AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

THE ANCIENT CITY OF SANTA FE

Bits of Scenery and History—The Council of the Chiefs—Good-Will and Hospitality.

Much has been written about Santa Fé but no one has yet described it, says a correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*. I doubt if the subtle charms of a delightful climate, historic interest, and the relics of a civilization of three hundred years ago can be described. But I wish I could take you from the best of the city and let you enter with me the porto of one of the low adobe, whitewashed buildings which stand with piazzas shading the sidewalks along the streets. Inside the rough wooden gate you would find a rectangular court surrounded by a piazza, from which the rooms of the house open, a fountain plashing gently in the centre, surrounded by green lawns, fruit-trees, and shrubs in full blossom.

We turned our backs on all these charms Thursday morning and started for a hot, sandy drive of twenty-eight miles, behind a strong team which made the distance in three hours and a half. Our destination was the Indian pueblo of San Ildefonso, which the Indians call "Pojuoque," (Po-ho-ge,) meaning in their picturesque language "dividing the waters." I suppose because it lies at the junction of the Rio Grande and Rio Tesuque. Our road lay along the edge or in the sandy bottom of an *arroyo*, the dry bed of a stream, which is a rushing torrent in July. We wound up and over a low *mesa*, from the top of which we had a magnificent view of the "last spur of the Rockies," rising 13,200 feet on our right, white with snow. The bold escarpment of the *mesas* stands in the midst of the *débris* from their sides, and at their feet are the most desolate wastes of sand, which it seemed hardly possible that any human being could inhabit. Imagine the delightful contrast, after winding downward and crossing the Rio Tesuque, to find one's self in the midst of the cultivated fields and fruit-trees of the Tesuque pueblo.

This pueblo is nearly extinct, having a population of only 91, whereas Zuni has 1,640 and Islita 1,200. Several of the pueblos are disappearing in this way, the men mingling with the no-ordinary population or removing to some larger pueblo. We saw the Indians ploughing their fields, with oxen yoked to the two sticks placed at right angles, so like the old (and present) Egyptian method. They drove eight or ten of these plows around in a circle, each one behind the other, and a little wider circle, until the field was done. We passed for three miles along their irrigating ditch, which their barren sand bears abundantly. San Ildefonso, though one of the oldest pueblos, is a great contrast to the others. As we drove in we saw their old and heavy solid-wheeled carts used for repairing fences, and the light, graceful Yankee plow and cart in use instead. The men were letting the water from the acequias into the fields, plowing, or sowing. Some of the grain was up and the green was a delightful rest to the eye. We drove into the large central square and were greeted by a perfect howl of dogs. They proved to be the nuisances of the villages. One can see excellent models of these pueblos at the Peabody museum at Cambridge. This one is built round a central square 400 by 150 feet, mostly two stories high. The ladders are only used now to climb to the roofs for drying things, all the houses having doors and good windows. There are entrances at two corners of the piazza for teams, and at the others for men. The rest is a solid block of adobe houses, with a pretty little church at the west end. There are two or three trees in the piazza, which is kept beautifully clean, being swept every day by a "detail" appointed by the Governor. The men were not in sight, but the women were soon around us in force watching our artist sketching and your correspondent taking photographs with great interest. They are mostly ugly, fat, and jolly, continually laughing and joking among themselves. I found the surest way to their regard was to notice the little bright-eyed pappooses which hung in the slack of their blankets behind and peeped over their shoulders. The children were shy, and, though curious, only very slowly made acquaintance.

We were given one of the rooms in the house of a chief. It was a large, low-studded room, with perfectly smooth walls and floor, reminding one somewhat of a cistern. A partition runs out from one side about three feet high, and in the angle formed by it was a little corner fireplace (all their fireplaces I found built in corners) with a hearth six inches from the ground, and a round arched lintel. On the walls were hung cheap religious prints in the frames and fine looking-glasses. In one corner stood a double bedstead, with a piece of old curtain lace arranged as a pillow-sham. Around this bed were mattresses made up on the floor with Navajo blankets. The room was painfully clean, and we felt obliged to apologize for the crumbs we made in eating our lunch. All the other houses I visited were equally clean, though none had the style of this one. In an adjoining room were bins filled with grain and low frames in which the stones for grinding lay. The stones are long and narrow, and their upper surface shaped like a crescent. The grain or corn is rubbed to a powder on this by a cylindrical stone held in the two hands, and the flour drops at the sides, the grain being wider than the stones. This method seemed mostly out of use, a little grist-mill or Rio Tesuque taking its place.

