



VOL. VI.

MONTEREY, HIGHLAND COUNTY, VA., OCTOBER 13, 1893.

JANET LEE

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Whereupon all listened attentively as he read from a book quoted every hour in the day by a people so perplexed, victims to doubt and gross superstitions. In a time of the greatest perplexity ever experienced by a sober-living, law-abiding community, horrible stories of witchcraft circulated. Nowhere was there so much fear and trembling as in Salem—nowhere in Massachusetts was there such dread and apprehension as in Salem, where John Lee's wife pleaded for light and wiser counsel, and the peace and good-will that comes of understanding. His voice was tremulous at times as he read and commented upon the words of consolation forming the very fountain of Christianity. The sweet charity illustrated moved his wife and daughter deeply. The fervor of his spirit communicated itself to them, and when he closed the book, saying, "Let us pray," even Ann Bigger was subdued as she knelt.

At the time I write of—1802—when New England was convulsed with the delusion of witchcraft, there was a pond, known as Wilkins' Pond, near one of the hills familiar to the people of Salem. Wilks, Solomon, Smiths, Afford (or Cherry), and Bill Hills were localities known to young and old. One of them was afterward known as Witch Hill. Several persons convicted of witchcraft were condemned and mounted the scaffold on Witch Hill in the presence of a great multitude.

Wills' Hill was a locality avoided after sunset. Stories related with bated breath by certain gossip who fanned the blaze of excitement narrating their own and neighbors' experiences, rendered Wills' Hill a very undesirable locality after nightfall. Wilkins' Pond speedily acquired an evil reputation from the same cause.

In the days when the early inhabitants of Salem were compelled to defend themselves from the Indians, a stout frame structure termed a lookout was erected on the side of Wills' Hill opposite the town. This structure, fallen into disuse and decay, was now dreaded as much as though it were the "tole of the evil ones." Stories were told of the evil spirits who dwelled between the old hut and Wilkins' Pond.

Some there were who proposed burning the hut, but no one had the courage to carry out this terrible resolve. It stood unharmed until the events I am relating caused the people to destroy it. They realized then that the hut was an evidence of their terrible superstition.

The old lookout had two openings, one near each end. It was built on a little ridge, or bench, forming an easy and natural path, but for all that, neither man nor woman nor animal approached it. Only the night birds and bats found shelter in it.

The events that succeeded the incidents related are so closely connected with the old hut on Wills' Hill that I have been thus particular in describing a locality which became the subject of much speculation and proved all potent in shaping the views of the superstitions.

CHAPTER IX.

ON WILLS' HILL.

The same evening that Arthur Proctor made his hurried visit to the home of John Lee, and a little while after her father concluded family worship, Janet Lee crept stealthily from her father's house and walked away swiftly in the darkness. She walked directly to Wills' Hill. At times she paused and listened intently to assure herself that she was not followed. At length she reached the old hut, but spite of her precautions, one followed her whose keen vision and cunning excelled his courage so far that, when he realized that he stood on the summit of Wills' Hill, a cold sweat broke out on his face and hands.

"If it were not for Ann Bigger," said Ezra Easty to himself, "I paid homeward. A cricket chirping caused him to bound. He trembled and shook and peered about him. "I might have known better than to have followed Janet to this witch's revel. None but those if I return safe never will I invite the anger of the witches again."

His teeth were chattering as he peered about him. "She came this way, but where has she gone?"

The cricket chirped again and the spy trembled in mortal fear. "If I go back to Ann Bigger as I came I'll never have done laughing at me for—"

Abat, whirling, struck his cheek, and Ezra Easty fell prone on the earth, where he lay with his face to the ground. As he lay thus a figure stole cautiously from one end of the hut. As Janet Lee stood motionless, listening to the beating of her heart, she heard a sound like a foot-fall.

She disappeared in the hut again as another figure appeared at the other end of the hut. Janet stood irresolutely at the entrance, pressing a hand over her heart to still its throbbing. Gathering courage, she moved slowly along the outside of the hut, until her hand came in contact with another hand. Recoiling, she darted into the hut again. In some time the figure re-appeared at the other end of the hut. Then Ezra Easty found his voice as he grasped the newcomer, exclaiming:

"I have you now, Miss Janet! What brings you to Wills' Hill at this hour with cake and milk, when you should be at home? Come here, you should be a bride!"

