# LOCAL NEWS.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1894.

**Read our Ads. every week for good Bargains by first-class houses.**

Have you paid your subscription?

Reilly Bell is quite sick this week.

Ed Conley was seen on our streets week.

Henry McFall visited his Des Moines friends Thursday.

A social will be given at the Baptist church this evening.

Helena, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cravens, is very ill.

Mrs. E. T. Banks has been dangerously sick for the past few days.

Rev. Raikes will conduct the services at Burns chapel next Sunday.

P. P. Phillips has returned from the west and is again a Des Moines citizen.

Services will be held at the usual hours at the East Side Baptist church.

Rev. J. T. Caston left the city early in the week, en route to Warren, Mo.

Fred Jackson, the fireman, was kicked by a horse and seriously injured Tuesday.

A social hop was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McClain Wednesday evening

The Rehix brothers are expected home in a few days, after an absence of several months.

Jesse Marshall left Saturday for Galesburg, Ill., called there by the serious illness of his brother.

☞ Address ALL letters and communications to "THE IOWA STATE BYSTANDER, Des Moines, Iowa."

Henry Tolliver, nearly a life-time miner, went to Clifton Heights mine to to work Thursday of this week.

Little Bessie Murray has not been expected to live for a number of days, but hope is entertained of her recovery.

Chas. Hughes has removed across the river to the East Side and is now employed at Stewart & Breeden's barber shop.

The covenant meeting at the East Side Baptist church Sunday morning was fairly well attended and many testimonials were given.

Miss Henrietta Vinton Davis, who was in this city last winter with the singer, Miss Neal Hawkins, is preparing for a trip to the West Indies.

The H. B. S. Reading Circle will meet next Thursday with Mrs. T. E. Barton. The programme that was to have taken place at Mrs. Banks will be rendered at Mrs. Barton's.

The A. M. E. literary society will meet in regular session Tuesday evening next. The programme committee have had two weeks in which to prepare an excellent programme.

All persons not receiving this paper regularly will please report to this office at once, so we can trace the error to where it belongs. Papers are carefully prepared for the mail at this office. tf

Mr. Trice, who was recently married to Miss Levia Jones at Macon, died this week after a married life of only ten days. Mrs. Trice has many friends in this city who will sympathize with her in her sudden loss.

It is a pleasure to note the fact that our people are employing the colored music teachers. It shows a commendable loyalty and we hope it will be continued. We must assist in building up one another if we wish to succeed.

See that your neighbor takes THE IOWA STATE BYSTANDER. You should be interested in having a good paper to represent you in Des Moines and in Iowa. Des Moines should furnish 1,000 colored subscribers alone. We can easily get 600 white subscribers.

The social given at Youngstown by the ladies' court at the home of Mrs. Sam Mash was largely attended and together with an oyster supper, singing and social conversation made the evening one long to be remembered by those present.

Rain and inclement weather has prevented the organization of the "Young Men's Congress" at the Baptist church. This organization is to be literary in its character and should meet the hearty encouragement and support of all people. We hope to hear of its successful organization and also be able to give its coming weekly programs.

Little Da Li drove her herd of donkeys to Ze Da's barn. A general good time was had. Lu Wi was led through the mysteries of donkeyism. She exhibited pugilistic qualities as well as donkey qualities. When E Mo initiated her, I Wi made herself head donkey, and the herd made their way to their respective barns amid loud brayings.

A large and interesting number of people gathered at the A. M. E. church parlors Thursday evening. "A Hard Time" social was the feature of the evening; and the appearance of the men, women and children who appeared to contest for the prize was grotesque to say the least. It was a striking illustration of what is to be seen in some of our large manufacturing towns during these Democratic times. It remained for Mrs. A. O. Smith to walk off with the prize which was a cake minus the oven. On this auspicious occasion Mr. D. F. Level lead the parade and made the speech of the evening. He was not in the best of form for speech making, although he wore a pair of green glasses on his forehead and a pair of another hue before his eyes. In fact, he talked through his hat. After supper (and there was nothing left after he had finished) he was O. K. A very nice sum of money was realized from ice cream, cake, oyster and supper tables.

### OUR BAND.

The Capital City Coronet band is industriously at work under the leadership of Henry Warrick. Tuesdays and Thursdays are practice evenings and the band is making great progress. Every encouragement should be extended to its members. Be not discouraged boys. The future is bright.

