

## FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE

HERE are blossoms in the clover, there is music in the pines, and a wealth of buds is falling over the brave blue-coated lines, and the muffled drum is beating, and one flag in glory waves

Where the sunshine roves in Splendor's garb a multitude of graves; To the music of the river as it flows un-vexed and free, Bearing onward to the nations Freedom's latest prophecy.

March a people, Fane's descendants, with the summer's sweetest bloom, Which the dew shall crown with glory on the hero's silent tomb.

In the suburb of the morning, every loyal heart to thrill, Come the echoes of the muskets that were heard at Bunker Hill; And the roses and the lilies in the shadow and the shine; Lie on the breasts of those who stood one day at Brandywine;

'Neath the hemlocks and the cedars, 'neath the vines that greet the sun, The Continentals sleep beside the Men of '61; And the country, reunited by a love that can't be told, Sees the modest flower blooming in the cannon ruts of old.

Down the street, beloved by thousands, march the veterans, old and gray—the comrades of the brave who rest this fair Memorial day.

And they bring May's sweetest blossoms to the boys who with them stood, Where often raged the battle fierce deep in the Southern wood; No more the ringing bugle blast, no more the cannon's roar, No more the gloomy picket post along the ghostly shore;

But side by side this sacred day beneath the sprouting tree, With elbows touching, silent stand the men of Grant and Lee.

Columbia walks the guarded aisles with soft and holy tread, Where fall the shades of Arlington above her hero dead; Not long ago she stood and heard the dirge's mournful strain;

O'er those who came in martial shrouds from Cuba's sun-kiss'd plain; And from her hands the brightest bloom that decks the field and wold Falls gently on the bosoms of the tender and the bold;

And silent tears are falling from the farthest northern pine To where the golden orange hangs above the ocean's line.

Bring the fairest of the blossoms to re-crown the hero's tomb! For this kind nature proudly yields the splendor of her bloom, The skies are bright above us and the river sings its lay.

One Flag, one Country and one Love the Nation knows to-day; We crown the humblest and the great, alike the flowers fall.

With prayer and love and gratitude upon the breasts of all; Ah, me! The drums are beating, for the flowers have been spread,

And we march to never grandeur from the bivouac of our dead. —T. C. Harbaugh, in Ledger Monthly.

FRANCES used to shake her dear, white head, and sigh mildly. "The child has stayed abroad too long," she would say. "Her brain is filled with old-world notions. Conditions have changed, and America has grown too fast for her."

But when they attempted to remonstrate with Clarissa, that imperious young person would get into a towering rage.

"Then there is no such thing as principle?" she would inquire, with withering sarcasm. "You didn't lose most of your property to the marauding northerners! You weren't forced to come from your own dear Maryland to this cold, bleak New England! You didn't bring your slaves along, after you had freed them of your own accord! Although most of them insisted upon remaining with you—to their credit. You're not my grandfather Colonel because of your bravery at Antietam! You didn't sacrifice your only son, my father, to the lost cause! His death didn't kill my grandmother and my mother! Oh, no! I must have dreamed it all!"

"My dear! my dear!" grandfather would remonstrate, sadly. "God knows I acted as I thought best; perhaps I was mistaken. But conditions are changed, and it is the part of wisdom to conform to them."

"But the principle remains the same, grandfather!" would be the proud response; and Clarissa would weep a few obstinate tears upon the silky hair of Fiffine, the French poodle which she had brought from abroad, and which, all told, was a most detestable little beast. "Fiffine, darling, we belong to the Owings family, of Maryland, don't we, pet? And what do we think of the star-spangled banner?" and then Fiffine would snarl and whine viciously, while her pretty mistress caressed and encouraged her.

Grandfather was distressed, but he was forced to smile at the absurdity of it all. "To be a rebel has gone out of fashion, my dear," he would say, apologetically; but Clarissa continued to regard herself as an alien, to heap fresh flowers daily before the picture of her beloved Winnie Davis, as before a shrine; to quote Father Ryan's stanzas upon the lost cause, and to defy the Lees and other heroes of the confederacy.

