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THE NEWS.

Buck Murray, who killed a Detroit police officer, was arrested in Cleveland, Ohio.— The Lirned State Bank, of Larned, Ka. has Suspended payment. --- Mrs. John Blunt, of Atchison, Ks., overcome by the death of her child, committed suicide. Six prisoners escaped from the county jail at Minneapolis, Minn. - One thousand employes in the great Loris mine in Ashland, Wis., have struck .- Jacob Fuller, librarian of the Washington and Lee University, is dead. -George W. Tarryford, who was shot at Leemont, Va., is dead. --- A passenger and a Freight train collided on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. John Berry, a brakeman, was killed, and some of the passengers severely bruised .- Mrs. Cynthia Hathaway, of Sevoy, Mass., is dead, aged one hundred and one years. - Clarenco J. Toor, the missing United States Express Company's cashler, at Grand Rapids, Mich., who ran away with the company's money, has been heard from. He is coming home. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad has bought a controlling interest in the Chicago, Burlington and Northern road. Deputy Sheriff David McGorigle and Warden James T. Keating, of Ludlow

screet jail, New York, have been indicted

and arrested on the charge of bribery.

The late Rev. Christian Beard, of Waynesboro, Va., bequeathed \$10,000 to Rosnoke Co lege. The B. C. Clark Crockery Company's warehouse at Kansas City was burned. Loss about \$100,000 .- Frank Hanson, of Norristown, Pa , has been sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary for outraging the saven-year-old daughter of Philip Simons. -The will of A.C. Havemeyer, the wealthy sugar refiner of New York, gives \$250,000 to charitable institutions. - Fire in a Ludiow street tenement, New York city, caused a panio, and many persons made narrow escapes. - Two thousand shirtmakers, mostly women of New York have struck against working fourteen nours a day. --- Two thousand miners and their families attended requiem services in the Catholie church at Wilkesbarre. Pa., in memory of the entombed miners in the South Wilkesbarre shaft .---One of the Mississippi river levees broke at Arkansas City, flooding the Tensas basin of Louislana, consisting of four or five parishes, -Franz Jobusch, who had long been mourned as dead by his relatives, astonished them by his appearance at his old home, Oshkosh, Wis., after an absence of thirty years. -Charles Williams and his twelve-yearold son of Kansas City, were found murdered in their Led .- The body of Bernhard Jungbaus, a German horse buyer, of Peoria, Ill., who is supposed to have been robbed and murdered, was found lodge i against a snag in the Illinois river .- Frank Mingus, of Lagrange, lad., murdered his mother-in-law for refusing him permission to see his child, which had been placed in the care of his divorced wife --- An overheated furnace set fire to the second reformed Jhurch, at Grand Haven, Mich., causing a less of \$8,000 .-Three hundred men rode into Spartanburg, S. C., with a small cannon, and determined to attack the jall and lynch George S. Turner, who shot and killed his brother-in-law. Elward Finger, but the mob was repulsed and the cannon spiked.

A trial of the dynamite guns of the cruiser Vestrius took place on the Delaware river. -James Hamilton Howells Jones, a young man who had tried in vain to ob sain a post. tion in New York, committed scrioids on a courch steps .- Henry S. Heliard, aged sixty-three years, the newly appointed postmuster, at R chester, N. Y., died, of pneumonia .-- Now it is reported that an Eng ish syndicate is trying to buy the Columbis river salmon canneries, involving \$1,000," 000. - The United States steamer Iroquois arrived at Port Townsend, Washington, from Honolulu, in distress .- The large clothing house of Stern, Mayer & Co., Cincinnati, was destroyed by fire. Loss on Luilding \$300,000; on stock \$350,000 .-- Fire in Jersey City, N. J., destroyed several busies buildings, entailing loses aggregating \$35,000. -- Eighty per cent. of over nine hundred immigrants landed in one day at Cas le Garden were Huns and Silesians, going to work in the Penusylvania mines. -At the annual meeting of the Pennsylvenia Raino of stockhollers the directors w re authorized to issue from time to time. 490,000 additional shares of capital stock. The Central Pennsylvania E mangelical Church Conference adjourned at York to meet next year at Berwick, Pa. -- The investigation of the charges against Commander Bowman H. McCalla, of the sloop-ofwar Enterprise, was begun by a naval court of inquiry at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, eleven men appearing against the commander. Nora Wooten, who had been adjudged insaue, shot Dr. H. A. Sims, of Roanoke, Va., in the face. __ J. B. Petulbone, aged thirtytwo years, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., committed saicide by shooting himself through the head.

