Bellefonte, Pa., July 15, 1892

WHAT IS A SMILE?

What is a smile? A laten gleam
Of sunshine born within the eyes,
As water lillies in a stream,
Awakened from their long, deep dream,
To light arise.

What is a smile? A nameless thing, The lack of which a fair face mars, And makes to be like brook or spring No radiant sunlight imaging, No dancing star

What is a smile? An airy rhyme
Which tells more with its subtle wile
Than tongue could tell throughout all

## time— Which sets the heart bells in a chime. This is a smile! FLOATING.

Idling and dreaming I lay on my oar, Listlessly watching the lights on the shoe Gleaming and twinkling and trebling there, Miles away through the misty air.

Far in the front with their silver-capped crests Rolling along from the star-jeweled west, Tide-driven waves lap the ripple-kissed sand eking to rest on the breast of the land.

Far through the mist of the future, to me, Gleaming more brightly, it seems I can s Linnidg the shining and silvery strand, Lights on the shore of another land.

Ieling and dreaming, I lay on my oar, Listlessly watching the lights on the shore, —Waldo P. Johnson in July Peterson.

## ONLY A TRAMP.

He came to the back door, ragged, dirty, sunburnt as red as a lobster, and above his flaming countenance a shock of palish hair hanging over the lightest of eyes -altogether as unprepossess ing a specimen of a boy as one would like to encounter. It was the most natural thing in the world, though. that he should have stopped at the Mevins place. All the tramps came there-it was so near the depot-and and they all appeared to be consumed with hunger just at that point, so that they could not possibly go on to the village, two miles farther without refreshment.

It was her great objection to the at, came straight to the house, and the at the kitcken door, looking in on her up as this one seemed.

work. "So that it fairly gave her the tre-mors, sometimes," she said, "on Rosy's account more than her own," for Rosy was just toddling about now and Mrs. Mevins having to do her own housework, had not the time to watch her every minute, "and," as she explained to the neighbors, "what if one of them "Eye-talians," who looked fit to murder folks, should come and kidnap Rosy one of these days! Nothing easier, if family.

he was disposed. What any of them might want with such an encumbrance as her sturdy little girl of three Mrs. Mevins did not seem to consider.

"But even if they sances in the way of interrupting her work. It wasn't that she begrudged the bite of cold vitual's they asked for it was the time it took it get it that

And then, some of them sat down on the doorstep to rest and enliven their way with a bit of a chat, which did not suit at all so busy a woman as Mrs. Mevins; for Dal and Sam being away most of the day, cutting and cording their wood, and "Pa" out at his work in the field, the pest tramps fell solely

to her lot. And now, on her busiest day in the week, here was another, and this time a boy, to make matters worse. For often she could dismiss the men with a bag of scraps and a word or two, but these boys were such hangerson, you couldn't somehow, get rid of so; as if he might enjoy hanging around indefinitely. Fagged out, thin as a hound, and evidently half-starved: dear, dear! what a bother in the midet of her ironing!

-and-any little leavin's of bread or anything?

And this with a look as if he would drop in his tracks in a second more. Mrs. Mevins could not fly in the face of duty when it came to the pinch. but she could grumble amazingly before she followed the promptings of her conscience.

"You'll have to sit there," she said grudgingly, "for you don't look equal to standin' another minute, anywhere.' She walked to the cupboard. "Where where are you makin' to, a boy like

"He was going to R, to look for work, he said; she notices that he did

not say where he came from. "Oh! to the city; well, you'd better go back to your ma, wherever that may be; cities ain't a good place for boys o' your age, anyhow," she said, as if she had summoned his case up and found the answer in this piece of

advice. The boy had sunk down on the doorstep and was fanning his brow with his dilapidated hat, mostly brim. He looked beyond protesting great

deal against anything." in a weakly defensive way. "Could he young get the water right now?" looking vaguely around as if in search of it.

