MURFREESBORO, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1887.

NO. 52.

Lying between the Roanoke and Monerria rivers, embracing the three counties of Hertford, Northampton and Bertie.

The Only Weekly

PAPER

Published in the

Territory

COMPENSATION.

Rates Reasonable.

If Joy and Perfectness have crowned a day Alas! we say, this gracious day is done, The gods will never send us such an one Again, however we may strive and pray. But if in woe that knoweth no allay Full slow the anguish-harrowed hours have

Our hearts grow lighter with the setting

For then we feel that all hours pass away. Now some are bound to Life with golden

And Life to these is passing sweet and dear; They fain would linger in each lovely year And shun the pilgrimage to unknown lands. But souls that sorrow know not any fear

-Graham R. Tomson, in Scribner.

When Death draws nigh with healing in his

PHIL BARTON'S CLAIM.

Phil Barton was a big, raw-boned man. He had a stoop to his shoulders and a sort of chronic scowl on his face. He was middle-aged and unmarried, with no very good prospect of changing his latter condition. He was not a handsome man and far from an even-tempered man. In fact, he sometimes played the well-known part of the exceedingly disagreeable man from Bitter Creekthough to do him justice he had only occasionally indulged in those little eccentricities of character which were so marked in the gentleman from the Creek. Only when somebody jumped his claim then Mr. Barton was reluctantly forced to admit that he hailed from Bitter Creek. Not from Bitter Creek as it is known to ordinary people-the Bitter Creek of the geographer-but far up at the very head-waters where the black a kali water of Great Bitter Spring gushed out of the volcanic soil-where cessary for him to say anything about tionally able to take care of herself. the fact that the residents of Bitter | After a few days Mr. Barton, late of Creek grew worse the higher up the Bitter Creek, determined to go down Creek you travel-this remarkable pecu- and see if he could not induce the widow eralways being "jumped."

ing form of recreation always more or which he usually boiled his potatoes-his matter." less indulged in by Dakotians in such possessions not including anything nearer portions of the territory where there is to a washbowl-brushed his clothes with a bump on a log!" Government land open to settlement and the horse-brush and put on a clean shirt, being settled. It consists of moving on all of which was rather remarkable when the claim of some other person who has we consider his before-named nativity. not yet secured a title to his land from He walked down across the quarter-secthe Government, and instituting a "con- tion rather slowly, but arrived near the test" at the land office. If the law is objectionable shack at last. As he did allowed to take its course and the aggres- | so, to his horror he saw the white-andsive party can prove that the other has | yellow dog sitting in front of the door not complied with all the requirements with his fore legs spread very far apart of the department of the interior the and a nervous, uneasy drooping of the I right to live on the claim and finally ac- lower lip. As he went past the widow's quire a deed to it is given him; if he can- cow, which was picketed near the house, not he has the trouble-and the costs, she hooked at him. He ran a few yards full o' shot the first time ye were here which pile up to the consternation of all to avoid her and when he looked at the and then there wouldn't been none o' this except the lawyers and officials-for noth- dog he thought he detected a smile play- kind o' talk !" ing and the original claimant remains in | ing around the mouth of that intelligent the possession of the land. But when animal, while a calf near by uttered a low feller! I have a great likin' fer yer style the country is new, the land choice and 'bar-r-r!" and a pig squealed, a rooster an' want 'o marry ye, if agree'ble!" the claim-hunters numerous, the law is flew up on the edge of the pen and not always allowed to take its course. In crowed while the hen cackled. Evident- first! An' then some day ye'll throw it fact it frequently isn't. And the sur- ly the widow's whole family was against up to me that I led ye on, Mr. Barker." prising swiftness with which the unfor- him-they all seemed to be applauding tunate claim-jumper is sometimes re- the action of the cow-to which animal aint Barker-it's Barton-Mis' Barton. moved from the land and his few effects | must certainly be awarded first blood - hey? Mis' Phil Barton? How does that thrown after him is only equaled by the figuratively speaking. astonishing manner in which this aggresgun loaded with rifle balls and ten-penny a rule against it. But he had-and we was married."

As I said before, Phil Barton's claim trouble 'bout that claim o' mine."

Judge Posey, of Buffalo City, as he sat in | He gained on the animal a little on the his office. "You know I was out to-day turns but lost along the sides. Occasionlocatin' that Wisconsin man. Well, I ally the white-and-yellow cur took a bite seen Phil Barton out on his claim, in at his legs and once he leaped up on his 126-65, a havin' it with that Minnesota back and knocked off his hat. was short-lived. The door opened and the widow herself came out! She wasn't wery large but her eyes were blacker than ever. And she had a shotgun in her work they won't do it! says Minnesota.

