WAKENING.

The broad white curve of the beach. The broad white carry of the beach, That lies like a bended arm; The amorous waves that seem ever a-reach To kiss it and die a-calm.

And still the hovering sky, And still the splendid day, And the far white sails, and the seagull's

ery, And the sun-path over the bay.

How many and many a time Have I questioned the stranded shells, If they knew, perchance, of the magical Where the answer of dreaming dwells.

There speed the out-bound ships, Here lieth the sunshine warm, With the spent waves pressing their curving lips.

On the white shore's bended arm. Then for what is the day more fair? Why bluer the deeps of space? Oh, the sun on the gold of a woman's hair—

The love of her eyes-her face. -Charles Washington Coleman, in Lippin-

EMBERS.

cott's.

It was snowing, and Dick Snivers's old felt hat and meagre overcoat were white and soft looking; you couldn't see the holes in the crown of the one nor the threadbare edges of the other. He shuffled slowly along the snowy path past the university, his chin buried under his coat collar, his shoulders up about his ears, his hands shoved deep into the breast pockets of his overcoat. Already there were a few lights in the windows of Matthews, opposite, and a solitary black figure with a cape flappnig about its shoulders could be seen across the yard, marching head down against the storm.

Snivers stopped in front of Weld. In one of the rooms in the north wing there was a red glow. telling of a good fire. Snivers couldn't help thinking, then, of his own poor little room in College House, with its white walls and deal table supporting a pile of battered books and a brass lamp, and its empty stove. It had been three days since he had had a fire. He couldn't afford to buy any more coal at present-he had figured on that half-ton,lasting longer. It wasn't so bad in the evening, because then he could sit close up to the lamp and keep pretty warm, but in the afternoon, before it was dark enough to light the lamp, it was very dreary; Snivers had rather shiver out of doors then than in his room, so here he was whitening all over like a miserable Santa Claus.

That room in Weld with the red glow in it looked very cosey. There were curtains across the lower part of the window, so that only a bit of terra-cotta wall paper surrounding a small etching, and a yellow circle cast by a gas jet half turned down, were visible. The owner must have but just gone out, probably to dinner, for it was hardly dark yet, hardly 6. Snivers turned up the short path to the front of Weld, clumped through the dark, brick vestibule, and, with a creak and a thud of the door, entered the hall. It was really very cold outside, he would get warm here. It must be so comfortable to live in a place where the halls are warm. thought he, shivering underneath the gas jet, as he gazed at the sign prohibiting the building to "pedlers, beggars and book agents." He wondered if he would be taken for a beggar. Well, he was one, but a student, too-the "Beggar Student," he said aloud, with melancholy cheerfulness. At the end of the hall there was an

open door, through which, past the little vestibule, he could see the room with the terra-cotta wall paper. Over the floor flickered an orange light. flinging queer, taubling shadows about the room. "A wood fire must be burning there, I wonder if the feller'd mind if I went in," said Snivers to himself. "I guess he won't if he doesn't find me there. And such a fire as that-a wood fire-- oughtn't to be wasted. To think of the feller wasting a wood fire!" With which economical reflection Snivers timidly entered the room. There was an odor of cigars in the air that made the room seem all the more cosey. In one dark corner glowed the polished black front of an ebony piano, the keys gleaming like teeth on the grin; pictures, signs white and shingles were scattered here and there on the walls, and beside a large desk in the middle of the room, littered with books, papers, tobacco and a couple of thin glasses, was a small, open steamer trunk. Before the fire there was a low arm chair covered with a rug. With a final glance about the room. Snivers sat down on the edge of the chair, holding his hands to the fire with a sigh of satisfaction. while the snow from his hat and coat trickled down in little streams, spoiling the rug of his unknown host. "I'd better not turn the gasup." soliloquized, 'some of the feller's friends, or the feller himself, might see the light and come in. I'll sit in the dark-it's pleasanter anyhow with such a fire." Suddenly he caught sight of a little piece of paper, folded once across the middle, lying on the hearth. Mechanically he reached for it and examined Why, it's a check!" he exclaimed. as with trembling hands he held it in the firelight. "Pay to the order of Charles P. Graff \$100." he read. It must be fine, thought he, to have \$100 and to spend it on anything you wanted, as Charles P. Graff would do. Graff must be one of those fellows you see sometimes on Sunday afternoon, in long. loose overcoats and silk hats. boarding the electric cars to go into One of those fellows who Boston. think nothing of going to the theater when they want to, that can spend a whole hundred dollars on fun. Fellows that leave \$100-checks lying on the hearth with the door open can't think much of \$100. He, poor Snivers. had not even enough to buy a little coal. If he only had \$100! and Snivers fell a-planning what he would do with so much money, staring into the fire. He wouldn't spend it all on himself, as Charles P. Graff would proba-

