A KENTUCKY EPISODE.

Sheriffs, as a class, are noted for personal bravery and great determination of character. Climate and surroundings have a tendency to accentuate their peculiarities, which differ not only among inviduals but in localities. On the Western frontier, they are generally men who enjoy a reputation for deeds of daring and have been engaged in perhaps more than one bloody encounter. In the East where life is held more precious and perils are not so frequent they are brave, but not so reckless, more conservative and thoughtful of consequences. The Southern sheriff is unlike any of his brother officers. He is perhaps as determined, but slower in his methods and more disposed to view the situation leniently.

While not criminally or unprofessionally careless, he is generous in spirit and seldom severe, unless there be a necessity for severity, then he can be as unrelenting as any of his fellows.

But the Southern sheriff of to-day differs essentially from his prototype of ante-bellum renown. In northeastern Kentucky, long before rival hostilities were dreamed of, there lived Uncle Buck P——, who served his county very acceptably in the capacity of sheriff. On one occasion he was called upon to escort a certain Larkin Lane to the penitentiary at Frankfort.

Lane had been sentenced for two years by a jury of his fellows for biting off the lip of one McAvoy. The two had engaged in some dispute over their cups, insults were exchanged and blows ensued. In the tussle Lane fastened his teeth in the protruding under lip of his adversary, and when the two were separated it was found that he had borne away the nether portion of McAvoy's mouth.

The crowd which had gathered to witness the fight was summarily dispersed by the explosion of a powder-horn, which some tipsy on-looker, in a sort of fiendish fun, had thrown in the fire.

In due time the case was tried in the Circuit Court. The defendant's friends notified him that if he would leave the State and forfeit his bail the prosecution would be dismissed. This he most peremptorily declined to do. So the case proceeded and as the facts were undeniable Lane was found guilty of mayhem and sentenced to hard labor for a term of two years. It then became Uncle Buck's duty to see the prisoner safe within the walls of the penitentiary.

When he went to take him in custody Lane informed him that he could not possibly accompany him.

"Why, Uncle Buck," said he, "my crop ain't gathered, my hogs ain't killed and I ain't got a cord of my Winter's wood cut nor hauled. Do you suppose I'm gwine ter leave my family in that fix?"

"Well, Larkin," replied Uncle Buck, "it does look pretty hard. I tell you what I'll do if you'll give me yer word of honor as a gentleman to meet me in Frankfort by the middle of November. I'll trust you and let you go home so's you can fix your folks up comfortably. But mind, you're to be thar, dead certain on the 15th of November, shore as your name's Lane—you promise?"

"I'll be thar, Uncle Buck." And they shook hands over the agreement.

With the aid of his neighbors, Lane set to work with might and main and completed his preparations several days before the allotted time. His friends again urged him to flee the country, but he disdainfully replied:

"So long as I've got blood in my veins I'll never go back on my word nor on Uncle Buck!"

His wife, with tears and entreaties, appealed to him. "Larkin," said she, "pears to me yer think mighty little o' me and the children to go off and leave us for two years besides the disgrace o' bein' in the penitentiary, when yer can jes' cross the line into Ohio, or go South fifty miles and hide yerself in the mountains. Nobody'll be any the worse for it if you do get off, and it'll about kill me to see you go to that place."

"Marthy Jane," said Larkin, "do you mean ter say that you and the children had ruther hev me to tell a pint blank lie and slink around like a sheep-killing dog, afeared ter look people in the face, hidin' from everybody I know, than to take my punishment like a man and keep my word? S'pose I did chaw the lip off o' that ornery critter and have ter go to the penitentiary for it, that isn't as bad as to turn liar and sneak around all the rest o' my life! I vow, Marthy Jane, I'm ashamed to think you'd want me to do it—but women never did have no sense 'bout keepin' a contract."

Thus rebuked, the wife wept and counted the days as they passed, and then the hours, as they went by, so swiftly and relentlessly. And now the time had come when the good-byes must be spoken, for, as he was to walk across the country, he had to set out several days in advance of the one specified for his arrival in Frankfort.

