Hardeman County

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SCALLOP-BACK BILLY.

Proof That Fits Don't Run in the Lucas Family.

A Quaint and Characteristic Story From Life as They Live It in the Woods and Hills.

In my day and generation I have told so scandalous many terrific big stories, till right now I can't recollect for certain whether I have ever told you the chapter from Rocky Creek history in regards to Andy Lucas and Scallop-back Billy, as we are wont to call him. Well, anyhow, Scallop-back Billy is a calico-sided mustang pony, with white stockin feet and a skewbald face, and for some time past he has been Andy's regular standby fcr tradin stock.

When We Three Met.

Now, in them days it so come to pass that I was right there present on the ground when the first trade was made, wherein Scallop-back Billy fell into Andy's hands, and I recollect all the whenceness and the wherefores thereof.

It would seem like Andy and me had went to town together on Saturday along in the fall of the year, and on our return back home that evening we struck road acquaintance with a stranger which, accordin to his own doxology, hailed from the Crawford settlement way down in the river country, but from the way things turned out afterwards he was lyin like a yaller dog about that.

Anyhow, the stranger was ridin of a little high-headed, proud-steppin horse, with calico-painted sides and other fancy trimmins on him. He was likewise rigged out in a screakin new saddle, with a red saddle blanket, and by gracious he was skimmin along over the earth like a bird in great shape. Andy he was powerful taken up with the genral appearments of the little horse, and he bantered the stranger for a trade right then and there on the spot.

The stranger he responded back that he was then ridin the best piece of horseflesh that was ever done up in that much hide, and consequentially he want in no wise particular keen to part company with him. But at the same time he went on to say that he was a tradin man and would swap anything he had, except his wife and children, providin of course he got the figgers fixed to suit him.

"Well, comin right down to business and rock bottom," says Andy, "how will you change saddles and bridles with me?"

Andy was a ridin of a little plug mule which he had traded for that day, and which the same stood him in hand about $40, and was well worth the money.

"As I said in the outstart, I am not ridin my swappin stock to-day," the stranger went on torectly, "and I reckon you would have to lay about $15 on your mule's back before the change can take place."

"I am willin to make it ten dollars even Steven," says Andy, "and if that boot ain't big enough I reckon we will have to retire from the trade."

"Well, now, I have never yet seen the day when I come so low down as to let five dollars bust up a horse swap" the stranger responded, "and you are traded with."

The Scallop Shows Up.

The next minute they had both lit and dismounted and got down to round up the trade. They changed bridles in the first place, and then as Andy pulled his saddle off and was takin a farewell look at his mule, the stranger give a quick jerk and flung his saddle from the pony to the mule's back. For some minutes then Andy he looked at me and then at the pony, and I looked at the pony and then at Andy, whilst his eyes bulged out as big as a pair of saucers, and I had a powerful hankerin to laugh.

When the stranger took off his saddle and then pulled all the blankets out, one by one, blamed if they didn't leave a hole in the pony's back as big as a hamper basket. You couldn't tell for certain by lookin at him what in the thunderation had happened to him, but it would seem as if a big slice of his back had been bit out or chopped out at a very young and early age. We found out afterwards that the dead limb of a tree had fell on him when he was a mere colt and broke his back. And then when he got well and come around on his legs oncest more that ugly scallop was still there, and there to stay. The stranger had a kind of silly look, but it ain't no ways probable that the Fool Killer had ever had any pressin engagements at his house, and he had filled up that ugly hole in the pony's back with about 15 saddle blankets, foldin them every one a little wider and wider till he brung the valley up to a level with the knobs and hills surroundin.

"Well, man, sir, when he lifted his saddle and blankets and pulled the waddin out and left that thunderin big hole there in the pony's back he looked a blessed sight more like a drummedary than a piece of horse flesh. I thought in my soul for a few minutes that Andy Lucas would faint and fall down in it in spite of all that could be said or done. But he rallied presently and come back to his right mind and proper spirits.

By this time the stranger was bucklin up the girths as if to take on a waterbury movement, and leanin over in my saddle and whisperin to Andy, says I:

"That dadburned infernal scoundrel beast has swapped the livin socks off of you by workin a low down trick. It will never do for you to go home ridin that double-action, scallop-back thing—never in the created world. Rue the trade—even pull if you can't do no better—but rue the trade, Andy—rue the trade."

