

# The Laurens Advertiser.

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## Bonnie Stratheyre.

There's a meadow in Lanark and mountains in  
the sky,  
And pastures in Highland Lawlands forbye;  
But there's no greater luck than the heart  
could desire  
Than to herd the fine cattle in Bonnie Strath  
eyre.

O! it's up in the morn and a'wa' to the hill,  
When the lang summer days are sae warm and  
sae still,  
Till the peak o' Bon Vochlich is girdled w' fire,  
And the evenin' fu' gently on Bonnie Strath  
eyre.

Then there's mirth in the shelling and love in  
my breast,  
When the sun is gane down and the kyos are at  
rest;  
For there's nae pryncie wad be proud to  
aspire  
To my home wae Maggie, the pride o'  
Stratheyre!

Her lips are like roses in ripe summer seen,  
And soft as the starlight the glint o' her een;  
For sweeter her breath than the scent o' the  
lily,  
And her voice is sweet music in Bonnie Strath  
eyre.

Set Flora by Colin and Maggie by me,  
And wae to dance to sae pipes swellin' loudly  
and free,  
Till the moon in the heavens climbing higher  
and higher,  
Bids us sleep on fresh brackens in Bonnie  
Stratheyre.

Though some to gay toger in the Lawlands  
will roam,  
And some will gang sodergin' far from their  
home,  
Yet I'll aye herd my cattle, and bigg my ain  
kyos,  
And love my ain Maggie in Bonnie Stratheyre.  
—Harold Boulton in Spectator.

## "FROM THE HOSPITAL."

"Yes," said the Rev. Mr. Dibble, "I  
know I could depend upon the hospital-  
ity of my flock to entertain this excellent  
young divine, seeing that in this excellent  
held is in so disorganized a condition,  
owing to the exigencies of cleaning  
house. It will be only for a night or  
two, and we all know what is promised  
to those who receive the angel un-  
aware."

And Mr. Dibble rubbed his hands and  
looked smilingly around upon the mem-  
bers of the Young Ladies' Aid Associa-  
tion, while a very perceptible murmur  
of assent rose up from this aggregate  
collection of curls, bangs, frizzed hair,  
and crimped locks.

Not a dandelion in the number but would  
gladly have extended her gracious hos-  
pitality to the Rev. Felix Amory, who  
was to preach a sermon in aid of "Home  
Helps and Missions" at the village  
church upon the coming Sunday eve-  
ning.

"I'm sure," said Miss Lidia Larkspur,  
proudly anticipating the crisis, "papa  
would be most happy to receive the gen-  
tleman."

While all the other ladies looked in-  
dignantly first at Miss Lidia then at  
each other, and whispered, "Bold  
thing!"

"Most kind of you to promise it, I  
am sure," said Mr. Dibble, and so the  
matter was settled, not at all to the gen-  
eral satisfaction.

And Lidia Larkspur went home, and  
issued orders that the parlor curtains  
should be washed and ironed, and a  
poultice-cake of the richest nature con-  
cocted.

While Kate Duer, the doctor's sister,  
who was as fond of young clergymen as  
Lidia herself, and would in no wise have  
objected to varying the monotony of her  
home life with a spice of ecclesiastical  
novelty, returned to her crochet-work  
with a yawn and a general impression  
that life was a bore.

"We are to have a young lecturer  
from the city in the church on Sunday  
evening," she said to her brother when  
he bustled into the parlor.

"Eh?" said Dr. Duer, swallowing his  
scalding soup, "are we? By the way,  
Kate, there's a new case of small-pox  
reported among those hands on the rail-  
way embankment."

"Dear me!" said Kate, who was com-  
pounding a refreshing salad in a carved  
wooden bowl; "I hope you keep well  
vaccinated, Hugh."

"Oh, there's no trouble about that!"  
said the doctor, "only the other pa-  
tients in the hospital object to such a  
case."

"I should think it very likely," said  
Kate, with a little sneer.

"I must try to isolate him some-  
where," said Dr. Duer thoughtfully.  
"In one of those stone houses by the  
river, perhaps. Old Mrs. Viggers has  
had the disease, I know."

And then Dr. Duer tasted the salad  
and pronounced it first-rate.

