

KING'S PRISONERS.
Love in his net hath taken us and bound us,
Hath plighted hands and feet right fast
Within;
Our master's mesh of gold goes round and round
Cunningly wrought, and fairly fine and thin,
To hold us in.

O Love Divine, O larger Love, come take us,
Weave thy sweet net outside our house of love;
Prisoners of Love, O Love Divine, come
make us,
Caught in thy snares and seeking not to rove
Outside thy Love.
—Katharine Tynan.

BY MY HEEL.
"Mr. Ransom, please tell us how it is
that you are filling such a responsible
position, and you not yet thirty years
old?"

This question was asked by one of a
crowd of four or five gentlemen seated
in the handsome private office of Mr.
Ransom, superintendent of transportation
of the Chicago and Western railroad at
Omaha, Neb.

"Well," replied the superintendent, a
good looking young man of twenty-six
or thereabouts, "if you will have the
patience to listen I will narrate briefly how
my heel caused my promotion and was
the means of saving many lives."

"Five years ago I was station agent
and operator at Hamlin on this road.
The depot was the only building at
Hamlin, consequently I had to do my
own cooking and sleeping in the depot,
getting my supplies from Rands, a place
of about 500 inhabitants, eight miles up
the railroad.

"It was about 10 o'clock on a hot,
sultry night in August. There did not
seem to be a breath of air stirring. The
windows were up and the doors were
thrown open so as to admit all the air
possible. No. 32, the fast mail, had to
be reported before I could get 'good
night' from the dispatchers and retire.

"I had pulled off my shoes and had
nothing on my feet but my stockings.
As I lay idly leaning back in my chair,
my feet propped up on the instrument
table and lazily drumming on the key
with my heel, I heard a slight noise be-
hind me. Before I could turn around
to ascertain the cause a man's harsh
voice rang out:

"Move an inch and you are a dead
man," and at the same moment I felt
the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed
against my head.

"Put your hands behind your back
and look straight before you," com-
manded the same voice sternly.

"I obeyed alacrity.

"My hands were seized roughly and
bound securely to the back of the chair.
"Now, my beauty, I guess you won't
do much more telegraphing tonight,"
and he broke out into a discordant
laugh.

"He evidently thought it amusing. I
didn't.

"Come on, boys," he yelled. "I've got
this kid fast."

"After a moment three or four men,
as well as I could judge with my back
to the door, walked in.

"Ha! ha! cap'n, you've got him, have
you?" and they all laughed roughly.

"Jim," said the man addressed as cap-
tain, "have you got the spike lifter?"

"You bet I has," from one of the men.

"The captain then turned and ad-
dressed me.

"Young man, no harm is intended
you if you keep perfectly quiet. Doubt-
less your curiosity is very much aroused
as to our intentions. Well, it can do no
harm to enlighten you, as the mischief
will be done before you can give any
alarm. We intend—and here the man's
voice became absolutely fiendish—to
take up two rails on that trestle out
there. Let us see, the fast mail is due
here at—"

"My God! man, I broke in with hor-
ror, 'surely you don't intend to wreck
the fast mail? Think of the lives that
will be lost if it runs off at that trestle'
and great beads of cold perspiration
stood out on my forehead as I grasped
the full horror of the situation.

"The trestle referred to was about 100
yards north of the depot, and spanned a
very wide but shallow creek, fully sev-
enty-five feet below. I knew if No. 32
jumped the track on that trestle it meant
death to every person on board.

"Jim," cried the captain, "you remain
here and keep your eye on this fellow.
If he moves kill him. The remainder of
you come and let's get to work."

"Then all except Jim followed the
captain out and soon I heard the metal-
lic clink of the crowbar as it drew the
spikes from the rails.

"Oh, what could be done!
"My hands were bound so that I could
not reach the key, and even if I tried the
outlaw behind me would send a bullet
crashing through my brain. How could
I warn the crew of No. 32 of the im-
pending danger?"

