress on hearing to-day from my nephew that you have refused his proposal of marriage."

Irma looked toward Count Albrecht; something that she read in his wrathful mien made her hesitate as she answered: "It is quite true; we are friends, and nothing more."

"It cannot be, my dear young lady, that so young a maiden should have given away her preference without the consent or knowledge of her guardian? Answer me candidly; are your affections already engaged?"

The color surged into Irma's cheeks and left them again. She glanced at Frau von Wolde. There was no help for her there. "This is a question which you have no right to ask, Count Reitzenberg, and which I refuse to answer. I must beg you to excuse me."

"The Baroness Buchow is right!" burst in Albrecht. "She has suffered enough at our hands already. She shall not be thwarted in her will. If she honors me with her friendship, I accept it gratefully. Listen to me, my uncle, I refuse to be a party to your scheme."

He rose and held the door wide open. There was no smile on his face now; his eyes were full of trouble as they rested on hers. He did not offer to take her hand in farewell. He stood there in mute distress as she passed by—a fair, girlish figure, in her white dress, her laces and blue ribbons—and she passed him without a word. The truce between them was over.

* * * * * *

The forest spread its wide wings even as far as the castle garden. Irma loved the green paths and quiet shades, and here she came with her book the morning after her interview with the count, and pretended to read. But though she kept her eyes on the pages, she read there only Count Albrecht's parting words—he accepted her offer of friendship gratefully. Driven to bay, as it were, in order to save her, that was what he had said. During the last three months she had come to understand something of his uprightness, his high sense of honor. He would never marry a woman though she were a princess—to whom he could not give his love.

"It was my fortune," sighed Ima, "that made him nearly hate me at first." Did he hate her now?

She shut up her book and wandered still further into the wood, down a hillside covered with fern and moss, toward the stream that ran between high rocks, chattering and foaming on its way. On the further side of the stream was a tract of open country, dotted with clumps of trees and underwood and bright with heather. The stepping stones were half covered with water to-day; the current was running fiercer than its wont. She bethought herself of a rustic bridge a few yards further down.

The bridge hung high in the air, supported by rough pine stems; it was picturesque but a fragile affair. Half way across Irma put her hand on the rail—how noisy the stream was!—it snapped off at her touch, one wooden plank tottered under her feet, another fell with a splash into the water below. She had plenty of courage; she was light and active. She knew, moreover, that she could easily leap that formidable-looking gap and gain the bank. She was about to make the attempt when she was stopped by a peremptory shout:

"Gently, gently! Jump from that projecting stem; it is safe!"

She looked up; on the edge of the heather-covered rock stood Albrecht Reitzenberg.

She paused uncertain, half inclined to retrace her steps. Perceiving her hesitation, he raised his voice and shouted still louder above the clamor of the rushing water:

"Can you hear me, Baroness Irma?"

She nodded assent.

"Step there—to the left. Do not look back!"

Involuntarily she obeyed. He held out his arms, the gulf yawned between them, he could be of no help.

"The stem will bear your weight. Do not be in too great a hurry."

("Why does he look so grave?" thought Irma; "is he still angry?")

"I had better return the way I came, Count Albrecht. Do not trouble on my account."

"No; do as I direct you. You see which is the best place to stand? Drop your book, it might be in your way, and jump as far as you can. Now!"

One spring, and Irma was safe on the moss heather, while the plank on which she had thought to stand slipped slowly but surely into the foaming water. Albrecht held her hands clasped in his.

"Thank heaven that you are safe!" he cried. "Oh! Irma, my Irma, I could not stop you. I came just too late for that. I could only look on in agony. Are you frightened? Are you hurt?"

"I am not hurt. I did not know that it was dangerous; I did not, indeed."

She saw him turn pale at the thought of her peril, and the tears which she had not shed for herself fell fast for his distress.