They door opened and the widow herself came out! She wasn't wery large but her eyes were blacker than ever. And she had a shotgun in her hands. Then they went at it. Phil banged him one in the eye and the Minnesota man house?" she demanded with feaaful embrought him an under-cut. Then they phasis. clinched an' rolled, an' tore, an' pounded, "'Mis' Baxter," said the brave Mr. Baran' pulled, an' got up an' pounded, but ton, who had removed scores of objecpretty soon Phil got him down an' set tionable men from his claim and had on him, an' says he: "Now, whose come down to see that the widow also claim is this?' 'I guess it b'longs to a went, "Mis' Baxter, I come over t' see man 'bout your size,' says the Minnesota how ve were gittin' 'long an' if there was man, an' so Phil lets him up an' he picks any 'sistance I could render ye. Haint up his duds an' vamcoses, Phil keepin' ye got no chain fer that dog?" the lumber in his house for his trouble. contest 1 ever seen," continued the to make me git off'n this place!" or appeals or waitin' or nothin', jes' pull quired anxiously, and at the same time yer coat an' wade in. But thunder," he diplomatically and guardedly. added, "it u'd be rough on us lawyers if "No, sir, I hain't! they all done that way."

the only man who rose and fell on Bar- that dog?" ton's claim in much the same way. "It's | "Shut up' I say! Now ye ever goin' gittin, 'most so they move on ev'ry morn- to mosey 'round here 'bout this claim in' an' I move 'em off ev'ry night," said 'gin?" Barton himself, as he stood on a street corner of Buffalo City. "I tell ye that claim berlongs to me an' I'm goin' t'hold tracks up 'cross the quarter to yer own it. I'm a peace'ble law-abidin' American ranch?" cit'zen, but when anybody tries t' beat me out o' my home there's goin' t' be trouble. There won't be no lawin'-nothin' you slide down off'n that roof an' don't always plenty of stray cats in the rural but jes' straight fightin' an' lots ov it. | ye git into the rain bar'l either, an' then Them as hops onter that claim with the scoot fer home or this dog'll chew ye up idee o' holdin' it, will find that I'm a till ye'll feel 'sif the Methodist Church fighter right from Thumper's Corners, had fell onter you!"

kin look out the winder an' see old Phil Mr. Phil Barton, professional bad man, Barton comin' like a slycone, an' they late of-etc., etc., took long steps want o' git while they're able t' move about! I aint no spring chicken, an' when it comes t' fightin' they'll find I dog, and even the pigs and chickens were various sources.

"But how about the widder Baxter,"

Ridge! Ye hear me, gentlemen!"

shed man from Roaring Ridge. "Yes, they say she's on yer place."
"That one with the black eyes?"

"The one what teached the school boy an' shoved out the school off'cers?" "Same one."

"She's got a dog, too." "Yes-big yeller an' white cuss."

there like hay.' "Yes, I heered bout it. What d'ye He approached her house from the rear

none too much stock in these women no-how, an' my 'sperience has been that wid-nature of his visit and only sniffed the ders air the wass kind. I aint been out air inquiringly, after the manner of the I reckon I'll mosey out in the mornin' an' a sleeping volcano. But he had a plan. see how the land lays."

tions was of looking down into the dark stepped up on the water barrel waters of Bitter Creek and up at the pre-cipitous sides of Roaring Ridge, walked roof. Then he laid down and looked away with a troubled vision of black-eyed over the front edge and kicked on the widows and spotted, cat-killing dogs. | roof with his toes. Low, harsh, ominous

place, but somehow he didn't get any farther. Away down on the other corner he could see a small board shanty. He opened, the dog shot out and the widow rightly conjectured that it was the followed-with the shotgun! widow's house. But he thought it would 'Mis' Baxter," said Barton with a grin, do just as well to go down after a day or 'how d'ye do!"

