

conference also recommends the general observance of Sunday as a holiday in all trades, and where continuous work is unavoidable it is recommended that employes have at least every alternate Sunday free.

AN exchange says: The North Dakota Legislature seems to have overstepped the bounds of prudence in extending the time of redemption on real estate mortgages from one to two years, and if the bill, now lacking only executive approval, becomes a law, it is to be feared that the farmers, at whose demand it was passed, will be the chief sufferers. Even in that sparsely settled community the mortgage loans, as estimated by Western agents of Eastern loan companies, amount to upwards of \$15,000,000, of which a large percentage can be foreclosed at once. That it will be foreclosed, and that outside capital invested in these loans will be withdrawn from the State as rapidly as possible, is as inevitable as that North Dakota farmers will find it extremely difficult to place loans in the future.

IT is worthy of notice that, in many of the new civil appointments which the German Emperor has made, he has selected army officers. The military tendency of his mind is strikingly shown by these preferences. Brought up to consider the trade of the soldier the most honorable pursuit in which man can engage, and having been from his early youth surrounded by army officers, his tendencies are apparently all in one direction. In spite, therefore, of what he has lately said as to the necessity of ameliorating the condition of the working classes, it may be doubted whether, with this inherited and cultivated disposition toward military methods, he can present plans of social improvement that will commend themselves to those who look upon warfare as one of the great defects of modern civilization.

THE largest gun yet manufactured at Krupp's works at Essen, which is intended for the naval fortifications at Cronstadt, is made of the finest quality of cast steel and weighs 270,000 pounds (about 135 tons); the calibre is 16½ inches, and the barrel 44 feet long, the core having been removed in one piece. The greatest diameter is 6½ feet, and the range about 12 miles. It will fire two shots per minute, each estimated to cost £300. At the trial, the projectile, four feet long and weighing 2,600 pounds, was propelled by a charge of 700 pounds of powder and penetrated 19 inches of armor, going 1,312 yards beyond the target. It was carried from Essen to Hamburg on a car specially constructed for the purpose. Work is reported as now being pushed forward on several guns of this class, and a number of smaller ones have recently been ordered.

BOSTON Post: New discoveries always bring about economic changes, and you never can tell who is going to be hurt or who helped. Somebody has invented,

devised, or discovered, put it as you will, a new style of gunpowder which has many advantages over the old style article. Camphor enters very largely into its composition. Up goes the price of camphor. That hurts every thrifty housekeeper, because she cannot have as much as in previous years to protect her furs and woollens. That helps the moths. Then the Japanese, who have been making it by a hand process, requiring the labor of many men and women, determine, since the demand is so great, to use machinery. That temporarily hurts the workmen and working-women of Japan. But it helps the machine shop in Pittsburgh that has the contract for the machinery, which is to cost \$75,000, and all that are connected with it. And all this, and, in other directions, very much more, just because European soldiers wanted smokeless powder so that they might kill one another with greater ease, precision and certainty.

THE LOUISVILLE CYCLONE.

Annexed is the substitute of a private letter received in Denver from Louisville:

In your note of the 29th ultimo you asked me to detail to you some of the experiences we had. I will undertake herein to give you a description of such part of the tornado as I witnessed.

The *Evening Times* of the 27th had a column of matter stating that the signal service had predicted a terrific cyclone for Louisville for that or the next evening. The signal service has made so many predictions of late, which have never been fulfilled, that I said to myself after reading the prediction, "Well, that's some more of Greeley's hog wash. They've cried 'Wolf! wolf!' so often that I don't believe I'll be frightened." That evening after supper I started out to see some friends. As I opened the front door a blast of hot air as from a fiery furnace greeted me, and I remarked that it was exceedingly warm and suffocating, and we would probably have a storm. It had clouded by that time, and save for the almost continuous flashes of lightning which reached from one horizon to the other, it was the blackest night I ever beheld. You could scarcely see your hand before your face. But when the lightning flashed it was as if a thousand electric lights had been turned on at once, rendering the surroundings as clear as day and continuing for half a minute at a stretch. Then it would become inky black again for a minute or two, when the flashes would repeat themselves. When I reached my destination, about thirty minutes after my departure from home, large drops of rain began to descend. The rain increased steadily until it fell in torrents, accompanied all the while by the lightning and thunder, which sounded like a distant rumbling of muffled drums.

About 8:30 there came an extremely brilliant flash of lightning accompanied by a clap of thunder which sounded as if a bomb had exploded

in the room. Then immediately following this there was a dead calm and then a noise as if a thousand demons were flying screeching through the air, each one of them running a buzz saw at the rate of 10,000 revolutions a minute. This lasted for about two minutes, and then the noise ceased and the wind subsided. Shortly after this we heard the boats on the river repeat the distress whistle and ring their bells frantically, and I knew that something dreadful had happened, but as we were just on the outskirts of the cyclone's path, I could not realize that it had been anything so terrific. On arriving there I heard the wildest kind of stories, or they seemed so to me, about the damage that had been done. I could scarcely believe them, but started out to look and see for myself.

I first went to the Falls City hall, or what had been that hall, which is about three squares from my office, and on the westernmost edge of the tornado's path, where it intersected Market street. Gathered in front of the ruins were hundreds of people, apparently stupefied by what had happened, while an improvised relief corps of the sturdiest hearts was at work in the debris, taking out the injured, the dying and the dead. Two bonfires made from the ruins of the building were burning in the street, and cast a weird light on the scene of suffering and death. I stood in front of the ruins for fifteen minutes and saw them carry from the debris six or eight mangled corpses. Men, women and children had been caught alike in thy death trap and ground in the mass of mortar and bricks until the bare little resemblance to human beings. Their hair was matted, and the brick and dust and dirt was ground into their very flesh, clogged with their own life blood. I turned to the other side of the street, where an undertaker's establishment escaped from the wreck had been converted into a temporary hospital and morgue. There the injured were receiving such attention as could be afforded them. The shrieks of the women, mingled with the suppressed groans of the men, who tried as best they could to stifle them, were distressing. It was, indeed, heartrending. I never before saw such a sight, and I hope I may never be called upon to behold another. I turned from this scene and proceeded up Market Street, impelled by nothing more or less than a morbid curiosity.

On all hands there was wreck and devastation. Roofs, telegraph poles and wires and demolished buildings rendered the streets almost impassable. I looked at such of the devastation as I could, and returned to the office, stupefied, as were all the rest whom I encountered. No one seemed to realize the magnitude of the disaster, and I don't believe any one ever can completely do so. After the storm it turned suddenly cold, and the calm of the atmosphere was almost painful, while the moon peeped out from behind the clouds, red in its ghastliness with what might have seemed the blood of the storm's victims.—*Ex.*