A WOLF IN THE FOLD.

Stealing the Livery of Heaven to Serve the Devil In.

New Orleans special: Three weeks ago a young man claiming to be the Rev. Hugh Nethercot, of Belize, British Honduras, presented himself to Bishop Galleher, of the Episcopal church, stating that he was on a short vacation. The bishop examined his ordination papers, which were signed by the bishop of Jamaica, and found everything regular. His letters of recommendation were unexceptionable. A few days after the arrival of the stranger the Rev. John Percival, of the Church of the Annunciation, left on a summer vacation and the Rev. Hugh was given temporary charge of the church, where he became very popular with the young ladies of the congregation, and it is said was carrying on several love affairs. To-day, however, a telegram was received from Bishop Galleher denouncing Nethercot as an impostor and asking that the police seize his vestments and papers. It transpired that the alleged minister had paid a visit to the Rev. Hugh Nethercot, of Belize, ingratiated himself into that clergyman's confidence, and left with $80 of the parson's money, his best vestments and all his papers. Upon reaching this city he found it an easy matter to impersonate Nethercot. There is great excitement among the congregation of the Church of the Annunciation, which has been intensified as far as several young ladies are concerned by the announcement that the supposed clergyman is a Honduras quadroon. As the church wishes to hush the matter up, it is not supposed the impostor will be prosecuted.

DISASTER ON THE RAIL.

Seven Men Killed in an Accident on a Tennessee Railway.

NASHVILLE, TENN., July 20.—A special engine coming north collided with the regular train on the Louisville and Nashville railroad near Duck river, forty-eight miles south of here, at 6:15 o'clock to-night and seven men were instantly killed.

The collision occurred in a deep cut with a sharp curve, making it impossible for the engineers to see each other, hence the collision took place while both trains were running at full speed. Both engines were totally wrecked. The following is a list of the killed:

Henry Lauman, engineer of the accommodation.

Robert Brown, fireman of the accommodation.

Thad Beach, engineer of the special.

Pat King, fireman of engine No. 519.

Monroe Wilson, baggage master.

Al B. Robertson, of Louisville, Ky., passenger agent, formerly ticket agent, of the Louisville and Nashville at this point, who was riding on the engine.

Henry Whitman, a flagman.

There were only two passengers injured—the Rev. William Green who was in the smoking car and was thrown against a seat, cutting a gash over his right eye, not serious, and a colored girl, name unknown, who was slightly cut in the face.

The sight of the bodies is most horrible, they having been torn to pieces and scalded by the escaping steam.

It will probably be late to-morrow before the wreck is cleared.

Later information shows that engine No. 519, which was coming north, exploded, throwing the tender 150 feet in an opposite direction.

Robertson was instantly killed being disemboweled by a piece of iron. His watch was broken in two and stopped at 6:22.

LUMBER PILES IN ASHES.

ST. LOUIS, MO., July 18.—A fire which proved to be the largest and most destructive of its kind that has ever occurred in this city was discovered about 2 o'clock this afternoon in the lumber yards of Knapp, Stout & Co. at the corner of Angelica street and Bremen avenue. An alarm was immediately turned in and two engines were soon on the scene. They were, however, owing to the poor water supply, unable to cope with the flames, which, driven by a strong wind, soon communicated to the nearest lumber piles and were making rapid headway toward the Union stock yards, the destruction of which seemed for a time inevitable. The wind soon shifted to the opposite direction, however, and they were saved, but the lumber yards were doomed.

In the meantime more alarms had been sent in and twenty engines were called out. The water supply, however, was entirely insufficient for the emergency and the flames leaped from pile to pile of the dry lumber with incredible swiftness. The fire was not confined to any one portion of the yards for sparks and burning splinters were carried in every direction by the wind and the whole territory of the yards, covering thirty-five acres of ground, seemed to be one mass of blazing lumber.

The efforts of the firemen, which would evidently have been fruitless if directed toward subduing the flames, were from this time employed in keeping them from spreading, and in this they were successful. The fire was allowed to burn itself out, and at the end of four hours 25,000,000 feet of lumber were a total loss.

