

The Latest News as Flashed Over the Wires from All Parts of the World—Regarding Politics, Religion, Casualties, Commerce, and Industry.

CASUALTY AT MUNCIE.

Five Men Frightfully Scalded and Burned. A horrible accident occurred in Muncie, Ind., in which five men were dangerously scalded and burned. The injured are:

John Gainer, aged 50 years; Valentine Gibson, aged 45 years; John Curtis, Lemzy M. Taylor, and John Bowers.

They were employees of the Muncie brick mill. In the mill there are five large boilers, and under these is a twenty-five-hundred-gallon tank and three feet square. One end of the drum cracked and then burst.

A stream of hot mud, boiling water and steam was thrown out the length of the mill and five men who were standing in the line of the stream fell to the ground, either burned or cooked.

They were carried to their homes, where they were treated and then summoned.

The flesh on Gainer's face, hands, and legs is completely cooked, and when his clothing was removed, the outer flesh peeled off. It is thought he is burned internally and cannot recover.

Gibson is also in a bad condition, his face and hands are in a blister. Curtis is in about the same condition as Gainer.

Taylor and Bowers are burned about the head and hands, and their bodies were scalded. Their eyes were filled with hot mud and they ran wild around the factory screaming for help. Their suffering was intense and cannot be described.

The factory was slightly damaged.

LIVES LOST.

Many Perish in the Forest Fires of the Month.

Memphis (Tenn.) special: Reports from the forest fire districts in this vicinity show that while the loss to property is not great, considering the extent of territory covered, the loss of life exceeds apprehensions. Within fifteen miles of Memphis, three lives have been lost by fire, and the two dead and the severe burns of a fearful burning in Arkansas, where five lives were lost. The remains of five human beings were found the flesh and clothing all burned off, in the St. Francis bottoms all within a quarter of a mile of each other. There are fears that there are the remains of a party of hunters from Texas that got into that country last week, but there is nothing to support this except the number of bodies. The fatalities in this county were peculiarly distressing. Fanny Woods, an aged negro, had her dress ignited as she fled from a burning house, and she ran, surrounded by the flames, until she fell dead. F. Roy, a 9-year-old boy, ran into his father's arms, which were on fire, to save some property. The house collapsed and he was burned to death before many spectators. The name of the third victim is not ascertainable.

SWEEP BY FLAMES.

Nighting Camps in Colorado Destroyed by Fire.

Boulder (Colo.) special: A forest fire which was started from a campfire has been raging north of the mining camp of Gold Hill, a town of about 500 inhabitants, fifteen miles north-west. The fire is fed by dry grass and a fierce wind, carrying miles of dense timber in a short time.

Fifty people came into Boulder in wagons from Gold Hill, mostly women and children. They report that the business men and miners were hastily carrying what goods and property they could into the mining tunnels and had abandoned the hope of saving their stores and dwellings. The gravity of the case is fully appreciated here in Boulder, and the utmost excitement prevails. It is believed many small camps will be burned. The residents of Gold Hill, who have not come to Boulder, have assembled on the top of Horsehead mountain, and are watching the progress of the devouring flames as they eat their former homes.

A BIG ON W.H.

At Gibbonburg, Ohio, twenty-five miles from Toledo, Kirkbride Bros. have brought in an oil well which so far has eclipsed all previous discoveries of petroleum in the Ohio and Pennsylvania fields if not in the world. The well started the rate of 300 barrels per hour and has kept the phenomenal record. The oil does not expect such a gusher in a territory which has repeatedly been bored with indifferent success, and for hours the flow from the well could not be got into the tanks. Kirkbride Bros. have another well near by, on Gibbonburg giving 100 barrels an hour.

October Exports.

A statement prepared at the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department, shows exports during the month of October as follows: Mineral oils, \$3,755,991; cotton, \$30,754,596; bread-stuffs, \$9,849,596; provisions, \$12,638,274.

Wiped Out by Fire.

The town of Sheffield, fifteen miles south of Mason City, Iowa, was totally destroyed by fire. Loss, \$100,000.

