TALES OF WOE.

Sad Scenes Enacted in the Conemaugh Valley.

Remarkable Rescues from the Death-Wave Which Engulfed Johnstown and Her Neighbors—The List of the World's Heroes Swelled.

STORIES TOLD BY SURVIVORS.

Over and above all the feeling that presses upon one as he reads the columns in the daily journals that tell of the terrible disaster at Johnstown and her neighboring villages is the helplessness of man, woman and child when confronted with the mighty forces of physical nature let loose and started upon their career of destruction. The awful details make the heart sick. The people were caught without warning in the midst of their pursuits. Human nature was displayed in its grandest light in the numerous instances of personal heroism and courage. More than one brave man risked his life in trying to save those engulfed in the awful swirl of water which

WRECKAGE ON THE SHORE.

came sweeping down the mountain and through the valley with a force far beyond that of the great cataract at Niagara. Sons stood back for fathers and mothers and were lost while the parents were taken out. Many a dear brother found a watery grave that a loving sister might be saved. The stories by survivers and thrilling escapes are in many instances most remarkable and almost beyond belief.

A man named Dougherty tells a thrilling story of a ride down the river on a log. When the waters struck the roof of the house on which he had taken shelter he jumped astride a telegraph pole, riding a distance of some twenty-three miles from Johnstown to Bolivar before he was rescued.

The eight children of James McMillan, the youngest of which is 10 months old, were in their house on Lincoln street in Johnstown. The family was in the attic when the flood came. Each of the large children grasped a smaller one, and the family got to the roof. The jam of houses made it possible for them to walk from roof to roof until they reached the Morrell Educational Institute, where they stayed all next day. They suffered greatly from hunger. One of the children kept the baby alive by moistening its lips with his finger, which he from time to time dipped in the water.

At Pine Creek, seventy-five miles from Johnstown, a child not more than a year old was found alive in the drift which had come down from the scene of the great disaster. It had been floating for thirty hours. It is almost a miracle how this mite of humanity escaped death in such a raging torrent after a journey of seventy-five miles, while many thousands of sturdy men and women met their death in the twinkling of an eye.

The family of C. Kress have reason to remember their four big St. Bernard dogs. Mr. Kress, his wife and three children were tossed about by the angry waters. Their house turned over and over, and each time all the family but Kress were washed into the water. The dogs sprang into the water as each member of the family slipped in and in an instant had the unfortunate person on the house again. Over trees, heavy brush, and through dangers of every kind the animals dashed to save their masters family. When the house approached the shore one of the dogs towed Mrs. Kress ashore. The rest of the family also escaped with the assistance of the dogs. Mr. Kress says he lost $100,000 in the flood, but he thinks far more of his dogs than of his wealth.

The family of Mr. D. J. Duncan, superintendent of the Johnstown Passenger Railway Company, had a narrow escape. One daughter, Blanche, was rescued from the floating debris at Cambria City on the right

SEEKING INFORMATION OF LOVED ONES.

bank of the stream. A half mile below Johnstown a second daughter, Miss Masee, was drawn out of the water alive and is well. At Morrellsville, on the left bank, one mile below Johnstown, a third daughter—Elvira, with a little 6-months-old child in her arms—reached the roof of a floating building, and was carried by it up Stony creek to Kerinville, a mile and a half above Johnstown on the extreme opposite portion of the town from which they started. Miss Elvira states that the building on which they succeeded in finding refuge was turned over and over a number of times before it settled, but so slowly that she was enabled to follow its movements and keep in a safe position, from which she was rescued Saturday morning. Hardly had she reached the shore when she was received by her overjoyed mother, who had also a most thrilling and wonderful escape. She had floated on the debris in the midst of the army of floating houses which went up Stony creek and was wafted through the second story window of a brick school-house in another portion of the town, where she remained until rescued. It is questionable if there was ever a more thrilling escape or wonderful adventure on record.

A gray-haired woman was among the applicants for clothing at the distributing depot at the Pennsylvania railroad station. An outfit was made up and given her, but after examining the dress she approached the agent in charge and asked if he would exchange it for a black one. "I have lost all my family," she added, by way of apology, as the tears streamed down her wrinkled face, "and would like to have a black dress if I could get one. My husband and four children are in that awful pile by the stone bridge, and I am alone now." A black dress was found for her.

