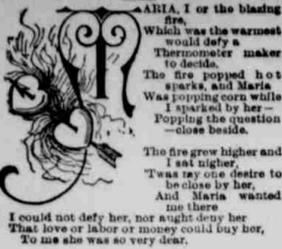


LOVE IN NEW ORLEANS.

BY ROBERT TULLER TOMMAS.



"'T WAS MY DESIRE TO BE NEAR HER."

Marie and I there beside the fire, As our love flames began to perspire With passion and ardor in surprise, I sat night by her, my love, to cry her, My heart beating higher, resolved to die, Or to win her and hold her forever true.



"AS I TRAINED NOT KISSES ON HER FACE."

The fire's ruddy flames swept up higher, The snow-white popcorn was now wrapped in fire, As were our hearts in love's close embrace, My arm was now about her neck and face, Her yielding lips granted my heart's desire, As I rained not kisses on her face, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FACE TO FACE AT LAST.

BY EVA RICHMOND.

It was the ball of the season, and I was the beauty and the belle. Many a one envied me, I supposed, as I swept down the long rooms, flushed, triumphant, smiling, elegantly attired, and with my titled lover by my side.

He was my lover, openly enough, though we were not engaged; that was my fault entirely. My friend granted me an interview to-morrow, I pleaded Sir Edward, softly.

I knew well that that meant, he would be trifled with no longer. I bowed a cold assent. Then Mrs. Gray came up to me and said: "I have a charming surprise for you, my dear. Who do you suppose is coming here to-night—coming, too, expressly to see you? You remember your old schoolmate, Viola Wilton? She married abroad recently, and has come home for her wedding tour. They arrived only yesterday. I could never have persuaded her to be present to-night but for her longing to see you.

My heart beat wildly. Viola coming home, and so anxious to see me! What might it mean? Pretty Viola, about whom Frank Bascome and I had quarreled because of my jealous fancy. I realized now how idle that jealousy had been. What if Viola was the bearer of some message from Frank! Some precious olive-branch of peace, perhaps? Oh, if it were but a word, to tell me that, in spite of pride, his heart had been as constant as my own, how I would welcome it! Hope sprang high in my breast.

"Sir Edward may be disappointed to-morrow, after all," I thought; and then I inquired as calmly as I could: "Who did Viola marry?"

I leaned forward, drinking in eagerly every detail of his dress and form and face, noting, in one second, all the changes of two years. A noble form, brightly happy face; no trace of long, ungratified heart-yearning there.

I had forgotten that he was Viola's husband. All memory of Sir Edward's hopes had vanished from my mind. One little incident recalled it all. As I gazed I took Viola, laughing and with gentle force, from her dark companion's arms and conducted her in merry triumph into the house himself, the other following gayly.

I think the cry of anguish that broke from my lips at that sight would have had its way, though all the world had stood by to hear. Lost to me—lost! The man I loved—adored—who once had loved me well, for whose return I had waited, hoped, and prayed through weary years—lost! Lost! Given to another woman, and esteeming her before my eyes! Oh, heaven, what was pride or the world's opinion worth to me in that bitter hour?

I sank down in the bottom of the carriage and cried aloud. The rattle of the wheels upon the stony road prevented my being heard. Nowhere else could I be so utterly unheeded and alone; never again could I give way to such a paroxysm of misery. To-morrow I should be my cold, proud self again, and Sir Edward's promised bride. To-night I was Frank Bascome's faithful lover, forsaken, heart-broken and despairing. I sent up an exceeding bitter cry to heaven for the loss of my pride and my love.

Oh, to recall the past—the fatal, cruel, torturing past—that is gone beyond all recall! Had he been true to me at the first, after all? Did I wrong him, as he said—as he swore? Was it the mad folly of my own jealousy that first put the thought of Viola in his mind? Was it I, my own hand that had struck down the happiness of my life?

Vain, vain questioning, to which there never comes an answering voice. One thing alone was given me to know surely—that I loved him, and had lost him forever!

A long, long night of tears and jealous pain. "This night I will give to grief," I thought; "all the rest of my life to endurance." The gray light of dawn stole in at my window before at last I sobbed myself to sleep.

My maid awoke me, standing by my bedside, as I was bewildered at first; then suddenly the recollection of my grief returned like a fresh calamity. I hid my face upon the pillow with a groan.

