

SILENCE JORDAN'S FATE.

A FAIRY STORY OF CINCINNATI LIFE IN THE SPRING OF '49.

How a Desperado Terrorized the Worthy Citizens of Porkopolis—A Bad Party and No Mistake—The Little Drummer from the East—Nemesis.

"Why, bless your heart," the colonel went on to say, "I have seen thirty stalwart men engaged in conversation on matters of public import, and would you believe it? although the subject under discussion was pursued for eighteen hours, not a man in the crowd dared utter a word but Silence Jordan! The way he terrorized the worthy citizens of this good city was something marvelous beyond compare. He would enter the most palatial residence in town, and, after kicking the elegant and costly chandeliers to pieces, he would compel the inmates of the house to prepare him the most elaborate meal that money and industry could devise. Then he would kick the top off all the pianos in the house, and lie down in the dilapidated instruments for an after-dinner nap with his boots on. When he walked down the street the horse-car had to leave the tracks and travel on the opposite side of the street selected by him for a promenade.

"He was a bad party, and no mistake. But what I started to tell you was this: An effeminate-looking young fellow employed as a traveling salesman for an eastern house reached town one day. He met Silence Jordan, the riproaring terror of the Mississippi valley, and the terror asked him what his name was. The drummer replied that it was Willie Phillips. A look of ineffable disgust swept over the entire physiognomic contour of the bully.

"What are you doing here, sonny?" growled the hideous wretch.

"None of your infernal business!" was the astounding reply, and the little drummer at the same moment nonchalantly struck an old-fashioned lucifer match. The crowd assembled stood paralyzed with fear as the gigantic ruffian began to gather himself up for a spring at his helpless prey. As the flame spluttered on the end of the match held by the diminutive drummer he flipped the stick with one of his delicate lily-white fingers, and a tiny globule of the brimstone shot fairly and squarely into the left eye of the ponderous rowdy, who was on the point of sweeping the Libliputan from the face of the earth.

"ANOTHER SPARK OF FIERY BRIMSTONE." "As the burly bummer clapped both hands upon the optic that received the terrible shock the little drummer flipped the match once more, and another spark of the fiery brimstone flew with merciless precision slap-dab into the other eye of the murderous fiend, who now, instead of seeking to devour the puny boy that stood before him coolly lighting a cigar, was rolling on the sidewalk writhing in the most painful agony, yelping with all the power of his tremendous lungs the while he endeavored, but futilely, to allay the agonizing misery that was racking his very soul and dethroning his reason itself. I never witnessed a more terrible spectacle in all my varied experience as a traveler and observer of men and things. His powerful frame shivered and swayed, and his ponderous limbs threshed about like unto the wild gyrations of the hideous cuttle fish in mortal combat. His piercing screams resounded afar, and soon the entire population gathered to witness the mad ravings and violent contortions of the erstwhile monarch of hell. But there was none so poor to do him reverence, and soon it was discovered that the proud vulture of a few minutes before was blind—stone blind.

"When the joyous tidings of the awful fate of the autocratic enemy of the citizens of our beautiful burg were spread around a glad shout of victory rent the air, and the bonfires were lighted and the bells pealed in token of the happy deliverance from the plague that had blighted the whole city. For, finding that his vociferous pleadings for aid and assistance in the shape of an eye-wash were unheeded, Silence Jordan staggered to his feet, and, quaking in his frightful agony, remarked that it was bridge time with him, and, striding to the Suspension, flung himself into the turbulent waters below, never to rise again."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"The Persians' Fear of Night Travel." The Persians have an exaggerated fear of night travel, partly from the bands of robbers who infest the northern boundary of the country and partly from a superstitious inherited dread of a singular sect of religionists, who, like the Thugs of India regarded a deed of murder under certain circumstances, as a religious duty. This sect, known as Assassins, has been long extinct, but such dread did their members inspire by murders, always committed at night, that all infantile Persia, and not a few of the grown population, retain an unwillingness to go out at night, for fear of the Assassins.—Land of the Imams.

