# HORRIFYING AT HUDSON

The Chair Factory Boiler Explodes, Mortally Injuring the Engineer and Slightly Hurting Other Parties,

Besides Making a Woeful Wreck of Surrounding Property and Causing Some Talk of Miracles.

Russell, the Ex-Marshal in Texas, Sentenced for His Crimes—The Recent Murder at Fort Hale.

Ten Persons Drowned in Consequence of a Steamer Striking a Bridge and Sinking in Georgia.

### Terrific Explosion at Hudson.

HUDSON, Wis., April 12.—At 1:15 this afternoon a dull rumbling report was heard from the northwestern portion of the city, followed by the sharp clang of the alarm bells, and soon it became known that the boiler of the Hudson chair company had exploded with terrific results. The loss of life and limb was surprisingly small. William Paaska, long and well known in these parts, and for some weeks the engineer, was picked from the ruins soon after the concussion, burned, bruised and blackened almost beyond recognition, though still alive. Drs. Baker and Johnson were at once summoned, and all possible was done to alleviate his pains, but he died at 7:30 this evening. Superintendent Fisher also was standing a few yards away from the building, was hit upon the head with a flying missile and one of Mrs. Rilley's sons was slightly hurt, but no others of the fifty men employed about the premises were injured. No one is able to give the cause, though the general impression is that the water was permitted in some way to get low in the boilers, and cold water pumped in upon a red-hot crown sheet, which never fails to produce a similar result. Mr. Fisher was in the room a moment before, but did not think to look at the water gauge, as Paaska was regarded a very careful man; but he thinks low water must have been the cause. Some talked also of a tendency to overload the capacity of the boilers, owing to the large amount of power required to run the machinery.

THE WRECK

is one of the most complete ever witnessed. There is hardly one brick left upon another. Large pieces of debris were thrown more than a quarter of a mile from the wreck. The casings of the monstrous boilers are torn to ribbons and thrown rods away. The flues are standing on ends in all directions, some far off in the pond. The very foundations of the engine room are upheaved and the spokes in the gigantic fly wheel are snapped off like pipestems, while thick mortar and other ruins are strewn about like stones from a volcano. Hundreds of panes of glass are also shattered from the main building from both ends and sides, while some of the employes declare they were lifted bodily from their feet by the force of the concussion. No destruction could be made more complete, but it is fortunate that the fire shop was separate from the engine room, and thus presented a greater catastrophe. The loss is estimated at nearly $10,000, which no insurance can cover. The company will proceed at once to rebuild and resume operations as soon as possible. Fred Goss, C. R. Coon, W. H. Phipps and Judge Moffatt, all prominent citizens and well-to-do business men, are stockholders in the concern. The factory was new throughout and had only recently started up.

### Calamity in Georgia.

COLUMBUS, Ga., April 12.—The steamer Wylie, of the Central line of steamers, last night struck a bridge at Fort Gaines, carrying away her cabin and, striking a pier, sank immediately. The first and second clerks, a negro child, and three deck hands are missing. She had a miscellaneous cargo. Boat and cargo a total loss. The names of the officers and crew drowned are:

Purser, H. L. PALMER.
Clerk, W. J. RIVERS.
PRESS CUMMINGS.
CHARLES MUNN.
TOM EVERETT.
DAVE BROOKS.
NELSON McKAY.
LUCIEN McCLARY.
CHARLES PITTS.
GREEN SINGER.

### Desperate Fight With an Outlaw.

RALEIGH, N. C., Special Telegram, April 12.—Yesterday William Pritchard, known as Bad Bill, was shot and killed near Bakersville, N. C. He was a notorious outlaw, and for five years has been operating in the wildest part of North Carolina, in the lofty mountains of the Blue ridge. He shot seven men, killing one; has stolen horses and cattle and counterfeited money. Three years ago he was outlawed, but escaped capture by slipping from county to county, living like a beast of prey. He has repeatedly been sought for by United States and State officers. Yesterday two brothers, James and E. Burleson, both constables, found Pritchard at the house of his brother-in-law, named Keese Blalock. They had warrants for both Pritchard and Ruth Carpenter, his mistress, who was also in the house. Pritchard, who was a powerful man and armed, made no attempt at resistance, but said the woman was too sick to be taken from the house, and asked E. Burleson to go for a doctor, who lives half a mile away. Scarcely had Burleson gone when Pritchard seized a gun and snapped it at James Burleson. Quick as thought, the latter fired and shot him in the breast with his heavy revolver. The noise of the firing brought back Edward, and both brothers opened fire upon Pritchard. He fought like a demon, attempting to club out the brains of the constables with the gun. The woman aided in the fight. Pritchard was shot twice in the head, twice in the breast, and died on the floor. Both constables and the woman were painfully injured.

