

## NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS NOTES.

## Society Happenings at the Several Surrounding Towns.

FONTANET, October 4.—Men at the Star mine are idle to-day on account of a broken trolley, which broke just before quitting time yesterday. This leaves the men at that place on half time this week. The Hercules makes a full week, the Edgar four days, the Pratt full time and Diamond five days.—School opened a few days ago with 122 pupils in attendance under the care of Frank Shirley and Mrs. Owen Warren.—This has been a busy week in the company's store, they having purchased several thousand dollars' worth of goods for the Winter trade.—Frank Harrington, railway watchman and engine wiper at this place, came from Mattoon yesterday and, being asleep, was carried through to Indianapolis. Somehow he don't like the boys to mention it, though.—James Fischer, one of the oldest hands at the Star, came near losing an arm yesterday. He was coupling loaded flats as they ran off the scales and got his right arm below the elbow, caught in the deadwood, bruising it in a terrible manner.—George Johnson, the driver, who was caught by a loaded trap several weeks ago and badly crushed, is about able to work again.—Dr. J. Y. Lynch, of Rosedale, was in Fontanet yesterday. Doc enjoys a very extensive practice in this locality.—To-day is pay day for the Hercules and Star and despite the slack work the payroll foots up nearly \$4,000.

## Martinsville.

Chas. Fasig returned from St. Louis Thursday.

C. K. Douglass and wife have returned from a trip to Chicago.

H. S. Winters was in Greenup Friday and Saturday attending the fair.

Manuel Welsh, who has been in the West for several months, returned Thursday.

Judge Gasaway, of Marshall, was in the city Friday, looking after his political friends.

Braxton Cox is making extensive improvements on his Washington street property.

Miss May Rowe, who has spent several weeks here with relatives, returned to her home at Greenup.

Mrs. Rebekah Johnson, of Kansas, who has been visiting Samuel Durnal's family, went to Ohio Friday.

H. C. Howell and wife departed for Milledgeville, Ill., Friday, where they will visit E. J. Polk and wife.

## Society at Sanford.

R. Fessant, of this place, was at Paris Monday on business.

Mrs. Lizzie Fugue is spent the day with friends at Terre Haute yesterday.

J. M. Whitsell and wife, of near here, are at Anderson, Ind., this week, visiting Mrs. Whitsell's parents.

Mrs. C. R. Pierce, of Terre Haute, is improving her property here, which is improving its looks very much.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Harrison, of West Union, Ill., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. D. Wolfe the first part of this week.

Messrs. John and Fredrick Vermillion, of this place, left for Laramie, Mo., Wednesday evening, to visit friends and relatives at that place. They expect to be gone about one week.

## NOTES FROM THE COLORED PEOPLE.

Jeff Jackson is improving.

Mrs. Sable Maniel is very sick.

Jim Tilford is working at the Germania hall.

Will Joiner left last Saturday in search of work.

Hiram Kilgore is cooking at the Depot Hotel.

Willis Edwards will build his house this fall.

Ed Balinger, of Paris, was in the city this week.

Many of our people visited Lost Creek last Sunday.

Go to the entertainment of the Eastern Stars Tuesday.

There is some talk about organizing a K. of P. lodge.

Henry Richardson is at his work again for Minshall.

Miss Annie Roberts has returned from her visit to the country.

Andy Hall has opened a fine restaurant on South Fourth street.

The ladies of the Ebenezer Baptist church are organizing a sewing circle.

Mrs. Grant, of New Albany, has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. Brown.

There will be a very interesting programme at the Sunday school institute to-morrow.

Rev. Taylor S. Johnson will fill the pulpit of the Ebenezer Baptist church to-morrow.

Rev. T. E. Wilson preached an able sermon at the Free Will Baptist church last Sunday.

Miss Earnest, who has been visiting the Daniels family, left for her home last Sunday.

There is quite a sensation about the colored dramatic club. Yes, we are going to organize one.

Miss Emma Lewis was called to the country Tuesday on account of the death of one of her relatives.

John Brown, assisted by others, is preparing to give an entertainment known as "Queen Esther," and will play, if successful, about the middle of December.

The Sunday school institute will meet to-morrow at 3 p. m. at the M. E. church in Bagdad. Let all who are interested in Sunday school work come out. Joseph Jackson, president.

The entertainment at the A. M. E. church, given by the ladies of the sewing circle, was a grand success. Mrs. Emma Hall received the handsome prize, a fine quilt, for raising the most ticket money.

