GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

MORNING, EVENING, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.

The Only Paper in the Eighth Congressional District Receiving Associated Press Dispatches.

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SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 1, 1885.

At first Gov. Hoadly thought he had a boom in the prohibition party; then he fancied it was growing to be a boomer; when all of a sudden it became a boomerang.

There is something too much of Roscoe Conkling in the newspapers of late. Give Roscoe the grand boycott of silence. Don't keep up his illusion that he owns the western hemisphere.

Our Senator Sherman, in his speech at Petersburg last week, sent the little bloody-shirt-screechers of Virginia, and everywhere else, howling. He showed himself, as Mahone said in introducing him, "the foremost statesman of this day."

A regular whooped-up republican campaign in Old Virginia, with Sherman, Foraker, and McKinley of Ohio telling the people the truth in plain loud chunks, is a cheerful sign of the times. The Solid South is fighting on the brink of the last ditch. When Virginia breaks, the thing tumbles to pieces.

The Utah commission for the suppression of polygamy report that the convictions and punishments already effected are beginning to squeeze. The gentlemen who have elected a plurality of wives by the grace of God are getting in a panic about the tyranny of the profane and secular United States.

The colored band that was hired by the Virginia Bourbons to play "Bonnie Blue Flag" when they passed Mahone's residence in Petersburg struck up "Hail to the Chief" just as the procession arrived in front of the house. And it was which and t'other between the tootings of the band and the cursings of the disgusted procession.

This quotation from an eminent writer in the November Atlantic illustrates our fool-orthography. "the qualities that shine forth in a row." It the writer were speaking it, he would *show* that he did not mean row. But the reader has to resort to the context in order to find that the meaning is "shine forth in a *row*," and not "shine forth in a *ro*."

The greatest American novelist at the present time is Henry James. And his greatest merit is his French felicity of style. He makes the English language glitter in the very Parisian fashion. But the difficulty of driving our wild third-personal pronoun in harness is too much for him. His awkwardness in *he-he-ing* and *him-him-ing* is continually shown in marked contrast with his general rhetorical dexterity. Take, for example, this in his last installment of "The Princess Casamassima." "Paul Muniment said, with a laugh which showed Hyacinth that he wouldn't put that ridicule upon him unless he liked him," etc. Now, *who* wouldn't put upon *whom*? and *which* liked *which*? It can readily be guessed, but the reader ought not to have to guess the meaning of a good stylist.

The murderous brute Burras, who shot down the two girls in Chicago, had his life as carefully saved from the people by the police as if it had been the sacred life of a saint. When a man perpetrates a horrible crime, it is wonderful what a holy thing his life at once becomes in the eyes of officers and courts of law. And it is a sight to see with what zeal your criminal lawyer will jump in, with his face purple and his eyes popping out, to prove the poor unfortunate man insane. It has got so that a man's life is of no special importance to society or to the state till he has committed a murder or two. Then society lavishes its sympathy on him, and the state bleeds its taxpayers to pay the expense of guarding his precious life and establishing his insanity to twelve sane blockheads by criminal arguments of hired attorneys. If every insane mad dog of the Burras description were ripped to pieces by the righteous populace on the spot, we should be beginning to return to justice.

Fell Out of His Own Mouth.

George Hoadly's good health has been the death of him this time. In his first campaign his sickness saved his life.

It may be superfluous to remark that we are speaking of political life and death. Of private life may he have length and abundance, and may his death, at the end of a serene old age be happy.

For Mr. Hoadly is an adornment to private life. He was born with a big brain, a fine temperament, and the instincts of a gentleman; and a broad and genial culture has graced those native qualities.

But we are willing to be pardoned for stating that he is poor stuff for a democratic politician. And we need not pause to explain whether this statement is a compliment to him or to the democratic party.