Larkin Lane was a man of splendid physique, a tall, sturdy mountaineer, standing six feet two or three inches in his stockings; strong and athletic, in the full vigor of manhood. Five counties lay between him and Frankfort, with hill and dale, forest and stream, town and hamlet. The Autumn landscape was in full glory of color, nature had put on her most gorgeous attire. A subtle sense of her beauty crept into his uncultured soul, and made it conscious in a large measure, of the loss he was about to incur. Heretofore he had looked on green fields and wooded hills, winding creeks and lovely valleys and had the right to wander when and where he would, as a matter of course.

But how all was to be changed. These were to be shut out, four walls would inclose his world, and he, the free mountaineer, must come and go at the nod and beck of others. As he strode steadily onward, leaving behind home and children, with his face set toward this prison, where he was to surrender his liberty for the society of felons, his good name for an everlasting stigma, who can tell what thoughts beset him? Did not temptation woo him in the whisper of the wind, the murmur of the stream, the song of the birds? As the squirrel darted away so eagerly, and the partridge sped by so swiftly, did they not suggest flight by their motions and counsel him to follow their example? If they did, he turned a deaf ear to their enticing suggestions, for he did not loiter nor hesitated on his way.

He had notified Uncle Buck of his departure for Frankfort, so that the latter might set out also and meet him there to hand him over to the authorities.

On the 15th of November, Uncle Buck rode into Frankfort, hitched his horse in front of the Executive Mansion and walked in to call on the Governor. The head of the commonwealth was in those days very accessible.

"Where is your prisoner, sir?" he demanded of the sheriff, with some asperity.

"By gummy, he's here or hereabouts," was the response, this byword being the nearest to an oath that Uncle Buck was ever known to utter. He then explained how he had ridden across the country, while Lane had walked, unattended.

"You don't suppose, sir, that that man has come here to be locked up for two years when you have given him such a chance as this to run away, do you?" asked the Governor.

"Of course I do," replied Uncle Buck, "and if you knowed Larkin Lane as well as I do you'd think so, too."

And sure enough there in the office of the warden of the penitentiary they found him. He had arrived half a day before the sheriff and sat there resting and patiently waiting to be identified and committed.

The Governor was so struck by the singular circumstance that he began to inquire into the case.

Uncle Buck was a friend of Lane and, in speaking of the injury done to McAvoy, said:

"Folks ginerally thinks he's better-looking sence he lost some o' that flop lip, though nothin' could a made him much uglier than he was natchelly."

Upon talking with the prisoner the down-right honesty of the man became more and more apparent, until finally the Governor was so impressed with his good qualities that he determined to pardon him, concluding that the influence of such a man for good in a community was more needed than his presence in the penitentiary. And so Lane walked out of Frankfort a free man. With a fleeter foot than when he first set out he trudged thankfully back to the mountains of Kinney and the trout streams he loved so well; back to his home and friends, to his wife and children, who received him with open arms and enthusiastic rejoicing. He lived for years to enjoy his liberty, though he finally met death at the hands of an assassin. He was found one Summer day in one of his haunts on the banks of a mountain stream, with a bullet in his brain, his fishing pole in the water, where it had dropped from his lifeless hands.

The perpetrator of the dastardly deed was never found. Whether it was some avenger of McAvoy or not no one ever knew. The latter had died some years before.

As for Uncle Buck, when his term as sheriff ended, he moved to an adjoining county, where he was made jailer and served as the same until his death.

On one occasion when instructed to open court during the war, he took the liberty of giving vent to his loyalty by calling out: "Oyez, oyez, oyez, the Circuit court of M—— County is now open. God save the Union!" The last words were shouted with the full power of his stentorian lungs. Hearing the same, the judge, who was not altogether in sympathy with Uncle Buck's sentiments, rebuked him and ordered him to change his appeals to the regulation form of "God save the commonwealth!" In much feebler accents was the divine protection invoked upon the State.