The contents of the yards was mostly lumber of superior grade, and the loss on this account is very heavy—$400,000. The company's stables were also consumed but the horses were rescued. The total insurance cannot at this hour be ascertained, but it is estimated at $275,000.

PENSION BILLS.

Washington dispatch: Representative Morrell of Kansas, from the committee on invalid pensions, to-day reported back the bill granting an increase of pension to John W Farris of Missouri, with the recommendation that it be passed over the president's veto. Representative Conger reported back, with a recommendation similar to that made in the above mentioned case, the bill granting a pension to David T. Elderkin of Iowa. The same action was taken in the case of Sarah Ann Bradley. The president vetoed this bill on the ground that the husband did not die of disability contracted in the service, but the committee does not regard that fact as essential, and holds that the evidence that the claimant is dependent is sufficient to warrant the allowance of the claim. Representative Ellsberry will present the report in this case.

The secretary of the navy has decided to construct one of the new cruisers on the plans and designs of the "Nanwakan," recently built abroad, and another on the plans of the bureau of construction.

SYMPATHY FOR THE PRINCE.

New York special: The Comte de Paris is an honorary member of the Association of Veterans of the Fifth New York volunteers, Duryea Zouaves. While in General McClellan's staff, during the Peninsular campaign in 1862, he saw much of the regiment, which was attached to the brigade of regular troops under Sykes, in the midst of which the commanding general always pitched his tent. The good conduct of the regiment in battle was personally commended by the prince, and after the war in an autograph letter he expressed his admiration of its behavior. This evening the veteran association met at its old headquarters, B. F. Kinney presiding, and appointed a committee to prepare and forward to him resolutions expressing regret at the action of the French government in expelling him from his native land. The association also wished Colonel Gilder, who was a member of the regiment, a pleasant journey in his search for the North Pole.

SMASH-UP OF A CIRCUS TRAIN.

Portland (Me.) special: Information has just been received here of a fatal accident to Forepaugh's circus train on the Maine Central railway at Vassalboro, some fifty miles north of here. The storm having interfered with the wires, particulars are meagre. The train, consisting of twenty cars, was en route for this city, and was running at a lively rate of speed, when the cars jumped the track, due to a defective rail, and plunged down the fifty foot embankment toward the Kennebec river. Three of the cars contained animals and one was a passenger caboose, containing a number of employes. The cars rolled over and over several times and were wrecked into pieces. Twenty-five valuable trick horses were killed outright and a number of others badly injured, several of which will have to be killed. The caboose was occupied by ten men, several of whom escaped by jumping when the car left the track, being saved from injury by the soft earth. The others were carried down the bank and were caught in the wreck. Their companions extricated several badly if not fatally injured. Two men, whose names are not given, are buried beneath the wreck in the river and were doubtless killed instantly. A wrecking train has left for the scene.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL.

Washington special: The prospects for the passage of the river and harbor bill are very much better to-night than they have been at any other time since the subject came up in the house, when the bill went through on the first vote some weeks ago. There were several members who were interested in the Hennepin canal who voted against the whole measure, because there was no provision made for that important work. As the bill came from the senate it appropriated $225,000 for beginning the canal, and it was feared by some that this might result in the defeat of the whole bill. It seems, however, to have had a contrary effect, for in spite of the vigorous efforts made to-day to strike out this clause, it still remains in the bill. Iowa and Illinois members are very jubilant to-night over the success they have thus far attained, and are predicting the passage of the bill by a decisive vote to-morrow. For some reason, too, there is an inclination on the part of interested people to believe that the president will not veto it. It cannot be ascertained that the president has expressed his views on the subject with one side or the other, and the fate of the bill, if it goes through the house, when it reaches the executive mansion, is a matter of speculation entirely.

"UNITED IRELAND" MAD.

DUBLIN, July 15.—*United Ireland* comments on the British political situation in a somewhat raging style. Among other things it says: "The tricksters, sorcheads and mountebanks who are about to assume office in the present tremendous crisis in English history have in common but one dominating impulse—to grab at the emoluments of power. This is, indeed, a grotesque sacrifice. It is as if a rascal clothed himself in the vestments of a priest for the purpose of robbing the altar."