He has a pressure of convictions and no safety-valve of utterance. Consequence is, when he is heated with the oratorical fire he explodes dangerously. No slyness is possible where George Hoadly's tongue is loose. The still hunt, that favorite democratic device for "shaking the bushes," can not hold him in leash. The only way to keep him from scaring the game is to muzzle him and drag him off.

A friendly ague in the nick of time took him away and saved him from defeat in the first run. If he had run on he would have been beaten. It was only when he ran off that he won.

In his second run he was overwhelmed by several things, most of which can be traced directly to his mouth. Possibly he might not have been elected this time, even had he kept that shut during his whole term of office. But his acts as governor had not been bad, his personal popularity was large; his republican and abolitionist record recommended him to the colored voters; the free-thinking Germans liked him; the prohibitionists were a help to him; and, with all these favorable things and his mouth closed, he would, in the circumstances, have been a candidate hard to beat.

But the openings of his mouth beat him easily. Every time he opened it he put his foot in it. Whether he pushed his pen or pushed out his tongue, his speech bewrayed him. Even when he was pointing himself at his friends, ever so innocently and playfully, he found he was loaded and went off and hit somebody in the vitals.

Mullen, the Cincinnati police officer, who had arrested a hundred and fifty colored voters and kept them in prison all the day of election, was serving the term to which he had been sentenced on his own plea of guilty. Hoadly headed the petition for his pardon, and bragged of it on the stump. This put his old abolitionist record in a fine light before his friends the colored people of the state!

He did this probably to offset his recommendation for mixed schools. When he put his pen to that recommendation he signed away ten thousand democratic votes, at least. That was bright calculation for a democratic governor who wanted to be re-elected. The old anti-mixture, simon-pure, white-man's-government voters tore his name off their tickets, trampled it underfoot, and spit upon it.

He opened his mouth and out popped a glorification of the Standard-Oil legislature and a justification of all its acts. This was honey to the Pendletonian democrats, naturally.

The delectable young man who owned that legislature he eulogized as "his eloquent young friend." He thus won the love of the thousand or so democrats in Franklin county who were intending to disinfect their ballots of that young man's name.

He patted Leonard affectionately and denounced prohibition. This front-cutting and rear-reaping movement (to borrow a Champion figure from home) mowed down the truly rural cold-water democrats by the thousand and raked them in to the third party.

So he went on uttering himself and uttering away every chance of election he had ever had. Never had been such an utterly utter utterance of all a candidate's reserve-force since politics began. Mr. Hoadly gave himself away *viva voce* and fell out of his own mouth.

SINGULAR DISAGREEMENT.

Between Reports of Republican and Democratic Commissioners.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 31.—In the matter of the recount of the votes cast for mayor at the recent municipal election, two reports were filed this afternoon. Both reports elect Mr. Denny, republican, the republican commissioner finding a plurality of 23 votes in his favor, and the democrat commissioner giving him a plurality of nine.

In the recount in the second aldermanic district two reports were also filed. The democratic report elects Ripley, democrat, by two votes. The republican report elects Pritchard, republican, by one vote. In the latter case the temporary restraining order was dissolved, but what further action will be taken has not been determined.

MORE CONTESTS.

Wm. Boettger, Republican Candidate for Treasurer, will Maintain His Rights.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 31.—Wm. Boettger, late republican candidate for county treasurer, this afternoon filed notice of contest of the election of Frank Ratterman, democrat, to that office. He alleges with specifications that 400 more votes were counted for Ratterman than were cast for him and that the registrars in a number of wards allowed a large number of fictitious names to appear upon the registry books, and that thereby Ratterman received 1,500 votes which were illegal. He also charges that in precinct A of the Fourth ward the judges and clerks increased the number of votes purporting to have been cast for Ratterman from 600 to 926.

Guilty of False swearing.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 31.—Mrs. Ellen Finn pleaded guilty to making a false affidavit in in support of a pension claim, and was sentenced in the United States court this afternoon to one year's imprisonment in jail therefor. She had continued to draw a pension after she had married a second time.