"A Rat Cremated by Electricity." A rat while attempting to escape from human enemies in the electric light station in Reading, Pa., a few weeks ago jumped directly from the floor into one of the brushes and was thrown back to the ground. He hid motionless apparently and certainly dead but without even a hair turned. One of the employees was sent with a shovel to gather it up, but as soon as the shovel touched it the rat fell to dust with a little cloud of particles rising from the place where the body had seemingly lain. There was no vestige of hair, flesh, or bones remaining.—Electrical Review.

"New Diseases in the Menagerie." Several kinds of quadrupeds in the London zoo suffer from corns on their feet, due to the hard floors, and these produce boring ulcers, which may extend clear through the foot. Hernia occasionally afflicts the monkeys, and a tiger has lately been killed by an accumulation in his intestines of sawdust, swallowed with his food. These are new diseases in menageries.—Chicago Times.

"Valued It Just as Much." One of her friends, not very well off in a worldly way had brought her a simple but pretty gift at her birthday. "It's only a trifle," the friend began, when Miss Volatile interrupted her with, "Oh, no apologies, I beg. I shall value it just as much as the presents I have received which are really worth something."—Harper's Bazar.

"The Low Rates to California." It is estimated that nearly 75,000 people took advantage of the recent low railroad rates to go to California.—Inter Ocean.

The electric lights at Los Angeles, Cal., are visible from fifty miles out to sea, and are said to be misleading to mariners.

THE VANDERBILTS OUT RIDING.

A Hundred and Fifty Millions Galloping Through Central Park.

The 4 o'clock hour in the afternoon is selected by those who go out more for show and because it is fashionable. At that time the track is too crowded for anything like a bracing gallop. In the early hours of the morning, however, the drives are quite deserted, and it is the time preferred by beginners and those who really enjoy the exercise. The Vanderbilts choose this time. One of the park policemen said: "I have never seen one of the Vanderbilt boys in here in the afternoon. They always come out early in the morning, and generally ride together. Occasionally the ladies accompany them, but they don't appear anxious to have them along as a rule. But there they come now. They are pretty riders, as you can see for yourself."

The party were coming along at an easy gallop. Cornelius and W. K. were in front, while George and Fred, the youngest, brought up the rear. Probably they are the four richest young men in the world, representing together over \$150,000,000. While each one showed careful training and experience in riding, they could hardly pass as experts. Their riding is far above the average, but it is a little stiff and awkward. Each one had a style of his own. Cornelius held his rein up taut, his feet were pressed firmly against the stirrups and his whole demeanor indicated that he thought horseback riding was exceedingly serious business. He rode a large bay and was dressed in the most approved fashion, consisting of light trousers buttoned close up around the ankles, dark top coat, plain waistcoat, brown derby hat and gloves. W. K. sat back in the saddle, braced up as if to repel an enemy. He held the bridle carelessly in his left hand, but from the stern expression of his face one might have been deceived into the impression that he was about to lead a desperate battle charge. He was dressed as faultlessly as his brother, the only material change being in a lighter top coat. The two younger men did not appear to be weighted down with so much dignity, and for that reason were more natural. George wore a light suit throughout, with hat and gloves to match. He rose and fell with the motion of his horse, but held himself in position very well. Fred wore a rough-looking suit of brown that set off his compact figure very well. He looked the most at home in the saddle of any of the boys. "They rarely remain in the park longer than half an hour," said the policeman. "I suppose they are compelled to work hard to keep their millions together."

The ladies in the Vanderbilt family occasionally join the male members on their early morning ride, but as a rule do not come out until later in the day. Mrs. Cornelius and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt are quite expert riders.—New York World.

The Contents of a Sailor's Chest.

"What is a sailor's kit for a long voyage?" repeated a weather-beaten old tar recently, as he munched a piece of old navy and gazed respectfully into his glass of grog in a front street saloon. "Why, as for that matter, no two sailors are alike. One will go to sea with a nice outfit of long tops for nights ashore and a sea rig large enough to start a second hand clothing store on South street; and another will fire all his boodle away in a night's jollification, and away to sea the next day for a voyage around the Horn with the suit he stands in and a ragged suit of oilskins that have weathered both capes and the storms of three seasons."

"Well, take the average sailor, and give me an inventory of the contents of his chest."