In another paragraph the paper says: "Gladstone's opponents deliberately concerted the Belfast tragedies for a political purpose. Murder, particular or wholesale, will not stop them any more than it did Ireland's enemies heretofore. The marquis of Salisbury, Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill are as unscrupulous as Pitt, Clare and Castlereagh, but they are punier. The standards of the *Times* and Lord Hartington are as infamous as those of Lord Cornwallis, or General Ross. Belfast Orangemen have been selected to goad the Irish people into violence in order to secure a pretext for coercion with a view to stifle Ireland's demand until Gladstone shall be dead."

INDIAN OUTBREAK THREATENED.

A special from Spokane Falls, Washington territory, to the Oragonian says: Great excitement prevails here to-day over a rumor that the Calispel Indians had threatened to massacre settlers in Kootenai county. Some time ago these Indians showed signs of discontent and Gen. Wheaton sent troops of cavalry into the Calispel valley to protect the settlers. The Indians now claim that the troops drove them out of the valley and they threaten vengeance. The farmers of Wild Rose prairie, about seventeen miles north of here, have become panic-stricken and a large number arrived to-day with their families. Gen. Carlin has been notified of the threatened trouble, but as it takes time to move troops, and the rumors were so startling, Judge Turner, of this district, organized a volunteer company of twenty men, who left here this afternoon and will aid in protecting the settlers as long as necessary till the troops arrive.

HORSE DISEASE IN DAKOTA.

Rapid City (Dak.) special: Considerable alarm is felt by stockmen over the discovery that in the ranges west and northwest of the Black Hills, there are a number of cases of disease, supposed to be glanders, existing at the present time. The Sun Dance Gazette gives a list of seventeen valuable horses, on different ranges, that have been killed by the territorial veterinarian, Dr. Hopkins. The doctor is now on the Belle Fourche, where there are, it is alleged, a number of cases, and he will give them a thorough inspection.

Mummy Cotton Seed.

Atlanta Constitution.

Some time ago Sunset Cox forwarded to Senator Brown from Egypt a package of cotton seed that had been found intombed with a mummy. The mummy belonged to the race of the Pharaohs and had been pronounced dead 4,000 years before Mr. Cox discovered the remains. Three of the seed were sent by Senator Brown to Dr. Connally of this city and were duly submitted to the test of sun and soil. They were planted in tubs filled with highly fertilized dirt, and were carefully watched and watered for a period of thirty days. In spite of this the seed failed to sprout and they were finally dug up and examined. They were filled with dust, and it is supposed that the germ of life that once existed in their frail shells had passed away utterly. But who can tell? Is it not fair to suppose that a cotton seed which had been entombed with a mummy for 4,000 years would require at least a thousand years to germinate? Let us be just even to an Egyptian cotton seed.

Three Men Stabbed.

CARBONDALE ILL., July 18.—Near Grand Tower yesterday a picnic was held. During the day Henry Brown, Thomas Heckam, Mat Rhodes and Robert Knox quarreled several times, but they were separated each time before any serious consequences resulted. Nothing was thought of the matter until after the crowd had broken up, when George Allison, a farmer, passed by the place and found Brown, Knox and Rhodes lying within a few feet of each other mortally wounded. Brown lived but a few minutes. His throat was cut from ear to ear and he bore besides several ugly gashes in different parts of his body.

Knox and Rhodes were also terribly wounded and cannot live.

No one witnessed the affray, but it is supposed that the quarrel between the men was renewed after the picnic. Heckam is still at large and no trace of him can be obtained.

MURDERED BY INDIANS.