bly do. He would buy Tom a good fidale, Tom who had such a genius for HUNT LEVEE BREAKS. music-you can buy very good fiddles

for \$25 now. That would leave \$75. He'd send his father \$50-Snivers would so like to help the dear old grisly fellow, with his wrinkled, tired eyes. and cheerful mouth, who had denied himself so much to send his boy to college. Twenty-five dollars would buy him coal and clothes and a new hat. He really needed a new hat his present one was really too disreputable; and perhaps he might-Snivers hung his head guiltily at the thought -he might go once to the theater, or maybe-twice-and a delighted. but shamefaced, smile flitted over Sniver's face. Ah, yes, there were so many things he could do with the money. But what was the use of dreaming The check wasn't endorsed. If only the check were endorsed, then he could-Snivers suddenly straightened up in his chair. Well, what would he do? What good would that do him-was he-was he at heart a thief? What a mean man is a poor man! thought Snivers, blushing guiltily at the fire. It seemed to hiss back at him, forming many bright, grin-ning faces; it was no longor a com-

forting fire. Snivers rose to go. "Hullo, Gus! is that you?"' said a voice behind him. He turned hastily to the door. Before him stood a rather tall fellow. wrapped in a light mackintosh, with a felt hat pulled over his eyes, his trousers tucked into a pair of high arctics.

With a start the newcomer bent forward and peered into Snivers's face. "Well, what are you doing here?" he asked, quietly, as he stopped under the chandelier and turned up the gas.

·I-I just came in and sat down to get warm," stammered Snivers, confusedly, and blinking in the light.

The man in the mackintosh stood looking curiously at Snivers, slowly drawing off his gloves. "That was cool in you," he said at length, with the faintest twinkle in his eye, "but where did you get that?" catching sight of the check trembling between Snivers's fingers.

"Why, I-1 saw it on the floor-I was just looking at it-it's not endorsed." he added hurriedly; ·it wouldn't have done me any good if I had-er taken it."

"Won't you sit down, Mr. ____" "Snivers," said Snivers.

"Mr. Snivers? My name is Graff." said the man in the mackintosh.

doffing it and snapping the lock on the door. Snivers sat down, watching his host

uneasily as he pulled the heavy curtains across the windows, kicked off his arctics, and drew a chair up to the fire. He was a big fellow, with a rather pale but pleasant face, his hair parted squarely down the middle, and with a self possessed glance in his eyes.

Snivers laid the check on the desk. His host reached 'over and took it. Snivers noticed that his hand trembled as he read it. Snivers dropped his eves to his host's yellow shoes. He felt himself being scrutinized, and he felt that he was blushing. Surely his host would think him a thief if he noticed this sign of guilt. Snivers wished his host would say something. instead of sitting over there and digging his keen eyes cheerfully into his (Snivers's) soul. Only the mirth-ful crackling of the fire broke the stillness and Snivers could not but feel that it was laughing at him and pointing him out to its master as a thief. The silence must be broken. So. still avoiding the sharp scrutiny of the eyes he felt fixed on him, and fingering his ragged hat, Snivers began hesitatingly. "I ought to-say to you. Mr. Graff-that I-I didn't come here to steal. I just came in to sit down and get warm. Your fire looked so warm-so cheerful. I mean, that I couldn't resist coming in. I happened to see that check." he glanced up half haughtily, half guiltily, and was surprised to see that his host was not looking at him. His face was hidden by his hand and he seemed to be gazing into the fire. The check still trembled in his hand. After another silence, with an effort, Grath began hesitatingly, "Mr. Snivers 1 suppose you are pretty poor. Whether you're honest or not has nothing to do with the case now. Now the Faculty-the Faculty-well they think I'm a hand-ball and they've used me accordingly. I haven't made a success of my college life-I don't believe my being here has done me or any one else the slightest good-so if you-er-you could accept-that check-well. I'd be awfull / grateful. I'd like to be able to say I have helped somebody here, if not with my own brains, with the old gentleman's money, so-so-won't you please accept it ?" Snivers thought of his own father and Tom. Why not accept-what was pride compared to making three people happy? Tom should have his fiddle, and Daddy-he would send him the whole \$75. "Mr. Graff," said Snivers, blush-