The figure resisted, the cake was a bribe, and Ezra Easty grasped the air with one hand, and rubbed an ear with the other. The blow he received on the side of the head stunned him. Then he felt something on his arm; he felt it with his fingers carefully, held it up, and it fluttered in the air.

"This will tell you brings cake and milk to Wills' Hill," he said, as he cast a terrified look about him. Then he shivered; an agony of terror overpowered him; he felt as though he were sinking to the earth. But he rallied, and with a hoarse cry for "Help!" sped homeward as fast as his feet could carry him.

He was running for his life when he stumbled against a man who was walking quietly along the road.

"What! Thief! Robber! Stand back!" "I am no robber, sir. I am but a poor apprentice, sir. I would not harm—"

"This is a long story. I must not stop. I must go home at once."

"At least, you can tell me where you have been?" "I come from the devil's own field— from Wills' Hill—but nothing! not all the money in Salem could tempt me to go there again."

"Aye—and pray what were you doing on Wills' Hill?" "Well, if you must know, 'twas Ann Bigger made me go to watch our Janet."

"Do not trifle with me. If you lie to me, Ezra Easty, you know it will not mend matters."

"I am not lying. I came straight from Wills' Hill."

"And what saw you there?" "I saw nothing, only I know I followed our Janet there. Yes, I'll swear it."

"This is a grave charge, Ezra."

"Aye, is it—but here's what will prove it true."

He held up a kerchief. Giles Ellis felt it carefully, then returned it.

"I took that from her before she got away."

"A fine story. How could a girl run away from a lad as strong as you?"

"There were more than Janet there. A dozen witches, I'll swear, tossed me to and fro, then struck me a blow that felled me to the ground. But I must hasten home."

"Stay! I command you to stand where you are. I will have a word with the Marshal on this before you go to John Lee's again. If it is true—"

"I am ready to make oath to it," said Ezra.

"Very well," said Giles Ellis, "then come with me first."

As they walked on side by side, Giles Ellis smiled wickedly. His innermost thought was: "All things work to my advantage."

CHAPTER X.

THE THUNDERBOLT.

John Lee laid aside his book and looked at his wife, who was knitting beside the fire. Ann Bigger was folding a large patch for a quilt, apparently oblivious to all the world but the piece of cloth she held in her hands.

The family were up later than usual. It seemed as if the members of this family of late deferred their lying down till the last minute.

"Go to bed, as well to bed," said John Lee, at last, sighing wearily. "Where is Ezra? He is heeded? It is time we were all abed," he added, glancing at the clock. "Where is Janet?"

"Here, father," Janet answered, entering at that moment. She was trembling, but her father did not observe her. Neither did he notice her voice, which was tremulous. He looked closely at his daughter but could not have failed to observe evidences of extraordinary excitement. That he did not remark this was evidence to her of the hold of care which oppressed him, as he retired with a heavier step than usual. Minutes followed him, first changing Janet to obey her father promptly, as the night was wearing on.

"In a little while, mother—I will not be long," answered Janet.

Ann Bigger looked askance at her, and Janet looked squarely in the servant's face. Then Ann Bigger made a pretense of bustling about, Janet sat down and folded her hands in her lap. At last Ann Bigger, seeing Janet sitting motionless with a great flourishing of her skirts left the room.

Still Janet sat thinking. Five, ten minutes elapsed. Then Janet rose, walked softly past the window two or three times, and then a light placed it where it could be seen plainly from the outside.

Presently a light tap came at the door. Janet opened it and her lover entered.

"I have been waiting this half hour or more."

"Nay, you but think so."

"Are they all abed?" "Ezra is not in."

"I thought I stumbled against him a while ago. I was not mistaken. Janet, I like him not."

"Nor does any like him—unless it be Ann Bigger, who makes him fetch and carry for her. What news, Arthur? I see it in your face. It is bad news."

Her lover smiled faintly.

"I have so much to tell that is like the ravings of madmen that I will not burden you with it, even if I had taxed my memory with it, which I did not. 'Tis even said some one of this family has been seen near Wilkins' Pond, and some one going near Wills' Hill, where strange sights and sounds have terrified many."

