A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Senator Vest Proves More than a Match for John Sherman—The Truth of History.

In the course of the Senate's consideration of the bill for the admission of South Dakota as a State, and the organization of the Territory of North Dakota, Senator Sherman said that in the absence of Senator Edmunds, who was engaged in the Supreme Court, he would ask the attention of the Senate.

It had always struck him, he said, that the opposition to the admission of Dakota as a State was totally unjustifiable and (latterly) factious—so much so as to be subject to the severe criticism of everybody who liked to see fair play on great questions affecting large masses of people. Why, he asked, should Dakota be excluded as a State? He had listened to most of the debate and had not heard a single reason given for such exclusion. Never before had a Territory applied for admission as a State with anything like such population or such resources. Why should not Dakota be admitted? In the name of heaven why? Simply because the Democratic party did not want that State to be admitted. In the course of his speech Senator Sherman showed by the vote in the Senate that the electoral commission bill was not a Republican, but a Democratic measure. Twenty-six Democrats had voted for it and only twenty-one Republicans, while the votes against it were fourteen Republicans (including himself) and one Democrat Senator Eaton, of Connecticut.) The Democrats were, therefore, precluded from assailing the bill as a partisan measure. He declared his full conviction that Hayes had been fairly and legally elected, and that if, by some hocus pocus, Tilden had been inaugurated he would have been illegally elected. He explained the incongruity of Packard not getting the Governorship of Louisiana by showing that that was subject to local laws and decisions; and he declared his conviction that Packard had been illegally deprived of his office.

In the further course of a long speech, in which Senator Sherman incidentally touched upon current Louisiana politics, he said:

Hereafter when any man asserted of President Hayes that he had been elected by fraud or wrong, or had not been duly elected, he (Sherman) would hold him in contempt as uttering that which was not true and which was denied by the very men who overthrew the local government in Louisiana in 1876.

Senator Vest replied:

He said that the threat which Senator Sherman has fulminated as to holding in contempt any one who questioned Hayes's election might have terror for members of his own party, but even with the terror of that threat before his eyes he (Vest) still denied the honesty and legality of that election. The question which he had asked yesterday about Packard and Hayes had been asked in a desultory and unpremeditated way, and the Senator from Ohio had not answered it satisfactorily.

Senator Vest sent to the clerk's desk and had read extracts from a speech made on that subject in the Senate by Mr. Blaine, in which he declared that the election of Hayes and Packard were indissolubly connected, and asked who had authority to make any arrangement by which Packard was not upheld, stating that it was impossible for the Administration of Hayes to have done it.

That, Senator Vest said, was the statement of the most distinguished Republican now living now living, with due deference possibly to the Senator from Ohio. [Laughter] the standard-bearer of the Republican party in the last Presidential canvass, and, (it was to be taken for granted,) to be the standard-bearer of that party in the coming contest. Mr. Blaine had then asserted that if Packard was not elected Governor of Louisiana Hayes was not entitled to the electoral vote of the State.

Senator Vest then passed on to the question of the Louisiana returning board, and stated that every member and officer of that board, and their relations, had been provided with lucrative offices, except the one colored member (Cassanave), who had not been so provided, and who had come to Washington and appealed to Hayes and Sherman (then Secretary of the Treasury) for pecuniary aid, which had been given or offered to him to the amount of over $1,000. He (Vest) made no charge, he said, of any corruption in the matter on the part of the Senator from Ohio, but what claim had that member of the returning board on Hayes if Cassanave merely carried out his legal and constitutional duty? Why had it been that every man connected with that board, from the highest to the lowest, had been rewarded with an office? There was no page of administrative history that demanded more explanation than that which now stares him in the face. The Senator from Ohio attacked the people of Louisiana, charging them with crimes that would stamp them with infamy, but he (Vest) stood there to avouch that whatever had been done in Louisiana on that occasion had been done not to bring about an unfair election, not to trample on the ballot of any human being, but to defend themselves against a ruthless, outrageous and criminal conspiracy against their property at the hands of men who had gone there for the single and sole purpose of plunder. The Senator from Ohio had read newspaper extracts with stories of outrage and murder and crime in Louisiana, but where, he asked, would the Senator or himself be today if the newspapers spoke the truth about them? What would become of any public public man in this country if newspaper statements were to be taken as evidence before any tribunal? He criticised sarcastically the opposite sentiments expressed by Senator Sherman in his two recent speeches at Nashville, Tenn., and Sprinfield, Ill., and said in conclusion: "At the risk even of the Senator's contempt, I undertake to say that the American people never will be satisfied with the explanation made today, but that, like James G. Blaine, they have already come to the conclusion that it is impossible even for the ingenuity of the Senator from Ohio to explain why it was that the vote of Louisiana, as returned by the returning board, was good for the purpose of giving the electoral vote of Louisiana to Hayes for the Presidency, but was not good for the purpose of giving it to Packard for Governor of that State."