Mrs. Mevins came forward with her hands full of odds and ends of cold turning, it possible, redder than ever. food, and piling them into his hands. That settled it; a boy with a tell-tale food, and piling them into his hands, took him by the arm in a business I face like that had no need to say any-

like manner. "Here," she said, pointing with her finger, "I ain't got time to wait on you. but you see yonder by the fence? There's the well. And shut the doors down again when you've drawn the bucket up; there's so many young chickens running round here, some of,

For, she mentally argued, when he voice, shrill with terror.

had got the water and rested a spell, he would move on as was his business

But he did not go; he came back presently and sat down again on the door step and there he leaned wearily back against the frame of the door and Well, she had no time to fool away in led from its depths! talking with him, but Rosy-bless the

"La, Rosy! come here!" cried her mother, and play with the kitten; But as Rosy clung to his shoulders obstinately shaking her head and say-

ing "no, no!" in her most energetic fashion, Mrs. Mevins marched over and gathering her up bodily bore her into the next room where Miss Miran a lifetime. As she sunk upon the

the tramp-boy had vanished from the of the tramp-boy, doorway. Thank goodness he was "Try-to-wind up-the rope," doorway. Thank goodness he was gone then! She had not thought to came faintly from the depths that she get rid of him so easily; he had looked so "tuckered out," and as though sound as of an ax at the woodpile, and dreadful feeling, as if she were turned looking out, to her astonishment, there to stone! was the boy with one foot steadying a log while he cut away at it as if for dear life.

"Well, I want to know!" gasped the woman, as she made her way out to had the powershe would have shrieked him; "what are you doing that for?"

"You didn't seem to have much voice. cut," he said, hanging his head a little, "and I thought, mebbe, If I chopped

hanging around the place, but she oism of despair! farm, Mrs. Mevins said, its being so didn't know how to refuse such a renear the railroad. All the dreadful quest as this. There mightn't be anydidn't know how to refuse such a re-

"You can go on chopping, now child's! you've begun it, though Dal and Sam She d

When Dal and Sam did come presently they disapproved of the boy at those two lives hung! the wood pile. "Pa" said nothing; "Pa" never "said anything." But

pickin' up things and helpin' themous-looking," she said, "they were nui- selves behind your back to more'n you'll ever find out. There ain't noth- tyr. in' about this farm me and Sam can't attend to-and Pa-and if there was, that boy is lazy as the day is long! lin' that axe as I came up! I wonder he didn't cut himself to pieces, the way he held it; I thought 'twould 'er fallen out o' his hand every lick! Send him right on—you hear ma? Don't let him loaf around here all day."

"Naw," supplemented his brother 'an' keep an eye on my rifle von der. while he's here; I ain't ready to part with it, an' I dare say he's got somethin's in his eye by hangin' around so.' Since they had mentioned these things, Mrs. Mevins found the trampboy very suspicious looking when she called him in to his dinner. She had not asked him to sit down with the them. This one looked particularly family, because she still heard the sound of the axe at the wood-pile, and he might as well do all he would; he and added hesitatingly: "But—I'm sound of the axe at the wood-pile, and framps bargain to do such things be of the day . . . . I feel . tore, and it was mighty seldom they "Could he sit there a little while and did not get the best of it. His dinner rest, and could he get some water, and was worth all this boy had done, she'd

be bound! While he was eating, and "eating like a famished wolf," she told herself, she stepped to the door and glanced out to the wood-pile. Well, it was a pretty fair job this time; a right good lot he had cut, considering. For he certainly was near done for, when he

came. She glanced back at him; well, he didn't look so very different now. What a great way he must have come, to make him look like that! And then in the world did you come from and so ragged-a low creature that had no doubt stolen something that he had to run away for. He didn't look as if it were anything like stabbing or shooting somebody. He was rather harm-less-looking, in that sense; and perhape if he were taught a lesson now-Mrs. Mevins was a woman that al-

ways came to the point in such matters. "I say boy," she said suddenly, walking up to him and looking him squarely in the eye, "what have you done that you have to run off like this? Been pickin' anybody's pocket, or

what was it?" Not a very hospitable remark, certainly; but this boy was no visitor-he was only a tramp, and a suspicious "He didn't have no mother," he said looking one at that, though he was

