# Weekly Chillicothe Crisis.

VOLUME VII. CHILLICOTHE, LIVINGSTON COUNTY, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1884. NUMBER 34.


## CURRENT TOPICS.

ORANGE societies are now illegal in Canada.

NEW YORK's annual milk bill is $10-000,000.

VANDERBILT's net income is $19.67 per minute.

THE Methodists have 1,185 churches in Virginia.

MALTA is mentioned as the Pope's future residence.

THERE are 80,000 more women than men in Massachusetts.

A CARP culture association has been formed in New York.

THE exportation of gold has about ceased for the present.

TWELVE million people in Spain can neither read nor write.

THE cattle now owned in Colorado are valued at $40,000,000.

RICE forms the daily food of more than half the human race.

THERE are 2,750 languages or dialects spoken on this globe.

A MISSOURIAN has succeeded in domesticating a flock of quails.

SIXTY thousand persons are engaged in silk culture in Switzerland.

GRASSHOPPERS are ravaging the southern portions of Australia.

THE peach trees of Georgia are very backward in blooming this year.

ABOUT 60,000 northeners have wintered in Florida the past winter.

THERE were 12,842 arrests for drunkenness in New York city last year.

ONE of the provinces of Austria will be depleted by emigration to America.

ABOUT 6½ feet of snow have fallen in Brattleboro, Vt., during the past winter.

MAINE has 1,079 miles of railroad, divided between thirty-seven corporations.

A MERCHANT at Trieste has been arrested for smuggling dynamite in flour sacks.

DRUNKENNESS has increased sixty per cent in Belgium the past thirty years.

NEW JERSEY intends to have agricultural education in her public schools.

EGYPTIAN finances are in a bad way as usual. A new loan is to be raised if possible.

THE Iowa farmers have again defeated the barbed-wire monopolists' patents.

CHICAGO is monopolizing more and more the dressed meat trade of the country.

LARGE numbers of horses have been dying at Portland, Oregon, from blind staggers.

THE increase in the cotton yield of Georgia for the last ten years is 100 per cent.

IT is proposed to make the anti-Chinese law much more strict in its provisions.

FLOCKS of wild geese are destroying whole fields of grain along the Savannah River.

PROHIBITION has been defeated in New Jersey by a vote of thirty to twenty-six.

IT is reported that a Pittsburg chemist has discovered the art of making black glass.

DURING the year 1883, 1,662 cows and eighty-two bulls were exported from Jersey.

THE convict-labor system is abolished in Ohio; the present contracts are not to be renewed.

THE recent gale in Scotland blew down 200,000 trees within a radius of ten miles of Ayr.

FRUIT dealers in New York say that over a million and a half cocoanuts are now in store there.

PENNSYLVANIA coal companies are working only three days in a week, so as to keep up prices.

BISMARCK has said that it was impossible to abandon preventive measures against foreign pork.

A COMPANY of Scotch capitalists have bought 500,000 acres of land in the western part of Florida.

TRADE with Congo has taken a start. Coffee to arrive from there has recently been sold in New York.

GERMANY has 108 war ships, carrying 518 guns and manned by over 12,-000 marines and sailors.

ONE hundred men will be employed for two years in making rifled guns t the Charleston Navy Yard.

THE orange crop of Florida this season is estimated at 60,000,000 oranges, netting the growers $1,200,000.

THE estimated cost of replacing the bridges between Cairo and Pittsburg, destroyed by the flood, is $210,000.

DURING the past seven years over 63,000,000 pounds of plug tobacco have been made in Petersburg, Va.

IT is said there is more food raised in the poultry yards of France than in the stalls and pastures of England.

THE woods of the United States are estimated to cover 380,000,000 acres, or sixteen per cent of the total area.

WISCONSIN farmers must purchase 160,000 bushels of corn for seed, owing to the short and poor crop of last year.

A BILL before the legislature of New York requires that every can of canned goods be stamped with the date of packing.

## CONSECRATED MONEY.

Look at this little heap of coin,
  Dimmed by the rust of years;
Marred by the ceaseless dropping
  Of a stricken mother's tears.
Lightly you turn them over,
  With your fingers, soft and fair.
Do you know that the hopes of a life-time
  Lie crushed before you there?

Years, years ago, when this gray hair
  Was soft, and sunny, and brown,
Into my care, for a little while,
  God sent an angel down.
O, the bright visions that came to me,
  O, the sweet dreams of pride.
Fair, very fair; should the future be,
  For the dear child at my side.

She should have riches, love and delight,
  Her path should be decked with flowers,
My head should plan, and my hands should toil,
  That her's might be sunny hours,
All that my girlhood's years had missed,
  Should be her happy lot.
The treasures for which I had vainly longed,
  Should be her's, without pain; or thought.
Each week, I would carefully hoard away
  A sum, that would ever increase.
My darling should never know lack of gold,
  Nor poverty mar her peace.
Child of my heart, thou hast left me now,
  Yet mine is the answered prayer.
Thou hast the brightness and joys of heaven,
  Untroubled by want or care!
What my best wisdom could not win,
  Father, to her thou hast given,
Beautiful robes, and raiment white,
  The untold glories of heaven.