The widow Baxter was a lady of rather Bitter Creek was born-that was the uncertain age though by no means old. humble birth place and subsequent point | She had come out from Indiana a year beof residence of the speaker, Mr Phil fore and in that space of time had Barton, And of course it was wholly un- worked up a reputation for being excep-

liarity of the residents was too well- to move. He had serious doubts as known. But to return to Mr. Barton's to the success of his mission, but c'aim-it was a lamentable fact it was it had to be done; so he started out. Before leaving he carefully washed "Claim jumping" is a light and divert- his face and hands in the kettle in

He pretended not to notice these sive personage will sometimes secrete taunts of the live stock and, walking up himself in his frail house and welcome to the door, reached out to knock. But the original claimant with an old shot- he didn't know that the dog had made

enforced it personally. The dog didn't say anything but made was frequently jumped. Probably the a vicious and unwelcome spring at his easiest way to account for this is on the throat. Our friend withdrew his throat supposition that it was jumpable-if I from the immediate scene of hostilities. may be allowed the word. He didn't But the dog followed. He tried backing comply with the law. His improvements up and kicking at the brute-part of the were not sufficient. He failed to live on time with both feet-but he never hit it with that regularity and persistency him and once the dog bit through the which the law supposes. Not that toe of his boot. So he concluded to run. searcely any one did all the law is sup- There wasn't a good prospect across the posed to expect, but the gentleman prairie with his own house the only one under consideration didn't even do all in sight, so he started around the widow's. the community expected, and the result It was ten feet by twelve in size, and as was invariably, as he expressed it, "more he ran very close to it it necessitated some very short turns. He went around "I thought I'd die a laughin'," said three or four times and the dog followed.

man. Says Phil: 'Look a-hear, ye About this time Mr. Barton executed a goggle-eyed tenderfoot, ye've jumped wild leap and scrampled up on the low, my claim!' 'Ye bet I have,' says the tar-paper-covered roof of the shack. The Minnesota man, 'an' ye'll find me what | dog didn't seem to be able to follow | they call a stayer.' 'Now ye want 'o though he acted as if he was going to be git!' says Phil. 'Git yerself!' says very good on the watch. But that was Mixing that was do no such thing -I want beans on that stagger alone! ' says Phil. 'Come on!' still subject to the taunts and jeers of the links Minnesota. 'One minute to leave live stock and domestic fowls, he nevertake yer truck!' says Phil. 'Ye'll theless felt much relieved. But the feelfind me right here in this here identical was short-lived. The door opened and to me again, an says he: 'Jedge, I reckon

"What ye doin' up'n the roof o' my

"Shut up 'bout that dog! Ye didn't It's 'bout the quickest way to settle a come fer no such thing-ye come to try Judge- "no witnesses or postponements "Ye hain't goin' though, be ye?" he in-

"I knowed ye wasn't-I knowed it all garments. The unfortunate Minnesotian was not the time! Say, what ye goin' t' do 'bout

"Tige, come here! Now Mr. Barker,

county o' Git Thar! Them as move on "All right, widder-good by!" and as

was raised 'way back over Roaring all involved in one immense, malicious, triumphant grin.

After he arrived home he sat down to said Judge Posey, "I heered she moved on yer claim an' has put up a shack." dog had inflicted. "I reckon when she says she's goin' t' stay that she means it," he soliloquized. "Wall, blamed if I don't rather like her style! She's got the git up an' git, now I tell ye!"

He remained very closely at home for several days. A dozen times a day he down at Dead Lake an' licked the big would look around at his lonely room, brush and the potato kettle were again he passes. - Judge. brought into service for other than their "I seen him killin' cats down at regular uses and once more he started Buff'lo one day. He had 'em stacked up forth to visit the widow Baxter-this time on a much more decided mission.

think ve'll do 'bout the widder, Phil?" and very cautiously. He had visions of back." "W'y-w'y-ye see, Jedge, I reckon the dog. This guardian was nowhere the widder'll have t' go. I don't take visible, however, and even the cow t' my place fer two or three weeks- cow. Still he knew he was treading on Then this man, whose earliest recollec- grass to the back of the house, The next day Burton went out to his barks came from the house. The volcano

two. He would think about it for She wheeled around quickly and saw him on the roof. "Hey? You here again?" she said in

> a loud voice, while the dog made insane efforts to gain the roof. "Oh, don't be scart-I jes' come down 'cause I had a little matter t' speak of." "Scart! Do I act scart? Did I act

"Oh, no, no, course not-I meant-"Ye don't know what ye did mean! Now you come down an' git or I'll help

Tige up where ye air!" "Don't do that, Mis' Baxter-no need of it. I come down on a very friendly "Go 'head, then-don't lay there like

"Remark'bly friendly matter, Mis" "Well, out with it, ye old fool!" "W'y-yes-I will. Ye see I want 'o

tell ye something.' "Well, ye see, Mis' Baxter, the fact is, blamed if I don't kinder like yer style! "There, that's jes' it-jes' zactly what suspected all the time! Ye can't encourage these men a bit 'thout some-

thing o' this kind—I orter filled ye plum "Mis' Baxter, don't ack so mean t' a "Lor' sakes, I knowed it frum the

"No I won't, never. 'Sides, my name strike ye?"