Walking outside of the line of houses we saw across the fields and level plains beyond the historic Mesita rising square and almost perpendicular. Three of the party attempted to climb it. It was about an hour's walk to the top. The ascent was short, about 400 feet, but very steep, and in this high latitude it would be hard to keep one's breath. The view from the summit quite repaid our exertions. The snow-capped mountains were still on both sides, and at our feet the sparkling Rio Grande, and in the distance the deep blue depths of the canyon, into which it disappears. A magnificent sunset made the snow-caps a rich, ruddy color, which gradually changed to silver as the moon rose

But the chief interest was the history of the place. It was here that the long struggle with the Spaniards ended in 1693. In 1680 a "King Phillip" of the pueblo tribes, Pope by name, succeeded in uniting all the tribes in a well-planned revolt against the horrible tyranny of the Spaniards. They drove them entirely out of the territory, and for twelve years successfully resisted every attempt to wrest it from them. In 1693 Vargas, who was a sort of Duke of Alva, tried his hand. He drove them out of Sante Fé and finally on to the top of this *mesa*. Twice he was repulsed and driven back to Santa Fé, but the third time the Tesuques showed him the way up and he got a footing on its flat top. The Tesuques have always been noted as the only treacherous tribe. They betrayed the united tribes in the war with the United States in 1850. The tribes made peace, the conditions being a return to the Roman religion, which they had abandoned in their hate of the Spaniards. We were sitting on the very spot where thousands of these Indians had fought for their liberty, and in sight was San Ildefonso, where Vargas was encamped. One felt a strong sympathy with the Indian—presumably because it was two hundred years ago and the revolt was against Spanish oppression.

We walked back by moonlight, to find the "council" of the tribe assembling to meet us. This was like the Zunis whom Mr. Cushing has described. In fact, each of the pueblos has a complete government—twelve to twenty-five chiefs, who serve for one year and elect their successors, a governor elected by them also for one year, and a cacique, who is elected for life. The latter is the prince of the tribe and final referee in all matters. The former is the executive, and has to appoint the men for public work—such as making acequias. He is also what might be called prosecuting attorney in cases of crimes. All these officers serve without compensation. The council-house was a deep porch, or, more properly, a large room open on one side, the roof supported by pillars, and an adobe bench running round the other three. Here we found a council of twelve assembled. It was a strange sight. At one end sat the cacique, with a few coals in front of him, beside a bag of tobacco and carefully-cut corn-shocks, with which the sacred cigarette is made that takes the place of the peace-pipe of the northern Indians. Around the room and by the pillars sat the chiefs in picturesque attitudes, wrapped in their blankets. Beyond was the wide plaza and the line of houses flooded with a moonlight brilliant as only these skies can give. It was a scene not easily forgotten. Speeches were made to them by Professor Ladd of the University of New Mexico, Mr. Welsh, and myself, and interpreted by Mr. Reed, the agency interpreter. We told the Indians we had been sent by friends in the East to see them and find out how they were getting on in learning the white man's way, and asked them if they would send their children to school if a school were established for them. They then held council among themselves in their own language. It sounded like a repetition of a few musical words on different keys. Every one had to speak, after the cacique opened the council; but finally they returned answer that they would send all their children to school gladly, and keep them there from October to planting-time, if the school was at Santa Fé or in any of the pueblos north of it. They objected to Albuquerque, partly because they think it unhealthy and partly, I think, because they were feeling very sore over a party of their boys who were put off the train when on the way to the school with the Governor. Such an "indignity" is very hard for an Indian to get over. They told us that they were in great trouble over the stealing of their cattle by an American. They had caught him in the act, but could get no redress. They said they felt they must protect themselves, and as the man was armed to the teeth they could only do it by killing him. The Governor said he could not feel so strongly for himself and the chiefs, who had large herds; but this man took the only cow of poor men, and that they could not stand. We spoke to them very strongly, urging them to take the white man's way and let this matter be righted by law, and that if they should kill the man it would be telegraphed all over the East, and our friends would not believe us when we said they were peaceably learning our ways. This had great influence, and after consulting they agreed to wait and let the agent bring the man up at the July term. It gave one a queer feeling to give this advice when we knew that the "white man's way" about here would be to shoot the man on the first opportunity as the only way of protecting property. In fact, coming down on the train we heard any number of cases where such cattle-stealers were shot as a matter of course.

