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SOME PLAIN TALK.

UNCLE GEORGE TILLMAN TEARS UP THE SUB-TREASURY.

His Speech Accepting the Nomination for Congress—A Trap for Southern Farmers --About "Our Brethren of the West--Handling Macune Without Gloves.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Sept 25.--The following is George D. Tillman's speech before the nominating convention at Aiken Friday as reported in the Augusta Chronicle:

Mr. Chairman, gentlemen of the Convention and Fellow-Citizens:--For the eighth time in succession have I had the proud gratification to receive the nomination of the people of this district for Congress. To say that I am grateful and proud of it would be to tell the simple truth. To be chosen so often as representative from this historical county, to serve longer than any other congressman in this State, a district once represented by Calhoun and his distinguished successors, says a great deal either for me or for the people of this district, or for both. I am not vain enough to take this display of regard as evidence of any ability in me, but because you have faith in me. You know that I will serve you to the best of my ability, and under no circumstances betray your trust.

What adds to this gratification is that I have been chosen during most trying times. We have just come out of a war. We have been plundered ever since we were conquered, but all conquered people must suffer. Unfortunately we have an unfortunate race in our midst, whom our enemies have sought to raise to our standard, or rather level us to theirs. I am sorry to say you are a conquered people, and your enemies are trying to see how far negroes can be made into whiter men, how far a people can be taxed and pay tribute to the conquerer and survive. The harder the agricultural class works, the more self denial they practice, the poorer they get. The reason of it is the higher taxes you must pay to go out in pensions. High taxes don't impoverish a people provided they are spent among the people who pay them, but when they are paid out to another people the one who receives grows richer. So as Ireland is impoverished to enrich England you are being improverished to enrich the North, but the taxes they pay they get back in appropriations and pensions. You pay between forty and fifty millions a year taxes simply because you were on the wrong side. Your children must continue to pay these taxes and your grand children. Neither the sub-treasury nor any other device can stop it. There is too much taxation and too little money in circulation to meet the taxes. You ought to do all you can to have an income tax to the rich men of the North. The East owns the West and South. They own all the rail roads. There are 34 chartered roads in South Carolina and the citizens of the State do not own a majority of the stock in any and the tracks all go one way.

By the time you meet the interest on your debts and pay your taxes and fixed charges there is not enough money left to bring fair prices on your products. You want an income tax, and you want to abolish the tax on whiskey and tobacco. I do not mean to have free whiskey and tobacco, (I see one friend shake his head over there) but to get rid of the horde of official vermin who go around and smell your bottles and nose around your tobacco and who as much as say, help yourself, it you dare. Let the State and the counties and cities get the benefit of the whiskey and tobacco tax.

I am sorry I can not go into a long speech on the sub-treasury and give you something better than that bill. You ought to issue more money. If you do not the North will own you body and soul. They own the West too, but the West is more bitter against the South than the North is. They put a tax on Southern cotton seed oil so that it will be fit for nothing but manure. Where were your Western sub-treasury friends when Congress taxed your cotton seed oil; when it added 300 per cent. on your cotton ties; when that infamous force bill was passed, and when the West refused to vote for free silver.

It is sickening to see the South talk about forming a political alliance with the West. It is not worth while to go into details about the sub-treasury. (Cries of go on; tell us all about it.)

Well, I will tell you about it.

Mr. Tillman then recited the provisions of the bill. Continuing he said:

It is paternalism and protection run mad. It is a proposition to let the government take care of your crop and after a while tell you how to run it. Hampton and Colleton would not get a ware house.

A Voice—But does not the bill provide that two or three counties may combine and get a ware house?

Mr. Tillman--Yes, but it stipulates that you must carry your produce to the nearest ware house.

McCune is the originator of that bill. He is a reformed Republican, who failed at dentistry in Indiana, floated about California for a while, and finally went down to Texas, where he manipulated Alliance money.

Is there any justice in taxing other industries to build warehouse for the products of the farmers. The Alliance professes equal justice to all and special favors to none. If that aint special favor what is it?

Two Republicans framed that bill. There is no Democracy in it. It is a bridge to carry the Democratic party over, horse, foot and dragoon, to the Republican party. It provides for the election of warehouse managers, but the constitution says federal officers must be appointed and not elected, and you know whom the Republicans will appoint. It says there shall be an election to decide where the warehouses shall be built. It will be a federal election, not a State election. The negroes would vote, and whites would divide. Would not that be a nice state of affairs? Then there would be lots of stealing and embezzling; cotton would disappear, and there would be litigation. Some of you might take a little too much whiskey and get into fights; you would be on Federal ground. All would have to be tried in the United States court. You could not bring them into your own courts. There is no more chance for that bill to pass than there is to pass a bill to build a tower to the moon.

There were only two congressmen who were avowed supporters of the sub-treasury bill. They had their papers as lawyers annulled, but the Alliance thought they were too enthusiastic, and did not nominate them for another term.

The most stupid thing to me in the whole bill is that 80 per cent. advanced on products in the early part of the year and at the latter end of the year the money is burned. What you need is more money, all the time to keep prices up and keep them steady.