In many cases whole families perished. In a small room of the school-house lay five little children. A big boy sat by contemplating them. They were his brothers and sisters. His father, Squire Fisher, and his mother were drowned, but their bodies have not yet been found. The children were in the attic and would have been saved, but a locomotive was hurled through the house and knocked it down. The surviving member of the family has since committed suicide.

The sights and sounds heard that night were the most painful that human beings were ever called upon to endure. In the darkness could be distinguished human beings floating by the town on house-tops and rafts. Some were crying for help, others were praying aloud for mercy, and a few were even singing as if to keep up their courage. About 9 o'clock a big raft swept by the village within 100 yards of the shore. There was an entire family on it, and they were singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." In the midst of their song the raft struck a large tree and went to splinters. There were one or two wild cries and then silence.

Mrs. Mary Fenn stood by a muddy pool of water trying to find some trace of a once happy home. A reporter asked her concerning her loss. She said she was left alone, her husband and seven children being swept away. She continued:

"We were driven by the raging flood into the garret, but the waters followed us there. Inch by inch it kept rising until our heads were crushing against the roof. It was death to remain. So I raised a window and one by one placed my darlings on some driftwood, trusting to the Great Creator. As I liberated the last one, my sweet little boy, he looked at me and said: 'Mamma, you always told me that the Lord would care for me; will He look after me now?' I saw him drift away with his loving face turned toward me, and with a prayer on my lips for his deliverance he passed from sight forever. The next moment the roof crashed in and I floated out to be rescued fifteen hours later from the roof of a house in Kernville. If I could only find one of my darlings I could bow to the will of God. But they are all gone."

Near the center of the city were three persons pulling apart the debris as best they could. They were an elderly woman, a young woman, quite pretty, and a little girl, all dressed in mourning. A reporter stopped to watch them for a moment, when suddenly the little girl cried: "O, mamma, here's something." Both women hurried over as the child held up a water-stained photograph album. "Yes, that's ours," cried the younger of the women as she feverishly seized it and began to turn the dirty and water-swollen leaves. All three sat down on an uprooted tree near by, and they went through the album, utterly regardless of the crowd that gathered. The younger one turned to the first picture in the album and carefully wiped the dirt away with her handkerchief. She looked at it long and earnestly while the other two looked over her shoulder. "I thought we had lost it," she said, as the tears trickled down her face.

In the gray dusk of that fatal Friday evening a crowd of people stood upon the bridge at Bolivar trying to rescue the unfortunates as they were carried down by the flood. Ropes were dangling from the bridge for those in the water to grasp. One poor woman's plight was even so piteous that even strong men wept. She was sitting high and dry on a substantial pile of timber that was bearing her down stream rapidly. On each side of her lay a little child. They were still and made no outcry as the woman clasped them close. As the craft neared the bridge the spectators saw that the children were

A PICTURE OF DESOLATION.

dead. They had been drowned. The rope was thrown to the rigid woman, but she would pay no attention to it. "Grab the rope!" a hundred voices shouted. The unfortunate creature looked at the two children and tried to rouse them, but they had dropped into an eternal slumber. "Grab the rope!" the crowd again yelled excitedly, for the wreckage with its dead and living freight was very nearly under the bridge. The woman heeded not the advice or the voices. She looked indifferently at the strained eyes of the men above, and as she passed under the bridge with unconcern it was seen she was insane, crazed by grief.

A man, woman and child were seen floating down on a lot of drift. The mass of debris commenced to part, and by desperate effort the husband succeeded in getting his wife and little one on a floating tree. Just then the tree washed under a bridge and a rope was thrown out. It fell over the man's shoulders. He saw at a glance that he could not save his dear ones, so he threw the means of safety to one side and grasped closer in his arms those who were with him. A moment later and the tree struck a floating house. It turned over, and in a moment all were swept to their fate.

Watchers in a railway signal tower near Sang Hollow tell many piteous tales of what they saw. Men and women in dozens, in pairs and singly, children, boys big and little, and wee babies passed there in among the awful confusion of water—drowning, gasping, struggling and fighting desperately for life. Two men on a tiny raft shot into the swiftest part of the current. They crouched stolidly, looking at the shores, while between them, dressed in white and kneeling with her face turned heavenward, was a girl 6 or 7 years old. She seemed stricken with paralysis until she came opposite the tower, and then she turned her face to the operator. She was so close they could see big tears on her cheeks, and her pallor was as death. The helpless men on shore shouted to her to keep up her courage, and she resumed her devout attitude and disappeared under the trees of a projecting point a short distance below.