A MINER'S HORRIBLE DEATH.

The Father of Seven Mutherless Children Crushed to Doath.

Michael Malia, a former member of Common Council, Scranton, was horribly killed at the Cayuga shaft, where he was employed as a pump runner.

The ride coming when he should descend in the mine to see how the water stood, he got to the surface landing, and Head Man Rogers called to him from above if he was ready. Malia replied that he was, but before the carriage rescard him be tripped and fell.

A search was made and the mangled corpes was found at the bottom of the shaft, below the carriage landing, brushed into a shapeless mass and every bone broken.

A portion of the skull was found for

A portion of the skull was found fastened a plank at the side of the shart, where the

Lody struck in its descent.

Six moores working in the gang way near
the pump were spattered with blood when the body struck.

Main's corpse was rolled up in a biankst and carried home to seven orphan children, whose mother is also dead.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE YOUR LIFE OVER AGAINS

Preached in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, New York.

TEXT: "All that a man hath will he give for his life." - Job. ii., 4.

That is untrue. The Lord did not say it, but Satan said it to the Lord, when the evil one wanted Job still more afflicted. The record is: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore boils." And Satan has been the author of all eruptive disease since then, and he house by boils." And Satan has been the author of all eruptive disease since then, and he hopes by poisoning the blood to poison the soul. But the result of the diabolical experiment which left Job victor proved the falsity of the Satanic remark—"All that a man hath will he give for his life." Many a captain who has stood on the bridge of the steamer till his passengers got off and he drowned; many an engineer who has kept his hand on the throttle valve or his foot on the brake until the most of the train was saved while he went down to death through the open drawbridge; many a frethrough the open drawbridge; many a fire-man who plunged into a blazing house to get a sleeping child out, sacrificing his life in the attempt, and thousands of martyrs who sub-mitted to flery stake and knife of massacre

and headsman's ax and guillotine rather than

surrender principle, proving that in many a case my text was not true, when it says:
"All that a man hath will be give for his But Satan's falsehood was built on a truth Ide is very precious, and if we would not give up all there are many things we would surrender rather than surrender it. We see how precious life is from the fact that we do everything to prolong it. Hence all sanitary requiations, all study of hygiene, all fear of draughts, all waterproofs, all doctors, all medicines, all struggle in crisis of accident. An admiral of the British navy was court martialed for turning his ship around in time of danger and a codensaring the ship. It was resided for turning his ship around in time of danger and so damaging the ship. It was proved against him. But when his time came to be heard he said; "Gentlemen, I did turn the ship around and admit that it was damaged, but do you want to know why I turned it? There was a man over-coard, and I wanted to save him, and I did save him, and I consider the life of one sailor worth all the vessels of the Reitieh after worth all the vessels of the British satior worth all the vesses of the British indexy." No wonder he was vindicated. Life is indeed very precious. Yea, there are those who deem life so precious they would like to repeat it, they would like to try it again. They would like to go back from seventy to sixty, from sixty to fifty, from lifty to forty, from forty to thirty, from chirty to twenty. I purpose for very practical and useful purposes, as will appear before I get through, to discuss the question we have all asted of others, and others have we have all asked of others, and oth again and again asked of us-would you like to live your life over again?

