THE MAIDEN SLEEPS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

[From Chambers's Journal.]

The maiden sleeps—why mourn ye in this wise,
Ye parents? Let her rest.
The li tle face that 'mid the flowers lies
Speaks to your aching breast:
"My lot is light; oh, wherefore weep?
I lay me down in peace and sleep."
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—wearied from play, to rest,
Tired out with happiness,
The doll the little arms had fondly pressed,
The pretty Sunday dress,
Her story book remembered not—
All, all her treasures now forgot—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—her life was peaceful made,
And light her earthly lot,
A little stream that through the flowers strayed,
With love and music fraught;
No bitter grief the child's heart pained,
Soon was the short fight fought and gained—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—how blest she slumbered in
Her tender Saviour's arm;
That spotless heart, unsoiled, unstained by sin,
No earthly fear could harm;
A conscience pure, a sinless breast,
This is a couch the head to rest—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—earth's pain, earth's strife
no more
My br ak that sweet repose,
Know'st mother, thou, what might have been
in store
For her, of bitter woes?
She feels no more the tempest's beat,
Feels not the summer's sultry heat—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—only one short, calm night,
That peaceful sleep will last;
And, oh, how bright the morn that greets her
sight
When that brief night is past!
He who by his restless will
Soothed Jairus, lives and comforts still—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—and now the last kiss press
Upon the lips so still.
The Father help thee in thy sore distress;
O mother! 'tis His will.
Now, as thy bear her to her rest,
Sing ye the hymns she loved the best—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—now, Shepherd, take her
home,
Thine for eternity;
Ye glorious stars, bend down from heaven's
dome,
Watch o'er her tenderly;
O wind, howl not so loud and shrill
Over this little flower-decked hill—
The maiden sleeps.

ABOUT WOMEN.

"Are the young ladies of the present day fit for wives?" asked a lecturer of his audience. "They are fit for husbands," responded a female voice; "but the trouble is that you men are not fit for wives!" [Applause.]

It is said that the Duchess of Manchester has gambled away a fortune of $150,000. If the English women are running in that line, Minister Schenck didn't give them that great work of his on draw poker a moment too soon.—Courier-Journal.

As Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, followed by the usual crowd that they attract, passed along one of the streets adjacent to their "lodge," one day last week, one of the fair residents was vigorously combing her "store hair," having it fastened close to the side of the window. Seeing the operation from the other side of the street, Red Cloud suddenly stopped, giving out several of those pleasant grunts expressive of admiration, and said: "White squaw take big scalp; me want white squaw." The fair scalper, seeing the attention of the crowd directed to her window, dropped the curtain and the scene closed.—Washington Tribune.

The fact that the women of this country wear their garters below the knee induces "The Book of Beauty" to make this wild and slanderous declaration: "A handsome leg is a rarity, we had almost said an impossibility, among American women." Did you ever? Why, we have beheld, with eagle glance, thousands of legs among American women—and we were not an ankle inspector during the reign of tilting-hoops either—which were not only handsome, but each of which possessed a symmetrical beauty and a divine loveliness as strongly marked as the curved lines of a swelling champagne bottle.—Courier-Journal.

The sweet-girl graduates of the Louisville schools are rather hard on Darwin, and don't give him a bit of credit for the years of labor and thought which he has devoted to enlightening his fellow-beings. When a powerful thinker works for twenty years only to see his beautiful fabric knocked higher than a kite by a pitiless school-girl, who may never try to do anything greater than to marry some commonplace young man, he may be excused for asking if it is possible that we are all to be hurled back to the stone age every time a female school "commences."

The story of Carrie Madden, of Oakland, Cal., a girl of 12, is a real love tale. She fell desperately in love with her school-master, and besought him to marry her, but everybody supposed that her fancy was a mere whim, and the school-master told her he was already engaged. One night she wrote a sentimental note, saying that she had been so grievously crossed in love that she did not want to live, and then hanged herself. Now the school-master admits that he had a sincere affection for her, and had intended, when she should become of a proper age, to propose marriage; but he declares that he was careful to hide his sentiment, and seems to have been so honorably circumspect that the girl was heart-broken by his apparent indifference.

