

THE HEROES OF A CRISIS.

Buenos Ayres, Sept. 23.—Ex-President Pellegrini who was recently captured by the insurgents and came near being shot, has again fallen into their hands. It is said he will be tried and executed.

The announcement that ex-President Pellegrini was captured by the rebels and imprisoned at Tucuman, by order of the revolutionary junta, and was in danger of being tried by court-martial and shot, caused an almost unprecedented sensation here. The capture of Pellegrini may be said to have brought the revolution almost to a close, for he was the chief supporter of President Pena, who, it is claimed, was little more than a puppet in his hands. The insurgents have so much confidence in the success of their cause that they have already organized a provisional government and have received assurance of support from many sources. The navy is said to be siding with the insurgent, and it is expected here that at any moment the resignation of Pena will be announced. The friends of Pellegrini are doing their utmost to save his life but there is no doubt that he is in great danger.

MARINE BATTLE AT BUENOS AYRES.

An exciting skirmish took place today in the outer roads of this harbor between some torpedo boats, which had joined the revolutionists, and vessels of the Argentine fleet. The attack was made by the torpedo boats, but the loyal men-of-war were prepared for it and not only beat off the insurgent vessels, but later took the offensive and captured the rebel boats and their crews. The fighting between the two fleets was very sharp for a time and many were killed, including several officers. The national guards, who have been mobilized, were trooping today in large numbers to the various barracks. Ross is directing operations against the rebels.

The commanders of the two torpedo boats concerned in the attack on the government fleet were instigated by Colonel Espina. After the attack the government authorities succeeded in arresting him and he will probably be shot. The government has asked congress to take action against Senor Alen, who is a senator, on the charge of suborning the army.

Charged With Wife Murder.

AMSTERDAM, Sept. 23.—The police of this city on the 20th inst., arrested a man named Hendrick De Jong on the charge of wife murder. It appears that last June he married Sarah Jewett, a young English girl who soon disappeared. In August he married the pretty daughter of a local inn keeper, who also soon disappeared. This coming finally to the ears of the police led to an investigation and the arrest of De Jong. It was believed that he was guilty of a series of wife murders similar to those of Desmear, the noted Australian wife murderer, and search for the remains began both in Holland and England, but without result till Monday, when the body of Sarah Jewett was found in the woods forty miles from here, giving evidence of having been murdered. The general search in both countries will be renewed. There are believed to be numerous victims. The police now deny that the body found is that of Sarah Jewett.

Searching for Anarchists.

MADRID, Sept. 23.—The police are searching for the anarchists who are suspected of having been connected with the attempt of the life of General Martinez Campos. The men fled from Barcelona to this city shortly after the explosion of bombs on the review ground. The newspaper press throughout Spain demands that the strongest measures possible be taken immediately to suppress anarchism.

Wiped Out by Fire.

ORAL, Mich., Sept. 23.—The entire business portion of this village was wiped out by fire this morning. There was no fire protection outside of a bucket brigade and it could do little to stay the flames. The principal losers are H. C. Sturtevant, grocery store; J. A. Althouse, dry goods store; A. Geisler, drug store; Coleman hotel; Mrs. Cowder, grocery store; G. A. R. hall and postoffice. Many other buildings were destroyed. The losses are not yet estimated, but will reach \$150,000. Mr. Geisler was seriously injured by jumping from a window and Mrs. Cowder was seriously burned about the arms and chest.

Many Lives Lost.

St. Louis, Sept. 23.—A special to the Republics from Fort Worth, Tex. says: Menzies reports were received here Wednesday night of a wreck on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway, near Ellsboro, fifty-seven miles from which, by the collision of a passenger train and a bridge construction train, nine men of the bridge gang were reported to have been killed.

Some Deaths Should Never Be Regretted.

The obituary of a man who died in the city of St. Louis, Mo., is published in the city paper.

Gone up in Flames.

St. Joseph, Mo., Sept. 27.—Three solid blocks of the finest business houses of St. Joseph are in ruin tonight and a million dollars' worth of property has been destroyed.

About 10 o'clock Monday morning C. A. Purdy, who was passing along Edmond street, noticed a thin curl of smoke coming from the top floor of the eight story department house of Townsend & Wyatt. By the time he could turn in an alarm, flames burst from the entire top floor.