The fact is that no intelligent and right

fearing man is satisfied with his past life. We have all made so many mistakes, stumbled into so many blunders, said so may things that ought not to have been said and done so many things that ought not to have been cone, that we can suggest at least ninety-five per cent, of improvement. Now would it per cent, of improvement, Now would it not be grand if the good Lord would say to fou: "You can go back and try it over again. I will by a word turn your hair to brown or black or golden, and smooth all the wrinkles out of your temple and cheek, and take the bend out of your shoulders, and extirpate the stiffne he joint and the rheumatic twinge from the oot, and you shall be twenty-one years of onge and just what you were when you reached that point before." If the proposition were made I think many thousands would accept it. That feeling caused the ancient search for what was called the Fountain of Youth, the waters of which taken would turn the hair of the octogenarian into the curly locks of a boy, and however old a person who drank at that fountain he would be young again. The island was said to belong to the group of the Bahamas, but lay far out in the ocean. The great Span-ish explorer, Juan Ponce de Leon, fellow voyager with Columbus, I nave no doubt felt that if he could discover that Fountain of Youth he would do as much as his friend had done in discovering America. So he put out in 1512 from Porto Rico and cruised about among the Bahamas in search of that fountain. I am glad he did not find it. There is no such fountain. But if there were and its waters were bottled up and sent abroad at a thousand dollars a bottle, the demand would be greater than the supply, and mand would be greater than the supply, and many a man who has come through a life of uselessness, and perhaps sin, to old age would be shaking up the potent fiquid, and if he were directed to take only a teaspoonful after each meal would be so anxious to make sure work he would take a tablespoonful, and if directed to take a tablespoonful would take a glassful. But some of you would have to go back further than to twenty-one years of age to make a fair start, for there are many who manage to get all wrong before that period. manage to get all wrong before that period. Yea, in order to get a fair start some would have so go back to the father and mother and nave so go back to the father and mother and get them corrected; yea, to the grandfather and grandmother and have their life corrected, for some of you are suffering from bad hereditary influences which started a hundred years ago. Well, if your grandfather lived his life over again and your father lived his life over again and your father lived his life over again. lived his life over again and you lived your life over again, what a cluttered up place this world would be, a place filled with miserable attempts at repairs. I begin to think that it is better for each generation to have only one chance and then for them

to pass off and give another generation chance.

Beside that, if we were permitted to live life over again, it would be a stale and stupid experience. The zest and spur and enthu-siasm of life come from the fact that we have never been along this road before, and every thing is new, and we are alert for what may appear at the next turn of the road. Suppose you, a man in mid-life or old age, were, with your present feelings and large attainments, put back into the thirties, or the twenties, or into the teens, what a nuisance you would be to others and what an unhap-piness to yourself. Your contemporaries would not want you and you would not want them. Things that in your previous journey of life stirred your healthful ambition, or gave you pleasurable surprise, or led you into gave you pleasurable surprise, or led you into happy interrogation, would only call forth from you a disgusted "Oh, pshaw!" You would be bless at thirty and a misanthrope at forty and unendurable at fifty. The most inane and stupid thing imaginable would be a second journey of life. It is amusing to hear people say: I would like to live my life over again, if I could take my present experience and knowledge of things back with me and begin under those improved auspices."
Why, what an uninteresting boy you would me and begin under those improved auspices."
Why, what an uninteresting boy you would be with your present attainments in a child's mind. No one would want such a boy around the house: A philosopher at twenty, a scientist at fifteen, an archeologist at ten and a domestic nuisance all the time. An oak crowded into an acorn. A Rocky Mountain eagle thrust back into the egg shell from

which it was intched.

Besides that, if you took life over again, you would have to take its deep andnesses over again. Would you want to try again.

the griefs and the heart breaks and the bereavements through which you have gone?
What a mercy that we shall never be called
to suffer them again! We may have others
bad enough, but those old ones never again.
Would you want to go through the process
of losing your father again or your mother
again or your companion in life again or
your child again? If you were permitted
to stop at the sixtieth milestone or the
fiftieth milestone or the fortieth milestone and retrace your steps to the
twentieth, your experience would be
something like mine one day last November
in Italy. I walked through a great city with a
friend and two guides, and there were in all
the city only four persons and they were those
of our own group. We went up and down
the streets, we entered the houses, the
museums, the temples, the theatres. We axamined the wonderful pictures on the floor.
In the streets were the deep worn ruts of
wagons, but not a wagon in the city. On
the front steps of mansions the word "We.come," in Latin, but no human teing to
greet us. The only bodies of any of
the citizens that we saw were petrified
and in the museums at the gates. Of
the thirty-five thousand people who
once lived in those homes and worshiped in
those temples and clapped in those theatres,
not one left! For eighteen hundred years
that city of Pompeli had been buried before
modern exploration scooped out of it the leva
of Vesuvius. Well, he who should be permitted to return on the pathway of his
earthly life and live it over again would find
as lonely and sad a pilgrimage. It would be the griefs and the heart breaks and the beof Vesuvius. Well, he who should be permitted to return on the pathway of his earthly life and live it over again would find as lonely and sad a pilgrimage. It would be an exploration of the dead past. The old school house, the old church, the old home, the old play ground either gone or occupied by others, and for you more depressing than was our Pompeian visit in November.

