

THE LEHIGH FIGHT.

BOTH SIDES PREPARING FOR A MIGHTY EFFORT.

Passenger Trains Still Moving—Officials at Many Points Taken by Surprise by the Strike—Hanging Employees May Be Called On by the Lehigh—Situation So Far in Favor of the Strikers—A General Tie-Up Threatened.

SAFETY, Pa., Nov. 21.—The much talked of strike on the Lehigh system went into effect at 10 o'clock Saturday night. Orders have been issued by the men that no trains shall be made up or pulled out on the main track. The up trains will be discontinued here, and no more trains, either passenger or freight, will start or be allowed to go through.

ROCHESTER, Nov. 21.—Only one train has moved on the Rochester division of the Lehigh Valley road since 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Representatives of five Brotherhoods, conductors, trainmen, engineers, firemen and telegraphers, held a meeting at the strike headquarters here. A general order was issued which was promptly obeyed by every employee of the Lehigh road. The engineers left their locomotives in good condition and the firemen banked their fires. The strikers include several men, some of them conductors who are not members of the Brotherhood.

The freight trains due to leave here at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon are still in the yard all made up. The order included not only the Rochester branch, but took in the Batavia and Niagara Falls branches, and on these branches it was as promptly complied with as on the Rochester division.

The Batavia division runs from Manchester to Batavia. The Niagara Falls division runs from the Falls to Batavia. Not a wheel is turning on any of these divisions. This completes the tie-up of the road west of Sayre.

The strike leaders here say that the claim that the New York Central is not a Brotherhood road is false. They say that were an order issued to the operators on that road similar to the one issued yesterday the road would be absolutely crippled. They go further and say that if the Lehigh road does not succumb within a reasonable time, it will be the Erie, New York Central, Delaware and Lackawanna and all of the other roads one by one.

The strikers claim Operator J. F. Walters, at Rochester Junction, is a Canadian from the province, and that he came thither to work under a contract with the Lehigh company. Should Walters persist in remaining at his post proceedings will be taken against him under the United States contract labor law. Other operators working are said to be in the same boat.

The passenger train due to leave here for Sayre at 8 o'clock yesterday afternoon has not yet arrived at that place and it will probably not arrive there for some time. The local train due to leave here at 9:10 did not leave at that hour. The train crew stood around the depot, and after the agent had conferred with the engineers the latter agreed to draw the mailcar to Rochester Junction. There were two passenger coaches attached to the train, but no tickets were sold to any point, the agent refusing so guarantee that anybody buying them would reach his destination. The employees say that no trains at all will be run today.

L. L. Coleman, district chairman of one of the Brotherhoods, telegraphs from Waverly that volunteers are running a stage line from Waverly to Towanda, to take the place of cars.

At the Terminals. JERSEY CITY, Nov. 21.—While no change is apparent at the terminals of the Lehigh Valley, the probabilities are that something in the nature of a change will take place between now and noon.

The 12:45 train for Elmira left on schedule time with a few passengers and some baggage. This train was taken out by Conductor Riddle, who brought in the 10:40 train from the L. and E. Junction. He had with him a nonunion fireman and engineer. Conductor Riddle made the statement that he did not think another train would come in during the afternoon. This statement was repeated as train No. 30 due to arrive in Jersey City at 1 p. m. failed to come in. Another train, No. 48, local from Lansdowne, also failed to put in an appearance, and it looks as though the strikers have succeeded in tying up the passenger service for the eastern terminus pretty effectually.

Hudson Road Tied Up. BELVIDERE, N. J., Nov. 21.—The sheriff will swear in 100 special deputies for duty at different points on the Lehigh Valley road. The Hudson road is tied up, and most of the crews are out in sympathy with the strikers on the main line. A few local trains are being sent through.

Running With Nonunion Crews. TUNNUNHOCK, Pa., Nov. 21.—Passenger trains on this division of the Lehigh Valley railroad, have run all day at irregular intervals. The trains are manned by nonunion crews who dare not attempt to make usual time for fear of open switches or obstruction.

Will Stop Ontario. TORONTO, Ont., Nov. 21.—The strike on the Lehigh Valley railroad will be a serious thing for this province. It means, if it lasts long, a general advance in the prices of anthracite coal. There is a big shortage in the supply of hard coal in Ontario.

Striking Nonunion Men. EASTON, Pa., Nov. 21.—Between 40 and 50 nonunion men were arrested here last night and distributed at various points on the line of the Lehigh division. The company supplied them with food.

All Employees Out. PERKINS, N. J., Nov. 21.—The Lehigh Valley brakemen who went out on Saturday night have been joined by the engineers and firemen. The switchmen went out on Saturday night.