The circumstance really took place many years ago "in the dark and bloody ground," among a people whom we, with our "fin de siecle" ideas, look back upon as not enlightened if, indeed, fully civilized, and yet men were to be found there then who held their word dearer than liberty, truth sweeter than freedom from disgrace.—Chicago Record.

McLAURIN ON THE WAR PATH

and Smashing the Ring, but Fails to Tell How it Must be Done.

As there seems to be a lull in State politics and without a positive knowledge of what is doing or going to be done, I submit herewith my own peculiar opinions of the situtation.

The time for action, it seems to me, has arrived, and thus believing, I shall no longer stifle my convictions, but I shall speak frankly and unreservedly as I think the necessities of the situation require, and abide the consequences whatever they may be.

The general poverty and depression in the country at large is intensified by local conditions. No one expected the "Movement" of 1890 to divide our people into two absolute hostile camps, and the whole thing can be traced to the abandonment of the primary election principle last summer to promote the interest of certain individuals.

The Constitutional Convention is upon us, and with it our internecine strife; the "nigger in the wood pile" is reviving. "Not dead but sleepeth" is written over the attenuated corpse of the Democratic party north of Mason and Dixon's line, and even in our own section, and among our own people, signs of decay are visible. Our old allies will not help us, and can no longer be relied upon. Let us help ourselves. The interests of ninety-nine out of every one hundred of our citizens are identical.

A convention of a faction, no matter how able its membership or good its work, will be disastrous and drive us further apart. Every one admits that, but unfortunately we have become such astute politicians that each of us is afraid to move for fear of injuring his chance of securing some office, from that of county coroner to President of the United States. We are breeding tyrants and political cowards in South Carolina. Too much policy and not enough of patriotism. Why, Mr. Editor, I came within an ace of ruining my flattering political prospects last summer by a few entirely innocent and kind observations made to "My Dear Appelt." But whatever the result I have the satisfaction of knowing that I coined at least one or two apt words and phrases, which, if they did not enrich the English language, will live for some time, descriptio personæ.

Ever since I wrote that letter, (in which, God knows, I was honest,) I have been maligned, misrepresented and misquoted. Every time I opened my mouth I was charged with being in league with "Butler," but that can be done no longer, as Gen. Butler is out of politics and will soon be a private citizen. While we differ on some things politically, he will carry with him my undying friendship and respect. Had it not been for the misconstruction which true friends, whose opinion I value, would have placed upon my conduct, I would have died a thousand political deaths before submitting to what I did. The people have honored me. I love them, and have studied hard and tried to give them value received.

I have come to the conclusion that I do not care whether I ever hold another office or not, if it involves the least sacrifice of dignity honor, or principle, and I do not propose to occupy any equivocal or uncertain position. I am in favor of harmonizing the factions if such a thing be possible, but in order to do that we must destroy a "ring" more desperate, more autocratic, more tyrannical, more unscrupulous, than ever dominated the State or controlled the destinies of a free people. I defy them! Let them take the office I hold, if they can. They cannot muzzle my tongue, nor stifle my manhood or independence. They are now making preparations to control the Constitutional Convention and thereby perpetuate themselves in power, and, if necessary to accomplish this, white men, as well as the negro will be ruthlessly disfranchised. The "Antis," one part are cowed and whipped, the other part too mad to have any sense, and while a part of the "Reformers" who want fair play are silent, an arrogant minority, held together by the "cohesive power of spoils," runs roughshod over all. Offices are multiplied by the thousand to prevent "kicking," while the hands of the Executive are strengthened by unlimited patronage, and the towns intimidated by the threat of depriving them of the precious heritage of local self-government.

