

CAPTIVES THREE YEARS

AMERICAN SAILORS IMPRISONED IN RUSSIAN MINES.

Punished for Encroaching on Fishing Grounds—Forced to Dig Coal for Two Years and Ten Months—Terrible Suffering and Death—Given Up for Dead—Final Release of the Victims.

[Boston dispatch.]

One of the greatest outrages ever inflicted upon American citizens by the decree of a foreign power has been the imprisonment of four New England sailors—one of them born in Boston—for two years and ten months in a Siberian coal mine. One American died, after starving upon rice soup and being eaten by vermin. This seems also to have been the fate of the twelve or fifteen Japanese who made up the rest of the crew. The first member of this little party to reach home after being mourned as dead is Capt. Joseph W. Morris, of this city.

He had made one successful expedition to the islands in Behring Sea, and then he tried it again. The second time he had an experience which has effectually cured him of poaching in Russian territory. The schooner made a successful run to the islands, secured a full cargo of skins, and was headed for Yokohama, when a Russian man-of-war overhauled her. The man-of-war proved to be the Rasabonach. It took the schooner in tow and reached Vladivostock without incident.

The trial was conducted in Russian. They told their stories in English, and they were translated for the benefit of the court, but were ignorant of the testimony against them. They were taken to the town jail, a small stone building with cemented floor. Their cells were 16x20 feet, walled with stone and lighted with slits in the wall with bars across.

When they reached Nicolaiski they learned that they were sentenced to work in the mines three years. Capt. Morris was the first to go down, and he did not again see the light of day for two years and ten months.

When Morris came out he found F. C. Crocker, of Searsport, Me., one of his crew, had just been released. Together they walked 150 miles to Vladivostock, the Russians refusing them transportation. An American vessel took them to Nagasaki, where the United States Consul provided them with clothing, and they took their first hot bath in three years.

PENNY POSTAGE.

A BILL Introduced for the Establishment of a Parcels Post.

The annual report of the Postmaster General has provoked considerable inquiry as to the necessity for reform in postal rates. The ideas advanced by different writers upon the subject as to the most desirable changes that could be made are generally prompted by personal or business interests. Many believe that the public generally will take the view that the Postal Department was established for the safe and rapid transmission of letters of a business or personal nature, and for the prompt dissemination of news matter, and that all other undertakings of the Postal Department should be secondary to this. The public demand not only the rapid and safe transmission of letters and news matter, but that the rates on this legitimate class of mail matter shall be placed at the lowest figure consistent with its cost. The report of the Postmaster General shows that the present 2 cent per ounce rate on letters yielded the Government during the last year, \$38,000,000, and that the actual cost of carrying and delivering such letters for the same period was but \$8,000,000, leaving a clear profit of \$30,000,000. But the final balance shown in the report shows, instead of there being a profit of \$30,000,000, there was an actual deficiency or loss of \$5,768,300. Inquiry into the causes of this deficiency discloses the fact that it is due—

First, to carrying through the mails, at rates largely under cost, tons of matter composed principally of advertising schemes and dodges of every character, and merchandise packages of every nature, overburdening the already overtaxed facilities of the mails to such an extent as to render the prompt transmission and delivery of legitimate mail matter almost an impossibility.

Second, to the shipment through the mails of Government freight that could and should be forwarded through other channels at much lower cost.

In the face of this report a bill has been introduced in Congress for the establishment of a parcels post, which proposes still lower postal rates than are now in effect on a class of business that has been largely instrumental in reducing a profit of \$30,000,000 to an actual loss of \$5,768,300. It is met of as much importance to the average citizen that the cost for the transmission of a package of merchandise or other articles of like character through the mails shall be less than the government pays for transporting it, as that the rates of postage on regularly established newspapers and personal and business letters which are the province and property of all shall be placed within the reach of all.

The revenue of the Postal Department, if properly applied, fully justifies the reduction of rates on letter postage, and it is undoubtedly the duty of every voter to urge upon their Representatives in Congress to legislate for a penny postage on letters and for the continuance of the present reasonable rates that are afforded the legitimate newspaper interests of the country. The surplus revenues of the Postal Department should be used for this purpose, and for the improvement of the facilities for local delivery of letters and newspapers, and for the extension of mail routes to regions of the country not already favored with acceptable postal communications, and they should not be used to build up a branch of public service that is not required by the public, and which experience has demonstrated will exhaust the revenues and absorb the facilities needed for other and more important branches of the postal service.—*Chicago Eagle.*

A NUMBER of young unmarried women, employed in various shoe factories of Brockton, Mass., have formed a syndicate for the purchase of real-estate for investment. Already they have bought nine lots and are negotiating for another. It is their intention to build on all the lots and rent.