She was 23 now, and she had been

at schools in France and England since she was 12, shortly after her father's death, and that of her mother, which quickly followed. As Aunt Frances said, America had grown too fast for her.

There had been many changes in the neighborhood during her absence. On what had been Grandmother Owings' old-fashioned flower garden a handsome modern dwelling had been erected, and the two families used the dividing driveway in common. Down this driveway, several times each day, an athletic young man was wont to go, laden with golf sticks, riding a wheel, armed with gun or fishing tackle, or erect upon the back of a spirited black horse, which from the first had been Fiffine's especial detestation. As in another celebrated and classical case, the neighborhood caused their acquaintance in the first steps of love. Even England and France could produce no more splendid specimen of manhood than was Robert Hale, as Clarissa was forced to admit to her unwilling self.

Perhaps that was why the winter which followed her home-coming

proved such a pleasant one. As the weeks went by there was joy in both households over the very evident interest which the young people took in each other. They were not aware of the plans for their future which Aunt Frances so frequently discussed with Robert's widowed mother.

In fact, they were not conscious of much beyond the joy of living, of profinquity, of the sympathy and understanding which existed between them, of a community of tastes and interests. Together they marveled at the miracle of life through death, in opening bud, and leaf, and flower; but so far no word of love had been spoken between them. They were young; there was no need of haste. It was the springtime of life, as well as the springtime of the year. But—

Hard it these Found not a way to show their secret each to each; And so they did; And one heart's flower-dust into the other slid.

That Clarissa, imperious and exacting with all others, should be sweetly submissive to him, was, in itself, the most subtle flattery. When Robert Hale heard her opinions and comments upon the causes of a contest which was fast becoming merely a tradition, he only smiled indulgently, lenient to them, as he would have been lenient to any whimsical fancies on the part of the woman whom he loved.

The first clashing of their wills came late in the spring, when Robert was offered and accepted the office of captain of the newly-organized company of Sons of Veterans. He was surprised and amused at the imperiousness with which Clarissa drew herself up, proud as another Juno, and condemned his act.

"No man could offer me a more deadly hurt!" she announced, tragically. "My father was wounded at the battle of Belmont. Those wounds ultimately caused his death. Who knows that your very father wasn't the northern-er who shot him!"

"And my father was wounded at Petersburg," was the solemn response. "For the rest of his life he went around with only one arm. It seems like your father might have fired the shot which deformed one of the handsomest men that ever lived."

She knew that he was purposely mimicking her affected use of the southern like; but she would not unbend. He leaned his arm over Black Don's glossy neck, and regarded her wistfully.

"What an irony of fate, Clarissa!" he said, teasingly, as he stood gazing at her with a fondness which she haughtily ignored. "How ever did it happen that you should have the blue eyes, while mine should be the gray?"

As Memorial day approached, however, the breach between them grew undeniably serious. The older members of both households smiled, and shook their heads knowingly, and moralized on the inevitableness of lovers' quarrels. Aunt Frances rashly took it upon herself to remonstrate with her niece, for Robert was her special favorite, and she could not bear to have him made unhappy by Clarissa's caprices. She was unprepared, however, for the rebuff which she met.

"Please don't ever mention Mr. Hale's name to me again, Aunt Frances. I have found him out—

advantage which I appreciate. Better to know his faults now than when it might be too late!"

But Clarissa was by no means happy in what she glorified as her adherence to principle. She was fearfully and pathetically lonely, and she tried not to hear when the black horse and his rider dashed down the driveway on their way to the drills and parades, which became so frequent with the nearness of Memorial day.

The misunderstanding had deepened now; for there had been other and bitter words, and each studiously avoided looking in the direction of the other when they met, which was but rarely.

Fair as a garden of the Lord was the countryside upon the morning of Memorial day; but Clarissa could see no beauties in nature as she moped in the sewing-room which overlooked the driveway, confiding her unhappiness to potted, snarling Fiffine.

Out at the stable the groom was putting the saddle on Black Don—for the coming parade, she knew; and presently Robert appeared at the side door carrying a flag, which he proceeded to run up the staff on the lawn.

