IN THE SOUTHWEST.

NEWS FROM WYTHEVILLE AND THE VICINITY.

AN APPROACHING NUPTIAL EVENT.

Social Club Organized—May Be Called to Vacant Pulpit—Another Victim of Betty Baker Wreck—Selling Bear Meat—Personal Notes.

WYTHEVILLE, VA., February 2.—(Special.)—The marriage of Miss Rachel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Ellis Perkins, of this place, and Mr. W. H. Leeder, of Bristol, will take place at St. John's Episcopal church, on Main street, next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

The Ladies' Social Club, which has added so much to the enjoyment of the young people of Wytheville for several seasons, has reorganized. The membership is limited to twenty-five, and is composed of the following: Misses Helen, Addie, and Page Moore; Mrs. William Todd DeVan, Mrs. Dr. William H. Ribble, Jr., Mrs. Dr. William Spiller Sayers, Mrs. Robert S. Poage; Misses May, Lula, and Elsie Ribble; Mrs. John C. Blair, Mrs. Frank St. Clair, Miss Willie Clare Withers, Miss Lina Gibboney, Mrs. Edgar M. Frank, Miss Rhetta Gibboney, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Miss Sallie Dunn, Miss Sallie Goodwin, Mrs. Dr. Jacob Victor Haller, Miss Cornelia Boyd, Miss Nellie Sayers, Miss Grayson Williams, Mrs. Edmund Pendleton, and Mrs. Judge Robert C. Jackson. The officers of the club are: Miss Sallie Dunn, president; Miss May Ribble, vice-president, and Mrs. Edmund Pendleton, secretary.

The first meeting of the club was held at the residence of Mrs. John C. Blair, on west Main street, yesterday afternoon, after which elegant refreshments were served, consisting of nuts and sweets.

Dr. Malcolm Robinson and bride have returned from their tour North and East.

Rev. Mr. Barron, of Texas, will fill the Presbyterian pulpit, here Sunday morning and night. It is thought that he will be called to succeed Rev. Thomas P. Barclay, the former pastor.

Mr. Barclay and family will leave soon for their future home, in Baltimore, where it is thought that Mr. Barclay will engage in the missionary work of that city.

The parsonage of the Methodist church at Rural Retreat was destroyed by fire last night. Some of the household goods were saved. There was no insurance.

Miss Virginia St. Clair is visiting in Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. William Todd DeVan are on a visit to their old home, in New Orleans.

Mr. Oscar Johnson, who was injured in the railroad wreck on a branch of the Norfolk and Western road, at Betty Baker iron-mines, in the lower end of this county, Wednesday, died yesterday from his injuries.

Mr. J. M. Bishop and Miss Nannie Clutchfield, two well known young people of Smythe county, were married a few days ago.

Mrs. A. J. Chatwell is quite ill at her home, on east Main street, of appendicitis.

Miss Gertrude Drewry, of Rhode Island, is visiting relatives—Mrs. Mary F. Goodwin's family—in this place.

Mr. W. W. Pendleton, who recently moved here with his family from Tennessee, has bought vacant property in East Wytheville, near the residence of Colonel R. E. Withers, and will build a residence thereon soon.

It is reported here that the Crescent Horseshoe Works, at Max Meadows, will be removed to Bristol. The works employ several hundred men, and are owned by the Virginia Iron, Coal and Coke Company.

Mrs. Major Gurveant, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. D. Belvin, on east Main street, has returned to her home, near Christiansburg. Mrs. Gurveant was called to Wytheville on account of the illness of her grandson, Miller Belvin, who continues in a most serious condition.

A card party was given by Dr. and Mrs. William H. Ribble, Sr., in honor of their relative, Miss Gertrude Drury, of Rhode Island, at their home, on east Main street, a few evening since. There were some twenty-five persons present.

Mr. James Steele, a well-known young man of Bland Courthouse, is dead.

Mr. Charles Hedrick, a well-known hunter on Stony Fork creek, in this county, was in Wytheville this week selling choice cuts of a fat 200-pound black bear, which his son had killed in their neighborhood, at 10 cents per pound.

Captain William Gibboney celebrated his 88th birthday a few days ago.

Ex-United-States-Marshal John G. Watts, of Tazewell county, has been in Wytheville this week on business.

Mr. T. E. Kent leaves to-morrow for Hot Spring, Tenn., for declining health. He will be accompanied by Mr. Eugene Umberger.

Mrs. John C. Blair will go to Richmond to visit Mrs. Judge James Keith, next week.

The people of Bland are hopeful now of soon securing a railroad, which they think will be a great boon t othat county. The route will be from the Narrows, in Giles county, to the Holston Valley, in Smythe county. It will bring into the market some of the most valuable iron and timber lands in this section.

ALLEN—SPENCER.