At New Florence were two young men who should be crowned as true heroes. Their dress indicated them to be dudes, but they were brave in every sense of the word. They doffed their clothing and formed a life-saving crew of two members, and did work worthy of men experienced in sterner walks of life. Their plan of operation was simple, but a good one. A railroad tie was secured and one of the men fastened himself to it with a rope, making a crude life-preserver. He allowed himself enough

LEFT ALONE IN THE WORLD.

rope to work easily. A similar plan was adopted by his companion, and a line was tied on the shore. Their work began when they saw an old man coming down the seething current, and they plunged in after him. The timber to which they were attached buoyed them up sufficiently and they secured the man, who was taken ashore and was able to walk, although he was much exhausted by the cold and fear of drowning. A woman and a little girl were the next saved. These three were from Cambria City. The young men kept at work until ten or twelve persons were rescued. They refused to give their names.

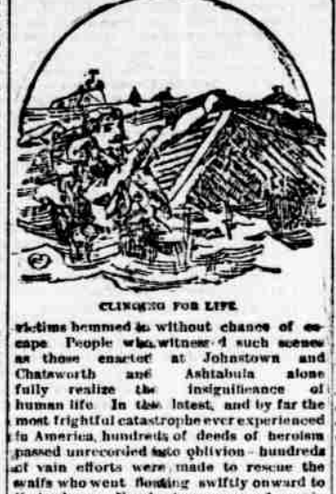
THE DELUGE.

Some Stories of the Great Flood at Johnstown.

Thrilling Accounts of Narrow Escapes Told by Survivors—Many Deeds of Heroism—Pathetic Incidents of the Woeful Disaster.

STORIES WHICH TRIED MEN'S HEARTS.

It is no hackneyed utterance to say that pen can not depict the horrors of the twin disasters—holocaust and deluge—with which the towns in the Conemaugh valley were visited last week. Silence is the most expressive eloquence for the deep emotions that spring from the heart of every man who has read the lengthy accounts in the newspapers of the death wave which swept away the homes and destroyed the lives of the thousands of happy and prosperous inhabitants of the stricken region, and the flames which fed ravenously upon the huge mass of debris which gathered at the fatal bridge in Johnstown, and the hundreds of



CLINGING FOR LIFE.

victims hemmed in without chance of escape. People who witnessed such scenes as those enacted at Johnstown and Chatsworth and Ashtabula alone fully realize the insignificance of human life. In the latest, and by far the most frightful catastrophe ever experienced in America, hundreds of deeds of heroism passed unrecorded into oblivion—hundreds of vain efforts were made to rescue the waifs who went floating swiftly onward to their doom. Numberless cases of manly heroism and womanly devotion might be recorded, and countless others will never be known on earth. Mothers went to death rather than accept salvation without the children who clung to them. Brave men relinquished their chances of escape into the hands of the wild he was powerless to render are, he says, still ringing in his ears. One woman and two children were floating along in apparent safety when they struck the corner of a building and all went down together.

Two men were eating in a restaurant when they saw the pallid faces of people who were fleeing down the street. They sprang through the back door, through an alley and up the side of a hill, but so swift was the progress of the wave that they had to wade through water up to their waists before reaching the high ground. They had little more than a block to go, and the people who were twenty feet behind them were caught by the flood and swept away. The water came in a wall, preceded by a yellowish cloud of mist or foam, and as it caught the blocks of houses it swept them down together with a succession of crashes that was terrible. As soon as possible they began the work of organizing relief parties to rescue the people who were on the houses that had been swept back into Stony Creek when the water could not escape below. One secured a clothes-line which was used to send out a raft with a strong man to take the people off the houses. A river man volunteered for this work, and with a rope tied securely about his body he made many trips into the flood, and each time brought two people ashore with him. The other gentlemen carried these people up to the high ground, where they were cared for by the residents of that locality. They rescued over fifty people in this way, mostly women and children.

Miss Mary Adams drifted on the top of a box-car towards the burning debris at the stone bridge. Her raft lodged about twenty feet from the flames, which were burning furiously. Boards and drift of all kinds was packed around her and she could not move anything but her hands and head. The flames crept nearer and nearer, and she became frantic, calling out to the men on the bank to shoot her or stone her to death. At last a rope was thrown her which she fastened around her body. The flames at this time were all around her. The men dragged her ashore more dead than alive. Her left arm was broken in two places and both legs were badly crushed.