The fashion which forbids the widow on marrying again to appear at the altar in a bridal veil, says some one who evidently knows, is derived, like many of our customs, from mediæval superstition. The church regarded the second marriage of a woman as inflicting a stain upon her womanhood. For this reason, while the virgin bride stood at the altar decked in all the insignia of virginity—white veil, flowing hair, crown (wreath), ungloved hand—the widow who married again was allowed none of these, and was especially required to appear at the altar gloved, in order that her hand, which a second marriage was supposed to pollute, should not touch the pure sanctified hand of the representative of the church or his sacred robes of office. This is a curious superstition, and like others of its sort, produces its effect upon our habits and manners long after the cause is forgotten.

A woman named Elizabeth Taylor appeared before the Warrington bench of magistrates in England the other day, on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. She appeared in the dock in male attire, and the chief constable, in detailing some of her antecedents, stated that she was the daughter of a gentleman who formerly lived at Penketh, near Warrington. She had been married, but her husband was killed twenty years ago. She commenced to wear male attire thirteen years ago, was employed as a sailor during the American war, and made several trips from South Wales to the American coast, in order to supply the Alabama and blockade runners with coal. She was known by the name of Happy Ned and Navey Ned, and for some time past had worked as a laborer on several farms in the neighborhood of Warrington, having so late as the 12th ult. helped to kill thirteen pigs for a farmer at Croft House. She was fined 5s. and costs.

THE BIG BLOW.

DAYLIGHT LET INTO DARK PLACES.

Rattling Reports From all along the Line.

AT LOUISVILLE.

[From the Courier-Journal.]

A TERRIFIC THUNDER STORM

burst suddenly upon the city at 7 o'clock yesterday evening. The effect was disastrous in the many particulars described below. Houses were demolished, buildings were unroofed, windows were smashed by the hail canister, and all nature deluged by the drenching torrents. The afternoon was very sultry and oppressive, and a violent meteorological change was anticipated. As the sun set, the dark clouds marshaled themselves upon the western horizon, and presaged a convulsion of the elements. As the Storm King swept gradually eastward, the lightning coruscated along the outskirts of his phalanx, and the thunder muttered ominously. The probabilities of the day indicated for this latitude "falling barometer, cloudy weather and rain, with southerly to westerly winds, and stationary followed by falling temperture." Score another for the signal service, though it under-estimated the force of the "winds and rains." Those who had carefully noted the predictions of Prof. Tice, of St. Louis, in regard to the "planetary equinoxes," gave the professor credit for his prophetical accuracy. It will be remembered Prof. Tice declared that his scientific investigation of certain meteorological phenomena coming within his ken warranted him in foretelling that from March 1 to the latter part of April

A NUMBER OF DEVASTATING TORNADOES

would sweep the Southern and Western country. This really occurred, as everyone will readily recall. He then stated that during the month of May pleasant weather would ensue, but that about the 1st of June a succession of five of these "planetary equinoxes" would be inaugurated, continuing at intervals until the middle of September, creating unusual atmospheric perturbations. Last night's verification of the prediction makes the summer's prospect somowhat threatening. Farmers, mariners and excursionists should keep a wary weather-eye, and make it a religious duty to peruse daily the weather columns of the morning journals. But to return to last night's "equinox." A westerly wind heralded the approach of the storm. The air seemed to shift about in concentricities, creating a blinding dust, and conducing itself in an eminent "Washoe zephyr" fashion. Then the sky darkened in every point of the compass, and nature seemed to collapse. Peal after peal of the angry thunder, flash after flash of the wildest and most terrible lightning—ball, chain, sheet and zig-zag, chasing one another madly over the heavens—cracked the firmament in every quarter. Then, such a rain! It was thought at one time that the Ohio river had been scooped up and emptied upon the city. A rattling fusilade of hail was one of the features of

THE RAGING STORM CARNIVAL.

In three-quarters of an hour the tempest had subsided and the wind sang a lullaby. The great fury of the storm seems to have been visited upon a belt of the city, embraced between the eastern and western li nits south of Breckenridge, and extending to the southern boundary. Though other sections, in common with the entire city, suffered some wreck and ruin by the great wind, none were as much damaged as the southern suburban part of the town. There the furious blast seems to have concentrated its mighty strength, and swept with devastating fury upon every obstacle in the line of its march. Following the threatening, low, murky, green-edged clouds that immediately preceded the furious wind in this part of the city, came blinding, eddying dust, with such thickness and swiftness as to almost smother unfortunate pedestrians. The great yellow clouds swept onward and upward with stifling fury, and then, as they flew eastward with the wind, a few scattering rain-drops fell, slowly increasing, till they came pattering like leaden bullets. The furious blast carried bushels of gravel high in the air; this, with pebbles, etc., frequently descending in showers. Besides a great number of trifling accidents, like the blowing down of chimneys, fences, gates, etc., by dozens and dozens,

