

ARIZONA CENTRAL BANK

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W. G. STEWART, ED. M. DOE, STEWART & DOE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW—OFFICE TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BANK HOTEL.

DR. D. J. BRANNEN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

P. G. CORNISH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—OFFICE IN DEER BUILDING, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

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All the Fashionable and Latest Styles.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

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FINE ASSORTMENT OF TWEEDS AND CORKSCREWS.

A SELECT LINE OF Imported Goods ALWAYS ON HAND.

J. W. CLARK, C. J. KENTMAN, President, Secretary, and General Manager, AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK, TREASURER.

COLUMBIA Building and Loan Association.

DENVER, COLORADO.

Authorized Capital, \$5,000,000. Subscribed Capital, \$4,500,000.

Flagstaff Local Officers:—F. J. Brannen, President; F. W. Simon, Vice President; C. M. Fenton, Secretary; J. H. Hoskins, Jr., Treasurer; W. L. Van Horn, Attorney.

Atlantic & Pacific R. R. Co. (WESTERN DIVISION.)

TIME TABLE NO. 31. IN EFFECT Sunday, April 26, 1891.

Table with columns: WEST, STATIONS, EAST. Lists routes and times for various stations including Albuquerque, Gallup, and Flagstaff.

CONNECTIONS. Albuquerque—A. T. & P. R. R., for all points east and south.

Prescott Junction—Prescott & Arizona R. R. for Fort Whipple and Prescott.

Barstow—California Southern Railway for Los Angeles, San Diego and other southern California points.

Mojave—Southern Pacific for San Francisco, Sacramento and Northern California points.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS. No change is made by Sleeping Car Passengers between San Francisco and Kansas City, or San Diego and Los Angeles and Chicago.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado, hitherto inaccessible to tourists can be reached by taking this line via Peach Springs, and a side trip from there of but twenty-three miles. This Canyon is the grandest and most wonderful of nature's works.

Stop at Flagstaff and hunt deer, bear and wild turkey in the magnificent pine forest of the San Francisco mountains, or visit the ancient

JUBILANT RAINMAKER.

THE OHIO DROUGHT DOCTOR MEETS WITH SUCCESS.

He Claims that Seven Out of Eight Experiments With His Rain Making Machine have Brought Water From the Skies.

The Rainmaker Successful. CANTON, O., July 28.—Rainmaker Melbourne was exultant yesterday over the success of his experiments. He set the day for his experiment and it was a wet and unqualified success. He now claims to his credit seven successes, as against one failure, and that is set down to a broken machine, as he calls his mysterious rain producer. The weather this morning was clear and cold, and about 3 o'clock this afternoon the skies clouded and rain fell at intervals until evening.

AFTER BIG GAME. A Well Laid Plan to Rob a Des Moines Bank.

1 Des Moines, Ia., July 28.—A well laid plan to kidnap the cashier of the American Savings bank and rob the vault of \$500,000 was arranged to-day. The robbery was to be executed to take place next Monday at 8:30 a. m., the hour at which the vault is regularly opened by Cashier Elliott.

Two of the accused are James Dimmitt, a colored tough, and Sam Cooper, a real estate dealer from Des Moines, and the third is a professional thief from Kansas City. Cooper and Dimmitt are under arrest. A local newspaper man got into the scheme by pretending to be a tough from Missouri. Dimmitt has confessed his part in the conspiracy and intended robbery. Cooper is playing the insane dodge.

A GREAT SCHEME. The Alliance Will Send Prices Skyward by Holding Back Wheat.

ST. PAUL, July 28.—St. Paul has been made the headquarters of a national movement by the United Farmers' Alliance of the country to corner the entire wheat crop of the United States. At No. 317 Washburn street for several days a large force of employees has been engaged in sending out circulars with the view of having not only the Alliance men of the United States, but all classes of farmers, keep back their wheat crops until the bears have all been killed off and prices have been advanced to a high point. In other words, the Alliance press bureau, the reform press bureau and state press bureau are working together in endeavoring to corner the wheat of the United States in a gigantic scheme in which the producers shall be the stockholders and by which the speculators and wheat buyers will be squeezed to the wall.

A Young Girl Sacrificed. ADRIANOPLE, July 28.—Great excitement prevails in this vicinity over the tragic events growing out of an accusation that a Jewish butcher killed a Greek child as a religious sacrifice.

