

# Democratic Watchman

Terms 2.00 A Year, in Advance

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 11, 1891.

P. GRAY MEEK, EDITOR

## A Great Man Gone.

The death of Dom Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, is more genuinely deplored throughout the United States than it is in Rio Janeiro, where in the midst of political and social dissensions, the people have forgotten that this kindly old man guided for years the ship of State, elevated the masses by freeing the slaves and establishing schools throughout his realm, and gave of his own private means for the advancement of science, art and literature; while in this country, thousands remember him, through his visit at the Centennial, as a kindly, courteous gentleman and an Emperor in the fullest sense of the word. DOM PEDRO II was born Dec. 2, 1825, at Rio de Janeiro, a son of the first emperor by that name who belonged to the Bourbon and Braganza family. His mother was Leopoldina Josephine, of Austria. In 1840 he was declared of age and assumed the sovereign power and in 1841 he was crowned. Two years later he was married to Princess Theresa Christina Maria, sister of Francis I, late King of Naples, who died some time ago. DOM PEDRO was courteous in his manner, highly educated and had he not disliked politics, might have been the most commanding figure in South America.

In 1889 he was compelled to leave Brazil and he has since been living in Paris, where he died on last Friday.

A meeting of the National Democratic Committee, to fix the time and place for holding the Convention to nominate candidates for President and Vice President, has been called to convene at Washington, January 21. As the annual meeting of the Democratic State Committee of this State, is held at Harrisburg the day preceding that fixed for the meeting of the National Committee, it is altogether probable that the election of a member of the National Committee to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. WM. L. SCOTT, will be postponed until that time. We can scarcely conceive of any reason why a special meeting of the Committee should be called for that purpose, as has been suggested by some of our exchanges, now that we know that the National Committee will not meet until after the time of the regular meeting of the State Committee.

## No Use for Them.

Two instances that have occurred within this State during the last two months, should go a good way toward opening the eyes of the colored voter to the fact, that all he is good for, looking at it from a Republican standpoint, is to vote the Republican ticket. The one instance to which we refer was the deliberate defeat at the last election, of the colored candidate for Coroner in Dauphin county, when the white Republicans on the same ticket were given over two thousand majority each. The other is the more recent occurrence in Philadelphia, in which the Republican city Solicitor, WARWICK, filed his opinion, that colored boys should not be admitted to Girard College. These two instances should be object lessons from which the colored voter might learn a fact that has been entirely clear to every intelligent white man in the State for years, and that fact is—that further than for voting purposes, the Republican party has no more use for the darkey, than a frog has for a coat of feathers.

Among the names of those mentioned as republican aspirants, for the nomination for Supreme Judge, next fall, is that of our townsman Hon. A. O. FURST. Its a long time since Centre county was honored with a justiceship in the Supreme court, and if the Republicans are to elect the successor to Judge CHASE, we would just as soon, and probably a little sooner, see Judge FURST elevated to that position as any of the many other republicans mentioned. Judge BURNSIDE, was the last representative this county had upon the Supreme bench. That was away back in 1845. Judge FURST, if elected would not be a BURNSIDE, by a long slide, but he would all the same, be a representative from the county.

Philadelphia papers are already stating the claims of that city for larger appropriations from the general government. If there is anything in the world that Philadelphia does in time and does it heartily, it is to go for any money supposed to be in any Treasury that it can get at.

## Well Done.

In the unanimous selection of Mr. KERR to be Chief Clerk of the House, the Democratic representatives at Washington have paid a high compliment to Pennsylvania's popular young representative and to the Democracy generally of this republican, ring cursed State. Never before in the history of Congress has the majority party presented its candidate for this important position with the unanimity that characterized the nomination of Mr. KERR. So universal was the recognition of his fitness, that during the entire contest he had practically no competitors, and when the caucus met, there was no other name presented for the place than his. This fact shows the high esteem in which he was held by those with whom he has been associated and who have learned to know his merits as a man and his deservings as a Democrat.

In his success the Democracy of the State have reason to feel proud. He was their unanimous choice for the position, and the fact that every Democratic representative from the State subordinated every wish to the success of his candidacy, showed the extent to which his own people would go for him, and the confidence they had in his claim to the honor the position brings. We know that he will make a popular and efficient official, that he is entirely worthy of the place, and we feel assured that none who voted for him, will have just cause to regret their action.