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

We are prepared to sell Pianos and Organs of the best make at factory prices for Cash or easy Instalments. Pianos from $210 up; Organs from $24 up. The verdict of the people is that they can save the freight and twenty-five per cent. by buying of us. Instruments delivered to any depot on fifteen days' trial. We pay freight both ways if not satisfactory. Order and test in your own homes. Respectfully,

N. W. TRUMP,
Columbia, S. C.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Won't you please tell your male readers that $3 will buy a fine, strong and serviceable pair of pants, made to order by the N. Y. Standard Pants Co., of 66 University Place, New York city? By sending 6 cents in postage stamps to the above firm, they will send to any address 25 samples of cloth to choose from, a fine linen tape measure, a full set of scientific measurement blanks and other valuable information. All goods are delivered by them through the U. S. Mails. A novel and practical idea. Advise your readers to try the firm. They are thoroughly reliable. Yours truly,

WILLIAM VANDERBILT.

Many a man thinks he wants rest when he wants exercise, and many a one thinks he wants exercise when he wants rest.

BY THE HAND OF THE ASSASSIN.

One Man Killed and Four Wounded by a Midnight Shot.

(Orangeburg Times and Democrat.)

On last Sunday morning about one o'clock there was enacted at the plantation of Mrs. N. E. W. Sistrunk, in Elizabeth Township, one of those scenes of bloodshed and murder, which, of late years, have became alarmingly frequent in this country. It appears that negro frolics have been quite frequent in this section of the country since last Christmas. At these frolics whiskey has been as a rule, freely dispensed, and served to unbridle the worst passions of an illiterate and not over moral people. That bloodshed would ensue, was predicate by the best citizens, and this prediction was fully verified on last Sunday morning. In this instance it is the expected that has happened.

Last Saturday night a large crowd assembled at the house of William Mack, who lives on Mrs. Sistrunk's place, now rented by Mr. L. B. Kelly, and gave themselves up to the dance and "high orgies held." All went "merry as marriage bells," until some time after twelve o'clock when Mr. B. Lee Jeffcoat appeared on the grounds, accompanied by Mr. Will H. Amaker, and proceeded to divide the contents of a demijohn of whiskey, which it is asserted, he had sent to Orangeburg for, to supply some hands who had been making up rafts for him during the preceeding. They had separated themselves a short distance from the mass of revellers, and each man had just recieved his part of the whiskey in flasks provided for the occasion, and were indulging in a social drink, when they were fired into by some unknown party, who, under the cover of darkness, made good his escape.

A small pine straw fire had been lighted to enable the parties to see how to effect a division of the whiskey, and around this fire sat B. Lee Jeffcoat, Will H. Amaker, Will Mack, Wyatt Parker, Joe Stroman and Dennis Stroman, all negroes except the two first named. So effective was the aim of the assassin, that of the six men present only Mr. Will Amaker escaped uninjured.

Wyatt Parker was instantly killed by a buckshot, which penetrated his skull. B. Lee Jeffcoat received three buckshot in the upper part of his right arm, and another, which entered just at the root of the nose, inflicting a serious if not a fatal wound. Will Mack was shot through the left forearm, and had the flask, which he held in his left hand and was just raising to his lips, shattered into a hundred or more fragments. Joe Stroman and Dennis Stroman escaped with slight flesh wounds.

The scene of the killing was just in front of the residence occupied by Mr. Kelly and Mr. Stuckey. These gentlemen upon hearing the report of the gun and the cries of the wounded men came out to where the fire was burning. All had fled save Wyatt Parker, who had fallen forward into the fire, and whose body was dead. The fire was extinguished and the body of the dead man left just where it had fallen.