The governor of Roumelia has proclaimed the district under martial law, fearing otherwise the inhabitants would rise against the Jews. The alleged murder occurred at the village of Mustapha Pasha, about twenty miles from this city. The corpse of a Greek girl 3 years of age was found in the river. All the butchers in the place were Spanish Hebrews, except one Greek named Stefano, who swore that the girl had been strangled in the manner of Jewish blood offerings and that the murder was undoubtedly a religious one. In the midst of the excitement Stefano suddenly disappeared and his corpse was found in a sack on the bank of the river. The crime was afterwards confessed by one of the murderers.

An Indiana Earthquake. EVANSVILLE, Ind., July 28.—The most distinct shock of earthquake ever felt here, occurred Sunday evening. It was preceded by a rumbling noise resembling distant thunder. A moment later violent quaking occurred lasting several seconds. The motion was lateral, apparently from north to south. Windows rattled and buildings swayed perceptibly.

The populace fled in affright into the streets. Every open store in the business center and private residences were emptied of their occupants. Congregations at all the churches rushed pell-mell into the streets without waiting for the benediction.

A Slick Scheme. CLEVELAND, O., July 28.—At Akron, O., to-day, Otto Schoenduve, aged 19, an employee in the office of the Weiner Printing and Lithograph company, called the cashier, who was making up the payroll, to the telephone.

When the cashier returned to the office, Schoenduve was missing, he having stolen \$2,000 from the desk and disappeared. Two confederates were waiting outside with a team and the robber escaped. Officers are in pursuit, but have discovered no trace of him.

She Gets a Fortune. NEW YORK, July 28.—Ellis E. Knight, widow, living at 309 Putnam avenue, Brooklyn, is reported to have fallen heir to a large fortune in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, estimated to be between \$400,000 and \$1,000,000. Most of the property, it is said, belongs to Lord Annon, deceased, and came to the Brooklyn widow by regular descent. Mrs. Knight came to this country when 4 years old, and she is now well advanced in life. She has been a resident of Brooklyn for twenty years.

Explorer Stanley Injured. GENOVA, July 28.—Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, has met with a serious accident. According to information received here from Muerren, where Mr. Stanley is staying with his wife, the explorer has fractured his left lower thigh bone by accidentally slipping while mountain climbing.

Two Boys Drowned. TOPEKA, July 24.—Ralph Wilkinson and Clarence Jones, two boys aged 9 years were drowned in the Kansas river. The little fellows were wading in the river, and getting beyond their depth were swept down by the current and were drowned before help could arrive.

Redeeming Bonds. TOPEKA, July 24.—Now that before so many counties have redeemed school bonds before they were due as now. Within the last thirty days more than \$40,000 in school bonds, many of them not becoming due till 1893, have been redeemed in order

A Wheat Trust Denied.

NEW YORK, July 28.—A reporter interviewed W. C. Crum, general manager of the New York Bureau of the National Farmers' Alliance and Reform Press Association, touching the so-called "wheat trust combine" among farmers.

He denied that any such combination has been formed. The suggestion was made, he said, some time ago in the Farmer that farmers would do well to hold their wheat for remunerative prices, in preference to allowing it to fall into the hands of unscrupulous speculators. Upon this advice went out through the bureau of the Reform Press two weeks ago advising farmers to hold their wheat. Several sub-Alliances in Illinois met and passed resolutions to this effect, which were published in the Alliance papers, there being no effort to conceal the fact whatever. The effort to make it appear as if "some traitor in the camp" had revealed the matter before the Farmers' Alliance was ready to let the secret out is in keeping with many similar attempts to invest certain artful leaders with an air of importance far beyond their ability or worth.

He said further, that the idea of issuing simultaneously, at Washington and St. Paul, 1,000,000 circulars to send to 40,000 secretaries is part of a well conceived plan among certain Alliance leaders to enhance their importance in the estimation of farmers and create at the same time consternation among wheat speculators for political effect.

Editor Crum, who is a practical farmer himself, and thoroughly posted in the schemes of artful leaders, says he doesn't believe intelligent farmers will be caught with such chaff. He is convinced that certain schemers are trying to "work" the Farmers' Alliance for all it is worth for selfish and political purposes.

MAY IMPORT LABORERS.