The cause of the fire was a stub of a lighted cigarette, thrown carelessly on the floor in the store room on the fifth floor of the big department store of Townsend, Wyatt & Emery. The fire department could have put out the fire but for the failure of the water works pump to give pressure sufficient to force the water to the required height. The flames had got beyond the point where the chemical apparatus might have been of use. When the fifth floor fell it became apparent that the building was doomed and the firemen directed their efforts to an attempt to confine the fire to the building. Handicapped by an insufficient water supply they were unsuccessful.

FLAMES SPREAD RAPIDLY.

The Townsend & Wyatt building became a roaring furnace. The flames were leaping 100 feet into the air and soon attacked the Commercial bank building. Almost simultaneously the flames jumped across the street to the Curbey and France blocks. Then it was apparent that the whole block was doomed and the fear became general that the entire business portion of the city would be swept away. The roofs of the Curbey and France buildings when the water began to come. The department stopped the progress of the flames north at the German American bank, south on the Curbey block and west at the building occupied by Ransom, Garrett & Brewster, wholesale shoe dealers.

From the Wyatt, Townsend & Emery building the flames leaped to the building occupied by Ragner & Shoup, crockery dealers. It quickly succumbed. Then followed that of S. A. Allen & Co. wholesale grocers, and in quick succession a hotel and several small buildings occupied by small tradesmen were consumed. It was 3 o'clock before the fire was under control. The conflagration had been under way six hours. At 6 o'clock the fire was still burning fiercely in spots. The burned district is bounded by Felix and Edmond and Sixth and Seventh streets, and the south half of the block between Edmond and St. Charles streets and Sixth and Seventh.

Troubles in the Choctaw Nation.

PARIS, Tex., Sept. 27.—Colonel P. F. Faison, the special agent of the United States government sent to investigate the troubles in the Choctaw nation, has made his final report and left that country. He says his presence is no longer necessary and that the United States troops sent there last April are no longer needed. The Choctaw council meets Monday and it is likely that United States soldiers will be there. There are some important contests on hand and both factions will be there in force. If the contests are satisfactorily settled things will quiet down at once and the soldiers will be withdrawn.

An Armed Mob.

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 27.—An armed mob of 100 men marched to the Chinese quarters last night and after looting their houses marched the Chinamen to the city limits and ordered them to leave. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of the ringleaders. About thirty of the Chinese sought refuge in the house of Chinese Missionary Trumble. When the mob demanded their delivery, Mrs. Trumble appeared with a Winchester rifle and announced that the first man to enter the house would be shot.

The Revolution Growing Weaker.

LONDON, Sept. 27.—The Brazilian minister in this city has received the following official dispatch: RIO DE JANEIRO, Sept. 27.—The revolution is growing weaker day by day. Admiral De Melo is reduced to his last extremity. All the states denounce his attempt to overthrow the present government and the government and people are enthusiastic for Peixoto's government. The army is generally loyal. The city is as tranquil as if no revolt had occurred and the government is fully confident that it is sufficiently powerful to maintain its authority.

BUENOS AYRES, Sept. 27.—The ships of the insurgent Brazilian fleet are blockading the port of Santos.

Fractured His Skull.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Sept. 27.—Thomas Wynne, a brother-in-law of Andrew Carnegie, the Pennsylvania iron king, was struck on the head with a club by John Card, a restaurant waiter. Wynne's skull was fractured and he died shortly. Wynne refused to pay for a meal and when ejected from the restaurant he attempted to break in the door, when Card struck him. Carnegie has been notified.

The Idle Men.

CHICAGO, Sept. 27.—The police returns on the census of the unemployed have been completed. From the exact figures in the statements and from the estimates of the idle men in trades in the police returns it is argued that 400,000 unemployed men can be accounted for in Chicago. In the report it is shown that about 14,000 men and steel workers and out of employment. The report shows a small decrease in the number of men unemployed.

Shot and Killed.

CHICAGO, Sept. 30.—After shooting and seriously wounding three men, James McGrath a notorious West Side character, was shot twice and killed instantly by Maxwell street police officers this afternoon. The injured are:

Officer Mitchell Flemming, of the Maxwell street station; shot in the calf of the left leg.