To me, there are left the empty arms,
  The sorrow that will not sleep,
The weary days, and the lonely nights,
  And this little golden heap!
Take it, dear Father, it is thine;
  Too long has it moldering lain.
Let it bear the tidings of Love Divine,
  Let it soothe some sad heart's pain.

It is consecrated to holy use,
  Hallowed by prayers and tears,
Hopes of a life-time, crushed and torn,
  Dreams of my summer-years.
It was saved for my child, and perhaps, who knows!
  If it bear the message of love,
And win some soul from the path of sin,
  She may know it even above.
May know that her mother loves her yet;
  It would add to her bliss, even there.
Then go, little sacred golden heap
  Of Consecrated Care!

## A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE.

In the spring of the year 1877, when the Russians were pushing their victorious forces toward the city of their conquered foe, and England was waiting, apprehensive of the result, I had the fortune to be attached to a depot battery of garrison artillery in the Southern District. At that time there was a great scarcity of subalterns in the Royal Regiment, and I found myself the only officer of that rank in a battery of recruits some two hundred strong. As may be imagined, I had quite as much work on my hands as I cared for.

It was with mingled feelings that I heard the news that Lord Beaconsfield had determined on calling out the Reserves. On the one hand the act seemed prophetic of imminent war, with all the chances of promotion and distinction that such a prospect opens to the soldier; while on the other there was the immediate certainty of plenty of hard work, and of endless trouble with men just transferred from their civil occupations to the stirring life of the army. On the whole, however, I think I rather enjoyed the excitement offered by the change.

One morning I was called into the Colonel's office, informed that a large detachment of forty men of the Reserve was to join my battery from Wales and that I was to proceed thither immediately with a trustworthy sergeant and bring them to the depot. The Colonel did not scruple to tell me that he would not have intrusted so difficult a task to an officer with as little experience and length of service as myself, had he had another to send; but as there was no one available, he must make a virtue of necessity, and hoped I would prove worthy of the confidence reposed in me. At the same time, he gave me to understand that, once the men were in my charge, I should be held responsible for any who managed to desert or otherwise absent themselves on the journey.

I always dislike responsibility, and had, moreover, an idea—whether well or ill founded I shall not pause to consider—that the small pay of a subaltern was not intended to cover any duties of great importance, but was merely an income drawn for the performance of certain fixed pieces of routine, such as visiting guards, going round to inspect men's dinners, and so on. I can not, therefore, say that I at all relished the order I had just received, especially since I could very well realize the difficulty of conveying forty rude Welsh miners so long a distance through a country unknown to them. I only stipulated, however, that the sergeant who was to be my companion should be a man I knew and could trust, and who could talk Welsh on occassion. Fortunately, just such a one as I needed was available, and we started on our journey determined to make the best of it.

I do not intend here to give an account of the manner in which I carried out my mission, though, indeed, some of the incidents were amusing enough. I was compelled preforce to stay longer than I had intended in Wales gathering my men together; and on the morning of our final departure half the population of the country seemed to be collected together to see us off. Had there been the least unwillingness on the part of the new recruits to join, I should have been quite unable to muster them among the crowds that attended; but both they and their relatives were only too willing to serve Her Majesty and to drink her health. Man after man was carried aloft by his admiring friends, dead drunk, and thrust into the carriages anywhere and anyhow, till my number was complete, and the amused engine-driver could at length start his train. Of the whole party, I think that myself, my sergeant, and a single total abstainer, who happened to be the sole one of my men who could speak a word of English, were the only persons sober. I kept my charges well supplied with liquor, in defiance of all precedent, carried them from Easton to London Bridge in a couple of omnibuses, and had them all safely housed in barracks before they well knew they had started. I fear some of them must have felt very ill the day after, but that, of course, I could not help.

But the adventure I am about to relate had little to do with my Reserve men. It took place on the second night after my arrival in Wales. My sergeant and I had taken up our quarters in a little out-of-the way village on the coast, not far from the Menai Straits. For many reasons I do not care to give its name. We arrived there late in the evening, as darkness was drawing on; and, by dint of my companions knowledge of the language, had found out the position of the only place of entertainment that was available—a little inn situated at some distance from the town. I was struck, on approaching it, by the wild and picturesque beauty of the locality. It was perched on the top of a high cliff, which seemed almost to overhang the sea below; and between the door and the verge of the perpendicular descent, unguarded by fence or rail, nothing intervened but a patch of grass, blackened and withered by the spray cast up by the westerly gales of the equinox, and not more than four yards wide. Why the builder should have selected such a spot was not easy to say. Perhaps he was a man who loved to watch the wild moods of the ocean, and found them harmonize with those of his own soul. It looked the very place for some terrible scene of midnight murder and violence, such as so often happened in the old smuggling days.