"Pickin'-anybody's gasped the boy at the table, stopping the fork half way to his mouth, and

thing, decided Mrs. Mevins. "Well, don't go making it worse by denying it, whatever it was. What's done is done; you can't better that. But I don't know what a boy like you can expect to come to if you go about

thievin' an'-A sharp shriek startled her words em would tumble in, sure, if you left, away, but it was not from the trampit opon," and then she went on with boy that she was branding as a thief, her ironing. Pittsburg.

man, and she felt her knees giving

away beneath her. But the tramp-boy had darted past her like a deer. She stiffened herselt and stumbled blindly after him. As she ran she saw only that one cover to gazed out over the yard and garden to the well was open, but in her distracthe field and, perhaps, the sky beyond. tion she heard another cry, half muff-

And then she saw another thing-a child! there she was climbing into boy with tousled hair and sunburut the lap of that tramp boy, jabbering face fling open the other door to the away at the greatest rate, clinging to him, parting him. Mercy! Suppose he in like a flash and winding himselt Cluly answer. had some dreadful fever! He certain- around it, down and down, like a squirrel!

To save her life she could not stir!and try as she would she could not scream for help, though she saw her husband far off there in the field. He had not heard or seen, and she could not call him!

Such agony comes rarely enough in dy was, Rosy screaming most lustily ground no longer able to stand, she heard a muffled call. She dragged her-When she returned to the kitchen self nearer the well. It was the voice

dared uot look into. Distractedly she grasped the wheel. he were incapaple of moving. But as Merciful heaven! she could not move she congratulated herself she heard a it! Was she going to faint? Oh! this

> "Quick! try!" sounded a second faint call.

She tried with all her might, she could not turn the wheel! Had she aloud. All she could voice was a gasp. The tramp-boy rested his axe in the For a second more she strove, and then wood and looked around shamefacedly. "I cannot!" she cried in a hollow

And then all consciousness left her. Her consciousness lett her, and so up a right smart pile for you, you she did not see the slim, struggling fig-might'nt mind if I stayed and got an ure of that tramp-boy, well overpowered other mouthful of somethin' when you had dinner. I—I eat up all that you crawling, weakly, slowly, inch by inch give me; I come so fur, and—and— up the rope; slipping backward from and got so hungry." and got so hungry."

Well, it was a bother having him never letting quite go, through the her-

Slipping and crawling up again, inch near the railroad. All the dreadful quest as this. There mightn't be any-people that it scared one even to look thing so villainous about a boy that not dared to undertake while a thought was willing to work for what he got of help remained! Crawling up with first thing she knew, they were right especially when he was as near used an endurance as strong as life-enduring not for his own sake, but for the

She did not see how "Pa" Mevins will be here presently and they always see to that," she said, not very graciously, in truth—and went back to the covered the dreadful thing that had happened; nor how he wound up with trembling hands the rope upon which

And when she came to herself and But | found her Rosy, her idol, with the color then Dal generally spoke for the fast coming back to her cheeks, but the poor boy that had saved her life "I tell you what," he remarked as lying white and faint of breath; when he was leaving the house half an hour later, "when he does get his feed, you send him right along, you hear, Ma? shu tin saddest curves, and in spite of the Homestead mill. A volley of We don't want no tramps around here, its tenderness, how strong the lines shot was fired as the boat was landing, about his lips and chin, it seemed to and for half an her like the face of some youthful mar-

And this boy she had called a thief! With such thoughts she dared not touch him, but sobbed to herself as she Jimmy! I wish you'd seen him hand- rubbed the blood back again into Rosy's little hands and arms, while "Pa" Mevins was doing the same for the lad. And what was "Pa" saying?

"It was Sam! The carelessness of that boy almost cost her life-my poor little baby! He left the well door open. I saw him and called to him from the field and he said 'Yes, yes.' I don't suppose he heard what I said."

