



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.

T WAS Martinmas Sunday. The evening service was just over, and the congregation, more than usually scanty, had dispersed itself over the moss toward the various farms and fields which were scattered here and there upon it.

"There'll be snow the night," he muttered, placing the key in the oaken door, preliminary to locking up: "there'll be snow the night, or I'm sair mista'en. And the Annan's rising—it's snawing noo among the hills."

All at once the light in the vestry was extinguished, and the minister, a man about fifty years of age, appeared on the threshold, wrapped in a heavy winter cloak and carrying a thick staff.

"Lock up, Solomon, my man," he said.

Solomon obeyed, turning the key in the inner door, and then that of the outer one of solid oak, while the minister stood waiting on the path. Then the two, side by side, and with much the same kind of mechanical trot, passed across the churchyard, pausing now and again to struggle with the fierce gusts, and to hold on their heads—the sexton his Sunday "bonnet," and the minister his broad-brimmed clerical hat.

Reaching the iron gate, which was rattling and creaking in the wind, they descended three moss-grown steps, and reached the highway. Here all was pitch dark, for the shadow of tall yew-trees fell from the other side, deepening the nocturnal blackness; but, crossing the road, they opened another gate, crossed the garden where the yew-trees grew, and reached the door of the manse.

Standing here in complete shelter, they heard the "sough" of the blast overhead among the tossing boughs, like the wild thunder of a stormy sea.

The manse was a plain two-story building, as old as the times of the Covenant and containing numberless cheerless chambers, the majority of which were unfurnished. Here the Reverend Sampson Lorraine had dwelt in solitude for five-and-twenty years. He had come to the place as a shy young bachelor, a student, and a bookworm; and despite all the sieges that had been laid to his heart, as was inevitable in a place where marriageable men were few and spinsters many, a bachelor he had remained ever since. People said that a love disappointment in early life had made him thereafter invulnerable to all the charms of women, but at first his single condition made him very popular. Presently, however, as his position as a bachelor grew more confirmed, and his eccentricities increased, he ceased to awaken much interest.

Opening the door with a latch-key, he entered a bare lobby, and striking a light, led the way into a large room on the ground floor. It was scantily furnished with an old carpet, an old-fashioned circular table with drawers, and several chairs; but on the walls were numerous shelves, covered with books. The room had two large windows looking on the back lawn which sloped down to the river, but was without curtains of any kind.

A fire burned on the hearth, and a rude box of peat fuel stood by the fireside. One side of the table was spread with a clean cloth, on which stood a tray with bread, oatcake, cheese, and butter, and a large stone water-jug, a black-bottle, and some glasses.

"Sit ye down, Solomon," said the minister, placing a lighted candle on the table.

Solomon stood, hat in hand. Every Sunday evening for many a long year he had entered the house in the same way, at the same hour, and received the same invitation.

Seen in the dim light of the room, the sexton was a little wizened, white-haired man, with hoary, bushy eyebrows, keen gray eyes, and sunken, tanned cheeks. He was dressed in decent black, with a white shirt, and the kind of collar known in Scotland as "stick-ups." The minister, on the other hand, was tall and somewhat portly, with a round, boyish face, gentle blue eyes, and mild, good-humored mouth. His hair was white as snow, and fell almost to his shoulders.

"Sit ye down, sit ye down," he repeated; "and take a glass—the night is cold."

Solomon placed his bonnet carefully on the edge of the table, and seated himself respectfully on one of the cane-bottomed chairs. Then, leisurely and solemnly, he poured out a glass of raw spirit. Meantime Mr. Lorraine, having divested himself of his cloak and hat, sat down in the arm-chair by the fireside.

"Here's fortune, sir," said Solomon, drinking off the whisky; then, wiping his mouth with his sleeve, he sat bolt-upright and expectant, waiting to see if his superior had anything more to

say. But, as the minister remained silent, Solomon rose to go. "Are ye mindin' the funeral the morn'?" the sexton asked, taking up his bonnet. Mr. Lorraine nodded. "Can I bring ye anything before I gang to bed? I maun rise at five to feenish the grave."

"No; go to bed. I shall sit up and read a little."

"Weel, good-night, sir."

"Good-night, Solomon."

