THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

ESTABLISHED IN 1825. GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1883. NEW SERIES, NO. 872.

The Greensboro Patriot

WEEKLY EDITION:

TERMS:—One year $1.50; six months 75 cents; three months 50 cents. Always in advance.

☞ Paper stopped at the expiration of subscription in all cases.

ADVERTISING RATES:—One inch one insertion $1.00; for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Advertisers must contract for special rates in order to get the benefit of such rates. Address

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Editor and Proprietor.

GREENSBORO, N. C., SEPTEMBER 6, 1883.

——Wiley Moore, of South Washington, Pender county, now 87 years old, has been twice married and is the father of 27 children. At last advices—with returns still coming in—he had 384 living descendants.

——A. A. Atherton, treasurer of Roscommon county, and an influential Republican, has absconded with funds amounting to about $18,000, of which $6,000 belongs to Roscommon Village, $5,000 to Gerrish township and $1,800 to Harvey Emery, a poor man.

The Republican party must go.

——Another black eye for the Republican national committee! Paul Strobach, the member for Alabama, and a United States marshal, is charged with stealing government funds, and the proof against him is said to be ample to convict. Strobach is probably the most influential Republican in Alabama, a sort of pocket edition of Mahone. The Republican party must go!

——The way in which the Jews are being plundered and slaughtered in Russia is a disgrace to civilization. In the single town of Ekaterinoslav as many as 346 houses were wrecked and plundered during the progress of the recent riots, the losses sustained by the Jews aggregating $458,250. At Berchadi eighty houses of Jews have been burned, and instances of Jew-baiting at other points are numerous.

——The September number of the *Century* takes time by the forelock with a good, vigorous grip, and figures out that New York will be the final world metropolis—"that before another century passes its population will surpass that of London, and that it will be the unrivaled centre of finance and commerce, of luxury and fashion, of art and literature—the heart and brain, in a word—of the civilized world."

——The trouble between England and France over Tamatava, has been settled upon the following basis: Admiral Pierre has been relieved from command of the French squadron in Madagascan waters, and Mr. Shaw, the British missionary, whose arrest created so much indignation, has been released. With some "explanation" and apologies about other minor matters, the difficulty has been amicably settled.

——The National *Republican* remarks that "when an assertion is made against a Republican Governor, Senator or Congressman, it is immediately treated as an established truth by every Democratic editor." This is not true, retorts the *Post*. The record shows that most of the abuse of prominent Republicans for years past has been in Republican circles, and been circulated by the Republican press. The fierce fight of the Republican factions is responsible for most of the attacks on personal character which have disgraced American politics in recent years.

——Tuesday's New York *Sun* prints copies of 20 or more letters which passed during the Presidential campaign of 1880 between Garfield, Dorsey, Blaine, Allison, Foster, Morton, and other Republican leaders, and the National Republican Committee. The letters from Garfield are to Dorsey and Gov. Jewell, and relate chiefly to the conduct of the campaign in Indiana. These letters prove that Hancock was defeated by the use of money illegally expended in Indiana and elsewhere with the knowledge of Garfield and the managers of his campaign. Turn the rascals out.

——A rare and precious spectacle is offered in the trial of Frank James at Gallatin, Missouri. The court is held in the local opera house—probably a barn with a stage and a drop curtain—admission is by ticket, and a profitable business is being done in the sale of these bits of pasteboard. The accused robber and murderer "is faultlessly attired in black, and bears almost a clericle appearance." About 150 witnesses have been summoned to testify in the three first cases against him. The town is crowded with visitors, and he "is an object of much respect and attention as he passes to and from the court."

A GREAT PERIL AVERTED.

