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POMONA HILL

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Lincoln's Statue Unveiled by "Little

The great statue of Abraham Lincoln was unveiled recently at Lincoln Park, Chicago. The booming of cannon startled the assembled multitude, and as the sound of the cannon died away over the water of Lake Michigan, "little Abe" Lincoln, the son of Robert T. Lincoln, stepped up to the base of the flagcovered bronze figure of his grandfather, and pulled a rope which held the covering. The folds slowly unleosened and dropped down at the base, and the tall crect figure of Abraham Lincoln shone brightly in the sun. A tremendous shout went up, and it was joined a moment later by the roar from the cannon. Thomas F. Withrow, one of the trustees of the Bates fund, out of which the cost of the statue was defrayed, formally presented the figure to the Lincoln Park board, and W. C. Goudy replied in behalf of the board. The oration was delivered by Hon. Leonard Swett.

Watered Oysters.

Not every lover of the oyster knows that the size and plumpness which are so highly prized in the great American bivalve, and which are so attractive in specimens on the half-shell or in the stew as to lead the average man to pay a considerable extra price for extra size, are not entirely natural; and even those who do know that the majority of the ovsters in the market are artificially swollen by introducing water into the tissues are not all aware that the process by which this is done is closely analogous to that by which the food in our own bodies is conveyed through the walls of the stomach and other parts of the digestive apparatus and poured into the blood and lymph to do its work of nourishment, —[Popular Science Monthnourishment. - [Popular Science Month-

Better Than a Dog.

"Aren't you afraid of tramps, living nlone as you are?" asked one western woman of another.

"Not in the least. I am fully protected."

"Do you keep a dog?" "No, they might poison a dog. 1 keep a large woodpile in the yard so that it can be easily seen from the road. They never come any farther than the front gate."- Merchant Traveler.

Mamma (to Dickey, who has been at the show)-What struck you most at the menagerie, my son? Dickey-The el p'nant, ma. He knocked me down with his biggest tail.

Subject: "Concord and Discord."

TEXT: "Who laid the corner-stone thereof,

We have all seen the ceremony at the lay-

when the morning stars sang together?"— Job xxxvili. 6. 7.

Ing of the corner-stone of church, asylum or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents to be suggestive if one or two hundred years after the building should be destroyed by fire or torn down. We remember the silver trowel or iron hammer that smote the square piece of grante into sanctity. We remember stille venerable man who presided, wielding the frowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the chair stool on the scattered stones and timber of the building about to be constructed. The leaves of the notebooks fluttered in the wind and were turned over with as great rustling, and we remember how the bass, baritone, tenor, contralto and soprand your stone of his music, to be rendered on the stone in embarrassment, and Bach turned and Bach trushed nust of ward to great him and before the keyboard had stopped vibrating plt his add it hand invoid the keys and the keys and changed the painful inharmony into glorious struments. The interest of all ages rendered, hour after hour, and day after day — Handel's discordant to imperfect many what must they be to a perfect God? Peop'e try to define that occasion, I accompanied that occasion, I accompanied in the othe documents to be suggested in the back who stepped vibrating put his add in the multiple of ward to great him to the same transfer of ward to great him and before the keyboard had stopped vibrating put his add in the first of years and the multiple of ward to great him to great the multiple of ward of ward to great him to great the must of the same than docasion. I accompanied that occasion, I accompanied that occasion, I accompanie than to great the forward to great him to great the must of ward to great the hand into great the hand into great the structed of that occasion, I accompanied that occasion, ing of the corner-stone of church, asylum or Masonic templa. Into the hollow of the that smote the square piece of granite into sanctity. We remember stille venerable man who presided, wielding the trowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the choir stool on the scattered stones and timber of the building about to be constructed. The leaves of the notebooks fluttered in the wind and were turned over with a great rustling, and we remember how the bass, baritone, tenor, contralto and soprano voices commingled. They had for many days been rehearsing the special programme, that it might be worthy of the earner stone was a block of light, and the tromes were well and the special programme, that corner stone was a block of light, and the tromes were accommended instruments that ever gathered in a Dusselgrander ceremony—the laying of the founda-tion of this great temple of a world. The corner stone was a block of light, and the trowel was of celestial crystal. All about and on the embankments of cloud stool the

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken dithyramb, a musical pertfolio. The great sheet of immensity had been spread out, and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them minims, the larger of them sustained notes. The meteors marked the staccato passages, the whole heavens a gamut, with all sounds, into-nations and modulations, the space between the worlds a musical interval, trembling of stellar light a quaver, the thunder a bass clef, the wind among trees a treble clef. That is the way God made all things, a per-But one day a harp string snapped in the

out of tune. One day a discord, harsh and terrific, grated upon the glorious antiphony. It was sin that made the dissonance, and that harsh discord has been sounding through the centuries. All the work of Christians, and philanthropists, and reformers of all ages, is to stop that discord and get all things back into the perfect harmony which was heard at the laying of the corner-stone when the morning stars sang together. Before I get through, if I am divinely helped, I will make it plain that sin is discord and righteousness