Thomas Besman, 22 Henry street, shot through the head by McGrath, died later.

Edward Jackson, 164 West Eighteenth street, shot in the bridge of the nose.

The first shooting was the result of a quarrel between McGrath and Besman. The latter was taken to the hospital and only regained consciousness long enough to give the name of his assailant. Officers Fleming and Butler found McGrath on Canal street and accosted him. McGrath turned with an oath and fired point blank at Officer Butler's head. The bullet, however, went wide of its mark and struck Edward Jackson, who was walking on the opposite side of the street, on the bridge of the nose, breaking the bone. McGrath again leveled his revolver and directed it toward Officer Fleming. As he fired the second shot both of the officers discharged their weapons at him and both shots from the officers' revolvers took effect. One of them passed through the desperado's heart, while the other found lodgment under the right armpit. The dead body of McGrath was removed to the county morgue, while Officer Fleming and Edward Jackson were taken to the county hospital.

McGrath was a well known character throughout the West Side. He is a brother of the notorious Jack McGrath, who is now serving a twenty-five year sentence in the penitentiary at Joliet for a burglary which he committed last July.

An Armed Crowd on the War Path.

BRAZIL, Ind., 30.—St. Louis and Illinois Central detectives, leading a posse of armed men, scoured the little hamlet of Staunton and the surrounding country last night in search for Joseph Harden, one of the bandits who held up an express train at Centralia, Ill., recently. They surrounded the house of Widow King, where Harden is said to have been stopping. While trying to wait Harden appeared but saw his danger and fled. The officers pursued and a number of shots were exchanged, but Harden escaped. He was tracked to this city and was seen in a saloon, but again escaped. He was tracked to his father's house, but had taken to the swamps, which are now under guard, and they are preparing to starve him out. It is believed that Harden is the planner and executor of the job at Staunton night before last, when an attempt was made to wreck the fast westbound passenger train on the Vandalias.

Harden is unmarried, twenty-five years of age and of good parentage. He was the black sheep of the family from early boyhood. He would fight at the drop of the hat and use any weapon he could secure. As he grew up he became incorrigible and was sent to the house of correction at Plainfield, but he escaped. He committed some crime and was sentenced to the penitentiary for several years. He is charged with many crimes and should be captured alive no doubt he will spend the remainder of his days behind iron bars.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 29.—At 1 o'clock this morning Joseph S. Harden, believed to be one of the Centralia train robbers was arrested here.

A False Alarm.

WARSAW, Sept. 30.—A false alarm of fire was given today in the synagogue at Calwara, Reansunwulki. The building was crowded with Jews at worship. All started at once for the two exits and despite the shouts of the rabbi that there was no fire, fought to get out. After a struggle of fifteen minutes two-thirds of the congregation were still in the synagogue. As no fire had appeared they became calmer, and with the aid of the care takers the rabbi eventually restored quiet. Nine dead bodies were found near the exits and twenty persons lay unconscious and bleeding where they had been trampled. Fully 100 persons were injured in the rush. Fifteen are suffering from wounds that are likely to cause death.

A Narrow Escape.

SEDALIA, Mo., Sept. 30.—The incoming train on the Lexington branch had a narrow escape from total destruction at a point eleven and a half miles from Sedalia at 10 o'clock last night. West of Hughesville half a mile is a trestle sixteen feet in length and five high. Between the ties on the east end of the trestle someone had placed a tie so that it projected above the rails nearly three feet. The engine struck the tie demolishing the pilot and doubling the tie beneath the engine, which was derailed and rolled down an embankment eight feet high, landing on its side, the tender and express car accompanying it, and also the engineer and fireman. The rear cars were not damaged in the least.

A Desperado Captured.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kas., Sept. 30.—Last night at Dexter, a small town in the east part of this county, Will Chedburn, a noted desperado, was captured by Constable Joe Church, Chedburn has been wanted in Chantanooga for some time for horse stealing and highway robbery. He is a desperate character and has been in hiding in the hills about here for months. He is also suspected of being one of the Meand Valley train robbers. He is in jail at Sedalia.

