RICHLAND BEACON.

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WILEY P. MANGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

T. J. MANGHAM, Associate Editor & Publisher.

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The Richland Beacon.

"LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM."

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RICHLAND BEACON

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TODD & BRIGHAM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bastrop, Louisiana,

Practice in the courts of the parishes of Morehouse, Ouachita and Richland, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe, La.
January 1st, 1876.–1y.

FRED. G. HUDSON,
Attorney at Law,
Rayville, Louisiana.

Special attention given to collections in the Parish of Richland. Will practice in the Parish and District Courts of Richland Parish and in the Supreme Court at Monroe.
November 37th, 1875.–6ms.

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ATTORNEYS,
MONROE, LA.,

Will practice in all the State Courts in North Louisiana, and in the Federal Courts in New Orleans. Jan. 22, 1876.–1y.

DR. D. R. PETTIT,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office corner of Bennedette and Julia streets
Rayville, La.,

Where I will always be found when not professionally engaged. Orders left on my slate will receive prompt attention.

Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to me, I will continue to practice my profession in all its branches. Special attention given to chronic diseases.
July 8, no28-1y.

D. W. LAMKIN & CO.,
COTTON FACTORS,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
VICKSBURG, MISS.

☞All orders for goods of any kind will be promptly filled. We will make liberal consignments of Cotton. Office at

LAMKIN & EGGLESTON'S.

October 7, 1876. 1yr.

LAMKIN & EGGLESTON,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
—DEALERS IN—
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS
AND LIQUORS,
Corner Crawford and Levee Streets,
VICKSBURG, MISS.

October 7, 1876. 1yr.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS

Agents wanted everywhere, male or female. Address, *DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N.J*

SHEEP—CATTLE.—I WISH TO PURchase some sheep—also cattle—either or both—provided I can get them cheap. Give number, description and price.
Address G. C. WADDILL,
1m. Waverly, V. S. & T. R. R. La.

REGULAR NEW ORLEANS AND BOEUF RIVER
Through Packet.
The light draft Passenger Steamer,
Era No. 10,
T. L. TAYLOR, Master,

will commence her *Regular 10 day Trips*, through to PORT JEFFERSON, as soon as there is sufficient water in Bœuf river, and continue to make her *regular trips* during the *entire season*, affording shippers a *reliable through Boat*. Particular attention given to way and plantation business. Dec. 2, 1876.–2m.

A VALUABLE
LITTLE FARM FOR SALE,

3½ miles this side of Alto; 60 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation; 120 acres in the tract—one of the most desirable places in North Louisiana. Possession given Dec. 25th, 1876. Will be sold cheap for cash.
For further particulars, inquire of
WILEY P. MANGHAM,
feb. 12, 1876–tf. Rayville, La.

MONROE HOUSE,
JACKSON ST., MONROE, LA.

A FIRST-CLASS boarding house in the central portion of the city, is open to the public at the most reasonable rates by the day, week or month.
D. B. TROUSDALE,
Feb. 6, 1876.–1y. Proprietor.

REMEMBER Your Promise.

All those indebted to me are hereby notified to come forward and pay their accounts and save cost of suit. I have received a supply of medicines, and will devote my entire time and attention to the practice of my profession.
D. R. PETTIT, M. D.
Rayville, La., Dec. 16, 1876.–tf.

W. W. FARMER,
Attorney at Law,
Will practice at Rayville, La.
Jan. 20, 1877–1y.

BEATTY'S CELEBRATED
GOLDEN TONGUE

Parlor Organs are highly recommended by Prof. O. H. Hanger, Rev. A. M. Jelly, Baltimore, Md; Prof. John B. Rowland, Rev. S. Domer, Washington, D. C.; G. S. Dysart, Bloomfield, Iowa; G. W Robinson, Prof. Johnston, Philadelphia, and thousands of others as the best in use. Send stamp for extended list of testimony before buying a parlor organ. Agents wanted everywhere. Address, *DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington N. J.*

A SONG OF PEACE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The grass is green on Bunker Hill,
The water sweet in Brandywine;
The sword sleeps in the scabbard still,
The farmer keeps his flocks and vine;
Then, who would mar the scene to-day,
With vaunt of battle-field or fray?