Marshall (Mo.) special: News has been received here to-day that Mr. Winfield Scott Bickerton, a wealthy ranchman and mine owner, was killed Sunday, June 20, by one of the Apache bands of Indians, near his home, Campus Sonora, Mexico. Mr. Bickerton and a companion left home Saturday night, June 19, for a hunting expedition in the mountains, taking with him his dog and pack mule. The dog returned to camp on Monday and the mule was found on Tuesday. His friends fearing the worst, organized a volunteer party of armed men and went in search of the missing hunters. An Indian trail was found which led to the place where the bodies of two men were found at 3 o'clock, Wednesday, the 23d. The Indians, a large number—thirty or more—must have lain in ambush and fired on the men at only a few steps distant. Bickerton, though mortally wounded, lived long enough to empty his rifle and six shooter at the Indians, and from the amount of blood found near where they were concealed, it goes to show that his last shots were with goodly effect and more than one of the murderers killed or badly wounded, but the odds were against him and he could not long stand the fire of rifles at close range. His companion was, no doubt, killed at the first fire, as his weapons were found loaded. Mr Bickerton has a sister, Mrs. Dr. I. A. McClary, living in this city. His parents reside in Oakland Cal. He was a native of Wilmington, Ill., and he leaves a wife and two children, 3 and 5 years of age.

UTAH'S NEW JUDGE.

Washington special: The president sent to the senate to-day the name of Henry P. Henderson, of Mason City, Mich., to be associate justice of the supreme court of Utah, in place of Judge Powers, of Michigan, whose character was shown to be so bad that the president withdrew his nomination upon the unanimous recommendation of the senate judiciary committee. Although he did this last March, the president has permitted Powers to sit upon the bench ever since and administer justice. Henderson, who is said to be a very good man, was recommended by Dom M. Dickinson, who has so far controlled all appointments from Michigan.

A DISASTROUS STORM.

TORONTO, ONT., July 18.—During a terrible thunder and hail storm last night Samuel S. Bobby, who had taken refuge under a tree, was struck by lightning and killed. A great deal of damage was done by hail and water, the latter flooding the cellars and basements of houses in low lying portions of the city.

PAYMENT FOR MAIL SERVICE.

Washington special: The senate committee on postoffices and postroads, have decided to unanimously report an amendment to the deficiency appropriation bill, providing for the payment of $30,000 to the United States and Brazilian steamship company, for the transportation of mails during the past year.

IRELAND AS IT IS.

Poverty and Desolation Clearly Traceable to English Oppression.

In the course of an address before the Utica branch of the Irish National Land league, Mr. Harold Frederic, the London correspondent of *The New York Times*, who is now in this country for a few weeks' vacation, gave the following picture of some of the results of extortion and misrule in Ireland:

"Some of you may have recollections of a time when Ireland was merry. Others have gained from the books of Lever and Lover this traditional gay impression of the Irish character. There may have been such an Ireland once—a rollicking, jig-dancing, punch-drinking Ireland. It is as dead as Brian Boru. There is no more tearful, sorrowful land on the globe to-day than your Ireland. I went two years ago, under orders to the southern part of France and into Spain, then ravished by that most deadly foe of man, the Asiatic cholera. My business carried me into the houses of the wretched, into hospitals, and even to the graveyards at night, and I came away with a vivid picture in my mind of the distress of those desolated regions. Two weeks afterward I went with a pleasure party into the west of Ireland, into Galway. I spent there a week, nominally for pleasure but I tell you candidly that I never knew what grinding misery was until I came to Connaught. Dublin is itself a deserted, desolate place, with the notice 'To let' on every third window. Galway is a shadow of the same desolation. If I were to ransack my memory and attempt to depict to you the scene, the evident desolation, clearly traceable to the wrong-doing of those in power, for of misery from other wrong-doing of course we have plenty everywhere, I would weary you. Yet out of this great budget I pick a few instances almost at random. Mr. Healy and I were in the northern part of County Cork on our vacations. We amused ourselves by tramping over the mountains and entering the cabins, with a salutation of 'God save you,' or 'God save your honors,' uttered in Irish—an exercise in which I did not take a very active part. We inquired the size of their holdings, the amount of rent, whether they appealed to the land court, etc. We came almost inadvertently, after a long walk over marshy, worthless land, to a little group of houses called, as we learned, Eskanawheelna, which I believe is 'the resting-place of the gulls.' We found that this little place of half a dozen houses perched up on the solid rock was two miles from any other dwelling and four miles from any land which was worth anything. Finally one of the men came to us. He told us that all the land we saw, a little patch, had been carried in sacks on the backs of women and in boxes by men from a distant mountain, within sight, but twelve miles away. They, or the original settlers of the place, had been evicted from a place some fifty miles away. They thought they had reached a spot out of the reach of any agent and beyond the conceivable claim of any landlord. But he told us that some time before an agent going by by water had noticed the little green spot, and had come to the shore, asked them how they did, and got the names of all the householders. On next Michaelmas day he came again, representing his landlord, and demanded £9 rent from each of the men. These five men had probably never collected £1 together since they had lived there. They had no communication with other places, and no opportunity to get a penny of money, except by going to England to work in the harvest-field. One of them had done that and had lost an arm in a railroad accident, and had come back with something like £1 10s., I believe. They had the grimmest sort of fight to get food. Then the landlord, Mr. White, of Glengarin, made a proposition to them that they should pay the rent in labor. His proposition was that they should work for him every other day through the whole year to pay the rent. The poor people accepted the proposition."