After the council broke up the chief, at whose house we were, and who is the most advanced in civilization, invited us to supper. A table was spread with a neat cloth, plates, spoons, knives and forks, and cups, all set out most invitingly. There were loaves of bread made of their wheat, ground in their mill and baked in one of their common ovens. But we white people deserted our own kinds of fares for the characteristic dishes of the Indians. *Tasajo* (tasabo), a sauce made of dried melons, as we make dried-apple sauce, was pronounced delicious by all, and superior to the apple. I recommend it to eastern housekeepers. There was also an odd corn-bread *ku-ay-oe*. This is made by spreading a paste made of very fine corn flour on a large stone table, heated by a fire beneath. With a quick motion of the hands this is spread over thinner than paper, bakes instantly, and is laid aside. One after another these papery sheets are made and laid over on top of the others, and finally all doubled together. The first taste reminds one of butchers' wrapping-paper, but the aftertaste is very pleasant, and with milk or *tasajo* very palatable. The strange day ended by rolling in my blanket on the floor of our room, from which much of this letter is written. We refused to occupy the beds which the chief offered us so generously except the big bedstead which could not be moved, where two of the party slept. We soon felt the effects of a hard day's work, and slept most comfortably till morning, though some of the party complained of the howling of the dogs.

We were up at 5:30, but the men were already at work in the fields. I took a photograph of a couple who sent word to me that they wanted a photo of each other very much. I caught them as he came home from hunting with a rabbit and a coyote, and she came from her kitchen work to meet him, and took them just as they stood in their own porch. When I told them I would send them the picture they looked at each other and their strange Indian faces fairly beamed with happiness, and the man put his arm around her and led her into the house. They began four years ago, as so many "foolish" white couples do, with this tiny house, and only love and hope. They seemed as happy now, as far as one could judge by appearances. It was a pleasant picture for our last glimpse of San Ildefonso, and the strangest but most instructive two days I have passed. Perhaps it will be interesting to know how these Indians dress. Some form of blanket is universal, either of a piece of calico, or a piece of sacking, or a Navajo blanket thrown around them in a picturesque way they have. It seemed a convenient garment—easily thrown off for work. The women usually had theirs hung gracefully from their shoulders. These Indians are generally ugly, short, large-framed, and fat, and, what surprised me most, jolly. The women were continually joking and laughing, and showing their fine teeth. They were most entertained by seeing each other projected on the ground glass of the camera. The men were more taciturn and less demonstrative, but friendly and hospitable.

The Horrors of Chloralism.

[A Family Doctor, in Cassell's Magazine]

"A decided case of phthisis," I said to myself as soon as I entered the room, and saw my patient lying on his back in bed. "Advanced stage, too."

"Do you cough very much?" I asked.

"I don't cough at all," he replied. "But I am dying by inches for all that. I don't know that I shall ever leave this bed alive, and it is perhaps for the best, for I suffer fearfully. You do not see me at my worst now, but at my best. It is toward evening my dreadful distress begins—the restlessness, the indescribable gnawing, tearing, and dragging at my heart. And this continues till 9 o'clock, when I take my draught, then it is all over; I sink into a sleep, and I am as dead as a stone until morning."

"Your draught?" I said, feeling the pulse, which was soft, feeble, and slow. "What draught?" He merely motioned with his head to a table that stood handy to the bed. I took a bottle up. It contained some white crystalline substance in large scales. I smelt it.

"Why," I said, "this is chloral. You surely don't take much of this? It will kill you."

He smiled faintly and sadly. "It has already done its work. I take two drachms a night. If I have a ray of hope, Doctor, it is centred in you. I've heard you are a practical man. Do with me as you will."

"I am a practical man," I replied—"very." I put the bottle of chloral into my pocket as I spoke, and buttoned my coat.

I shall never forget the despairing look he gave me.

"I must not give it up all at once. Surely, Doctor, you do not know what I shall suffer! Pain will be no name for it; torture, torment, no name."

"Yes, all at once," I insisted. "It is your only chance. Choose that or death."

"It seems to me," he murmured, "it is life or death."

"It is, indeed, life or death," I replied. "Do as I wish you to, submit yourself entirely to me, and, with God's help, I will raise you again, and soon, from that bed of sickness, and you will be once more a man." From that very moment I had hopes of the case. For if a chloralist can once give up the habit he has no desire to resume it.

All that night I sat up with my unhappy patient. His sufferings were dreadful to witness. It was the tearing and gnawing at the heart that he complained of most. It was like an immense crab eating his very vitals, he said. How he tossed and moaned and raved, sometimes hanging with head down out of the bed for a little relief, pitifully moaning all night!

He slept a little during the next day, and took a little nourishment. A salutary diarrhœa took place, and he was reduced in every way to a mere shadow. On the fifth evening I offered him a dose of choral.

"Not if I were to be made a prince of the realm," he said, "would I swallow one grain of the dreadful poison."

"What made you commence the habit?" I asked one day.

"I had a bad tooth," was the answer.

The reply only shows the truth of what I have already said, that the most trifling excuse is often sufficient to induce people to meddle with death-dealing narcotics.