That things in general are out of tune is as plain as to a musician's ear is the unhappy clash of clarionet and bassoon in an orehes The world's health out of tune: Weak lung

and the amosphere in collision, disordered eye and noon lay light in quarrel, rheumatic limb and damp weather in sttruggle, neuralgias, and pneumonias, and consumptions, and epilepsics in flocks swoop upon neighborhoods and cities. Where you find one person with sound throat, and keen eyesight, and alert ear, and easy respiration, and regular pulsation, and supple limb, and prime digestion, and steady nerves, you find a hundred who have to be very careful because this, or that, or the other physical function is disor-The human intellect out of tans: The

adgment wrongly swerved, or the memory leaky, or the will weak, or the temper inable, and the well-balanced mind exceptional. Domestic life out of tune: Not only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompatibility of temper through the divorce courts, or a filial outbreak about a father's will through the Surrogate's Court, or a case of wife beating or husband poisoning through the criminal courts, but thousands of familics with June outside and January within. Society out of tune: Labor and capital; their hands on each other's throats. Spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale in a struggle to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety lest they have to come down. No wonder the old planoforte of society is all out of tune, when hypocrisy, and lying, and subterfuge, and double dealing, and sycophancy, and charlatanism, and revenge have for 6,000 years being banging way at the keys and stamping the pedals. On all sides there is a perpetual shipwreck of harmonies. Nations in discord. Without realizing it, so wrong is the feeling of nation for nation that the symbols chosen are fiere: and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins and doves, and morning larks, we have for our national symbol the fierce and filthy eagle, as immoral a bird as can be found in all the ornithological catalogues. In Great Britain, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their symbol is the merciless lion. In Russia, where from be-tween her frozen north and blooming south all kindly beasts dwell, they choose the growling bear; and in the world's heraldry a favorite figure is the dragon, which is a winged serpent, ferocious and dreadful. And so fond is the world of contention that we climb out through the heavens and baptize one of the other planets with the spirit of battle, and call it Mars, after the god of war, and we give to the eighth sign of the zodiac the name celebrated for its deally sting. But, after all, these symbols are expressive of the way nation feels toward nation. Discord wide as the continent and brilging the seas. I suppose you have noticed how warmly in love dry goods stores are with other dry goods stores, and how highly grocerymen think of the sugars of the grocerymen on the same block. And in what a eulogistic way allopathic and homoeopathic do tors speak of each other, and how ministers will sometimes strument which the English call a spit, an iron roller with spikes on it, and turned by a crank before a hot fire, and then if the minister being roasted cries out against it, the men who are turning him say: "Hush, brother! we are turning this spit for the glory of God and the good of your soul, and you must be quiet while we close the service

Blest bothe ties that binds Our hearts in Christian love.

The earth is diametered and circumferenced with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's corner coffee will not be chickoried and sugar will stone, when the morning stars sang together, is not be sanded, and milk will not be chalked and adulteration of food will be a State's up a thrilling solo of love, or a warble of worship, or a sweet duet of patience, they are drowned out by a discord that shakes the earth.

Paul says: "The whole creation groaneth;" and while the nightingale, and the woodlark, and the canary, and the plover, sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it but Christianity is more wonderful, for it runs is found that the cuckoo sings in the key of D. and that the cormorant is a basso in the winged choir, yet sportsman's gun and the autum al blast often leave them ruffled and

poser's service. But one night he handed to Satan a violin, on which Diabolus played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion and tried to reproduce the sounds, an I therefrom was written Tartini's most famous piece, entitled the

REV. DR. TALMAGE. fugue, are demoniac phantasy, are grand march of doom, are allegro of perdition.

But if in this world things in general are and Coronation, and Lenox, and St. Martin's, and Coronation, and Lenox, and St. Martin's, and Coronation, and Ariel and Coronation, and Coronatio

\$650 to hear her in Providence. Fabulous prices have been paid for sweet sounds, but far more has been paid for sweet sounds, but far more has been paid for discord. The Crimean war cost \$1,70,000,000, and our American cival wir over \$0.500,000,000, and the war debts of professed Christian nations are about \$15,000,000,000, The world pays for this red ticket, which admits it to the saturnalia of broken bones, and death agonies, and destroyed cities, and plowed graves, and crushed hearts, any amount of money Satan asks. Discord! Discord!

