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THE NEWS.

William Mortell and James McGrath were sentenced to life imprisonment in Chicago for the murder of Policeman Fryer.——Bosman's flooring mills in Marion, Ks., were wrecked and two men were fatally injured, by an explosion.——The Chicago Postoffice building is said by Inspector of Buildings Cluss to be beyond redemption.——A call has been issued for a convention of the retail clerks of America.——The stockholders of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad have decided to increase the capital stock of the company ten per cent.——Mrs. Matthews, of Athens, Ala., shot a negro who assaulted her. He was afterward found dead.——Margaret Parker was sentenced to imprisonment for life in Montgomery, Ala., for being an accessory to the murder of another woman's husband.——William T. Tennchill, of the New York Cotton Exchange, killed himself in Englewood, N. J.——William Mottling and wife were asphyxiated by gas in their room in Chicago.——Leo Heolfner, a Pole, is missing from Minneapolis. He left behind his wife and mistress.——Judge Hughes has given an opinion in Richmond that Registration books are public records, and registrars are required to permit United States election supervisors access to them.——An old man named Heller dropped dead of heart disease, brought on by political excitement, at a meeting in Bloomsburg, Pa.——A heavy fall of snow on the Tennessee mountains.——By the overturning of a vessel containing twenty tons of molton metal in a foundry at Bethlehem, Pa., six men were horribly burned.——A Hungarian woman poured boiling water over two quarreling men at Gallitzen, Pa., and badly scalded them.——In a quarrel over taffy, fifteen-year-old Johnnie Amdo shot his younger brother in the head in their home in New York.

A company has purchased five hundred acres of land across the river from Petersburg, Va., and will establish a town.——The steam-fitters of Chicago are on strike.——The Nonpartisan National Woman's Christian Temperance Union has issued a call for a national convention.——A section of Barnum's circus train was wrecked near Macon, Ga., and eight horses killed.——W. S. Wharton, a Chicago money lender, and also interested in the insurance business, has disappaared, and it is reported that his indebtedness amounts to $50,000.——Deputy Circuit Clerk E. Ward Houston, of Parkersburg, W.Va., was arrested, charged with forging certificates of pay for witnesses.——Judge Robert L. Johnson, of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., died of apoplexy, aged seventy-six years.——The legality of Speaker Reed's quorum rulings is to be tested in proceedings brought by a New York importing firm against the McKinley bill.——Lee Allen, a notorious horse thief, was captured in the Comanche country by United States officers.——Louis Rittenhouse, an insane man, living near St. Louis, shot a neighbor and his brother, and while attempting to kill his father the latter split his skull with a hoe.——Percale and Antley, two Flathead Indian murderers, were sentenced to death in Helena, Mont.——Mrs. Rearick, of Woonsocket, S. D., has confessed to poisoning her husband.——James Prenell, a noted Chicago thief recently released from prison, tried to kill Miss Alice Oakes, the girl whose testimony convicted him. He did not succeed.——S. S. Cole, a freighter, was murdered by Indians in the Big Bend country, Washington.——William Watson, a Santa Fe section hand, was murdered and his body secreted in a closet in the railroad station at Fort Madison, Iowa.——William Darnwell, an Austin, Tex., police officer, shot Maggie Null and then killed himself.——The steamer Alexander Swift collapsed near Elenwood, Pa.——Julius Dornsipe, a son of ex-Mayor Dornsipe, of Kansas City, committed suicide in San Francisco.——Thomas Taggart, a Columbus, Ind., farmer, confessed on his death bed to having murdered Thomas Jameson, in 1885.

The steam-fitters of Chicago have gone on a strike.——A negro boarded a train on the Houston and Texas Railroad, killed the colored porter, and made good his escape.——Charles M. Thorlton, a farmer living near Alliance, Neb., killed Ferd Robinson and fatally shot his sweetheart, Myrtle Kerr.——Edward Hock, of Sullivan, Ind., threatened to kill his wife, and was in turn killed by some unknown men.——Four persons were fatally injured by a train near Steubenville, O.——T. J. Blount, of Muncie, Ind., was beaten and kicked to death in the Richmond, Ind., insane hospital.——Ex-Lord High Sheriff Hutton, of London, was arrested in San Francisco, at the instance of a fellow-lawyer.——Frances Duchalk, aged seventeen years, was assaulted by an unknown man in Chicago, and then thrown under a train, but was saved by her sister.——A three-year-old boy, near Wichita, Ks., fell into a tub of boiling water and was completely cooked.——Thos. Rooney killed Robert Madden in Brewsters, N. J., with a single blow.——Richard Doyle shot and killed Thomas Lynch in Troy, N. Y.——Peter Lanche, aged nineteen years, of Philadelphia, deceived a fifteen-year old girl and her mother, by palming off a marriage license for a certificate, and making the girl believe he was legally married to her.——The Sioux Indians are rapidly taken up the new superstition circulated by the medicene men to the effect that next spring all the whites are to be annihilated, the dead Indians rise from the grave and the red man's supremacy to be established