"I reckon ye low to marry me an' get the deed to this land verself an' I don't have nothin'?" "W'y-w'y-I'd have to, ye know, it

"Then we won't be married. I tell ye you move off'n it six months till I prove up, an' then I'm blamed if I won't have , Mr. Barton-though I reckon we'd ctter live in my house, 'cause I notice ye haint got no tar'-paper on yours." "Call off the dog, Mis'-Mis'-" "My name's Julia-call me Jule."

Mr Barton descended, and the widow said, addressing the dog: "There now, Tige, don't bite him no more 'less yer told to. Come in an' sit down, Phil, an' rest awhile an' try a piece o' my wild strawberry pie." One day the next spring Judge Posey had just returned from a drive into the country. He put his feet up on the desk

"Call off the dog, Jule."

and leaned back to rest, saying:

"I was past the place Phil Barton used to have. The widder Baxter that was Mrs. Greene?" 'pears to have the place an' him too. He was talkin' to me an' says he: 'Jedge, I low to put taters on that strip down by the pump.' 'What ye goin' to put on it?' asked the widder as she come out. 'Taters,' says Phil. 'Pertaters?' says she. 'Yes, taters,' says he I 'low ye won't air strip," says the widder. 'Taters 'u'd be better,' says Phill 'Whose farm is this?' says the widder. Then Phil turns

It is estimated that not less than 9, 000,000 kittens are annually brought into this sinful world. Of these the great majority are miserably drowned -a practice which is destined shortly to be done away with by the recognition of the cat as a fur-bearing animal. Rugs of selected maltese and tortoise shell are already quite expensive, and excellent imitations of various furs are made of this material. Taxidermists, too, are advertising for kittens by the thousand to stuff for ornamental purposes. At present the only purpose to which they are applied in this country, is the manufacture of carriage robes, but vast numbers of them are sent to Europe, where they are in great demand for coats and hats, dressing-gown linings and other

The pelts come from all parts of the country. They are gathered by professional collectors, who supply them by the quantity at regular rates. A common cat skin is worth five cents, a pure maltese ten cents and a black one twenty-"If I let ye down air ye goin' to make five cents. The cheap kind must be dyed before making up, but the black and maltese are prettier with their color unaltered. A carriage robe of the best cat fur is worth from \$40 to \$50. There are districts. The Maine woods are full of them. They increase wonderfully fast, and it is good sport popping them off the fences and stone walls along the roadside. -Boston Herald.

BUDGET OF FUN.

An Infallible Sign-Feeding Tresmps-No Occasion to be Afraid-A Bad Standing-Practising Economy, Etc., Etc.

"That peddler must have very good bananas," remarked Merritt. "I guess I'll go over and get some.' "What makes you think they are

good?" asked Cobwigger. sigh and then say: "Blamed if I don't like her style!" And at last his horse- the policeman samples them every time Feeding Tramps.

> feed them once and they are sure to come | from?" "Well, I don't know," replied Mrs.

Yeast; "I always give them bread when they come to my door, and I can't say that I ever knew a tramp to come the second time." "Oh, well, Mrs. Yeast, you make your

own bread, do you not?" This was all that was said, and yet Mrs. Yeast went down the street like a straw hat on a windy day. -Statesman.

No Occasion to Be Afraid. "Why don't you propose to her, Joe?"
"Well, I'm half afraid." "She loves you, don't she?"

"Oh, awfully." "You agree with her father in politics?" "And with her mother in religion?"

"And with her brother as to who is the best pitcher?"

afraid of -Harper's Bazar.

A Bad Standing.

of a colored witness. "I reckon he got one, boss." "You don't understand me. Do you an officer. After a moment he was asknow anything about his standing with sisted to dismount, his wound was ex-

the people among whom he moves." "His stan'in', sah?" "Werry bad, sah." "Bad!"

-Merchant-Traveler.

Practising Economy. practical views of life. "Accepted Lover-"So I have been

"I feel very much like having some ice forest; but he became faint and was laid cream, but first I want you to tell me again in his litter. Once he rolled to frankly how much money you have in the ground when an assistant was shot, your pocket."

coming until pay day." "It's so nice to begin figuring on exmarried. Have you only twenty five troops they are so much broken." cents left, dear?"

"That's all." "Well, we will get along with two plates to-night, and you save the other Pender, you must hold your ground. five cents for a nest egg, you know."_ | sir!" Omaha World.