But I have to tell you that the song that the morning stars sang at the laying of the world's stone is to be resumed again, Mozart's greatest overture was composed one night when he was several times overpowered with sleep, and artists say they can tell the places in the music where he was falling asleep and the places where he awakened. So the overture of the morning stars spoken of in my text has been asleep, but it will awaken and be more grandly rendered by the evening stars of the world's existence than by the morning stars, and the vesp rs will be sweeter than the matins. The work of all good men and women and of all good churches and all reform associations is to bring the race back to the original harmony The rebellious heart to be attuned, social life to be attuned, commercial ethics to be attuned, internationality to be attuned, hemis pheres to be attuned—but by what force

and in what way! In olden time the chorist rs had a tuning fork with two prongs, and they would strike it on the back of pew or music rack and put it to the ear and then start the tune, and all the other voices would join. In modern or-chestra the leader has a complete instrument, rightly attuned, and he sounds that, and all the other performers turn the keys of their instruments to make them correspond, and sound the bow ever the string, and listen, and sound out over again, until all the keys are screwed to concert pitch, and the dis cords melt into one great symphony, and the curtain hoist, and the baton taps, and audiences are raptured with Schumann's lise and the Peri" or Rossini's "Stabat Mater or Bach's "Magnificat" in D, or Gounod's

Now, our world can never be attuned by an imperfect instrument. Even a Cremona would not do. Heaven has ordained the only instrument, and it is made out of the wood of the cross, and the voices that accompany it are imported voices, cantatrices of the first Christmas night, when heaven serenaded the earth with "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace good will to men." Lest we start too far off and get lost in generalities, we had better begin with ourselves, get our own hearts and life in harmony with the eternal Christ. Oh, for His almighty spirit to attune us, to chord our will with his will, to modulate our life with his life, and bring us into unison with all that is pure and selfsacrificing and heavenly. The strings of our nature are all broken and twisted, and the ow is so slack it cannot evoke anything melplay on has been roughly twanged and struck by influences worldly and demoniac. O, master hand of Christ, restore this split and fractured and despoiled and unstrung nature until it shall wail out for this sin, and then

thrill with divine pardon. The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. A few days ago I was in the Fairbanks weighing scale manufactory of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they have never had a strike. Complete harmony between labor and capital, the operatives of scores of years in their beautiful homes near by the mansions of the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So all the world over labor and capital will be brought into euphony You may have heard what is called the vil Chorus," composed by Verdi, a tune played by hammers, great and small, now with mighty stroke, and now with heavy stroke, beating a great iron anvil. That is what the world has got to come to—anvil chorus, yard stick chorus, shuttle chorus, chorus, crowbar chorus, pickax chorus, gold-mine chorus, rail track chorus, locomotive chorus. It can be done, and it tuned by the Gospel harp. There will as many classes in society as but the classes will not be regulated by birth, or wealth, or accident, but by the scale of virtue and benevoland people will be assigned to their places as good, or very good, or most ex-cellent. So also, commercial life will be attuned, and there will be twelve in every dozen and sixteen ounces in every pound and apples at the bottom of the barrel will be as sound as those on top, and silk goods will not be cotton, and sellers will not have to charge honest people more than the right price because others will not pay, and goods

States will no more be a grand carnival of defamation and scurrility, but the elevation of righteous men in a righteous way.

In the Sixteenth century the singers, called the Fischer brothers, reached the lowest bass ever recorded, and the highest note ever thrilled was by La Bastardella, and Catalini's voice had a compass of three and a half octaves, but Christianity is more wonderful for it was all up and down the greatest heights and the deepest depths of the world's necessity, and it will compass everything and bring it in ac-cord with the song which the morning stars bleeding, or dead in meadow or forest. Paul was right, for the groan in nature drowns out the prima donnas of the sky.

Tartini, the great musical composer, dreamed one night that he made a contract with Satan, the latter to be ever in the composer's service. But one night he handed to Satan, a wield a which Diebeles played.

Heaven is to have a new song, an entirely new song, but I should not wonder if, as sometimes on earth a tune is fashioned out of many tunes, or it is one tune with the varia-

But if in this world things in general are out of tune to our frail ear, bow much more so to ears angelic and deific. It takes a skilled artist fully to appreciate disagreement of sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical execution, and, thou the theory were in one but as many offenses against haribony as could crowd in between the lower F of the bass and the higher G of the soprano, it would give them no disconfort, while on the foreneal of the elusated artist beads of perspiration would stand out as a result of the harrowing dissonance. While an amateur was performing on a piano and had just struck the wrong chord, John Sebastian Bach, the immortal composer, entered the room, and the anateur rose in embarrassment, and Bach rushed pust the host, who stepped for ward to great him in the great Colisaum executed for that nurse.

