THE OLD SETTLER.

Winds and Hurricanes—Misunderstanding—Reconciliation—The Tale of Hiram Wuncut.

"I never in all my born existence heerd tell of setch rampageousin' wind an' harrycanes ez they seem to be havin' out West," said the Squire. "They don't seem to stop at nuthin', Major. They slosh houses around ez if they wa'n't no more consekence ez to heft th'n buckwhit chaff in an' knock things helter-skelter an' t'other eend up ginerally. They'm orful to read about."

"Pooty high winds, be they, Squire?" inquired the Old Settler.

"Nuthin' like 'em ever heerd on afore!" asserted the Squire.

"Do they do anything p'tic'lar cur'ous an' oncommon?"

"Cur'ousest an' oncommonest ever heerd on!"

"Has any on 'em ben high enough an' cur'ous enough to change the shirt on a man's back 'thout his knowin' of it?" asked the Old Settler, with the air of an examining lawyer.

"Well, Major," replied the Squire, slightly miffed, "harrycanes don't ginerally trapse 'round the kentry playin' funny jokes."

"Ah! Don't they?" said the Old Settler, with a sarcastic smile. "Well, then, mebbe ye kin tell me wuther any o' these here harrycanes o' your'n is high enough an' cur'ous enough to git up a war fur a quarter miled or more 'bove the 'arth an' churn nigh ag'in the clouds? That wouldn't be playin' no funny joke, I reckon."

"Major," said the Squire, after a moment's consideration of the subject, "if ye've got any relations ez keers fer ye, they orter take ye in hand to wunst. I've got permoun'ry sym'toms o' goin' crazy!"

"That hain't nuther here nor thar, b'gosh!" exclaimed the Old Settler, shaking his fist at the Squire. "I've gone an' fetched up a heap o' talk about some high cur'ous winds an' harrycanes, an' ye've slung it at me without me ever givin' ye a durn provocation fer it. I wa'n't savin' nuthin' 'bout no wind! Ye say th' never was any setch winds heerd on, an' w'en I kept yer chal'nge an' try to git some facts outen ye 'pout the 'zact natur' o' these winds yer braggin' on, ye don't dast come to the dough trough, but try to sneak outen the charge ye made ag'in me by turnin' the subject onter wuther I've got any relations or not! I've got ez many relations, b'gosh, ez you hev! An' they kin eat ez much ez your'n kin! Thuz this leetle differ'nce betwixt my relations an' yourn, though: Your relations kin eat ez much ez mine an', but mine alluz has it to eat, b'gosh-almighty!"

"I don't keer a durn fer you ner yer relations!" shouted the Squire, shaking his fist as threateningly as the Old Settler had shaken his. "Ez fer eatin', I dunno how much yer relations kin eat, but I know one thing: Yer relations who kin drink a durn sight more'n anybody else's relations th't I ever saw d; but he don't alluz hev it to drink, though, unless somebody else buys it."

"Is present comp'ny 'cepted, Squire?" exclaimed the Old Settler, jumping to his feet and brandishing his cane. "Is present comp'ny 'cepted? Is it? Or shell I consider th'yer a liar? One or t'other, b'gosh-almighty! Which shell it be?"

"Whichever one ye durn please!" exclaimed the Squire, snapping his fingers under the Old Settler's nose. "If the shoe fits you, cousarn ye, put it on."

The Old Settler glared at the Squire and the Squire glared at the Old Settler. The latter's cane was raised over the Squire's head and the Squire's fist was very close to the Old Settler's nose. The two veterans had never before been in attitudes quite so threatening. But nobody thought it worth while to interfere. By and by the Old Settler lowered his cane, but his glare remained. The Squire's fist dropped, but the sand did not leave his eye. Then the Old Settler exclaimed:

"Who said I thort ye were referencin' to me? I never thort o' setch a thing, b'gosh! Thuz mere present comp'ny th'n me here th's relation o' my relation. Yender sets Sol Dozenberry. He married M'riar's second cousin, an' d'ye s'pose I'm pointer ez still an' he ye throw imputations on Sol? Not w'ile I kin git up an' pertest, b'gosh!-almighty?"

"Well," said the Squire a good deal easier, "is th' any o' your relation's relations here 'sides you an' Sol?"

"No, th' hain't," replied the Old Settler. "Then, Major," said the Squire, "I don't mind sayin' to ye th't I didn't mean Sol."

"All right, Squire!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "I'cept yer 'pology."

The Squire and the Old Settler shook hands and sat down, the Squire's eyes twinkling as he winked at the boys, while the Old Settler ordered a leetle sumpin' refreshin' for all hands.

