

# TERRIFIC ELECTRIC STORMS.

## Great Loss of Life and Property in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

### SCENES OF DEVASTATION.

A Pittsburgh despatch of last night says: Western Pennsylvania was visited by a severe rain, wind and electric storm this morning. Great damage was done and at least two lives were lost. In this city a number of houses were struck by lightning and several persons stunned, but not seriously injured. The rain fell in torrents for several hours, flooding cellars and causing small streams to overflow. At West Elizabeth two children of George Beattie, a boy and girl aged 7, were drowned on their way to school while crossing a foot log over Lobb's Run. The girl lost her footing and fell in the water, and her twin brother, in trying to rescue her, lost his life also. At Indiana, Pa., lightning struck the flouring mill of Wegley & Wilson, and it was burned to the ground. The loss was \$1,500. In Westmoreland county great damage is reported. For two hours the rain fell in torrents, and nearly all the streams overflowed their banks, washing away bridges, fences and everything in their way.

### FLOOD DAMAGE.

At Penn Station a number of families were compelled to vacate their houses and seek shelter on high ground. Up the Manor Valley the greatest damage was done, as most of the bridges along the streams were carried away. The Manor Valley Railroad at Claridge, its northern terminus, was badly damaged, 300 yards being washed away and traffic entirely suspended. In Greensburg the High School building was struck by lightning and slightly damaged. In sections of the county the roads were nearly washed away, rendering travel dangerous and very difficult. At Tyrone, the Juniata is away over its banks, houses and lots are inundated and people have been compelled to move to higher ground. In Cambria County the rainstorm was particularly severe. The Conemaugh River and Stony Creek are again high, and the lower portions of Johnstown are under water. Several bridges have been washed away, and operations have been suspended at the mills along these streams.

### Ohio's Victims.

An Akron, O., despatch says: Two clouds came together Tuesday evening about two miles northwest of Sharon, Medina county. Two minutes later they began to revolve in tornado fashion and bear down upon the village. The tornado's progress was marked by roaring and grinding sounds. In ten minutes it had leveled everything in its track, over six miles of farm land for a width of 30 rods, demolished dozens of buildings, killed one man, fatally injured a man and a woman, and seriously injured several others. Forests in which were trees two feet in diameter were cut down as if they had been cornstalks. The first building caught up was the barn of James Hartman. It was torn into kindling. Then in turn were taken the house and barn of Uriah Wooster, the house and barn of Isaac Brown and Frank Lacroix, the barns of Richard Brown and C. Crane, located just north of Sharon. The tornado then mowed down a mile or so of timber land and fences and jumped into its work anew at the farm of Christian Wall, east of Centre. The large back barn was torn into little pieces, which were strewn along over a mile. The large two-story house of Reasonable Wall was blown off its foundation and tipped over on its side, and a horse barn near by was demolished. The bank barn of Mat. Bromley, just across the road, was then given a whirl.

### ORCHARDS SWEEP AWAY.

Mr. Bromley was caught up and deposited several rods away badly crushed under the timbers. He cannot recover. His son landed at the hay mow. The house of Frank Bromley, a quarter of a mile further on, was blown several rods from its foundation and taking fire burned with all its contents. The family escaped by taking refuge in the cellar. An orchard of fifty apple trees, back of the house, was mowed clean. Just a quarter of a mile southwest of Bromley's house was that of Hugh Franks. Here destruction was most complete, not a stick of timber that a man could not easily carry was left. About 150 feet from the house Mr. Franks' dead body was found with the brains coming from a hole in the head made by a flat iron. An ear was torn and legs and arms were broken. In a clover field, twenty rods from the house, lay Mrs. Franks unconscious, with her collar bone and several ribs broken and serious internal injuries. She cannot live. The family dog lay dead beside her. There were no children in the house. About \$300 in paper money and silver that was in the house was strewn over the fields for half a mile.