A LARGE stone sarcophagus of the Roman age has just been found close to the railway station of Hadra, in the suburbs of Alexandria. It is richly ornamented with Scripture, but is not sufficiently disinterred to be opened.

CANFIELD IS IN PRISON. HORROR UNDERGROUND

MERITED DOOM OF NELLIE GRIFFIN'S SLAYER.

Pleading Guilty for Fear of Mob Vengeance, He Is Sent for Life to the Jackson Penitentiary—Speedy Justice for an Inhuman Wretch.

[Charlotte (Mich.) dispatch.]

WATER ENDS THE CAREER OF EIGHTEEN MINERS.

Six Hundred Feet Underground They Are Overwhelmed by a Deluge in Five Minutes—Only a Few Escape—Distress Scenes Reported.

[Hazleton, Pa., dispatch.]

Russell C. Canfield, the inhuman murderer of little Nellie Griffin, escaped the lynchers' rope by pleading guilty and receiving the sentence of life imprisonment. Less than twenty-four hours ago he was captured, and to-night he is in the State Penitentiary at Jackson. Justice has been swift in his case, but in the opinion of the enraged people here she has been far too merciful. Horrified and maddened by the fearful crime of the monster, the people demanded blood, and had Canfield been still in jail here this night would have been his last. It was his fear of mob vengeance that caused him to confess, and dread of the vigilantes' rope drove him to plead guilty and seek safety behind the solid walls of the State's prison. Sheriff Pollack saw the prisoner in his cell this morning and told him of the danger he was in from the enraged people. He seemed to feel this by intuition, and seemed to be willing to do anything to save his miserable neck. When the Sheriff asked him if he desired to plead guilty as he had confessed he replied, "Yes, I'll plead guilty to murdering the girl at any time." The prosecuting attorney was seen and Judge Hooker notified. Early in the afternoon Canfield, the Sheriff and the prosecutor slipped quietly into the court-room by a side door, and the charge was read to Canfield. His dull, sleepy eyes looked uneasily at the windows as if fearing a bullet. He hardly understood the reading or the importance of the charge as it was read to him. When it was finished he was asked: "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" "I am guilty," said the wretch, and he shivered as if with an ague chill. Judge Hooker then sentenced him to imprisonment for life, and at once the Sheriff hustled him on a Michigan Central train, and he was taken to the State's prison to undergo his long punishment.

The story as told by the murderer and taken down is substantially this: Canfield went from Dimondale to Jonesville on Tuesday morning, Jan. 27, by rail, from the latter place going to Coldwater. After spending some time in this town, he visited the State School and had a talk with Superintendent Newkirk. He told the latter that he wanted to adopt a girl from the institution, saying he would provide a good home for her and allying, as was true, that he was possessed of a comfortable property. He gave his name to the Superintendent as G. Hendershot, and finally made arrangements to take Nellie Griffin with him to his alleged home. In company with the girl he returned to Jonesville and thence to Dimondale. After getting off the train at the latter place Canfield, with his victim, took the road leading to Mr. Harrison's farm, near Dimondale, to secure for the girl's clothes. Under the floor of the cow stable Canfield maintained stubbornly to the last that he had not abused his victim.

When Canfield had signed this confession of his guilt he was at once locked up and a guard placed over him. Sheriff Pollack, after taking precautions to guard the jail in case of an attack, started for Harrison's farm, near Dimondale, to secure for the girl's clothes. Under the floor of the cow stable on Mr. Harrison's farm the clothes were found wrapped in a bundle.

Mr. Brislin, one of the escaped miners at the bottom of the slope, said: "I was waiting at the bottom of the slope for a trip to come out. Suddenly I heard a loud noise and I thought it was the trip. Then a fearful blast of wind came and knocked me down the gangway. I cried out to James Griffiths. Then the wind blew his light out as suddenly as it did mine. I tried to run for the slope, but stumbled and fell. Then John Boyle and John Neems came running up. Neems' lamp was burning and through the aid of Neems' light we got to the slope. The water came pouring after us as we ran. We got to the slope then the light went out. We clambered up as fast as we could, and the water came rushing after us, rising very quickly. In five minutes the water rose 208 yards to the mouth of the slope, the pitch of which is 83 degrees."

