

### If I Were Fair.

If I were fair!  
If I had little hands and slender feet,  
If to my cheeks the color rich and sweet  
Came at a word and faded at a frown;  
If I had clinging curls of burnish'd brown  
If I had glowing eyes aglow with smiles,  
And girlish limbs, and pretty girlish wiles—  
If I were fair, Love would not turn aside,  
Life's path, so narrow, would be broad and wide.

### If I were fair!

Perhaps like other maidens I might hold  
A true heart's store of tried and tested gold,  
Love wait on beauty, though sweet love  
Obeys  
The mystic witchery of her sky ways,  
If I were fair my years would seem so few;  
Life would unfold sweet pictures to my view.

### If I were fair!

Perhaps the baby, with a scream of joy,  
To clasp my neck would throw away its toy,  
And hide its dimples in my shining hair,  
Bewildered by the maze of glory there!  
But now—O! shadow of a young girl's face;  
Uncolor'd lips that pale's cold fingers trace;  
You will not blame the child whose wee  
Hands close,

### If I were fair!

Not on the blighted bud, but on the rose  
So rich and fair.

### If I were fair!

Of just a little fair, with some soft tones  
About my face to glorify it much!  
If no one should my presence or my kiss,  
My heart would almost break beneath its bliss.

'Tis said each pilgrim shall attain his goal,  
And perfect light shall fall each blinded soul,  
When day's flush merges in sunset's bars,  
And night is here, and then beyond the stars

### I shall be fair!

—[Edith Rutter, in the London Spectator.

## A MORNING GLORY.

Once upon a time, somewhere, in Somebody's garden, there grew a Morning Glory vine. Nobody knew how it came there, for no one had planted it, but it was a pretty little thing, with green hearts for leaves and cunning little pale-green curls here and there upon its fuzzy stem.

She wanted to get off the ground where she had been all of her short life, so she crept slowly along to find something to take hold of that she might climb high up into the bright sunlight. She put out her tender tendrils and felt carefully along, for she was blind, poor little thing, and could not see where she was going.

As she reached out she felt something hard. "Ah, perhaps this is something high," thought the Morning Glory, so she crawled up the side quite to the top, but she was not high at all—not much higher than the ground—for it was only a small stone that she had found; so she sadly crept back down the other side, and she lay there quite discouraged.

There was an old man who used to take care of Somebody's garden, and he saw this plant growing there and groping about for a support, so he fastened a string from a peg stuck into the ground up to Somebody's window sill, and then he quite forgot all about it.

The next morning the Morning Glory felt more cheerful, and she started upon her search again. She had not far to go this time, because the kind old man had fastened the peg very near to where she lay; so she reached about with caution to avoid another stone, and took hold of the string.

The poor, sightless little thing did not know that the old man had put it there for her, but somehow she felt that it would lead her where she wished to go—up toward the beautiful blue sky and the great golden sun.

So she climbed along the string slowly at first, then faster each day as she began to know the way, until, like Jack's bean stalk, she had reached the window sill.

Now, Somebody, the person who owned the garden was ill; so that he had to stay always in his room with an ugly black bandage over his eyes, and the doctors feared that he might never see again.

He was very unhappy, and was often—oh, so very!—cross and the servants quite feared him when he spoke to them in a harsh and authoritative voice.

He had no relatives, and he lived quite alone in his great house, with many people to wait upon him and with ever so much money to buy things to make him happy. But the things that one buys do not always make one happy, and he was terribly wretched in his big fine house.

One morning he groped his way to the open window and put his hand out upon the side of the frame, and he felt a little, sharp nail. Now, if he had been gentle the nail would not have hurt him, for it was a harmless little thing; but he made a rough, impatient movement, and it caught his finger and bruised it a little.

This made Somebody very angry,

and he said some very unpleasant things about the person who dared to put a nail outside his window, and he felt about very cautiously this time, to find the nail once more, that he might tear it out.