"How handsome he looks in his uniform," the girl meditated with bitterness, as she peered through the sash curtains in jealous inspection of his every movement. "Horrid thing! It wouldn't hurt him to at least glance in this direction!"

But Robert was evidently too busy; and it irritated the watcher as he began to whistle softly, and then to sing in an absent-minded fashion, as he bent over a knot in the halyards: "There's just one girl in the world for me!"

Oh, was she the girl? Clarissa asked herself feverishly; but there was no one to answer the question only Fiffine, who yawned lazily and snapped at the lace upon her mistress' sleeves.

Robert kept on singing with cruel unctious as he stood back and watched the folds of Old Glory unfurl, as they blew out from the mast-head, catching the soft May breeze. Then Clarissa could bear it no longer. She buried her face in the couch cushions and found refuge in that relief for all feminine woes—a good cry; while Fiffine, disturbed in her morning nap, whined dismally.

Such an exasperating day as it proved! There were bands and military companies, and everywhere the stars and stripes were flying. Grandfather was in bed, suffering from a new ache in his wounded shoulder—a memory of Antietam; and this furnished the girl a pretext for keeping all the shutters closed and making theirs the only dismal house along the avenue as the parade went by. With white face and set lips she hid behind the blind, and sadly followed with tearful eyes the erect figure of Capt. Hale as he rode past at the head of his company.

"Oh, Fiffine!" she murmured, sorrowfully. "I always knew that he was proud. But at least he might have glanced at the house, if not at me!"

It was evening when she heard him return. Black Don was proud, though weary after the heat and confusion of the day, and turned slowly in between the high stone gate posts of the driveway—and then, well, Clarissa never knew exactly how it happened; but of a sudden there was a mad rush of a little white bundle of silky hair from the porch, the defiant snaps and snarls of Fiffine as she snapped at the black horse's feet, and Capt. Hale, caught off his guard, had been thrown by the shying horse, striking his head against the cruel edge of the big stone post. That was the last of which Clarissa was conscious. Then, for the first time in her 23 healthy years, she fainted.

That fact remains yet her own inviolable secret; for nobody remembered her during the excitement which followed. After a time she "came to," and, athletic golf girl that she was, felt properly ashamed of her own weakness. Then it was that she learned the worst. Malicious Fiffine had frightened Black Don, and Capt Hale was ingloriously lying on the library couch, with his right arm in splints, and an ugly gash upon his right temple.

"He must not die until he has forgiven me!" Clarissa cried hysterically to Aunt Frances, as she unceremoniously bundled her willing relative

across the intervening driveway and the lawn to the Hale mansion, where all was sorrow at the mishap which had followed the glorious beginning of the day.

Clarissa expected reproaches from Robert Hale's mother, but instead she received a tender kiss and a caress, and the two elder women considerably remained in the reception hall, while the penitent girl went half-reluctantly into the library, where, in the subdued light, she discerned the stricken hero propped up among sofa pillows on the couch—it must be confessed more prone to be profane, with all a strong man's impatience of pain, than to feel complacent over any hero-worship which might fall to his lot.

But when he recognized Clarissa—ah, that was another story! And he was craftily moved to magnify his hurt, and to work upon her tender sympathies, until—well, in a lovers' quarrel the angle of reflection is always equal to the angle of incidence. In an incredibly short time that wicked Robert had become surprisingly cheerful, especially since Clarissa's face was somehow very near his own, and his heart was melting to feel her tears upon his cheek, and she was softly calling him "dear," and whispering out her penitence.

He was amazed to hear her confess, sorrowfully: "I have been a wicked and an unreasonable girl! And to prove how repentant I am, Robert, I am—just—going—to—make—the supreme sacrifice for you!"

"Sweetheart! What?" he inquired in wonder.

"I am—going—to—give—Fiffine—away! That is, when I can find a good home for her, you know!"

Capt Hale laughed, but only mentally.

"Not a bit of it, dearest!" he declared. "Why, I owe that little beast an unbounded debt of gratitude! She's brought about a victory bigger than—than—Gettysburg, Clarissa!"