The brave corn lifts in regiments
Ten thousand sabres in the sun;
The ricks replace the battle tents,
The bannered tassels toss and run.
The neighing steed, the bugle's blast,
These be but stories of the past.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,
The cannons plow the field no more;
The heroes rest! Oh, let them rest,
In peace along the peaceful shore!
They fought for peace, for peace they fell,
They sleep in peace, and all is well.

The fields forget the battles fought,
The trenches wave in golden grain;
Shall we neglect the lesson taught
And tear the wounds agape again?
Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land
And heal her wounds with gentle hand.

Lo! peace on earth. Lo! flock and fold,
Lo! rich abundance, fat increase,
And valleys clad in sheen of gold,
Oh, rise and sing a song of peace!
For Theseus roams the land no more
And Janus rests with rusted door.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

In the autumn of 1817, while the woods were bright with the variegated hues which follow the light touches of early frost, a mounted traveller was pursuing his way through a dark, broad, lonely forest, in the western part of New York. He had ridden three miles since seeing a human habitation, and he had yet two to go before he could get sight of another. He was descending a hill into a gloomy looking valley, through which flowed a shallow but swift-running stream; and on reaching the water he permitted his thirsty beast to stop and drink.

At that moment a man came out from a cluster of bushes into the road, or horse path, on the other side of the stream. This man was dressed like a hunter, and carried a rifle on his shoulder. In his appearance there was nothing that indicated hostility or a wicked design. He was of intellectual features and a certain air of gentility—seeming rather as one abroad from some settlement for a day's sport than a professional hunter. All this the mounted traveler carefully noted as he crossed the stream to continue his journey, and when they came together a pleasant salutation was exchanged.

"Fine weather for traveling, sir!" replied the man with the gun.

"And for hunting, also, I should suppose," smiled the other on the horse.

"Yes, there is game enough," returned the other, "but I am not a good hunter, and can only show one bear, for my day's work thus far, and that is almost useless to me, because I have no means to take it away. I would willingly give a dollar for the use of a horse like yours for a couple of hours. If you could spare five minutes or so I would like you to see the bear, it is only back behind the bushes, some two hundred yards from here."

"I will not only look at it," replied the traveler, dismounting and fastening his horse, "but if not too heavy I will take it along for you, seeing I am going your way."

The hunter thanked him in a most cordial manner, and then, as if to make himself agreeable and keeping up the conversation, inquired where the other was from, whither journeying, and so forth; and learned in reply that the latter resided in Albany; was a merchant in good business and was traveling partly for his health and partly with a view of making an extensive land purchase for future speculation.

"Well, here we are," exclaimed the hunter, as the two emerged from the dense thicket, through which they had slowly forced their way into the open wood; "and now I will show you as fine and fat a beast as you ever saw. Observe where I point my rifle."

He stepped back some eight or ten feet, deliberately raised the piece to his eye and pointed the muzzle directly at the head of the traveller. There was a flash, a loud report, and the victim fell like a log, his face covered with blood.

This might or might not have been the first crime committed by the man with the rifle. But as the traveller fell the rifle slipped from his hand, and he shook violently from head to foot; yet he ran to his victim and hurriedly robbed him of his purse, pocket-book, a gold watch and chain, some curious seals, a diamond breast-pin and a diamond ring, which he fairly tore from his finger. Then he dragged his body into the thicket, picked up his rifle, plunged madly through the bushes to the road, mounted the traveller's horse, and dashed away from the awful scene.

We must now suppose a lapse of twenty years.

In the spring of 1837 there lived in the city of New York a banker and millionaire whom we shall call Stephen Edwards. He owned a palatial mansion, splendidly furnished, in the very heart of the town, and he and his wife were among the leaders of the fashionable world. They had a beautiful daughter, just turned to sweet sixteen, who was about to be married to a foreign nobleman, and great preparations were making for the happy event.

One day about this period, as the great banker was conversing with a gentleman from another city, who called to see him on business, he observed the latter turn suddenly very pale and begin to tremble.