Startling news comes to us from Boston, via the Republican press, to the effect that that great, greasy Octopus, the Standard Oil company and the Boston and Maine railroad corporation have entered into a combination to make Massachusetts and New Hampshire both Democratic at the next election. This is news for certain, and is the first intimation any one ever had, that corporations ever combined to make anything else than money.

## A New York Bomb Thrower.

An Almost Successful Attempt to Blow Up Russell Sage Because He Refused a Crank \$1,500,000.

The most diabolical crime in the history of New York was perpetrated shortly after 12 o'clock Saturday. A dynamite bomb was exploded in the office of Russell Sage, and the well known financier was seriously injured, and one of his clerks killed, and others fatally hurt. The man who threw the bomb was killed.

It was just twenty-two minutes past 12 when the explosion came, with a force that was absolutely startling, completely wrecking the second floor of the building, throwing pedestrians in the street to the ground and startling the people for blocks around. Those who were close at hand saw a man blown through one of the windows in Sage's office into Reitor street. A few minutes later Mr. Sage himself, with blood streaming from his face and hands, was helped out into the street and taken to O'Connell's drug store. Within ten minutes after the explosion, Dr. Dunn, physician to Jay Gould, was at the side of Mr. Sage and personally attended to his injuries which proved to be not of a serious nature. The hair and eyebrows of the millionaire were burned and his face and hands cut by small particles of glass and plaster, the result of the explosion. Mr. Sage though suffering from the shock, made the following statement while his wounds were being dressed.

A man, who gave his name as H. D. Wilson, came to my office just now. I had never seen him before. He had a carpet bag in his hand and said: "If you will not give me \$1,250,000 I will blow you all to pieces." I knew nothing further, except hearing a great explosion, falling on the floor and regained consciousness here. The man lying on the floor of this drug store is, I believe, the same one who asked me for the money. When Sage's wounds were dressed he was taken in a cab to his home.

When the police arrived in force, the building was quickly cleared of all persons and a search made in the wrecked offices. Just inside of the door of the general office was found the trunk of a man in a state that rendered recognition nearly impossible, the head having been severed from the body. When the body was taken up, it was found to have been torn into shreds by the explosion. The interior of the office plainly showed that the force of the explosion was something terrific. All of the partitions were blown down and sashes and window frames forced outward. The ceiling had been blown down and the floor forced downward, rendering it unsafe to walk upon. Desks and chairs were overturned and hurled into an indistinguishable mass and every piece of glass in the big air shaft that ran to the roof was shattered into thousands of particles. The search was continued amidst the great confusion which quickly followed, but the body of a man with reddish pointed beard was the only one among killed outright—the unknown man previously mentioned. He is supposed to be H. D. Wilson, the man that made the demand for money from Sage and who threw the bomb. Benjamin F. Norton, who was thrown through the window, a clerk in the office of Sage, was removed to a hospital, where he died while under an operation for a fracture of the skull.

A number of others were seriously injured and three perhaps fatally.

## Two Horrible Explosions.

One Hundred and Eighty Lives Lost in Russian Poland and Fifty-eight Bodies Recovered from the French Mine.

ST. PETERSBURG, December 7. A most terrible catastrophe has occurred in a colliery located at Nifka, in Russian Poland. No details of the affair have as yet been received here, but it is conjectured that the accident was the result of an explosion of fire-damp. Further intelligence is anxiously awaited and hopes are expressed that the loss of life, which the first dispatch places at one hundred and eighty, is over one hundred and eighty men who are said to have lost their lives, forty horses were killed.

While from Paris comes the report of a terrible mining disaster at St. Etienne, in the department of Loire, and the center of one of the richest coal fields in France. An explosion of fire-damp occurred at noon to-day, and many of the workers were unable to escape from the mine. According to advices, so far received, 80 men perished.

The explosion occurred in the Puits de la Manufacture, belonging to the St. Etienne Colliery Company. Immediately after dense volumes of evil-smelling smoke issued from the mouths of this and a connecting pit. Fortunately to-day was being observed a fête day and a comparatively small number of men were at work in the mine. When the first attempt was made to rescue the imprisoned men the rescuers were driven back by the foul fumes that poured from the shaft, and for nearly an hour nothing could be done to aid the unfortunate miners in the pit. In order to disperse the smoke that filled the shaft the cage was lowered and drawn up again rapidly a number of times. Once down in the depths the rescuers encountered a serious obstacle, the gallery having collapsed and prevented access to the imprisoned men. After working several hours in relays the party of rescuers had cleared away a portion of the debris, and a few minutes later they came across the bodies of four miners. The men, although unconscious, were still alive and were quickly revived.