"Major," said the Squire after awhile, "I think ye said a spell ago th't I made a charge ag'in ye; an' wouldn't stan' by it. How d' I make a charge ag'in ye?"

"Well, Squire," replied the Old Settler, "speakin' o' them high an' cur'ous winds o' your'n, ye said th't I hadn't never heerd o' winds ez was ez high an' cur'ous ez them. That were a charge ag'in me, an' a serious one, an' w'en I began to try an' git some facts outen ye 'bout them winds o' your'n ye drifted to subjec's ez was furrin' to the question an' a leetle unfort'nit."

"Sold to bein' the case, Major," said the Squire. "I'll take back the charge, an' ast ye to proceed with yer 'zamination o' me ez to wuther them winds o' mine, ez you call 'em, was skal to sartin things or wuther they wa'n't. Replyin' to yer two fust questions now, I'll say th't none o' them winds ever druck out o' changin' a man's shirt 'thout him knowin' of it, an' ez fer gittin' up a fight 'mongst the clouds, they wouldn't ha' had no more idee o' doin of it th'n they would ha' had o' takin' up a c'lection for the heathen in Afferky."

"This's w'at I thort, b'gosh!" said the Old Settler. "An' now, then, Squire, was any o' them winds o' your'n high an' cur'ous enough in their natur' to hev a man arrested charged with cattle-stealin'?"

"Never, sir!" replied the Squire, with the solemnity of a witness in court.

"Good!" ejaculated the Old Settler. "Now, sir! Did any o' them winds o' your'n ever show their height an' their cur'ousness to be setch ez to change the venueo of a case in court an' save an innocent man from persecution?"

"Never!" answered the Squire.

"Then, Squire," said the Old Settler, "th' has ben winds and harrycanes a durn sight higher an' cur'onser th'n them o' your'n. An' I'll prove it to ye by the case of an ancestor o' mine, who lived in the Sugar Swamp deestric' at an 'arly day. Yer'd'in' to the dockyments, his name were Hiram Wuncut, an' it won't say that the winds there ha' in the Sugar Swamp deestric' in them days was higher an' cur'onser th'n any th't had ever ben heerd on afore, because it most he's charge ag'in somebody, but the fam'ly dockyments says they was, an' also says th't they was uncommon sudd'n an' contrary in their dispositions.

"If ever th'were a victim o' sarcumstances, the dockyments says, his name were Hiram Wuncut. Hiram were a poor man, but he were ambitious. He had a farm an' th't were contin'ally bein' squatted on by a b'ar th't didn't make no bones o' takin' off with a sheep or a pig or a calf, right afore Hiram Wuncut's eyes. Leastways it was the ambition o' Hiram to lay that b'ar low. But the b'ar were too cunnin' a chap for Hiram an' he continu'ered to gether in the fruit' progeec o' Hiram's farm an' keep Hiram poor. The b'ar didn't seem to bother nobody else's sheep nor calves but Hiram's, an' so, w'ile his neighbor, Philander Boles, k'ultivated wool enough to make him nice flannen shirts an' his calves grow'd up inter cows an' oxen, Hiram had to keep on wearin' rather used-up ol' cotton shirts th't had kin with him w'en he hunted in Sugar Swamp, an' his calves couldn't stay with him long enough to git to be cows nor oxen.

"Them winds o' the Sugar Swamp deestric', so these here fam'ly dockyments says, usety come up so sudden th't one minute yer corn in the garden wouldn't be shook by ez much ez a zephyr an' the next minute yer house 'd be sot down in the nex' township by a streak o' wind. Folks in houses th't was ben scooted through the air in one d'rection 'd meet houses from neighborin' deestric's passin' along in t'other d'rection, them winds run in setch contrary streaks. Hiram Wuncut alluz said th't nuthin' th't none o' them winds mowt do would ever s'prise him not one licty.

"One afternoon Philander Boles's wife hung out her wash, an' lef' it out overnight. 'Mongst the wash were one o' Philander's flannen shirts. Nex' mornin' w'en she went out to take in the wash the flannen shirt were gone, an' in its place on the line was a cur'ous-lookin' cotton shirt. That were astoundin', out w'en Philander found th't his yoke o' steers were gone, along with his wagon, th' were a time on that clearin', and no mistake.

"'One o' them tarnal winds must ha' ben playin' hob ag'in, last night,' said Philander, but I never know'd one of 'em to take a shirt offen a line and pin another un in its place afore, an' hitch a joke o' steers to a wagon an' drive 'em away.'