The Search Abandoned.

EAST SAGINAW, Oct. 31.—Search for the bodies of possible victims of the recent bridge disaster has been abandoned, as all of those known to have been drowned have been recovered.

RAMBLER'S NOTE BOOK.

THE CAVES OF OHIO—VISIT TO ROCKY FORK.

A Thrilling Panther Story—The Birthplace of Gov.-Elect Foraker—A Striking Contrast—Dramatic Career of a Springfield Boy—Notes, News and Opinions.

Few villages in Ohio have so romantic a situation as that of Bainbridge, which is so closely connected with Springfield by commercial and social ties; nestling amid great hills, with Copperas mountain lifting its hoary head in the distance, the views which greet the lover of nature on all sides are unsurpassable for their beauty. Under the magical touch of autumn and Indian summer, the great hills look like so many huge thrones, clothed with purple and gold and crimson.

Four miles from Bainbridge the scenery rises to wondrous beauty and sublimity, where Rocky Fork murmurs its way towards its outlet at Paint creek, between huge cliffs, almost forming a miniature canyon. Here mine host, Henry Plummer, a sworn friend to all Springfielders, dispenses hospitality at the Rocky Fork hotel, and the postoffice, "Paint," and a number of dwelling houses form a small village. The main attraction to tourists is the caves, of which there are about twelve, although the larger caves are four in number. These are the largest caves in Ohio, and have attracted the attention of geologists for years. The greater number of them are located in a huge hill which frowns from its wooded heights upon the lovely glen through which Rocky Fork and Wet Cave branch placidly flow, making water scenes at every turn, of enchanting loveliness. A haze of romance and Indian traditions seem to hang over these hills and over Paint Valley. So numerous are the stories of the Indians, and so fresh seem the evidence of their existence, as expressed in cairns, mounds and their great deer park, that the visitor momentarily expects to see some gaudily painted brave dash aside the foliage and steal stealthily from his hiding place, or creep silently from some of the caves, which open their dark mouths in the cliffs to the sun.

The appearance of these hills in the gorgeous hues of autumn gold, and purple and crimson, is sublimely beautiful. The sunlight as it streams through the giant crimson-hued maples and beeches, seems as if the sunlight was streaming through the stained glass windows of some vast cathedral. In Indian summer a gentle haze seems to float over these hills and through these valleys, nature seems asleep, intoxicated with her own loveliness.

For the past few weeks the gathering of chestnuts has been the attraction for visitors, and for the natives as well. The gathering and shipping of chestnuts and fruits forms a large part of the industries of Bainbridge. Chestnuts have never been so plenty as this year, and hundreds of bushels have been shipped to Springfield to be sold on commission and distributed to eastern markets. Prime chestnuts, with the wormy ones picked out, can be secured for from 75 cents to $1 25 per bushel from farmers, who bring them in for sale. The retail dealers there charge $1.50 per bushel. The high price which chestnuts bring via the Italian peanut-stand-a is equaled only by the price of apples per the news butchers on trains. Apples can be bought of the farmers who bring produce into Bainbridge at 25 to 40 cents per bushel, for the very best. The train boy gets at the rate of $25 per bushel for them.

A party of Springfielders, of which the writer had the pleasure of being one, went down for a few days' stay at Rocky Fork last week. The main object of the visit was the exploration of the Rocky Fork caves, and armed with string, candles, hatchets and other implements for cave research, every foot of the caves was carefully gone over. The wet cave is the longest. The mouth is a yawning cavern, into which it would be easy to drive two four-horse teams abreast. A guide is not necessary, but is a great convenience. Our party had the good fortune to secure one in the person of a bright young American, named Howard Giddings, a relative of the great Ohio Congressman Giddings. The sides and walls of the wet cave are always damp, and a small stream of water silently trickles at the bottom of its main passages. The great vestibule at the entrance dwindles to a narrow passage as it descends into the hill, and the explorer soon finds himself obliged to squeeze through some perilous narrow openings. In some places it is necessary to clamber along ledges of rock overhanging a rocky gully eight or ten feet deep. A young man named Will Scott, from Blanchester, had the misfortune to fall headlong into this rocky gully, while exploring the cave last week, and cut his head severely. The walls are spangled with drops of clear water, which glisten like diamonds in the glare of the explorers' torches. Bats and other underground noisome creatures hang on the walls, and swarms of spiders of the "daddy long leg" variety scurry along the ceiling of the cave as they are smoked out with the torches.