"The bridge should have been destroyed long ago; it shall be done today. I did not dare to join you, or to speak till you had passed the worst. If you had been killed—ah! I cannot bear to think of it—I should never have known another day's happiness, and it would have been my fault—mine! How could I let you wander about alone when I was longing to be with you? My Irma, my best-beloved! Thank heaven that I have you safe at last. Surely we have played at being friends and enemies long enough? Look at me and say that you love me?"

When he had made her an offer of marriage three long months ago she had been ready with her refusal. Now, when her whole heart was his, she could find no words amid her tears except, "I love you! I love you!"

It was enough for him. "My bride, my wife!" he said, and held her in his arms.

The green ferns rustled and whispered, the beeches tossed their boughs in the sunlight, the red squirrels played in the oak trees, the whole wood was full of life and joy at that moment when the lovers plighted their troth.—Woman at Home.

Corn-Stalk Armor for Battleships.

A new scheme has been devised for the protection of men-of-war, which, if put into operation, will make these look even more cumbersome than they do at present. This new plan involves no additional Harveyized steel or further coating of seventeen inch armor to protect the ship from hostile guns. Upon the other hand, the new armor is to be made of no less a substance than corn stalks. With a covering of this substance, chopped fine and pressed into a hard, solid mass, it is said that no man-of-war can be sunk.

Shot and shell may go through her, her bottom may be ripped open by torpedoes, and she may even have a hole punched in her side by a ram, and yet float. This marvel is to be accomplished by the simple action of the water.

The water having once gained access to the corn-stalk armor, which lies along the whole outside of the ship under a thin covering of steel, the vegetable sacking swells so rapidly as to soon close the hole. Tests made by naval officers have shown that this curious corn-stalk packing, when once wet, swells with a force that is irresistible.

The firm of Cramps, the great shipbuilders, has purchased the patents on this new process.

Cut up into huge slabs, like the steel armor which is made at the Carnegie works, this vegetable substance will be loaded on freight cars and shipped from the agricultural districts where corn is plentiful to the seaboard. There it will be packed and screwed into place in the sides of our new men-of-war.

According to the plans which have been drawn up this curious substance is to be placed outside of the heavy armor of our men of-war from a distance about eight feet above the water line to the keel on both sides. It will run from stem to stern, thus covering the whole submerged portion of the vessel.

Seen from the outside you would not know a corn-clad vessel when you saw one, as the vegetable armor would be protected by a steel covering that is to be made waterproof. The corn armor will, however, add considerably to the bulk of our men-of-war.—New York Journal.

A Bear's Trip in a Balloon.

There is a bear out at Sioux City, Iowa, that goes up in a balloon. He made an ascension at Crystal Lake some time ago in the presence of 1000 persons. Bruno is a big black bear, and the task of training him for an ascension was no trifling one. He had a natural aversion to a balloon, and when he caught his first glimpse of the great swaying globe he uttered a growl of disapproval, and would have fled but for the restraining hand of his master, A. Hirbour.

After awhile he was induced to approach the balloon. He put his head over the side of the basket and snuffed longingly at a small box of honey on the car's bottom. Presently the limit of temptation was reached, and a moment later the big animal was in the basket licking the honey vigorously. When Bruno was in the car the rope was loosened and the balloon shot upward. It had gone but a few feet when the black head of the bear was seen peering over the side, and the movements of the car indicated that he was wabbling about in consternation and wishing he was out.

A rope was attached to the balloon so that it could not rise above 3000 feet. As the balloon floated close to the top of a big cottonwood tree Bruno grabbed at its branches. The balloon, with Bruno, floated around in the air for some time and finally settled on the shore of Crystal Lake. When Mr. Hirbour came up Bruno was seated in a cornfield eating corn, the abandoned car of the balloon fast in a neighboring tree. Bear and balloon were uninjured.

Bruno has been taught to dance, wrestle and do other tricks. It was Mr. Hirbour's intention to transform Bruno into steaks and roasts, but owing to the remarkable intelligence he has displayed the death sentence has been revoked, and Bruno may now live as long as he behaves himself.

THE NEWS.