Peace to the quivering Republican heart! President Arthur has escaped the kidnappers. This news from the wilds of the western country is of the deepest moment to the Republican party. Mr. Arthur is the most successful wire puller that party contains. As a manager in politics he has but one equal in the party, and that one has announced that he is "out of politics," and that in the glorious solitude of his New Mexican ranche, he expects to remain out. It is said that $500,000 was the minimum sum that the would-be kidnappers would accept as ransom. This is a large sum. It is one-fourth larger than the sum Mr. Dorsey says was raised in New York to carry Indiana for Garfield and Arthur, and five times as much as Jay Gould is said to have paid for the appointment of Stanley Matthews to the Supreme bench. Even if the $500,000 had been raised, there is no certainty that the villains would have stood by their offer to accept that sum. They might, in view of the possibilities of the situation, have insisted upon the payment of a clean $1,000,000. And that sum raised, what would have prevented them from raising the figures to $2,000,000. It has been a serious business with the Republican party, and the party is to be congratulated that a great peril has been averted.

ONE OF THE RASCALS.

Paul Strobach is the member of the Republican national committee for Alabama and a United States marshal. An officer of the department of justice says that he is also a thief, and a speciel agent of the department reports him guilty of peculation. In the course of Brewster Cameron's enquiry into the moral status of the Southern marshals, Strobach's accounts were examined into. Enough was discovered to excite suspicion, and it was evident to the authorities in Washington that Strobach, though he has been in office but a few months, had entered upon a course of thievery which would result in the embezzlement of a large amount of money if he was not checked at the threshold. It was not known whether his stealings amounted to much or little. All that was definitely ascertained was that almost at the beginning of his official career, he had begun to be dishonest and that the department must look after him. It was therefore determined to investigate Strobach, and John T. Blair, one of the ablest lawyers in the department was sent to Alabama. He was there for some time and his report is now in the hands of Brewster Cameron, who refuses to say anything on the matter until the President shall return from his Yellowstone trip. The report, however, is conclusive and shows that Strobach has stolen in the neighborhood of $250. In some high quarters this amount is considered to be so small that an effort is being made to hush the matter up on the ground that the administration cannot afford to punish a man of Strobach's prominence in the Republican party. He is supposed to be the boss of the Alabama Republicans, and the State's delegation to the next national convention may be selected by him. The officers of the department of justice, however, have no doubt that Strobach has only begun his career of defalcation, and that if he shall be permitted to remain in office the United States treasury will be a heavy loser through his operations. They favor his removal and confidently say that the President will agree with them on his return from his vacation. It seems possible that Strobach will escape indictment because of his political influence, and every effort has been made to prevent the publication of the fact that he has been a defaulter. Turn all the rascals out.

ADVANCE FIGURING.

One one of the easiest things to do in this world is for a partisan newspaper organ to figure it out, a year or two in advance of the election, how its party will win. One of the most difficult things to do is to keep the ballots in line with the figuring. Here is the Philadelphia *Press*, unreasoning Republican, demonstrating by figures and a good many "ifs," how his party will win next year. The way it fixes the business is about as follows: The electoral vote having been increased from 369 to 401, a majority will be 201; should the States vote as they did in 1880, The Republicans would have 228 and the Democrats 173. The *Press* generously admits there are three States that were Republican in 1880 which are doubtful now. These are Connecticut, Indiana and New York, with a combined vote of 57. This leaves 171 sure votes. The *Press* then proceeds to find five Democratic States that are doubtful: California, Florida, New Jersey, North Carolina and Virginia, with 44 votes, leaving only 129 certain votes, for the Democrats. The mathematician goes on to show that the Republicans, having 171 sure votes, need only New York's 36 to make a majority; or losing New York, they can get the 30 required from Connecticut, Indiana, and New Jersey; or losing both New York, and New Jersey, they could get along with California, Florida, Indiana and Connecticut; or losing Indiana, New York and New Jersey, they can still be happy and victorious with Connecticut, California, Florida and Virginia. In all these calculations Ohio is counted for the Republicans as one of the "certain" States. If the Republican party can be content and happy with this kind of figuring and prognostication, the Democrats ought not to feel the slightest degree of alarm. There is about as much chance for the Republicans carrying Florida, North Carolina Virginia as there is for bridging to the moon, and New York and Indiana are as certain to go with the Democrats as Iowa is to continue with the Republicans. Even in Ohio the Democrats have a more than even chance for winning, and California is so well pleased with her Democratic rule that she is perfectly content to continue it indefinitely. Only the most reckless blundering can defeat the Democracy next year, and what is of importance under the circumstances is that the party is in no humor to permit of any counting out frauds.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY MUST GO.

