

# THREATENED RACE WAR.

## SOLDIERS SENT TO A MISSISSIPPI TOWN.

A COLORED EXCURSION TRAIN FIRED AT—SEVERAL PERSONS WOUNDED.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Sept. 1.—A Granada, Miss., special train carrying a group of colored men was being escorted by a company of Cavalry when it was fired upon by a mob of whites near Shell Mound, La. The train was badly wrecked. Adam Price, colored, was killed, and three other train hands were badly injured. None of the passengers were severely hurt. Davin A. Henry, Superintendent of Construction for the East River Electric Light Company, at New York, was killed on the 2d at the company's works by receiving a shock from a 1000-volt current. Henry had gone to the switchboard and mounted a ladder to fix some wires that were out of order. He incautiously placed his hand on a live wire and fell to the ground dead. He was only 28 years of age.

—William H. Hoagland, aged 27 years, died of hydrophobia in Newark, New Jersey, on the morning of the 2d. Three weeks ago he was bitten by a strange dog, which he drove from a grocery store in which he was employed.

—Samuel C. Showalter, aged 69 years, voluntarily submitted to an injection of the "elixir of life" at Dayton, Ohio, three weeks ago, to obtain relief from rheumatism. Blood poisoning and gangrene set in, and he died on the 2d after horrible suffering.

—Fifteen threshers were poisoned on the 2d near Tiffin, Ohio, by eating cheese. All were made violently sick, and it is feared some of them will not recover.

—Samuel Holmes, a well-to-do farmer near Farmington, Minnesota, aged 65 years of age was murdered on the 1st. His wife, aged 45, who had frequently threatened to kill him, was arrested. D. Dougherty, an attorney of Oakland City, Indiana, was shot dead by Karn McKenna on the 1st. Dougherty was counsel for McKenna's wife in a suit for divorce.

—Mrs. Jeannot, wife of a jeweler of Youngstown, Ohio, committed suicide on the morning of the 1st by cutting her throat with a razor. She had been in ill health for several months. Dr. F. W. Perrie, a prominent physician of Indianapolis, was found dead in his office on the 1st. Circumstances indicate that he was either foully dealt with or committed suicide.

—Labor Day was generally observed on the 2d. In most cities business was almost wholly suspended, and the labor organizations had parades and picnics.

—"Tim" Dyer, one of the most notorious desperadoes in West Indian Territory, was shot and fatally wounded on the 1st at the mouth of Allen Bayou, by John McHenry.

—A prairie fire in Minnesota is reported to be sweeping the bottom lands around Big Stone City and threatening that town. Hundreds of farmers have lost all their hay and stock. The fire was started by a party of hunters a few days ago.

—A collision occurred on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, near Lindfield, Pa., on the morning of the 3d. A hand truck on which a number of Italian laborers were proceeding to their work was struck by a locomotive of a freight train. Francesco di Domenico was killed and five others were badly bruised. The caboose of a train on the Virginia Midland Railroad left the track on the afternoon of the 3d and rolled down an embankment, near Accotink, Virginia. J. A. Rainey and Ashton Rainey, brothers and well-known cattle drovers, of Warren, were killed. Conductor Faulkner was badly injured.

—Harvey Needham, aged 22 years, was found dead near Franklin Furnace, Pa., on the 2d. He left home on the 29th ult., to go hunting. It seems that he fell from a tree top, where he had climbed to get a squirrel he had killed.

—The coroner held an inquest in Bessemer, Michigan, on the 2d, on the body of Mr. Fiehslein, who was killed by Holzhay, the stage robber. The jury found a verdict in accordance with the evidence, and recommended that Holzhay be held for trial at the next term of court, which will be in October. John H. Malon was fatally stabbed by John Brophy at a picnic near Paterson, New Jersey, on the evening of the 2d. Deputy Sheriff Jacobs was on the 3d shot and wounded at Franklin, Louisiana. It is asserted that he had been "troublesome at the polls," that neither the Communist stoners nor bystanders knew he was a Deputy Sheriff, and that "when leaving the court he muttered threats and drew his pistol, making a murderous assault, and was shot down before he could fire." The wound "is not necessarily fatal."