A Fond Father. tryagant father was lately heard to say putated at the shoulder. to his son, a tender youth of twenty-five, six feet three in height:

smart youngster you kin be when yer a tions between them were almost tender. min' to, an' hoe them five acres o' taters, an' hill-up that ten acre lot o' corn, an' Lee, "but I have lost my right arm."-St. weed out that acre o' onions, an' grub | Nicholas. out that back lot; an' cut yer ma her winter's stove wood, an' split a thousand rails, an' weed the turnip patch, and do a few other little chores, I'm blamed if I won't give you fifty cents to go to the it has no visible bodies of water, its soil circus with! Yes, I will! An' if you'll may, after all, not be entirely arid and hoe down the jimson weeds in that tenacre lot o' seed corn I'll throw in ten cents extry that you kin lay out in lemmy-nade an' peanuts! Blamed if I tion, and there are other observations don't bleeve in payrents lettin' their children have some enjiyment in this world." luminosity in a rarified atmosphere cov-

-Tid-Bits. She Was Ready to Lend. Borrowing Neighbor-"Have you a drawing of tea to lend me this morning,

Mrs. Greene-"Indeed I have not, Mrs. Maloney." Mrs. Maloney-"Then have you a cup-

ful of sugar against next Saturday night, Mrs. Greene-"Not a drop of sugar life, ever existed upon the moon, they have I in me house, Mrs. Maloney." Mrs. Maloney-"And could you spare

the children two or three slices of bread till me old man gets his pay?" Mrs. Greene-"We haven't so much as a crust of bread in the house, ashamed am

I to say it." Mrs. Maloney-"Then in heaven's blessed name, what have you at all at Mrs. Greene-"Weve a house full of measles and mumps and scarlet fever

and plenty to spare. Which will you

The borrowing neighbor quietly subsided. - Chicago National.

A Stem Winder. Stiggins was passing a watchmaker's establishment, and looking into the window he noticed a very pretty girl at the

"Ha!" he soliloquized, "I'll go in and take a look at her under some pretext or of 4,000 threads. No spider spins more He entered, and was waited on by the young lady's father.

"What can I do for you?" "I want to get a key for my watch," he stammered, feasting his eyes on the young lady.

"Let me see your watch," said the watchmaker. As if in a dream he took out his watch. The watchmaker examined it, and said

with surprise: "Why, your watch is a stem-winder." Stiggins don't remember how he got out, but he does remember that the young lady smiled audibly at his discomfiture. Jewelers' Weekly.

Driving Home the Crackers. imitation English coachmen sitting on one pound of web.

his box in front of a grocery store, whip well poised, reins properly grasped in white gloved hands, gaze directed straight forward between the ears of the well groomed horses.

Anon out comes a clerk from the store with a well filled paper bag, opens the carriage door, places the bag within up-on the seat, and recloses the door with a

Scarce had he turned away when the coachman started off his team with a stately trot, nor halted till he arrived at the mansion of a wealthy resident in an aristocratic quarter, before which he halted and solemnly waited. In a few minutes a maid servant rushed

"Why, what is the matter John? Where are the ladies?" "Eh? Hinside, I suppose. Carn't you

hopen the door?" "I don't believe in feeding tramps at the door! Why, there no one the door," said Mrs. Crimsonbeak. "You in the carriage. Where did you drive "Bless my 'art! no one there? Why,

I just drove from the grocery store and eard the coach door shut when they got "Got in! Why, they did not get in and you have given a bag of soda crackers a ride home and left the ladies

Such was the case, and the solemn John went back at a brisker pace, resolving to trust to eyes rather than ears for the future. - Boston Bulletin.

How Stonewall Jackson Fell.

After night fell, Stonewall Jackson rode out with his staff to reconnoitre in front of the line he had gained. It was his idea to stretch completely around the rear of Hooker and cut him off from the

The night was dark and Jackson soon came upon the Union lines. Their infantry drove him back, and as he returned in the darkness his own soldiers "Then blow me if I can see what you're began firing at their commander, of course mistaking his party for the enemy. Jackson was shot in the hand and wrist, and in the upper arm at the same time. "Do you know anything about the His horse turned, and the General lost defendent's character," asked the counsel his hold of the bridle rein; his cap was brushed from his head by the branches; he reeled and was caught in the arms of amined, and a litter was brought. Just then the Union artillery opened again and a murderous fire came down upon the party through the woods and the "Yessah. Yoh see he hab a wooden darkuess. One of the litter bearers leg au' natirally takes ter settin' down." stumbled and fell, and the others were frightened; they laid the litter on the ground, the furious storm of shot and shell sweeping over them like hail. Omaha Girl-"My dear, now that we Jackson attempted to rise, but his are engaged, we should begin to take aid-de-camp held him down till the tempest of fire was lulled. Then the wounded General was helped to rise and walked a few steps in the and the litter fell. Just then General "Just twenty-five cents, and no more | Pender, one of his subordinates passed. He stopped and said;