### Important Point for Scheller.

MILWAUKEE, Special Telegram, April 12.—A very important point for the defense in the Scheller trial was brought out in the testimony of William Linnehan, the engineer, to-day. Linnehan had with him a carefully drawn plan of the basement of the hotel, and when asked where the fire started he pointed on the paper to where a gas jet was marked and said: "There's where it started." The point indicated by Linnehan is the same agreed upon as the place where the fire started, but it has never been known before that there was a gas jet there, which was kept lighted constantly. The burner was in the base of the elevator shaft, and the theory of the defense is that the gas escaped from some defect in the pipe and was fired by the jet. William Sanderson and Thomas Dunbar testified to meeting accused in Newbourer's gambling house, close by the fated Newhall, at 3 o'clock on the morning of the fire. Scheller sat in a game of poker, but the attendant made him cash in his chips, on the ground that he was too drunk. Sanderson, Dunbar and Scheller happened to leave at the same time, and Scheller asked the others to go to his saloon and take a bottle of wine, which they did. He was next seen at the fire by numerous parties. The prosecution showed pretty conclusively that the elevator shaft was clean and the basement contained no material to furnish spontaneous combustion. A woman who washed in the basement barber shop till 11 o'clock the night before the fire smelled gas escaping all the evening. An insurance agent testified that he held a policy of $2,000 on the stock, which expired at 12 o'clock noon on the day of the fire. He had a previous risk when there was an alleged incendiary fire, and he had been refused the right to examine into the cause of the fire, and did not see the place where it originated.

### Bad Railway Wrecks.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 12.—A Lehigh Valley train collided with a Philadelphia & Reading train at the crossing of the former road with the Bound Brook & Philadelphia this morning. The rear coach of the Philadelphia train was overturned and at once caught fire. All the passengers were extricated before the flames reached them, but thirteen received injuries. The badly wounded are John W. Gray, engineer of the Lehigh Valley locomotive, a dangerous cut in his head and death likely to result. An unknown man was struck on the forehead and concussion of the brain is probable. The Lehigh Valley locomotive and the passenger train left adjoining depots at Bound Brook at the same time, and from there to the scene of the accident the tracks run parallel. It is stated that the crew of the Lehigh Valley locomotive abandoned it after reversing. Some passengers declare the locomotive and train raced all the way from Bound Brook to the crossing. The rear car of the Philadelphia train was entirely burned and the one ahead badly wrecked. The Lehigh Valley engine was ditched and smashed.

The engineer of the Lehigh valley locomotive claims to have been given the safety signal, and Agent Pickle, on the engine, corroborated him, and says he remarked that the passenger train did not seem to slow down, but supposed it would do so as it neared the crossing. He warned the engineer to look out when he saw the passenger train dashing ahead. The engineer replied, "Too late," but reversed the engine. Master Machinist Maxon, on the cab of the Philadelphia & Reading engine, says they were shown white signals until within twenty feet of the crossing, when the red was suddenly flashed in their faces. The passenger train was on schedule time and the locomotive running wild. The former had the right-of-way. Those injured not mentioned above were:

Mrs. Henry B. Caufman, Plainfield, rescued from debris after her clothing was on fire, slightly hurt on the hand and prostrated by the shock; ex-Senator Rynier H. Voighte of Sommerville, trifling bruises; W. B. Mason, Sommerville, Unionist Gazette, and John Runyon of Dunellen, slightly injured.

The man at Muhlenberg hospital has been identified as John Lachenemaer of Philadelphia. All the injured were taken to their homes or houses of friends in the vicinity of the disaster.

A FREIGHT TRAIN IN A SWAMP.

Tuesday a Minneapolis & St. Louis freight train consisting of the engine and nineteen cars, was stalled on a grade between Helena and New Prague, gradually started backward from the weight of the train, and was soon flying down the grade at a high rate of speed. After running a comparatively short distance, it collided with a second train, which was following closely, throwing the engine and nineteen cars of the front train into the waters of a deep slough adjoining the track, and playing havoc with the rolling stock generally. The train men having been made aware of their peril, escaped injury by jumping into the water in the slough, and escaped with no other injuries than a severe ducking. In the train there was a car-load of horses, four of which were killed outright, and the others more or less injured. Another car was loaded with buggies, which were broken to splinters.