"Aye, such as loving of cows, barking of dogs and bleating of sheep," said Janet, scornfully. "Is it Abigail Williams and Ann Putnam who tell these stories? It is as likely as anything such children can say or invent."

"I would think less if the children said it."

"Well, well. Their talk is at least better than the prattle of the poor babe, little Mary Lewis, who is but three years old and held in jail as a witness against her own mother. Have our people lost their senses, Arthur Proctor, that such things can be believed?"

"They have lost their hearts as well," said her lover gloomily. "They seem to have turned to stone."

The lovers were so deeply absorbed that they took no notice of the face that looked at them through the window. "Who of us is accused, Arthur, or who is at the bottom of these stories concerning us?"

"If my tongue is tied," Arthur Proctor answered, "it is because I would not knowingly do any man injustice."

"That is enough. It is Giles Ellis you suspect."

"What a trifle to make a talk about, John, as if a few cakes were worth all this ado."

"There is something in this I will fathom ere I go to bed," John Lee spoke resolutely. Then fixing his eyes upon his apprentice he asked him: "Who stole the bread and milk, Ezra Easty? Answer me."

"'Twas your own daughter Janet there, as Ann Bigger will prove. She saw her take them, and I followed her."

"And where did you follow her, and when?" "To Wills' Hill, within this hour, since we had served."

"What proof have you of this?" "When I told her to come home with me, and caught hold of her, she ran away, leaving this in my hand."

The apprentice held up a kerchief in his hand, Dorothea Lee suspected an excruciating pain as she looked at her daughter. Janet in her turn cast a terrified look upon her mother, who was the first to break the overpowering silence which followed the apprentice's bold speech.

"Stay, John," she began, but suddenly Janet darted between the Marshal and Ezra, and snatching the kerchief from him, exclaimed:

"'Babbler! what if it is mine?" "Dorothea! what if it is mine?" she heard her voice of the Marshal rang in her ears.

"Janet Lee, I must take you into custody until you disprove the charge of witchcraft!"

Arthur Proctor raised a hand as though he would strike the girl, but she turned and fled at the sight. John Lee involuntarily raised his eyes to heaven, and his wife fainted dead away.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PURSE.

There was a goodly number in the Globe Inn. The inn was freshened up—it looked smarter. It was remarked that Daniel Meade was never as cheerful or even tempered as he was in the past. But people said it was not much wonder. The fate that had overtaken his son, and under his father's roof, was sufficient to cast a shadow over Daniel Meade's life.

There were times when he gave rein to merriment, but, somehow, the frequent visits of the inn liked him less in these moods than when he was sober.

Grizzle Meade was the genius of the inn. It was Grizzle who smartened it up, and was assiduous in her attentions to the customers. The Globe Inn, from a dull and despondent place, smartly became the most popular resort near or in Salem.

There was a cheerful fire, and half a dozen customers sitting around it, when Arthur Proctor, who rarely visited the inn, entered it one evening. Grizzle Meade was waiting upon the customers. The landlord was looking out of the window. Giles Ellis was talking in low tones to a man whose face was strange to Proctor. Giles was in the shadow of the great chimney, where he commanded a view of all in the room. He affected not to perceive Proctor, who sat down in the full light of the fire, and called for some wine. It was Grizzle Meade's hand that served him. A sailor sitting near him, after turning to look at the newcomer, faced his companion again, slapped a hand upon his thigh, and, as if pursuing the theme discussed, said:

"Mayhap you can tell me something. Since I've come ashore, I'm all at sea. I hear so much about it, I've lost my reckoning. I don't see any compass to be by. What with those tales of witches, why, it's ten times worse than any yarns I ever heard in the 'ole."