Beside that, would you want to risk the temptations of life over again? From the fact that you are here I conclude that though in many respects your life may have been unfortunate and unconscerated you have got on so far tolerably well, if nothing more than tolerable. As for myself, though my life has

on so far tolerably well, if nothing more than tolerable. As for myself, though my life has been far from being as consecrated as I would like to have had it, I would not want to try it over again, lest next time I would do worse. Why, just look at the temptations we have all passed through and just look at the multitudes who have gone completely under. Just call over the roll of your school mates and college mates the clarks who were with and college mates, the clerks who were with you in the same store or bank, or the operatives in the same factory with just as good prospects as you, who have come to complete mishap. Some young man that told you that he was going to be a millionaire and mishap. Some young man that told you that he was going to be a millionaire and own the fastest trotters on Westchester turnpike and retire by the time he was thirty-five pike and retire by the time he was thirty-five years of age, you do not hear from for many, years, and know nothing about him until some day he comes into your store and asks for five cents to get a mug of beer. You, the good mother of a household and all your children rising up to call you blessed, can remember when you were quite jealous of the belle of the village who was so transcendly fair and popular. But while you have these two honorable and queenly names of wife and mother, she became a poor waif of the street, and went into the blackness of darkness forever. Live life over again? Why, if many and went into the blackness of darkness and went into the blackness of darkness of the cever. Live life over again? Why, if many of those who are now respectable were permitted to experiment, the next permitted to experiment, the next permitted to experiment. You journey would be demolition. You got through as Job says, by the skin of the teeth. Next time you might not get through at all. Satan would say: "I know him now better than I did before, and have for fifty ears been studying his weaknesses, and I will weave a stronger web of circumstances to catch him next time." And Satan would concenter his forces on this one man, and the last state of that man would be worse than the first. My friends, our faces are in the right direction. Better go forward than backward, even if we had the choice. The greatest disaster I can think of would be for you to return to boyhood in 1890. Oh, if life were a smooth Luzerne or Cayuga Lake. I would like to get into a yacht and sail over it, not once, but twice—yea, a thousand times. But life is an uncertain sea, and some of the ships crash on the icebergs of cold indifference, and some take fire of evil passion, and some lose their bearings and run into the skerries, and some are never heard

of. Surely on such a treacherous sea as that one voyage is enough. Besides all this, do you know if you could have your wish and live life over again it would put you so much further from reunion with your friends in heaven? If you are in the noon of life or the evening of life you are not very far from the golden gate at which you are to meet your transported and emparadised loved ones. You are now, let us say, twenty years or ten years or one year off from celestial conjunction. Now suppose you went back in your earthly life thirty years or forty years or fifty years, what an awful postponement of the time of reunion! It would be as though you were going to San It would be as though you were going to San Francisco to a great banquet, and you got to Oakland, four or five miles this side of it, and then came back to Hoboken or Harlem to get better start; as though you were going England to be crowned and having come in sight of the mountains of Wales you put back to Sandy Hook in order to make a better voyage. The further on you got in life, if a Christian, the nearer you are to the renewal of broken up companionship. No; the wheel of time turns in the right direction, and it is well it turns so fast. Three hundred and sixty-five revolutions in a year and ward, rather than three hundred sixty-five revolutions in a year and backward. But hear yel hear yel while I tell you how you may practically live your life over again and be all the better for it. You over again and be all the better for it. You may put into the remaining years of your life all you have learned of wisdom in your pest life. You may make the coming ten years worth the preceding forty or fifty years. When a man says he would like to live his life over again behe would like to live his life over again because he would do so much better, and yet goes right on living as he has always lived, do you not see he stultifies himself? He proves that if he could go back he would do almost the same as he has done. If a maneat green apples some Wednesday in choleratime and is thrown into fearful cramps and says on Thursday: "I wish I had been more prudent in my diet; oh, if I could live Wednesday over again," and then on Friday eats apples just as green, he proves that it would ples just as green, he proves that it would have been no advantage for him to live Wednesday over again. And if we, deplor-ing our past life and with the idea of improvement, long for an opportunity to try it over again, yet go on making the same mis-takes and committing the same sins, we only demonstrate that the repetition of our existence would afford no improvement. It was green apples before and it would be green apples over again. As soon as a ship captain strikes a rock in the lake or sea he

cuse for us it we split on the same rock where we split before. Going along the sidewalk at night where excavations are being made, we frequently see a lantern on a framework, and we turn aside, for that lanalong the pathway of life lanterns are set as warnings, and by the time we come to midlife we ought to know where it is safe to walk and where it is unsafe.