### SEEKING SAFETY IN CELLARS.

At the end of its six mile sweep through Sharon, the tornado evidently rose high in the air, and, jumping over the southern part of this city, dropped on Springfield township, southeast of Akron. The house of Scott Switzer was whirled from its foundation and scattered over a ten-acre field. Switzer, who had laughed at his wife's fear for going to the cellar with her baby, was pitched down the cellarway head-first, and the family unconscious under the debris escaped injury. A pen full of pigs was hurled to their death. Of two carriages in the barn only a few spokes could be found. As Fred. Harwick was unhitching his horse the tornado came on and he was blown away with the horse and wagon, and received serious injuries. Daniel Brown owned five acres of timber, on which not a tree was left standing. Geo. Wise's ten-acre forest was also mowed down. The houses of Robert Callahan, John Robertson, Elias Kuntz and Eli Funk were riddled and barns blown away. The storm trailed along into Stark county, leaving the debris scattered over a stretch of fifteen miles. The loss amounts to tens of thousands.

### VIRGINIA FEELS IT.

A Roanoke, Va., despatch says: The greatest tornado in many years passed over this city this evening. The cash-house at the Crozier iron furnace was blown down, and three laborers were killed and one was mortally wounded.

# THE DOOM-SEALERS.

## Fleeing From San Francisco and the Wrath to Come.

A San Francisco despatch says: There was a big meeting of negro doom-sealers at the railway station at Oakland yesterday afternoon, and unbelievers in the dire prophecies that have been uttered as to the coming destruction of the town by a tidal wave were warned in doggerel to flee from the wrath to come:

Flee away to de mountaintop,  
Cause somethin' hvar am goin' to drop,  
So flee away, an' don't you stop,  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Dose dat stay behind am los',  
Like buds in spring an' nip by fro',  
An' on de dood waves dey'll be toss',  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

These verses were shouted vociferously by the doom-sealers. They did not seem particularly worried at the impending calamity, but sang and beat time with their gripsacks and umbrellas in true revival style. They left for St. Helena on the 4 40 train. This train carried away to safety many white believers also. Their faith affected them differently to what it did the colored people. They were mainly foreigners, and their pale faces told how much they were impressed by the awfulness of the things that are to happen on April 14. There were traces of tears on the faces of the women among them.

According to the original prophecy none of these persons should have been left at Oakland. It was foretold that after April 7 no trains could leave, and escape would be impossible. They appeared to consider the bulging off of the event as a mark of Divine favor, and were humbly thankful that they were given additional time to escape. Probably 30 people took the train for the Sierras to-day, and many others fled to the hills back of Berkeley.

The example set by the more fervent Woodworthites has stirred up a big rush for the mountains. Yesterday and the day before the departures took more the form of an organized exodus than ever before. Those who left earlier quietly went aboard the train separately, one or possibly two families to a party. A great many went in this way, and it was yesterday estimated that fully 300 people had left their homes. Not a single person who was prominent at the meetings where the prophecy was first announced was to be found in Oakland to-day. All have fled to the mountains. A correspondent interviewed several departing cranks and elicited the same answer in every case:

"We are leaving because God has plainly revealed the approaching catastrophe and we dare not neglect His warning."

The weather to-day is unusually warm, and this, taken in connection with the lunar rainbow a few nights ago, is regarded as ominous of the approaching upheaval.

**A Reverend Forger Confesses.**  
A Dayton, O., despatch says: Letters have been received from Rev. Edward Mason, a resident of this city and pastor of the Progressive Brethren Church at Miami, confessing he is a forger, and that he is on his way to Wales to reclaim an inheritance, or, failing in that, to kill himself. He leaves a wife destitute, having squandered a small inheritance of here. He left home April 3rd, saying he was going to St. Louis to preach a funeral sermon, but instead he went to New York, whence he wrote to his wife and others making the above statements. He forged notes and borrowed money from a number of banks. The amount is not known, and it is a mystery what was done with the proceeds. Rev. Mr. Mason had a high standing in religious circles, and is an author of some repute. It is said he was addicted to the use of opiates.

**A Girl Poisoner Confesses.**  
A Chicago despatch says: Emma Stark, the servant girl who is under arrest charged with poisoning in the food she cooked for a family named Newlands, which resulted in the death of Mr. and Mrs. Newlands and the dangerous illness of their two children, has made a full confession. She admitted to-day that she put "rough on rats" into some canned corn she was cooking for the Newlands' supper, wishing only to test its strength. The girl said she had been betrayed and asked to put an end to her existence, but had no intention of killing the Newlands. She ate some of the corn herself, but it only made her slightly sick, and supposing its effect would be no more serious on the others she served it for supper.

