# The Stark County Democrat.

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## ADDITIONAL EDITORIAL.

NINE industries are especially favored by our protective tariff, and the farming industry, the most important of all, is not one of the nine.

PROTECTION organs weep over under paid British labor. In this crafty way they hope to continue the monopolies in this country. Mark Twain in his "Innocents Abroad" relates how he wept at the grave of Adam! The protection organs weeping is equally affecting.

AMASA STONE, a Cleveland millionaire, committed suicide last week, Friday, by shooting himself through the heart in his bath room. He had been suffering from dyspepsia and sleeplessness. His age was 65. He had lost largely by the iron failures at Chicago and Youngstown; but had enough left. He was a leading man in the Lake Shore and other railroads. He gave Adelbert College an endowment of $500,000. His death causes a sensation.

THE late Republican primaries in Columbiana county show up in a startling light the defect in the popular vote system of nominating. Majority rule should prevail, but in this instance it is not the case. For the nomination of Commissioner ten candidates were voted for, and Hugh McFall, the man nominated, got 561 votes out of a total vote in the county of about 3,500. The man nominated got less than one-sixth of the votes cast. For every one who wanted him, five preferred some one else. Several persons came within a hundred of McFall's vote. This is minority, not majority rule.

### "PERSONS WHO WANTED TO BEAT McKINLEY."

Ex-Judge Ambler, of Salem, a McKinley attorney, was a willing witness to the Cleveland Leader, and told a great deal, referring to several lamentable things in the high and glorious career of "the young Napoleon!"

The Judge never failed to claim strong for his client, being an earnest man. In his "opinion McKinley's majority is 43;" but further on he makes it 22.

The Judge beats Baldwin on the Bonsall $500; but the former lives at Salem. He says $50 was a contribution from the Salem Knights of Labor, "and $450 was furnished by persons at Salem who wanted to beat McKinley for Congress."

Now, the Judge may be right about this, for we are satisfied there were "persons at Salem who wanted to beat McKinley." And the presumption is there were persons at East Liverpool, not to mention other places, "who wanted to beat McKinley."

At the committee meeting at East Liverpool, when Bonsall handed over the $500, it seems Rankin remarked it was "an indefinite loan." Why, these poor people could take no other kind of a loan. Part of this loan has been paid back, but neither the ex-Judge nor Baldwin mentions this.

The Judge says: "The money was paid in weekly installments to the men locked out." Now, let us consider this. When the lock-out occurred there were some 700 men, but many soon scattered out and got work elsewhere. At the time of this $500 loan there were probably not less than 500 men, many with families, to be provided with means of support. The $500 then would only give $1 to each man! A terrible "corruption fund, Mr. Ambler!" And Mr. Baldwin, too, opens his eyes in holy horror! Mr. Day had sense enough not to refer to it.

"When shall these three meet again"
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

The most melancholy part of Judge Ambler's contribution is the following:

"At the time of the Republican primary election for delegates to the Congressional Convention, all but about a dozen of the Knights of Labor voted, and instructed the delegates for McKinley, the vote at East Liverpool being 632 to 48 in McKinley's favor. At the election the 'Knights' supported Wallace."

No doubt, "the Knights," many of them, "supported Wallace;" and thus showed their good sense. They had become satisfied that McKinley had no sympathy for them; that he was, in fact, their enemy; that he sided with the heartless, tyrant bosses, who wanted to starve them into submission. We say, let laboring men ever act thus, and ever maintain the rights of labor. Jefferson said: "I have sworn upon the altar of "God, eternal hostility to every form of "tyranny over the mind of man."

To a New York journal ex-Congressman Roswell P. Flower gives some interesting views on Democratic prospects and policy. He is of the opinion that "there were but two important questions awaiting solution by the people in 1884 which would afford the whole country practical relief in Government administration. The first was to correct the great wrong of 1876 by nominating Samuel J. Tilden for President in 1884. The second was to limit revenue charges to the actual requirements necessary to sustain honest governmental administration." As one of the accepted leaders of the Democracy of New York, Mr. Flower's interpretations of the signs of the times carries no little weight. Mr. Flower believes that Samuel J. Randall will be the next Speaker, and we may add the indications are increasing in that direction every week. It is seen that it is the safe policy, and that it would not be a good plan to go blundering into a Presidential year, with a threat directed at the manufacturing and business interests of the country.—Pittsburgh Post.