A Pretty Church Wedding in Charlotte.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

EUREKA MILLS, VA., February 2.—By far the most beautiful marriage solemnized in this section for many a day was that which took place at Beulah Methodist Episcopal church last Wednesday at high noon, when Miss Willie Irene, the eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel F. Spencer, was wedded to Mr. Rodolfi Lee Allen. The church, which was well filled with admiring friends, who were in attendance to witness the impressive ceremony, was tastily and artistically decorated with cut-flowers and evergreens. At the appointed hour the melodious strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march pealed forth from the organ, presided over by Mrs. Lee W. Morton, while the attendants, in two divisions, marched up the aisles in the following order, crossing over and forming a semi-circle around the altar: Mr. Monroe Johns, of Cumberland county, and Miss Annie Belle Pettus, of Abilene; Mr. J. Fennel Redd, of Prince Edward, and Miss May Anderson, of Cumberland; Mr. Thomas Anderson, of Turner's, and Miss Margaret Morton Spencer, of Hillandale; Mr. Richard Bell, of Prince Edward, and Miss Virginia McGhee, of Abilene; Mr. Wharey Palmer, of Cumberland, and Miss Georgie Wood, of Buckingham Courthouse; Mr. Samuel T. Spencer, of Abilene, and Miss Patsy Johns, of Cumberland. The bride came in with Mr. Edward Allen, of Newport News, brother of the bridegroom, while the groom came in by the opposite side with Miss Sallie Spencer, sister of the bride. The bride and bridegroom met at the altar, and standing under a large arch and wedding bell, plighted their troth. While the marriage ceremony was being performed in an impressive manner by Rev. A. L. Franklin, the sweet and tender strains of Annie Laurie floated softly through the sacred edifice. The ceremony being over, the bridal party, with a few invited friends, repaired to the residence of the bride's father, where a bountiful wedding breakfast was served, immediately after which the happy pair, together with some of their friends, left for the home of the bridegroom, to continue the festivities begun so auspiciously. The bride is a petite brunette, whose beauty of person and many admirable traits of character have endeared to her friends and admirers without number. She was gowned in a tan broadcloth suit, with hat and gloves to match, and carried a bouquet of pinks. The bridegroom is a prosperous farmer of Cumberland county, and is an estimable young man, having a number of friends. The popularity of the young couple was attested in the large number of presents received. Mr. Lee W. Morton acted as master of ceremonies and the ushers were Messrs. M. Dance Spencer and Floyd Dixon.

RALEIGH.

To Try Title—Military Mention—Personal and Political.

RALEIGH, N. C., February 3.—(Special.)—The Attorney-General gives authority to A. Baker (Fusionist), to bring suit against Frank P. Hobgood (Democrat), to try title to the office of County Superintendent of Public Instruction in Granville county. He also grants leave to John C. Taylor to bring suit to try the title of L. J. Lawrence to a place on the Board of Education of Hertford county. The Attorney-General says these are the only two suits of this character in the State.

To-day the Reidsville Band was enlisted as the band of the Third Regiment of the State Guard. It is learned at headquarters that while as yet arrangements have not been made for the encampment of the State Guard this year, it is probable that there will be regimental encampments. Such is the view of the adjutant-general. It is construed to mean that the encampments will be at the same place, and that the regiments will be sent there successively.

The argument was to-day concluded in the hearing of the fertilizer freight rate matter before Special-Master Eugene S. Martin. The argument to-day was made by W. H. Day, C. M. Busbee, R. H. Battle, and Walter H. Neal. This case, while apparently local, is yet of importance to the entire State because of the principle involved.

It appears to be the impression that the adjourned session of the Legislature next June will last at least seven days.

Deputy-Revenue-Collector McDonald reports the capture of two illicit distilleries in Montgomery county. The owners fled and escaped capture.

Most of the local talk here now is in regard to an auditorium; whether the city or the Masons shall build it, or whether the owners of the Academy of Music shall enlarge that building and make it both a theatre and an auditorium. The city will sell the City Hall. Thirty thousand dollars is offered for the latter, but it yields a 6 per cent. revenue on $50,000.

Cotton sold here yesterday at 8 cents a pound. The farmers now have very little of the staple. The merchants are the holders. The total local receipts since September 1st are only 13,413 bales.

Republicans are saying Senator Butler tells them he would like to be the Fusion nominee for Governor.

Rutherford county will hold the first Democratic convention this year, February 12th being the date.

Henry A. Forte, of Warrenton, for many years one of the best-known editors in the State, is dead. From 1875 to 1898 he edited the Warrenton Gazette. He died of paralysis and apoplexy.

GALA-DAY AT LAKESIDE.

Large Crowd Out to Enjoy Skating and Playing Golf.

Yesterday was a gala-day at Lakeside. Skating and golf were the attractions, and the largest crowd of the season gathered at the Country Club. They came out as early as 10 o'clock, and continued to arrive until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Fully 350 pleasure-seekers visited the club and enjoyed the sports.