Pitcherville was all on the qui vive  
that day when the double-shotted piece  
of tidings flew, on the tongue of popular  
rumor, through the town. An actual  
small-pox case in their midst, and a  
young minister coming all the way from  
New York to appeal to their sympathies  
on behalf of his missions.

"I wonder if it is contagious?" said  
old Mrs. McAdam, looking very round-  
eyed through her spectacles.

"Contagious!" said Mrs. Emmons; "it  
ought to find its way into every home in  
our village."

"What!" cried Mrs. McAdam; "the  
small-pox?"

"No; certainly not," said Mrs. Em-  
mons; "the sympathetic movement in  
favor of home missions."

And then everyone laughed. Mrs.  
McAdam looked puzzled, and Mrs. Em-  
mons drew herself up and remarked  
that "it was very irrelevant to laugh at  
sacred things."

But Miss Lidia Larkspur, whose father  
did not believe in vaccination, and who  
had a mortal horror of the disease  
against which the famous Jenner waged  
so successful a warfare, was much trou-  
bled in her mind.

"I've always had a sort of premoni-  
tion that I should fall a victim to the  
small-pox," sighed she. "I only wish  
pa would let me be vaccinated!"

It was on a sultry August evening, the  
fall of lurid clouds, the air charged  
with glittering arrows of electricity, and  
the big drops beginning to knock at  
Miss Lidia's door—a most mysterious  
tap, as she afterwards declared.

"Who's there?" said Miss Lidia, open-  
ing it sufficiently to obtain a glimpse of  
a tall pale man with pocket-handker-  
chief folded turbanwise around his  
head.

"Excuse me," said this apparition,  
"but I believe I have lost my way. Might  
I ask shelter from the shower? I am the  
young man from the hospital."

"Certainly not," said Miss Lidia, clos-  
ing the door abruptly in his face, with  
a little shriek. "Good gracious! have I  
stood face to face with the small-pox  
case?"

And then she ran for the servant

and the camphor-bottle, and went into  
hysterics.

Mrs. Printemps lived in the next  
house—a picturesque cottage, overhung  
with Virginia-creeper, with a little  
plaster cast of Cupid in the garden, and  
a great many bluebells and carnations.

"I'm a young widow who read all the  
best books and sometimes wrote gushing  
poems for the second-rate monthlies.

Mrs. Printemps imagined herself like  
the gifted and unfortunate Mary Queen  
of Scots, and dressed up to the part, as  
far as nineteenth-century prejudices  
would allow her—and she was reamed  
by the casement, trying to find a rhyme  
to suit a most unaccommodating line  
of poetry, when the tall pale stranger  
appeared under her window, "for all the  
world," as Mrs. Printemps subsequently  
expressed it, "like a troubador, or David  
Rizzio himself."

"Excuse me, madame," he began,  
"but I am from the hospital, and—"

"My goodness me!" ejaculated Mrs.  
Printemps, jumping to her feet; "how  
dare you come here and tell me that to  
my face? Why don't they isolate you?"

"Madame—" said the surprised  
stranger.

"Go away!" said Mrs. Printemps,  
banging down her window and holding  
it noisily. "Betsy—to her girl—run  
across the meadow to Mrs. Funderly's  
and tell her that the small-pox case is  
rampaging all over the country, trying  
to get people to let him in, and she isn't  
to open the door on any account. And  
stop at Dr. Duer's and ask him what  
sort of sanitary regulation he calls this  
kind of thing!"

"I'm afraid I'll meet him, mom,"  
said Betsy, getting behind the side-  
board; "and I ain't been vaccinated for  
seven years, and—"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Printemps.  
"If you go across the pasture and you'll  
get there full five minutes before he does.  
Make haste now."

Kate Duer was standing in her door-  
way watching the storm roll grandly  
over the mountain-tops, when the weary  
and bewildered traveller opened the  
gate and came hesitatingly in.

"I beg your pardon," said he meek-  
ly, "but I think there must be some-  
thing singular in my appearance. Peo-  
ple seem to shut their doors against me,  
and shun me as if I had the pestilence.