The bill was gotten up by a committee of three—a dreamer, a speculator and a scurvy politician—who wanted to provide a popular scheme for broken down politicians. Senator Vance introduced it into the Senate by request. He was silent about it for four months, and at the end of which time he denounced it. In the meantime though the Alliance papers and tramp orators cried it aloud that Senator Vance endorsed it, and what Senator Vance endorses is right. Mr. Hemphill has whipped it out in his district. In Georgia all the strong politicians went back in spite of it. Two of them did not seek another term. Major Barnes was not defeated on account of it, but on account of the prejudice of country against the city. I seek to protect the Alliance, to keep politicians from prostituting it. Stand by the Alliance and vote for Alliancemen and measures, but not as a secret body.

It is time I should close, though I have not said one-tenth part that could be said against this preposterous humbug.

If the West is being robbed by the East they will come to us. At the November elections we will see whether the West is inclined to unite with us. Don't be in too great a hurry. We were in a hurry in '60, but we have been repenting it ever since. Wait and see if the West will come to us.

Put an income tax on the wealth of the East. There are four reasons why I have no use for the sub-treasury bill—it is a crude, impracticable, Republican, unconstitutional measure.

Livingstone, Polk, McCune and two or three others were put upon the legislative committee at the St. Louis meeting to suggest the outline of the measure, but McCune and Waddill drafted it. The five cents you send up there will go. They must pretend to be doing something to earn those big salaries they are getting.

Mr. Thomas Whittle, in the audience, objected to Mr. Tillman's attacks on McCune et al. He said he was going to vote for him, but he did not think it fair to run those men down.

Mr. Tillman—I admire your pluck.

Mr. Whittle—I admire yours.

Mr. Tillman—Then it is mutual admiration.

Mr. Tillman continued his discussion of the sub-treasury. Distillers he said furnished their own warehouses, the government furnished the watchmen and the guagers only.

Mr. Whittle thought the farmers should have the same advantages.

Mr. Tillman--Can two wrongs make a right?

Mr. Whittle—Then remedy that.

Mr. Tillman—That's what I've been trying to do.

A LITTLE EXCITEMENT.

At this juncture there was a little excitement created. Captain Markert arose to ask Mr. Tillman to explain how the Federal officers would handle the farmers' cotton and jokingly remarked about Mr. Whittle's interruptions.

Mr. Whittle took offence and said that he was a native born South Carolinian and Captain Markert was not. Mr. Alex White, who knew Captain Markert's war record to be as good as that of any native born South Carolinian and better than even some of the State's own sons retorted that Captain Markert had heard the whistle of more bullets around him than did Mr. Whittle. The latter resented the remark and there was considerable confusion for a few minutes, but quiet soon was restored and Mr. Tillman concluded his speech.

The great, just Good, he said, is tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. The production of cotton is not keeping pace with its manufacture. The South raised fine provision crop last year and a few more will bring the West to its knees. It will have to burn corn for fuel again and it will be a drug on the market, bringing no price. Then the West will come to the South and seek an alliance to raise the moneyed oppression of the East.

Mr. Tillman closed with a strong appeal never to submit to negro domination.

Romance of a Curl.

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—About thirty years ago Captain James H. Miller, of the United States Volunteers, sat behind Jennie James, a pretty miss of eighteen, at a camp meeting. Jennie had bewitchingly long curls which the Captain could not refrain from pulling. From the shock of that pull his feelings never recovered. The two became intimately acquainted, and when the Captain was ordered to Virginia with his regiment he took away the heart and a ring of Jennie's. Since then Jennie, tired of waiting, has married three times. The Captain has also married, but the infatuation of the curls always remained with him, and the other day, when he died, he left Jennie $63,000. Jennie was found to-day in squalid rooms with a squalling baby. She was overjoyed when the news was broken to her.

Remarkable Mind Reading.

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—Paul Alexander Johnston, the mind reader, opened a difficult combination safe in the presence of many well-known people at a hotel here recently under remarkable circumstances. He was blindfolded, his ears and nostrils were packed with cotton, his hands covered with thick kid gloves, and in his mouth he held a cigar, so even the sense of taste was temporarily destroyed. The proprietors and book-keeper of the hotel stood behind him and thought of the combination. With out touching either of them Johnston turned correctly to the numbers and swung the door open. Johnston says this proves that man has more than five senses.

What Bug Juice Will Do.

MACON, Ga., Sept. 24.—While Officer Ellison was on his beat, at about 2 o'clock in the morning, near the Brown house, he was approached by negroes, who told him that a white man was lying across the railroad track, near the old Rock mill. The policeman went to the scene, and found the fellow's head resting on one rail and his legs acros the other. He was dead drunk. A whisky bottle was near by. He removed the man from the track and carried him to the city barracks. In fiteen minutes more he would have been ground to death, as a train ame thundering along in that time.

The Work of Robbers.

NASHVILLE, Sept. 24.—Saturday just at dusk as Wm. Caruthers, a wealthy farmer, was driving to his home at Nolensville, a suburb of Nashville, accompanied by a young colored boy, they were attacked and terribly beaten and Caruthers was robbed by four unknown men. Caruthers died to-day of his injuries. The boy is still alive, but is in a precarious condition. None of the robbers have been seen since the attack, although they were noticed by several parties loitering about the locality in shady corners. The neighbors are aroused, and with detectives and police are scouring the country for the fugitives.

RIDING DOWN THE RIGHT.

VENABLE AND ELLIOTT UNSEATED WITHOUT RHYME OR REASON.