NUMEROUS HOUSES WERE BLOWN DOWN

and otherwise injured in the part of the city mentioned. The Masonic home for widows and orphans, on Second street, near the city limits, was fearfully damaged. The wind blew so hard in that part of town that a young man on his way to the home was literally carried across Third street and landed against a fence near by. Sweeping past him with terrible fury the storm struck the building with the force of a cannonade. An instant later the central part of the building, which had just been completed, was a mass of ruins and crumpled in shapeless fragments between the two wings of the home, the central tower alone standing. The intense darkness of last night prevented an inspection of the ruins, but Messrs. Jefferson, Schwartz and Buchanan, directors of the home, estimate the damage at not less than $30,000. That part blown down, as stated, had just been finished, and was not occupied. The inmates were all in the two wings of the buildings when the center blew down, and, except two little boys, whose heads were struck with brickbats, no one was hurt. It is exceedingly unfortunate that the accident occurred just now, as more than fifty applicants are knocking at the door of the Home for admission, and would have been domiciled within the new portion in a few weeks but for last night's disaster. The other directors with whom our reporter talked to last night, whilst they seemed to fully appreciate

THE MAGNITUDE OF THEIR MATERIAL LOSS

caused by this disaster coming upon them at a time when they were struggling to raise the means to enable them to go ahead and complete their institution, yet they seemed to feel perfectly happy that no lives had been lost, and seemed to feel confident the disaster, by creating a cause for the outburst of sympathy, would bring in to them from the fraternity throughout the state contributions to enable them to go ahead, and not only repair the damage, but to carry out their cherished idea of completing the home during the year. The Baptist Orphans' Home, corner of First and St. Catharine streets, had a narrow escape from destruction. A few seconds after 7 o'clock the inmates heard a noise without the building, and peering forth observed that the tin roof and parts of the wall of a two story brick house directly opposite had been swept away. The building was to all appearances a very well constructed one, and the sudden disappearance of its roof and upper walls would doubtless have produced excitement among the people of the Home when known, but hardly had the fact been realized by a few obervers ere another sound was heard above the noise of the storm, and served to attract attention. Following the noise the tin roof of the Orphans's Home appeared on the fences and in the yard of the place, and also on the street The orphans were at tea at the time, save,

TWO SWEET LITTLE BABES,

who were cradled in the third and highest story of the building. The apartment in which they rested was only separated from the roof by an attic. The good ladies in charge of the Home trembled to think what might be the fate of the babes, and went to the apartment full of dreadful forebodings. Singular to relate, all of the roof, except the the part covering the little creatures, had been swept away, and they were left unwet and safe and sound in their cosy cradles. As the matron of the Home remarked, it would seem that "the hand of God were here." A lot of water fell on the attic story, and injured that part of the building, but the entire damage can be repaired for less than $1,000. Many friends of the orphans visited them last night, and were very glad to learn that nobody had been hurt. Another singular event in this connection was the narrow escape of Mr. Jordan Giles, the well-known liquor merchant. Mr. Giles was unharnessing his horse in front of the Home, when suddenly off came the roof with a loud crash, falling a few feet from him. The gray mare broke loose from the harness and dashed out of sight, doubtless as much astonished as her owner, who has not yet found his nag. The Baptist Orphans' Home will be repaired to-day. The house opposite, which was damaged, belonged to Mr. Little, now in Indianapolis. The main shop of the Louisville Bridge Company, extending from Kentucky to Oak street, between Tenth and Eleventh streets, is

ALMOST A COMPLETE WRECK.