And I cannot find the residence of Mr.  
Dibble, the clergyman. Would it be  
asking too much if I were to request  
permission to rest in your porch until  
the storm is over? I came from the hos-  
pital, and—"

"Oh, I understand," said Kate quick-  
ly. "You are the small-pox patient.  
But I have been vaccinated, and am not  
afraid of the disease. There is a very  
comfortable chamber in the second story  
of the barn, and you shall be care-  
fully nursed and taken care of there,  
if—"

"But you are mistaken," cried the  
young man; "I am not—"

"Hush!" said Kate gently. "Do not  
be afraid to confide in me. I am Dr.  
Duer's sister, and know the whole story.  
Sit here and rest a little, and I will  
bring you some bread and milk until  
my brother comes."

"I am a thousand times obliged to  
you," said the stranger, "and the bread  
and milk will taste delicious after my  
long walk. But I do not know what  
leads you to think that I am a victim  
to varioloid. I have lost my hat in the  
wind, to be sure, and am compelled to  
wear this Syrian-looking drapery on my  
head, but I never had small-pox, and  
hope never to encounter its horrors."

Kate Duer turned red first, then pale.  
"Then," said she, "if you are not the  
small-pox case, who are you?"

"I am Felix Amory," said the young  
stranger, "the chaplain of St. Lucetta's  
Hospital in New York. I am to preach  
in aid of the home mission on Sunday  
next."

Kate Duer burst out laughing.  
"And everyone has been mistaking  
you for the small-pox case!" said she.  
"Oh, Mr. Amory, do come in. How  
could we all have been so stupid? But  
you see, the minute you began to speak  
of the hospital—"

"I dare say it was very awkward of  
me," said Mr. Amory. "But it's the  
way I have always mentioned myself to  
strangers. St. Lucetta's, you know—"

"Yes, I know," said Kate. "But to  
the good folks here, there is only one  
hospital in the world, and that is the  
Pitcherville Institute."

Mr. Amory enjoyed his tea, sliced  
peaches, and delicate "angel cake" very  
much, as he sat *le-tete-a-tete* with Kate  
Duer, by the soft light of the shaded  
lamp, while the rain pattered without.  
And when the doctor came in it was  
cooler yet.

"The small-pox case?" said he. "Oh,  
that is safely isolated at Hope's Quarry  
since this morning. And don't worry  
well, too, I am happy to say. Upon my  
word, Mr. Amory, I am sorry that you  
have had such a disastrous experience."

"All's well that ends well," said the  
young clergyman, leaning back in his  
snug corner with an expression of inef-  
fable content on his face.

Miss Lidia Larkspur was quite indig-  
nant when she heard that Mr. Amory  
was staying at Dr. Duer's residence.

"Just like Kate Duer," said she. "To  
manoeuvre to get that poor young man  
into her hands, after all. But if a man  
rushes around the country, telling every-  
body that he comes from a hospital, what  
can he expect?"

"The most awkward thing I ever  
heard of in my life," said Mrs. Printem-  
ps vindictively.

But this was not Mr. Felix Amory's  
last visit to Pitcherville. He came in  
autumn when the leaves were red—and  
then in the frozen beauty of winter.

And the last time, he asked Kate Duer  
if she was willing to encounter the  
trials of a minister's wife? And Kate,  
after a little hesitation, said that she  
was willing to try.

And Miss Lidia Larkspur declared that  
"anyone could get married if they were  
as bold about it as Kate Duer."

Mr. Thomas A. Ball, the sculptor, who  
has recently finished a large statue of  
Daniel Webster for Concord, N. H., is  
now at work on a portrait of P. T. Bar-  
num. The figure is in a sitting position.  
It will not be put up during his lifetime,  
but his family prefer to have the por-  
trait from life instead of waiting to have  
it done from photographs. Both these  
statues are to be cast in bronze in  
Manich.

## WEATHER SIGNS.

Nature's Means of Indicating the Coming  
of a Storm.

The wind rises, foretelling a storm.  
It cries and moans at the window as if  
it lamented the evil it was powerless to  
prevent. It is a sound which tries the  
nerves already sinking as the electric  
stimulus is withdrawn from the air. The  
low spirits we are unable to account for  
are often caused by the suspension of the  
bracing, positive electric current during  
a change of weather, too slight, per-  
haps, for us to notice. This sinking of  
spirits unconsciously leads sensitive peo-  
ple to regard the cry of the wind as a  
sort of baneful warning of disaster and  
wreck. This is one of the oldest super-  
stitions in the world, for before the time  
of Virgil and Theophrastus, when to Greek  
and Etruscan an eclipse was the frown  
of an offended deity and a comet was a  
fiery messenger of wrath, the sigh of the  
wind was full of muttering portents.