WIDE CREVASSE FORMED AND

FARMS INUNDATED.

A District Twenty Miles Long Entirely Submerged-Stock Drowned and Crops Ruined-Belief That the Levee was Cut.

QUINCY, Ill., June 7.- A crevasse occurred in the Hunt levee last night and the district which it protected, twenty miles long and four miles wide, extending from Warsaw south, is now under water. The break occurred at a point about twenty-four miles above this city, and a vast volume of water is pouring through the crevasse, which is now 200 feet wide and rapidly widening. Much of the district was under cultivation and the crops are utterly runined. What was yesterday a fertile farming region is now a vast sea of water from six to fifteen feet deep. No loss of life has occurred, so far as known, though much live stock has been swept away. The people had been expecting the worst for a day or two and as soon as

the break was reported fled to the bluffs. ' The Indian Grave levee is dangerously weak and a crevasse there is momentarily feared. The water is still

slowly rising. WARSAW, Ill., June 7.—At 8 o'clock yesterday word rea hed here that the levee of the Hunt Drainage district had broken near the line of Adams and Hancock counties and immediately a relief party of citizens, numbering 100, supplied with shovels, axes, lumber, sacks and other material boarded the ferry and hurried to the scene. They were met by as many people from Canton, Mo., more and the two parties immediately arranged to work conjointly. By this time the break was 100 feet wide and the waters were rushing madly through the opening. Every effort was ex-pended to stay the broadening of the breach and immense trees were felled and floated into position to make a bulwark, but there is little or no hope of stopping the crevasse. Thousands of acres of wheat are inundated, entailing a loss of thousands of dollars. There are many who believe the levee was cut, but others who were familiar with the character of the fill at the point broken are of a contrary opinion. The misfortune talls with great severity not only on those interested in these extensive bottom lands but on the adjacent communities, which are deeply interested in the prosperity of the district.

FOUR OF THE FAMILY DROWNED.

An Accident by Which Father, Mother, and Two Children Lose Their Lives.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 7.- A remarkable case of drowning occurred in a small pond near Forest City, Mo., yesterday morning. Stephen Schaler, a boy 16 years of age, was running across a foot-bridge over the pond, when he fell overboard. His mother and sister, the latter a girl of 15, witnessed the accident and jumped into the water to rescue him. The water was over their heads and, instead of saving the boy, they found themselves struggling for their own lives. The father, Stephen Shaler, Sr., was summoned to the spot by the cries of his drowning wife and children, and, although unable to swim, at once jumped in the water. The fight for life only lasted a short time, and when the neighbors finally

BURIED BY A FALLING WALL.

One Boy Killed and One Fatally Hurt-Several Workmen in the Debris.

CHICAGO, June 6 .- The south wall of a two-story building at 312 West Fourteenth street collapsed instantly killing one or two boys and fatally injuring another. Several workmen who were engaged in tearing down the building are missing and it is feared they are buried beneath the ruins. A

boy who cannot be found is also supposed to have been crushed beneath the wall. As far as is known the victims are: Killed EDDIE CLANCY, of 181 Johnson street,

rushed to death. HENRY GROSSMAN, of 177 Johnson street, hought to have been buried in the wre Fatally injured: FRANK SCHECTA, 196 Brown street.

All were boys about twelve years of age who were gathering wood under the sidewalk near the building. Several of the workmen on the building cannot be found, and it is feared their bodies lie under the mass of debris marking the scene of the accident. The names of the missing could not be learned.