The Alliance has been destroyed or simply converted into an adjunct of the political machine by methods that would make the stripes of Tammany Tiger pale with envy. Men are afraid to speak, or speak with bated breath. Pretended salary reductions are made on the principle of cutting everybody else's salary except their own. While the patient, toiling masses, are in debt and straining every nerve to keep the "wolf from the door," their attention is led away and centered upon personal and local issues that, no matter which way they are decided, will benefit no one except a few individuals. What in the name of Heaven can the people expect from such purblind statesmanship? Where do they come in? Every man, woman and child in South Carolina knows that I am telling the truth, and many good Reformers see in the ugly picture the finale to the beautiful dream of 1890.

Our only hope is to get together in this Convention, and if possible, prevent the "ring" from controlling it, and frame a Constitution which will command the respect and confidence of the whole people, thereby uniting and placing us in a position in 1896 where we can avail ourselves of the most favorable opportunity that national politics may then offer. It is useless to temporize. If we be men, let us act, and, at least, purchase an honorable defeat.

For what I have already said and done along this line I have been the subject of vituperation, slander and abuse, and I shrink, no one knows how much, from offering myself as a further target to the foul pen of hirelings and slaves.

If doing my duty manfully and conscientiously relegates me to private life, I welcome it. Let the phalanx put all of its spears into my body if thereby the cause of liberty is conserved.

It was the expressed hope of many that the "Forty," ere this would have taken such action as would have made their influence felt on the line indicated by them, which met with such general approval throughout the State. I hope and believe the matter will soon consummate in definite action, and thereby unite all those who sincerely want "peace and unity."

Men who possess the courage of their convictions must confer in the near future, and adopt such a line of action as will subserve the best interests of the State. It is a fight against the "bossism" and "ring rule" which seeks to prostitute every principle of popular rights to selfish purposes.

Let those who believe peace can be obtained without an effort deceive themselves no longer. Peace has never been purchased without a stern battle to secure its blessings.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN L. McLAURIN.

Washington, January 13, 1895.

COTTON AND FERTILIZERS.

What the Abbeville Farmers Think of the Industrial Situation.

The Farmers of Abbeville County held a public meeting to discuss matters of practical concern, and the outcome of their deliberations is the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, we the farmers of Abbeville County in convention assembled, fully realizing the financial depression which is paralizing all the industries of the country and especially laying its blighting touch upon agriculture, "the art of all arts, the science of all science, the life of all life," do earnestly appeal for the co-operation of all farmers, in the adoption of such measures as may avert impending bankruptcy and ruin. Instead of the cheerful song of contentment and happiness which should bless the home of the American farmer we find agriculture, the basis of all national prosperity, languishing and dying, while the universal wail of hardtimes and suffering is heard all over the land.

That this anomalous condition of affairs should exist during seasons of abundant harvest is evidently the result of corrupt financial legislation in the interests of capitalists.

While we are powerless to remedy this evil, save through legislation, yet it becomes us, as husbandmen and patriotic citizens, who cherish the love of home and country to adopt such measures in our agricultural pursuits as may enable us to meet the emergency now confronting us. Therefore be it

Resolved 1st. That the excessive area heretofore devoted to the production of cotton be greatly decreased, and instead of making it the principal crop increase the acreage of corn, so as to make it supply the demands of the farmers.

Resolved 2nd. That farmers devote more attention to the production of sorghum potatoes, peas, hay and other food crops.

Resolved 3rd. Instead of having our meat houses in St. Louis and Chicago, let us erect them upon our own premises, and fill them with home productions.

Resolved 4th. That the excessive use of commercial fertilizers be discontinued, and when purchased, it be upon the cotton option basis.

Resolved 5th. That the railroad commissioners take immediate steps to have a reduction on freight for all fertilizers at the rate of forty cents per hundred weight on all through freight, and fifty cents per hundred weight on local freight.

Resolved 6th. That we encourage the erection of cotton factories, and all other enterprises in our midst, which will employ labor, and utilize the raw products of the land.

Resolved 7th. We pledge ourselves to carry out the foregoing resolutions, and call upon the farmers of South Carolina to unite in doing likewise.

Resolved 8th. That the press of the State be requested to give publicity to these resolutions.

