that proposed in the McKinley bill, rather than at a uniform rate. The committee will, however, before it reaches any conclusion as to whether the rate shall be lower than at present, and whether authority should be sought additional information bearing on the question in all its phases. For this reason it is yet undetermined whether or not the wool bill shall be the first tariff bill reported from the committee. Should other bills which are of a less complicated nature, such as those relating to lumber in the and free lumber, be ready for action by the committee, it may be decided to report first some bill of a simpler nature than the wool bill, and give additional time to the preparation of this measure. The whole question is still open.

Notorious Bandit Killed.

BOISE, Feb. 2.—A fierce encounter with brigands occurred near Burgos. A body of gendarms, assisted by peasants, routed the brigands and killed the notorious chief Lafter. Two peasants were killed.

Election Riots.

BUDA PESTH, Feb. 2.—Twenty persons lost their lives as the result of election riots last week.

Shot Dead by His Son.

SEVANNAH, Ga., Feb. 2.—David Porter, deputy collector of port, officer in the local post of the Grand Army of the Republic and a prominent Odd Fellow was shot dead early this morning by his son. Porter was beating his wife.

The "Sooner" Clause of Oklahoma.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Feb. 2.—The supreme court has rendered a decision upon the clause of the law opening Oklahoma, known as the "sooner" clause, providing that any person who entered land before the time of opening should lose all rights to obtain title to any land whatever.

California's First White Settler Dead.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 2.—Jacob P. Leese, the first white settler in California, died here yesterday, aged 82 years. He came to California in 1833.

Our Sailors in Montevideo.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—The *Herald's* Montevideo cable says: The entire police force of this city have been kept busy keeping order on account of the riotous conduct of men who will be given "liberty" from the ships of Admiral Walker's squadron, now in port.

News comes from Buenos Ayres that the cruiser "Argentina" and the transports "Uruguay" and "Pelasia" sailed today under sealed orders to accompany the cruiser "Twenty-fifth of May." Her destination is thought to be the Straits of Magellan.

Excitement at Creede, Colorado.

DENVER, Feb. 2.—Excitement at Creede, Colo., the new mining camp on the Rio Grande Railway, is intense. People are flocking from all parts of the country, and many rough-board houses have sprung up in a short time. The mines are something wonderful, and almost equal to those of Leadville in its best days. David H. Moffatt today was offered $1,000,000 by an English company to bond the Holy Moses Creek, but refused to do so. Since the first prospect was started, nine months ago, there has been $5,000,000 worth of ore taken from the mines there, although everything is undeveloped as yet. Today L. L. Dickson, Henry R. Wolcott and L. L. Wolcott, of Denver, and Jake Saunders, of Leadville, purchased a two-third interest in the Last Chance at Creede for $10,000. This mine is shipping ninety tons of ore which averages $150 per ton.

Franco-American Extradition.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* states that a commission, composed of members of the American legation and representatives of the French Government, has devised an extradition treaty between France and the United States.

BRIEF TELEGRAMS.

St. Paul, Feb. 2.—William E. Lee, patentee of a separator, has been given a verdict for $15,000 against the Pittsburg and other mills. Lee says that flour mills all over the country have been using his invention without paying him a royalty, and he contemplates requiring other mills to account to him for the use of his patent.

Providence, R. I., Feb. 2.—The Barnaby will, known as the Chester will, will be presented to the municipal court tomorrow morning for probate, when those interested in the will from Chester, Pa., will appear.

Philadelphia, Feb. 2.—James McCullough, the last surviving son of the distinguished tragedian, John McCullough, died yesterday.

San Francisco, Feb. 2.—Moses Hopkins, a well known capitalist, died this morning of heart failure. He leaves an estate of $200,000.

New York, Feb. 2.—A morning paper says that the terms of the purchase of Richmond, Danville, Lexington & Big Sandy Railroad, by the Chesapeake & Ohio, are made public. C. P. Huntington has turned over his $5,000 shares of stock in the Big Sandy to the Chesapeake & Ohio on advantageous terms, which the purchasing company extends to other holders of the securities.