When with infinite pains the explorer has crawled about 600 feet in the narrow vaulted passage, the light of his torch suddenly shows him a wall directly at the end of the passage. Throw a stone against this wall and it rebounds and falls into a pool, which occupies the end of the passage. The water is clear and limped as ice itself, and there is a tradition that the spring is bottomless. Visitors are said to have taken string and weights to sound it, but though they paid out the cord until the end, no bottom was reached. A prominent man in the neighborhood said, however, that the spring is only twenty feet deep at the outside figure. At the end of the passage, on the right-hand side, there are two holes in the rock, forming a striking resemblance to the pants in the human throat. If the explorer's zeal and disregard of dirt are sufficiently great he can climb into either of these holes and crawl some 600 feet further into the hill through a narrow and muddy passage. The torches commence to burn feebly as further progress is made, and the narrow, pipe-like passage stretches away darkly in the distance with a sinister appearance. At the end of the second passage a second very deep opening is reached, in which it is said a breed of blind fish make their home. The exit from Wet Cave is as disagreeable as the entrance, and if the explorer is at all human he is heartily glad to see the daylight streaming through the narrow passage as he nears the mouth, and to see the glad sunlight and warm hues of the autumn forests through the mouth of the cave. The air in this cave is dank and damp, and resembles that of a very deep cellar.

Few newspaper readers have forgotten the thrilling accounts of the daring and desperate deeds committed by Bob McKimmey, the western desperado and murderer, and his subsequent capture near Rocky Fork, mainly through the instrumentality of Detective John T. Norris, of Springfield. McKimmey and all his Rocky Fork caves as places of refuge when the detectives were on his trail. One small cave bears the name of McKimmey's cave. It is reached by climbing down by the precipitous sides of the cliffs in one of the most romantic and beautiful portions of the grove. When a point 50 feet below the summit of the cliff is reached, a huge rock is seen; turning the corner of this rock abruptly, amid waving evergreens, moss and ferns, a small hole in the rock opens its dark throat to the sun. Entering, a small chamber in the living rock is discovered, a passage through which it is necessary to crawl on hands and knees, leads to a second and pitch-dark chamber. In this chamber there is a small natural shelf in the rocky side of the cavern, near the roof. Here a man could hold an army at bay with the simplest weapon; here it is said that the wretched McKimmey lay for hours, while his pursuers were searching every foot of the ground in the vicinity for him. The floor of the little cave is covered with the bones and skulls of rabbits and squirrels, which have been drowned by the foxes and serpents which inhabit it.

As our torches light up the cave and throw weird shadows on its rocky floors, the picture of the wretched outlaw rises before our eyes; crouched in terror he lies panting in the little rocky den; he hears the baying of dogs, and the voices of the men who are hunting him; his breath comes in sobs and there are cold drops on his brow. Without there is perfect peace; the soft cooing of the doves and the sleepy tones of the waters as they murmur through their rocky bed, forms a wondrous contrast to the strife and unrest that is raging in the breast of the horrible murderer in the cave, caught like a rat in a trap.

In one of the other caves which McKimmey used as a hiding place, the rude utensils with which he cooked his primitive food are still shown. He was a member of one of the most daring bands of robbers which ever infested Ohio. With Allen Grandstaff, leader of the band, these desperadoes were a terror for miles around, and many a ghastly tale of their deeds is related with a shudder, by the side of the fire-places in the lonely cabins in the mountains on winter nights. Henry Hope, a remarkably intelligent man, and the post master of "Paint," since the time of Buchanan, tells the story of the capture of McKimmey in graphic style.