It has now been ascertained beyond all doubt that the disaster was due to the action of the manager of the mine, who ordered that the ventilating apparatus be stopped. He had received no authority from the engineer to stop this most important part of the mine's machinery, and at his order he laid the responsibility for the sorrow and mourning that to day fills so many of the homes of the humble miners.

The horrible calamity has touched the hearts of many beside the mourners in St. Etienne. President Carnot has sent a long telegraphic message to the Prefect expressing his deep regret for the disaster that has befallen so many homes. He has not confined himself to a mere expression of regret, but has taken steps to show his sympathy in a more practical manner. He has sent Colonel De Chamoin, one of his aids-de-camp, to distribute to those who were killed and convey his condolences to the relatives to distribute relief where it was needed. The families of many of the dead miners are miserably poor and this prompt action of the President in the direction of meeting their most pressing necessities will be an invaluable aid to them.

## Seventy-Three Men Suffocated.

Fearful Disaster in a Mine Explosion in France.

PARIS, Dec. 6.—The report of a terrible mining disaster comes from St. Etienne, in the department of Loire. An explosion of fire-damp occurred to-day in one of the numerous coal pits in that region, and many of the workers were unable to escape from the mine. Seventy-three men perished in the pit.

Immediately after the explosion dense volumes of vile-smelling smoke issued from the mouth of this and a connecting pit, and in a short time crowds of relatives and friends of the imprisoned workmen gathered about the entrances and prepared for the work of rescue. Rescuing parties are at work, and many miners have been taken out who were unconscious, but revived when they reached open air.

## Whittier's Fair Poem.

The aged Bard Has Already Composed His Lay.

AMESBURY, Mass. Dec. 6.—John G. Whittier, who has been asked to write the opening hymn for the World's Fair, has already composed the verses for it. It will probably be read in private at the celebration of the centennial of his birth, day next week, but there is no chance of its being published. Whittier is not satisfied with his verses, and thinks there should be a law against authorship after threescore and ten. However, those who remember how reticent he was about his hymn for the centennial at Philadelphia, and that it was not until a month before the opening of that fair that he would promise to furnish the hymn, do not doubt that he will furnish the one for Chicago.

## Fair Play Will be Observed.

From the Easton Express. The Democrats now have it in their power to retaliate and to throttle the Republicans by the very rules they two years ago so lustily denounced. The Democrats will hardly be so unwise as to do this. The people of the United States admire pluck and bravery, which Reed knew, but they also like fair play, and it is here that Reed made his mistake.

## Pensions but no Princes.

From the New York Journal. And now the British people are to be asked to set up another pension, this time for Prince Albert Victor, on the occasion of his marriage. We are lucky to have no Princes, but unfortunately the pensions are still with us.

## Crisp, the Speaker.

Hon. Charles Frederick Crisp, chosen Speaker of the House by the Democratic caucus Monday night, belongs to Americus, Ga. He is 46 years old. He was born in England, but was brought to this country when an infant. His parents were well known Theatians. Crisp attended the public schools in Savannah and Macon. He entered the Confederate army when 16 and became a lieutenant in a Virginia regiment. After three years' service he was captured and sent to Fort Delaware. At the end of the war he was released. His folks were then living at Ellaville, Schley county, Ga. Young Crisp read law for a year and was then admitted to the bar. He practiced law in Ellaville for six years, and was then appointed Solicitor General of the Southwestern Judicial Circuit. In 1873 he located permanently in Americus. Four years later he became Judge of the superior court and five years afterward resigned it to accept a nomination to Congress. He presided over the Georgia Democratic State Convention in the ensuing year, and entered the House of Representatives at the beginning of the session in 1883. He has served eight years.

In the House he took front rank as a worker and speaker. Crisp is always at ease upon the floor. Rarely will you find him absent. He watches the proceedings of the House as closely as the watchdog of the Treasury. His speeches show much thought and research. The logic is clear and convincing. There is no striving for effect. His eloquence is found at times in the quaint simplicity of his argument. It is almost irresistible in its effect.