Double Killing.

Clayton Sloan and an unknown man were killed by Chicago and Erie trains at Huntington, Ind., Friday morning. Sloan fell between the cars at DeLong and was cut in two. The unknown man was asleep on the train when the Wells Fargo Express train struck him.

A Child Fatally Burned.

A little daughter of Wm. Kemp, residing several miles from Huntington, Ind., was fatally burned by her clothing catching fire.

Father Segui's Murderer.

Eugenio Rebello, alias Father Segui, of Argentina, was arrested in Toulon two weeks ago on the charge of possessing 5,000 francs which he was unable to account for. The prosecutor has now confessed that he is the murderer of Father Segui, whose body was found recently in a London hotel.

Another Bond Issue.

The New York Press says: "After the close of business Friday it was announced that the Government will ask the bankers for another loan of \$50,000,000. Gold bonds for that amount bearing 5 per cent interest will be issued within a few days at a price which will not investors about 3 per cent annually."

Boots for Parkhurst.

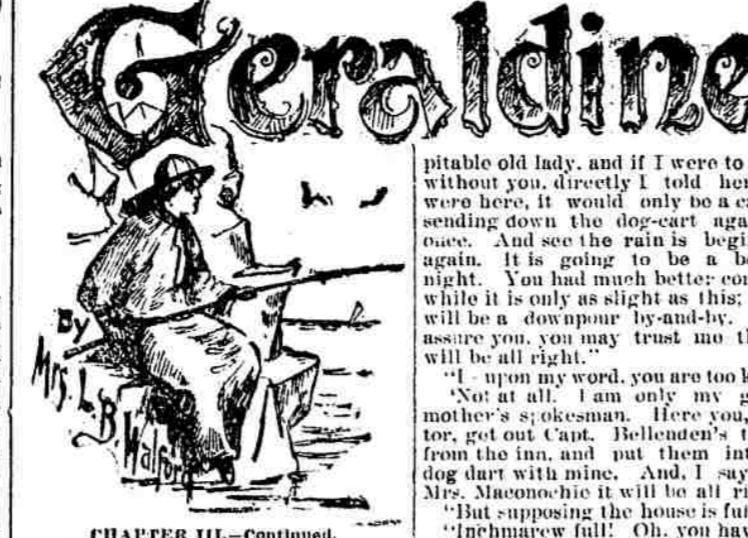
In a statement at the on the Lessons from the Late Elections, the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr. Robert McIntyre called Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, of New York, the 'hero of our country' and expressed the hope that he would live to cast a ballot for 'that great and good man for President.'

General Clay Married.

General Casimir P. Clay, of Lexington, Ky., dedicates the efforts of his children, intended in marrying pretty 15-year-old Doss Richardson. The ceremony took place in the presence of the old farm-bands and the girl's relatives. Eugene Gossage performed the ceremony.

CHAS. E. STRONG DEAD

MANAGER OF THE NEWSPAPER UNION PASSES AWAY.



The Well Known and Highly Esteemed Head of the Largest Auxiliary Printing Establishment in the World Succumbs to Heart Paralysis.

Sketch of His Life.

Charles E. Strong, general manager of the Chicago Newspaper Union and its branches, died at his home in Chicago early Wednesday morning, paralytic of the heart being the immediate cause of death, although his illness dates from the time of the annual meeting of the Typothete in Philadelphia in September. While in attendance there he contracted a severe cold. This aggravated a complication of heart and bronchial troubles from which he had long suffered, and on Nov. 7 he was obliged to take to his room. His condition was rapidly deteriorating, symptoms not even on the day and evening of his death; in fact, his jovial spirits had given the anxious ones hope of final recovery. At midnight, however, Mrs. Strong was awakened by unusual restlessness on the part of her husband, and before the physician could be summoned

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

She had equipped and seen him off joyfully, and he had had no idea of going to bed, as he had no notion of doing what he should not have done, until informed by Donald, or rather Donald's liege lady of his high mien-canor.

He was now disposed to return evil for good, and instead of saying "Thank you," his handancy for a merry afternoon's exertion, spoke to him of his friend's illness, and his cousin's having an invalid child.

