

INGALLS REBUKED.

Colonel Finley Anderson Defends the Fair Name of General Hancock.

New York, March 14.—Colonel Finley Anderson, who was on Gen. Hancock's staff during the civil war, has addressed the following open letter to Senator Ingalls at Washington:

Hon. John J. Ingalls, president pro tem. United States senate, Washington, D. C.

New York, March 12.—Sir: I have just received a copy of the Congressional Record containing the official report of your recent speech, in which you not only insult the chief magistrate of the nation, but attempt to dishonor the memory of both Hancock and McClellan by naming each of them as having been an ally to confederacy. As a surviving member of Hancock's staff who shared with him in the toils and triumphs of the civil war, and as a friend whom he honored with his confidence, and affection to the end of his blameless life, I cannot bear in silence your brutal blow at my old commander. I must therefore as a soldier and a citizen protest against any utterance that implies an impeachment of his loyalty to his country. When the summer flowers bloom again on the graves of the heroic dead, a quarter of a century will have past since the battle field of Gettysburg became the arena where the valor of the north and south illustrated the greatness of the American people and commanded the admiration of the world. The name of that peaceful Pennsylvania village baptized anew with their mingled blood, was thus made immortal as the symbol of a national power equal to any on earth. The crowning victory of that combat has proved under providence as clearly as though we had heard the voice of God, himself, that those principles of law and liberty and fraternity and union in earnest devotion to which Hancock lived and died, are essential to the welfare of mankind. To this result—the highest human achievement of this country—Hancock contributes more than any other soldier in the field. When Reynolds fell on the morning of the first day it was Hancock whom Mead selected to take supreme command in front with power to choose the ground where the great battle of the war should be fought at. It was Hancock who planted his colors on Cemetery ridge, where he rallied our disordered troops and formed the lines on those historic heights beyond which the rising tide of the rebellion never passed. It was Hancock who turned impending disaster into victory and by the countercharge which saved the army on the evening of the second day. It was Hancock who repulsed that grand assault the most brilliant in the annals of the war when the flower of the army of North Virginia withered and died before the fortitude of the army of the Potomac in the final struggle of the third day. It was thus that Hancock won at Gettysburg a triple crown of glory. Naturally enough both houses of congress adopted a joint resolution to the effect that in addition to the thanks which had been voted to the officers and soldiers of the army of the Potomac "for the skill and heroic valor which at Gettysburg repulsed, defeated and drove back, broken and dispirited the veteran army of the rebellion the gratitude of the American people and the thanks of their representatives in congress are alike due, and are hereby tendered to Major W. S. Hancock for his gallant, meritorious and conspicuous share in the great and decisive victory." In view of Hancock's constant and conspicuous service to his country for more than forty years, sealed as that service was by his own blood, and in view of his proverbial purity of character, it is amazing how any man could rise in the senate chamber to defame his memory, but having had the audacity to do so, the least you can now do in reparation of this cruel wrong alike to Hancock's memory and the patriotic sentiment of the country, is to rise again in the sen-

ate chamber and make a full retraction and apology. Respectfully yours, Finley C. Anderson.

Roscoe Conkling's Narrow Escape.

New York, March 14.—Roscoe Conkling said last evening that he had a fair constitution and had been in some pretty tight places in his life, but that he had never found himself so far gone physically as on Monday night in Union square. "A little after 6 o'clock" he said, "I started to walk up Broadway. It was dark and it was useless to try to pick out a path, so I went along shouldering through drifts and headed for the north. I was pretty well exhausted when I got to Union square, and wiped the snow from my eyes tried to make out the triangles. But it was impossible. There was no light and I plunged right through on as straight a line as I could determine upon. I had got to the middle of the park and was up to my arms in a drift. I pulled the ice and snow from my eyes and held my hands up there till everything was melted off so that I might see but it was too dark and the snow too blinding. I came as near giving up and sinking down there to die as a man can and not do it. After twenty minutes or so I got out some way and made my way along to the New York club room completely exhausted."

William's Australian Herb Pills.

If you are Yellow, Bilious, constipated with Headache, bad breath, drowsy, no appetite, look out your liver is out of order. One box of these Pills will drive all the troubles away and make a new being of you. Price 25 cts.

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Suggestions of Dark Crimes.