Mrs. George Stoulter was rescued alive Thursday night from the wreck of a house away down the river. When found she was lying in a cavity beneath a pile of beams and rafters which held up the mass of ruins on top and prevented them from crushing her. She was unconscious and was just breathing. Her hold on life was a very slender one, and it is not probable that she will live, although she is receiving the tenderest of care. When the news of her rescue, after six days and nights of exposure and lack of nourishment, spread through the town, hundreds of people crowded about the stretcher on which she was being carried to see her. It is considered almost miraculous that she should have remained alive so long. The rain and cold were enough to kill her.

The body of a woman was found with a pretty baby clasped in her arms with what had been a most loving embrace. All efforts to unclasp her arms were unavailing. The only way to get the baby from the dead mother was to break the arms, and the rescuers resolved to let them lie in death as they had in life.

William Gaffney lost fourteen relatives, including his wife and two children. Several of the bodies he recovered, and unaided performed the mournful duty of digging their graves and burying them. In speaking of the matter he said: "I never thought that I could perform such a sad duty, but I had to do it and I did it. No one has any idea of the feelings of a man who acts as undertaker, grave-digger and pall-bearer for his own family."

"Mamma, mamma!" cried a child. She had recognized a body that no one else could, and in a moment the corpse was ticketed, boxed and delivered to laborers, who bore it away to join the long funeral procession.

No hearses were seen in Johnstown. Relatives recognized their dead, secured the coffins and got them carried the best way

REFUGEES ON THE HILLSIDE.

they could to the graveyards. A prayer, some tears and a few more of the dead thousands were buried in Mother Earth.

Mrs. Ogle was the Western Union telegraph operator at Johnstown for twenty years. Her daughter, Minnie, was her assistant. She was at her post when the flood came. Her last message was one of warning to those lower down in the valley. She could have escaped with her daughter and two other assistants had she selfishly minded the first warnings that came over the wire, but she ordered that no one leave the office until the valley was warned. All heroically stood their ground and were lost.

A wealthy young Philadelphian named Ogle recently became engaged to a Johnstown lady, Miss Carrie Diehl. They were to be wedded in the middle of June, and both parties were preparing for the ceremony. The lover heard of the terrible flood, but, knowing that the residence of his dear one was up in the hills, felt little fear for her safety. To make sure, however, he started for Johnstown. Near the Fourth-street morgue he met Mr. Diehl. "Thank God you are safe!" he exclaimed, then added: "Is Carrie well?" "She was visiting in the valley when the wave came," was the mournful reply, then he beckoned the young man to enter the chamber of death. A moment later Mr. Ogle was kneeling beside a rough bier and was kissing the cold, white face. From the lifeless finger he slipped a thin, gold ring, and in its place put one of his own. Then he stole quietly out—one of the thousands made to mourn by the bursting of the South Fork dam.

The most pathetic case yet brought to light is that of James Elgin. He had come to Johnstown to attend the wedding of his sister Ellen. He knew of the fact that a terrible disaster had taken place, but had no idea that his family was involved. His agony may be imagined rather than described when learning on his arrival that his mother and three sisters had been drowned and his father demented over the terrible affliction. The old gentleman was crying like a child and asking those he met: "Did you see them? Did you see them go down; they will come back for the wedding to-night. She has gone for her bridal wreath."

At Sang Hollow a man named Duncan sat on the roof of a house and saw his father and mother die in the attic below him, whom he was powerless to help, and the poor fellow stood there the picture of despair.

Squire Fisher and his wife had an interesting family of seven children. Their house withstood the attack of the wave, but a locomotive was swept down, struck the residence, and all, save one, a boy of 17, were lost. This lad a few days later, overpowered by his grief, committed suicide by hurling himself from the top of a building.

Under the ruins of a house, bent double beneath the overpowering weight of several huge timbers, was a woman, evidently a mother. In her arms she held her children tightly clasped, seeking even in death to ward off the cruel blows she could not avoid. In her right arm was a little boy and girl and a two-year-old girl baby was held in her left arm, this baby held three marbles clenched in its chubby hand, and the girl still clung to a waxen doll-baby. Near by was a small toy tool-chest, probably the boy's. The mother had seized them at the first intimation of danger, snatching them up as they were at play.

Mrs. Lindsay, the wife of a prominent Johnstown merchant, being asked what she had lost, said: "The kindest-hearted husband that ever graced a home would still be with me had he not sacrificed his life in the rescue of others. For ten minutes before the dreadful torrent came down upon us he had been carrying people from the houses across the street to the second floor of our own house. He crossed the street the seventh time to rescue a lady, but failed to return. That is all I know. My heart will burst with grief."