—Mr. George Coons died in Little Sandusky, Ohio, on the 3d, of what the doctors pronounce genuine Asiatic cholera. The people there are greatly excited, and many are leaving the village. A malignant type of typhoid fever has made its appearance in Connersville, Indiana. There are 17 cases at the Orr boarding house. Typhoid fever prevails at Dundee, Indiana. Several deaths have occurred. Smallpox is reported to be epidemic in Guatemala.

George W. Williams and James H. Clark have been arrested at Alexander Station, Kentucky, for dealing in and manufacturing counterfeit silver dollars. The post-office at Moline, Illinois, was robbed on the morning of the 3d of \$2100 in postage stamps, cash and registered letters. Max Jacobson, a young man, Superintendent of the Fidelity and Casualty Company of Chicago, was arrested on the evening of the 3d, on complaint of W. M. Alexander, President of the company, on the charge of embezzling its funds in an extravagant style, and was addicted to betting on horse races. The amount of his stealings is said to be "far in the thousands." An investigation shows that Jacobson came from Austria where his father is a count and a banker, and that he had been a criminal before, and that he had served a four-year term in the Joliet penitentiary for forgery.

—Reports from North Dakota and portions of Minnesota have been

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

received telling of a heavy storm on the evening of the 3d. Grand Forks says a terrific electrical and wind storm prevailed on the evening of the 3d within an area of 100 miles of that city. Telegraph poles between there and Fargo were blown down and communication interrupted. The damage in the neighborhood is thought to be heavy. The weather is now wintry in nature, and it is feared considerable damage will result.

—Professor Sylvester, while driving to his residence, north of Princeton, New Jersey, on the evening of the 3d, was run into by a runaway team going in the same direction. His vehicle was wrecked and the professor was thrown violently to the ground, sustaining serious internal injuries and terrible lacerations about the head and body.

—Frank Havens, 38 years of age, dropped dead in Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the evening of the 3d. A post-mortem examination showed that his heart was on the right side, and his death was caused by a rupture of that organ. John and Edward Brocher and Charles Bluhme were drowned in Lake Michigan, on the 4th, while fishing. Two children of David Guy set fire to a barn at Blue Springs, Nebraska, on the 3d, and perished in the building. They were playing with matches. George Dilhof died in Cincinnati, on the evening of the 3d, while under the influence of chloroform, administered for the purpose of amputating an injured thumb. Two physicians gave him a teaspoonful of the drug. Dilhof was a young married man.

—A strange and fatal epilepsy among hogs is reported from Clark county, Illinois. The symptoms resemble those of typhoid fever in the human being, and the animals sometimes linger for many days, finally perishing of starvation as much as anything else, for they will eat nothing. No remedy can be found, and farmers are in despair. Epizooty has broken out among the hogs in the Henry Colliery in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., operated by the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, and work was suspended on the 4th in consequence.

—The Log College celebration in commemoration of the movements incident to the planting of the Presbyterian Church in this country took place on the 5th, near Hartsville, in Bucks county, Pa., and attracted to the site about twelve thousand people. President Harrison and his party left Postmaster General Wanamaker's house at Jenkintown shortly after nine o'clock and drove to Hartsville, a distance of nine miles. Along the entire route flags and bunting were displayed, and at Abington and Harboro special demonstrations of welcome were made. The exercises near the site of the Log College extended through the morning and afternoon, and comprised addresses by the President, Postmaster General Wanamaker and Governor Beaver, besides historical and other papers by prominent Presbyterian clergymen.

—A 25-pound can of dynamite which was being soldered by two men on a Government lighter at the mouth of the St. Johns river, Florida, exploded on the morning of the 5th, blowing the men to atoms. The victims were H. T. Moore, a son of the Captain of the lighter, and Grandison Powell, colored. Nothing of them, except one toe of Moore, was found after the explosion. Engineer Dunn, of the lighter, was badly injured in the side and arm, and Captain Moore was terribly shaken up. The shock of the explosion was felt for a considerable distance and created much alarm among the men at work on the jetty at the bar.