The storm striking the southern end of the building, leveled it with the ground a distance of nearly two squares, leaving only a small portion of the building at the north end standing. One of the worst accidents of the tornado was that which occurred on the southeast corner of Twelfth and Churchill streets. Here were standing a row of cottages, the first two separated by a lot from the second two. The storm came directly past these and shattered the first two, leaving but little of them standing. The other two were almost as badly injured, the last, however, sustaining the least injury of all. The former one was occupied by John McKenzie and his wife and two children. There were three rooms in the cottage. At the time, McKenzie's wife and two children were sitting in the middle room, while he was outside in a little garden patch on the side of the house. He says he saw the storm coming, and, as it struck his house, beheld the boards in front falling off. He rushed into the middle room, and as he did so, the brick chimney came crushing down with the roof upon them all. Fortunately the family sustained but little injury. The father first extricated himself, then his two children, and finally his wife. The latter had several toes dislocated, and was slightly bruised, as was also one child. The furniture was all destroyed, and but little of the house remains. The Hospital of St. Mary and Elizabeth, corner Twelfth street and Magnolia avenue, was damaged to the extent of about $500. The roof of the west wing and the chimneys were blown into the yard, knocking a number of shade trees down.

AT DAYTON.

THE HEAVIEST FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

[From the Dayton Journal.]

The storm which had been threatening in the Western horizon during the evening and early hours of the night of Tuesday, burst upon this city at about 2 o'clock yesterday morning, and soon the rain began to fall in torrents, accompanied by fierce winds, vivid and almost continuous flashes of lightning and crashing peals of thunder, and from that hour until about 11 o'clock A. M. the rain poured down upon the city and vicinity in sheets of water, almost without cessation or intermission. So heavy was the rain-fall, especially upon the hills in Van Buren township, immediately south of the city, that many people thought that a water-spout had fallen, or a storm cloud had suddenly burst over them. The water came down in such inordinate quantities, and fell with such amazing rapidity, that it was utterly impossible for the ground to absorb a tithe of it, and consequently the hollows, ravines and small streams were suddenly filled, and became rushing, foaming torrents, sweeping away in their headlong course bridges, fencing, cord-wood, and everything else that came in their way.

THE "OLDEST INHABITANT" CAN NOT RECOLLECT

a storm of such extraordinary fierceness and duration, and pouring down such vast quantities of water, during the last twenty-five or thirty years. Much damage was done in the city and surrounding country, but the force of the storm seems to have culminated in the country just south of us. At an early hour in the morning of yesterday, Mr. S. J. Patterson and his brother John, canal collector at this port, fearing that the heavy rains would endanger the safety of the canal, hastened to the most exposed places, just below the city, and endeavored, by opening all the gates of the waste-weir and the race at the lower Cooper hydraulic, to make a passage for the rapidly accumulating waters; but their efforts were unavailing the rain fell too fast, and the water poured into the canal from the hills on the east bank more rapidly, and in greater quantities than all the outlets combined could pass. The little "Rubicon," a small stream which flows from the east through the Patterson place—formerly turning their saw mill—and passes under the canal

THROUGH A STONE CULVERT

just south of the fair grounds, filled so fast that the culvert could not pass the water, and the water soon rose to the level of the canal, and began pouring over the berm bank to the depth of two or three feet. A bridge some 25 feet long by 10 or 12 wide, which spanned the little stream near the saw mill, was lifted bodily and carried into the canal, and so strong was the force of the current that it was actually able to overcome the force of the current of the canal—which usually runs very rapid at this point—and the bridge was carried north as far as the race near Stout, Mills & Temple's machine shops, a mile distant from where it was carried into the canal. At about this time a breach, or rather two breaches, were made in the tow-path bank of the canal opposite the point where the "Rubicon" was discharging its accumulated flood, giving vent through the opening thus made to the waste of waters; and the current again setting to the south, the bridge was carried down with great rapidity and

THROUGH THE GAP INTO THE FIELDS

between the canal and the river. Four breaks were made in the canal, two opposite the Patterson place, and two at the "Bluffs," near Miller's Ford. The largest, at Patterson's, is about sixty feet in length, carrying away the tow-path for that distance, and washing out the gravel to a depth of five feet below the bottom of the canal. The other break at this point is about thirty feet in width, but not so deep as the first one. At Miller's Ford the largest break is from sixty to seventy feet in width, also cutting away the entire tow-path to the depth of three feet below the canal bottom. The smaller break here is something more than 30 feet wide. These breaks are very serious in their character, and cause a total suspension of navigation and a shutting down of all the mills and factories which depend for their driving power upon the water of the Dayton and Cooper hydraulics, except some few which are provided with steam engines against just this kind of emergencies. Hundreds of operatives are thus suddenly thrown out of employment.