"This mought be a devilish good time of year for you to lay low and say nothin, Rufe," Andy whispered back to me. "You want me to play this game dead-square into the stranger's hand, and I don't most in generally always handle the documents that way. It looks like both of you took me for a natural-born durn fool, but we will see about that, Rufe—we will see."

Then turnin to the stranger, who was now mounted on the mule with his boots in the stirrups, Andy smiled a pleasant, homely smile, and went on to say:

"Now, stranger, if you have got any more scallop-back, calico horses down in your country I would love the best in the world for you to bring a drove the next time you are passin through our settlement. I have got a few head of mules and horses over to my plantation—both straight backs and scallop backs and hump backs—and I will trade with you most any time and any way. The scallop-back horses are all the go in this country now, whilst the straight backs are way yonder out of the fashion."

"Holy Moses and the twelve epistles, what a lie!" thinks I to myself, but as Andy had already give it out that my time of year to say nothin had come, I didn't put my hand into the game any more. And yet still I did feel rale curious all over in spots from the fear that the way in which he had got bit and bugged in the trade and the general shock which struck us when the stranger pulled the waddin out of the hole in that pony's back, had kindly unstrung Andy's nervous system and addled his mind.

Who Was Crazy That Day?

In the main time I couldn't help but take notice that the stranger kept hangin around like he was waitin for somethin to happen and would ruther not go, whilst I thought if it was me after throwin as much dirt on a man as he had on Andy I would be movin my washin in a swingin gallop.

But presently Andy he swung himself into his saddle, tightened the reins on scallop-back Billy, wished the stranger a whole lot of good luck, waved his hat at him in sayin good-by, tangled his spurs with the flank girth and away he went. He pulled in and waited for me a mile or two down the road, and when I rid up he was dismounted on the ground, rubbin and pettin that pony, and talkin and carryin on with himself like a man that was borned a fool and had also went crazy.

"Andy Lucas," talkin to himself out loud so I could hear, "you may not be smart enough to run for congress, but the family records will show that you ain't all sorts of a fool on the same day. You have got a head as long as a flour barrel and as level as a squash. You may show the whites of your eyes and look foolish sometimes, but I'll be doubly dadburned if there is anything particular green in your general records. But it does raley look like it will take some people forever to find out that you are a natural-born horse trader, with great gobs of sense, and that fits don't run in the Lucas family. But you jest spit on your bait and wait, and then when a sucker comes along and bites you can throw him out on dry land so he never can flutter back to water."

"Git on your horse, Andy, and come on. It is gettin late and we would better be movin along towards home," says I, soft and gentle as I could, cause I then felt plum certain that the man was not in his right mind.

"Say here, Rufe, don't you be givin yourself so infernal much trouble and worriment about me," he come back, kindly firin up, like he was mad. "You mought maybe think I am as blind as a mole and as crazy as a chinch. A heap of people ain't got no better sense than to think that, and you must be one of the people this evenin. The stranger we met back yonder in the road—the idiot which swapped me this pony for that old mule—has backed his own fool self up agin that very snag. Can't you stir up the mush in your mutton head sufficient to see that I have swapped the very daylights out of the stranger, and him a-lookin at me all the time? Don't you know this scallop-back pony is worth a small drove of sich mules as that to a man in the tradin business like me? Didn't you see the game that dadblame fool was trpin to play on me, and can't you see how the documents have come my way like a mill race with the dam busted? You saw the idiot grinnin at me, and hangin around like a man that was daunt for and didn't want to go worth a hardly, and yet you couldn't see through his game. By the eternal Jim-jams, Rufe, it is as plain to me as a painted horse rack in ten acres of burnt woods. And now, accordin to my general opinions, if there is a man in this crowd that is a standin candidate for the crazy siloam, his name is Sanders, and not Lucas by a durn sight."

Andy Recovers Rapidly.

"Now, see if you can't manage so as to let a few ideas soak through your hair, whilst I try to give you some of the mainest pints in the game," says Andy, as he mounted and we rid on towards home.

"That blame fool stranger which traded with me back yonder has jest simply swapped off the goose that lays gold eggs and never goes to set, as it were, and I saw through his trick like a flash. He calculated that when he took off his saddle and pulled the blankets out of the terrible hole in the pony's back I would be paralyzed on the spot and dead crazy to rue the trade. You would have took his bait like a little sucker if you had stood in my shoes, but, havin come down from a generation of horse traders, I didn't snap and gobble down the bait any to speak of. He thought I would ask him and beg him for a rue, and at last offer to swap back even in orderment to git rid of the scallop-back pony, and in that way he could keep the boot money I had paid him and land $10—clean, cold cash—in his flanks as easy as pickin it up in the big road. I'll bet my Sunday boots, Rufe, that he has made 50 trades like that. You took notice of how he kept hangin around and waitin for me to say somethin, which I never did say. Well, he was jest simply beat out in his own game, and I could see that it cut him to the bone. Right now I will bet the best mule in the settlement that he would be more than glad to rue the trade and let me name the figgers. You only wait now till my time comes and let me show you how easy the trick will work. There is some dirt in it I know, but accordin to the scriptures anything is fair in love and war and politics and horse tradin."

