THE SOLE SOCIABILITY OF SAN MICHEL.

'We might just as well acknowledge that it's all wrong," said Mrs. Van Alpine. You see, San Michel was peculiar. There are peculiarities to which you point with pride, and those on which you ponder with pain. San Michel considered hers pleasing-

ly distinguished. It was the peculiarity of the Priest and the Levite, fostered by some surviving vestiges of the feudal system, and modernized by the English "week-end" invita-

There were a great many wealthy people in San Michel. They had large places and they entertained lavishly. But everybody had their friends out from town And the relations between San Michelites were restricted and conventional.

They called, and occasionally some one entertaining a house-party would ask another Sau Michelite, but rarely more than one other, to dine and meet these friends. And Mrs. Van Alpine had made

up her mind that it was not right. Mrs. Van Alpine was a transplanted Livingstone, and she felt a yearning for leader-The only difficulty about being a leader in San Michel was that everybody was a power, and within the limits of their own estate exercised an absolute suzer ainty. Beyond, they were unfettered by any entangling alliances, and swore allegiance to no mere local dignitary.
"It's not the way to live," Mrs. Van

Alpine went on, "and you know it just as well as I do." She looked at Mrs. Sutphen as though She challenged her to deny the statement.

The Sutphens' place adjoined the Van
Alpines', and in any other town the two
women would have been good friends; for they had the same tastes, many of the same friends in San Francisco, and their ohildren were of the same age and at the same

As it was, Mrs. Sutphen had come to pay a formal call on Mrs. Van Alpine, and she sat, daintily resplendent in her new spring calling costume, plump and forty, and rather amused at Mrs. Van Alpine's vehe-

'But you can't make the place over,'

she remonstrated. "That's exactly what I am going to do,' said Mrs. Van Alpine, energetically. "When Bella Van Alpine came out from Brooklyn, she said she thought this was the funniest little place she had ever seen. She thought the people were perfectly de-lightful, you know," she added, hastily, for something in Mrs. Sutphen's manner suggested that the glacial period might not be past. "And she said it was positively queer to be always having people out from town when we might be having such a jolly little coterie of our own. She often speaks of 'that attractive Mrs. Sutphen' in

her letters," she added. Mrs. Sutphen relaxed to this compli-

mentary message.
"And we are going to," Mrs. Van Alpine declared, "and you are going to help me, oh, so much. Oh yes, you will; for I really think we ought to, and if anybody could do it, it would be you."

Her manner was prettily deferential. And homage is seductively sweet. It was all the sweeter from its rarity in San

"Oh, my dear!" said Mrs. Sutphen, but it was surrender.

"I'm going to give an afternoon affair and ask just forty, and not an outsider, and smote the air in an agonized unison. y informal, and you must be a dear and help me manage them all. You have such positive genius in that way. And we'll play some kind of a game that they can all play-Five Hundred probably—and then go out to a regular sup-per. My big round table seats forty nicely. And after one easy, informal thing of that kind, there will be others, and there you after him, palpitant.

She leaned back with the exhausted air of protracted accomplishment.

There was a certain excitement in the idea of being there which communicated

itself to Mrs. Sutphen.
"It's a sweet thought, anyway," she said, rising to go, "and of course I'll do what I can, though it's perfectly absurd your needing any one's assistance.

But as her footman put the light robe carefully over her knees, she communed

"She was very wise to ask me to help her if she wants to make it successful. Perhaps it would have been wiser for me to have given it. But if it shouldn't he a success, it will be much easier to wash my

hands of it." And Mrs. Van Alpine, left alone in her luxurious living-room, laughed 'She's placated," she said, confidently.

"It's the only way to make her think any-thing is good that she hasn't thought out herself." Her favorite fox-terrier puppy, O'Trig-

ger, scampered into the room to greet her with a noisily demonstrative affection. Mrs. Van Alpine caught him up in her arms and squeezed him hard, in the zest of

her enthusiasm. "We may ask other people, and make them think they are very important," she said, gayly, "but we shall have all the oredit of inaugurating the new regime our-

And it may be remarked right here that this was prophecy.

