The People's Vindicator.

THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE IS THE SUPREME LAW.

Official Organ of the White Citizens of Red River, Sabine, Winn and Natchitoches Parishes.

VOL. V. { NATCHITOCHES, LA., FEBRUARY 22, 1879. { NO. 23

The People's Vindicator.

A real live Democratic paper. The tool of no clique or ring. Free and outspoken and the friend of the PEOPLE.

J. H. COSGROVE
Editor & Proprietor.

Published Every SATURDAY Morning

Subscription Rates.

One copy, one year.....$2 50
One copy six months.....1

No Subscription taken for less than six months. All Subscriptions payable in advance. All advertisement for less time than six months are transient and must be paid in advance.

The People's Vindicator.

Advertising Rates.

SQUARES.	1 mo.	2 mos.	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mos.
1 square....	$4 00	$6 50	$10 00	$15 00	$20 00
2 squares...	7 00	10 00	15 00	20 00	25 00
3 squares...	10 00	13 00	18 00	25 00	30 00
4 squares...	14 00	18 00	22 00	30 00	35 00
5 squares...	17 00	20 00	27 00	35 00	40 00
squares...	20 00	24 00	32 00	40 00	45 00
squares...	23 00	27 00	36 00	50 00	70 00
squares...	26 00	30 00	40 00	65 00	80 00
10 squares...	30 00	35 00	50 00	57 00	105 00
15 squares...	45 00	60 00	70 00	100 00	125 00
20 squares...	60 00	80 00	90 00	125 00	150 00

Transient advertisements $1.50 per square of 8 lines Brevier, first insertion. Each subsequent insertion 75 cents per square.

Professional Cards.

Wm. H. Jack,
(Successor to JACK & PIERSON)
Attorney and Counselor at Law
NATCHITOCHES, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Natchitoches, Sabine, DeSoto, Red River, Winn, Rapides, and Grant, and in the Supreme Court of the State. Claims promptly attended to.
April 28 1877.

WM. M. LEVY. DANIEL C. SCARBOROUGH.
LEVY & SCARBOROUGH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

HAVING associated themselves will practice in the Parish and District, the 17th Judicial District, and in the parishes of Winn and Grant, Supreme Court of Louisiana, U. S. District and Circuit courts of Louisiana and U. S. Court of Claims at Washington.

Office in the Lacoste Building
(Up Stairs.)
NATCHITOCHES, LA.
Aug. 3, 1878-1y.

J. H. & M. J. CUNNINGHAM.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
St. Denis Street, Natchitoches, La.

WILL give prompt and personal attention to all business entrusted to their care

Practices in the District and Parish Courts in the Parishes of Natchitoches, Red River, DeSoto and Sabine, and before the Supreme Court at Monroe and New Orleans. Jan 5 '78-1y.

C CHAPLIN. C. F. DRANGUET. T. P. CHAPLIN
CHAPLIN, DRANGUET & CHAPLIN
Attorneys at Law,
NATCHITOCHES, LA.

PRACTICE in the District Courts of Natchitoches, Sabine, DeSoto and Red River and in the Supreme Court of the State. March 2-1y.

J. H. B. TUCKER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
OFFICE
St. Denis Street, - - Natchitoches, La.

WILL practice in the District and Parish Courts of Natchitoches, Sabine DeSoto and Red River, and the Supreme Court of the State.

All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Apr 13-1y

M. A. Dunn,
Physician and Surgeon
Montgomery, La.

Magistrate.

JOHN M. TUCKER,
Magistrate Ward 1.
St. Denis Street, : : Natchitoches, La.

PROMPT attention given to all business entrusted to his care.
Claims collected at small cost.
Refers to the Bar Generally.
Jan 5 '78-1y

Business Cards.

T. C. Trichel,
—DEALER IN—
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS and SHOES, HATS, ETC.
Highest cash price paid for Cotton and Country Produce.
WASHINGTON, ST.,
NATCHITOCHES, LA.

C. L. WALMSLEY. R. M. WALMSLEY
C. L. WALMSLEY & CO,
COTTON FACTORS
—AND—
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Poydras St., New Orleans, La.

