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MURFREESBORO INDEX.

JOHN W. HICKS, Editor and Proprietor. DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF HERTFORD AND ADJOINING COUNTIES. $1.50 Per Annum

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HORSE-CHESTNUTS—A FANCY,

My heart, my heart,
To life did start,
And blossom with the blooming spring;
My soul did move
With April love,
And grew with every greening thing.

Fair buds the beech—
Too fair for speech
Of mine to show its changing mien,
How soft and slow!—
First a green glow,
And then a mist, a cloud of green.

Soft covering they,
The tassels gray
That hang the willow branches
And soft the blush
That pink doth flush
The apple-trees above the wall.

Not so, not so,
My love did grow
As these do sprout—invisibly;
Scarce can one tell,
Nor reckon well,
The day, the hour, their birth did see.

But mark the way
That long ere May
The fans do clothe the chestnut-trees;
On each curved twig
The bud grows big,
And shineth bronze-like in the breeze.

To-day it's sheathed,
To-morrow breathed
Upon by every wind of morn,
And the tree stands
With thousand hands
Of young green, since the midnght born.

And so—yes, so—
My love did grow,
Fed by the breezes and the sun,
Till, bathed in dew,
My spirit knew
Its fragrant summer-time begun.

In thy sweet eyes
My sun did rise;
Thy voice made April wind-puffs rude,
And at its call
My longings all
Full-budded into lovings stood.

One day, one hour,
And all the power
Of love I'd sought not mastered me,
And all my mind
No thought could find
Not green with new-born hopes of thee.

—*M. G. Van Rensselaer, in Harper's.*

THE GROANING GHOST.

When I was a young man, my father's business experienced a severe check, so that it was necessary to retrench, and we resolved to move. My brother and myself were sent to find a suitable house.

Late one Saturday afternoon we came upon the very thing, a large old mansion. A bill in one of the numerous windows announced that the house was to let: "Apply next door." We applied. The door was opened by a tidy, gray-haired woman,

"Can we look over the house next door?" I said. A rather queer look crossed the woman's face for a moment, but she answered civilly:

"Certainly, sir. But it is rather dark now."

"So it is," said I. "We may come in daylight if the place is likely to suit us. Can you tell us the particulars?" The woman enumerated the rooms and the various features of the mansion. All were most suitable.

"And the rent?" I inquired, nerving myself for a disappointment. She named so low a figure that I uttered an involuntary exclamation.

"You see we've had it on our hands for some time," she explained, "and we would offer easy terms to a good tenant."

"And when can we look over it?" I asked. "Is it your own property?"

"No, sir. But we have the letting of it. My husband would show you over to-morrow if you didn't mind."

We made an appointment for Sunday morning and went home delighted. Next morning we kept our appointment, and found everything satisfactory.

The next day I was lunching at my usual chop house along with two or three acquaintances.

"Still house hunting, Denton?" said one of these.

"No, thank heaven," I said. "We've got a house at last. In —— square."

"Which house have you got?"

"No. 45," I said. He threw his head back and burst into a fit of laughter. The other men laughed too.

"Why, don't you know," said my friend, recovering his gravity, "No. 45 is haunted?" I saw the other men looking at me, so I put on a bold front.

"As if every one didn't know that," said I, composedly. He was somewhat taken aback, but returned to the charge.

"Well, you'll have plenty of company there," he said.

In the course of the afternoon I took my brother aside and told him.

"Phew!" said he. "That explains the low rent. But the governor can't stand anything of the sort. You know how nervous he is."

"Yes, I know," I said. "And it strikes me that the best thing is to move into the house ourselves, so that we can tell him the story is false, if any one lets it out to him. Just you and I."

"Right," said he.

We had no difficulty in finding a pretext for moving in our new domicile before the family. So about 10 o'clock one evening, after a substantial dinner in town, we let ourselves into our new abode and took possession. A bright fire, lit by our landlady, was blazing in the kitchen. We had a plentiful supply of stimulants and tobacco, and we made ourselves comfortable with our slippers and lounging coats, and prepared for a night of it.

Ensconced in our chimney corners, we passed the time luxuriously enough. We had made up our minds to sit up all night, and show the ghost what manner of men he had to deal with.

"We'll take the ghost by the horns," said my brother. "I only hope we shan't have to take the devil by his." I was not quite so complacent, for I inherited something of my father's nervous temperament. However, I had company, so I kept up a stout heart. We were very cheerful and light-hearted at first. We talked over various boyish escapades, and criticised the character of our friends and relations.

Finally, the heat of the fire had its inevitable effect, and we began to doze.

I do not know how long I had been asleep, but I suddenly awoke with a violent start. A cold shudder ran through me from head to feet. I had an indefinable sensation of something strange and terrible. I rose and stretched myself and tried to feel at my ease. But I could not. I touched my brother and he awoke.