In olden days, when window frames  
were not as close as ours and chimney  
crannies offered pipe for any tune the  
wind chose to play upon it, imaginative  
cotters wove many a legend of demons  
of the air and witches shrieking discord  
and horror, as if

the clearly air was filled round about  
with howling evil and woe, wailing plaints  
and cries of pain.

Old-country tradition is full of such  
tales, and we are all primitive enough  
to feel a touch of creeping dread at the  
eldritch voices of the wind, foretelling that  
the clamor and wailing is only the wind  
forcing itself through a crevice too small  
for it.

The world is full of superstitions which  
have arisen as naturally as the childish  
dread of the wailing and howling, but  
you must be sure that these well-worn  
ideas have neither meaning nor worth  
before you throw them away. A super-  
stition is not always a thing to be  
laughed at, a truth which the latest re-  
search of science strikingly illustrates.

In places on the west coast of Eng-  
land, on the calmest, quietest of days, a  
strange, hollow moan is heard from a  
sleeping at sea, although the waves lie  
calm as oil. Fifty years ago the coast  
people believed it the voice of a  
spirit, by the old heathen Saxon name  
of Buca, which foretold tempest and  
woe. You hear the voice now, ominous  
as of yore, but you know that it is the  
noise of a storm so far off on the Atlantic  
that its swell has not even reached  
shore. Sound travels so much faster  
than currents of air that the tempest  
reaches the ear long before the first  
ripple of wind touches the cheek. Sound  
travels about thirteen miles a  
minute; in water, for example, it is  
stripping the speed of any ordinary  
knowledge. The shore at these places  
gathers the sound as in the drum of the  
ear, and currents striking eastward  
carry the roar of storms which are  
sweeping midocean hundreds of leagues  
away, not a blast of which may ever  
touch the shore. It is wonderful what  
carriers of sound and motion the great  
void spaces of the ocean are. Before  
a gale is felt in a boat, a heavy  
swell sets the lightship swinging at the  
station of the Kish and Cockin. (Gal-  
while at Valentia the surf rises twenty-  
four hours before the storm reaches that  
projecting point. In the bay of Monterey,  
California, the billows come tear-  
ing in from the Pacific while the day is  
perfectly calm. A cyclone off days at  
sea has sent these surges to tell the  
shore of its work.

A distant hills look clear, sailors  
forebode a storm. When instead of its  
usual haze, blue hills, from Deal-  
ham, invites the eye to pierce its deli-  
cious and woody paths in singular clearness.  
We know it is the last of our good  
weather for awhile. How is this? A  
great German observer says the moisture  
in the air washes its dust and impurities  
away, leaving this beautiful clearness.  
But this reason fails to be satisfactory.  
Why isn't it clear after a rain as well  
as before it when we know the woods  
fold their blindest mist about them, as if  
to keep their recesses fresh? I prefer  
the theory that the air before a storm  
has a refracting quality which brings  
distant things near, like the glasses of a tele-  
scope. How does it gain this quality at  
one time and not at another? Perhaps  
by the different arrangement of its mole-  
cules by the alteration of the electric  
current in the air, or by the fact that  
act like lenses in a telescope. One finds  
the same lens-like quality in the air of  
Arizona plains when mirage is visible,  
and on the northwest prairies, when at  
times it is like looking through a great  
prism, and the slopes are outlined with  
purple and laid with rosette tinges of  
enchanting harmony.

You have heard of the old signs and  
sayings about the right time of the moon  
for sowing seeds and expecting rain at  
such a quarter, and you have laughed  
at the idea that the moon had anything  
to do with the affairs of the earth beyond  
giving light like a big lantern. "In-  
fact," writes one English scientist, "the  
influence of the moon on the weather is  
as mythical as its influence over human  
life." Presently the same writer speaks  
of "the powerful agency of the moon in  
causing tides of ocean and of air, sub-  
ject to the same tidal influences." Far-  
ther he declares that "changes of the  
weather are associated with various  
aspects of the moon." Mr. Park Harri-  
son, one of the closest observers of  
modern times, after studying a mass of  
observations, concludes that there is a  
tendency in the moon to wane in the  
earth at her first quarter and cool it at  
the third, slightly but perceptibly. Mr.  
Glaisher, the celebrated meteorologist,  
finds that there are more north winds  
in one-half of the moon's period and  
more south winds in the other—causes  
sufficient to affect such susceptible  
things as the germs of seed.