"I hope you are not seriously hurt, penses of living; seems as if we were General. I fear I shall have to retire my But Jackson looked up at once and ex-

"You must hold your ground, General

This was the last order he ever gave. He was borne some distance to the nearest house and examined by the surgeon, An over-indulgent and recklessly ex- and after midnight his left arm was am-

When Lee was told that his most trusted Lieutenant had been wounded. "Now, Bub, if you'll lick in like the he was greatly distressed, for the rela-"Jackson has lost his left arm," said

Life on the Moon.

There is reason for thinking that the moon is not absolutely airless, and, while desiccated. There are observations which | ago Splitlog moved to Indian Territory hint at visible changes in certain spots and located on Elk River, near the Misthat could possibly be caused by vegetawhich suggest the display of electric ering the moon. To declare that no possible form of life can exist under the conditions prevailing upon the lunar surface would be saying too much, for human intelligence cannot set bounds to creative power. Yet, within the limits of life. such as we know them, it is probably safe to assert that the moon is a dead and deserted world. In other words, if a race of beings resembling ourselves, or resembling any of our contemporaries in terrestrial must long since have perished. That such beings may have existed is possible, particularly if it is true, as generally believed, that the moon once had a com- This company being too slow to meet the paratively dense atmosphere and water vigorous ideas of Splitlog and Clay, upon its surface, which have now, in the they severed their connection with process of cooling of the lunar globe, been | the same, and Mathias Splitlog, withdrawn into its interior. It certainly does not detract from the interest with others organized the Kansas City, Fort which we study the rugged and beautiful scenery of the moon to reflect that if | with a capital of \$3,000,000, for the purwe could visit those ancient sea-bottoms. or explore those glittering mountains, we might, perchance, find there some remains or mementoes of a race that flourished, and perhaps was all gathered again to its fathers, before man appeared upon tween Splitlog City and Joplin, and it is only a question of a few months when the earth. - Popular Science. Insect Wonders.

Spiders have four paps for spinning their threads, each pap having 1,000 holes, and the fine web itself is the union than four webs, and when the fourth is destroyed they seize on the web of oth-

A single female house fly produces in one season 20,080,320. A wasp's nest usually contains 15,000 or

16,000 cells. A queen bee will lay 2,000 eggs daily for fifty days and the eggs are hatched in three days. A swarm of bees contains termines what course to pursue, he befrom 10,000 to 20,000 in a natural state;

in a hive from 30,000 to 40,000 bees. Every pound of cochineal contains 70,000 insects boiled to death, and from 600,000 to 700,000 pounds are annually brought to Europe for scarlet and crimson dyes.

Two thousand nine hundred silkworms It was an amusing sight, a few weeks are required to produce one pound of since, to see one of those stiff, upright, silk; but it takes 27,000 spiders to produce two or more grand division under gener-

"SPLITLOG."

AN INDIAN WHO IS A MILLION-AIRE RAILROAD BUILDER.

His Early Love for Machinery and Adventures - The Various Steps by which He Acquired a Fortune.

Mathias Splitlog is a full-blooded Wyandotte Indian, aud was born in an Indian village in Canada, and shortly afterwards moved to Ohio. While a boy he was apprenticed to a carpenter and millwright, and, although his wages were only \$7 per month, young Splitlog thought he was getting rich. He imbibed a love for machinery and invenventions, which has caused him to lend a helping hand to many a poor fellow who had a useful invention which only needed money to develop it and make it