A Terrible Explosion.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 28.—About 12:30 o'clock Sunday morning a terrible explosion, supposed to have been that of a dynamite bomb, occurred in a non-union sailors' boarding house and saloon of Mr. and Mrs. John Curtin, located on Main street between Polson and Harrison. The sidewalk in front of Curtin's boarding house, where the explosion occurred, was torn to pieces and the buildings on either side of Curtin's house are badly shattered. Five men, who were standing near the spot where the explosion occurred were buried in the debris, two being killed, three mortally injured and one seriously injured. The scene after the explosion was appalling in the extreme. One man had his face blown off, another lost both legs, and all of them were completely stripped of their clothing and covered with blood, smoke and cinders. Even the firemen in the engine house next door were daunted at sight and waited for the patrol wagon while the wounded men, with shattered limbs and torn faces, screamed and writhed in their agony on the bloody ground.

George Holmes, a stave-dore, and "Breck" McGinnis a non-union sailor, were instantly killed, and their bodies were removed to the morgue. William T. McKenzie was badly burned all over the body. Edward Murphy and Charles Owens were terribly lacerated from head to foot. All three were fatally injured. John Curtin, jr., son of the proprietor of the boarding house, was badly burned and bruised. All the injured were hastily removed to the receiving hospital. None of them, except Curtin, regained consciousness after their arrival there.

IDENTITY OF THE BOMB THROWERS.

Young Curtin stated to a reporter that he believed the explosion to be the outcome of trouble between his father and union sailors. "They threw the bomb," said Curtin. "I saw it near the door. There was a valise and something wrapped in a blanket. I saw the flash and—" At this point in the conversation the young man lost consciousness. When he came to he continued: "I was standing outside, but did not see who left the valise and blanket there. My father knows. I do not know what happened after that blinding flash."

Mrs. Curtin, in an interview, said this evening: "These men who did this came here last Thursday night after some men. I would not tell them where they were. They came again and finally I had one of the same men arrested who has just been arrested." Shortly after the bombs had been removed from the scene of the explosion three union sailors, John Tyrell, James Woods and Terrance Tracey, were arrested on suspicion of having caused the explosion, and were hurried off to jail. Terrell was identified by Mrs. Curtin as the man who said to her a few days before: "Your days are numbered, we'll fix you," or words to that effect.

McKenzie, Murphy, and Owens died at the receiving hospital at an early hour this morning and John Curtin Jr. is in a critical condition and suffering terribly.

SUSPICIOUS LOOKING OBJECT.

At midnight the door of the curtain house was locked. Most of the inmates were abed, including Mr. and Mrs. Curtin and their little daughter. Some one tried the latched door cautiously and stole away. A few minutes later the six victims strolled down the street. All but two lodged in the house. They had all been at a theatre and stopped to chat a minute or two before separating. Young Curtin saw lying against the door what seemed to be a valise covered with an old blanket. Jerking away the covers he picked up the valise and instantly set it down again, springing back with the cry, "My God, boys, it's dynamite." McGinnis stepped forward and carelessly pushed the valise with one foot. That instant there was a crash that shook the whole earth under the city, tore beams and timbers from their fastenings, carved in partitions like eggshells, strewed the street for two blocks with shattered windows and scraped out a yawning hole where the sidewalk had been. Here was a naked foot and there another, and all about was a small of burned flesh and of clothing that were still ashen.

Sunk in a Storm.

St. PETERSBURG, Sept. 28.—The iron monitor Roosalka of the Russian navy, it is believed to have gone down in a storm in the Gulf of Finland while on her way from Revel to Helsinki. Much wreckage, apparently from her, has been washed ashore, and the body of a Russian marine was picked up on the coast, where she must have been during a high gale several days ago. The Roosalka put to sea with twelve officers and 106 men, all of whom are believed to be lost. She was built twenty-five years ago and was counted among Russia's most defenseless armor-clads.

A Lynching Expected.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 28.—A Special to the Commercial from Tusculum, Ala., says the body of Haywood Hynum, son of Hugh Hynum of Scotsboro, Ala., one of the wealthiest men in this section, was found in the canal at Tusculum this morning with three bullet holes through the head and the body horribly mangled. The gulf has been frozen on two negroes, who were shot. A mob has started in preparation, and news of a lynching is being spread.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

ONLY A TRAMP.