The fact that the President, members of the Cabinet and their families, as well as others connected with the administration, are on pleasure and junketing trips about the country, some of them in government ships and all at the expense of the nation, has given rise to severe criticism of the practice into which modern administrations have fallen, of making the public pay for their fun as well as their work. In striking contrast is an incident that transpired during the term of Buchanan, the last Democratic President. The President's niece, Miss Harriet Lane, was the lady at the White House, and a revenue cutter having been named in her honor, she was inclined to use it as her private property. The first time she employed it as a yacht Buchanan reprimanded her, and her second offense caused him to write her this letter:

"I am sorry to find that your excursion to West Point on the Harriet Lane has been made the subject of newspaper criticism on yourself. The practice, however, of employing national vessels on pleasure excursions to gratify any class of people is a fair subject of public criticism. You know how much I condemned your former trip on the same vessel, and I did not expect you would fall into a second error. The thing, however, is past and gone, and let it pass. After a fair time shall have elapsed, it is my purpose to cause general orders to be issued by the Treasury and Navy Departments to stop the practice."

President Buchanan carried out his purpose, and thereafter public property was not used for private purposes until Grant inaugurated the abuse, since which the Presidents and the department chiefs have acted as if the nation were providing them the means for a perpetual picnic. The country needs a return to Democratic honesty and economy, to make citizens and officials remember that this is really a republic.

The Republican party must go.

Mott's Campaign Paper.

[Charlotte Observer.]

Dr. J. J. Mott paid a visit to the city this week and it was not to be supposed that he came here for nothing. Himself, Col. Wm. Johnston and Dr. Norment caucusing together meant something, and what it was the reporter was not long in finding out. They are going to start a paper, a Liberal paper, and from what we could gather of their plans, Col. Johnson and Dr. Norment are to do the editing. Their project has not assumed full shape and another meeting is to be held to perfect all arrangements. It is understood that their joint capital for investment in the enterprise amounts to the substantial sum of $17,000, one of them alone giving $10,000. They have not decided upon the location of the paper, but it will be published in either Charlotte Greensboro or Raleigh. Most likely the first named place will be selected. The new champion is welcome to the ring. The Democratic editors are almost starved, and the bigger the Liberal paper, the better the meal it will make.

Across the Continent—Dakota.

[Correspondence Daily Patriot.]

HADLEY, IND., Aug. 18th.—Going West from Fargo we pass from the Red River valley out into a beautiful undulating country full of activity and business life; all the surroundings indicate that we are on the frontier, away from the line of fixed habits and routine life. On every side can be seen the new farm house, the white tent, the rude shed covered with hay, the sod house and the regular dug-out, and what was the most amusing of all an enterprising fellow had two large goods boxes, with an end out of each, put end to end on the ground and with hay and blankets was "holding his claim," and as the wind changed he changed front, and seemed as bright and cheerful as a bird.

At all the way stations emigrant baggage, camp supplies, farm wagons, every variety of agricultural implements, household goods, &c., could be seen in great abundance. Not the least interesting part of the transpiring scene was the happy meeting between wife and children and husband and father; the latter had gone before to secure and prepare a home, and the former had now come to join him in the new home and new life.

The undulating prairie stretches away on every side, melting into the far off haze of the horizon, with no tree to break the boundless view or furnish landmarks to judge of distance. Instead of feeling like we were getting out of the world, we feel like we were passing from the outskirts toward some grand centre, and would soon see some new and wonderful land loom up in the far off distance.

