

TORNADO IN TEXAS.

The Resident Portion of Goliad Devastated by a Storm.

STUPENDOUS LOSS OF LIFE REPORTED

Many Other Portions of Texas Said to Have Suffered Also in Loss of Life and Destruction of Buildings.

Goliad, Tex., May 19.—At 3:45 yesterday afternoon a tornado struck the town of Goliad and left death and desolation in its pathway beyond the power of pen to portray. A correspondent reached the scene at seven o'clock on a special train from Victoria, Tex., bearing doctors, nurses and medicines, friends and relatives of Goliad people and the O'Connor guards.

The scene which met the eye on reaching the scene of destruction, which was in the western part of the city, was appalling. Between Church and Patrice streets, which ran north and south a distance of a mile in length, only one house was left standing and scarcely a vestige of man could be seen.

The stone residence of D. T. Davis, of the Goliad guard, was the only building in the pathway of the storm not demolished and it is a wreck.

The people of Goliad, realizing at once the stupendous nature of the calamity, and the terrible loss of life and injured, telephoned to their sister cities of Cuero and Victoria for assistance, which was responded to immediately.

General Superintendent Forbes stopped the regular Beville train at Goliad and turned it back to Victoria, bringing on the return trip six doctors from there and an abundance of medicines and surgical appliances.

Dallas, Tex., May 19.—The Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone company, of this city, had information last night that a tornado caused the loss of about 100 lives and the destruction of much property at the town of Goliad yesterday.

At Corsicana three or four houses were blown down, and at Dublin two or three bridges were washed away.

The Mineola operator for the Texas & Pacific railroad said that he had been informed that at the little town of Alba, 12 miles north of here, on a branch of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, a terrible storm prevailed.

At ten o'clock last night there were two reports current concerning the fate of the historic town of Goliad.

TWO BOYS DROWNED.

One Tumbles Off a Boat on the Kaw and the Other Got Beyond His Depth in Swimming.

Kansas City, Kan., May 19.—Two boys were drowned yesterday in the Kansas river near Armourdale. The first victim was James Inskepp, eight years old, who, with several other boys, was on a sand barge in the Kansas river near Tond-a-Loup playing at sailing boats.

Robert DeGraw, 15 years old, was the second victim. He was drowned while bathing in the river at Cedar bend, a point half a mile northwest of Armourdale.

Getting Evidence Against the Beef Trust. Topeka, Kan., May 18.—Assistant United States Attorney McKeever yesterday began taking affidavits from parties who have knowledge of the operations of the beef combine.

ALFONSO MADE KING.

The Young King Swears to Observe the Spanish Constitution—An Anarchist Plot Against His Life Discovers.

Madrid, May 19.—Alfonso XIII, "King of Gibraltar, of the East and West Indies and of the Continent of Oceania," was made reigning sovereign of his monarchy Saturday afternoon in the Madrid chamber of deputies. One thousand persons, including all the members of the cortes, the grandees of Spain and the representatives of foreign governments were present at the ceremony.

An anarchist plot against King Alfonso has been discovered and six arrests, including that of Gabriel Lopez, an employe of an insurance company, have been made.

Sedalia, Mo., May 19.—A warrant was issued last night for the arrest of Albert Price, a young railroad shopman, charging him with a criminal assault upon the person of Miss Mable Voight, the daughter of a highly respectable family.

Damage Done by Cloudburst in Wisconsin. Sparta, Wis., May 19.—A cloudburst occurred in the eastern part of this county Saturday night, doing much damage to farmers and railroad companies.

The "War Claim" to Come Up Again. Dallas, Tex., May 19.—The work of the Southern Methodist Episcopal church conference was not as productive of results during the past week as had been hoped for by the delegates.

Meeting of Soldiers of the Philippines. Council Bluffs, Ia., May 19.—Camp John L. Moore, National Society of the Army of the Philippines, of this city, has commenced to make arrangements for the second national encampment to be held here August 13, 14 and 15.

Horse Thieves Make a Raid. Guthrie, Ok., May 19.—The bandits who recently crossed the Oklahoma-Texas line with 40 stolen horses, under the alleged leadership of the outlaw Bert Casey, have again made a raid into Oklahoma, securing a big herd of horses, 27 being stolen from W. A. Hardin, of near Mountain Park.

Verdict in Rev. Mr. Pollett's Case. Emporia, Kan., May 15.—The jury trying the case of Rev. Mr. Pollett, the negro preacher who killed Mr. Edmonson, a member of his flock, returned a verdict of second-degree manslaughter. Pollett proved undue intimacy between his wife and Edmonson.