Reside that, we have all these years been

learning how to be useful, and in the next decade we ought to accomplish more for God

reports it and a bucy is swung over that reef and marines henceforth stand off from

that rock. And all our mistakes in the past ought to be buoys warning us to

and the church and the world than in any previous four decades. The best way to atone for past indolence or past transgression is by future assidnity. Yet you often find Christian men who were not converted until they were forty or fifty, as old age comes on, saying: "Well, my work is about done and it is time for me to rest." They gave forty years of their life. my work is about done and it is time for me to rest." They gave forty years of their life to Satan and the world, a little fragment of their life to Grd, and now they want to rest. Whether that belongs to comedy or tragedy I say not. The man who gave one half of his earthly existence to the world and of the remaining was marked to the remaining the markets. maining wo-quarters one to Christian work and the other to rest, would not, I sup-pose, get a very brilliant reception in hear au. If there are any dried leaves in heaven they would be appro-priate for his garland; or if there is any hrone with broken steps it would be appro priate for his coronation; or any harp with relaxed string it would be appropriate for his fingering. My brother, you give nine-tenths of your life to sin and Satan and then get converted and then rest awhile in sancti-fied lazinessand then go up to get your heav-enly reward, and I warrant it will not take the cashier of the royal banking house the cashier of the royal banking house a great while to count out to you all your dues. He will not ask you whether you will have it in bills of large denomination or small. I would like to put one sentence of my sermon in italics, and have it under-scored, and three exclamation points at the end of the sentence, and that sentence is this: As we cannot live our lives over again, the nearest we can come to a one for the past is by redoubled holiness and industry in the

future;
If this rail train of life has been detained and switched off and is far behind the time table, the engineer for the rest of the way table, the engineer for the rest of steam and go must put on more pressure of steam and go a mile a minute in order to arrive at the

a mile a minute in order to arrive at the right time and place under the approval of conductor and directors.

As I supposed it would be, there are multitudes of young people listening to this sermon on whom this subject has acted with the force of a galvanic battery. Without my saying a word to them, they have soliloquized, saying: "As one cannot live his life over again and I can make only one trip. I must again, and I can make only one trip, I must look out and make no mistakes; I have but one chance and I must make the most of it." My young friends, I am glad you made this application of the sermon yourself. When a minister toward the close of his sermon says: ister toward the close of his serious."
"Now a few words by way of application,"
people begin to look around for their hats
people begin to look around for their hats people begin to look around for their hats and get their arm through one sleeve of their overcoats, and the sermonic application is a failure. I am glad you have made your own application and that you are resolved, like a Quaker of whom I read years ago, who, in substance, said: "I shall be along this path of life but once and so I must do all the kindness I can and all the good I can." My hearers, the mistakes of youth can never be corrected. Time gone is gone forever. An opportunity passed the thousandth part of a second has by one leap reached the other side of a great eternity. In the autumn when the birds migrate you look up and see the sky black with wings and the finely extrately out into many leagues of flocks stretching out into many leagues of air, and so to-day I look up and ses two large wings in full sweep. They are the wings of the flying year. That is followed by a flock of three hundred and sixtyfive, and they are the flying days. Each of the flying days is followed by twenty-four, are the flying hours, these is followed by sixty, and these are the start from? Eternity past. Where are they bound? Eternity to come, You might as well go a-gunning for the quails that whistled last year in the meadows or the robins that last year caroled in the sky as to try to fetch down and bag one of the nest conventional and bag one of the past opportunities of your life. Do not say, "I will lounge now and make it up afterward." Young men and boys, you can't make it up. My observation is that those who in youth sowed wild cats, to the end of their short life sowed wild cats, and that those who start sowing Genesee wheat al-ways sow Genesee wheat. And then the reaping of the harvests is so different. There is grandfather now. He has lived to old age because his habits have been age because His evesight for this world has got radiant. His hearing is not so acute as it once was, and he must bend clear over to hear what his little grandchild says when she asks him what he has brought for her. But he easily catches the music raised from su-

pernal spheres. Men passing in the streets take off their hats in reverence, and women off their hats in reverence, and women "What a good old man he is." Seventy or eighty years all for God and for making this world happy. Splendid! Giorious! Mag-nificent! He will have hard work getting into heaven because those whom he helped to get there will fill up and crowd the gate to tell him how glad they are at his coming until he says: "Please to stand back a little till I pass through and cast my crown at the