This was a mischievous thrust, but the girl was too much in earnest to notice or resent it.

"A victory won by force of arms—or rather of an arm," the malicious fellow continued, doing yeoman service with the uninjured member. "You are mine, aren't you, you little rebel?"

Her tears had suddenly ceased to flow now, and she was smiling, though somewhat pathetically, and unlike the familiar, proud Clarissa.

"I suppose I must acknowledge myself vanquished," she sighed, "as my ancestors did! And that I must surrender!" she added, with no particular evidence of resentment or regret.

"Unconditional surrender?" he questioned, half believing her admission too good to be true.

"Unconditional surrender, Capt. Hale!" she replied, submissively.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

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### HONOR THE HEROES.

It is fitting that we should cherish the memory of those who died for their cause.

If Egypt built pyramids to honor the memory of her tyrannical kings, it is fitting that America should keep green the memory of those who died in defense of the liberty our ancestors won by battling against a king. What other nation has such good cause for honoring its heroes as America?

We would have our children learn the lesson of patriotism which comes from the bivouac, the tedious march and the battle-field. We would have them emulate the self-sacrifice of those men who so cheerfully left the office, the shop, the counting-room or the plow to show their loyalty by fighting, if need be, dying, for their country. Whether they fought beneath the stars and stripes or beneath the southern cross, they fought for what they conceived to be the right, and sealed their loyalty with their blood.

The destinies of nations are shaped by those who fight and die at their country's call. History is written in the blood of the brave and the true. But the manhood of a nation is formed by the hand that rocks the cradle. So long as American mothers teach their sons that the greatest possible privilege and the highest honor is to fight for country, its safety and its honor, so long shall we have a nation in which honor, chivalry, glory and patriotism shall dominate. Would we check the greed for wealth and power and stop the mad career of a mammon worship, let us encourage the cultivation of high ideals and lofty ambitions. Let us cherish the memory of our dead heroes, and while we minister to the necessities of the living let us not forget the dead, but as each recurring Memorial day rolls round let us scatter flowers above the sacred dust and renew our tributes of admiration and gratitude.—Gen. Joseph Wheeler, in Detroit Free Press.

Honoring the Soldier Dead. The heroism of those whose graves we decorate, whether they be "The boys of '61" or the "Boys of '98," is one of the bright jewels in the diadem that crowns the brow of American liberty. It is part of the heritage of every child born beneath our flag. Therefore, in honoring the men who died for the flag we add to the inheritance of the millions yet to come, for in giving testimony to the courage and loyalty of the men who sleep in soldiers' graves, we enhance the nation's glory and render the name of American citizen of still more priceless value.—Detroit Free Press.

First Observed Memorial Day. Alabama was the first state to inaugurate the annual custom of observing a day as sacred to the memory of their dead heroes.

Life is a lamp flame before a wind.

### SHALL WE REVISE THE CREED?

Debate on This Question Begins in the Presbyterian General Assembly.

Philadelphia, May 24.—With eloquence borne of the solemn importance of the question, commissioners to the Presbyterian general assembly yesterday began the debate on the revision of the confession of faith. Brilliant leaders of the church advanced their views in a calm, dispassionate manner and the entire discussion was void of acrimony. With a full realization of the great importance of the subject the assembly proceeded to consider thoroughly every detail of the proposed changes in the creed.

Calvary church was not large enough to accommodate the throngs who clamored for admission. Many of the spectators did not leave the church during the noon recess. Although frequently requested to avoid demonstrations, the audience repeatedly applauded the speakers. Among the spectators were many clergymen of other denominations.

The great question came before the assembly with the reading of the report of the committee on revision by Rev. Charles A. Dickey, chairman. This was followed by the minority report read by Rev. William McKibben, of Cincinnati.

A rule of the assembly gives chairmen the right to speak on their reports after they have been received, but before Mr. Dickey could secure recognition Rev. Dr. Samuel J. Nichols moved the adoption of the first recommendation in both reports. Rev. James D. Moffatt made a substitute motion to adopt the majority report and an amendment was offered substituting the minority.