"I think I will tell you what we found in the chest of one of our men who died last voyage; it would hit the mark, perhaps. We had been struck by a squall off Hatteras and had had hard work to get the mizzen off the ship before the gale which quickly followed drove us under close-reefed maintopails. As the men lay down from aloft one of them was pitched headlong overboard by the parting of a ratline, and he was stern and swallowed up by the angry waves before any effort could be made to save him. As is the custom, his chest was brought aft, opened, and an inventory made of his effects, that might be forwarded to his friends. In addition to the heavy clothes for bad weather and the light ones for use under sunny skies, were found many little presents which the dead man had picked up and was taking to his friends at home. There were dress patterns of rich China silks, pretty toilet boxes, and bits of fancy carving. Each was wrapped up and the address of the intended recipient written upon it. From letters which were found in the till of Jack's chest we learned that he hailed from an inland town of Pennsylvania, and the gifts were intended for a mother and sisters there who will wait long for the return of their sailor boy."—New York Mail and Express.

Disipated Women on the Stage.

There are women on the stage who drink like men. There are also some who swear like men. Of the swearing women it is unnecessary to speak. One night the leading lady, who no longer occupies the position, appeared at a theatre famed for its fine audiences in such a state that she could scarcely move across the stage. The habitues of the cafe saw instantly that she had been drinking brandy. When she opened her mouth to speak the remainder of the audience saw that she had been drinking something. The fashionable gathering murmured. The actress knew that her weakness was discovered. She was a strong woman physically, and she summoned all her powers to throw off the influence that oppressed her. People who knew her state said she never acted so well as on that night. Her acting deceived her auditors. They were led by it to disbelieve what they had seen, and she retained her popularity. Some time she will probably find herself in the same position as Mr. Booth.—Brooklyn Union.

Fire Started by Nitric Acid.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences some remarks on the danger of fire arising from the use of nitric acid in the manufacture of certain industrial objects, and especially of explosive substances, such as gun-cotton and dynamite, were made by M. G. Lechartier. Several instances are mentioned of straw and other organic substances when heated, and even at a low temperature, taking fire by accidental contact with this acid.—Chicago News.

Resembles Napoleon the First.

"McKinley, of Ohio," says The Washington Republican, "is in personal appearance the counterfeit presentment of the first Napoleon."

The following plants are recommended for carp ponds: Wild rice, crowfoot, cow-dip, watercress, and water-lilies.

The yearly exports of umbrellas from England are valued at \$581,000.

HOW A COW WAS MURDERED

At an Uptown Abattoir—Scene Witnessed by a Tender-Hearted Reporter.

There were six or eight meek-looking brown cows or bullocks in a pen when we got into the slaughter-house of the Butcher's Hide and Melting association the other afternoon. In the corner of the pen a little pile of hoofs and feet of animals lay, just where they had been thrown. A man with the sleeves of his check shirt rolled above his elbows stood for a moment in an open doorway looking at the animals. His arms were white where they were exposed, except for little bands of crimson that streaked them in criss-cross lines and dripped down upon his rubber apron. His trousers were tucked into his high boots, and the little wrinkles in the legs held the prettiest crimson fluid imaginable—not the dark red we are accustomed to see in blood—but a beautiful Magenta color. In a little haversack slung across his shoulder he carried an assortment of knives, and his right hand held a blade that looked big as a sword.

He came out, patted a young cow on the back with one hand in a friendly way, and with the other snapped a clamp attached to a rope on her hind leg. The rope ran around a pulley-wheel, and another man inside began to pull the animal slowly towards the open door. The victim struggled a little, fell on its knees and turned its eyes appealingly to its companions. Did you ever notice how deep and soft and brown a cow's eyes are? The Persian poets, when they rave about their loves, always compare a lady's eyes to a cow's. Well, this one turned to its companions, and as the rope, remorseless as fate, pulled it toward the fatal door it actually cried. The tears ran over its eyelids, making the pretty eyes softer and deeper than ever. The butcher said, in a business-like tone, that it was an old trick—they always did cry. A bullock that had evidently made the long journey from the west in company with the doomed one came up and with a low moo put its rough lips against the mouth of the other, as if to say "good-bye," and then the cow disappeared through the door.