"Hello!" he said, "What's the matter? Why, I've been asleep. What's the time?"

"Two o'clock," said I.

"Just the time for a ghost," said he with unseemly levity. "Do you know, Will, I don't think he'll come here. Let's go and look for him."

"Anything for a change," said I, although the thought of perambulating that great lonely mansion in the dead of night was anything but agreeable. "I am wide awake."

"So am I," said he; and taking up the brass candlestick, he went toward the door. I followed him closely. We passed along the passage, our stealthy footfalls making a faint sound on the uncarpeted floor. We examined the rooms on the ground floor. We heard and saw nothing. We ascended the stairs. Every individual stair creaked horribly, but that was all. No ghost.

My brother suddenly opened the door of a bedroom on the first floor. Instantly a gust of air blew the candle out; and as we stood there in the icy cold we distinctly heard—a groan. It was no fancy. It was a long-drawn, wailing moan of inexpressible horror and pathos. It died away in a despairing cadence. It seemed like the sorrowful lament of a soul in torment. As we stood there, grasping each other's hands, with our hearts throbbing in great pulsations, it came again. Oh, the horror of it. It seemed to be in the room and close to us. The cold was deathly, the silence broken only by that weird and awful moan. Once more it rose and fell—and somehow or other the next moment we found ourselves in the kitchen, with shaking limbs and ashen faces, relighting our extinguished candle. Then we looked at each other.

"That was no fancy, Will," said my brother.

"Fancy—no," I replied, my teeth chattering in my head. "What are you going to do?"

For my brother had relit the candle and was going away.

"Um going to have another look," he said.

"But, perhaps," I suggested, "the—the ghost extinguishes the light."

"I'll give him another chance," said my brother coolly. "Come along, you chattering idiot." With quaking heart I followed his foolhardy footsteps. This time he opened the door more cautiously, and we entered with every nerve strung to its utmost tension. Holding the candle on high we looked around. Pure vacuity. And the sound came not again.

"Poor old chap," said my brother. "He can't stand the light. Shall I blow it out again?"

"If you do—" said I. "But, joking apart, who is going to sleep in this room? I'm not, for one. And this would naturally be the governor's room.

My brother was struck.

"You're right," he said; "we must get to the bottom of this."

He examined the room carefully, but there was nothing to be seen, neither was there anything to be heard. So we gave up the thing for that night and went to bed.

At noon that day I had to run the gauntlet of my friends. And, I am bound to say, kept suspiciously mum. As the day drew on, I grew more and more uncomfortable, and I fairly dreaded the ordeal of the ensuing night. We agreed that at 2 o'clock precisely we would again visit the haunted room.

There was no danger of our going to sleep to-night. We were painfully wide awake.

At last the hour began to sound. At the first stroke my brother rose and took up the candle. I had provided myself with a second candle on my own account. We examined the rooms on the ground floor, without success. We ascended the stairs, and paused outside the haunted chamber. The passage and the stairs above were thick with shadow. My brother turned the handle—and the weird sound died away as we entered.

In a moment it came again. It rose and swelled and died sorrowfully away. It was singularly human. Yes it was beyond all description unearthly.

A cold stream of terror trickled down my back. My brother stood still and listened intently. The ghost groaned again, and yet again. It was frightful. The wail began in a whisper; it swelled to an acute pitch; it died away in a note of woe that thrilled one's heart. It was awful to stand there, waiting for the sound to come again. My matter-of-fact brother spoke.

"All these groans are exactly alike," he said, considering. "Well, I'll tell you what, the ghost's up the chimney." Once more the sound came, as though to confirm his words. It certainly did appear to proceed from the region of the fireplace.

"Still," resumed my brother thoughtfully, "a ghost in a chimney is an uncomfortable sort of thing. I'll have that chimney swept. We'll see about it the first thing to-morrow."

We secured the services of an intelligent chimney sweep, and sent him up the chimney. When he came down he reported that he had found nothing, We sent him up again. This time he found out something, This chimney communicated with the one next door.

"That will be the kitchen chimney next door," said my brother. "We must explore that." Our landlady was considerably amazed when we presented ourselves and asked to be allowed to explore. After a little demur, however, she consented. There was hardly any fire in the grate.

"I don't make it up until eleven o'clock at night," she explained. "Not until my master comes home."

The boy went up smartly and shortly re-appeared.

"Why, you've got a smoke-jack up there, Missis," said he.

"What's a smoke-jack?" said my brother, hastily. The sweep explained.

"It's a happaratus for roasting meat, fixed in the chimbley. It has little sails like, just like a windmill."

"I didn't know it was there," said our landlady.

"Doesn't it make a noise?" asked my brother, with a quick look at me.

"We don't hear it," replied the landlady, indifferently.