But leaving the slight additional heat  
given by the moon out of the question,  
research brings a new and serious phase  
of the moon's influence before us. The  
moon is a radiator and reflector of the  
sun's heat, which pours upon her for a  
period fourteen times the length of our  
day, part of which flows into space and  
part comes to earth. In this period of  
isolation the moon receives not only  
heat, but a portion of that intense vital  
and electric force of which the sun is  
the center and source. At her third  
quarter the moon has been exposed to  
the uninterrupted heat of the sun for 265  
hours, absorbing quantities of vital heat  
and electricity as well. Why may not  
it be also reflector and radiator of this  
electric energy, which has diffused  
throughout nature, quickening the seed

## IN THE GROUND, THE LEAF IN ITS SHEAF, THE BLOOD WITHIN OUR VEINS, THE TISSUES WHICH OVERLAY OUR FRAME. SCIENCE DETECTS A TIDE OF NERVOUS ELECTRIC FORCE AT ITS FULLEST ABOUT 10 O'CLOCK IN THE FORENOON, AND FROM 3 TO 4 IN THE AFTERNOON, WHEN HUMAN STRENGTH AND LIFE ARE AT THEIR BEST, IN THE HOURS OPPOSITE WHICH THEY ARE AT THEIR LOWEST, WHEN THE SICK FEEL WORSE, AND WHEN THE DYING FIND RELIEF FROM THE PAIN OF THEIR AGONY?

These hours of the ebb and flow  
are as well known as the tide of ocean,  
and beyond a doubt such a current  
exists in lower forms of organic life.  
All things point to the sun as the royal  
source, the moon as the dispenser and  
regulator, of this magnetic life. Ad-  
miral Fitzroy, founder of the weather  
service of Great Britain, fairest and most  
exact of observers, writes in his weather  
book that all the phenomena agree with  
the idea of such an electric influence on  
the part of the moon and farther that  
it explains all unaccounted facts in  
meteorology. This being true, it re-  
deems from absurdity the dependence of  
mankind for centuries on the aspects of  
the moon for signs of weather, for times  
of sowing and reaping, for weaning of  
children and young animals, in short,  
the most delicate operations of nature,  
and distinctly peculiar. When all scientific  
men agree that whatever the cause, cer-  
tain changes of the weather and cer-  
tain changes of the moon happen to-  
gether, we have not far to look for a  
code of weather signals available by  
land or sea. The old superstition was  
that the moon caused the change of  
weather, in which lies the mistake, just  
as if we believed that the cautionary  
signals of the weather bureau caused  
the moon to change its position, and  
with the changes of the moon with the  
tides is a belief on which we have the  
experience of twenty thousand strict  
observers.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

## Natural Gas in Dwellings.

The necessary danger attending the  
use of natural gas may not be greater  
than that encountered in places where  
the manufactured article is commonly  
employed for purposes of light and fuel,  
but it is certain that since it was utilized  
in western Pennsylvania and south-west-  
ern New York more accidents have re-  
sulted than can be charged up to artificial  
gas of the world over. Two of the  
most serious of these casualties have  
taken place in Pittsburg, where not long  
ago a man exploded, wrecking several  
buildings and killing four or five people,  
and where, within a week, the explosion  
of another pipe has resulted in the de-  
struction of a steamboat and the loss of  
one life.

If natural gas may be utilized in the  
homes and the business of the people  
with safety a very important problem  
will have been solved. Where so em-  
ployed for domestic purposes the econ-  
omy of the household has been revolu-  
tionized. The pipes are run into ordi-  
nary cooking and heating stoves, as  
well as grates, and besides saving the  
labor of carrying in coal and removing  
ashes, as well as the cleaning and dust-  
ing made imperative under the old sys-  
tem, the new device obviates the neces-  
sity of kindling fires and of watching  
them, and at the same time reduces the  
expense on account of the fuel and light  
by more than one-half. When a fire is  
wanted in every room in the house a  
match for each room will supply the de-  
mand. If the fire becomes too strong it  
may be checked by turning a lever, and  
on the other hand by a similarly easy  
movement every stove in the house may  
be made red hot at a moment's notice.