"My dear sir," he said in his usual tone of off-hand sympathy, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"A little faint, sir, but nothing to cause alarm," replied the other hurriedly. "I am subject to similar spells. If you would be kind enough to excuse me for ten minutes or so, I will take a short walk and return in better condition."

In ten minutes he did return, reporting himself quite well, calmly proceeded to finish his business with the banker, and then respectfully took his leave.

It was perhaps a week after this that, one night, the banker was sitting before the fire in his library, when a servant came in and presented him a letter. He took it with a yawn, opened it in a most indolent and indifferent manner possible, but had not read a dozen words before he came up with a start, turned pale, and trembled so that the paper rattled. He finished the note—for it was rather a note than a letter—worked one hand nervously at his throat, and with the other clasped his forehead and temples. For a minute or two he seemed to have choked into calmness, by an iron will, some terrible emotions, and he so far succeeded as to address the waiting servant in an ordinary tone

"James," he said, "who gave you this letter?"

"A man, sir, as said he would wait for an answer."

"Then I suppose he is waiting?"

"Yes, sir"

"Show him in."

Soon there was a light tap at the door, and the banker said "come in" in an ordinary tone.

The servant opened the door, ushered in the stranger and immediately withdrew. The latter was verging on sixty, of rough appearance and coarse attire. He wore an old grey overcoat buttoned to the throat, and a pair of green goggles, and his whole dress was saturated with rain.

"Take a seat," said the banker, pointing to a chair near the fire.

"No, thank you, I'll stand," was the gruff reply. "You got my letter, and of course you know my business," he added.

"You allude to this, I suppose," returned the banker, producing the letter that had caused him so much perturbation.

"Yes."

"I do not understand it; you must have made a mistake."

"No; no mistake at all. I was present twenty years ago, come the 10th of October, and saw you, Stephen Edwards, shoot the man, and if you go to deny it I'll have you in prison before morning. I have laid my plans and got everything sure, and if you go to playing innocent and refusing my terms I'll take care to see that you die stretching hemp"

The banker, in spite of himself, turned pale, shuddered and staggered to a seat.

"What do you want?" he groaned.

"A hundred thousand dollars—not one cent less."

"I cannot give it—it would ruin me."

"Just as you say," rejoined the other, moving toward the door. "You know what will follow if I go this way."

"Oh, stay, you must not go yet," cried the man of crime, in terrible alarm.

He argued, urged, pleaded, implored for mercy at a less fearful cost. In vain. At last the banker—seeing ruin, disgrace, and death before him if he refused—agreed to the terms. He also agreed to meet the stranger, with the required sum, on the following night in front of St. Paul's Church. Both were punctual to the fixed time, and bills and checks to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars changed hands

A month later there was a tremendous run upon the bank of which Stephen Edwards was principal owner. It was soon broken and closed. Then the sheriff was set to work by eager creditors, and all the real estate and personal property of the late millionaire was seized and sold, leaving him a beggar and the just claims unsatisfied. Fashionable friends deserted the family and the proud nobleman refused the hand of a ruined banker's daughter.

In the very midst of this disgrace and tribulation Stephen Edwards encountered the man who had turned so pale and become so agitated in his presence a short time before.

"I rather think you do not know me, sir," said the gentleman, with a formal bow.

"Your face seems somewhat familiar, but yet I cannot place you," returned Edwards.

"Permit me to bring myself to your recollection, then, as I wish you to know me. A little more than six weeks ago I was talking to you on business, and you observed that I turned deadly pale, and became agitated?"

"Ah, yes, I remember you now."

"Let me tell you why I was thus affected. My eyes had just chanced upon a curious watch seal which had belonged to a merchant named Phillip Sidney, who was shot in the western part of the State, some twenty years ago, and, looking at your features closely, I knew you to be the villain who had perpetrated the foul deed."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the banker, with a blanched face and quaking form.

"Yes, I knew you," pursued the other, "and a week later I disguised myself and had an interview with you in your mansion. You remember that, of course?"

"But," gasped the trembling wretch, "did I not pay you your own price to keep my fatal secret?"

"Yes, and with that very money and what other I could command I was enabled to buy up enough of your own bills to make that ran upon your bank which broke it and forced ruin upon you."