The sailor drank, looked into his measure, then observing the uncertainty in his companion's face continued:

"Don't be alarmed, I'm a simple fellow to me. I've heard my father, who fought the Indians, say this John Lee is a goodish sort of man. Now, I've been abroad these four years, where the bone and gristle of a man tells. How? Why, how then but when a man stands by his mates in a pinch, and my father told me John Lee was a man to stand by his mates through thick and thin. I've no liking for the other sort, but since I've been here these three days I've found a ship's crew of milk-and-water fellows that scarcely speak above their breath. More—there's enough to man a boat—all speaking in whispers and nodding—making noises, as if they had fed on something that soured on their stomachs. Tell me, mate, why is it that never a man opens his mouth to answer me when I ask, 'What's this proof against John Lee?' or 'Has no one a word for John Lee?' I say, mate, must a man's wife—child of his bone—all hang by and nobody dare say a word. I'd bet get to my ship lest somebody takes hold of me."

"John Lee is not without friends," said Arthur Proctor, quietly, without looking at the sailor. The sailor whirled around quickly. "Because they choose to go about quietly, they are none the less true. They feel for him in his trouble, and will not see his wife and daughter hang until it is proved beyond a peradventure that they are guilty."

"Why, now, you are the plainest spoken man I have heard since I came ashore. Landlord, a jorum for the man that dares answer a civil question without mincing his words."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A REMARKABLE spectroscopic observation by Mr. C. Piazzi Smyth seems to support the idea that hydrogen is the original form of matter, and, as Mr. Smyth remarks, suggests the possibility that everything may return to the hydrogen state and that the solar system may explode some day into a so-called hydrogen star. In 1878 a quantity of iodine was placed in some tubes, when the air was nearly exhausted and the tubes were hermetically sealed. In 1880 the light emitted by one of these tubes on the passage of an electric current through it showed no less than 1.8 lines of the iodine spectrum, and only three faint hydrogen lines; but when recently again examined the same tube gave a great abundance of hydrogen lines, and not a single iodine line, while some iodine granules sealed into the tube had also disappeared. There was no possibility of an accidental leak to account for the phenomenon.

DR. BECHHEIMER has calculated the amount of energy expended by a person weighing 168 pounds in climbing a peak 7,000 feet high, the time occupied being five hours. He finds that the total work done is equal to that of raising 1,380,000 pounds one foot, or one pound 1,380,000 feet. Of this work, 176,000 foot-pounds is expended by the muscles of the legs in lifting the body; 120,000 by the heart in circulating the blood; 20,000 by the chest in breathing; and 54,000 in the various exertions of balancing the body, overcoming friction of the ground, etc.

An incandescent lamp at Taunton, England, was used 10,000 hours before the slender carbon filament failed.

THE NEWS.

Susan B. Anthony and Madame Devere addressed a very large mass-meeting at the courthouse in Lawrence, Kan., and organized a society to promote the cause of equal suffrage. They have been making a tour of the state and speaking in Holton and Topeka and are on their way to the World's Fair.

A boy named Andrew Lippe was instantly killed, and a miner named Billy Brown, fatally injured by a blast at Clinton, Ind. Their shot had failed to go and they went back to investigate. But few men were in the mine at the time, and it is not known just how they were killed. Forty-five horses were burned to death in a fire that destroyed the livery stable of the E. L. Everson Company, in Louisville, Ky.—James M. V. Johnson was arrested in Buffalo, where he was known as Harry De Vere, on the charge of having murdered Jacob Branch in Akron, Ohio.—N. R. Hooper was arrested in Port Hope, Ontario, on the suspicion of having caused the death of his wife, who died on the day he had bought prussic acid for the alleged purpose of killing a dog.—In a battle between moonshiners and citizens in Knott county, Kentucky, two men were killed and the still demolished.—Miss Cora Phillips was killed and Mrs. John Critts seriously injured by being thrown from their carriage in front of a railroad train at Scottsdale, Pa.

A movement has been formally inaugurated in Scranton, Pa., to send a choir of Welsh-American voices to Wales next year to represent the United States at the National Eisteddfod there. One hundred and sixty elected voices are to be chosen.—The members of various commercial exchanges in Memphis, Tenn., in convention assembled, declared for repeal of the silver purchase law and condemned the course of the Tennessee senators.—A tornado did great injury to person and property in Hogan, Ga.—The steamship Walsland, from Antwerp brought to New York the body of Herman Gerstbuech, of Hamilton, O., who died of apoplexy on the steamer.—Missionary Harrison R. Thornton, was killed by natives in the town of Auburn, Alaska.—Ex-Judge Eben Hotchinson, indicted for embezzlement in Chelsea, Mass., has been located in the Argentine Republic, which has no extradition treaty with the United States.—Rev. John S. Hoffman committed suicide at his home in Holford, Pa.—David Bell, the oldest iron and steel ship-builder on the lakes, has made a general assignment in Buffalo, N. Y., for the benefit of his creditors. No schedule of assets or liabilities has been prepared.—Ex-President Harrison attended a meeting of the Loyal Legion in Cincinnati.