feet of Him whom having not seen I love."
I do not know what you call that. I call it
the harvest of Genesee wheat. Out yonder is a man very old at forty years of age, at a time when he ought be bouyant as the morning. He got bad habits on him very early, and those habits have become worse. He is a man on fire, on fire with alcoholism, on fire with all evil habits, out with the world and the world out with him. Down and the world out with him. Down and the world out with him. falling deeper. His swollen hands in his threadbare pockets and his eyes fixed on the ground, he passes through the street, and the quick step of an innocent child or the strong step of a young man or the roll of a prosperous carriage maddens him, and he curses society and he curses God. Fallen sick, with no resources, he is carried to the almshouse. A loathsome spectacle, he lies all day long waiting for dissolution, or in the night rises on his cot and fights apparitions of what he might have been and of what he will be. He started life with as good a prospect as any man on the American continent, but there he is a bloated carcass waiting for the abovels of public charity five feet under. He has only at he sowed. Harvest of wild reaped what he sowed. oats! "There is a way that seemsth right to a man, but the end thereof is death." Young man, as you cannot live life over again how-ever you may long to do so, be sure to have your one life right. There is in this august assembly I wot not, for we are made up of all sections of this land and from many lands, some young man who has gone away lands, some young man who has gone away from home and perhaps under some little spite or evil persuasion of another, and his parents know not where he is. My son, go home! Do not go to saa! Don't go to-night where you may be tempted to go. Go home! Your father will be glad to see you and your mother. I need not tell you how she feels. How I would like to make your parents a present of their wayward boy, repentant and in his right mind. I would like to write them a letter and you to carry like to write them a letter and you to carry the letter, saying: "By the blessing of God on my sermon I introduce to you one whom you have never seen before, for he has become a new creature in Christ Josus." boy, go home and put your tired head on the bosom that nursed you so tenderly in your childhood years. A young Scottchman was in battle taken captive by a band of Indians, and he learned their

language and adopted their habits. Years passed on, but the old ludian

session a young man who did not belong to him. Well, one day this tribe of Indians came in sight of the Scotch regiments from

whom this young man had been captured, and the old Indian chieftain said: "I lost my son in battle and I know how a father feels at the loss of a son. Do you think your father is yet alive?" The young man said: "I am the only son of my father, and I hope he is still alive." Then said the Indian chieftain: "Because of the loss of my son this world is a desert. You go free. Return to your countrymen. Revisit your father, that he may rejoice when he sees the sun rise in the morning and the trees blossom in the spring." So I say to you, young man, captive of waywardness and sin: Your father is waiting for you. Your sisters are waiting for you. God is waiting for you. Go home! Go home!

DEATH OF MR. TAULBEE.

The End Was Painless-Kincald Are

rested Again. Ex-Congressman William Preston Taulbee of Kentucky, who was shot in the head by Charles E. Kincaid, correspondent of the Louisville Times, while they were descending the east staircase in the House wing of the Capitol on the afternoon of Friday, February 28, died at 4.45 o'clock A. M., at the Provi-28, died at 4.45 o'clock A. M., at the Providence Hospital, whither he had been removed an hour or so after the shooting. Mr. Taulbee had been unconscious for some time before death came, and the end was painless. He had been rapidly sinking, and his death had been expected at any time. His family had been summoned, and when he passed away his brother, Dr. Taulbee, his son, n young man about nineteen years of age; his brother-in-law; Dr. Bayne, the attending surgeon, and Major Biackburn, of Kentucky. geon, and Major Blackburn, of Kentucky, were aroud his bedside.

were aroud his bedside.

The dead man was a native Kentuckian. He was born in Morgan county in 1851, and received his early education in private schools near his home. On reaching the age of twenty-four he studied for the ministry for three years, and then, having been elected clerk of the Magoffin County Court, he began the study of the law. In 1881 he was admitted to the bar. He was elected to the Fortyninth Congress from the Tenth district, and was re-elected to the following Congress. In appearance Mr. Taulbee was tail and powerful, with a large-boned frame, devoid of surappearance Mr. Taulbee was tall and powerful, with a large-boned frame, devoid of surplus flesh. He had one of the strongest voices of any member of the House, and the tumuit was never so great but that he could make hinself heard above the uproar as he walked hastly down the aisle on the Democratic side and shouted to attract the attention of the Speaker. He was a free talker, and was on his feet taking part in the debate as often as any of the younger men in Congress.

any of the younger men in Congress.