DISASTER IN A MINE.

Somewhere About 200 Persons Killed in Fraterville Mine.

AN EXPLOSION OF GAS THE CAUSE.

A Rescue Party Tolted at a Slate Obstruction and When They Forced It They Entered One Continuous Tomb of Death.

Coal Creek, Tenn., May 20.—The worst disaster in the history of Tennessee mining occurred at 7:30 o'clock yesterday morning, when between 175 and 225 men and boys met instant death at the Fraterville coal mine, located two miles west of this town. A gas explosion was the cause of the disaster.

Out of the large number of men and boys who went to work yesterday morning only one is alive and he is so badly injured that he cannot live. This man is William Morgan, roadman in the mine.

Fraterville mine is the oldest mine in the Coal Creek district, having been opened in 1870. It is fully three miles from the opening of the mine to the point where the men were at work.

The news of the disaster spread quickly and the scenes at the mouth of the mine while the workers were within were beyond description.

At the inquest "Dr." Dowie was the first witness. He frequently broke down under his grief. He declared that his daughter's night robe had been burned from her body and that vaseline had been rubbed on her by Deacon Speicher's orders.

At half-past one a closed carriage drew up at the door, and in a few minutes the sick man was brought down and he and the nurse were shut inside and driven to the wharf.

PRESBYTERIANS IN SESSION.

The General Assembly Will Last Fifteen Days—The Revision of the Confession of Faith.

New York, May 15.—The general assembly of the Presbyterian church will be begun at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, this city, today. The session will continue during 15 days.

CRAZED BY HIS INFATUATION.

A Lover of a Girl Kills Her and Four Other Persons and Then Commits Suicide.

St. Augustine, Fla., May 20.—Crazed by his infatuation for little Abitha McCullough, a 13-year-old girl, William Austin, a young man, killed the girl and four other persons and then committed suicide in the lonely farmhouse of William Wilkinson, near Hastings, 18 miles from this city.

A Boy Drowned Near Boonsboro.

Boonsboro, Mo., May 20.—Robert Baker, aged 13 years, who lived just across the river near Boonsboro, was accidentally drowned yesterday while bathing in a creek near his home.

Another very heavy rain fell over northern Missouri, sections of northern Kansas and southern Nebraska yesterday.

American occupation of Cuba ends today and the republic will be inaugurated.

KIDNAPED BY DETECTIVES.

Messrs. Gaynor and Green, Wanted for Alleged Conspiracy to Defraud the United States, Smuggled Out of Canada.

Washington, May 16.—Col. John F. Gaynor, who forfeited his bail of \$40,000 because of his disappearance from Savannah, where he was indicted on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the United States government, and his partner, Capt. W. D. Green, were smuggled out of Quebec, Can., yesterday by an American detective named Bennett and five assistants.

Advice from Quebec state that a special train was engaged by Gaynor's counsel, which started in pursuit of the tug Spray, which had the party on board, and a message from Three Rivers stated that the train arrived there in advance of the tug and an attempt was made to intercept the tug with Gaynor and Green on board, but it failed.

COULD NOT SAVE HER.

The Daughter of "Dr." Alexander Dowie Dies of Her Burns Despite the Divine Healer's Prayers.

Chicago, May 16.—Esther Dowie, daughter of "Dr." Alexander Dowie, proprietor of "Zion," died yesterday of burns while "Elijah II." prayed over her. Miss Dowie was 23 years old and a student at the university of Chicago.

He was breathing hard, but he addressed his letter, sealed and stamped it, then sank back with closed eyes. In a few minutes the nurse came in and after going out again to post the letter, he began the final preparations for departure.

The next morning the letter reached its destination. Rachel Cummings came into the living room to find her mother and older sisters with strange expressions on their faces.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE.

Washington, May 15.—Senator Spooner, from the committee on public health, yesterday reported the compromise bill agreed on by the marine hospital service and the health authorities of the states.

A Boy Accidentally Shot.

Oswego, Kan., May 15.—Glenn Dudgeon, a small boy, aged ten years, was shot and almost instantly killed yesterday afternoon while playing with Tommy Sturgeon, a neighbor, of the same size.

Rains Very Welcome in the West.

Denver, Col., May 15.—Specials indicate that yesterday's rains have been general, extending from the Wyoming line to southern New Mexico.