R. E. BURKE,
—dealer in—
GROCERIES
Front Street, Natchitoches, La.

JOHN L. GILL,
—with—
GREGG & FORD,
COTTON FACTORS,
AND
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
—DEALERS IN—
GROCERIES & WESTERN PRODUCE.
Agents Pratt's Improved Revolving Head Gin.
Nos. 20, 21 and 22 Levee,
SHREVEPORT - - - - LA.

BEVERLY TUCKER,
COLLECTOR.
All Claims promptly attended to.
Office on St. Denis Street,
NATCHITOCHES, LA.

Miscellaneous.

USE HOME STOMACH BITTERS
PREVENT AND CURE
CHILLS, FEVERS, DYSPEPSIA Female Disorders. Prepared by The Home Bitters Co., St. Louis, Prescribed By Best Physicians, and Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

LAURIE & McCLATCHEY'S
HOMŒOPATHIC
DOMESTIC MEDICINE.
Eighth Edition; 1044 pp.;
large 8vo. half Morocco; price $3. BOERICKE & TAFEL, New York, Phila. and New Orleans.
This is the most complete and comprehensive work on the subject in the English language. Send stamp for descriptive price current of this and other books. Address BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœopathic Pharmacy, 330 Canal Street, New Orleans.

$50, $100, $200, $500, $1000
—ALEX. FROTHINGHAM & CO., Brokers, No. 12 Wall Street, New York, make desirable investments in stocks, which frequently pay from five to twenty times the amount invested. Stocks bought and carried as long as desired on deposit of three per cent. Explanatory circulars and weekly reports sent free.

MARRIED LIFE
DR. BUTTS
No. 12 N. Eighth St. St. Louis, Mo.
Who has had greater experience in the treatment of the sexual troubles of both male and female than any physician in the West, gives the results of his long and successful practice in his two new works, just published, entitled
The PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE
The PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER
Books that are really Golden and Gold-Instructors in all matters pertaining to Manhood and Womanhood, and supply a want long felt. They are beautifully illustrated, and in plain language, easily understood. The two books embrace 500 pages, and contain valuable information for both married and single, with all the recent improvements in medical treatment.
Read what our home papers say: "The knowledge imparted in Dr. Butts' new works is in no way of questionable character, but is something that every one should know. The Youth, the victim of early indiscretion; the Man, otherwise perfectly healthy maybe, but with wasting vigor in the prime of life, and the Woman, in misery, from the many ills her sex is heir to."—St. Louis Journal.
POPULAR PRICES—60 cts. each, both in one volume, $1; in cloth and gilt, 25 cts. extra. Sent under seal, on receipt of price in money or stamps.
SINGLE LIFE

SMOKE
BLACKWELL'S DURHAM
TOBACCO

Madison Dispensary,
201 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
DR. SIGHLOW, having 30 years experience, treats SEXUAL AND CHRONIC DISEASES in both sexes SAFELY, SURELY, PRIVATELY. NERVOUS DEBILITY, from sexual abuse or excesses, producing IMPOTENCY, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, &c., rendering MARRIAGE UNPLEASANT, can be positively and permanently cured. Will warrant every case. Pamphlet, 50 pages, 6 cents. His MARRIAGE GUIDE OR SEXUAL PATHOLOGY, 250 large pages, ILLUSTRATED, containing much that was never before published. Price 50 cts. Letters CONFIDENTIAL. FEMALE PILLS, $5, Extra Strong, $10. Send 50 cts. for sample Rubber Goods, &c. by Express.

PRESCRIPTION FREE!
For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Address, Dr. W. JAQUES & CO., 130 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, O.

Watches $3 to $7. Revolvers $2.50. Over 100 latest Novelties. Agts wanted. So. Supply Co. Nashville, Tenn.

DR. CANFIELD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

A Mystery Solved.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of Modern Times! The Mysterious Channel of Disease Discovered, and a Certain Cure Provided. The Stomach, Liver, and Bowels the Centre of Disease.

PARSON'S PURGATIVE PILLS
The Great Anti-Billious Remedy and Miasmatic Dissolver.