Mr. Kineaid, who has been under the eye of the police since it became known that Mr. Taulbee's case was well nigh hop-less, was re-Taulbee's case was well nigh hop-less, was re-arrested. He was asleep at his boarding-house, when a police officer aroused him at six o'clook and informed him of Mr. Taulbee's

Within an hour after his arrest, Mr. Kincaid was so prostrated with nervous exhaus-tion that it was found necessary to call his regular physician, Dr. Harrison, who re-mained with him most of the day. Mr. Kin-caid's condition is serions, and it is the opin-ion of many of his friends that he will not live to stand his trial.

VICTIM OF HALLUCINATION.

Twenty-five Years of Life Wasted by a Frenk of the Mind.

W. H. Lilly, one of the earliest settlers of Livingston county, Mo., has for twenty-five years been the victim of a queer hallucination that has kept him confined to his bed, In 1865, during a slight illness, he was seized with a fear that he would die of heart disease if he attempted to stand up or to raise his head above a certain level. Every possible means was resorted to by his family to drive the idea from his mind, but without m He stubbornly stuck to his couch and refused to be conxed or trightened out of it.

On one occasion his wife had a lot of straw piled near the house and then set on fire. The wind blew the smoke towards the house and the family began shouting fire and carrying out the furniture. Lilly was told to run for his life, but he never stirred out of bed. At another time his favorite daughter, Minnie was sent away, and Lilly was told that sh had been hurt and was dving at a neighbor? house, and that she begged him to come Tears welled from the afflicted man's eyes'and his lips twitched with emotion, but he

did not move.

After this signal failure no further attempts were made to arouse him, and it was thought he would never leave his bed except for the grave. One day last week, however, the dormant energies of Lilly reasserted themselves as suddenly and mysteriously as they had departed, and he raised his head above the supposed danger-line. Dumfounded at finding no serious results, he raised it still higher and finally sat bolt upright. He has now apparently fully recovered and is superintending some improvements on his farm During his wife's administration of affairs the farm has trobled in value, and Lilly is to-day \$40,000 better off than he was when he took to his bed twenty-five years ago.

FLAMES IN DETROIT.

Several Manufacturing Establishments Are Destroyed. Fire was discovered in the rear of Gray & Baffy's six story brick furniture factory, on Concord street. The fire was on the fifth floor, and before the department got to work had gained headway among very dry materials. Although a general slarm was turned in soon after, the flumes spread rapidly to the roof, and then downward, until the roof and upper floor fell, carrying the fire to the ground. Carroll & Hunt's Chair Company establishment on the west, went next, and the Ostler Printing Company and Carroll Cigar Manufactory, occupying two numbers on the east followed. At midnight the fire vas under control butstill burning furiously This is the largest fire Detroit has experienced since the D. M. Ferry seed store fire in Jan-uary, 1886, when the loss ran into the mil-The total loss is estimated at \$250,000, partially covered by insurance. The burned buildings were the property of Senator James McMillan, and valued at \$70,000.

A DESPERATE CRIMINAL

Train Robber Hotzhay's Fingers Shot Off White Attempting to Escape. Reimund Holzhay, the train robber and murderer, now serving a life sentence at the branch prison, Marquetta, Mich., will never pull a trigger again. All four fingers of his right hand have been shot away,

The prison authorities suspected that Holshay meditated an escape. When an attempt was made to search him, he seized another convict, named Mesercy, and, drawing a knife, threatened to kill him if he was mo-After two hours vain ondeavor to ason with him, Warden Tompkins succ ed in getting a shot at the convict's hand, in which he grasped the knife. The heavy bul-let tore away all of his right hand fingers and smashed the methoatput bones.

FROM WASHINGTON

Happenings of Interest at the National Capital.

A Fire Alarm From the Box at the White House-Pay of Government Printers-Other News.

A test was made the other morning of the new fire alarm apparatus in the White House and of the efficiency of the district fire department. Both were highly satisface tory. In two minutes from the time the alarm hook was pulled, a stream of water was flowing from a hose in front of the house, and in seven minutes and fifty seconds four e gines were on the spot and at work. A hook gines were on the spot and at work. A hook and ladder truck and a reserve squad of policemen had also made their appearance and ladders were raised to the roof. The alarm was a complete surprise to the fire companies, who made wonderful time in getting to the house. One engine made eleven squares in three minutes and forty seconds.