"Well," said my brother, "just run back to the bedroom and listen. I believe we've got it. I am going to send the boy up to turn the thing." I did as he requested. When I got into the room the ghost was groaning in splendid form. He was going far faster than I had ever heard him before.

The mystery was solved.

We kept our secret. We were the admiration of every one who knew the story of the house. And for a big reduction in the rent of a very comfortable house we had to thank the Groaning Ghost.—*Belgravia.*

Natural Mimicry.

Some insects have a deceptive resemblance to members of the vegetable world, either for the purpose of protecting themselves or for that of decoying their prey. But a more wonderful simulation is that of the features of other insects.

There is in Borneo a sand-wasp which is addicted to the habit of devouring crickets, but there is also a species of cricket which exactly reproduces the appearance of its enemy, so that it can even associate with it undiscovered.

A species of mantis imitates the white ant, and mixing with the family, like one of its own members, quietly devours a fat termite, from time to time.

Flies often dwell as unbidden guests in the nests and hives of wild honey-bees. They are belted and bearded in the self-same pattern as their unconscious hosts, but their larvæ pay for their hospitality they steal by devouring the young grubs of the hive.

Beetles often imitate hornets, since the latter are insects to which birds in search of animal food prefer to give a very wide berth. Even the mimicry of stinging insects is sometimes performed by innocent little creatures quite destitute of any such means of defence. A common insect, known in England as the devil's coach-horse, throws up its tail in the aggressive fashion of a scorpion, when irritated, but it has no hint of a sting. In its warlike attitude it is exceedingly alarming, not only to boys and girls, but to chickens and birds.

The bumble-bee flies, which are inoffensive little creatures, imitating the wild bee, flit about and buzz angrily in the sunlight, quite after the insect they copy, and gain an undeserved reputation of fierceness.

Certain beetles have become modified to resemble wasps, even to the extent of losing their solid waists for others of ultra-fashionable slenderness, and others, which mimic bees, have acquired useless little tufts of hair on their shanks, to represent the pollen-gathering apparatus of the true bees.

A curious case of imitation is that of two species of Malayan orioles, which are almost exact counterparts of two varieties of honey-suckers. The latter are such fierce birds as to be avoided by all their feathered neighbors, and thus the orioles find their own deceptive plumage a great protection.—*Youth Companion.*

Quaint Service in a Japanese Hotel.

In a Japanese hotel the kitchen is always the principal room in the house and near the entrance. The first thing that strikes us is the row of large blue platters arranged around the wall in a shelf rack near the ceiling. I have come to regard these platters as a test of the prosperity of the house, writes a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. If they are many and large—three feet across—the hotel is flourishing; if few and small, the reverse. So the first thought is: "How are the platters?"

We are shown our rooms—upstairs always, if possible—and leaving our shoes behind walk upon the soft mats in our stocking feet. Immediately a servant brings tea and a tray of tiny cups without saucers; then tobacco and a small fire-box for smoking purposes. Now all the visitors in the house and all the neighbors who can crowd in have arrived and are in our rooms and are examining us.

We think we would like to wash our hands and faces and then have something to eat, so we clap our hands three times and a servant screams "hi," and soon appears, bowing, and asks what we want. We call for water, which is brought in a large bucket with a wooden handle, and a flat copper basin, in which we perform our ablutions in full view of the crowd in the street below us. Little tables, about as large as a small napkin, are placed before each on the floor.

We order rice, which is brought in a small tub with brass hoops. We ask for eggs, and they bring thirty for four persons. We use our own knives and forks and the visitors look at us and then at each other and smile admiringly.

New York's Y. M. C. A.

There are few more pleasing places of resort in this town than the bright and cheerful rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association on Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue. The immense building contains reading rooms, library, gymnasium, parlors, lecture hall, and class rooms, and is visited by 1,000 young men every day. The library contains 35,000 volumes. There are two bowling alleys, and chess and checker rooms. There is a chess and checker club of forty members, twenty-five of whom are engaged in a tournament. Ira H. Brainard is chairman of the club, and two young men, the brothers Henthorf, are considered the most proficient players. The members enjoy the privilege of baths—tub, shower, needle, and douche—*Evening Sun.*

Eating Contests.

These eating contests, quail or anything else, are not so common as they used to be, says Jack Farrelly in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*. They used to be popular down south, where big colored people were hired to eat against each other. A professional eater (I don't believe there are any now) will train on certain foods and go right through his job on time at an average rate, and not be sick when he is done. When it comes to drinking, that is a different thing, all depending on the make up of the man. One man could drink a quart of whisky at a swallow, while another would drop dead. A man can accustom himself to do feats of eating, but he must naturally have a capacity for drinking.

LOUISVILLE IN ALARM.

THE SIGNAL ON THE BELLS MISTAKEN FOR A RIOT CALL.

Fruitless Attempt of a Mob to Capture Assailants of a Young Lady.