Sometimes I stood up in the enchantment, and sometimes the effect was so overpower-ing I felt I could not en lure it. When all corner stone was a block of light, and the trowel was of celestial crystal. All about and on the embinkments of cloud stood the angelic choristers, unrolling their librettos of overture, and other worlds clapped skinning cymbals while the ceremony went on and (fod, the architect, by stroke of light after stroke of light, dedicated this great cathedral of a world, with mountains for pillars, and sky for fresceed ceiling, and flowering fields for floors, and sumrise and midnight aurora for upholstery. "Who laid the corner stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence an utthorken dithyramh a complete cadence and utthorken dithyramh and the voice that the voice were in full chorus, and all the voices were in full the voices were in full chorus, and all the voices were in full chorus, and all the voices were in full chorus, and all the voices were in full chorus, and s our national air, the "Star Spangled Ban-ner." It was too much for a mortal, and quite enough for an immortal, to hear, and while some fainted, one womanly spirit, released under its power, sped away to be with

O Lord, our God, quickly usher in the whole world's peace jubiles, and all islands of the sea join the five continents, and all the voices and musical instruments of all nations combine, and all the organs that ever sounded requiem of sorrow sound only a grand march of joy, and all the bells that tolled for burial ring for resurrection, and all the cannon that ever hurled death across the nations sound to eternal victory, and over all the acclaim of earth and minstrely of heaven there will be heard one voice sweeteer and mightier than any human or angelic voice-a voice once full of tears, but now full of triumph-the voice of Christ saying: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Then at the laying of the top-stone of the world's history the same voices shall be heard as when, at the laying of the

POSTAL TELEGRAPHY.

Its Increase of Office Holders the Principal Argument against It.

Congressman Herbert of Alabama, speak-ing of the proposition to establish a Government telegraph sys em said: "I am not in favor of it. In the first place I am opposed to increasing the power of the Government. I know that on first thought the people will say 'give us a postal telegraph,' but after the subject has been discussed in Congressand I believe it will come up in the house this winter-and the country is made aware of the immense power it will give the party in control, I don's believe the people will be in a hurry to adopt the scheme. We had better put up a while longer with the present evil and endeavor to find a remedy than to adopt a measure that may in the end prove a greater monopoly. There would be no competition, Jay Gould could not compete with the Government, and he would be forced

to sell out at a reasonable price. "If we establish a postal t legraph it would create at least 75,000 more office-holders, and in less than two years the number would be double. Just imagine what a force that would give the party in power! "Then, again, suppose the Government should take the telegraph, the next step would be to control the railroads. It is this policy in France that prevents that republic from being a republic in the true meaning of the word. The policy of the Government controlling the telegraphs, railroads, subsiddizing the opera-houses, preachers, art, &., is the legacy left the French people by Louis IV. We must keep our individuality, and to do that we must guard against every to do that we must guard against every increase of power in the Government. The subject will be an interesting one this winter and will provoke a great deal of discus Much can be s id on both sides.

BIG FIRE IN NASHVILLE

A Loss of Over \$150,000 Sustained-Fatal Injuries.

About 4 o'clock Friday morning Weakley Warren's furniture store, at Nashville, Fenn., caught fire and t e entire block from Bank alley, south to the Western Union building was soon burning. The Western Union office escaped without much damage. The following are the losses: Weakley & Warren, stock \$50,000, insured for \$37,500; Atwell. & Snead, furniture dealers, stock \$17,000, insurance \$10,000; Webb, Stevenson & Co., hardware, stock \$50,000, insured for \$38,000. The building occupied by Weakley & Warren belonged to Judge J. M. Lea and the W. W. Fite estate and was valued at \$26,000, with \$18, 00 insurance; the building ed by Atwell & Snead was owned by B. F. Wilson, \$15,000, and insured for \$10,000; that of Webb, Stevenson &Co. was owned by E. W. Cole, \$24,000, and fully insured. The total aggregates about \$65,000 on houses, insured for \$43,000; on stock \$102.030, insured for about \$82,0.0. The walls of the building adjoining Bank alley fell, and a number of persons were in-jured. Among the wounded are a son of J. B. Moore, about 15 years of age, whose skull is terribly crushed, so that he will die; and William Stewart, a sign painter, whose left leg is badly fractured. Others are believed to be covered by the debris which States will no more be a grand carnival of and over a hundred telephone wires de-

A BRAVE WOMAN.

She Cuts Into a Burning Building and Saves a Child.