Upon the petition of Frank Hume, one of the stockholders in the National Life Maturity Insurance Company, a West Virginia corporation, having its principal place of business in Washington, Judge Cox has placed the company in the hands of a receiver. The company's capital stock is $20,000.

Ten of the most prominent merchants and professional men of the Chinese colony of San Francisco, representing the See Yup Chinese Society, arrived in Chicago, en route to Washington.

Specials from North and South Dakota and western Minnesota show that the recent snow did more actual damage than any other of this winter, one that has never been equaled in the costs it has levied on the railroads.

Two men began to attempt to hold up a Cincinnati, Jackson and Mackinaw passenger train near Samaria, Mich., but lost their nerve before completing the job.

The Nebraska House passed, without the emergency clause, Wooster's bill prescribing what shall be a legal tender in Nebraska. This bill is intended to prevent the insertion of the gold clause in contracts, notes or mortgages.

Rev. Dr. Simon J. McPherson, of Chicago, Ill., was elected to the board of trustees of Princeton University.

Judge Smith has called a grand jury at Helena, Mont., and charged them to investigate thoroughly rumors and charges of bribery growing out of the recent session of the legislature.

The steamer Vancouver, from Liverpool, arrived at Halifax, N. S., four days behind time. She met with terrible head gales and high seas on the passage, had two life-boats smashed and received other slight damage.

The three eldest children of Frederick Buxen, of Bowmansville, Ont., were drowned just outside their garden gate in a pond that formed part of a mill race. The youngest child slipped into the pond, and, in their efforts to save it, the other two were also drowned.

The Populist measures providing for initiative and referendum legislation was defeated in the lower house of the Kansas State Legislature, after having passed the senate. The resolution was defeated by a vote of 76 ayes to 47 nays, a two-thirds majority being required.

Governor Bud has vetoed Bill 273, relating to the transfer of civil suits, the passage of which by the California Legislature has caused much scandal. The Examiner charged that bribery was resorted to to pass the bill, and the managing editor and one reporter of the Examiner have been ordered imprisoned by the senate for contempt.

The shops of the Sprague Electric Elevator Company, at Watsessing, N. J., were damaged by fire to the extent of $30,000.

Orlando Howe, of Little Rock, Ark., quarreled with his wife and they decided to separate. Being without money, Howe took his twin sons, aged 10 years, and started to walk to stillwell, Mo. A train struck the father and two sons on a trestle near Oliphant, instantly killing Howe and one son and fatally injuring the other boy.

United States Minister Terrell in a communication to the State Department from Constantinople incloses a note verbal from the ministry of foreign affairs calling attention to the necessity for Americans traveling in Turkey to provide themselves with passports.

Eighteen indictments for forgery have been returned by the grand jury against W. J. Dunn, a well-known Pittsburg, Pa., contractor. The forgeries were on negotiable assignments from the city and aggregate $48,000.

Hon. Aaron B. Shafer committed suicide at Findlay, O., by hanging himself. He was 73 years of age, was once prosecuting attorney of Hancock county, and served two terms in the legislature. Ill-health was the cause.

A. E. Burton, now under arrest in Toronto for fraud, is wanted by the Sandusky, O. police on the charge of embezzlement. He will be held until more particulars are sent.

WORK AND WORKERS.

Five hundred laborers have arrived at Colon from Jamaica to work on the canal.

The Richmond, Virginia, Locomotive and Machine Works have resumed operations with a large force.

The blacksmiths and helps at the Gibbe Ship Yard at Cleveland have joined the strikers, and 1000 men are now idle.

An Ishpeming, Michigan despatch says that 200 families of the striking miners at Norway are on the verge of starvation.

Five hundred employes of the Globe Shipbuilding Company, at Cleveland, Ohio, struck against the employment of non-union labor.

Eight hundred men are now on strike at the yard of the Globe Shipbuilding Company, at Cleveland, and there are no signs of a settlement.

E. N. Welch Manufacturing Company, of Bristol, Conn., will start up the manufacture of clocks again about April 1. The factory has been idle about two years.