A Professional Woman's Costume.

Chairman Martin Irons was attired yesterday regardless of expense, and wore a festive air appropriate to the presence of the gay spring weather. The foundation, so to speak, of his costume was a black broadcloth suit, with a low cut dress vest, exposing a shirt front in which glistened three enormous studs. From the bottom button of his vest depended a colossal gold watch chain, adorned with a fob larger than a silver dollar, and antique coin sleeve-buttons fastened his cuffs. He had on a standing collar and newly blocked out mutton-chop side whiskers of English cut bristled upon his cheeks.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Idaho Central railroad, designed to connect the Oregon Short Line with the Northern Pacific, has been incorporated by Edward Dickinson, of Denver, with a capital stock of $1,000,000.

AMERICA'S FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

The Trial Trip of the Stourbridge Lion at Honesdale, Aug. 8, 1829.

Guide-books, as a rule, possess no interest that is at all dependent on any inherent value in the facts that are presented in them says *The New York Sun*, but Mr. J. W. Burdict, the general passenger agent of the Delaware and Hudson Canal company's railroad, in a little pamphlet just issued, has been at some pains to present what he deems trustworthy facts about the first locomotive that ever ran upon an American railroad. According to him, the first of these engines was the Stourbridge Lion, so called because it bore a lion's head on the front of its boiler and was made by Foster, Boswick & Co. in Stourbridge, England, Horatio Allen, a young civil engineer, had been sent to England by the canal company to buy strap-iron for the rails, chains for the inclined planes, and three locomotives for the levels of the projected railroad. He returned in 1828 and the first of the locomotives reached New York in May, 1829. It was set up at the West Point foundry at the foot of Beach street, in this city, and in the summer was shipped by boat to Honesdale, where it was put upon the iron-strapped wooden rails of the new road. It was of the pattern afterward known by the name of "grasshoppers," because of the walking-beams that elbowed up and down over the boiler, like the leg joints of those insects. It weighed seven tons, or less than one of our elevated railroad locomotives, but it had no such pulling power as they possess.

It was big and clumsy, with four wooden wheels, spoked and with iron tires. It had no cab, and the cylinders were upright. The first trip was made on Aug. 8, 1829, in the presence of a crowd collected from forty miles around.

An old Queen Anne cannon was brought up from New York to add its voice to those of the people. Predictions of failure were not wanting; the breaking down of the track, which was built largely on trestles or piles, was especially apprehended, and there was little inclination on the part of those present to trust themselves on the new vehicle. Mr. Allen, declaring that if there was any danger he was ready to meet it, took his position on the locomotive, and, after running slowly backward and forward a few times before the assembled multitude, pulled the throttle valve open, and, shouting a loud good-by to the crowd, dashed swiftly away around the dangerous curve and over the swaying trestle, setting in motion the first locomotive that ever turned a wheel in the western hemisphere. The track was of strap-iron, spiked next the inner edge to large hemlock sleepers laid on cross ties. At the time of the trial trip the timbers and ties, though securely connected, had been warped, and in some places raised from the ground, by exposure to the sun. The road crossed the Lackawaxen river over a frail hemlock trestle one hundred feet in height, and as the locomotive was found to weigh seven tons instead of four, as the contract had stipulated, it was feared by everybody that the trestle would not bear its weight.