A few nights ago a negro family living near the residence of George W. Cox, at Columbia, S. C., went away to a revival meeting, locking their sick child in their Cabin. During their absence the cabin caught fire. Mrs. Cox d'scovered the flames and knowing that the sick child was inside she rushed to the rescue without waiting to summon assistance. With an axe she broke open the door, entered the burning cabin and seized the almost suffocating child. On making her exit a part of the ibui ding f ll upon her and knocked her down but she shielded the child from the fire by wrapping "Devil's Sonata," a deem ing mious but ations, so some of the songs of the redeemed faulty, for all me'oly descends from heaven, and only discords as end from hell. All hattreds, feuds, controversies, backbitings and the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by harpers with their harps, and trumpeters life is despaired of. The child was uninjured.

A MENAGERIE LOOSE.

AN ACCIDENT LIBERATES LIONS. TIGERS AND SNAKES.

Exciting Time at a Railroad Depot in St. Louis.

An accident occurred the other evening which caused destruction, death and pandemonium in the St. Louis Union Station, and for a time converted that prehistoric institucoming through cruished into them. George Squires, a canvas man, who was on one Squires, a canvas man, who was on one of the cars, was instantly killed. His head was cut off and his limbs were torn from his body. Blanche Fisher, a performer, was hurt about the head, one of the passenger coaches being wrecked. Thomas Foley, Joseph Eisel and one man unknown were seriously injured. Others were hurt more or less, but did not require hospital treatment.

The shock threw the cars into a chaotic mass and attracted a growd.

mass and attracted a crowd. Suddenly a voice's reamel: "My Gol, the tiger is loose!" and the Royal Bengal bounled into the crowd, which scattered in all direc-tions. One man was bitten in the neck by the dazed and infuriated animal. Capt. Hercules dazed and infuriated animal. Capt. Hercules and other officers were present, but they dared not shoot on account of the density of the crowd. A flight of stairs leads to the upper offices, and up this the tiger sprang. Near the top he met Joseph Charles, one of the clerks. The surprise was all on Mr. Charles's side, Man and animal stood facing each other. There was not room for them to pass and Mr. Charles slowly retreated facpass, and Mr. Charles slowly retreated, fac-the beast, which glared at him and fol-lowed him step for step, preparing for a spring. Mr. Charles shouted for assistance. There were three women in the office. They

did not shriek or faint. They got chairs and tables to barricade the door and shouted for help from the window. Mr. Charles got into the office safely, put his revolver through the slightly opened door and fired at the tiger, which became more and more infuriated at every shot. At this juncture circus men arrived with poles and canvas. and after a struggle succeeded in overpowerand pinned him to the floor, where they held him until he was taken to a care. Nine cages are demolished and two mount ain lions are dead. The loss to the company will be \$30,000. Fourteen animals in were liberated from the cages. A lion was overpowered with pikes and canvas under a freight train, a leopard was shot in the head, an ibex was captured slightly injured, a big boa constrictor was cut to pieces under car wheels, and the Bengal tiger has three bullets in him and numberless pike wounds. Eleven animals were at large ram-

pant, creating a reign of terror in the southern section of the city for over two hours. Squads of circus men with firearms, pikes, etc., assisted officers in capturing them. The last secured was a mountain lion, which fought desperately in the ticket office of General Manager Taussig, until lassoed with strong ropes, nearly strangled and hauled into a

A CRIMINAL'S DEFIANCE.

He Notifies Prominent Persons of His Intention to Murder Them.

"Dink" Buckalew, the noted desperado has served written notices on half a dozen prominent citizens of Chambers county, Ala., that he intends to burn them out and kill them. He has murdered four men. Within the last three months Buckalew's life bag been one of outlawry. For years he has been surrounded by half a dozed disorderly women. He has been before the courts under almost every conceivable charge, but the evidence of the women cleaved him. Early this year he was arrested, charged with brutal treatment of his wife. He was found guilty and sent to the convict-farm, from which he escaped. He dil not leave the county, but directed the women to watch the movements of his pursuers and lived at home and among them. The Governor of-fered \$100 reward for his arrest, but everybody feared him to much to attempt capture. Every week or two he sent letters to the newspapers daring anyone to arrest him. The reward was increased to \$40.), but still Buckalew continued his threats and no one dared to attempt his capture. Th Sheriff of the county has now summoned posse of twenty men and started in pursuit of the outlaw.

A BIG INSURANCE SWINDLE.

Business Firms Involved in the Ironwood, Mich., Fire Lose Every Cent.