—William Bonnett and Miss Carrie Ernest, of Baltimore, were run over and killed by a train on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, near Perryman, Maryland, on the evening of the 5th. Hugh Perry, an electric light lineman in Buffalo, New York, caught hold of a live wire on the 5th while working on a pole. He fell to a cross bar and hung there in the wire, unable to save himself, and giving evidence of extreme suffering. Perry was alive when taken down, but speechless. He died a few minutes after reaching the hospital. Horace A. Stratton, a member of a deer hunting party in Sullivan county, New York, was accidentally killed on the 5th by Henry Fountain, one of his companions. It is thought a twig caught the hammer of Fountain's gun.

—James Cabson was killed and Winfield Scott, it is feared, fatally injured by being knocked from the top of a train which was passing under a bridge near Chillicothe, Ohio, on the 5th. They were members of the Knights of Ivanhoe, of Athens, and were on their way with the other members of the company to Columbus, to give an exhibition on the Fair Grounds. A gravel train on the Chesapeake and Belle Vernon Railroad struck a cow near Webster station, Pa., on the 5th. Several cars were derailed and demolished. One man named Robert Carney was instantly killed. His two brothers, Charles and Samuel, were seriously injured, the latter thought to be fatally. The men were all miners, and were riding on the cars.

—Sherman Caswell has been carrying on the farm of William Cutler, at Montpelier, Vermont, since the latter's death, living in the house with Cutler's daughter. On the 4th, the daughter, married George Gould, and on the 5th Caswell in a fit of jealousy shot Gould's lower jaw. William Smith, a colored cook, shot and killed his wife in Pittsburg on the morning of the 5th, and then attempted suicide. He will recover. Jealousy was the cause of the act. G. Edward Johnson, who has been partially insane for several months, stabbed his wife to death in Chicago on the evening of the 5th.

—A. C. Staley, President of the Staley Woolen Mills in South Haven, Indiana, was poisoned on the evening of the 3d by morphine given him by a druggist for quinine. He is 73 years of age, and all efforts to bring him out of the stupor produced by the drug have so far been unavailing.

## What Life is.

Life is a silvery stream,  
Born in the snow-white arms;  
We on its banks (where they seem  
Almost to touch and to kiss)  
Long for the mermaid's bliss  
And the salt sea's soothing charms.  
With lips rose-red apart,  
And eyes bedimmed by tears,  
We feel this young world's heart  
Beating in time to our own.  
And yet are as one alone  
In a crowd of hopes and fears.  
Tossed by an unrest wild,  
Drawn by a hope unseen—  
A god in thought and a child,  
We wander on to the end,  
With dread as a bosom friend,  
And a mist comes down between.

## JO, THE BOOTBLACK.

"I'll catch an awful cold if you wash me. Please don't, mum." And the rascal of humanity answering to the name of Tim MacDonald looked up with a frightened, imploring expression into the kind face bending over him.

There had been an accident in the street. A runaway horse and vehicle had plunged madly—through the crowded thoroughfare, and ere strong hands could stay the frenzied animal, a small form lay motionless in the mire of the street.

"Poor little fellow! he breathes! I'll carry him right over to the hospital," said the good Samaritan, who lifted the unconscious form.

"Ah! an' it's our Tim! he lives in our alley. I'll tell Jo; he's his brother, an' a tip-top bootblack too, sir," volunteered one of the street Arabs, who had rushed to the scene.

Fortunately the hospital was only a few rods distant, and by the time Tim had been carried thither, and his ragged garments had been removed, consciousness had returned.

But what terrors assailed the small lad when he discovered that a bath was in prospect; he had never taken a bath; he was sure it would kill him. Very quietly the nurse soothed his fears, and performed her not very agreeable task, and then another surprise awaited Tim.

"Blazes! I'm most as white as snow!" he exclaimed; "I always s'posed I was dirt color. I bet Jo won't know me."

Just what injures the little fellow had sustained was an unsettled question with the doctors. With the exception of a few bruises, the injuries were internal, and the small urchin, who had skipped about at a very lively rate all his brief life, was content to lie, day after day, white and still in his snowy cot.

Jo, the "tip-top bootblack," his only known relative, came, breathless and eager, but in very filthy garb, to call upon his injured brother, a few hours after the accident. It seemed cruel to send him away but such dirty specimens had ever yet been allowed to enter the spotless wards of the hospital.

