several others, con-ccessful business. Mr. er, decided to enter nd withdrawing his e Cleveland co York and entered the Claffin & Co., where he was in receipt of rest salary enjoyed by gaged in a similar York. The great now known as Mr. Armstrong is st stockholders. Thus s county man. may a leading business American metropolis. together with his guests of Mr. and ty, who accompany various excursions ince. A delightful the Dream has been pleasure indulged in. greatly impressed noticeable improveand vicinity.

Y MATTERS.

school at the Barprogressing rapidly. or rides each mornld each hour from 8 the classes are ridand all but one are ords. Though the been in operation t, a great deal of on done, both by inofficers attached. and Surgeon Major 74th Battalion expect amination this week for them to remain nn. Both officers are and no doubt will cates up to the celes-

patch of July 14th nal Artillery Associaricus reasons have ke the collection an artillery team to ore dilatory than, was right honorable the recommended a nment, but the treaits sanction, and the lational Artillery Aserefore decided with the visit to Canada ed until next year, a trip, to have the promoting the existbetween the mother colony, must be carnner beyond the pre-

WHEAT CROP.

ations in the province of tive," says the Monetary her in most districts has be desired. In the westo use a graim merchant's nything on record. The he new wheat was about hen the first samples of ed the contrast is remarkarketed at the opening sprouted and we s sprouted and weighed pounds per bushel. Only ope and the Leiter man-narket for this crop, the ill weigh 64 pounds to the authorities talk of an avushels to the acre, it will be farmers have good cause the their prospects. Much wer, is not yet in a place weather might still work a quality. Rains are still development of the spring and the root crops. An excellent wheat may be of ntry unless it can be conitry unless it can be conntry unless it can be con-ta good price per bushel, we harvest will bring is ent most interesting those e. Old country importers their friends on this side rork with caution, and ad-yers who purchase new es stand to lose by their ID FALLS.

Correspondence.) is here, accompanied Washington as his

the development of water power was d. There are twenemployed, and in a ber will be doubled. be a large building by 300 feet, it will ang of men to carry xcavating for buildesides this, there will of railway built to C. P. R. Between idred thousand dolt on the works, and cally pushed to com-

AWAY WHOLE-

iverpool post-mark, ne head office of the ce company. old. As the co no advice of this make conjectures ase some years ago i in Vol. IL, p. 108 urned was £150, but cel said that it was tion." In this case, tery is as yet un an Jottings.

R OUR SAILOR NCE.

14.—The Duke of with British sailthe British public.
of the happy feeling een his royal high on board the Cresweek at a "singship at Portland and the Duchess the ship's company

successful, all ha gave three hearty royal highnesses.

ng to its mother and re-rallowed a button. "Well, now!" cried the woman, the next thing you'll do tophole!"

n Cry for

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DINNER.

(London Referee.)
The Eagle was screaming and swelling his chest,

For the Lion had driven him frantic;

He had grown a big bird since he flew from the nest
Far away o'er the stormy Atlantic.
He was eager to peck out the Britisher's

And he called him a hoary old sinner, But the Lion invited him down from To an Anglo-American dinner.

The Beasts of the Jungle and Birds of the Air Who were not to the banquet invited we the guests at the table, a lord in the chair, chair,
And exclaimed, "See the giants united!"
They slunk to their caverns and flew to their

trees,
Where they moped and grew rapidly thin-And to Britain creation's gone down on its knees Since that Anglo-American dinner.

What need of the armies that harrow the Or the navies that plow up the ocean?

Now warfare by civilized people is banned,
And now bloodshed's a cannibal notion.

The Fork for the Sword as a substitute take
If from "Bluff" you would get up a win-

ner, If the world between two you'd divide like a Have an Anglo-American dinner.

A STRONG MAN.

The weekly coach was due at South City, and all the inhabitants were eagerly awaiting its arrival. The Diggers' Arms was, as usual, crowded. and against its hospitable walls lounged those unable to get in. Suddenly a crack, loud and reverberating, sounded in the clear mountain air, and with a whoop and a rattle the great

The driver, a cheery Yankee, who knew his men as well as he did his horses, shouted: "Have you heard the news, boys? No! Well, I tell you North City has imported a parson! "A what!" shouted the miners, jeal-

ous of their own town. "A real, live parson, and what's more, they've turned the old saloon

There was a long standing feud be tween North and South City, which dated from the first gold rush, and many and useless were the buildings that the rival towns had erected to

All looked toward Texas Joe, an old and tough miner, who, by a brevity of speech and a quick use of his gun had long held the perilous position of lictator to the neighborhoor.