Dr. Matthews is a hero. Several of his ribs were crushed in by falling timber and his pains were most severe, yet through all he attended the sick.

A HUNDRED FUNERALS.

He raised his arms to Heaven and screamed in his mental anguish, and only ceased that to tear his hair and moan like one distracted. One young woman was found under the dead body of a relative. A force of men attempted to extricate her, and succeeded in releasing every limb but one leg. For three hours they labored, and every moment the flames crept nearer and nearer. I was on the point several times of ordering the men to chop her leg off. It would have been much better to save her life even at that loss than have her burn to death. Fortunately it was not necessary, but the young lady's escape from mutilation or death she will never realize.

George Irwin was rescued from the limbs of an apple-tree after having remained there for two hours. He was carried for miles on the breast of the foaming stream, finally striking the tree, which circumstance saved his life. While there many unfortunates were swept by him and their frantic cries for the aid he was powerless to render are, he says, still ringing in his ears. One woman and two children were floating along in apparent safety when they struck the corner of a building and all went down together.

Two men were eating in a restaurant when they saw the pallid faces of people who were fleeing down the street. They sprang through the back door, through an alley and up the side of a hill, but so swift was the progress of the wave that they had to wade through water up to their waists before reaching the high ground. They had little more than a block to go, and the people who were twenty feet behind them were caught by the flood and swept away. The water came in a wall, preceded by a yellowish cloud of mist or foam, and as it caught the blocks of houses it swept them down together with a succession of crashes that was terrible. As soon as possible they began the work of organizing relief parties to rescue the people who were on the houses that had been

RAILROAD WRECK IN IRELAND.

A Sunday School Excursion Train Wrecked—Seventy-two Passengers Killed and Many Injured.

DUBLIN, June 13.—A train from Armagh has been wrecked near that place. Many children were killed and a number injured. The train contained 1,200 persons, Methodist Sunday school scholars, their teachers and relatives. They were going on an excursion to Warren Point, a watering place at the mouth of the Newry river, in County Down. Seventy bodies have already been taken from the wreck and there are others buried under the debris. Over a hundred of the passengers were injured. The excursion party left Armagh on two trains. The accident occurred at a point where the trains had to ascend a grade on a bank fifty feet high. The first train ascended the grade without trouble. The second section attempted the ascent, but the weight of the train proved too great for the engine and several cars were detached and allowed to run back toward the level track, but before they reached it they came in collision with an ordinary train from Armagh, which was proceeding at a good rate of speed. The excursion cars were completely wrecked. The scene which ensued was heartrending. Hosts of volunteers were soon at hand and the dead and wounded were taken from the wreck and carried down the bank. Medical aid was called and a special train from Belfast brought to the scene twenty surgeons from that city and a number of medical men from other places between Belfast and Armagh. The disaster is unparalled in the railroad history of Ireland, and at Armagh all the shops were closed yesterday afternoon and the people were in general mourning. The engineer, fireman and guard of the train and traffic manager's clerk were summoned before a magistrate and were remanded on the charge of being responsible for the accident.

An account of the disaster says the engineer of the second train finding his engine powerless to pull the train up the steep grade unlinked several of the cars with the object of taking the front portion of the train to the next station and returning for the remainder. Heavy stones were placed behind the wheels of the detached cars to prevent them from slipping, but the locomotive on restarting gave the whole train a shunt and displaced the stones. The result was that the detached cars began to slip backward down the grade, their speed gradually increasing until they had attained a frightful velocity. After running four miles they crushed with terrific force into the third train at a point about a mile and half from Armagh.

The train consisted of fifteen carriages. The bulk of the children were in the front portion of the train and only about a dozen children were killed. The majority of the victims were about twenty years of age. They were in the last carriage, which was completely smashed. Many of the occupants jumped from the windows and escaped with slight injuries before the collision.

All the bodies have now been taken from the wreck and the total killed has been found to be 72, of which 64 have been identified.

THE PROCTOR MURDER.

Two of the Atchison County Farmer's Neighbors Arrested.