"And what would you, now that I am ruined?" inquired the other with the deadly calmness of desperation.

"Now that I have had my revenge, I want you to know that I myself am the man you attempted to murder and did rob. I am Philip Sidney. Behold the scar where the ball struck and glanced," and he lifted his hat and showed it.

"God be praised!" ejaculated the other. "God be praised that you are still living!" and unable to restrain his emotion he bust into tears. "Oh, sir," he continued, "you have taken a load off my conscience—a weight from my soul. Though poverty, disgrace and death are staring me in the face, I am happy in the knowledge that I am not guilty of murder—happier than I have been for twenty years with all the luxurious surroundings of wealth. It was my first and last crime, and I have never been able to tell how I was tempted on that fearful occasion. Now, sir, do with me as you will—only, I pray you, be merciful to my innocent family."

"I forgive you," returned the other, extending his hand. "I forgive you. You have been fearfully punished already. And as God has seen proper to preserve us both together, let us hope it is for our present and future salvation, and let us endeavor so to live as to deserve the blessings we receive. I will restore you enough to place you and your family above want; and for the rest, I trust we shall both remember we shall soon have to render an account of our stewardship in another world."

Philip Sidney kept his word, and with a fresh start in the world, and now an easy conscience, the still enterprising Stephen Edwards accumulated another respectable fortune, much of which he spent in charity.

Philip Sidney died in 1848, and Stephen Edwards in 1851.

Is not truth indeed strange—stranger than fiction?

A Father's Law for Matrimony.

"Brown, I don't know how it is that your girls all marry off as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry."

"Oh, that's simple enough; I marry my girls off on the buckwheat straw principle."

"But what is that principle? I never heard of it before."

"Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely, and built a high rail fence around it. My cattle, of course, concluded that it was something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I dogged them away, and put up the fence a few times, but the more I drove them away the more anxious they became to eat the straw, and eat it they did, every bit of it. As I said, I marry my girls off on the same principle When a young man that I don't like begins calling on my girls I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often and stay as late as he pleases, and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they'd better set their caps for him. It works first rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow that I like comes around—a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law—I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted around my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works first-rate. The young folks begin to pity each other, and next thing I know they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry I always give in and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it."—*Dubuque Telegraph.*

A very novel and at the same time interesting experiment, according to the Lockport (N. Y.) papers, is soon to be attempted by Mr. Holly, the successful water-works pump inventor. This experiment is to beat the whole city with steam, after the same manner as it is lighted with gas. Mains are to run to the different houses, and all the occupant has to do is to turn on a faucet and obtain all the heat he wants.

We hear that an alligator fourteen feet long hangs around a Florida hotel in hopes to take in a Boston woman who went there in December with six marriageable daughters and an orphan niece.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Diversified Farming.

Every farmer who has practiced a diversified farming the present year, has reason to congratulate himself upon having done so. It has contributed not only to the independence and comfort of his entire household, but has enabled him to learn an important lesson in comparing his condition with that of those who have adhered to the crop system. Profit, then, farmers, by this lesson, and plant wheat and oats this fall sufficiently for all farm purposes—not only enough for immediate family use, but for all the laborers that may be necessary to work your farm. There certainly can be no such thing as farming with profit until the farm is able to feed itself, and from its own production. Labor cannot and will not be regulated and rendered profitable until the laborers are fed from the sources of the farm they work. There is something fascinating to the laborer in the appearance of a full corn-crib and hay and fodder stacks and the fragrant odor of a well-filled smoke-house, as well as the beauty of sleek work-stock. There is also a peculiar charm in flour bread to the laborer, and the prospect of full stomachs and fat living will secure help and retain it when nothing else will. We therefore urge our readers to look to these things, and see to it that they do not fail to provide bountifully of them. Something has to be done to improve conditions, and we know of no more sure way than that indicated, coupled with the avoidance of all unnecessary and foolish expenditures.—Cotton is opening faster than we have known it for years, and with proper energy and industry it can be harvested and put upon the market by the 10th or 15th of November. If this is accomplished, ample time will be secured for improvements, for fall planting and preparations for next year.—Will you move upon this new line, farmers? We hope you will.—*Rural Gentleman.*

Mastering Vicious Horses.