HOUSE BLOWN UP.

Two People Instantly Killed in a Dynamite Explosion Near Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 6.-About J o'clock Saturday an explosion of dynamite occurred at Kensington, Pa., in the house of J. K. Turner, a jeweler. Two persons were killed instantly. They a

J. K. TURNER, jeweler. MISS EMMA SCHEFFER, of Emlanton, Pa. The wife and two children of Turner

were badly injured. That the house was blown up deliberately seems certain, as Mr. Turner

was never known to have dynamite in his dwelling or store. The explosion was of great force, breaking windows and doors at some distance. A posse has been organized and is now endeavoring to find some clew to the fiend who caused the explosion.

MRS. FRIEND ACQUITTED.

The Jury in the Electric Sugar Case Return a Verdict for the Defendant.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., June 6.-C. Knowlton, Jr., and R. J. Sawyer, Mrs. Friend's attorneys, made the argument for the defense in the case of the Electric company vs. Olive E. Friend yesterday. They presented a strong defense, the main points being that Cotterill, the president of the company, was cognizant of the frauds and carried them on from the beginning. The closing speech was made by A. P. Wheeler of New York, who made an argument in behalf of the claims of the company. After being out only three

cause of action. Chicago Board of Trade.

CHICAGO, June 6.-During the first half hour wheat sold %c lower than Saturday, corn 1%c ower, oats 1c lower. Pork opened 15c lower with the easier corn market and a great run of hogs at lower prices at the yards. For the first hour July wheat sold 86c to 85% c to 86% c to 85% c. July corn sold 51% c to 51% c to 50% c to 51c. Oats for July sold as low as 33% c. July 51c. Oats for July sold as low as 33%0. July pork \$10.45 to \$10.42% to \$10.50 to \$10.45. Ribs and lard 2%c to 7%c lower. Closing quotations were:

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Corn

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at—2	8 .85% .86% .85% .85%	8 .84 .84 .84 .86 .86	8 . 84% .84% .84% .80%	8 .8534 .80 .8534 .87%	(a t
e	.53%	.50%	.50%	.55%	t

EXCURSION TRAIN COLLISION.

Four Men Killed and Twenty-Six Colored Excursionists Injured.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., June 6.-News was received here of a terrible accident which occurred on the Owensboro & Nashville railway about 9 o'clock yesterday morning near South Carroll, Ky., in which four persons were killed and a number injured. A colored excursion train consisting of three coaches and a baggage car which left Gwensboro, Ky., at 7:30 o'clock col-lided with the regular north-bound passenger train.

The dead are:

BARCLAY, HUGH, of Russellville, fireman

of the excursion train. EALY, HENRY, colored, of Owensboro. FIELD, HENRY, colored, of Owensboro. GREENWOOD, BUDGE, colored, of Owens

Twenty-six persons, mostly colored excursionists, sustained injuries.

As near as could be learned the accident was caused by Engineer Fahey disobeying orders in going beyond Stroud station, where the excursion was to sidetrack for the passenger train.

Both engines were completely demolished. The negroes of Owensboro are wild with excitement because of the exaggerated reports of the number of the killed.

TOWN OF CORRY DELUGED.

Streets Became Streams and Railroad Are Badly Washed-No Lives Lost.

CORRY, Pa., June 7 .- The most destructive rainstorm that has ever visited this locality began yesterday after-noon at 3 o'clock. It was a heavy up the stream which was rapidly folcloudburst, and by 9 o'clock the business and eastern portion of the town was under water with the rain still falling in perfect torrents. There was no loss of life and few were injured.

The southern side presents a sad appearance, but the eastern portion i still worse. Sidewalks are carried away and the roads in places gullied from four to six feet deep. Nearly every basement in the business portion of the city was flooded and also many of the stores. The loss on stock to merchants is heavy. It is safe to say that the loss throughout the city will reach \$50,000.

JIMTOWN IN ASHES.

A Colorado Mining Town Wiped Out by Flames.