"Philander walked over to Hiram Wuncut's, w'ich were a miled away, an' he didn't find Hiram to hum. Somehow or other, he went to trapsein' 'round the deestric', an' 'long in the arternoon he foun' Hiram way over beyent Lost Crow Barren, goin' west, in a dazed sort o' way, an' drivin' a pair o' steers. Philander were a cross an' overbearin' sort o' chap an' he grabbed Hiram by the neck and hollers:

"'Wher ye goin' with my yoke o' steers? An' w'at a-ye doin' with my flannen shirt on?'

"Hiram looked kind o' crazy at fust, an' then he reco'nised Philander an' kim to himself.

"'Jeewhiz!' he says. 'If it don't beat all!' 'Sh'd say so,' says Philander.

"'It's all kim back to me now!' says Hiram. 'Fore daylight this mornin' I see that pesky ol' b'ar takin' my las' sheep. I tore for your place to hev ye come an' help me run him down. Jis' ez I got to your cabin one o' the winds grabbed me. It hussled me around in the air over your path for a minute or two, an' then swished me up more'n a quarter of a miled, an' started west with me. We hadn't gone fur 'fore we met that b'ar. It'd ben grabbed up by a contrairy wind an' were comin' along back east. The sight o' that b'ar riled me, an' ez he kim by me I clutched him. Thar we war, right in the swirl o' them two contrairy winds, an' every time I'd sling the b'ars heels up he'd kick a cloud, an' w'en he'd sling me up I'd kick ag'in a cloud. Bimeby I socked my knife clean through the b'ars wizzen an' he give up. Jist then w'at should come sailin' along on the wind goin' west but a yoke o' steers hitched to a wagon. I slung the b'ar in the wagon ez it kim up, jumped in arter it, an' away the hull on us went.' Bimeby the wind begun to fail, an' let us down gradjally to the arth, jist ez if we was goin' down a big long hill. The hull business turned my head clean inside out, an' I ben wanderin' about like a crazy man. These is your steers, sure enough! An' I'm durned if this here hain't your flannen-shirt! I've said that nuthin' none o' these winds done 'd ever s'prise me, but the doin's o' this un clean kerflummixes me! Hullo! Th' hain't no b'ar in the wagon! If some one hain't gone an' stoled it, then I'll eat my ears!'

"But knowin' all about the Sugar Swamp winds, Philander were mean enough to hev Hiram arrested fer cattle stealin' and stealin' his shirt. Hiram were took back an' brought up 'fore ol' Judge Sniffits. The Judge were ag'in him from the start, an' Hiram ast fer a change o' veenoo, 'cause he couldn't git jestice thar. Change o' veenoo were denied an' the case ordered to perceed. But it didn't, fer jist then, all o' a suddent, kersl-o-o-o-o-gh! kim one of them winds, an' the nex' secont the Judge's office an' all th't were in it war sailin' west'rd through the air like a soarin' eagle. Ten miled away, in the Wild Gander deestric', the wind let the buildin' down, an' it hadn't no sooner landed th'n Judge Sniffits hollers out:

"'Let the perceedin's perceed!'

"Then up pops Hiram. 'Not much they won't!' says he. 'That wind has changed the veenoo o' this case! This here hain't the Sugar-Swamp deestric'! This here is Wild Gander, an' ye hain't got no jurisdiction here, b'gosh! You let me go or I'll make you sweat fer usurpatin' jurisprudence, b'gosh 'mighty, an' then we'll see who's on top!'

"'Old Judge Sniffits know'd too much to go on in that deestric', an' Hiram Wuncut walked out o' court, and never went back to Sugar Swamp.

"'I won't live in a place,' he said, 'whar natur' is so durn queer an' neighbors is so mean!'" ED. MORT.

JOSEPH M. CAREY,

Of Wyoming, Whose Seat May Be Vacated by the Act of Admission.

The admission of Wyoming as a State raises the question whether Delegate Joseph M. Carey has been legislated out of office. A like point came up in the case of Paul Fearing, delegate for the Northwest Territory in the Seventh Congress, when it was admitted in November, 1802, as the State of Ohio. A committee was appointed December 31, 1802, to consider the

case, on January 31st, 1803, reported in favor of his retaining his seat, but the House never acted on the report. Fearing, however, kept his seat, and received pay for services till the expiration of the Congress, March 3, 1803. Joseph M. Carey was born in Sussex county, Delaware, January 19, 1845, studied at Union College, New York, read law at Philadelphia, and was admitted to the bar in 1867; is engaged in stock-raising; was appointed United States Attorney for the Territory of Wyoming on the organization of the Territory in 1869; resigned this office in 1871 on his appointment as associate justice of the Supreme Court of Wyoming, which office he held until 1876; was three times elected mayor of Cheyenne; was elected to the Forty-ninth and reelected to the Fiftieth Congress, as a Republican.