WITH HIS OWN WEAPON.

Threatened to Kill His Sick Wife, but Got Brained Himself.

Edward Houck, residing in Sullivan, Ind., went home drunk the other night and began to abuse his wife who was ill in bed, threatening to kill her with a hatchet. While he was standing over the bed where she lay four masked men entered the room, took him out and, with the same hatchet, beat his head into a jelly. Houck died from the effects of his injuries. No one saw the murder except Houck's wife, who cannot describe the men very accurately. No arrests have been made.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Dead Sea and the River Jordan."

TEXT: *"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho."*—Luke x., 30.

David the poet here pictures a volcano, and what Church's Cotopaxi does on painter's canvas this author does in words. You see a hill, calm and still and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts His finger on the top of it and from it rise thick vapors intershot with fire. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

God is the only being who can manage a volcano, and again and again has He employed volcanic action. The pictures on the walls of Pompeii, the exhumed Italian city, as we saw them last November, demonstrate that the city was not fit to live. In the first century that city, engirdled with palaces, emparadised with gardens, pillared into architectural exquisiteness, was at the foot of a mountain, up the sides of which it ran, with vineyards and villas of merchant princes, and all that marble and bronze and imperial baths and arboriculture and rainbowed fountains, and a coliseum at the dedication of which nine thousand beasts had been slain, and a supernal landscape in which the shore gave roses to the sea and the sea gave crystals to the shore, yea, all that beauty and pomp and wealth could give was there to be seen or heard. But the bad morals of the city had shocked the world. In the year 79, on the 4th of August, a black column rose above the adjoining mountain and spread out, Pliny says, as he saw it, like a great pine tree, wider and wider, until it began to rain upon the city first thin ashes and then pumice stone, and sulphurous fumes scooped, and streams of mud poured through the streets till few people escaped, and the city was buried, and some of the inhabitants eighteen hundred years after were found embalmed in the scoriæ of that awful doom. The Lord called upon volcanic forces to obliterate that profligate city. He touched the hills and they smoked.

Nothing but volcanic action can explain what I shall show you at the Dead Sea upon which I looked last December, and of whose waters I took a bitter and stinging taste. Concerning all that region there has been controversy enough to fill libraries, science saying one thing, revelation saying another thing. But admit volcanic action divinely employed and both testimonies are one and the same. Geology, chemistry, geography, astronomy, ichthyology, ornithology and zoology are coming one by one to confirm the Scriptures. Two leaves of one book are Revelation and Creation, and the penmanship is by the same divine hand. Our horseback ride will not be so steep to-day, and you can stay on without clinging to the pommel of the saddle, but the scenes amid which we ride shall, if possible, be more thrilling, and by the time the horses snuff the sulphurous atmosphere of Asphaltites, or the Dead Sea, we will be ready to dismount and read from our Bibles about what was done that day by the Lord when He touched the hills and they smoked.

Take a detour and pass along by the rocky fortress of Masada, where occurred something more wonderful in the way of desperation than you ever heard of, unless you have heard of that. Herod built a palace amid these heaps of black and awful rocks which look like a tumbled midnight. A great band of robbers, about one thousand including their families, afterward held the fortress. When the Roman army stormed that steep and the bandits could no longer hold the place, their chieftain, Eleazar, made a powerful speech which persuaded them to die before they were captured. First the men kissed their families a loving and tearful good-by and then put a dagger into their hearts, and the women and children were slain. Then ten men were chosen by lot to slay all the other men, and each man lay down by the dead wife and children and waited for these executioners to do their work. This done, one man of the ten killed the other nine. Then the survivor committed suicide. Two women and five children had hid themselves, and after all was over came forth to tell of the nine hundred and sixty slaughtered. Great and rugged natural scenery makes the most tremendous natures for good or evil. Great statesmen and great robbers, great orators and great butchers, were nearly all born or reared among mountain precipices. Strong natures are hardly ever born upon the plain. When men have anything greatly good or greatly evil to do they come down off the rocks.