The Republicans Secure a Quorum, and, without More Ado, Seat the Negro Contestants from Virginia and South Carolina.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—Six minutes after the Republicans in the House voted to seat Langston they turned out Col. Wm. Elliott and gave his place to Tom Miller. The haste in disposing of the South Carolina contest was as brutal as it was unprecedented. It was after 1 o'clock to-day before enough Republicans put in an appearance to make up a quorum.

The Democrats remained out of the hall and consequently there was no one to demand a roll-call but Mr. O'Ferrall, and his request had no avail with 166 hot-headed partisans. As soon as the presence of a quorum was announced Langston was voted in by a viva voce vote. The greatest confusion prevailed in the meantime, as the galleries were crowded with negroes enthusiastic for Langston. The Republican members were equally wild and uncontrollable, and the yelling and stamping of feet was terrific when Speaker Reed declared Langston entitled to a seat as Representative from the 4th Virginia district.

Amid shouts and applause Langston was sworn in. The Republicans then shouted wildly to the committee on elections to call up the next case, which was the Miller-Elliott contest. There was no debate and the reading omitted committee resolutions was even omitted, so desperate was the majority and so eager were they for Democratic scalps.

Mr. O'Ferrall and several Repu cans protested against such summary proceedings, but Speaker Reed heeded them not, and without permitting a division declared Tom Miller a Representative of the 7th Congressional district of South Carolina, vice Elliott.

The following is the details of the proceeding by which Congressmen Venable and Elliott were robbed of their seats:

Mr. O'Ferrall was the only Democrat in the chamber this morning during the delivery of the prayer. The clerk immediately began the call of the roll on the approval of Friday's Journal. The clerk having called the roll, announced the pairs and recapitulated the list of those voting.

The Speaker hesitated before he announced the result, there being but two lacking of a quorum.

Mr. O'Ferrall demanded that the result be announced.

In order to delay the announcement, Republican after Republican rose and requested to know how he was recorded.

Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, inquired how the gentleman from Virginia (O'Ferrall) had voted.

Mr. O'Ferrall replied that he had never voted to perpetrate larceny, and he did not propose to do so in this case.

Mr. Allen, of Michigan: "The gentlemen doth protest too much. The gentlemen has evidently stolen the whole of the other side."

J. D. Taylor: "May I ask the gentleman a question?"

Mr. O'Ferrall: "That is a dilatory question." [Laughter.]

Mr. Taylor inquired whether the gentleman from Virginia (O'Ferrall) when he was seated by the Democratic House, considered it larceny.

Mr. O'Ferrall retorted that keeping him out of his seat had been larceny, and that the Democratic Congress had vindicated him.

Mr. Taylor: "The only evidence that you had the right to the seat was that you were seated by a majority vote."

Mr. O'Ferrall: "It would be well to remember the course of the Representatives of the last Congress when for days and weeks they refrained from voting in the contested case of Sullivan vs. Felton."

Mr. Allen, of Michigan: "Why did you not count us?"

The vote was then announced to be—yeas 155, nays 1—no quorum, and a call of the House was ordered.

Just as the clerk began to call the roll, Mr. Sweeny, of Iowa, one of the absentees, entered and was received by his colleagues with applause. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Mudd, of Maryland, made his appearance and received a reception of mingled applause and hisses.

During the roll-call the camera was again brought into requisition and photographers again reproduced the array of empty Democratic seats.

One hundred and sixty-four members responded to the call and without any announcement of the result, further proceedings were dispensed with, and the vote again recurred on approving Friday's Journal.

While this roll-call was in progress applause and hisses were given when Mr. Milliken entered the hall. For a time Mr. Cheadle, of Indiana, who is opposed to Langston's claims, joined the absentees. He located himself on a lounge in the lobby, declining to enter the chamber. But the requests and supplications of his party associates proved too strong, and upon this vote he recorded his name in the affirmative. The vote resulted—yeas 160, nays nothing—the clerk noting a quorum.

Notwithstanding the protests of Mr. O'Ferrall, the Speaker directed the reading of Saturday's Journal.

Mr. O'Ferrall demanded a division on its approval, and while the Republicans were being counted he retired to the cloak room amid victorious shouts from the Republicans and expressionse of regret at his desertion.

As soon as Mr. O'Ferrall was out of the hall, Mr. Haugen asked unanimous consent to dispense with a division, and there being no Democrat present to object, it was so ordered, amid laughter and applause. Then Mr. O'Ferrall returned, but the Journal had been approved.

Monday's Journal was approved without objection.

The question then recurred on the first of the majority resolutions to unseat Mr. Venable. It was agreed to—yeas 151, nays 1, (Cheadle,) the clerk noting a quorum.

The Republican absentees were: Messrs. T. M. Browne, of Indiana, Butterworth, Connell, Ewart, Finley, Hansbrough, Peters, and Wilson, of Kentucky. Those Republicans present and not voting were: Messrs. Bliss, Browne, of Virginia, Cooper, of Ohio, Dehaven, Frank, McBord, McKenna, Stockbridge, Waddell, Wade, Wright, Yardley and the Speaker.

Then came the question on the seating of Langston, and it was carried on division, O'Ferrall and Cheadle alone voting in the negative.

Mr. Haugen then escorted Langston to the bar of the House, while the Republican side and the galleries broke out into loud applause and cheers, which were redoubled as the Speaker administered the oath.