A Louisville, Ky., dispatch says: Great excitement was occasioned here by the sounding of eleven taps by the fire department bells, as the public generally understood them as the signal that an attack had been made on the jail, where Turner and Patterson, the negroes who assaulted Jennie Bowman are confined. Militia were stationed around the building and people, knowing this, at once circulated reports of an encounter between the mob and the soldiery. Soon after the alarm a crowd of 3000 persons assembled in the jail square. Jefferson street was the scene of great confusion, people rushing towards the prison from all points. It was soon learned that no assault had been made upon the jail, but that the alarm was the usual call given to notify members of the legion when they are expected to report for duty at the armory. The people misunderstood the signal, thinking it was caused by a riot at the jail. The crowd then dispersed, and no more trouble was feared.

Ten hours previous a mob of about 5000 men and boys, armed with a section of a telegraph pole had marched in a body to charge the jail, where Turner and Patterson, the negro assailants of Jennie Bowman, are confined. The police, thirty strong, in a double column met the crowd at Fifth and Jefferson streets. The officers ordered the mob to disperse and then charged upon them, They scattered and retreated up Jefferson street, where they began gathering in numbers.

They then organized at Fourth and Main streets and after several speeches again marched to the jail. The crowd numbered about 500 and many of the men were armed with sledgehammers. They appeared determined and seemed to have leaders. They reached the jail, and when the police guard line was reached a lively scrimmage took place and several shots were fired, but no one was injured. The mob then retreated in the direction of the armory, but rapidly grew smaller and then dispersed. It is believed that another attempt to reach the two negro murderers will be made, and if the mob has determined leaders they will probably succeed in their purpose.

Among those who were arrested and taken to the station house were John Letterie and Allen McDonald. The former was a member of the late Kentucky Legislature and the latter is a leader in an association organized to promote purity in the city government. Jennie Bowman, the young lady assaulted is still sinking. She may die at any moment. The feeling is that her death will precipitate trouble. Judge Jackson's call on the Governor for military aid has been answered, and several companies have been ordered to guard the jail.

THE MAYOR'S PROCLAMATION.

Later in the afternoon the Mayor issued the following proclamation:

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
LOUITVILLE, KY.,

To the People of Louisville, Ky.

It is my duty as Mayor to enjoin upon the people the necessity for preserving order and maintaining the majesty of the law. A most diabolical crime has been committed in our city, but the law must inflict the punishment. A riot is more dangerous to good government than any individual criminal. Lynch law subverts every principle of law and attacks our very civilization. I, therefore, in the discharge of my duty, request every citizen to remain at home to-night, and to avoid all gathering, and I caution parents not to permit their children to go into the streets, as their presence increases the number and adds to the excitement. I must and will discharge my duty to uphold the law and to preserve good order, and I command all riotous assemblages to disperse. (Signed)

P. B. REED, Mayor.

CROWDS ABOUT THE JAIL.

Despite the Mayor's proclamation, however, the squares about the jail are densely packed with men. The police have been able to clear the street for about a half square east and west of the prison, but beyond these limits the people are jammed together as close as sardines, and no effort so far, has been made to disperse them. Two companies of militia wait in readiness for the order to march, at any moment from the armory, some five or six squares away. On Market street a crowd of about one hundred men are marching up and down, each with about a foot of white cotton rope tied to the arm. In a prominent place on the court-house is the illuminated design, "Wanted five hundred men to join the mob." Up to this writing good order has prevailed. The mob appears to have no leader, and appears to be only watching out of curiosity for something to turn up. The police and military are determined to defend the jail, come what may, and if the attempt is made to-night, or in the morning, there will be bloodshed sure.

A BRUTAL CRIME.

The history of the trouble is briefly thus: On April 21 a burly negro named Albert Turner entered a house in a fashionable part of this city, between eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning, having first observed that all the inmates had left.

While he was ransacking the place Jennie Bowman, the white servant girl, returned and pluckily fought Turner, giving him several severe gashes in the face with a tumbler.

The brute knocked her down, crushing her skull with a brass poker and otherwise disfiguring her, and then made his escape. He secreted himself in a stable, but was found by the police and arrested. He acknowleged his guilt and was taken to Frankfort, the authorities fearing that he would be lynched. Turner subsequently made a confession, implicating another negro, named Bill Patterson, and he was also taken to Frankfort to escape the mob.

Turner made a confession on Monday night, in which he said that he and Patterson beat and kicked the girl to insensibility, and then carried her to her room where Patterson tried to assault her, but was prevented by Turner.

The girl is almost certain to die, and the evidence is strong enough in that case to bring both men to the gallows.

KNOCKED DOWN IN COURT.

A Wronged Girl's Father Takes the Law Into His Own Hands.