There is but little change in the outline of the country or the signs of new life for 130 miles west of Fargo; here we come to the first range of low mountains or respectable sized hills which break the uniformity of the country. In this distance there are now eighteen stations, and as the settlements increase the stations will also increase. The principal business point is Jamestown, on the James, or Dakota, river, 368 miles west of St. Paul. Here is concentrating the business of a large extent of country. The Northern Pacific Company is far-seeing in its policy of securing and facilitating all possible business within its reach. Northward from Jamestown is the Devil Lake region, including the upper valleys of the Cheyenne, Mouse and James rivers, and the level plain around the lake, which is very rich and productive. A branch road is now building from Jamestown to penetrate this upper country which will increase the business and wealth of this region for many years to come. Wheat by millions of bushels will soon be coming down this branch road, and in return will be sent all the multitude of articles called for to fill the wants of our civilization.

The valleys of the Cheyenne and James rivers are very narrow, but the upland is very productive and preferred to the valley for general farming. Many of the finest farms in Dakota are located on this undulating upland, and there are more signs of thrift and activity than any where else on the line of the road. This section seems to be occupied by a class of farmers above the average American in intelligence, and will soon be the foremost in solid wealth and material power.

Jamestown is quite a favorite place to organize exploring parties with destinations varying from 50 to 300 miles in distance. During my stay there was not a day but one or more parties started out or returned. From the return parties I learned much that was valuable to me in getting a knowledge of the country. My much travelling was of great use to me here, much the larger portion of the explorers being from States in which I had traveled, and we could always find some place familiar to us as a standard of comparing what they had seen in their explorations. These parties were often composed of a dozen men from as many States, and would each one see and think of the same thing from a different standpoint, and it was often very amusing to hear the conflicting, contradicting and exaggerated accounts of a given place or thing. Those expeditions are very enjoyable as well as instructive. Men from West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York and other eastern States are lost when on a treeless plain and rarely keep their polarity straight, and the idea of camping out on a prairie with nothing in sight to burn seems impossible, while their prairie companions from Illinois, Iowa or elsewhere, will astonish them by bringing out their oil-lamp coffee pots and oil lamp stew kettles, and soon have a hot supper and a warm tent, and will light fires by matches in a funnel shaped paper amid rain and wind as readily as in a close room. Among the mountains the thing is reversed. The eastern mountaineer has to take the prairie man in charge, and keep his polarity on the meridian, and keep him from climbing a mountain all at once and judging the distance from one hill top to another by prairie measurement.

A short run westward from Jamestown we enter the hills and find what is called Mouse River Pass, a valley 18 miles wide and 50 long, with a deep, rich, sandy soil, exceedingly productive, and thickly dotted over with small, clear lakes that give a double charm to the delightful surrounding.

Settlements are being made very rapidly, and for 15 or 20 miles on either side of the road the land is being entered or claimed and purchased from the railroad, and by the close of the year all the valley and much of the adjacent upland will be occupied and ready for a wheat crop next spring. Here, as elsewhere, we find many things of interest, and many interesting characteristics of the people and country. Some of the celebrated farms are located here. The Tray City farm, covering 20,240 acres, is located here and will soon all be under cultivation. The Thompson farm, near Dawson, and the Steel farm, near Steel, are exciting much interest on account of experiments carried on there. Mr. Steel is demonstrating the fact that mixed farming can be made as profitable as further South. He has introduced any now has a fine herd of cattle and hogs which are proving very remunerative; a large amount of his hog feed is peas grown on the farm; his experiments with millet and blue-grass are in like manner proving successful. His greatest trouble is being in advance of his generation, and in many things without the aid and sympathy he needs, and he will only be appreciated when his work ceases and he he is called hence.

From the Steel farm to Bismarck, on the Missouri river, a new feature of the country comes prominently to view; the surface of the country and especially the hillsides are thickly sprinkled boulders, belonging to the ice period, very similar to those in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan. In the Red river valley they are not seen, here they are valuable for foundations, walling wells and cellars and for rough masonry. Though this new feature of boulders is added, it does not effect the fertility of the soil; on the contrary it increases in fertility, being mixed with sand in the proportion to make it warm and quick.