Will Not Handle Lehigh Freight. SONBURY, Pa., Nov. 21.—The Sonbury division of the Pennsylvania railroad will not handle any Lehigh Valley freight between Wilkes-Barre and Pottsville.

Ohio Has a Lynching. OTTUMWA, O., Nov. 22.—The principal street of this city was filled with a mob who seized a man named Johnson, the perpetrator of an outrage on a 6-year-old child. The mob quickly placed a rope about Johnson's neck. He was lynched in short order.

HAWAIIAN SITUATION.

Minister Willis Presents His Credentials to President Dole.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—The State department is less disposed now than ever to take the public into its confidence on the Hawaiian question. In consideration of the news by the Australia, it should be understood that much that has been published during the past two weeks has been pure conjecture and surmise. The part that is indubitable fact is that those in the confidence of the administration have felt and expressed the utmost assurance that the Australia would bring news that ex-Queen Liliuokalani had already been restored to the throne.

It is possible that Minister Willis has become convinced by his entire satisfaction, without having laid the matter before President Dole, that the provisional government cannot be displaced without force, and so has determined to wait for further instructions. It seems certain at all events that President Dole had no suspicion when the Australia sailed that it was the purpose of Minister Willis to restore the ex-queen.

President Dole received United States Minister Willis on the 20th. Minister Willis accompanied the presentation of his letters of credence with a brief address.

A newspaper correspondent at Honolulu sends the following which was written a few hours before the steamer Australia left Honolulu for San Francisco on Nov. 11: "The next minister has made no sign as to Cleveland's policy in regard to us, but he gives mysterious hints of some unpleasant duty yet to perform. What this is we cannot learn. I know that the government has received nothing from him up to the steamer's leaving, neither officially or otherwise."

A local paper in publishing the above says: "This hint of 'unpleasant duty' had been received by the Provisional as well as the correspondents and they had carefully considered the matter in all its bearings. They evidently know pretty well that 'unpleasant duty' was to be named, inasmuch as the United States minister that Liliuokalani be reinstated and they decided the moment that Mr. Willis showed his hand they would bring the matter then and there to a crisis by ordering the ex-queen out of the country."

Commissioner Blount's Report.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—The report of James H. Blount, the special commissioner sent to Hawaii by President Cleveland to investigate the overthrow of Queen Liliuokalani and establishment of a provisional government, has been made public by Secretary Graham, together with the accompanying correspondence.

Mr. Blount declares in substance that the overthrow was accomplished by the aid and with the consent of Minister Stevens and by a show of military force on the part of Minister Stevens.

He declares that the United States minister had previously agreed to recognize the proposed provisional government as soon as it should be declared, and that the declaration was read in the presence of United States troops landed for the purpose of overhauling the adherents of the queen and says that had the troops not been landed, no organization for a new government would have been taken.

The commissioner makes no recommendations, merely dwelling upon the wrong that has been done the natives and their queen and the fact that they expect the United States government to reinstate her. He closes with a short history of the islands, their industries, conditions of the natives and information to show that they have been badly treated.

Mr. Stevens' Reply.

AUGUSTA, Me., Nov. 21.—A reporter called on ex-Minister to Hawaii John L. Stevens last evening at his home and asked if he had anything to say regarding Commissioner Blount's statement.

Mr. Stevens said that he firmly adhered to all of his previous statements in his San Francisco and Augusta addresses to the country and in his open letter last week to Secretary Graham. He expressed great surprise at the language of Mr. Blount as to Mr. Stevens' unwillingness to show him the records of the legation. He says that he feels himself at liberty to expose Mr. Blount's remarkable conduct toward himself, commencing immediately after Mr. Blount's arrival at Honolulu. It is a record, Mr. Stevens says, the publication of which will establish all honorable minds, bringing to Mr. Stevens no concern, unless it be that he tolerated such insulting treatment without at once repudiating it by refusing all intercourse with the offending person.

"It is sufficient to say now," Mr. Stevens adds, "that Mr. Blount's report so far as given to the public, is an extra and shameless perversion of the facts."

A "Hold Your Whist" Circular.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 20.—Northwestern farmers have held several meetings to discuss the wheat crop and the low prices. At one in Pierre a "hold your whist" circular was issued. It says that every country in Europe, except Russia has this year had a short wheat crop. Our own crop is at least 100,000,000 bushels under that of last year and 800,000,000 less than we raised in 1901. The circular concludes: "The conditions are such that every bushel of wheat now remaining in the producers' hands can be made to bring 3¢ before another harvest if all of it is held for that price. Each day the world consumes over 6,000,000 bushels of wheat and the present large supplies at terminal points would rapidly decrease if the farmers would cease for a time to augment them."