CHICAGO, Ill.,—A dispatch says: Frank Mumford, 40 years old, a lottery sharp, stood in the dock in the Armory Police Court, charged with having wronged Julia Bernhardt, a pretty girl of 13. Mumford had given employment to her father and pretended to be a friend to her bedridden mother. The weeping girl recovered her composure long enough to tell her story; then she broke down.

At the same moment her gray-headed father made one bound from the witness bench to the dock and planted his fist full in the prisoner's face. Mumford fell senseless the blood gushing from his mouth. In an instant the court-room was in confusion. The 200 spectators climbed on the benches, men shouted approvingly and women shrieked. When order had been restored Justice Meech, fined the father $25 for contempt of court. The old man pleaded pitifully for mercy. "My God" he wailed, "I couldn't help it, Your Honor: this scoundrel has ruined my child, my beautiful Julia." By this time the prisoner had regained consciousness and was on his feet. The magistrate contemplated the trio for a moment, and then addressing Mumford, said:

"I am willing to allow any such contemptible person as you to be knocked down, even in my court, when the provocation is such as this old man has. Mr. Clerk remit the fine."

The father and daughter left the court-room hand in hand, while Mumford went to jail in default of bail.

A BOLD ROBBERY.

A Train Stopped in Arizona and Plundered by Desperate Men.

One of the most audacious, desperate and successful train robberies ever recorded occurred on the west-bound overland train on the Southern Pacific Railroad, near Tucson, Ariz. A special from Tucson says: "The western-bound express due here at 10:30 p. m., was stopped and robbed at Papago station, 18 miles east of here, about the number of men engaged in the robbery is variously estimated from five to eight. Col. Harper, the engineer, when approaching Papago, was signaled by a red lantern to stop. He slowed down, and as he approached the light he noticed obstructions on the track so placed that in case he failed to stop the engine would spread the track and derail itself. Immediately upon stopping, a dozen or more shots were fired into the express car, and a man with a pistol in each hand boarded the locomotive and commanded Harper not to get down. The other robbers had in the meantime been prying open the express car, and failing to get it open, they placed a stick of giant powder under it and compelled Harper to light the fuse attached. This he was obliged to do, but to avoid being blown up, the messenger opened the car and the robbers took possession. They then took charge of the car, uncoupled the engine, baggage and express car from the remainder of the train and made Harper get on the engine and pull ahead two lengths. This being done, Harper was again put off, and the robbers took charge of the engine and pulled six miles toward Tucson, Here, they killed the engine and left it. During the run the robbers went through the mail and express cars, but did not get more than five thousand dollars. It is reported that the express messenger threw thirty-five hundred dollars into a stove and so saved it from the robbers. Ten trailers have left for the scene of the trouble. The robbers are believed to be discharged railroad employes, although they compelled Engineer Harper to show them how to handle the locomotive."

Additional facts were received concerning the robbery in dispatches to Wells, Fargo & Co. They were to the effect that the train was held up three miles east of Papogo in a cut. The mail was robbed as well as the express, from which $5,000 was taken. No one was injured by the shooting. When news of the robbery was carried back to Pantano, United States Marshal Mead and a deputy, two deputy sheriffs and two others started after the train. Marshal Mead sent for troops to Fort Lowell, add thirty-five soldiers left there to scour the country.

The mail and express agents were given just one and a half minutes to get out, under threats of being blown up with five hundred pounds of dynamite, and they at once got out. With rewards offered by the railroad company, Wells, Fargo & Co., and the Post-office Department, it will profit whoever may be the capturer of the robbers—$2,200 for each capture.

PIERCED WITH A SWORD.

A Falling Man Accidentally Runs His Friend Through and Through.

A dispatch from Raleigh, N. C., says: There was a procession in Clinton in honor of the completion of a railway, and thousands of people lined the streets. Col. Wm. C. Jones, a prominent young officer, was in command of the troops as Col nel of the 2d Infantry Regiment. His horse, alarmed at the noise, became unmanageable and dashed wildly into a group of marshals.

Col. Jones was thrown violently from his saddle, holding fast in his right hand his drawn sword, which as he fell, pierced the body of H. A. Jones, one of the marshals. Both men fell together, while their horses dashed away. The sword, which was a United States regulation blade, transfixed Mr. James from back to breast, the blade entering on the left side of the spine. After passing through the body it snapped near the hilt. The sword was drawn out by the point, which protruded several inches in front near the breast-bone.

The accident occurred immediately in front of the residence of Mr. James's father, and both Mr. James and Col. Jones were taken to this house in a state of unconsciousness. The regimental surgeon and other physicians say that the wound may not prove fatal, as the lungs were not touched. Col. Jones narrowly escaped concussion of the brain and the dreadful occurrence nearly drives him mad.

THE OTHER SIDE HEARD FROM.

Numerous Protests Against Suspending the Long and Short Haul Clause.