"The station ten miles above Rands re-
ported No. 32 on time. Soon it would be
at Rands. Never did time pass so quickly.
It was now 10:37 o'clock and No. 32
must be coming into Rands. Suddenly
an inspiration flashed through me like
an electric shock. Why could I not
warn No. 32 with my heel? In my leisure
moments I had amused myself by
learning to send with my foot, never
dreaming that it would ever be an ad-
vantage to me.

"I quietly pushed open the key with
my heel and called 'R' three or four
times as fast as possible, when I was in-
terrupted by the desperado.

"What air you wiggling your foot
about on that table for?"

"My foot has become cramped, remain-
ing in one position so long," I re-
plied, as carelessly as I could, although
my heart was in my throat.

"I'm so sorry," he said sarcastically.
I commenced calling 'R' again. It was
now 10:40 o'clock and No. 32 must have
left Rands.

"Too late! Too late. Oh, my God!
The agony of those moments was terri-
ble.

"Ah, some one broke me; 'i-R.'
"Robbers are going to wreck No. 32
at trestle just north of her—"
"I was ticking, when suddenly I re-

ceived a blow that sent me to the floor
and left the key wide open.

"D—n you, what were you ticking
on them wires?" cried the outlaw.

"How can I send anything with my
foot? I tremblingly exclaimed. 'That's
just a habit of mine—drumming on the
key with my heel.'

"Habit or no habit, you won't put
your feet on this table again tonight.

"He evidently believed that I could
not send with my heel, but it was not
his intention to take any chances.

"I wondered what the operator at
Rands would do—put on his ground
wire and report what I had said to the
dispatcher, or just think I was trying
to scare him and lock up his office to
go home. I thought the latter more
probable.

"Anyway it was now too late to stop
the ill fated fast mail; it would soon
plunge off the trestle, carrying its cargo
of human beings to a certain death.

"I lay there waiting for the dreadful
crash to come in such an agony of sus-
pense that the next day strands of gray
were found in my hair. Ah! how I
blamed myself for not thinking of using
my heel before I did.

"Suddenly the sounds of rifleshots in
quick succession came from the trestle.

"The boys are attacked!" exclaimed
the desperado excitedly, "but, by G—d,
you shall not escape unhurt!" And placing
the muzzle of his revolver close to
my head he fired.

"I fell back unconscious.

"When I regained my senses the room
was full of men, one of whom was band-
aging a wound on my head, and explain-
ing to the others the extent of the same.

"A close shave, but only a scalp
wound, men," he was saying. "I dare
say he will be all right in a few days.
Ah! he is conscious now," he said ten-
derly as I slowly opened my eyes. "Tell
us all about it, young man."

"It was rather a laborious task, as the
wound on my head was exceedingly
painful, but I went ahead and related
the whole occurrence, from the time
the pistol was pressed against my head
until I was shot.

"When I had finished, the gentleman
who had bandaged my head, and who I
afterward discovered was a doctor, ex-
plained how Operator Rhodes, at Rands,
when he heard my message did not wait
for the key to close, but ran out doors
mounted his horse, which he had at
ready saddled and bridled to ride to
his home after he had reported No. 32
and cut through the woods at break-
neck speed. He knew that No. 32 in-
variably stopped for water at a water tank
four miles from Rands by rail, but only
two through the woods. He had reached
there just in time to climb on the rear
car and give the alarm.

"The train was then run ahead until
within about two miles of Hamlin, and
the conductor and a detachment of
United States soldiers, who were luckily
on board, went ahead on foot and sur-
prised the outlaws, who showed resist-
ance and were fired into, two of them
being instantly killed. The others were
at that moment ornamenting a telegraph
pole.

"And now my narrative draws to a
close. Two weeks later I was ordered
to report here, and was given the position
of second trick dispatcher.

"My promotion dates from that day.

"But what did Mr. Rhodes get? some
one asked.

"Mr. Rhodes is now chief dispatcher."
—Chicago Mail.