### BROWN-WILKINSON NUPTIALS.

Mr. Ed Brown and Miss Nannie Wilkinson were happily married at the home of the bride Wednesday evening. The contracting parties are well known and respected by all who know them, the bride having passed her childhood and school days in the city. She is an honest, educated and refined young who has for the past year been employed by R. N. Hyde as stenographer. Mr Brown during his stay in Des Moines has made many friends by his pleasing address and industrious habits. THE BYSTANDER, joins a host of friends in wishing the newly married couple success and happiness.

### THE CONCERT.

The sacred concert given by the choir at St. Paul's A. M. E. church last Sunday was one of the musical treats of the season. Every voice was at its best and the way in which the anthems were sang was indeed soul-stirring as well as commendable. The occasion was that of rally day, and a goodly sum of money was raised for the benefit of the church. The church under the leadership of its pastor, Rev. T. A. Clark, seems to be dawning into a new era, and all those who can should assist in this noble work, especially by your presence. The choir is second to none in the state and a cordial invitation is extended to all to visit the church.

### LADIES' AFTERNOON CLUB.

The Ladies' Afternoon Social Club met on Wednesday, November 7, 1894, at the home of Mrs. J. T. Blagburn and was called to order by the president, Mrs. J. T. Blagburn. This being election of officers, they were elected as follows: Mrs. J. H. Shepard, president; Mrs. Fred Jackson, vice-president; Mrs. W. D. Morton, secretary; Mrs. M. L. Austin, treasurer; Mrs. H. H. Hooker, reporter. After which an elegant lunch was served by the hostess. The society adjourned to meet November 14 at the home of Mrs. J. H. Shepard, 1058 West Fifth street, at which time a new feature will be added to the club, in the form of a book entitled "Glimpse of Three Shores," written by Helen Hunt Jackson. The book will be introduced and a portion of it read to the club by Mrs. J. T. Blagburn All members are requested to be present.

### K. OF P. GRAND LODGE.

The grand lodge of Knights of Pythias will hold its first meeting in the city of Oskaloosa, Iowa, on November 23d and 24th, for the purpose of organizing a grand lodge for the state of Iowa. Supreme Chancellor R. M. Mitchell, of Chicago, will be present. The reception committee will be composed of Messrs. Geo. E. Taylor, E. P. Davis, C. R. Foster, Grant Thomas, H. F. Sawfoot, and the Evans K. of P. Band. The mayor of that city, B. V. Seevers, will deliver the welcome address and C. R. Foster will respond. The meeting will undoubtedly be well attended from all parts of the state. An excellent program has been prepared, composed of good music and speeches by men of well established reputations. A general invitation is extended to the public. The exercises will conclude with a ball and banquet. The committee having the affair in charge is composed of F. P. Davis, Hal Buford and Geo. E. Taylor.

When in need of coal patronize the Coal Palace. It is the leading coal firm of the city, and for prompt and efficient service is unequalled. 317 Sixth avenue.

### MT. PLEASANT MENTION.

*Special Correspondence to Iowa State Bystander.*

This cold weather reminds us of the fact that Thanksgiving is fast approaching, and with it the grand entertainment for that evening under the auspices of the Stewardess' board and the young ladies of this city.

Miss Emma Pate is visiting her cousin, Miss Rilda Ross. Miss Pate was once a Mt. Pleasant girl, but now Galesburg claims her.

Messrs. White and Holmes, of Salem, were Sunday visitors.

Miss Minnie Porter, of Marshalltown, is the guest of Mrs Emerson Jones.

Miss Grace Wicks is quite ill, and at this writing her recovery is doubtful.

The attendance at the social given by the Daughters of the Tabernacle was not so good as it might have been had the weather have been more favorable.

Mrs. Mary Mosely returned Tuesday morning from a visit in Chicago. Chicago has its charms, but to her Mt. Pleasant has greater ones.

Miss Emma Reed, of Salem, will entertain friends at her beautiful home Friday evening.

Mrs. Mattie Bird, of Knoxville, one of Mt. Pleasant's former residents, was the guest of Mrs. Jeff. Talley for a few days.

Everyone seems to be more than rejoiced to know that Iowa, dear old Iowa, went Republican.

THE IOWA STATE BYSTANDER is a newspaper for the colored people and should be taken by them.

Bennett Bros., 413 4th St., for coal.

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# CAUGHT BY COMANCHES.