Struck by Lightning.

Chandler, Ok., May 15.—J. A. Melane was struck by lightning and instantly killed during a thunderstorm yesterday afternoon, the bolt striking on his head and burning his breast, then going down the right leg passed out at his foot, bursting the toe of his shoe out.

MOLLEY'S EYES.

If Molly's eyes would shine for me I'd give the sun fair warnin' He needn't rise to light my skies— For just the beam of Molly's eyes Would make my mornin'!

If Molly's lips were red for me In weather sad or sunny, I'd say to every golden bee: "You needn't rob the rose for me— Her lips are honey!"

IN MID OCEAN

Mr. Randolph Cummings turned uneasily in his bed and groaned. The trained nurse came and stood beside him.

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked. "What time is it?" "Half-past twelve."

"And we've got to be at the wharf at two?" "Yes."

"What made you let me sleep so long?" the sick man demanded irritably. "Prop me up in bed and bring me writing materials. Didn't you know I'd got to write a letter before we start? And see that there is ink in the pen."

Slowly and carefully the nurse raised the invalid to a sitting position and brought him the things he had asked for.

"Now you can go out and leave me for an hour." The man left the room quietly and Mr. Cummings took up his fountain pen with trembling fingers.

Dear Sister:—I should have written to you before this, but have been too ill. Now, I take this last opportunity to send you a few words.

He was breathing hard, but he addressed his letter, sealed and stamped it, then sank back with closed eyes. In a few minutes the nurse came in and after going out again to post the letter, he began the final preparations for departure.

At half-past one a closed carriage drew up at the door, and in a few minutes the sick man was brought down and he and the nurse were shut inside and driven to the wharf.

The next morning the letter reached its destination. Rachel Cummings came into the living room to find her mother and older sisters with strange expressions on their faces.

"What is it?" she asked, pausing to look at them curiously. "I should say from your faces that you were perfectly delighted over something, but were trying very hard to conceal your satisfaction. Do tell me; I am consumed with curiosity."

"Oh, Rachel! What a dreadful way you have of putting things," exclaimed her mother, and she began to cry weakly.

Rachel took the letter which Dora handed her and read it through quickly. Her face grew pale and when she raised her eyes they were glittering strangely.

"I don't wonder that you are ashamed," she said sternly. "You can't help showing that you are glad. I think you are just as horrid as you can be."

She walked out of the room, her head very erect, ran hastily upstairs, threw herself on her bed and cried bitterly.

After a time Mrs. Eliza dried her eyes and looked at her two elder daughters. Before Rachel came in she had been feeling a little depressed because she had not cried.

"I did not think she would take it that way," she said in a subdued voice. "But then, she was always his favorite among you. And she looks like him. Yes," with a little sniff, "she is all Cummings and bears a very strong resemblance to your poor Uncle Randolph."

"Well, mother," said Sophie, "what are you going to do? Shall we keep on just the same as we have been doing?"

"Why, I don't know. It does not seem as if you need to continue working so hard. You have both looked rather pale this spring, and I have worried about you, poor dears. On the whole I think you might give up your positions."

"Good!" cried both girls. "We'll get through Saturday night. And can't we have a piano and take lessons?"

"Their mother smiled at their eagerness. 'We'll see,' she said, indulgently.

So it happened that there were two vacancies in Tillman's dry goods store on Saturday night, one at the ribbon counter and one at the glove counter.

Rachel had tried hard to make her sisters stay. "We've had hard work to get along with what money we could all earn. Now we shall begin to get in debt right straight off. I can't pay all the bills, even if I do have as much as both of you." Argument was useless.

"We don't care for debt for a little while," they said, "and you are a goose to keep drudging away in that old store."

One night Rachel came home from work and half way up the walk she paused and listened. She went directly to the parlor and stood in the door confronting her mother and sisters.

"Have you bought that thing?" Rachel asked. "Yes, ma'am, we have," said Sophie pertly, "and what's more we have made one payment on it."

Rachel made a gesture of despair. "I can't do anything with you," she cried. "Here it is less than three weeks since you left the store, and you have had new dresses, have bought a piano on installments, and I have had to pay out so much for running expenses that the next time I have to go to the city for Mr. Tillman I shall have barely money enough to pay my car fare and get lunch."

Rachel was the one who looked pale these days. Her pay had been increased and she had been given extra work. She had shown such good judgment and taste that Mr. Tillman had intrusted her with some of his buying, and it was on this errand that she went to the city a few days after the purchasing of the piano.