Then came a chorus from the Republican side: "Call up another case." And in response to the chorus Mr. Rowell, of Illinois, called up the South Carolina case of Miller against Elliott.

Mr. O'Ferrall raised a question of consideration, and on a viva voce vote the Speaker stated that the House had determined to consider the election case.

Mr. O'Ferrall made a point that there was no quorum present.

The Speaker declined to entertain the point, stating that the last vote had shown a quorum, and that since then several Democrats had entered the hall.

The previous question was ordered, and despite the protest from Mr. Kerr, of Iowa, that some reason for its adoption should be given, the resolutions unseating Elliott and seating Miller were agreed to without division.

COTTON MERCHANTS EXCITED.

A Movement which Threatens Serious Consequences.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.--The Commercial Bulletin of this city says advices from Birmingham, Ala., state that the Farmers' Alliance in Alabama are holding meetings and binding members, by resolutions and written agreements, not to sel their cotton crop until the price has been forced up to a price satisfactory to the Alliance. The members readily enter into these agreements, believing they can hold the bulk of the cotton crop until the price can be forced up to 12 cents or higher.

If this arrangement is carried out it means ruin to thousands of merchants and many bankers in the Shouth. Ninety per cent. of the cotton crop is sold when it is planted, and the crop is grown on credit. The farmer owes the merchant, the merchant owes the banker and banker in many cases owes his Eastern correspondent. The merchant's notes to the banker fall due from October 15 to November 1, and the banker's paper in New York is due a litle later. If the farmer does not sell his cotton he cannot pay his merchant and the latter cannot pay the banker.

It has just been announced, as coming from high Alliance authority, that ageints of the Order have made arrangements whith European capitalists to advance the farmers $32 per baie on all cotton stored in the ware house. This would enable the farmers to pay the bulk of the money he owes his mechant and prevent anything like a panic, but it is doubtful if any such arrangement has been made. But even if he fails to make an arrangement to borrow money on his ware house receipts, the farmers, at least the Alliance farmer, proposes to hold his cotton anyway and let the merchant and banker squirm. The farmer says that when he was the helpless worm the merchant and banker combined to crush him without mercy, and now he has the power he will not grieve over their sufferings.

Merchants and bankers in all the towns and cities of the cotton State frankly admit that the situation looks serious, but they still hope for the best. Where the merchant holds a mortgage on the crops he will attempt to force the delivery of the cotton at the time specefied in his mortgage, but the farmer has several cards in his sleeve he can play if necessary, and delay delivery several weeks. He can harvest his crop late, his gin may break down, or other accidents happen that will prevent his getting his cotton to market until late in November.

BLOODY CONFLICT WITH ITALIANS.

A Terrible Fight Between a Posse and Italian Laborers.

CATTLESBURG, Ky., Sept. 20.—Report comes from Louisa, Ky., that on Twelve Pole Creek, near Wayne Court House, Va., Friday, a terrible fight occurred between the Sheriff's posse and a gang of Italian railroad laborers, in which several Italians were killed and a number wounded.

Some weeks ago a contractor on the Norfolk and Western Railroad named Keogh went away leaving numerous creditors, among the number being a number of Italians. Several days ago a new contractor took possession of the abandoned works and put a number of laborers to work in a cut formerly worked by Italians. The Italians refused to allow any one to work until they had received their pay for work done under Keogh and proceeded to oust the new laborers.

Three times the new laborers were run out of the cut by Italians, who used stones, clubs, knives and pistols. The contractor then applied to the court for protection and was furnished a posse of about a dozen men headed by the Sheriff of Wayne Court House. On Friday the Sheriff made an attempt to arrest the Italians, who fiercely resisted, and a combat resulted with forty or more Italians on one side with stones, knives and revolvers, and the Sheriff's men on the other.

The Italians fought from behind trees, stones and whatever would shield a man's body. Firing became general and lasted some minutes. When the smoke of battle cleared away, several Italians were found in the last throes of death and several more were wounded. The sheriff's men escaped with a few severe bruises. About twenty Italians were arrested and taken to the jail at Wayne Court House. The remainder escaped in the woods. The scene of the fight is forty or fifty miles from here and remote from railroad and telegraph communication.

Died in His Pulpit.

ALBION, N. Y., Sept. 24.—The Rev. George F. Cain, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and one of the most popular preachers in this County, met death at a singular time Sunday morning. He appeared in his pulpit apparently enjoying his usual good health and went through the services preliminary to the sermon with accustomed fervor. He took as the subject for his morning's discourse the story of Naaman the Syrian, who was healed of leprosy by faith in the directions given him by Elisha to bathe in the waters of the Jordan. The minister elaborated on this story, appealing eloquently to his hearers to put all their faith in the Lord, and was discoursing on the power of the Almighty to save those who trusted Him, not only from the troubles of life but from all punishment after death, when he brought his uplifted hand suddenly down to his heart and without uttering a word fell on the platform and died before any of the congregation could reach him.

Changed His Mind.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 24.—A special from Bowling Green, Ky., says that President S. B. Orwn, of the Farmers' Alliance of Kentucky, and editor of the official organ, the Kentucky State Union, published there, has come out boldly against the sub-treasury scheme, and has created much comment by so doing. The Democratic Wheelers of that section are upholding him, and it has made him more popular than ever. He had previously been quoted as faveoring it.