"McKimmey was raised in this vicinity," said he, "but committed no crimes until he went to the west, to Wyoming, and Colorado. While there he became one of the most daring and murderous desperadoes in the whole west; his deeds were on every tongue; his murders made every one shudder at the mention of his name. When he returned to Ohio, he came back to the haunts of his boyhood, and lost no time in joining a band of cut-throats here. Many a hundred dollars has that gang chiked out of the farmers in this vicinity. Their deeds finally became so notorious that something had to be done. Detective John T. Norris, of Springfield, undertook the job of breaking up the gang. He worked up the case in masterly style, and finally compelled McKimmey to take to the caves. I remember his capture well. One Thanksgiving day the word went round from farmhouse to farm house in the mountains that McKimmey was in Allen Grandstaff's cabin, a lovely and desolate little log house in a clearing in the hills. Nearly two hundred farmers grabbed their guns and made up a party to capture him. Armed with every conceivable weapon, the members of the party drew a great circle around the cabin, and gradually closed in on it. When they had completely surrounded it, McKimmey showed himself at the door. One of the party, a young man named Jones, who was intimately acquainted with McKimmey, volunteered to go in and tell him how desperate was his chance of escape. All held their breath as the young man entered. When he was fairly in the cabin, McKimmey with one of those intuitions, one of those flashes of genius which criminals often have, suddenly seized him with a grip of iron and held him close to his own body. He then calmly walked out the door, holding fast to Jones, and secure in the fact that no one would shoot, because they could not avoid hitting Jones, as well as himself. In this way the desperado walked slowly towards the woods, compelling Jones to walk with him as a shield, and followed by the entire army of pursuers. In the course of the walk through the woods a giant oak was reached. As McKimmey and Jones reached this tree, a number saw their chance for a shot; just as McKimmey was walking behind the tree and while Jones was protected by its trunk, the rifles rang out, and McKimmey fell, struck by several bullets. He was soon bound and taken to the Hillsboro jail, and after his trial and conviction, sentenced to the Ohio penitentiary, where he is now one of the most noted convicts.

Detective Norris got out a pamphlet detailing the life and capture of McKimmey, which is very interesting and which is in the libraries of many Springfield people.

The vicinity of Rocky Fork and Rainsboro acquires new interest as the scene of the boyhood of Governor-elect Foraker.

"The Forakers were raised only a few miles from here," said Postmaster Hope. "Judge Foraker's father formerly had a mill near Rainsboro, which is no longer running. The future governor was raised and educated in this vicinity. Many a time he has sat on that identical counter which you are leaning against. He explored all the caves and knew the country around here like a book. The little country school-house in which his first lessons were conned can still be seen."

While the postmaster was speaking, his sentences were punctuated by the booming of cannon, the sound of which was wafted over the hills from Rainsboro, where the boyhood friends and neighbors of Governor-elect Foraker were ratifying his election with fireworks and oratorical accompaniment, last Tuesday evening.

What an opportunity for moralizing! Foraker and McKimmey! Both pupils in the little country school-house in the hills; both learning from the same books and from the same teacher; both spending their idle hours in the enchanting scenery, which nature has created in this happy region, and how different were the uses they made of the same elements of life. One abstracted honey and ambrosia from things good and fair, the other poison. Both were destined to spend much of their lives in the great capital of Ohio; the one in the governor's chair, under the shadow of the eagles of the republic, executing the highest gift in the power of the people to bestow; the other to occupy a murderer's cell in the Ohio Penitentiary, and to wear the stripes, clipped pate and badges of shame which belong to that most debased of all human beings—the convict. What a contrast is here! What an example of the infinite possibilities of good or evil that lie before every copper-toed urchin who trudges to a country school house with a spelling-book under his arm! The same little school house gives the state a governor and a convict!