Labouchere's New York Experience.
While Henry Labouchere was on duty
in Washington he had a curious experi-
ence on one of his visits to New York
where he had been sent on diplomatic
business. One evening, his funds hav-
ing run rather low, he entered a second
rate saloon in a street off Broadway and
was mistaken by a gang of Irish-Ameri-
cans inside for a truculent patriot known
as The O'Meagher. At some personal
risk he kept up the delusion and allowed
the bold patriots to entertain him to a
welcome dinner. He only managed
however, to escape from them after con-
siderable trouble, eventually giving
them the slip by boldly calling at the
house of a perfect stranger, telling him
the facts and asking him to be allowed
to remain for an hour or two in order to
tire out his new acquaintances, who
were waiting for him outside the door.
This so tickled the fancy of the gentle-
man in question that he insisted upon
his visitor's staying all night, and by
the time he left the next day he num-
bered his host among his firmest friends
—a friendship which exists at the pres-
ent time.—Cor. New York World.

Angry Chameleons.
When very angry or suddenly alarmed
chameleons utter a squeak like a young
bird. My friend, the Rev. G. Fisher, of
Cape Town, an enthusiastic naturalist,
whose name is familiar to the visitors
to the reptile house in the London Zoo,
gardens from the number and frequency
of his contributions there, informs me
that one day he was surprised to hear a
loud squeaking and commotion in an
adjoining room, where were some pet
chameleons, and going thither he found
that the disturbance really proceeded
from these small reptiles on account of
a cat, who was surveying them through
them whenever possible.—Cor. Forest
and Stream.

Woodwork in Art.
I see it stated that Herr Natter, the
distinguished Austrian sculptor, was in
his youth a woodcarver, and by the
practice of his humble craft rose to emi-
nence in the highest of the plastic arts.
Now, not a few of the best known ar-
tists of this country have served a simi-
lar apprenticeship. Sir Francis Chan-
trey, who died worth £100,000, rose from
the carving of ships' figureheads, through
second class portraiture painting, to quarry
in the gold mine of his very respectable
if not transcendent talents. It is only
another illustration of the truth that to
the real artist the medium is nothing—
nothing but a means to reach a higher
end.—London Graphic.

BISMARCK IS DEFIANT.
Another Criticism from the Prince Which
Reveals the Kaiser's Anger.

HAMBURG, July 6.—The recognized Bis-
marckian organ, the Hamburger Nach-
richten, publishes an article headed "The Opinions
of Prince Bismarck," in reply to recent
threatening articles in the North German
Gazette, the organ of the government. It
says:

"If the ministers continue in their present
path, if the practical consequences of their
measures make themselves felt by the coun-
try more than hitherto, they will be obliged
to hear things of a very different nature
from that of Prince Bismarck's utterances
in Vienna. When the Prince takes his seat
in the reichstag his criticisms will not be
restricted to those limits if voices are raised
in Germany that carry felonious intent so
far as to imply the desire under certain cir-
cumstances to place the German policy and
the German army at the service of the Eng-
lish. Any one uttering such a warning
against such a course would naturally cause
serious vexation to upright Englishmen.

"English newspapers, too," the article
says, "consider that the imperial govern-
ment is at liberty to issue Prince Bis-
marck by judicial proceedings. It would
be interesting in the highest degree should
an attempt be made in that direction. That
such a step would be unwelcome to Prince
Bismarck we do not believe. He would
hardly raise any objection against a dramatic
conclusion to his political career, even if the
consequences were more serious to him than
is possible according to the state of the law."
The article has renewed the anger of the
emperor, and it is said that he is again con-
sidering the prosecution of Bismarck. It is
also reported that Bismarck views the
course of the North German Gazette as
having been inspired by the kaiser directly.

Hallinger's Long Stay.
JERSEY CITY, July 6.—C. J. Peshall, counsel
for the negro murderer, Hallinger, has
been notified that the new appeal in the
case has been docketed and that it is 100
of the October term. This means that un-
less it is moved for early argument by Pro-
secutor Winfield it will not be reached for
over a year, and the murderer will continue
to live well at the expense of Hudson county.