London, Feb. 2.—The Santiago correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs: The Chilean hold Egan responsible for the continued war against the Congressional Government of Chile, but their only action in the matter is to leave him entirely isolated. There is a marked improvement in feeling toward the United States Government.

New York, Feb. 2.—A dispatch from the City of Mexico to-night reports the rumor telegraphed last night that Colonel Hernandez, recently sentenced to death in Monterey, had been shot while attempting to escape.

Personal.

Pat Lannon, manager of the *Tribune*, has returned from Washington.

Nicholas Trumbo and secretary left for the East this morning on mining business.

Charles D. Moore, manager of the San Sunday, is in the city.

Arthur M. Bell has gone out of the drug business in this city and removed to Logan.

Hons. F. S. Richards, J. L. Rawlins and H. W. Smith have gone to Washington, D.C., with a view to securing the passage of the Caine-Faulkner "Home Rule" measure. Ex-Governor Wells, Judge Judd, F. G. Williams and J. R. Dyer will leave for the East for the same purpose on Friday morning next.

"Exquisite Something."

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, writing in Lippincott, quite agrees in the idea that this is an impolite age. We have to be in such a sorrowful hurry that there is no time for free manners and a thoroughly polite man of the old school would be a bore. Nevertheless Mrs. Barr thinks we have gone just an "exquisite something" which is a very good loss indeed. We have other board individuals who through the modern generation was going to the dogs preach about this "exquisite something" which the race has lost, but we agree that anybody who can define it, even while in calls. Mrs. Barr is as hazy as the rest of them. She finds real "social danger," however, in the disregarding of it, whatever it is.

She finds, moreover, that certain garments and ceremonies are the "stays and bans" that keep society from falling to pieces. All she has to say, then, is that society must be in a bad way indeed if this is all that holds it together. Mrs. Barr, further, is sure that woman is to blame for the loss of the exquisite something, and she wants the sex to pack out and get it back again. According, we hope the thing will soon be making its appearance in society again. When found it ought to be put into a glass case.

Meantime it is not true that politeness is declining. Mankind take really a more kindly interest in our neighbor's welfare than they ever did before, and where good will prevails politeness cannot be lacking.

Pennsylvania Pilgrim Fathers.

On Christmas day a unique celebration was held at the ancient town of Bethlehem, Pa. It was the anniversary of the founding of the town in 1741, 150 years before by the pious Moravian brethren. "Unitas Fratrum" (Unity of Brethren) the sainted themselves long before, a little more than thirty years after their great reformer, John Huss, was burned at the stake. But the brethren who celebrated at Christmas, 1891, the founding of Bethlehem trace their church back to the Ninth century, when Cyril and Methodius passed into the savage lands of Bohemia and Moravia carrying a knowledge of the new faith.

The people retained their notions of primitive Christianity through centuries of persecution, until at the beginning of the thirteenth century the Moravian church had been almost exterminated. In the night of May 27, 1722, two Moravian families escaped from their native country to the estate of Count Zinzendorf, in Saxony. The count received them kindly, and himself became one of the Brethren of Unity and in time a bishop. He cast all his fortunes at the feet of the Unitas Fratrum. They were so impressed that the brethren had a great work before them in Christianizing the heathen of foreign lands.

Accordingly they came to America, and on Christmas day, 1741, named their town on the Lehigh Bethlehem, which signifies in the Hebrew "house of bread." Now who came to the settlement was ever refused bread. New settlers came to them, lands of starving Indians applied to them for relief, troops of soldiers were quartered on the town, but, in the words of the pastor at Bethlehem, "The bread never gave out. On the contrary, the settlers caused prosperous and increased greatly. Once they were in peril of extermination, not from religious persecution this time, but from Indians. Their brethren in a settlement a few miles away had been massacred. A yellow old chronicle of the year 1755 mentions, two days before Christmas, the celebration which will take place on that day "if God wille and we yet live."