Splitlog's first venture was to build a

steamboat, which he did in company with

his brother. They launchod the boat

upon the St. Clair River and started in the fishing trade. Uncle Sam soon bethe boat on a charge of smuggling. In 1842 the Wyandottes, who were the last of the Indian tribes then in Ohio, by the treaty of the Upper Sandusky, ceded to the United States their lands in that State, and received in exchange land in what is now Wyandotte county. Kansas, In 1843 Splitlog came West with some of his tribe and found, after his arrival at West Port Landing (now Kansas City), that he only had fifty cents in his pocket. He induced an old Indian to go his security for the price of an axe. With this axe he cut cordwood for the steamboats at the rate of twentyfive cents per cord, and after paying for the axe, which cost \$3, he soon saved of Lepeer, Mich., swore out warrants for granddaughter of the old man who went | not given, for grievous bodily assault, his security for the price of the axe, and shortly afterward he began to build a mill. At this time he had no money to pay for labor, so that he did the work himself. He selected the timber, cut and hauled the logs, and then had a "raising," that is, had his neighbors come and help him raise the building. He finished the mill himself, with everything but the burrs. Those would

cost at that time \$150, and Splitlog had no money; still he was determined not "to give up the idea of running a mill." When in this dilemma a steamboat, which was unloading a pair of burrs at the "landing," accidentally let them fall overboard, and they sank to the bottom of the Missouri River. Splitlog, learning of this, contracted with the owner to pay him \$25 for the burrs and take them up himself, which he eventually did after much trouble and hard work, and having got the burrs out of the river it took but a short time to get ready to start the mill. The machinery was rigged for horsepower, and the day that Splitlog started he hitched in eight unbroken horses from his herd and earned eighty-five cents in cash, and in the evening he gave this money to his wife and told her to go to Northrup's (Splitlog's present bankers in Kansas City) and buy them something

good to eat, as he now had that much money that he did not need. Splitlog's mill was a success, and in 1855 we find him one of the leading men of his tribe. By the treaty of the Upper Sandusky the Wyandottes were not allowed to alienate their lands, but in the year 1855 a new treaty was made between the Wyandottes and the United States which severed the tribal relations of the

After the adoption of this treaty Splitlog began to speculate in real estate, and, although he can neither read nor write, he has been one of the most successful speculators in the neighborhood of Kansas City, and is to-day worth over a million dollars. About fourteen years aouri line, and about four miles from Tiff City, and recently he became interested in a silver mine in McDonald County, Missouri. With his chareteristic energy he began operations at once, He hired a mining expert named B. F. Requa, from Chicago, to superintend the operations at the mines, and becoming convinced that to develop the mines and build up the town of Splitlog a railroad was necessary, he, together with his partner in the mines, Moses W. Clay, commenced negotiating with the projectors of the New Orleans, Natchez and Fort Scott Railroad Company, and soon that company was formed for the purpose of building a railroad between the terminal points named in their title and running by way of Neosho and Splitlog City. Smith and Southern Railroad Company, pose of building a railroad from Kansas City to Fort Smith, passing through Splitlog City and Neosho. This road is now graded for about thirty miles bethe cars will run southward from Joplin to Fort Smith, and Mathias Splitlog, the millionaire Indian, who is probably the richest man of his race, will be known all over the country as the only Indian railroad man in the United States.

Mr. Splitlog has five children-four boys and one girl-and now lives at Splitlog City, McDonald County, Mo. He is like most men of his race, very taciturn in his habits, seldom speaking in more than monosyllables, still he is far from being disagreeable, because he can make himself clearly understood in very few words, and is a good listener and quick to catch a point in the discussion of any question; and when he degins at once in the execution of his plans and never ceases until he has accomplished his ends .- St. Louis Repuis

The title of Generalissimo is used by the Spanish and Italians. It has been used by the French, Cardinal Richelieu being the first to take it. It is applied to a general in chief who has under him als. The English have never used it. utes after Rodgey was killed.

A Peculia- Accident at Milwaukee-Many Persons Injured.

KILLED AT A LAUNCH.

By a peculiar accident at the launching of the huge steamer Wm. H. Wolf, at Wolf & Davidson's ship yard Milwankee, Wis. Three persons were killed outright, several others fatally injure I, about fwenty seriously hurt, and a number of others less seriously injured. About 1,000 peop'e had gathered to witness the launch. The docks were line I. vessels were crowded and every scow and lumber pile was black with spectators. Directly opposite the cradled vessel was the large coal dock of the Northwestern Pu Company. It is a roofed dock with huge derricks for unloading coal. Upon the roof of this coal shed a large number of people had assembled. The view from that p int was a fine one, as the vessel moved directly toward the dock. As the wolf struck the water, her port bilge was buried in the black water of the slip; then she recovered and rolled heavily to port. The water displaced by her hull rose like a tidal wave and swept. over the coal dock and up towards its roof, causing a cloud of coal dust and spray. The supports of the docks were insufficient to stand the force of the wave, and about forty feet of the shed went down with its living freight. Instantly the shed went down the was wild excitement on the deck of the the fishing trade. Uncle Sam soon became jealous of the boys, and confiscated ensued, but a few cool-headed people at one set to work to rescue the people thrown into the river and res us those buried in the de-bris of the platform. Patrol wagons were summoned, and the express wagons were turned into ambulances, and the dead and injured carriet away. Owing to the fact that many cases of injuries were not reported, the unfor unites being harried home in cur riages, it is impossible to ascertain the full extent of the accident.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