SINGULAR FREAK OF LIGHTNING.

During the storm of yesterday morning, at about 2 o'clock a vivid flash of lightning, followed instantaneously by a sharp peal of thunder, was seen and heard by such unfortunate creatures as are compelled, by their duties to the public, to be up and at their labor at that unseemly hour. The lightning had certainly struck somewhere in the city, but exactly where was not known until long after the morning dawned. On retiring for the night Mr. William Craighead had left the top sash of one of the windows of his bed room, fronting on Second street, open for ventilation. About the hour named he was startled and awakened by the sharp crash of thunder, and arose to examine if all was right about his house. After returning to his couch he thought he perceived a smell of something burning, and made another investigation but could discover nothing. His wife being alarmed, then made the rounds of the house herself, and on returning to the bed room remarked that

THE SMELL OF BURNING WOOD

was more perceptible there than in any other room. They finally concluded that the smell arose from the gas—a small jet being left to burn all night, having been blown out—and went to sleep, although before doing so Mrs. Craighead said she thought she had seen a ball of fire as large as her head come in at the open window. Her husband thought this was only a dream produced by the continuous flashes of lightning that had been for hours lighting up the heavens. In the morning while at his toilet glass, Mr. C.'s attention was attracted to two round holes in the wall of the room, just over a picture that hung above his dressing bureau, and on close examination he discovered the cause of the odor of burning wood which had alarmed him. The two holes—one on either side of the picture cord—were about a foot apart, perfectly round as it made with a drill, about one inch and a half in diameter, boring through the plastering and about two inches into the brick wall. They were on the west side of the room and about two or three feet from the ceiling. The theory is that

THE CURRENT OF ELECTRIC FLUID

entered the room through the open window on the north. A large picture, or engraving, covered with glass and in a heavy gilt frame, hung just below the holes made, and the fluid would seem to have leaped thence to the frame, around which it ran, destroying the gilding, scorching the wood and completely ruining the frame, though, strange to say, the large plate of glass was uninjured. From a corner of the picture frame the current ran along the wall, about a foot and a half, burning the wall paper and leaving a zig-zag, snake-like track, until it reached a gas burner—a wall bracket light—extinguishing the gas which was burning, and from there it is presumed that it followed the gas pipe into the cellar, although no evidence of its exit, or further work could be discovered. It is a singular circumstance, that neither Mr. Craighead, his wife or little girl, who slept in the same room, felt the slightest shock, or other effect of the lightning.

NORTH EASTERN INDIANA.

A TERRIBLE STORM.

Last night about midnight a terrible storm passed over the line of the Fort Wayne, Muncie and Cincinnati railroad, doing an immense amount of damage. The principal ravages of the elements were at the south end of the road, where travel seems to be pretty effectually blocked. Telegraph wires were blown down, fences leveled, crops injured, and general havoc produced. The rain is said to have come down in one solid sheet of water. The first trestle bridge north of Gilbert was washed away completely, and at the first trestle bridge south of that station, thirty feet of filling were swept away. A short distance south of Cambridge City 75 feet of embankment at one place were washed down. The first culvert south of Milton station was rendered impassable by trains: the first culvert south of Lockport was also badly damaged. Four of the pilings of a fine new bridge over Simmons' creek was carried away, and at a number of places between Cambridge and Beesons the bed was washed completely from under the track. At Bluffton the storm did much damage to houses, fences and telegraph wires, but did not injure the track. A gentleman from that place informed a Sentinel reporter that

THE RAIN WAS THE MOST FURIOUS

he had ever seen. It seemed for a time as though a second deluge had come. Blinding flashes of lighning succeeded by deafening peals of thunder accompanied the rain, which however only continued a short time. Superintendent Worthington this morning dispatched a construction train down the road to repair telegraph wires, etc. He has not been able to receive any dispatches from points between here and Cambridge, and his news from the latter point have been sent by Richmond and Indianapolis lines. All regular trains will leave this city as usual, although travel will probably be blocked south of Newcastle a short time. Advices received report considerable damage on the Pan Handle and White Water Valley roads. At Cambridge City the race track is several inches under water, and it is feared that the spring meeting is "busted." The storm seemed to take a narrow strip of territory in its course, as the Richmond railroad was not affected by it. No serious accidents are yet reported. Although a heavy rain fell at this point, it was unaccompanied by any violence.

