STAMPEDING STEERS.

A Drove of Long-Horned Texas Cattle Create a Panic in New Orleans.

[N. O. Times-Democrat.]

A drove of Texas steers owned by Mr. R. M. Flautt, stampeded yesterday morning at the head of Enghein street. The drovers tried to get them in line again, but were unsuccessful, and the wild beasts ran a muck, frighting women and children almost to death and creating intense excitement. They dashed through the streets at a terrific pace, followed by hundreds of people, who by their shouts maddened the animals to such an extent that they became extremely dangerous, and the wonder is that some fatal accidents did not result. Finally the steers separated, and the chase was continued by citizens, drivers and police. One of the vicious beasts ran up Chartres street, and at the corner of St. Louis, Mr. C. Westerser attempted to check its flight by waving his hands aloft. Mr. Westerser was not acquainted with the peculiarities of the Texas steer, and the animal, true to its instincts, made a dash straight for him, and before he could get out of the way, tossed him

HIGH IN THE AIR.

He fell to the street bruised and bleeding and the steer ran on as if nothing remarkable had happened. Dr. Hava attended the wounded man and pronounced his injuries serious but not fatal. Another one of the steers ran up to Royal street, and at the corner of St. Louis Mr. Mathew Hartman threw himself into the breach. Mr. Hartman had probably seen steers downed by cow boys and he conceived the idea that it was an easy task to catch the steer by the horns, give them a twist and throw the animal to the ground. He found out his mistake, however, and in about two seconds he went flying through space. Fortunately he was not seriously injured.

The police of the third precinct, although not up in the science of beef catching, did their best and brought their pistols into requisition, slaughtering one of the steers at the sugar sheds. With the assistance of numerous citizens they tied up the other steer at the corner of Royal and St. Philip streets, and thus was the third precinct freed of the wild animals.

In the meantime the rest of the drove had crossed Canal street, making their way into the first precinct. Mr. John White, who was standing at the corner of Union and St. Charles streets, was not active enough to avoid one of the animals, and he was picked up and thrown into the air. Strange to say he was only slightly injured. Turning toward the woods the steers continued their mad flight, and at the corner of Gasquet and Franklin streets one of them was killed by Mr. J. Keller, who cut its throat with a large knife after it had been roped by some citizens.

Two of the animals

MADE A DESPERATE STAND

at the corner of Common and Pampart streets, and gave the police and citizens a game fight. Officer Hawkins, on duty in that vicinity, placed himself directly in front of one of the steers, a magnificent, brave looking brute, and taking deliberate aim with his pistol, fired. The bullet took effect just over the steer's left eye, and it fell to its knees with a bellow which struck terror to the souls of the spectators. For an instant it remained in that position, but for an instant only, and then springing to its feet with an agility wonderful in an animal of its size, it made a dash at Hawkins, forcing him to retreat. Officer Davis at this stage of the fight fired and struck the steer in the flank, but the wound only seemed to madden him the more, and it charged on everything in sight. Citizens and policemen made for shelter, but soon renewed the attack, and the steer was finally driven into a stable, where it stood defiantly watching its pursuers. Some twenty shots were fired into the animal's body before it fell, and even when it did, it fought so gallantly with its feet and horns that it was dangerous to approach within range.

Another steer also made a good fight at the same corner, and was fired on by the police officers, who had been reinforced by Officer Gibson and hundreds of citizens.

A BULLET FROM A PISTOL

crippled this steer's forelegs, and it was secured by citizen Ernest Byer.

At the corner of Liberty and Poydras streets Officer Hormle had an engagement with one of the wild animals, and dropped it with a well-directed pistol shot. Two of the steers, which had so far escaped injury, were overtaken at Martin's saw-mill on the New Basin by stock drivers and driven to the slaughter-house. Another one was caught at the corner of Gravier and Tchoupitoulas streets and secured with ropes. Two of the steers made their way to the Claiborne Green, and and gave the denizens of that quiet locality an opportunity to display their ability as cowboys. At the corner of Claiborne and Gravier streets they were overhauled and lassoed. When they had been they were yoked together and tied. They managed, however, to get free and started down the street again at a run, but being yoked were unable to do any mischief, and were again captured and thrown.

A small boy on Roman, near Bienville street, tried to emulate the example set by the police and made an effort to stop one of the steers, which had made its way to that locality, but was, of course, unsuccessful, and got knocked out for his pains. With a boy's good luck he escaped injury. The steer, after giving this exhibition of its viciousness, continued on its wild race, but its doom was sealed, and before it had proceeded one hundred yards another young American threw a brick with good aim, and striking the steer

BETWEEN THE HORNS,

knocked it down. The citizens thereupon dispatched the fallen animal in short order. After the excitement had somewhat subsided the police impounded two of the steers, and the others were taken care of by the employes of the slaughter house company. Thousands of people were on the street during the stampede, and it does seem remarkable that some of them were not fatally hurt, either by the wild steers or the bullets from the pistols fired by officers and citizens. Whatever a steer made a stand numerous people congregated, and women and children let their curiosity get the the best of their judgment and went foolishly near the beast. It is stated that one or two mules and two horses were gored, but fortunately not seriously injured.

It is estimated there were not over twenty steers in the stampede, yet they scattered over the city so quickly, and doubled up on their track so often, that one would have thought that there were hundreds of the wild creatures at large.

A LONG-LOST BROTHER

Found After an Absence of Thirty-Five Years.