### Murdered for His Wealth.

DENVER, Colo., April 12.—The body of Fred Wagner, brother of the deceased palace car man, a native of New York, and for whom an extended search was made last fall, has been found by emigrants on the bank of a creek, eight miles from Power's station, on the Santa Fe railroad. The body was terribly disfigured. Considerable money was found scattered about. A plain gold ring, with the inscription "A. B. to F. W., Feb. 1, 1881," was found near; also a business card reading "Frederick Wagner, successor to J. B. Miller, N. Y." A bullet hole in the back of the neck proves conclusively that he was murdered for the large amount of money it was supposed he carried on his person.

### A Soldier on Trial.

CHAMBERLAIN, Dak., Special Correspondence, April 11.—Charles Baykin, who shot and killed Sergeant Robert Willis at Fort Hale, on the 7th inst., was turned over by the military authorities to Deputy United States Marshal Callanann to-day. Baykin was brought here for preliminary examination before United States Commissioner John Stroube. The prisoner came from South Carolina, and is about thirty years of age. He has been in the United States army since 1881, and has heretofore borne a good reputation as a soldier. He pleaded not guilty. The evidence thus far shows that Baykin shot and killed Willis; that the ball passed into the left lung, went directly though the body and came out just below the shoulder blade on the left side. Baykin and Willis had a severe fight before the shooting, and Willis knocked Baykin down and then beat him with a chair, and nearly one hour thereafter Baykin went and got his gun and fired the fatal shot. The case was adjourned until to-morrow. It will probably go to the higher courts.

### A Crooked Contractor.

Mandan Pioneer: On Saturday last, Hoover, the contractor who was building Mr. Gerard's block, received $875 from Mr. Gerard, ostensibly to pay his hands and Mr. P. M. Granberry, which money was drawn from the bank by Hoover in the afternoon of that day. He then wrote out a check for about $100 and handed the same to his men in payment of wages, but was careful to do this after banking hours, so the check could not be presented until Monday at the bank, where he never had an account. In the meantime his skipped contractorship found his health failing badly and decided upon a change of climate. A ticket to St. Paul was purchased, and Sunday morning's train bore all that was mortal of Fred Hoover to a less pressing atmosphere. A warrant has since been sworn out by Mr. Gerard, charging him with embezzlement, and the arrest is not far off, as the telegraph has been freely used to stay the progress of the fugitive. The exact amount of the booty can hardly be ascertained, though it will not fall below $1,500. Every merchant in town is left to the tune of from $5 to $25, while his hands remain unpaid, aside from Gerard's heavy loss.

### Hardly a Desirable Pard.

DENVER, April 12.—The trial of Alfred G. Parker, the San Juan ghoul, charged with murdering five companions in San Juan county in 1872, which has been in progress in Lake City the past few days, was concluded to-night, and the case was given to the jury. The evidence shows that a party of six organized in Utah in 1872 to prospect Southern Colorado. While in the vicinity of the present site of Lake City blinding storms came on. They lost their way, and their food gave out. For days together they lived on rosebuds. The men became desperate, some crazed. While his companions were in this condition, Parker deliberately fell upon and butchered the whole party, and for several weeks lived on flesh cut from their bodies. Yesterday, in the course of the trial, Parker made a statement calmly, and for two hours he related the experiences of the party from their setting out in Utah, closing with the most sickening details of the murder and subsequent feasting on human flesh, claiming the killing was done in self-defense. Evidence shows that each member of the party, except Parker, possessed quite a large sum of money, upon which the ghoul has since been living. After nine years wandering he was captured a few weeks since near Fort Fetterman, Wyo. While the evidence is entirely circumstantial, yet it is deemed conclusive. A verdict of guilty is confidently expected.

### Marshal Russell Attended To.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—Stillwell H. Russell, late United States marshal, Western district of Texas, recently tried and convicted upon the charge of presenting false expense accounts, was to-day sentenced by Judge Turner at San Antonio, Tex., to imprisonment for two years in the penitentiary at Chester, Ill. Russell was appointed by President Hayes, and made application to President Arthur for reappointment, but charges of misconduct in office were preferred against him, and an investigation, ordered by the attorney general, ended in his arrest, trial and conviction. It is estimated that Russell defrauded the government of at least $50,000. His official bond, however, is good, and the department of justice expects to recover the entire sum from his sureties.