AT COLUMBUS.

STIRING UP THE DEAF AND DUMB.

[From the Columbus Journal.]

The storm which struck the city so suddenly about eight o'clock last night did considerable damage in some quarters while it lasted. The first blow reported was at Kirk's livery stable in the rear of the Neil House. The roof was taken off and one of the walls blown down. There was considerable property in the building at the time, but nothing inside was injured. The damage will probably reach three or four hundred dollars. The storm next struck the Deaf and Dumb Asylum and completely unroofed the east wing. This wing is 110 feet in length, 40 feet in width, and is three stories high. Two of the rooms are used as sleeping apartments, while the third is occupied as a gymnasium. The roof was lifted from its place and dropped by the side of the building. Nobody hurt as far as could be learned. In falling, a portion of the roof struck the fire alarm telegraph and broke it The line was repaired again last night. The wind bent shade trees to the ground, slapped shutters around lively, blew down chimneys, and raised Ned generally, wherever it chanced to give vent to its fury.

AT LAFAYETTE.

A SMALL HURRICANE.

[From the Lafayette Journal.]

A terrible storm of wind and rain burst upon the city a little after 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, which did a great deal of damage to buildings, trees and shrubbery, as any one can readily see by taking a little walk this forenoon. Owing to the lateness of the hour at which the rain ceased our reporter was unable to glean all the particulars, and can only give an account of what came under his own notice and what he heard from others. A heavy bank of dark clouds was first seen in the west, which seemed to be going in a northerly direction, and it was not until a heavy body of dust came flying up the streets toward the east that any one noticed that a portion of the storm at least had branched off and was passing over the city. The probabilities are that much more damage was done further north, say in the vicinity of the Battle Ground and along the Wabash river, as the main body of the storm seemed about that distance off and moving in that direction. At the first burst there was a universal scatterment of people to places of shelter, and a general attempt on the part of horses in the street to run away, which in a dozen or more instances proved highly successful.

THE MOST SERIOUS ACCIDENT,

and one that resulted in the injury of several persons, took place in Linwood, near the German Catholic cemetery. The roof was blown off the school house, while the teacher and scholars were inside. The shingles on the north side first disappeared, and then about one-third of those on the south side. The first intimation the inmates had of the impending trouble was the blowing off of a shutter and the breaking of a pane of glass. This caused the children to crowd toward the front door, which took them just under that part of the roof which remained intact. All had not escaped when the grand crash came. The chimney on the north side came down in a heap, after the roof disappeared, and caught some half dozen children in the ruins. Four of them were badly hurt, two of them seriously. These were the children of Fred Dorner and Mr. Hasty. It is a wonder that some of them were not killed outright. A part of the roof was blown off the Lafayette Agricultural Works, but no great amount of damage done to the machinery inside. In addition to the casualties above named—and we suppose the half has not yet been told—shade and fruit trees were blown down all over the city, and a general disarrangement of grapevines and shrubbery. It is fortunate that there was no further injury to persons, or indeed that no lives were lost.

THE SQUABBLE SETTLED.

NO MORE SPECULATION AT THE SOUTHERN PRISON.

FULL PARTICULARS OF THE LONG DESIRED CHANGE IN THE MANAGEMENT OF THE STATE PRISON SOUTH.

The Sentinel yesterday morning reported by telegraph the change of management in the Southern Prison. The following full particulars are from the Courier-Journal's Jeffersonville correspondent: The muddle which has existed for some time past at the State Prison South, in Jeffersonville, was brought to a satisfactory solution yesterday afternoon in the resignation by Col. L. S. Shuler of his position as warden, giving as his reason for resigning his physical disability to attend to the duties of that office. About four months since, Col. Shuler was stricken with paralysis in the side, and since that time has been confined to his residence and not able to attend to his official duties. There are other reasons why Col. Shuler resigned, but the above is the paramount one. Since the adjournment of the Indiana legislature affairs at the penitentiary have been in a very bad state. There has been a contest over the directorship of the institution, which has been clearly set forth in the Courier-Journal several times. Mr. A. L. Munson, one of the republican directors, refused to give up the office, although the governor had appointed W. R. Hammond, a democrat, in his stead. Munson claimed that he still had the legal right to his seat, and until yesterday he has been upheld in his alleged claim by the prison officials. Strenuous efforts have been made on several occasions to get Col. Keigwin to recognize him as a director; the democrats, however, by good management, have defeated all the attempts made by the prison officials to hold their places. In the meantime, Eb. Henderson, the auditor of the state, refused to issue any warrant upon the state treasurer for money until the squabble was brought to a final settlement. This cut