Early Sunday morning Coroner Wm. Livingston was notified and proceeded to the place of the killing and organized a jury of inquest. The testimony so far taken develops no clue to the perpetrator of the bloody deed. With the hope that some further testimony might be forthcoming during the week, Coroner Livingston adjourned the jury of inquest to meet again next Friday at the court-house.

A HUMAN MAGNET.

A Little Child in Whose Finger Tips Articles of Metal Adhere.

Late in August last, while taking a vacation in a country town, says Dr. E. H. Root in a the Medical Reporter, I heard of a case that was causing cosiderable discussion and wondermont among the people. The child is termed a "human magnet" by the believers in and practicers of magnetic rubbings, while the Spiritualists declare the child a chosen medium.

My curiosity became aroused, and I asked permission to see this wonderful prodigy. Permission was granted, and I the child at two different times, making my visit some days apart. I found a pretty, delicate child, Dolly C., aged 3½ years, an only child; blonde, with a pale and rather waxy complexion. Her manner of speech and conduct were characterized by a womanly grace much in advance of her tender years. Last February the phenomena I described was first noticed.

While playing with some spoons the mother was surprised to see her arranging them on her finger tips, where they hung with perfect ease. She will place the palmer surface of the finger tips in the concavity of the spoon-bowl near the end and left from the holder, one by one, without otherwise touching them, until a spoon is suspended from each finger tip.

If the spoons do not strike too violently against each other she will carry them about the room without dropping them. I examined the case in various ways.

First I tried four teaspoons with a magnet—one pure silver, one pewter, one tripleplated and one singleplated or washed. The pure silver or pewter spoons were not influenced by the magnet, the heavier plated was only partly raised, while the washed spoon was raised entirely off the table. I carried these four spoons with me for the child to exercise her anomalous power of prehension upon. Each one was suspended with equal ease except the one of pure silver. This one was lightest in weight and the bowl was considerably flatter than any of the other three. But after arranging it upon her finger a few times she succeeded in making it "stick."

Asking her to put two fingers under the spoonbowls, I found a very appreciable resistance in taking it off. The spoons would hang from the tip of the nose and chin with as much security as from the fingers. Thinking the adherence might be due to an excessive clamminess of the skin, I tested its surface with my own finger tips. Not discovering any, and to make sure I was not deceived by my own sense of touch, I had the hands, nose and chin carefully washed with soap and water and dried with a warm towel. I found no perceivable difference in the adhesiveness. The child could not pick up a steel needle, that is so sensitive to a magnet, nor would a penny "stick" to the fingers, chin or nose. I could discover nothing unusual in the shape of the finger tips.

The skin was soft and velvety to the touch and I could be sure of clamminess nowhere except on the pinna. The hands and feet were warm to the touch when I saw her and her mother states that she is not often troubled with cold feet or hands.

The little patient's mother also told me that her sister's daughter a young lady 19 years of age and "always sick," as she expressed it, manifests the same singular power.

"Helen" said auntie, "bring me a clean apron to put on you."

Now, Helen and sister had aprons alike and through mistake she got one of sister's and looked with surprise at the sleeves, which came over her hands. "Well, auntie" she exclaimed, "I dess my apron has outgrown me."

ROSCOE CONKLING IS DEAD.

The Great Republican Leader Passes Away at His Home.

NEW YORK, April 18—2.30 A. M.—Roscoe Conkling is dead. His death occurred at 2.5. There were at his bedside Drs. Hartley and Anderson, Judge Cox, Alderman Conkling, Mrs. Conkling and Mrs. Oakum.

Roscoe Conkling was perhaps the best known lawyer in the United States. He was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1829, and before attaining his majority was admitted to the bar. He was four times elected to Congress, and was elected United States Senator in 1867, 1873 and 1879. In 1881 he resigned from the Senate owing to difficulties with President Garfield, and though he expected to be triumphantly re-elected, his resignation terminated his political career.

OUR NEGLECTED DEAD.

Something Ought to be Done to Keep Their Graves Green.

Something ought to be done to perpetuate the names of the Confederate soldiers who fell fighting for their country and who now lie buried in far-away graves. A correspondent of the News and Courier says:

"The Stonewall Cemetery, at Winchester, Va., contains the remains of 800 unnamed dead, commemorated by the beautiful central monument.