### Moorhead Court Cases.

MOORHEAD, Special Telegram, April 12.—The jury in the Hansen case came in this morning, and reported acquittal. Hansen was discharged from custody. Hall and Sweeney, charged with illegal voting at Glyndon, were tried to-day and acquitted. The cases were prosecuted by special counsel R. R. Briggs. Judge Stearns goes from here Saturday night to hold a term of court at Duluth.

W. A. Leron and Augustus Everhand, representing the Rend Rock Powder company of New York, were killed at Cornwall, Pa., yesterday, while making a trial blast.

# A GIRL'S FIRST LOVE.

"Are there no underwriters for human hopes? for the precious of interests is there no insurance?

I had been tempted all day, tempted by fate and the devil. All summer long I had been trying to clasp hands for a life journey with a man I did not love; a man noble of soul and born to the purple, who set up his high lineage against my poor gifts of beauty and song. He threw some love into the scale, too, but I, God help me, had none to give in return. I had bartered erewhile my whole possessions for a few glances of a dark, dark eye, and my note had gone to protest.

Could I, could I? It kept following me about with fateful persistency, for to-night I was to give my answer to my high-born lover.

I tried to look things in the face, to count the cost.

Money was a good thing; it insured one warmth in winter and delicious coolness in summer, and prettiness and daintiness, and the entrance into good society. Yes, money was a good thing, and position and power, and houses and lands. So far good; but my soul hungered and thirsted for a love commensurate with my own, which this man, who offered me purple and gold, had it not in his power to give, or, let me qualify that, had it not in his nature to give.

The stars came out golden and soft, and the fragrant summer dusk crept around me where I sat inhaling the scent of the rose. Ambition and love tore my heart by turn, and weariness, too, put in a poor, pitiful plea, for I was so tired, so tired.

It was a brilliant future that Reginald Dacre offered me, wherein toil and weariness could never come. I thought of the purple and fine linen; the luxurious rest; the emoluments! Then my daily life passed in review before me—that of companion to a haughty, fine lady, and a singer in a fashionable church, among fashionable saints and sinners. I began to croon over the old satire;

In a church which is garnished with mullion and gable,
With altar and reredos, with gargoyle and groin,
The penitents' dresses are sealskin and sable,
The odor of sanctity's eau de cologne.
But surely if Lucifer flying from Hades,
Could gaze at this crowd with its paniers and paints,
He would say, looking round at the lords and the ladies,
O, where is All Sinners if this is All Saints?

I had entered upon this life from an unloved and unloving home, a home doled out to me by the tardy justice of a grandunclе who had robbed me of my inheritance, I thought at first I might find the sangreal somewhere in this new country which seemed so fair, but, alas! I had not even heard the swish of wings.

I thought of it all—the fever and the fret; the petty jars; the misunderstandings; the pain of incomprehension; the unguerdoned toil; the lagging hours; the awful pauses.

This or marriage; this or marriage. It seemed written like a placard on earth and sky. It seemed bound like phylactery upon the brows of the people as they passed to and fro; and soon the word marriage lost all its significance for me, as the words do after oft repeating. Did it mean misery or happiness, bliss or woe? This marriage that rung its changes through my brain—was it God-appointed? Did it mean God's blessing or His curse?

You know I did not love this man who offered me rest from my labors. He had not power to evoke one thrill to his call. But then love is only one reason why one should marry a man. There might be love and plenty of money, and yet one be hungry all one's life. I have known such things.

I had tried to make my life straight and fair. I had tried to keep clean hands and a pure heart; tried—God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, knows this—to fight despair.

"Long, green days,
Worn bare of grass and sunshine; long, calm nights
From which the silken sleeps were fretted out—
Be witness for me.

We see through shadows all our life long. We come into this world without our being given a choice as to our advent, and go out of it in the same manner.

We have not been consulted as to birth or death. More and more the pravers of Epictetus haunts me: "Lead me, Zeus and Destiny, whithersoever I am appointed to go; I will follow without wavering; even though I turn coward and shrink, I shall follow all the same."

Should I marry Mr. Dacre? Was he a good parti, as the world said? Too good for me, as my lady elegantly phrased it.

I had been born into the world amid fierce throes of mental anguish. Throughout the pain of her travail my mother's heart was rent with the greater pain of my father's sudden death—drowned off the Cornish coast, for I was born at sea. She lived until I was 10 years old, a life of sorrow, and poverty and renunciation. Then she died, leaving me to the care of a compassionate world and my uncle. Of him I have already spoken.