PARSON'S
PURGATIVE PILLS
Are the result of long-continued Scientific investigation, and are Warranted to cure all diseases originating in the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. No griping pains follow the use of these Pills, unless the Bowels are inflamed; but Relief, Immediate Relief, may be relied upon. As a Common Family Physic
PARSON'S
PURGATIVE PILLS
Stand unequaled before the world to-day. By varying the dose according to directions, Parsons' Purgative Pills effectually Purify the Blood and greatly alleviate, if not entirely cure Dyspepsia, Scrofula or King's Evil, Rose, Erysipelas or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions, and Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Sores, Boils, Tumors, Morbid Swellings, Ulcerations, Pimples and Blotches.

EVERY BOX WARRANTED.
Most Complete Satisfaction Guaranteed
[or No Pay.
Full directions around each box. Physicians supplied by mail, post-paid, for $2.50 per thousand, in bulk, cash in advance. We will send these Pills to any reliable druggist or merchant to sell on commission. Agents wanted everywhere.
S. JOHNSON & CO.,
BANGOR, MAINE, Proprietors.
June 22-1y.

Miscellaneous.

THE GENUINE
DR. C. McLANE'S
Celebrated American
WORM SPECIFIC
OR
VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,
DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE
will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY
in any form; it is an innocent preparation, *not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.*

The genuine DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

—:o:—

DR. C. McLANE'S
LIVER PILLS
are not recommended as a remedy "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine.

As a simple purgative they are unequaled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated.

Each box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS.

Insist upon having the genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name *McLane*, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

BENSON'S CAPCINE
POROUS PLASTER
For WOMEN & CHILDREN.

Females suffering pain and weakness will derive great comfort and strength from the use of Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster. When children are afflicted with whooping cough, ordinary coughs or weak lungs, it is the one and only treatment they should recieve. This artical contains new medical elements such as is found in no other remedy in the same form

IT IS FAR SUPERIOR TO
common porous plaster, liniment, the so-called electrical appliance, &c. It relieves pain at once, strengthens and cures when other plasters will not even relieve. For Lame and Weak Backs, rheumatism, Diseased Kidneys and all local aches and pains it is also the best known remedy. Ask your Druggist for Benson's Capcine Plaster and see thatyou get nothing else. Sold by all Druggists, Price 25 cts.

WANTED. A GOOD AGENT to canvass Natchitoches and the adjourning towns for the best selling household articels in the world. Tip top profits, write at once to Worlds Manufacturing Co., 2 Clinton Place, New York. 4w

TEACHERS WANTED 850 to $100 or $200 Per MONTH, during the Spring and Summer. For full particulars address J. C. McCurdy & Co., St. Louis, Mo. 4w

WANTED-A GOOD MAN FOR EVERY STATE and Territory in the Union; a fair salery paid. Call or address LaBelle Manfg. Co., 93 Clark St. Chicago. 4w

CONSUMPTION
and all disorders of the
Throat and Lungs
permanently cured.
DR T A SLOCUM'S GREAT REMEDY
"PSYCHINE"
taken in conjunction with his
COMPOUND EMULSION OF
Pure Cod Liver Oil
and Hypophosphites of
Lime and Soda.
A Free Bottle of each preparation sent by express to each suffering applicant sending their name P. O. & Express address to Dr T A Slocum, 181 Pearl street, New York.

SHOWING IN TEXAS.

The Limber Reporter who Jumped from the Royal Yard—A Bull-whacker's Experience with a Real Pistol.

A Solemn Morning Spectacle.

(New York World.)

"It was while I was down in Mexico, before Maximilian's death, I was partner in Reynold's one-horse circus. We played under a wall canvas tent and almost exclusively to darkies, for it was so infernally hot that the white people wouldn't come out. I had a first-rate tight-rope walker, and in a six-week's trip cleared nearly $3,600. Finally in our journeyings we reached Houston, Texas. While I was standing outside the canvas one day a young man came up and accosted me with 'Are you the man that's got the tight-rope walker? If so, you ought to have a jumper.'

"'Well, what then?'

"'I'm he.'

"'Can you jump?'

"'I can beat Sam Patch all to pieces. They call me Sam Patch, Jr.'

"'What's your business?'

"'Oh, I'm a reporter, but I want to get in the show business.'

"I looked him over; he was a little bit of fellow; didn't way a hundred pounds, and so thin you could almost read a newspaper through him.—"Why,' said I, 'you won't do; you are too light; half a gust of wind would blow you away.'

