A CRIM[illegible] PAGE.

The Story [illegible] Wage [illegible] With Blo[illegible]sputes Red [illegible]od.

[illegible] PARTICU[illegible] of Sc[illegible]LARS OF THE [illegible] TRAGEDY AT HOMESTEAD.

The Deadly Work of the Strikers—The Murderous Fusillade from Cannon and Winchester—The Dead and Dying Monuments of the Disaster—Incidents of the Dreadful Day.

It will never be known definitely who fired the first shot which started the slaughter that made so many homes of mourning in the manufacturing city of Homestead, Pa. The first gun, however, was fired from the Pinkerton barge, and is thought to have been discharged by the captain of the gang of men, who was afterward killed. The last moment before the slaughter, the crowd was surging downward against six of the leading mill workers, who stood with their backs to the Pinkertons, fairly under the muzzles of the rifles, trying to keep the mill men back from what seemed certain death. Clear as a bell far above the roar of the angry crowd, came the voice of Hugh O'Donnell, as, hatless and coatless, he tried to check the angry men.

"In God's name," he cried, "my good fellows, keep back, don't press down and force them to do murder."

It was too late, the appeal was drowned by the sharp report of a Winchester from a man in the bow of the boat. The first ball had hardly left the smoking barrel on its mission of death before it was followed by a sheet of flame from a score of rifles in the Pinkertons' hands. William Foy, who stood at the front with his foot on the gang plank staggered and fell, his blood gushing out. For a moment the crowd was struck dumb by the attack. Only the groans of several wounded men were heard. The echoes of the rifles had hardly reached the neighboring hills ere the crowd replied. Out from the semi-darkness of the morning flashed a wall of fire. The men on the bank, too, had arms and were using them.

The leader of the Pinkertons clapped his hand to his breast and fell overboard, sinking beneath the waters, while several other Pinkertons staggered back and were carried inside the boat by their comrades.

At the first flash of the Pinkertons' rifles many of the crowd took to their heels, but close to the water's edge stood about 200 of the angry men firing their revolvers straight at the Pinkertons. Soon the latter, unable to withstand the firing, retreated into their cabin and fired from under cover as quickly as possible. When the men on shore had emptied their revolvers they retreated up the bank, greeting every shot from their enemies with defiant cheers.

The Captured Invaders.

In something less than an hour after the defeated and disgusted Pinkerton forces had lowered their colors the victors marshalled their prisoners of war into the yard, just back of the great water tanks. The captured invaders were in a very bad way, physically and mentally, and as they huddled together on the network of tracks they formed a gruesome spectacle. Their faces were blackened with dirt and powder and stained with blood. Some carried their arms in improvised slings, and many were without shoes. A majority of the men carried cheap leather travelling bags and bundles of clothing. A double guard of Homestead men, armed with the Winchesters captured from the barges, encircled the prisoners, and directly behind the guards was a throng of men, women, and children.

Freed from One Danger Only to be Confronted With Others.

At first the mob devoted its energy to jeering and hooting the captives, but long before the outer ramparts of Fort Frick were reached the air was thick with stones hurled by the maddened populace. In their eagerness to do physical damage to the prisoners the rabble lost sight of the fact that hundreds of their own men were exposed, and several of the escorts were struck by the flying missiles, but the general aim of the fast growing crowd was unpleasantly accurate.

In the beginning the dazed Pinkertons made no attempt to defend themselves. They did their best to dodge the stones, but even before they reached the outer gate their bodies were literally covered with bruises and wounds. When this awful pageant arrived at the gate directly opposite the railway station at Munhall it paused in its journey to allow a freight train to pass. This interruption lasted only a few minutes, but it must have seemed an hour to the prisoners. At last the final car passed, and the journey was resumed. Over the P. V. and C. tracks they stumbled, then down the sloping side of the roadbed into the little gully at the side of the station. At this juncture one of the prisoners dropped a big yellow valise from sheer nervousness. The mob pounced upon it like a pack of hungry wolves. They severed the flimsy lock, and in less time than it takes to describe it the valise was opened and its contents scattered in the dust. A big red-faced man picked up a freshly laundered shirt and waved it over his head. Thousands of inflamed eyes caught a glimpse of the shirt, [illegible] by arrangement, a dozen [illegible] bundles were wrested from the [illegible] thoroughly frightened prisoners.