A dispatch from Washington says: J. M. Burlingame, secretary of the Business Men's Association of Minnesota, comprising boards of trade, business men's and farmer's organizations of the state, writes by instruction to the Inter-state Commerce Commission, asking that the association be notified before any consideration is given to the prayers of the railroads between Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis, and it be afforded a hearing on the subject. An intense desire, he says exists that there should be no suspension of any provisions of the law until its effects have been thoroughly tested. Charles M. Hill secretary of the Philadelphia Wool Merchant's Association, writes enclosing a copy of a resolution of the association protesting against the suspension of the long and short haul provision for the Pacific roads. In its preamble the document recites that the rates from San Francisco to the east have been from fifty to sixty-two cents per hundred pounds, while from many nearer points it has been from $3 to $4 50. The treasurer of the J. B. Williams Company, soap manufacturers of Glastonbury, Ct., writes in reference to the petition of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, saying he is confident he represents the sentiment of a majority of the manufacturers and shippers of Connecticut, protesting vigorously against the suspension of the long and short haul clause. He says that for years this road has had a monopoly of almost the entire traffic of the state. The only two lines of steamers from which the road would receive competition are virtually under its thumb, and are obliged to submit to almost any terms the road sees fit to dictate.

TWO NOTED MEN FIGHT.

Missouri's State Auditor and an Ex-Judge Use Canes and Pistols.

A Jefferson City, Mo., dispatch says: Ex-Supreme Judge John W. Henry and State Auditor Walker, had an altercation on the street in which Judge Henry was shot once in the right arm and again in the breast, and Walker was severely cut in the head by a blow from Judge Henry's cane. The affair grew out of the late investigation of Auditor Walker by a legislative committee. Walker accused Judge Henry of talking about him with a view to injuring him and took strong exception to the Judge's testimony before the committee. Judge Henry replied that he had told nothing but the truth, whereupon Walker, in profane language, called him a liar. Judge Henry then struck Walker over the head with his cane, and Walker whipped out a pistol and fired at him. The ball entered the palm of the Judge's left hand, passed up the arm just under the skin to near the elbow, where it came out, crossed his breast and lodged in his breast bone. The wound is severe and may be a dangerous one. Walker got a heavy blow on the left temple, cutting a long gash, and he is now suffering from nervous prostration, palpitation of the heart and numbness of his left side, but the doctors say will be all right in a few days. Both are old men, and Judge Henry quite feeble.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

FIRE in a big Brooklyn gas fixtures manufactory caused a loss of $200,000.

"JAKE" SHARP, the man who is charged with bribing the New York Aldermen to grant his Broadway horse-car company a charter, was hauled up in court by the District-Attorney on Monday, and his trial set for an early day.

A FIRE at Allegheny City, Penn., resulted in the death of two persons—a man and a woman—and fatal injuries to one man.

NUMEROUS stove foundries in the East have been closed because molders refused to work on patterns made by a boycotted St. Louis firm.

FIVE miners were smothered to death by the collapse of a pillar in an Ashland (Penn.) mine.

INVESTIGATION of the Pacific railroads by the Commission recently appointed began a few days since in New York.

THE New Hampshire Cattle Commissioners have ordered a cattle quarantine against Massachusetts and New York on account of the alleged existence of pleuro-pneumonia in those States.

A SIX-STORY furniture factory in New York succumbed to the flames. Loss, $350,000.

BOTH branches of the New York Legislature have passed the bill providing for a half holiday on Saturdays.

South and West.

MANY prominent people, including several members of President Cleveland's Cabinet, were present at the unveiling of a statue to John C. Calhoun in Charleston, S. C. Military companies from all parts of the State participated in the parade.

SOME boys were examining an old shell embedded in the side of the mountain at Harper's Ferry, Va., when it exploded with such tremendous force that several dwellings 100 yards away were almost demolished. Six persons were injured, two with probably fatal result.

At least 400 children are down with measles at Madison, Wis. Many adults have also been attacked.

A SCAFFOLD at Monticello, Ill., was thrown to the ground by the antics of a calf, one of the four men upon it being killed and one fatally injured.

THREE brothers named Hayward were drowned in Chesapeake Bay by the capsizing of their boat.

AT Haverhill, Ohio, Dr. W. T. Northup, a prominent physician, was murdered by Thomas McCoy, a saloon keeper, and his brother Alfred, the postmaster at Haverhill, aided by Pierson and James McCoy, sons of Alfred, aged twenty and fifteen. Dr. Northup drew his pocket-knife and severely wounded Alfred McCoy. The other McCoys were arrested. Dr. Northup had antagonized the McCoys by working hard for local option.

THE schooner Flying Scud, from Alaska, has been lost at sea with all on board, comprising four whites and fourteen native hunters.

THREE young children of Sharp Smith were burned to death during the father's absence from his home in Spartanburg Co., S. C.

FOSTER'S OPERA HOUSE at Des Moines, one of the finest theatres in Iowa, has been totally destroyed by fire. Loss about $35,000.