"'Oh,' said he, 'don't you make any mistake about me; I am a reporter, and whatever we undertake, we do. I tell you I can jump; now try me.'

"I liked the fellow's pluck, and so I took him to a freight building near by, and he jumped from a window seventy-five feet from the ground to the water and landed all right, as sound as a dollar.

"'Well,' thought I, 'may be there is money in him after all.' So I took him down to Galveston and put him up at the Washington Hotel in style. Then I went to Kuhn's wharf, which was nicely fenced in and where a large vessel was lying. I easily got permission for him to jump from the royal yard, which was just 104 feet above the water. Then we started to work up the town, and in a couple of days we had it up to fever heat. It was full of broken-down actors, gamblers, bushwackers, common cutthroats and all sorts of outlaws, and this was just the thing to please them. I charged no admission, but announced that we would take up a collection on the wharf.

"The day broke beautifully and everything looked favorable for us. Early in the morning crowds went down to the wharf. Long before the hour for the jump the streets were literally jammed, and I thought complacently of the jolly pile we should have to divide in the evening. The first thing that rather staggered me was when I went to pay the bar bill at the hotel and the barkeeper told me that my young man had that morning $15 worth of whiskey, which at 25 cents a nip, makes just sixty drinks. I thought this a pretty liberal amount of Dutch courage, but as he did not show it, I simply said to myself, 'There is no knowing how much whisky actors and reporters can drink,' and we walked down to the ship together, but he was a miserable-looking specimen and I was pretty well ashamed of him. Well, I got him on the vessel at last, got him rigged out in a sort of half-way circus costume, trunks and a pair of stout boots to save his feet when he struck the water, and left him to show himself on the deck and in the rigging and finally to be hoisted up in a boatswain's chair to the royal yard, which, as I said before, was 104 feet above the water, while I went on the deck to take up the collection. And there is where I made the mistake, for the captain, a good-natured old soul, seeing how seedy my man looked, thought to brace him up, and so gave him a tremendous horn of Scotch whiskey, and that on top of all the Bourbon he had been drinking settled him of course, but I knew nothing about it.

"I was hard at work and had collected about $85, when I heard one great cry of horror, and looking up saw my man flying through space. It seems they hoisted him up all right and stood him on the yard-arm, but he did not take a good hold of the stay, and before he was ready a gust of wind came along and blew him off. He made two or three revolutions in the air, and finally struck the water squarely on his back, knocking him senseless.

"Instantly the crowded streets were in a perfect ferment of excitement. Women cried, men cursed and swore. To add to the confusion a team of horses ran away, and in a few moments I heard cries, 'Lynch him!' 'Lynch him!' You bet I made tracks for the Washington Hotel and got under cover as soon as possible. If I had been five minutes later I would not be here now telling this story and waiting anxiously for Fulton to say 'Cider.'

"Well, after a while they brought him to the hotel, and when the crowd had been turned out I went in to see him. He was cold, motionless and without pulse. I made up my mind he was dead, and that the only thing for me to do was to make arrangements to have him decently buried, keep quiet for a day or two, and then get out of town. The afternoon papers were full of it, and the town was in a perfect hubbub. So I gave old Charley, our property man, five dollars, told him to get a bottle of whiskey for everybody and sit up with the body all night. The next day when the people had calmed down a little, we would complete the arrangements.

"The next morning I started out early, and, to keep an engagement, entered the Imperial saloon, on Post-office street, and looking down the bar saw a shabby, dilapidated-looking little chap, with a glass about three-quarters full of red eye in his hand. Approaching him, I asked: 'What, is this you?'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'this is about all there is left of Sam Patch, Jr.'

"'Why, I was just going to an undertakers to make arrangements for your funeral.'

"'Oh, there is no use of doing that; you don't know how hard it is to kill an editor. I ain't half dead yet, and I can jump—say, when are you going to take me to New Orleans.'"

"I told him I guessed our partnership had lasted about long enough; that I would divide with him then and there, and the best thing he could do was to take the money, get out of that country and go home. I paid him his share, but I imagine most of it went over the bar before he went to bed that night.