The only drawback to all this is the  
reflection that one's house is connected  
by direct pipes with the infernal regions,  
with the devil knows who in charge of  
the generating process. If all goes well  
below the little flames so successfully in-  
duced in the houses above will be ex-  
ceedingly enjoyable, but in the event of  
disturbance in the depths, or of some  
slight defect in the means employed to  
control the supply, there is no telling  
what might become of the dwellings and  
their inmates. If the natural gas wells  
can be controlled and regulated as suc-  
cessfully as the reservoirs of the artificial  
article are, there appears to be no ex-  
cuse for the dreadful explosions which  
have taken place from time to time. On  
the other hand, if these explosions are  
to be set down as unavoidable, the natural  
gas enterprise becomes a dangerous one,  
and one to be avoided by the people who  
avail themselves of its seeming conveniences,  
but to the public at large, which may be  
blown to kingdom come at any time  
when it least expects it.

## Washington Correspondents.

A number of Washington correspond-  
ents dictate their dispatches to short-  
hand men, and these transcribe them  
for the press. Stenographers are very  
cheap here, and in ordinary times you  
can find one who will take down your  
dictation for a column for a dollar.  
This is much cheaper than doing the  
writing yourself, as the greatest expen-  
diture of energy in writing is in the  
pushing of the pen. Some correspond-  
ents dictate their letters to the typewrit-  
er and several I know have wives who  
can run the typewriter as well as the  
most experienced professionals. A lead-  
ing correspondent of a New York paper  
has a wife who can take down a column  
of correspondence from his dictation in  
half an hour. This column contains  
about 1,500 words, and she must write  
at the rate of fifty words a minute. This  
is very fast typewriter work, and its  
speed will be appreciated when it is re-  
membered that the ordinary longhand  
writer who composes does remarkably  
well if he writes fifteen words a minute.  
A few newspapers keep men at the Cap-  
itol who are expected to devote them-  
selves to letter-writing exclusively.

These are few, however, and their letters  
are devoted to editorials, descriptive  
matter, and gossip about men and  
measures. The field of Washington cor-  
respondents seems to me to be wide-  
open every year. There are plenty of  
bright men in the business, and of the  
hundreds here the great majority are  
trained men. The disappointed men  
among them can be counted upon your  
fingers; and as a rule they are hard-  
working, keen-witted, mob-hating, gen-  
tlemenly fellows.

A traveler in Mexico writes that he  
was recently in a city of 12,000 popu-  
lation where not a single copy of a daily  
newspaper was taken.

## MADSTONES FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

North Carolina Takes a Home Treatment  
Instead of Going to Paris.

North Carolina boasts of no less  
than four madstones, each of which is  
alleged to have certain specific virtues,  
making each the great and only mad-  
stone. Wonderful apparent cures  
have been effected by the use of these  
madstones during the past half centu-  
ry. Some of them are even older than  
that, but faith in their efficacy has  
never diminished. There is a famous  
one in Halifax county, and people  
bitten by rabid dogs have been taken  
to the stone or the stone has been  
taken to them for years. Last year  
two cases were treated by it and one  
was now under treatment.

Another stone is known far and  
near as the Painter's madstone, and is  
owned by Mr. Painter, of Faison  
county. It is in demand by both Vir-  
ginians and North Carolinians, and  
there are cases known of persons hav-  
ing been cured of hydrophobia by  
being taken hundreds of miles to be  
touched by this stone.

On Christmas eve R. M. White, of  
Halifax county, Va., was bitten by a  
mad dog. He went to Painter's as  
soon as possible for treatment. Painter  
applied the stone six or seven times to  
the wound. It adhered fifteen times,  
but at the sixteenth application the  
stone would not adhere. White was  
given immediate relief. Last week a  
negro woman living near Danville was  
bitten. Saturday she was taken to  
Painter for treatment, and this is now  
in progress. The people of that sec-  
tion claim that this is the only gen-  
uine madstone in the State. None of  
these madstones have ever been sold.  
By some persons they are regarded as  
giving luck to their possessors.

