TURNED TO STONE.

A Strange Story from Claiborne County, Tennessee.

A Big Green Cloud Passes Over the Lick Skillet Country and Petrifies Hogs as Well as a Field of Corn—The Yarn of the Season.

The people in the eastern portion of Claiborne County, Tenn., are excited over a remarkable occurrence which took place there not long ago. It is one of the most marvelous occurrences ever heard of, and it will prove to be a problem over which scientific minds may wrestle for some time to come.

Edgar Ramsey is a farmer who lives five miles from Lick Skillet. He arrived in Middlesboro recently. The story he told would not find believers at first, but since then it has been proven that he has told nothing but the truth. His statement is thus reported by a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

"Last Sunday afternoon I noticed what appeared to be a large green-looking cloud coming from a westerly direction toward my house. It was a long distance off, and the rain was falling heavily. Shortly afterward it became very cold, in fact so cold that I went indoors, lit a big fire and put on a big heavy coat. When I came out again the big green cloud was almost over the house, and the air was as cold as on a winter day. The wind howled and the hail fell in stones as big as eggs. All this lasted twenty minutes, and then the sky cleared up and I felt more like myself again.

"An hour after I was sitting with my wife near the fire when I heard a horse galloping at full speed, and when I went out to see who it was there stood Jake Warren, a neighbor farmer who lives about a mile and a quarter from me. He was as pale as a ghost and was trembling all over. It took him over ten minutes to commence to tell me what he had to say, and as he was talking I thought he was crazy.

"He stated that a big green cloud had come over his place, and that something which looked like balls of fire had fallen all around his house. He had five acres of corn growing in a field next to the house. After the storm had cleared away he went to see what damage had been done. He saw that some corn had been blown down, and, entering the field, he found every stalk turned to stone. There were two fine hogs in the field, and they, too, were petrified and standing there as if cut out of solid rock. Myself and wife thought the man was raving mad, but induced him to remain over till morning, when we promised to visit his place with him. That we did, and what we saw will be remembered so long as both live. There was the corn blown down, but every stalk of it was petrified. It was not as hard as granite, but it appeared to be more like soft stone. I took my knife and cut it, and it became powder. The ears were very hard, and they could not be broken with the hand. The leaves were brittle, and and if you struck them they would break like glass. The hogs were there, too, looking natural enough, but they were as hard as stone."

George E. Henry, of this city, John Rogers, Captain John B. Hull, ex-deputy marshal, and several others rode over the mountains into Tennessee to see for themselves if the things were really there as represented. Captain Hull, ex-United States deputy marshal, makes the following statement:

"We went over this morning. I doubted the story on starting, but thought I'd try it, anyhow. We found Warren's farm about seven miles from the Gap, and there, sure enough, was the corn-field completely petrified. The stalks were somewhat blown down, but they seemed completely turned to stone. The two hogs were there also, and they looked like they were carved out of rock. It was the strangest sight I ever saw and I can't begin to describe the thing. There were a number of men guarding the field with Winchester rifles and they wouldn't let us go into it. They only let us go to the fence. We could touch some of the corn stalks and could see the hogs, but the men refused positively to let us go any further than the fence. The women wouldn't say why they would not let people go into the field, but I presume they were afraid people would break the corn stalks to pieces. There was quite a crowd there looking at the thing, and every one was thoroughly dumfounded with what they saw."

This statement is vouched for by a number of others, and naturally there is considerable excitement.

FIDDLED HIS WAY.

How a Census Agent Obtained Some Valuable Information.

The following, says the Washington Star, is an extract from a letter received from a special agent of the United States census detailed to get data for the fish and fisheries of South Carolina:

"I must tell you how I worked B——. I got there late on Friday evening and found everybody mum as an oyster. I was in despair until at last I heard a man playing a fiddle in one of the stores. I went in at once, and after loafing around awhile asked to see the fiddle. When I got it I drew the bow over the strings, said it was a good one and handed it back; but they saw I could play and insisted I should try, so I took off my coat and sailed in. From that moment my stock went up. In an hour I had half the folks in town in the store, the proprietor was doing a rushing business and so was I. I finally put down the fiddle and addressed the crowd, told them my business and said that though I was willing to play for them I must attend to my work first, and invited all who were engaged in fishing to walk up and sign the pledge. Nothing was too good for me. They wanted to fill me up on beer, and I had more cigars than I could smoke. They refused to let me set 'em up a single time, and when I wanted to leave town they begged me to stay, or, if I would go, to come back and locate. They hunted up all the men I wanted and brought them to me or took me to them in a buggy. I was treated like a prince. One poor devil (colored) refused to answer my questions, and one of my enthusiastic assistants cracked him on the head with a beer bottle so that he had to be carried from the field in a disabled condition.