And now the boy opened his eyes wearily and half turned his head. "Is-she-safe?" he whispered. "Yes, yes!" cried Mrs. Mevins bro-

kenly, "but you-you saved her! You saved my Rosy, you did!" A bright smile flitted across the boy's thin features.

wasn't going to hurt himself-she had afraid-I'll have to stay here--the rest No greater punishment than those words could he have inflicted upon her

-the woman sobbing besides him; and to pray for pardon of-that tramp-boy!

The Big Mill of the Carnegies the Scene of a Serious-Governor Pattison Calls Out the

The labor trouble which has been brewing at Homestead, just above Pittsburg, on the Allegheny river as a result of the lockout of the amalgamated associations steel workers by the Carnegie

company.

The trouble began several weeks ago when the company refused to sign the amalgamated scale and declared its intention of operating its mill with nonunion men if the others did not go to work at the prices it offered. This was the cause of the strike and when the union workers withdrew it was with the intention of not leaving anyone else in-

to the mills to take their places. The owners took every precaution to guard their property. Even going so far as to run electrically charged wires around the fences and place hot water hose at every point where attack deputies to proceed with caution.
was possible. With this system of Up to this time no one had at guarding the place they expected to bring in workmen and keep it going. How well they succeeded will be seen

later. HOMESTEAD, Pa. July 5 .- The Carnegie Steel Company, through its chairman, H. C. Frick, to-day asked the sheriff of Allegheny County to send 100 deputies to Homestead to protect its great steal plant, Sheriff McCleary went to the works at once with 11 de puties and left several men there to remain inside the barricaded works. Sheriff McCleary returned this evening, and shortly after he left Homestead the deputies were persuaded to keep c.ear of the trouble and all of them returned to

This hasty departure was no doubt

"Rosy! The well! screamed the wonan, and she felt her knees giving way beneath her.

got. It was between 5 and 6 in the afterion men quartered on the boat just announced at 6 o'clock that his party would endeavor to enter the mills. crowd of fully 2000 excited men were massed on the road bed and platform. Among the first passengers to alight was Sheriff McCleary's right hand man. Deputy Sheriff Samuel H. Cluly and 10

deputies. The travelers were quickly recognized by the assembled populace.

As if inspired by an unmistakable impulse, the crowd closed in on the deputies and a man stepped up to them and said: "Gentlemen, what is your

Cluly answered, "We are deputy sheriff, and our instructions are to proceed to the Homestead Steel Works with all possible speed."

"You fellows will never get to the gates alive," shouted some one in the crowd, and his words were cheered by his comrades. The crowd was in an ugly mood. When the leader orderfell slowly back and a narrow lane was

The secretary of the Carnegie Company said this morning that if at the first of next week the 700 men at Homestead as to pattern, but still capable of doing who went out with the men from sympathy had not returned, their places would be filled with other workmen, and the repairs begun at once.

It was stated this morning that Manager Potter and about 20 of hii supporters are away in different cities, presumably searching for the 260 skilled workers, without whom it would be impossible to start the mill,

# A PLEA TO THE GOVERNOR.

The business men of Homestead tonight sent a petition to Governor Pattison asking him to come to Homestead and investigate matters. The steel workers of Homestead are organizing a away!" Republican-Democratic club, or a poli-

To-morrow the third conference between the wage committee of the Almamated Association and the iron manufacturers will be held.

With the hope of starting the mill with non-union workmen everything possible which could offered convenience and if necessary furnished them subsistence without leaving the place was arranged.

HOMESTEAD, July 6 .- Fort Frick has received its baptism of blood. With the breaking of dawn the bullets flew thick as hail in the search for human targets when 300 deputies attempted to land from boats at the Carnegie steel works. Fierce engagements with the strikers followed, in which a number of

men were killed and wounded.