W. P. Drop, Druggist, Springfield, Mass., writes: Japanese Pile Cure has cured lady 7 years afflicted; could not walk half mile in last 3 years, now walks any distance. Sold by Carpenter Bros., Greenville, S. C.

DANGERS OF DETECTIVE WORK

An Employee of the Pinion Agency is Engaged by the Federal Government and by Governor Evans to Hunt Blind Tigers—He Boards with a Moonshiner and Gets Evidence on which Forty-Eight Warrants are Issued.

Special to The News and Courier.

DARLINGTON, January 23.—A dastardly assissination was attempted at Hartsville in this county last night and the victim may yet die. The attempt was made against the life of C. L. Jenkins, a special detective sent to Kellytown, near Hartsville, about twenty miles from Darlington, by Pinion's Detective Agency. Jenkins was sent on December 1 by the United States Government to see if illicit whiskey traffic was not carried on in the neighborhood of Kellytown, and Governor Evans employed him to look after the same interest for the State Government. The work in the particular section referred to required careful handling, but Jenkins sixteen years' experience with moonshiners fitted him for the task admirably.

Your correspondent hunted Jenkins up today and had a long interview with him, and was surprised to learn on such unquestioned authority that moonshiners were doing a lively business in this county. I had to wait several hours before Jenkins could be seen, the physician in charge requesting this.

Late in the afternoon I was admitted to Jenkins' room. The steps and doorway were marked by many large drops of blood. The room was fifteen feet square, with two windows, one opposite the fireplace. Between these two windows was a small bed, not two feet from either window. The floor had blood stains all over it and the sheets were splashed and spotted with clotted blood. Lying on the bed was the wounded detective, a striking looking man of 33 years. His face was scarred and bruised with broken pieces of glass and behind his right ear was a black and swollen wound made by a 38 calibre ball from a Colt's pistol. A broken pane of glass marked with powder smoke showed where the coward stood who fired the shot.

Jenkins told his story very graphically and simply, and one thing is very evident, he is a man of nerve and courage and is not to be frightened. His story, substantiated by the other occupant of the room, a Mr. Helen, was as follows:

On the first day of December last he arrived in Hartsville, and on the fifth day of the month he succeeded in getting board at Jim Kelly's, the man he most desired to see. He staid three weeks with Kelley and saw drinks flasks kegs and barrels of whiskey sold without any revenue or dispensary stamps on them. He was several times suspected of being a spy, but succeeded in allaying their suspicions, although once he said he came very near "looking up a rope." In the meantime, in addition to his weapons, he had his trusty little kodak with him and he "pressed the button" and "did the rest" also. The results were overwhelming, and on the 27th of December, when his identity became known, he had forty-eight warrants issued for the arrests of various persons. Fourteen preliminary examinations have been held, and the parties were fined one hundred dollars each or thirty days in jail. In every case they went to jail, refusing to pay a cent, though any one of them could have paid the fine. Yesterday he had Jim Kelly brought to Darlington for trial, and several friends came with Kelly. Jenkins said that Kelly urged him several times not to appear against him, insisting that it would be best for both that they should not testify or to attend the trial. In reply Jenkins told him that he, Kelly, had too much sense to make any such request, and that he intended doing his duty and nothing more than his duty.

The trial proceeded and Kelly had to give bond or go to jail. He gave bond late in the afternoon and all left Darlington.

At 9 o'clock that night Jenkins was in his room lying on the bed, Mr. Helen being in the room with him. Newitt Kelly, closely related to Jim Kelly, entered the room and asked Jenkins to get up. Jenkins had his pistol in his right hand and refused to sit up, saying he was tired. He said that he saw that Kelly "meant devilment and that he did not mean to be slow in the operation himself," and kept his hand on his pistol.