So he moved his hand slowly along upon the sill, and the Morning Glory was reaching her little hand about there at the same time, and their two hands met.

One did not look at all like a hand, but it was one just the same, and the little green hand grasped the great white one and they seemed to know and to understand each other at once, for the little green hand said to the large white one very tenderly, "Oh! so you are blind, too? I am so sorry!"

The great hand did not try to find the nail after that; it just touched the Morning Glory with a soft caress and two great drops fell upon her leaves. They felt strangely and not at all like the cool rain drops which sometimes watered the Morning Glory, and something told her that these drops were tears.

Now, after this, these two—Somebody and the Morning Glory—grow to love each other very dearly, and each day they would feel about for one another, and the dainty Morning Glory would nestle against his bearded cheek, and Somebody would pet her and stroke her leaves very gently.

And the cheerful hopefulness of the little green plant helped Somebody to be a little bit hopeful, too. You see it was harder for him, for he had not always been blind, while she had never seen and was so used to it that now she hardly minded it at all.

One morning the Morning Glory brought her friend a surprise. She had kept it a secret all the while, and now she proudly put a great beautiful pink blossom into his hand. He could not see that it was pink, but he felt that it was lovely, and he kissed the pretty flower and murmured, "You little beauty," and that made the Morning Glory very happy, for all mothers dearly love to have their babies admired, you know.

And the next morning Somebody had a surprise for the Morning Glory. That was a secret, too. No one knew it yet but the doctor, and Somebody drew the little Morning Glory close to his lips and whispered it into her ear. Then the little green hand twined about the great white one and this is what it said: "I am so glad that you are not going to be blind any more." And Somebody understood it, and the Morning Glory again felt two great, warm drops, which she knew to be tears; but they were not bitter, like the first ones; they were very sweet, because they were tears of joy.

After this somebody went away and was gone a long time. The weeks passed and he did not return, and the little Morning Glory was very sad; she felt hurt that he had left her so suddenly, and with no word of adieu.

Everything was in a state of great bustle and preparation all over the place. Little Morning Glory could hear them hammering and running about, and she felt that something was going to happen. Once she caught the word "bride," and something told her what it all meant, and a little jealous pain went through her heart, for she had once overheard the housemaid telling the cook that all men were fickle, and that when they were away from one they never thought of one at all, and were taken up with whoever were nearest them, and the cook had agreed fully with all that the housemaid had said, and the cook knew men if anyone did, she said.

So little Morning Glory hung her leaves in sadness and quite forgot to feel proud of her pretty pink babies—for there were a great many of them now.

Once she felt something tug at her roots and a rough hand grasped her; then a kind voice said: "Don't touch that; master loved the little vine and it must be left as it is." Oh! how relieved little Morning Glory felt at these words. She reached out and tried to touch the speaker, but the maid hurried away and never saw the little green hands at all.

Soon the nights began to be chilly and one by one her babies left her and fluttered to the ground, and she herself grew pale and felt very weak and ill, and she feared that she was going to die. How she wished that Somebody would come back; she feared he would be too late.

One morning she heard the window open, and Somebody again stood there; there was some one with him now, a beautiful lady, and he held her in his arms and called her "Sweet-heart." In his new happiness he had quite forgotten his little friend; and Morning Glory's heart ached as she

remembered what the maid had told the cook.

Just then Somebody looked out and saw poor little Morning Glory with her leaves all faded and brown, and he reproached himself because he had not thought of her before.

"Here, dearest," he said to the lady, "this is the little friend I told you of," and he laid the withered little stem in the lady's delicate hand.

A glad thrill ran through the Morning Glory and she dropped sixty tiny seeds into the soft open palm; then as the wind swept around the corner a sudden shudder seized her, and little Morning Glory was dead.

"See, my pet," said Somebody, pointing to the little black seeds, "that means good luck: it is her gift to the bride."