## Thrilling Experiences of a Scout Among Untutored Tribes.

### A Bold Break for Life and Liberty After the Failure of Peaceful Negotiations.

I had been scouting from Fort Bascom, on the Canadian River, and carrying dispatches between that point and Fort Stanton, on the Rio Pecos, for six months, before the Comanches called the turn on me. It is agreed that an Apache is a devil incarnate, but in the old days there wasn't much choice between the tribes. All were blood-thirsty and relentless, and it mattered little into whose hands a prisoner might fall. Every torture which ingenuity could suggest was certain to be applied, and no ransom, however great, could effect the release of a prisoner. It was while engaged in such an effort that my first capture came about.

A party of citizens from Santa Fe had come out to Fort Bascom for a hunt along the Canadian river to the east. They were all well-known men, and were outfitted in the best style, having the best of firearms, and being accompanied by four hunters and guides of long experience. The Indians were bitterly hostile at this time, and although seldom seen near the fort, they were ever on the watch for any one leaving its shelter. This party numbered twenty, all told, and was strong enough to go anywhere, providing it was well handled. It left the post one Sunday morning and was gone weeks, and, up to two days before reaching the post, all went well. Then a Dr. Albertson, of Albuquerque, tarried behind one morning as the party broke camp, and three Comanches dashed in on their ponies and cut him off. They mounted him on his own horse and had a start of half a mile before the mishap was discovered, and, although pursuit was made, it was useless. The doctor was a man of prominence, holding some position under the Government, and having many friends, and the party no sooner reached the post than it was determined to make an effort to secure his release. It was idle to think of sending out an armed force, and it was finally decided that I should go out as an emissary to treat for his ransom. It was agreed that I could promise the Indians as high as $10,000 in cash for his release, and all were hopeful that this large sum would induce the redskins to give him up. I had been told time and again that the Comanches had never been known to give up a prisoner, and I was therefore in a state of doubt as I rode away on my errand. I had got to put myself in their hands in order to negotiate, and if they refused to give up the doctor it was probable that they would hang on to me.

I rode away to the east, knowing that the prisoner had been conveyed to some camp in the Wichita range. I left the post in the morning and rode hard all day without sighting an Indian. At dark I went into camp and had no alarm during the night, and at sunrise was again holding for the mountains.

A BREAK FOR LIFE.

At about 11 o'clock, while riding over broken ground, I caught sight of an Indian taking cover, and halting my horse I made the peace signs with my blanket. Ten minutes after I was surprised by a dozen warriors, who were evidently astonished at my foolhardiness. I could speak their lingo fairly well, and I told them what I had come for, and asked to be taken to the nearest village. This request was sullkily complied with, and at the end of two hours I found myself in the village of Red Moon, chief of all the Comanches. The village was scattered along the river for a mile or more, and numbered at least a thousand souls. My advent was hailed with whoops and yells and other tokens of satisfaction, and even when it was known that I had voluntarily come into camp on an errand of mercy it was hard to restrain some of the young bucks from doing me injury. I was taken directly to Red Moon's tent, and my reception there was anything but cordial. He was anything but noble in speech and look. He was dirty, unkempt and out of sorts, and I had no sooner set my eyes on him than I knew my mission would be a failure.

"Why does the dog of a white man come to my camp?" was his salutation.

"Four days ago some of your warriors captured a white hunter a sun's journey to the west," I replied.

"They did, and tomorrow he shall die!"

"I have come from his friends to buy his liberty. They will give Red Moon more silver than he ever had before."

"I spit upon the white man's money!" he retorted. "The white man has killed my young men, built his forts on my land, and would drive us away if he were strong enough. I would not take food from his hand if I was starving!"

I named the price which we would pay for the doctor, and tried to make him understand how many guns and blankets and other things the amount would purchase, but he grew more and more excited, and finally shouted:

"Does the white man regard the Comanches as squaws that their heads can be turned by soft talk? Only the dog Indian begs for mercy from a foe or takes presents from an enemy. Were you to offer all you had I would not give him up. He shall die. I have said it!"

Finding him so obstinate and determined, I mentioned that I had come alone and placed myself in his power, trusting to his honor to be permitted to return in safety.

"Did I ask you to come?" he thundered.

"Are you not here to insult me? You shall see the other prisoner die, and then you shall suffer the same fate!"

I began to protest, but was hurried away to a lodge, disarmed, searched, and very roughly used. Before being left alone my hands and feet were tied, and the buck who did this gave me a good-day in the shape of a slap in the face which made my teeth rattle. I was left alone until just at dark, when a boy brought me a gourd of water, and held it to my lips while I drank. I thanked him, and inquired where the doctor was. He replied that he was confined in a lodge about two hundred feet away, and that he would be put to the torture next day. All the tribe within call had been notified to be present. I asked him about my own fate, and he said it was understood that I was to die the day after. If there was any doubt about this it was soon dispelled. The boy had scarcely disappeared when old Red Moon appeared. He was now fully dressed as a chief, and had on all his dignity. I was lying on my back, and he stood over me a moment, glowering down upon me with a savage expression before he said:

"Does the white man think the Comanche a dog that he can come into his village and insult him?"