Rev. Dr. George B. Baker presented an amendment a resolution to the effect that as the vote of the presbyteries indicated a lack of unanimity, the entire subject be dismissed. Dr. Dickey secured the floor on this amendment and made a stirring address supporting the old confession. Rev. Herrick Johnson and Rev. Samuel J. Nichols aroused the unbounded enthusiasm of the audience by the brilliant presentations of the revision faction's reasons for desiring a change.

Rev. George T. Purvis spoke against revision, as did Rev. George D. Baker. There are 250 commissioners committed to dismissal, but they have expressed themselves as open to conviction.

### DOWIE IN HIDING.

A Notorious Chicagoan and Two of His Followers are Missing—Held Responsible for a Woman's Death.

Chicago, May 24.—The coroner's jury which for two days has listened to the evidence in the case of Mrs. Emma Judd, wife of one of the men in John Alexander Dowie's Zion, last night returned a verdict holding Dowie, H. W. Judd, husband of the woman, Mrs. Sprecher and Mrs. Bratsch to await the action of the grand jury.

The two women named in the verdict were in attendance upon Mrs. Judd prior to her death. The charge against them is "criminal responsibility" for the death of Mrs. Judd. The evidence given at the inquest by some of the leading physicians of the city, who had examined Mrs. Judd's body after it had been exhumed, was to the effect that the most simple surgical care would have prevented the woman's death. They testified that she was allowed to die when the slightest attempt to save her life would have been successful.

Papers were at once made out and officers sent to arrest Dowie, Judd and the two women. When the officers arrived at Zion, Dowie was not to be found. Mrs. Bratsch was arrested in the building and was sent to the county jail, but H. W. Judd and Mrs. Sprecher were not found. It was announced by the police that the search would be kept up until the three missing people shall be taken into custody. It was the opinion of the officers that Dowie had gone into hiding for the night, knowing that he would not be able to furnish bonds in time to prevent a night in jail. It is expected that he will appear to-day to give bail for his three companions.

### TOO MUCH RED TAPE.

Work of the Cuban Courts Is Delayed—Gen. Wood's "Hurry Up" Order.

Havana, May 24.—Gen. Wood yesterday issued orders to the judges and post office inspectors that all cases must immediately be brought to trial, beginning not later than the middle of June. The complicated methods of Cuban courts, combined with the red tape in the post office department, has caused many cases to drag on without a sign of their ever coming to trial. It is estimated that over \$90,000 has already been spent in securing testimony and stenographers and translators have worked ahead for months to come.

Regarding the case of E. C. Rathbone, it is common talk among attorneys and court officials that there is not the least evidence against him, and that Rathbone would have been discharged long ago but for the persistence with which inspectors are bringing in new but unimportant testimony which the court must record and translate. This practice often results in sending out additional interrogatories, which adds to the delay. The case of Rathbone is still in the court of first instance, and while it remains there the attorneys cannot ask for a trial.

### Tunnel Builders Strike.

New York, May 24.—One thousand men employed on the Rapid Transit tunnel went out on strike yesterday and about 3,000 more will strike today. All underground work practically will be suspended except on three sections in Broadway. Some dirt shovelers and general workmen may remain with the bosses, but all the skilled mechanics in the sections between the city hall and One Hundred and Eighth street will strike. Trouble is feared, as the sub-contractors say they will employ non-union men.

### A SALUTARY LESSON.

Five Cadets are Dismissed from West Point Military Academy and Six Suspended, Because of Rowdiness.

Washington, May 23.—The names of the cadets who have been dismissed from the military academy as the result of recent disturbances there are as follows: Henry L. Bolby, John A. Cleveland, Trangett F. Teller, Raymond A. Linton, Birchie O. Mahaffey. All these cadets are of the second class.

The following cadets have been suspended: Olan C. Ayleshire, Illinois; Benjamin F. McClellan, Mississippi; James A. Shannon, Minnesota; Charles Telford, Utah, all of the second class. Also Thomas N. Gimperling, Ohio, and Harry Hawley, New York, of the third class. These cadets are suspended without pay until April 1, 1902.