And the beautiful lady smiled, and she put the seeds in a little box, saying, "Next year we will have another Morning Glory vine there just like the old one."

"No," said Somebody, "never one quite like that, for that one was like a little friend; it really seemed to understand me. But, then, I don't need any one to understand me now, for I have you," and again the lady was folded in a loving embrace and Somebody kissed her softly.—[Chicago Times.

### The Eloped with Indians.

The discussion resulting from the finding of some old vaults at the corner of Broad and High streets, Cincinnati, where workmen were digging for the foundation of a new building, has revived some romantic history of the ante-emption days.

The story is that of the elopement of two daughters of Col. R. M. Johnson, Vice-President of the United States under Van Buren. Johnson had established near his home in Kentucky a school for Indians, and as Cupid's darts were quite as erratic in their flight then as now, the two girls became enamored of two young Indians who were attending the school, and planned an elopement. They escaped to Cincinnati, and from there they made their way to Columbus by a rapid coach.

John Kerr, an old resident, remembers the details distinctly. He says that when the party arrived in Cincinnati they stopped at the old National Hotel, standing where the Neil House is now located. After a short stop here the eloping party continued their journey east. They had not been gone more than two hours, however, before some of Colonel Johnson's men came riding fast from Cincinnati in pursuit of them. Securing fresh horses here, the pursuers pressed on and overtook the eloping party near St. Clairsville, where the Indians escaped, but the men succeeded in bringing the Johnson girls back.

On their return they stopped over the first night at Columbus, and the girls were locked up in a rear room on the second floor of the old National Hotel. During the night they managed to escape from a window to the kitchen roof and thence to the ground. One of the girls, Parthena Johnson, was finally recaptured in a thicket northeast of the town, and placed for temporary safe-keeping in the old Gay street jail. She was finally taken back to Kentucky. Cassie was never captured. Mr. Kerr, who tells the story, says that he saw her a year or more afterward employed as a waitress in a hotel at Lower Sandusky, now Fremont. Colonel Johnson was a historic character. He is supposed to have killed the Indian Chief Tecumseh, and is gratefully remembered in Kentonky as the author of the law abolishing imprisonment for debt.—[Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

### Effects of Injuries.

A delicate woman will sometimes arrive injuries that would lay out your six footer, says a noted surgeon. A large number of these people who live to a ripe old age have one foot in the grave from their very infancy, while others, who are perfect paragons of health and strength, are swept away by the first breath of disease. I was sitting in my office one day when a drunken day laborer walked in swinging one arm with the hand of the other. It had been cut off by an engine, and he picked it up and walked unassisted to my office for repairs. That same day I was sent for to attend a man who had a finger nail crushed off and was lying in a dead faint. I was once called on by a hotel porter who had a hole as large as a half dollar crushed in his skull by a slugshot. I dressed the wound, and he went to a dance that night and thrashed the fellow who had slugged him. The wound which scarcely discommoded him would have proved fatal to nineteen men out of twenty.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## LATE TELEGRAPHIC TICKS

### FROM MANY POINTS.

Important News Items Received as We Go to Press.

#### Fires

A half million dollar fire occurred at Albany, N. Y. The principal losers, all of whom are well insured, are: The Middle Dutch Church, \$75,000; Lyon's State Printing House, \$30,000; Williams Printing Company, \$100,000; building in the rear of Columbia Hotel, \$6,000; Hotel Germania damaged \$2,000.

At Tekoa, Wash., nine business blocks were burned. Loss, \$40,000.

The house of Mr. Craven, at Ashbourne, near Philadelphia, was burned by the street.

At Marengo, Ill., a business block in the center of the city. Loss, \$20,000; insurance, \$8,000.

At Columbia, Mo., the Herald office. Loss \$20,000, partially insured.

At Little Falls, N. J., James Edge's trunk factory, loss \$25,000. The proprietor was burned to death, and it is supposed that he fired the building with suicidal intent.