As the Lion passed over the road the weight pressed everything underneath firmly down to its place, on the roadbed, with no little creaking and groaning. The locomotive proved to be all that the engineer had expected. After running at a fair rate of speed as far as Seelyville, the Lion was reversed, and returned to the dock at Honesdale amid the shouts of the people and the booming of the cannon, having met with no accident and encountered no difficulty. The trial trip was thus completed, and the locomotive was pronounced a success. Mr. Allen remained in Honesdale three weeks after this experimental trip, during which time he made some improvements in the locomotive. After his departure, however, the company not being rich enough to purchase iron rails, and the wooden ones proving too frail for the engine, it was housed in a shanty on the canal dock, where it lay for years, a prey to rust and decay. The boiler was afterward used in a foundry at Carbondale; the pump was used for several years by an employe of the company, and the rest of the old hulk was partly hacked to pieces by relic hunters and partly sold for old iron.

On October 6, 1829, less than two months after the historic ride in the Stourbridge Lion, the famous competitive test of locomotives at Liverpool took place. The result of this was the firm establishment of the steam railroad at the head of all methods of land transportation. There were four engines in competition, and Stephenson's Rocket won the prize. Eleven months after this the Liverpool and Manchester railroad was established, and the Racket ran thirty-seven miles an hour. Then there were only twenty-three miles of railroads in this country, and now the number of miles of track exceeds 100,000.

A Strawberry Racket.

"My dear wife," he said as he came and found her crying, while three quarts of strawberries reposed in a pan on the table, "I need not ask the cause of your sorrow. I know it. About an hour ago a huckster came along here shouting:

"'Strawberries! Strawberries! Eight cents a quart or three quarts for twenty-five cents!'"

"It was a glorious opportunity, as you thought, to save a cent, and you rushed out and took three quarts. You had scarcely entered the house when you heard something drop. You stood for a moment like one paralyzed. Then you flung yourself down into that chair and began to kick and squall, and the iron still burns your soul. However, my dear, brace up and let it go. You have bought dozens of quarts of strawberries this year, and on each occasion the man has measured his big thumb with the berries and beaten you out of a cent and a half. He is bound to get ahead of you in some way, and tears are of no avail. Rather set to work and plug up the hole in a quarter and pass it off on him some cloudy day."—*Detroit Free Press.*

STORIES OF BEN BUTLER.

How New Orleans Narrowly Escaped Destruction—The Hanging of Mulford.

No matter how much one may differ with Gen. Butler's philosophy, it is impossible, says *The New York World*, to remain in his presence for any length of time without being entertained by his conversation. Possessing a wonderful memory and having a great dramatic power and a remarkable facility of expression, coupled with a peculiar egotism that might be offensive in any other man, but which in him seems quite natural and is taken as a matter of course, Gen. Butler throws into his talks a picturesque individuality and raciness peculiarly his own. He is cynical, sharp, and occasionally vulgar, but never dull.

"Oh, if Butler was only sincere," exclaimed an admirer of his recently.

"I don't know, he wouldn't be Butler then," was the reply.

Near the capitol in Washington are three large houses built of granite. They belong to Butler. The granite for them was quarried at his own works in Massachusetts. The subject was mentioned in Butler's presence recently and a friend said: "General, what in the world did you build so many houses for—to live in?"

"Yes, partly," he replied. "I lived in one of them until my poor wife died, but the real reason is I built them for a monument. I found that no one else would put up a monument for me, and I thought I would build one myself."

"They will put up a monument in New Orleans for you some day," suggested a friend, ironically.