Memphis, Tenn., March 14.—Workmen engaged in excavating for a foundation amid the ruins of a recent fire at 363 and 365 Front row, found this forenoon two human skulls and a quantity of human bones. On a block of brick dug up was a quantity of coagulated blood. From the position of the remains it was evident that the bodies had been carefully placed away for concealment. Dark crimes are suggested. The locality has been notorious in its day. Forty or fifty years ago, there was a gambling den on the spot. Just back of it was a negro yard, many years ago, where human beings were sold to the highest bidder. Not far away was a market house, which few of the present generation ever heard of. It was a busy quarter, such as it was. Even after the war it was a dangerous place for rural visitors. Mr. William Stewart, of the Gayoso Hotel, who owns the property where the find was made, and is having it rebuilt, states that some time ago in digging down for a foundation his workmen came to a vault filled with human bones, and he had three wagon loads hauled away.—Globe-Democrat.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweency, stides, spavins, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save fifty dollars by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by W. J. Lansdown, Druggist, Butler, Mo.

Convict Barbarities.

St. Louis, March 13.—At Coal Hill, one of the Arkansas mining towns where convict labor is used, a negro convict named Williams was flogged to death last week and further inquiry developed the fact that Mose Harvey, a white man, aged 35 years, had been kicked to death by a fellow convict who had been egged on by overseer Grafford, and it was learned that he was in the habit of making the prisoners fight. The body of Mark Elder was exhumed and the bruises and the gashes on the body indicated a violent death. It was also developed that a prisoner named Hummel was tied up to a post in the mines last summer and beaten to death. As the investigation continues more horrible details are revealed and the citizens of Coal Hill are much excited and threaten to hang Grafford and tear down the prison barracks.

ITCH, MANGE, and SCRATCHES, of every kind on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by WOOLFORD'S SANITARY LOTION. This never fails. Sold by W. J. LANSDOWN, Druggist, Butler, Mo.

HE CAUGHT A SUCKER.

Experience of a Man who Fortified His Pocket with Fish-Hooks.

"Bill Charters was a very original man—that is, if he was out of a job he'd devise some way of his own to procure the wherewithal to keep a fire in the grate and provisions in the pantry," said a man in a cigar store last night. "Bill was also fond of fishing. On winter evenings at home, if he had nothing better to do, he would haul out his fishing tackle and inspect it thoroughly, and then, after making two or three new-fangled fly hooks, he'd place the outfit back in its box, at the time knowing he'd be unable to use his tackle for probably six months."

Bill lived in Boston when I first knew him. That was eighteen or twenty years ago. He was a tinsmith by trade. I went up one night to see him concerning some work he had been engaged on for several days. Bill was in the dining room examining his fishing tackle when I entered. After settling our tinsmithing business he began explaining the different methods used to catch the various species of the finny tribe. This hook was fine for trout in the early morning, that brown hackle was immense at noon when the sun was shining, and that white moth fly was simple perfection in the evening, just about the time the sun was setting.

One huge batch of hooks attracted my attention. There were probably thirty very small eyehooks, all sewed secure to a jagged piece of cloth string drilling—about the size of your hand.

"Bill" said I, taking the hook-covered cloth in my hand, "did you ever catch any fish with this arrangement?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, with a laugh. "I caught a sucker on that collection last fall that weighed 160 pounds."

"Where and how?" I asked, hardly knowing what Bill meant, as I had never seen a sucker that weighed more than 3 or 4 pounds.

"Just this way," replied Bill. "One night my wife and I decided to go to the theater. When we reached the box office there was a perfect jam of people. I left my wife near the door while I struggled bravely to reach the ticket window. I asked for two dress circle tickets, and when I put my hand in my pocket to get the money to pay for them I discovered that my pocketbook was gone. 'Stolen!' exclaimed I, and retreated."

"Mrs. Charters and I walked home. She felt disappointed; she wanted to see that play. A thought struck me instantly, and just as quickly as possible I put my plan into execution. Turning my money pocket inside out I hastily sewed all the small fish-hooks I had to the inside of that pocket in such a manner that when my pocket was shoved back to its proper position the barbs of the hooks stood out and pointed downward."

I took some money with me—but I placed it in another pocket—and again we started for the theater. There was still considerable of a crowd in the neighborhood of the box office, and once more I began edging my way through for the purpose of procuring tickets. I allowed my fish-hook money pocket to take care of itself.