"Each State of the Southern Confederacy has appropriated its own special ground. In that of South Carolina lie at least 200 Carolina dead whose names are marked upon simple wooden headboards. These boards, I am directly informed, are fast decaying, many have fallen, and a few more months of wind and rain will obliterate them entirely. South Carolina is the only State, I learn, which has bestowed no care whatever on this sacred spot. Georgia has put a monument, and all her graves are marked with simple stones. Maryland and other States have cared for theirs, and we alone neglect ours.

"It seemed to me last night that I could hear the wail of our unremembered dead. It should not be so. I know that it is a matter of surprise to the warm-hearted Winchester people, men and women, and I know that they will do all in their power to aid us in any effort we may make to redeem our lost reputation for love and memory for and of our heroes.

"Now, I think we should take some action. Send some one on to see what should be and can be done, and use all the influence of your great journal and your own eloquent pen, guided by your own noble, generous heart, and our disgrace will soon be blotted out."

A Useful St. Bernard Dog.

Mrs. B N. Edwards, of Clarke county, Ga., has a St Bernard dog that is a jewel in his way. He is sent out to the pasture every morning with the cattle, and returns with them safely every afternoon. In milking he keeps the calf off, and when it is through carries the pail to the house. He works the treadmill by which the butter is churned, and is useful in domestic arrangements of the household in many ways. But the faithful fellow is put to a more remarkable use than this. Every summer he is sheared, and his silken wool spun into yarn. Mrs. Edwards exhibits a table cover four feet square that was made entirely from the hair of this dog. Six pounds of wool were obtained in this manner last year, and the shearing time is nearly here again. Strange to say, the dog seems to like the like the loss of his wool, and sports and gambols like a six months' pup when the hair is shorn.

Followed by Jack Rabbits.

An old hermit of Mound Valley, Nev., has been adopted by a lot of jack rabits. The man lives alone in a ranch and devotes himself to stock raising. As he doesn't try to raise vegetables the rabbits could do him no harm, and so he has never tried to drive them away. They soon became very tame, and, as the jack rabbit is rather an affectionate animal anyway, they kept making more advances and trials of friendship, until they and the old man have become quite sociable. When he goes out after his cows two or three dozen rabbits will come trooping along after him, leaping around him, running between his legs and nibbling his fingers. They often invade his cabin, leap on his bed and skirmish around after something to eat. He has taught some of the more intelligent rabbits a number of tricks, such as jumping over a bar or through a ring, walking on their hind legs and jumping over one another as in leapfrog.

Venezuela Will Fight if Necessary.

CHICAGO, April 16.—Col. David W. Whiting, Consul for Venezuela at Chicago, has received from Diego B. Urbanejo, Minister of Foreign Affairs of that republic, an official circular addressed to consuls in regard to English aggressions on Venezuelan territory. The circular says: "There are no weak people for the defense, and all can endure the difficulty of defending with arms the unjust pretentions of a nation which has no shame in treating a weaker power disgracefully, instead of with equity and justice. The conduct of this government will be guided by the principles of moderation and prudence, as far as is justifiable in all cases, and beyond this, with the aid of public opinion, it will defend its rights and territory with all the resources of the nation. The consuls are instructed to make known these sentiments, and to give them the greatest publicity within their jurisdiction; and also to render an account of their action herein."

A Well of Boiling Water.

Liberty Hill, Ga., a small station on the Northeast Railway, is the scene of a peculiar phenomenon. A well on the premises of Hiram Lee went dry just after the earthquake of 1886 and had to be sunk eight feet deeper before the flow of water was resumed. A few days ago the family of Lee was much alarmed by loud reports from the well, sounding like powder blasts or the firing of cannon. On Saturday night another detonation was heard, and the water suddenly shot like a geyser nearly to the top of the well, with a rise and fall like the drawing in and expelling of the breath in human respiration. The water thus expelled is boiling hot. People for miles around are flocking to the scene, and the scientists are much excited over it.

A Thieving White Rat.

The occupants of three houses on Cottage street, Boston, having been annoyed by the mysterious disappearance of small articles and the smashing of windows, upsetting of crockery, etc., finally discovered that the offender was a large pinkish-white rat. Subsequently the captive was identified as the famous Charlestown Penitentiary rat. Some years ago Harry Jennings, one of the inmates, captured a young white rat in his cell and made a pet of it. He taught it to go and come at his command, to carry messages, and finally to steal cigars, tobacco, etc., which it faithfully brought back to his master. It finally grew such a nuisance that the warden ordered it killed, but Jennings pleaded so hard that its life was spared, but it was put out of the building, and then evidently went to stealing for a living.