My life dragged on with clogged wheels. I was always at war with my surroundings. Though to proud to express it, I had never realized my ideal of womanhood, or in any way grown up to my aspirations and dreams. If I had grown at all it had been through pain and repression—fatal thing always for a warm hearted, earnest woman.

My uncle, Edward Earl, had procured me friendship (?) of the lady in whose house I had passed a twelvemouth—Mrs. Lucien Granger, a distant cousin of his own. I was an unsalaried governess or companion, our remote cousinship being always made available by my uncle. It was during my residence with the lady that my fate came to me.

A young nephew of Mrs. Granger's came to the hall. He was an artist, young and handsome, and fresh from a four years' sojourn in Rome.

I need not weary you with the prologue or the epilogue of our love, for words are so poor to express the heart's utterance. O Golben days! O tender, passionate nights! O princely heart come back to me!

Alan Leighton was the last son of a high-born family, and because of the blue blood—the united blood of all the Howards—flowing in his veins, Mrs. Granger interposed her fiat against our love, dreading, doubtless, the plebian mixture of mine.

It is a pity that blood does not always tell. It was an inglorious triumph to me—yet still a triumph—to bare my white arms to the shoulder during our gala nights—to which my voice was always invited—contrasting their satiny smoothness and perfect contour with the lean, brown appendages Mrs. Granger folded over her aristocratic heart.

But a cloud crept into the sky, and its shadow fell across our path.

Alan was called suddenly by telegram to England, where his grand old father lay dying. We had but a moment for our farewells, for Alan's heart was rent with sorrow, and I helped to expedite his departure.

But one letter ever reached me. His father was dead, and he was Sir Alan now.

MY PRECIOUS HELEN: My father, whom I loved and respected above all men, died yesterday. I need not tell you how desolate we feel, and how the light seems to have died out of every nook and corner. My dear mother is prostrated with the blow which has taken away the lover of her youth, and I shall not be able to return to you for some weeks. Announce our betrothal, dearest, to my aunt and uncle, which you know, was my intention the very night I was called away. Be true to me, my darling Helen, as I shall be true to you. Good night, dear love. I shall write at length as soon as the mother and I have matured our plans for her lonely future. Good-night, good night. May angels guard you, and may the good Father fold about you His everlasting arms.

Your friend and lover,
ALAN LEIGHTON.

Two years had dragged their slow length along since that letter came, and I had never heard from Alan, though craving his presence as the prisoner craves the sunshine. I had written him once, and I had regretted even that. "He was soon to be married to an earl's handsome daughter," Mrs. Granger read aloud from an open letter in her hand; "in fact, it was an old affair, prior to his visit to the hall," etc., etc.

How I regretted I had written, though the words had been few, merely asking if he had been enabled to procure me a certain book we had made mention of together, and the time was more than a year ago when I had the right thus to address him. And now! O pitiful Christ! another woman was to be his wife, and I must never think of the old days, or the old dreams, or look into his dark eyes, or feel his kisses upon my unkissed lips! Never! and I might live fifty years.

And O the pity of it, out of all this world's million possibilities I had only the chance of two—either to wed Reginald Dacre, a man old enough to be my father, or to be a companion to some haughty woman. I had decided upon accepting Mr. Dacre. The tiny note of barely two lines I had placed between the leaves of a book it was his nightly custom to read.

But Alan! but Alan! I had thought him so true, so noble. I had called him "my prince," "my king," alone in the warm dusk under the stars.

"I will not soil thy purple with my dust," I had whispered in my heart. "Nor breathe my poison on thy Venice glass." * * * I went down to the sea to listen to its sullen roar; hear it tell its tale of human misery; of fair faces dead under its waves: of gold and jewels lying on green beds of moss; of argosies gone down, the wail of human misery their requiem. I tried to remember all this, so that mine might not seem such a great thing amid a world of sobbing and tears. It was a good thing to think of the sufferings of others, and try to ignore your own; a good thing. But, my misery! the misery of the girl called Helen Preston!

This girl was somewhat of a genius, the people said. She possessed the gift of song and she was handsome, too, men said. And she had two chances in the world, and if she had had money enough to have utilized her gift of song she might have had three.

But she had smirched her soul, for all her beauty and gifts; had been false to herself, to God and humanity; false, too, to Reginald Dacre, for she kept her love for Alan locked in her heart.

"I have sold my soul for houses and lands," she said, "and I am wrecked. Mea culpa! Mea culpa!"