"Old Charley afterwards told me that, instead of one, he bought two bottles of whisky, and sat down to keep watch and ward. Shortly after midnight he heard the 'corpse' whisper, 'Oh, take me somewhere where the wind don't blow,' and immediately Charley took a big drink to steady his nerves. An hour later and the 'corpse' repeated in a stronger voice, 'Oh, take me somewhere where the wind don't blow.' Again Charley jumped for the bottle, this time thoroughly frightened. In the morning he made considerable noise. The 'corpse' turned over, opened one eye, looked at him longingly for a moment, and then asked, 'What have you got there, old man?'

"'Whisky,' faltered out poor Charley.

"'Give me some,' was the response.

"As Charley tremblingly approached, the supposed dead man sat up in bed, saying: 'Don't be afraid, old fellow; I ain't half dead yet, only shook up a little; I'll be all right in the morning.' Then they sat down together and finished both bottles. In the morning, while Sam Patch, Jr., was out getting more whisky, poor old Charley was rolled over in the bed where the corpse should have been.

"Leaving Galveston I went back to Houston, where I met with a clever old fellow who had been a cook in Maximilian's army and who was doing little trifles along the road. I got him and two other performers and a violin-player, and we started through Texas, giving performances in the little towns, in stores, churches, &c. After a while we reached Navasota, a little town, but filled with big Texas bushwhackers, who bring in cotton to ship by rail. We showed in the second story over a store, and crowds came to see Maximilian's trick of having a pistol fired at him and catching the bullet in his mouth. Of course it was a trick-pistol that was used. Well, everything was moving along smoothly, and we were making money, until one day a great strapping bush-whacker happened in. He watched the pistol tricks to the end, then suddenly drawing from his belt a pistol about the size of a young howitzer, called out, 'Now see if you can catch this bullet, you old duffer,' and fired. The ballet went crashing through poor Max's cheeks, carrying away half a dozen teeth and breaking his jaw. He was stunned for a moment, but as soon as he recovered started off on the dead run, holding his bleeding jaws in his hand, and I have never seen him since. This broke up our combination. I concluded I had seen enough of Texas for one year, and so came on East here for a rest."

A veteran agent, who had listened intently to the first story, only interrupting it occasionally with a grunt or a snuff, turned slowly around to Rickaby, saying: "That was a pretty loud call for you, you, old fellow, but I came nearer having my neck stretched than you did in that same State, and if we have time I'll tell you all about it.

"Shortly after the close of the war I was in Texas, and about then Texas was right lively, I tell you. Society was awfully mixed; there were merchants and brokers, and nearly every profession was represented; but the majority of the men were gamblers, three-card monte men and cut-throats generally, with a smart sprinkling of horse thieves. Everybody carried a six-shooter, but as Geo. Knight said a moment ago, 'Dot is needer here nor odervise.'

"One day the papers announced the arrival of a circus advance brigade. Of course I went to see them and found the agent, an old friend of mine, very ill and unable to proceed further than Galve-ton. His head bill-poster, Jim M——, crooked his elbow so often that the agent dared not trust him with full charge of the brigade, and so I volunteered to 'go ahead' and do the contracting. The show was to go by rail to the end of the Central railroad, and then 'on wheels' through the interior.

"Jim was a famous bill-poster and could 'bill a town' right smart, but by the time his work was done he had surely got on the blind side of some barkeeper, who would give him a quart bottle of tangle foot to keep him comfortable while on his journey, and Jim would never let go of that bottle while there was a drop left. Yet he was not mean with it, and would frequently ask the boys to take a drink.

"We had just finished M——, a town on the Central railroad, and about 6 P. M. took the gravel train for the end of the road, now one of the most flourishing towns in the State. Jim had elevated as frequently en route that I had all I could do to keep him on his pins during the three-mile walk that followed. We reached the town about 1 A. M. and hunted up the solitary hotel, a portable house, two stories high. On entering we found in charge a long, lank, overgrown boy, with long tangled yellow hair, who looked at us with a peculiar stare which I did not then understand, but I found out the meaning of it afterwards, you bet. I asked for the register, and he replied; 'Stranger, the beds is a dollar apiece, and we don't keep no register.' I paid him $2, got a piece of a tallow candle, and we were shown up stairs into a room containing four cots, with straw mattresses and one quilt each for bedding. There was no lock on the door, and none needed, for the partitions were of canvas, over which, by the aid of a chair, a man could easily climb, even if he was short and fat.