The residence of D. A. Hoffman, a farmer near Oak Ridge, Cape Girardeau County, Mo., was burned on Sunday morning and three of his children consumed. Three other children were so badly burned that it is expected they will die, and Hoffman was so seriously injured that he died yesterday. It is thought that Hoffman became suddenly insane and fired the house himself. He had eleven motherless children, and had been very gloomy and despondent for some time.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Items of Interest Gathered from Various Quarters.

Nicholls's majority in Louisiana is estimated at over 50,000.

Dr. Cornelius R. Agnew died in New York city yesterday afternoon.

Dr. Agnew, of New York, is now believed to be in a hopeless condition.

The Chicago brewers' strike is over and all the breweries have resumed work.

The New York Assembly has passed by a vote of 86 to 8, the bill which substitutes electricity for hanging.

The chief clerk of the Greek treasury has been arrested for embezzling 5,000,000 francs of the public funds.

A block of buildings was burned in Branchville yesterday. Loss about $9,500. Origin of fire not known.

A bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister was passed by the English House of Commons yesterday.

The Bundesrath yesterday voted to expel from Germany the three editors and the publisher of the Social Democrat.

The Grand Lodge of the Knights of Honor of this State held their eleventh annual session in Beaufort yesterday.

At Brandon, Miss., yesterday, the jury in the case of Hamilton, for the murder of Gambrell, returned a verdict of not guilty.

An avalanche has destroyed fifty metres of railway between Gossensass and Schellenberg on the Queen's route to Berlin.

The Ohio Republican State Convention has adjourned after nominating a State ticket and declaring its preference for John Sherman for President.

Mr. Arknah S. Abell, founder of the Baltimore Sun, died shortly after 3 o'clock yesterday morning, in the 82d year of his age.

Ellis Anerum, colored, was shot twice yesterday afternoon in Aiken by another colored man named Jake Kelly. Anerum's wounds are serious.

A Berlin dispatch, dated 1 o'clock this morning, says the condition of Emperor Frederick has changed much for the worse. His life is considered in danger.

Part of Senator Stanford's stables at San Francisco were burned Tuesday night and some of his best horses roasted. The loss is about $100,000.

Secretary Suffert, of the New York Brewers' Association, says that the brewers are getting all the men they wanted, and that the strike will be a short one.

The Washington Territory Democratic Convention yesterday chose delegates to the National Convention and endorsed President Cleveland's tariff message.

The London Chronicle's correspondent at Rome says that the Pope has instructed Archbishop Walsh to compile a report on the National League for comparison with Mgre. Persico's report.

The body of Mr. Gillette, who was buried in Augusta, Ga., four years ago, was exhumed yesterday and found to be petrified. It required the united efforts of eight men to lift it.

The village of Fremont, Wis., is entirely under water. The stores are closed, the goods having been removed to places of safety. Many families are residing in the upper stories of their dwellings.

The Republican State Convention of Georgia organized yesterday and elected delegates to the Chicago Convention. The delegation is regarded as for Sherman.

The Indiana White Caps whipped two men and a woman in Crawford county on Tuesday night. The men received 125 lashes each and the woman 25. All three fainted dead away.

The jury in the suit of David S. Fotherfingham of St. Louis against the Adams Express Company for damages for false imprisonment after being out three hours and a half agreed upon a verdict of $20,000 for plaintiff.

The Secretary of the Treasury has approved the selection of North Chandeleur as a quarantine station instead of Ship Island, and the necessary authority for its use has been obtained from the Secretary of the Interior.

At Dublin yesterday the sentence of the Rev. Father McFadden, who was condemned to three months' imprisonment for holding an anti-landlord and anti-police meeting, on his appeal was increased to six months.

Republicans have renominated William McKinley, Jr., to Congress from the 18th Ohio District, and Charles H. Grosvenor from the 15th District. Resolutions endorsing Sherman were adopted by the conventions in both the above districts and also in the 1st and 2d Districts.

The Governor General of Cuba has declared the provinces of Havana, Pinar Del Rio, Mantanzas and Santa Clara under martial law. This measure has been taken owing to the increase of brigandage in those sections.