The house itself was a good one, and the landlord, as he came to the door to welcome us, seemed a quiet, good-natured looking man. He showed us to our rooms, and served our supper in a lofty chamber whose windows looked out upon the sea, that already began to moan through the rocky caves and passes with the restless motion that foretells a rising storm.

After supper my sergeant strolled down to the village to see his men and arrange about getting them together in the morning; and the landlord, with whom he struck up an acquaintance, accompanied him to show him the persons he required. Before leaving the house he said something to my comrade in Welsh.

"He says, sir," said the sergeant, saluting, "that he hopes you won't mind being left alone in the house for an hour or two. No one will intrude upon you. There is one other gentleman stopping h re, but he is out now and most likely won't be back till morning. He is a man who goes about with a hammer collecting bits of rock."

"Ah, a geologist," I replied. "No, I have no objection to be left alone. I would come down to the village with you, but that I am tired, and I think I will just smoke a pipe and go to bed."

This message being duly translated to my host he made me a low and the two started off, shutting the door after them. I lit my pipe and made myself comfortable with a couple of chairs by the fire. There is no more sleepy occupation than watching tobacco smoke curling upwards and I soon fell into a doze. I do not know how long I had slept when I was awakened by a stir in the room and saw at once that the "other gentleman" had returned sooner than he was expected, and was now regarding me with some interest.

He was a man of about thirty-five, tall and well-made, dressed in a thick frieze suit, with a belt of the same material round the waist. In his hand were a bag of fossils and rock specimens and a geologist's hammer. These he laid on the table, and then came over and shook hands with me.

"I did not expect to meet a gentleman in this out-of-the-way place," he said. "No one comes here unless it be to follow such pursuits as mine, or from a love of seeing Nature unspoiled by man's handiwork."

I was glad of some company, and told him what had brought me there. He set my mind somewhat at ease by saying that from what he had seen of the people he thoug'it my task would be simple enough; and then we drifted into an interesting conversation. He was, I found, a clever, well-read man, and we got on excellently together, but I noticed now and then an anxious watching expression in his eyes for which I could not account. I was not, however, much of a judge of physiognomy, and did not trouble myself with theories on the subject.

As we were talking the moan of the sea grew louder and louder, and at length came a sudden dash of wind and rain against the windows. The gale was beginning in earnest.

What followed I can scarcely expect my readers to believe, and, indeed, looking back on it now as I sit in my cosy quarters, with the lamp burning brightly on the table, I could almost think that I had been the victim of some terrible hallucination; but it was real enough to me that night.

After the first impetuous gust of the storm there came a pause of stillness, and in the unnatural tension of the nerves that one feels is such an interval of expectancy I heard, as clearly as ever I heard anything in my life, a woman's voice outside the window crying, in a wailing tone: "O, Jack, Jack!"

"She will be blown over the cliff!" I cried. "What can she be doing there?" and I rose to open the door.

My companion did not answer a word. I glanced at him and saw that his face, lips and all had paled to a ghastly whiteness. His eyes were fixed upon the window with an expression of such deadly fear as I hope I may never see again.

It was useless to expect help from him, so, mentally setting him down as an arrant coward, I ran to the house-door and opened it, intending to let in the wayfarer whose voice I had heard.

As I raised the latch the wind rushed in with impetuous violence and nearly tore the door from my hand. A cold dash of mingled spray and rain met me full in the face.

"Come in, whoever you are," I cried impatiently, "I can't hold the door open all night."

There was no answer. I stepped outside and looked round. It was full moon that night, and though the clouds were thick there was a glimmer of light sufficient to see any object within a few yards' distance. There was a phosphorescent lustre on the sea that gleamed brightly now and then as the waves broke on the rocks, and a frightened sea bird almost brushed my face as it flew past. But of the woman I expected to see there was no trace whatever.

Puzzled and irritated I walked round the house to see where she could have gone. At the back of the building there was a broad, open field, without any trees or shrubs that could serve as a hiding-place. It seemed impossible that any one could have crossed it and got out of sight during the few moments that had elapsed since I heard the cry; nevertheless, such had evidently been the case, for there was no one there.

I went in again and closed the door, determined to think twice before I went to the trouble of opening it again, whoever might demand admittance. My companion was sitting just as I left him, with the same look on his face. I spoke to him twice, but received no answer. Fearing he might be in a fit I went over to him and raised his arm. It felt stiff and unnatural. I went to the table for some water, intending to dash it in his face and rouse him if possible.

Hardly had I made a step forward when the same voice I had heard before sounded once more from without. This time there was no mistaking the intense agony of the tone. I had never heard anything in the least like it, and it rooted me to the spot where I stood. The words it spoke were, "Come, come, come!" three times repeated.

To my great surprise, the man I had believed in a dangerous fit rose and moved towards the door. I can scarcely describe the way in which he walked. It was as though his whole nature was striving to prevent the action, and yet some stronger power compelled him to advance. I saw him raise the latch of the outer door and then I followed him to see what would ensue. I never even thought of speaking to him; I could feel that were I to do so he would not hear.