The greatest number were skating, but the golf-links were crowded with pink-coated players, and many of old regulars would not give up their favorite sport. A very attractive match was a foursome between Miss Elinor Betton, of New York, and Mr. Frank McCarthy, and Messrs. Baylor Hill and Mayor Binford. The former won by two up.

As the day was drawing to a close the club-house was thronged with a merry crowd. A delightful lunch was served, and the day was thoroughly enjoyed. The guests seated at small tables in the main hall and parlors, and their bright costumes presented a brilliant sight. Merry laughter and the clinking of glasses gave an impression of the gayety of the scene.

This popular club continues to grow in numbers. Several candidates for membership have their name posted on the bulletin. The "mixed foursome" to be played on February 22d, promises to be one of the most successful golf tournaments ever played on Lakeside links. The members are taking great interest in the match, and the following pairs have been announced: Miss Page, of Clarke county, and Mr Levin Joynes; Miss Ethel Pace and Mr. E. T. Harrison; Miss Stanley Atkins and Mr. Frank McCarthy; Mrs. Edward Echols, of Staunton, and Mr. L. T. Myers; Miss Eleanor Bosher and Mr. W. H. Palmer, Jr.

THE GAYNOR-GREENE CASE.

Defence Finishes Its Summing Up—Lawyers Given More Time.

NEW YORK, February 3.—Lawyer Abraham Rose to-day finished his summing up before Commissioner Shields on behalf of the Gaynor brothers and J. B. Greene, indicted in Savannah for alleged river and harbor frauds.

In closing, Mr. Rose declared that the War Department records show that the improvement work had been done properly and according to the specifications, and had been certified as satisfactory by other officers than Captain Oberlin Carter, and the claims made over the contracts were true and honest claims.

United States District Attorney Erwin, of Savannah, claimed that the indictment against the contractors stands for more than the affidavits of the grand jury, and that the only question to be decided in removal proceedings was the identity of the accused.

"If you sustain the conditions raised in defence of the contractors," said Mr. Erwin, the country would be deluged with crime, and the criminals, when caught, would raise the point that the conspiracies were hatched before the date specified in the indictment, and, therefore, they could not be prosecuted under the statute of limitations."

Notwithstanding this argument, Commissioner Shields allowed the lawyers additional time in which to file briefs covering the points raised for and against the accused contractors.

BADLY BATTERED SCHOONERS.

Struck Something Like a Waterspout in Chesapeake Bay.

NORFOLK, VA., February 3.—Two badly battered schooners were towed in here this morning, and both reported having been struck by a waterspout, or something which came near destroying them. They are the Sarah J. Tyler, Captain Vetra, and the Eddie, Captain Thomas, both bound from Baltimore for Norfolk, with coal.

The Eddie fared the worse. Captain Thomas said that something, he could not tell what, struck his schooner shortly after noon yesterday, as she neared the Horseshoe, in Chesapeake bay. The Captain was thrown, without warning, to the deck, and when he recovered himself he found that his ship was severely hurt, and a torrent of water was pouring on the Eddie's deck. The experience of the Tyler was somewhat similar.

Judge J. H. Key No More.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., February 3. Judge J. H. Key died here to-day; aged 76 years. He was one of the best-known men in the South. He was a colonel in the Confederate army in 1865, when he was appointed United States senator, to fill the unexpired term of Andrew Johnson. Judge Key was always a pronounced Democrat.

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DISPATCH OFFICE.

DICK HADLOW'S RIDE.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

On the last day of October, 1899, Dick Hadlow made his final preparations for leaving Mafeking, in British Bechuanaland, where the English under Colonel Baden-Pawell were beleagured by the Transvaal Boers. Dick was a young colonist of six and twenty, a typical specimen of the South African born Englishman, strong, self-reliant, enterprising, well used to veldt life; just now, for more reasons than one, he was burning for the approach of nightfall and the beginning of an adventurous ride which lay before him.

Dick had knocked about in various parts of South Africa, in quest of adventure, dollars and experience, ever since the age of 18, had three years back, made a little money in Johannesburg, and for the last two years had been farming just outside Mefeking. When the war broke out, he had, with other Englishmen in that district, come into the town for reasons of safety, and had taken his part in that vigorous defense which the resourceful Baden-Powell was now opposing to the strong force of Boers now gathered round.

Hadlow, after volunteering his services, had been selected to carry dispatches from Mafeking down to Orange river. The telegraph wires had long since been cut, the rails torn up, and the only way of holding communication with the south was by means of bold and well mounted riders, who knew the wild veldt through Bechuanaland and Griqualand West, and were content to take their lives in their hands and run the gauntlet through the cordon of Boers encircling the town. Dick had as been hinted, several reasons for undertaking the ride. First, because the Colonel was anxious to get through some dispatches. Second, for the reason that two prominent store-keepers had offered a handsome reward to anyone succeeding in carrying very important business letters of theirs down to the trail at Orange river. To these two commissions were added the dispatch of cables and letters from various newspaper correspondents. These matters alone were worth a couple of hundred pounds to him if he succeeded. Fourthly the enterprise jumped exactly with his keen and adventurous spirit. And finally he was exceedingly anxious to see and get news of Edith Janson, a girl for whom he had a very tender admiration, and for whose security and well being he was just now somewhat apprehensive. Edith Janson lived with her father on a pleasant farm at Mosita, a charming spot lying some 60 miles southwest of Mafeking.