A THRILLING STORY.

AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE IN THE WILDS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

An Indian Eaten Alive by an Army of Tarantulas—Thousands of the Wicked Reptiles, Some as Large as Turtles, Creep Out of the Grass.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26.—In a recent number of the Examiner of this city Dr. J. S. Davis, an extensive explorer, says he has just returned from an expedition into the interior of Yucatan and Compeache, during which he met with an awful and unusual adventure. The story in the Doctor's own words is as follows:

In the latter part of May last I went to Central America from San Francisco at the request of the Munich Society for Prehistorical Research, of which I am a member, to investigate the ancient ruins which cover that country, with a view of obtaining, if possible, some clue to the period to which they belong. I got the clue I sought for from some hieroglyphics among the Conqnestador ruins, which, according to my theory, are about 8,000 years old, but, of course, absolute proof is not available. I had as a guide a most intelligent half-breed, Manuel Besero, and he informed me that, according to the traditions of his Indian progenitors, there were some ruins of still greater antiquity 110 miles to the Northward, near the Rio Seca. Indeed, he said, that this dry basin was once the bed of a river that had been turned from its course by the inhabitants of these same ruins. Thinking that I might possibly find some corroboration for my theory among these earlier relics of the lost race, I started to find them, accompanied by my faithful guide. It was very hard traveling through the jungles and we made hardly fifteen miles a day. The difficulties were multipled by the enormous number of snakes and poisonous insects that infest this section. We lost one of our pack mules through a bite or a sting of some sort on the third day.

On the afternoon of the fourth day we camped in a little opening, clear except for grass. This was soon burned off.

We had just finished supper, and I was sitting at the base of a tree smoking my pipe when an enormous tarantula came out of the grass into the cleared circle. He was positively the largest specimen I had ever seen, and as the slanting rays of the sun caught him, I noticed a curious, dull, indefinite reddish line down his back. I regretted that I had not the means to preserve it, but Manuel settled my regrets by crushing it with a billet of wood. It had hardly ceased moving when another and equally large one appeared at the other end of the burned patch. I did not fear them much, as I wore heavy leather leggings, reaching to my hips.

"We have made a bad camp, Manuel." I said, "there seems to be many tarantulas."

"One place is about as another," he answered in Spanish. "They usually go by twos."

He appeared more troubled, however, than his careless answer seemed to indicate, and while I killed the second unwelcome visitor he began to poke around in the grass with a long branch. He uncovered more of the great spiders and killed them. When he turned around there were fully half a dozen of them in the cleared space. They fastened on the dead ones and seemed to suck their blood.

"We must get out of this," screamed the Indian.

At this moment our remaining mule began to struggle and kick. He soon broke his picket rope and disappeared. Then I became aware of a steady rustling in the grass. More tarantulas came out.

"I have heard of it from the Indians," cried my guide. "It is the devil's army. They say that the people who lived in the dead cities were killed by them, and that no one can live there. They come by thousands, like red ants, and leave nothing alive where they pass. I thought it was a squaw story. We must fight them with fire."

He seized a flaming brand from the camp-fire, and yelled to me to do likewise. He tried to fire the grass on all sides of us, but where the trees grew it was too rank and wet, and the fires we started would not go.

Meanwhile the spiteful spiders became more and more numerous. I crushed at least one of them every step I took. Many of them bit at my leggings, and hung there by their fangs. We turned our fire-brands to crushing the tarantulas, but they seemed to come thicker than we could drive them off.

"I am bitten," I heard the Indian scream. I passed him my flask. I could do nothing more for him, and, dropping my stick, I started to run. Every step into the grass seemed to bring me into worse quarters. I tried every direction, but they seemed everywhere. I noticed that they were in the bushes and on the grass, so high that my leggings would not protect me, and presently I found myself back at the camp. There, at least, they could not reach me without climbing up. The ground was perfectly black with them. Poor Manuel was down on his knees and the great insects were all over him. He seemed crazy, and I have no doubt his mind was nearly gone with terror and the pain of the bites.

I could barely keep the tarantulas from getting above my leggings. Suddenly it occurred to me that I might find safety in one of the trees. I knew that I would soon be exhausted if I remained among the black beasts, and that would end it. In a moment I had my arms about a small tree. I crushed the insects that clung to my legs against the bark as I dragged and scrambled up. A dozen feet from the ground there was a branch from which we had hung some small game I had shot. I pulled myself up on to this branch and got the first moment's rest I had had since the tarantulas first appeared. I had had no time to think before this, but now I began to realize what had happened. It seemed more like a nightmare than anything real. I looked and almost fell off my branch at the horrid sight below. My Indian was now fairly on the ground. I could not see him for the poisonous things that covered him, but the irregular black mass wriggled and squirmed like a wounded snake, and I knew he was not yet out of his agony. On every side were more tarantulas hungrily searching for more victims. Their crushed fellows were almost torn to pieces so fierce were they in their hunger. They were all enormous; some of them were as big as turtles, and when the sun struck them I could see the red line that distinguished them from the non-gregarious species that are familiar in other places. They crawled over one another in their desire to find something into which to sink their fangs. Poor Manuel's writhing body was the objective point of most of them. They fought fiercely for a spot of flesh where they could strike, and every movement of the still living man seemed to make them yet more fierce.