ATCHISON, Kan., June 13.—Edward Siler and James Wiley have been arrested for the murder of W. W. Proctor on his farm in the northwest part of this county a short time ago. Siler was Proctor's nearest neighbor, their farms joining. The neighbors assert that Siler and Proctor were not on friendly terms, and that they had frequent wrangles over a line of fence and over Proctor's cattle trespassing on Siler's lands. These quarrels—coupled with conflicting stories and damaging statements made by Wiley, Siler's hired man, recently, while on a visit to Missouri, together with certain other facts in possession of the county attorney—were deemed of sufficient weight to justify the arrest of Siler and Wiley. The theory of the murder now is that several weeks ago Proctor and Siler engaged in a quarrel. Both men being quick-tempered, they came to blows, and in the altercation Proctor was shot. His body was carried to his house, and his throat cut to create the impression that he had committed suicide. Siler, who is well-to-do, came to Atchison from Platte County, Mo., about eight years ago. He has always borne a good reputation. Wiley has also heretofore borne a good name, although but little is known of his antecedents.

Money For Sorghum Experiments.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—Last year Congress appropriated $100,000 to be used by the Department of Agriculture in experimenting with sorghum cane as a sugar producer. Of this sum less than $15,000 was so expended, and Congress gave the department the unexpended balance to continue the work. Secretary Rusk yesterday decided to expend the entire amount this year, and made the following allotments: Rio Grande, N. J., $7,500; Morrisville, Va., $7,500; Kenner, La., $5,000; Meade Center, Kan., $12,000; Conway Springs, Kan., $8,000; Attica, Kan., $6,000; Medicine Lodge, Kan., $6,000; Ness City, Kan., $4,000; Sterling, Kan., experiment station, $2,500; Cedar Falls, Iowa, experiment station, $5,000; general chemical control and direction, $15,000. One thousand dollars was reserved for experimenting with beet culture and this amount will be divided between the stations at Madison, Wis., and Berkley, Cal.

Ten Thousand Killed.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 13.—The steamer City of Sydney, which has just arrived from Kokohama and Hong-Kong, brings tidings that the Shanghai Mercury of May 10 publishes the news received from its correspondent at Chung-King, who writes that Luchow, a city of some importance in Szehuen, situated on the upper Yangtze, is nearly destroyed by fire. The conflagration broke out on the evening of the eighth day of the third moon, and burned furiously till the tenth. Seven out of the eight gates are said to be destroyed, and the loss of life, trampled to death and burnt, is estimated at not less than 10,000.

Under Military Rule.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 13.—The borough of Johnstown and the surrounding towns are now under military rule. At seven o'clock yesterday morning General Hastings took charge and soldiers were placed on guard duty at all the commissary stations and morgues. Every thing is turmoil and confusion and little or no work is being done.

The laborers employed by Booth & Flynn and all the volunteer and other workmen were paid off at the club house yesterday by the finance committee. The payroll amounted to $90,000.

The 800 special policemen employed by the sheriff were discharged and the soldiers put in their places.

Fire at Grinnell.

GRINNELL, Iowa, June 13.—Fire yesterday started in Treat & Co.'s elevator at 1:15 p. m., and was carried by wind to the principal business block of the town, which was swept nearly clean. Forty-one buildings, mostly frame, were burned, including Treat & Co.'s elevator, A. A. Faytor & Co.'s agricultural implement shop, Miles Chaffee's office, the city hall, the White Elephant restaurant, Mack's restaurant, the Herald office, Morrison, McIntosh & Co.'s stove factory, Chamberlain's meat market, Wheeler's insurance office, Seamen's restaurant, the Merchants' National Bank, the post-office and other buildings. It is probable that the losses will be from $180,000 to $200,000.

The Hostetter Stomach Bitter People Score Another Point.

In the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York, Judge Shipman handed down an opinion a few days ago in the suit of the owners of the trade marks covering Hostetter's Stomach Bitters against Arnold Theller and Cornell Theller, the compounders located on Vesey street, New York City, in which it was decided that, although the defendants made use of their own names on the labels affixed to the bottles containing bitters prepared by them, yet as they were evidently designed to imitate the Hostetter labels, they were infringers, and a perpetual injunction was granted and an accounting of damages ordered, together with the costs of the suit. It is the evident intention of the Hostetter people to protect their valuable trade mark against all infringers.

Matters of Importance.

They were in the conservatory at an evening party, and there, amid the perfume of the roses and posies, he had fervently declared his passion.

"Mr. Sampson, George," she responded, with womanly tenderness, "my heart has been wholly yours for months, and now," she went on, shyly taking his arm, "you may take me in to supper; I heard it announced when you first began those words of love which have so blissfully changed all the colors of my life."—Harper's Bazar.