Bismarck, like Jamestown, is destined to become a business centre for a large extent of country, with the advantage of being the capitol, and on the navigable part of the Missouri river, its citizens, like those of other places, anticipate a brilliant future for their young and beautiful city.

Here the land to the northwest and southeast slopes southward and is well adapted to general farming and stock raising; the hills are covered with nutritious grass, and the marshy land furnishes an abundant supply of first class hay.

This country was once the favorite home of the buffalo, before the white man came; their trails can be seen on every side winding among the hills, across the valley and streams, their wallows in places covering hundreds of acres, and their bones still whiten many of the hills, but are being gathered in large quantities for shipment to be ground into bone dust.

This part of the State has many historic and pre-historic locations. Many interesting incidents, adventures, escapes, battles with beasts and savages and feats of hardy daring in past years occurred in this vicinity. In all probability in the forgotten past this region was densely populated with a half civilized race of men and from present indications it will soon be filled with active millions again, who will not know when they disturb the dust of their forgotten predecessors.

A. COFFIN.

A Tar Heel Republican Fisticuff in Washington.

[Post—Aug. 30.]

A difficulty occurred in the Metropolitan hotel about 8:30 o'clock last evening between Hon. Miles Commander, chairman of the Republican central committee of North Carolina, and Col. D. McD. Lindsey, also of North Carolina, and at present a clerk in the Treasury department, which will probably end in a hostile meeting. The trouble, it is claimed, grew out of the treatment by Commander of Mr. Lindsey's daughter, to whom he was engaged, but deserted to marry another. Commander, with his bride, arrived at the Metropolitan yesterday morning. Lindsey called there to see him and they were in earnest consultation in the main corridor. Lindsey demanded a written explanation from Commander, which he went into the writing room to make. This seems not to have been satisfactory and when Commander returned from the writing room hot words ensued between the two, and Lindsey made violent threats and struck Commander in the face with the flat of his hand, knocking him across the room. Commander called for the clerk of the hotel, who stepped between them and prevented further trouble by getting Commander off to his room. Lindsey remained about the hotel and made frequent attempts to see Commander again, and later sent a card up by a friend, but Commander refused to see anyone, or to receive any cards, and remained in his room from 8:30. It was a late hour when Lindsey left the hotel, and it is understood that he is by no means satisfied with the chastisement inflicted upon the other and that a challenge will pass between them, or, if Commander takes no notice of the assault, Lindsey will repeat it until he aggravates him to a meeting.

Commander is prominently spoken of as a candidate for Congress in Pool's district, North Carolina.

A Negro Reservation.

Some one in Washington has started an absurd story that a considerable body of negroes in Arkansas and other Southwestern States want to be put on a reservation. No doubt there are negro politicians in the South who see their power disappearing as the intelligence of the colored people increases, and would like to "corral" their brethren on a reservation in order to keep them under their own control. But the mass of the colored people are doing well; a good many of them are accumulating wealth, and a movement to pen them up on a reservation will look to most of them too much like a return to slavery—which it would be—to secure their favor.

The Tobacco Crop in the West.

[Asheville Citizen.]

Mr. F. F. P. Love has just returned from a trip through the tobacco section of Yancey, Madison, Buncombe and Haywood, and reports. The crop in Yancey and Madison, save around Marshall, has been greatly damaged by the drouth, but in Leicester and Sandy Marsh townships, this county, and Fine's creek and Crabtree in Haywood, fair rains have fallen, and the crop is very promising.

The Secret of It.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Manufacturers' *Record* quotes a leading furnace man of Alabama as stating that his works are steadily producing pig iron at $8 per ton. The cheap labor and cheap materials of the South enable it to produce iron at lower figures than England. In this gentleman's opinion the reduction in the tariff has nothing to do with the falling off in the iron trade, but that the industry is now where protection will neither hinder nor help. When iron is produced in Alabama at $8, in Virginia at $12, and in Tennessee at $11 per ton, while in Pittsburg every ton costs $19, it is easy to understand why it is that the Southern furnaces are all still at work at a time when two thirds of those in less favored localities are out of blast.