DENVER, Col., June 7-The bustling camp of Jimtown, which is separated from the -famous mining town of Creede by a mile and a half, was almost totally destroyed by fire which started at 5:30 o'clock this morn-ing. The flames were started by an explosion of coal oil with hours the jury rendered a verdict of no which a family living in the Kinneavy block were starting a fire to prepare breakfast. As there was no fire department the flames were unchecked and in a short time they

burned through the rows of frame buildings for a distance of a mile in the narrow gulch in which the town is sltuated. The total loss is estimated ata \$1.000,000. It is rumored that four persons perished in the fire. This cannot be substantiated at present, although a searching party has been at work for several hours.

Thirty Houses Swept Away. ERIE. Pa., June 7.-Last evening

Clark's mill dam at Union City burst and a wall of water swept through the town carrying thirty houses from their foundations, and while many

HUNDREDS ARE DEAD.

TERRIBLE FLOOD IN NORTH-WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Oll City and Titusville Devastated-Oil Tanks Take Fire and the Burning Fluid Rush'ss Through the Valley-Outside Help Appealed for.

OIL CITY, Pa., June 7 .- The most appalling calamity in the history of Oil City came yesterday, resulting in destruction of life and property which as yet can only be approximated. Thus far sixty-nine lives are known to be lost, hundreds of people are known to be missing, and it is believed the loss of life will reach 200 or more.

At 11:30 o'clock in the forenoon a large proportion of the population of the city was distributed along the banks and bridges of the Allegheny river and Oil creek watching the rise of the flood in both streams, the chief cause of the rise of the latter being due to a cloudburst above Titusville which resulted in the loss of many lives at that point. At the time mentioned an ominous covering of oil made its appearance on the crest the

of the flood pouring down the Cil Creek valley, and the dangerous foreboding waves of gas from distillate and benzine could be seen above the surface of the stream. People began slowly to fall back from the bridge and the creek, but they hardly begun up the stream which was rapidly followed by two others, and, quick as a flash of lightning, the creek for a distance of two miles was filled with an awful mass of roaring flames and billows of smoke that rolled high above the creek and river hills. No pen can picture the scene then witnessed.

Almost all the town was on fire within three minutes of the time of explosion, and no one knows as yet how many of the inhabitants are dead in the ruins of their home.

A correspondent stood at the time, of the first explosion at the east end of the creek bridge mentioned. Almost as quickly as the words can be written fully 5,000 people in that portion of the town were on the streets, wild with terror, rushing to the hill. Men forgot that they were men, and scores of men, women, and children were knocked down and trambled upon by both horses and people in the mad flight for places of safety.

Hundreds of people thought the day of judgment had come, and many prayers were heard mingling with the moans and lamentations of the fleeing multitude. The heat was intense, and the weird and awful spectacle presented to the panic-stricken people was that a cloud-burst of fire, bordered and overcapped by a great canopy of dense black smoke, was falling upon the city.

The flood in the Oil Creek valley has inundated the upper portion of the town, flooding from fifty to seventyfive houses along North Scneca street. The most of their inmates reached places of safety by the use of boats or by swimming or wading, but a number of them were yet in the upper stories or in the water when the fire came and their fate was quickly sealed. Some of them were seen to jump into the water to escape death in the flames.

The distillate and benzine on the creek came from a tank lifted by the flood and is supposed to have been ignited by a spark from an engine on the Lake Shore road, just above the tunnel at the northern part of the city. The fire shot up the creek as well as down and several tanks are on fire etc number of the refineries above. But it is believed that their burning co can be kept within the tanks and that a second baptism of fire may be averted. It is almost impossible to find wor to describe this awful calamity and at this time no one has any idea of the number of lives that have been lost. For miles up the creek on both everything is in ruins, and hundre families have been rendered ho The fire came so suddenly and so pectedly that little if any property h been saved along this stream, and sky for miles around is still black the smoke from burning dwellings and oil tanks. The water in Oil creek is fall slowly at this time and it is hoped the worst is over and no more lives will lost. The creek is fifteen feet doop 100 yards wide now and in the m 35 years old, of slight build and light of the oldest inhabitant has never be so high before.

ing. "I will accept it thank you sincerely."