The Tide arrived here just as day was stant firing. Two of the Homesteaders were injured,

At 5 o'clock it was reported that seven of the strikers had been shot, several fatally. The moment the Pinkerover the heap of rubbish and rushed tostood their ground and returned fire with their revolvers on the oncoming detectives. These shots did little or no apparent damage, and the plucky little band, finding their weapons ineffective. slowly fell back before the withering fire of the Winchesters.

## THE FIRST SHOT FIRED.

The first shot of the engagement came from the barge. It was aimed at a big Hungarian who stood at the water's edge. The ball went wide of its human target, but it was the signal to the Pinkerton men to begin and for a full ten minutes they continued to fire. The first man to fall was Martin Merry, a heater in one of the mills. He was shot in the left side and fell face downward on a pile of ashes. Close behind Merry stood a Hungarian. He stooped over Merry's prostrate body, and as he was in there on her knees, she fell before him, the act of raising him he staggered and

an instant later fell by the side of his comrade. This bloody spectacle roused the drooping spirits of the crowd, and with a hoarse cheer half a dozen men rushed Bloody Conflict-The Union Battles for its to the place where Merry and the Hun-Men—The Pinkertons Routed and Many garian lay. They picked them up and killed—The Situation Daily Growing More carried them behind the trestle. One of the rescuers, a Welshman, who refused to give his name, was shot in the left leg just as he raised Merry's head from the ground. Merry and the Hungarian road tracks and then taken to the office of Dr. Purman on Dixon street. The doctor, after a hurried examination, an-

nounced that both men would probably It was said that four more of the strikers were wounded, and two of them very seriously, but they were spirited away by their friends and it was impos-

sible to get their names. At first the strikers retreated, and for a moment it looked as though they were completely routed, but the men quickly rallied, and although they reired from the immediate vicinity the boats they held their own, and by sheer weight of numbers compelled the

Up to this time no one had attemptor more of the invaders attempted to two unknown Hungarians, nine Pinkump ashore.

The strikers responded with a sharp olley, and so thick and fast came the known by numbers. bullets that the deputies retired to the semiprivacy of the lower deck.

It was in this attempt to force the fighting that the Pinkerton men sustained their most serious loss. Their captain was carried to the pilot house of the steamboat. One of his men said steel worker shot in hip; Lawrence that although the wound was serious it Kught, steel worker thigh broken; that although the wound was serious it was not fatal. Directly after this episode both sides rested for a few moments, and then, after another sharp volley, which did little or no damage to either side, hostilities ceased for the due to the ominous reception the deputies time. One of the officers of the Pink- Harry Hughes, Captain Haney, an un-

would endeavor to enter the mills.

ANOTHER COLLISION. At 7:45 o'clock there was another collision between the workmen and their adversaries, the Pinkertons. This time the strikers scored first blood by firing a volley at the boats. Four of Pinkerton's men dropped in their tracks but their associates quickly returned

the fire of the strikers. Then after a few moments of indiscriminate firing on both sides the skirmish ended. The victim of this apparently unpremeditated collision was Henry Streigle, a lad eighteen years of age, who was formerly employed at the works as a helper. He was shot through the left breast and lived only a few moments.

The strikers then busily went coned that a path be cleared those in front structing a stout barricade of steel bars as a line of defense, situated on the bank overlooking the spot were the boats were anchored. Behind this serious damage if called upon.

With this cannon the strikers said they would open fire on the float of the enemy before noon. The Pinkerton men suffered severe loss in this last engagement.

### THE SECOND FIGHT.

At 11:30 a. m. the boat Little Bill. which towed the barges to Homestead, proceed with all possible speed. The was seen coming down the river. The armed escort met with an ovation, and appearance of the boat was a signal the first batch of prisoners, who were along the river front for renewed activity both on and off the barges.

As the boat came nearer it was seen tical organization of Republican steel that she contained a squad of armed workers, to vote the Democratic ticket.