"On the contrary, the white man knows the Comanches to be brave," I replied, "and no chief is greater or braver than Red Moon."

"But you come to buy us off."

"The white man captured by your brave warriors is neither a soldier, hunter nor scout. He is a man of peace living far away. He has never harmed you. He is a great medicine man among his people. For these reasons his friends hoped the great chief would spare his life. We wished to make you a present."

"White dog you lie!" shouted the chief. "You wish to get me in a trap!"

I argued and protested, and again appealed to his honor in my own case. He heard me through, and then gave me several hearty kicks in the side, and exclaimed:

"You shall die! You are a fool to come!"

The kicks made me mad, and feeling that I had no hope of release, I opened on Red Moon in the choicest Billingsgate of the West. I called him a coward, poltroon, squaw, buzzard and everything else mean I could think of. I offered to fight him in any way he wanted, and boasted that I had on one occasion charged five of his bravest warriors and killed two and run the others into the woods. I gave it to him straight from the shoulder for ten minutes without a break, and he did not interrupt me by word or gesture. When I finally paused for want of breath he said:

"The white scout is not a dog, as I thought for. He is a brave man. He will not cry and beg for his life when the fire is lighted at his feet. My young men shall let it be known at the fort that he died without being a woman."

"And that's more than you can say for any of your warriors!" I flung back at him. "The Comanche whines like a dog when he is hurt. He can not stand fire. When his feet get a little warm he becomes a child."

He pulled his knife from his belt, thinking to end my life then and there, but on second thought he replaced it and walked out. Directly after he had gone two warriors came in with a liberal supply of food, and my arms were untied and I was given a chance to eat. They appeared good-natured, and as the thongs were being replaced one of them said:

"The white man is very brave. He will hold out a long time."

At least two guards were placed outside my tent, and knowing that I had no show for escape, I made myself as comfortable as possible and soon fell asleep. It may be thought curious that a person could sleep soundly under such circumstances, but as a matter of fact I did not open my eyes until long after daylight. There was considerable bustle in the camp, and in a few minutes my breakfast was brought in. Arms and legs were now untied, and one of the three bucks who came into the tent informed me that preparations were being made to torture the doctor. It was an hour later before I was sent for. Then my arms were left free and my legs were hobbled just below the knees. While I could walk it was only with short steps, and the idea of my trying to escape from such a crowd was too absurd to be entertained. I found the inhabitants of the village drawn up in two long lines extending out on the plains. Even children 5 or 6 years old were in line, each one armed with stick or switch.

I was lead to the head of the line between two warriors, and in four or five minutes the doctor was brought out. Red Moon had arranged this as a mental torture to both of us. He signified to us that we might speak, and I at once informed the doctor of my errand and its failure. He expressed his pleasure that his friends thought so well of him, and his sorrow that I had brought misfortune upon myself, and he seemed to have made up his mind to die like a man. I knew the Indians thoroughly, and I told him what the program would be. After running the gauntlet, he would be tied to a post and submitted to the powder torture, which consists in shooting charges of powder into the flesh, with the muzzle of the gun only a foot or two away. After that would come cutting and mutilating, and he would not be tied to the fire to take it all pretty thoroughly exhausted. I advised him to do as I intended to do—leap upon some warrior as he ran down the lines, grab his knife or tomahawk, if possible, and then fight until they would have to kill him then and there. He calmly replied that he should adopt the plan, shook me by the hand, and then all was ready.

As we talked I had been getting the lay of the village. It was only a quarter of a mile back to the broken ground, and not over a half mile to the foothills. I had made up my mind to make a break for liberty, and I had my plans all laid before the doctor started. Red Moon commanded me to tell him that he was to run straight down the lane and back, and that if he made a good run he would not be much hurt. I gave him the information and advised him to make his break about two-thirds of the way down, as he came to the last of the warriors. When I stepped back my elbows touched a giant on either side and I saw that they were deeply interested in the scene before them. When I dropped my left hand down it was close to the hilt of the warrior's knife, and then I was as ready as I could be. The doctor was a powerful big fellow and was entirely naked. He was to start at the report of a rifle fired in the air, and when the signal came he bounded away like a deer. The lines closed up and every one tried to strike at him, but the climax came when he made his bolt. With a leap to one side he seized a tomahawk, and at that moment I got hold of the knife without being detected. A great cry arose and one of my guards started forward. I bent down and cut my thongs at a single sweep, and then, by a back hand blow, drove the knife so far into the body of the other guard, who had given me no attention, that it was wrenched from my grasp as he fell. Then I bounded away down the river, and I believe I had a start of twenty rods before pursuit began.