Had Mrs. Van Alpine's guests realize that Mrs. Van Alpine's guests realized that this was to be a local affair, they would probably have stayed at home. It was ridiculously not worth the trouble to go out just to meet San Michel. But they assumed themselves the one or two invited to meet some house-party and they came in all the bravery of their spring attire.

Mrs. Van Alpine stood near the foot the stairs, and as her guests ascended, she called to them cheerfully. "This is a most informal little affair, and you must leave your hats up-stairs. Yes, you really

It would be vain to deny that this preliminary measure was unpopular. It was barely a week after Easter, and thirty-nine ladies had looked at themselves in thirtynine mirrors a half-hour before, and deoid ed privately that no one would be more

Even Mrs. Sutphen had not expression was one of disapproval as she laid a hat with a Parish label upon Mrs.

Van Alpine's lace bedspread.

When it had been surrounded by the other thirty-eight, the aggregation consti-tuted thirty-nine articles about which there was probably as much difference of opinion as a certain other Thirty-nine Articles. They were, in their way. I fear, as important to their owners.

creations, that melange of chiffon brims, those gracious ostrich plumes, those jaunty tips and wings, those airy birds that had fluffiness, surrounded by flowers that only lacked fragrance, and vines that clung, in the genuine vinelike manner, to brims

wired as for a trellis. There were backward glances as the guests left that room; and several ladies who had "done" their hair with the expectation of wearing a hat, very plainly had their opinion of this first expression of

Mrs. Van Alpine's scheme. There was a slight acidulation in many of the greetings which the Reformer re-ceived, but she assured herself it was a stiffness which would wear off.

When they got into the game-And yet, even then the relaxation wa

only partial.

When you are playing with people "whom you, really, hardly know," you expect them to play as well as they can, as the least they can do, and their errors in judgment assume a direful importance which more than offsets the influence of an

occasional good play.

Then, too, every time any one put her hand to her hair, it gave the others a conscious feeling that their own coiffures might have been more judiciously arranged

The game had a certain perfunctoriness in character, and that jaunty sociability towards which Mrs. Van Alpine yearned

still seemed elusive. With her insistence on informality, for mality became more conscious, more pre-

It is to be confessed that with the an nouncement of supper Mrs. Van Alpine felt that she was playing her trump card. The great round table was gay with flowers; the place-oards were dainty little French ffairs; her chef was reliability itself. Sure

ly, now the tide would turn.

There was, in truth, a certain access of cordiality in the atmosphere; conversation ceased from lagging and threatened to become vivacious; and several ladies who had bowed to each other with frosty cordiality for many years, began exchanging confidences about their children and their dressmarkers

Mrs. Van Alpine, as she swept gracefully into her chair, felt rewarded for her

The swash of descending fabrics was like the splashing of waves upon a beach. "We ought to have more of these easy informal affairs, don't you think so?" she inquired, triumphantly, of Mrs. Sutphen, whom she had tactfully seated on her right. "I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed having you—" The phrase took on truthfulness as the glacial horror on Mrs. Sutphen's face froze the rest of the sentence on her tongue.

Macbeth, on seeing Banquo's ghost, was not more awfully aghast. Mrs. Van Alpine turned involuntarily to see what it could be, and before the combined tragedy of the two faces, thirty-eight other women were inspired to turn.

There in the entrance to the dining-room

stood the fox-terrier puppy, joyous-eyed as Spring herself.

He had set his sharp little white teeth firmly in the middle of a long white olume, so battle-scarred as to suggest that it might have been the very one which Navarre had worn at Ivry in the thickest of the carnage.

From either corner of his mouth, lon wisps of chiffon floated, smokelike and filmy; and around his neck, like a courtier's ruff, a white maline circle framed his head, and seriously impeded his progress by the way it got under his feet.

There was a simultaneous indrawing of thirty-nine breaths; then thirty-nine voices hat!!!!

And thirty-nine feminine forms flung themselves with one simultaneous swirl from the table towards the door. Mrs. Van Alpine sat, stunned, at her untouched, deserted table.