"Well, I had a time, but I got everybody there was to get."

Bessie Criswell's Heroism.

An extraordinary case of heroism is narrated in the Philadelphia Press. Bessie Criswell, aged fourteen, living three miles from Dauphin, was about to prepare supper last Wednesday when she found the fire in the cook stove very low. She poured coal oil on the kindling wood. It ignited, the can exploded and the burning oil set fire to her clothing and to the house. The girl ran to the spring-house twice while her clothes were blazing, secured a pail of water each time and put out the fire in the house. A third time she went to the spring and dipped her head and neck in the water. Then she ran to a small stream and threw herself in. Having extinguished the flames, she went to her mother, who was milking, and reported the matter. She was fatally burned, however, and died the next day. She sacrificed herself to save her home.

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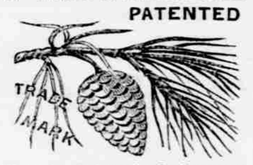

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KEMMLER'S BURIAL.

Gruesome Midnight Scene in the Convict Grave-Yard at Auburn.

That portion of Fort Hill Cemetery in Auburn which faces the poorest and most desolate part of the city is known as the "convicts' burying ground," says the New York Sun. Nothing divides it from the costly tombs and towering headstones of marble that mark the space devoted to the righteous dead save a line of ragged, sickly grass that tells where the lawn-mowers stop. The entrance to the God's Acre of the convict dead is on a side street, and is guarded by a pretty cottage in which lives a grave-digger and his wife.

The mystery attending the burial of William Kemmler was only second to the mystery surrounding the preparations for his death. It will be remembered that he was tortured to death by electricity early on the morning of August 6, and that a few hours later the knives of the surgeons were busy cutting the body to pieces. There was some doubt concerning the section of law relating to the burial of the body, and when the watchers about the prison on the night following the execution saw no sign of any funeral it was generally believed that the body had been covered with quick-lime and buried beneath one of the flagstones of the prison yard. Late in the afternoon of the next day the grave-digger in charge of the convict burying ground received orders to have a grave ready for a body at ten o'clock that night. The grave was dug, and when ten o'clock came without bringing the expected body, the grave digger turned the light down low in the sitting-room of his cottage and went to sleep in his working clothes. His wife lay on a bed in front of a window keeping watch on the street, so that she might wake her husband when the body arrived.

Meantime men in charge of what was left of the dead murderer's body had placed it in an express wagon at 9:30 o'clock, and had driven out of the prison gate. There was a knot of men on the sidewalk who immediately showed signs of excitement when the wagon appeared. It was instantly decided that these men were reporters, and the driver of the wagon, in accordance evidently with the orders of Warden Durston to elude the newspaper men, drove around the block and then bask into the prison yard. No other attempt was made to dispose of the body until eleven o'clock, when the express wagon again came rattling out, but again there were men on the sidewalk who seemed interested in its movements, and once again the wagon was driven back into the yard, and the big gates closed on it. No other effort was made to bury the body until midnight, when the wagon came dashing out as though the driver was bound to get rid of his burden at all hazards. He drove rapidly up the street, the wagon swaying to and fro and rattling horribly. The grave digger led the way into the gloomy cemetery by the dim light of a lantern. Arriving at the grave he set the lantern at one end of it, and seizing the remains of the murderer pulled them out of the wagon. It didn't take long to fill up the grave, for the only object to accomplish was to get the body out of sight and stamp the dirt on it.

CALIFORNIA CUBS.

How a Couple of Them Were Stolen from Their Mother's Side.

Away up in the mountains in the northern part of Del Norte County the predatory visits of a large black bear to the hog ranches elicited about as much squealing among the owners of the land as they did from the kidnapped pigs. While the trouble was almost unbearable, David Tucker, a commission merchant of this city, traveled into those parts, says the San Francisco Call. He had with him a Winchester repeating rifle that carried a ball especially adapted for destruction of life in large black bears, and he organized a party to hunt the hog-thief to death.

Joseph Morrison and Edward Murray, a plucky shepherd dog, and a German deer-hound followed Tucker up the deep canyon for about nine miles one day, and only stopped to rest when they had reached a dense forest of tall trees, where the ground was covered with a thick undergrowth. Dave concluded that the bear was behind the scenes, and sent the dogs in to reconnoiter. In a few minutes the collie came out like a rocket and yelped for sympathy, as it showed a badly torn hip by the claw of the disturbed animal. Another minute had not gone by ere the deer-hound emerged with precipitation, and only stopped to join company with its allies.