Mt. Vernon, Ill., August 21.—The absorbing topic of conversation in this city at the present time is the solving of a mysterious disappearance, which occurred thirty-five years since, the history of which briefly is as follows: In the spring of 1848 Thomas M. Casey and John M. Watters left Mt. Vernon with a drove of horses and mules for the Southern markets. Watters remarked to a lady friend as he mounted a horse and rode off, that she "would never see him again until he was a rich man." The lady took it as a joke. He was but twenty-four years old then, and all he owned was five horses, which were a part of the drove taken South. The stock was readily sold to the planters, and young Watters, to the surprise of Casey when the latter was ready to return home, declared that he would not accompany him. Mr. Casey left Watters at some point in Louisiana, and that was the last known of him, his friends and relatives long since believing him to be dead. On the 19th inst., however, the sheriff of this county received a letter which cleared up the mystery and brought joy to more than one household. It was a letter of inquiry as to the whereabouts of Henry Watters, and other persons well known here, the writing stating some of the particulars recited above and establishing the fact that he was the long-mourned and only brother of Henry Watters. He stated that after Mr. Casey came North on the return trip in '48, he (John M. Watters) went to Mexico, where he spent seven years. Returning to Texas, he remained there ten years, when he traveled into Louisiana and purchased a sugar plantation near Pattersonville, where he now resides, a bachelor, in good health and circumstances at the age of 59. Henry Watters is known and respected throughout this county as a sober, intelligent and reliable gentleman in every respect, and is at present an employe of the L. & N. shops in this city. He served throughout the war in the gallant 60th Illinois volunteers, and used his utmost endeavors through those long and tedious years to get the remotest tidings of the long-lost brother.

AN ÆROSTATIC CRANK.

A Pennsylvanian Proposes to Fly Through Space Suspended from the Handle of an Umbrella.

Bradford, Pa., August 20.—The Kinzue viaduct, eighteen miles from Bradford, on the line of the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad, is the highest bridge in the world. The structure, which is entirely of iron, is 2,052 feet long and the height of the rail above the bed of the stream, which looks like a silver thread below, is 301 feet. A drug clerk in this city, Julius Behling, is making a series of experiments, which, if successfully carried out, will surely give him a niche in the temple of fame. Mr. Behling procured a strong umbrella with bamboo ribs, and one night in July mounted the rail of a bridge, and, opening his umbrella, stepped off into space. The distance to the water was perhaps fifteen feet. He went down easily and landed in about three feet of water. He then made up his mind to startle the world by jumping off the great Kinzua viaduct. On Wednesday last he went to the bridge with an excursion party, and, stationing himself on the structure at its highest point tremblingly opened a cotton umbrella. There was no breeze. Behling carefully adjusted the umbrella and let it drop. It did not capsize, but when half way down it started off in a southerly course, and was soon lost to sight in the dense forest which skirts the valley. The next day Behling robbed his neighbor of a tom-cat, which he carefully stowed away in a bag and took to the big bridge. The cat was fastened to the handle of a strong umbrella and was sent on a trip from the top of the bridge. The weight of the animal acted as a balance and it and the umbrella went down slowly and landed without injury. Behling proposes to construct a large and extra strong umbrella, and unless the authorities prevent will go to the top of the big bridge, open the umbrella and jump off.

POLITICS WAX HOT IN IOWA.

Governor Sherman Denounced by General Weaver for Truckling to the Saloon-Keeping Interest.

Des Moines, August 20.—General James B. Weaver, Greenback candidate for governor, opened the campaign this evening to a packed house. The General is a pronounced Prohibitionist and at one time during the amendment campaign was the Prohibitionist candidate for governor. The feeling against Gov. Sherman for refusing to call an extra session to enact laws for the enforcement of the amendment is so intense that such life-long temperance men as the Hon. J. A. Harvey, Judge Nouse and others equally prominent, denounced Sherman as a coward and avowed their intention to beat him if nominated. The speaker spoke principally on this issue, and arraigned the Republican party for its insincerity on this issue. He quoted from the public records to show that Governor Sherman had remitted the taxes of prominent saloon-keepers in this city and Ottumwa to the amount of several thousand dollars for the sole reason that they had voted the Republican ticket. The speech throughout was a scathing rebuke of the Republican party, avowing that their only purpose was to save Senator Allison, whisky or no whisky. He spoke for several hours, and was at intervals uproariously applauded, especially when he read from the state reports that Governor Gear had remitted a fine of an Ottumwa saloon-keeper on the recommendation of J. S. Clarkson and J. S. Runnells. He declared that if he lived the whole state should know what hypocrites the Republican bosses were. The campaign has opened for good, and politics are at a white heat.

All kinds of keys are fitted and locks repaired at Anderson's Gun Store.

Charles Imbleau, employed by a surveying party in Northern Montana, was dismissed when in the field and given imperfect directions as to the route to the nearest town. With six biscuits and a pound of bacon he set out on his journey. Nothing further was heard from him until three weeks had elapsed, when he was found in a starving condition and almost destitute of clothes many miles from a settlement. He had subsisted on grasshoppers, prickly pears and young birds taken from nests.

Mr. Armstrong of Atlanta, Georgia, has discovered on one of the window panes in his residence a well-defined and clear-cut photograph of an apple tree. Not only the body and branches of the tree, which is growing in the garden a few feet away, are imprinted on the glass, but also the leaves and green fruit. As the picture which can not be erased, was not observed until after a recent thunderstorm, the impression prevails that it was etched on the glass by a flash of lightning.

Cheap Column.

TRY IT.

FIVE CENTS A LINE.

DO YOU WANT TO SELL ANYTHING?

DO YOU WANT TO BUY ANYTHING?

DO YOU WANT A SITUATION?

DO YOU WANT HELP OF ANY KIND?

DO YOU WANT BOARDERS?

DO YOU WANT BOARDING?

D WANT A ROOM?

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?

HAVE YOU LOST ANYTHING?

HAVE YOU FOUND ANYTHING?

ADVERTISE IN OUR

CHEAP COLUMN.

ONLY

FIVE CENTS A LINE.