Skilled Tin Plate Workers Can Come Here Under Contract.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—A stamping company of St. Louis recently wrote to the treasury department in regard to the importation of skilled labor for their tin plate mills and inquired if they must go through any particular form to secure the importation of laborers for such work. In reply Mr. Owen, superintendent of immigration, wrote:

"The contract labor law was enacted to protect the wage earners of this country. They were suffering from the incursions of laborers who had entered into contract abroad and were imported here to do work at a rate cheaper than was paid to American workmen. Such immigrants came with the surety of employment, and were pulled into a siding to repair. While waiting there it was run into by a freight train. The coaches were full of people and were piled into a mass of broken cars and dead and crippled human beings. Some of the passengers were on the train, came home at midnight by the Big Four express, and say that seven were killed, while scores of others had limbs and arms torn off and injured otherwise."

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

A Young Man Dies of Hydrophobia in St. Joseph.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., July 28.—Sherman Harter, a student in the city prison, died in this morning in horrible agony from hydrophobia. He was bitten over the eye by a cat two years ago, and suffered no trouble from it till Sunday morning, when he felt a pain near the old wound. Yesterday afternoon he was taken to the hospital and shortly afterwards there ensued an awful struggle between him and five men who tried to control him. He was finally strapped to a bed, but not until he had almost killed two of the attendants. Later he was moved to the city prison for greater safety, and after a night of awful agony died in convulsion early this morning. He was a giant in stature, and a very handsome, intelligent man.

No Pardon Wanted.

EMERSON, July 28.—Several personal letters have been sent Governor Humphrey during the past few days, remonstrating against granting the request of a petition gotten up by a few lawyers asking that J. H. Yarbrough, who assassinated young Collier in this city about four years ago, and who was sentenced to hang for so long.

Frank Eye and Died.

RAYMOND, Mo., July 28.—A 4-year-old son of Stewart King, during the absence of his mother, got hold of a can of concentrated lye and drank part of the contents. It is supposed he got one large swallow, enough, at least, that everything that was done to relieve the little sufferer availed nothing, and he died last evening after twenty-four hours of terrible suffering.

A United States Marshal Killed.

MOREHEAD, Ky., July 28.—A constable named Simms shot and instantly killed United States Marshal George Armstrong here last night. Armstrong was on his way to Louisville with a number of moonshiners he had arrested. Along the road near here he killed a hog belonging to Simms, which started the trouble that ended in murder.

Excursion Trains Collide.

PARIS, July 28.—A collision between excursion trains occurred at St. Maude yesterday, in which fifty persons were injured and three carriages wrecked. Both trains were returning from a musical festival at Fontenay.

AFTER A WOMAN'S LIFE.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE CONCEALED IN A MISSAL.

Assassins Attempt to Blow Up the Wife of M. Constans, the French Minister of the Interior—Work of a Lunatic.

Dastardly French Assassins. PARIS, July 28.—It became known to-day that an attempt had been made to assassinate Mme. Constans, wife of the minister of the interior. It was at first reported that an infernal machine had been exploded in Mme. Constans' apartments at the Elysee palace.

Mme. Constans had received a package addressed to her from Toulon and apparently containing a bomb. The wrapping paper around the supposed box was taken off and the package found to consist of a good sized misal, or Roman Catholic mass book. At first it was thought a neat present to send to the wife of the minister. Upon more careful examination it was found that the leaves of the misal, to the outward appearance, had been stuck together with varnish or mastic. This caused a still more careful examination of the mysterious misal, and upon being opened with the greatest care, it was found that the interior of the book had been cut away but instead of containing valuables which were being surreptitiously sent through the mails, it was found that the interior of the misal contained a powerful fulminate powder.

No reason seems to have been found for this attempt upon the life of Mme. Constans, and so the conclusion arrived at is that the would-be assassins really intended to take the life of the minister, and supposed that a package addressed to Mme. Constans would be carelessly opened by him while the package addressed to M. Constans might be carefully opened by his attendants. But it would not be surprising if the whole matter should turn out to be the work of a dangerous lunatic.

EXCURSION TRAIN WRECKED.

Seven People Were Killed and Fifty Others Badly Mutilated.