A Minister Gets Himself Disliked by

Preaching Free Love Doctrines. T. e Rev G.G. Rhodes a Methodist preacher enough to buy a pony, and shortly after. the arrest of Dr. William F. Harrison and ward we find him with a herd of horses. Dr. Wils n, the latter a veterinary surgeon, About 1850 Splitlog was married to the and for twenty eight others whose names are

Mr. Rhodes says that a few days age private house in Rich Township, thirty me disgnised with false beards and blackened faces, entered the house of Harris m, and Wilson, he says, led the party. Rhodes was seized and struck on the head with a club He was then taken out, his clothes remov and his body bedaubed with tar. A feather bed was then cut open and the feathers at plied. He was next ridden on a rail and terriply maltreated. They dragged him, he claims, to vards a mill-pond on the farm and threat ned to throw him in, but desisted when he said he could not swim. They, however, gave him a severe well pumpi and then another cost of tar and a cost of fine grass, the feathers having given out He was finally liberated more dead than

Rhodes claims not to know the motive of the party, but from another source comes the statement that the preacher has given great offence in the community by his free love doctrines, which he has mixed with free Methodism. Rhodes is an old man an a harmless looking creature. He says the some of the party to the outrage feel greatly stirred up against him because he has expos ed the evil doings in the township. Harri son and Wilson have been arrested, and their examination is set for Wednes inv.

STAGE SPARKS.

A VIENNESE statistician computes that Liszt's compositions number 1,122. VERDI will celebrate next year his fifty years' jubilee as an opera compo-MRS, LANGTRY'S season opens at the Fifth

Avenue Tecatre, New York, September 18. GILBERT and Sullivan, it is reported are thinking of writing a comic opera founded on the Wild West show. THOMAS KEENE has fully recovered from his ill health, and will resume his profession labors next season in the United States.

MAUD POWELL, the young American vio

linist, has closed a three-year's contract to appear in the principal American and European JOSEPH HOFFMAN, the infant phenomenon, who plays the piano as no child has done since the time of Mozart, is coming to America under the Abbey management in November. THE personnel of the Imperial Theatre in

St. Petersburg, includes 1,800 employes, of whom 600 are musicians, 100 choristers, and 400 Russian, German, and French actors, actresses and singers. Two new plays by Frank H. Howe, a gentleman who lately gave up the practice of law to devote himself to playwriting, have been accepted by A. L. Palmer for early produ

BRONSON HOWARD'S new play for Rob-son and Crave, is called "The Henrietta," and is said to have been inspire! by the following text of Thackeray's: "These mo transactions! these speculations in life and

tion at the Madison Square Theatre, New

A JUBILEE TURNED TO GRIEF

While Celebrating, Two Anti-Prohib tionists are Killed

Saturday night a number of men and boys were collected on the public square at Fort Worth, Texas, engaged in hring anvils a discharging fireworks in honor of the victory won in the state by the Anti-Prohibitionists when an accident occurred that has already resulted in two deaths, and in all probabili ty another will follow. A keg of powder had been secured for the occasion, and one of the boys seated himself thereon, when some one from the other side of the square fired a rocket, which struck the keg of powder, causing a terrible explosion. James Lazenby, seventeen years old, was blown several feet in the air. He was burned on every part of his body, and expired

Wave Hatchell, aged six years, was burned nearly as bad as Lazenby. He died Sun-Gus Hatchell, aged eleven years, was strip-ped of his clothing from his hips down. He Two other boys, Sam Johnson and William Saskaberry, were terrible, but not necessari-

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

ly fatally burned.

A Bolt Comes Down a Chimney.-What a Stage Driver Saw.

A special from Romney, W. Va., says: Geo. Rodgey, eighteen years old, who resided near Williamsport, in Grant county, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. He was sitting near the fire-place in his fathers house, when the bolt came down the chimney through a stovepipe hole. The only mark left by the suptile fluid was a small blue spot on the young man's right shouler. The stage driver just returned from Petersburg, in the same county, says that just as he passed Rolg y's house, a large ball of fire, about two feet in diameter, fell from the clouds, and when about six feet from the ground burst with a terrific report, scattering streaks of flame in every direction, and so frightening his horses as to render them almost unmanageable. This was a few min-