SENOR DON PRUDENCIO LAZCANO,

Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary from Chili to the United States.

Senor Lazcano, who relieves Judge Varas as the Chilian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, comes from a family of prominence and distinction. He was born in Santiago in 1851. Don Lazcano after having finished his literary and scientific studies, devoted himself to agricultural pursuits at which, and in the study of economical, legal and administrative science, he passed a considerable time. Called upon to fill the office of mayor of Santiago, one of the most laborious posts in that republic, he distinguished

himself by his activity in the development of local interests. He afterwards was appointed Minister of Industry and Public Works. Being appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Chili to Bolivia, he filled his mission with great skill and patriotism, besides maintaining excellent relations with Bolivian society and winning marked respect. Senor Lazcano is an enthusiastic admirer of the United States, with whose history and institutions he is well acquainted, and his sincere aspiration is to unite his country with this republic by commercial ties which will practically overcome in the near future the distance which separates them.

The Diamond Gave Him a Standing.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A St. Louis drummer gave me a reason for wearing a diamond pin the other day that struck me as containing an immense amount of worldly wisdom. He said that he had found by experience that a small diamond worn in the necktie—not in the shirt-front—served as a badge of respectability wherever he went. If he went into a restaurant and found that he had forgotten his pocket-book, he was never asked to leave his watch until he could pay his bill, and he was never asked to pay in advance by any hotel clerk if he went to the hotel without baggage. In short, wherever he went that little $60 diamond proclaimed that there was a man who was not pressed for money and who could be trusted.

A Companion in Poverty.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A waif of a boy was eating a stale half-loaf on the street corner yesterday with the air of a starveling when a strange dog came along and crouched at his feet. The hungry look remained in the boy's eyes, but he glanced down at the vagabond dog and said in a friendly way:

"Wot you want? This ain't no bone. Git!"

The dog moved off a little and again it crouched and looked wistfully at the food.

"Say, do yer want this wuss nor I do?" asked the waif. "Speak, can't yer?"

The dog gave a quick bark and the boy threw him the rest of the loaf.

"Nuff sed," he remarked, as he watched him eat ravenously; "I ain't the feller to see a pard in trouble."

And the boy went one way and the dog he had befriended another, both the better for the encounter.

RAFAEL ZALDIVAR,

The Exiled Ex-President of San Salvador Recalled to His Native Land.

Senor Rafael Zaldivar, who was for ten years President of San Salvador, and has been living for five years as an exile in Paris, has been summoned to return by the triumphant revolutionists in that republic. It may be expected that he will succeed President Menendez whom assassination has removed from the political arena.

The area of San Salvador is only 7,225 English square miles, and its population, according to the official census of 1878, 554,785, nineteen times that of the average of the other States of Central

America. Besides agriculture, the principal industry, its inhabitants, who are more inclined to civilized pursuits than those of any neighboring State, are engaged in several branches of manufacture and iron mines are worked with enterprise and profit. More than $700,000 worth of silver ore was raised in San Salvador in 1882. The principal articles of agricultural produce are indigo, coffee, sugar, and balsam. With a fine climate, fertile soil, abundant mineral wealth, enterprising people, and a patriotic and capable man at the head of affairs, San Salvador is a progressive country, and the interest of the United States lies in cultivating commercial relations with it. At present the principal trade of the republic is done with Great Britain, with the United States second. Of the total imports and exports of the country in 1882, amounting to above $3,000,000 and $500,000 respectively, the proportion of commercial intercourse with the United States was 22 per cent. imports and 25 per cent. exports. During the same year 330 vessels entered the ports of San Salvador, aggregating 444,826 in tonnage. The republic has 750 miles of telegraphy in operation and construction, and its railroad facilities are good and improving. Under the present liberal administration of President Zaldivar foreigners settling in San Salvador are encouraged to stay and assist in its development.

Don Rafael Zaldivar y Lazo was born at San Alejo, department of San Miguel, San Salvador, in 1834. He studied medicine in Europe, and followed it with distinction in his native country about twenty years. In 1880 he was appointed to the Chair of Philosophy and Hygiene at the University of Guatemala. Upon leaving this position he entered politics, and was soon a leader in his new pursuit, as added to his superior qualifications he had acquired great popularity by reason of his skill in medicine, especially during the visitation of cholera in 1857. He was elected to the House of Representatives, afterwards to the Senate, and in 1876 to the presidency. In 1880 he was reelected and again in 1884. Under his administration the republic has made good progress in industry, manufactures, commerce, and popular education. A recent writer says that in San Salvador "telephones and the electric light are now the order of the day and night."