A Crack After President Higginbotham.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—Two detectives are standing guard over the Michigan avenue home of President H. N. Higginbotham of the World's fair. A mysterious crank has been besieging the house, frightening Mrs. Higginbotham and claiming to be relative of her husband. The man forced his way in and sat down and had luncheon with the family. He said his name was McNeil. He inquired particularly about the room in which Mr. Higginbotham sleeps.

Thinks Hookway Will Win.

ALBANY, Nov. 20.—Charlton T. Lewis, the president of the Prison Reform association, passed through the city yesterday in conversation on the probable results of the Elmira investigation, said that he was of the opinion that the special committee of the state board of charities would report in favor of Mr. Brockway, despite the unfavorable testimony being taken.

Unitarian Conference Closed.

SYRACUSE, Nov. 17.—The Unitarian conference closed with a woman's meeting which was addressed by Mrs. B. Ward Dix, Mrs. Joseph Curtis and Rev. Ida C. Rutlin of the work of the Woman's Alliance. A discussion brought out the fact that there was a great lack of interest in Unitarian churches.



PEOPLE said I was very foolish when I bought a ten acre island three miles from the shore and built my summer house on it, but I laughed and said quiet was what I sought, and there I would have it, far from the maddening crowd's ignominious strife.

Being a bachelor, with few wants, I took with me only my man Henry, who was an excellent housekeeper and cook.

I don't think I ever enjoyed myself more than the first four weeks I spent on the island. In the morning I took to the water, or took a walk for an hour or so; then I wrote for three hours, and the afternoon I read and loafed, and at night I slept. Some days I would row over to the mainland, and every day Henry went over after the mail, unless it was stormy. Sometimes I had a friend or two to drive with me, but no woman was allowed to come ashore there.

I was right in my determination on this point for had not one Isabelle Ventnor told me two weeks before I bought the island that she did not think I was the kind of a man any woman ought to marry?

She had, and for that I had sworn all women.

As I say, I was supremely happy all by myself, excepting, of course, the hurt Isabelle had done me, and I think that was healing slowly, when one night the entire scheme was overthrown.

That night was a dark one, but quite still, and I went to bed feeling fairly comfortable. A couple of my friends had been with me until 1 o'clock, and were to return early in the morning with a sail boat for a fishing trip out to deep water. About 1 o'clock, or perhaps later, I was awakened by hearing a disturbance of some sort down stairs, and before my eyes were fully opened Henry rushed into the room, slammed the door and looked at me.

"What's the matter?" I exclaimed. "For God's sake, my son," he said, "get up right now. There's a burglar in the house and I'm done for."

Then Henry went down on the floor in a heap, and I lit a lamp, as there came a terrific banging on the door. The light showed me Henry cowering with blood, his throat slashed, lying there dead or dying, as I supposed.

What to do I did not know, for the only arms in the house were across the hall and the burglar had me shut off from that direction and were rapidly demolishing my door.

They swore and pounded, entirely regardless of the ordinary rules of burglary, for they knew that no law away from the shore they were perfectly safe.



"Go down stairs and get that ax," I heard one of them say, "and we'll have this door down in five minutes. We've done up one of our axmen, and we're not to do up the other; so there won't be any talk of tales out of school."

Then he laughed and I heard footsteps down the hall and stairs. I knew there was no help for me there and only a chance anywhere, and I took that. One window of my room opened out on a back roof and from that it was only a short distance to the ground. Once out of the house I had one chance in a million of escape. In a minute I was out of the window, over the shed and on the ground. I had on only my pajamas, and the sharp stones cut my feet cruelly, but I did not think of that. It was life, and life is very sweet to us, even though some fair Isabelle may have slipped a pair of bitter lips to it.

Over the rocks and stones I flew, going I knew not where, thinking of nothing but escape.

What brought me to my senses somewhat was my mashing into the water, and at first I thought of swimming out and trying to reach the mainland, but I was only a poor swimmer and I knew I should be drowned or caught and knuckled on the head in the water by the burglars as a snorter might knock a snorter on the back, and the horror of it drove me back. Then I thought of my boat, but before I started that way I remembered that my friends had moved it over to the mainland to return at daylight with the sailboat, leaving me only my rowlocks to signal the shore in case of need, and what were signals now? Only a means whereby the murderers might discover me.

One thinks rapidly at such moments, I fancy, and all this took place in much less time than it requires to tell it; but there was time enough for the burglars to learn I was not in the room, and with their quick eyes see the window through which I had escaped, and I heard some of them coming along the course I had taken, and one going down toward my boat landing to cut me off there.

Then, aimlessly and utterly dazed I began to circle the little island, running on the beach. They could not see me and my bare feet made no noise in the sand and I rushed madly ahead, when all at once I went down with a terrible crash over something on the beach. They were near enough to hear my fall and one of them shouted:

"Here he is, Bill; we've got him!"

him for giving me so much trouble, we'll fix him now."

