

TOLD OF BUCK KILGORE.

His Jumping Match with a Texas Woman in War Times.

There are men in every quarter of the Union who will regret to hear of the death of Judge Constantine B. Kilgore at Ardmore, I. T. For eight years "Buck" Kilgore was a notable man in Washington. In person he was the typical Texan. Above six feet tall, above sixteen stone in weight, above the average Congressman in ability, above the average man in sincerity, straight as an Indian, and strong as an ox, "Buck" Kilgore was a marked man wherever he appeared. It was the kicking down of the door leading from the legislative chamber to the House lobby that gave him notoriety. It was characteristic of the man. He wanted to go into the lobby; the messenger shut the door in his face. He knew he had a right to go into the lobby without asking the consent of Tom Reed or any other man. He raised his foot, clothed in an enormous cowhide boot and kicked the door down and went his way. The notoriety that attached to him on account of the act was always distasteful to him. During the war he was ordered home to assist in gathering up some deserters. One evening about dusk he was out in the country in quest of a deserter who had been off the "layout" for a year. He was very hungry and very weary. He called at a house by the roadside and there he found a woman just taking from the spit a nicely broiled chicken. The savor of the fowl made him ravenous. He had a Mexican dollar in his pocket, which he had carried for years and to which he was much attached, but he was bound to have that chicken and he pulled out the dollar and proposed a trade—the coin for the fowl. The lady said the chicken was for a sick friend and that she could not sell it.

"But," she continued, "I'll jump you for it." "What do you mean?" said "Buck." "I mean that we will see which can jump furthest from this door sill out into the yard, and the one of us that beats shall have both chicken and dollar." "All right; that suits me exactly," said "Buck." The dollar was placed on the dish beside the chicken and his gun was leaned against the wall by the door, and "Buck" slung his arms and made a tremendous leap of over twelve feet. He recovered with difficulty, and when he turned to the door there was the lady with his cocked gun in her hands, with the butt against her shoulder and her finger on the trigger.

"Now, you just flirt the gravel down that road, young man, or I'll make buzzard's food of you before hell can singe a knot," she ordered.

There was shot in her eyes and "buck and ball" in the gun. So "Buck" flinched the gravel, his bosom swollen with impotent rage and his mouth overflowing with eloquent profanity. By this time it was dark. Over in a field "Buck" spied a gin house. He went to it and climbed in to the loft, laid down on the floor and was soon fast asleep. After a time he was awakened by voices down below. He listened and made the discovery that one was a female voice, and a moment later he realized that she was relating the "jumping" episode to her companion, who gave vent to peal after peal of laughter. There was the chicken and his dollar which he could see by the light of the tallow dip. Peering about he saw his gun also. There was a big hole in the floor of the loft, and just as the man took hold of the dish to eat the chicken "Buck" plunged through the hole and seized the gun. Before they recovered from their astonishment "Buck" roared out: "Madam, you just flirt the gravel back home, and as for this gentleman he and I will flirt gravel to the office of the Provost Marshal. He is the deserter I have been after for a week."

There was shot in "Buck's" eye now. The woman left. "Buck" recovered his dollar, ate the chicken, and before midnight surrendered his prisoner to the Provost Marshal. It was worth a journey across the continent to hear "Buck tell the story.—From the Courier-Journal.

JEW IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Steps to be Taken for Their Better Treatment by the President.

The Transvaal is one of the few countries with pretensions to consideration as civilized Powers that debar Jews from all participation in the legislative and municipal government. Moreover they are disqualified from filling any public office to which a salary is attached, while their schools are the only ones which receive no subsidy from the State. It is largely due to this that the efforts of the Boer Secretary of State, Dr. Leyds, to secure support at Paris and Berlin against the British Government have met with such signal failure, the immensely powerful influence of the Rothschilds and of the other great Jewish financiers who control the money markets of Europe being exercised against the Transvaal. It is to secure legislation removing all the disabilities under which the Jews now labor in the Boer Republic.