Bearing the oriflamme of war, O'Trigger dashed up the stairs. The thirty-nine sped Into that dainty boudoir of Mrs. Van

Alpine's where come two hours before they had left-What had they left? What was this litter of lace and chiffon and torn wings; of decapitated birds, and flowers that would never bloom again under the soft kisses of any spring breeze?

Wails of despair, shricks of rage, moans of recognition, rent the air. Something in the accentuated horror of that shrill soprano outery struck the

puppy with the conviction that the Reign of Terror had come of Terror had come.

He dodged, and under cover of all those

swirling skirts shot unnoticed under the bed, where in dusky security he sat motionless, too alert to danger to even move his jaws enough to chew the smeary wisps of chiffon which still floated dejectedly from the corners of his mouth. The tumult took on precision.

"Here is mine! Look at it!" "And I had just paid for it!" "I had mine charged, and I haven't even dared tell Frank what it cost!" "... the first time I'd worn it!" "If I could only find the roses! Oh, there they are!" I beg your pardon. Those are the roses off my hat." "They're nothing of the kind. They were just underneath the brim!" "Oh, there are my violets!"
"Pardon me! I had a bunch exactly like
that on my hat." "Why, of course I know! I never heard anything so insulting!" "As though I would claim anything I didn't know was on my hat." Oh, if you insist!" 'That woman is either crazy or a kleptomaniac. The same thing? Well, I don' maniac. The same thing? Well, I don't much believe in kleptomania myself. They don't call it that when a man takes another man's horse, you know, but when it's a woman, of course you have to find some excuse." "Do you see Mrs. Allinton looking under the burean for her bird? Well, if that isn't just the limit! I suppose she thinks he flew under there to get away. If that's a sample of Boston intelligence— You didn't know it? My dear, she fairly chokes it down your throat. I always feel as if I'd swallowed the Bosto tea-party after she has called."

"I don't care if the centre is all chewed off. It's mine." "Yours? I suppose I didn't have trimming on my bat. I wish I could make Louise think so when I have to pay the bill." Never mind! If that isn't just like your father! You can just buy another out of your allowance. I cer-tainly shall not." "I don't care if the carriage isn't here. The cars still run, don't they? Unless Mrs. Van Alpine has stopped them so we could walk home informally." "Making us half undress, and play with people I hope I shall never be forced to meet again. It looks to me like pure spite-

fulness. She may have bad her dog trained, for all I know." "Well, you can see for yourself that there isn't one left." "No, madam, this

it and it will kill him." "You wonder how Mrs. Van Alpine feels. It's nothing to me how she feels I know how I feel. apparently fluttered down from the skies "Yes, for two hours —two hours!—that to nest confidingly in the midst of all this little beast has been worrying them, and it

must have kept him busy theu." Mrs. Van Alpine, standing at the foot of the stairs, parted her lips apologetically as the procession swept down the stairway, bearing their sheaves of wispy straw and tattered ornamentation before them with much the same expression of martyrdom with which Denis carried his

But they sped past her with frosty in clination or with scant leave-taking, out into the air—into any public conveyance within hailing distance. The present street-car was more to be desired than any future victoria. The one idea was to get away with all speed from that House of

The last to descend was Mrs. Sutphen. There was something strangely incongruous between the elegance of her costume and the burden she bore—a disembowelled black bird, lying on its back in a tattered white chip basket.

From the sterness of her expression one might have assumed that she belonged to the Audubon Society, and was carrying this poor victim of disaster out to decent

Mrs. Van Alpine put out her hand falter

ingly.
"If it hadn't been for O'Trigger, don't you think it might—have—been—"
"If it hadn't been for O'Trigger;" said Mrs. Sutphen, with the air of delivering the Last Judgment, "your guests"—she put an intimidating accent on the final to -"would not be going home bareheaded from your unusual entertainment."

She rushed out to catch a passing street car with the zeal she might commendably have shown had it borne the sign, "To the Abode of the Blest," and the further lacard, "Last Car."