A Religious War in Connecticut.

The erection by the Catholic priest of Lakeville, Conn., of a life-sized crucifix in the grounds of his pastoral residence has stirred up a religious war. The Protestant sentiment of Lakeville calls for the removal of an image which is distasteful to the religious ideas of many; the Catholic sentiment responds by boycotting the Protestant tradesmen; retaliation is threatened by Protestant employers; a religious war is at hand, and the press of the country is rapidly enlisting on one side or the other of the contest.

We have no hesitation in taking up the question. Both sides are in the wrong. The essential idea of religion, as far as it deals with the relations of men to each other, is to teach them to live in peace and harmony. The spirit which teaches them to quarrel misuses the name of religion to serve the petty passions and failings of humanity which religion aims to conquer.

The Browns Ahead.

She was complaining about the Browns. She said that Mrs. Brown was shoddy, vulgar and illiterate, and the young women were silly, impudent, and put on altogether too many airs.

"They should be crushed," said Mrs. Foggs.

"Indeed, they should," added Mrs. Scruggs.

"And we shall crush them," continued the first, "Brown is in the pickle trade."

"Aha!" from two voices.

"We three will form a syndicate to purchase all the cucumbers in the country."

"We will!" in chorus.

"We'll force up prices, bust Brown and crowd his family back where it belongs."

"Splendid! Splendid!"

"And we will—but, hold on! Alas! we are undone. Come to think of it, Brown doesn't use the real cucumber in his trade, but has 'em made to order by gutta percha. Ladies, we cannot compete with machinery. Let us be satisfied with snubbing the Browns.'

The London Beauty Show.

London has a beauty competition wherein the public are invited to vote for the woman they think the loveliest among the more or less famous of the sex. Mrs. Langtry went off with the lead, which she held for clear three weeks. Then she was overhauled by lady Dudley and Lady Lonsdale, two actresses, Miss Gilchrist and Miss Drew, lying well up, while Mrs. Maddick and Miss Daisy Venne, also of the stage, led a ruck of 15 who tailed off to Miss Florence St. John and Miss Phillis Broughton, struggling to the rear. At the fifth week Lady Dudley and Lady Lonsdale forged ahead, with 136 votes each against 128 for the Lilly, who was collared by Connie Gilchrist with 128 also, Miss Clement Scott Drew lying a close third with 125. This field maintained the same order until three weeks ago, when Lady Dudley and Lady Lonsdale dropped out by request, it is supposed, and Miss Drew took up the running, the number being at last accounts: Drew, 181; Gilchrist, 174; Kate Vaughan, 154; Daisy Venne, 131; Mrs. Maddick, 137; Mrs. Langtry, 128.

Clingman's Electric Light.

Gen. Thomas L. Clingman, of Asheville, who has invented an electric light, has at last scored a victory over Edison and has been granted patents on his invention. He has secured patents on his light in the United States, France and Germany. Gen. Clingman has been working on his light for a number of years past but on applying for a patent, was fought by Edison, who claimed that it was an infringement. Gen. Clingman, however, had no idea of being bulldozed and fought it out until the coveted patent was granted him. Being now in possession of the proper documents from the patent office, Gen. Clingman is ready to put his light on the market in opposition to Edison. He says that his electric light can be constructed one-third cheaper than Edison's and is equally as good. Gen. Clingman is highly elated over his success. In answer to a question as to what he intended to do in the event he reaps a fortune from his patent, he said: "I intend to give the children of North Carolina better educational facilities. I intend that they shall have an improved system of common school education."

The Original Serpent—Supposed to be the Garden of Eden Snake.

On the 12th of July as Anthony Scheldt was fishing on the Des Plains three miles below Joliet and near a famous Indian mound he suddenly found his dog, an immense mastiff, in the coils of an enormous python. Everybody laughed at his story, but the next day a party on a picnic visited the mound. While munching their sandwiches the bellowing of a cow was heard. A little distance away the animal was found with a snake wound around its body. The bones of the unfortunate creature cracked like a pistol report at each turn of the serpent, which was twenty feet long and a foot in diameter. The picnic party fled without ceremony.