J. H. MARCUM was publicly hanged at Louisa, Ky., for the murder of his cousin, Fisher Marcum.

THE Captain and crew of the British steamship Benhope have arrived at Savannah. While sixty miles from land a fire broke out, and 23,000 cases of crude petroleum—each case containing about forty gallons—began to explode, hurling the vessel's timbers high into the air. The crew took to the boats, and were picked up by a passing vessel.

A MEMBER of the Michigan Legislature named Dakin has been expelled for corrupt practices.

Washington.

GENERAL GRANT'S birthday was celebrated under the auspices of a Grand Army Post in a Washington church on Tuesday. Among the speakers were the Mexican Minister, Senator John L. Morgan, General Henkle and others.

JAMES H. MARR, chief clerk to the First Assistant Postmaster-General, is dead. He was born in Maryland in 1810, and had been fifty-six years in the continuous service of the Postoffice Department, beginning with the administration of President Jackson.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S most intimate friends deny the statement recently made that he had declared emphatically that he would not accept a renomination.

SENATOR BECK, a member of the Senate Finance Committee, thinks that owing to the accumulation of the surplus revenue in the Treasury, an extra session of Congress to relieve the country of a possible financial stringency is necessary.

THE Government has been informed that many Indians in the vicinity of Yuma, Arizona, have died lately of measles.

A COMING bulletin of the Agricultural Department will give full and explicit directions how to tell the difference between genuine butter and oleomargarine.

NEARLY 400 pensions have been granted under the Mexican Service act of January 29th. About 15,000 Mexican claims have been received at the Pension Office up to date.

THE President has made the following appointments: Isaac Hilliard Polk, of California, Receiver of public moneys at Los Angeles, Cal.; Frank W. Welna, of West Point, Neb., Register of the land office at Niobrara, Neb. Postmasters, Albert J. Lovelee, at Adams, N. Y.; Wright F. Perry, at Cold Spring, N. Y.

VALENTINE FLECKENSTEIN has been appointed Postmaster and John W. Martin Collector of Customs at Rochester, N. Y.

Foreign.

FOUR new Cardinals will soon be created by the Pope.

IN Ecuador recently the Liberal leader Vargas Terres, was captured, tried by court martial and shot.

JUNE 22 has been officially set apart as the day for observing the Queen's jubilee in Canada.

THREE young men were drowned at St Romuald, Canada, by the upsetting of a boat

DAMASO CAMPO, a planter, has been kidnapped by Cuban bandits, who demand $25,000 for his ransom.

THE yacht Thistle, the British vessel which will come to America this summer to race for the world's championship, has just been launched at Glasgow.

AN American party of prospectors have discovered two of the seven silver mines in Mexico worked by the Spaniards over a hundred years ago. The whereabouts of these mines has been a mystery for many years.

MR. GLADSTONE, in a speech at a dinner given by Labor members of Parliament, declared his entire disbelief in the accusation made by the London *Times* that Parnell had written a letter expressing approval of the Phœnix Park murders.

THE Cambridge University Boat Club is making arrangements to go to America this summer to row a race with the Harvard University Boat Club.

THE Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of New York, has again informed the Pope that he refuses to come to Rome.

A NUMBER of Nova Scotia lobster fishermen have been lost in a heavy gale.

THE Duke of Portland's residence at Robertland, his seat in Ayrshire, Scotland, has been destroyed by fire.

THIRTEEN men who recently resigned from the Irish Constabulary have sailed for New York. A large crowd, including the Mayor of Cork, bade them farewell amid cheers for Parnell.

ANTI-POVERTY SOCIETY.