The failure of business men of Ironwood Mich., to receive the amount of their insurance on buildings a .d stocks lost in the late fire has led to general investigation of insurance matters in Northern Michigan and Wisconsin. The amount of insurance in the late Ironwood fire was nearly \$60,000, and is all uncollectable. The companies carrying the policies, which are small concerns of Line n, Neb.; Ottumwa, Ia.; and Louisville Ky., claim that the insurance was all placed through a Chicago agency, and that they never received the premiums. An Invest-gation by local boards of underwriters and members of the State Insurance Board show that some twenty agents in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and other cities have been flooding the district with circulars offering to take any and all risks refused by other companies at any rate obtainable. As the rates in the regular companies are high in a majority of towns these sharpers succeeded n writing up a large amount of insurance. They refuse to give names of companies until the premiums are paid and the policie issued. The companies they represent are all wildeat or shaky concerns not authorized to do business in either Michigan or Wisconsin. The fraudulent insurance amounts hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the swindle is one of the boldest and most cleverly planned of any ever executed in the

ATTACKED BY TRAMPS.

A Peddler Saved By a Man Who Kills One of the Scoundrels.

A doxen tramps happened to meet near the depot at Berwick, Pa. They were noisy and disorderly and evidently under the influence of liquor. Stanley, a peddler, of

in danger.

Thomas McHugh, of Pittston, noticed Stanley's predicament and went to his rescue. He pulled a pistol and blazed away at the vagrants. Joseph Brumman was shot in the back of the head and died almost instantly. Two other tramps were wounded. The unwounded vagrants fled with great rapidity. McHugh surrendered himself.

SUGAR OR DYNAMITE.

The Mysterious Box Chief Justice Waite Received Through the Mail.

A sensation was created in Washington by the report that Cheif Justice Waite, of Shooting His Wife and Burning His the Supreme Court had received a dynamite bomb, with an intimation that a fate similar 16 that which befellthe victims of the Chicago Haymarket massacre was awaiting the Chief Just ce as soon as the sept need Anarchists should hang. Lurid particulars of the retution into a veritable African jungle an l p rted affair were given, and the most howling wilderness of will beasts. Six cars startling predictions were indulged by the owned by Robinson's circus stood on a track in few who became cognizant of the rumor. the yards. Lions, tigers, big snakes and other wild beasts filled them. The station was filled with suburban residents and visitors from country towns. The train was on its way from Dodge City to Cincinnati, and was pulling out of the station when the six cars left the track. They were scarcely off before a freight train coming through crushed into them. George To many the Ch ef Justice laughed about the affair, claiming that the article he received was neither a bomb nor what he thought a message of death. Nevertheless, a package had been received by the Chief Justice through the mail. It was a package about five inches square and neatly wrapped in brown paper, and legibly addressed to "Chief Justice Waite." The postmark was "Washington." The Chief Justice unwrapped the paper and found inside a comm n glove box. In coming through the mail it had been iammed in among other packages and bunjammed in among other packages and bun-dies, and the lid had become loosened. This the Chief Justice had no trouble in opening, nor was any force us d in doing so. Inside was was any force us d in doing so. Inside was found what looked like an infernal-machine. There is a coil of wire wh ch lead to what resembles a hammer, and near by is what some call dynamite, but which the Chief Justice thinks is brown sugar. There is undoubtedly gunpowder in the box. The package was immediately put away in a secure place, and the coil of wire taken out, so no damage can be done, even if it is an infernal machine. To a reporter the Chief Justite said that he had not received a bomb, for he did not consider the box as such. It was some hoax, he thought-something to create a sens tion. He had not received any letter, message or word from any anarchist, nor did he expect any. He seemed to treat the whole matter as a joke, and did not care to discuss the

A LAND SWINDLE.

Citizens of Four States Duped by a Bogus Government Officer.

Lew Passoa, who has been representing himself in Nebraska and Iowa as a Government official, was arrested at Lincoln. He claims authority from the Government to locate homesteaders, and has plied his scheme on innocent victims throughout Iowa and Nebraska for the past three months. He represented to his victims that there was considerable land in Seward county, Neb., which had been forfeited by the railroads and was open to entry. A few days ago he brought parties from Iowa to look at the land, and showed them some very pretty locations, which they concluded to purchase from the Government.

them make affidavit that their business was such as to prevent their a tending to the ousiness personally and constituted himself their agent. They were assured that the papers would promptly be made out and forwarded. They sent \$30.50 each as a locative fee to Lincoln, Neb., where the papers were to be delivered. They were delivered to them, but were made out so adroitly that the deeds failed to cover this land or any other. When the parties arrived and presented their deeds at the land office Register Davis immediately pronounced them a fraud and before Passoa could escape he was arrested. Among the victims wers J. M. Warren, Omaha awm. Warren, of Lowa; John Jackson, of Harlan, Ia.; Joseph Garlow, of Panova, Ia.; a gentleman named Early from Ohio, and another named Graham from

ALL FOUR DEAD.