I thought about the burglar did, but as I tried to get up I found I was in a boat drawn half way up on the sand.

I almost shouted with joy when I made this discovery. It was their boat and once in it and on the water I was safe. By this time I could hear their footstep along the shore, which was quite rocky and rough here, except the little bit of beach where the boat lay, and they could not make such headway as I did as they did not know the way through the rocks.

But they were coming fast enough and cursing at every step, and with the energy of despair, I caught the boat in my arms and tried to shove it into the water. That is, I would shove it into the water. Again and again I heaved, the blood almost boiling through my ears by the exertion and the side tearing from my hands and bare arms.

At last, I thought, to safety and still the danger increasing every second. Then as I heaved so much more energy than before, one of the burglars fell over a stone, I felt the boat move, and a little wave rolled in and lifted it so that with one more push it slid off into deep water. I jumped in, caught the oars and as the burglars dashed down through the darkness to where they heard the noise, the boat shot out into the water and I was safe.

They might have shot me from the shore, but they had either left their revolvers in the house or had none. The burglar being so late, a weapon for burglary was not.

Whatever the cause, they did not fire, and I did not wait for it, but kept that close. A hundred feet out I began to be myself once more and I stopped rowing.

"Why don't you come on," I shouted back, half hysterically. "Hold on," they yelled, and I could hear them running up and down the shore in the darkness.

"Oh, you're all right," I laughed shrilly. "I'll come back and take you in the few hours," and then, fearful that they might get their guns, I rowed away as fast as I could for the mainland.

I think I made that three miles in half the usual time, and when I found the first policeman he was for running me in as a lunatic on a sleep walking jag. He knew me, and as soon as I told my story a force of ten men boarded a tug, and we returned to the island. By this time the first gray streaks of dawn were showing in the summer sky, and as we cautiously ran up to the shore it was almost light enough to see the house.

We saw no burglars, however, nor any signs of them, though I knew I had been pushed up on the island, and escape was impossible. We waited until daylight, and then, deployed in skirmish line, the policeman began to move across the island, expecting any moment to flush a burglar or get a shot from ambush.

As we came up to the house one of the burglars appeared in the doorway and was covered on the instant by a dozen guns.

"Come in, gentlemen; come right in," he said, cheerily. "We were expecting you, and we've got a nice breakfast ready."

The men's cheeks almost gave me the hysterics, for I knew by the sound of his voice that he was the fellow who wanted to "fix" me.

"But he was uttering the truth—they did have a nice breakfast for us (out of my yard) and not that only, but they had found that Henry was not dead, and they had washed him and done what they could to cure him, and had done it so well that he is alive to-day with only an ugly scar on his neck as a memento."

"Then were you in the lot and you seen him then, headstuck and all, and we sat down to breakfast and enjoyed it, though I must confess that by this time the condition I was in physically was not pleasant."

"You're a queer gang," said the lieutenant of police to the leader, who had invited us to breakfast. "What did you do this for?"

"The breakfast, you mean?"

"And all the rest of it," said the officer.

"Well, cap'n," he replied, "it's like this: We were sure the burglars, all or no, and we thought we'd kill the first one, and, of course, the other one had to go to stop talk. Then when he got away and had to pass up like rats we came to the conclusion that we had better get out the best way we could. The one we thought was dead only needed repairs, so we repaired him, and we knew you'd be here timely to look for me and probably some other early in the morning you might be hungry. So, I thought the gang's pardon for being shot, we turned in and fixed you up a nice breakfast. Now wasn't that about the white thing to do?"

I had had enough to get most men in a bad humor, but this candid statement struck my funny bone somehow, and I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks, and even the policeman smiled.

Of course the burglars had done the best thing possible for themselves, and the very unique plan they had adopted of shooting the burglar in the head, and they only got ten years apiece, Henry testifying to earnestly to their politeness and care that that part of it was not taken into the count at all.

But I can assure you I did not go back to the island again. I gave it to Henry, as it stood, and he lives there with his wife, respected and admired, I do believe, by every burglar in the guild, for he holds them in the highest esteem.

Oh, yes, I almost forgot. When this story came out in the paper, and my part of it was set forth, as gaily reporters know how to do such things, Isabelle, of course, heard of it, and one moonlight night she said to me:

"Major, I thought once you were not the kind of a man for a woman to marry, but I've changed my mind."

I feel under obligations to those burglars myself.—Detroit Free Press.

Maximilian's Wealth.

Recently some old musty documents were found in the City of Mexico, by which it was learned that Maximilian, the late Emperor of Mexico, had a gold and silver hoard amounting in value to \$3,000,000, is buried in the city. The documents state that the money was secreted by order of Emperor Maximilian. The documents produced a sensation among those who were permitted to share the secret, and preparations were at once made for smuggling the treasure.



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