Thereupon Solomon left the room, closing the door softly behind him. Lighting a candle in the lobby, he made his way quietly to a chamber in the upper part of the house, where he slept, and which was, indeed, the only chamber in the manse, excepting the minister's sitting-room and adjoining bedroom, which contained any furniture.

Many years before Solomon had taken up his abode there, on the minister's invitation, and it was his only home. Besides performing the duties of sexton and clerk, he acted generally as factotum to Mr. Lorraine, attended to the garden, and groomed the pony on which the minister made his visits to about the country. An aged woman, Mysie Simpson, came in every day to clean and cook, but invariably retired to her own dwelling at nightfall. So the two old men were practically alone together, and, despite the difference in their social positions, regarded each other with a peculiar attachment.

The minister sat for some time musing, then with a sigh he took a book from the shelves and began to read. It was a volume of old sermons, written by a south-country clergyman, impassioned, wrathful, and in the narrow sense Calvinistic. As he read, the wind roared round the house, and moaned in the chimneys, and rattled the shutterless windows; but as the wind rose the darkness decreased, and the vitreous rays of the moon began playing on the window panes.

Mr. Lorraine lit his pipe—the only luxury in which he indulged; for despite his plump figure, which he inherited, he was abstemious and a teetotaler. Then, with another sigh, he rose and walked thoughtfully up and down the room; paused at one of the windows, and looked down the moon-lighted lawn which sloped to the river-side; talking all the time to himself, as was his confirmed habit.

"Ay, ay, a wild night!—and snow coming. Solomon says! Eerie, eerie, is the sough of the wind in the trees. It minds me ever of her, and when the moon's up it is like the shining of her face out of the grave. Wee Marjorie! my bonny doo! Thirty long years ago she died, and I'm still here! still here!"

Tears stood in the old man's eyes as he looked out in a dream. Through the long years of loneliness and poverty—for his living was indeed a poor one—he had cherished the memory of one who had gone away from him to God when only in her eighteenth year. Suddenly, there came a loud single knock at the front door.

"Bless me, what's that?" he exclaimed. "I thought I heard a knock at the hall door, but maybe my ears deceived me. It was only the wind, I'm thinking."

And he placed his precious relics back in the drawer, locking it carefully and placing the key in a worn leather purse which he carried in his pocket. At that moment the knock was repeated.

"Dear me!" he cried, "there's some one knocking after all. Maybe it's a sick call."

Lifting the candle from the table, he trotted from the room, crossed along the lobby, and opened the hall door. As he did so the wind sprang in like a tiger, and the light was blown out, but the front garden was flooded with moonlight, save under the very shadow of the trees.

He saw nobody, however; whoever had knocked had disappeared.

"Who's there?" he cried, looking round on every side. There was no reply. Perplexed and somewhat startled, he stepped out into the porch, and instantaneously the door was banged and closed behind him. He took another step forward, and almost stumbled over something like a dark bundle of clothing lying on the doorstep.

"Bless my soul!" he murmured, "what's this?"

At the same moment a faint cry came upon his ear. Stooping down in great agitation, he lifted the bundle, and discovered to his consternation that it contained the form of a living child.

CHAPTER II. COARSE Paisley shawl was wrapt round the infant, covering all but a portion of its tiny face. As it lay like a mummy in its wrappings, it continued to cry loudly, and the cry went at once to the minister's tender heart.

But in a moment the old man guess-

ed the truth—that the hapless creature had been left there by some one who had knocked and fled. Still holding the child in his arms, he ran out in the garden and looked on every side.

"Come back!" he said; "whoever you are, come back!" But no one responded. The wind moaned dismally in the trees that lifted their black branches overhead, that was all. He ran to the gate and looked up and down the road, but could see nobody. As he stood in perplexity the child cried again loudly, and struggled in his arms.

"Bless me!" he murmured, "I must take it in, or it will die of cold!" He ran back to the door and knocked loudly again and again. It was some time before he was heard. At last, however, he heard footsteps coming along the passage, and redoubled his knocking. The door opened, and Solomon Mucklebackit, half dressed, appeared on the threshold. Without a word the minister ran into the lobby.

"Loch me, meenister, is it yoursal?" ejaculated Solomon, in amazement. "I thought you were in bed."