Gruff endorsed the check and showed Snivers to the door. . 1 wish I were going to be here a little longer." he said. smilingly. 'so that I could see you again. A warm.fire is good, but a warm friend and a warm fire-well, I won't paint the good times you've missed through the efforts of the Faculty," shaking Snivers merrily by the hand.

"What a light-hearted fellow." said Snivers, as he plowed back to his room: "he doesn't seem to care a bit about being expelled."

When Snivers held the face of the check under his little brass lamp that night he was surprised to see how blurred it was: .. I don't believe I understood that fellow." said Snivers. thoughtfully shaking his head.-Henry B. Eddy, in the Harvard Advocate.

reached the spot it was only in time to remove from the water the bodies of father, mother and children. Five p other little children are left orphans by the accident.

M'MILLAN GETS TWELVE YEARS

Long Sentence for a Desperate Man Once Made Prominent by Suspicion. HOUSTON, Texas, June 7 .-- Charles McMillan, the man whom the officers believe to be the one wanted for an assault, in February last, on a lady of much prominence at Sedalia, Mo., was convicted of burglary of the store of J. H. Nudin that took place some months ago. He gets a term of twelve

years. The lady and her husband came down from Sedalia, but the lady would not positively identity the man as her assailant. Since McMillan has been in jail he has tried to hang himself with his bedclothes and at another time he set fire to his b.d and attempted to burn himself.

Granite Cutters Still Fighting.

NEW YORK, June 7 .- This week is likely to see important developments in the strike which is being carried on by the Granite Cutters' National union against the proposition of the New England Contractors' association to change the date for signing the yearly wage scale from May 1 to Jan. 1. The union men, now recognizing that upon the issue in New York depends that of the entire country, have telegraphed to Secretary Dwyer to come to the city immediately.

Wreck on the Reading.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., June 7 .--- This town was completely cut off from all railroad communication this morning as the result of last night's heavy rains, which caused washouts on the Lehigh valley and Reading roads. The Reading had a wreck south of here during the night, caused by a coal train running into a washout, completely wrecking the engine and several cars. The engine rolled down into the creek and the fireman was badly scalded.

Drowned in South Dakota.

HURON, S. D., June 7 .- Mrs. K. M. Foote and three children living south of Harold, were drowned last evening in attempting to cross a ravine after an immense downpour of rain yesterday afternoon. The storm is said to have been a cloudburst, deluging a great stretch of country.

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June July Sept July bort ribs	6.30 6.37% 6.52%	6.27% 6.35 6.50	6.27% 6.35 6.50	6.27% 6.37% 6.55	
June July	6.27% 6.24% 6.35	6.20 6.27 6.27%	6.22 6.25 6.32	6.33%	

Chicago Produce Market

CHICAGO, June 6 .- The following quotations are for large lots only. Smaller quantities are usually sold at advanced rates:

ESUALLY Sold at advanced rates: BUTTER-Fancy Elgin stock, 17@18c per lb; fancy creameries, 15@18c; fancy imitations, 14 @17c; Western goods, 16@17c; fancy dairies, 16c; No. 1, 14@15; No. 2, 12@13c; selects, 16@17c; fine ladies, 10@12c; fresh packing stock, 10c; grease, 1007c.

4627c. POTATOES - Burbanks. 50c; Hebrons, 456 47c; rose, 402453; bell. 352380; peerless, 382 40c; mixed, 3526403; Empire state, 452480; new potatoes, \$1.5028.00per sack.

FRUITS--Apples, choice, \$2.75/24 per bri: or-dinary, 12/2.50; oranges, Florids, \$2/24.00 per box: California, \$2/24.50; lemons, \$2.50/23.00; bananas, \$1.50/21.75 per bunch; pineapples, \$1.50 @2.50 per doz.

62.50 per doz.
POULTRY-Hens, 12½c; roosters, 6c; hen turkeys, 14c; mixed, 11@12c; old gobblers, 920
10c; ducks 11@12c; geese, \$325 per doz.
CHEESE-Full cream Young Americas, 10%
@11c; do twins, 9%@10%c; cheddars, 9%c; brick, 9@10c; limburger, 9210c; Swiss, 111%

STRAWBERRIES-Centralias, \$1.25@1.50;

nessees, \$1@2 per 24-qt case: Illinois, 50@\$1.25 per 24-qt case; Indianas, \$1.25@1.75. HIDES-No. 1 light and heavy, 4%c; No. 2 do, 3%c; No. 1 calf, 7c; No. 2, 5%c; tallow, No. 1, 4c; No.2, 3%c.