Tragic Close of the Career of Two Alabama Couples-Ten Orphans.

Miss Eva Doles died at the home of her father, Charles Fuller, two miles south of Crawford, Ala., Friday night. Her death is a tragic ending of four lives. Ten years ago Ivey Doles and Tom Jones married twin sisters, daughters of Charles Fuller a highly respected citizen of Russell county, Ala. For years the two men were warm friends and intimate'y associated, in 1883 Jones kept a barroom in Seale and Doles was Deputy Sheriff of Russell county. The two men had a quarrel in Jones's bar one afternoon, when Jones shot and killed Doles. Jones was tried, found gulty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to the Alabama penitentiary for eighteen years. His lawyers however succeeded in getting a new trial, and Jones gave bond and was released from

On the second trial in 1886 Jones was again years. After being in the penitentiary for bout seven months the Governor pardoned him on the recommendation of the penitentiary physician, who gave it as his opinion was a victim of consumption and had but a short lease of life. Jones returned to his old home in Russell county, where he died last winter. In the mean time Mrs Doles and Mrs. Jones were living with their father. About three weeks ago Mrs. Jones died, leaving five little children. On Friday Mrs. Doles died, leaving five little children. Mr. Fuller, their grandfather has charge of these ten

THE DRAFT WAS A FORGERY.

orphan children.

How a Western Bank Was Cheated By a Supposed Evangelist. Last Sunday morning the Rev. Mr.

Baskweller, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Central City, Neb., answered the knock of a tall, fine looking gentleman wearing a handsome dark mustache and a sui proved clerical pattern. He presented a letter of introduction from W. E. Kimball, of the Presbyterian Church at Madison, Neb. which stated that the bearer was the Rev* B. Browns, of Lebanon, Tenn. The stranger was cordially receved, and in the evening preached in the Rev. Mr. Baskweller's pulpit a magnificent sermon, which won the hearts of the whole congregation.

At the end of the service he was introduced, among others, to F. M. Persinger, P. si tent of the First National Bank of Central City, and in the course of the conver-sation remarked that he would have some-builess at the bank in the course of a day Towanda, came along and the tramps at tacked hm. They took his war's and scattered them about promisenously. The quarrel grew so flerce that Stanley's life was in danger.

Thomas McHugh, of Pittston, noticed Stanley's predicament and went to his results and blank and presented a draft for \$6,000, purporting to be drawn on the Chemical National, of New York, by the First National, of Lebanon, Tenn. He asked for \$1,500 in currency, deposited the balance to his credit and walked out. Mr. Persinger's brother was suspicious, and sending a query to the Lebanon Bank received a reply that the draft was a forgery. The Rev. Mr. Browns had gone. He was traced to Omaha and thence to C. nacil Bluffs. President Persinger and an officer are in pursuit.

KILLED-HIS FAMILY

THE AWFUL CRIME OF A WEAVER IN CONNECTICUT.

Two Children to Death.

Conn., shot and killed his wife, and, setting Wednesday morning. The people of the Wednesday morning. The people of the village observed smoke escaping from the roof of the house and went in to put out the blaze. They discovered that Mrs. Hodel had been tied to a bed and shot and that the husband, who was probably the murderer, had fiel. While the posse went out to hunt for Hodel the people suddenly remembered that the two children had not been seen. On going to their room, the little ones were discovered in bed. One of the boys lived a short time, the other had been smothered.

The excitement in the village as soon as these facts became known was intense, and the indignation of the citizens found vent in threats to lyuch the inhuman wretch. The man was finally found by the town Constable and placed under arrest. He cannot talk English, but through an interpreter said that he and his wife made an agreement by which he was to kill her and the boys and then kill himself. He said that he had tall his wife in the bedroom and he had tied his wife in the bedroom and then shot her, and had afterwards set fire to the house to burn up the boys. He-would have killed himself, but he broke the a few weeks ago, and the neighbors say they have heard them quarreling frequently since. Hodel had been drunk for several days. He was committed to the Tolland

County Jail to await the action of the Grand County Jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Hodel is thirty-five years of age. His wife was about the same age, and the two boys, Jacob and Adolph, were three and six, respectively. He has not heen in this country very long, and says that he had just sent \$20 to his father in Switzerland to repaymoney berrowed for passage to this country. At the prelimitary hearing the interpreter testified that Hodel acknowledged that he had killed his wife and admitted that he had burned the house. Hodel, however, pleaded not guilty to the charge of murder.

KILLED AT HIS DESK.

Fatal Accident in a Cleveland Office-Playing With a Gun.