"Come this way—quick!" shouted Mr. Lorraine. "Bring a light!" And still carrying his burden, he ran into the sitting-room. Solomon closed the door, struck a match, and lighted a candle, and followed him immediately. Then his amazement deepened. To see Mr. Lorraine standing by the fireside with a crying infant in his arms was indeed enough to awaken perplexity and wonder.

"My conscience, meenister, what hae ye gotten there?" "A child! Some one left it in the porch, knocked, and ran away. Run, Solomon, search up and down the road, and see if you can find them. Shame upon them, whoever they are. Don't stand staring, but run."

Perfectly bewildered, Solomon stood gazing; then with one horror-stricken look at the infant, left the room, and ran from the house.

Left alone with the child, the minister seemed puzzled what to do. He held it awkwardly, and its cries continued; then, to still it, he rocked it to and fro in his arms.

Finding it still troublesome, he placed it down in the arm-chair, and softly loosened the shawl in which it was wrapt, freeing its little arms.

Its cries ceased for a time, and it lay with eyes wide open, spreading its little hands in the warm twilight.

The minister put on his glasses and looked at it with solemn curiosity. It was a tiny infant, about two months old; its little pink face was pinched with cold, and its great blue eyes dim with crying. A common linen cap was on its head, and its gown was of coarse linen. But it was so small, so pretty, that the minister's tender heart melted over it at once.

He offered it his forefinger, which it gripped with its tiny hands, blinking up into his face.

"Poor wee mite!" he murmured, "I wonder who your mother is? A wicked woman, I'm thinking, to cast you away on such a night as this!"

As if in answer to his words, the child began to cry again.

"I can see naebody," cried Solomon, re-entering the room; "I hae searcht up and down, as far toonways as Mysie Simpson's door, and beyont to the waterside, and there's nane stirring. It's awfu' strange!"

He looked at the child, and scratched his head; he looked at the minister, and nodded it ominously. A curious conjecture, too irreverent for utterance, had passed across his naturally suspicious mind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) THE TROLLEY BUZZ. And Something About the Trolley Cars as a Cure for Headache.

"Ever hear of the trolley buzz?" said a Brooklyn resident whose business is in New York. "They say that some people who travel regularly on the trolley cars get the trolley buzz. You know the sound of the trolley, the be-z-z-z that begins low and rises gradually as the car increases in speed, keeping a uniform tone when the car is running at uniform speed, and then declining again as the car runs slower and stopping when the car stops! They say there are people who travel regularly on the trolleys who hear this sound all the time wherever they are except when they are asleep. They call this having the trolley buzz. I never had the trolley buzz, but the trolley cars sometimes do me a great deal of good. They cure me of headache. I work here all day, keeping very busy, and sometimes when I start home at night I have a hard headache. I get into a trolley car and take a seat over one of the axles. They say that no electricity gets into the car, but I imagine there must be more or less of it in the air. I know there is something there that cures my headache. I sit down in the car with the headache bad; I get down from it after a ride of about three miles, feeling bright and fresh and with the headache gone."

Max Maretzek. Newspaper men go into curious places, and are forever running across curious people in them. The last place I met dear old Max Maretzek was a hole in the wall in West Twenty-seventh street, called, by courtesy, a French restaurant. We named it "Little Del's." One of Balzac's fat congeries was the head of the establishment, and it was possible to obtain an excellent dinner there for twenty or twenty-five cents. Max enjoyed his repast, and appeared pleased with the company that surrounded him, though it was composed of singers, actors and artists with more genius than money.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

HAWAII'S ANNEXATION TREATY COMPLETED

The Document to be Sent to the Senate Soon After Mr. McKinley's Return From the South—This Country to settle the Form of Government.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—A treaty for the annexation of Hawaii to the United States will be sent to the Senate soon after the return of the president, unless present plans shall be altered.

The treaty was written and all its details were fully agreed upon before the president and Secretary Sherman left for the South. There is no doubt, it is said, of the president's acquiescence in the terms of the treaty for the reason that he was made fully aware of them before he left.

The treaty is on the general lines of the treaty negotiated during the administration of President Harrison and withdrawn by President Cleveland. It provides for annexation without the exaction of conditions on the part of the Hawaiians as to the form of government to be vouchsafed to Hawaii, leaving the question to be entirely disposed of by the government of the United States. This nation will agree, however, to assume the debt of the present Hawaiian government, but will come into possession of all the Hawaiian crown lands and other possessions.