DATTON, O., July 28.—While a Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton excursion train of fourteen cars was returning with excursionists from a picnic at Woodsdale Park a freight train crashed into it at Middletown at 8 p. m., this evening, killing seven and wounding fifty others. The excursion train had broken down and was pulled into a siding to repair. While waiting there it was run into by a freight train.

The coaches were full of people and were piled into a mass of broken cars and dead and crippled human beings. Some passengers were on the train, came home at midnight by the Big Four express, and say that seven were killed, while scores of others had limbs and arms torn off and injured otherwise.

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CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

THE GIRL WHO FELT IMPULSED TO KILL MARAT.

She Came to Paris Armed With the Fatal Dagger—She Found Opportunity to Use It Effectually—A Famous Character.

In the leafy month of July, 1793, when the birds were warbling their gladdest carols and the second earth pregnant with golden grain, a tragic crime was committed in the sunny land of France by a mad enthusiast who in mistaken zeal conceived that this was the only method of restoring peace to her distracted country, says a writer in the Kansas City Star.

The crime referred to was the murder of the loathsome fanatic Marat by the most beautiful and accomplished woman in all France—Charlotte Corday.

Maria-Anne Charlotte Corday was born at St. Saturnin des Lignerets in the year 1768, and was one of the descendants of a noble Norman family. She numbered among her ancestors the great tragedian Corneille and Fontenelle was a near relative. The greater portion of her youth was spent in the solitude of a convent, and it is said, like Madame Roland she contemplated secluding herself forever in her monastic retreat, but impregnated with the skepticism of the age she abandoned the project. After the closing of the revolution Charlotte Corday resided with her aunt, Madame de Broetteville, an old royalist lady, who inhabited an ancient looking house in one of the principal streets of Caen.

The fall of the Girondists, her interest in their cause and the presence of their fugitive leaders in Normandy, who proposed to make Caen the headquarters of an army of volunteers, first suggested to Charlotte Corday the possibility of accomplishing a purpose, the bare thought of which had deprived her of many a night's sleep.

Charlotte Corday was a woman of dazzling loveliness. She is described as being "rather tall, but admirably proportioned, with a figure full of native grace and dignity. Her hands, arms and shoulders were models of pure sculptural beauty. Her open forehead, dark and well arched eyebrows, and eyes of gray so deep that it was often mistaken for blue added to her naturally grave and meditative appearance. Her nose was straight and well formed, her mouth serious, but exquisitely beautiful." Her disposition was characterized by a dignified reserve and her heart was never allowed to be swayed by personal feelings—her friendship and affectionate sympathy she gave to all, but to love's solicitation she turned a deaf ear, for this lofty minded woman early resolved that she would devote her life to the republic.

Devoted to the cause of the Girondists and brooding over their overthrow, Charlotte believed that the death of Marat alone could bring peace to distracted France.

Animated with this idea and possessing all the Republican enthusiasm of her illustrious ancestor, Pierre Corneille, Charlotte Corday, with her mind full of the sacrifices she had read in the eloquent pages of Plutarch, determined to become the assassin of the man to whom she ascribed the proscription of the Girondists and the misfortunes of the republic.

In the month of July, 1793, the heroic girl started for Paris without having the courage to say farewell to her father and aunt. Her journey was uneventful with the exception of the persecuting attentions on the part of some Jacobins, fired with her beauty, with whom she traveled.

On entering Paris she procured a room in a dark and miserable attic near far from Marat's dwelling on Rue des Cordeliers. Here she remained two days, spending the greater part of her time reading her beloved Plutarch and probably writing the spirited address to the people which was in her possession at the time when she was led before her judges.

Charlotte understood that the only way to accomplish her purpose was to call upon Marat. Accordingly she wrote him a note requesting an interview. But she was refused admittance. A second note was dispatched in which she intimated that she had news of importance to impart, and representing herself as persecuted for the cause of freedom. But this time she paid no attention to the remonstrating porter at the lodge, but brushing hastily by climbed the staircase, penetrating as far as the door of Marat's apartment. Here Albertine, a woman who lived with Marat as his wife, with great caution opened the door, for the whole household shared the master's morbid terror of assassination. Upon beholding Charlotte Albertine would not permit her to enter, but Marat, hearing the altercation, called out, "Admit the stranger." Charlotte was then ushered through two other rooms until she came to a narrow closet where Marat, who was suffering from a loathsome disease, lay wrapped in towels in a bathing tub. The "friend of his people," as he was called, had a soiled handkerchief bound round his head increasing his natural hideousness. A coarse covering was thrown across the bath, a board likewise placed transversely supported his papers. Charlotte, while she shuddered with disgust, was outwardly calm. In reply to his rapid questions with wonderful composure she informed him that she had come from Caen in order to give him correct intelligence concerning the Girondists, there. He eagerly wrote down the names of the Girondists, then added with a diabolical smile: "Before a week they shall have perished on the guillotine." These words," after