The bear followed the dogs with a mad haste, growling ferociously over their temerity in invading her home, for it was a female bear; but the growling was changed to fierce grunts as she caught sight of the hunters. Bruin raised on her hind legs and bore down upon her assailants with motions of the forepaws that challenged a fight to the finish. Dave fired a ball into her breast, near the shoulder, but without causing the brute to even wink. He pumped another cartridge from the magazine and sent it tearing through the anatomy of the monster with as little effect as its predecessor. Then he commenced to retreat cautiously, while he worked another cartridge into place, and this time made the bullet plow into the bear's groin.

The bear was then within forty feet of him, and commenced to assume the proportions of a mountain to his widening eyes. Joe and Ed were on either side of the battle-ground and handicapped by some bushes. At the doubtful moment Ed sighted the head of the animal and immediately emptied two big loads of buckshot from his double-barreled shot-gun, tearing away the side of her head and toppling the animal over in a hurry. The boys saw that the bear had been suckling her young, so they waited a few minutes until her two cubs came out from the thicket in quest of the mother.

It was only the work of a few minutes to lariat the youngsters, and then they dragged their game to the ranch. The bear was very fat, and weighed 900 pounds when dressed. The cubs were about two weeks old when caught, and were kept for three months on bread and milk. They are docile, plump, and a curiosity to many visitors. Mr. Tucker has a standing offer of $150 for them from the Native Sons of the Golden West, but $300 will have to come out of the funds of that organization if the cubs will form a feature in the parade on admission day.

Cure for Writer's Cramp.

John Brown, stenographer, tells the Globe-Democrat: "People often ask me when I sit down to do a long job of short-hand why I lay before me so many pencils of different sizes. My reason for it is that by picking up pencils of different sizes, and consequently weights, I am enabled to rest my hands while continuing to work. Each different pencil brings into active play different muscles, and I never suffer from cramps, as might be the case if I used but one size pencil. A horse going over an ordinary turnpike, up hill and down, will be in better condition at the end of a day than a horse which has traveled the same number of miles on a race track."

Queer Canine Mania.

There is a dog in Philadelphia that has a mania for tearing off door-knobs and plates and wrecking the woodwork of the doors generally.

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"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorated the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and [illegible] tion." J. [illegible] LAND, Pickens, S. C.

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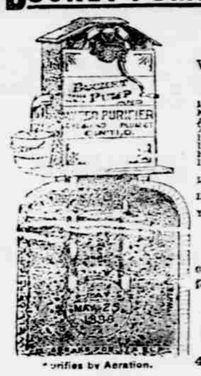

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THE PINKERTON FORCE.

A Mercenary Army Not Always Composed of the Best Men.

How It Is Organized and Its System of Discipline—Its Members Cordially Hated by the Regular Police and All Labor Organizations.

The Pinkerton force, says the New York Journal, owes its existence to the energy and shrewdness of Allan Pinkerton. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1819, and in 1842 he arrived at Quebec after a stormy voyage. He found his way to Chicago and opened a cooper shop. When in search of materials for his work he discovered a gang of counterfeiters on an island in the Fox river. He succeeded in breaking up the gang, and displayed so much skill and nerve that he was appointed a deputy sheriff of Cook County.

While holding this position he conceived the idea of creating a detective organization free from political influences. Associated with a lawyer named Edward L. Rucker, in 1852 Pinkerton started the agency which now has offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Denver.

The greatest achievement of Allan Pinkerton was the discovery of a plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln while on his way to Washington to be inaugurated and the frustration of it. Pinkerton organized the secret-service division during the war of the rebellion. His other detective feats consisted of the arrest of innumerable law-breakers and the restoration of millions of dollars to the owners.

He died at Chicago on July 1, 1884. He left a widow and three children, of eight born to him. Of these the eldest son, William A., is now in charge of the Western division of the detective agency, and his other son, Robert A., is general superintendent and has immediate charge of the Eastern offices.

Since the death of the elder Pinkerton the organization has increased in strength and efficiency until at the present time it is recognized as the great private resource by large corporations for the protection of lives and property in times of stress and storm.

About 500 detectives, both men and women, are continuously employed at stated salaries varying from $3 per day to $3,000 per year. There are nearly 100 detectives employed by the New York office alone.

The chief business of the agency is with banks and express companies. The methods of the concern are hidden under a vail of the closest secrecy, and information with regard to the details of the work is kept inviolate.