**Brutes in a Furring Match.**  
A Liverpool cable says: A horrible fight occurred at Wigae, Lancashire, yesterday. Two noted wrestlers, Moran, of Wigan, and Fraigh, of Sandiwich, were the principals. They were naked, with the exception of short trousers and cloths, but in the first round the trousers were torn to shreds and the cloths were used as weapons. The bodies of the men presented a shocking spectacle at the close of the fight. They were sewed, scathed and washed in all directions. Haigh was declared the victor. Moran was carried home unconscious.

**The Cost of Tying Shoestrings.**  
One of the managers of a big Eastern knitting mill has made a calculation that the shoestrings of a working girl will come united on the average three times per diem, and that a girl will lose about 50 cents every time she stoops to retie them. Most of the employees have two feet, so this entails a loss of 300 seconds every day for each girl. There are about 400 girls employed in this factory, and therefore the gentleman finds that 43,000,000 seconds are wasted in the course of a year, which time, at the average rate of wages, is worth \$943,174. Orders have accordingly been issued that girls must wear only buttoned shoes or Congress gaiters under penalty of discharge.

The man who takes things as they come never has any "go" to him.

"Oyster culture" by the Marquis of Lorne, with illustrations by Princess Louise, is, perhaps the most noticeable contents of *Good Words*. The visit described to the oyster nurseries of Arcachon is very interesting, and the information that 200,000 people get their living in France in connection with this and similar nurseries, obtaining also fair wages, is a strong recommendation to the Marquis' plea for the encouraging of the industry on British shores.

# THE SUMMER GIRL.

## Her Fancy Lightly Turns to Roman Millinery.

And if She Be Fashionable, She Decks Herself With Trinkets and Tinkling Things in Savage Style.

A New York despatch says: The summer girl is going to look like a maid of ancient Athens when in a gown of sheer white wool, girdled at the waist and clasped on the shoulder, she twists her hair in a loose, classic knot thrust through with an antique gold hairpin and adjusts aesthetically in place a little *toque a la Grecque* made of three fillets of gold ribbon, jeweled and embroidered, with a puff of white tulle to fill the crown and in front a butterfly such as Cupid might have chased, with wings of gold and gauze, fluttering down from the bands to her white hair.

The summer girl will look very demure and coquettish behind her loose flowing veil. In the morning you will meet her in a wide flat hat of black straw, simple as a school girl's, with a bunch of black tips at the back, a band of gold tinsel about the crown and a fall of black gauze half a yard deep from the outer brim, which completely envelops in its nun-like but transparent meshes the whole upper part of her figure. You turn for another glimpse of the beauty, veiled maid, and in the afternoon you must hear again. This time she is wearing a flapping hat like a sixteenth century courtier's, except that it is made of lace straw, with heavy feathers standing erect on top like fluttering plumes, and with a full veil of Chantilly lace like the Empire bag of last season, except that it is loose at the bottom, finished in a pattern of Vandyke points, and lost at the throat in the puffy bow of black gauze, which gives the last *chic* touch to her walking costume.

The summer girl is going to look like foolish, pretty little Dora Copperfield, ready for a walk with "Dody," when she frames her arch, cupid face in one of the simple "willow" bonnets of Tuscan straw, with a canopy wreath of rosebuds beneath the brim, and with the chin snugly tied up with ribbon bows.

The high-crowned hat looks back longingly from the corner of oblivion. The summer girl argues with herself whether she shall invite it to re-enter the world. It appeals to her fancy with its rosettes of blue and gold velvet ribbon trimming an English shape in black straw and its black wings fluttering forward.

There are some extremely pretty novelties in bridesmaids' hats, for which a use will be found soon after Easter. One is a wide-brimmed, flat hat of gold-colored lace straw, with a thick ruff of purple and pink ribbons, box pleated about the outer brim. Black velvet flowers, petals show themselves here and there. Another is a Leghorn hat, turned up behind. Narrow blue velvet ribbon is laid in a circle of long loops about the brim, and the genuflections are blue bachelors' buttons.