"You must go," said the nurse, "and tidy yourself up a bit. Couldn't you find a place to take a bath?"

Poor Jo! his horror of a bath was quite equal to Tim's; in fact, he had a very imperfect conception of the meaning of the word, but see Tim he must. Jo had a very warm place in his heart for his little brother. He rushed to the nearest pump, and performed his hasty ablutions, then hurried back agast to the hospital.

The nurse smiled at the queer looking little figure which stood cap in hand, eagerly begging for admission. Jo had managed to remove enough of the dirt to show that he, too, was white underneath, but his face was encircled by an outer rim of brown, and his hands were decidedly streaked, being a mixture of brown and white. But he was admitted this time. No mortal nurse could resist his eager, unspoken plea.

With a look of unutterable awe overshadowing his shrewd boy face, Jo shortly followed the nurse, passing out after cot, until she stopped beside the little iron bed upon which Tim lay. Charging Jo to be very gentle and quiet, the nurse withdrew to a short distance, that the brothers might feel in a measure alone. Jo looked at Tim with incredulous surprise. This little white-robed, sweet faced cherub! Was this Tim?

"Ha! ha! doesn't you know me, Jo?" cried Tim, with a faint chuckle of delight.

Yes, this was Tim! Such a change as passed over Jo's face, his features worked convulsively, he choked and swallowed in a frantic effort to control himself, and then stooped suddenly and kissed Tim's pale face to hide the disgraceful tears that would persist in falling.

"Ah! Tim, me darlin'," he grasped, "be ye hurt much?"

"Not much," said Tim, bravely; "me head is a bit heavy, but"—admirably—"isn't this a fine place to stay in. Everybody treats me like a gentleman, an' I feast o' the fat o' the land."

The two brothers had an intimate acquaintance with cold and hunger, and little Tim was charmed with the princely attention which he had received since entering the hospital.

"It's jist nice here," he added. "I wish you could stay with me."

It was nearly night when Jo left his

brother, but he had remained long enough to assure himself that Tim was happy and content notwithstanding his weak back and his strange surroundings. Deep gratitude swelled Jo's manly little heart, and he longed to do something for the gentle white-capped nurse, who had so quickly won Tim's warm devotion.

"Good-bye, Tim, my boy," he said to his brother; "keep up a brave heart." Then, stepping to the nurse, "Thank yer kindly mum, for making Tim so comfortable. I've a stand, corner of Prince and Carl streets, an' if you'll come to me, I'll be proud to shine yer boots free of charge."

The nurse thanked the little fellow, and bowed him out of the ward with a smile and a tear, convinced that underneath his dirt and rags was a right royal spirit.

Days, weeks, and months passed, and Tim could scarcely be said to thrive. The doctors finally agreed that the injury was spinal, and that the case was hopeless; that it was merely a question of time. It was thought best to keep the truth from Jo, and he came and went from the hospital a very different looking boy from the dirty ragamuffin who had first presented himself there. Some one had given him an old suit of clothes, and Tim's representations had induced him to try the efficacy of an occasional bath.

A strangely interesting place was that children's ward to others besides Jo. The children who occupied the cots were little waifs who had scanty knowledge of anything like real home life. Near Tim was a precious infant who had been dreadfully burned. She didn't know how to talk, but she could wink in the most jolly and ludicrous way.

"When I gets low in me mind," patient Tim affirmed, "I jist say, 'Wink Maggie!' an' I'm fit to bust with laffin' directly."

Indeed, Maggie's grotesque wink became somewhat famous, so that convalescent patients who visited the ward were sure to stop by Maggie's bed and to ask her to wink. Perhaps it was the contrast between her helpless maimed condition and the deliciousness of the wink, that made it so mirth-provoking. Certainly it was baby Maggie's only accomplishment, and she and others got much comfort therefrom.

Tim had been a few times to a mission Sunday-school, and had managed to glean a few items of information, which caused him to be somewhat scandalized at occasional occurrences in the ward.

"You see that chold over there," he whispered to Jo one day, pointing with a backward movement of his thumb to indicate the direction.

"The kid with the red hair?" inquired Jo.