The storm had reached its height as we left the house. The spray was driving in clouds across the little patch of grass, and now and then a piece of white foam blown up from the seething cabiron below, would fly past us into the darkness beyond. The man made but one step from the doorway and stood still, with his eyes fixed on the sea. He seemed entirely insensible to the war of the elements and to the dash of the rain in his face. Something beyond outward sensations had absorbed all his faculties for the time being. We stood thus a moment, and then, coming, now from the ocean itself or the air above it, sounded those words again, "Come, come, come!" My companion made another step or two straight onwards.

"Are you mad?" I cried, as I sprang forward and caught him in my arms. "One pace more and you will be over the cliff! Where are you going?"

He heeded me no more than if I had been myself a phantom of the tempest instead of a being of flesh and blood. I felt that I had no power to restrain him, so I shifted my hold and caught him round the knees. We fell together on the ground at the very verge of the precipice.

Then began a terrible struggle. He fought with the strength of a madman. I with the desperation of a man who contends for his life. The storm howled about us, and the whole air seemed full of mocking voices, shrieks and laughter. Slowly and surely he was dragging me to the edge. I would gladly have released him now to save myself, but he would not lose his hold. Soon I felt that he had got himself half over the cliff, and I knew that I was too exhausted to hold on much longer. Nearer and nearer I came to the fatal spot! I gave myself up for lost, and tried my best to frame a prayer. At least, I thought, if I die, it is in a good cause.

Suddenly a strong hand grasped me by the collar and drew me violently back. The wretched man lost his clutch of me and fell! A long shrill scream came up from below and mingled with the exulting shriek of the wind.

I was borne into the house and laid on a couch. I am not given to fainting, but it was some moments before my nerves could recover the shock they had received. At length I looked around me and saw my sergeant, the landlord, and another well-dressed man whose face I did not know.

"Well, sir," the sergeant was saying to the latter, "your work seems to have been taken out of your hands to-night. We were only just in time!"

"Only just in time, indeed!" was the answer. "Now, sir, I see you are yourself again; and I must ask you how the scene came about that we were fortunate enough to interfere in. I am a police officer from Bow street."

As well as I could I told him all that occurred. He heard me to the end quietly, and the sergeant, meanwhile, at the earnest request of the landlord, translated the story into Welsh as I went on. When I had finished the detective shook his head.

"I see I must make up the best tale I can for my superiors," he said. "No offense to you, sir; but they wouldn't believe a word of what you have just been telling me. I can't say just what I think about it myself; I never heard of such a case before. Why, he must have gone quite mad! I knew he was very fond of the woman, and I thought something of the kind was likely; but what you told me you heard is beyond me, I confess. Had you known anything of the murder, sir?"

"No," said I; "surely you don't mean to tell me that that man was a murderer?"

"He was indeed, sir; and I came here to-night to arrest him. He had evaded us all for a week; but yesterday I got a clue as to where he had gone, and followed him down. I got your sergeant here to act interpreter for me with the landlord, when I met them both in the village, and from what he said I knew that his 'quiet gentleman who collected bits of rock' was the man I was after; so I came on here at once, and you know the rest. It was lucky for you that we did not enter the house by the back way. Five minutes more would have done for you, sir!"

"They would, indeed," I answserd, shuddering a little at the recollection. "But who then did he murder?"

"His own wife, sir; a woman who from all accounts was as fond of him as she could be. Some one, I have yet to find who, forged a letter that made him think she ceased to care for him. I fancy he was always subject to fits of madness; anyhow, no one knows exactly how it happened, but she was found one morning dead in her bed, with the marks of fingers on her throat, and he had disappeared, taking with him all the loose money he had in the house. He had a good sum lying in the bank, which he could have withdrawn at any time by writing a check, and his not having done so is a proof to me that he had not premeditated the murder. I dare say the temptation came to him all on a sudden—it usually does, I have observed. Any how, he is dead now, poor gentleman, and may God have mercy on his soul!"

"Amen!" I answered.

That is the story of my night of adventure. I have often thought over what appears to be the supernatural part of it since, but without much effect. The only theory I can frame to account for it is the somewhat lame one that the hallucinations of my mad companion were so powerful that his mind had succeeded in impressing them upon my own, as the mesmerizer can force an idea upon his patient. I confess I am not myself satisfied with such an explanation, but if any of my readers have not a better one ready they must take it for the true one, faut de mieux.—*London Society.*

The old Spanish oak chest in which the charter, jewels and regalia of the St. John's lodge, were brought to St. Augustine, Fla., from Spain, has been deposited in the museum at that place by Roscoe Perry, Esq., the master of St. Johns lodge, and is of great interest to the Masons who daily visit the museum. The lock of the old Spanish treasury, an old Spanish pike, and a pair of shackles used at the fort are among its many recent additions.

## ASSAUGED ANGER.

### The Passion of the Crazy Crowd at Cincinnati Finally Run Its Course.

Details of the Dreadful Work of Friday and Saturday—Origin of the Bloody Conflict.