Pass on from under the shadow of Masada, the scene of concentrated diabolism, and come along where the salt crystals crackle under the horses' hoofs. You are near the most God forsaken region of all the earth. You to whom the word lake has heretofore suggested those bewitchments of beauty, Lucerne or Cayuga, some great pearl set by a loving God in the bosom of the luxuriant valley, change all your ideas about a lake, and see this sheet of water which the Bible calls the Salt Sea, or Sea of the Plain, and Josephus calls Lake Asphaltites. The muleteers will take care of the horses while we go down to the brink and dip up the liquid mixture in the palm of the hand. The waters are a commingling of brimstone and pitch, and have six times larger percentage of salt than those of the Atlantic Ocean, the ocean having four per cent. of salt and this lake 26¼ per cent. Lake Sir-i-kol, of India, is the highest lake in the world. This lake, on the banks of which we kneel, is the lowest lake. It empties into no sea, among other things, for the simple reason that water cannot run up hill. It swallows up the river Jordan and makes no response of thanks, and never reports what it does with the twenty millions cubic feet of water annually received from that sacred river. It takes the tree branches and logs floated into it by the Jordan and pitches them on the banks of bitumen to decay there.

The hot springs near its banks by the name of Callirhoe, where King Herod came to bathe off his illnesses, no sooner pour into this sea than they are poisoned. Not a fish scale swims it. Not an insect walks it. It hates life, and if you attempt to swim there it lifts you by an unnatural buoyancy to the surface, as much as to say "we want no life here, but death is our preference, death." Those who attempt to wade into this lake, and submerge themselves, come out almost maddened, as with the sting of a hundred wasps and hornets, and with lips and eyelids swollen with the strange ablution. The sparkle of its waters is not like the sparkle of beauty on other lakes, but a metallic lustre like unto the flash of a sword that would thrust you. The gazelles and the ibexes that live on the hills beside it, and cranes and wild ducks that fly across—for, contrary to the old belief, birds do safely wing their way over it—and the Arab horses you have been riding, though thirsty enough, will not drink out of this dreadful mixture. A mist hovers over parts of it almost continually, which, though natural evaportion, seems like a wing of doom spread over liquid desolation. It is the rinsings of abomination. It is an aqueous monster coiled among the hills, or creeping with ripples, and stenchful with nauseating malodors.

In these regions once stood four great cities of Assyria: Sodom, Gomorrah, Adma and Zeboim. The Bible says they were destroyed by a tempest of fire and brimstone after these cities had filled up with wickedness. "No, that is absurd," cries some one; "it is evident that this was a region of salt and brimstone and pitch long before that." And so it was. The Bible says it was a region of sulphur long before the great catastrope. "Well, now," says some one, wanting to raise a quarrel between science and Revelation, "you have no right to say the cities of the plain were destroyed by a tempest of fire and sulphur and brimstone, because this region had these characteristics long before these cities were destroyed." Volcanic action, is my reply. These cities had been built out of very combustible materials. The mortar was a bitumen easily ignited, and the walls dripped with pitch most inflammable. They sat, I think, on a ridge of hills. They stood high up and conspicuous, radiant in their sins, ostentatious in their debaucheries, four hells on earth.

One day there was a rumbling in the earth, and a quaking. "What's that?" cry the affrighted inhabitants. "What's that?" The foundations of the earth were giving way. A volcano, whose fires had been burning for ages, at God's command bursts forth, easily setting everything aflame, and first lifting these cities high in the air and then dashing them down in chasms fathomless. The fires of that eruption intershot the dense smoke and rolled unto the heavens, only to descend again. And all the configuration of that country was changed, and where there was a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanness came wide-spread desolation. The red hot spade of volcanic action had shoveled under the cities of the plain. Before the catastrophe the cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe they were under the salt and sulphur. Science right; Revelation right. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