"My head aches sadly. Rose, why did you wake me?" The girl looked distressed. "A lady was here to see you, miss. It's ten o'clock. I told her you were asleep, and she said she'd come again in an hour. Here is her card, miss."

I took it listlessly. What was the lady to me? I will not see her, Rose, whoever she is.

Then I read the card: "Mrs. F. Bascome. She! I let it fall as if a snake had stung me. She—the seeking me! I sprang up from the bed.

"Dress me quickly, Rose—a loose white wrapper only. Tell them to send a cup of tea to my boudoir; when the lady comes again show her up there."

Of course I must see Viola. Appearances must be considered. Why did she force herself on me? That question racked my brain. Had he told her of our love in those old days, and had she come to feed her pride upon my sorrow? Oh, but she shall lose her time, then! Lost night has gone, like all the rest of the sweet and bitter past—today finds me Sir Edward's promised bride.

SCORES OF LIVES LOST.

WILKESBARRE, PA., VISITED BY A TERRIBLE CYCLONE.

Probably a Hundred People Killed in the Storm—Many Neighboring Towns Suffer—Scenes in the Stricken City—Damage to Property Great.

(Wilkesbarre (Pa.) dispatch.) At 3 o'clock this afternoon the most terrible cyclone that was ever experienced in this locality struck this city. It came upon the river. At what point it originated is not known. The suddenness of its coming was one of its awful features. The heavens were dark as night and the wind blew with frightful velocity. Whole rows of trees were blown down. Following this hundreds of houses were unroofed, partially blown over, or completely demolished. Worst of all, a number of lives were lost. How many were killed is not known at this time.

Large districts in the several sections of the city are in absolute ruin, and the women and children are crying and wailing, wringing their hands in dismay. The damage will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Passenger trains and locomotives at the depot were blown away and every wire in the city—electric light, telephone and telegraph—is down. The devastation is to be compared to nothing in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Fortunately, no fires have broken out, and the streets are impassable with trees and fallen buildings, and the engines could not be drawn through them.

The total number of deaths so far as ascertained is twelve. Four men were killed in the Hazard Wire-Rope Works. A house on Scott street, occupied by John H. Smith, had just returned from work. Peter Hittner, a blacksmith, was killed. The huge stack of the Kytie ploughing mill fell on a man and two horses and all were killed.

A little colored girl was killed by a falling building on South Main street, and the building on South Main street was killed. Two men suffered death by the falling of a portion of Stegmaier's brewery and a third incurred the same fate through the almost complete demolition of S. L. Brown's handsome brick business block on East Market street.

There were, undoubtedly, fifteen or sixteen others killed. It is impossible at this time to give names or particulars. Many of the houses suffered heavy losses and it will be months before all the damage can be repaired. One hundred tin-roofs have been telegraphed for, and the mechanics of all kinds can find employment here for weeks to come, as it is already known that fully 200 buildings have been blown down or otherwise damaged. Many of the structures were of large size and of great value. Approximate losses only can be given as follows:

Hazard wire-rope works, \$25,000. S. L. Brown's residence, \$20,000. St. Mary's Catholic Church, \$15,000. St. Joseph's convent, \$8,000. Murray shaft, \$10,000. Hullenback shaft, \$5,000. White Haven Ice Company, \$5,000. Lehigh Valley Depot, \$2,000. Chesapeake Railroad Company's round-house, \$2,000. Althorn's pork-packing house, \$5,000. Dickson's oil house, \$2,000. Pickett Manufacturing Company, \$2,000. In addition to these hundreds of citizens have suffered losses running from \$500 to \$5,000.

The Murray fan-house was blown down and the fan stopped. There were twenty-seven men in the mine, but it is hoped they will be got out alive.

Reports come from Sugar Notch, a mining town three miles from here, that the destruction of property is terrible and that fifty persons were killed. At Parsons and Mill creek, four miles from here, coal-breakers in all directions have been more or less damaged, and the number of killed will reach ten. Telegraph wires in all directions and communication all cut off.

The names of some of those killed, as far as known, are: Evil Martin, a baker; buried beneath a falling smokestack; his two horses were also killed. John F. Ritz, a laborer in the spool-mill at the Hazard works; taken from the debris horribly mangled.