There were about thirty murderers confined in the jail, and on learning that one of the number, William Berner, had been sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty years, a mob, exasperated to madness, demanded admittance to the jail, determined to hang the murderer.

### The First Battle.

The *Enquirer* gives the following description of the opening of hostilities between the mob and militia on Friday.

When Sheriff Hawkins learned that they were coming he had the riot alarm, "621," sounded on the fire-bells, followed by the number of the nearest alarm-box, and prepared for an attack. The crowd began work upon the north door at the level of the street. A large plank was used as a battering ram and the door soon gave way. By 10 o'clock a hole had been made in the door large enough to admit one man at a time. About the same time others had descended into the area before the office door and forced their way into the "well." Rushing up the stairways, the crowd gained the corridors. The first attempt was made on cell No. 12, occupied by Johnson, one of the Avondale murderers. A large scantling or plank was used on the cell door, which began to cave in. At this point several deputy sheriffs talked to the crowd, which was entirely good-humored, and, with the aid of a speech from Private Watchman Devoto, succeeded in getting them to leave the corridor. While this was going on the patrol squads had responded to the call and dashed up Sycamore street in their heavy wagons. The crowd stopped No. 3 and ordered the squad to drive off. The squad turned and went about a square down Sycamore street. In a few minutes No. 1 came galloping up the street and succeeded in penetrating the crowd as far as the entrance to the jail. Some shots were fired close to the wagon and five from the pavement. A spectator named Tony Vedder, 17 years old, was shot in the head. Officer Meechly, who was in No. 3, was struck in the head with a boulder and knocked unconscious.

Chief Reilly came with patrol wagon No. 1 and entered the jail from the front, bringing with him a large squad of police. With the aid of these, and such as had entered the jail before, Sheriff Hawkins drove back the crowd. The police had orders to use no violence, but to push the crowd out, which they did. Then the crowd put up a plank to a first-story window above the basement and forced it in. The plank was next used as a bridge, over which many of the crowd scrambled. Others now made an attack on the south door, which gave way, and hundreds poured in. Private property was respected, and many citizens helped the women who were members of the jailer's families to carry the furniture to places of safety in the second story. The windows were kicked out and more men scrambled in over the plank, until some one within called upon the crowd to stay back that there were too many already in the building—and the order was obeyed.

The crowd soon found that it could not gain admission to the jail through these apartments. In a little while the office and a corridor leading south from the "well" in which the stairway winds up to the corridor above were both filled with men. The plank was brought into use to batter down the iron door between the well and the office, which door was reinforced by a heavy scantling barricade. On the other door, barring the well from the south corridor, sledge hammers were brought to bear, and by midnight the lock was broken off and some of the bars had yielded. About this time both doors had given way. Meanwhile the patrol-wagons on Sycamore street made several dashes through the crowd, and at one time an attempt was made to drive No. 4 along the west pavement to clear it, but the crowd would not have this. It steered the horses into the street. The crowd poured in through both the open doors and were met by the police, who swung their clubs manfully and cracked many a pate. Some of the citizens in the advance of the two crowds were siezed, disarmed and rushed back into the tunnel as prisoners. Pistols were drawn by the crowd and boulders hurled through the air into the ranks of the policemen. Suddenly an additional horror was added to the scene. Some one turned out the gas, leaving the scene in darkness. Some of the crowd hurried out after lanterns while others relit the gas, and the police did the same.

A terrible thing happened a few minutes afterward. The sheriff had sent for the militia, and these citizen soldiery marched through the Court House and by way of the tunnel to the Jail. When the troops entered the tunnel Officers Von Seggern and Phil Nunn were standing at the iron gate which cuts the tunnel off from the Jail. Officer Von Seggern called out, "For God's sake, don't shoot in here. You'll hit some of your friends." The shouting of the crowd and the sound of the battering-ram, which was still being swung, and the rattling of bowlders caused the militia to lose their heads. An officer shouted "Fire!" and a volley of buck and bird shot flew past the officers, and Phil Nunn was struck and badly hurt, while Von Seggern was shot in the cheek. One of the militia told the reporter that the firing was done by the rear ranks, and that those in front had to jump out of the way to save their own lives. There were some answering shots from within the jail, it seems, and two of the soldiers were wounded in the face. One of the prisoners in the tunnel, Henry Kates, received a bullet in the right lung, and died in an hour.

When they entered the jail the militia began firing wildly on the crowd, which were contending with the police. Scars on the walls show that the shot flew high. The deafening noise of the reports scared the crowd, which immediately retired. A squad was sent down the south corridor and another out through the office with presented bayonets and the crowd kept at a respectful distance.