VEAL-Fancy calves, 7@7%c per lb; grassers, 5@6c; small and thin, 3@4c. EGGs-Strictly fresh stock. 15@15%c

Destruction from Army Worm COLUMBUS, Ind., June 6.-In the eastern part of this country the army worms in great numbers have made their appearance and are doing great damage to hayfields. So numerous are these worms that in some instances as many as ten acres of growing hay is destroyed in a day. They come frcm the ground, it appears. It is twentyfour years ago this season when these pests last appeared hear.

Will Have Only Union Men.

NEW YORK, June 7 .- A report prevails among the union printers of this city that the Tribune, which has for so long a time been a "rat" office, is about to drive out the non-union printers and fill their places with union men. The matter is the source of much congratulation among the union printers, but they can assign no cause for Whitelaw Reid's sudden change of front.

brick building fell demolishing frame buildings adjoining. The Keystone block was undermined and fell. Goodenough's jewelry store and the rear of the Postoffice ' building and Cooper's planing mill were all Hundreds of horses and wrecked. cattle were drowned. The damage will reach not less than \$100,000. The towns of Garland, Pittsfield, Columbus and many other places are under water. At Pittsfield the operator, J. E. Mead, stood at his post and worked at his in-

struments with the water three feet deep in the office and the building surrounded by debris and roari ng flood.

Omaha Merchant Missing.

Омана, Neb., June 7.-George Heyn, a wealthy merchant of this city, is mysteriously missing. He started for Europe nearly a month ago and, by reason of illness, stopped at Milwaukee. Recovering, he went to Buffalo where he registered at the Arlington hotel, May 25, as George Hendricks. There all trace of him was lost. He is complexion, wears side whiskers and a mustache, and has dark hair.

Mrs. Harrison Improved.

WASHINGTON, Jne 7.-Mrs. Harrison slept unusually well last night and feels better to-day. She is able to sit up for a few moments at a time, and her appetite is improved. A correspondent was assured at the White House that the family no longer felt any alarm about her and that they are confident of her recovering sufficient strength to permit of her removal to the mountains (probably Deer park) in a fortnight.

Decrease in Dry Goods Imports.

NEW YORK, June 7 - As shown by the manifest just given out from the custom house this week's import movement of dry goods at the port of New York was considerably below that of last week, the money value of the total entries having fallen to \$1,593,618 from \$1,770,994. The amount thrown on the market likewise exhibits a decrease of similar proportions, having declined to \$1,576,435 from \$1,743,113

He Is Wanted in Chicago.

Sr. Louis, June 7. - Frank Brady, a negro, was arrested here last night and is being held for the Chicago authorities. Over a year ago Brady stabbed and killed Charles Harris in a quarrel over the affections of a woman.

Call for Outside Help.

As the devastation is so great it been decided to call upon the ou world to furnish financial means to relieve the distressed. Such contribu tions should be sent by telegraph to Roger Sherman, president of the relief committee, is no mails will be received or dispatched for several days, owing to three railroads entering the city having their tracks washed out almost entirely for many miles.

The following appeal is issued:

Our suffering and destitution are terrible. There is a great loss of life and manufacturing interests are wiped out by flood and fire, hun-dreds of families are homeless and destitute. In the absence of our mayor we appeal to a generous public for help in this, our time of distress

WILLIAM MCNAUGHTON, President Selest Council, W. B. BENEDICT, H. C. BLOSS, Editor of the Herald, President Common Council. Editor of the H JOSEPH ZEP, JOHN L. MCKINNEY, J. A. CADWALLADER, J. E. MCKINNEY, J. J. MCGRUM.

Titusville gave \$15,000 to Chicsgo, \$5,000 to Johnstown sufferers, and \$2,000 to the South at the time of the yellow fever epidemic, also \$1,500 to Russian relief, and has always responded to all demands upon the public sympathy when oil towns have been in distress.