The Patrolmen's Ball.

Preliminaries are rapidly in progress for the policemen's ball to occur at Germania hall November 20th. The proceeds of this dance go to purchase uniform overcoats for the members of the force. W. W. Hauck will act as treasurer and Clerk Bidamian as secretary. The committee on reception will be composed of the mayor, the police board, the superintendent and the sergeants. The committee on arrangements, Roundman Butler, and Patrolmen Pierce, Reisman and Rheinhart.

## Dr. Lutz, the Leper Curer.

Sister Rose Gertrude writes to us as follows from Honolulu: "Dr. Lutz, the eminent dermatologist, who has studied the disease of leprosy in Brazil for ten years, has already effected some wonderful improvements in the patients under his care at Kalihii, and the people do not know how to be grateful enough to him for his affectionate care and indefatigable efforts to restore them to health.

"Indeed the government has received numerous petitions to nominate Dr. Lutz as president of the Hawaiian board of health, to give him the charge and control of all the lepers or suspects, and, although these are all tabled, it is curious to see such demonstrations in a people who, as a rule, are eminently opposed to treatment by foreign doctors. Dr. Lutz is also an enthusiastic bacteriologist, and it may be hoped that ere long a prophylaxis and therapeutics of leprosy may be made known to the world by him which will prove more efficacious than the means hitherto employed by either scientists or soi-disant doctors or leper curers."—Pall Mall Gazette.

## Killed by Lightning in an Open Field.

William S. Smith, of Ashleyville, was killed by lightning on Prospect Hill, in the north part of West Springfield, some time Saturday afternoon. He left his house early in the afternoon to mend the fence of a pasture about a mile from the house and carried an ax. He also had a dish of salt for a colt in the pasture. As he did not return the family became anxious, and sent to all the neighbors to learn if he had been seen. A party was made up, and the roadsides and the fence lines of the pasture were searched, but without success. Another party started, and out the body was found between 8 and 9 o'clock in an open pasture adjoining the Smith lot. A deep wound on the head showed where the bolt of electricity struck him, and passing down his body burned it badly. His hat and one shoe were torn to pieces. There was a small hole several feet deep in the ground at his feet.—Springfield Republican

## Hop Raising Is a Gamble.

"Hop raising is the height of gambling in the agricultural line," remarked Mr. J. D. Her, the well known brewer. "I see hops sell for 8 cents a pound, and I have seen them sell for \$1.50 per pound. Some hop raisers have made \$2,000 and \$3,000 per acre; others have lost about as much. It is about as risky as horse racing, and hop raising hasn't half the elements of fun that can be found in popular sports. This year hops are bringing about 35 cents per pound, and are still going up. Drought, frost and damp weather are some of the causes of the failure of the crops. If some satisfactory way could be invented of keeping hops from year to year the range of prices would not be so great, but until this can be accomplished the growing of hops will continue to make some men poor, others rich."—Kansas City Times.

## A Water Run Street Car.

A company of St. Louis men has just formed for the purpose of manufacturing and introducing a hydraulic street car motor. The pumps with which the hydraulic pressure is exerted are to be operated by electricity, and the hydraulic engines are to be connected directly to the axles of the trucks of the car, thus obviating the heavy gearing that is used in the electric motor.

"It's been a good many years ago, but I can see the whole thing as clearly as the night it happened, and it was no dream, though everybody thought so. I needn't tell you fellows that fast line was the first east bound passenger train after the mail express, which left here about 7 o'clock. We generally got the train from the Pittsburgh division about half an hour to an hour late, but as we only flagged at Tyrone and Huntingdon we always came into Harrisburg on time to the second. This was easy on a down grade and a hundred and thirty mile run without a stop. The way we used to take the coaches along the river was a caution, and many's the time we rattled over the Juniata at a mile a minute, not even slowing down for Spruce creek tunnel.

Two tanks, each containing about one-half barrel of water, will be used on each car. Two points of merit claimed for the invention over the regular electric system are that it dispenses with the use of cog gearing, which wears rapidly and requires frequent renewals, and that the same device can be operated with compressed air by placing receiving tanks for the air under the seats of the car.—New York Journal.

## Public Structures in Brussels.

Brussels, not content with having more beautiful public buildings than any other European city save Paris, has now determined to rival Paris itself. King Leopold has just laid the foundation of an arch of triumph one-third larger than the celebrated one in Paris, and it is announced that this gigantic work will be completed by the close of the century. Brussels already has the most monumental court house in Europe—a magnificent pile, which cost vast sums of money, and which contains some superb halls. The Paris triumphal arch cost \$2,000,000; that of Brussels is to cost \$3,000,000. It will be richly ornate with sculptures, some of which will be of gigantic proportions.—Chicago Times.