The confidence of his party in Mr. Crisp has been shown more than once. At the opening of the Fifth Congress Speaker Carlisle refused to appoint the Committee on Elections. His own seat was contested by Mr. Thoebe, and he asked the House to select the committee. Each side of the House concurred and appointed a committee to make the selection. The Democrats, being in the majority, were to pick out a chairman. Upon the committee to do this were Samuel J. Randall, William S. Holman, General Burnes, of Missouri, General Forney, of Alabama, and others. All cast their eyes upon one man in looking for a chairman for the Committee on Elections. This man was Charles F. Crisp. No other name was mentioned. He was sent for and asked to accept the place. It was a magnificent tribute to his sagacity and ability. Upon the roll of committees of the House the Committee on Ways and Means. Crisp knew the requirements of the place. Intense application, careful inquiry, and the power to cope with the shrewdest men in the ranks of the opposition were necessary. At the urgent solicitation of his party associates the Georgian came to the aid of the Chairman of the Committee on Pacific Railroads, to which he was entitled by the retirement of Governor Throckmorton, but gained a place where he was ever in the eyes of the people, and where he became a recognized leader of his party in the House.

No one questions Crisp's judgment or his self-control. At one time Speaker Reed tried not only to throttle him with tyrannical rulings, but treated him with aggravating insolence. It was in a desperate fight attending the placing of John M. Langston in the seat of Edward C. Venable. While the House was in call, the Speaker ascertained that a quorum was present, and ordered the clerk to call the roll upon the approval of the journal. The Reed rules provide that while the House was in order, one was a motion to adjourn and the other to dispense with further proceedings under the call. Mr. Crisp raised a point of order, and called the Speaker's attention to the plain wording of the rule. Caught dead to rights, Reed was on fire in a moment. He tried to bulldoze the Georgian, and awakened the true Georgia grit.

"The clerk can read the journal without objects," said the man from Maine.

"Object," replied Mr. Crisp. "Such action is unprecedented. Such a suggestion has never been made in the history of Congress."

"Well," replied the Speaker, with much acerbity, "it's time that it was made."

At this the Republicans raised a shout of encouragement. Crisp remained standing, perfectly imperturbable, until the tumult had subsided.

"That is the judgment of the Chair," he replied. "The Chair is not the master of the House, but its servant. He must obey its order."

Reed was white with rage. Democrats broke into applause in their turn and the Republicans cried for the "regular order."

"The gentleman from Georgia need not recommence," the Speaker threateningly observed, as soon as quiet was restored.

With great dignity Mr. Crisp replied: "The gentleman will insist upon his rights. No tyrant can take them from him."

At this the Republicans fairly screamed for the regular order. Mr. Rowell, Chairman of the Committee on Elections, obtained recognition.

"I make the point of order," he shouted, "that the remarks of the gentleman from Georgia are out of order."

"No more than the remarks of the Speaker," Crisp calmly replied.

This remark touched the Czar like a hot iron. His eyes flashed, his cheeks flushed, and he brought his gavel down with a double fold vengeance.

"The gentleman from Georgia will take his seat!" he roared.

Crisp remained as calm as a May morn. Unlike many of his colleagues when suffering from similar tyrannical

outbursts, he recognized the amenities of the situation.

"Certainly the gentleman from Georgia will take his seat," he replied with perfect composure; "but he will rise, resent, and reply to any similar intimation from the Chair here or elsewhere."

He took his seat, but carried his point. A Wisconsin Republican pulled the Speaker out of the mud by moving to dispense with all further proceedings under the call.

## Tariff Reform Still in Front.

Opinions of Vanquished Candidates on Crisp's Election—Hatch and Springer Very Well Satisfied With the Result.

In commenting upon the result of the contest, Mr. Hatch said: "I am entirely satisfied with the result. I voted for Mr. Crisp because I believe he possessed, in the most eminent degree, all the qualifications to make an able, conservative and successful speaker. I have never at any time during this campaign shared in the feeling against Mr. Crisp from the statement made that he was not as able and conscientious a tariff reformer as Mr. Mills or any gentleman in this congress. I am better satisfied with his record on the silver question than that of Mr. Mills' since the latter gentleman's speech in Ohio. I have no regrets to express in regard to the result. It will prove a good thing for the Democratic party and for the whole people of the country."