The afternoon wore on slowly. Mafeking, was somnolent under the heat. Commandant Cronje's bombardment had ceased for a time; the men under arms were mostly some way out of town. Dick Hadlow had made all his plans, seen Colonel Baden-Powell for the last time and was now waiting impatiently for darkness and the close of day.

The short African twilight passed. Dick dined at Dixon's Hotel, where, despite the siege, a very cheerful company was gathered at table d'hote, and for an hour thereafter sat chatting and smoking with various acquaintances.

At 9 he sauntered off to his bedroom, and thence, half an hour later, went to the stable and saddled up his good nag, a handsome black, rather over 14 hands high, in sound, hard condition; then he quietly walked across the broad market square. The last man to shake hands with him was a well-known up-country trader and storekeeped, for whom he was carrying dispatches. Just before quitting the square Dick mounted and grasped his friend's hand.

"Good-by, old chap," he said, "and good luck to all you fellows here."

"Good-night, Dick," returned his friend "Take care of yourself, and a lucky journey to you."

They parted with a strong friendly grip, and Dick rode quietly off for the Molopo, no great way beyond. Crossing the river he struck into the veldt, and after being challenged by one of the garrison outposts and giving the password, now began to enter seriously upon the business of the night. He had purposely refrained from making his way by the old wagon road running south to Setlagoli and Vryburg. That would for a certainty be in the hand of the Boers. Even in the open veldt which he was now crossing the risk was great enough. For four miles he walked his pony at a fast pace over the rough, rolling country under the pleasant starlight, moving as silently as possible; as he reckoned he should now be nearing some bush which would afford more shelter.

Suddenly from out of the vast silence there came some 300 yards away to the right the shrill neigh of a horse, a Dutchman's horse, undoubtly, which had got his own nag's wind and was questioning it. Next instant, despite his attempt to quell the sound, his horse lifted his head and uttered a loud, clear call of response. There was nothing for it but a bolt, and, sticking in his spurs, Dick galloped straight ahead, reckless of meerkat holes, and all the other pitfalls of the veldt. Three rifles were discharged in his direction, but the bullets cut the air idly many safe yards behind him. He heard hurried voices in guttural Boer tones, more shots were fired, and then the thud of galloping horses came toward him. He pressed on. Hark! from behind him came the concussion of a fall. That was surely a horse down, and a sharp, smothered exclamation from the rider confirmed his surmise. One pursuer the less. At last the shelter of some friendly bush loomed before him in the starlit darkness. Trusting his nag's instinct, he pushed on with a slackened rein; the bush was thin and ridable, and at reduced speed they managed to pick their way. The hoof strokes in the rear sounded fainter and yet more faint, and presently faded out. The pursuit had come to an end.

All that night, setting his course by the stars, Dick Hadlow pushed on at a steady pace; some times walking when the bush was troublesome, anon cantering, where glades of open country permitted. Twice he off-saddled before the dawn came. Just as the light began to quicken in the eastern sky, he ate some breakfast, gave his good nag a feed of mealies, drank some cold coffee from his water-bottle—he was afraid to light a fire—and as the wonderful colors of the sunrise began to emblazon the heavens, lit his pipe, climbed into his saddle and rode on again. He had long since crossed the Medebi Spruit, and presently struck the Maristani river. As the day warmed he cantered steadily through the pleasant park-like country, hereabouts aforested with spreading camelthorn, and keeping always a sharp lookout, swept on now nearly westward. Following the Maritsani river, he came presently to the Setlagoli, the dry bed of which he crossed. With one more off-saddle, he came at length within hail of Mosita, with its fair valleys, and well-bushed, and well-timbered surroundings. The black was lacking now somewhat. The good beast had had but one drink of water—and that in a mere mud-hole of the Maritsani—in a hard ride of 60 miles over rough veldt. At 12 o'clock Dick rode up the last shallow valley and halted before a single-storied little, white-washed farmhouse. As he climbed stiffly down, a girl ran out to the stoep.

"Dick!" she exclaimed, with a pretty flush upon her smooth cheek, and a warm sparkle in her brown eyes, "where in the world have you sprung from?"

"Why from Mafeking, of course, Edie; I've been there for the last month in laager."

He had taken the girl's proffered hand and now, holding it in his own, gazed with admiration into her face.

"Edie, I declare you're looking sweeter than ever. I must"—he looked round, not a soul was within eye-shot—he took the girl by the shoulders and imprinted a warm kiss upon not altogether unresponsive lips. She pushed him gently away.