There it hung by its hind leg, pulled clear of the floor. The big man with bare, red-streaked arms, turned the brown neck towards him. For a moment the space between the head and shoulder was brown like the rest of the body. There came a swift gleam of the blade, and the next minute a bright flash of red lighted up and stained the dull color of the throat. A long sigh from the victim, a patter of blood on the floor, and the reporter hurried out white in the face and clung to an iron rail for support. He had seen men killed, six or eight of them, and in every way without emotion, but the common slaughter of a cow with pretty eyes made him feel queer somehow. Of course he laughed at the weakness when the next victim was strung up, but for the time it was very real.—F. A. Duneka in New York World.

Wales at Rothschild's Table.

No longer than last week the prince of Wales was invited to breakfast with the Baron de Rothschild. The prince remarked upon the excellent quality of the roast beef and betrayed a little surprise that it was exactly the same, if not quite as good, as was served at his own table in London.

"Nothing astonishing in that," said Mme. de Rothschild, smiling. "It was the butcher of your royal highness who sent us the meat from London."

"But," added the prince, "the preparation is exactly the same as at home." "So it ought to be," replied the master of the house, "since I telegraphed for the cook of the club of your royal highness to come over and prepare the breakfast before us."

Questioned by the prince bon vivant as to what this delicate attention cost him, the baron was obliged to confess that the roast beef, including the fee to the cook, had cost him more than \$800.—Paris Cor. Chicago Herald.

A Surgeon in the Navy.

The position of surgeon in the navy is not an enviable one. The examination that applicants are required to undergo is very rigid, and as a rule physicians who are capable of passing the ordeal can find fields for their usefulness more congenial to their tastes and very profitable to them by engaging in private practice. When a physician obtains a position in the navy he is assigned to the stateroom, without rank, and is given an ordinary salary. In the army it is the reverse. When a physician joins that branch of the service he is commissioned a second lieutenant and is paid accordingly, and commands all the respect the position is entitled to. The result is that there are no vacancies in the army, while there are over 200 candidates for positions. In the navy there are fifteen vacancies with no applications to fill them.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Claims of a Sanguine Aeronaut.

An Indiana aeronaut says that a balloon can be made to carry an elephant as easily as a mouse, 100 men as easily as one man. He proposes to construct a cylinder-shaped balloon 150 or 200 feet long, with which to make captive and free ascents. He is a believer in the theory that the north pole may be reached by a balloon, and in no other way. His plan for this project would be to employ a screw, operated by an engine to be carried in the car. By means of this screw the balloon's course could be controlled, as already demonstrated by French experiments.—Chicago Herald.

Two Seconds in a Century.

Said Professor Pritchett to a St. Louis reporter: "Yes, the days are getting longer—almost imperceptible, however, the extension being at the rate of two seconds in a century. This 'slow-up' on the part of the earth in its daily rotation is caused by the tides, which act as friction brakes upon the earth's axis, and thus decrease the earth's velocity. Two seconds in a hundred years is not much, but in the impenetrable future their effect will be felt."—Exchange.

Half a Million Is Enough.

The late William H. Vanderbilt is reported to have said not long before he died that "when a man makes \$500,000 he ought to be contented and settle down to enjoy himself. To own more than \$500,000 will make any man a slave."—Exchange.

A Map of the Moon's Surface.

There is no patch of the moon's visible surface half a mile square that is not accurately mapped, according to Professor Young, while the earth, contains immense tracts, and in Central Africa, which have never been surveyed.—Arkansas Traveler.

No fewer than 100,000 shade trees now make Washington glorious in fresh green and fragrant blossoms.

"St. Patrick's blue" is a new tint worn by Whig girls in England.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DRAWER.

Old Stories Revamped and Warranted as Good as New.

A student of "Squire" Farley, a distinguished lawyer of Groton, Mass., says to the squire one day, "I cannot understand how circumstantial evidence can be stronger than positive testimony."

"I will illustrate it," said the squire. "My milkman brings me a can of milk, and says, 'Squire, I know that is pure milk, for I milked it from the cow, washed the can thoroughly, strained it into the can, and nobody else has handled it.' Now when I take the stopper from the can out leaps a bull-frog. Surely the frog is stronger evidence than the man."