Partial returns from the Louisiana election indicate that the entire Democratic ticket will have not less than 40,000 majority, and that the Legislature will be overwhelmingly Democratic. The Republican ticket was not voted in many parishes, and in others it was badly cut.

It was midnight, and an impassioned lover in an up town drawing-room kneeled at the feet of his heart's choice and exclaimed, "Gertie, I will do anything in this world to make you happy." "Do you mean it, George?" "I do, I do, darling." "Then for Heaven's sake go home and let me go to bed."

The marines and blue jackets participated in a sham battle at Pensacola, Fla., yesterday, and two blue jackets and a marine were wounded. It is supposed that the material in the cone of a shell had hardened and tore off the metal cone, wounding the men.

The Republican committee of Harrisburg, Pa., has unanimously and with great enthusiasm passed resolutions in favor of the nomination of Senator J. Don Cameron for President. Harrisburg is the home of Senator Cameron.

Edward Cassar, a colored man of considerable wealth, returned to his home near Sardis, Miss., unexpectedly Wednesday night and found the Rev. Sidney Hibbler, pastor the Methodist Church and principal of the school, at his home. Not being satisfied with the minister's explanation, he shot him in the head, killing him instantly.

Hon. Wm. H. Travers, of Charlestown, is favorably mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination for Governor of West Virginia. Mr. Travers was at one time a prominent member of the Baltimore bar, and was Speaker of the Maryland House of Delegates for one session before the war. He is a fluent and eloquent speaker, and a gentleman of great personal popularity.

Charles F. Case has been appointed temporary receiver of the effects of the New York and Charleston Company by Judge Van Brunt of the Supreme Court. He was required to furnish a $1,000 bond. The receiver was appointed at the instance of the New York Floating Dry Dock Company, which has an unsatisfied judgment to the amount of $760 against the steamship company.

Anderson has had three fires in quick succession. On Monday night Mr. Chapman's stable was burned; on Tuesday night Mr. Bohannon's stable, and on Wednesday night a dwelling house on Main street, belonging to Frank Wilhite, was consumed. It is all the work of an incendiary. The man who struck the match Wednesday night was seen by a sick lady, but before her husband could get to the fire it had gone too far to be extinguished.

A PHANTOM TRAIN.

Strange Spectacle Seen in the Rarefied Air of the Black Hills.

My companion then spoke concerning our mission to this bleak and barren spot, says a writer in the Leadville (Col.) *Herald* in course of a description of the lonely landscape of the Centennial State. "About twelve years ago," he said, "an old man by the name of Cearnals was the proprietor of a jack train with which he used to bring provisions and other commodities into that mining camp you see beneath you there. This was before the railroads entered the fastnesses of these mountains, and every thing was brought by mule teams or by these jack trains into the camp. The treasures which were found in the hills were carried out the same way.

"One time the old man Cearnals did not arrive in the camp on time. 'Twas in the winter—and the coldest one, too, ever experienced in these hills. A searching party was sent out to find him and his train, as the people who had goods consigned to him feared that some accident had befallen him. Near where we are now is where he and his train were found frozen to death. And now each night may be seen the jack train just as they were, but in the form of specters, filing along the way to the camp. Get out and we will go down the trail a piece and see them." We got out of the buggy, and fastening the horse to a stunted pine, we descended the other side of the range on the road to Alma. After a most perilous and tortuous walk of half an hour, on account of the slippery condition of the ground, which was covered with snow, my companion led me to a point near the old Leadville trail, which could be distinctly seen above us against the side of the mountain. Looking at his watch, he remarked that it was almost time for 'them' to appear. After kicking the snow from a couple of bowlders we sat down and in silence awaited developments. My companion would not say a word, but simply puffed away at a cigar, his looks being cast in the direction of the trail. We waited half an hour, but it seemed a week to me, a cold wind having arisen, and I was almost frozen and was wishing myself at home.

"Suddenly my companion clutched me nervously by the arm and pointed to the trail. The sight that I saw made each individual hair on my head stand on end, for there on the trail, coming around a shady angle caused by a bowlder, was a jack train of twenty-three animals. They all emitted a faint phosphorescent glow, which made them appear all the more vivid against the side of the hill. They were loaded with different articles of merchandise, and the last one which the spectral driver was urging on with his short goad seemed to be loaded with flour. Every once in a while as the train slowly filed along, this last jack would lean his load against a projecting rock, as if resting himself. This would cause the driver to punch it with his short stick. The weird specters slowly passed from view around the hill, and, more dead than alive from fright, we made our way to where we had left the horse and buggy. My companion informed me, while on our way back to the city, that this strange sight could be seen any dark night."