## KILLED HIS OWN SON.

A Kentucky Farmer Blows His Boy's Head  
Off, Calling Him Lazy.

News has just been brought to  
Owensburg, Ky., by a gentleman from  
Muhlenberg county, that a case of an  
unnatural murder, that of a father  
killing his own son, had occurred in his  
father, near the Mud River coal mines  
in that county. G. L. Hopkins, the  
father, is a farmer, and is about fifty  
years old. He has an ungovernable  
temper at times, and has been the  
dread of the neighborhood. In his  
family he has been quite severe, and  
at times even cruel, and then for a  
season, over-indulgent. Last week he  
was on a spree and in one of his  
savage moods, finding fault with every-  
thing at home, he chided of that  
Willie with laziness and worthlessness,  
although the neighbors looked on him  
as a patient, much abused and over-  
worked boy.

On Saturday morning, about 5 o'clock  
Willie, who is nearly nineteen years  
old, got up and began putting on his  
best clothes. G. L. Hopkins, the  
father, who was standing with his  
back to the fire, seeing this, exclaimed:  
"You lazy whelp, take off them  
breeches and put on your working  
trousers." Willie notified up and re-  
plied: "Pap, I've had enough of that,"  
and went on dressing. "I'll show  
you how to talk to me," and grasping  
the shoogin from the hooks on the  
joist, fired as he spoke the last word  
and blew the whole top of Willie's  
head off. He hastily picked up his  
hat and coat and fled, and has so far  
escaped arrest.

Robbed of \$1,500 and his Watch.

Phil Cox, a fine-looking man, who  
hails from Yazoo City, Miss., paraded  
the streets of New Orleans for a week  
with a big dog at his heels and a thou-  
sand-dollar silver certificate pinned to  
his waistcoat. He has been a regular  
attendee at the Exposition races,  
sometimes getting heavily, and was  
usually in the company of sporting  
men. He drank a great deal and used  
to display the silver certificate without  
any fear of the consequences. Last  
Thursday night Cox was taken to his  
rooms intoxicated, by three men,  
named Waddle, Costello and Faulk-  
ner, who put him to bed. When he  
awoke the next morning his silver cer-  
tificate, \$500 in bills, two diamond  
cluster pins and a gold watch and  
chain, valued at \$100, were missing.  
It was found that the hinges had been  
removed from the door leading into  
the back yard, but it is thought that  
the presence of the big dog would  
have prevented a robbery from occur-  
ing. The police were informed late Sat-  
urday night and they arrested Waddle,  
but the other two men who took Cox  
home have not been found.

## Predicted His Own Death.

Daniel G. Sperry, of South Wind-  
sor, Conn., who early in December  
predicted his death in three weeks  
thereafter, died on Tuesday afternoon,  
within a month of the date he pre-  
dicted. He had already settled his  
business affairs and had bought a mas-  
sive oak coffin, which he kept in his  
house. The failure of his prediction  
had no effect upon him other than to  
make him more depressed in spirits.  
He said nothing further regarding his  
prediction, but it was evident to his  
friends that he had not abandoned it,  
for he showed no interest in daily  
affairs or in the future. He was well  
advanced in years, but was in ordinary  
good health until this strange predic-  
ment began to prey upon him.

## A Railroad Wreck.

A disastrous wreck occurred last  
Wednesday night on the St. Joseph  
and Des Moines branch of the Chic-  
ago, Burlington and Quincy system,  
about four miles east of Albany. A  
passenger train bound for St. Joseph  
encountered a broken rail, when the  
whole train, except the engine, was  
thrown from the track and down an  
embankment fifteen feet. There were  
fifteen passengers on the train and not  
one escaped injury. An old man  
named Miller, from Palmyra, Iowa,  
was instantly killed, his neck being  
broken. Several were seriously hurt.

The health of Ex-President Arthur  
has caused some anxiety during the  
last few weeks. He has been under  
treatment for severe indigestion and  
his diet has been restricted to the  
simplest articles of food, principally  
milk and peeps. He has suffered  
much from insomnia and the attend-  
ant nervous excitement and depression.

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