The other caves are some of them very beautiful and will amply repay a visit. The marble cave is so called from the resemblance of its white limestone walls to marble. Here the work of the thousand-legged army of cranks, who write their names in public places, is seen in the long rows of names inscribed on the walls. In this cave are various petrified objects said to resemble various shaped articles. "Look close," said the guide "and you can see a crown, a lily and a woman's face." "Yes," rejoined one of our party, "and look up here. Here is a petrified step ladder, an eight-day clock, a steam piano, a match safe, Jumbo and Ben Butler, all in stone." The guide thought he could distinguish the things named, until the hearty laugh of the tourists let him into the joke. The dancing or dining cave is used by picnic parties as a banqueting hall. Its beautiful gothic shape, consisting of rough-pointed arches make it the most beautiful of all the caves.

A thrilling panther story adds zest and a sense of danger to the explorations. It is said that a party of Washington C. H. boys were camping out near the caves and during the night heard the melancholy wails of a panther. Their terror over the occurrence kept them awake all night, and in the morning they started on a hunt for the panther. He was found, but after being chased some distance was lost near the caves. Sometime afterward, as some of the party were exploring one of the caves, they saw two balls of fire at the end of one of the dark passages. As an ominous growl came from the same direction, both the fiery eyes and growl were supposed to be the personal property of the panther. The party beat a hasty retreat. The villagers claim that the whole sensation was worked up by some practical jokers, with a panther horn.

Rocky Fork is a favorite resort with Springfield people. Mr. A. H. Griffith has painted pictures of much of the scenery, and has also made many photographic views. "Griff" is so popular with the farmers that when he arrives at the village he boards around through the entire vicinity, like a circuit preacher, and happy is the farm house which can claim a few day's of Griff's society. Mr. Paul Foos has also made some photographic views in the vicinity of Rocky Fork. The place will probably be over-run with Springfield amateur photographers next season.

Of the hundreds of laughing spectators who have enjoyed the antics, and fine singing as well, of Mr. Gustave Frankel, the King Noland in the burlesque of the Sleeping Beauty, presented at Black's Opera House by the Adah Richmond party last week, few probably know that he is a former Springfield boy. Meeting Mr. Frankel, the writer enjoyed a very pleasant chat with him on his theatrical career. Mr. Frankel said:

"I passed my boyhood in Springfield and am well acquainted with all the old landmarks in the city, although I must confess that the present size and enterprise of the Champion City somewhat staggers me. As a boy I was extremely fond of music and the drama. I remember that Will and Fred Schade who now stand high in the world of music in Boston, myself and my brother amused ourselves with an amateur orchestra during our school-boy days in Springfield. We ground out torture for the natives in Funk's hall. I left Springfield in 1871 going to Newark, N. J., where I attended school for three years. I then determined to become a druggist and with this purpose attended the New Jersey College of Pharmacy, from which institution I graduated in 1879. While a member of an amateur dramatic club in Newark, N. J., Leonard Grover, the well-known playwright, and author of 'Our Boarding House,' 'Cad, the Tomboy,' and other popular plays, attended one of our entertainments. When it was over Grover took me aside and said: 'Look here, young man, I hear you are about to become a druggist. Don't do it. Your talents are for the stage.' I was much impressed by a compliment from so high an authority, and immediately resolved to adopt the dramatic profession. My first role was that of Joseph Fioretti in Grover's 'Our Boarding House.' While I was with the company the comedian of the piece was suddenly taken ill; I was asked to play his part, which I did in such a manner as to convince Grover that I had more talent for comedy than any other line of acting. From that time to this I have played only comedy. Since then I have played in 'Fun on the Bristol,' and 'Princess Ida,' with John Stetson's company, as Prince Florin. While I was in Boston, I was engaged as baritone soloist for a sacred concert. As I went on the stage and looked down at the orchestra, who should I see as leader but Fred Schade, my old Springfield chum. All thought of lights, audience and concert vanished. 'Hello Fred!' I shouted. 'Hello Gus,' shouted Fred in response. The audience tittered and some sarcastic remarks of the people in the front seats brought me back to earth, 'Ladies and gentlemen,' I said by way of apology, 'you must really excuse me, but I have recognized in the leader of the orchestra, a friend whom I have not seen for fourteen years, since our boyhood days at Springfield, O.' The audience applauded, and my little break was overlooked.