The excited crowd now tried to smoke the garrison out. Planks, wheelbarrows and all sorts of combustibles were put on the bonfires built in the jail yard and thrown down into the boiler-room and coal-room to set fire to the jail, which is an impossibility. A hot fire was made in the boiler-room, but not even the smoke got into the jail. Some of these planks were thrown down into the area adjoining the kitchen of the jail, and the smoke poured through the broken windows. Failing to effect anything here, a barrel of petroleum was thrown into the area in front of the jail, and then the empty barrel. Embers and lighted matches were brought to set fire to the oil. This was more than the militia could stand, and they fired a volley over the heads of the crowd. The crowd retired and the militia formed on the Sycamore street pavement. Every man who showed himself on Sycamore street was warned to retire, and if he refused to heed the repeated warnings was picked off by the militia, who now fired with deliberate intention to wound or kill. The use of petroleum was too much for their human nature.

It was now nearing on to 3 o'clock, and the crowd was getting tired and leaving. A squad of police was sent in each direction from the jail, and soon cleared all sides of the jail and all the streets in the neighborhood. Before they began, however, a volley was fired down North or South Court streets by either the soldiery or the police, which resulted in wounding a number of persons.

### The Militia's Desperate Effort to Beat Back a Defenseless Crowd.

As office after office in the noble building became wraped in the seething flames the crowd grew denser and denser, and packed solidly in the adjacent streets up to a point where the heat was but tolerable. Just as the rapidly increasing flames, having gutted the lower floors, began to creep up and gather in their hot embrace the offices, a terrific volley of musketry was heard from the direction of South Court street, where a barricade had been built, behind which the militia lay on their guns. Each shot in the close confines sounded like the boom of a cannon, and the frightened crowd ran for their lives before the awful storm of lead. The bullets pattered against the brick buildings on the west side of Main street with an ominous sound, and everybody fled to cover. As the crowd poured out of South Court street on to Main through the terrific heat of the burning buildings one man after another was seen to reel and fall. Some crawled into the Debolt and around the corner on their hands and knees, while others were carried tenderly by their fellows, who were brave enough to stand and assist them. Nothing was heard throughout the immense throngs but imprecations and denunciations. So indignant were they that any proposal would have met with great favor, "Set fire to the Armory!" "Burn the town!" "Kill the s—n of b—s!" referring to the soldiers, and like cries were heard on every side, while the more cool-headed and sober-minded busied themselves in caring for the killed and wounded. Meanwhile, a scattering fire was being delivered, and the feelings of the infuriated populace grew more intense every instant. The wounded were carried away as rapidly as possible. The dead were brought later.

### Halstead's Summary.

Murat Halstead reviews the riots in the following dispatch, under date of March 31:

"The number of persons killed and wounded in the riot thus far is about 200. The last fatal shot fired in anger up to the present writing was fired between 4 and 5 o'clock this morning, though a poor soldier boy was instantly killed this evening by the accidental discharge of his gun. The court house is not the utter ruin it was at first supposed to be. A large portion of the valuable records have been saved. The money that was in the treasury is all safe. The vaults which were very heavy are mainly good. We have confidence that there will not be a repetition of the terrors of the three nights that will be memorable here, but only the overwhelming forces of state troops prevents further disastrous demonstrations.

The determination to lynch the gang of murderers in prison and to release the crowds of rioters who have been made prisoners is something terrific, and secret meetings were held to-day that would mean mischief if there were not thousands of rifles and several batteries at hand. It is this display of power, making assaults by a mob hopeless, that will prevent a fresh outbreak. The presence of regular soldiers from Newport barracks at the sub-treasury last night was an element of confidence. In stormy times the blue cloth works well. It happens that the city controller had a complete list of the names of the taxpayers of the city and county, and their addresses. Taxbills give a description and valuation of property. These are valuable now.

The rioting the first night was largely by working men of good character, who resented the fact that murderers who have money to set in motion the machinery of criminal lawyers have had freedom here. The second night the spirit of the commune appeared and petroleum was put to use. The third night the number of determined men had been largely reduced, and there were swarms of boys. Of the crowd that were smashing pawnbroker shops, three were grown men, and they were thieves. They had a rabble of boys, generally from 17 to 19 years of age, and one testified in the Police Court to-day that he was "Thirteen and going on 14 years of age." Out of sixty rioters gathered in for attempting to seize a battery of cannon at Music Hall only ten were men, the rest being boys, some very bad ones, while others seemed to want excitement above all things, and so the crowds have depreciated from honest men, misguided, but animated by a righteous wrath kindled against systematized infamy of the most outrageous characters to a vicious rabble of boys in the hands of the lowest desperadoes. The excited people had a real grievance to begin with. The administration of criminal law here has been damnable, and the influence of sheer criminals in public affairs alarming. That which has happened will, we may hope, make irresistible the influences that lead to better ways."

## A Terrible Hand.

"Suppose we walk over into the cemetery," said a friend to his companion.

"No, I believe not."

"Come on. It's a pleasant place, for the flowers are blooming."

"You'll have to excuse me. Tom Bessman is buried over there.

"What difference does that make?"

"Well, you see I owe him a little balance, and don't care to hang around where he is. Not superstitious, you know, but Tom was a terrible hand to dun a fellow."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*


Prevent malarial attacks by invigorating the liver with Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator.