Out in the dining-room stood the un-touched table, gay with all its carefully

On the very lowest stair Mrs. Van Alpine sank down under the weight of a realizing sense of the completeness of the disaster. She looked up the stairway as though she saw again that procession of woe.
"And I meant to have it so informal and

-j-jolly," she explained to the catastrophe-Then she gave a bysterical giggle; and at that familiar sound following the din of Babel, O'Trigger cautiously stole out of

concealment and appeared at the head of the staircase.

The chiffon streamers still drooped from his mouth like a yacht's pennant in a fog. He wagged his stumpy tail tentatively, but the maline ruff hid that symbol of conciliation from Mrs. Van Alpine's view, and as at sight of him she went off into a veritable crise de nerfs, O'Trigger sat down suddenly and raised his voice in an obligato of remorse.—By Beatrice Hanscom, in the Harper's Bazar.

Cannibals Still.

Cannibalism is a habit that evidently is hard to live down. For example, in the East Indian island of New Guinea, or Papua as its 700,000 inhabitants call it, the natives again and again have shown how difficult it is to forget the taste of human flesh. Only the other day the ancient ogre instinct of their forefathers, which had lain dormant for years, and which the good mis sionaries even thought was wholly dead, suddenly broke forth in one tribe and resulted in a massacre. A band of Papuans "orazy for sweet flesh," as it is expressed in the native language, swooned down up-on the Catholic mission in German New Guinea and killed five men and as many to devour their victims is not told in the dispatches. Thirty-six of the natives were arrested on "suspicion, "however, and eighteen executed.

For some reason or other the Papuan cannibal prizes a Christian for a feast more than an ordinary pagan. In becoming a convert to the new faith, therefore, a native must have an unusually high degree of courage. He knows that as soon as he has been baptized he will be an especially tempting morsel, likely at any time to be butchered to make a holiday. In 1881 12 missionaries who for years had been laboring with Rev. Dr. James Chalmers at Kalo, suddenly disappeared. On investigation Dr. Chalmers discovered that his co-workers and their families had been slaughtered and that their children had been eaten. All these victims were converted Papuans. Several years later a band of natives murdered Dr. Chalmers, boiled him in sage and ate him. The cannibal instinct of the ! Papuan is not hard to explain. In all the 313,000 square miles of New Guinea there is not a tribe which does not regard murder as a knightly accomplishment. Until a man has taken a human life and has sipped human blood he is an object of ridicule. He is not permitted to tattoo himself, and with a skin thus unadorned he is shunned by Papuan society.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead. who never to himself has said "I'll pay be fore I go to hed, the debt I owe the er?" There are some we know full well, who never such a tale can tell; but they we fear will go to—well, the place where there is no winter.

Special Eleven-Day Excursion to Ocean Grove, Asbury Park, or Long Branch via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the benefit of those desiring to visit the great Ocean Grove Camp Meeting, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, on August 25th, sell excursion tickets to Ocean Grove, Asbury Park, or Long Branch from stations named below at the very low rates quoted.

These tickets will be good for passage to Philadelphia on train indicated, thence on regular trains leaving Broad Street Station at 12:27, 2:32, 3.30, 4:00, and 4:09 p. m.

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Glen Iron		26	- 44	4	50
Millmont	8	33		4	50
Mifflinburg	8	45	- 44	4	50
Lewisburg	9	05	**		50
PhiladelphiaArrive	3	16	P. M.		18

Tickets will be good for return passag pinion as a certain other Thirty-nine is my hat." "Well, perhaps the dog has it. It was a sight to dream of, those dainty buckle. I'm sure I hope he has swallowed within limit returning.

PEACE ENVOYS IN PORTSMOUTH. Russian and Japanese D plomats Meet on the Mayflower. Presented by Mr. Roosevelt.

Oyster Bay, L. I., Aug. E .- The Japa nese peace envoys, headed by Baron Komura, and the Russian plenipotentiaries, headed by M. Sergius Witte, were presented to each other by President Roosevelt on the Mayflower at Oyster Bay. They then sailed for Portsmouth, the Japanese on the Dolphin, and the Russians on the Mayflower.