These stories coming to the attention of Walter Sunderland, a well-known snake-tamer who was travelling with a circus in Wisconsin, he came to the conclusion that a valuable snake that had escaped from some menagerie was loose in Illinois, and he started down to Joliet to see if he could make a capture.

Mr. Sunderland spent about a week trying to strike the trail of the python and was about giving up the hunt in despair when he come upon the monster at the identical Indian mound already mentioned. He had been out all day and was sitting on a log about 200 yards from the mound when he saw something move. He was armed only with a Smith & Wesson revolver, and the man who was with him carried a stout bag.

The animal emerged from the mound slowly, as if just awakening from a torpid condition, and wound along through the debris in the river bottom. To Walt Sunderland's amazement, it kept on coming, and there seemed no end to it. When it had fully emerged from the mound he calculated that its length was sixty feet. To attempt to capture this animal in the ordinary way with a bag was simply impossible. But he did not despair of killing it and securing the skin. So waiting until the head of the reptile came within pistol range, he fired a shot at it.

Both men testify that they heard a rush as of a mighty wind and the serpent had disappeared.

Walt Sunderland, however, was so struck with the value of this prize that he went back to Chicago and quietly organized a company of trained serpent men who were accustomed to handle snakes, and then he quietly returned to Joliet. This time the party were thoroughly equipped with all the appliances and they made straight for the Indian mound. On the 2d of August they encamped and proceeded to business. They remained there just one week without seeing the monster. But they found indubitable evidence of his work. The bones of the large mammalia were strewn about the base of the mound, and they found what they believed to be the entrance to his lair in a circular opening worn smooth, of about two feet diameter, at the southern base of the mound.

After vainly endeavoring to coax his lordship out they came to the conclusion that they would have to dig into the mound to get him, and finally gave up the hunt in despair, returning to Chicago, with the exception of one, Ira Flemming, who lived in Joliet. This man returned the next day and renewed the watch.

It is his remarkable statement that led to the exploration of the mound on the 15th. Professor Baird Lauson, of Ottawa, and Col. John Hemmingway, Professor of Biology in the Michigan Ontotogical Institute, feeling convinced that the reports were based on something more than the fanciful fears of the men, instituted a thorough exploration of the mound.

Colonel John Hemmingway's report is one of the most remarkable that has ever been made in relation to this interesting branch of natural history.

He says the base of this mound is of pre-historic drift and in the cut which was made they discovered a complete cast of a serpent in what appeared to be detritus of Plutonic stone artificially compacted The inference was inevitable: that the builders of this mound were prehistoric men and were serpent-worshippers, a conclusion that accords with all the theological and antiquarian researches so far on this continent. But a careful examination of the cast with the microscope also convinced them that it had been made by the form of a living serpent.

This cast is exactly fifteen feet long and bears the marks of the constrictive and annular movements of the imprisoned snake. That the animal had been imprisoned in some fetish ceremony no one doubted, especially as the symbolic markings showed only too plainly such a ceremony in operation. and one rude drawing made by a flint in red sandstone portrayed a serpent and a woman in conversation

Colonel Hemmingway in brief gives it as his deliberate belief from all the facts collected that the original snake was buried while in a torpid condition, and with that amazing defiance of conditions which is occasionally observed in toads that have been buried in rocks, it survived the race that had imprisoned it it and at some time escaped.

The incredibility of the subsequent statement, that the original snake that was buried and the present monster are one and the same, disappears under cool, scientific examination. It is shown that serpents live to enormous and incalculable ages when the conditions are favorable, and that their ages can be calculated by the muscular rings of their body and its length in feet. The growth is so amazingly slow that it is believed that the forty-foot boa in the London Zoo is over 3,000 years old. The estimates based on the reported length of the Illinois snake make the age a trifle over 6,000 years.

These facts taken together have led Col. Hemmingway to the hypothesis that this serpent may indeed be the original fellow who caused so much mischief according to the Mosaic account, and further explorations of the mound it is believed will place this matter beyond all doubt.