A track-walker failed to jump a wreck on a passenger train on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie, at Homewood, Pa.—Stonewall J. De France was arrested in Detroit for the Milwaukee authorities. A charge of forgery for a large sum is said to be pending against him.—The freshman class of the state college in Bellefonte, Pa., went on a strike because several members were suspended.—Washington Welsh was shot and killed at Oak Hill, Tenn., by some person unknown.—News received from Sier, a Mojada mining camp, in New Mexico, state that a conflict occurred there between riotous miners and the police authorities, resulting in three miners and one policeman being killed and several on both sides wounded.—The well-known newspaper, Don Quixote, of the City of Mexico, has been suppressed by the government, a large force of police having taken charge of the plant. The editor, Federico Garcia, and five compositors, have been arrested and are confined in Belem prison.—Eli Leader, driver of the mail wagon between the Lackawanna station and the post-office at Scranton, was arrested, charged with stealing the Montrose mail pouch.—A wreck occurred on the Newark and Elizabeth branch of the Central Railroad, near Elizabethport station. Through some defect in the signals, the passenger train that leaves Newark at 8.3 A. M. crashed into the rear end of a freight train. The shock hurled all the passengers out of their seats, and a boy was slightly cut about the head and face.

Fire damaged the building occupied by the Star Collar and Box Company, and D. English & Co., printers, at Montreal. The former's loss is considerable.—In her report to the executive officers of the Red Cross, Miss Clara Bartoo says that there are 3,000 destitute people in sections of South Carolina in need of assistance.—W. H. Clapp & Co., boot and shoe manufacturers of Weymouth, Mass., have assigned. Liabilities \$50,000; assets about \$3,000.—Oliver Server, of Camden, N. J., beat his housekeeper and then tried to commit her.—The jury in the case of Edw. D. King and Thomas W. Dickson, Pittsburg printers, charged with the murder of Wm. Cunningham, another printer, last month, brought in a verdict finding the defendants guilty of voluntary manslaughter.—Thomas and Joseph McGlynn, two brothers, from Canada, tried to rob Dr. J. Knoll, in Buffalo. They failed, and were arrested.—Frank McCloskey was killed in Flatbush, a suburb of Brooklyn, by Bryan Manning. The men had been drinking all day, and went from a saloon to a woodshed. McCloskey was found dead with the top of his head blown off. Manning was arrested, and claims that the killing was an accident.—The Pennsylvania Commandery of Loyal Legion raised a flag pole one hundred and fifty feet high at the little house on the Taneytown road, where General Meade made his headquarters during the battle of Gettysburg.

THE OLD DOMINION.

A Day's Happenings as Told by the Wires.

Weather and Crops—A Schooner Wrecked—Harrisonburg Water Supply—Wm. Sours Terrible Death—The Richmond and Danville Reduction.

A COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

As reported by telegraph the murder of old uncle Joe Carter near Green Bay turned out to be the most cold-blooded that has ever been committed in that section. Justice of the Peace J. T. Johnson was the first to appear at the scene after the crime had been reported. Captain Johnson then acted as coroner, and summoned S. D. Brown, F. K. Kauffman, R. W. Price, W. T. Perkinson, J. W. Nunnally, and J. E. Hazlegrove as the six jurors to hold the inquest over the body. Upon examination of the dead body it seems the fiend, Lizzie Stokes, went about killing the old man just as if it was a dog's instead of a human being's life she was taking. The first blow dealt was on the back of the neck, which severed the spinal-column, then three other blows on the forehead, all made with a sharp axe, and either of them sufficient to have killed him. After committing the terrible deed she goes over to George Hardy's, a negro living about half a mile distant, and wanted to stay the remainder of the night, claiming that old man Carter had run her off. This was about 2 o'clock. She was permitted to remain until sun up. Then she requested one of the negro boys to go with her home, as she was afraid to return alone.