"We have parted forever," said the young man, sadly. "She is never going to even write to me again." "Are you sure of that?" asked his sympathetic friend.

"Yes. She told me so in each of her last three letters."—Washington Evening Star.

JACK WAS ALL RIGHT.

But the Old Man Thought Him Incurable and Sought to Reform Him.

"Tom," began one old merchant to another as they were taking a fifteen-cent lunch together, "I feel as though I could talk to you, for we have been friends ever since we were boys, and I must talk with some one." "What is it, Jim?" "That son of mine. He's kind to me, says he's always ready to help me when there's a chance and tells me the truth, no matter what he has done. But nothing that I can say with a view to reforming his habits seems to make any impression. I'll just give you an example. The other evening I said to him that I had seen him coming out of a saloon and asked him if he wasn't ashamed of himself.

"I really think," the rascal answered, "that it looks better to come out than it does to go in." "You shouldn't have gone in," I snapped. "But I was in and it was better to come out when I did than two or three years later." Then he laughed and told me not to worry.

"And I think you had better follow his advice. Jack doesn't drink. I have that from the boys that train with him. And between me and you, old man, I have an idea he was looking you up. It is whispered about in a good many places that a few of us respectable jockeys sneak in the back way and have a quiet game in that back room. It sounds a good deal worse than it is, and I guess that Jack must be troubled about you. We'd better shift our quarters so as to throw him off the scent."

"My shift will be to never play another game of poker, and I'll tell Jack to before I sleep. He's the best boy in town."—Detroit Free Press.

HANDEL AND KING GEORGE I.

The Composer Offended His Majesty but Restored to Favor by His Music.

Handel once offended George I so seriously that he was afraid to approach the court, but through the friendly interposition of Baron Kilmarsno, who was high in favor, he was restored to favor in the following manner: Soon after his arrival in England the King was persuaded to make a short excursion on the water. Handel was informed of this intention, and upon the advice of his friend, he composed some pieces expressly for the occasion, and secretly conducted their performance in a boat that accompanied the royal barge. His Majesty, upon hearing these compositions, which have since become famous under the title of the "Water Music," was so surprised and pleased by their excellence that he immediately demanded the name of the author. The baron, who was on hand for that purpose, told the King that they were the work of a faithful servant of his Majesty, who, conscious of the cause of the displeasure which he had given, durst not assume to approach the royal presence until he could be assured that by every demonstration of gratitude and duty in the future he might hope to secure a pardon. This intercession was accepted, and Handel was immediately restored to favor. His compositions were honored with the most flattering marks of royal approbation, and the King immediately gave him a pension of £200 a year, in addition to that which had previously been conferred upon him by Queen Anne.—Harper's Round Table.

A Credit Sustainer.

"Yes, I've just bought a bicycle," he said, "but I really didn't want one." "Then, why did you get one?" "To keep from losing my credit. Only a very rich man can afford to be without a bicycle these days."—Chicago Post.

HOW WEARY WANDERER GOT EVEN.

Weary Wanderer—All right Mr. Goodie. If you won't help me I'll get even with yer ter night.

Now, den, I'll make des tracks in te snow fer his wife ter see.

Boodle's Wife—How dare you, George! Look at those footprints, and you told me only yesterday that you would never drink another drop!

Madman's Fight for Life.

Fled From His Barred House in a Shower of Lead.

Steve Spellen, who Thursday night deliberately shot and killed Mike Raber, while the two men were in friendly conversation, at Spellen's home, at Dubois, Pa., was taken into custody Friday morning after a terrible struggle for freedom, in which he used a pistol with telling effect on himself and his captors.

After the murder of Raber Spellen barricaded himself in his house and defied the police, who surrounded the house soon after the tragedy occurred. After the officers found threats and entreaty useless, Chief of Police Blair, at the peril of his life, forced an entrance to the house and commanded Spellen to surrender. The murderer replied with a bullet, which grazed the officer's body, and then retreated to his room. Locking the door, in order to delay pursuit by Chief Blair, Spellen climbed out of a window to the roof of an outhouse. Here he was confronted by a cordon of officers, whom he sought to disperse with bullets from his pistol. The effect was to provoke a volley from the officers. The shower of lead drove Spellen from his perch, and, dropping to the ground, he ran, shooting at his pursuers, to a deep shaft, at the water works, 250 yards away.