Just as I was being handed my tickets I felt a bite. I attempted to turn round, when I found I had hooked a very fine-looking sucker in the shape of a well dressed man who wore a shiny tile. I paid no attention to his tugging at my pocket, as I knew after one or two tugs he'd quit. When I reached my wife she said: "William, who is this gentleman with you?" I told her he was a very particular friend of mine.

An officer standing by the door accompanied my friend and me, at my request, into an adjoining room, where I explained matters. I recovered my lost pocket-book and greenbacks. It was keeping company with seven other similarly situated purses. I had to cut the pocket out to hand the thief over to the

officer, but it was returned to me after the doctor had succeeded in getting the hooks out of the fellow's hand.

"Yes," concluded Bill, "he was the biggest sucker I ever caught—must have weighed at least 160 pounds. And this is no fish story, either."

\$25.00 Reward.

The above large sum will be paid for any case of coughs, (except last stage of consumption) Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, or any throat or Lung trouble not relieved by Ballard's Horehound Syrup.

The Old Closet.

It was an old house, a very ancient mansion, with its several gables facing the street, showing its Dutch origin. Permitted to go through it on a tour of inspection, a closet emitted a peculiar odor and attracted attention. It was that pungent scent which



reminds one of the pine woods and aromatic shrubs of the mountains, and which, once smelled, brings to mind the greatest remedy of the age. It was evidently the family closet, where remedies for minor aches and pains had found place for handy use, and in modern years the greatest of all these, known by its peculiar odor, had worked its wonders for the happiness of mankind, as the following examples attest: General G. C. Kniffen, War Department, Washington, D. C., February 20, 1887, states: "For many years my wife suffered excruciating pains, frequent and violent. In 1884 she tried St. Jacobs Oil. It cured her, and prevented any recurrence. She has not had any return of pain. I trust it may reach the uttermost parts of the earth to prove as much a blessing in other homes, as mine."

Mr. Levy Hottel, Corydon, Indiana, under date of June, 1887, writes: In April, 1884, he had his collar-bone broken, and it was very painful. He used two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil. It got entirely well, and the remedy worked like a charm. No return of pain, and I used only the one remedy. Mr. Arthur G. Lewis, editor Southern Society, Norfolk, Va., June 27, 1887, writes: "Nothing I can say with regard to St. Jacobs Oil will do it justice; have used it for a number of years for all aches and pains, with effects almost marvelous, and for such, in my opinion, it is unsurpassed." Mr. Chateau Bizon, 209 Spruce street, Philadelphia, Pa., under date of February 4, 1887, says: "Have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family for ten years; two years ago I broke my leg; pains very severe. It cured the pains and gave strength to my leg. If you desire to publish this, I will be pleased."

If the old house should tumble down, like the scent of flowers clinging to a broken vase, the closet would give forth the token of the good this thing has done for mankind.

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's Own True Laxative. This pleasant California liquid fruit remedy may be had of all leading druggists. It is the most pleasant, prompt, and effective remedy known to cleanse the system, to act on the liver, kidneys and bowels gently yet thoroughly; to dispel headaches, colds, and fevers; to cure constipation, indigestion, and kindred ills. No. 7-6m.

Abducted for the Fourth Time.

Ironton, O., March 14.—Little Leslie McCune, who was abducted from her mother in New York, will arrive here to-day. She is in the hands of members of her deceased father's family, and will be brought here to be placed in the custody of her guardian and live at her old home with her grandmother, from which she was stolen six weeks ago by her mother and aunt, who caught her on her way from school and bore her screaming away. She is 10 years old, and the present instance is the fourth time she has been abducted. Dr. Dean, her guardian, says she is overjoyed to be restored to the friends now in charge of her. Legal proceedings are expected and the matter is not nearly ended.

Ballard's Snow Liniment.

If you have a terrible pain in the small of the back, get a bottle of Snow Liniment, it will positively cure it and at once. Try it and recommend it to your friends.

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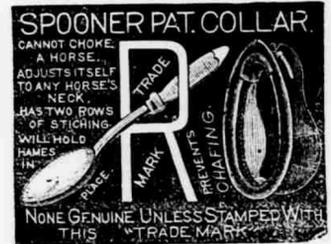
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Adjusts itself to any Horse's Neck, has two rows of stitching, will hold Hames in place better than any other collar.

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