## Tuberculous Animals.

A royal commission has been appointed in England to inquire and report "what is the effect, if any, of food derived from tuberculous animals on human health, and, if prejudicial, what are the circumstances and conditions with regard to the tuberculosi in the animal which produce that effect upon man?" Lord Basing is chairman. The other commissioners are Professor G. T. Brown, Dr. George Buchanan, Mr. Frank Payne and Professor Burdon Sanderson.—New Orleans Picayune.

## A Famous Castle in the Market.

Romantic people with money to spare may perhaps be interested to hear that the historic chateau of Hautefort and its surrounding lands, near Perguenx, in old Guienne, are now in the common market. Hautefort was the home of that famous but turbulent troubadour and knight of the Twelfth century Bertrand de Born, who set King John of England against his father Henry II. —Pall Mall Gazette.

This year the French and Italian artillery maneuvers took place near the boundary of the two countries, in Savoy. The officers met and fraternized, but, as neither had leave to depart from his country, they designed a dinner at which the long table stood one-half in Italy, one-half in France, and a red card which ran across the middle designated the division. They had a jolly time, each in his own country, and a good dinner.

"On and on we went, past little vil-

## YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

"Mamma, I think I am not well." Said lazy little Mabel: "The beans I'd given her to shell Neglected on the table." Her dimpled cheeks with roses blushed: "Her eyes the stars resembled; The chubby form my faith desired— My darling had dissembled." "I'm sorry, dear," I gravely said. "Because you'll miss the paddings; The place for sick folks is in bed, With not a taste of good things." She thoughtfully smoothed out her dress, This wicked little sinner; "Then I'm not sick just now, I dess, I'll wait till after dinner." —Exchange.

## MALONE'S LAST RUN.

A little knot of smoky, begrimed engineers, firemen and switch tenders were sitting together on a tool box at the east end of the train shed at Altoona. The silence of the night was broken only by the monotonous puff, puff of a shifting engine dragging a heavily loaded west bound freight to the upper yard. Through the maze of tracks gleamed scores of red, green and white lights marking the switches. The group of train hands were idling the time away until the hour should come when the engines should be brought out to haul the two sections of fast line, "No. 4," over the middle division to Harrisburg. There was yet a long time to wait, for the bell on the machine shops had just tolled 11, and the train was not due until after midnight. The crowd on the Logan house porch, that great resort of Mountain City inhabitants, was thinning out, and as the air grew more chilly the lively conversation halted and the men on the tool box became silent and thoughtful.

Suddenly one of them exclaimed: "Here comes old John Malone. Let's get him to tell us that story about the last run he made. Hi, there!" he continued in a louder voice. "John, John Malone!"

The passer stopped and peered in through the railings.

"Oh, is it you, Billy?" he ejaculated. "I couldn't make out who was calling me. My eyes and ears are not as good as they were ten years back."

Billy soon had the gate open for Malone to enter, and as the two drew near the others the old man asked, "What are you sitting here for, and what do you want with me?"

"The same old thing, Johnny; we're waiting to take out first section of four, and to pass the time we want you to tell us again of that trip you made back in the eighties which made you leave the footboard."

The old man took a seat, filled and lit his pipe and puffed away vigorously for while before replying.

"Well, boys," he said at last, "I don't particularly like to talk about that run, and it is hardly the right kind of a story to spin to you as you are going to take out the same train I had that night, but if you want to hear it I'll go ahead."

"It's been a good many years ago, but I can see the whole thing as clearly as the night it happened, and it was no dream, though everybody thought so. I needn't tell you fellows that fast line was the first east bound passenger train after the mail express, which left here about 7 o'clock. We generally got the train from the Pittsburgh division about half an hour to an hour late, but as we only flagged at Tyrone and Huntingdon we always came into Harrisburg on time to the second. This was easy on a down grade and a hundred and thirty mile run without a stop. The way we used to take the coaches along the river was a caution, and many's the time we rattled over the Juniata at a mile a minute, not even slowing down for Spruce creek tunnel.