Bravely and well they kept the primitive faith, these Moravians, and minded their own business and got rich. They did not make the mine the New England pilgrim fathers did, because it was one of the tenets of the Moravian doctrine that the brethren must keep themselves unspotted from the world, apart from political strife and government affairs—the very things the New England fathers gloried in. Name the law, however, did the strong, quiet, gentle Moravians stamp themselves on this country. They continue their mission work still, endeavoring to infuse into other denominations than their own at awakening and spiritual life.

Two Historic Ships.

Out in the bay stands the "Star old Hartford," and by her side the heroic Nipsic. It is to be hoped that both these historic ships may not much longer. All the world associates the Hartford with the exploits of Admiral Farragut, and the world associates the Nipsic with the exploits at Mobile bay, but insider that interesting fact she is one of the few remaining and one of the most beautiful of her type. Here is indeed a heart of oak. She is not "dead," as an old sailor lately said with a sigh. She only sleeps.

The Nipsic is still stanch and sound. A ship that could make her way home (half around the world) with a storm twisted propeller such as brought her up from Samoa after the tempest of March, 1889, is not a ship to be not lightly aside.—San Francisco Cal. Alpaca Chronicle.

Not So Funny After All.

A supposed practical joker went into the States island ferry slip on Saturday, and exhibiting a black bag declared it contained dynamite and that he intended to blow up the boat. Everybody made a break for the door except a policeman in uniform's clothes, who knocked the man down and captured the bag which was found to contain nothing dangerous. The practical joker had his jaw broken by the policeman's blow.—New York Letter.

A Striking Jury.

Without doubt the most unique strike on record was that which interrupted the trial of the Jones versus Gordon suit now at Hettinger, Ia. The jury had arrived at a verdict but refused to report till paid their fees. The plaintiff who had demanded the jury, was anxious to turn the verdict and pay the fees. Much to his chagrin the verdict was against him.—Chicago New York World.

BATTLING WITH BATS

FIERCE STRUGGLE IN A CAVE ALONG ROCKCASTLE RIVER.

Awful Experiment of a Hunter Bent on Subterranean Exploration—How a Man Drove Away a Horde of Hungry Vampire Winged Creatures.

Near Rockcastle river is a famous group of wild, rocky, cave-riddled hills, locally known as Blind Stone Knobs. A couple of days ago Dr. J. J. Kite, a prominent gentleman of Lexington, Ky., had a fierce fight, bearing to shoot quail, and for a time he had excellent sport. Above noon, however, a thunderstorm came up and he was forced to take shelter in a cave. Instead of finding shelter from the meteorological storm, finding an opening in the cliff on the left he entered it, and was surprised to find himself in a large winding gallery with sting and rough walls on either side and with a roof that topped around to a not ridiculous height. Absorbed in the contemplation of the curious was an object which attracted his attention. It was a gigantic bat, which was hanging in the roof and clustering hundreds of bats, lying in an oblique position on a high jutting ledge, with its huge wind spread awkwardly and a pop in the eyes of the intruder.

It looked as though a slight shock or the touch of a match would set the bats flying, and the hunter was in some straining as he dust it was one of those frightful death traps of nature, grim and sinister, sometimes found in subterranean passages of Mammoth cave proportions.

Dr. Kite is of an adventurous disposition, also he is a naturalist and geologist of no small repute. The novelty and uncommon beauty of the place, the wonderful and fascinating to daring spirits, allured and enchantered him. Believing that he should never have another chance to explore a cave of such proportions he was thrown violently to the earth and almost buried beneath masses of falling sand.

He scrambled to his feet again, blinding and gasping for breath. Terror struck and appalled, he realized that the bats had somehow had been precipitated into the passage, completely blocking the narrow and tortuous exit. Like the death of a pestilence, tomb, forever from the light. He saw no way of escape. A Plutonian darkness enfolded him. Suddenly, a few bats of bats disturbed by the detonation of the gun and the shifting sound, begin to scream along the passage, number of them alighting on his person. They were of remarkable size and fierceness and seemed disposed to attack him. So vicious did their bones that he was forced to fight them off by each movements of the hands. They swept forward in successive flocks as if to escape and that quarter of the cave was repeated with a shriek.