Negotiations at Cleveland for the settlement of the Globe Shipyard strike have failed. The company agreed to grant the increase in wages, but refused to recognize the union.

All the bricklayers and stone masons of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to the number of about 1500, quit work to enforce a demand for a 40-cent an hour wage scale and eight hours per day.

The Peninsular Car Department of the Michigan Peninsular Car Company at Detroit, which opened two weeks ago with a force of about 300 hands, has closed down again, throwing the employes out of work.

An Amesbury, Massachusetts, despatch says that notices have been posted in all the mills of the Hamilton corporation that the mills will shut down all this week, but will resume the week following. This is in accordance with the plan for curtailment at Fall River. The shut-down will cause about 900 employes to be idle.

The Chicago Building Trades' Council decided that the 4000 union hod carriers of that city should be ordered to strike against the reduction in wages ordered by the Plasterers' Contractors' Association. With the hod carriers the 25,000 members of the Building Trades' Council will go out and building operations will practically cease. As the building trades are well organized the contest may prove long and bitter.

ROBBERY OF A POSTOFFICE

Stamps and Bonds to the Value of Thousands Stolen.

The postoffice at Cambria, Va., a town on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, was robbed Saturday. The safe was blown open, and all the stamps, money order funds, and about $17,000 of bonds and other securities, belonging to private individuals, taken. The robbers took the cash-book of the money order department also. There is no clue to the crackmen.

THE SOUTH.

The Manufacturers' Record's weekly report of Southern business interests shows that industrial and financial matters are receiving increased attention, and that the indications throughout the South generally point to a marked improvement in business affairs. During the week the Georgia Railroad and Banking Company has sold $1,000,000 five per cent. bonds to retire six per cent. bonds; the Seaboard Air Linch as sold $1,000,000 five per cent bonds to retire eight per cent. bonds; the City & Suburban Railway, of Baltimore, have sold $500,000 of bonds to cover improvements and extensions; the details have been completed for the building by leading cotton manufacturers of New England of a $600,000 cotton mill in Alabama; contracts have been let for the construction of the buildings for the steel plant in Birmingham, thus definitely assuring the establishment of large steel works in that city; a company has been organized to develop a 3,000 horse-power water power near Gainesville, Ga., for electrical transmission, to include in its operations a 10,000 spindle cotton mill and street railway.

An Augusta cotton mill will build a 20,000 spindle mill in addition to its present plant; a $350,000 cotton mill company has been organized at Douglasville, Ga.; a Milwaukee Manufacturing Company will remove to Gadsden and spend $60,0000 in buildings and machinery; a $20,000 railroad machine shop will be built at Blue Ridge, Ga.; a $20,000 variety works at Cordale; water and electric light works at Fitzgerald; in Louisiana a $100,000 company has been organized to build a sugar mill and contracts have been let for another sugar mill in Baltimore; an enamel company has increased its capital from $25,000 to $100,000 and will treble its plant; one furnace at Sparrow's Point, Md., and one at Anniston, Ala., have gone into blast during the week; a company to manufacture cross arms and insulator pins for electric wires has purchased 1,000 acres of timberland in North Carolina, and will establish a large plant.

These are but a few illustrations to indicate the diversity and extent of the industrial enterprises reported during the past week. In all parts of the South and in all lines of industries, as well as in railroad construction, the indications for increased business seem to be more promising than for many months. There is no great rush but a steady gradual movement that indicates a solid and substantial growth with increasing activity in the near future.

A TRAIN'S TERRIBLE PLUNGE.

Trestle Forty Feet High Gives Way, Trainmen and Passengers Hurt.

A passenger train wreck occurred at Rome, Ga., at an early hour Saturday morning on the approach to the high bridge of the Southern Railway over the Etowah river. The engine plunged down a bluff sixty feet high into the stream, with the engineer at his post. The wreck caught fire, and seven cars were burned. The injured:

Engineer James T. Pittman, left leg broken and badly cut and bruised; fatally hurt.

Fireman Alfred Kennedy, internally injured and bruised; fatally.