"Next I went with the McCaul Opera Co., playing comedy business with Mme. Correily. Next I went with Shook & Collier's Lights of London combination as stage manager and comedian. This summer I played at Wallack's, in New York, and was there engaged to support Jalsy the King, in the Adah Richmond Co. My eldest brother, J. W. Frankel, who will be remembered by many Springfield people, is also in the theatrical business, as manager of the Newark, N. J. opera house. Next summer I expect to pay a two week's visit to Springfield and cultivate my old acquaintances."

Notwithstanding the gloom and rain last Thursday about 175 of the leading Ohio dealers in fine cattle collected at the fair grounds to attend the sale of fine short-horns by Dr. Hazzard, John Howell and W. S. Thompson, of this county, all of whom have very fine short-horn stock. Fifty head were to be sold, and about thirty-five of this number were disposed of. Dr. Hazzard sold twenty at an average of $83 a head, the highest price paid being $175 for one of the cows. Some of the short-horn cows sold were among the finest ever seen in this county. They were all of excellent pedigree and registered. The cow "Mazurka," weighs 1,900 pounds, attracted much notice.

Somebody has got out a canard, that it is unlawful for anyone to sink a natural gas well within a quarter of a mile of one already bored. This is sheer nonsense. Anyone who owns a 10x12 patch of ground can bore to China if he has the requisite funds, and wants to do it. Engineer Churchill said yesterday: "The great trouble is that when one gas well is bored the owners of all the neighboring property immediately bore wells, and the result is that the supply is soon exhausted."

From eight to ten gas wells will be immediately started in Buck Creek Valley as soon as it is clearly demonstrated that there is a good flow of gas. Mast & Foos, P. P. Mast & Co., Warder, Bushnell & Glessner and others will commence sinking wells on their premises soon. The expenses of boring the present well are borne by thirteen capitalists of this city, who made no call for the purpose, so that failure to find the gas would not bear heavily on one man, who undertook it.

The programme of the first concert of the Springfield Orpheus Society promises quite a feast of music. The concert will be opened by a number from the Elijah, and the programme will contain a piano solo by Miss Marie Miller, and a soprano solo by Miss Belle Williams, of Christ church. The second part of the concert will consist of numbers from the Elijah.

If Lew Houk escapes from the Ohio penitentiary, as it is intimated in a recent newspaper article he may be able to do, it will be time for John T. Norris to take to the woods. Houk says that Norris couldn't track an elephant in two feet of snow, and that the only way he would be able to hit a barn with his revolver would be by going in, and shutting the door after himself and then firing. He says he will kill Norris on sight.

It is rumored that the new prohibition hall will be surmounted by a plaster-of-paris statue of Dr. Leonard, frescoed in green and gold. The hall will fill a long-felt want in this city, and we hope to see some of the earnest old-time temperance meetings in it which were held at one time in the old city hall.

The teachers of the public schools go to Xenia for one day only next week, to inspect the methods of instruction in our flourishing sister city. They will also spend a day in inspecting the Cincinnati schools in the near future.

Col. W. J. White, of this city, is mentioned as a prominent candidate for adjutant general of the state. Col. White was a college-mate of Gov.-elect Foraker at Delaware college, and is one of the warmest personal friends of the latter. He will probably be the successful candidate.

The members of the Adah Richmond troupe are said to have been indignant that there were no ladies in their audiences, and to tell the truth the show was not nearly so objectionable as many comic operas.