But There Were Tramps, and Better Chances for Him.

"It's only one of these pesky tramps, Bill," said a brakeman to his companion, as the lights from two lanterns fell on the form of a man crouched as only a railroad train can manage. "I suppose we will have to get him into the caboose and leave him at the station."

They gathered up the remains of what they could, and after getting them aboard the train, gave the signal to go ahead.

Yes, he was only a tramp. The brakeman addressed as Bill had seen the man fall between two cars while stepping from one to another. The train had been stopped, and the two railroaders went back to see what damage had been done. In the caboose they made a search of the dead man's clothes. They didn't find much; no money, not even a knife. In the inside pocket of the ragged vest was a greasy-looking envelope. In taking out the letter a tiny band of gold fell to the floor. While one picked up the ring the other read the letter. It had been well fingered, and there were unmistakable spots that only wear could have caused. The handwriting was a woman's, and read as follows:

"Dear Jim: Mary is dead and in her last words she inquired for papa. She missed you so much, and never seemed to be well after you went. I am sorry, Jim, for what I said that night, and if you will come back I will never complain and worry you any more. I send you Mary's ring; you remember when you got it for her. Please come back to your wife."

That was all. The wife had heard in some way where her husband was and had sent him the letter. It occurred to one of the brakemen to look at the postmark, and with difficulty it was seen that it was a month old, and that it was that of the very place at which they had decided to leave the dead body.

Jim must have met with misfortune, and was stealing his way home, which he reached only to be carried out and laid beside little Mary.

Peccoliarities of Burros.

The burro has many peccoliarities, which he shares with his half-brother, the mule. Burdened with a heavy pack, he may travel for hours patiently and without complaint. He approaches a little stream of sluggish water not more than an inch or two deep, or it may be a dry ravine which has water only in the rainy season. He sets foot in it with the utmost reluctance, and after having been fairly pulled in, he may deliberately lie down and refuse to go further. He knows how easy it is for his little feet to sink into the wet sand, and the recollection that just such an innocent-looking place once upon a time proved to be a quagmire still survives in his mind.

This same instinct of self-preservation is what makes him so unfooted. He will carefully pick his way over mountain-trails that would be impassable to a horse and would make a man dizzy. I once saw a burro with a good-sized pack on his back try to pass along a trail that led through a narrow cleft in a rock. The cleft was too narrow, and, when half-way through, the pack stuck fast. Being unable to go forward, the burro backed, but was equally unsuccessful in getting out. He then tried his last resource—lying down. When he couldn't do this, his groans and lamentations filled the air, and continued during the hour it took us to free him. I thought he must have been injured internally, but no sooner was he at liberty than he went a few yards forward on the trail and quietly began to graze!

But it is when kept behind his comrades, if only a few moments, that his agony is greatest. Then such struggles to be free! Such brays! One wonders how so small an animal can make so great a noise.—St. Nicholas.

Always Young.

That one is as old as he feels is an aphorism that is receiving constant exemplification. Sir Julius Benedict once played so admirably in public that a listener rushed up to him and declared, enthusiastically:

"I am amazed and delighted. You never played better. This has really been a most remarkable performance."

"Well," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "to tell the truth, I don't think it was at all bad for a young man who is within a few months of eighty years of age!"

On the day when Deacon John Hitchcock of Springfield, was seventy years old, he said to his wife:

"When we were first married, you know I used to take my hat down from the peg with my toes. I wonder if I could do it now?"

He jumped from the floor, took his hat on the toe of his boot, and came down safely on his feet. Then he said grace and ate his breakfast as if nothing unusual had happened.

A cheery and courageous spirit of one's own, and the love of other people—these are the best aids toward attaining a youthful old age.

Prudent Investments.

It is a great blessing to have a cheerful confidence in the future. Two eminent French gentlemen who were great friends used to relate an amusing story of their impoosant days.

Neither tame nor fortune had come to them, but they were always hopeful. The years had weighed heavily enough upon Jules, however, for him to have become entirely bald.

One day Alphonse met him with a canning countenance, and cried gaily:

"What do you think, Jules? I have been laying a strong box!"

"Then, Alphonse," replied Jules, smiling, "I shall buy a hair-brush."

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