As we rid on towards home scallop-back Billy danced and pranced and went sideways and put on more airs than the drum major of a brass band. Everybody we met in the road had to turn round and take a good look at Andy's high-headed, calico pony. Torectly it so happened that we met up with another stranger. Andy tickled scallop-back Billy in the flanks with his spurs and wouldn't let him break his gait. But the stranger looked back at us and hollered to Andy:

"Say, mister, are you ridin swappin stock this evenin?"

"Not if the court knows herself and she ruther thinks she does," Andy come back at him. "But at the same time I come from swappin stock myself, and you mought bring on a trade if you are any ways sufferin for one."

"Well, how will you change with me?" says the stranger, which he was ridin of a little roan mare some 12 or 13 years old.

"This aint my time of year to trade," says Andy, "but if you want to put your own trappins on this pony you mought pitch in and do the tradin. Money talks, and when you hit me right with the figgers I will let you know."

So the stranger he first made a pass at Andy to trade even, and from that he went to offerin boot. All this time Andy said nothin—only kept on shakin his head—till the stranger run the figgers up to $20, when the trade was closed and Andy put the money in his left flank pocket. Then they dismounted and changed bridles and pulled off their saddles. And, man sir, when the stranger walked around and saw that awful hole in the pony's back he dropped his saddle to the ground and I thought in my soul he would go off in a dead trance right there in the big road.

"Say, mister, I wouldn't ride that dang thing home and turn him loose in my father's lot for $50," says the young man when he recovered from the shock sufficient to talk.

"You made your own trade, young man," says Andy, "and if you don't love to ride, walkin is tolerable good at this season of the year."

"I want to rue back and go home," says the young man, whilst his voice wavered and trembled like he was fixin to cry.

"I don't know how it is over in your settlement," says Andy, "but we don't trade horses that a way around Rocky Creek."

"I will give you the pony even trade for my mare, and you can keep the boot money," the young man went on, lookin powerful sorry like and pitiful. "Durned if I wouldn't tote my saddle and walk home before I would ride this infernal freak of nature."

"You have done made one trade already this evenin, and if nothin else will do I reckon I will have to let you make another one," says Andy. "Throw your saddle on the mare and go on back home to your ma, and the next time you start out on a horse swappin stampede fight shy of the Rocky Creek settlement."

Scallop-Back Horses All the Go.

The young man was so tremendius glad to swap back most anyway till he went off rejoicin, whilst Andy he rid home on scallop-back Billy, with $20 spot cash landed safe in his left flank pocket.

Nobody knows for certain how many times Andy has swapped off scallop-back Billy, but he gets him back every clatter with a little boot money throwed in for good measure. The stranger which first swapped him to Andy sent a trader into the settlement oncest, and sent him after scallop-back Billy at any price. But Andy got onto the trick, and when finally at last the trader shook $100 at him for the calico pony Andy would only shake his head and say:

"Not this year. Some other year, prehaps. Tell the man which sent you here that I love him like a twin brother, I do. And tell him moreover also that the scallop-back horses are now all the go around Rocky Creek."

And so if it ever comes to pass that you mought pitch out to try your hand with swappin stock, you can keep in mind that there is one man in this great country which always falls like a cat—on his feet. It would pay you likewise also to recollect that fits don't run in the Lucas family.

RUFUS SANDERS.

The Contradictory Sex.

"I do not understand it," said the philosopher.

"What is bothering you now?" inquired the other.

"If a man is two hours late in arriving at home his wife raises a row, while if he is gone two years she will give him a royal welcome. Women are peculiar."
—Tit-Bits.

Average Height and Weight.

The average height of man is five feet six inches, his weight 141½ pounds. The average height of woman is five feet two inches, her weight 124½ pounds.

Got the Prize.

"What do you call this stuff, waiter?"

"Floating island pudding, sir."

"Um! Most of the soil seems to have fallen to me." — Philadelphia North American.