"Have you?" I'm glad of that. If the bad has come in sooner, I had to run up to me for some of the high pools before dinner. I knew the water would be good."

"Your co. kin kindly showed me the high pools herself."

"Really? Oh, you have met Geraldine herself, then? Put the gun-race in here, I see, and the portmanteau. The portmanteau can go at your cousin's feet."

"H—? Anything news?"

"It is not granny's house, you know; it is mine," anxiously.

"Oh, I understand."

"And if I ask you," the spoilt child again asserting itself in her tone: "if I ask you, will you tell me?"

"I have no other invitation, certainly," said he courteously. "Only, you see you are really too kind. You do not even know my name."

"Well, what is your name?"

"Bellenden. But I will tell you what I can do, Miss Campbell."

"Don't call me Miss Campbell; it makes me feel foolish."

"But if you think I don't know your name, I mean your other name."

"It is Geraldine, but no one calls me that except Cecil."

"Cecil again," thought he. Cecil is privileged, I presume. What am I to call you, then?" he inquired aloud.

"Why, Jerry, of course. Every one does."

"Very well, Jerry." But she was laughing. She was so changeable, so whimsical, this sprite of a chieftainess, that one moment it would be "my castle," "my moon," "my everything," and the next she was asking him to call her "Jerry." One thing, however, was clear, that what she asked must be done; and amazed at himself, he went to the room in which he fell in with her humor. Bellenden only hoped the adventure would proceed as cheerfully as it had begun.

The property, he confided, was being nursed at present. There was a young girl there, who was the maid.

The grounds were not kept up as they had been. His grandfather had knocked off a lot of under-strappers and useless hangars on the garden, too, had been ridiculously expensive, and she had curtailed them considerably.

Of course, when his cousin came of age, he would be able to do what he could then do as she chose; but for the present he thought his grandmother was very wise to spend as little as need be. It was not as if they were living in the world—with more of the kind.

To all of this his companion cheerfully assented, as he would have done to almost anything at the moment.

The relief of getting away was evident, and the maid, who was a young girl, which he had grown more inappetent than ever during the past half-hour, was so intense that he would have permitted Mrs. Campbell to knock off every gardener on the place, and curtail her expenditure in every direction, so long as he was given a decent dinner to eat and a decent bed to sleep in.

"I'll tell granny." The child's eyes opened. "I tell granny everything," she said, and then plucked the candid grandchild: "and I don't see why I should mind Cecil, either," added she bravely, "only that I don't like to vex my poor dear, but the next time I call him you invited him?"

"If you could, do without telling him that."

"Oh, I could, of course. Why do you mind?" Will you not tell your grandmother?" for it struck him that unless some one were told, he could not very well accept of such haphazard hospitality.

"Of course, I tell granny." The child's eyes opened. "I tell granny everything," she said, and then plucked the candid grandchild: "and I don't see why I should mind Cecil, either," added she bravely, "only that I don't like to vex my poor dear, but the next time I call him you invited him?"

"She's not been vexed," said Bellenden quietly. "I can manage that, too, if you like, till we meet again. I must go down now or I shall be late."

"It is straight down, through the woods to the spring," he said.

"Yes, you can't go wrong. Good-bye. Dinner is at half-past seven."

And he felt the palm of a warm, well-lit hand in his for a moment, and all perception of unctuous garb and eccentric headgear vanished in the light of his pair of bright eyes looking full in his face.

"By Jove! what a nice child!" he thought.

He was only just in time when the bus came in long before the few passengers had landed, the slim figure of Cecil Raymond, arrayed in the long light-colored coat which was the thinning mode, was clearly discernible on the runway, while the usual paraphernalia of a short-man—the gun case, rod, smart portmanteau, and railway ring which was visible below—could have belonged to no one else on board. As swiftly as he was himself distinguished, did he distinguish Capt. Raymond, of the First Life Guards, the young guest and favorite man of the party, assembled at a bachelor cousin's for the Ascot week at the pre-arranged time.

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