At Croton Falls, N. Y., E. S. Storr's saw-mills. Loss, \$50,000.

At St. Petersburg, Pa., the Opera House was struck by lightning and set on fire. The usual supply of water was available, but as most of the people were in attendance at the Greenville fair the flames could not be checked until the twenty houses, which constituted the principal part of the town, had been destroyed. Loss, \$250,000.

At Redfield, Ark., the whole village was almost consumed, the fire originating in a barn where tramps had been sleeping.

A large section northwest of Miller, S. D., was swept by fire and hundreds of tons of hay burned.

At Bucconche, N. B., fifty-seven houses and stores. The fire is supposed to have been incendiary. More than half the town is wiped out, including every store except one. Loss, \$100,000.

#### Capital, Labor and Industrial.

The locked-out furniture workers at Cincinnati received word that the Globe Furniture Company had agreed to give its employees 10 hours' pay for 9 hours' work, and allow piece workers an increase of 10 per cent. over the present scale. Stille & Duhmeier, Keyser, Hank & Co., Howerman & Co., and the Brunswick-Fairbanks-Coleman Company have agreed to the same terms. Twenty-five firms still refuse to sign the scale.

The Cincinnati Furniture Workers' strike has assumed a National character. The International Union will concentrate efforts at this point. Benefits for strikers have been increased and the latter claim they can hold out for a year.

The Thompson glass works at Uniontown, Pa., started up after a shut down of nearly three years.

Disasters, Accidents and Fatalities.  
Frank Walters and his wife attempted to drive over the Woodward street crossing at Columbus, O., ahead of a "Big 4" passenger train. Both were killed, as were also the horses they drove.

By the explosion of a boiler at Casson's factory, Clayton, Del., Oliver Brown, John Hart and Jacob Kerchey were probably fatally injured.

#### Crime and Penalties.

Solomon Johnston, who had been serving a sentence of two years and eight months in Auburn prison, N. Y., was murdered by a fellow convict named William G. Taylor.

#### Political.

The S. C. Democratic State convention nominated for Governor, Benjamin Ryan Tillman; and for Lieutenant Governor, Eugene R. Gary.

#### Congressional Nominations.

David Mercer was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Second Omaha district.

The Democrats of the Sixth Louisiana district renominated S. M. Robertson for Congress.

The Fifth Texas district Republicans have endorsed the People's party nominee for Congress, Mr. Horner.

The Republicans of the Fourth Wisconsin Congressional district nominated Theobald Otter, and the People's party in the same district nominated Theodore Fritz.

The Republicans of the Fourth New Jersey district have nominated Benjamin F. Hawley for Congress.

Over 200 telegraph operators on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern railroad went on a strike for higher wages and adjustment of grievances.

J. J. McIntosh, Democratic candidate for Congress in the sixth Nebraska district, has withdrawn, finding that he is not a citizen.

#### A Clever Swindle.

"There are men who will do anything for money but earn it," observed a traveler. "I thought I was familiar with all the tricks of fakedom, but a new one was sprung on me the other day. I was coming out of Des Moines on the east-bound train, and just as we cleared the city limits the engineer discovered a man lying on the track. He slowed up and the conductor went forward to see what was the matter. The fellow said he lived in Chicago, was out of money, out of work, was sick and tired of tramping and wanted to die. The conductor told him to get aboard and he would give him a lift of a few miles. He did so, and of course it once became an object of interest to the passengers. A dapper young fellow in a silk surtiple was deeply interested, and took up a collection for the unfortunate, heading the list with a \$5 bill. Everybody gave something, and \$40 or \$50 was raised. I have since discovered that the would-be suicide and the dapper young fellow were pals. It was a smooth swindle."

#### Two California Machines.

Two California inventors have devised a toll-collecting apparatus for telephones. It consists of the usual coin-in-the-slot device, with the addition of a clockwork apparatus that automatically cuts out the telephone when the time for talk has expired.