As an organization, however, which is closely allied with lawlessness of every kind, the Pinkerton Detective Agency has been the subject of a good deal of harsh criticism. It is cordially hated by most of the labor organizations. Whether this opposition is justifiable is wholly a matter of opinion. In the excitement of a great strike, such as the one recently in force on the New York Central road, a man is often killed by the Pinkerton officers.

But these fatalities are more than offset by the deaths in the ranks of the detectives themselves, as was shown in the fight with the James boys. While engaged in the pursuit of these desperate men in Missouri the Pinkertons lost five men in one year.

Of course there are not always on hand in the various offices a sufficient number of men to supply an extraordinary demand such as has occurred during the past two weeks. To meet such demands lists of selected men are kept, and when necessity demands these men are sent for.

As a rule these deputies are not in uniform, because of the enormous expense involved. Neither have they any legal right to carry arms, although they often do so. The Pinkerton men, as a rule, have no more authority to make an arrest than a private citizen. When employed in large numbers, as they have been on the New York Central road, the agency is paid at the rate of $8 per day for each man, of which the detective receives $4.

They are required to make a written report every evening of every thing done during the day, and the conversation overheard down to the smallest detail, together with every item of expense incurred in the prosecution of the work. They are kept continually advised from the home office as to what their movements shall be.

The position of a Pinkerton detective is not an enviable one. They are cordially hated by the regular police and consequently never reveal their identity unless forced to do so.

HERE'S A FINE POINT.

Can a Clergyman Marry Himself and Thus Save the Fee?

"There are some curious things in the law books," said a gray-bearded lawyer to a Memphis Commercial reporter as they came down the court-house steps. "It is settled law that a clergyman may perform the ceremony at his own marriage when none is present but himself and his bride, and upon the most solemn judgment fixing the legitimacy of the offspring and the descent of the estate.

"Rev. Samuel Swayne Beamish was clergyman of the united churches of England and Ireland, and on the 27th day of November, 1882, he went to the house of Anne Lyons, in the city of Cork, and there performed the ceremony of marriage between himself and Isabella Frazer, using the form of the Book of Common Prayer, but adapting the words to the unique condition of the affair, and using also the wedding ring. They supposed that they were having the wedding all to themselves, but Catherine Coffee was the 'Peeping Tom' of the occasion and saw the performance of the ceremony from an adjoining yard, but did not hear the words. The marriage was pronounced valid as one performed by a minister in holy orders in the presence of witnesses, although it was irregular and clandestine."

"Would such a marriage be valid in Tennessee?"

"Don't know," said the lawyer, cautiously, "but why should it not be if be first procure a license? The statute says no formula need be observed except a declaration in the presence of the minister or officer that they accept each other as man and wife, and all ministers of the Gospel may solemnize the rite of matrimony."

"Could a justice of the peace marry himself, also?"

"Certainly, and all the judges and chancellors; they all have this advantage over us common folks, and it would be a mere matter of economy to do it."

"Have you any case in court or are you about to bring a case on this point?"

"Ah, my friend, don't ask too much. Wait and see."

"Will you notify me and give me a scoop?"

"Yes, if I bring the suit."

Certainly.

Unsophisticated Texan—Hadn't I better shoot that young assassin with the new-fangled gun? He's been sneaking up on that feller an' his gal for the last fifteen minutes—a Texas jury wouldn't find no fault, you bet.

Jack Summerville—He ain't an assassin, Billy. He's an amateur-photographfiend. But you might as well shoot—I guess an Eastern jury won't find much fault, either.—The Jury.

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FLESH ON MY BONES

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A BATTLE FOR LIFE.

The Frightful Experience of a German Aeronaut.

A Thrilling Struggle with Death in the Air—The Balloon Caught by a Wind and Tossed Hither and Thither—A Peasant's Sorry End.

The German aeronaut Wolff recently had a most terrible experience in a trip in a balloon from the grounds of the Cologne Exhibition of the Rhine War, says the New York Sun. His company with Peter Schmitz and a manufacturer named Depenheuer began in the balloon Stollwerk at one o'clock on a cloudy afternoon. The balloon flew one mile almost straight up into the thick of a storm. Wolff, fearful of the strong winds and hail above him, decided to make a landing as soon as possible.

"There was nothing but woods and woods under us," he said, subsequently. "The balloon descended with great rapidity. I finally discovered a small clearing on a steep mountain side, and prepared to anchor. The balloon descended more slowly, and the man who had observed us hurried from underneath to help us land. I drew the ventilator a little further open and motioned to Schmitz to get out. Depenheuer alighted, and all was well, when suddenly a whirlwind struck us. A terrible jerk sends me on my back in the car. I