"I have sold myself with open eyes," she said' "knowingly, with malice prepense. I have no one to blame. That Alan forgot his vows did not make it right that I should forswear myself."

But the sea, with its fuss and fret, made my heart ache, and the turbulent water seemed wooing me thitherward. The chimes of our quaint old church, playing an old song, caused a choke in my throat. I would go and invoke grand airs from the organ, and mayhap I should forget the sea's roar.

It was my wont to go there to practice, and I knew the service would not be held for a half-hour. The lights were turned down to a semi-darkness, and the old sexton, with whom I was a favorite, had left the key in the door for me. The moon shone across the organ keys and across my face; and the trailing folds of my white dress looked almost ghastly in its light. O quaint old church! O quaint old chimes! Too soon I would be far away from you, over the sea to my suitor's lordly home, carrying with me a heavier heart than my years should warrant.

But it was to late to look back; and the fault was mine. I had ruined my own life, and must pay the price. Because I had been forbidden the desire of mine eyes, I had sealed my fate. I had bound my hands, and had intoned Phœbe Cary's wailing words:

I have turned from the good gifts Thy bounty supplied me,
Because of the one which Thy wisdom denied me;
I have bandaged mine eyes—yea, mine own hand's have bound me;
I have made me a darkness when light was around me.
Now I cry by the wayside, O Lord, that I might receive back my sight.

"Peccavi," I cried, and my head sank upon the organ and tears stained the red rose at my throat.

"Helen!" and my head was lifted gently and Alan Leighton's tender eyes met mine. "Alan!" was all that my astonishment could utter.

"My girl, you have suffered," he ejaculated, in a tone of exquisite tenderness. "Helen, my first and only love how we have been wronged. I only learned, an hour before I embarked, that you were not the false woman you had painted to me. Mrs. Granger wrote me eighteen months ago that you had 'married Mr. Drace, and left with him for Cuba.' A subsequent letter, without date or signature, inclosing the tiny pearl pin I had given you, left me no room for doubt. I left England forever—and have been on the wing ever since, finding no rest for my heart on sea or shore. Helen, I suffered as few men suffer because of losing you, and because of your apparent falseness. But I could not waste my whole life because of a woman's untruth, so I tied up the broken threads and tried not to look back. It was by chance I met Herman Sloan, and in the midst of mutual confidence he asked me why I had never returned to America and to the beautiful Helen Preston, who had declined all suitors, and was still unwed. Helen, I embarked that afternoon, and I am here, never to be parted from my darling. When will we married, sweet?"

"Married' Alan," and the dreary present recurring to me, I withdrew myself from his arms, and almost unconsciously my lips framed the words:

I had died for this last year to know
You had loved me. Who shall turn on fate?
I care not if love come or go
Now; through your love seek mine for mate,
It is too late.

"Too late! Helen, my love, explain your meaning for God's sake."

Then came a broken, disjointed tale of my sorrow and temptation when I heard of his handsome and high born bride; of my weariness of the hall; o Mrs. Granger; of myself, of Mr. Dacre's constant wooing, and at last of the little note only this night thrust between the leaves of his book, making Alan's coming forever to late for my happiness.

Rapid hoof-beats along the road, and my courtly lover came in sight.

"Saved! Alan," and my words came thick and fast.

"Engage him in conversation, Alan, regarding the hall, Mrs. Granger, the weather, stocks, etc., I will escape by the vestry door, fly to the hall! secure the note! and then, O. Allan!"

"My darling my bright darling!" but I broke from his clasp and sped away like a chamois to the hall. I did not heed that the roses fell from my throat, that a portion of my lace flounces graced a thornbush, or that my hair, unloosened from its fastenings, hung about my shoulders. I think if I had possessed a a piece of paper I should have shouted a reprieve!

Shall I try to tell of how I secured the note and hid it in my bosom, of how I ran up stairs and peeped for one moment into the mirror, twisting up my shining hair, and trying to hush the loud beating of my heart, of how I rapidly traversed the path leading to the church, dodging behind an osage hedge to escape meeting Mr. Dacre, hurrying on as soon as I was free, to be folded close to Alan's heart?

"And you will not laugh at me, Alan?"

"Laugh at you, my darling, and wherefore?"

"Oh, for my mad flight, for the red roses scattered all along the road, for my unbounded joy at your return; for proposing to run and steal the note, and, and—things."

For answer came tender kisses pressed upon brow and lips, and closed eyes, and Mr. Lord Lovel (Mr. Dacre) rode forth from the castle gates alone.—Chichago Tribune.