On approaching the front door, which she claimed was fastened, she went to the window and called to the negro boy, saying, "Run here, Uncle Joe is dead." The boy looked through the window and saw it was true. The alarm was given to the nearest neighbors, who soon gathered, and it was found a knife had been placed in Carter's hand to advance the idea that he had committed suicide, but it was soon proved murder by finding blood on an axe at the woodpile, also on a dress worn by the woman. A warrant was then issued for her arrest, and the coroner's jury, after examining witnesses came to this verdict: "That Joe Carter came to his death by violence at the hands of one Lizzie Stokes."

On her way to jail Lizzie was detained a few minutes at Price's store, for Justice Johnson to complete the commitment, etc. She was handed a telegram from her son, who is at Sparrow's Point, inquiring if it was true that she had killed Joe Carter. She replied as follows: "Yes, it is true. I am on my way to jail. Come and see me." She was then taken to jail.

Wm. Sours' Horrible Death.

William Sours, a son of the late Bernard Sours, of Page county, met with a horrible death at Overall Station, on the Norfolk and Western railroad, twelve miles north of Luray. He was a passenger for that station on the local south-bound train, and as the station was called left the car. The train was then crossing a high trestle just north of the station, and the young man stepped off the platform of the car in the darkness and was hurled to the ravine below and instantly killed. He was unaccompanied on traveling, and it was thought that in his hurry to leave the train he failed to note that it had not pulled up at the station, or from some other misapprehension on his part the accident resulted. The unfortunate young man was in his 19th year.

A Sad Double Funeral.

A very sad double funeral took place in Chesterfield county at which the Rev. H. M. Hope, the Episcopal Church officiated. On Friday Mr. Daniel Gould, aged 21 years, died of typhoid fever, at the Dellwood, the home of Mr. Josiah Gould, his father, about six miles from the town. On Saturday Miss Estelle Gould, his sister, aged 19, and a charming and popular young lady died of the same disease. They were both buried in the same grave in the presence of a large and sorrowing assemblage.

Virginia's Colors at Trenton.

Gov. McKinney has, at the request of Supt. Ford, of the New Jersey capitol, loaned that official a stand of colors to be used in the decorations at the unveiling of the Trenton Battle Monument October 19. The figure crowning the monument is in the work of O'Donovan, a Virginian and an ex-Confederate soldier. It is a colossal Washington, modeled from studies of the Houdouin and well-known oil portraits of the subject.

Failure in Chesterfield.

Messrs. Stroud & Green, grocers at No. 1903 Hull street, made an assignment, with liabilities amounting to \$2,100. Augustine Toyall has been made trustee of their assets, and will convert them into cash as speedily as possible. E. A. Saunders is a preferred creditor to the amount of \$1,800. Other creditors are to share ratably.

Death of Rev. Dr. Thomas E. Peck.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas E. Peck, of the Union Theological Seminary, died at Hampden-Sydney, in the 72d year of his age. He was learned, devout, a wise teacher, beloved and revered by his pupils, a sound and instructive preacher, and honored by all who knew him because of his Christian virtues.

Drowned while Crazed with Liquor.

Hattie Bonner, a colored woman, while crazed with whiskey, jumped into the river from Pocahontas bridge and was drowned. Her body was recovered.

INVENTIONS AND PROGRESS.

Another Congress Opened at Chicago—Women's Mission Work.

Matters religious give way in a measure before matters secular in the series of the world's congresses for the present week. A congress having an unusually strong and interesting programme was formerly opened shortly after noon in the Hall of Columbus. Its purpose is to discuss matters relating to patents, trademarks and copyrights, and delegates from England, Germany, Belgium, France, Sweden, Austria-Hungary, Holland, Switzerland, Canada, Japan and Mexico, in addition to over 100 from this country, responded to his names.

A Schooner Wrecked.

The schooner William Applegarth, Captain Younger, from Hatteras, North Carolina, bound to Baltimore with a cargo of lumber, was wrecked by getting in the breakers and running ashore a short distance to the North of the Princess Anne Hotel. A heavy gale was coming in with tremendous force. As soon as the vessel struck the life-saving crew from the Sea Tack station, under Captain Payne, went to the rescue. The mortar line was shot over the vessel, and with the aid of the breeches buoy the crew were safely brought through the breakers and landed on the beach.