"Dick, you shoudn't. There are Kaffirs about, and all sorts of people, and—well, never mind. You are a dear to come, and how long can you stay, and where are you off to? Father will be back in half an hour for lunch. He'll be delighted to see you. Now, take your horse round to the stable, and give him a feed and a drink, poor dear beastie, he looks as if he needed it. And then come inside quickly; there are too many strange Dutch about here just now for our fancy."

"Why, what's up in this quiet part of the world Edie?" questioned Dick, "you are not going to be besieged, I hope?"

"No, not exactly," laughed the girl. "But that wretched man, Frans Strydom, our next neighbor, has collected a number of Dutchmen here, and is talking very big about commandoes and what he's going to do, and so forth."

Dick whistled.

"In that case I must lie low until nightfall and the nag is rested," he said. "It's awkard. I wanted to push on towards afternoon."

Mr. Janson came in presently; they had a merry meal together, and sat just within doors, with the windows wide open, exchanging news, the two men smoking, and all three discussing with a keen interest the prospects of early reinforcements from England, the chances of the great stuggle in Natal and the fare of Kimberley. Presently Dick went and lay down for a couple of hours' sleep.

When he awoke it was 4 o'clock. There were ten armed Boers in the room, and Mr Janson was by his side, plucking at his sleeve.

"Wake up, Dick!" he said. "Here is bad news. These fellows suspect you are carring messages out of Mafeking, and they're going to arrest you. I am afraid, my lad, you'll have to go quietly. They are too many for us, and resistance is out of the question. It's a dashed nuisance, but you won't come to any harm. They'll take you to Vryburg, and when our troops come up-country you'll be released."

Dick looked round and admitted that struggle was useless. Luckily he had entrusted all his papers to Edie before retiring for his nap, and although the Boers searched him, even down to his boots and gaiters, they found nothing. He was hailed off to Strydom's farm, a quarter of a mile distant, and there, with his hands and legs tied, put into a room by himself. All the Boers, except Strydom and the other, who remained to guard their prisoner, rode off on a patrol to another Englishman's farm, promising to call for Hadlow next day on their way into Vryburg.

Just before sunset Edith Janson arrived at Strydom's house. With her walked a Kaffir servant carrying a large basket. "Herr Strydom," she said, as the big Dutchman rose from his chair on the step, "I have brought some supper for Mr. Hadlow, please give it to him. There is a bottle of whiskey also, and as father thought you might be short of liquor with so many friends in and out, I have brought you another bottle for yourself." Strydom was a secret but ardent admirer of the handsome English girl. He put on his best manners, acknowledged the compliment in a clownish fashion, and, having emptied her basket, Edie smiled pleasantly, bade him good night, and returned home.

Her scheme worked out exactly as she had anticipated. It was a forlorn hope, but it succeeded. Frans Strydom and his friend devoted themselves after supper—in which their prisoner had no share—to the contents of the whiskey bottles; and by 10 o'clock, when they had consumed as much as they could manage, were not only very drunk but very sleepy. Shortly after they were both lying on Strydom's rough bed, snoring heartily, in a deep, drunken slumber. At 11, Edie, who had long since found means to bribe Strydom's native servant (who himself, as she happened to know, was only seeking a chance to bolt from his master's service) made her way in to the house. She was very frightened, but she stole with the silence of a mouse into Dick's room, cut his cords—Klaas, the native, was keeping watch—and released him. Together they crept out, whispered farewell to Klaas, and disappeared into the darkness. Klaas, meanwhile with two golden sovereign in his waist-belt pouch, collected his scanty traps and struck out for the Kalahari, only too glad to escape from Strydom's hard mastership.

A quarter of an hour later Dick Hadlow had bade farewell to Mr. Janson, tenderly kissed Edie, and with his letters regained, and his Lee-Metford rifle on his back, mounted his good horse and rode away again southward into the starlit night. Moving steadily on, and improving his pace as day broke, he reached Granesa, a Bechuana village, 40 miles from Mosita, by 10 o'clock next day. Here he rested four hours, and again pushed on, this time for Kuruman, the well-known mission station, 80 miles ahead. No Boers, the friendly natives said, were out in this direction, and the road was safe. All night, therefore, he pressed on, cantering doggedly along the wagon track and making good progress.

Motito, another Bechuana village, was reached by 7 o'clock next morning. All was safe here; no Boer patrols had yet reached this remote district. Some breakfast and two hours' sleep, and once more he mounted his horse for the 40-mile ride to Kuruman, where a remount could easily be procured. The gallant black was looking worn and light and tucked up now, after 140 miles of travel. Yet his spirit was as keen as ever and he reached heartily at his bridle as Dick once more got to his saddle. A long weary day of travel, under a parching sun, and over yellow illimitable grass plains, infinitely monotonous to the eye, succeeded. Five miles from Kuruman Dick reined up his tired nag and halted for his last off-saddle.