Mr. Springer said: "The canvass for the speakership so far as I am concerned has been conducted upon the theory that good politics required that the speakership should go to the Northwest and especially to the state of Illinois where it would contribute in some degree to the success of the Democratic party in the presidential election of 1892, but it seems that the representatives of the Democratic party in Congress do not take that view of the question, and while I had contemplated a choice between Mr. Crisp and Mr. Mills, when the time arrived at which it was necessary for me to act, I chose that course which I deemed best for the interest of the Democratic party generally. Mr. Crisp will make an able and impartial presiding officer. There will be no scenes of disorder or rulings which would cause any Democrat to regret that Mr. Crisp is elevated to this high position. I have always insisted that the office of speaker should be filled by a man of a judicial mind who would under all circumstances of excitement or calm, be able to maintain order and preserve the dignity of the body.

"So far as the question of tariff reform is concerned I have taken great pains to satisfy myself that in Mr. Crisp's election it will be preserved as the paramount issue of the presidential campaign of 1892. But there are other issues which must be kept in view and especially that of economy in public expenditures. We must make a record in this congress which will convince the people that we are in favor of an honest and economical administration and that no money should be expended except as is absolutely necessary for public purposes. The election of Mr. Crisp will not complicate the presidential contest. No candidate for president will receive any advantage or disadvantage from it. The national convention will be left perfectly free to make the choice of our candidate uninfluenced by the result of the speakership contest. The Democratic party is the party of the people and not a party of combinations."

## Fast Mail Service.

A Complete Postoffice on Wheels to Travel at Lightning Speed.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—On or about December 12 inst. there will be an additional fast mail service inaugurated between the West, via Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Pittsburgh, leaving New York about nine a. m. The time between New York and Chicago will be twenty-four hours between New York and St. Louis thirty-two hours.

The cars used in this service will be fitted up as complete postoffices and will be provided with regularly organized crews of postal clerks who will take on and distribute pouches for mail, as well as the through pouches that can be reached by connecting trains and star routes.

## Remarkable Prediction.

Flower's Exact Majority Guessed for a \$200 Prize.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—A remarkable guess has just been revealed by the Herald, which offered a \$200 prize to the person who would come nearest to Governor-elect Flower's majority in this State: Michael Moss, a carpenter, No. 76 Charles street actually guessed the exact figures—47,937 votes—which was the correct vote as returned by the canvassing board. Moss made his prediction on October 11 and it was regularly recorded, along with 750,000 other guesses. He says he hunted up the late John Kelly's vote as an Independent candidate for Governor years ago and used the exact figures.

## Merely Taking a Rest.

From the Easton Express. The protective tariff has not so numerous now; perhaps he has taken a brief vacation. He may be expected to sit up in his hind legs and howl as soon as the Democratic congress, with its 140 majority, is in session. But the people are accustomed to his eccentricities of figures and statements, and place no reliance on anything he says. This is a free country, not a protective tariff land.

## No Danger for Brazil.

From the New York Press. Not that there is any danger of the revival of monarchy in Brazil. The Countess d'Eu could not raise a corporal's guard of men mad enough to incur destruction by attempting to overthrow the republic. But for their own sakes and Dom Pedro's those who inherit his name should have some regard for the lesson of his life.

## ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

FOR OUR OLDER READERS.—The following personal letter written to Hon. J. H. Holt, from one who was well known and had many relatives and friends within the county, years and years ago, will be of interest to many of our readers who still remember the writer.

NEEDHAM, Wis., Dec. 1st, 1891.  
HON. HARRISON HOLT,  
SNOW SHOES, PA.