Harrisonburg's Water Supply.

At a special meeting of the Harrisonburg town council a resolution was passed submitting to the people a proposed bond issue, not to exceed \$5,000 to be used in increasing the town's water supply. The date fixed for the election is October 19. The new source of supply is a fine lake spring, less than two miles from the town. The estimates of engineers indicate that a vote favorable to the plan would afford a solution of a long vexed question of an adequate system of waterworks.

Harvey Baumer, a laborer at the Hookk tannery, was terribly injured by becoming entangled in the machinery. His clothing caught on a revolving shaft and his leg was wrenched asunder at the knee joint. The tendons and ligaments were horribly lacerated. His recovery is doubtful.

Cut of 10 Per Cent.

The committee sent from the Richmond and Danville shops, in Richmond, to attend the conference in Washington of officials relative to a 10 per cent. reduction in the wages of the train-men who received more than \$1.25 per day, has returned. It was composed of a representation of the conductors, engineers and firemen. In conversation with one of the gentlemen a reporter was told that nothing definite had been done, and would not be until another meeting was held. The train-men of objected to the cut, and will fight it to the end. The proposed reduction would effect the entire Richmond and Danville system. The conference last week was the second meeting that has been held on the subject.

Points to Be Heard From Yet-Survivors in a Pitiable Condition—Several Driven Insane—Gulf Oysters and Fish Industry Paralyzed—Complaints.

A despatch from New Orleans, La., says that the Fleecyone relief boat run—4 to the city at 1.30 A. M., from Bayou Cade, Grand Isle and Cheniere reports: Cheniere, living 686; dead 779. Grand Isle, 27 dead. Bayou Andrew, Chinese camp, 63 dead. Bayou, in the rear, one dead. At Grand Lake almost all the people were drowned.

The Louisville Courier-Journal correspondent telegraphed to his paper that a corrected list shows the total number of dead to 2,541. This will be increased some 200 or 300 when news from the Louisiana coast is all in. The additional losses reported are Rigoltes, 17; Biloxi and Chandeleur, 119; near Grand Bourne, 10; from vessels, 93. The loss of life at Cheniere Camilla is known to be 1,250 instead of 1,040 as first reported. At Bayou Andrew 72 perished instead of 41, and at Grand Isle 24 instead of 10.

The only station from which returns have not been received as yet is St. Bernard, on Lake Borgogne marsh. This marsh extends from Lake Borgogne to the gulf. It is a dead level with the ocean, more water than land, covering 1,200 square miles. Its only inhabitants were some 200 fishermen, who lived in cabins built on piles. Not a word has been heard from there since the storm, nor has one of the inhabitants come to town or to any neighboring settlement. As it is near the Champsale Islands, where the tornado was so violent that none are said to have escaped, the chances of the fishermen surviving the hurricane are considered very doubtful and a boat was sent there to see if any survivors remained.

Loud complaints come from the Bayou Cook section of the order from the dead bodies there. The land is too low for burying. Already some 126 bodies have been conveyed by boat to the high lands on the Mississippi at Frisland Bend for burial, but many are unburied in the swamps and are rapidly decomposing. Many of the bodies were found to have been looted and robbed. Most of the fishermen were well to do and carried their fortunes in cash in their pockets. No money was found on their remains and from \$5,000 to \$10,000 has disappeared. Nearly all the bodies were badly mutilated by the storm.

It will be months before the gulf fisheries will revive. Half the population and nine-tenths of the vessels engaged in them are lost and oysters and fish are an unknown quantity in New Orleans. The crop damage is great. The orange crop will lose only 50 per cent but the destruction of orchards will be very great.

A dozen luggers reached the city from Grand Isle, and other portions of the storm stricken, and there are now some 300 refugees being cared for here. They are naked and in a bruised condition. One man named George Ovlieh had actually been flayed alive. He did not have a piece of skin on him the size of a dime, the blows from the debris having flayed him. He was sent to the hospital and is not expected to live. With rare exceptions the other refugees