Soon the air was filled with all sorts and conditions of underwear and clothing. This unique episode tickled the people, and for a time diverted their attention from the prisoners. During their brief breathing spell the guards moved closer to their captives, and the gaps in the long columns were closed up. Just beyond Munshall Station the road takes a sudden bend. When the leaders turned the bend they were confronted by a veritable wall of noisy, excited humanity. In the front ranks of this new and unexpected obstacle were a group of women armed with brooms and clubs. It looked then as though no human power could prevent a collision. But, thanks to the quick wit of one of the leaders, the danger was averted, and what bid fair to be a tragedy was transferred into a comedy. It happened this way:

A Woman's Awful Revenge.

One woman, who appeared to be the leader, raised her broom, and in a shrill voice said; "Where are the dirty black sheep? Let's have them, boys." At this critical juncture the leader shouted in a voice so loud that it could be heard by all, despite the din and confusion; "Why my good woman, we want our shirts laundered, and we are going to make these tramps do the job at cut rates." This rough joke was cheered to the echo, and by good luck changed the fickle humor of the mob.

"Make way for us!" commanded the joker, and, strange to relate, those in front obeyed. Slowly and reluctantly the people crowded up against the high, whitewashed fence of the company, and by its narrow lane the column advanced. Thus with bowed heads and laggard steps the Pinkertons marched on. They did not dare to even glance at the stern, white faces and gleaming eyes of their victors, and although the road was rough and their burdens heavy they made no sign.

At the intersection of Heisel street and Eighth avenue there is a hill. At the foot of the hill and fronting on the avenue is the big brick hall, in the top story of which is located the headquarters of the strikers. This afternoon the headquarters were closed, but from one of the open windows sprung a pole, from which hung a large American flag. When the column reached the crest of the hill those in the front ranks looked down into a veritable sea of faces. More than a thousand determined looking men and pale-faced, talkative women were massed on either side of the avenue. This throng was at least a quarter of a mile long. For fully an hour these men and women had stood and waited for the captives, and as a natural sequence they were in no pleasant humor. Great clouds of yellow dust heralded the advance of the column. There was a moment of perfect silence, as solemn as it was portentious, and mighty cheers followed by a perfect war of hisses and cat calls. The lane never faltered. The leaders knew that human gauntlet must be passed, come what would, and decided that the best plan was to proceed with all possible speed.

The armed escort met with an ovation, and the first batch of prisoners, who were at the very heels of the rear ranks, managed to escape the attention of the crowd. For the long line of bleeding men that followed them the conditions were not so pleasent. A tall, handsome woman in a blue calico gown began the trouble by throwing a handful of dust in the eyes of one of the prisoners. The man stopped in his tracks and uttered a groan of agony. "My God, I'm blinded," he moaned. "Serves you right, you dirty cur!" replied his assailant, and she pulled from the pocket of her gown a bit of jagged stone and hurled it with crushing force at the suffering man. The stone struck him in the mouth, and although he was six feet tall and weighed at least 200 pounds he fell face downward on the road. Two of the guards raised him to his feet and led him away. This man was badly hurt, the blood gushing from an ugly wound in his right cheek and four of his teeth were knocked out.

Mere words cannot describe the scene that followed. Despite the pleading of the guards and the protests of a few conservative men, the mob vented its spleen on the dazed and wounded prisoners. Men were knocked down, pounded with clubs and stones, and women spat in their faces and tore their clothing, amid screams, cheers, and hisses. It was a perfect pandemonium.

A Pinkerton Man's Story.