The president and the state and



BUSSIAN AND JAPANESE PEACE ENVOYS. cordial greeting to the plenipotentiaries and to facilitate in every possible way their mission of peace. Every honor due to their rank was paid to the envoys, and the cordiality of the greeting by the president on behalf of the American people left nothing to be desired.

SQUADRON PUTS IN AT NEWPORT

Witte Goes to Boston By Train, and Other Envoys Stay With Fleet. Newport, R. I., Aug. 7. - Neptune rudely disturbed the arrangements for the Portsmouth conference by holding up the peace fleet. Owing to a heavy fog the Mayflower, Dolphin and the cruiser Galveston were forced to anchor off here and were not able to proceed.

From the Mayflower, which is carrying the Russian mission, Mr. Witte and Baron Rosen, the czar's envoys, landed, and after a stay of five hours Mr. Witte, accompanied by Gregory Wilnenkin and two secret service officers, went to Boston on a special train. They arrived in Boston last night and started for Portsmouth today.

Baron Rosen returned to the Mayflower after Mr. Witte's departure. The Japanese envoys did not come ashore, but several of their secretaries landed to file cablegrams.

WITTE'S DAY IN BOSTON

Went to Magnolia and Paid His Respects to Baroness Rosen.

Boston, Aug. 8.-Mr. Witte, the senior Russian plenipotentiary to the peace conference at Portsmouth, who left the cruiser Mayflower at Newport, was at his apartments at the Hotel Touraine, in this city.

Later Mr. Witte went to Magnolia in an automobile, accompanied by Mr. Wilenkin, the Russian financial agent, and spent an hour at the Russian embassy, located there temporarily. After paying his respects to Baroness Rosen, wife of the ambassador, he had a long conference with several members of the embassy. It appeared as if he transacted considerable official business, as the attaches of the embassy were extremely busy for some hours after his departure.

Later in the afternoon Mr. Witte returned from Magnolia and went to his hotel. At 9.30 he, Mr. Wilenkin and two secret service officers were driven to the North station, where they boarded a private car attached to the regular train which left for Portsmouth at 9.45.

ENVOYS REACH PORTSMOUTH Welcomed to the State and the City.

Sessions May Begin Tomorrow. Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 8 .- Sergius Witte, senior member of the Russian peace mission, arrived in Portsmouth by rail from Boston at 11.15 o'clock last night, and the peace squadron having on board the other men who will participate in the com-

ing conference, dropped anchor in the

harbor at 10 o'clock this morning.

Mr. Witte was met by Herbert D. Peirce, who in Russian informally welcomed the distinguished visitor. Governor McLane's secretary, Mr. Moses, was also present. Three automobiles were in waiting, and the party was at once taken to the Hotel Wentworth, about four miles distant. There was considerable disappointment among those assembled at the station when the distinguished foreigner failed to appear after the arrival of the train. It was soon learned that the Russians had left the train at the crossing, and there was a rush toward the street leading to the Wentworth, but the foreigners were well on their way before the crowd reached the scene. The ceremony of welcoming the

distinguished foreigners to the state of New Hampshire was carried out in full during the day the programme which was arranged for yesterday having been left practically unchanged. At the Portsmouth navy yard last night a wireless message was receiv ed, stating that the despatch boat Dolphin, having on board the Japanese representatives, was off Cape Cod, 75

miles distant, at dark. The vessel

was then steaming slowly. Soon after the converted yacht Mayflower reached the harbor Mr. Witte went on board. The vessels were saluted by the navy yard guns, and Rear Admiral W. W. Mead, the commandant, went on board. About 600 members of the state guard an a detachment of marines took part in the

exercises on land. At the conciusion of the exercises at the court house the plenipotentiaries went to their hotel, there to remain until the first business session of the missions are held tomorrow.

GENERAL STONE DEAD

Was a Veteran of the Civil and Span

ish-American Wars. New York, Aug. 7.—General Roy Stone, a veteran of the Civil and Spanish-American Wars and a distinguished civil engineer, is dead in his 69th year, at his home in Mendham, N. J. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Marker, of Pennsylvania, and one daughter, Lady Monson, wife of Lord Monson, of England, General Stone who was a native of Steuben county. New York, served in the Civil War in the First Pennsylvania Rifles and the 149th Pennsylvania Infantry, and was breveted brigadier general for gallantry in the peninsula campaign and at Gettysburg, where he was severely wounded. He served as brigadier general and chief of engineers on the staff of General Miles in the Porto Rican campaign.