The advisory committee expects 800 next the Homestead mills. When opvoters to join the club, all of whom, it is proposed, shall vote against high men on the boat opened fire on those fences and high tariff. on the shore. For ten minutes firing groan of agony.

continued, the Pinkertons on the barges "My God! I'm blinded!" he moaned. joining the men on the boat in the shooting. The men on the bank re-turned fire from behind the furnace stacks. Several men on the boats jagged stone and hurled it with crushwere seen to fall. No one on shore

was injured by the firing. tie up with the barges, but owing to the shower of bullets the towboat passed down the river, leaving the occupants of the barges in very uncomfortable quarters. The attempt to set fire to the barges did not prove successful by the raft process and another at-

tempt was made. From the converting department of the mill to the edge of the river where tive men, the mob vented its spleen on Hundreds of invaders were met by the barges are moored, runs a switch.
On this was run a car filled with barbody stopped to inquire whether the rels of oil, lumber and waste. To this newcomers were deputy sheriffs, Pinker-ton detectives or nonunion laborers.

The following and waste. To this and stones, and women spat in their faces and tore their clothing, amid cut loose. The flames sprang up a distance of a hundred feet while great

volumes of smoke rolled heavenward.

shore, but on reaching the water the guard on the river bank was doubled, car of fire came to a stop. The heat the other men slept in confidence that however, was intense, and the little the company was too thoroughly thwarton men opened fire the crowd grouped steamer was soon smoking hot. All ted to at once send more men. Beon the bank fell back and clambered this time a continuous fire was kept sides, the strikers think it exceedingly up from the Winchesters by both sides improbable that the firm could get wards the big trestle leading to the rail-road bridge. Probably 300 of the men were exchanged. For some unknown certain that the firm could get were exchanged. For some unknown certain that this morning many homes reason those in charge of the cannon in Homestead are arsenals, for the men on the opposite shore did not fire a

shot during the battle. The steamer Little Bill, which had evidently received a fresh supply of ammunition and re-enforcements of Pink-

ertons continued down the river. An effort will he made to have those on board placed under arrest when the boat reaches Lock No. 1. A 10-pound It was about midnight when a special

main entrance to the mill. The situation is quiet, though the battle is likely to be renewed at any

moment. At 12 o'clock Chairman H. C. Frick of the Carnegie Steel company, again the keeping of the guards here another refused to confer with his locked out day would have been dangerous. When men at Homestead.

on the shore. When it became known this after-

noon that Sheriff McCleary and a the hall. The crowd outside was not posse were en route to Homestead many of the men shook their heads and cast significant looks at each other. Burgess McCluckie, when told of the latest turn of affairs, said: "If the sheriff and his deputies come here and show that their intentions

are to preserve peace without resorting were carried over the trestle to the rail- to violence, and there will be no trouble. If the deputies make an attempt to interfere with the men, we regret as cowards did this afternoon. "A the events of the morning as much as as any one, there may be trouble. "It the deputies attempt to follow

the same plan of action as adopted by the Pinkertons, it is hard to tell what the result will be, as the men are becoming more desperate every minute and are determined not to submit to the violent tactics of last night,"

22 KILLED, MANY BADLY WOUNDED. Homestead, July 6 .- The list of killed as near as can be ascertained at midnight is as follows: Martin Foy, John Morris, Jules Markowski, Joseph Tupper, Henry Stroigel, Peter Heise. David Davis, Robt. Foster, W. ed to leave the boat, but suddenly forty Johnston, J. H. Kline, Jos. Supper, erton detective, whose names have not been learned, as most of them were

Following is a list of the injured Fred H. Hind, chief of detectives, shot n leg; David Lester, detective, shot n the head, not serious; Russell Wells, the detective, shot in leg; J C. Hoffman, detective ; G. W. Rutter, unknown Pole, shot in knee: John McCurry, watchman on Little Bill. shot in groin, dangerous. Andrew Settler, Joseph Sesido, W.

Wallace, Michael Murray, John Kane

known man.

Miles Laughlin, seriously injured. John Cain, shot through the leg.