The Pastor Hanged in Effigy.
BRIDGEPORT, Conn., July 5.—J. S. Ives,
pastor of the Congregational church, has
made himself unpopular here by advocating
a too strict Sunday observance. He is try-
ing to have the horse cars stopped from
running on Sunday. Yesterday morning
his effigy was hung to a stately elm in front
of the parsonage. Leading citizens took
part in the demonstration.

A Cemetery Consecrated.
ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 5.—Rev. J. S. Ives,
father of the new Roman Catholic cem-
etery here before a big gathering,
Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, consecrated
the ground and delivered an impressive ad-
dress.

The Vanderbilt Fence.
NEWPORT, R. I., July 6.—A tall iron fence
is at once to be built to shut off the W. K.
Vanderbilt place here from the Astor es-
tates on either side, the iron structure
being also continued along the edge of the
cliff to keep the public out of the grounds.
Only birds will be able to surmount it.

A Lively Corpse.
CHESTER, Pa., July 6.—Thomas Kelly,
colored, was found at Market street wharf
apparently dead and the body was removed
to the coroner's office and placed in the ice-
box, where the supposed corpse kicked the
lid off. The men had been stupefied with
liquor.

Fates to Hang on August 11.
NEWARK, N. J., July 6.—Alden Fales, the
nineteen-year-old boy, who killed Thomas
Heyden at Mrs. Potter's straw hat factory
several months ago for the purpose of rob-
bery, was sentenced to be hanged on Aug.
11.

To Partition Morocco.
LONDON, July 6.—The following dispatch
has been received by the Exchange Tele-
graph company from Paris: "A secret con-
vention has been signed by England, Spain
and Italy for the partition of Morocco."

Red Cloud Gashed.
CHICAGO, July 6.—Red Cloud, the old In-
dian chief, employed at a dime museum
here, had an altercation with a negro in
the museum and was struck on the head with
a stick, receiving an ugly scalp wound.

HOMESTEAD'S FIGHT.
DEPUTIES RUN OUT OF TOWN BY
THE WORKMEN.

Acting Sheriff Cluly and His Aids Ec-
corted Out of Town by a Large Body
of Determined Men—Governor Patti-
son Asked to Avert Hoodlums.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 6.—The first ag-
gressive move in an attempt on the part
of the Carnegie Steel company to start their
mills in opposition to the wishes of the
locked out men was unsuccessful. The mill
workers came off victorious at every point.
The Carnegie Steel company applied to
Sheriff McCleary, of Allegheny county, for
help in guarding their Homestead property
and protection for those men whom they
claim, are willing and anxious to go to
work, but are in fear of bodily harm from
the strikers. Sheriff McCleary, accom-
panied by ex-Sheriff Gray and Cluly, came
from Pittsburgh and repaired to the strikers'
headquarters, announcing that they would
assume control of the Carnegie Steel com-
pany's property and would send some de-
puties to guard the works, but before doing
so wished a personal inspection of the
grounds. They asked for a pass to visit the
interior of the mill, which was not only
given by the advisory committee, but a
body guard of ten men were furnished the
sheriff to show him everything in sight.
After an inspection of the works the sheriff
was escorted to headquarters where a com-
mittee was awaiting him. The chairman
of the advisory committee addressed the
sheriff as follows:

"The Homestead people, both be-
fore this trouble came and since its precipi-
tation, have expressed their opinion of only
guarding their own property, but the property
of their employers, the Carnegie Steel com-
pany as well. The property is not endangered,
but the bringing into Homestead of deputies
ostensibly for the purpose of guarding prop-
erty which is not in danger is unnecessary. Now,
we, the people of Homestead, wish to make an
offer. We will place from 50 to 500 of our best
citizens in line to guard that property if
the firm think it is in danger, and these
men will protect the property with their
own lives if necessary, and further than that a
bond of \$10,000 will be given for the faithful
vigilance of each man posted. We don't want
deputies here, as it will precipitate trouble,
and therefore make this offer.