"Poor Jim was very "tired' and I was pretty well worn out, and we were soon both asleep, Jim snoring worse than any fat 'first old man.' I had hardly slept an hour when I was awakened by two very rough-looking men who entered the room with considerable noise, but without speaking a word, and occupied the two other beds. Jim was not disturbed, of course, and I soon dropped off to sleep again.

"Now you wonder what this is all about, don't you? Well listen:

"Daring bands of horse-thieves were at this time playing the devil generally with horses and cattle, and no man's stock was safe. One particular gang had but a few days before captured a fine lot of horses and taken them down the Red river to New Orleans, where they were sold. The good citizens of the different counties organied vigilance committees for the purpose of hunting down the rascals, and whenever a thief was caught he died with his boots on, although rope was scarce and trees were far apart in that beautiful prairie country. One of the thieves bore the same name as one of the vigilantes, and a letter intended for the thief fell by accident into the hands of his namesake, and that is how their scheme was discovered. The letter was quickly sealed up and put back into the postoffice, were a few hours later the thief called for it and go it. It ran thus:

"GALVESTON—— *Jule*: Everything O. K. Big divvy. You and Ned meet Jim and me on Friday night at end of road. Will come on gravel train. IKE

"Well, the thieves had failed to come, but this was Friday night, we had come on the gravel train, and my poster's name was Jim, and I called him by name in the bar room, and now perhaps you will understand why that long-legged young brute looked so strangely at us.

"Unconscious of danger, we slept Soundly until about 4 o'clock, when I awakened by a strong hand grasping me by the throat. The room was filled with masked men; my hair stood on end, and I felt sure that my end had come, and that I had taken my last on the road. The two strange men were pinioned, and two of the masked men were thriving to wake Jim up, but he was too drunk, and only muttered that it was too early to go to work, and he would be d—d if he would get up. Then one of them beat the soles of his feet with a club until he roared with pain, but he was still too stupid to realize the situation, and with half-closed eyes grunted out, 'Say, old man, quit your d—d foolishness and let's take euthin. I tried to explain, but they would not hear a word. The procession was formed with the two thieves in advance. The silence of death reigned; not a word was spoken. I looked imploringly at our captors. I shivered all over, my teeth chattered and my knees beat the devil's tattoo, but Jim was brave, for Jim was drunk.

"They dragged him along, and as we reached the head of the stairs I looked down and saw standing at the foot a man with a bull's eye lantern in his hand whom I at once recognized as an old acquaintance. In agony I call out to him:

"'There is some terrible mistake here. For God's sake explain it. You know me?'

"He immediately turned the light full on my face. My heart wildly. In a moment he said: 'Hold on, gentlemen. There's a man you don't want. I know him.' The procession was stopped, and Jim and I were released and sent back to our room with the polite caution that sudden death awaited us if we dare to leave it again that night. We didn't dare worth a cent. Jim was too drunk to understand what the fuss was all about, so I rolled him over in bed, and in two seconds he was snoring again as soundly as ever. There was no more sleep for me that night and I waited patiently for daylight. As soon as the first rays of the sun came in through the windows I made a start for the bar-room that would have delighted John B. Gough or Francis Murphy and called for 'Brandy!' 'Brandy!' After three or four doses of it my spirits revived a little and I straightened up a bit. The bar-keeper, who had been quietly watching my shake, and apparently rather enjoying it, said, laughingly:

"'Well, Judge, you and your partner had a narrow escape last night, didn't you?'

"I said 'Yes, but what do you know about it?'

"Opening the back door, he said: "Look!" I did look, and saw my two room-mates of the previous night hanging peacefully from the limb of a solitary and very lonesome-looking tree.

"An hour or two later and Jim came crawling down stairs. Said he: 'Didn't somebody wake up last night?' 'Yes,' said I, 'come and take a drink and I'll tell you all about it.' As he was standing at the bar with a tumbler half full of tangle foot in his hand somebody opened the back door. Jim looked out, saw the tree and its load and immediately fainted. We brought him around after a while, though, and his first remark was, 'I never take another drink after to-day!'"