Half an hour later, as he rose from the grass and stretched himself by the thorn tree against which he had been resting, a bullet whizzed past his ear and rattled into the tree trunk. Dick was an old campaigner, and knew most tricks of native warfare. He threw up his arms, as if shot, and fell prone to earth, taking care, however, to lay one hand upon his loaded rifle. As he squinted out of the corner of his eye, a huge figure of a man lurched into the open from behind a screen of thick bush, 80 yards away. Dick knew the figure at once. It was Frans Strydom, who, with the skill and venom of a Bushman, had spoored him from Mosita, and had thus murderously attacked him. With iron nerve Dick let the man come well away from cover—25 yards at least—and then, springing to one knee, leveled his rifle. Strydom turned to fly. It was too late. His burly formed offered a splendid target. The Lee-Metford cracked, and the bullet sped true for the Bor's right shoulder, flooring him in his tracks. Dick ran up, saw that the wound was not mortal, bandaged the whetched man up as well as possible, shortly giving his opinion of his as he did so, propped him against a tree, and, mounting his own horse, and leading the Dutchman's cantered on to Kuruman. From Kuruman he sent out a cart to bring in the wounded man, a mission which was safely accomplished before nightfall. A long haff night's rest at Kuruman in a good bed, and with a fresh horse, he went on his way next morning rejoicing, leaving his treacherous foe in the hands of the good missionary and his wife, all the circumstances of the affair having been reported to the resident magistrate.

Three days later, having passed through Daniel's Kull and Douglas in Griqualand, where fresh horses were procured, Dick Hadlow reached Hope Town, on the Orange river, whence his dispatches were sent at once southward in safety. From Kuruman he had travelled 195 miles, and from Mafeking 375. Deadly tired, and stiff, and travel warn as he was, he could now afford to look back upon his journey and its insident with a vast contentment.

NO INTERFERENCE.

ADMINISTRATION TOO SHREWD TO TAKE SIDES IN KENTUCKY FIGHT.

PROPOSED RETIREMENT OF LEE.

Impression That It Will Be Accomplished as Soon as Possible—Contract for Carrying Mail to Cape Nome—Washington Personals.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 3.—(Special.)—Not for a moment was it believed that President McKinley would accede to the appeal of Taylor, the usurping Governor of Kentucky, for recognition and consequent intervention. He is too much of a politician to side with either party in the Kentucky gubernatorial controversy. Mr. McKinley is availing himself of the experience of the past. One of the ugliest blemishes upon the administration of General Grant was his unwarranted interference in 1876-1877 in the political affairs of South Carolina and Louisiana. He went so far as to place troops in the capitols of both States, under the command of Major Kellogg, in South Carolina, and General De Trobriand, in Louisiana, to maintain the carpet-bag Governors and negro Legislatures in those States. The result showed that it was impossible for the Federal authority to set up a State government. The people of the States concerned would not tolerate such a thing, and the Republican governments in South Carolina and Louisiana had to step down and out upon the withdrawal of the Federal troops after Hayes was inaugurated.

While the situation in Kentucky is not precisely similar, the administration seems to realize that the Kentucky conflict is a case in which it would be a gross outrage to interfere—certainly, in behalf of Taylor and his armed mobs of mountaineers and partisan militia. If there should be intervention of any sort, it should by the recognition of the Democratic Governor and the Legislature, which Taylor has dispersed at the point of the bayonet.

The administration and its friends are, of course, in sympathy with Taylor, and would like to lend the Republican claimant all the assistance possible, but it is felt that the matter is one which the people of Kentucky alone can settle, and in its settlement, except in the matter of the preservation of peace, they are to be left severely alone.

MAIL FOR CAPE NOME.

Mr. Edwin Englestadt, of St. Michael's, Alaska, who is now in this city, has been awarded the contract to carry not exceeding 300 pounds of letter mail from Katmai, via Nushagak and St. Michael's, to Nome, Alaska, one trip, one way, leaving Katmai about March 15th, and on arrival of the mail steamer leaving Sitka about March 1st, for which service Mr. Englestadt is to be paid by the department $8,000.

Mr. Englestadt will leave Washington to-day, for San Francisco, and at Nome he will provide himself with dog teams and supplies for the journey. He will be accompanied on the journey in Alaska by Mr. Wilcox, of the department, stationed at Skagway.

His trip is a 1,200-mile journey with dog sleds, and severe hardships are apt to be endured before it is completed. Drivers, dogs, sleds, and provisions, of course, will be furnished by Englestadt. Ten miles a day at times is as much as can be accomplished in weather with the thermometer 60 degrees below zero, in driving snow-storms, crossing ravines and mountains of ice en route.

Men become cross, from exposure on these trips in Alaska, dogs disobedient, and equipment lost, and if Englestadt's journey should prove successful—without accident or loss of life—the compensation granted will have been well earned.

UNIVERSITY ALUMNI REUNION.