Kelly left the room, returning in a few moments, and again insisted on Jenkins getting up, which Jenkins did not do. He said that he was thoroughly convinced now that Kelly intended shooting him as he left the room, so sat upon the edge of the bed. As he did so he ran his fingers through his hair and at the same instant he heard a loud report and a crash and he knew nothing further for a while. Then when the shock was over he realized what had occurred and made for the door. When the shot was fired Kelly asked Helen who did it and then left. Neither Jim nor Newitt Kelly have been seen since and Sheriff Scarborough is now after them with warrants for their arrest.

Jim Kelly is a well-to-do farmer, is a man of few words and is regarded as a desperate character. Newitt Kelly is a dangerous man also, and his brother was killed on Christmas day in a fight.

Jenkins is badly wounded, but he will probably recover. The bullet entered just behind the right ear, but two things saved his life. The assassin had to fire across a thick glass, which made the bullet deflect, and as Jenkins raised his hand the two middle fingers were nearly shot off, causing further deflection. Jenkins is as gritty a man as can be found and is well thought of by the entire town of Hartsville. He says he intends finishing his work, that he has been shot at before and that he is not frightened. He is from Ewart, N. C., and has a wife and six children. He has telegraphed to his wife, to his chief and to Governor Evans, but had heard nothing when I told him good bye.

DARLINGTON, January 24.—Jenkins, the detective who was so badly wounded night before last, is not doing well. His wound is exceedingly painful and he has some fever, but his physicians are not alarmed about his condition. So far as can be learned he has received no instructions from his chief nor from Governor Evans.

The two moonshiners, Jim and Newitt Kelley, suspected of attempting to assassinate Jenkins, were arrested last night and are now in jail here. Jim Kelly was in bed when the sheriff reached his home, and says he will have no difficulty in proving an alibi. Newitt Kelley was at home also, and says that as he was in the room when the firing occurred he, of course, had had nothing to do with it. Circumstantial evidence against them, however, is very strong, and they are both in jail awaiting a preliminary hearing.

Detective Jenkins wired Sheriff Scarborough to-day to let the two Kelleys have no communication with anyone before the preliminary trial. The case will be a very complicated one and many interesting developments may be expected. Jenkins stated to your correspondent yesterday that he had been employed by Governor Evans to attend to this work, and he complained seriously because he had no assistance from any constables or other State officers to assist in prosecutions when such assistance was absolutely necessary.

All of the parties concerned, moonshiners, principals and witnesses, are Tillmanites, and carried on their large illicit liquor traffic in the country. There is no doubt that the business was carried on extensively and the dispensary law fostered, and, perhaps, was the cause of this enterprising moonshiner business. Jenkins says he engaged by the United States Government, but none of the cases tried were brought before the United States deputy commissioner for this district.

THE TAX CONSTITUTIONAL.

A Test Case Decided in Favor of the Income Tax at Washington—The Supreme Court Will Give Its Opinion Soon.

Judge Hagner, of the District Equity Court in Washington City, has decided in favor of the collection of the income tax, and the case will now be taken on appeal to the United States Supreme Court in order to test the constitutionality of the income tax law.

Judge Hagner, in rendering his decision, declared at the outset that the objections that the tax is unwise and restricts thrift and industry, that its operations must necessarily be inquisitorial, etc., were not under the jurisdiction of the court. The alleged duplication of the tax, the court said, could not be claimed to be possible, except as to dividends declared during the calendar year 1894 and it was presumed that the Treasury officials would enforece the provisions in such a way as to prevent a harsh construction of the law; that an arrangement by the corporations to pay the tax before July 1, 1895, would be accepted as relieving the shareholders. Vexatious as duplication may be, it is not possible practically to avoid it, said the court. There is no discrimination in the law between the different persons authorized to avail themselves of the $4,000 exemption. Every person in the United States is equally entitled to his benefits. That some property holders are fortunate enough to have possessions exceeding in value the excepted amount is no ground for invalidating the law under which taxes are levied.

The court then discussed the constitutionality of the point raised by the complaint that aliens residing in the United States, whether permanently or temporarily, are subjected to its provisions. The provision, it was stated, was not new in income tax laws and a large number of authorities were quoted to show that it was clear that alien residents of a country may be rightfully subjected to the taxation to which its own citizens.