The tulle and gauze hats grow more airy fantastic with each passing hour. They are not closely shirred as in past seasons, but are fairly like gossamer puffs, which only the weight of the flower wreaths trimming them keeps from sailing away. One of the prettiest seen this spring was worn by a demure young woman at the last meeting of the Collegiate Alumnae. Its frame was loosely wreath of thorny roses, scented without collage and tangled with gold-colored gauze, which hung to the waist line in streamers caught together by one immense pink ruff.

The summer girl seems to have a fancy for things Roman. Little crownless *toques*, with soft twists of silk in Roman stripes about the brims, are shown by all the fashionable milliners. A young girl who saw an Italian opera favorite on her opening night wore as successful a one as has appeared. It looked like a scarf of red and gold wound about the head, with a lactine blue butterfly fastening it in front and another behind.

For every spring the most characteristic bonnets are those which are nothing more than wide fillets of coarse straw not joined behind or simply tied across with narrow ribbons. A very pretty one is of dark blue straw edged with blue and black velvet, and with a small blackboard on either side. Gray and white make an equally effective combination.

### English Capital for Boston.

After a series of rumors, private advices from London to-day confirm the report of the sale of Boston's four largest breweries to a British syndicate. The present owners continue to attributely refuse to give particulars, but it is learned that after much discussion the following companies accept that two-thirds of the stipulated price be paid in cash and the remaining third in stock of the new consolidated corporation, thus permitting the present owners to retain an interest. The sums decided on are: Rosis Brewery, \$900,000; Beckett, \$800,000; Suffolk, \$350,000; and Stanley, \$300,000; total, \$2,350,000. Possession is to be taken on July 1st.

Yesterday Japan opened her third National Industrial Exposition. That such an exhibition, composed entirely of home products and manufactures, is possible in Japan shows the rapid development of that people and their adaptability to the forms of Western civilization.

Surgeon-General John B. Hamilton says that not one-third of the American population of a military age can pass the examination of a recruit.

# A LIVING TOMB.

## Sing Sing Cells for Murderers Condemned to Electrical Death.

Lawyer Heinzieman, of New York, recently visited his client, James J. Slocum, who is confined at Sing Sing under sentence of death by electricity, and he thus relates what he saw:

"I visited by client, Slocum, yesterday," said Lawyer Heinzieman, "in the execution chamber at Sing Sing. I have had a large professional experience in places of penal confinement, but nothing that I have ever seen approaching in its awe-inspiring attributes this terrible prison. It is a one story granite building about forty feet square, disconnected with all other parts of the building, except by the deadly wire that connects it with the dynamo shed. The granite walls are five feet thick, I am told, and they certainly appear to be. There are three iron doors, one within one another, at the end of the death chamber, facing the river. The keeper's seat is within the third door. At the further end of the chamber, facing the keeper's seat are four cells. The walls between the cells are of granite, and two feet thick. The inmates of the cells are always under the keeper's eye. Owing to the thickness of the walls and of the three doors not a sound of the living tomb. It is a veritable living tomb. When a lawyer, or priest, or minister sees one of the condemned men, a green gauze curtain is dropped over the doors of the other cells, so that their inmates cannot see the face of the visitor or hear his voice. The same thing is done when any one of the condemned men is taken out of his cell for exercise. The condemned men, therefore, see no other face and hear no other voice than that of their keeper, except, as I have said, when their counsel or spiritual adviser is permitted to see them. It is a terrible ordeal, and it seems almost incredible to me that they can retain their reason until the hour of execution arrives."