Drawing the fatal knife she had concealed in her bosom she plunged it to the hilt in Marat's heart. He cried out: "A moi, ma chere amie!" (help me dear!) and sank back dead in the bath. Albertine, the woman before referred to, rushed shrieking into the room followed by a delegate who felled Charlotte with a chair while the infuriated Albertine trampled her under her foot.

Charlotte expected to be torn to pieces by an enraged Parisian mob, but she was saved from such a hideous fate by the national guards.

July 17, 1793, Charlotte Corday appeared before the tribunal. Never had she appeared more serenely, lovingly, and it is said that those who most abhorred her crime gazed at her in proud beauty with involuntary admiration. "Was she then so beautiful?" was the question addressed many years afterward to an old man, one of the few remaining witnesses of this scene. "Beautiful!" he echoed, enthusiastically, adding with the eternal regrets of old age: "Ay, there are none such now."

Chauveau Legendre was appointed by the president as her counsel. "When she appeared in the auditorium," wrote her defender at a later day, "all judges, jurors and spectators seemed to look upon her as a judge who had summoned them before the tribunal of God. Her features may be pointed out in her words repeated, but no act can portray the noble soul that breathed through her whole countenance." "What induced you to assassinate Marat?" asked the president. "His crimes." "What did you hope to gain by killing him?" "To restore peace to my country." "But do you think you have killed all the Marats?" "No; but being dead the others may be struck with terror." "What do you understand by energy?" "That feeling," she replied, "which induces us to cast aside selfish considerations, and sacrifice ourselves for our country."

She answered all other questions with the same brevity and firmness. Gladly would the president have saved her and indeed suggested to her counsel that he might plead her insanity, but her advocate understood too well that this devoted woman scorned to be saved at the expense of her self respect. Charlotte Corday was condemned. Carlyle in his masterly way gives us the following account of this judicial tragedy:

"The doom is death as a murderess. To her advocate she gives thanks, in gentle phrase, in high down classical spirit. To the priest she sent her she gives thanks, but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

"On this same evening, therefore, about half past 7 o'clock, from the gate of the conciergerie, to a city all on tiptoe, the fatal cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in a red smock of murderess; so beautiful, so serene, so full of life, journeying towards death—alone amid the world. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently, for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Guy de Mentz declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her. The head of this young woman seems turned. At the Place de la Revolution the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioner proceeds to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation she submits with cheerful apology.

"As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it, when the executioner lifted the severed head to show it to the people."

One of the assistants stepped forward, and holding up the lifeless head for the crowd to behold, smote it on both cheeks derisively. This ghoul-rue act excited a feeling of horror, and there is a legend to the effect "that as though even in death her indignant spirit protested against this outrage—an angry and crimson flush passed over the features of Charlotte Corday."

HORSE-HAIR SNAKES.

The Popular Delusion Concerning Them is Widespread.

There is a current delusion in almost every community, especially in farming districts, where people have a better chance to observe such things, that horse-hairs are capable of being converted into snakes. The question has often been discussed, but still there are some features about the matter that may not prove uninteresting. To begin with, the root of the hair must be with it or else it will not take on a "living, snake-like existence," as some claim it really does under certain conditions.

In muddy, tepid water the hair, through its roots, in accordance with the law of life by the law of affinity, absorbs vitalizing elements, the same as it did when on the animal. And the substance of the hair being animal as well as vegetable life, it is naturally more or less sensitive to the touch. For more than a quarter of a century the evolutionist has laid more or less stress upon this horse-hair snake phenomena; but the whole argument has but little weight from the evolutionist's standpoint, as there is no reproduction among these "snakes," without reproduction their whole faith is a delusion.—St. Louis Republic.

Then He Went Away.

About 2 o'clock the other morning an individual went to a Pittsburg boarding house and rang up the people inside.