Yesterday afternoon an exhibition was given at the corner of Ninth and Howard streets of a new and very simple method of taming vicious horses, which is claimed to be superior to any in use. The first trial was with a kicking or bucking mare which, her owner says, has allowed no rider on her back for five years. She became tame and gentle in as many minutes, and allowed herself to be ridden about without a sign of her former wildness. The means by which this result was accomplished consists of a piece of light rope, which is passed around the front jaw of the mare, just above the upper teeth, crossed in her mouth, and then secured back of her neck. It is claimed that no horse will kick or jump when thus secured, and that a bucking horse after receiving this treatment a few times will abandon his vicious ways forever. A very simple method was also shown by which a kicking horse can be shod. It consists in connecting the animal's head and tail by means of a rope fastened to the tail and then to the bit, and drawn tightly enough to incline the horse's head to one side. It is claimed that it is absolutely impossible for the horse to kick on the side of the rope. At the trial yesterday a horse which for years had to be bound on the ground to be shod, suffered the blacksmith to operate upon him without attempting to kick while secured in the manner described.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Lucy Hooper writes concerning French marriages as follows: "A French fashionable wedding is a woefully unromantic spectacle. At home the sight of the veil and orange-blossom wreath stirs even the coldest heart into interest and good wishes for the young couple. Here it is merely a business contract that is receiving its final clause, in the midst of white satin, flowers and lace—it is money buying a title, or a landed estate that is being joined to a settled income, or something of that nature There has been no question of wooing and winning, of blushes and shy consent, of sweet maiden kisses and stolen hand-claspings and all the other adorable foolishness of pure permitted, happy love. The two families made the match and the lawyers settled the details of the contract, and here is the closing formula of the transaction—a girl is to be handed over to a man whom she does not know and does not love, and who neither knows nor cares for her."

Burned to Death in Chains.

The Talladega (Ala.) Reporter says: On the Cameron place, eight or ten days ago, an insane negro boy had been chained by his father in a corner near the fireplace, where he might be comfortable. The father left the house, two small nego children remaining in the house with the crazy boy. The father had provided a good pile of fuel to keep the fire up. The crazy boy, as soon as the father had gone, piled all the wood left on the fire, making an intense heat, which set fire to and consumed the house and burned him to death. The other two children escaped.

A CANADA ROMANCE.

Curious Case of Mistaken Identity.

[From the St. John Telegraph.]

One of the most singular cases of mistaken identity ever brought to light in Canada has just taken place at Ottawa. On the afternoon of the 29th of September last, a dying man was found by a farmer living at Edwardsburg, lying on the roadside, about seven miles from Prescott. The farmer brought him to the latter place where he died, evidently from sheer starvation, having been lying around the country side without any visible means of support for several days. An inquest having been held, a verdict was rendered in accordance with the facts, and he was buried at the public expense. Meanwhile, the prevailing opinion was that the unfortunate man had been a resident of Ottawa, and many people there who had friends from home, they knew not where located, grew anxious, and compared the description given of the deceased with that of him on whose account they were so anxious.

Now Mrs Hughes, who resides on Nicholas street, between Rideau and St. Paul, in that city, had a husband who left the city in July, 1875, that is to say, fourteen months before the sad event, but she was morally certain, from the description given in the papers, that it was her husband who had been buried in Prescott. Acting on her apprehensions, she started for that town on the fifth day after the burial, and, after very great difficulty, succeeded in having the grave opened, the lid of the coffin taken off, and the body exhumed. It was a disagreeable task, and Mrs. Hughes was requested several times to desist and rest satisfied with the description that had been given in the Ottawa Times, but she persevered.