Andrew Scuyler, shot through the The imprisoned Pinkertons say that even of their men were killed outright and eleven wounded. They believe several dead men were thrown off the little hill into the river. The number of Pinkertons now locked up is 234. The homes of the detectives are Chicago, 120; New York 75; Philadelphia 25; remainder, neighborhood of Brooklyn. The coroner of Allegheny county is here making preparations for an inquest and the sheriff is expected before morning.

J. W. Kline, a detective, died in

hospital. After the Pinkertons left their boats the barges were burned to the water-For fully an hour these men and women had stood and waited for the captives, and as natural sequence, they were in no pleasant humor. Great clouds of yellow dust heralded the advancing column over the hill. There was a moment of perfect silence, as solemn as it was portentious, and then came mighty cheers, followed by a per-

fect storm of hisses and cat calls. WHEN THE STORM BROKE.

The line never faltered. The leaders knew that that human gauntlet must be passed, come what would, and wisely decided that the best plan was to at the very heels of the rear ranks, managed to escape the attention of the "She's coming to take the barges crowd. But for the line of bleeding men that followed them the conditions

were not so pleasant. A tall, handsome woman, in a blue calico gown, began the trouble by throwing a handful of dust right in the eyes of one of the prisoners. The man

stopped in his tracks and uttered a "Serves you right you dirty cur!" replied his fair assailant, as she pulled from the pocket of her gown a bit of ing force at the suffering man. The stone struck him in the mouth, and The Little Bill made an attempt to although he was six feet tall and weighed at least 200 pounds, he fell face downward on the road. Two of the guards raised him to his feet and led him away. This man was badly hurt, the blood gushing from an ugly

wound in his right cheek, and four of his teeth were shattered. Despite the pleading of the guards and the protests of the few conservathe dazed and wounded prisoners. Men were knocked down, pounded with clubs and stones, and women spat in their screams, cheers and hisses. It was a

perfect pandemonium. A large guard remained in front of The car of fire rushed down the the rink, where the Pinkertons were steep incline in the direction of the Little Bill was coming up the river Just then the steamer Little Bill again and then another that there was pulled in between the barges and the a barge coming from Pittsburg. The captured 500 rifles in the barges and they know how to use them, too; and will do so if other men are brought here. They do not look upon this as a decisive contest and expect other bat-

tles. The chief event of the night was the removal of the Pinkertons to Pittsburg. cannon has just been planted at the train on the Pittsburg Virginia & Charleston railroad brought up six empty coaches and a deputy sheriff. President Weihe and President elect Garland had been looking for the train: they were anxiously expecting it, for the train arrived about 100 men had At 2:10 the Pinkerton men ran up a gathered about the rink. Inside the flag of truce on their barges, but it Pinkertons were in deadly fear of anwas not recognized by the workmen other outbreak and possibly of lynching Their fear increased when about forty of the sturdiest steel workers entered good-humored, but it was quiet. A leader of the men came out and said: "Boys, we are going to send the Pinkertons away. Many claim they were deceived in coming here. They are all hurt and crippled, many dangerously. Do not repeat the scenes of this afternoon. I want to hit from the shoulder here, none of the men who went to the front hit unarmed people from the rear, voice from the crowd: "That's right:

we'll protect them." President Weihe made a speech in a similar strain and asked assistance for the crippled guards. This was offered. The guards came out pale and apprehensive; but not one was molested on his way to the train. Then as it pulled out three hearty cheers were given and the crowd dispersed. After that Homestead went asleep until this morning. The men are now looking around for traitors in their ranks, and it is stated that at least two who kept the insurgents informed of the reception awaitng them have been spotted.

REPAIRING THE DAMAGE. HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 7-Homestead is strangely silent this morning. It is the quiet of the sober afterthought. The leaders are wondering what will be the next step. The men are bathing their wounds or preparing to bury the dead. Except for large crowds of sightseeers the town would be more than normally still. The leaders of the men propose at once to have the fence on the Carnegie property rebuilt and also to repair all other damage caused by yesterday's riot. This will be done to prevent suits for damages from the company. The old guards were secured by the men and placed on

duty to again look after the company's [Continued on 6th page.]