## PENNSYLVANIA PICKINGS.

### SOME IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS

Of Interest to Dwellers in the Keystone State.

#### A BOY'S CRIME.

HE SEES FIRE TO HIS SISTER'S DRESS AND CAUSES HER DEATH.

Grace Gould, a 6-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, of Macon, was burned to death Monday. Mrs. Gould sent Grace and her brother George, who is about 10 years old, to their coal mine near by to get some coal, and before they returned George set his little sister's clothes on fire with the pit lamp. He declared before he left that he would burn her. The little girl died a few hours after in great agony. Before she died she told her parents that George set her clothes on fire and then left her.

#### THE NEW BALLOT FORMS SENT OUT.

The revised form of the official ballot was issued from the State Department at Harrisburg. The change is in accordance with the Attorney General's recommendations. The Secretary of State gives notice to county commissioners in a circular letter accompanying copies of the ballot, that the forms that were sent out in March are to be entirely disregarded. The tickets are arranged under three heads—"Republican," "Democratic" and "By Nomination Papers." The prohibition candidates coming under the latter head. Another column is left blank for names not printed in the ballot.

#### PAPERERS CANNOT VOTE.

The application of Daniel McConnell, an inmate of the almshouse at Hollidaysburg, to have his name placed on the voters register, was denied in court. The court held that paupers are not entitled to franchise.

At Johnstown, Mrs. Thomas Larkin was fatally injured by the explosion that followed when she threw a bottle of alcohol in the stove.

Five horses were burned in the barn belonging to the Stieritz heirs at Carlisle, together with stock and farming implements. Loss of \$5,000.

Edward Perrett, of Mt. Pleasant, while aimlessly handling a revolver, accidentally shot and killed a companion, Michael Flannigan.

Jesse K. Thompson, of Coatesville, aged 82, residing near Downingtown, threw himself in front of a leading engine and was mangled to death.

By a decree of the Beaver county court the name of the town of Phillipsburg, Beaver county, has been changed to Monaca, to agree with the recently adopted name of the postoffice there.

Isaac Haffer, of Beaver Falls, was killed at Shannopin by a train on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie.

The long-continued drought in Washington county has made it necessary for the Washington Water Company to shut off its supply to consumers.

Up to date there have been over 250 foreigners naturalized at the September term of court at Uniontown.

Four Italians residing at Wampum, near Beaver Falls, drank freely from a keg of beer and subsequently became deathly sick. An examination of the keg disclosed in the inside the dead body of a rattlesnake. The men will recover.

The Ohio authorities to-day stationed quarantine officers at Smith's Ferry. They have built a hospital there for any possible case of cholera.

Frank Labor, a resident of Hanthorn, a suburb of Irwin, was killed by a fall of slate. He was 50 years old and married.

A horse took fright near Fairbanks, the occupants of the buggy, to which he was attached, being thrown out. Laura Lytle was killed and Henry Waddle fatally injured.

At New Castle on Saturday a committee in lunacy in the case of Farmer Adams, who was convicted of placing ties on the Ft. Wayne railroad, decided that Adams is suffering from acute insanity.

The Washington Review and Economist, owned by James H. Hopkins, has suspended publication.

The Washington Glass Company, of Washington, have decided to remove its bottle works to Indiana, where free gas is offered.

## PROMINENT PEOPLE.

STANLEY has somewhat retired from the public gaze since his political defeat.

It is said to be the old night when Gladstone is found out of bed after 9 o'clock.

LONDON photographers cannot meet the demand for the pictures of a "Buffalo Bill."

The Prince of Wales's gray hair is imitated by his male admirers, who gaily powder theirs.

It is denied that Emperor William, of Germany, is likely to visit the World's Fair in Chicago.

WHITTIER was held in high esteem in England, and the press comments on his career as an ecologist.