President Zalvidar is about five feet six inches in height. The engraving is from a recent photograph, and is a faithful representation of the man as he is now. Some leading citizens of New York are preparing to entertain him at a banquet before his departure for Central America, which will take place probably in the early part of August.

Sheep Husbandry.

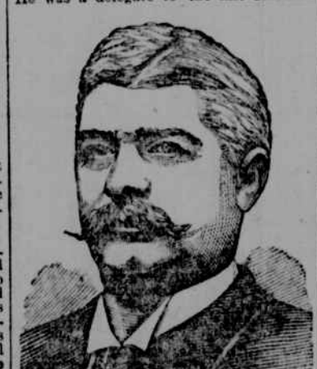
It is not difficult to select 100 ewes that will yield 1,000 pounds of wool worth 25 cents a pound, and raise 100 lambs worth $2.50 each, making an income of $500, says a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. Among all flockmasters known to me most are doing better than this. The wool can be taken to market in one wagon-load. To market any of the grains to the amount of $250 a team would have to go at least five times, and haul each time never twice the weight; and to market the same value of potatoes would require fifteen journeys. The lambs may be driven to market. There is a great saving in crops that can travel to market themselves. No crop of grain of equal value could be transported to market within 500 per cent. of the cost.

In winter sheep are to have comfortable quarters and be fed twice a day. At parturition they need closer attention, and when at pasture they should be seen once a day, and all of this is no more care than should be bestowed upon other animals; hence I cannot see where the much talked-of "extra care" comes in. It is easy enough to keep one hundred sheep a year for $150 and sell their product for $500, and the soil is growing better. A great drawback to sheep husbandry is dogs, but thinking farmers and the agricultural press call so loudly and persistently for the suppression of this nuisance that lawmakers cannot much longer turn a deaf ear to it with safety to their continuance in office. Meantime let it be borne in mind that statistics show that on the average each dog kills a sheep during his lifetime.

GENERAL ADAM E. KING,

Of Maryland, the New Consul-General to France.

General Adam E. King, of Baltimore, whom President Harrison has nominated as the new Consul-General at Paris, is the ablest Republican orator in Maryland. He accompanied Mr. Blaine during the last campaign and made speeches for Harrison. He was a delegate to the last National



Convention, and was an ardent Blaine man from first to last. The Secretary of State, in return for his fealty, labored to have him rewarded, and has finally succeeded. General King was General Hancock's chief of staff, and later was one of General Meade's aides. He was wounded on different occasions, and bears the reputation of having been a brave soldier. He married a daughter of Admiral Purviance.

An Unpublished Letter from Thomas Jefferson.

MONTICELLO, June 1, 1771.

Dear Sir,—As it was somewhat doubtful when you left the country how far my little invoice delivered you might be complied with till we should know the fate of the association, I desire you to withhold purchasing the things till you should hear farther from me. The day appointed for the meeting of the associates is not yet arrived; however from the universal sense of those who are likely to attend, it seems reduced to a certainty that the restrictions will be taken off everything but the dutied articles. I will therefore venture to desire that branch of my invoice may be complied with in which were some shoes and other prohibited articles; since if contrary to our expectations the restrictions should be continued I can store or otherwise dispose of them as our committees please. I must alter one article in the invoice. I wrote therein for a Clavichord. I have since seen a forte-piano and am charmed with it. Send me this instrument then instead of the Clavichord: let the case be of fine mahogany; solid, not veneered, the compass from Double G to Fin ait, a plenty of spare strings; and the workmanship of the whole very handsome and worthy the acceptance of a lady for whom I intend it. I must add also ½ doz pr India cotton stockings for myself at 10s. sterl pr pair, ¾ doz pr best white silk d°; and a large umbrella with brass ribs, covered with green silk, and neatly finished. By this change of the Clavichord into a forte piano and addition of the other things, I shall be brought in debt to you, to discharge which I will ship you of the first tobacco I get to the warehouse in the fall. I expect by that time, and also from year to year afterwards, I must send you an invoice, with tobacco, somewhat enlarged, as i have it in prospect to become more regularly a pater-familias.—I desired the favor of you to procure me an architect. I must repeat the request earnestly, and that you will send him in as soon as you can,—I shall conclude with one petition: that you send me the articles contained in my invoice and written for above as soon as you receive this, as I suppose they may be bought ready made; and particularly the Forte-piano, for which I shall be very impatient. By this means I may get them in Octob., which will prevent my being obliged to purchase as I must do if they do not come in time. I am Dr. Sir, Your affectionate friend,

TH. JEFFERSON.