LAST SUNDAY AT HOME.

Maj. McKinley Attends the Church of His Youth,

And Becomes the Subject of an Earnest Prayer—All Preparations for Leaving Canton Made at the McKinley Home—Special Train and Its Occupants.

CANTON, March 1.—Maj. McKinley's last Sunday at his Canton home before setting out for Washington to be inaugurated president of the United States, was marked by no unusual happenings. He went to the Methodistr church, of which he has been a member since he was 17 years old. The church has a seating capacity exceeding one thousand and it was crowded. Maj. McKinley drove to the church, and was accompanied by Capt. H. O. Heistand and George E. Morse, of San Francisco, who married one of the president's nieces.

Snow was falling rapidly and almost obscured Maj. McKinley's figure as he walked from the carriage to the church.

Maj. McKinley joined with evident relish in the singing of the opening hymn "Jesus Reigns."

Dr. C. E. Manchester, the pastor, who was a member of Maj. McKinley's regiment during the war, said in his prayer.

O Lord, bless our nation. Grant that peace and righteousness may prevail. We pray Thee that Thy blessing may be on the president of the United States in the closing days of his administration and that nothing may be done displeasing to Thee. Let Thy blessing rest upon thy servant who has been chosen to be the chief executive of this nation. We pray Thee to go with him; give him great faith in Thee; may he be sustained by the prayers of Thy people, that he may carry out Thy will. We pray Thee to manifest Thyself to him and to all of us.

Dr. Manchester found his text in the third verse of the 21st chapter of Matthew:

The Lord Hath Need.

His theme was "The Higher Life." In speaking of home training he paid in a delicate, indirect way, a beautiful tribute to Mother McKinley.

In conclusion, Dr. Manchester said: "How shall we preserve the peace of nations? What are we to do for this great land of ours? There is one thought in all of our minds this morning as our dear brother and friend goes out to take up the duties that lie before him: Our prayers that he do aright the great work set before him."

B. F. McKinley, of San Francisco, an uncle of the president-elect, arrived in Canton yesterday. He will accompany the presidential party to Washington.

All preparations for leaving Canton have been made at the McKinley home. Mr. and Mrs. Lafayette Williams, of Chicago, who are to share the private car occupied by Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, will arrive here to-day. The presidential train will consist of seven cars, a combination baggage and smoking car, a handsome new Pullman for the newspaper correspondents, a dining car, two Pullmans, a private car for Mother McKinley and her party, and a second private car which will be the last car on the train and will be occupied by the president-elect. The train will be preceded by one bearing the Cleveland troop which is going to do escort duty. There will be about sixty-five persons on Maj. McKinley's special train, most of them being relatives or close personal friends of the president-elect.

The train conveying the president-elect will leave Canton at 7 o'clock tonight and is scheduled to arrive in Washington at 11 a. m. on Tuesday. It will not be run at a high rate of speed on account of Maj. McKinley's venerable mother and other ladies who will be passengers on it. Safety and comfort will be the end sought rather than swiftness.

Maj. McKinley will probably say a few words of farewell to his friends and neghbors before the train leaves Canton. He is to be escorted to the train by several thousand Canton people, and the streets along the line of march will be brilliantly illuminated.

Maj. and Mrs. McKinley took a drive yesterday afternoon. They are both in possession of their usual health. In the evening a few old friends dropped in to say good-by.

SAVED HIS FATHER'S LIFE,

But Sacrificed His Own in the Brave Attempt.

GALVESTON, Tex., Feb. 28.—Paul L. Lefevre made an heroic and successful effort to save the life of his father yesterday morning, but lost his own. Eugene Lefevre and son, carpenters and house movers, were engaged in moving an old house, but their progress was obstructed by wire. Eugene Lefevre, who was standing on top of the building, grasped one of the wires with both hands in an effort to raise it to the top of the hours. Instantly he was paralyzed, blue flashes of electricity flew from his body, his hands were smoking and the smell of burning flesh made the on-lookers turn sick. Paul, who was on the roof with his father, spang to him and tore him loose. As his father fell on the roof, his life saved, the son fell upon the wires and his life was sacrificed, although every effort was made to save him. The young man was 23 years old. The elder Lefevre's hands were fearfully burned and his escape from death was miraculous and was due to the bravery of his son.

VICTORY ON PAPER.

The Spanish Account, However is Lacking in Consistency.