Several senators have received definite information concerning the existence of the treaty and are well acquainted with its terms, though they refuse to discuss the matter. Among these are members of the committees on foreign relations and finance. A member of the Republican caucus says the treaty has been hinted at, but always in a vague manner.

One of the senators said there was in progress certain negotiations, but there was no assurance that it would soon be sent to the senate. In private conversation, however, other senators gave information that was definite enough to satisfy those with whom they talked that the treaty was now only to be sent in but that it was now only awaiting the signatures of the heads of the two governments to complete it.

It is known that the approval of the committee on foreign relations is assured, as eight members of the committee have approved of the treaty's terms. This will enable the committee to speedily report to the Senate as that it may be taken up immediately after the tariff bill shall have been disposed of.

The Senate has been canvassed to a certain extent by senators favoring annexation, and, while there are some senators who are non-committal, the supporters of the proposition say they believe they can count upon the two-thirds vote necessary to insure ratification.

M'KINLEY IN THE SOUTH.

The President and Party at Chattanooga, Marshall and Asheville. ASHEVILLE, N. C., June 15.—President and Mrs. McKinley and party left Nashville Saturday night and arrived at Chattanooga yesterday morning. After a breakfast on their car, they were driven to the home of Pension Commissioner Evans. At 10:30, accompanied by ex-Postmaster General Key and Mr. Evans, Mr. McKinley went to the First Methodist church. A quiet rest until 5 o'clock followed and then Mr. and Mrs. McKinley and Mr. and Mrs. Evans drove to Orchard Knob. Dinner followed their return and then Mr. McKinley held a twenty minutes' reception at the Reed house. Secretary Sherman remained quietly all day at the house of W. M. Lasley, while Secretaries Alger and Wilson attended the Second Presbyterian church. At 10 o'clock the party gathered at the special train and soon afterward it left for the hills where it was cooler.

It was 5 o'clock this morning when the train reached Knoxville, Tenn., the crowd gathered there saw no one. At Marshall, N. C., the home of United States Senator Pritchard, a short stop was made, and Mr. McKinley shook hands with several hundred of the thousands at the rear of train. He lifted one little girl into the car to see Mrs. McKinley.

At 11:40 o'clock the President and party arrived here and were met at the depot by a local reception committee and the Asheville Light Infantry. The President was received by Major Rankin and E. P. McKisick, manager of the Battery Park hotel, to which all of the party were driven to luncheon. The streets were crowded and there were many decorations. The President held a reception and then the party took carriages for Biltmore house, George V. Vanderbilt's place, five miles away. The President and cabinet and the ladies with them were shown over the house. The party took the train for Washington at Biltmore at 5 o'clock.

Catholic Centennial Celebrated.

MISSION SAN JOSE, Cal., June 15.—Ten thousand persons attended the centennial celebration of the founding of the Roman Catholic mission here yesterday.

ROSKA, N. W. T., June 15.—The Irrigation of the Indians in consequence of the killing of Almighty Voice and his companions by the police is assuming an ugly phase. Fifteen Indians have attacked the farm of Mr. Gordon, between Saskatoon and Duck Lake, and killed all the cattle in the corral. A detachment of Northwest mounted police left Regina this morning to proceed to the spot by train. They will join a second detachment at Nut Lake. It is believed that the instigator of the outrage is a family connection of Almighty Voice, called Almighty Voice's Brother.

Schweinfurth's New "Heaven."

SIoux CITY, Iowa, June 15.—It is reported from Sioux Rapids, this state, that "Messiah" Schweinfurth is planning the establishment of a "heaven" in the northern part of Buena Vista county, and has been spending some days in the locality, conferring with land owners relative to the purchase of a suitable tract of land. He is at present contemplating the location of a colony on a four-section tract north of Sioux Rapids. Residents of the vicinity are favoring his plan and offering inducements to him to make his home among them.

BOMB FOR FAURE

Attempt to Assassinate the President of the French Republic.

PARIS, June 15.—An attempt was made yesterday to assassinate M. Felix Faure, president of the French republic, while he was en route to Long Champs to witness the Grand Prix. While M. Faure's carriage was passing a thicket near La Cascade restaurant, in the Bois De Boulogne, a bomb, which subsequently proved to be a piece of tubing about six inches long and two inches in diameter, with a thickness of half an inch, charged with powder and shot, exploded.