The civil engineer in charge of the mines was a man from Pottsville, LeFevre Womelsdorf. Many theories are advanced as to the cause of the disaster. Some charge it to neglect to notify the workmen of the dangerous proximity of the water. The slope where the accident occurred is a new slope which was sunk from the bottom of a worked-out slope. The latter has been flooded for at least sixteen months, and only a few of the old miners knew of the presence of that great body of water, and many a time had the remark been made that if the lower gangway workings were driven up too near a dreadful accident would be the result. None of the workmen had any idea that the workings were driven as near to the water as they were.

A Chemical Feast.
A chemist has lately performed a feat of no common order. The explosion and fire at Antwerp reduced to a charred mass a bundle of one thousand florins of Austrian obligations. Without presentation in some identifiable form there could be no payment. The imperiled obligations were given to a chemist, and he succeeded in separating the whole of them and finding out the numbers, and upon his report the money has been paid. Capitalists owe innumerable obligations to science.

The Largest Rocking Stone.

Buenos Ayres appears to have the largest "rocking stone" on record. It is situated on the slope of the mountain of Tandil, in the southern part of the province, and measures ninety feet long by eighteen feet broad, and twenty-four feet high. Its bulk is 5,000 cubic feet, and it weighs at least twenty-five tons. Nevertheless, it is so touchily poised that a single person can set it rocking. When the wind blows from the southeast the stone which is pyramidal in form, sways to and fro on its foundation like the branches of a tree.

NEVER speak ill of anybody; you can do just as much execution with a shrug of the shoulders or a significant look.

Are women born contrary, or is it as minded?

Roman Fever.

Rome, the capital of the Kingdom of Italy, and center around which the Roman Catholic Church revo ves, has the character, not undeserved, of being the most unhealthy of the capitals of Europe. Munich has always the specter of typhoid fever haunting it, and Stuttgart can by no means show a clean bill of health; but in Rome not only does fever of one sort or other riot in the summer, but it also broods in the winter. No sooner does the sun begin to gain power, the flowers to open and the birds to sing, than those not inured to malaria pack their portmanteaus and depart. Too often visitors to Rome in the winter and early spring carry away with them, if not prostrated on the spot, the germs of typhoid, and as all the world goes to Rome, the curiosity shop of the world, it is well that the causes of the insalubrity of the city should be well understood, in order that, as far as possible, precautions should be taken against the fever. To remedy the evil lies not in their hands, but in those of the municipality, which is eagerly laboring to make Rome so hideous as to deter travelers from the desire of revisiting it, and as yet has not done sufficient in the right direction to correct the deadly evil.

To Be Robbed of Health.

By a pestilential climate, by a vocation entailing constant exposure, physical overwork, or sedentary drudgery at the desk is a hard lot. Yet many persons originally possessed of a fair constitution, after this long exposure to the miseries of life, are reduced to a condition of mere physical helplessness. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a good article, and is not subject to conditions inimical to health, no purer or more agreeable preservative of the greatest earthly blessings can be recommended than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which induces the system to climatic changes, physical exertion, and the baneful sedentary brain workers, preserves and restores regularity of the bowels and liver, when disordered from any cause, annihilates fever and ague and prevents it, checks the growth of tumors, and acts directly upon the blood and nerves, and neutralizes the damage done by apprehended from causes productive of kidney, bladder, and uterine ailments. To be convinced of the truth of these statements, it is only necessary to give this sterling preparation an impartial trial.

Where They Pinched.

There are a good many people who prefer old things to new things, sometimes, perhaps, without as good reason for the preference as an old beggar once showed in the matter of shoes.

This man called at the house of a lady and begged for a pair of shoes. She gave him a nearly new pair of her husband's, which he had laid aside for some reason. A day or two afterward the beggar returned.

"Mum," he said, "can't you give me a pair of shoes—some old ragged ones?"

"But," said the lady, "I have just given you an entirely new pair; you have them on now."

"Yes'm," he said; "but there's the trouble. They are so new, you see, that they hurt my business."

Shock Would Make Him "Speechless."

Skinflint—What would you say if I asked you take a drink at my expense?

Oldboy—Wouldn't say anything. I'd just simply faint.—*Texas Siftings.*

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NO. 7-91

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