\$50,000 FIRE AT ORBISONIA, PA.

Seventeen Buildings Destroyed and Entire Town Threatened. Orbinonia, Pa., Aug. 7.-Seventeen buildings in the centre of this town were destroyed by fire, and for a short time the whole place was threatened with destruction. The buildings destroved are: Conn Bros..general store: John K. Ashman, hotel; S. B. Nevel. barber shop; J. J. Rowe, meat market; Wesley Ott, confectioner; H. L. Norris, saddler; E. J. Brodbeck, meat market; post office; George W. Hicks, confectioner; F. F. Cummins, general store, and the residences of Margaret Bolinger, F. F. Cummins and D. L. Grissinger. The other places destroyed were stables. A number of buildings were damaged. The loss will probably reach \$50,000.

CATHOLIC T. A. UNION

Delegates Pouring Into Wilkesbarre

For 35th Annual Convention. Wilkesbarre, Pa., Aug. 8.-Delegates to the 35th annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, which is to be held here on August 9, 10,11 and 12, are already beginning to pour into the city. There will be fully 800 delegates here, and hundreds of visitors will accompany

The town is gaily decorated in honor of the coming of President Roosevelt and a large party of state and national officers on Thursday. President Roosevelt will be the guest of the Catholic Abstinence Union of America and the United Mine Workers of America, and will deliver an address to them on Thursday afternoon.

FATHER OF 26 CHILDREN

Fifteen Boys and Eleven Girls, and All of Them Living. Haverford, Pa., Aug. 7.-Clem Tuck a well-known colored resident of Haverford, is certainly a candidate for a Roosevelt medal for raising a large family. Friday morning a girl baby was born at the Tuck household, which marked the 26th child in the family All of them are alive and well. There are 15 boys and 11 girls, and Tuck has been married four times.

Young Man Found Murdered. Washington, Pa., Aug. 8,-Clair Bain Hamilton, aged 18 years, son of a wellknown farmer of Chartiers township, was found dead at an isolated spot near Meadow Lands with a bullet through his heart, fired by some unknown person. Young Hamilton left the home of a young lady on whom he was calling. intending to take the last car from Meadow Lands to Houston, his home While crossing a vacant lot on the way to the car he was shot and fell forward on his face, death evidently coming instantly. The motive for the murder is not known.

Wished to Wed Married Woman. New York, Aug. 8.—An attempt to wed a married woman who came from Germany on the same steamship with him caused a deportation order to be issued for George Reichold, a young German. He arrived here recently on the steamship Bulgaria, and wanted the immigration officials to marry him to Rosa Blunk, a fellow passenger. The officials claim to have discovered a husband of Mrs. Blunk still living in Hamburg, Germany, and in the order deporting her they also included her fiance. for had offert all li amit

Professor Bell's Father Dead. Washington, Aug. 8. - Alexander Melville Bell, father of Professor Alexander Graham Bell, died at the home of the latter, in the 86th year of his age, from pneumonia, following an operation for diabetes performed last Tuesday. He was born in Scotland, a son of Alexander Bell, and was one of the three generations notable because of their development of the art of instructing the deaf and dumb in methods of communication. The interment will take place tomorrow.

Anatomical Congress In Session. Geneva, Switzerland, Aug. 7.-America is well represented at the first in ternational anatomical congress, which opened here. Altogether 260 delegates are present from different parts of the world. The congress will conclude on August 10 with a banquet given by the city to the delegates.

New York, Aug. 8.-A spectacular fire late last night on the piers of the Delaware, Lackawnnna and Western railroad, in Hoboken, destroyed the depot, with its 600 feet of train sheds, the ferry house, a hotel known as Duke's House, the terminal of the way, a new immigration and Mrs. James two ferryboats and ing an extended trip more threatened the

German Lloyd and A. Tanyer recently reks visit among his lines.