### A California City.

A Massachusetts correspondent, writing from Oakland, Cal., the last of October, gives the following description of the place:

"Oakland is a city of residences," as the geography describes it, and that is accurate. The residences are universally freshly painted, with inside blinds, bay windows, curtained with lace; trim gardens in which flourishes as much lawn grass as you see at home. The grass also grows on the broad sidewalks, on either side of the central plank walk. It is charming to drive up and down these wide, broadly-margined streets, lined with unbroken rows of nice residences. No factory, no shoe shop, no unsightly row of tenement houses or slatternly hovels. Some streets run from an estuary of the bay, called Lake Merritt. These streets are avenues, with elegant, often palatial, residences, by extensive, perfectly kept lawns and flowering shrubs, You think of Newport or some elegant suburb of Boston, when suddenly a Chinaman comes from the barn, and, with the air of one at home, begins irrigating the lawn. Next a tall palm shows its unexpected head, and your old friend, the geranium, grows into a high shrub, forms a hedge and proudly nods a welcome over the ordinary height of a fence. The tall shrub adorning and clambering above the bay window at the end of many a house is a fuschia. In my garden are varieties of greenhouse roses at home, flourishing and just coming into bloom, while heliotrope in great masses grows here and there bravely. If you turn from these fine avenues to more unpretentious streets, though not any narrower, you come upon rows of houses too small for man and too large for birds. I stopped and laughed at my first sight of them. They present one bay window and one door, no wider and only the height of the room, no roof but a flat surface on the top. They run back to give room for perhaps three or four rooms, and that is all. Now and then they have a basement under a flight of tiny steps. But after learning the price and importance of kitchen help, from the wearying perplexities of your own large house, you look afterwards with a feeling akin to regret at these miniature homes. You notice the spotten, nice lace curtains, the new paint, the trim garden, and imagine that one woman can keep it all clean with no help and no fatigue, the markets are roomy, high and neat. Meats are much lower than with us, if you are careful to go where no one will see a green purchaser in you. Nice porter house steak for 15 cents per pound, mutton from 7 to 10 cents, roast beef the same; fish comes about the same, or a trifle higher than in the east, except salmon. We had some nice sturgeon yesterday for about 12 1-2 cents per pound. The business stores are made of wood, and low on account of earthquakes. We had a slight shock Friday morning at 3, but we took no notice of it. There has been no heavy shock for ten years. These stores, with often a row of one-story ones, look to us not business like or solid enough for the size of the city. However inside the stores the room is ample, the arrangement and display of goods very like our own. The prices, too, nearly the same. Many goods are of the same price, so that you inquire how it is. They say that there is a united co-operation of business firms, who by unity and large importations from New York and Boston compel the freight companies to lower prices to two cents per pound. Those not belonging pay five or six eents per pound. Of the people whom I have met I can speak only to praise.

### Pressure of Tall Structures.

The pressure per square foot in pounds, of various structnres upon their foundations are given as follows: The dome on the United States capital, 13.477 pounds; Girard college, Philadelphia, 13,445; St. Peters', Rome, 33,-340; St. Paul's, London, 39,450; St. Genevieve, Paris, 60,000; Toussaint, Angers, 90,000. It has also been made a matter of architectural record that the basilica of St. Paul's church, London, bears upon its foundation with a weight of 42,-950 pounds per square foot, the dome of the Invalides, Paris, with a weight of 31,800, and that of the Pantheon, Paris, 43,440. The pressure of foundation per square foot on the soil beneath is found to be in the case of Bunker Hill Monument five and one-half tons on hard sand and gravel; Brooklyn anchorage of the East river bridge, resting on fine sand, loam, and gravel, four tons; new capital at Albany, founded on blue clay, containing about twenty-five per cent. of sand, and a little loam, two tons; Trinity church spire, New York, on course sand with a slight mixture of clay, as first built, settled badly and was taken down—the same as rebuilt, three and one-half tons; tower of Brick church, corner of Fifth avenue and West Thirty-seventh street, New York, resting on hard pan, seven tons; St. Rollox chimney, Glasglow, 450 feet high, resting on sandstone rock, two tons.