On this occasion, when she returned, instead of going home she went to the store and had an interview with the proprietor in his private office.

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When she came away she walked briskly and looked so cheerful that people turned to look after her.

All during tea she was gay and talkative, and the others thought that Rachel was growing more and more good natured.

When they left the table she said: "Girls, and mother, I want to say something to you before any of you go out this evening." They went into the parlor and Rachel made herself comfortable in a wicker rocker beside an open window.

The others settled down and looked toward her expectantly. "In the first place, Dora," Rachel began cheerfully, "I had a talk with Mr. Tillman and he says he can find something for you to do in the store. Miss Rurgin is to be married before long and you can have her place when she goes. In the meantime there are things you can do, so you will go to work on Monday."

Dora looked amazed. "I won't go to work Monday," she exploded, finally. "The idea of your dictating to me!" Rachel smiled. "Oh, yes, you will," she said, imperturbably. "So that is settled. As for you, Sophie, I tried to get your old place back, but Mr. Tillman told me quite frankly that the new girl does better than you did so he can't afford to make a change.

So you will stay at home and help mother with the housework. She will need your help, for we are going to have two girls to board. They are friends of mine and are anxious to make a change, and I know I can get them, though I have not spoken to them yet."

"And you needn't bother to," snapped Sophie, "I don't propose to do housework for boarders."

"That does not make any difference," said Rachel calmly. "I have also seen the man about the piano. He is coming for it tomorrow and he will make it right about that first payment. You see we cannot possibly pay for it, and besides you won't have time to practice."

"Are you crazy?" demanded Dora, and the others looked at her blankly. "Not a bit. Not as near it as I have been the last three weeks or so. I will tell you something that happened today and then you can see that there is nothing else to do but what I have planned."

"Hurry up then," said Sophie. "I was going down town this evening." Rachel clasped her hands behind her head. "I met a friend of mine in the city today," she said slowly. "I had not seen him for some time. He took me to lunch and we had a good talk. He had been on a sea voyage and it had entirely restored his broken health. Not only that, but in mid-ocean he became acquainted with the lady who is to be his wife. She is very charming, of course, and I am to go with him to call on her next time I am in the city."

Sophie interrupted impatiently. "I don't see what all this has to do with us."

"You don't?" said Rachel in surprise. "Then I will tell you. This man who took me to lunch and whose health is restored and who is to be married soon, is—Uncle Randolph Cummings."—Portland Transcript.

Opposed to Hall Prisoners.

"I never had but one prisoner escape from me," said an old railroad detective, "and that was under very peculiar circumstances. In 1882, when I was working for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, I captured a fellow named Jim Lake, who was wanted for robbing freight cars. I got him near Tringard, Col., and after securing the requisition papers started East with him for Kansas City. Lake was a little, consumptive chap, as frail as a woman, and I didn't consider it necessary to even put the handcuffs on him. With one twist I could have broken him in two. Besides, I didn't care to cause him needless humiliation by exhibiting him before the other passengers in the role of a prisoner, so we simply sat side by side, like two fellow tourists, and nobody in the cars had any idea he was under arrest."

"Naturally we did a great deal of talking, and at about dusk of the first evening out Lake turned the conversation to curious mechanical contrivances, and described several remarkable machines he had seen. He had been a skilled engineer earlier in life, and, being a good talker, soon got me deeply interested. Among other things he told me about an air pump with a singular ball valve. 'The ball lies in the socket,' he said, 'and the greater the air pressure behind it the tighter it sticks.' To illustrate, he twisted an old envelope into a cone, and dropped a paper wad into the mouth. 'Now, when I blow,' he continued, 'you'll see that the wad stays right where it is.' Like a fool, I stared at the thing, and he blew violently into the little end. At the same instant I felt as if a raging furnace had suddenly belched its flames right into my face. I couldn't see, I couldn't breathe, for a moment or two I couldn't even move. My throat and nostrils were on fire, and I felt sure my eyes had been burned literally out of their sockets."

"What had happened was simply this: The envelope was full of red pepper, and I had received the charge, point blank, at about a six inch range. While I was gasping the scoundrel ran to the other end of the car. 'My friend has a fit!' he shouted; 'I'm going after water!' Of course, he jumped off, and that was the last of him. He was never caught. The other day a man tried to sell me a lawn sprinkler. 'It has a patent ball valve,' he said. 'I don't want it,' I replied."—New Orleans Picayune.