Do not imagine that my patient got better all at once after giving up the use of the chloral. No, nor did he soon. During the first few weeks the state of his mind was one of what I might term morbid joyfulness. He had escaped out of the jaws of death, and there was mental elatedness in consequence. But this soon gave place to fits of the greatest and darkest despondency. They did not last very long, seldom more than a day, and in this lay my hope of being able to thoroughly restore him to at least a fair state of healthfulness. This condition of mind lasted for months, but, although weak in body, he was able to take a considerable amount of exercise in the open air, and he was able to read at home. During the latter stages of the chloralism he could neither read nor write without the greatest suffering. His exercise was walking, and I took pains to see that he always went somewhere with some special object in view, for I do not believe in what I call circular walking exercise, simply going out a certain distance and coming back again. Paying a visit of ceremony to a distant milestone does not constitute a healthful walk.

The first real sign of returning health in my desponding patient was his ability to sleep tolerably well; the second, the desire he began to evince to be once more engaged in active pursuits. This desire he evinced in a singular way. He supplied himself with a box of mysteriously-small tools, and I often found him, day after day, working at the table, with a magnifying glass stuck in one eye. He was making a kind of fairy music-box, and when completed the whole thing was no bigger than a thimble.

"It is playing now," he said to me one day.

"Indeed!" I replied. "I can hear nothing."

My patient smiled, and enclosed his wonderful little instrument in a worsted ball. From this an elastic tube, with a nipple at the end of it, extended.

"Put the nipple in your ear," he said. I did so, and was astonished. I could hear it now, as loud apparently as a church organ, but as sweet and soft as an Æolian harp.

"I put the ball under my pillow at night," he said, "and the nipple in my ear, and go to sleep to music."

My desponding patient is still alive and well—desponding now no more, for he no longer needs even the dulcet tones of that fairy music-box to woo him to dreamless, wholesome sleep.

POISONED BY CHICKEN.

A Family of Bloomsburg and Several Guests in a Critical Condition.

An Easton (Pa.) special says: At Bloomsburg, N. J., there are eleven people suffering from an illness having all the symptoms of poisoning, and though physicians have labored for two days only one is out of danger, and but four can be said to present favorable symptoms. On Friday last four young girls came to the house of Moses Robins, a well-to-do farmer, to partake of tea. There were present besides Mr. Robins, his wife and six children. The principal dish was chicken, and all but one child ate heartily of it. Twenty hours later all who had eaten of the chicken were taken ill, and have remained so ever since. A son of Mr. Robins is able to be about, but all the rest are still very ill. Augusta Robins may die before morning, though the physicians hope otherwise. Mr. Robins, his wife, with two other daughters, to-night lie in adjoining rooms, with no great encouragement from the physicians. The guests were Miss Bessie Apgar, who is very low; Miss Ada Gardiner, Miss Nellie Fulmer, and Miss Steele, who are somewhat easier. Miss Susan Creveling, aged seventy, a relative of the Robins family, to whom some of the chicken had been sent, was taken ill with the same symptoms and is very low. She ate nothing else at the supper. How the poison got into the dish or what the poison consists of is a mystery. Some think it comes from chicken-cholera, but none of Mr. Robins's chickens are affected with it, though the disease is in the neighborhood. The sufferings of the patients have been most excruciating.

Poisoning by Canned Provisions.

[New York Tribune.]

A pamphlet by Dr. J. G. Johnson, of Brooklyn, contains some interesting remarks upon poisoning by canned goods, a class of casualty which appears to have been on the increase of late years. As there is a great consumption of canned provisions, it is clear that the public need protection here, and in order that they may obtain it the nature and cause of such poisoning must be ascertained. Many physicians and chemists have looked in the contents of the cans alone for the toxic agent, and sometimes they have found it in fermenting fruits or vegetables, or decomposing meats. But Dr. Johnson shows that there is another source of danger in the manufacture of the cans themselves. He discovered that in many cases it was customary to fasten on the cap at the top of the can with an amalgam of muriate of zinc; that this amalgam was put on with brushes by boys, and the soldering-iron then passed around it; that nothing was easier than for some of the muriate of zinc to get inside the can, and that when there it must become absorbed in the contents and render the latter extremely poisonous, since a muriate of tin was added to the muriate of zinc by the action of the acid wherever it entered the can. Thus a powerful corrosive poison was produced, and one a quite moderate dose of which would be likely to prove fatal, and, in fact, has brought many persons to death's door.