No one was injured by the explosion. A man in the crowd, suspected as the prime mover, was arrested. He gave his name as Gallet, and made only the briefest replies to questions put to him by the police. Gallet said that he had no occupation, but resided at Levallois-Perret. The police are making a thorough search of his lodgings. He is believed to be insane, for he shouted as the carriage passed along so loudly as to attract general attention in the crowd. The police have also made another arrest, in this case a youth, but it is thought probable that the actual culprit escaped.

The news of the attempt spread like wildfire through the city, and when M. Faure returned to the Elyses the streets along the route where it was known he would drive were crowded with the people, who cheered him vociferously.

The bomb was a clumsily made affair, to which a piece of fuse was attached, and the fuse was probably lighted by a paper fixed to the end of a stick as soon as the head of the procession came into view. The presumption is that at the moment the fuse was lighted the culprit fled, and in any case the bomb could not have done much harm. In the thicket where the police found the remains of the bomb they found also a pistol, upon which was engraved the words, "Mort a Felix Faure," and the names Alsace-Lorraine and Cologne. Near the pistol was a small dagger, bearing a similar threatening inscription, and a few feet away the police found a newspaper with a cartoon grossly insulting to the president. This contained an offensive inscription, hinting at the execution of M. Faure.

The attempt on the life of M. Faure was made on the very spot where Berezkowsky tried to shoot the czar while driving to the military review at Long Champs in 1867, and where Francois, a lunatic, fired his revolver at M. Faure on July 14 last.

M. Faure behaved with perfect self-command and continued to bow right and left to the crowd after the explosion, as if nothing unusual had happened. The president was accompanied by his wife, while in another carriage were his two daughters, Mile. Lucile Faure and Mme. Berge.

The horses attached to M. Faure's carriage reared wildly at the explosion, but were whipped up by Montjarret's vigorous arm. Rousseaun, the detective who is always with the president, rushed forward and grappled with a man, but was immediately set upon by a half dozen persons in the crowd, probably accomplices of the would-be assassin. The crowd mistook the detective for an anarchist, and were about to lynch him. He was beaten, kicked, spat upon and not rescued by the police until bleeding and unconscious from a terrible beating.

"HUMAN OSTRICH" DEAD.

HARRY Whallon, Who Swallowed Knives and Nails, Succumbs. KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 15.—Harry Whallon, whose remarkable gastronomic feats had gained for him the name of the "Human Ostrich," died at shortly after midnight this morning at the German hospital. On Saturday morning several surgeons opened his stomach and took out 120 pieces of hardware, several ounces of broken glass, etc., which he had swallowed while giving exhibitions through the state. Whallon seemed for a time to be on the mend, but the shock following the operation proved beyond his strength.

DEADLY CORSET STEELS.

Three Young Ohio Women Killed by Lightning After Leaving Church. BELLAIRE, Ohio, June 15.—While Minnie McGuire, daughter of the Rev. Thomas McGuire; Alpa Taylor, daughter of William Taylor, and Emma White, daughter of Simon White, each aged about 19 years, were returning home from the Methodist church at Jacobsburg, walking together in the road about 100 yards from the church, they were struck by lightning and killed.

It is believed that the steels in the corsets worn by the girls were the chief cause of their death. Miss Sarah Boring, who was with them, but wore no corsets, was only stunned.

Stricken in a Sick Room.

SEDALIA, Mo., June 15.—Mrs. George Crouch, living near Beaman, became seriously ill this morning. Her husband called a few neighbors and upon his return to her bedroom fell dead upon the floor. Excitement was the cause. He was 65 years old and had been a resident of Pettis county for many years.

Killed in Friendly Wrestling.

NEW YORK, June 15.—Albert Benson and Thomas Olsen got into a friendly wrestling match in Brooklyn yesterday afternoon. Olsen lifted Benson off his feet and threw him backward. He did not rise, however, and Olsen walked over and tried to raise him. Benson's neck was broken.

Iron Works Shut Down.

READING, Pa., June 15.—The management of the Reading iron works has decided to close its tube mill indefinitely. By this over 1,000 men will be thrown out of employment.