The following is the report of Col. Mills, superintendent of the military academy, upon which was based the action of the secretary of war dismissing the five cadets and suspending six others for a year. Col. Mills says:

"I have the honor to report that on the evening of April 16, 1901, a large number of cadets engaged in an insubordinate demonstration directed at the superintendent of the military academy. The demonstration took place in the main sallyport of the barracks; then in the area of the barracks and finally in front of the superintendent's quarters. It consisted of cheers, ending with the names of two recently punished cadets; several profane yells directed at the superintendent, and the moving of the gun from its accustomed place to a position on the plain in front of the superintendent's quarters, at the door of which the muzzle was pointed.

"The pretext for this demonstration was a punishment awarded Cadet Robert R. Ralston, second class, in orders published at parade that evening. The actual cause, as established by the testimony of cadets under oath, taken by a board of officers convened the following morning, and which made a long investigation, was the resentment of a group of insubordinate cadets of the second class at measures taken by the superintendent to enforce the law forbidding hazing. On March 27, 1901, Cadet Myron S. Grissy, second class, was punished for "bracing" fourth class men.

"The evidence taken before the board shows that the group of cadets referred to, resenting the above punishments, engaged in secret meetings in which the superintendent's action was condemned, and ugly terms were applied to him before other cadets.

"I have read all the evidence taken by the board of investigation. It shows that considerable yet has to be accomplished to implant in cadets the essentials of good discipline."

West Point, N. Y., May 23.—The five cadets who were dismissed from the military academy and those who were suspended have all departed for their respective homes. There is not likely to be an uprising among the cadets, as was anticipated from some sources. There is a distinction between dismissal and discharge from the academy. When a cadet is dismissed it is final and he can be reinstated only by a special act of congress. He also forfeits his travel pay. In the case of a discharge a cadet may re-enter the academy by a reappointment and the approval of the academy board.

New York, May 23.—The five dismissed West Point cadets came directly to this city and last night gave out the following signed statements: "First—We are surprised at the severe punishment we have received for what we have never considered a very serious offense.

"Second—The manner in which we were dismissed from our cherished institution after years of labor was more surprising to us.

"Third—We have not the slightest knowledge of the evidence that has been obtained against us, nor the names of the witnesses, for we have not had an open trial such as is known to military custom. We would not feel dissatisfied if it had been by the decision of a court-martial."

### A TRAGEDY AT ERIE, PA.

A Contractor Shoots and Kills a Man—Trouble Grew Out of a Strike on the Docks.

Erie, Pa., May 23.—"Are you going after fish for your scabs?" asked William Harrington of Contractor John Kane on the hill leading down to the Anchor line docks last night. Kane says Harrington threatened him. At all events, he pulled his gun and fired, the bullet passing through Harrington's body. He died while being taken to the hospital. There has been trouble at the Anchor line docks ever since the season opened, the Longshoremen's union objecting to the contract system and the men refusing to go to work. A contract to supply the labor for handling package freight was let by the Anchor line to John Kane and Frank P. Coyle.

Twice, gangs of 75 to 100 men were brought here from Buffalo, but after being interviewed by the longshoremen's pickets they declined to go to work for Kane & Coyle, and their fares were paid to their homes by the freight handlers. The feeling has grown more bitter every day and last night, when Kane was taken to the police station, a crowd of nearly 1,500 men surrounded the place. The aspect was so threatening for the life of the prisoner that the police transferred him to the county jail. He is charged with murder.

### "Teddy" Christens a Papoose.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 24.—The Pan-American exposition was yesterday visited by three distinguished men, Vice President Roosevelt, Jules Cambon, ambassador from France, and Gov. Durbin, of Indiana. The vice president and Gov. Durbin went to the fair together. With them were President John C. Milburn. They went to the midway, saw the Rough Riders and a sham battle by the Indians, and the vice president christened an Indian baby that was born in the camp about a week ago. The papoose was named Pan-Anna Ettseed.