

MAUD.

We met by chance, of course; and equally, of course, it was a formal introduction, no drawing room acquaintance. One of the loveliest lakes in the first of the Adirondack wilderness Maud's beautiful eyes were first turned upon me.

It was two years since Tom Watkins and I, proud of our four years' experience and our brand new feelings of joy and regret, Tom went immediately into the office of a famous New England morning paper, and made his way steadily up into its editorial corps.

Having then worked two years without interruption, Tom and I both felt that we had earned a vacation, and by a little planning we managed to get off together in September of the comparatively uneventful year eighteen hundred and eighty.

We both voted for the mountain instead of the sea, and for New York instead of New Hampshire; so we started out determined to see all that we could of the North woods.

As we had both jogged on thus far through life without meeting any young woman who seemed absolutely essential to our happiness, we could look forward to a complete rest from the use of the pen.

Neither did we set out with any idea of meeting our late. We went to enjoy the woods and each other; we rather shunned that sought society, especially that of ladies.

After a day or two of Lake George we took the eastern route to the woods, spending a night at Elizabethtown. Thence we tramped to Keene—the clear mountain streams, deep, cool woods, and grand towering peaks, more than making up for the hard roads and thick dust, so that, though tired, we were more than satisfied with our first day's experiences.

Jocular Train Robbers.

Five miles from Little Rock there is a switch, and as the south bound passenger train approached it the engineer observed that the switch was open. Thinking something was wrong, he stopped the train. It consisted of an engine, a baggage and express car and two passenger coaches. There were seven or eight persons on board, including his baggage car, and entering it soon as the train stopped the masked men took possession of the engine and every car. The leader was tall and slender, resembling Frank James in his figure.

He first appeared on the platform of the rear coach, which was filled with passengers, and entering it soon as the train stopped the masked men took possession of the engine and every car. The leader was tall and slender, resembling Frank James in his figure.

Good-byes are seldom pleasant. Perhaps it is well that they are often hurried. A few words, a touch of the hand, and she was gone. Did we ever see her again? Which of us won her? Was one more successful in his heart's desire, and our friendship thus shattered forever?

Everybody remembers the boastful prophecy, made by a prominent secessionist prior to the opening of the late civil war, that secession in the South would cause the grass to grow in the streets of Northern cities. The prophecy was never fulfilled, of course, the grass-growing, if any occurred, being confined to Southern cities instead. If any one had been bold enough at that time, however, to declare that within a matter of a century Southern pig iron would be sold in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia he would have been deemed a greater lunatic, if possible, than the grass-growing prophet.

An industrial revolution equal in effects to making Newcastle a profitable market for foreign coals is enough to take away the breath of men who have been educated to believe that New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio make iron by a sort of a vine right for the rest of the world. Naturally, such men see impending ruin to the Northern iron industry. The seventy-six thousand tons of Southern iron sold in Northern markets is but a drop in the bucket, to be sure, amounting to less than two per cent. of the total iron output of the country; but the fact that it has appeared in Northern markets is ever so small a quantity has been sufficient to cause a great deal of uneasiness in certain iron circles, leading to ominous shakings of the head and dark forebodings for the future.

A careful survey of the whole situation should serve to allay some fears and cause a wise preparation for changes that are inevitable in the future iron industry of the country. The amount of Southern iron sold in the Northern market is small yet will probably never be large. But for the fact that a large proportion of the Southern iron output is the production of Northern capital the little that has been distributed in Northern cities would hardly have found its way here at all. But the South is going to produce its own iron in the near future, instead of buying it from the North as formerly. This may be taken for granted and there is no use of fighting the inevitable. As people have tired of risking all their eggs in the single agricultural basket, as of old. They are getting ready to manufacture their cotton as well as to grow it, to utilize the wealth of lumber which their forests contain and the iron and coal of which their mountains are full.

Instead of being a cause for gloom and foreboding, however, this should be a cause for congratulation and rejoicing on the part of the people of all sections. The development of diverse industries in the South will do more to begot a common interest and sympathy between the sections than all other influences combined. The old antagonism grew largely out of the want of common industrial interests. This cause of antagonism is now to be removed, and the representatives of a common country having common industrial interests can certainly find a way when working in harmony and to a common end of providing markets for the surplus production of both North and South. The few tons of Southern iron in the Northern market may cause momentary uneasiness to men who can see only the present effect of the extra drop in a bucket already full. To the broad minded, far-seeing man it is but the announcement that at last the North and South have met on a common plane with common interests and that henceforth they are to work together to promote the general prosperity of the whole country.