## LACHRYMALS.

### A Sermon by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage,

**Preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle On Sunday Morning May 13th, 1883.**

Opening hymn:

"Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng?"

Dr. Talmage read and expounded the eleventh chapter of John.

Subject of the sermon: "Lachrymals."

Text: Psalm LVI. 8: "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."

Within the past century travelers and antiquarians have explored the ruins of many of the ancient cities, and from the very heart of those buried splendors of other days have been brought up evidences of customs that long ago vanished from the world. From among tombs of those ages have been brought up lachrymatories or lachrymals which are vials made of earthen-ware. It was the custom of the ancient to catch the tears that they wept over their dead in a bottle and to place that bottle in the graves of the departed, and we have many specimens of the ancient lachrymatories or tear bottles in our museums. The text intimates that God has an intimate acquaintance and perpetual remembrance of all our griefs, and a vial, or lachrymatory, or bottle, in which He catches and saves our tears, and I bring to you the condolence of this Christian sentiment. But why talk of human griefs when we have but to look out and behold the largest prosperity—great harvests in all the land; multitudes of men, with no cares save how they may safely invest their large accumulations; joy in the city mansion and mountain cabin; joy among the lumbermen of Maine, as they shove their rafts into the river; joy among the emigrants far out upon the vast prairies. Joy! joy! Why talk about grief? Alas! the world has its pangs, and now, while I speak, there are before me thick darkness of soul that need to be lifted. I stand in the presence of some who are about to break under the assault of temptation, and perchance, if no words appropriate to their cases be uttered to-day, they perish forever. I come on no fool's errand. I put upon your wounds no salve compounded by human quackery, but, pressing straight up to the mark, I hail you as a vessel in midsea cries to a passing craft: Ship ahoy! and invite you on board a vessel which has faith for a rudder, and prayer for sails, and Christ for captain and Heaven for an eternal harbor. Catherine Rheinfeldt, a Prussian, keeps a boat with which she rescues the drowning. When a storm comes on the coast and other people go to their beds to rest she puts out in her boat for the relief of the distressed, and hundreds of the drowning has she brought safely to the beach. In this life-boat of Gospel I put out to-day, hoping by God's help to bring ashore at least one soul that may now be sinking in the billows of temptation and trouble. The tears that were once caught in the lachrymatories brought up from Herculaneum and Pompeii are all gone and the bottle is as dry as the scoriæ of the volcano that submerged them. Not so with the bottle in which God gathers all our tears.

First, I remark that God keeps perpetually the tears of repentence. Many a man has awakened in the morning so wretched from the night's debauch that he has sobbed and wept. Pains in the head, aching in the eyes, sick at heart and unfit to step into the light. He grieves not about his misdoing, but about its consequences. God makes no record of such weeping. Of all the million tears that have gushed as the result of such misdemeanors not one ever got into God's bottle. They dried on the fevered cheek or were dashed down by the bloated hand or fell into the red wine cup as it came again to the lips, foaming with still worse intoxications. But when a man is sorry for his past and tries to do better—when he mourns his wasted advantages and bemoans his rejection of God's mercy and cries amidst the lacerations of an aroused conscience for help out or his terrible predicament, then God listens; then Heaven bows down; then scepters of pardon are extended from the throne; then his crying rends the heart of compassion, then his tears are caught in God's bottle. You know the story of Paradise and the Peri. I think it might be put to higher adaptation. An angel starts from the throne of God to find what thing it can on earth worthy of being carried back to Heaven. It goes down through the gold and silver mines of earth, but finds nothing worthy of transportation to the celestial city. It goes down through the depths of the sea, where the pearls lie, and finds nothing worthy of being taken back to Heaven. But, coming to the foot of a mountain, it sees a wanderer weeping over his evil ways. The tears of the prodigal start but do not fall to the ground, for the angel's wing catches them, and with that treasure speeds back to Heaven. God sees the angel coming and says: Behold, the brightest gem of the earth and the brightest jewel of Heaven—the tears of a sinner's repentance. Oh, when I see the Heavenly shepherd bringing a lamb from the wilderness, when I hear the quick tread of the ragged prodigal, hastening home to find his father, when I see a sailor boy coming on the wharf and hurrying away to beg his mother's pardon for long neglect and unkindness, when I see the houseless coming to God for shelter, and the wretched and the vile, and the sin-burned and the passion-blasted appealing for mercy to a compassionate God, I exclaim in ectasy and triumph, "More tears for God's bottle!"

Again, God keeps a tender remembrance of all your sickness. How many of you are thoroughly sound in body? Not one out of ten! I do not exaggerate. The vast majority of the race are constant subjects of ailments. There is some one form of disease that you are peculiarly subject to. You have a weak side or back, or are subject to headaches or faintness, or lungs easily distressed. It would not take a very strong blow to shiver the golden bowl of life, or break the pitcher at the fountain. Many of you have kept on in life through sheer force of will. You think no one can understand your distress. Perhaps you look strong and it is supposed that you are a hypochondriac. They say you are nervous, as if that were nothing! God have mercy upon any man or woman who is nervous! At times you sit alone in your room. Friends do not come. You feel an indescribable loneliness in your sufferings; but God knows, God feels, God compassionates. He counts the sleepless nights. He regards the acuteness of the pain. He estimates the hardness of the breathing. While you pour out the medicine from the bottle and count the drops, God counts all your falling tears. As you look at the phials filled with nauseous draughts and at the bottles of distasteful tonic that stand on the shelf, remember that there is a larger bottle than these, which is filled with no mixture by earthly apothecaries, but it is God's bottle, in which he hath gathered all our tears.

Again, God remembers all sorrows of poverty. There is much want that never comes to inspection. The deacons of the church never see it; the controllers of almshouses never report it. It comes not to church, for it has no appropriate apparel. It makes no appeal for help, but chooses rather to suffer than expose its bitterness. Fathers who fail to gain a livelihood, so that they and their children submit to constant privation; sewing women who cannot ply the needle quick enough to earn them shelter and bread. But whether reported or uncomplaining, whether in seemingly comfortable parlor or in damp cellar or hot garret, God's angels of mercy are on the watch. This moment those griefs are being collected. Down on the back streets, on all the alleys, amid shanties and log cabins, the work goes on. Tears of want, seething in summer's heat and freezing in winter's cold, they fall not unheeded. They are jewels for Heaven's casket. They are pledges of Divine sympathy. They are tears for God's bottle.

Again, the Lord preserves the remembrance of all paternal anxieties. You see a man from the most infamous surroundings step out into the Kingdom of God. He has heard no sermon; he has received no startling Providential warning. What brought him to this new mind? This is the secret: God looked over the bottle in which he gathered the tears of his people, and he saw a parental tear in that bottle which had been for forty years unanswered. He said: "Go to, now, let me answer that tear," and forthwith the wanderer is brought home to God. Oh, this work of training children for God! It is a tremendous work. Some people think it is easy. They have never tried it. A child is placed in the arms of a young parent. You look into the laughing eyes. You examine the dimples in the feet; you wonder at its exquisite organism. A beautiful plaything! But on some nightfall, as you sit rocking that little one, a voice seems to fall straight from the throne of God, saying, "That child is immortal. The stars shall die, suns shall grow old and perish, but that child is an immortal!" Now I know that with many of you this is the chief anxiety. You earnestly wish your children to grow up rightly, but you find it hard work to make them do as you wish. You check their temper; you correct their waywardness; in the midnight your pillow is wet with weeping. You have wrestled with God in prayer for the salvation of your children. You ask me if that anxiety has been ineffectual. I answer, no. God understands your heart. He understands how hard you have tried to make that daughter do right, though she is so petulent and reckless, and what care you have bestowed in teaching that son to walk in the path of righteousness though he has strong tendencies for dissipation. I speak a cheering word. God heard every counsel you ever gave him. God remembers your prayers and knows your anxieties, and in his lachrymatory—not such as stood in ancient tomb, but in one that glows and glitters beside the throne of God, he holds all those exhausting tears. The grass may be rank upon your grave, and the letters upon your tombstone effaced by the elements before the divine response will come; but he who hath declared, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee," will not forget. And some day in heaven, while you are ranging the fields of light, the gates of pearl will swing back and, garlanded with glory, that long wayward one will rush into your outstretched arms of welcome and triumph. The hills may depart, the earth may burn, and the stars fail and time perish, but God will break his oath and trample upon his promises, never!

Again, God keeps a perpetual remembrance of all bereavements. These are the trials that throw the red hearts of men to be crushed in the wine press. Troubles at the store you leave at the store. Misinterpretation and abuse of the world you may leave on the street where you found them. The lawsuit that would swallow your honest accumulations may be left in the court room—but bereavements are home troubles, and there is no escape from them. You will see that vacant chair; your eye will catch at the suggestive picture; you can not fly the presence of such ills. You go to Switzerland to get clear of them, but, more sure-footed than the mule that takes you up the Alps, your troubles climb up to the tiptop and sit shivering on the glaciers. You may cross the seas, but they can outsail the clipper and merchantman; you may take the caravan, and put out across the Arabian desert, but they follow you like a simoon armed with suffocation. You plunge into the Mammoth Cave, but they hang like stalacites from the roof of the cavern; they stand behind with skeleton fingers to push you ahead; they stand before you to throw you back; they run upon you like reckless horsemen; they charge upon you with gleaming spear; they seem to come haphazard, like scattering shots from a careless sportsman. But not so. It is good aim that sends them just right, for God is the archer.

This coming summer many of you will especially feel your grief as you go to places where once you were accompanied by those who are gone now. Your troubles will follow you to the seashore, and keep up with the lightning express in which you speed away. Or, tarrying at home, they will sit beside you day by day, and whisper over your pillow night after night. I want to assure you you are not left alone; that your weeping is heard in heaven. You will wander amid the hills and say: "Up this hill last summer our boy climbed with great glee and waved his cap from the top;" or, "This is the place our little girl put the flowers in her hair, and looked up in her mother's face," until every drop of blood in the heart tingled with joy, and you thanked God with a thrill of rapture; and you look around as much as to say: "Who dashed out that light? Who filled this cup with gall? What blast froze up these fountains of the heart?" Some of you have lost your parents dur-

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## SEYMOUR'S SAY.

### An Old Statesman's Ideas of National Issues.

**Reform of the Tariff On a Revenue Basis —The Dynamite Plotters Must Be Suppressed.**

NEW YORK, May 14.—The Mail and Express publishes an interview with ex-Governor Seymour regarding the political situation. He was asked: "As a Democrat whom you know Democrats revere, do you feel that Tilden is the man who could effect the unity of the Democratic elements in New York?"

"Tilden," answered the ex-Governor, "is an able man, but one whose habits of business have been such as to render him misunderstood by Democrats in the country, or rather, difficult for them to understand, and the same characteristics may result in a misconception of the man, even by those whose business habits have been similar to his own. This difficulty was in the way of the unification of the Republicans as well as of the Democrats. There are now no clearly marked issues between the parties."

Regarding the tariff, he felt that this country was surely entering upon new relationships with the world. "We have seen that both France and Germany have shown an inclination to shut out the products of our country. If Gladstone's administration should be overthrown and the Tory party come into power in Great Britain, it will probably impose tariffs upon our grain and other kinds of food exportes, for the landholders of Britain are severely pressed by our competition. Those who oppose free trade in Britain are aided by speeches and arguments of indiscreet high tariff men in this country. All classes now study the prospects of the export of our products in making up their opinions as to the business prosperity of the country. If the policy of our government aims at cutting off all imports it will end in the destruction of our expert trade. I think this will be the principal subject of discussion in the near future. In the Presidential campaign next year I think it will be the subject which will most occupy the public mind, without regard to party platforms. I think that the true policy is in anhering to a revenue tariff. I am friendly to the manufacturing interests. I think the great danger to their success grows out of the extreme views of men claiming to be their companions. If it is true that sound policy demands a protective tariff here, then it is true that it is demanded by the interests of all other countries. The discussion of this topic will be of good use in leading men from minor subjects of partisanship and will build up a class of political leaders who will not merely seek the spoils of office. Men do not make discussions, discussions make men, as was the case in the days of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Van Buren and Wright. I conclude that Beck, of Kentucky, is a gentleman who may not be obscure in the discussion of those questions next year.

Mr. Seymour further said he would advocate a law of Congress making it a crime for any resident within our borders to plan or aid in the execution of violent measures toward persons in this country or any other country. This would at once be self-protection, and at the same time an upright observance of the relations which should, if they do not now, exist between the United States and all other powers. Governor Seymour will be seventy-three years old the last day of this month.

### ASSAILING ARTHUR.

**By a Stalwart Republican Journal--He is Denounced.**

WASHINGTON, May 14.—The Gazette of this city, a Republican newspaper of the Stalwart species, prints a double-leaded editorial containing the most scorching denunciation of the Administration. It says among other things:

"Never in the political history of the country were the prospects for party harmony, the expectation of a brilliant and successful administration so great, and the acquiescence of both parties and all the people so complete and cheerful, as on the day of the inauguration of Garfield and Arthur. It was then believed we would have four years of government of the people, by the people, and for the people. But these hopes—born of faith in Gen. Garfield and the great Republican party—have faded away. Instead of the splendid representative administration we so confidently expected would add new lustre to the history of the Republican party; would consolidate and harmonize all disturbing elements; would elevate, disseminate and strengthen its loftiest sentiments; would honor the name that had never been dishonored, and add a new glow of pride, like morn risen upon noon, to every Republican—what have we? An administration of snobs, by snobs, and for snobs; a President groveling among the skeletons of moth-eaten respectability, attaching more importance to the cut of his coat and the part of his hair than to the gravest questions of national and international policy."

After recounting the details of th President's recent sojourn in Florida, where he was "gorging himself with liquid shrimp salad," the Gazette continues:

"Gen. Arthur is an Irishman. Every drop of blood in his veins is intensely Irish. No one can look at his face without involuntarily exclaiming, Erin go bragh! If that be a disgrace, he has his full share; if an honor, he has forfeited it. His æsthetic tastes, his seeking after names and titles, "Picking in the worm-holes of antiquity," for a foreign pedigree, shows conclusively that his highest ambition is to swell among the swells. He deceives no one but himself. The people of this country understand him perfectly, and they know that in abandoning these Irish-Americans, blood of his blood, to the brutal and bloody hand of English justice, President Arthur has proved himself to be the fit representative of the wolf and jackal—animals that turn and rend one of their own species when misfortune befalls it. And yet President Arthur is the son of an Irish clergyman—one who was not ashamed of the land of his birth—and who, were he now alive, would use his utmost endeavor to shield his kindred from the hatred of England. Notwithstanding this, the President seems to care as little for his native as for his adopted country, and time will verify this prediction: His adopted country will care as little for him as he does for Ireland!"

### DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

**Mrs. Rev. Stoddard, of Jersey City, Accidentally Shot and Killed.**

JERSEY CITY, May 14.—The wife of Rev. E. L. Stoddard, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, this city, was shot and killed to-day in her home, 95 Summit avenue. Mrs. Stoddard was dusting the shelves of one of the closets. On one of the shelves lay a pistol, and she brushed the weapon off. The trigger struck the shelf below, and the weapon was exploded, the ball striking her in the side of the head, crashing through the skull and lodging in the brain. She died a few minutes later.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The accidental shooting of Mrs. Stoddard is the absorbing topic of conversation to-night. The facts of the shooting were learned by County Physician Converse this evening, and he has ordered an inquest. Mrs. Stoddard was cleaning out a bureau when she found the pistol. Her husband, who was by her side, and who was the only person present at the time of the accident, took the weapon and started for the room adjoining. As he turned to enter the room the pistol struck against the door, and was discharged, the bullet entering his wife's head about two inches behind the right ear. She fell back in his arms unconscious. He lifted her to the bed and called for help. Four physicians soon arrived, but Mrs. Stoddard expired shortly after the accident.

### LATE NEWS.

PITTSBURG, PA., May 14.—J. H. Hoffer, a postal clerk, was arrested this afternoon by U. S. Special Detective Spease on the charge of receiving and appropriating to his own use money belonging to the U. S. Government.

CHATSWORTH, ONT., May 14.—In the Township of Holland, yesterday, George Lambert, a farmer, was fatally shot by his son Joseph, aged twenty. The act is attributed to a desire to obtain possession of his father's farm.

COSHOCTON, O., May 14.—Mr. S. D. Wellington, while en route to this city from the East, fell between the cars of the Western Express this afternoon, near Steubenville, and was instantly killed, having his head and both legs severed from his body. Deceased was a resident of West Carlisle, this county.

GREENVILLE, O., May 15.—While Engineer James Gorsach, of the C., V. W. & M. R'y was switching cars at the D. & U. yards this evening, Willie, a ten year old boy of Nathan Webster climbed on to a flat-car which the engine was being backed up to couple to, and being near the end, the jar threw the boy forward between the engine and car and on to the track. The engine passed over and completely cut his head from his body, scattering his brains and curly locks all about.

JAMESTOWN, O., May 15.—Miss Analiza Mendenhall, a young lady living about three miles south of this place, was burned to death yesterday morning, while attempting to remove some rails from near a straw pile, which two small children, in their wild fancy, had set fire. Miss Mendenhall, when she discovered herself on fire, made for a small branch near by and rolled in it, but before she reached the stream she was completely enveloped in flames, and when found lying in the bed of the creek her clothes were all burned off and her body was burned to a crisp, but notwithstanding this, she, by the help of her mother, managed to walk to the house, but soon afterward died.

### THE TEWKSBURY INVESTIGATION.

BOSTON, May 12.—In the Tewksbury hearing to-day Francis B. Records, a professional book-keeper, testified to the loose system of keeping accounts at Tewksbury. So far as he knew there was no evidence to show that the Superintendent had received concessions from tradesmen. The Governor announced that, with the exception of two or three books, and one witness, he had no further testimony to offer. Mr. Brown expressed his surprise at the intention of the Governor to close the investigation so early, and said he desired to produce witnesses in rebuttal. In many instances the evidence presented only amounted to insinuations which he thought could be explained.

### SUBSTANTIALLY REMEMBERED.

UHRICHSVILLE, O., May 13.—Yesterday Mr. James Reynolds, road master of the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling Railroad, was sixty years old, and the employes and officers of the road made him a present of a gold watch and chain, a gold-headed cane and a silk plug hat. The presents were given him at the depot here, the presentation speeches being made by Superintendent Townsend, of Cleveland; Ross J. Alexander, of Bridgeport, and Hon. Beriah Wilkins, of this place. The speeches were neat and appropriate, but Wilkins made the hit of the occasion. Reynolds was greatly affected. The brass band discoursed excellent music, and about 500 people were present.

### PANIC AT A CIRCUS.

WHEELING, W. VA., May 14.—A heavy hail and rain storm this evening caused a panic in Barnum's circus tent, where an audience of seven thousand were gathered and the show had to be abandoned. The tent threatened to collapse, and the managers advised the people to get out as rapidly as possible. During the storm lightning struck a firewall on a house on Market Square, and a large section tumbled to the sidewalk. One brick struck J. G. Stand, a Pittsburg soap manufacturer, on the head, inflicting a dangerous, and possibly fatal wound.

One of the sweetest pictures of domestic economy is a poet blacking a white stocking so that it won't show through the fissure of his boot.

It requires more knowledge to live right, to enjoy life and be happy and prosperous, than most people are apt to think.—Spencer.

A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to 800 different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when he goes to church.

## EVERY DAY TOPICS.

### Recent News Items 'Caught in Our Literary Net.

**A Condensed Record of Accidents, Crimes, Politics and Information of a General and Miscellaneous Kind.**

Mrs. Senator Fair has been granted her divorce at Virginia, Nevada, by the District Court.

Harney N. Follansbee, the Boston police fund embezzler, was sentenced to seven years in the State prison.

Henry Revels (colored), was hanged at Lake Providence, La., Friday, for the murder of Henry Hyams (white).

The Champaign county, O., jail is vacant for the first time in over five years. The last man was released Saturday afternoon.

A gold watch, taken from B. W. Peterson, of Wheeling, W. Va., last October, by a highwayman, was found in a board pile in that place, Saturday.

The mother of Gen. Grant died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Corbin, at Jersey City, last week. She was born in 1789, and hence was 94 years old.

Lou Houk, the three card monte pirate who murdered Lohman, convicted of manslaughter, has been sentenced to 16 years hard labor in the penitentiary.

Another Republican Marshal down South has gone wrong. This time it is Paul Strobach, a noted light in Alabama, who has presented fraudulent accounts.

By a fall of coal at Indian Ridge Colliery, Shenandoah, Pa., Saturday, Michael O'Neill was fatally and John McCormick and John Fallon severely injured.

John Robb of East Wheeling, coke burner, was struck by an excursion train the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling R'y, four miles west of Bridgeport. He lived six hours.

Governor Israel Washburn of Maine, died at Philadelphia, Saturday, whither he had gone for medical treatment. He was born in 1813. He had been elected four times to Congress.

Intelligence has been received from different sections of Virginia that great damage is being done to the young tobacco plants by the tobacco fly, and the planters are much discouraged.

FORT WAYNE, IND., May 15.—At Keystone, thirty-five miles south of here, during an altercation today between Wm. Walker and Geo. Shaw, Walker shot and instantly killed Shaw and escaped, and is still at large.

About $1,200 worth of diamonds and jewelry, stolen from the residence of Daniel Geyer, East Wheeling, W. Va., several weeks ago, were voluntarily returned to Mr. Geyer, Saturday. They were received through the postoffice.

WELLSVILLE, MAY 15.—An extra train struck and instantly killed Wm. Haiderman near Mineral Point, on the Tuscarawas branch, last night. The unfortunate man was lying in the middle of the track, and was literally cut to pieces.

The western estimate of the wheat crop this year—they are harvesting in Texas and California and sowing in the northwest—gives a total of 402,000,000 bushels against 503,000,000 last year's yield—a falling off of over one hundred million bushels.

STEUBENVILLE, O., May 15.—John Donavan, section boss at Gould's tunnel, on the Pan-Handle Railroad, boarded freight train No. 48 this evening to go to the tunnel. When near Mingo Junction he fell off the car and was struck on the head, his skull being mashed in and his brain injured. It is the opinion of the surgeon he will die in a few hours.

KANSAS CITY, MO., May 15.—A destructive cyclone swept across the southern part of the city shortly after five o'clock this evening, unroofing or demolishing buildings for a distance of two miles. The track of the storm ranged from half a block to two blocks in width. A number of persons were injured, and some fatalities are reported.

ST. LOUIS, May 14.—Very meagre information has been received here that a cyclone passed over the lead mining region of southwest Missouri between 7 and 8 o'clock last night, doing great damage to the little towns of Ornogo and Webb City. It is said both towns were nearly destroyed and a number of lives lost, but telegraph wires are down and no particulars can be obtained.

WAPAKONETA, O., May 14.—Francis Baker, a prominent farmer and stock dealer of Moulton, this county, was thrown from his horse shortly before noon to-day, and instantly killed. The horse became frightened at some object on the highway, and Baker fell head foremost to the ground so violently that his skull was crushed. He leaves a wife and family.

The five principal nations of the world in point of territory and in order named, are the British, Russian, Chinese, Brazilian and United States. The British Empire covers 8,898,177 square miles; the Russian 8,325,393; the Chinese 4,540,000; the Brazilian 3,288,500; and the United States 3,002,862. With respect to population the British Empire has 305,500,000, China 270,000,000, Russia 100,038,342, the United States 52,000,000, and Brazil 10,300,000.

WHEELING, W. VA., May 15.—William Bartlebaugh, a lad aged 13, was instantly killed by the first section of Barnum's circus train at Benwood, 4 miles south of this city, this afternoon. He, in company with several other boys, had jumped on the train to ride a short distance, and on getting off was thrown under the wheels. His body was mangled almost beyond recognition. Another boy name unknown, was killed at Moundsville, 12 miles below the city, by the same train, half an hour before the above accident.

The true and tried Democracy of "Old Molly Stark" will present the name of J. G. Warwick of Massillon, one of her honored sons, to the coming Democratic State Convention for the nomination of Lieutenant Governor. Mr. Warwick is a staunch Democrat, an able gentleman, and just the kind of timber the Democracy want upon their ticket. He would add great strength to the ticket, and make an excellent canvass.—Hardin County Democrat.

## ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

No change of cars to Cincinnati next Monday.

An eight-year-old Langenbach boy fell off the fence Sunday and dislocated his hip.

For pleasure and scenery go to Cincinnati next Monday at 4 p. m. Tickets only $5.

Spend a day of downright sport and enjoyment at the Lake Park Hotel opening next Friday.

Mayor Piero refuses to surrender to Minnie Kreger her gun, though Minnie calls frequently at the Mayor's office. It is feared she might shoot.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Jacob Hisler and Cecelia Mooney, Canton; William McDougal and Jennie Deprez, Canton; Allen Walker, Jr., and Ida May Rand, North Industry.