The annual reunion of the alumni of the University of Virginia of Washington and its vicinity will be held in the banquet hall of the Shoreham Hotel next Saturday evening, owing to the fact that preparations are being made by the authorities of the University to gather her alumni at the University on the anniversary of the birth of her founder, Thomas Jefferson, on April 13th.

At no period in the history of the Alumni Association has the membership been so large or as enthusiastic, there being at present 150 loyal sons of the old University in and around Washington. It will also be gratifying to the friends of the old institution to know that no American college is so largely represented in our National Congress as the University of Virginia.

The present officers of the association are: President, Major Robert Hunter; First Vice-President, Major Holmes Conrad; Second Vice-President, Rev. R. H. McKim; Third Vice-President, Dr. W. H. Wilmer; Secretary, Mr. N. A. Tyler; Treasurer, Mr. William H. Saunders.

The coming reunion, judging from the large number of acceptances, promises to surpass all other such meetings. The chairman, with others of the faculty, will be present. Besides the alumni, a number of distinguished guests have been invited. The following committees have the reunion in charge: Committee of Arrangements—Mr. W. H. Saunders, Dr. L. W. Glazebrook, and Mr. Clarence Thomas; Committee on Invitations—Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, Cazenove Lee, and Mr. N. C. Tyler, Jr. All alumni of the University are cordially invited to be present.

RETIREMENT OF GENERAL LEE.

The following paragraph, in a letter from Havana, seems to voice the situation, both at home and abroad, in regard to the proposed retirement of General Fitzhugh Lee:

"There are now three brigadier-generals in command of the department in Cuba—Generals Ludlow, Lee, and Wilson. There is a general impression around headquarters that General Lee will be retired as soon as this result can be accomplished. There will be no vacancy in the list of regular army brigadiers until General Merritt retires in June. It is believed that the intention of the administration is to give his position to General Lee, and then retire him by act of Congress, if it can be so arranged and is agreeable to all concerned. General Wilson's unfortunate controversy as to whether he was or was not antagonistic to General Wood will possibly render him persona non grata in Cuba, and it may be more comfortable for him to take another station. General Ludlow, under these circumstances, would naturally fall heir to the place of second in command, unless influences, which seem to be at work, prove too potent for him to stem."

NO CONTRACTS FOR DREDGERS.

In company with Captain Lamb, Mr. Charles Selden, of Richmond, called at the War Department to-day. Mr. Selden, representing the Petersburg Iron-Works, wished to know the fate of a bid the company had put in to build a dredger to operate in Florida waters. The chief of the bureau informed Mr. Selden and Representative Lamb that the department had decided not to employ dredgers in the proposed improvements in Florida, but that other engineering resources, probably jetties, would be resorted to. Of course, under this decision, no contracts for dredgers in Florida would be considered by the department.

PERSONAL.

Colonel William R. Teller writes from Havana that he had a delightful voyage, with 110 others, from New York, and was cordially received upon arrival. He was assigned to the Hotel Mascotte, his room opening on a large balcony overlooking the bay, and directly opposite the wreck of the Maine, with a splendid view of the harbor and Morro Castle. He had a three-hours' fight with the dago custom-house officers for his baggage, and remarks: "I simply want to know who is running the island, for really it looks just as Spanish to me as it did before the war."

Lieutenant-Commander Richard Henderson, of the navy, now on duty here as a member of the Board of Inspection and Survey, of which Admiral Rodgers is the president, is on a visit to his relatives at Salisbury, N. C.

W. M. Giles, of Charlotte, N. C.; Miss Ccleman, of Virginia; C. E. Parr, of Virginia, and E. J. Ware, of Pocahontas, Va., are at the National.

John R. Ellis, of Roanoke, Va., is at the St. James.

J. Fred. Holtzinger, Lynchburg; W. C. Kelly, Charlottesville; J. B. Babbitt, Appomattox, Va.; R. M. Hodgin, Greensboro', N. C.—Howard House.

John P. Pettijohn, Lynchburg, Va.; W. H. Bond, Wise, Va.; Tom Grubb Anderson, Abingdon, Va.; F. A. Bogg, Newport News—Metropolitan.

Margaret A. Fortune has been commissioned a fourth-class postmaster at Craig, N. C.

A new post-office has been established at Old Stores, Moore county, N. C., with Murdock M. Stutts as postmaster.

His Preference.

(New York Life.)

Frau Hingstermeier, the wife of Herr Hingrtermeier, the lion tamer, was what may be termed—to put it mildly—a virago, and held Hingstermeir in absilute subjection.

The loin tamer returned to the family caravan in a state of hilarity, which made him feel that he would better postpone an interview with his better half until his condition had worn off. He therefore concluded not to sleep in the family quarters.

The next morning his wife called him to account, and he explained that he had been having a little jollification and did not wish to disturbe her slumbers on his return.

"Where did you sleep?" she demanded.

"In the cage with the lions," he replied meekly.

"Coward!" hissed Mrs Hingstermaier, as one robbed of her just dues.