O'Day, one of the captured Pinkertons, said:—"I was employed to come here and guard and watch the Carnegie mill property," he said. "I had no idea that I was coming here to do any shooting or to be a target for any other rifleman. When we landed at Homestead this morning we had 280 men and 280 Winchesters. We had provisions for three months, and we all had with us some clean linen and additional suits of clothes. In fact, I was led to believe that we would have a pleasant time up here There were five or six of our men killed, and at least twenty of them were wounded, but none of them seriously. But, however, no man will ever be able to describe the awful feeling of our men during the day in those barges. It seemed six months of awful misery and distress.

"We expected to be shot or to have the boat blown up every minute. I wanted the fellows to surrender early in the morning, but they believed the working people would wear themselves out, and then we would be allowed to land peacefully. They were too long winded for us, and we died several deaths while we were being bombarded. But after all death would have been a relief from the cruel treatment we received after we surrendered and while we were being marched from the barge to the jail. If I was hit once I was hit 500 times. Even little boys stood back and showered rocks at us. The women slapped us in the face, and nearly every man we passed struck me a sickening blow about the face, head, or neck. I was hardly conscious when I was landed in this den."

O'Day's eyes were both blackened, an ugly gash had been cut in his cheek, and a long scalp wound was bleeding freely. The physicians who were endeavoring to dress the wounds of those who had been hurt the worst, had not yet reached him, and he complained of being weak and sick from the loss of blood. His case was only one of the many of his unfortunate fellows.

The Scene of the Trouble

On the south bank of the narrow Monongahela River, eight miles to the southeast of Pittsburgh, is this little town of Homestead, which the whole world is now watching. There is a level bordering the river, but the great Carnegie works occupy most of this. The town rises from the river upon the terraced and gently sloping hillsides. The houses are none of them pretentious, and most of them are the modest homes of laborers, both skilled and unskilled. Each laborer owns his own house. Each has a little yard about it. Ten years ago Homestead had less than 1,000 inhabitants; now it has over 12,000, of whom 5,500 are directly employed by the Carnegie mills.

These mills with their dozen large and substantial buildings and their huge chimneys, shadow the whole town and dwarf it. You see at a glance, no matter from what direction you approach it, that the Carnegie Steel Association is the cause, the life, the whole of this town, that without it the town would never have existed, that with its closing the town would be deserted. Its 5,500 laborers, with their families and the few shopkeepers, policemen, and other employees incident to a municipality, are entirely dependent upon the $80,000 handed out at the little window of the business office to the long line of intelligent and prosperous looking men who have earned it in the Carnegie Mills.

Until a few weeks ago this town was a place of honest labor, fruitful in contentment and domestic happiness. The fires in the furnaces blazed day and night, the machinery never ceased its roar, and the noise of it filled the whole town under the vast canopy of smoke from the chimneys. Now all the sounds of honest industry have ceased. The great mills have been changed into a fortress; the bitterness that can only end in bloodshed exists between employers and employees. Honest industry has been changed into the zeal for violence and bloodshed. Already the strike war has its roll of killed and wounded. And the battle has only begun.

The strong and the weak alike wither at the touch of fate.—[Carlyle.

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.—[Bulwer Lytton.

The rate of progression of a storm is often fifty miles an hour, and a series has often been traced in a direct line from north to south a distance of 400 miles. The average altitude of thunderstorms has been found to be not over 5,000 feet above the surface of the earth.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Reapers of Lee.

I know that it is reaping time in all the fields of Lee;
I can hear the reapers singing o'er the meadows, calling me;
"And wherefore came you not to-day to reap the golden grain?"
But I'll never see the fields of Lee, nor reap with them again.

"And wherefore came you not to-day?" they cry across the wheat;
"And wherefore came you not?" the winds are chiming low and sweet,
And far and near sweet sounds I hear from over mount and main;
But I shall not see the fields of Lee, nor reap in them again!

"O, wherefore come you not?" The hand of autumn decks the sod;
The world is like a picture where the harvests smile to God;
There's yet a late white rose for you in valley and in plain."
But I shall not see the fields of Lee, where blooms that rose again!

"Ah, wherefore come you not? The doves have left their woodland nests,
With the gold of autumn gleaming on their downy, tender breasts,
And they are calling to you softly, "Come home!" But all their calls are vain:
For I shall not hear the birds sing in the fields of Lee again.