SAVED BY A BLUFF.

A Few Barrels of Gold Rolled In in Sight of Depositors Stops a Run.

General Mike Ryan, in talking of the Metropolitan Bank failure, recently told a Cincinnati *Telegram* reporter a good story illustrating the power of bluff. It was in connection with his assertion that with little further aid from the other banks in the city the Metropolitan might have been saved. He said:

"I have a brother connected with a bank in Leavenworth, Kan. There are two banks there, and the rival to that of my brother was in a shaky condition. The president came to Matt and told him the circumstances, and that if there was a run the bank would be unable to stand it. Matt told him to keep a stiff upper lip, for he knew that the failure of the other bank meant the failure of his own. He jumped on the train, went to Kansas City, got $40,000 in coin—gold and silver—in barrels, ran back to Leavenworth with the specie, and got half a dozen drays to the depot to take the barrels to the bank. Meantime the crowd of depositors had begun to gather at the bank, demanding their money, and the old man was talking to them to gain time. All at once they saw the drays coming up, loaded down with these barrels. Matt was with the treasure, and shouted to the crowd to wait about five minutes and they'd get their money, as it was there in the barrels.

"In unloading the barrels, one of them dropped and broke, so that, through a crack, the anxious depositors could see the shining gold, and, as it rolled up the steps of the bank, $5 gold pieces kept dropping out, and were picked up by the janitor. When the coin was all rolled in, Matt came out again and told all who had money there to go in and get it, as the bank proposed to pay them all off and start fresh, and didn't want such a cowardly lot of depositors any way. All the time he was piling on the indignation he didn't want to be taken at his word, as the bank had only $10,000 cash on hand, against $90,000 of deposits made. He had brought $40,000, but there was still a shortage of $40,000. However, the game worked. The people were reassured by the sight of the barrels of coin and went away satisfied. The run was averted and the bank pulled through all right."

DARING EXPLOIT.

A Texas Cowboy Rides a Furious Bull in a Mexican Bull-Ring.

The bull-fighters at Paso del Norte were recently enlivened during the proceedings by the daring exploit of a Texas cowboy, says the Seymour (Tex.) *Crescent*, who was cheered to the echo by the densely-packed audience who filled every accessible nook in the vast amphitheater. The performance lagged a little, and the bulls would not fight in spite of all the picadores might do.

One or two of the bulls, after having been successfully goaded and worried without working them up to the proper fighting point, had been ignominiously driven out of the arena, and a new one, full of fight and fairly bellowing with rage, had just been turned into the amphitheater, when a Texas cowboy who was present announced, for the honor and glory of Texas, that he would ride the bull, his legs tied around the animal's neck, his face to the tail, if they would first throw the bull so that he could get his legs properly around and underneath the beast's neck.

He was at once taken at his word, and the mounted Mexican bull-fighters soon had the animal lassoed and thrown. The cowboy then had himself fixed in the proper position, and now the furious bull was turned loose. To the wonder and astonishment and intense delight of the audience, the animal was unable to shake the daring cowboy off, who not only kept his perilous seat, but, after some wild plunges, succeeded by some means in so manipulating the beast's horns that he was thrown. The Mexican performers rushed at once to the struggling mass and in a twinkle had the Texan untied and released. It was a wonderful piece of daring and dare-devilry, and exceeded any thing done by the Mexicans.

Texans Want to See the President.

AUSTIN, Tex., April 16.—The manager ment of the International and Interstate Drill and Encampment to be held here from May 14 to May 19, on the occasion of the dedication of the new capitol building, expect to have President Cleveland and his wife as their principal guests. The entire Texas Congressional delegation, headed by Senator Coke, will bear the invitation to the White House, and, if accepted, they will be the escort to Texas. The President's invitation is a beautifully bound volume, with leaves of satin and hand-painted. It will be forwarded in a few days. A similar invitation will be sent to President Diaz and wife through Minister Romero.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE PLAYER.

She played the harp and mandolin,
With most entrancing grace;
An inspiration seized her soul,
And glowed from her sweet face.