KANSAS PLACES SETTLED

Sutton, Sterne, Lambert and Leland are the Chosen One.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—Within two days at the farthest, the long drawn out fight for the plums of Kansas patronage will come to an end when United States Senator Baker will make public his recommendations for the offices of United States attorney, United States marshal, United States revenue collector and pension agent at Topeka. These recommendations will be conclusive and the Presidential appointments of his men will follow speedily.

Mr. Baker refuses as yet to make any suggestion as to the identity of the men chosen by him, but the winners will be: To be collector of internal revenue, Mike Sutton of the "short grass country"; to be United States marshal, W. E. Sterne of Topeka; to be United States attorney, Ike Lambert; to be pension agent, Cy Leland of Troy.

When the foregoing list was shown to Senator Baker he refused to give his authority for its publication or to discuss the subject, saying only that he had fixed upon his choice and that he would make his decision public in a day or so through the medium of a Kansas paper.

It is altogether probable that the slate was not finally determined upon until this morning. Jack Harris, W. E. Sterne and Mike Sutton were closeted with Senator Baker all morning. The telegraph was used freely, the hour for the Senate to meet came and yet the conference went on unbroken.

It is the general belief of Kansans now in Washington, with an exception here and there occasioned by personal disappointment, that the disposition of the offices will do more to harmonize the Republican party than could have been accomplished by any other selection, considering them as a whole.

KANSAS BRIBERY REPORT.

Committee Abandons Its Work and Make Accusations.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 15.—The bribery investigating committee appointed by the Legislature to investigate charges against members met here Saturday to consider the question of continuing the investigation. In view of the decision of the supreme court that the committee had no power to commit witnesses who refused to testify it was decided to abandon the investigation. A report was accordingly filed with the Governor stating that the committee was unable to proceed owing to the attacks on its legality and the limitation of its power, but expressing the belief that the evidence already taken was sufficient to show that the Legislature was surrounded by an organized, corrupt lobby. The report also says:

"We believe that the presence of lobbyists in legislative halls in such numbers as custom has permitted to accumulate each year is a menace to the rights of the people, a disgrace to the state and an unmitigated nuisance, and recommend that a law be passed declaring such action to be a misdemeanor. We believe that the failure of the last Legislature to pass certain laws was due to corrupt influences wielded by corporations, amounting to complete purchase of members in some cases, and we believe the necessity for such laws is just as great now as then, and recommend that a special session be called for that purpose."

OLIVER IS THE MAN.

Leavenworth Anarchist Bought Dynamite of an Atchison Dealer.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., June 15.—Joseph W. Oliver, the man arrested and in the custody of the United States marshal, charged with an attempt to kill Governor Andrew J. Smith and his family, has been identified by James Hellener of Atchison as the man to whom he sold the dynamite, fuse and caps on last Wednesday. Hellener came to the city yesterday morning at the request of the police authorities. At the Union depot he was met by Chief Cranston and driven directly to the county jail. Hellener approached the great iron door of the prisoners' corridor and immediately pointed out Oliver from the half hundred prisoners confined there.

CAPT. STOUCH'S STORY.

Official Report of the Cheyenne Indian Trouble.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—The Indian office has received from Captain Stouch of the Tongue River, Mont., agency, a detailed report on the recent trouble there, arising from the murder of Settler John Hoover by David Stanley, a Cheyenne brave. After much diplomacy on the part of the agent, Stanley and his two accomplices, Sam Crow and Yellow Hair, are now lodged in jail at Miles City, and will be tried by the civil courts. Captain Stouch's description of the trouble is interesting, in that it shows the constant conflict between the federal officers and the state authorities in arrests of Indians. In this case the presence of the sheriff and a large posse came near causing a conflict with the Indians.

Killed in Friendly Wrestling.

NEW YORK, June 15.—Albert Benson and Thomas Olsen got into a friendly wrestling match in Brooklyn yesterday afternoon. Olsen lifted Benson off his feet and threw him backward. He did not rise, however, and Olsen walked over and tried to raise him. Benson's neck was broken.

Iron Works Shut Down.

READING, Pa., June 15.—The management of the Reading iron works has decided to close its tube mill indefinitely. By this over 1,000 men will be thrown out of employment.