O, comrades, cease your crying, as ye reap in fields of Lee;
Ye have there so many reapers, there is never need of me!
O, doves, leave not your nests, nor call in tender tones and vain
To him who hears, with falling tears, but can not come again!

Reap on, ye men and maids of Lee, for those who sow must reap;
And I am reaping far away, while ye your vigils keep;
But there is no song upon my lips, nor golden is the grain,
And I shall not see the fields of Lee, nor reap with you again!

—[Frank L. Stanton.

Transferring Bees.

Answering the question "Can I transfer my bees from a box hive in May?" Dr. Miller says in National Stockman:

You can transfer them at any time, but probably the most transferring has been done when fruit trees are in bloom. At that time there is a great deal of honey in the hive, and the less honey in the combs the more easily handled and the less daubing. If you transfer at a time when bees are gathering no honey, there is danger of starting robbing, and a colony just transferred is in a poor shape to defend itself. When working on fruit-bloom the bees are in good condition to mend up their combs rapidly. In many cases it is better to transfer about swarming time, following the plan devised by James Heddon.

Drive out the old queen, and a majority of the bees into a hiving-box (almost any empty box will do) and move the old hive back a few feet, reversing the entrance. Then put on the old stand a hive filled with frames of foundation, and shake the bees down in front of it. In twenty-one days the worker-brood will be all hatched out in the old hive, and you may then drive out every last bee from it, and add these bees to the others on the old stand. This gives you a rousing colony that ought to store honey if there is any to store. The old combs can be melted up, and if you wish, you can save out straight worker-comb to be fastened in frames and given to swarms.

If you want to increase the number of your colonies, a modification of the above plan might suit you still better. Wait until your colony swarms, and, after hiving it, put the swarm on the old stand, removing the old hive to a new location. This will make all the field bees from the old hive join the new swarm, and there will be little danger of a second swarm.

In twenty-one days from the time the swarm issues, transfer the colony from the old hive, letting it remain of course, on the same stand which it has occupied for the last twenty-one days. One objection to this plan is, that if honey is coming in rapidly, there might be a good deal of it in the way.

Is the Shorthorn the General Purpose Cow?

[Read by Jas. Tolton before the Dominion Shorthorn Breeders' Association.]

In which breed or in the crosses of what breeds can the general purpose cow be found? is a question that has been many times asked, but, so far as I know, it has not been definitely answered. Neither do I suppose it will be settled for all time by this paper. The cow that is bred for special purposes, such as for beef, either by stall feeding or grazing, or for dairy purposes, has and always will have her admirers; but, after all, what the general or average farmer wants is a cow that has to as large extent as possible all these qualities combined.

Before endeavoring to answer the question, it might be proper to try to define briefly what would constitute the general purpose cow. Would it not to as large a degree as possible be the cow that, when judiciously mated, the produce, if a cow calf, in type should be equal, or superior to the dam, or which, if a steer calf, will be fit for the market in the shortest possible time, making the highest returns for the feed consumed? Would it not also be the cow which, for the feed consumed, produced the greatest number of pounds of butter or cheese of the finest quality, and when she has fulfilled her time for breeding and for dairy purposes, can be turned into beef of the highest quality at the least possible cost?

If the line of argument so far is sound, we readily perceive that it would be of no avail to look for this cow in those breeds which are specially bred for beef purposes; neither will it be of use to look for her in those breeds which are bred exclusively for the dairy.

Now, I persume, it will require but little or no argument to demonstrate that the Short-horn cow will nearly always produce her own type. If bred with the main object of beefing purposes, she takes a prominent and conspicuous stand among the beef cattle fed in this country; and I think the same might be said of every other country where improved breeds of cattle are kept. As an instance, at the late fat stock show held at Guelph all the animals exhibited (with the exception of one or two) were Short-horns or grade Short-horns. Again, in early maturity she takes a prominent place among other breeds. A friend of mine last winter fattened a number of yearlings that were two-year-old steers when shipped in June last, and they weighed from 1400 to 1435 lbs., and heifers of the same age that averaged 1375 lbs., and there are many instances of these making from 1100 to 1200 lbs. at that age; and, again, are there any finer specimens of cows, heifers, and calves found in any of the breeds than we see among the Short-horns exhibited at our agricultural exhibitions?