—Cowboy—"Say you! Do you run this engine?" Locomotive engineer—"Yes. What can I do for you?" Cowboy—"I want a situation as cow-catcher. I've been on a ranch for the last ten years."—Boston Herald.

A Piece of Her Mind.

A lady correspondent has this to say:

"I want to give a piece of my mind to a certain class who object to advertising when it costs them any thing—this won't cost them a cent. I suffered a living death for nearly two years with headaches, backache, in pain standing or walking, was being literally dragged out of existence, my misery increased by drugging. At last, in despair, I committed the sin of trying an advertised medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it restored me to the blessedness of sound health. I honor the physician who, when he knows he can cure, has the moral courage to advertise the fact." The medicine mentioned is *guaranteed* to cure those delicate diseases peculiar to females. Read printed guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

TEACH boys and girls the actual facts of life as soon as they are old enough to understand them, and give them the sense of responsibility without saddening them.

A Stout Backbone

Is as essential to physical health as to political consistency. For weakness of the back, rheumatism, and disorders of the kidneys, the tonic and dietetic action of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the one thing needful. The stomach is the mainstay of every other organ, and by invigorating the digestion with this preparation, the spinal column, and all its dependencies, are sympathetically strengthened. The dyspeptic and bilious will find it a pure vegetable stimulant and tonic.

THE telephone is used on the continent of Europe to enable the guard of a train detained between stations to communicate to the nearest point for assistance.

THOSE who wish to practice economy should buy Carter's Little Liver Pills. Forty pills in a vial; only one pill a dose.

IN Finland's system of public schools manual training is universal. Boys learn to sew as well as girls, and girls also learn carpentry.

NO SPECIFIC for local skin troubles equals Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

LEAVE your business unduly and your business will leave you.

BETTER to die at the post of duty than to live elsewhere.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, June 17.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$ 3 20	@	4 10
Butcher steers	3 00	@	4 15
Native cows	2 00	@	3 00
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 00	@	4 17½
WHEAT—No. 2 red	72	@	73
No. 2 soft	76	@	78
CORN—No. 2	25	@	26
OATS—No. 2	19½	@	20
RYE—No. 2	37	@	39
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 30	@	2 40
HAY—Baled	5 00	@	7 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	12	@	15
CHEESE—Full cream	9	@	9½
EGGS—Choice	9	@	9½
BACON Hams	10	@	10½
Shoulders	5	@	6½
Sides	7	@	8
LARD	6½	@	6¾
POTATOES	20	@	40
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	4 80
Butchers' steers	3 75	@	4 85
HOGS—Packing	4 05	@	4 40
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 60	@	4 40
FLOUR—Choice	3 50	@	4 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	83	@	83½
CORN—No. 2	31½	@	31½
OATS—No. 2	22½	@	23
RYE—No. 2	38	@	39
BUTTER—Creamery	14	@	15
PORK	12 10	@	12 12½
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 75	@	4 50
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 00	@	4 50
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	4 65
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 50	@	5 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red	80	@	80½
CORN—No. 2	33½	@	33¾
OATS—No. 2	22	@	22¼
RYE—No. 2	38½	@	39¼
BUTTER—Creamery	15	@	17
PORK	11 50	@	11 55
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	4 00	@	4 85
HOGS—Good to choice	4 50	@	4 90
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 40	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	82	@	82¾
CORN—No. 2	41½	@	42
OATS—Western mixed	26	@	30
BUTTER—Creamery	13	@	17½
PORK	13 25	@	13 50

A Fair Trial

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that it does possess great medicinal merit. We do not claim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we do know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit. Its peculiar curative power is shown by many remarkable cures.

"I was run down from close application to work, but was told I had malaria and was dosed with quinine, etc., which was useless. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now feeling strong and cheerful. I feel satisfied it will benefit any who give it a fair trial." W. B. BEAMISH, 261 Spring Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. 6; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. $75 per month and expenses paid any active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Full particulars and sample case FREE. We mean just what we say. Standard Silverware Co., Box 2288, Boston, Mass.

DETECTIVES Wanted in every county. Shrewd men to act under instruction in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send 2c. stamp. Grannan Detective Bureau Co., 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon

IT is proposed applying telephones to the infectious wards of the French hospitals so as to enable sick people to communicate with their friends without danger of conveying the infection.

Engraving and Electrotyping.