No science ever frightened believers in Revelation so much as geology. They feared that the strata of the earth would contradict the Scriptures, and then Moses must go under. But as in the Dead Sea instance so in all cases God's writing on the earth and God's writing in the Bible are harmonious. The shelves of rock correspond with the shelves of the American Bible Society. Science digs into the earth and finds deep down the remains of plants, and so the Bible announces plants first. Science digs down and says, "Marine animals next," and the Bible says, "Marine animals next." Science digs down and says, "Land animals next." "Then comes man!" says science. "Then comes man!" responds the Bible. Science digs into the regions about the Dead Sea, and finds result of fire and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological formation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible, "Moses wrote thousands of years ago, 'The Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven,' and David wrote, 'He toucheth the hills and they smoke.'" So I guess we will hold on to our Bibles a little longer. A gentleman in the ante-room of the White House, at Washington, having an appointment with Mr. Lincoln at 5 o'clock in the morning, got there fifteen minutes early, and asked the servant, "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the President, sir." "Is anybody with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible. He spends every morning from 4 to 5 o'clock reading the Scriptures."

My text implies that God controls volcanoes, not with the full force of his hand, but with the tip of his finger. Etna, Stromboli and Vesuvius fawn at his feet like hounds before the hunter. These eruptions of the hills do not belong to Pluto's realm, as the ancients thought, but to the divine dominions. Humboldt counted two hundred of them, but since then the Indian archipelago has been found to have nine hundred of these great mouthpieces. They are on every continent and in all latitudes. That earthquake which shook all America about six or seven summers ago was only the raving around of volcanoes rushing against the sides of their rocky caverns trying to break out. They must come to the surface, but it will be at the divine call. They seem reserved for the punishment of one kind of sin. The seven cities they have obliterated were celebrated for one kind of transgression. Profligacy was the chief characteristic of the seven cities over which they put their smothering wing: Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiæ, Adma, Zeboim, Sodom and Gomorrah.

If our American cities do not quit their profligacy, if in high life and low life dissoluteness does not cease to be a joke and become a crime, if wealthy libertinism continues to find so many doors of domestic life open to its faintest touch, if Russian and French and American literature steeped in pruriency does not get banished from the news stands and ladies' parlors, God will let loose some of these suppressed monsters of the earth. And I tell these American cities that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, whether that day of judgment be in this present century or in the closing century of the earth's continuance. The volcanic forces are already in existence, but in the mercy of God they are chained in the kennels of subterraneous fire. Yet let profligacy, whether it stagger into a lazaretto or sit on a commercial throne, whether it laugh in a faded shawl under the street gas light or be wrapped in the finest array that foreign loom ever wrought or lapidary ever impearled, know right well that there is a volcano waiting for it, whether in domestic life or social life or political life or in the foundations of the earth from which sprang out the devastations that swallowed the cities of the plain. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

But the dragoman was rejoiced when we had seen enough of this volcanic region of Palestine, and he gladly tightens the girths for another march around the horses which are prancing and neighing for departure. We are off for the Jordon, only two hours away. We pass Bedouins whose stern features melt into a smile as we give them the salutation Salaam Aleikoum. "Peace be with you," their smile sometimes leaving us in doubt as to whether it is caused by their gladness to see us or by our poor pronunciation of the Arabic. Oh, they are a strange race, those Bedouins. Such a commingling of ruffanism and honor, of cowardice and courage, of cruelty and kindness! When a band of them came down upon a party in which Miss Whately was traveling, and were about to take pocketbooks and perhaps life, this lady, sitting upon her horse, took out her note-book and pencil and began to sketch these brigands, and seeing this composure the bandits thought it something supernatural and fled. Christian womanliness or manliness is all conquering. When Martin Luther was told that Duke George would kill him if he went to Leipsic, Luther replied: "I would go to Leipsic if it rained Duke Georges nine days."

Now we come through regions where there are hills cut into the shape of cathedrals, with altar and column and arch and chancel and pulpit and dome and architecture of the rocks that I think can hardly just happen so. Perhaps it is because God loves the church so well, he builds in the solitudes of Yellowstone park and Yosemite and Switzerland and Palestine these ecclesiastical piles. And who knows but that unseen spirits may sometimes worship there? "Dragoman, when shall we see the Jordan?" I ask. All the time we were on the alert, and looking through tamarisk and willows for the greatest river of all the earth. The Mississippi is wider, the Ohio is deeper, the Amazon is longer, the Hudson rolls amid regions more picturesque, the Thames has more splendor on its banks, the Tiber suggests more imperial procession, the Ilyssus has more classic memories, and the Nile feeds greater populations by its irrigation, but the Jordan is the queen of rivers, and runs through all the Bible, a silver thread strung like beads with heroics, and before night we shall meet on its banks Elijah and Elisha and David and Jacob and Joshua and John and Jesus.