No one spoke-indeed, no one quite cared to. At length the oracle, shifting his plug from one cheek to the other, said: "Pass the word that there'll be a meeting here of all the boys at 6 sharp. It ain't to be allowed that a young shove-ahead village like North City is to take the s hine out of us. No, sir it ain't likely."

lation was collected near the salo and it was clear that no room would hold the crowd. Finally an open-air meeting was proposed and carried-motions moved by Texas Joe generally

"Men of South City," he began, "you all know why this here meeting is called. We hev been made fools of by the people away yonder," waving his hand northward, "and it ain't to be. They hey been presumptuous enough to get a parson, as if the inhabitants of these parts want either doctors or parsons, and are cracking on about it no end. Now, I ain't more religious than most, still I say," kicking his heel in the barrel to emphasize his words, "that's it a real disgrace to us that we ain't got a parson, too. Now, what I say is this: North City have got a parson-South City will have one, too. They heave got a travelling cuss-we will have a man of our own,

a chap wot's got some education. That'll fix 'em up, you bet." A red-haired Cornishman, who hated Joe, ventured to say: "I vote we sight cheaper, and will be more of our

own way o' thinking." "Now, Trelaven, you dry up-Pis-copals I know; Catholics I know; but know nothing and care less about fancy religions, and we'ss have one from the bishop or we'll have none at all-" A chorus of approving voices showed that Joe had the ear of the meeting, and the Cornishman sulkily

"Now, it can't be done without money. I ain't got much, still I'll give \$20," said the chairman. "I'll give five!" "I'll give tea!" "Here, take my dust!" "Here's for the sky-scrap-er!" were heard on all sides, and amid a scene of wild excitement Texas Joe, after counting the collection on the barrel head said: "We'll hev the best there is to be got-we've got \$400." He beamed on the crowd and saw genuine satisfaction on every face in front of

relaven pushed his way to the front and said: "I call that a good start, and now all we's got to do is to write to 'Frisco, for there's sure to be a boss there who will send us up the man we want. I vote that the chairman write and see to the whole job."

A dead pause followed this, for almost every man knew that Joe could neither read nor write. He rose slowly, with his pistol in his hand.

"Now, look here, mates, there's a kind 'er nasty twang about the last speaker's remarks that I don't like. I ain't a pushing man, but, of course, I'll write if Mr. Treleaven wants me to. Say, do you now?" he asked, looking intently at the Cornishman as he

for the air seemed a little heavy.

"No. Prace young Green, the last tenderfoot, had better write it; we oughtn't to put it all on you, Joe. No.

offense," he muttered.

"Ah!" said Joe, "just as you like.

Now, Green, get paper and a pen."

The crowd gathered again. "Give the boy room; now just you write." With admiration the miners listened while Joe dictated the following letter:

SOUTH CTTY, Cal., U. S. A .- Honored Sir: North City have got a chapel parson and South City felt that the rarson living in the town. A weak bled away, looking neither to the man ain't no use, 'cos we want a right nor left, leaving his rescuer strong man fit to run the show pro-

per. We send on four hundred dollars for exes. Yours truly, THE INHABITANTS OF SOUTH

VIEW. "Now, boys," said Joe, "it's my

South City was en fete. 'The miners, unusually clean, were waiting for the arrival of the man who was to fairly knock North City. Their hopes had been raised to a high pitch informing them that a real strong man was coming up to put them in the way they should go.

Joe had suggested a salvo of pistols as a welcome, but it was felt that such reception was open to misconception and the subject dropped. The empty saloon, which had been

taken as a temporary church, was as clean as whitewash and soap could make it, and only wanted the presence of the parson to make it complete. The excitement grew intense as the hour drew near when the coach was due, culminating in a mighty cheer when the driver drew up opposite the saloon. Several passengers got down, but no one answering to the description of a strong man-left the coach-Finally Texas Joe said to the driver,

"Say' where's your new parson?"
"There, sitting on his trunk," replied the man, with a broad grin on his All eyes turned toward a you ender looking man, who, with eyes twinkling with amusement,

ing that something was expected of him, he came forward and held out his "Men of South City," he began, in a clear, musical voice, "I have been sent up here to act, if you will have me, as your new parson. Something tells me we are going to be good friends, and it won't be my fault if

watching his new congregation. See

from you, and perhaps I can do a little for you, too." His face was so boyish, his hair se ourly and such an air of sincerity and truth seemed to surround him that the miners, although deeply disappointed, felt their hearts go out to him.

we arn't. There's lots for me to learn

At weather have at the at her art One sultry afternoon the parson of South City was sitting in his room, a prey to the deepest depression. With all the eagerness that youth and zeal could supply he had done his best to raise his people, and he had failed, and he knew it. He saw his miners, at first shamelessly, and then openly, stay away from his little church, and his heart was sick within him. He was wondering if it were worth while staying on when his door was suddenly opened and a woman, disheveled and wild eyed, rushed in.