Traited by Bloodhounds.

On the morning of Wednesday, one week ago, Alexander Godwin went to the house of his brother, Stephen Godwin, who was a bachelor and well-to-do stock-raiser. All doors he found his brother dead on his bed in a pool of blood, with his head crushed and his brains oozing out. Mrs. Gregory, his housekeeper, was lying on the bed in the same room, with a dreadful fracture in her temple, and was otherwise badly mangled. Dick Gregory, her son, was found in an adjoining room, lying dead from a similar wound. There were no signs of robbery about the place. Mr. Godwin's trousers were found on a chair by his bedside with money in the pockets. His gun was missing, and his horse and buggy were also taken away.

Intense excitement followed the discovery. A local award of \$500 was at once offered. Telegrams were sent to the Governor urging that the State also offer a reward. A vigorous pursuit was at once determined upon. There was but one way to follow the bloody tracks, which led out along the banks of the Flat River southward. Dr. Faircloth, who had been out professionally during the night, declared that he had met a buggy, and that its occupants were Moses Keaton, his wife and child. The pursuing party pushed the chase through swamp and morass, sometimes having sight of the track, again losing it, and thus giving the criminal the advantage of time.

Upon reaching Decatur County, Sheriff Burkett joined in the pursuit, and it was decided to bring in the aid of dogs to keep the scent. On the Georgia line, a dog through Florida to Jackson County the party pushed. Here, in a region of swamp lands, all trace seemed lost, and two days were spent in an endeavor to regain it. Hope was almost abandoned. At last another trail was struck due west and a dog was sent out to discover that it lay not more than half a mile parallel with the downward trip, back through to Georgia and within 200 yards of the house where the tragedy had been committed and still north of this until a farm house was reached, where it was discovered that the fugitives had sold the horse and buggy and were pursuing their flight on foot. The trail was followed until the murders were captured.

On the return trip to Mitchell County with their prisoners, Keaton fully confessed the crime. He implicated several others and says that robbery was the cause, as Godwin always kept large sums of money on his person. He used an axe and a knife in the horrible deed. A noise outside gave the murderers the idea that they would be caught, when Keaton sought safety in flight, and hence did not secure one cent of booty, only the gun for protection and the conveyance for flight. Taking his wife with him he fled through to Florida and, hoping the better to avoid detection, decided to return north and reach North Alabama, when he would be secure. The chase was over 400 miles in a straight line and must have been near 1,000 when the variations are taken into account. It is doubtful if he will be allowed to reach a trial, so outraged are the people at his crime.

For some time past there have been vague rumors as to the part the prohibition ticket played in the late Presidential election. Within the past few days they have taken definite shape, and the story now is that St. John was bought up by the Democrats to remain in the field to draw voters from the ranks of the Republicans. The sum named is \$35,000. Prominent Republicans do not deny that their party endeavored to secure St. John's withdrawal, but there are two explanations offered for their failure. One is that they were simply outbid by the Democrats; the other, which is said to be the generally accepted one, is that early in the fight St. John agreed with the Republican managers to make his campaign a harmless one, and to eventually withdraw from the field, if necessary, so as not to injure the Republican chances, the consideration being \$35,000. After the Ohio election, however, the Democrats felt that they needed no assistance, and seemed loth to abide by the arrangement. It is said that \$38,000 then being offered from the other side, St. John accepted the offer and remained in the field, thereby drawing voters from the Republican ranks. This report that events immediately preceding the election would insure the election of Blaine—meaning St. John's retirement—did not materialize. These are the stories as talked about by those who are supposed to have been in the room when the agreement was made. Prominent Republicans of the District of Columbia is known to have stated the other day that St. John would have withdrawn from the field, for a consideration offered, and given the election to the Republicans, but that the Democrats made a higher bid. The Republican offer, as he stated, was \$50,000, while the Democrats made it \$35,000.

The latest cure for gallivanting wives is to shoot them in the leg. This is the remedy put into practice by a Washington city husband last week who was promptly arrested for an attempt at murder, and who as promptly explained to the Court that he did not intend to kill his wife, but only to prevent her from gallivanting around with other men.

Recently two young men of Youngtown, Ohio, with \$2,000, went to New Orleans to purchase the exclusive beer privilege on the Exposition grounds. They called on the manager, stated their business and asked what the privilege was worth. "Well," responded the manager, "I have just refused \$65,000 for it from one party because I thought it was too low. If you have \$100,000 to invest you can have the privileges of selling beer to the thirty thousands who will attend the Exposition, otherwise you can take a walk." They walked—out, and took a drink.