At last between two trees I got a glimpse of a river and said, "What is that?" "The Jordan," was the quick reply. And all along the line which had been lengthened by other pilgrims, some from America, and some from Europe, and some from Asia, the cry was sounded "The Jordan? The Jordan?" Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have chanted on its banks and bathed in its waters. Many of them dip a wet gown in the waves and wring it out and carry it home for their own shroud. It is an impetuous stream and rushes on as though it were hastening to tell its story to the ages. Many an explorer has it whelmed and many a boat has it wrecked. Lieut. Moloneaux had copper bottomed crafts split upon its shelvings. Only one boat, that of Lieut. Lynch, ever lived to sail the whole length of it. At the season when the snows on Lebanon melt the rage of this stream is like Conemaugh when Johnstown perished, and the wild beasts that may be near run for the hills, explaining what Jeremiah says, "Behold, he shall go up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan." No river so often changes its mind, for it turns and twists, traveling two hundred miles to do that which in a straight line might be done in sixty miles. Among banks now low, now high, now on rocks, now of sand, laving the feet of the terebinths and oleanders and acacias and reeds and pistachios and silver poplars. This river marries the Dead Sea to Lake Galilee, and did ever so rough a groom take the hand of so fair a bride?

This is the river which parted to let an army of two million Israelites across. Here the skilled major general of the Assyrian host at the seventh plunge dropped his leprosy not only by miraculous cure, but suggesting to all ages that water, and plenty of it, has much to do with the sanitary improvement of the world. Here is where some theological students of Elisha's time were cutting trees with which to build a theological seminary, and an axe head, not sufficiently wedged to the handle, flew off into the river and sank, and the young man deplored not so much the loss of the axe head as the fact that it was not his own, and cried, "Alas! it was borrowed," and the prophet threw a stick into the river, and in defiance of the law of gravitation the iron axe head came to the surface and floated like a cork upon the water, and kept floating until the young man caught it. A miracle performed to give one an opportunity to return that which was borrowed, and a rebuke in all ages for those who borrow and never return, their bad habit in this respect so established that it would be a miracle if they did return it. Yea, from the bank of this river Elijiah took a team of fire, showing that the most raging element is servant of the good, and that there is no need that a child of God fear anything, for if the most destructive of all elements was that day fashioned into a vehicle for a departing saint, nothing can ever hurt you who love and trust the Lord.

I am so glad that that chariot of Elijah was not made out of wood or crystal or anything ordinarily pleasant, but out of fire, and yet he went up without having so much as to fan himself. When stepping from amid the foliage of these oleanders and tamarisks on the banks of the Jordan, he put his foot on the red step of the red equipage, and took the red reins of vapor in his hands, and spurred the galloping steeds toward the wide open gate of heaven, it was a scene forever memorable. So the hottest afflictions of your life may roll you heavenward. So the most burning persecutions, the most fiery troubles, may become uplifting. Only be sure that when you pull on the bits of fire you drive up toward God and not down toward the Dead Sea. When Latimer and Ridley died at the stake they went up in a chariot of fire. When my friend P. P. Bliss, the Gospel singer, was consumed with the rail train than broke through Ashtabula bridge and then took flame, I said, "Another Elijah gone up in a chariot of fire!"

But this river is a river of baptisms. Christ was here baptized and John baptized many thousands. Whether on these occasions the candidate for baptism and the officer of religion went into this river, and then while both were standing the water was dipped in the hand of one and sprinkled upon the forehead of the other, or whether the entire form of the one baptized disappeared for a moment beneath the surface of the flood, I do not now declare. While I cannot think without deep emotion of the fact that my parents held me in infancy to the baptismal font in the old meeting house at Sonerville and assumed vows on my behalf, I must tell you now of another mode of baptism observed in the river Jordan on that afternoon in last December, the particulars of which I now for the first time relate.

It was a scene of unimaginable solemnity. A comrade in our Holy Land journey rode up by my side that day and told me that a young man who is now studying for the Gospel ministry would like to be baptized by me in the river Jordan. I got all the facts I could concerning his earnestness and faith, and through personal examination made myself confident he was a worthy candidate. There were among our Arab attendants two robes not unlike those used for American baptistries, and these were obtained. As we were to have a large group of different nationalities present I dictated to my daughter a few verses and had copies enough made to allow all to sing. Our dragoman had a man familiar with the river wade through and across to show the depth and the swiftness of the stream and the most appropriate place for the ceremony. Then I read from the Bible the accounts of baptisms in that sacred stream, and implored the presence of the Christ on whose head the dove descended at the Jordan. Then as the candidate and myself stepped into the waters the people on the banks sang in full and resounding voice:

On Jordon's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight:
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight.