RAMBLER.

USING GAS FOR FUEL.

The Machinery at the Well Being Run Partially by the Product.

Satisfactory progress is being made at the natural gas well in Frey's quarry at the foot of Market street. Friday night a second pocket of gas was struck. The gas escaped in large quantities, and for a time it was necessary to suspend all operations, all lights about the well being extinguished for fear of an explosion. Pipes have been put in and the gas as it comes from the well is conveyed to the boiler where it is utilized for fuel. About half the coal that would otherwise be necessary to get up steam is saved by this arrangement. The well is now down about 400 feet, and the prospects for striking a paying vein of gas are considered excellent. The striking of the second pocket encouraged the drillers considerably.

The Calamity that Overtook a Weiner-wurst Boy.

A diminutive negro boy who sells weiner-wurst set his can on the sidewalk at Main and Market streets last evening to give himself a better chance, by standing still and expanding his lungs to their full capacity, to call his wares to advantage. His hand had scarcely left the handle of the can when a sharp, pistol-like explosion was heard and the can staggered, and swayed and bulged into a dozen remarkable shapes. The alcohol lamp inside had exploded. Weiner-wurst was scattered in many directions. The gang on the corner lost no time in rescuing the wrecked morsels from the gutter and pavement and dispatching them. One fellow had the monumental cheek to approach the desolated vender and ask him for a piece of bread to eat with his fragment of weiner-wurst.

Tired of It.

When the police take goods from a pawnbroker's shop they have to stand good for the amount advanced on them by the uncle. As "uncle" pays a license, there is no law to compel him to let suspected goods go. Yesterday Officer Wilson had to pay $2 to Hussy, the West End pawnbroker, the amount advanced on the watch stolen by Rockford. The owner refused to pay the money, and the officer had to stand the loss. Chief Walker says that hereafter, after conviction on goods taken from a pawn shop the goods will be returned by the officers to the pawnbroker, where the owner can get them if he chooses by paying the amount advanced on them.

J. K. Emmet at the Grand.

Through the energetic efforts of Mr. Fuller Trump, the manager of the Grand opera house, we are happy to announce the appearance of J. K. Emmet at the Grand opera house, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 4, in his best of all plays, "Fritz in Ireland, or the Bell Ringer of the Rhine and the Love of the Shamrock."

Mr Emmet will be supported by a powerful company and his own orchestra of select musicians, who travel with this company to support Mr Emmet in his original songs and dances. Secure your seats early. Sale of seats opens Tuesday in advance.

A Pleasant Surprise.

On last Tuesday evening, Harry Collis was pleasantly surprised at his home on West High street, by several couples of his intimate friends. The evening was spent in a most delightful manner. Social games and songs were indulged in until a late hour when an elaborate supper was served to which the merry surprisers did justice. The following had the pleasure of being present: Misses Celia Singer, Ida Singer, Nettie Smith, Belle Hughes, Jennie Hickley, May Collis and Messrs. Leslie Petticrew, Will Grim, John Hively, Harry France and Delmer Ryder.

Sent to the Infirmary.

Mary Lewis, an unmarried colored woman, twenty-five years old, has been adjudged insane by Judge Miller, and sent to the county infirmary. She lived alone in a single room of a house in an alley running west from Center street, between Main and High streets. She had been sick a short time and her insanity is supposed to be due to her illness. The application for the warrant of insanity was made by the owner of the premises, Mrs. Dooley.

Real Estate Transfers.

Trustees of Lawrenceville cemetery to John Harder, lot in German tp; $4.

Ephraim N. Tibbitts and wife to Elijah Wilson, 33 feet on Rice street, city of Springfield; $1,000.

Robert P. Winters and wife to Byron O. Elliott, 18 lots in Springfield city; $16,500.

William D. Baker, sheriff, to Ephraim N. Tibbitts, 33 feet on Rice street; $901.