THE PRISON OUT OF THE WHEREWITHAL

to run, and it was growing deeper and deeper in debt every day, with no prospect of relief. As a matter of course, this made things very embarrassing for the officials, as such a large institution as the prison could not be run without money. This, with the crippled condition of Col. Shuler, forced the result which was brought about yesterday. In the afternoon a consultation was held between Col. Shuler, Judge Howk, his attorney, and Hon. Jonas G. Howard, the attorney for the democratic directors, Messrs. Keigwin and Hammond. After a full and free discussion of the situation, it was decided to call the board of drectors together, which was done. When the board met, Keigwin, Hammond and Hill refused to recognize Munson as a director. Keigwin recognized Hill and Hammond as the legal directors, thus constituting a full board. Hammond, however, presented the following protest: I, Wm. P. Hammond, do hereby refuse to recognize A. L. Munson and Benjamin F. Hill as directors of the State Prison South, and protest against either of said gentlemen meeting with the board of directors and exercising the duties of such office. The board, consisting of Keigwin, Hammond and Hill, then notified Col. Shuler that they were ready for business. The warden of the prison thereupon sent his resignation as follows:

JEFFERSONVILLE, June 3, 1875.

To the Directors of the Indiana State Prison South:

GENTLEMEN—The condition of my health for four months past has been and still is such as to constrain me to retire from my position as warden of the Indiana State Prison South. I therefore tender you my resignation as such warden, to take effect on the 15th day of this month. Very respectfully, L. S. SHULER.

The resignation was accepted.

Director Keigwin nominated Capt. Andrew J. Howard, of Jeffersonville, for warden, in place of Col. Shuler, resigned. A vote being taken, Capt. Howard was unanimously elected, receiving the votes of Keigwin, Hammond and Hill. Director Keigwin next wrote a letter to Eb. Henderson, auditor of state, stating that Mr. Hill had been recognized as a director, and recommending that he be paid his salary as such. The board then adjourned until to-day at 2 P. M., when the other officers of the prison will hand in their resignations to take effect on the 15th of this month. Capt. Craig, of the Shoals, Martin county, will be elected deputy warden, and Mr. Harry T. Sage, of Jeffersonville, will be elected clerk. The moral instructorship or chaplain of the prison was offered to Dr. Chapman, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in Jeffersonville, but declined by that gentleman in a neat and courteous letter. Dr. Chapman was a candidate for superintendent of public instruction on the democratic state ticket in 1863. The place of physician of the prison has not yet been decided on. The final and amicable adjustment of the prison muddle will be received by the people of Indiana with a great deal of satisfaction. Capt. Howard, the warden elect, has been treasurer of Jeffersonville for the last ten years, and is a gentleman well qualified for the position, and will doubtless make an honest and competent officer. He has many friends in the southern portion of the state, and goes into the office with many good wishes.

SACRIFICED TO SPECULATION.

THE UNFORTUNATE SIOUX.

STATUS OF THE SPECULATIVE NEGOTIATION OF THE ADMINISTRATION WITH THE SIOUX INDIANS.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times telegraphs: The Indian question is in a very mixed condition. For some reason or other, the secret council with the president had anything but a good result. The Sioux have to-day decided that they will do nothing until they return home. Commissioner Smith had a long talk with them this morning at their hotel, and reviewed the president's talk to them on the day preceding. He urged upon them the necessity of some speedy action in relation to the ceding of the hunting privileges upon the Republican river, as there are now only 27 days left, when the appropriation of the $25,000 is available. Spotted Tail and Red Cloud said they were willing to agree to cede these rights, but that they must go home first. The interior department authorities have refused to appoint the commissioners to take charge of this fund, who were named by Red Cloud. Mr. Delano prefers to send his own men. The case in a nut-shell, as stated by the interior department people, is this: They expect the Indians to go home and finally yield to the two demands of the government—the surrender of hunting rights on the Republican river, and the opening of the Black Hills. Secretary Delano seems to speak as if he has some reserve force back that will enable him to compel the Indians to do what he desires. He also says that no time will be lost by the present failure of negotiations, for any treaty that would be made would have to be ratified by the senate before completed. This is

THE STORY OF THE DELANO CLIQUE.