The interest of scientists and theologians has been excited to the highest point by the work now going on at Joliet and it has been found necessary to obtain a guard from the Governor to keep away the excited savans from the mound.

In the meanwhile the people in the vicinity of Joliet and Lyttleville, who believe that the original enemy of mankind is cavorting round their neighborhood, are in a pitiable state of consternation.

Couldn't Improve that Balloon Story.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Mr. Joseph Mulhattan is in town, and a *Courier-Journal* reporter who talked to him last night found him as good-natured as ever.

"Yes, sir, I have started a new branch in journalism; something that is an innovation and a success. I call it novelistic journalism. Dickens and Thackery wrote a novel in a volume and considered themselves fortunate when 100,000 people read it in five years. I write a novel in a thousand words that is read by more than 1,000,000 people ten hours after it has left my hand. Why, what could be more attractive to a literary man? Nobody is hurt by my little novels; nobody's morals are corrupted, and all are entertained and sometimes instructed. I have selected all sorts of subjects for these stories; many of them have traveled over the world and have been wondered at in twenty nations. I am just thirty years old and am famous. There is not a man in this country who can read and write and who has read the newspapers that doesn't know of Joe Mulhattan. I have fooled every paper of prominence in the United States, and some of my scientific stories have been discussed by the learned societies of Europe."

"When did you begin your career of mendacity?" interrupted the reporter.

"I have been writing my novels for ten years now. I started on the Pittsburg *Leader* and fooled them for three or four years. I wrote stories of marvellous oil wells, of romantic highway robberies and things of that kind. I then got sending my novels to other prominent journals. I started the story of John Wilkes Booth being seen in several places, and wrote so circumstantially that many believed it. I started, as a joke, the report that President Lincoln's bones would be exhibited at the Centennial. The press of the country took it up, and for weeks it was a national question. I don't know how many of these stories I wrote in the East. The biggest thing I wrote in this part of the country was the Big Clifty fight, where a drummer wrestled with two highwaymen on a bridge and finally threw them over. My Cave story at Glasgow Junction went all over the world; you doubtless remember that. I found a cave there larger than Mammoth Cave, with navigable rivers, mummies two thousand years old and a hundred other marvellous things. The Leitchfield story about the finding of Masonic emblems that had been buried for thousands of years, showing a prehistoric race of Masons, caused great excitement. I am prouder of my Glasgow Cave story than any of the others. It shows more invention and more imagination."

"What was the basis of such a marvellous lie?"

"You mean such a well-imagined novel," interrupted Mr. Mulhattan, with a smile. "Why, there is never any foundation to my stories. Therein lies my power. Almost anybody could write a story with foundation to build on; it requires genius to construct a novel without any foundation in fact whatever, to evolve it all out of your own head as a spider draws the web from its own body. I wrote that thing about the finding of a cave at Gallatin, where the jewels and gold of the James brothers were found. When Frank James read it, he turned to the jailer and said: 'I'll bet that story was written by Joe Mulhattan.'"

"What has been your success in Texas?"

"Very fine. I suppose you read my meteor story. The Fort Worth *Gazette* received the day after it was published 114 telegrams from all parts of the world; some were from St. Petersburg; some from London; some from Edinburgh When I visited Fort Worth afterwards they gave me a fine banquet. The Texans enjoyed my novels immensely. Some of my stories have never been contradicted, especially that one about the finding of five skeletons under a tree where the people had been killed by lightning. They are talking of running me for Congress down there. Tom Ochiltree, who used to be friendly with me before, hardly speaks to me now. He says the meteor story laid him cold. He will never amount to anything against me as a liar."

"That last balloon story reads like you wrote it."

"No," replied the Jules Verne of American newspapers, with a sigh of regret at such a good lie having escaped him: "I didn't write it, but whoever did was a good one. I couldn't have done the work better myself. I know the hero, Col. Voorhees. He is lineally descended from William Tell, and is a fine shot by inheritance."