HAVANA, March 1.—While Capt. Maria, with a cavalry force, was reconnoitering around San Antonio de Las Vegas, province of Havana, he was attaked by a force of rebels. After a fight which lasted three hours the rebels were dispersed with heavy losses. They left 31 dead on the field. The troops lost one killed and a captain and four privates wounded.

Captain-General Weyler has left Sancti Spiritus and is now at Placetas.

THE WAR IN CRETE.

Fighting Continues, Notwithstanding the Armistice—A Fierce Battle Fought at Malaxa, in Which the Turks are Beaten and Driven to Their Stronghold—Opposed to Autonomy—Alarming Rumors—A Hundred Moslems Killed.

CANEA, March 1.—The presence of foreign war ships off this port has not had the effect of preventing fighting between the insurgents and Turks, save in the town itself, where a comparatively small force of sailors and marines were recently landed for the purpose of preserving order. A skirmish occurred yesterday at Malaxa, a short distance from Canea, in which the Turks were worsted, although they outnumbered the Christians. The fighting at Malaxa arose from a fruitless attempt on the part of the Moslems, aided by a detachment of Turkish troops, to revictual the blockhouse, where the Turkish garrison has been blockaded for a number of days. The Moslems made a sortie, but the insurgents were prepared for just such a move and attacked the party furiously, finally driving them back. During the fighting a heavy fire was directed upon the Christians from the Turkish arsenal in Canea. It had, however, very little effect, and the Christians still maintained the position held by them prior to the fight.

Further fighting occurred in the vicinity of Heraklion. As heretofore the insurgents repulsed the Turks.

A Turkish war ship in Suda bay yesterday began the bombardment of a position occupied by insurgents, but before she had done much firing her commander received word from the representatives of the foreign powers that he must silence his guns or take the consequences. This is the second time that the insurgents near Suda bay have been fired on by a Turkish war ship.

The Greek Korakas, who, at the head of 5,000 insurgents has invested the town of Heraklion, has given permission to the Turks to leave the place in order that they may cultivate the lands adjacent to the town. His action, however, is looked upon with suspicion by many Moslems, they believing that it his intention to benefit from the labors of the Turks by seizing their crops when they are ripe. On the other hand, those who are acquainted with the character of Korakas, declare that he is a just and humane man, and that his only object in permitting the Turks to till the fields is to prevent suffering from famine among the women and children in the beleaguered town.

Several British and Italian officers recently visited the camp of Korakas, where they were treated with much courtesy. They were astonished by the excellent discipline maintained among the insurgents and by the perfection of their organization, all of which is due to Korakas, who appears to be a born leader of men. He is enthusiastic in support of the cause of the Cretans and his force will prove no unimportant factor should Turkey attempt to quell the insurrection by force of arms.

Tefik Pasha, the new military governor, arrived here yesterday and paid visits to the several consuls.

Opposed to Autonomy—Must Have Union with Greece.

ATHENS, March 1.—A number of Cretan deputies, headed by the bishops of Retimo, visited King George yesterday, and presented to him a memorial which, in effect, declared that the establishment of an autonomous government in Crete would not result in the pacification of the island. Such a form of government would only prepare the way to a fresh revolution and further endanger the peace of Europe. The Cretans, therefore, have firmly decided not to accept autonomy, but to continue their struggle to realize union with Greece, which the memorial is for, and even the Mussulmans were beginning to agree was the only solution of the situation.

Alarming Rumors.

LONDON, March 1.—The Observer publishes a dispatch from Paris saying that alarming rumors are in circulation there. If these rumors are true they show that the situation is extremely grave. Two of the rumors receive credit. One of them concerns Russia's attitude toward the policy of Greece, an attitude which, apparently, nothing will mitigate. The other is to the effect that the dragoman attached to the Russian embassy at Constantinople has notified the porte that Russia will occupy Armenia if hostilities break out.

A GREAT SENSATION

Caused by the Arrest of a Well-Connected Young Man for Highway Robbery.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 28.—A special from Shreve, O., says: For a number of years the farming community of Wayne county has been terrorized by the depredations of a gang of five masked robbers who defied arrest and detection until last week. At least four deaths are traceable to the operations of the gang, who were accustomed to torturing their victims when the latter were reluctant in shelling out.

On Thursday the grand jury indicted Richard Lee, Elmer Geiselman, Elmer Berry and John Levers, all residents of this city and sons of respected citizens, for connection with the outrages referred to. The specific charge in each case is highway robbery. The authorities claim to have positive evidence of the guilt of the accused, whose arrest has caused a great sensation.

AN EFFORT THAT FAILED.