To, Mr. Thomas Adams,
to be left at Nando's Coffee-House
Fleet street, London.

—From "Some Colonial and Revolutionary Letters," by Frederick Daniel, in *Harper's Magazine* for July.

ALFRED WILKINSON,

Who Is to Marry Winnie Davis, Daughter of the Confederacy.

Alfred Wilkinson, the Syracuse (N. Y.) lawyer, who is to become the husband of the daughter of Jefferson Davis, is less than thirty years of age. He is the grandson of the celebrated Abolitionist, Rev. Samuel May, and a law partner of Mr. Albert Hey. Their business is almost entirely confined to patent cases. He first met Miss Davis when she visited Syracuse and chivalrously resented the slight which certain social circles inflicted on the lady for political reasons. Acquaintance ripened into attachment on his part. Last winter Mr. Wilkinson crossed the ocean to see Miss Davis and spent several weeks with her, sight-seeing on the Continent and pressing his suit. When he returned they were betrothed. Wilkinson is a bright and promising member of the bar, and though not a rich man, moves in the highest social circles in Syracuse.

JOHN G. WARWICK.

McKinley's Opponent in the Sixteenth Ohio District.

There is a good deal of possibility in Ohio politics this year. If Major McKinley can carry the Sixteenth congressional district in November his chances for the governorship in 1891 are excellent; if he fails, he may still, and probaly will, head the Republican State ticket next year, when, if he succeeds, Benjamin Harrison must yield the presidential nomination in 1892 to the author of the tariff bill. The Democrats have nominated and expect to elect John G. Warwick, who was elected Lieutenant-Governor with George Hoadly in 1883. He is one of the most prominent business-men of Northeastern Ohio, and is a man of great personal popularity and magnetism. Mr. Warwick was born in Ireland in 1829, and came to America at the age of twenty-one. Five years later he embarked in the dry-goods business. He subsequently became interested in coal-mining, milling, and railroad-building. He is now a director of several railroad companies, and the owner of several hundred acres of mining and agricultural land.

ALEXANDER M'DOWELL M'COOK,

Who Succeeds General Grierson, Retired for Age.

The vacancy created in the post of brigadier-general by the retirement of General B. H. Grierson, on account of age, has been filled by the appointment of Colonel Alexander McDowell McCook, of the Sixth infantry. Colonel McCook is well known as a member of the celebrated family of "fighting McCooks." He is a native of Ohio, and graduated from the Military Academy

in July, 1852. He was appointed captain in May, 1861, and was made a colonel and brigadier-general of volunteers in the same year. In 1862 he was appointed a major-general of volunteers, and held that rank up to October, 1865, when he resigned his volunteer commission. He was appointed lieutenant-colonel in March, 1866, and colonel of the Sixth infantry in December, 1880. Since 1867 he has served mainly with his regiment on the western frontier, excepting the period from 1875 to 1881, when he was on the staff of General Sherman. Since May, 1886, he has been in command of the infantry and cavalry school at Fort Leavenworth.

A PROTESTANT MONK.

Father Ignatius, Now on a Visit to the United States.

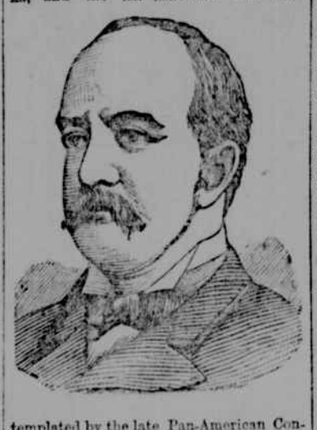
Father Ignatius, the visiting monk of the Church of England, was the son of Francis Lyne, a member of an old Welch family settled in Cornwall, and possessed of great wealth. The future monk was educated at St. Paul's and by a private tutor, until the age of nineteen, when he began to prepare for holy orders, being then imbued with very High-Church ideas. His theological studies were prosecuted at the Scotch Theological College in Perthshire and when twenty-three years old was ordained by Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells. At this ceremony he took a mental vow to live a celibate life, and his first curacy was at St. Peters, Plymouth, where he met Miss Sellaer, the lady who first restored the monastic life for women in the Church of England. Under her influence the monastic idea was firmly fixed in the young rector's mind, and in 1861 he determined to embrace the life of a monk. Overwork brought on typhoid-fever, on recovering from which Father Ignatius passed some time in Belgium, where he met Father Lowder and became a benedictine. Mission work in London next occupied his mind. His very High-Church views excited violent opposition, but he persevered, and in 1863 purchased and restored the ruined monastery of Llanthany, in South Wales, for the use of his order. In 1865 he visited Ipswich, where great crowds flocked to hear his addresses, for which tickets were sold, the

first address yielding thirteen pounds. After many difficulties success came and sufficient money was obtained to build a permanent abbey at Llanthany, in Wales, the corner-stone of which was laid on St. Patrick's day, 1870.