"I should not be surprised, said Butler, quickly. The mention of New Orleans started the general on a train of reminiscences. One incident he recalled of the entry of the union forces into the southern metropolis that may not be very generally known. In brief, before Butler arrived with his troops, Admiral Farragut steamed up in his flagship, the Hartford, followed by his fleet, and took possession of the city in the name of the United States government. A company of marines was sent on shore and shortly after the stars and stripes were floating over the custom-house. The city was captured but not subjected, and Admiral Farragut, apprehending that some attempt might be made to take down the colors, arranged a plan of action in case the attempt should be made. A couple of howitzers were fastened in the rigging of the Hartford and a man stationed at each one. From this elevated position the lookouts could command a good view of the custom-house and the town. They were instructed at the first indication of an attempt to haul down the flag to fire their guns. A broadside from the Hartford would follow, and this would be the signal for the whole fleet to open fire on the city. The next day was Sunday. Farragut, who was a very religious man had ordered all hands below for prayers, only the officer of the day and the two lookouts remaining above deck. Rain threatened at the time and the fuses for igniting the big guns when in place were exposed to the weather. The officer, wishing to save the fuses from being spoiled, went around to each gun and removed them to a place of shelter. Suddenly the flag was seen to go down from the custom-house. The lookouts fired their howitzers, and the prayers below came to an abrupt ending. Officers and men rushed upon deck and took their places. The thoughtfulness of the officer of the day in removing the fuses caused a slight delay, and before the broadside could be delivered the lookouts reported to the admiral that they saw no indications of a disturbance or unusual excitement in the streets, and Farragut concluded that the hauling down of the flag was the act of some reckless person and not the revolt of the city as it was afterward found. He therefore decided to investigate the matter first and gave the order to hold the fire. Nothing could have prevented the total destruction of New Orleans if the fleet had once commenced to shell the town. Farragut's religious habits saved the city. Had he remained on deck the fuses would not have been touched and the broadside signal would have been given without delay.

Mulford is the name of the man who exposed New Orleans to such peril by hauling down the American flag from the custom-house. He was a gambler by profession and committed the deed in a spirit of reckless bravado. After the flag had been taken down it was torn to bits by Mulford and a party of his associates, and pieces of it were used to decorate their coats. Mulford tied a long strip of the flag in his buttonhole and had it on when he was arrested by Gen. Butler a few days later. Mulford paid for his foolishness with his life. He was tried and sentenced to be hanged. Even after his sentence Mulford refused to believe that he would be executed, and he maintained this belief up to the last moment. "They will not dare to hang me," he said. Strong pressure was brought to bear on Gen. Butler to spare Mulford's life. What made the case more dramatic was that Mulford's wife was a Massachusetts woman and she had a family of five little children. She pleaded hard for her husband's life, but without success. An old Presbyterian minister called at Butler's headquarters and began a long argument for Mulford's life. "Show your greatness by being merciful," he said. "'Tis but a stroke of your pen." "Yes," replied Butler, "a stroke of my pen would save him, and a stroke of my pen would put you in his place! It is because I have the power that I can not afford to be governed by sentiment. That man has forfeited his life and he must die."

Butler had in his service a number of northern detectives, and they gained quite a reputation for their work in New Orleans. But Butler said the most valuable information was furnished him by the negroes. They were allowed to come to his headquarters freely, and although they brought bushels of chaff they also brought some grain. One evening a party of fifteen men met at a private dinner and amused themselves by abusing Butler and denouncing the government. The next day all the facts were reported to headquarters by one of the negroes who had waited on the party. Butler sent for them all to come to his headquarters at a certain hour. When they were all assembled in his office, he said: "Gentlemen, you were at a dinner together last evening, and when the wine was in and the wit was out you were pleased to speak in disrespectful terms of myself. That is of no consequence. But what is of consequence is that you also abused the government of the United States. That I forbid. Gentlemen, it must stop. I shall overlook it this time, but let me hear no more of it in the future."

The party were thunderstruck and eyed each other suspiciously as they left the room, wondering who had given them away. That was the effect Butler wished to produce, "and," he said yesterday' "the results were very wholesome."

WANTED A TITLE.

That Is Why Mr. Hearst Went to the Senate.