Baby McKee turned on the alarm and when the engines arrived, Mr. Harrison, Mrs. McKee and the baby, Private Secretary Halford, and other members of the household, were at the front or Southern windows watching the proceedings. The test was sat-

watching the proceedings. The test was sat-isfactory, and the President and family con-veyed their thanks to the firemen for their promptness. The placing of the fire alarm system in the White House and test were re-suits of the recent disastrous fire at Secretary

Pay of Government Printers.

Pay of Government Printers.

The House Committee on Printing has reported favorably a bill providing for the following scale of wages to employes in the Government Frinting Office: Printers, book binders and pressmen, fifty ceals per hour, the same rate as was paid prior to March 3, 1877, for exclusive night work, an advance of ten cents per hour over the above rate; piece work on the Congressional Record, sixty cents per thousand ems. An accompanying report on the bill says that, while the private stablishments of the country have generally increased or restored wages of printers during the last ten years, the wages of the printers in the government office have remained as reduced by the act of February 16, 1887.

Material for the Next Consu

Many of the thousands of regimental asso-ciations of surviving soldiers of the war of the rebellion aim to keep, as nearly as possi-ble, correct rosters of their living comrades, and to that end they revise the lists at each recurring annual meeting of their organizations. The superintendent of the consus is very desirous that the officers of these assovery desirous that the officers of these asso-ciations should forward to him at once the latest copies of the rosters referred to, which he believes will be ellicient aids to the pre-liminary work of the enumeration in connec-tion with the eleventh ceusis of the names, organizations and length of service of sur-viving soldiers, sailors and marines, and the widows of such as have died.

Salaries for U. S. District Judges.

The House Committee on the Judiciary agreed to report a substitute for the Senate bill fixing a uniform salary of \$5,000 for United States district judges. The su will provide for a system of graded salaries, Southern district of New York and the judge at Chicago will receive \$6,000; those at Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis, New Jersey and the Northern and Eastern districts of New York \$5,000, and the remainder of the judges \$4,900, except in the case of the judge at New Orleans, who is allowed to retain his

present salary of \$4,500. Still Hunting for the Leak Senutor Dolph's special investigating committee continues its search for the source from which newspaper correspondents obtain information in regard to the executive sessions of the Senate, All of the Senators who are in the city have been examined, a

number of the Senate employees were also examined. No Chinese Can Come.

Acting upon the advice of the Attorney-General, Secretary Windom has decided that Chinese merchants coming to this country for the first time cannot be parmitted to land, rothwiths anding the fact that they are not

WHIPPED BY WHITE CAPS.

Three Men, Near Covington, My, Beaten for Their Petty Thieving.

The most serious white cap raid in Kentucky for years occurred on what is known as Buttermilk Road, eight miles from Covington. At that point there is quite a collection of houses occupied by poor and often not too honest people. The neighborhood is filed with well-to-do farmers who have lately suffered severely at the hands of petty suffered severely at the hands of petty thieves. Recently some amateur detective work fixed the blame for a good deal of the loss of pou try, pigs and other chattles on the three Crane men, who, though grown, still reside with their parents. They ware several times warned to leave the vicinity, but gave no heed to the warning. About twenty-five men carefully disgui ed, rode up to the Crane dwelling. The freet of the horses were muffled with old rags and pions of blankets and the Cranes were completely surprised.

surprised.

The three men were secured and taken to a woods, half a mile away, a guard remain-ing with the old folks to see that they did not give an alarm. In the woods the alleged culprits were stripped to the waist and used to a tree. Each was then given thirty lashes on the bare back with a black snake whip, which brought bloot at every blow. The men screamed in agony, but the whipping went on, and one of them, John, the citiest, fainted under the pain. fainted under the pain. At the conclusio of the punishment the backs of the victin were carefully washed, a salve and bandages were applied and they were conducted to their home and left with a warning to leave

THEY HAD NO PIED PIPER.

Tue estisons of Milton have suffered so much from the ravages of rats that a great rat hunt was organised. Captains were chosen and they selected sides. Each consisted of 105 men and boys over 15 years old. 105 men and boys over 15 years old. While boys under 15 were allowed out cont for their rats. The humb began Friday, February 21.1, and closed March 7th, with a grand street parade and supper which was paid for by the side showing the least number of rats attend. At some barns as many as 175 were hilled, white one man killed about 500 on his plane. Saturday, March 1st, the rats killed up to that time wars counted and it was found that the side was ahead of Dava George's forces by 112