Fourell Bodenmeyer, salesman for Hartlee & Co., grocers; instantly killed by the falling of Brown's business block. Samuel Rouse, machinist at Hazard works; killed by falling timbers. Joseph Kern, a millman, blown from his wagon; he was found 200 yards away lying on the Lehigh Valley road with his head crushed.

ALSO REQUESTED ALL IDLE WORKINGMEN TO REPORT TO THE LABOR BUREAU.

The estimated loss is \$500,000, although it may reach a higher figure. The suffering is great. A terrible rain-storm set in shortly after the cyclone and drenched the exposed property, which lies in its track.

Superintendent Gaskins of the Hazard Wire-Works reported that they would be in readiness to begin work in the morning. As far as known to him only one man was killed at the works and one fatally injured. Several more were slightly hurt by falling timbers.

The cyclone passed through the little town of Summerville, near New Milford, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, shortly after 5 o'clock this evening, blowing down houses and tearing up trees in its path. The town was practically annihilated. Engineer William Fisher in giving an account of his experience while passing through the cyclone said the engine was lifted from the track, the cab was blown off, and all the windows in the cars were crushed in by the terrible force of the wind. Two of the train hands were seriously injured.

At Hazletville several lives were lost. The town was wrecked. The Methodist Episcopal Church and the adjoining parsonage were blown down. Harvey's large store was totally destroyed. Nearly all of the buildings in Hazletville were blown down on farms were unroofed and are uninhabitable. The crops in the fields were ruined.

Elliah Fahrenberger, a well-to-do farmer, was killed, and several others were injured. It is feared that a large number of lives in the devastated district will exceed one hundred.

PERISHED IN A WRECK.

Fifteen People Killed and Many More Injured.

(Boston special.) The noon express from Wood's Holl over the Old Colony Railroad was wrecked at Quincy to-day and fifteen persons were killed and between thirty and forty persons injured. The disaster took place at what is known as the President's Bridge, just this side of the Quincy station, and near the old John Quincy Adams estate. The train was speeding along at the rate of forty-five miles an hour when it rounded the curve at that point. It consisted of a single engine, a passenger car, a baggage car, a mail car and five ordinary coaches. The train was heavily loaded, however, with business men returning from their summer homes along the south shore, excursionists, and a number of Grand Army veterans who had spent the Sunday at Martha's Vineyard.

Whether the speed of the train caused it to jump the curve, whether it was a spreading rail or a misplaced switch that did the work is not known, but no sooner did the engine reach the cut than it made a wild leap against the stone abutment. So narrow was the space that it could not speed on but crashed as it forced that it turned completely over. The baggage car, the mail car, and the passenger cars were thrown from the rails, but the baggage, smoker, and Pullman continued their course over the sleepers. The fourth car, however, struck against the others and crashed into the engine. This car was crowded with seventy-five passengers, and not more than twenty escaped alive and uninjured. The engine boiler was broken, and the scalding steam was forced into the engine car, causing unnumbered deaths among the struggling mass of men and women. The other cars were thrown to their sides and badly bunched.

The passengers were run and a crowd rushed to the rescue, surgeons were summoned from Boston, and Superintendent Kendrick hurried with a wrecking train to the scene.

The sloping lawn about the residence of Charles A. Howland was converted into a temporary hospital and the grass was red with the blood of the dead and injured. Just this side of the bridge, a woman was found struggling desperately to release the dead or dying persons that remained crushed beneath the mass of iron and wood. The sound of the busy axes, the groans of men and women, and the anxious search for friends made an impression that will never be forgotten. By dint of hard chopping the rescuing party succeeded in removing the body of Eireman Ryan. This was completely torn in two. A man and a woman were then taken out, the latter being dead. She spoke a few unintelligible words on his removal, but died in a few moments.

The fourth car was the scene of the most terrible suffering. Men and women were wedged into every conceivable shape—some with blackened faces and wrenched necks, others with great pieces of the seats transfixed in them so that the rescuers were unable to get them out. In several instances dead people were found sitting bolt upright as if dazed by the shock. In this posture sat a young woman whose great arm was stretched out toward a boy, but her eyes were glassy in death and her face bore a look of concentrated terror. The shapely head of the boy was charred to blackness and the face twisted into a most revolting expression.

There was a woman, apparently 45 years old, whose shoes had been torn from her feet and her hair from her head. Her face wore an expression of awe and her lips were parted as if in prayer.