Having had no advantage of education, Senator Hearst is an illiterate man, but not an ignorant one, writes a San Francisco correspondent of *The New York Times*. He is of a keen and observing mind and quick of perception, and with him an experience once gained is never forgotten, but is used to advantage should the occasion arise. He is a good judge of men and human nature, and it takes a bright man to get the best of him. When in the company of his cronies he delivers himself of many wise, original, and homely thoughts and phrases. Like most southern men he is a great admirer of title, and I believe that it was this trait more than any other cause that led him to seek the—to him but honorary—position of United States senator. While he was with his intimates, who were being addressed by each other as "major," or "colonel," or "general"—though the latter's title might have come from his having been general superintendent of the Sunday school—he was but plain "Uncle George," and as it is the fashion for millionaires to purchase United States senatorships as the crowning of their ambition he didn't want to be left in the rear, and by the accident of death and a democratic governor he has reached his goal. No more will the "boys" address him as "Uncle George" nor the brigadiers as "Mr. Hearst, sah;" now with awe and reverence they salute him, "senator." Hearst is naturally a kind and open-hearted man, free from affectation or exclusiveness. I do not think that one of his old comrades or acquaintances ever applied to him in vain for assistance, and I have personally seen him on more than one occasion leave a party of broadcloth-clothed men to step across the street and shake hands with some ragged wreck of a pioneer whom he had known in the early days. In disposition he is what is politely called convivial, can stand a great deal of conviviality and take it straight. In dress he is slouchy, and all the tailors on earth could not fix him up to make him look otherwise. Just here I will relate a story that I have often heard repeated, but can not vouch for its accuracy:

Mrs. Hearst is a woman of fashion, inclined to aristocracy, and, with her only son, spends a large share of her time in Europe, while her husband is happy and feels at home in the unconventionalities of the mining camps. The Hearsts have an elegant home on Van Ness avenue, the most fashionable quarter of the city, and the lady is a lavish hostess and magnificent entertainer of the *creme de la creme* of the somewhat incongruous element known as San Francisco society. One night Mrs. Hearst gave a grand entertainment. Mr. Hearst had not been invited, or if he was he had forgotten all about it, and staid out somewhat late. He is an inveterate tobacco chewer, and when he becomes animated in congenial company scatters the extract of the weed somewhat promiscuously over his shirt front. When the revel was at its height at the entertainment he reached his home, utterly oblivious of the fact that anything unusual was transpiring therein. He succeeded in entering by the aid of his latch key, when he was met by a flood of light, the perfume of flowers, strains of music, and gorgeous costumes. He stood somewhat dazed for a moment, and a sort of hush came over the festivities. Mrs. Hearst, catching sight of him, reached his side, and getting him into the hall out of sight of the guests, begged him to go up stairs and change his street attire and the tobacco-stained shirt-bosom for something more suitable to the occasion. Thrusting his hands in his breeches pockets—a habit of his—and drawing himself erect, he said in a voice loud enough for the company to hear: "This is my ranch, and if these here folks don't like my shirt they can go home; it's time for folks to be in bed, anyhow, and I'm gwine thar," and he steadied himself up the stairs to his apartment.

A Deliberate Man.

A man from a sequestered township of Washington county, called the other day, on the president of the Arkansaw Industrial University.

"I have come ter see yer," said the visitor, "because I have hearn that yer've got er heep o' sense."

The president bowed and the visitor continued: "I come ter ax yer er question that consarns me er good deal. Er feller over in my neighborhood called me a crank. I knowed it wan't much uv er comper*ment* but I 'lowed ter merse'f that I wouldn't hit him till I found out whut he meant. Whut did he mean?"

"According to Carlyle," said the president, "a crank is a very headlong, very positive, loud, dull and angry kind of a man. The American signification of the term, as employed by the newspapers, is a sort of fanatic, a semi-crazy man."

"Then I recken he thinks that I am erbout ha'f crazy."

"Yes, I should think so."

"Wall, I won't hit him ef that's all, but at fust it made me powerful mad fur I 'lowed that he meant that I want no jedge uv er hoss."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*