By this time we had reached the middle of the river. As the candidate sank under the floods and rose again under a baptism in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, there rushed through our souls a tide of holy emotion such as we shall not probably feel again until we step into the Jordan that divides earth from heaven. Will those waters be deep? Will those tides be strong? No matter if Jesus steps in with us. Friends on this shore to help us off. Friends on the other shore to see us land. See! They are coming down the hills on the other side to greet us. How well we know their step! How easily we distinguish their voices! From bank to bank we hail them with tears and they hail us with palm branches. They say to us, "Is that you, father?" "Is that you mother?" and we answer by asking, "Is that you, my darling?" How near they seem, and how narrow the stream that divides us!

Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.

NINE TIMES A MURDERER.

Tom Woolfolk Pays the Death Penalty at Perry, Ga.

His Horrible Crime—Hatred of His Stepmother and Avarice Alleged as the Motives—His Trials.

Thomas G. Woolfolk was hanged at Perry, Ga., for murdering nine persons, all members of his father's family, on August 10, 1837 The doomed man slept well from two o'clock until four. He got up at eight, and had a interview with a party of newspaper men, with whom he conversed for half an hour, laughing and exchanging jokes.

About one o'clock he was conveyed, under the escort of the local military, to the gallows which had been built in a little valley in the outskirts of the town. Seven or eight thousand people swarmed the hillsides around to watch the execution. On the gallows Woolfolk was cool and composed.

After the ministers had prayed, he himself prayed fervently, declaring his innocence in his invocation. A written statement, signed by Woolfolk, was read, in which he gave it as his dying declaration that he was innocent of the crime for which he was being executed.

At 1.31 the drop fell. The fall failed to break his neck, and death resulted from strangulation, his pulse continuing to beat for eleven minutes after the fall. Twenty-five minutes later the body was cut down.

The victims of the awful butchery were: Capt. Richard F. Woolfolk, Sr.; his wife, Mrs. Mattie Woolfolk; their children, Richard F., Jr., aged 20; Susan Pearl, aged 17; Annie, aged 10; Rosebud, aged 7; Charlie, aged 5; Mattie, aged 8 months, and Mrs. Temple West, aged 84.

The first alarm of the tragedy came from Tom Woolfolk, the only survivor of the massacre. Tom went to the house of a negro tenant named Green Socket, not far from the Woolfolk house, about daybreak, and called to him that someone had killed his father.

Hurried investigations revealed that the crime had not been exaggerated. Nine dead bodies were lying in horrid confusion in the house, everyone of them brained with an ordinary wood-axe that had evidently been secured from the yard. In the room occupied by the parents were six bloody corpses. The bodies of Captain Woolfolk, his wife, their infant and Miss Pearl Woolfolk lay on the bed in the corner, the father and mother and babe having been struck on the head with the murderous axe apparently before they awakened, while the eldest daughter's body had been cast upon the bed after death. On the floor were the lifeless bodies of Richard Woolfolk and his younger brother, Charlie, weltering in pools of blood. Death had been inflicted in each case by blows with the butt of an axe.

Three other bodies lay stiff in death in the girls' room on the other side of the corridor. The corpse of Mrs. West and of Rosebud, the 7-year-old daughter, reposed where they had slept side by side in one of the two beds in the room. The body of 10-year-old Annie Woolfolk lay near the window, as if she had been warned of the approach of the murderer and had sought to escape by jumping out of the window.

Suspicion quickly fell upon Tom as the murderer, and he was taken in custody. Investigation showed that the only tracks about the house, traced in blood from the blood-bestrewn floor, were those of Woolfolk. Tom admitted they were his, but said he made them when he went into the bloody room alone after the murder. He was searched, and on one leg about the knee was found the imprint of a bloody hand. He had on a shirt much too large for him when searched, and afterward his own shirt was found in the well, blood-stained and clotted with human brains. The motive for the crime was found in Tom Woolfolk's enmity for his stepmother and his desire to have undisputed possession of his father's property.