The estate of the late Daniel Dougherty, the "davy-toned" orator, of Philadelphia, is valued at \$100,000.

The nineteenth anniversary of the birth of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, was fittingly celebrated at Budapest.

The Czar's personal expenses are \$6,000,000 a year, which is \$6,300,000 more than Russia's annual appropriation for common schools.

The Sultan of Morocco owns the most expensive bicycle, the whole of the framework of which is nickel plated, and which cost him \$3000.

THE Hon. Hugh McCulloch enjoys the distinction of being the only man who has twice held the office of Secretary of the United States Treasury.

LLEW LLEWYNO, an eminent Welsh poet, musician and litterateur, has, it is said, been compelled in his old age to seek the shelter of the St. Asaph Workhouse.

COLONEL E. F. TALLAFERRO, formerly a lawyer of Alabama, has settled in New York City, where his acquaintance at the bar will hardly be disputed. He is six feet 5 1/2 inches in height.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, author of many military novels; R. H. Savage, who wrote "My Official Wife," and Professor Arthur S. Hardy, writer of "But Yet a Woman" and other books, were all caulked together at West Point in 1865.

The beautiful and daring young wife of Lieutenant Perry, who braved the rigors and perils of a winter in the Arctic regions, and the civilized woman who has been nearer the north pole than has any other of her sex and culture, is said to be only about twenty-three years of age.

CAPTAIN THOMAS J. SPENCER, late of the United States Army, and now employed in the Pension Office at Washington, had as varied an experience during the war, probably, as any other Union soldier. He was present in forty-five battles, was captured three times and escaped twice, and saw the inside of seven Confederate prisons.

## ONE DAY'S AWFUL RECORD

### THREE FRIGHTFUL DISASTERS

On as Many Different Roads. 18 People Killed, and Many More Seriously Hurt. Western Villains Wreck a Train to Rob It of \$1,000,000, But Do Not Get the Money.

A railroad collision, in which 10 lives are known to have been lost, and probably 12, and several persons injured, occurred early Wednesday morning on the Fort Wayne road, a short distance west of Shreve, O. The Fort Wayne day express, No. 8, and the first section of freight No. 75, going in opposite directions, crashed into each other. The blame of the accident rests on the crew of the freight, who criminally disregarded instructions given them. The list of dead is as follows:

C. Smith, fireman of passenger train, resided at Crestline, O.; W. E. Hammond, fireman of freight train, resided in Allegheny, Pa.; A. E. Glenn, brakeman on freight, resided in Allegheny, Pa.; S. N. Ja-kson, express messenger, residence unknown; G. O. Mann, postal clerk, resided in Chicago; H. A. Breen, postal clerk, resided in Columbus, O.; D. E. Reese, postal clerk, resided in Beaver Falls, Pa.; J. D. Patterson, postal clerk, resided in Massillon, O., and an unknown woman and little girl, supposed to be from Alliance, O. In addition to these there are two women whose supposed residence is Epsville, Pa., who are reported missing.

The injured are: Frank Burk, of Crestline, O.; Joseph Ade, of Upper Sandusky, O.; G. O. Storkman, a lad of the South Side, Pittsburg, D. D.; Robert, of Mahoningtown, Pa.; W. H. Brown, of Huntington, Ind.;—Jankolek, of Massillon, O.; M. Armstrong, of Lakesville, Ind.; J. Ernest, Millville, N. J.; Baggage-master Williamson; S. H. Comings, of St. Joe, Mich.

A TERRIBLE BLENDER.  
O. D. Conklin, of Allegheny, conductor of the freight and his engineer, A. Bradley, had instructions to hold their train at the west end of the Millbrook siding, about two miles this side of the scene of the collision until passenger trains No. 2, No. 5 and No. 8, and several freight trains going east had passed. All had gone by except No. 8, which was an hour and a half late. How the freight conductor or engineer happened to disregard orders and start out has not been developed according to information obtained from the office of Superintendent Starr and probably will not be known till brought out at the Coroner's inquest. There is no question, however, but that the freight people had proper instructions.