At length everything was ready for inspection, and she found that so far as the state of the body would permit, every mark corresponded, even to the most minute particular, with those she knew to have been on her husband. The height and apparent age corresponded in a marked degree, and as Hughes had served in the 10th Regiment of Foot, Mrs. Hughes brought his discharge with her, and the description of his person therein given exactly corresponded with the body lying before them when in life. Such was the opinion of all present at the examination. To add to the proof of the identity she mentioned before the coffin was opened all these particulars, and in addition that her husband wore a long black coat, which, on inspection, proved to be the case. Thoroughly satisfied that she was a widow in the land, the relict of Mr. Hughes had the body reinterred, and came back to Ottawa, where, acting on the advice of Major Buckley, she had affidavits prepared for her by Mr. J. J. Kehoe, embodying the facts of the case.

The days and weeks rolled on, and the first grief was beginning to wear off the edge of Mrs. Hughes' sorrow for her lost husband, when to her astonishment, amusement and delight, he, whom she thought she had seen buried under the earth, walked into her presence on Wednesday morning. We pass over the first transports of joy and the mutual explanations that ensued, merely remarking that Hughes was in profound ignorance of all that had happened, and had himself undergone strange reverses of fortune while away from Ottawa. He had two very pretty little girls, and when the elder saw him enter yesterday she exclaimed: "Ma, has papa come up out of the ground?" All the friends of James Hughes, except one, agreed with his wife that it was the body of her husband which was buried in Prescott, and that was his mother, who, by some strange instinct, could never be brought to believe it, though why she could not very well explain. Hughes had a very narrow escape from death during his sojourn on the other side He was one of the sufferers by the oil train taking fire in Pennsylvania, and causing the death of seven and the injury of about fifty He was taken to the hospital in a very bad state, and remained there three months, between life and death, but ultimately recovered. He is by no means like a dead man at present, nor even like one who has been dead. He is as hale and hearty as any man in the city of Ottawa.

Maintaining Law and Order.

Kellogg and Packard have had a good deal to say about the necessity of keeping the Republican party in power in Louisiana, "to maintain law and order." In three weeks of Kellogg's rule he pardoned sixty-nine convicts, thirteen of whom were murderers, five convicted of rape, two of assault with intent to kill, two of perjury, six of manslaughter, three of burglary, four of robbery and two of arsons. The citizens did their best to get these men punished, but Kellogg wanted them to help him keep the Republican party in power. This class of criminals have been the most active workers in behalf of the 'God-and humanity' hypocrites.—*Courier-Journal.*

Yes; and the Republican party is not only responsible for most of the lawlessness in this State on account of the immunity thus offered criminals, but because of its inability, from inherent weakness, to protect its citizens, who resort to other means of defense and protection than the laws, and because the government of the usurper has failed to command the confidence and respect of even its own supporters, much less the great majority of the voters of our State; and as it was with the Kellogg usurpation so it would be with the Packard concern.

One Bullet in the Brain and Another in the Heart.

The Waco Examiner says: A double murder was committed at Moorresville, in Falls county, eighteen miles from this city, on Friday afternoon last. A man named Tremble had been riding over the neighborhood armed with revolvers and making threats. A warrant was issued for his arrest and placed in hands of Mr. Hucleave, constable of precinct No. 4. Mr. Hucleave, accompanied by a young man named Robert Ollinger, attempted to execute the warrant. Coming upon their man at Moorresville, they demanded a surrender, but instead of giving himself up, the desperado drew a revolver, quick as lightning, and sent a ball crashing through the brain of young Ollinger, who fell dead on the spot, and, wheeling, he fired a second shot, which pierced Hucleave's heart, killing him instantly. The desperado mounted a horse and fled. A large party of men immediately started in pursuit, and arrested the fugitive.

Seventy-five thousand pounds of pecans were bought by one firm before December 1, in the Indian Territory. The Indian families camp out during the mild autumn weather and harvest this crop.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 22d, 1877.

A dispatch from Florida last night gave the particulars of a new count of the electoral vote, under a law just passed by the Legislature of the State. The count showed Tilden to have a majority of ninety four. While this count comes nearer to the truth than any before had, there are complications around the question which makes it doubtful if even this tells the whole truth. I can only repeat here that every fresh investigation in that state and in Louisiana, has shown more and more plainly that the states cast a majority of votes for Mr. Tilden, and that, as far as the Democrats are concerned, the elections were as fair as they were peaceful. That large numbers of negroes voted the democratic ticket and that others were prevented by negro violence from doing so, is becoming as plain as that Vermont gave a republican majority. The whole power, of the Government, controlled by unscrupulous men, was used to conceal these facts, and to make the contrary appear the truth.