If you want engravings of Buildings, Machinery, Portraits, Maps, Plats, or any thing in this line, write to us for samples and prices. Best work guaranteed at fair prices. Address A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO., Kansas City, Mo.

TWO MORMONS were lately on trial at Salt Lake City for a murder committed thirty years ago. The prosecuting attorney was a baby at the time the crime took place, and many of the jurors were not yet born.

WE value everything in this world by comparison. Water and air have no intrinsic value, and yet Jay Gould, if famishing in the desert, would give all his wealth for a pint of the former, and think it cheap; hence, life and health are the standard of all values. If your system is full of Malaria you will be very miserable; a few doses of Shallenberger's Antidote will make you well and happy. Is one dollar a high price to pay?

FIFTY-TWO chicks from fifty eggs is the record that a Lenawee County (Mich.) man proudly presents in behalf of one of his hatching hens.

CAN the sale of an inferior article constantly increase for 24 years? Dobbins' Electric Soap has been on the market ever since 1865, and is to-day *the best and purest* family soap made. Try it. Your grocer has it.

THE man who finds trout in town that have been twenty-four hours on ice palatable will never be a conspicuous epicure.

MUST not be confounded with common cathartic or purgative pills. Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

ENGLISH fakirs paint sparrows yellow and sell them for canaries.

ST. JACOBS OIL

FOR STRAINS AND SPRAINS.

NEW AND STRONG CASES.

A Surprise. Boston, Mass., June 12, 1889.
I wish to inform you of what I consider most wonderful. Yesterday I sprained my ankle on a curbstone and at night could only step on my foot with greatest pain; got a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and applied it freely; to-day I am about my business as usual without feeling any inconvenience. F. A. GAYLORD.

Strained Ankle. Cleveland, O., June 26, 1888.
Was in bed with strained ankle; used cane; completely cured by St. Jacobs Oil. No return of pain. L. HANLEY.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Gained 15 Pounds.

"I have been a great sufferer from Torpid Liver and Dyspepsia. Every thing I ate disagreed with me until I began taking

Tutt's Pills

I can now digest any kind of food; never have a headache, and have gained fifteen pounds in weight."
W. C. SCHULTZE, Columbia, S. C.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

S.S.S. In 1883 I contracted Blood Poison of bad type, and was treated with mercury, potash and sarsaparilla mixtures, growing worse all the time. I took 7 small bottles S. S. S. which cured me entirely, and no sign of the dreadful disease has returned. J. C. KANCE, Jan. 10, '89. Hobbyville, Ind.

My little niece had white swelling to such an extent that she was confined to the bed for a long time. More than 20 pieces of bone came out of her leg, and the doctors said amputation was the only remedy to save her life. I refused the operation and put her on S. S. S. and she is now up and active and in as good health as any child. MISS ANNIE GERSLINGS, Feb. 11, '89. Columbus, Ga.

Book on Blood Diseases sent free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

RUPTURE CURED. Send for 96 page ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET. BEST RUPTURE TREATMENT and CURE in the WORLD. Photo-engravings of ruptures 2 feet around successfully treated. No PAIN, no OPERATION, no PADS BEHIND to hurt the back and kidneys, no STRAPS to chafe the thighs; no time lost, no hindrance to business or pleasure; can be comfortably supported AT ONCE, and patient braced up for walking, riding or working with body in ANY position. Medical profession highly endorse it and so says Gleaning Testimonials from HUNDREDS of Patients all over the country. Address or call on Dr. D. L. SNEDIKER, Emporia, Kan.

TOOLS for Carpenters, Cabinet Makers, Piano and Wagon Makers, Millwrights, Ship Carpenters, Coopers, Carvers, Draughtsmen, Engravers, Upholsterers, Machinists, Jewelers, Blacksmiths, Miners, Stone Cutters, Masons, Bricklayers, Plasterers, Draughtsmen, Draining Instruments, etc., etc. Scroll Saws, Wonder and Designs, Light Foot-Power Machinery, and all Standard and the latest Improved Labor-Saving Tools, never before Illustrated. Our Catalogue is the most complete ever offered to Mechanics, and describes the largest variety of Tools. An examination of its contents will convince you of its extraordinary value. Forward of 1,000 Illustrations, and will be sent free, to any address, on receipt of 4 cents for postage. E. DESCHAUER, 204 State Island Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY

IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.

BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

$75 to $250 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.
N.B.—Please state age and business experience. Never mind about sending stamp for reply.