# RIOTOUS ANTI-CARLISTS.

## Military and Mob Contest for Possession of Madrid.

A Madrid cable of last night says: The arrival of the Carlist leader, Marquis Carrales, at Valencia to-day was made the occasion of an anti-Carlist demonstration. Thousands of anti-Carlists met at the station and followed the Marquis to his hotel. They smashed many windows of the hotel and tried to set fire to the building, when a detachment of troops charged and dispersed the mob. Many persons were wounded. Later a mob of 2,000 persons invaded the Carlist Club and set fire to the furniture. When the firemen came the mob tried to obstruct them. The mob then smashed and burned a carriage in the courtyard. Another mob tried to burn a church, but were prevented by the troops. The troops have failed, however, to disperse the constantly gathering crowd. The latter have built two barricades in the streets. The military authorities have taken possession of the city and the whole garrison is under arms.

Midnight—the rioting continues. The troops have made several charges. Many persons have been injured, and it is reported some have been killed, though orders were given to avoid bloodshed as long as possible.

# BE LOVED TRAVEL.

## And stole Gift-Edged Securities to Gratify His Taste.

A Worcester, Mass., despatch says: Frederic K. Kimball, the young and trusted teller of the People's Savings Bank, has fled, after stealing from the vaults gift-edged securities of the bank amounting to \$43,000, but on the market worth \$50,000. He comes of a most prominent family in the State, has an interesting family and a social position of the best. He has, however, an insatiable passion for travel, and this is his main object in leaving. He has not been seen since Friday, but left a note showing he had gone to Canada, saying he would never return, and advising his wife to go back to her family. She is heart-broken. As he may dispose of his plunder in Canada, the following is the list of the securities he disappeared with:

- Boston & Lowell Railroad, 4 1/2, \$5,000;
- Boston & Maine Railroad, 7 1/2, \$9,000;
- Boston, Clinton & Fitchburg, 5 1/2, \$8,000;
- Eastern Railroad, 6 1/2, \$5,000;
- Vermont & Massachusetts, 5 1/2, \$4,000;
- Old Colony, 7 1/2, \$2,000;
- Maine Central, 7 1/2, \$500;
- Kansas City & Fort Scott (collateral), \$5,000;
- Kansas City consols (collateral), \$10,000;
- total, \$43,000. All the bonds are readily negotiable.

# He Was Only Out of Work.

Fred. Roberts, 21 years old, was arrested in New York city Wednesday with a placard on his back. Roberts told the justice that he was out of work and had an invalid wife depending upon him. "What am I to do, judge? I cannot starve, nor can I let my wife starve to death," he said. "I will not steal. I have not committed any offence. I am tired of asking for work and being refused it. I think this sign would create some excitement and make my poverty known to some who might be disposed to take pity on me." He was discharged. Following is the placard Roberts carried on his back: "I am not Bert Harte, Berry Wald or George Francis Train, simply a married man, a street raised employer out of work, who has used every means to get employment. I do not wish to say anything against the circulation of the New York press. I am an earnest hard worker, willing to do anything. Please do not stare at me, as I am modest. Yours very truly."

# The Bang.

The bang, one of the most maligned of feminine fads as well as the most self-assertive, may almost be said to have come to stay. It is now in the 19th year of its continuous reign. In the face of ridicule and criticism it has held its own since 1871, when, in some inexplicable manner, it made its appearance upon certain fashionable brows. In a short time all classes had adopted the white fringe, as it was then styled by the newspapers. The general adaptability to almost any type of face accounts for its popularity, and although decorated and caricatured, it has never lost its hold.—*Evening Telegram*.

The Duke of Bedford has built a private crematorium at Woking.

# THE MODERN BACHELOR.

## Important Factor in City Life and His Social Attributes.

The bachelor has become an important factor in New York life. He is not a new species, as there have always been fugitive specimens of this species with us. In most cases, however, he has been regarded not exactly as a freak, but as one whose mind had a wrong start, and he would have left the black and storm shores of bachelorhood and entered into the sunny and rainbow-tinted realm of the benedict. This idea still prevails to a large extent in country towns and provincial cities—and not without good cause, for the old-time bachelor was an unsocial, cranky sort of individual at best—a man out of tune with his surroundings, a cynic, a woman hater. But the modern bachelor in New York is all that his predecessor was not—affable, generous, sunny—a man devoted to his social life, and always in the forefront of the social world, says a writer in *Amateur Weekly*.