## Tobacco Versus Virility.

In these times of prohibition booms, large temperance meetings and considerable excitement about the abuses of alcohol, it is refreshing to see that tobacco also comes in for a fair share of attention. A bill has been introduced in the New York Assembly prohibiting the sale of cigarettes and tobacco to minors under sixteen years of age. A law to that effect already exists in New Jersey. In referring to this *The Scientific American* gives a long paragraph stating the evil results of cigarette smoking, and in this indictment it is charged that the use of cigarettes increases the action of the heart and causes it to be irregular. It tends to produce indigestion and catarrhal troubles, and to predispose the system to attacks of pneumonia and bronchitis. It impairs the healthy appetite for food, injures the nervous system and paves the way for strong drink.

In *The Christian Union* also we find an anti-tobacco protest in the form of a letter from a Baltimore physician, Dr. William Hidden. He says: "Tobacco enslaves the vast majority of those who use it, though they do not know it until they try to break up the habit. It benumbs the brain, depresses the nervous system and makes many persons hanker for stimulants. Its injurious effects are in direct ratio to the effort it causes to give up its use."

Others protest against the tobacco habit because it is unclean, disagreeable, expensive and demoralizing. As practicing physicians we have of late been impressed strongly with the fact that tobacco in one way or another injures those who least suspect it, and to the man who values his manhood we would say distinctly, choose between the tobacco habit and impotency. Within one week we have seen a young man of twenty-eight with fair general health who has seen no reason to believe that the excessive use of tobacco has been injurious to him, and yet he is sexually dead, and a man of forty-two years of age, with wealth providing him all the comforts of life, but also with so much leisure that he is constantly smoking, so that, although a married man for many years he is without issue and fast tending toward impotency. These observations are entirely consistent with the generally received opinion that tobacco impairs the reproductive powers. In these its effects are similar to those of opium and alcohol. It is well known among physicians that victims of the opium habit and of drunkenness are as a rule without sexual desire or capacity. These nervine drugs as well as tobacco have a depressing effect upon the nervous system generally and expecially upon the sexual nerve-centers. It is perhaps fortunate that it is so, for, of course, this tendency helps very much to lessen the number of births of children cursed at birth by morbid appetites.

Some men go on using tobacco year after year—it may be in excess or it may be in moderation—without observing anything they are willing to acknowledge to be its ill effect; but sooner or later they will fail somewhere and be convinced against their will that they have been self-deceived. We were lately called to see an old man of seventy-five who, in some respects, is hale and hearty, with firm step to walk, limber joints, strong muscles and active brain. But his sympathetic nervous system has broken down from the excessive use of tobacco and he exhibits symptoms of hysteria; has lost control of his emotions, weeps like a child and is actually made wretched by this one form of nerve weakness, to which he has gradually brought himself by depending upon tobacco as a nerve stimulant and sedative until its effects now are more disastrous than agreeable.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

## Saved by an Albatross.

A singular story has been related to us by the master of the bark Gladstone. While the vessel was in latitude 42 degrees south and longitude 90 degrees east, a seaman fell overboard from the starboard gangway. The bark was scudding along with a rough sea and moderate wind, but on the alarm of "Man overboard!" being given, she was rounded to, and the starboard lifeboat was lowered, manned by the chief officer and four men. A search for the unfortunate man was made, but owing to the roughness of the sea he could not be discovered; but the boat steered to the spot where he was last seen.

Here they found him floating, but exhausted, clinging for dear life to the legs and wings of a huge albatross. The bird had swooped down on the man while the latter was struggling with the waves, and attempted to peck him with its powerful beak. Twice the bird attacked its prey unsuccessfully, being beaten off by the desperate sailor, battling with two enemies—the water and the albatross—both greedy and insatiable. For the third time the huge white form of the bird hovered over the seaman, preparatory to a final swoop. The bird, eager for its meal, fanned its victim with its widespread wings. Suddenly a thought occurred to him that the huge form so close to his face might become his involuntary rescuer. Quick as thought he reached up and seized the bird, which he proceeded to strangle with all his might.

The huge creature struggled with wings and paddles to free itself. In the contest the sailor was beaten black and blue, and cruelly lacerated, but he held his own, and slowly the bird quivered and died. The carcass floated lightly on the waves, its feathers forming a comfortable support till he was rescued.—*Sydney Telegraph.*

## A Fact.

"It is nonsense for you to talk to me," said the humorous editor of the Gunville *Eagle*, addressing his industrious wife, who had been advising him to make greater exertions. "I know that people overwork themselves, and die in consequence. I read accounts every day where literary men are forced to stop work on account of over-exertion of the brain."

"Yes," replied the wife, "but you more often read of men who, through laziness, allow their families to suffer. There are cases of not enough work."

"There you go. Want me to impose on nature?"

Better impose on your nature a little, than to impose on the natures of your wife and children."

"There you go again. You talk as though I never get tired. Why, hang it, a mule can be overworked."