The loss is estimated 000. No lives were latiss Roxie Markle. fireman was seriously 19 ds at Fairbrook known. The Lackawanna officials a termer at

last night that they expected to nome trains running into temporary quart within a short time.

The Binghamton, one with a coat of

The Binghamton, one stroyed, was one of thamings. boats in the world.

Blazing ferry boats, did up with a bad docks, floated in the rij tarted in his face

fire ships, which for a otire body. ed shipping in the riventracted for the started on an old woode ant to heat his and, swept by a norther! to establishment. muniacted with the ferr sunday at Scotia to the main building aunt, Mrs. Yeakwanna, and then to the spaired of for some a famous Hoboken hed

tel was a frame strui f Altoona, speeded ready prey to the figure on our grading in all directions, utterly beyond the control of the few first fire fighters who had responded to the first

alarms. Following the hotel, the structure of the public service coporation—the street car operating company of Hoboken, Jersey City and nearby places went down before the flames.

At 1 o'clock this morning the fire was under control, the big steamship piers had been saved, and a rough estimate placed on the damage at between \$400,000 and \$500,000. A remarkable feature of the great

blaze was that inside of 20 minutes after its start it had seized upon the Lackawanna's terminal and swept its 600 feet of train sheds, dooming them. The flames started from an unknown cause on the old wooden ferry boat

Hopatcong, which had been tied up in the open slip between the Hamburg docks and the Christopher street ferry slips. The fire was discovered about 11 o'clock. It was then leaping from the boiler room below the main deck through the engine room, and attacking the wooden superstructure. A watchman on the ferry dock turn-

ed in calls for the city department, and also for the Lackawanna fire brigade. Almost before the company's men could lay a line of hose, and before the city firemen could reach the scene, the flames had leaped to the ferry office building between the piers, and then to the brand new ferry-boat Binghamton, which was lying in the northern slip of the Barclay street line. From these it leaned in a few seconds to the high frame structure above the waiting rooms, and in five minutes after the fire was seen the entire buildings, covering many acres, were burning.

There were four slips with high pilings, and these burned fiercely and sent the fire southward into the freight npiers. These had been destroyed for the most part by a great fire on May 29, 1904, and had just been rebuilt.

From the waiting room the flames leaned into the train shed and so rapid was the spread there that engines which were drawing out the cars there to be ready for use in the morning had to be hurried out. Seven coaches were left behind, but there had been time enough to save about 30 others.

The two burning ferry boats were towed out into the stream by tugs. The Hopatcong sunk later. The Hopatcong, when she took fire,

was tied against the Hamburg-American dock 3. The flames licked the side of the pier, but did not set it on fire. The wind was blowing somewhat.

out of the north, and that carried the

flames on the Hopatcong away from

the pier and into the superstructure of the ferry terminal. Fire aid was quickly summoned from Jersey City and New York, the former city sending all available engines, and the latter despatching two fire boats. With this extra force the Hoboken firemen were able to prevent the fire from spreading through lower Hoboken, while the fireboats held the

to run its trains into its wards outside the burned district today. The blaze in the Hopatcong spread so fast that when she got out into the river and began to slowly up stream she was burning from end to end.

flames in check along the water front.

The railroad company has arraged

The ferry boat Binghamton was pushed over towards Christopher street, where she was beached. The ferry boat Musconetcong, loaded with several hundred passengers, was reported to have had a narrow escape, just backing out and missing

the burning Hopatcong.

Missouri Senator Acquitted of Bribery. Jefferson City, Mo., Aug. 7.—State Senator Frank H. Farris was acquitted by a jury in the circuit court on a charge of bribery in connection with a bill introduced at the session of the state legislature in 1901 to repeal the statute prohibiting the use of alum in the manufacture of baking powder. The acquittal was greeted with cheers by the friends of State Senator Farris. The trial lasted a week, the principal testimony for the state being that of former Lieutenant Governor John A. Lee, on whose testimony before a grand jury indictments were returned against Ferris and former State Senator C. A. Smith. As the charges in the cases are identical, the Smith case will probably be dismissed.