Next, was a heavy, middle-aged man, apparently a prosperous merchant, whose neck had been broken by a backward wrench so that the Adam's apple protruded through the throat. Next lay a child, a child of ten years, man, calm and dignified in appearance, as though lying on his own couch. No bruises of any sort were visible, while from his pockets protruded two visiting cards bearing the names of "Miss Butler" and "Miss Cutler."

KNIGHTS WILL FIGHT.

The Knights of Labor, Ordered by the Executive Board to Make a Final Reply to Officials of All the Vanderbilt Lines.

"Strike," said Chief Clerk Powderly, General Master Workman of 300,000 Knights of Labor, yesterday, says Chief Clerk Barget and the three other members of the Supreme Council of the federation of 52,000 railway employees. So say the leaders of the Knights and the Brotherhoods in chorus. The Executive Board of the Knights of Labor voted to take the strike from the hands of D. A. No. 246, and prosecute it vigorously in every possible direction to the bitter end. It is a life and death struggle with them. It means everything. Either they must win and gain the rights of arbitration which they claim or forever lose their power among the laboring men, who now believe them potent.

Chief Clerk Barget wired to the other eight members of the Supreme Council to convene in Terre Haute Saturday morning. There and then he said, the recommendations of the Executive Board would be received and accepted, and himself would be received and accepted, and the members of the federation, \$2,000 strong, be ordered to help in tying up the entire Vanderbilt system—that is, the New York Central, West Shore, Lake Shore, Michigan Central, Nickel-Plate, Chicago and North-western and the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis.

So far as mortal means could go to avert the disaster, Mr. Sargent said, they had been tried in this case, and tried in vain. The railroad company would have it so. On their heads be the blame and the responsibility. They had forced a fight against organized labor, and now organized labor must protect itself, and the sympathy of workingmen everywhere would go with it.

"We will not break a law," said Mr. Wright, one of the most level-headed of the Knights of Labor, "but we will do everything under the sun that we can do legitimately to win this just fight—a fight which has been forced upon us."

The company will resist to the end," said Third Vice President Webb. "We propose to maintain our rights, and to run our own business our own way, and not be dictated to by outside parties."

But no means of reconciliation had been closed was the standard of war raised. The labor leaders had gone very slow, Chief Sargent in particular. Save for the chief Sargent's trouble in and about Buffalo, and the grievances against Superintendent Burrows, whom they declare to be totally unfit by age and intractability for his position, their cause for striking was almost a sympathetic one.

But that one reason for going, and that was the supposition that the Central had deliberately entered into a war of extermination of trades unions. The leaders do not more than half believe this now, and state the reason to be that if the Central had been more diplomatic he could have averted the strike. But he failed to lay on the molasses thick enough and the damage is done.

New York was the stage to-day and Grand Chief Sargent the Rabelais. He pulled the strings which made the puppets dance. He was the last man to say, and when he said it the thing was done. The Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and the Federation of Railway Employees kept at the St. Cloud Hotel with a great deal of fidelity, and did nothing to strengthen the bonds of friendship between himself and the Central officials.

It was nearly 11 o'clock when Messrs. Powderly and Devlin took themselves to the den of the devil. They were received with great apparent cordiality by Messrs. Tourey and Voorhees and were clothed with them for an hour. Mr. Powderly went over the ground already covered in his letter, stated what had been learned in the investigations, and pleaded valiantly for Mr. Webb's change of mind regarding the strike. He was informed that Mr. Webb was as solid as a rock, and that the company was prepared to back him up to the last notch. The Knights' employees, who had been discharged were discharged for cause, and that was all there was to it. Messrs. Powderly and Devlin returned with this message to the waiting leaders, and for about half an hour the strike was considered a settled thing.

Mr. Powderly described Mr. Webb as a very young and apparently inexperienced man who had no business to be dealing with the lever end of a big railroad system. This night matters down to a pretty fine point, and the fog bank of mystery surrounding the leaders grew dense. It was dangerous to approach them. Mr. Sargent was the exception and he talked for half an hour upon the subject of the strike, and then he was tired of the muzzles of the Knights of Labor had striven to place upon his lips.

"I don't believe in all this mystery and secrecy," he said, "we are engaged in a legitimate public business, and I believe in letting the newspapers know what is going on."