### EXTRAORDINARY BUILDING

**A Dwelling House 5 Feet Wide, 50 Feet Deep, and 4 Stories High.**

N. Y. Evening Post.

The narrowest house in this city may be seen at the northwest corner of Lexington avenue and Eighty-second street. When Lexington avenue was cut through some years ago, a strip of land five feet wide and one hundred feet deep was all that was left of a certain lot belonging to a person who did not own the next lot on the street. The strip, while of little value by itself, would be valuable to a person owning the adjoining lot on Eighty-second street, because it would not only enable him to build a house five feet wider, but would give him windows all along the side of his house on Lexington avenue. The two owners, however, could not agree as to terms, and a house was erected on the lot adjoining the narrow strip. The owner of the latter had nothing to do but to abandon his lot, or build a house five feet wide upon it. The latter course was perhaps adopted because such a house would shut up all the side windows of the neighboring building, and considerably reduce its value.

The new building, which has been finished for some months, is therefore 5 feet wide, 100 feet deep, and 4 stories high. It is divided into two houses, each 50 feet long, and the entrance doors are, of course, on the avenue, as there is no room for a door at either end of the building. The law allows a building at the corner of a street to have projecting bay windows along the side and taking advantage of this circumstance, the architect has managed to plan a house which, while peculiar in inside appearance, and probably very uncomfortable to live in, may find tenants. Without these bay-windows or square projections running from the foundations to the roof it would not have been possible to build a house at all, for no room would have been wider than three feet. Each house has therefore two bay windows, in one of which are the stairs and in the other one room about eight feet wide by fifteen feet long, upon each floor. The long passage between the stair-well and the room is about three feet wide. Each house contains a kitchen eight by fifteen feet and four rooms, each of the same size, but on different floors. There are also ingeniously placed closets at each end of the building and under the stairs. Both houses are unoccupied. One is offered for rent at $500 a year.

If the object of these extraordinary houses was simply to shut out the light from his neighbor's building, he would probably have accomplished the same end at much less expense by adopting Mr. George Kemp's device of sheet-iron shields. Mr. Kemp did not wish the occupants of the building in the rear of his house at No. 720 Fifth avenue to overlook his premises, and so he built an iron scaffolding in his back-yard and placed iron shields against the obnoxious openings, shutting out air and light as completely as a brick wall would have done. This arrangement has been for years the source of no little comment from the neighbors and passers-by.

### Our Postage Stamps.

Boston Advertiser.

The new two-cent rate of letter postage goes into effect on the first day of October next, and by the change the familiar green three-cent stamp bearing the profile of Washington will go out of common use after thirteen years of service. The first issue of adhesive postage stamps used by the Government appeared in 1851, and consisted of two denominations, a five-cent stamp bearing the face of Franklin, whose zeal and ability laid the foundation of our postal system, and a ten-cent stamp with the head of Washington upon it. Not long after a second series of five denominations was issued. The one-cent stamp bore Franklin's image, the there Washington's, the five Jefferson's and the ten and twelve a varied picture of Washington. In 1857 the series was increased by the issue of a twenty-four, a thirty and a ninety cent stamp, and of these two different portraits of Washington monopolized the twenty-four and ninety, while a second view of the Franklin filled the frame of the thirty. The third issue appeared in 1861, Washington still appearing on five of the denominations Franklin on two and Jefferson on one. In 1803 the first two-cent stamp was printed. It was black and bore the face of Jackson very conspicuously placed In 1866 the fifteen-cent stamp was introduced for foreign postage, and had placed upon it the portrait of Lincoln. These remained in use without change till 1870, when a series of ten square stamps of various designs appeared, three of them portraits. The one-cent was still reserved for Franklin. Washington was placed on the six-cent, and Lincoln on the ninety-cent. The other designs were fanciful and unpopular, and a new issue, the one now in use, was brought out a month later. In this Franklin is on the one-cent, Jackson on the two, Washington on the three, Lincoln on the six, Jefferson on the ten, Clay on the twelve, Webster on the fifteen, Scott on the twenty-four, Hamilton on the thirty and Commodore O. H. Perry on the ninety. The seven was later given to Stanton, and the five to Garfield. Thus it will be seen that, from the first, the denomination in commonest use has borne the head of Washington. As the three-cent stamp will now go almost entirely out of use, and the two-cent become universal it is very proper that the Postmaster General should place the image of Washington on a newly designed two-cent stamp, as he intends to.

Senator Harrison's son having grown wealthy in Montana mines, will marry the daughter of Senator Saunders, of Nebraska.

Latin is a "dead language"—specially when an inexperienced drug clerk fools with it.

The Italian village of Maricane was nearly blown out of existence by a careles workman who dropped a match in a powder magazine.