Murder by Dynamite.

A telegram from the New York Herald from Omaha, Neb., December 6, says: Meager details reached here to-day of one of the most diabolical wholesale butcheries ever committed in this state—the killing of two persons by one man, followed by the suicide of the murderer. The scene of the slaughter is the town of Walworth, Custer county, a locality without telegraphic facilities, which fact accounts for the time taken for the story to reach the outside world. Although the crime was committed Wednesday night the news did not reach here until tonight, and even now the facts are not all known. The victims of the horrible affair were John Finley, a widower, about sixty years old; Mary Finley, his daughter, aged sixteen; Fannie Finley, Mary's sister, aged thirteen; John Williams, a suitor for Mary's hand, and Charles Watkins, Fannie Finley's lover.

The perpetrator was Thomas or Timothy Furquin, who was a rejected suitor of one of the young ladies, it is not known which. All parties were residents of the town where the tragedy occurred. The motive for this horrible butchery was jealousy. The two young ladies have for some time been receiving the attention of Watkins and Williams, and it was generally supposed that there was to be a double wedding in the near future. Young Furquin has always been considered an exceedingly quiet, industrious and inoffensive young fellow, and though it was an open secret that he had been an admirer of and suitor for one of the Finley girls and had been rejected, he was never thought of as being capable of such a crime. He has for some time been giving tokens of his friendly feelings toward the young men who proved successful in winning the favor of the girls, but no one seems to have ever heard him make an open threat.

On Wednesday night the two Finley girls, in company with their lovers (Watkins and Williams), attended a dance. Young Furquin had asked one of the girls to go with them, but she declined on the score, it is believed, of a previous engagement. This seems to have been the acme of his bitterness over his unrequited love, and to have driven him into a murderous frenzy. He did not go to the dance, but laid in wait for the party, nursing his hatred and planning revenge. When the party drove up to the gate of the Finley homestead after their night of pleasure Furquin there with a double-barreled shotgun loaded with "wild whistlers." The party were in a spring wagon, just large enough to comfortably carry the four. The jealous man was hidden.

Unseen by his victims he leveled his gun and fired both barrels in quick succession at the party. The contents of the gun literally riddled the bodies of all four, killing them almost instantly. Hearing the shooting and the death screams of his daughters, Mr. Finley rushed from the house to his own death. The murderer struck the old man a blow over the head with the butt of the gun, and repeated the deed. The murderer then completed his horrible work by blowing out his own brains with a revolver. Such is the story of the horrible affair as obtained from a number of sources and reports, all of them more or less in their character, but all agreeing in their general features. One report says that the murderer burned the house after committing the crime, while another says that his body was found on the river bank some distance from the others, indicating that he had some idea of escaping from the slaughter, but changed his mind.

Casualties Sentenced to Death. Capt. Dudley and the mate of the wrecked yacht Mignonette, who were found guilty of murder in killing the boy Parker for food to keep themselves alive, were, last week, sentenced to death. The court room was crowded, and the session during the pronouncing of sentence was most impressive. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge read the judgment of the court, citing human life could only be justified on the plea of self-defense. The commission of one's own life was unjustifiable. Of course it was a duty to preserve one's own life; but duty often required one not to save but to sacrifice his own life. The court must apply the law and declare that the prisoners were guilty of wilful murder, for which judgment was no justification. If this judgment was so severe the court must leave the prisoners to the clemency of the Crown. The prisoners were asked what they had to say before sentence was pronounced. Both Capt. Dudley and Mate Stephens pleaded for mercy in view of their terrible situation when the deed was done. Lord Coleridge said it was the jury's privilege to recommend the prisoners to mercy, and then he sentenced them to be hanged, but without the black cap.

Revenue Reform agitation is never out of place when it is not an obstacle to more important agitation being business. Down with the Surplus! Away with needless war taxes! Revenue Reform agitation is never out of place when it is not an obstacle to more important agitation being business. Down with the Surplus! Away with needless war taxes! Revenue Reform agitation is never out of place when it is not an obstacle to more important agitation being business.

Doctoring the Language. A new word has been coined to take the place of old maid. It is "bachelette." Why not "bachelorette." We have an actor and actress, instructor and instructress, master and mistress, then why not enough blamed foolishness in the English language already. A telegraph line is being established along the Ductown branch of the W. N. C. Railroad between Asheville and Charleston.

What shall I do? she appealed. The Leakeville Gazette of last week announces that it will cease to exist after that date, but will be succeeded by the Henry News, published at Martinsville, Va.