Express Messenger Polk Culberson, leg badly lacerated.

Baggage Master Winston, painfully bruised.

All those named live in Atlanta.

Two other passengers, whose names could not be learned, were slightly injured.

The train, which was wrecked, was the passenger train from Chattanoga.

It was composed of one Pullman sleeper, day-coach, smoker, baggage and express car and five cars of perishable fast freight. About sixty feet from the bridge is a trestle forty feet high crossing the Western and Atlantic railroad tracks. Heavy rains caused the trestle to give away, and the freight cars, baggage car and smoker fell into the cut, while the engine jumped the track and plunged into the river.

The wreck caught fire from the stove in the baggage car. The fire department was summoned, and many citizens hastened to the scene. They had much difficulty in cutting out and rescuing passengers in the smoking-car. The Pullman and day coaches did not leave the track, and were pushed back out of the fire.

The escape of Engineer Pittman, who bravely stuck to his post, was miraculous.

WHOLESALE POISONING.

Alleged Murders Committed to Collect Insurance.

A remarkable scheme of alleged wholesale poisoning has been unearthed in Kemper county, Miss.

In the latter part of last December a farmer named Davis, living near Scioba, died under such circumstances that an investigation was ordered and it was found that Davis' life was insured in three life insurance companies for $15,000.

Before the authorities had finished investigating the death of Davis the community was shocked by the death of C. T. Stuart, another farmer, and also under peculiar circumstances.

The authorities went to work on this case, and discovered that Stuart had died from the effects of strychnine. The companies who had issued the policies on Stuart's life, aggregating over $20,000 in favor of Guy Jack, a prominent merchant of Scioba, refused payment and employed a detective agency of New York to make a private investigation.

The Grand Jury returned indictments against Dr. W. H. Lipscomb and Guy Jack. From facts unearthed by the authorities there is but little doubt, incredible as it may appear, that there is an organized gang in Kemper county, composed of prominent and wealthy people, who have been trafficking in human life. Positive evidence has been discovered, showing that the lives of more than a dozen farmers, mostly poor people, who have been insured without their knowledge for large sums in favor of others have been taken.

REED IS RENOMINATED.

He Will Be Speaker of the New House of Representatives.

A despatch from Washington says:—The caucus of Republican members-elect of the Fifty-fifth Congress, which was held Saturday night, voted by acclamation to renominate Ex-Speaker Reed and all the officers of the last House to serve during the Fifty-fifth Congress.

The slate chosen follows:

Thomas B. Reed—Speaker.
Rev. Henry M. Couden—Chaplain.
Alexander McDowell—Clerk.
Benj. F. Russell—Sergeant-at-arms.
W. J. Glenn—Doorkeeper.
Joseph C. McElroy—Postmaster.

The result of the caucus was a foregone conclusion. An effort to change the rules of the House had been expected, and a strong speech was made in advocacy of such a change by Mr. Walker, of Massachusetts, but the attempt flashed in the pan. There were 175 of the 201 Republicans present.

ROADBED GAVE AWAY.

Fearful Wreck on an Indiana Railroad.

Seven Killed Outright—Train Ran Into a Washout and Rolled Over—Some of the Cars Were Washed Away—A List of the Killed and Injured—All Traffic Suspended.

One of the worst railroad wrecks that have occurred in this vicinity for many years happened at three o'clock in the morning to the Chicago and Nashville Limited, southbound, over the Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad, one mile north of Hazleton, Ind. The train was made up of engine No. 94, in charge of Engineer John K. McCutchan and Joseph Bowman, fireman; a combination baggage and freight car, smoker, ladies' coach and one sleeper. The engine went over the embankment; falling a distance of fifteen feet into six feet of water. The smoker was telescoped by the baggage car, and the ladies' coach and sleeper remained on the track. Engineer McCutchan says he was running 25 miles an hour and when he approached the washout saw nothing but a very small hole. The engine passed over it and went down the embankment.

The Killed.

George A. Searf, of Terre Haute, conductor, in smoker.