The objections that the tax is to be levied upon an income received prior to the time the law went into effect is dismissed, and the court says no authority was quoted in support of the contention and the court has been unable to discover any if they exist.

Referring to the question raised by the plaintiff as to the constitutionality of the tax, the opinion declares that the burden of the establishment of this contention lies with the plaintiff, that "the violation imputed to Congress must be made manifest," and that "it is not on slight implication and vague conjecture that the Legislature is to be pronounced to have transcended its power, and its acts to be considered void."

As to the allegations that no adequate remedy exists by which to recover the taxes if paid to the collector, the court declares that such a remedy does in fact exist, even though there be no special statute under which to proceed. Instances are cited where income taxes have been recovered where illegally collected.

The contention that the courts are without authority to grant injunctions in cases of this character is sustained under authority of the United States statutes to the effect that "no suit for the purpose of restraining the assessment or collection of any tax shall be maintained in any court," which is held to include the income tax.

ROCK HILL'S GOOD ROADS.—The bad weather and consequent complaints of mud have directed attention to the work that has been done by Rock Hill in the line of securing good roads. About two years since it was decided to build highways going from the town in all directions. Private subscriptions were secured from town and from the country adjacent along the line of the proposed routes. The county authorities agreed to furnish a rock crusher and a steam engine and to pay one hundred dollars. Rock Hill gave one-fourth the cost and built the roads up to the town limits.

The roads were located carefully by a civil engineer. A road bed thirty feet wide was raised above the surrounding soil by large ploughs. This was packed hard by the use of heavy rollers. A track ten feet wide in the centre was then macadamized, a track ten feet wide being left on each side for use in the summer. The rock in the macadamized portion is from six to eight inches deep. The whole road is well drained by side ditches, and in the worst of weather is hard and affords every facility for traveling. Two roads extending one three, the other three and one-half miles beyond the city limits, have been completed. Subscriptions were made for an amount sufficient to complete as much more, but more pressing matters have stopped the work for a short time. These roads have made plain the great value of money and work expended in this way. They have proved almost like arms reaching out from town to country with mutual benefit.—Cor. News and Courier.

—Deputy Sheriff Scarborough, of Darlington County, killed a negro named Beauregard Murray. Murray was indicted for malicious trespass, and when Scarborough went to serve the warrant the negro took his pistol from him and treated him roughly. The next morning Scarborough armed himself with a rifle and found Murray about 12 o'clock. Murray again resisted arrest and drew his pistol, when Scarborough fired, killing him instantly. He took his pistol from Murray after he had fallen and notified the coroner. The usual verdict was given.

—A special to the Birmingham Age-Herald from Hayneville says: "While Emma Bryant was lying in her bed playing with her infant babe, a shot fired from the outside killed her instantly. She was married a year ago and lived only two days with her husband. He is held in jail for murder. Evidence is circumstantial."

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Latest Items and Curious Notes from Our Exchanges.

—It is said that Gladstone in his younger days used to sing negro melodies with banjo accompaniment very creditably.

—Russian journals are still in mourning for the Czar. They will continue to surround their front pages with a border of black until a year has elapsed from the date of his death.

—Miss Williard, niece of Frances Williard, is a guest of Mrs. Cleveland's at the White house. Miss Willard is a singer of much excellence. She has had superior schooling abroad.

—North Carolina will have the two youngest Senators of any State in the Union. Their combined ages are only 69 years. Senator-elect Butler who succeeds Senator Ransom is but 31 and Senator-elect Pritchard, who will fill the unexpired term of Senator Vance is 38.

—The new Governor of Kansas calculates that $15,000,000 has been withdrawn from that State by Eastern capitalsits during the past two years of Populist rule there. He proposes to do what he can to bring this money back again.

—The fact that Charles Dudley Warner's latest novel has been the most successful that he has ever written should encourage young American writers who crave fame before their time. Mr. Warner has passed middle life by several years, but his literary powers are on the increase rather than on the wane.