It is not braggadocio to assert that in those days I had the speed and bottom of a thoroughbred. I hadn't the least fear of being overtaken after I got that start by any one on foot, and as I at once made for the broken ground their ponies had no advantage. I looked back only once, and that was as I got clear of the village. At least fifty Indians were pursuing me on foot, and a few minutes later a score of others had mounted. The pursuers were so strung out that no one dared shoot, and when I got settled down to the pace I ran for my life. In five or six minutes I was in the foothills, and in ten I had gained the shelter of the scrub pine. At that moment twenty rifles turned loose on me, but none of the bullets came near enough to make me dodge, and I contrived to put in my best licks. They followed me for about four miles, losing ground all the time, and then drew off to return to the doctor. It was five days before I got back to my fort, my clothes in tatters, and my strength almost gone, and it was two years before I learned the particulars of the doctor's fate. He made a gallant fight when he got possession of the tomahawk, killing a warrior and a boy and wounding another warrior and an old man, but he was overpowered and disarmed, and the devils glutted their vengeance. Some idea of his sufferings can be imagined from the fact that he was under some sort of torture for three days and three nights, and there was life still left in him when he was given up to the fangs of the village dogs. The Comanche who gave me the particulars was then "a ward of the Government," drawing his rations, ammunition and blankets from the very men whose scalps he had hungered for, and he could not be punished. He identified himself as the warrior who was guarding me on the night when I made my break, and for his carelessness on that occasion the chief stripped him of all his worldly possessions and gave the goods to the widow of the warrior I had slain.

## THE OLD JOUNALIST.

### Like the Old Sailor He Finds His Racket Won't Work.

"Yes," said a man with his shoes tied with little pieces of wire, and wearing a black derby hat with a hole in it and a Prince Albert coat, as he stood in the City Hall Park and gazed at Newspaper Row; "yes, I like to linger in the neighborhood, 'cause I was once a journalist myself."

"Well, you musn't stand so as to block up the walk," said the policeman to whom he had addressed this remark.

"Course not, but I like to stay around here. Meat 'n' drink, you know. It's hard on an old journalist to break himself of the habit. I'm only jess temporarily out o' the harness—I'll be back there a-writin' the proof-sheets an' a-editin' the galleys in a few days."

"Which paper did you used to work on?" inquired the officer.

"I've been on 'em all—gen'rally they bid for my services. I'm jess on my vacation now, you see. Many a time I've stood by the side o' the press when I was managin' editor, jess ready to let go, when in would come a long telegram saying as how Queen Victory was cleaning house or something, and the exchange editor and the stenographer get excited, 'cause they were afraid they could'nt get it in, but I was always calm, and says I to the foreign editor: 'Yank out that air big dry-goods advertisement with yer composing stick and say that Her Majesty has got her carpets up.' Can't an old journalist drop a tear on the scene of his former triumphs?"

"Yes, if he don't get in the way."

"Many a time I would say to the society editor when he was a-writin' the furren cablegrams, says I, 'Make 'em red hot'—that's what I'd say— 'make 'em red hot and hang the expense'—that was my motto—'hang the expense;' that's what made me so successful. Used to give the religious editor $10 for every new thousand of circulation he'd swear to. Had the biggest circulation in the world. I remember once when I'd wrote tariff editorials all day—got enough wrote for a month ahead—when in come the obituary editor and says we needed two columns of want advertisements. I set right back down and dashed 'em off inside o' half an hour. Then I wrote a poem for the head of the commercial page and went and poured another barrel of ink into the press and let 'er hum. Oh, give me a hog press with plenty of hoes, and melon a rake or two, and——"

"Come, come, move on."

"Give me plenty of white paper and a stereotype instrument, and if——"

"Move on."

Five minutes later he borrowed ten cents of a man who was starting up the elevated steps and wandered down Frankfort street away from the scene of his former triumphs.