The knowledge that the muriate of zinc amalgam is dangerous, however, is really no recent discovery. The State of Maryland has, in fact, adopted a law prohibiting the use of this amalgam in the canning process, and since it does not seem possible so to guard it that there shall be no danger from its employment, prohibition appears the only certain means of protecting the public. The French Government has taken more pains than any other thus far to surround the canning business with safe guards in the interest of the public. In France the employment of any preparation of lead about the can is prohibited, and also any cement or amalgam, which, though harmless in itself, may, by being subjected to chemical action through contact with the contents of the cans, evolve a poisonous principle. As the proportions of the canned-goods trade in this country are expanding continually, save when checked by temporary panics caused by poisoning cases, the manufacturers themselves should realize that it is for their interest to exclude all possibility of danger in the process or its results, while the public have a right to demand that health and life shall be protected by legislative enactments. Failing such protection, it is evident that the trade will cease to flourish, since popular distrust manifests itself very plainly in cases of this kind.

Lawyer Turned Burglar.

Ex-Senator G. W. Swope was arrested at Curdsville, Ky., Monday, and lodged in jail at Owensboro', charged with breaking into a grocery-store and attempting to carry away some goods. Senator Swope was at one time a leading criminal lawyer in that section of the State, but lost a lucrative practice through excessive drinking. His arrest caused great astonishment in Owensboro', where he has always resided until a few months ago, when he removed to Curdsville to practice his profession.

NOW IS THE TIME TO CURE SKIN-HUMORS.

It is at this season, when the Pores open freely and the Perspiration is abundant, that Disfiguring Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Salt-Rheum or Eczema, Psoriasis, Tetter, Ringworm, Baby Humors, Scrofula, Scrofulous Sores, Abscesses, and Discharging Wounds, and every species of Itching, Scaly, and Pimply Diseases of the Skin and Scalp are most speedily and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

IT IS A FACT.

Hundreds of letters in our possession (copies of which may be had by return mail) are our authority for the assertion that Skin-, Scalp-, and Blood-Humors, whether Scrofulous, Inherited, or Contagious, may NOW be permanently cured by CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood-Purifier, internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great Skin Cures and Beautifiers, externally, in one half the time and at one half the expense of any other season.

GREATEST ON EARTH.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case of Salt Rheum in this country. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe CUTICURA would have saved her life. My arms, breast, and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. J. W. ADAMS. NEWARK, O.

GREAT BLOOD-MEDICINES.

The half has not been told as to the great curative powers of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I have paid hundreds of dollars for medicines to cure diseases of the blood and skin, and never found anything yet to equal the CUTICURA REMEDIES. CHARLES A. WILLIAMS. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CURE IN EVERY CASE.

Your CUTICURA REMEDIES outsell all other medicines I keep for skin-diseases. My customers and patients say that they have effected a cure in every instance where other remedies have failed. H. W. BROCKWAY, M. D. FRANKLIN FALLS, N. H.

Sold by all druggists. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "HOW TO CURE SKIN-DISEASES."

BEAUTY.—For Sunburn, Tan, and Greasy Skin, Blackheads, Pimples, Skin Blemishes, and Infantile Humors use CUTICURA SOAP, a real Beautifier. jy 23-8a,W&w

VIRGINIA—IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE COUNTY OF BRUNSWICK, JUNE 25, 1884: Franklin Barner and E. H. M. Parham, and Talitha his wife, formerly Barner,

vs.

W. C. Parham and Emily his wife, formerly Barner, Charles H. Lewellen and Martha H. his wife, formerly Barner, and Thomas J. Barner, in Chancery.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the partition or sale of the real estate in the county of Brunswick of which John Barner died seized and possessed. And it appearing by affidavit that the defendants are not residents of this State, they are required to appear within one month after due publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest. This order shall be published in the Richmond *Dispatch* once a week for four successive weeks and posted at the front door of the court-house of this county on the first day of the next term of the County Court.

Copy. E. R. TURNBULL, Jr., Clerk. D. S. HICKS, p. q. jy 5-W4w

DEATH ON THE BOX.

A Carriage Driven Hurriedly Through the Streets by a Man Upholding a Corpse—Sad Incident of an Elopement.

A Louisville special of Monday to the *Herald* says: Joseph H. Stultz, employed at the "Golden Palace" keno-rooms, No. 432 west Jefferson street, shot and killed John Nagle, a hack-driver, last evening at half-past 11 o'clock, near the corner of Thirty-sixth street and Greenwood avenue. The affair was the ending of a remarkable elopement, that was to bring Stultz and his divorced wife, Maggie Brooks, together again in the bonds of matrimony.

They were married March 5, 1882, and lived together until about six weeks ago, when they were legally separated. The divorce was obtained on the plea of abandonment, at the instigation of her mother, Mrs. Georgia Brooks, who objected to Stultz because he was a gambler. Day before yesterday Mrs. Stultz went to her husband's room in the Abstract Building, on Jefferson street, with her little baby, and while there Stultz asked that the past be forgiven and that she marry him again. He declared that for the future the life that he was then leading should cease, and upon that promise she agreed to remarry him, feeling that, for the child's sake, they should be legally united.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW IN THE WAY.