ROAD AGENTS AT WORK.

Highwaymen Board the Train and Carry Off the Money in the Express Case, but Do Not Rob the Passengers—Blood-hounds on the Robbers' Trail.

(Sedalia (Mo.) dispatch.) Missouri Express train No. 3, which left St. Louis last night for Kansas City in charge of Conductor Al Marsh, was held up and robbed by seven masked men near Robbers' Cut, thirteen miles east of here, at 2:37 o'clock this morning, and from the best information obtainable more than \$30,000 was secured. At either California or Otterville two men boarded the front end of the baggage car next to the engine, and rode there until within one mile of Robbers' Cut. Three-quarters of a mile from the cut, and an equal distance from Otterville, station, the engineer and fireman were confronted by the two robbers with drawn revolvers and commanded to stop the train. The request was complied with, and when the train came to a standstill it was found that there were five other robbers in addition to the two standing on the south side of the train and three on the north. The robbers next commanded the engineer to accompany them to the express car, and he did so, leaving the fireman alone on the engine. An instant later the fireman made an effort to go back and notify the trainmen and passengers of what was going on, but at the request of one of the robbers who was guarding the train he desisted. On arriving at the express car, in charge of Messenger S. R. Avery, the engineer and two robbers found the door open. Stories differ as to whether the robbers entered the car. One report says they did, and that they compelled Messenger Avery, under cover of a revolver, to hand out all the money packages not locked up in the through safe, which can be opened only at St. Louis, Sedalia and Otterville. Another report says they secured an armful of money packages, as was seen by the train porter, who began a reconnoitering expedition on his own hook, only to run up against a robber, and became so badly scared that he dropped his lantern.

The money secured, the two robbers escorted the engineer back to the engine and informed him that he must pull out without delay, and if he stopped before he was shot. He would do so at his peril. Less than ten minutes' time had been consumed in committing the robbery, and a majority of the passengers knew nothing of what was going on. The engineer and fireman, with much excitement, and money and valuables were secured in all conceivable places. Conductor Marsh and a passenger named James E. McCormick were in a chair car, and were the only two persons who were not armed. They took positions at either end of the car and awaited developments, but were not molested.

As soon as he boarded the engine Engineer Greer threw open the throttle and the train sped to Sedalia. It stopped at Otterville, and information of the robbery was wired to Superintendent H. G. Clark, of this city. Half an hour later the train arrived here and stopped just long enough to change engines, but Messenger Avery refused to make any statement as to the amount of the company's loss. At 4:40 o'clock a special train carrying Detective DeLoach, Smith and a party of picked men left for the scene of the robbery. Twenty-five minutes later they were on the ground, and as it had rained nearly all night the work of tracking the robbers was complicated and easy for a time. An examination disclosed two tracks in the soft mud. One was followed some 200 yards up the dirt road that runs parallel with the railroad and beneath a rail of a fence was discovered a piece of brown paper neatly folded up. An inspection showed that it was the wrapper of a package that was taken from Messenger Avery. It was addressed to J. W. Gilbert, Nebraska City, Neb., and was from S. A. Rilder & Co., wholesale jewelers, 708 and 710 Washington avenue. It bore the stamp of the money order department of the Pacific and United States Express Company, St. Louis, and judging from its size it contained silver plate of some description. A few feet from where the wrapper was discovered the imprint of the robbers' muddy feet was found on the fence, and the inference is that they stopped there for a conference. From this point the trail led direct to Otterville, where all trace was lost.

After consultation the pursuing party divided itself, as all the indications led to the belief that the robbers had come and struck off in a northerly direction across the country, while two others had gone directly south. As to what became of the remaining two nothing is known. At this juncture Walter Monroe, a local farmer, a piece of brown paper neatly folded up. An inspection showed that it was the wrapper of a package that was taken from Messenger Avery. It was addressed to J. W. Gilbert, Nebraska City, Neb., and was from S. A. Rilder & Co., wholesale jewelers, 708 and 710 Washington avenue. It bore the stamp of the money order department of the Pacific and United States Express Company, St. Louis, and judging from its size it contained silver plate of some description. A few feet from where the wrapper was discovered the imprint of the robbers' muddy feet was found on the fence, and the inference is that they stopped there for a conference. From this point the trail led direct to Otterville, where all trace was lost.

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