"Oh, parson, save my boy!" she gasped, and sank onto a chair, breathless, with her haste. "Why. Mrs. Mace, what on earth is the matter?—is your son ill?" he ask-

ed, eagerly. "No, sir, he ain't ill, but he's worse nor that: the men are going to hang

"What for? Surely he hasn't been tried. What has he done?" got into bad company lately, and a man accused him of horse stealing, and-and-" looking fearfully around,

Young and inexperienced as he was in the ways of a frontier camp, the parson knew that horse stealing was one of the deadly sins, and his face grew pale as death.

"I'm afraid, Mrs Mace, that if the men have decided to hang your son no word of mine would stay them." "And you, a minister, to say that to me, a mother—why, it's none the less murder, and you know it. Oh, sir!" she pleaded, "there's yet time to catch them up-for God's sake, whose word you preach, try and save my boy. Will no one help a poor mother?" She wept bitterly, while the parson, in imagination, felt himself defying the mob, and also in imagination saw the ghastly tragedy that would ensue on

"Come, Mrs. Mace, let us go and hurry, and perhaps we may do some good." Seizing his hat, he ran from the room and followed the crowd of miners whom he saw were making for some trees about half a mile out of town. When he finally caught up to them all the grim preparations were made for the execution. The rope was around the shivering youth's neck. Six stalwart men held the loose end ready at a signal to launch the criminal into eternity. With his boyish face flushed with excitement the par-son pressed to the front and stood side by side with the man about to die. A silence fell on the throng, broken by Texas Joe, who said: "Now, parson, this ain't no place for you. Judge Lynch has had his say, and Jim Mace is going to be hanged, and that's so."

"And who are you to take upon yourself to judge and to execute? Oon't scowl at me and finger your gun, or I'm an unarmed man, and you know it. Have you not enough blood on your hands already without killing his boy who has broken your laws? Give him one more chance and you may be glad yourself of it one day."

The berserker fury that occasionally comes over men of quite meek dispositions whas on the little man who stood defying the whole mob. His look seemed to daunt even the men

look seemed to daint even the men who held the rope, and it hung loose about Mace's neck.

Joe saw his authority trembling in the balance, and, with pistol raised, said: "Clear him out of the way, boys, or I'll shoot him where he

stands. "No you won't, Joe," said the parson, undauntedly. "You know that would be murder, and they don't love you too much, even here, to stand that."

No one spoke for a moment; then the Cornishman, Theleaven, shouted out: "A life for a life! If the parson wants Mace to live, let him be hanged instead"

The mob shrank from this coldblooded proposal, and, seizing the psychological moment, the parson slipped the halter from Mace's neck, placed it round his own and said: "Go, my lad, turn over a new leaf and leave this town; go, and God hiess you!"

Then Texas Joe said, with an odd break in his voice for which he could not account: "Say, boys-there ain't going to be no funeral today, you bet! without you in the future. We wrote to 'Frisco for a strong parson, and may the Almighty strike me dead if you ain't a bit too strong for us. Give us yer fist, parson, and"—significant-ly—"goof-by."—St. Paul's.

THE PRINCE'S ACCIDENT. Wales May Be a Cripple the Rest of

His Days. (Special Cable to New York Sun.) LONDON, July 23.-The English peoto are just now unanimously concentrating their thoughts upon their knee caps. The Prince of Wales is the third member of the royal family, in-oluding the Queen herself, who have shown themselves unfortunately weak kneed. The large class of aristocratic exquisites who think themselves in duty bound to imitate every peculiarity of royalty are now considering other it is their duty to begin to cultivate a fashionable limp, for there is little hope that the Prince will regain the perfect use of his injured imb. It is a literal fact that when the Princess of Wales was temporaror months in loyal sympathy.