Mr. Blaine and the "Solid South."

[N. Y. Herald.]

A political party contains almost always two more or less opposing forces—the one progressive, willing to take up new questions, the other conservative and desirous to remain on the old ground. This is especially true of a party which has long held power. Thus the democratic camp before 1861 was divided between two factions, which were known as hard-shells and softshells, hunkers and barnburners. The republican party, after that time, had its seward and Greeley wings, and at present and for some years it has had its "stalwarts" and "liberals."

It has been Mr. Blaine's singular good fortune that he was long admired and trusted by both these contending factions in his party. For a good many years he played the difficult game of politics with a degree of skill and success which won him the good will of even his opponents. As speaker he not only ruled his party in the House, but on many occasions he overruled its bad impulses. It was his careful selection of a committee to investigate Louisiana which first brought to light in a manner to fix public attention the iniquities of carpet-bag rule in the Southern States. It was he who thwarted General Grant's purpose to overturn the settled and constitutional State government of Arkansas. It was he who defeated the monstrous Force bill which General Grant and the stalwarts strove to pass. In all this he served not only his country but his party; he preserved it from policies which would have brought down upon it the resentment of the people; and that he was able to do all this, which made him the hope and leader of the liberal wing of his party and yet retain the confidence and support of the stalwarts, shows that he was a transcendently able manager of men.

But his courage seemed at last to fail him; having defeated the not purpose of the "stalwarts" to rule the Southern States by force, he at the following session of Congress turned about and in the notorious Jeff Davis debate with Mr. Hill made himself the spokesman of the stalwarts, inflamed the mind of the North against the South, disappointed the hopes of all who had seen in him the man to unite the sections and heal over the wounds of the war, and gave the cue for the republican canvass of 1876. There is now no longer any doubt, we should think, even in Mr. Blaine's mind, that he thus committed a capital blunder; for while his course alienated the "liberal" support, it failed to secure him that of the "stalwarts," which he was able only to share with several other candidates in the Convention of 1876—Conkling, Morton and Hartranft. It was inevitable that defeat in the Convention should have followed his abandonment of the pre-eminent and peculiar position of leadership he had won; but it is not always that such a blunder is so clearly exposed by the event. The Convention of 1876 not only did not nominate Mr. Blaine, it did not nominate any of the "stalwart" candidates, it chose a "liberal;" for Mr. Hayes' political connections and friendships were all with the liberal wing of his party, and, so far as his capacity and the embarrassment of his position have allowed him to do so, he has made his administration the embodiment of "liberal" and not of "stalwart" ideas.

Mr. Blaine appears to believe that events march backward, and that a political party can successfully do so too. His new bid to recover the leadership of his party, which he weakly sacrificed in the spring of 1876, is a resolution for another, the twentieth investigation of the South. And yet he ought to remember that the sectional policy he now again fathers has during two Presidential terms gradually reduced the great republican majority of 1876 to the vanishing point, and has returned the greater number of its exponents to private life. He might, also, remember that on this policy he will not be next year, as he was not in 1876, the leader of his party; and scarcely indeed among the first, for Grant, Conkling, Sherman, Edmunds and Cameron all come before him.

His Southern resolution and speech do not, therefore, give him the controling position; he has sown what others will reap if the harvest ever ripens, which we do not believe. And he has flung away a very great opportunity to make himself the master of his party and lead it over fresh fields to new victories. He, beyond all the other republican chiefs, is liked and trusted by the Southern men, who gratefully remember that on several vitally important occasions he stood between them and the fierce purposes of General Grant and the "stalwarts". He, moreover, believes in a policy which is very popular in the South—the policy of subsidies and internal improvements. But Mr. Blaine, instead of his new raid on the South which has fallen dead on the country, declared himself for justice, but also for sectional harmony and good feeling; had he made himself the administration leader in the Senate; had he boldly demanded the formation of a new republican party in the South, and called upon it, as he better than any other man could do, able, influential and honest men; had he announced a new republican policy looking to substantial levee and other internal improvements, ocean and railroad subsidies, he would, without losing his hold on the Northern wing of his party, have splintered the Southern democratic organization to pieces and would have drawn to himself with Southern support he would made him master

(Continued on Fourth Page.)