"At that hour of the night we nearly always got the white light from the towers. Now and then the green would be given and we had to reduce speed, but rarely the red. Well, this thing of running a train like four with a clear track, no stops and nothing to see but the ballast and trees alongside of the rails makes a fellow grow indifferent, and I won't say a little nervous. It is wearing on a man to speed along through those mountains hour after hour in the middle of the night, never seeing a light except in the tower, and feeling the cold air blow in on him from those hills rising hundreds of feet overhead. An engineer cannot tell what instant he's going to crash into a landslide. I tell you a night run is enough to make a man feel mighty solemn when passing through Jack's Narrows, or half a dozen other barren rocky spots, such as can be found between here and the Susquehanna, all of which you know well."

"The night I was speaking of we left here thirty minutes late, and a hot box on the smoker held us fifteen minutes more at Tyrone Forges. When we got started again I pulled her wide open and let her rip. We had nine cars on, three of them sleepers, and that was a heavy load for one of the old style engines, but we bumped along at a lively rate. Beyond Huntingdon we fairly hummed along the canal, depending altogether on the towers, for it was so dark we couldn't see even the Juniata right below us. We had no further trouble as to delays. The east bound freight and coal trains were all side-tracked, and we did not even get a green light until we reached Lewiston Junction.

"Somehow or other I was not feeling myself that night, and I don't believe the fireman and I had half a dozen words in the first hundred miles. As we run through the Narrows I leaned out of the car and kept an eye on the track for rocks. It was impossible to see any distance, however, and as I turned around to look for the tail lamps on the rear sleeper I thought of the scores of people behind me riding in fenced security, while the only safeguard from wreck was Providence. Straight up on the right rose the mountains for nearly a thousand feet, and on the other hand was the Juniata, dark and unreal in the wavering glare of the headlight.

"On and on we went, past little vil-

ages and farm houses, shooting over the road crossings and crashing by empty stations, all of which I knew by instinct, for there were no lights to tell us.

"As we drew near the Susquehanna the air became clearer, and when we came within sight of Duncannon the great flaming stacks of the iron works shone ahead of us like immense torches. We were again on schedule time when we passed through the town, and as we ran along the bank of the Susquehanna I slowed down a little. Away across the water I could see the tall switch signals on the Northern Central tracks. By and by I caught a glimpse of a headlight and then the faint glow of car windows, although so far distant that the train was scarcely visible through the slight mist rising off the river. I called the fireman's attention to the train, remarking that the Northern Central connection of 'four' was late, and that no doubt we would get the red at Rockville tower, as the other train should clear us at least seven minutes, but Jimmy, after taking a long look, said he couldn't see across the river on account of the fog.

"As you all know, the old Northern Central bridge was then standing, and the tracks of that road cut right through ours at Marysville, and entered the bridge just after crossing our west bound rails. The bridge, now torn down, was even then considered unsafe, and was rarely used, through passenger trains on the Northern Central being run on the east bank of the river to Rockville, then on our tracks to Harrisburg, and then over the Cumberland Valley bridge to their own road again. Well, as I drew near Marysville I kept my eye on the other train, which I could see distinctly, thinking that the Northern Central train was hidden by the long covered bridge I concluded she would reach Rockville before we got to the west bank of the river.

"The bridge crossed the river diagonally, and we had not yet reached its mouth when my frame stiffened with horror and my eyes fairily burned in their sockets. Right in front I could see the headlight of an engine flashing through the bridge, and almost at the same instant I caught a glimpse of a well filled passenger train coming over the crazy old structure at full speed. I knew instinctively that it would reach the crossing but a moment before us, and that no power on earth could avert a collision. Absolutely paralyzed with fright, I can still remember seeing Jimmy leaning out of the cab and pulling the bell rope as unconsciously as though there were no such thing as danger. I closed my eyes in horrible suspense. In an instant the crash came. I felt the engine reel and shake; I heard the grinding of the timbers and the roar of escaping steam, while on the air rose such a wail as never before or since met my ears.

"The next thing I knew was when I felt some one shaking me and heard the fireman shout: "Shut her off, Johnny; shut her off. Do you want to get us both laid off?" With an effort I brought back my senses and grasped the levers in front of me. When I looked around we were under the shed at Harrisburg. I heard a passenger ask a brakeman: "Has the N. C. train come in?" and ere he had finished first section of No. 4 had come rumbling into the station from the west.—Philadelphia Times.

"I resigned the next day, boys, and I wouldn't run the risk of going through that experience again for the whole road." The old man's last words were drawn in the roar of an incoming train, and ere he had finished first section of No. 4 had come rumbling into the station from the west.—Philadelphia Times.

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