It is not too much to say that the electoral plan, agreed upon in committee and presented to the House and Senate gains strength every day. Fault is justly found with it in some respects, but beyond question its most bitter enemies are Republicans. Their argument is plain. They have the present administration, they have the President of the Senate, and he will declare Hayes elected on the 14th of February, if this proposed plan is not agreed upon; thus they will have the formal, official declaration in their favor, and the control of the army and navy for three weeks thereafter, and this power will be surrendered on the 4th of March by Grant to Hayes. To support them after that vote, they have, besides material force, the reverence ever felt by Americans for authority and a universal desire for peace. Such argument as this is dishonest, to be sure, and unpatriotic, and leaves out wholly the question as to who was fairly elected, but it nevertheless is what is heard from the bolder Republicans. Briefly stated, it is this: "We can declare Hayes elected, and Grant will back him up; and what are you going to do about it?" The fairer Republicans, of course, would acknowledge the dishonesty of such a course, but they would be powerless when the time for action came; and it is this more honorable portion of the party, I think, which favors this committee plan of leaving all disputes to be settled by a commission.

A dispatch from London says the proposal of a method of settlement has strengthened all classes of American securities.

All the telegrams sent by anybody from New York, about election time, are to be thrown before the world. This will bring out much interesting reading for both sides, no doubt, but probably nothing more damaging to Chandler—who was the man aimed at—than the messages already discovered. It is to be hoped that as soon as the election excitement is over Congress will put upon record a plain declaration as to the amount of privacy one may count on in sending telegrams. This is due to the business and social relations of the country which sustain the telegraph companies.

In the investigation of the President's kitchen editor yesterday the only mean things proved against him was that he had violated the confidence of a brother mason, who attempted privately to assist him in his present troubles.

There is considerable good feeling here over the election of Mr. Hoar in place of Mr. Boutwell. It isn't a pleasant thing to be sure of Hoar for the next six years, but it would be very unpleasant to know that Boutwell was to be with us that long.

There is a delegation here from Arizona, seeking the removal of one Tweed—it may or may not be Wm. M—who is Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of that Territory. The charges are drunkenness, favoritism and corruption. Knowing that little irregularities of that kind could not secure the Judge's removal by the Administration, a bill has been prepared and will be submitted to-morrow directing the judiciary committee to report articles of impeachments. PAN.

A Western newspaper has the following notice: "All notices of marriage, where no bride cake is sent, will be set up in small type and poked in an outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, the notice will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride favors are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends at the ceremony in person, and kisses the bride, it will have special notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be bagged, borrowed, or stolen."

There seems to be very little rest in this world. The weather has only just become cold enough for a man to be able to take a girl out to walk and pass an ice cream saloon with a sense of security, when they begin to hold church festivals at the rate of six a week, and unless he attends them all and buys a worsted tidy and a couple of bead lamp mats and takes four chances in an indigestible pound cake, he is generally regarded as a dangerous character with a tendency towards atheism.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

A Mississippi Murder.

In Pearl county, one day last week, there occurred a fearful tragedy. Mr. William Amacker had invited some of his friends to a frolic, among them Hugh and Henry Kennedy, and Jo. and Aph. Moody. During the festivities Hugh Kennedy and Jo Moody withdrew, for the purpose of settling a difficulty, and it resulted in a set-to, in which Kennedy was getting the better of his opponent, when Aph Moody rushed up and stabbed Kennedy several times. Arriving on the ground, Henry Kennedy cried out, "fair fight—one at a time!" when Aph. Moody turned upon him, and stabbed him to the heart. Henry Kennedy died in a few minutes, and his brother is said to be in a precarious condition.—*Pass Christian Mirror.*

The census-taker of the Young Men's Christian Association of Jersey City, reports that there are thirty five saloons to each church in that city. Whereupon the Norristown Herald says: "Why a church should have so many saloons we can understand. We should think ten would suffice for the largest church in the city."

The next Congress will have seven eight members each elected by twenty majority.