It did not take me as long to notice all this as it does to describe it, and I soon saw that I was not yet safe from the horrible fate that had overtaken my guide.

The insects began to crawl up the trees, though not in any considerable numbers at first. I brushed them down with a small branch, and those that were hurt at all were immediately set upon by their fellows.

My recital of these things may seem tame, but I have no pen to describe the awful horror of it all. There were about two hours of daylight left me. I knew this and I wondered what I could do in the dark. Then I remembered reading that snakes or centipedes would not cross a hair rope, and I thought that perhaps the same rule might apply to tarantulas.

The game was swinging from the branch by a horsehair riata and it took me a very few minutes to cut the rabbits loose and wind the rope about the trunk just below me. Pretty soon more of the big spiders came up. Manuel was quiet now at last, and they wanted another victim.

My hair rope did some good. They could not swarm over it in such numbers that I could not sweep them back with my branch. How long I stayed there fighting the insects back I do not know.

But the light was fading when I noticed a commotion among the tarantulas. At the same time I observed a number of blue-black wasps darting about. I recognized them as belonging to the hymenoptera family, and realized that they were the tarantula hawks of which I had read. In ten minutes the four or five wasps had become hundreds, and five minutes later there was not a tarantula to be seen, except the numerous dead ones at the foot of the tree.

Manuel's body, swollen and discolored by the venom of the spiders, stared up at me. I waited an hour and then came down.

It took me eight days to reach Nevada and on the way I did not see a single tarantula.

HIS NECK BROKEN.

By Jumping From a Train While in Motion---Instantly Killed.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Sept. 24.—A sad accident indeed was that which happened to a young man named Daniels at Berzelia on the Georgia railroad Sunday morning. He was returning home to spend the Sabbath with his father and mother, and instead of the anticipated pleasure of loved ones' greeting, he met a cruel fate. The young man's full name is A. A. Daniels. He was 17 years old, and his home was Berzelia.

The young man has been employed for some time as a section hand on the Georgia railroad, with headquartere at Carr's on the Macon branch. During last week he secured a pass to go home to spend Sunday with his family. He came from Carr's on Saturday night on a train as far as Camak, at which place he got on the night express coming toward Augusta.

When the train approached Berzelia early Sunday morning, young Daniels saw his father in his buggy waiting to receive him. As Berzelia is only a flag station at which the train does not stop unless flagged down or unless there is a passenger who wishes to get off, the express hardly slacks its speed. Young Daniels had a pass, but did not give it up to the conductor or say anything about desiring to leave the train at the station. He thought it unnecessary probably, having determined to jump from the rapidly moving cars.

He made the jump, but unfortunately the poor fellow miscalculated the distance or speed of the train, and in place of landing on his feet struck, just the reverse, on his head. His head struck a crosstie on a side track, death resulting almost instantly.

The sad accident occurred before his father's eyes, who rushed to his son's assistance, but the lad was already beyond human aid. The father returned home not with his son's joyous voice sounding in his ears as he expected, but with his lifeless body.—Augusta Chronicle.

Reed Outdone.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.--In the House to-day O'Ferrall objected to the approval of the journal.

The Speaker counted only thirty-seven Democrats, not enough to order the yeas and nays on the question presented.

The yeas and nays were demanded and the Speaker then counted forty-eight Democrats.

Breckenridge—"You only counted thirty-seven before."

The Speakers—"This is not the first time the gentlemen on that side have appeared and disappeared."

Breckenridge—"And this is not the first time the count of the Chair has turned out to be incorrect."

The Speaker—"The Chair desires to say that yesterday the count by tellers showed two less than the count by the Chair, and that was because of two members disappearing after the Speaker's count."

Crisp—"There was a difference of six."

The Speaker—"The gentlemen is mistaken."

Breckenridge—"The country will know the facts."

The yeas and nays having been ordered, there was a Democratic exodus and in a moment the Democratic seats were nigh deserted. The vote resulted—yeas 15, nays none, no quorum, and the House, at 1 o'clock, adjourned.

W. W. Russell in the Soup.

GREENWOOD, Sept. 23.—John R. Tolbert has at last received recognition from his fellow Republicans and is their nominee for Congress from the Third District. The convention which did this work convened here to-day at 12 o'clock and was in session several hours. The organization was easy. H. H. Owens was elected chairman with no opposition and R. R. Tolbert, secretary. A committee on credentials was appointed and the contesting delegations from Oconee was considered. The Bryce faction was seated and Russell at the head of the Thomas faction left the hall. There was a great kick by the faction rejected and great disorder characterized the meeting during this business. When things were to some extent calmed the order of business was the nomination of a candidate and Tolbert received the nomination without an opposing vote. Bryce publicly went over to Tolbert, and if Finley received any votes nobody knew it. When Russell saw his chances slim he left the hall and declared that he would appeal to the people. The convention was composed of 26 members. With Russell the Anderson and two of the Pickens delegates left the hall.—Greenville News.

DISGRACEFUL SCENES

At the Annual Gathering of the Sandy Springs Camp Meeting.