Knowing that her mother would not listen to the proposed remarriage, she agreed to elope with him from her mother's house on Greenwood avenue, and it was arranged that Stultz and a friend would have a hack around the corner from the house at 11 o'clock last night. At the appointed hour Stultz and J. M. Miles, the friend, drove down to the appointed place in hack No. 34, driven by John Nagle. The two friends went to the rear of the house, where Mrs. Stultz told them that her mother was still awake up-stairs. When she had fallen asleep the men were to go up and bring down Mrs. Stultz's trunk. While awaiting the opportune moment Mrs. Stultz handed a self-cocking pistol to Mr. Stultz, saying that she was afraid to leave it in the house, for her mother would shoot her or them if she awoke. Stultz took the pistol and handed it to Miles, with the request that he go out and give it to Nagle and ask him to wait for them. Miles told Stultz he had better go himself, and Stultz started out to the hack.

In a moment a shot was heard, and the cries of a man in the alley attracted Miles and Mrs. Stultz to the spot. There they found Stultz, who told them that he had accidentally shot Nagle while handing him the pistol.

DRIVING WITH A CORPSE IN HIS ARMS.

Stultz and Miles then hurried into the house, secured Mrs. Stultz's trunk, and put it upon the box at the feet of the dead man. Miles and Mrs. Stultz entered the hack and Stultz got upon the box-seat, and, with one hand around the corpse, drove rapidly to Mrs. Edwards's, No. 730 west Green street. Here, believing that Nagle was not dead, he jumped from his seat and carried the body into the hallway. Mrs. Edwards soon obtained a physician, but life was extinct. The body was viewed, as it lay upon a bier in the rear of the house, by a large crowd of people who had learned of the accident, until Police-Captain Harding ordered the body removed to the home of the deceased, No. 2213 Griffiths avenue. Mr. Stultz had proceeded the moment he ascertained that Nagle was dead from Mrs. Edwards's to the jail, where he gave himself up. His wife and little child accompanied him. The killing seems to have been accidental, and it is probable that Stultz will be discharged from custody to-morrow.

RICHMOND, VA., July 22, 1884.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In a letter from Madison, Wis., found in this morning's issue of your paper, the following expression occurs: "*Every State and Territory in the Union are represented.*" Is that grammatical? INQUIRER.

[Certainly not.]

STOCKS AND BONDS.

A Quiet Day in Wall Street—No Special Features.

NEW YORK, July 22.—The stock market to-day was quiet and without special feature. At the opening speculation was weak and prices declined ¼@½. After 11 A. M. the market became firmer but continued dull. Near the close a moderate buying movement set in and prices advanced to the highest point of the day. The improvement ranged from ½ to 2½; Lackawanna, Grangers, Northern Pacific preferred, and Union Pacific being the most conspicuous. The market closed strong. Compared with last night's closing, prices are ¼@½ higher, except Omaha, Pacific Mail, Wabash Pacific, and Missouri Pacific, which are ¼@½ lower. Sales, 140,000 shares.

Noon.—Stocks firmer. Money, 2@3 per cent. Exchange—Long, 483@483¼; short, 485@485¼. Governments firm. States dull.

Evening.—Exchange, 483. Money, 1 per cent. Sub-Treasury balances—Gold, $129,224; currency, $9,865. Governments firm; 4 per cents, 126½; 3 per cents, 100. State bonds dull.

Alabama—Class "A," 2 to 5 78
"B," 5's, small ..... (bid) 98
Georgia 6's ..... (bid) 100
Georgia 7's, mortgage 103
North Carolina's ..... (bid) 29
North Carolina's, new ..... (bid) 18
North Carolina funding ..... (bid) 9
South Carolina Brown consols 103
Tennessee 6's ..... (bid) 39
Virginia 6's ..... (bid) 35
Virginia consols ..... (bid) 38
Chesapeake and Ohio 7⅞
Chicago and Northwestern 92½
Chicago and Northwestern preferred 128
Denver and Rio Grande 8½
Erie 13½
East Tennessee Railroad 4
Lake Shore 74¼
Louisville and Nashville 28
Memphis and Charleston 26
Mobile and Ohio 8
Nashville and Chattanooga 41
New Orleans Pacific 1st mortgage (bid) 40
New York Central 103¾
Norfolk and Western preferred ..... (bid) 21
Northern Pacific 18¼
Northern Pacific preferred 45
Pacific Mail 41½
Reading 25¾
Richmond and Alleghany 2½
Richmond and Danville 33
Richmond and West Point Terminal 14
Rock Island 109¾
St. Paul 73
St. Paul preferred 106
Texas Pacific 8¼
Union Pacific 35¾
Wabash Pacific 5¼
Wabash Pacific preferred 13½
Western Union 55

BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, July 22.—Virginia 6's, consolidated, 34½; past-due coupons, 27; Virginia new 3's, 51½. Bid to-day.