"The same," said Tim, solemnly; "the poor thing's a awful h'athen. The nurse asked her last night if she knew a prayer." "Oh, yes," she said; "I niver say a prayer at home, but I always says one when I goes to gran'ma's." So the nurse axes her to say the prayer, and she says:

MOHRIS PARK, built at a cost of \$1,750,000, represents a large expenditure of money for the philanthropic purpose of improving the breed of horses. But, as large and expensive quarters have been provided for the book makers, one of the objects may be to improve the breed of men by giving them object lessons in the folly of gambling.

DAY by day the record of railroad accidents grows more bulky. It is evident that many of these accidents could have been avoided, and the conclusion must be reluctantly forced upon common people that inattention to orders and lack of painstaking have a share in the operating causes. In all such instances carelessness is a sort of crime.

FOOLISH Skipper Charles T. Rogers, who undertook to cross the broad Atlantic in an eighteen-foot boat, made a lucky escape with his life after thirty-eight days of privation and suffering. When it is considered that a man engaged in such an undertaking is practically in the position of a shipwrecked mariner who has escaped the general catastrophe in a ship's boat, the foolhardiness of the venture becomes manifest.

A DESIRE to save a conditional subscription by the city of Knoxville to the new East Tennessee Railroad was the primal cause of the recent disastrous accident at Flat Creek, on this newly constructed line of track. The railway company has saved Knoxville's subscription of \$225,000, but in attaining that end the lives and limbs of valued citizens have been sacrificed. There should be searching investigation of this affair.

MARINE engineers and constructors on the Eastern coast would doubtless like to look at the machinery of the cruiser Charleston, with which the Pacific coast mechanics have been pottering for several months with dubious results. Her latest trip was interrupted, after a two-hours run, by the slipping of an eccentric. It is costing the contractors a pretty sum to learn how to put together a marine engine; but if they should get another similar job from Uncle Sam they may be enabled to do better work by reason of their costly experience with the Charleston's machinery.

THE savings banks returns for New York State show that there were nearly \$24,000,000 more due depositors on the 1st of July, 1899, than there were on the same date of 1898, and that the average amount due each depositor was \$386. These figures, no doubt, may be taken as an illustration of what is being done in other States, and such a healthy increase of deposits is a cheering sign. It has been said that no man who owns a foot of land is likely ever to become an Anarchist; and it is equally true that every man who has a dollar put away is prompted to array himself on the side of the conservative forces of the Republic.

AN ANCIENT COIN FOUND.—Edward Kennedy, employed on the Samuels' farm, in Windsor, Conn., has unearthed in one of the fields an ancient silver coin bearing the colonial stamp of Massachusetts. It is bright and the date and inscription are as plain as ever. On one side is the name "Massachusetts," with a tree in the center, and on the other "New England, 1652, V1" (shillings). "The coin is one of the rarest of the colonial pieces. At the time it was struck the colonists had but little coin, because they had to send their money to England to buy supplies. Trade was carried on by barter, wampum, Indian corn and even bullets being frequently the mediums of exchange. Finally, in 1652, the Massachusetts Legislature authorized the coining of Pine Tree shillings, like that found by Kennedy."

NEW YORK has started with a committee of Finance for the World's Fair of 1902 which is fully capable of carrying it on successfully, and as the members have accepted service with a hearty spirit, the success of the enterprise seemed almost assured. If the selection of the site can be made to the general satisfaction of the members of the Finance Committee and the public, every other difficulty, including that of raising the necessary money, appears to be easily surmountable. There is a good deal of talk of erecting permanent buildings and maintaining a permanent exhibition. It would simplify matters to abandon this idea at once, and it ought to be abandoned, for the experience of the Crystal Palace and of the Philadelphia Permanent Exhibition sufficiently demonstrated that neither exhibitors nor the public care for a permanent or continuous exhibition. The expense to exhibitors if they undertake to freshen up their displays from time to time is prohibitory, while, if they neglect to do so, the exhibition loses all charms for the public. Illustrations in a small way may be found in the small attendance at permanent free museums, although the collections in these if brought together for a short season only would draw crowds to examine them. If the idea of permanence should be abandoned, there would be less trouble about choosing a site, and the estimates of cost could be reduced.