Instant and only partly stunned from their impact, the sands precipitated themselves against the jutting rocks and fell upon the floor of the passage with a heavy alarm in their wounded agony. They swarmed on the doctor's back, fell each the bare hands. They flashed against the face and clung to his clothes, his hair and his beard, and their whirling wings, leathlike, whirled the dry dust of centuries into a cloud which was choking the hunter's already exhausted lungs.

SET FIRE TO HIS COAT.

Terrorstricken by the action, he increased the activity of his movements. He struck savagely and hurled handfuls of the squeaking harpies upon the sands and trampled them under his feet. The cave-rock's rocky pathway became so slippery with the blood and scattered entrails of mangled bats that he could scarcely keep his footing. That he should preserve his apparently under such terrors is wonderful, but that he did is manifest from what now happened.

Shaking off his force terrorstorm for a moment he pulled off his coat and pouring on it the remaining contents of a whole bottle of matches, he made a torch of it and he lighted it with a match, and as it blazed up he began to whirl it, a circle of blazing flame and pungent smoke, about his head. The effect was magical. The bats, unable to bear the light and the fumes, spread their wings and began a precipitate flight to other parts of the cave.

Surrounded by pure cricket bats, even under the spectral light of the torch. He remained the temporary prisoner of the bats, and the dreadfulness of his situation was increased by the discovery of a bottomless pit, gloomily, dimensioned. Issuing from the pockets of his hunting coat could be heard the sound of hunting shells, which he had carelessly put in his pocket in his excitement. Yelling and rushing from side to side of the cavern, his fear troubled over his forehead in tangled masses and his face distorted with fury and despair, he wielded the fiery brand about, searing, scorching and burning many sides, until the vast space of varied cavern had been driven back into further recesses of the underground chamber.

A LIFE WORTH FOR LIBERTY.

Nearly exhausted, his clothes and body were wet with sweat and blood, he began to consider the possibility of escape from his place of confinement. If any amount of escape over the suspicious bowlder jutting cleft, which was uncertain, it would have been a desperate attempt to attempt it. In the deep, morning darkness, the thought of a bottomless pit, and sought to find some remarkable point at the side of the mentally impressed by strange horror.

By the light of a sickly blaze which glared over the smoking remnant of the still burning vestment, he pulled up his gun and threw the barrels into the crumbling earth and some at one side of the large rock. The stone yielded by pressure to the exertion, and with the energy of a man extended alive and desperate for liberty, he worked heroically, digging up the ground and prying away great fragments of rocks.

Hope never forsook him, and after seven hours of incessant labor, during which the work of a Titan was performed, he succeeded in making an opening large enough for his body, and through this hole he squeezed himself. In his Monday and blistered tissue he fled the cavern and battered remains of a gun, and just as the cold but friendly moon arose behind the opposite hills he was free. Everybody made a break for the door except a policeman in uniform's clothes, who knocked the man down and captured the bag which was found to contain nothing dangerous. The practical joker had his jaw broken by the policeman's blow.—New York Letter.

Mr. Meek's Confession.

Little Terror—Mamma, Mr. Meek's skin is as smooth as papa's. No marks on it at all.

Mamma—Just hear the child. Mr. Meek. Of course there are no marks on it, my pet.

Little Terror—But you said the hens had been pecking him.—New York Weekly.

My Nerves Are All Right

and I have gained 20 pounds in 6 months, as the result of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, says Mr. E. H. Rose of the firm of Rose & Eddy, Rochester, N. Y. Read about

Chronic Dyspepsia

My digestion being very bad, and I was broken down from exhaustion so that I could not sleep nights. But no sooner is now in perfect condition, and for all the above benefit my gratitude is due to Hood's Sarsaparilla."

"Water-Brash

and dyspepsia troubles so far forgotten, and other symptoms have disappeared before Hood's Sarsaparilla. The effect is wonderful as I seem to be almost entirely cured."—J. H. Jurgens, 437 10th Street, Toledo, Ohio.

Indigestion

Is a painful condition, so many dyspeptics. It quickly tones and strengthens the stomach, assists digestion and causes an appetite.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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