JAMES B. M'CREARY,

Who Has Introduced a Bill Providing for Preliminary Surveys.

It seems likely that the coming decade will witness the connection by rail of Patagonia and Alaska. The Canadian Government is about to grant a charter for the construction of a road northward from Vancouver to Alaska, and the All American line con-templated by the late Pan-American Congress will require extensive surveys, for which Congressman Beck has introduced a bill appropriating $65,000 for the preliminary expenses. Three engineers are to be named by the United States and three each by the governments of the other States through which the projected line will pass.



James B. McCreary was born in Kentucky July 8, 1838. He received a classical education and graduated in 1857. He studied law, was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in Richmond, Ky., in 1859. He entered the Confederate army in 1862, and was a lieutenant-colonel at the close of the war. He was selected as a presidential elector on the Democratic ticket in 1868, but declined; was elected a delegate to the National Democratic Convention held in New York in July, 1868; was elected a member of the State House of Representatives of Kentucky in 1869, 1871, and 1873, and was elected Speaker in 1871 and 1873. He was elected Governor of Kentucky in 1875 and served to September, 1879. He was elected to the Forty-ninth Congress and reelected to the Fiftieth and Fifty-first.

GEORGE E. ADAMS,

Of Illinois, Nominated for a Fifth Term.

After a sharp struggle Congressman George E. Adams, of the Fourth Illinois district, has secured a nomination for a fifth term. He was born June 18, 1840, at Keene, N. H. He entered Harvard at the age of sixteen years and graduated in 1860. He selected the law as his profession and studied at the Dane Law School in Cambridge. He came to Chicago shortly afterward and has since practiced there. He served one term in the Illinois State Senate, being elected in 1880 by the Republicans. He resigned his seat March 5, 1883, having been elected the November previous to a seat in the Forty-eighth Congress by the people of the Fourth district. His opponent was Judge Lambert Tree. The Fourth district occupies a part of the city of Chicago.

COLONEL WILLIAM A. STONE,

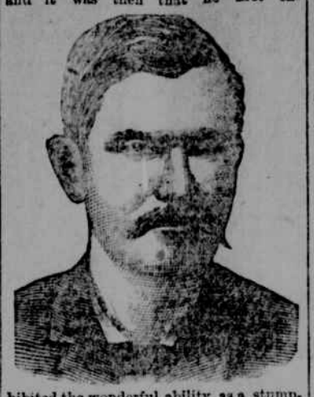
Nominated for Congress in the Twenty-Third Pennsylvania District.

The fight for the seat in the next House now occupied for the seventh term by Colonel Thomas M. Bayne of Allegheny City, Pa., promises to be bitter indeed. Ill health, a previous promise made to his wife, and the hostility of his enemies are assigned as the reasons which induced Bayne to decline the nomination when tendered him. Editor Nelson P. Reed, of the Pittsburgh *Commercial-Gazette*, demanded Bayne's retirement, and when the latter nominated ex-District Attorney William A. Stone as his successor Reed became furious and threatened to bolt, insisting that the nomination rightly belonged to George Shiras III, whom Bayne had beaten five to one in the convention. It is possible that Shiras may run on an independent ticket, in which case the congressional lightning may strike the Democratic candidate.

CAPTAIN "BEN" TILLMAN,

Farmers' Candidate for Governor of South Carolina.

A few miles back in the country from the little railroad station of Roper's, Edgefield county, lives a man who is to-day the most remarkable political character in South Carolina. Captain "Ben" Tillman is a plain every-day, well-to-do farmer, who, up to four years ago, had never made a political speech. At that time he became connected with a movement to reorganize the Agricultural Department, and it was then that he first ex-



hibited the wonderful ability as a stump-speaker which has since caused him to be the best hated man in the State by those who have incurred his displeasure. So effective was Tillman against the Agricultural Department that he brought about an entire reorganization, which greatly increased its efficiency. This was done despite the fact that he was then an unknown man. On March 27th of the present year a convention of about two hundred and fifty farmers, regularly elected at county conventions all over the State, assembled at Columbia, and suggested the name of Captain B. R. Tillman for the Democratic nomination for Governor. This has opened up what promises to be the warmest political campaign in fifteen years. As the farmers are largely in the majority, although but one daily paper in the State is supporting him, he has a good chance of success. The Democratic State Convention meets September 10th, when the fight within the party for the regular nomination, which means an election, will come off.