It is estimated that there are over 100,000 bachelors in New York to-day, whose ages vary all the way from 25 to 75, and perhaps it is safe to say that 95 per cent. of them are men of social tendencies, who enter into society in its various sets, and devote themselves religiously to the fair sex. Bachelor life, then, in New York is not the cold, stolid existence that it formerly was. A glance at many of the costly bachelor apartments, fitted up with every convenience and furnished in regal splendor, would convince the most sceptical that its surroundings, at least, are all that heart could wish. With a large proportion of single men in the population one not well informed as to the social life of things would naturally expect that a visit to the clubs and hotel tables would reveal an army of bachelors. But the exact reverse is the fact. Many bachelors, to be sure, are club men, and many live in hotels, but they are not the men who sit there to talk finance, discuss business schemes and tell stories, smoking pipe while till the room becomes hazy with the clouds of the vanishing Havana. They, as a rule, see enough of their own sex during the day and at their meals, and naturally seek the society of ladies in the evening. Their expenses are moderate as compared to those of married men, and their earning capacity is not less because of the single blessedness to which they cling. It follows, then, that they can afford to spend money much more readily on their friends than the family man, and there is no one to say that they, as a rule, are in the case with the latter.

That bachelor life is increasing in popularity very rapidly in New York is beyond question. The houses that lead to this care, perhaps, numerous, but the chief is the enormous expense of supporting a family in good style in the metropolitan city. It may be that they are, themselves, and that, after all, they are not getting the quiet, restful enjoyment of life that their married friends possess, with all the cares and anxieties which to the bachelor mind are such great burdens. Happiness, in its best sense, is not always gained from the after absence of care, and it is just possible that the bachelor over-estimates his good fortune in having no one to quack his interest and stir his anxiety.

# The Weight of Groceries.

Ten common hard eggs weigh one pound.  
One pint of coffee A sugar weighs 12 ounces.  
Soft butter, in a tin, weighs one ounce.  
One pint of best cream sugar weighs 13 ounces.  
One quart of after dinner with a pip, one pound.  
Four respect full are equal to one table-spoonful.  
One pint, heaped, of granulated sugar weighs 14 ounces.  
One and one-half pints of powdered sugar weighs one pound.  
Two teaspoonful, level, of granulated sugar weighs one pound.  
Two teaspoonful of soft butter, well packed weighs one pound.  
Two teaspoonful, well heaped, of coffee A sugar weigh one pound.  
One tablespoonful, well rounded, of soft butter, weighs one ounce.  
Two tablespoonful of powdered sugar or flour weighs one ounce.  
Two and one-half teaspoonful, level, of the best brown sugar weigh one pound.  
Two and three-fourths teaspoonful, level, of powdered sugar weigh one pound.  
A tablespoonful, well heaped, of granulated, coffee A or best brown sugar equals one ounce.  
Teaspoons vary in size, and the new ones hold about twice as much as an old fashioned spoon of 30 years ago. A medium-sized tea-spoon holds about a drachm.  
Miss Parlee says one drachm pint of liquid or one pint of finely chopped meat, packed solidly, weighs one pound, which would be very convenient to remember.

# A Proud Father Overcome.

On board the City of Paris, which arrived yesterday, an Englishman who, from the time of leaving Liverpool, was busy telling all his acquaintances that he expected to become a father during his voyage. His wife was at Liverpool at that time. He had written to his wife at Quartermaster, New York, saying "James, if you don't write me 'Mary,' some of the passengers prepared a bogus telegram, which was handed to the prospective father as soon as the ship reached Quarantine. He took it proudly, but a little trembling, and read it. Then he fell back on a sofa with a cry. His face was ashen pale. The papers ran for a glass of water. The father fell to the floor. It read: "James and Mary."—*New York Morning Journal*.

# Scene—Boston Women's Club. Time—1900.

Mrs. S.—Have another cup of tea, dear?  
Mrs. H.—Thank you, dear; but I must get home.  
Mrs. S.—Why should you hurry? Your husband will not chide you if you are a little late.  
Mrs. H.—It is not my husband but my father-in-law that I fear; he is staying with us at present.  
—Embroidery is used for trimming muslin, silk and cashmere dresses.

# SCHOOL.

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