The Advisory Committee Dissolved.
Sheriff McCleary said that he was un-
able to accept the offer, although he acknowl-
edged the sincerity and fairness of the
proposition and stated that he had been in-
structed to bring fifty deputy sheriffs to
Homestead and would do so.

"You bring them at your own risk; we
herby dissolve the advisory committee,
and we will not be responsible for any
trouble which may accrue from their com-
ing," said the chairman. The sheriff then
left for Pittsburgh.

The word that the advisory committee
had been dissolved and that the sheriff
would probably place his men inside the
works caused great excitement, and in less
than an hour a petition was in circulation
among the leading merchants of the town
praying Governor Pattison to repair to
Homestead immediately and take some
steps toward averting trouble and possibly
bloodshed, which appears near at hand.

In a short time word was received that
ex-Sheriff Cluly with eleven deputies was
rapidly nearing Homestead on the Pitts-
burgh, Virginia and Charleston railroad. A
rush was made toward the City Farm sta-
tion, and when the train passed about 3,000
people had congregated about the depot,
but the deputies did not appear. A few
moments later a mighty shout came from
1,500 people gathered at Munnhall station,
above which is the main entrance to the
mill, telling the crowd below that the de-
puties had landed at Munnhall. The shout
is indescribable. The crowd at City Farm
station were compelled to come up along-
side of the fence about 300 yards before get-
ting on to Eighth avenue, leading to Mun-
hall station, and as every man wanted to be
the first to get to Munnhall, the narrow
passageway was crowded to suffocation by
the struggling mill workers, who jostled
each other in their great haste.

When the crowd reached Eighth avenue
they were joined by a larger crowd, all
pressing toward Munnhall, and the sixty foot
street was hardly able to hold them.

In the meantime the deputies, in charge
of Sheriff Cluly, were having an interesting
time at the Munnhall gate. As soon as the
train stopped the deputies, headed by Cluly,
started toward the gate, against which
stood several hundred brawny mill men.
The deputies came close up to the deter-
mined mill workers, who looked them square-
ly in the face without flinching or moving
an inch. Ex-Sheriff Cluly advanced and in
a clear voice said: "Move, we command you
to fall back and give us entrance to the
property of the Carnegie Steel company,
which we have been detailed to guard."

The Deputies Retreat.
There was silence for a moment, when
one of the workers stepped forward and
said: "We cannot permit you to enter the
mill. The mill property is not in danger,
nor does it require your guardianship, and
we think that should we admit you to this
mill it will be against our interests, so we
will not allow you to enter. Should you
wish to return to Pittsburgh we will see
that you get safely out of town."

Acting Sheriff Cluly, after a few mo-
ments' conversation with his aids, said:
"We will go back to Pittsburgh, and will
depend on you for a safe escort out of town."

A large body of workers armed with
the deputies and started toward Annapolis
headquarters, where the men could be kept
till the little steamer Edna could be sum-
moned to transport the deputies to Glen-
wood. There was but little demonstration.
Half an hour later the march to the Edna,
a quarter of a mile away, was begun. Each
deputy was escorted by a workman, and
none was permitted to follow in their rear.
Not a loud word was spoken. Acting Sheriff
Cluly brought up the rear of the procession
with Burgess McGluckie, of Homestead, and
when the river bank was reached each de-
puty shook hands in turn with his escort,
thanked him and stepped on board. A
sheriff Cluly stepped upon the gangplank
he turned and said: "I am much obliged,
boys, for your kindness, and now I will walk
the plank."

The Edna pushed off amid dead silence
and the little crowd quietly dispersed. The
Edna returned from Glenwood at 8 o'clock,
after placing the sheriff's men within easy
reach of the electric cars for Pittsburgh. The
town is suggestively quiet, though every
guard is wide awake and at his post.

To Aid Home Rule.
NEW YORK, July 6.—The National Fed-
eration of America has forwarded to the
National party in Ireland, through its treas-
urer, Mr. Eugene Kelly, \$5,000.

Cyrus W. Field Improving.
DOBBS FERRY, N. Y., July 6.—Cyrus W.
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