Woolfolk was charged with murder of the nine members of his father's household by the coroner's jury, and in December, 1887, he was brought to trial in Macon before Judge Gustin, of the Bibb County Superior Court. The theory of the defense was that a crazy negro of the neighborhood had committed the crime, but the theory failed, and was practically abandoned before the trial ended. The jury found Woolfolk guilty after being out but a few minutes, and he was sentenced to death. The Supreme Court granted a new trial, however, and in March, 1889, he was tried at Perry, Houston county, a change of venue having been granted because a jury could not be secured in Bibb. Again Woolfolk was convicted. Another appeal was taken, but the Supreme Court sustained the court below, and he was finally sentenced to be hanged at Perry.

STRANGE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

How Two Men Lost Their Lives on the Rail.

A strange and fatal accident occurred near Beech Tree, a few miles from Dubois, Pa., by which Engineer Casey and Brakeman Laird were killed and Conductor Crawford and Fireman Fitzpatrick badly injured.

At 3 o'clock A. M. train 50, with an extra pusher, broke in two on the up-grade. The accident was not known to the engineer of the pusher, who shoved the rear section over the summit and sent it down the other side to run along by gravity. Meanwhile Engineer Casey had run ahead, side-tracked the first section, and ran back to get the rear end.

The two met with a crash in a deep curve, the tender was thrust through the cab, pinioning Casey to his seat and injuring him so that he died to-night. Brakeman Laird was instantly killed, being crushed between the cars, while the others were not seriously damaged.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, extra, $5.20@$5.37. Wheat—Southern Fultz, 101½@102 Corn—Southern White, 60@61c., Yellow, 59@61c. Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania 48@50½c. Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania 75.@76c. Hay—Maryland and Pennsylvania 11.50@$12.00. Straw — Wheat, 7.50@$8.50. Butter—Eastern Creamery, 23@24c., near-by receipts 13@14c. Cheese—Eastern Fancy Cream, 10@11c., Western, 8@9½c. Eggs—21@22c. Tobacco, Leaf—Interior, 1@$1.50, Good Common, 4@$5.00, Middling, 6@$8.00, Good to fine red, 9@$11.00. Fancy 12@$13.00.

NEW YORK—Flour—Southern Good to choice extra, 4.25@$5.85. Wheat—No. 1 White 1.06@1.08c. Rye-State 58@60c. Corn-Southern Yellow, 58½@58¾c. Oats—White, State 45@50c. Butter—State, 12@19c. Cheese—State, 7½@9½c. Eggs—23@24c.

PHILADELPHIA — Flour — Pennsylvania fancy, 4.25@$4.50. Wheat, Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 1.03@1.03½c. Rye-Pennsylvania, 56@57c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 58½@59c. Oats—54½@55c. Butter—State, 23@26c. Cheese—New York Factory, 10@10½c. Eggs—State, 22@24c.

CATTLE.

BALTIMORE—Beef—4.25@$4.45. Sheep—3.50@$5.00. Hogs—5.00@$6.00.

NEW YORK—Beef —$5.25@$7.00. Sheep—4.00@$5.40. Hogs—4.20@$4.90.

EAST LIBERTY—Beef—4.40@$4.70. Sheep—5.00@$5.20. Hogs—3.70@$4.50.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

THE public library building in New Haven, Conn., was struck by lightning, and a portion of the roof was torn off.

THE public schools in Oxford, Blooming Grove, and other villages in Orange county, New York, have been closed because of diphtheria.

THERE was a heavy rain storm, accompanied by lightning, in Waterbury, Conn. Much damage was done in Waterbury and surrounding towns.

A PASSENGER train on the Keokuk and Western Railway struck a wagon, near Centerville, Iowa. The occupants, Isaac Bremer, wife and son, were killed.

AN express train on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad ran into a rock that had fallen on the track, near Hinton, W. Va. Engineer Goodale was badly injured.

ABIJAH TISDELL, his 14-year-old son George, and a man, are believed to have been drowned while shooting coots near Hanover, Mass. Their dory went ashore empty.

ONE of the fulminate departments of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company at Bridgeport, Conn., blew up. George Baker, aged 50 years, employed in the place, was killed.

A COLLISION occurred between a freight and a construction train on the Elgin and Eastern Railroad, near Joliet, Ill. Thomas Lawler was killed, and eight others were injured.

TWO children of Nicholas Brandt, aged 2 and 3½ years, upset the stove at their home in Dubuque, Iowa, while playing. They were so badly scalded by hot water that they died in a short time.