Bullets and shot whistled about the fleeing murderer's ears as he ran, but none of them took effect. Sliding down the shaft and hiding behind a projection, where he was securely entrenched from the weapons of the officers, he laughed at and taunted them and dared them to come down and take him. Bent on taking Spellen alive and fully aware of the risk they would incur in descending the shaft, the posse had recourse to water for dislodging the fugitive and by turning a hose stream on him forced him to ascend the shaft.

As the drenched man neared the surface he was met by Deputy T. E. Casey. Determined to die rather than be captured and resolved not to die alone, Spellen fired a bullet into his breast and resumed shooting into the crowd, from which he made a second effort to escape after clambering out of the shaft. After running about 50 yards he was brought down by a charge of shot full in the face and a bullet in his leg. He is still alive, but is not likely to recover.

The persons on whom Spellen's bullets took effect are Chief of Police Blair, wounded in the left side; E. Butterworth, shot through the arm, and A. L. Mott, shot in the foot.

Spellen is about 28 years of age and recently manifested signs of insanity. Raber, whom he murdered last night, was paying attention to his sister. Raber was superintendent of the Dubois Water Company's pumping station.

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Widow's Pension Claims.

In a recent pension decision Assistant Secretary Davis, of the interior department, promulgates the important ruling that there shall be no limit to the time in which a widow may file an appeal in completing her deceased husband's claim. The assistant secretary holds that the question whether the soldier was entitled to a pension is not settled finally by the adverse decision of the pension bureau, but the secretary of the interior has a right to pass upon the question. The widow's right to prosecute the case to a final adjudication and to appeal from the adverse action of the pension bureau is conceded. No just reason, he says, appears for limiting the time for filing such appeal by the person who succeeds to the rights of the original claimant. This decision overrules those of the department made in a number of cases in past years.

Catarrh Shackles

Broken in 60 Minutes. It's an alarming fact, but statistics bear it out, that at least 50 in every hundred persons in this country are afflicted in a lesser or greater degree by that disgusting, offensive and dangerous disease—Catarrh. If symptoms appear, such as cold in the head, dizziness, pains in the forehead, headache, dropping in the throat, offensive breath, loss of taste and smell, the Catarrh shackles may be tightening about you—DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER is the most potent Catarrh cure known to-day—Recommended by eminent nose and throat specialists—gives relief in from 10 to 60 minutes. For years I was a victim of chronic Catarrh; the first application of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal powder gave me instant relief, and in an incredibly short while I was permanently cured.—James Headley, Dundee, N.Y.

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Woman's Love. There is nothing like it in heaven or earth and it is a good thing there is not. Martin Thorn, convicted of one of the foulest murders in history and now awaiting execution in Sing Sing, is deluged with love letters and frantic offers of sympathy from sweet, tender and refined women. The writers say he is a lovely man, and a dear, put upon victim, so he is, and they know the killing and subsequent butchering of the body of Gou densuppe was all the fault of that nasty Mrs. Nack. Although a witness swore that Thorn confessed the fiendish crime to him, a crime so terrible that he refrain from hurting our readers sensibilities with any close reference to it, yet these loving and tender women who write slushy letters to the slayer blame the whole affair on Thorn's accomplice, the woman. Is it because she is a woman they do so? None of this scribbled slopping over of morbid emotions is given to Thorn by the prison warden, who knows his business and is disgusted with the writers. If Thorn received the correspondence, he would undoubtedly feel himself exalted into a stage hero. It seems as if women have not yet been sufficiently kicked and beaten and choked and shot by brutal men. Many of them want more of it, much more of it, apparently, before they will be satisfied to make heroes of just plain, good men who never butcher anybody or commit highway robbery.—Ex.

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