ANDERSON, S. C., Sept. 22.—Sandy Springs camp meeting has been for years a popular gathering for all kinds of people. Religious services are conducted morning, noon and night for four days, but there are a great many who go there that never hear a word—they go there for the social feature only, and it has always been very pleasant. Everybody went—the very best people of the town and County, and at times some disturbing elements were found there also. This year the meeting was unusually largely attended, and it began under the most favorable auspices; but to-day there is a cloud as black as the darkness of Egypt over the place, and there is no more fun there. This has been caused by a long list of tragedies, all of which occurred in less than twenty-four hours and turned the festive scene into one of gloom and sorrow and withered the gay garlands of pleasure. Two of these may result in murder and one is a fatal accident.

The first of this bloody list is the accident which has probably even now resulted in the death of Mr. John J. Cooley of Williamston. M. Cooley drove over to Sandy Springs to attend the meeting yesterday. Before he reached the camp grounds his horse took fright and Mr. Cooley lost control of the reins, and in the runaway which followed he was thrown out of the buggy and his head dashed against a stone and the skull fractured. He was taken up and carried to a gentleman's house near by and medical aid summoned. It was thought then that he would die. The latest reports received were up to last night, there being only an occasional chance of getting news from there. He was then still alive, but the doctor thought he would be dead by this morning.

William Simpson and Bob Frasier two employees of the Pendleton factory, became involved in a row which may end fatally to both. Simpson told his sister not to go with Frasier because he was drunk. Frasier heard this from the girl and sought Simpson to lay him out. In the row which followed, Frasier shot Simpson below the right eye, the ball coming out at the temple. Simpson crushed Frasier's skull with a rock. Frasier died in the afternoon Simpson is still alive. The bullet went below the eyeball without cutting it. So far the sight is not believed to be impaired if the wound does not prove fatal.

It is probable that after this series of accidents the annual camp meeting at Sandy Springs will be discontinued. It was a decided relief to everybody when the meeting was over.—Columbia Register.

A BARON'S DEATH.

A European Nobleman Meets an Ignoble Death.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 21.—The steamer Walla Walla, which has arrived from Victoria and Puget Sound ports, brings news of the discovery by hunters of the remains of an Austrian nobleman in the Moran mountains. He was known as Baron Von Strauss. Two hunters, named Gentle and Hartenberg, were the discoverers. They were on a pheasant shooting expedition, and were attracted to the bottom of a dark canon by a fierce fight in a pack of coyotes.

The brutes fled on the approach of the hunters, and the latter discovered that the cause of the battle was the mangled and half-devoured body of a human being. One leg was gone and both arms were torn off. Both hunters had seen the unfortunate man during his wanderings about the mountains.

He left his home in Buda Pesth, Austria, two years ago to make a tour of the world. His father's estate was in process of settlement and his start was made with the first installment of his inheritance. His first stop was in New York, and from there he went to Chicago, where he lost a good deal of money in real estate speculations. He came to San Francisco last spring and lost more money. When near the end of his purse, he wrote home for funds, but his appeal to his relatives only resulted in the discovery that his brother had misappropriated and sold the family estate and had fled to India.

The baron worked his way to Spokane Falls and then gave himself up to the life of a tramp. He made several efforts to obtain and hold employment, but he was unfitted for work of any sort and finally became a decided vagabond, living on the charity of farmers and hunters. He was well supplied with fashionable and expensive clothing, much of which he used to reward people who fed and housed him.

Met After Thirty Years.

PIQUA, O., Sept. 24.—Two sisters separated for thirty years met here yesterday by accident. Thirty years ago Mary Wyatt of Ironton, O., married a man named Blevins, who soon afterward went to California. A dozen years later Sarah Wyatt married the Rev. John Snyder and went to Michigan. In the meantime all trace of the sister in California had been lost. The Snyders after spending five or six years in Michigan were sent to establish a mission among the Blackfeek Indians. Seven years later they went to Okiahoma on a similer mission. Last June Mr. Snyder and three children died. With the three remaining children, a horse and buggy, and a little money, Mrs. Snyder started to drive to Michigan. At Marion, Ind., sickness came and her money gave out. Accidentally Mrs. Snyders learned her sister had some years ago lived at Lima, O. After many hardships and being reduced to beggary Mrs. Snyder reached Lima only to find her sister gone to Cincinnati. At this place Mrs. Snyder again gave out and a Mrs. Weaver took them in and kept them a week. Yesterday, as Mrs. Snyder and her children were about to leave, a remark led to questioning which resulted in proving Mrs. Weaver and Mrs. Snyder were the long-separated sisters.

A Princely Gift.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—A pledge of $1,000,000 to the University of Chicago was conveyed to the trustees of that institution to-day in a letter from John D. Rockfeller, who has already given to the university $600,000. The magnificent proffer was promptly accepted by the board and a committee appointed to arrange for filling the conditions of the gift. Rockfeller stipulates that $800,000 of the amount shall be used for nonprofessional graduate instruction and fellowships; $100,000 for theological instruction in the divinity school and $100,000 for the construction of the divinity buildings. Except the last named $100,h00, $1,000,000 principal is to remain intact, the income alone to be expended. The present Baptist Theological Seminary is to be part of the university, and the Seminary buildings a Morgan Park are to be utilized as an academy. The new university begins its career with endowments making $1,800,000, all of which are in had or pledged.

MENAGERIE LET LOOSE.

WILD BEASTS AT LARGE IN A SOUTH AFRICAN TOWN.