The New Movement by Dr. McGlynn and Henry George

A dispatch from New York says: The Anti-Poverty Society, of which Dr. McGlynn is president, and Henry George is vice-president, held their first public meeting to-night at Chickering Hall. The Hall was packed to overflowing, and on the platform were a large number of leaders of the United Labor party. The exercises opened with singing by a chorus of fifty voices. Henry George presided, and in his opening address said: "The presence of such a large audience at the first meeting of the Anti-Poverty society shows that there is a widespread feeling in the community against the social crime of poverty. In starting this society, we do not propose to form a church. There are already churches enough in the community. There is nothing sectarian in the platform of the society. All creeds are welcome. If Archbishop Corrigan chooses to join he is welcome, and if Robert Ingersoll desires to become a member, he will be welcome also. We propose to arouse the religious sentiment in men and women to help each other, and to do what charity cannot do. We hold that the poverty that festers in the heart of our great cities does not arise from the niggardliness of the Creator, but from man's sinfulness. We will preach the doctrine of Him, who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me," not like those who try to persecute the men who stand up for the rights of the poor." While Mr. George was speaking, Dr. McGlynn stepped upon the platform. Every man and woman rose in seats, and the greatest kind of enthusiasm reigned for several minutes. When quiet was restored, Dr. McGlynn stepped to the reading desk and said: "I am painfully conscious that we stand here tonight on a historic platform. The founders of this society in years to come will look back upon to-night's meeting with pleasure and satisfaction. It is not amiss that I, a priest of Christ, should stand here to speak on a cause which proposes to abolish this horrid crime of poverty, which is the injustice of man in violation of the laws of God. I would be recreant to my sacred priesthood if I should falter to speak the word which I am commanded by my Lord and Master to speak. Surely, my friends, it should hardly be necessary for a priest to apologize for loving the poor; for teaching men the better law as Christ taught—the equality of men—because all are children of a common father. All men were created equal, and were made for higher and better things. If God is a father, he cannot be a step-father. If God is a just God, a loving God, he did not send his children into this world to suffer, and he did not mean to give into the hands of an executive few the good things of the earth. We are attracted solely to this work by the religion that is in it. We are not establishing a new church; we are engaged in a work in which we find the very essence of all religion. It is a doctrine that makes the hearts of men as tender as a woman's. It is because this movement has the love of eternal justice in it that it has for us an attraction." Dr. McGlynn, in closing, said that he always intended to remain a Catholic, and to preach Catholic doctrine, and to try and bring back religion to the world. "Religion will never be right until we shall see a democratic Pope walking down Broadway with a stovepipe hat on his head, and carrying an umbrella under his arm. In my opinion that man will be the greatest of popes. Instead of having men carry him on their shoulders, he will have the laugh on them, for he will carry them in his heart. Let us do the cause of the Master, and do what we can to right the wrong, and cause the blessed day of justice to go on; and the dawn of the day of justice will be the beginning, even on earth, of the doing of the will of the Father as done in Heaven, and the beginning of the reign of the Prince of Peace."

KILLING DISEASED CATTLE.

The Illinois Live Stock Commissioner Pursuing a Vigorous Course.

A dispatch from Chicago says: Pleuro-pneumonia, according to the statistics of the live stock commission, is more prevalent in Chicago and vicinity than it ever was before. It has been found necessary to quarantine the district between the lake and the Des plaines river, lying north of Twenty-second, including the towns of Lake View and Jefferson, and to establish a patrol to prevent the smuggling of cattle past the quarantine limits. Diseased cows have been slaughtered by the hundreds, infected barns have been disinfected and even destroyed in some cases. Since the discovery of the disease, last fall, it has been spreading slowly despite these preventive measures. It has become epidemic, and apparently can only be eradicated by sacrificing all the cattle that have been exposed to it.

A count just made of the veterinarians engaged showed that 8300 cows were quarantined and that upward of 500 had been slaughtered. Each animal is appraised before being slaughtered and these claims are promptly paid by the commissioners. All animals inspected now are marked with a tag in order to prevent their removal without permission. A good deal of trouble was experienced by the veterinarians when they undertook to corral and tag the herds that are running loose in the northwestern part of the city on account of the determined opposition of the owners of the herds. The latter are mostly ignorant foreigners, and would not understand that the precautionary measure were being exercised for their benefit, but armed themselves with rifles and revolvers and drove the veterinarians off. The police were finally called upon to protect the doctors, and the "tagging" and inspection was finally accomplished.

Chairman Pearson believes that the disease was brought to Chicago originally from Geneva, and came to Illinois from Maryland and New York through the indiscriminate shipment of blooded cattle. A special from Helena, Mont., says that Gov. Leslie will proclaim quarantine on Texas cattle from Illinois, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, the District of Columbia, Virginia, Vermont and Texas.

SINGULAR EXPLOSIONS.

Mills Blown Up by Tin Cans—A Whole Neighborhood Terrified.

NEW YORK.—A dispatch says: A quick succession of terrific explosions occured in the Bolton dyeing, printing and bleaching company's mills in the village of Bronxdale, Westchester county. The shock was like an earthquake, and extended to a radius of three miles. The mill was discovered to be on fire at half-past three o'clock in the morning. The flames were shooting up fifty feet high, lighting up the country for miles around. Suddenly an explosion occured that shook the little country houses in the immediate neighborhood to their very foundations, threatening to shake them down. Men, women and children rushed out of their houses in their night clothes, screaming and wringing their hands. The first explosion was followed in rapid succession by four others, that tore off the roof and end of the mill and sent bricks, shingles and debris sailing through the air a distance of a hundred yards. The mills are owned by Thomas and Henry Bolton, and William H. Birchall. The loss is estimated at about $150,000.

Mr. Birchall said that the explosion was caused by the tin cylinder drying cans, of which there was one hundred in the mill. Wet cloth is rolled over these cylinders to dry: It is said that a certain amount of perspiration from the steaming of the cloth gathers on the inside of the cylinders during the day, and when the fire reached them setam was generated and the cans blew up.