—The editor of The Homer (Ga.) Gazette says that the happiest men in the world are those who keep out of debt, out of politics, out of office, shun notoriety, make an honest living by honest means, humbly serve the living God, quietly pursue the "even tenor of their way," and neglect no opportunity of doing good.

—Czar Reed's prominance as a possible candidate for the Presidency has stimulated his correspondence to a point where it has become a burden. He receives hundreds of letters every day most of them assuring him of success, and it takes the greater part of his time to attend to them. It robs him of all leisure and prevents him from giving much atttention to Congressional duties.

—King Humbert is a genuine Reformer and does not spend himself in the economics forced upon Italy: 164 posts at court were abolished last year, including those of minister of the royal household, prefect of the royal palaces, and master of the ceremonies. The first act of the king's reign was to give 20,000,000 frances of his private fortune toward paying his father's debts.

WHAT ONE WOMAN OWNS.

A Million and a Quarter Acres of Land in Texas.

A million and a quarter acres of land owned by one woman. Think of it! Reaching into three counties in Southern Texas, and pastured by 150,000 head of cattle, horses and sheep. An empire in which the State of Rhode Island could be put and there would still be nearly half a million acres outside the State line. Eighteen hundred and seventy square miles of absolute domain, in which one woman's will is law. This seems incredible, writes James D. Whelpley in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly, but such are the realty holdings in farm lands alone of Mrs. Richard King of Corpus Christi, Tex.

The Southern point of Texas is a country of great pastures. In Nueces County alone there are fifteen persons who own over 100,000 acres of land each, some of the individual estates amounting to over 500,000 acres and are reckoned by the square miles. How and by whom were they acquired? By men who came to Texas in the 50's and 60's. Men who were willing to risk death or shattered health for the sake of adventure and for gain.

Captain Richard King, who died in 1885, leaving to his widow, Henrietta M. King, his vast possessions in land and personal property, was a good speciman of a type that conditions of to-day do not produce. He was born in 1825 in New York State, and when 10 years old ran away to sea. In 1874 he appeared on the Rio Grande as a pilot, later as a boat owner, and in 1852 he bought what was known as the Santa Gertrudes ranch, a vast possession in itself. By determined and aggressive policy, combined with daring speculations, he added rapidly to this until he died. After his death it was found that he owned about 1,200,000 acres of land under fence, on which ranged 80,000 head of cattle, 20,000 horses and 20,000 sheep. His estate also included a large amount of money and other personal and real property.

This all went to the widow, a daughter of the late Rev. Hiram Chamberlain, who established the first Presbyterian Church on the Rio Grande, and under her careful management the property has increased in value.

Mrs. King is 60 years of age, a lady of kindly instincts and admirable characteristics that have made her greatly beloved by the community. She lives very plainly and does not spend a tithe of her income.

The division of these pastures will be a great benefit to the country, but it will destroy the entity of as remarkable a property as exists in the United States to-day. The land alone is worth untold millions when it is devoted to vinticulture, a possibility of the near future, for which it is better suited than it is for the purpose of raising "scalawags" or long-horned steers.

It is only within the past five years that any of the owners of these great tracts of land would part with a corner of their possessions. Now many realize that they must give way to the inevitable and some sharper than the rest are pushing colonization schemes that will net them many times the profits from their herds. It will be but a few years before the empires now known by the name of ranches will become bee-hives of industry, thickly studded with populous little villages, the inhabitants of which will be kept busy the year round shipping fruit and vegetables to the less tropical zones.

—The progress of Christianity in Japan is one of the marvels of modern church history. The first five years of Christian struggle produced one convert. In 1872 was organized the first Evangelical Church of eleven member. Now there are 555 churches with a membership of 35,551.

—Lord Randolph Churchill died in London on the 24th inst., after being unconscious for thirty hours. His death was peaceful and painless, and all of the members of Lord Randolph's family were at his bedside. His wife and mother remained with the dying man throughout the night.

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