RICHMOND STOCK EXCHANGE.

TUESDAY, July 22, 1884.

SALES—FIRST BOARD.—1,000 Richmond city 8's at 131; 1,000 Virginia new 3's (full coupon) at 58; $90 Virginia new 3's (fractional) at 58.

SECOND BOARD.—$4,628.20 Virginia new 3's (with all coupons) at 58.

STATE SECURITIES.	Bid.	Asked.
Virginia 10-40's	32¼	33
Virginia consols	34	..
Virginia peelers	37	..
Virginia new 3's	52	52¼
North Carolina 4's	80	..
North Carolina 6's	105½	106½
CITY BONDS.		
Richmond city 8's	131	..
Richmond city 6's	110	112
Richmond city 5's	104	105½
Petersburg city 6's	98	..
RAILROAD BONDS.		
Virginia Midland income 6's	51½	52¼
Piedmont 1st 8's	106½	110
N. and P. 2d mortgage 8's	..	115
Petersburg 1st 5's, Class A	88	..
Petersburg 2d 6's, Class B	76½	78
R., Y. R. and C. 8's	..	105
R. and D. consol 6's, 1885	100	100½
R. and D. consol 6's, 1890	101½	..
R. and A. 1st mortgage 7's	49¾	..
Atlanta and Charlotte 7's	106	107
A. and C. income 6's	..	82
Western North Carolina 7's	103¾	104
Georgia Pacific 1st 6's	81½	82¼
RAILROAD STOCKS.	Par.	
R., F. and P., common	100	50	..
R., F. and P., div. scrip	..	..	65
C. and O. common	100	..	10
Petersburg	100	20½	21½
Richmond and Danville	100	39	..
S. and R. guaranteed	100	100	..
Richmond and A.	100	2	4
Char., Col. and Augusta	100	11	14½
Atlanta and Charlotte	100	61	64
North Carolina	100	84	87
BANKS.			
Merchants and Planters	25	..	23½
INSURANCE COMPANIES.			
Virginia Fire and Marine	25	35	36
Virginia State	25	34	36
Virginia Home	25	..	22½
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Old Dominion S. Co.	100	..	113

GRAIN AND COTTON EXCHANGE

RICHMOND, VA., July 22, 1884.

OFFERINGS.

WHEAT.—White, 978 bushels. Mixed, 1,356 bushels. Red, 13,053 bushels. Total, 15,387 bushels.

CORN.—White, 1,760 bushels. Mixed, 1,200 bushels.

OATS.—2,676 bushels.

RYE.—84 bushels.

SALES REPORTED TO SECRETARY.

WHEAT.—White, 791 bushels common to prime at 90c. to $1.03. Mixed, 544 bushels at 80c. to $1. Red, 4,111 bushels very good to prime Longberry at $1 to $1.04; 4,080 bushels common to very good Shortberry at 75c. to 97c.

CORN.—White, 28 bushels very good at 70c.

RYE.—84 bushels very good at 67c.

FLOUR.

We quote: Fine, $2.50@$3; superfine, $3@$3.75; extra, $4.75@$4.90; family, $4.90@$5.25; Patent family, country, $5.50@$6.50. Market very dull.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, July 22.—Cotton quiet; sales, 716 bales; uplands, 11c.; Orleans, 11¼c.; consolidated net receipts, 287 bales; exports—to Great Britain, 1,064 bales; to France, 694 bales; to the continent, 550 bales. Southern flour unchanged. Wheat—Spot lower; No. 2 red, 97¾c.; July nominal. Corn—Spot ⅛c. lower; ungraded, 49@62½c.; No. 2, 62½c.; July nominal. Oats ¼@¼c. lower, closing heavy; No. 2 Chicago, 37½c. Hops dull and unchanged. Coffee—Spot fair; Rio dull and nominal at ¢10; No. 7 Rio, spot, $8.35; July, $8.10. Sugar unchanged; fair to good refining, 5⅝@5¾c.; refined dull and barely steady; yellow, 4½@5¼c.; off A, 6⅛@6½c.; granulated, 5¾c. Molasses firm. Rice firmly held. Cotton-seed oil, 30c. for crude; 32@41c. for refined. Rosin dull. Turpentine firmer at 32½@32¾c. Hides dull and weak. Wool dull and easy. Pork firm; old mess, $16. Middles dull and nominal; long clear, 8½c. Lard declined 2@4c., closed weak; western steam, spot, $7.35@$7.45; August, $7.28. Freights weak.

BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, July 22.—Flour steady and quiet. Wheat—Southern easier and active; western easier and active; southern red, 96@97½c.; southern amber, 98c.@$1.01; No. 1 Maryland, 98@98½c.; No. 2 western winter red, spot and July, 95½@95¾c. Corn—Southern nominally easier; western easier and dull; southern white, 72@73c.; southern yellow, 66@68c. Oats steady and firm; southern, 39@40c.; western white, 39@41c.; western mixed, 36@38c. Rye steady at 66@70c. Provisions steady, with a moderate jobbing trade demand. Coffee firmer; Rio, 9@10½c. Whiskey steady at $1.15. Other articles unchanged. Freights steady.

CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, July 22.—Flour unchanged. Wheat weaker; No. 2 red, 88@87c. Corn firmer; No. 2 mixed, 54c. Oats quiet; No. 2 mixed, 32½c. Pork easier at $16.25. Lard dull and lower at $6.90. Whiskey steady at $1.07. Sugar unchanged. Hogs firm; common and light, $4.40@$5.60.

LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, July 22.—Grain very weak. Wheat—No. 2 red, 80c. Corn high; mixed, 55c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 34c. Mess pork, $16.50. Bulk-meats—Shoulders, 5½c.; clear rib, 8½c.; clear sides, 8½c. Lard—Steam leaf, $9.50.

ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, July 22.—Flour unchanged. Wheat unsettled; closed ⅛@¼c. under yesterday; No. 2 red, 81@81½c. cash, 81@81½c. July; No. 2 red, 78c. Corn dull and lower; 47@47½c. cash, 47½c. bid July. Oats inactive and lower; 31@32½c. cash, 26½c. July. Whiskey steady at $1.08. Provisions quiet.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, July 22.—Flour unchanged. Wheat weak, closing at 1@1½c. under yesterday; July, 81@83c.; No. 2 Chicago spring, 81@82c. Corn unsettled, opened a shade lower, and closed at ¼c. under yesterday; cash, 53@53½c.; July, 52½@53c. Oats steady and firm; cash, 29c.; July, 29@29½c. Pork dull; cash, $16.50; July, $24. Lard quiet and 5@10c. lower; cash, $6.95@$7.05; July, $6.95. Whiskey unchanged at $1.10. Sugar unchanged.

MILWAUKEE.

MILWAUKEE, July 22.—Flour dull. Wheat weaker; No. 2 Milwaukee, cash and July, 81c. Corn unsettled; No. 2, 56c., delivered. Oats higher and scarce; No. 2, 32@32c. Provisions weak. Mess pork, $15.50 cash and July. Lard—Prime steam, $7.02 cash and July. Hogs higher at $5.25@$5.75.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—JULY 23, 1884.

Sun rises	5:11	HIGH TIDE.	
Sun sets	7:21	Morning	5:14
Moon sets	8: 7	Evening	5:37

PORT OF RICHMOND, JULY 22, 1884.

ARRIVED.

Schooner John S. Peirson, Snow, Orchilla Island, Orchilla guano, Travis, Snead & Co.

Schooner Edwin R. Kirk, Maxwell, Philadelphia, coal, E. P. Murphy.

Schooner Emma D. Endicott, Bowen, Kennebec, ice, Mrs. Jane King.

SAILED.

Steamer Old Dominion, Walker, New York, merchandise and passengers, G. W. Allen & Co., agents.

Steamer Virginia, Tennill, Philadelphia, &c.

Steamer Ariel, Gifford, Norfolk, United states mail, merchandise, and passengers, L. B. Tatum, agent.

Schooner Fannie Stewart, Lane, New York, coal, Chesapeake and Ohio railway.

PORT OF NEWPORT'S NEWS, JULY 22, 1884.

[By Telegraph.]

ARRIVED.

Schooner William H. Bailey, Bailey, New York.

SAILED.

Steamer Guyandotte, Kelly, New York, merchandise and passengers, G. W. Allen & Co., agents.

Schooner L. E. Williams, ——, Norfolk.

Schooner John Proctor, Lane, Boston, coal, Chesapeake and Ohio railway.

Schooner Kate Craig, ——, Washington, D. C.

MINERAL WATERS.

STANDARD MINERAL WATERS OF VIRGINIA, SARATOGA (N. Y.), AND EUROPE.

BUFFALO LITHIA,	CONGRESS,
WHITE SULPHUR,	HATHORN,
ROCKBRIDGE ALUM,	VICHY,
ALLEGHANY,	OFNER RAK