The collision occurred on a curve in a shallow gully, on a grade down which the heavy express of 14 cars was rushing at the rate of 45 miles an hour. The crash was a fearful one. The engines met, recoiled, crashed together, the freight train fell over to one side. Four empty freight cars went on top of them, and the mail, baggage, two express and smoking cars of the express piled up on these. Fire broke out at once and added to the horrible situation.

The passengers injured were in a passenger coach in the rear of the smoker, with which it partially telescoped. All of the baggage, mail and express matter were destroyed by fire.

O. I. Wallinber, of Chicago, was in one of the sleepers. He was partially awake at the time, and feeling the shock thought the train had left the track. Then the conductors and porters hurried through, arousing the people and advising them to dress.

Mr. Wallinber was among the first out and noticing the rapidly with which the flames were making headway, realized that, unless something was speedily done, the entire train would be consumed. Raising his voice, he called on the male passengers to help him get the uninjured portion of the train back. This was after it had been found impossible to save or rescue any of those imprisoned in the mass of wreckage, the heat of the flames having driven all back.

While the trainmen hurried to guard the front and rear from further collisions, the passengers managed to unscramble the pay car, which was the last car of the train, and, with their shoulders to the platforms and sides, pushed it back. Then the heavy Pullmans were one by one pushed back in like manner. At this work was done by the lurid glare of the burning pile, a veritable infernal pyre. All the bodies but those of the three women and the little girl, names unknown, had been recovered, when the passengers were removed from the scene, but all of the bodies recovered were disfigured by the flames.

TRAIN WRECKERS' HEADLY WORK.  
One of the most destructive train wrecks in the history of the Atchison road took place two and one-half miles west of Osage City, Kansas, on Wednesday morning. It was the work of train wreckers whose object was robbery. Following are the killed: Edward Mayer, engineer, of Topeka; Thomas Chaddicks, fireman, of Topeka;—Bloomsdale, express guard; Frank Baxter, express messenger, of Kansas City. Twenty-two persons were more or less seriously injured.

The train was the Missouri river night express, from Denver to San Francisco. In the express car there was \$1,000,000, which was being shipped by the Mexican Central Railroad Company to its general offices in Boston. The object of the wreckers was not accomplished, owing to the manner in which the wreck occurred. The train was in general confusion. So high was the wreckage heaped, that it was literally impossible to find the locomotive, let alone the treasure box.

Several passengers say that they saw several men running for the brush nearby immediately after the disaster. Officers are scouring the country in search of the wreckers.

A COLLISION NEAR FLORIN, PA.  
A collision occurred on the Mount Joy branch of the Pennsylvania railroad, near Florin, Pa. Between the Philadelphia express east bound, and the Pacific express west bound, resulting in the death of Fireman William Colwell, aged 33 years, of Philadelphia, and the maiming of several others.

The Jews Growing in Numbers.  
The Jews, says a foreign correspondent, are much more numerous and wealthy to-day than ever before in the history of the world. In the days of the greatest prosperity and power of the Jewish kingdom under David and Solomon, they probably did not number, all told, more than 5,000,000. Now there are many, many more than that—a million, settled in Syria, Persia, Arabia, India and China. Perhaps half a million more are to be found in Africa, chiefly in Morocco, the descendants of those Jews who, in the year of Columbus' discovery of America, were expelled from Spain. A considerable contingent is to be found in America. But the chief modern home of the Jews is in Eastern and Central Europe, where they settled in the days of the crusades. At one time the Kingdom of Poland contained nine-tenths of all the Jews in the world. Two years ago there were in the Russian Empire, chiefly in its Polish provinces, fully 5,000,000 Jews. In the Polish provinces of Austria there are 2,000,000. In Germany 750,000, and in the United States 1,000,000.