Joseph Bowman, fireman, Evansville, buried under the locomotive.

Herbert Allen, doorkeeper of the legislature, Evansville.

Four unknown passengers.

The Injured.

Engineer John McCutcheon, of Evansville, scalded about the legs and arms and bruised.

John B. Haussein, brakeman, Evansville, foot badly crushed.

The seven above named as killed are known to be lost.

Conductor Sears was seen in the smoker before it was washed away by the flood. No one in the smoker escaped. How many were in the smoker other than those mentioned, no one can tell. Not one of the dead bodies has been recovered. From a gripsack found it is believed one of the lost was a traveling man for W. B. Phillips, of Fort Wayne.

The flood swept away the ladies' coach, leaving only the sleeper on the track.

All the passengers in the smoker are supposed to have been killed. Four persons, besides Conductor Sears, were seen in the smoker as it broke loose, rolled down the embankment and floated off with the current. Harry J. Hill, the baggageman, was the only member of the train crew who escaped unhurt.

About 8 o'clock a large section of the levee broke, sending the baggage cars and the smoker down into the water, and both subsequently floated away. The ladies' coach, which had been lying crosswise on the tracks, floated off toward the river.

It looks now as though several days will elapse before trains can be run over the washout, as there is no way of getting around it. The cars and engine cannot be taken out before the water goes down. Then the bodies of the unknown dead may be found, but the probability is that they will have been washed away.

The only passenger who went down in the wreck whose identity can be traced was a traveling man representing W. B. Phillips, of Fort Wayne, selling ladies' shirt waists.

THANKED BY THE PRESIDENT.

His Appreciation of the Services of the Inauguration Committee.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the inaugural committee the following letter to Chairman Bell, from Secretary Porter, expressive of the President's appreciation of the services rendered, was read:

"Dear Mr. Bell:—At the request of the President I write to inform you of his thorough appreciation of the very efficient services rendered by yourself and the members of the executive committee. He feels certain that the inaugural ceremonies were never better managed, and is particularly pleased with the courtesies extended to Mrs. McKinley, which he wishes now to acknowledge most heartily. The President would be glad to have this information made known to all of your associates and assistants, whose co-operation contributed to the splendid success of the exercises of the day.

Very truly yours,
"JOHN ADDISON PORTER,
"Secretary to the President."

A letter from Gen. Horace Porter, grand marshal of the parade, was also read, as follows:

"I want to say to you here what I have said to hundreds of persons, that in all my experience I have never seen committees work so harmoniously and effectually in the preparation and conduct of inaugural ceremonies as on the recent occasion. The ball-room was the most magnificent sight ever presented on such an occasion, and, with the weather to help out, even the most chronic fault-finders had nothing to criticise adversely."

There will be a surplus of between $7,000 and $8,000 remaining in the hands of the treasurer of the committee after all the debts have been paid and the guarantee fund refunded.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

She Kills a Robber, Who Attacks Her Husband.

News from Apalachicola, Fla., tells of tragedy in that town in which a lady bravely defended her husband.

William Hinzey is the tax collector of the city, and was kept out after dark in the performance of his duties. While returning home a burly form was following closely upon his footsteps. Just as Mr. Hinzey reached his doorstep his pursuer sprang upon him. A lively struggle followed, but as Mr. Hinzey has only one leg and one of his hands is cut off at the wrist, the fight could not have lasted long but for the unexpected appearance of Mrs. Hinzey, who was attracted by the noise of the struggle and who, with rare presence of mind, seized a stout hickory stick and inflicted a blow across the head of her husband's assailant, which brought him to his knees, and left him unconscious.

Officers came and took the prisoner to the guard house, where in a few hours afterward he was found lying stone-dead on the floor from the effect of the blow.

BIG BLAZE IN CHICAGO.

Half a Million Dollars Worth of Property Goes up in Smoke.

Fire destroyed about $500,000 of property at Lake street and Michigan avenue, Friday night.

The John A. Tolman Company, wholesale grocers were the principal losers. Fully insured.