A deplorable accident, by which W. J. Matson, a promising young man, lost his life occurred in the office of Pickands, Mather & Co., at Cincinnati O. Early in the day the captain of the barge Reindeer carried to the office a Winchester rifle sent home from the Upper Lakes by a son of Col. Pickands, who is on a hunting trip. The outfit was placed in a large closet in one corner of the office and seperated from it by a wooden partition. In this closet the office boy, Willie Wooley, a bright lad of fifteen years, usually remains when there is nothing for him to do. The boy was evidently attracted by the rifle, and must have been playing with it when it was discharged. The ball passed through the wooden partition of the closet and buried itself in the body of Wm. J. Matson, a bookkeeper, who was standing at his desk near he opposite door, and not two feet from it Young Matson staggered from his desk to the middle of the room and fell to the floor. He began vomiting blood, and the clerks rashed in every direction in search of physicians, but he died in fifteen minutes,

MINERS BLOWN UP.

One of Them Drops Sparks From His Pipe on a Keg of Powder.

News reached Wheeling, W. Va., of a terrible explosion occurring at the coal mines of the Maynard Coal Company's works, located five miles west of the river in Ohio. The accident occurred after the miners had quit work for the day and were preparing to retire for the night. Fritz Richter, Julius Buckholz, Jack Kessler, John Elkas and Henry Leter were gathered around the fire in the house they occupied jointly, it being a large frame structure. In it was stored a same it was stored a structure of the same of land a key of minquantity of tools, some oil and a keg of mining powder. While smoking and talking, one of the men emptied the contents of his tobacco pipe on the powder keg, and some loose grains igniting, an explosion occurred, which blew the building into pieces and scattered the five men around with the debris Richter and Buckholz were both frightfully mangled, and their death is but a matter of a few hours. Kessler, Leber and Elkas were very badly burned, but all three wili recover. The five men belong to Wheeling, they hav-ing but recently obtained work at the mines.

TWELVE PERSONS DROWNED.

Loss of a Schooner and all on Board in a Squall

A distressing accident by which twelve or more persons lost their lives, happened in Pasquotank Sound, N. C. The schooner Ocean Bird, Capt. Edward C. Daniels, with mails and passengers from Nag's Head and Manteo, N. C., left the latter point for Elizabeth City. The vessel failed to reach her destination, and searching parties were organized, one of which found an upturned boat of the Ocean Bird adrift in the sound. From the condition of the boat it is thought that the schooner was capsized by a squall, immed ately sunk and that all on board per-

Besides Capt, Daniels and the crew there are known to have been on the schooner as passengers E. C. Howe, a school-teacher, of Elizabeth City, N. C., H. A. Hendricks, a painter, of Nag's Head; Walter Midgett, of Kittyhawk, and a son of Capt. Daniels. Relief parties are out s arching for the miss-

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE-Flour-City Mills, extra, \$3.00 a\$3.62; Wheat-Southern Fultz, \$1a82cts; Corn-Southern White, 48a49cts, Yellow, 49a Corn—Southern White, 48a49cts, Yellow, 49a 50 cts.; Oats—Southern and Fen sylvania 25a37cts.; Rye—Maryland and Fennsylvania 59a60cts.; Hay—Maryland and Fennsylvania 13 50a\$1450; Straw—Wheat, 7.50a\$8; Butter, Eastern Creamery, 26a27cts., near-by receipts 19a20cts; Cheese—Eastern Fancy Cream, 12½ a13cts., Western, 12a12½ cts.; Eggs—21a22; Cattle—\$2.50a4.00; Swine—6½a6½cts.; Sheep and Lamb—2½a4½cts; Tobacco Leaf—Inferior, 1a\$2.50, Good Common, 3 50a \$4 50, Middling, 5a\$0.00 Good to fine red, 7a\$3 Fancy, 10a\$12.

\$4 50, Middling, 5a \$0.00 Good to fine red, 7a \$1 Fancy, 10a \$12.

New York—Flour—Southern Common to fair extra, 3.25a \$4.00; Wheat—No.1 Whit, 82 a83cts.; Rye—State, 54a56; Corn—Southern Yellow, 51a52cts.; Oats—White State, 33a31 cts.; Butter—State, 17a26 cts.; Cheese—State, 10a1034cts.; Eggs—19a20 cts.

Philadelphia — Flour —Pennsylvania, fancy, 3.50a \$4; Wheat—Pennsylvania and Southern Red, \$2a83 cts; Rye—Pennsylvania 57a58 cts.; Corn—Southern Yellow, 51a52 cts.
Oats—36a37 cts.; Butter—State, 18a19 cts.; Cheese—N. Y. Factory, 11a12 cts.; Eggs—State, 17a18 cts.

State, 17a18 cts.