She played upon the soft guitar;
He heard it, and declared
That to the player of the tune
Naught else could be compared.

He felt her further power, for when
With these she'd gotten through,
She turned, and with exquisite skill
The fair one played him, too.

A good deal is said of the power of love, but it is not nearly so potent in the affairs of men and women as the love of power.

It has been discovered that to enable one to penetrate thick, smoky places the mouth and lips should be covered with cotton wool.

Royalty always keeps mourning costumes in stock, even for all the servants, so that any and all kinds of grief or sorrow can be manifested to order, or, as it were, while you wait.

Many a man goes down under the arrows and slings of an outrageous fortune, because if hit by one of the arrows he fills up with the slings.

The hen, fool though she is considered, possesses in a marked degree the faculty of making much out of little. Feed her corn by the pint and she eats it by the peck.

A cynic says: "If the ancients believed the earth was square they never could have got the idea from the dealings of its inhabitants with each other."

A Mr. Smart was recently prosecuted by a young lady for breach of promise. He settled the difficulty by marrying her. He made her Smart, lest she should make him smart.

It was Polonius who said: "Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry." Many leaders are of the opinion that it also dulls the edge of memory.

Four men were fishing on a recent Sunday, when lightning struck in their midst and killed a yellow dog. Moral—Yellow dogs should not accompany fishermen on Sunday.

Some genius with a fancy for handling babies has figured out that a piece of wood the size of a mustache will be worn down one-half in six months, if handled as much as the average baby is.

The young woman whose leap year proposal is rejected may, according to tradition, claim a new silk dress from the object of her affections. This is why the tailor-made girl echoes perceptibly when you scan her new gown.

"Will you love me when I'm old?" sang the ancient soubrette. "How old?" came in a shrill voice from the gallery. The singer did not reply, but the audience smiled when the curtain dropped showing a century plant in full bloom.

UNDYING.

I never clasp a friendly hand,
In greeting, or farewell,
But thoughts of an eternal home
Within my bosom swell:

A prayer to meet in heaven at last,
Where all the ransomed come,
And where eternal ages still
Shall find us all at home.

A Strange Upheaval.

A strange upheaval occurred on the farm of Mr. Eoff, on Duck River, Coffee county, Tenn., a few days ago. A strange rumbling noise was heard by the residents of Mr. Eoff's household. There were thoughts of an earthquake, and many were badly scared. After the noise subsided Mr. Eoff found, a few hundred feet from the house, a strange cause for the unusual disturbance and noise. As found for a measured distance of forty-eight feet that huge chunks of rocks, weighing ten tons, had been shattered in many instances, and in others split in twain. The work was done by no human hands, and there was nothing to indicate that it was other than an upheaval and explosion of unknown elements under ground.

Haunted by a Jilted Lover's Ghost.

A man named John Beal committed suicide at Wankon, Ia., last week because a widow in that town refused to marry him. Before doing so he said he would return to earth and haunt the object of his affections. Since his death the residence of the obdurate lady has been subjected to nightly visitations of a strange character. Unnatural lights are seen and weird sounds heard in the mansion, and it is the general belief that the ghost of the unhappy suicide is fulfilling its ante-mortem threat. The town is greatly excited over the matter.

Nearly Perpetual Night in Alaska.

"I have just got down from Sitka, Alaska, to-day," said John Williamson at the American Exchange yesterday. "It is a weird, wild place up there. It is not so awfully cold, but it is pretty nearly all the time night there. You can't see the sun till 11 o'clock in the day, and and it goes down again behind the mountains almost immediatly. There is just a narrow strip of day in a great big ocean of night. Lamps have to be kept burning most all the time, and men can't accomplish anything much trying to work. It is rather worse seventy-five miles farther north, at Killanoo, where I was for a little while. Snow was about eight inches deep, and the lowest I saw the thermometer was 5 degrees below zero.

"There are only about 300 people now at Sitka, and not over 600 or 700 at Juneau. It is the same way at Fort wrangle. The population has shriveled a great deal. Many people have come away. They hate to spend the winter there, it is so fearfully long and dark. A lot more people would like to get away, but they have not got the money to come on."—San Francisco Exminer.

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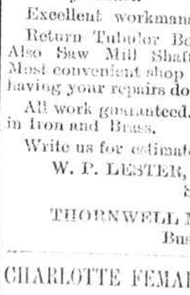

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