My old time friend, I have thought of you since I saw you, in Lock Haven, and how many times I have regretted not to have been able to have gone to your home and had a good old time chat with you, but as I promised to write you in the near future, when I said goodbye, I am just taking advantage of a leisure moment to make my promise good. Yes, more than forty years have passed into the dark abyss of time since we made the ever memorable trip down the Susquehanna river from the Deer Creek Landing, to Marietta. Oh! how many changes and how much sunshine and shadow we have passed through since. With all this no event of my life has struck me with more surprise than the sad and sudden demise of my brother in Lock Haven, only a day or so after he met me in there. Why it came so unexpected that I can scarcely realize now that he is dead. The event brought a gloom where I felt it short and started home and set the gloom clouds still linger over me. I only stayed three days, I went to Milwaukee and stayed five weeks to drive dulciana away and take Turkish and Electric Baths to see if I could not get free from the unpleasant results of La Grippe that have lingered with me since 1st of January. Have just been home a week and feel very much improved and am in hopes if I can pull through this winter without another attack will come out all right in the Spring. There is no use of my attempting to give you a full history of my career in the last 40 years. While I was in Pennsylvania you perhaps were familiar with my whereabouts and doings. 35 years ago last spring I left the state and Philadelphia for the far west, after a trip through Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota, I drifted back to this place where I pitched my tent in the spring of 1857 and the 10th of next May I will have been in active practice of Medicine for 40 years, should I live until that time, I will then lay down the Pills and Powders, Scalp and Bestory and retire from the trials and cares of professional life for all time to come. I would have done so years ago and attended exclusively to my other business and been much better off, but then you see I had been in it so long and thought a little longer would accomplish the 40 years and immortalize my name as being enrolled with the band of Physicians who sell sands of life were created. However I feel young yet (30). You will remember I went into practice very young, though I did not graduate until 1870, at Rush Medical College, Chicago, so you can see I am kind of self made and have been out of the frame of my own fortune. Have had three partners in practice in some of these years when my other business was pressing—carried on lumbering for 17 years successfully, sold it all out 9 years ago—have carried on mercantile business since 1862, also cultivated cranberries for 8 or 9 years, until in 1886 forest fires destroyed many valuable Marshes in our neighborhood, among them was one for me valued at \$30,000 which was a total loss. I have lost two other smaller marshes, since then, so that I am virtually out of the business, have considerable land up the river, two farms below town and money enough to carry me through. If my ventures in the money lands, of Colorado, and Old Mexico pan out as we anticipate I will have millions to leave. If they prove worthless I will not leave for bread what little time I have to stay. Now "Harb" don't think me egotistical for vaunting in self praise or boasting that I am better fixed than others. Such is farthest from my purpose, I simply wish this to you, as an old friend, to let you know that I am not bankrupt. You know full well how I started out in life and I want to give you a small idea of where I will end. How sorry I have often been that when Dr. Hoop and I were at Karlsruhe we did not get up to Snow Shoes, and see you and Bob Haynes. I used to be like a brother and spent many happy hours with him, years ago. I think me happy but never could get an answer, so I fully intended to go and see him before I left Pennsylvania. You and he, I believe are my only attractions there now, all the old landmarks who were along the road when I used to trod it have crossed the dark River, and I trust their souls are happy on the other shore. Sam Bander, Lin Lutz, Johnny Bose, McMaster, Foreman and others all gone, I wanted to drive out from Bellefont, on the old pipe I used to travel so much, but failed to get around, may be if I live I will get to Pennsylvania early next summer and try to see you all, then I can talk more in a day than I can write in a week, and give the words much more emphasis. Now I want you to write me a long letter, how you are getting along, how much of a family etc. you know I have no family of my own but a young lady whom I have raised and educated, says to me your wife was a daughter of Dave Askey, if so I know her when we were small, her father she has forgotten me. I wrote a letter to Thomas H. Murray a day or two ago to Clearfield town, you will remember he used to go to school to me at Bald Hill, I met him in Philadelphia when I was there, but here I must quit, I will send you a "photo" but you would not recognize it if you had not seen me recently. Remember me kindly to Mr. R. J. Haynes if you see him, how nearly I was to see him. Write me when convenient a good long letter, all news from the days of Adam Jurg and Bob Rankin on the Susquehanna, to your debut in the State Legislature.

With best wishes for you and yours,  
I am sincerely your friend,  
F. ANTEN CANFIELD.

TEN CENTS SAVED US.—On Wednesday morning an individual wearing the attire of frayed out gentility stepped noiselessly into this office and asked for a dime. Noticing the wild look in his eyes and seeing a suspicious looking tin jar under his arm; at the same time the awful horrors of a heavenly journey on a dynamite bomb dancing through our brain, we acquiesced. Two cents from our devil, a nickel from the foreman and the other three, which were found hiding in the lining of our vest, pacified the grim visitor and he departed. We were just congratulating ourselves and wondering why Russel Sage had not acted as we did when the fellow left and as he vanished through the door we thought we saw—that his infernal machine was a "growler."