Gov. Pingree of Michigan is Still Mayor of Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 28.—Hazen S. Pingree is still mayor of Detroit and governor of the state of Michigan, according to an opinion handed down by the full bench of the Wayne circuit court. The decision was upon the mandamus proceedings brought by Board of Public Works Commissioner Moreland to require the council to declare the office of mayor vacant and issue a call for an election to fill the vacancy.

M'KINLEY'S ESCORT.

Troop A, the Crack Cavalry Company of Cleveland, O.—Every Horse But Two is Jet Black—They Were Bought and Trained Expressly for the Occasion, and Cost $10,000—Capt. Russell E. Burdick is in Command.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 28.—Troop A, Cleveland's crack cavalry company, and the only organization of this kind in the Ohio national guard, will be the personal escort of President-elect William McKinley during the inaugural ceremonies. The troopers have for some time been as busy as bees making preparations for the trip. It has required a vast amount of work to get the company in readiness. The principal work was to train 81 head of horses, purchased expressly for the trip to Washington. These horses cost the company $10,000. They are all Kentucky bred animals. Every one of them is jet black, with the exception of two of them, which are pure white. These will be ridden by the trumpeters, in advance of the column.

Capt. Russell E. Burdick.

Every animal is over 15 hands high and they range from one to three inches over that. They are fat, glossy fellows, and as frisky as colts. The work of training them was a hard task, but the riders have got them so they bear the saddle and a rider. The horses had never been used before being brought to this city, and they have been trained right to the saddle, and when all together they present a handsome appearance.

Col. William H. Harris, late brevet lieutenant-colonel, U. S. A., organized the troop in 1877, and acted as its first captain. The company was fully armed and equipped within a year, and in January, 1880, took part in the parade at the inauguration of Gov. Foster of Ohio. The troop next was called upon to act as personal escort to President-elect James A. Garfield from this city to Washington. Again was the company honored when it acted as escort to ex-President Hayes on his return from Washington to his home in Fremont, O. The troop was part of the military force of the state in 1883, the governor having accepted its services. Col. Harris resigned at this period, and was succeeded by Lieut. George A. Garretson, late of the U. S. A. The troop was formally mustered into the Ohio national guard in 1887, and has been a prominent figure in state and national military circles ever since. It took part in the international military encampment at Chicago, the centennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington at New York, and did escort duty to Gov. Foraker of Ohio, President Harrison and Maj.-Gen. Crook, U. S. A.

As escort to Gov. McKinley the troop participated in the dedication ceremonies of the World's Columbian exposition at Chicago in October, 1892. In 1893 it acted as part of the escort at the funeral of ex-President Hayes. The present captain, Russell E. Burdick, was elected April 1, 1895, after a service of 12 years as trooper and non-commissioned officer. During a trip south, in 1895, Lieut.-Gen. Schofield saw the troop at Chattanoogo, and was so impressed that he expressed a desire to join, and he was then and there made an honorary member.

WEYLER'S CAMPAIGN.

The Captain-General Outgeneraled and Outfought by Maximo Gomez.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—A special to the Journal from Placetas, Cuba, under date of February 22, says:

The Spanish captain-general's personal campaign against Maximo Gomez in Santa Clara province is a failure. Weyler has been outgeneraled, outmaneuvered, outmarched and outfought by the "scattering groups of insurgents," of which he, in his official dispatches to the war department at Madrid, has spoken with contempt.

Within ten days his generals have been defeated in this one province five times. Gen. Gomez, whom he said he had penned up between his Spanish columns and the central trocha, has crossed his line of march, defeated his troops, outflanked him and reached his rear.

WEYLER RESIGNS.

The Captain-General Practically Acknowledges Failure.

NEW YORK, March 1.—The Herald this morning prints the following:

HAVANA, Feb. 27, via Tampa, Fla., Feb. 28.—It is reported here on the highest authority that Capt. Gen. Weyler has forwarded his resignation to the Spanish government at Madrid, and will leave the island as soon as possible, probably in about three weeks.

UNDERMINED BY THE FLOOD.

A Five-Story Warehouse Collapses, Carrying One of Its Inmates Down to Death.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 28.—The first fatality attending the high water occurred at 4:15 yesterday afternoon. Three of the floors of the five-story stone front warehouse on Front street, near Vine, owned by Hinkle, Wilson & Kreis, wholesale grocers, caved in at that hour. The building is surrounded with several feet of water.

About 1,000 barrels of sugar went down with the wreck, which carried with it several men. One was killed.