FELIX YOUNG was killed, James Turner probably fatally injured and several others badly bruised, by the fall of a derrick on a new building in Chicago. They were laying bricks on the third floor.

WHEN the Chicago and Eastern Illinois passenger train was near Watseka, Ind., a rail broke, throwing two of the passenger coaches on their sides. Several of the passengers were badly bruised, and the conductor was dangerously hurt.

GEORGE RHINEFIELD, aged 9 years, died at "Stony Lonesome," near West Point, N. Y., of a gun shot wound in the head. Before expiring the boy said he had been shot by his sister Ida, aged 16 years. Whether the shooting was accidental or intentional is not known.

CAPTAIN Nicholas J. Skottowe, of the British army, and his wife, fell from the railroad bridge to the rocks, 20 feet below, at The Dalles, Oregon. Both were dangerously injured, Skottowe, who is about 70 years of age, perhaps fatally.

CAPTAIN John O'Grady, a mysterious sort of a character, perished in a fire in a Front street tenement, in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was an officer in the Fenian invasion of Canada, and was afterwards an officer in the regular army of the United States.

THE boiler of a shifting engine, at Eliza Furnace, near Pittsburg, exploded, killing engineer John Flatley and fireman Thomas McGuff. Pieces of the flying boiler struck and injured Joseph Ferrin and John Clark, employes at the furnace. The cause of the explosion is not known.

A BURGLAR'S REVENGE.

He Attempts the Life of a Girl Who Had Testified Against Him.

An exciting incident took place on Wabash Avenue, Chicago, in which the chief participants were James Prenell, a noted thief, alias "Shanty," and Miss Alice Oakes, who resides with her parents at No. 525 on that thoroughfare.

A year ago Miss Oakes, who is a handsome girl of about 17, was a witness against Prenell on a charge of burglary, and upon her testimony he was given a year in the penitentiary. As he was being led away to the jail at the time he threatened to "get even" with her. Being released from his confinement a few days ago, he started out to carry his threats into execution. He watched the residence of the girl, and ascertaining that she was not at home, secreted himself in the neighborhood and awaited her return. He did not have long to wait, and as Miss Oakes turned the corner Prenell darted out of his place of concealment brandishing a long knife.

The terrified girl ran screaming down Wabash Avenue, closely pursued by her would-be murderer. He would undoubtedly have succeeded in his vengeful design but for two officer, who hearing Miss Oakes' screams, gave chase to Prenell and captured him.

A BAD GANG BROKEN UP.

The Career of Notorious Criminals Checked by the Leader's Death.

The killing of the noted negro desparado, Redding, in Opelika, Ga., winds up the history of one of the worst criminal gangs in the South. Bob Redding was born in Georgia thirty-five years ago, and in 1887 began his criminal career in Griffin. He had a brother, Wiley, a cousin, Emory, and an aunt, Mandy Dubree, the four constituting the Redding gang. They fired upon a party of ladies and gentlemen during a dance in Griffin, wounding several. Coming to Atlanta, a long career of murder and burglary was piled up, for which they skillfully escaped punishment for years. They stole, in one way and another, over $20,000.

When finally arrested Bob was sentenced to twenty and Emery and Mandy to fifteen years each. Bob exposed a plan to free the prisoners, for which he was pardoned. He then organized a new gang, the members of which have since been given long terms in the penitentiary. Wiley escaped to Arkansas, where he still is. Three months ago Bob was arrested in Griffin with $800 in gold in his person. He escaped and was not again heard of until killed Sunday.

PLUNDERED BY TRAIN ROBBERS.

Fifteen Hundred Dollars Taken From Passengers on the Santa Fe Road.

As the south bound train on the Santa Fe road pulled out of Socorro, N. M., three men were seen to step on board. After the train had passed San Antonio these strangers entered the Pullman sleepers and locked the door, then drew their guns on the porter and conductor and relieved them of their surplus cash. They then introduced themselves to the passengers, going through most of them, and making quite a haul. They jumped from the train on the Basque de Apache grant, taking to the hills. It's estimated that they got $1,500.

The thing was done so neatly and quietly that very few on the train knew what had happened. The robbers were dressed as cowboys, whose caps and mufflers were evidently intended to disguise them as much as possible. The descriptions of them, as given by the train men, tallies with the appearance of three very hard characters who have been hanging around for several weeks. The officers of the road have offered a reward of $1,000 for their arrest.