A head was stuck out of a second-story window which asked: "What do you want?" "I want to stay here all night." "Very well! Stay there!"

WHOLESALE SLAUGHTERERS.

The Jordan Boys Vowed Death to Deserters and Kept Their Vow.

Near New Holland, Ga., there is a little swamp near the road. At its edge stands a large white-oak tree. Years ago this spot was often pointed out as the scene of the murder of two men, and the place bore the reputation of being haunted. It was said the rattling of chains and groans and prayers for mercy could be distinctly heard by passersby. No one ever stopped to investigate, as we can testify from personal experience, says a writer in the New York Dispatch, having heard the groans some fourteen years ago, and having also done some of the most distinguished traveling in all our eventful career.

But to the story: Howard Thompson was a witness to the killing, which occurred in 1863, he being about 10 years old at the time. The killing was done by Bob and Ben Jordan of Pickens county, and the murdered men were deserters who had been arrested in Glimmer county.

While the Jordan boys were in the confederate army a crowd of deserters visited the house of their father, assaulted their sister and the wife of Bob Jordan, and carried their father, who was about 70 years old, through the mountains a distance of sixty miles, and subjected him to many shocking cruelties. Then the Jordan boys returned home and began their record of killing. Every man known to be a deserter or a skulker became a victim of their unerring rifle. Bob kept a list of the names and dates in a small book. He was pursued one day, and in crossing a river lost his book. It contained 125 names. After that he kept no record. This was before the killing near Gainesville.

Bob and Ben Jordan became recruiting officers and arrested twenty-six men in Glimmer county and started with them to the front. On the way two escaped and twenty-four were lodged in Gainesville jail. Next morning the Jordans picked out twelve whom they had the best reason to believe had been implicated in the outrages upon their family and chained them together and marched them to this white-oak tree on the New Holland road. They stood them up in a row and Bob Jordan marched slowly along the line with a large army pistol and shot them with his own hand one at a time. Some fell on their knees and prayed, while others looked their slayer straight in the face and died with a oath on their lips. Among the number was a fragile boy about 15 who was chained to a very large man.

The boy was shot first and the man supported him in a standing posture until he himself was shot, when they fell to the ground together.

Those twelve men were hastily buried in a trench, dug upon the spot, but after the war they were exhumed by the federal authorities and removed to the national cemetery at Chattanooga.

After the war Bob Jordan was shot to death in Florida by a weak, sickly young man upon whom he was imposing. Ben was stabbed to death in a barroom in Texas.

GREELEY AND LINCOLN.

The Great Editor's Visit to Lincoln after the Inauguration.

In a most characteristic address by Horace Greeley, on Lincoln, which was written about 1868, and is now published for the first time in the Century, the great editor says:

"I saw him for a short hour about a fortnight after his inauguration; and though the tidings of General Twigg's treacherous surrender of the larger portion of our little army, hitherto employed in guarding our Mexican frontier, had been some days at hand, I saw and heard nothing that indicated or threatened belligerency on our part. On the contrary, the President sat listening to the endless whine of office-seekers, and doing out village post-offices to impertunate or lucky partisans just as though we were sailing before land breezes on a smiling summer sea; and to my inquiry, 'Mr. President do you know that you will have to fight for the peace in which you sit?' he answered pleasantly, 'I will not say lightly—but in words which intimated his disbelief that any fighting would transpire or be needed; and I firmly believe that the dogged resolution not to believe that our country was about to be drenched in fraternal blood is the solution of his obstinate calmness throughout the earlier stages of the war; and especially, his patient listening to the demand of a deputation from the Young Christians of Baltimore as well as of the mayor and of other city dignitaries, that he should stipulate while blockaded in Washington, and in imminent danger of expulsion, that no more Northern volunteers should cross the sacred soil of Maryland in hastening to his relief. We could not comprehend this at the North—many of us have not yet seen through it; most certainly if he had required a committee of ten thousand to kick the bearers of this preposterous, impudent demand back to Baltimore, the ranks of that committee would have been filled in an hour from any Northern city or county containing fifty thousand inhabitants."

Where Electricians are Made. A number of technical colleges in and about London have an electrical department, where everything possible connected with this branch of science is taught, and it is noticed that the increased number of students have been in this department. Notwithstanding the large number of graduates taking this course it is reported that so far have obtained immediate employment