A Fiend Opens the Doors of Cages Confining Wild Animals and Set Them Free. Terrible Scenes Follow—Men and Women Torn to Pieces.

LONDON, Sept. 19.—Mail advices from Kimberly, South Africa, tell of an awful occurrence there at midnight on the 1st of June last. Some person, evidently one bearing ill-feeling toward the proprietor of Fillis's menagerie, opened the doors of the cages confining the wild animals and set them all free.

The most terrible scenes followed this liberation. Four attendants sleeping on the premises were mangled beyond recognition, being torn actually limb from limb, bitten and gashed in the most sickening manner, while the entire population within a radius of a mile was aroused by the roaring of the lions, the trumpeting of the elephants, the growls and shrieks of the leopards, chetahs, jackals and frightened horses.

Four enormous mail lions—Pasha, Abdul, Caliph and Mustapha—sprang from their cages and made for the stables, where Pasha leaped upon the back of Murat, the great jumping stallion, and buried his teeth in the animal's neck. The screams of the horse aroused the attendants, a Scotchman named Patterson and three Kaffir boys, who, armed with stable forks, rushed to the relief of Murat.

From the dying words of one Kaffir, who was the only one able to speak when aid came, it was learned that they rushed to unspeakable torture and met a fearful death. He and his mates endeavored to beat Pasha back, when they were attacked in the rear by three other lions and one chetah. They were thrown to the ground, their arms and legs bitten and dragged off, their bodies mangled and torn open, their bones smashed into bits, and, with the excepton of the single Kaffir, their heads crushed into a pulp. The one man, who lived just long enough to tell the story, was without either arms or legs, and his body was a mass of lacerations.

Having tasted blood, the lions, chetahs, wolves and leopards regained all their natural ferocity and sprung at everything that came in their way. Four performing Hungarian horses, of which the equine beauty, Black Bess, was one of the number, were killed almost instantly, and a number of ponies were devoured.

An enormous elephant, known as Blood, burst through the heavy iron gate in his fright and rushed into Curry street, followed by nearly every animal that was in the menagerie.

A cabman named Nelson, sitting on his carriage before the building, was appalled by the uproar within, but did not suppose the beast could escape beyond the walls. Suddenly, as he describes it, he saw the animals come forth, first the elephant loudly trumpeting, closely followed by a tumbling, writhing, snarling mass of lions, hyenas, jackals, baboons and every other quality of brute.

Nelson sprung for a post that supports an awning around Glover's athletic bar and climbed into safety, while his horses dashed madly down the Dutoitspan road, snorting with fear, closely pursued by two lions and four wolves. The remainder of the wild animals distributed themselves in every direction. A little child of James Grindley, happening to be in a rear room opening on a garden, was pounced upon by a chetah and dragged into the open air, where its agonized mother saw it torn to pieces and devoured without any power to help it.

Other and equally harrowing incidents are reported, among which is the killing of five women, who were fearfully mangled. When the mails left there were at large four lions, two lionesses, two tigers, three bears, two wolves, one hyena, two chetals, one elephant, one camel and seventeen baboons. The police were organized into hunting parties and the town was almost in a condition of siege.

An Incendiary Speech.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Special: John M. Langston, whom Speaker Reed and the Republican party forced into the House, was serenaded here last night by his colored followers, and during his speech in response gave utterance to the following sentiment: "Eight million people look on to-night, proud of this victory of the colored race. Sixty million men thank God that they belong to a Republican nation. The party of victory rejoices to-night that the class that it emancipated has advnnced to take the weight of Government off its broad shoulders. It is a great thing to come from the Old Dominion, that gave us Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Monroe and Patrick Henry. Patrick Henry said to the world: "Give me liberty, or give me death!" We have got the liberty, and now the slave class has advanced to liberry we must save the negro. I say the negro must save himself, for no one can save you but yourself. As God has given you hands and arms, and feet and eyes, and intellect, and genius and power, you shall save yourselves, and no other shall save you. We enter on our duty bravely and valiantly. This is our Government to aid and our fellows to save. If it is purpose that is wanted we will give it; if it is courage that is wanted we will give it by the hogsheads, even until the blood shall run in streams, if necessary, till by the commingling of white men's blood and black men's blood, our country shall be the grandest and our Government the greatest and most lasting the world has ever seen or ever will see!"—News and Courier.

Conflict in a Synagogue.

TRENTON, N. J., Sept. 17.—During services in the Polish Hebrew synagogue here to-day a fight occurred over the attempt of ex-Rabbi Max Rodden and some of his followers to take a part in the prayers, after they had been warned to keep away. During the struggle Rodden and Harris Adolphus, it is claimed, were roughly handled, and Harris's coat collar was torn off. The two men went before Justice Mills and had warrants issued for the arrest of Moses Skomwitsohki, the new rabbi, and several officers of the Synagogue as their assailants.

A Free Fight.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Sept. 24.—Near Brundiger, Pike County, a desperate fight took place on Sunday between two white men, named John and William Faulk, and fifteen negroes. The negroes belonged to a bridge gang on the Alabama Midland railroad. One white man was seriously wounded and one negro killed and several badly hurt. The exact cause of the trouble has not been learned, but it is supposed that it grew out of a drunken row.

Monthly Irregularities are relieved and cured and much suffering saved to woman by use of Bradfield's Female Regulator.