A circus was expected at the little village of O—, and the inhabitants were as wildly excited over the event as the inhabitants of small towns usually are. The colored population were particularly enthusiastic, but their preacher, the Rev. Peter Jefferson, was loud in his exhortations against it. He went so far as to threaten to expel any of his congregation who dared spend their money in so sinful a way. Strange to relate, when the eventful night arrived the most conspicuous person there was the violent parson.

"Why, Uncle Pete, what are you doing here?" quipped one of his white friends.

"Law! Marse Henry, I hates it mightily, sah. But I's de shepherd, and I's 'bliged to look arter my flock. I got my eye on ebery one ob dese onchristian, pop-eyed niggers, and you see if I don't make 'em smell fire and brimstone on Sunday."

A gentleman in a Louisiana town had a gas machine put up in his house and found that his old colored gardener was still burning a coal oil lamp. He reproved him for it, and told him that in the future he did not wish anything but the gas used on his premises. One night, having occasion to go to the servant's department, Mr. Hunter came upon Uncle Eli solemnly playing on his "orgueum" by the light of the veritable lamp which had been forbidden. Provoked at the old man's obstinacy, Mr. H. asked him if he had any particular reason for disobeying the laws of his household, to which he replied: "Marse George, 'tain't no us for yer ter ax me ter use them air newfangled things, 'cause I jes ain't gwine ter do it. 'Tother night I on-screwed de top ob de burner fer ter pull up de wick, an' fo' mor'n in I war most dead wid de smoke. 'Tain't Christian, Marse George—'tain't Christian doings. I screwed dat top on dat burner, and yer don't ketch dis here nigger foolin' wid lamps widout no wicks." Fortunately it was midsummer, and both window and door were left open, or the old darkey would have been a victim to asphyxia.—Harper's Monthly.

There Are No Homely Girls.

It is painful to see esteemed contemporaries falling into error; and yet they do, and force us to play the Good Samaritan and drag them out. Here is The New York Tribune on record in a paragraph that disparages pretty girls because of their propensity to make trouble—poisonings, elopements and such—and cracks up the "plain girl" who "never figures in scandals or tragedies; and, although she may be homely enough to stop a clock, she is never heard of as breaking her father's or her husband's heart."

In the same spirit is the advice of The Boston Transcript, which says: "Do not fall in love with a pretty face, my son. Marry a homely woman if you would be happy." How homely woman if you would be happy? It is that adult and experienced journals like The Tribune and The Transcript have not learned that there are no homely women! It ought not to be necessary for us to remind them that beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, and that the beholder who cannot discern it is either defective in his scrutiny or handicapped with an ocular apparatus that lacks some important lenses. The Tribune never made blunders of this sort while Dr. Greeley was alive.—Life.

He Gave It Away, However.

"Madam," he said, after a long survey of a flower stand at the Central Market yesterday, "could you recommend me something to place on my wife's grave?" "I think so," she answered, as she looked him over. "How long has she been dead?" "Six years." "Married again?" "What is that to you?" "Oh, you needn't be so cranky about it. I've dealt in cemetery flowers for the last fifteen years, and I know about how things work. If you are still a widower you want about \$4 worth of flowers and a border of moss. If you are married again you'll pick out a twenty-five cent rose bush, beat me down to fifteen cents, and send it to the cemetery by a car driver."

He pretended to be very indignant, and went to the other end of the market and bought two feeble-looking pinks for seven cents apiece.—Detroit Free Press.

The Wonders of Phrenology.

Enormous power of concentration. Creative faculties abnormally developed. Great fondness for science and the arts, together with unusual force of— Cries from the rear of hall: Oh, come off!— Life.

Why Was She Silent?

At the tea table: Phasieus—My dear, I have a suggestion to offer. Lavinia—Well, what is it, pray? Phasieus—It is that we have these biscuits adorned with painted decorations of Japanese design, apply for a copyright and get some wholesale stationer down town to introduce them to the trade as Mikado paper weights. What do you say? But she was silent.—Detroit Free Press.

This Joke Always Blooms in the Spring.

The Nerrittstown Herald is cast down because Mother Eve, the first woman to engage in the fruit business, did not raise as much as the California woman who earns \$4,000 a year from her trees. Whatever she may have done in the fruit line, she, at all events, succeeded in raising Cain.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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