The real case at the outset appears to have been this: Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, who are rather shrewd fellows, came on here in company with a lot of rascally Indian agents to pick up the $25,000 appropriation of the Sioux. The other chiefs came on with the sole idea of having plenty of whisky and a good time with dissolute women. Disappointed in this, they have been most unmanageable. The time now set for their departure is day after to-morrow morning. The squaw Indians and border confidence men who came along as the hangers on of this delegation, are the worst disappointed men of all at the failure of the Indians to agree upon anything here. They have been to a great deal of expense, and see no way of getting even. The Indians counselled all last night, but the differences were not settled. Some say—and these are mainly the agents and their friends—that the trouble has its origin back in the contests between the war department and the Indian or interior department for the custody and management of the Indians and their affairs, and that the bad ideas and obnoxious temper of these Indians are prompted and encouraged by the army interests. The immediate difficulties here are traced by these complainants to the bad whites and half-breeds who accompanied the Indians on their own motion. Some time since, they say, Mr. Collins, post trader at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, received some sort of authority, under the secretary of the interior, to visit and examine the condition of Indians at the agencies. Now it is represented that he only sowed seeds of discontent and put bad influences at work. They say that Todd Randall, one of the half-breed interpreters with the Indians here, is

AN AGENT OF EVIL INFLUENCE.

He is one of the several for whom Red Cloud asked wages and expenses. There are several other squaw Indians and half-breeds who are here in daily close affiliation with the Indians, and some, like Randall, in the most secret councils among themselves. These fellows have spent money, more than they ever had in their lives before. The agents say this money comes from the adverse army influence. The object of the army is to enlarge its jurisdiction, increase its scope and employment, make more places secure than they have, and handle the patronage. It is further charged by Western men here, that the great majority of the officers at Western posts are not graduates of West Point. Indeed, it is said that West Pointers are seldom met with there, but the officers are civil appointees and favorites; that often they are neither educated men nor gentlemen, but addicted to drinking and gambling, though bearing themselves with a high-wrought military etiquette and air, and living up to their incomes and longing for some loaves and fishes. To this influence of the army, the agents attribute the late complaints about cattle delivered at Red Cloud's agency, upon which the papers have been commenting, and generally the incorrigible condition of the Indians. The Indians seem now to have been brought to so high an estimate of their importance, that they will hardly treat with the government. They reject all offers, retort upon all but the president, and almost upon him. They act as if they had a big advantage and were aware of it and determined to keep it. This is the legitimate outgrowth of the peace policy,

PETTING, TREATY-MAKING

and gratuitious feeding. The end of it all is the practical failure of this expensive trip with the savages leaving no certain assurance or hope of future favorable action. In any event it will be utterly impossible to reach a treaty, have it ratified and open the Hills before another spring. All Western people should understand this. Meanwhile trouble hovers all around the Sioux. The next congress will almost certainly not make a gratuity of $1,200,000 per annum for provisions. The next question is, will they give anything without a treaty? The Indians will probably not get around in time to get the $25,000 before it lapses. Meanwhile the gentlemen here from the West, representing communities deeply interested in these negotiations, are troubled about its future. To-day they are despondent for the first time. They receive letters and telegrams showing the prevailing nervous interest at home. Besides, the report of the late burning and destruction, by the military from Fort Randall, of Gordon's train and property on the Niobrara river, adds to the excitement, and has occurred at an unfortunate time, when the people are disappointed in the hope of an early treaty and the opening of the Hills. There is danger of a force entering the Indian territory that the military cannot manage, and that will disregard the Indians. Meanwhile, also, these western men wonder why it takes the scientific party so long to start to the Black Hills, and if they will make it an all summer's red tape job, instead of a prompt, practical and useful trip. A train can go from the Missouri to the Black Hills in six days. The delay is not explainable upon honest grounds.

Mrs. Elizabeth Engelker, of Jackson county, Iowa, could hardly get along if the old man should fall into the hands of the crusaders and swear off. She recovered four hundred dollars of one bar-keeper and one thousand one hundred dollars of another for selling him whisky. She ought to lock him up until he gets crazy dry and turn him loose on the next victim. Such a man is a treasure to a poor family.—Philadelphia Times.