Bostonians' Idea of Wickedness.

(Ladies' Home Journal.)

When Bostonians break out with a desire for flesh-pots they hie them to an Italian restaurant as the straightest course to Egypt; whereas, a new-born babe is hardly more virtuous on the surface than one of those eating-houses, where bad manners and bad tobacco are the only indications of bad morals to be seen.

Friendly Advice.

(Chicago News.)

Smith: "I've been thinking seriously of investing some money in stocks. What would you advise me to do?"

Jones: "Have you any real estate?"

Smith: "Yes."

Jones: "Then I'd advise you to put it in your wife's name.'"

Feminine Charity.

(Chicago News.)

Clara: "At Jennie's wedding last week, owing to a misunderstanding, she had to wait at the church thirty finutes for the bridegroom.'"

Maude: "Oh, well, thirty minutes isn't anything to a woman who has waited thirty years."

Handicapped.

(Chicago News.)

Hix: "Well, how did you come out at the races to-day?"

Dix: "Lost—and it served me right, too."

Hix: "How so?"

Dix: "I backed Messenger Boy to win in a running race."

Penitential Hymn.

(By Joel Elias Spingarn.)

I.

If I have played upon my heart
The music of a lower art;
If I have ever hoped to win
A pleasure from the smile of sin;
If ever I mistook the gleam
Of quiverings in a starless dream;
Or fondly hoped I might dispense
With spirit in the joy of sense;
Or slipped, or fallen, or gone astray,
Lead Thou the way, lead Thou the way.

II.

If I could ever yet despise
The tear-drops in two human eyes;
If ever once the voice of fame;
Left me forgetful of Thy name;
If in the strife I ever tied
My heartstrings to the lower side;
Or in the thickest of the fight
Mistook the useful for the right;
Or wielded an ignoble sword.
Forgive, O Lord; forgive, O Lord.

III.

If ever once have been my care
Mere trappings of Thine altar-stair;
If ever in a lovely face
Thy handiwork I failed to trace;
If I have doubted of the good
Within the soul of womanhood;
Or judged a man by some small blot
Which Thou hast portioned to his lot;
Forgot Thy law, or scorned Thy might,
Guide me aright, guide me aright.

—THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The Girl I Lef' Be'ind Me.

(Westminster Gazette.)

We p'raded out at the stroke o' four,
But the girls was there two hours before,
We slung along thro' mud an' mist,
Each with 'is love clung close to 'is wrist;
The kiddies' torches paled the moon,
An' my girl called f'r the roarin' toon,
'Ta-ra-rara-rara,
"The girl I lef' be'ind me."

'Er eyes wos red, but 'er smile wos brave,
She'd brort a tup'ny flag to wave;
She perched it up in 'er sailor 'at,
An' she led the cheerin' smart an' pat,
As the band burst out with a suddin skirl,
While ev'ry trooper kissed 'is girl—
'Ta-ra-rara-rara,
"The girl I lef' be'ind me."

She's 'ard at work in a garritt, I guess,
Stitchin' like fun at a big swell's dress,
An' 'mid the whirr of 'er old machine,
I'll back she'll fancy th' roar, between,
When the reg'ment leaps in the foemen's lair,
An' then, she'll breathe a tiny pray'r,
'Ta-ra-rara-rara,
"The girl I lef' be'ind me."

An' if, as we carry the 'eights, I fall,
With the girdling smoke f'r a soldier's pall,
When we rush the bush an' the artful trench,
Or ford the river's chilly drench,
You'll find in the breast o' me bloomin' shirt
The face, with a frame o' ribbin begirt,
'Ta-ra-rara-rara,
O' th' girl I lef' be'ind me.

W. H. H.

When We Get Used to It.

(Chicago Times-Herald.)

A man can stand a lot of woe
When he gets used to it;
He smiles at thirty-five below,
When he gets used to it;
A man may be lame or deaf or blind,
And still have cheerful days and find
That God is very, very kind,
When he gets used to it.

The horseless carriage may, somehow—
When we get used to it—
Have graces hidden from us now!
When we get used to it;
The clumsy wheels, the hideous gear,
And all about it may appear
To charm the senses and to cheer—
When we get used to it;

The Roman liked the sheet he wore,
For he was used to it;
His arms were bare, and often more,
But he was used to it!
The knight was laden with a weight
Of rudely-fashioned armor-plate,
And yet he thought that it was great,
For he was used to it.

A man may dig and a man may toil,
When he is used to it;
In coaxing things from unwilling soil,
When he is used to it,
And still have gladness in his breast,
And think the joys he has are best,
And wonder why he is so blest—
When he is used to it.

The harm we feared we fear no more,
When we get used to it;
We laugh at the dread we had before,
When we get used to it,
And doubtless they will find who fall
And roast when they leave this whirling ball
That it isn't so awful after all,
For he was used to it.

—S. E. KISER.

THE V