The blunder of a local country doc

for may have serious results for the Prince. Dr. Shaw diagnosed the injury as nothing more serious than "a which would probably necessitate the Prince resting a few days. The knee was bandaged and the patient was allowed to enter and leave carriages and trains and generally do the very things which the doctor ought not to have permitted. The re sult was that when the Prince got to Lendon and the limb was examined by expert surgeons it was fear fully swollen and the patient was in

orrible pain. There was some pretty strong language over this state of things, and the local practitioner aforesaid is not fikely to have another opportunity of practicing on royalty. The Prince's condition is really serious, and his recovery, at best, will be prolonged and edious, and the Prince will be lame for life. He will be lucky if he does not have to go on crutches the rest

of his days. Dr. MacCormack, one of the doctors in attendance, is probably the greatest operating surgeon now practicing in London. From the first he was in favor of performing an operation with a view to suturing the broken patella. Had the Prince been, say, a common laborer, that course would certainly have been followed, the character of his injury being exactly what lends itself to that treatment. But the Prince is not a good subject for the urgeon's knife, and there are grave doubts of his fitness for anaesthetics. Any hospital surgeon would have taken risks in the case of a working man, but the heir to the throne is not made of common clay. An operation may yet have to be performed, how-

LONDON, July 27.-The Prince of Wales is progressing so favorably that it has been definitely decided to remove him to Cowes on Saturday,

BISHOPS AND DIVORCE.

LONDON, July 23.-The Anglican bishops, composing the upper house of the convocation of Canterbury, have made an important pronounce ment on the subject of the marriage laws and divorces. The pronounce ment declared that:

"It ought to be clearly and strongly impressed upon the faithful, and on the clergy as their advisers in matters of discipline and conduct, that the Christian ideal is that of indissoluble marriage, and that the most dutiful and loyal course, even in the case of the innocent party, is to put aside any thought of remarriage after divorce. But if any Christian, conscientiously believing himself or herself to be per-mitted by our Lord's words to re-marry, determine to do so, then endeav or should be made to dissuade such person from seeking marriage with the rites of the church, legal pro wision having been made for marriage by civil procedure.'

THE LOBSTER LAW.

The steamer Fred M. Batt, with W. C. Hobkirk, fishery overseer, on board, is patrolling the straits coast, to prevent illegal lobster fishing. On Monday 250 newly baited lobster traps were found and destroyed, off Sea. Cow Head, and about five thousand lobsters taken from four boats which had just left the traps, were returned to the water. It is quite evident from the stand the governmen has taken that it is the intention to stop lobster fishing this year without fall. We fishing this year without fall. We understand that all boats with lobsters on board are to be taken and the owners of the factories fined. All traps found out are to be destroyed, and when canners persist in violating the law, their boilers and gear are to be destroyed.—Summerside Journal.

A WORLD-WIDE PROBLEM.

A determined stand has been against the matinee hat in Lille. The mayor of that town has just issued an edict against the colossal hats and elevated coffures adopted by ladies elevated coiffures adopted by ladies who attend the play. The order is short and severe, and states that low coiffures must in future be worn in the stalls of the theatres, hats being absolutely forbidden. It remains to be seen whether this courageous functionary will be able to enforce his order. They have failed in Paris and London. Will they succeed in Little?—Newcastle Daily Leader.

To all who find themselves health gradually slipping away, kidneys and liver so disorganized that they are incapable of keeping the system free from poisonous waste material, stomach disordered, bowels constipated, head aching, back paining, take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The quick way they help you health will surprise you.

Mamma (to her little gri—)You needn't be atraid of that barking dog, Elile. See, he is wagging his tail. Elile—Yes, but it's the other end I am atraid of.

TRAIL OF BLOOD

Take off that necktie, parson, and I Follows the Iconoclast—The Strange calculate South City will have to do Story of a Strange Paper.

> Assaults, Murders, Lynchings, and Now Perhaps, a Duel Result from a Texas Monthly.

(Special Correspondence of New York Herald.)

WAYCO, Texas, July 20 .- A trail of blood lies in the wake of Brann's Iconclast, and the end is not yet. For the benefit of those who have never heard of Brann's Iconoclast, I will say that ft is probably the most remarkable publication in America. Although published in this out of the way corner of the country, and appearing only once a month, it is known from Maine to California among a limited class of readers who admire vituperative journalism

But Brann is no more. Three nonths ago his turbulent career was cut short by an injection of hot lead, but not before he had in turn killed the man who had laid him low, both murders caused by the vituperative personalities indulged in by this re-markable publication.

The Iconoclast continued to be pub-

lished under the editorial direction of Judge G. B. