

FRIGHTENED BY VICIOUS DOG.

Two Canal Fulton People Receive Serious Injuries.

COXEY IN A NEW BUSINESS.

Wants Some Cities to Invite Him to Locate in Their Midst—An East Ohio Gas Company Employee Badly Hurt.

Special to the News-Democrat. Massillon, July 11.—A vicious dog owned by Thomas Getz, who resides on the Hunt road, attacked and bit a horse Monday evening, which was driven by H. W. Jackson. Frightened by the sudden attack the horse reared and kicked, overturning the buggy throwing Mr. Jackson and his wife into the street. Both were badly hurt but the injuries sustained by Mrs. Jackson are of a serious nature. She was thrown a considerable distance, striking upon her face. A gash several inches in length was cut across her chin and she was internally injured. Mr. Jackson struck upon his hip and was painfully bruised but he is able to walk about today. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were taken to the residence of Conrad Huth, in West Main street, where their wounds were dressed. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson reside near Canal Fulton but it will be impossible to move Mrs. Jackson for several days.

Jacob S. Coxe has purchased an iron building, the dimensions of which are 600 by 83 feet, from the Spang Iron & Steel company, of Pittsburg, Pa. It is Mr. Coxe's intention to establish and operate a steel casting plant on a large scale. He has, however, not yet selected a location, but has several places in view including Massillon. He has received offers of a bonus from several cities.

Walter C. Henry, an employee of the East Ohio Gas company, was painfully injured in the company's workshop Monday evening. Mr. Henry was operating a pipe machine and the small finger of his left hand was crushed by a cog. Dr. Pumphrey was compelled to remove a portion of the finger.

The U. S. mail wagon was struck by a C. L. & W. train at 7:40 o'clock Monday night and badly wrecked. The driver escaped with slight injuries.

ERTLE LOCATED.

Massillon glass blowers, who have just returned from Muncie, Ind., say that ex-Constable Frank Ertle, who mysteriously disappeared from Massillon several weeks ago, is in that city. He is conducting a restaurant there and seems to be doing a fair business.

John Malloy, who is the guest of the Heyman family, in Second street, is one of those who saw Ertle in Muncie. Everybody there thinks that Ertle is a good fellow. The Massillonians, none of whom were acquainted with Mrs. Ertle, thought that Ertle was accompanied by his wife. They say that he came to Muncie about six weeks ago. Mrs. Ertle called at the mayor's office Monday, but did not make out any papers. She seemed loth to have Ertle arrested, though there are several charges which, it is said, could be placed against him. The officers cannot do anything without her authority.

IN MEMORIAM.

W. B. K. Pays a Tribute to the Memory of His Deceased Friend.

It is always a sad and painful duty to pay the last tribute to the memory of one who has departed from our midst to enter upon a nobler and more glorious life in the great unknown beyond, and as we realize that the vacancy left by his demise, can only with the greatest difficulty be filled, added responsibility attaches itself to the undertaking. From time immemorial it has been the task of great poets and orators to commemorate, by their eloquence the words and deeds of some man, rich in this world's goods or of great fame. But true worth has too seldom been the subject of their able efforts, and yet what has been more meritorious or more deserving of that great honor? For unpretentious virtue and obedient performance of duty shall hold the first places in the kingdom of Heaven.

Seldom it is that our city has the unspeakable misfortune of losing a young man of such sterling worth, of such integrity of character, combining so many good qualities with such a dearth of faults as Mr. Frank Troutman. Upright, industrious, always seeking an opportunity to serve others, of unwavering honesty, unflinching in the performance of his duty, studious beyond his physical capabilities, following with unceasing care the precepts of his Master, truly he was one of Nature's noblemen. And seldom it is, alas too seldom, that the praise of one deceased is so universal and unstinted, and the criticism noticeable only by its absence. It is not far to find the cause. With a pleasant word for all and a greeting in hearty friendship, he numbered among his admirers all whom he met, none could be indifferent to his manifold talents. How well I remember the last conversation I had with him.

It was shortly after Commencement and a group of three stood upon the Y. M. C. A. steps a little while after the hour of closing. A strong cool breeze with stifling gusts blew the dust around in little whirlwinds, and the grotesque shadows of the electric light wires and the branches of the trees swayed back and forth over the stoned sidewalk with fantastic unity. The wind sighed and moaned through the leafy tree-tops, and a street car, dashing by with a busy, drowsing whir, hurled a blending cloud of dust in the faces of the little group. And, urged by the pleadings of the other two, he was modestly explaining why the Presby-

terian church bell rang on commencement night. How, when silence alone issued from the High school tower he perceived that the plans of the graduating boys had been foiled. How he had hurried down from the assembly hall with a companion, secured the keys to the church, and rang the bell for the High school boys, and incidentally added much to the occasion in the opinion of all. May it ring every commencement night in the future. It was only one of his many thoughtful deeds and kind acts for others, but that scene is indelibly engraved upon the writer's memory, and little did we think that ever just one short month had passed away one of our number would be no more to us.

And he has come to his last rest. His eyes are closed in the eternal sleep. His personality is so vividly impressed upon my mind that I can see him standing before me complete in every detail, perfect, as nearly as mortal man in his creator's image can be perfect, and I can hear him speak, in choicest words the purest thought pouring forth in rich profusion from his lips.

Tonight the wind moans, the arc light sways in its creaking course, the waving shadows are portrayed upon the walk in fanciful oddity, the two are standing upon the same steps conversing in a low whisper, and to the many unaccustomed noises of the distant streets, is added the mournful foot-toot of a locomotive far in the distance. Nature is repeating herself for them, but how hollow the repetition is. The essence of the whole picture is lacking the commanding presence of a masterful man. Attempted consolation is empty, and brooding in mournful solitude, it is hard for us to realize that what we have lost we have not lost in vain. Easy it is to say that it is all for the best, and way down in the bottom of our hearts we feel that it is true, but it is contrary to human nature to fully realize it, even while acknowledging it. The Divine Spirit called to him and he obeyed the summons, and who can say that he did not obey it gladly? For he was well prepared to enter his Master's palace, and all that could have detracted from his joy at the entrance was the ever present and thoughtful consideration of the loved ones at home. And far be it from us to hamper his pleasure or to desire to interfere with the Divine plan.

Let us rather rejoice than weep. Let our song be a psalm of triumph, rather than a mournful dirge of solemnity and sorrow.

And when we part company with this earth's folkie ways and mount as he has mounted to the celestial glory of God's realm, he will be there to welcome us, and the joy of uniting for an eternal companionship shall engulf and outbalance the pangs of present parting. Let us be happy to be able to say,

Ah! providence inscrutable Whose ways no man can know, With wisdom indisputable, No reason needest thou show. Why in the bloom of early life This man of promise rare, Then chose, removed from earthly strife, Thy kingdom's joys to share. For, when our greatest grief is spent, And humbly we resign Our hearts, not broken, only bent, To God's great will divine, Then acquiescent we shall nod To this fact every head, That those removed young by God, Alas too true is said. W. B. K.

ON FALSE PRETENSES.

President McKinley is Waging His War in The Philippines. [New York World.]

The chief argument of the supporters of Mr. McKinley's war in the Philippines is that it is the duty of our government to "restore and maintain order" in the islands. Our international obligations and considerations of humanity, it is urged, alike forbade our leaving the Philippines to "anarchy and throat-cutting."

Unfortunately for those who make this plea, they are not able to cite any facts to support it. There has been no disorder in any of the islands save where our troops have gone to demand in Mr. McKinley's name, the unconditional submission of the natives to the "sovereignty to the United States over the entire archipelago."

President Schurman, late of the Peace Commission, who has just returned from a visit in the southern islands of the group, found no anarchy anywhere. He reported the natives of a peaceful disposition. The only fighting has been with those whom they regard as invaders. They are not at war with themselves. They have their own civil government, which, while not up to the American standard, satisfies those who ordained it and meets their needs.

The same thing was true of Luzon. Mr. Barrett, formerly our Minister to Siam, who was with Dewey's fleet up to the surrender of Manila, and afterward spent several months there studying the situation, in his article in the Review of Reviews speaks in high terms of the civil government and the army organized by Aguinaldo. He says:

"By the middle of October, 1898, he had assembled at Malolos a Congress of 100 men who would compare in behavior, manner, dress and education with the average men of the better classes of other Asiatic nations, possibly including the Japanese. These men, whose sessions I repeatedly attended, conducted themselves with great decorum, and showed a knowledge of debate and of parliamentary law that would not compare unfavorably with the Japanese Parliament."

This is in harmony with the opinion of Admiral Dewey, given officially to the Navy Department, that the Philippines are better capable of self-government than are the Cubans.

A FLUSH OF ANGER.

It Showed Through the Actress's Rouge and Powder.

"A diabolical scene upon the stage is not necessarily offensive to the correct taste, nor unpleasantly suggestive," remarked an old-time theatre-goer, who was discussing "The Turle." "Everything depends upon the surroundings, and the language and situations of the play that lead up to it."

"I have heard silly girls and boys giggle as the heroine in 'Fra Diavolo' commenced disrobing, but it was quickly suppressed, and I have never heard a sound in an opera house in my life, or noted a look other than of solemn reverence as she knelt at her bedside, and the glorious tones of the 'Maiden's Prayer,' fell with touching influence upon every ear."

"Never save once, and in that exception lies proof that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

"It was in Young Men's hall, and more than 30 years ago. The Campbell & Castle opera troupe was singing there, with Billy Castle as Fra Diavolo, Sher Coan (Campbell), as Giacomo, and Fannie Riddell in the soprano role.

"Fannie had a fine soft rug spread in front of her couch for her toes to nestle in, and upon which to kneel. The two robbers were watching her from the wings as the lights were lowered for the prayer scene. The grand notes of worshipful adoration caused a deathly silence in the crowded hall; every ear was drinking in the subdued harmony of the singer and orchestra; every eye was riveted upon the maiden at her orisons.

"Upon this scene stole a hungry Biddle house rat from a break in the stage at the footlights. He advanced towards the motionless form of the kneeling girl, elevated his nose, and twisted his whiskers about in a ludicrous manner.

"He was in full view of every person in the auditorium, a subdued murmur reached the ears of the singer, and a titter or two followed it. It was her best scene, and a flush of anger showed through the rouge and powder as she became aware that somebody or something was 'queering' it for her.

"Quick in his artist sensitivities to realize the mortification of the gifted soprano under such circumstances, Giacomo made a little sortie from the wings and lunged with his big knife for the purpose of scaring the animal back to his hole.

"It was an act conceived in kindness, and executed with discretion and tact, but the result was startling. Campbell's robber make-up frightened the rat out of its wits, and the rush it made was not back towards the footlights. He sought shelter and safety in the fuzzy rug.

"By this time Miss Riddell's vexation had overcome her stage training, and she glanced around to see what the people were giggling at. She saw the rat dashing toward her disrobed feet. With a yell that curdled the blood, she bounded upon the bed and swooned."

A Tribute Analyzed.

"I suppose," murmured the man with the overcoat which had faded into a purplish tint, "that I've got the wrong idea, but I can't correct myself. I argue and I try to convince myself that I'm all wrong, but I can't do it."

"What's the matter now?" asked the friend whom he had stopped on the street.

"I'm afraid there's been some misapprehension about Thomas Jefferson."

"Oh, of course. His opinions are quoted in support of arguments on both sides of questions. That happens in the case of almost every great thinker."

"It ain't that. As you say, such things are to be expected. But these celebrations are worrying me. I'll admit that I'm one of the easiest worried men in the world. But I can't help it. I have my doubts whether Thomas Jefferson, if he could have his say, would want any celebration at all. He was a plain sort of a man, whose idea of a good time was to get away in a quiet corner and play the violin. But I like to see 'em. I approve of showing honor where it is due."

"Then what are you complaining about?"

"The method. When people get up something in honor of a famous musician, they assemble an orchestra and play his works, don't they?"

"As a rule."

"Or if it's an eminent literary man, they give lectures and print things in the paper, don't they?"

"Ordinarily."

"And in the case of a great military man, they fling the stony banner out and shoot off fireworks."

"That's the custom."

"But when Thomas Jefferson is the subject of our homage and applause, what do we do? We send dinner invitations to all parts of the country, with the assessment anywhere from \$1 to \$10 a plate. It's a mistake. Somebody has gotten the wrong impression. Thomas Jefferson was a statesman; not an epicure."

A Serious Dilemma.

"What's the matter?" "I'm in a dilemma." "How so?" "I've got two invitations to dinner. One comes from a woman whom I am afraid to offend, and the other woman gives the best feed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Regarding His Condition.

Her Father (from the head of the stairs)—Ethel, is that young man gone? Ethel (in an ecstatic stage whisper)—Awfully, papa.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

The spruce timber of Norway and Sweden is nearly exhausted.

In the English church women are being elected to the office of church warden.

The British Archeological School in Greece has resumed the work of excavation in Milo.

At Leadville, this past winter, the snowfall was 21 feet, and at Ruby, Col., it was 43 feet 8 inches.

The Peace Society of Copenhagen had succeeded on March 31 in collecting 300,000 signatures to an appeal for disarmament.

An artificial rubber, as good as the real thing, is now made of glue and glycerine mixed with a sulphur oil, such as ichthyol.

An electric arc lamp for use under water—a consummation that has baffled electricians for years—has been produced by a German firm.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis has broken out among farm horses in the vicinity of Gratersford, Montgomery county, Pa., and many are dying.

The German army includes more than 10,000 military musicians. Other powerful nations on the continent employ rather less numbers in military bands.

In 20 years the American Bible Society has distributed 350,000 bibles in Mexico. In the same time the British and Foreign Society has distributed 157,000 copies.

Most of the animals for American zoos came from the Old World, but the young hippopotamus Cyrus is to be sent from the New York zoo to Germany.

Statistics published in Montreal show that 20,000 people have left the province of Quebec for the States this year. Most of the emigrants have gone to manufacturing centers.

Norwegian legislators propose that girls who do not know how to knit, sew, wash and cook should be refused permission to marry. Daughters of wealthy men are not to be exempted.

In Russia 65,000 students are engaged in a sympathy strike. They have ceased to attend lectures because the students in the University of St. Petersburg were prohibited from enjoying holiday revels.

Since the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the new pastor of Plymouth Church Brooklyn, has been preaching sermons on the characters in well-known novels, librarians throughout the city report a greatly increased demand for the novels themselves, and the men at the street book stands are hardly able to meet the new demand.

A Manchester, England, doctor, after five years' observation and experience of influenza, states that cinnamon is the best drug to cure the disease. It may be taken as a decoction or in the form of tablets.

The Arkansas Supreme Court has decided that a man cannot escape jury duty because he has not paid his poll tax. Heretofore the fact that a man had failed or had refused to pay poll tax has excused him from such service.

"Manjak" is the name of a new mineral, of a lustrous black, discovered on the island of Barbadoes. According to experts, it is petrified petroleum mixed with solid organic matter. It will form a valuable fuel, far superior to coal.

The story of the finding of the sea serpent on the island of Suwarrow, on the British Columbia coast, has been explored by a Sydney scientist who declares the bones found are those of a zithoid, a rare species of the whole family.

Collis P. Huntington and associates have purchased the Texas Mexican Railroad, which runs from Corpus Christi to Laredo, Tex., a distance of 160 miles. It is a narrow gauge line, and it will be immediately changed to standard width.

The American Church Missionary Society has charge of a movement to build Protestant Episcopal hospitals at Havana and Matanzas. Committees have already been appointed to undertake the raising of a fund of \$200,000 for the purpose.

Estimated expenditure for the British navy during the coming year is, in American values, \$132,970,000. Our own Congress appropriated for similar purposes this spring \$56,098,783. Ten years ago, in 1889, Great Britain spent only \$69,210,000 on its navy and the United States \$21,378,809.

A doctor was summoned at Gosport, England, for riding a bicycle on the footpath, and he raised a novel defense. He stated that there was an act of Parliament which gave a doctor permission to take the shortest cut when on his way to an urgent case. After an adjournment to allow him to produce the act, the magistrates have decided in his favor.

The recently published army returns for the year 1897 give the nationality of Great Britain's 219,283 soldiers then serving as 158,566 English, 16,485 Scotch, 26,374 Irish, 8,275 Indians and colonial, 142 foreign and 2,551 unknown. These figures says the Regiment, prove that the Englishman has the largest amount of military enthusiasm, and serves his country to the extent of 5.50 per 1,000 of the population.

The most remarkable advertisement yet is that of an English firm that offers to every married woman who buys a pound of its fifty-cent tea for five consecutive weeks a pension of \$2.50 a week in case of the death of her husband, provided he was in good health when she began to buy the tea. The pension is to continue as long as she remains a widow.

BATHS IN PARIS.

A Novelty Experienced But Twice During The Year.

The question of baths—or the question of no baths, rather—is one which every writer in Paris is constantly exploring, yet it is no wonder that such a theme is exhaustless since the sojourning foreigner who writes has the material for "copy" on this subject constantly before him.

An English girl was telling me of her bath experience in Paris. Having just arrived and smacking of her soot as only an English girl can, she hailed a bath man who was passing the street. When he had carried his tub ponderously up to her apartments she tried to explain to him that she wanted to buy it. At first her efforts of explanation failed utterly, and the man calmly proceeded to arrange the bath for immediate occupancy. Finally the girl succeeded in conveying to his mind an impression of what was in her own. I was about to say that she actually wanted to buy the tub for everyday use; but no Frenchman could be made to understand so stupendous a fact.

The man was dumfounded. He explained that the tub was his only stock in trade, and that with it he furnished two bath a year to each of his Parisian customers. One, I believe, was scheduled for about Christmas time, and the other ought, according even to French ideals of cleanliness, happen about the great July holidays. He furthermore explained that the madam of the Pension, where the English girl lived, had taken a bath a few days before, and then had gone to bed for two days from sheer exhaustion, as she frankly explained.

This all sounds awfully exaggerated, but it isn't. An American mother whom I know, put her small daughter in a convent and requested of the nuns that she should be bathed at least twice a week, this being in her eyes the smallest possible favor she could ask for her child, who had, up to this time, been bathed every day of her life. The sister of whom the request was made looked embarrassed and explained that the children were not bathed in the convent, but that when the parents thought it necessary to ablate their small babies, they were taken to a bath house near by.

These remarks by foreigners on the lack of bathing facilities in France enrage French people; but if they would become enraged sufficiently to add such comforts to their houses and institutions, they would certainly raise themselves in the eyes of those who come from foreign shores.

Fond of Early Rising.

"Of course you can't imagine what curious experiences we have with sick people," confided a trained nurse. "I have just come from a very interesting case—a dear old lady, lovely in every way, but utterly unmanageable and unreasonable on the subject of early rising. The dear woman cannot turn over in her bed or put her hand to her head; she is fatally ill, poor creature, but she wakes me every morning at 5 o'clock to have her face and hands bathed, and her cap changed. 'Oh, I groan, it is only 5 o'clock, Mrs. Lorimer; that is too early for sick people to get awake. Let us have another little nap.'"

"No, no," she always answers, 'my father reared me to get up at 5 o'clock. I can't disobey my training. You must make my toilet. I mustn't sleep any longer.' So I have to get awake, prepare the dear old lady for the day—eighty years old she is, and weak and sick—just because she was reared by a father with abnormal ideas of rising time."—Indianapolis Journal.

Fancy and Fact.

It was on the eve of the wedding, and he was bidding her good-night. He softly whispered: "To-norrow, my darling, we begin our journey as bride and bridegroom—pilgrims of life together; hand in hand will we journey down life's rugged road. We shall want to set out with a glorious equipment of faith and



hope and courage, that neither of us may faint and fall by the wayside before the journey is ended. Will we not, darling?"

"I—oh, yes, to be sure. Only I really am worried about the train of my dress. It didn't hang one bit nice to-day when I tried the dress on, and I'd perish with modification if it hung so at the wedding to-morrow. Go on what you were saying, dear!"

Theater Checks in Japan.

The theatres in Japan have a novel method of pass checks which are positively non-transferable. When a person wishes to leave the theatre before the close of the performance, with the intention of returning, he goes to the doorkeeper and holds out his right hand. The doorkeeper, then, with a rubber stamp, impresses on the palm the mark of the establishment.

WORKMEN DISPLACED

Introduction of Improved Machinery Taking Their Jobs.

Some Artisans Are Now Entirely Without Employment—Even the So-Called Professions Are Threatened.

English workmen, if their ideas are correctly reflected by their trade journals, are beginning to view with alarm the rapid and steady decline of various trades and callings in Great Britain owing to the introduction of improved machinery in America, Norway, Germany and other countries and the enormous exports to England of manufactured goods which were once made in England, but which the reduced cost of manufacture in this country have crowded out of Englishmen's hands. Small wooden articles, such as clothes pegs, skewers, umbrella sticks and mousetraps, which have an enormous sale in England, are not made in that country any more. They are all shipped from the United States, because they can be made more cheaply here. Oars for rowboats, flooring and, indeed, all the parts that go to the making of wooden houses are shipped into the British isles in such quantities and at such prices that the carpenter is almost a superfluous there, except to put the parts together. The planing mills and sash, door and blind factories of this country deliver at English towns all of the component parts of a house so much cheaper than they can be made in England that the carpenters are in despair. This, of course, is due to the improved machinery in use here, which minimizes the cost of production.

The coopers are beginning to realize that they will soon be practically out of employment, since the great cooping establishments of this country ship vast quantities of wood cut into staves, heads and wooden hoops, so that the English cooper has but to put them together. They are shipped "knock down" so as to economize space on the ships, and are put together in England by boys at small wages. The stained glass industry, too, has received a setback through the introduction of a sort of gelatine film which can be readily applied to ordinary window glass, and which is a perfect imitation of stained glass. It comes, of course, in all colors, and a stained glass window which formerly cost \$50 can now be perfectly imitated for \$2.50, and the stained glass workers cannot compete against such prices.

Label stickers in the canneries are now face to face with a machine which will label 10,000 cans in ten hours, which does not give the hand worker much of a chance. Even the professions, so-called, are threatened by modern inventions. The shorthand reporters are watching with dismay the improvements being made in the phonograph. Experts are now at work trying to devise a scheme whereby the phonograph can be run slow enough to enable a compositor to operate his linotype machine directly from the phonograph and set up a speech without the intervention of written "copy." When this is accomplished the shorthand man will have to go driving an ice wagon.

English inventors are hard at work on rania, a peculiar vegetable fiber which they expect will supersede cotton. It grows in the Malay islands, China and Japan, but could be raised in England if the demand warranted. It is silky, much stronger than cotton and finer than flax. The chemical treatment to which it is now subjected rots the fiber, but when that is overcome it is thought it will closely push cotton on account of its cheapness and the ease with which it is cultivated.—Chicago Chronicle.

BROKEN THINGS MADE NEW.

How a Boston Girl is Earning Lots of Money by Patching Up Fragile Ware.

A Boston girl has begun the work of repairing precious pottery, glassware, porcelain and statuary. Last year she patched up \$300,000 worth of fragile ware, and she got nearly ten per cent. on the value of the goods redeemed. It is said to have been more than the salary of Mayor Quincy or Gov. Wolcott.

This girl began by inducing a large department house to allow her to repair, not only their own fine pottery and glassware, but to take orders from the customers of the house who brought their broken ware there in the hope that there was some one in the establishment who could fix it up. She was an artist, to begin with, and in addition she had a good deal of mechanical ingenuity. Later she got a contract from an art museum in Boston to do such work of this kind as the museum could supply. This includes many rare vases and other articles which are dug up in old world fields, and which reach the museum a mass of a thousand fragments. The little pieces are taken to the studio of the bric-a-brac surgeon, and there the artist-mechanic spends hours, days and weeks in assorting the fragments and putting them together.

She uses a particularly fine kind of cement, which is made from the albumen of eggs, mixed with evaporated whey. This cement will endure heat and moisture and is everlasting.

One of the latest triumphs of this girl is seen in a built-up glass urn from the valley of the Nile. This precious relic is exhibited in a museum. It is apparently flawless, and through it the beautiful hues of the rainbow shimmer like the dancing colors of a soap bubble in the sunlight. Yet this urn came to the museum in thousands of little bits. So carefully have these fragments been put together that scarcely a trace of the mending can be seen, even by the keenest eyes. Recently a fabulous price was offered for the urn and refused.—New Haven Register.