Now what is the record of the Short-horn cow as a dairy cow? I am free to confess it may be difficult to prove that she comes up to the qualifications laid down in this paper; and if so, I think there are at least two causes why she does not. First, I think it may be safely asserted that Short-horn breeders generally have paid more attention to their feeding and beefing qualities than to a good performance at the milk pail. With this I do not propose to find fault; it is not the intention of this paper to find fault for the breeders may have good cause for the particular line of breeding which they have followed. Secondly, if there have been competitive tests in this country, not only with other breeds of cattle, but individual records showing what can be done with a Short-horn for a stated period, such competitive records have not come under my observation. I give the following, clipped from an agricultural paper, as the result of the British Dairy Show of 1890. At this show there were 437 cattle entered for the competition, and the tests were as follows: Short-horns, 121.1; Dutch, 115.5; Ayrshire, 98.8; Guernsey, 98.1; Jersey, 90.8; Red Poll, 69.1; Dexter Kerries, 68.1. The second prize-winning Short-horn scored 117.9 points, but had the greatest milk yield of any in one day, viz., 61.3, but being under 3 per cent. in fat; so you see in Britain, where some of the breeders breed for milking purposes, the Short-horn cow can show a good record. At a Farmers' Institute meeting which I attended lately, one gentleman stated that the best dairy cow was a cross between Short-horns and Ayrshires. To get the best, you will notice it requires a cross with the Short-horn.

Now, is it not a fact that public opinion is a fairly safe guide in domestic matters as well as other questions? It is true that it may and does sometimes err. Well, how is public opinion on this general purpose cow question? Although we have in Ontario nearly all the leading breeds of improved cattle, and we have had them for many years, what do we find? Why, about nine-tenths of the cows kept by the general farmer are Short-horns and their crosses. Now, you have noticed that the title of this paper was the query, "Is the Short-horn cow the general purpose cow?" I have endeavored to present some facts and figures with the view of answering the question in the affirmative, but will leave it with you to say whether I have done so or not.

Nothing is difficult; it is only we who are indolent.—[B. R. Haydon.

Abbas Pasha, the new Khedive, has a fad, if we may believe the chroniclers of Vienna, like most rulers. The young Khedive delights in the companionship of gold fish, and once trained a German carp to come to the top of its tank at his call of "Chirra! chirra!" The Czar collects postage stamps. The late Prince Albert Victor, of Wales, had a room full of cigarette boxes. The young King of Spain collects mischief, and the Prince of Monaco strands from the ropes with which gentlemen who do not beat the bank adjust themselves to the trees of Monte Carlo.

F. Simpson, Esq., Fruit Merchant, 713 Yonge street, says: I was a sufferer from rheumatism. My physician recommended St. Leon Water, it has cured me. I have recommended it to several of my friends, it has cured them. I would not be without it. "Send in your orders. St Leon is all-powerful to remove those life-destroying poisons. No such word as fail in our dictionary." Palace at Springs opens June 15. M. A. Thomas, Manager.

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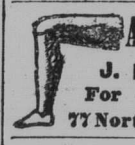
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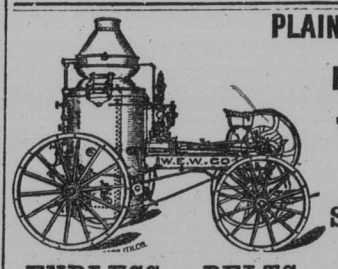
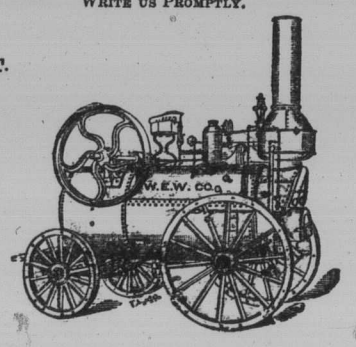
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