[Written for the Dispatch.]

The Stars and Bars.

We had furled it away, the flag loved so dearly,
When the sun of our cause had gone down in gloom,
We had furled it away, and thro' our tears dimly
We beheld its fair beauty now shorn of its bloom.

We had furled it away so lovingly and tenderly,
With the prayers of a people who remembered their brave,
Who had fought 'neath its folds so nobly and gallantly,
And who now lay asleep in a *patriot's* grave!

We had furled it away all blood-stained and tattered,
It had waved over many a bold hero's brow;
It had floated over many a red field of victory,
We had followed and loved it and we treasure it now!

We had furled it away—not in shame, but in sorrow;
We had furled it away—not in anger, not in hate;
We had furled it away, and thought no to-morrow
Would e'er point the finger of scorn at its fate!

And now when we come with our hearts' best emotions
To honor our leader—who nobler than he?—
We are branded as rebels, as traitors! 'Tis treason
To unfurl our standard—the flag loved by Lee.

We have come, *not* to open old wounds and old issues,
Nor to keep up a sectional feeling of hate;
We have come but to honor a Christian, a soldier—
A statesman, a patriot, a *man* truly great!

And who, then, are these who thus cry out "Treason!"
And shrink back in horror at the old rebel yell?
'Tis *not* they who meet us as *honorable foemen*—
For injustice and hate in their hearts cannot dwell.

But 'tis they who, with bitter and partisan malice
(The hounds who but follow the game to its death);
'Tis they who're the tools of some false and base leader—
'Tis *they* who dare assail us with calumny's breath!

O, shame to thy manhood (if thou doth possess it)!
O, shame! thus to point with the finger of scorn
To try and belittle our holiest feelings,
And 'twere better for the world if you never had been born.

Once more we furl it, O flag loved so dearly,
Unfading, undying let our love be for thee,
And may the cycles of time shall have ended
Ere men cease to honor the memory of Lee!

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

[Published by request.]

Out in the Rain.

The night is dark and cold. A beating rain
Falls ceaselessly upon the dripping roof.
The dismal wind, with now a fierce, wild shriek
And now a hollow moan as if in pain,
Circles the eaves and bends the tortured trees that wring
Their long, bare hands in the bleak blast.

Within our chamber all is bright and warm.
The fire burns with a ruddy blaze. The shaded lamp
Softens the pictures on the wall and glows
Upon the flowers in the carpet till they seem
All fresh and fragrant. Stretched upon the rug,
His collar gleaming in the firelight, little Pip
Is sleeping on, defiant of the storm without.
The very furniture enjoys the warmth,
And from it side reflects the cheerful light.
Up in its painted cage, the little bird,
His yellow head beneath his soft warm wing,
is hiding. Oh! my God, out in the storm
Our little yellow head is beaten by the rain.
So lonely looks that precious little face
Up at the cold, dark coffin's lid above,
In the bleak graveyard's solitude!
Oh! Ethel, darling, do you feel afraid?
Or is christ with you in your little grave?
When last we gazed upon those lovely eyes
They looked so tranquil in their last repose
We knew that Christ's own tender hand had sealed
Their lids with his eternal peace.
Oh! darling, are you happy up in Heaven?
And do the angels part that golden hair
As tenderly as we? O, Saviour dear,
Thou knowest childhood's tenderness. Amid
The care of countless worlds sometimes descend
From Thine Almighty throne of power, and find
That little yellow head and lay it on Thy breast,
And smooth her brow with Thine own pierced hand;
She'll kiss the wound and try to make it well.
And tell her how we love her memory here;
And let her sometimes see us, that she may
Remember us. O Jesus, we can trust
Her to Thy care; and when we lay us down
To rest beside that lonely little grave
Oh! let her meet us with her harp.
God help us both to make that meeting sure!

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

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Real Estate Auctioneers.

SALE BY AUCTION OF HOUSE AND LOT ON CANAL BETWEEN FOUSHEE AND ADAMS STREETS, No. 21—THE LOT FRONTS 19¼ FEET, RUNNING BACK A GOOD DEPTH TO AN ALLEY—THE HOUSE IS A FRAME DWELLING WITH SIX ROOMS AND IN GOOD ORDER.—By request of the owner we will sell by auction, on the premises, on

MONDAY, JULY 21, 1890,

at 5½ P. M., the PROPERTY above described. This property is in good order, rents well, and just the class of property sought after by investors.

TERMS: Easy, and announced at sale.

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