"That's a fact. Go and lie down, John."—*Texas Siftings.*

A bill compelling manufacturers of canned goods to put the date of canning thereon has been introduced in the New York legislature.

## NOTES OF THE DAY.

Ithica, N. Y., has had but one alarm of fire this winter.

A viticultural society is being organized in Fresno, Cal.

No state or county official in Mississippi can now ride on a free pass.

The eleventh congressional district of Texas contains eighty-one counties.

It is proposed to open the Garfield Memorial hospital in Washington May 1.

Orange and lemon trees in Southern California are loaded with buds and blossoms.

Four million three hundred and forty thousand boxes of "sardines" were packed in Lubec, Me., last year.

An Ohio correspondent of a New York paper recommends deep plowing as the only safety for the people from the river floods.

There is said to be a lady living in Canton, Miss., who is so modest that she turns her head when passing a pile of undressed lumber.

A New Haven, Conn., undertaker is under arrest, charged with burying two bodies in one coffin, while having only a permit for one.

The Oregon wool clip this year will be far above the average of other seasons. It will also be much superior in quality, owing to the good condition of the flocks.

The civil-service regulations have been introduced in the management of the Buffalo, N. Y., police department, and thus far are working most satisfactorily.

A deer was lassoed near Amador, Cal., a few days ago, which had, in addition to two large and well-developed antlers, about a dozen or more small horns protruding from different parts of the head.

Tulare lake, Idaho, is rising and covering a large territory of farms. For several years the borders of the lake have been contracting, and the farms have been extending down into the former lake.

In view of his veto of the reduction of the marriage license fee, *The Baltimore American* suggests to Gov. McLane, of Maryland, that he might augment the state's revenues by putting a tax on divorces.

The colored people of Connecticut now have the satisfaction of knowing that a fine of $1,000 or one year's imprisonment awaits the man that would rob them of whatever civil rights the white man enjoy.

Ogletree, the notorious child-stealer in search of whom a most exciting chase by an armed body of men was made through Alabama, last summer, has been tried and sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

The governor of the state of Colima, Mexico, has commissioned Emilio Mahlo to map the lake of San Pedrito with a view of draining it. It is supposed that this lake is the cause of the yellow-fever epidemic.

The 4-year-old son of Adam Sutter, of Syracuse, N. Y., who was recently shot by a woman, was baptized the other day by the side of his father's coffin. The spectators were deeply moved by the affecting scene.

Shakspeare, says a critic would not be able nowadays to create an Othello who would listen to Iago's insinuations, because no gentleman nowadays would allow such calumnies, and the gentleman has driven out the man.

A correspondent of *The Palatka* (Fla.) *News* writes that paper that "alligator steak," in taste, much resembles black bass, is a little drier and a slight degree stronger, but if placed upon the table as a fish but few could detect it.

Arizona has been a large importer of California lumber, but she is now becoming an exporter of home product. The Atlantic and Pacific has tapped the timber region of the territory, and lumber is being shipped to Los Angles.

A bill is now before congress to erect a postoffice building at Texarkana across the state line. The postoffice is now on the Arkansas side, and all official matter addressed to Texarkana, Tex., is tied up with red tape and pigeon-holed.

A sea-serpent is reported to have been seen off Mendocino harbor, Cal., on march 12. It had somewhat the appearance of a flock of albatrosses skimming along the surface of the ocean, and was swiftly making its way northward.

It is proposed to tunnel the Sierra on the line of the Central Pacific railroad from Truckee to Blue Canon, and do away with the snow-sheds, many of which are getting old and rotten, and break down easily under a heavy weight of snow.

A very remarkable freak of nature is the horned mare of Wilson county, Tenn., owned by a colored man named Randall Horton. It is a sorrel, about 6 years old. The mare has a distinct horn about two inches long coming out of the burr of the left ear.

Recently the entire police force of Binghamton, N. Y., resigned because their salaries had been raised. They were immediately reappointed. The resignations were made to avoid a constitutional provision which forbids the increase of salary during the term of appointment.

A 2-year-old child of Conrad Wilson, of Johnstown, Pa., teased a neighbor's game-cock recently by throwing stones at it. The enraged fowl flew at the boy, threw him down, picked about his eyes, and laid the lad's skull open with its spurs. The injuries are considered fatal.

In New York a young lady and young man, with similar histories, bearing the same name, but not, to their knowledge, anyway related, want to get married, but are afraid of assuming the matrimonial yoke for fear that they may yet discover that they are brother and sister.

Among the things to be exhibited at the meeting of the inventors in Cincinnati is the first patent ever issued in the United States. It is dated New York, July 31, 1790, and is signed by George Washington, president; Edmund Randolph, attorney general, and Thomas Jefferson, secretary.

A couple of Westfield, Mass., men have invented a little fume-charged knob, which they hope will become a popular appendage to ladies' fans and parasols. Within the knob is a small bottle of perfumery, which is so placed that the bearer can regulate the quantity of esca