Mr. Ed. Bach, of Pike township, formerly a resident of Sugarcreek, was appointed last week by the Probate Court as a member of the Board of County School Examiners for the term of three years, in place of Prof. Taggart, of Fulton, whose time has expired. We doubt not Mr. Bach will prove capable and efficient.

On Saturday evening while Mr. E. Smith was driving home in his spring wagon with his wife and three children, one a baby, the horses scared at the corner of Mahoning and Lippert streets when two mounted bicylers came along and cut up so that all were thrown from the wagon. The two older children were considerably hurt and the poor baby considerably bruised, but none dangerously.

### Will Make It an Even Dozen.

Mr. W. H. Brearley of the Detroit (Mich.) Evening News, who has personally conducted $22.00 round trip excursions "From Detroit to the Sea," every year for the past seven years, and who is to take three more this year in June and July, has made the ascension of Mt. Washington nine times, and this year proposes to make it an even dozen.

### Riot at Navarre.

A bloody riot occurred at Navarre Saturday evening last. About twenty rowdies undertook to run the town, about 10 o'clock in the evening, but were soon corrailed by a crowd of about seventy-five citizens, who bombarded the ranch with stones and brickbats until they were compelled to make their appearance, when the battle commenced in good earnest. At 11 o'clock a general fight ensued, stones, brickbats, and clubs rained in the moonlight. No less than fifty shots were fired from both sides. Johnnie Swallow, a young man, was shot through the leg, the large plate glass in the Reed House front was mashed in, and five of the citizens were knocked down by the drunken demons. The unruly crowd was finally driven out of the village.

### Navarre Nuggets.

[Navarre Times.]

R. R. Bennett will soon build a new house.

D. Mentzer & Co. ship most of their wheat by canal.

A. W. Goshorn is making the necessary preparations to erect a new residence near the C. V. depot.

William Volkman, one of Canton's leading cigar manufacturers, was the guest of Julius Hug last Saturday.

The public school held a spelling match last Friday afternoon, and used the Navarre Times as a text book.

Married: On Tuesday of last week at the bride's residence in Bolivar, Mr. John Goodheart and Miss Jennie Lab, Rev. Dues, of Canal Dover, officiated.

John McGregor, of the STARK COUNTY DEMOCRAT, is announced for the office of Clerk of the Court of this county. Being personally acquainted with Mr. McGregor, we certainly feel that he is a man well worthy to fill the position for which he is announced.

### Alliance Items.

A. W. Coates & Co. have shipped 18 car loads of hay rakes within two weeks.

C. W. Koch has been appointed on the committee to secure music on Memorial Day.

Ex-conductor W. H. Bear has accepted a passenger run on the Connotton Valley R. R.

Jesse Fast, a former citizen, recently died at Iola, Kansas, aged 46. He removed to Kansas about 15 years ago.

Brakeman Byron Smith fell off the top of the train at Shreve last Thursday morning, and was severely injured about the back and shoulders. He was brought home and put under Dr. Tressel's care.

An unknown man entered the residence of Mr. J. A. Cloud, on Mt. Union street, and inquired of Mrs. C. for her husband, pretending to want employment on the water works. After he had gone Mrs. Cloud found that her valuable coat and purse containing about five dollars in change, had disappeared, and it is supposed went with him. There is no clue to the scamp.—[Review.

### "A Slight Error."

A slight error occurred in the mention of the assault and battery case of James McCrea against John McGregor, as given in Fridays Repository in regard to McGregor not appearing before the Mayor. It seems he did call at the Mayor's office Thursday evening, but the Mayor was absent. McCrea is not disposed to appear against him, but the Mayor has sent word to him to call and signify what shall be done.—Repository 12th.

"A slight error!" Was it not a wilful "error?" It was, by confession, a misstatement of fact, of which there was no occasion. The truth could have been got by enquiring at the Mayor's office, and clerk Ballard is regularly on duty. We have heard of persons who draw upon their imagination for their facts, and mould them to suit.

And, "McCrea is not disposed to appear against him." James is a good fellow, when himself; but at other times rather fond of fun. Well, the Rep. has so corrected its account "of the assault and battery case," that there is not much left. We suppose they wanted to score a point against John McGregor; but they will have to try again.