### Bulls in the Court-Room.

Sergeant Arabin, in sentencing a prisoner who had been convicted of stealing property from his employer, thus addressed him: "Prisoner at the bar, if ever there was a clearer case than this of a man robbing his master, his case is that case." Again, he had to pass judgment on a middle-aged man who had been tried and convicted on two or three indictments, and had then pleaded guilty to more. Arabin said: Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty on several indictments, and it is in my power to subject you to transportation for a period very considerably beyond the term of your natural life; but the Court, in its mercy, will not go so far as it lawfully might go, and the sentence is that you be transported for two periods of seven years each." It is further recorded of Arabin that, in sentencing a man to a comparatively light punishment, he used these words: "Prisoner at the bar, there are mitigating circumstances in this case that induce me to take a lenient view of it, and I will, therefore, give you a chance of redeeming a character that you have irretrievably lost." Again, he once said to a witness: "My good man, don't you go gabbring on so. Hold your tongue and answer the question put to you."

### Just Like Some of Them.

In a certain New England town, a man shot himself. A coroner hearing of the fact and still in ignorance whether death had occurred, summoned a jury and hastened to the place, only to find the man alive. Selecting the nearest saloon as a waiting place, the coroner and his jury remained there until the man was dead, employing a boy in the neighborhood to keep them informed as to the man's condition until he had ceased to breathe, when they proceeded with the inquest. In another place the body of a drowned man was towed across a mill pond from one town to another, to save the first town, in which the body was found the expense of inquest fees.


# THE HUB. . .

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About things you don't want, and that is the reason we haven't said much about free-wool prices for winter overcoats. The weather has been so warm that we could not have interested you if we had tried and so we have confined our talk almost entirely during the past two weeks to the subject of free wool prices for winter suits. But now the weather is likely to make you think about overcoats, so we leave the $8, $10, and $12 cassimere and cheviot suits sale, which is crowding our immense store with customers from all parts of Iowa. For $8 you can buy an overcoat that was made to sell for $10. $10 and $12 will buy one that was made to sell for $12, $13.50 and $15.

Our pant sale is the heaviest we have ever had. Cassimere pants from $1.50 to $5.00.

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### NEWTON NOTES.

*Special Correspondence to Iowa State Bystander.*

A meeting was called at the A. M. E. church for the purpose of organizing an Epworth League and Sewing Circle. The officers of the circle: President, Mrs. Georgie A. Brown; vice-president, Mrs. M. I. Gordon; secretary, Mrs. E. Waldon; chaplain, Mrs. S. J. Fine.

Miss Josie Whitsett, after a severe attack of sore throat, is improving.

L. Mayes, who has been confined to his house with the rheumatism, is able to walk out again.

Miss Emma Mayer is very ill. We hope to see her enjoying good health again.

Mrs. W. Waldon and Mrs. Carter are on the sick list.

Mrs. Maggie Welton is taking guitar lessons. We wish her success.

Mrs. Clara Lucas is visiting at the Western homestead near New Sharon.

Mrs. Thomas Watson, after a two months' visit with her father in Savannah, Mo., returned home Wednesday evening.

Little Louie Mayes is improving his time in a very useful manner by learning the blacksmith trade. It would be well if other boys would do likewise.

W. M. Martin lost 450 head of hogs with the cholera.

GEORGIE A. BROWN.

### All on Board Are Drowned.

HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 9.—The schooner Annie M. Pride, Capt. James G. Pride, bound to Halifax from Mabou, C. B., was driven ashore near Herring Cove at the entrance to Halifax harbor yesterday and all on board perished. Fishermen watched the vessel from the cliffs as it drifted to its doom, but were powerless to save the crew. Besides a crew of four hands the captain's little son, 10 years old, and two female passengers were on board.

### Held Up at His Own Door.

GALESBURG, Ill., Nov. 9.—Thomas Walters, a farmer living near Maquon, was called to his door last night by two burglars, who demanded his money. He refused to give it up, when one of the robbers shot him through the breast and fled


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### FORT M'KINNEY ABANDONED.

#### Eighth Infantry Ordered to Forts Russell and Robinson.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—Gen. Brooke, commanding the department of the Platte, has issued an order for the abandonment of Fort McKinney, Wyo. The troops of the Eighth infantry are ordered to Fort D. A. Russell, and Troop C. Ninth cavalry, to Fort Robinson, Neb. The post quartermaster and twenty-five enlisted men will remain to close up affairs. Capt. Andrew H. Russell has been ordered from Chicago, Ill., where he has been on duty pertaining to the World's Columbian Exposition, to duty at Rock Island arsenal, Illinois.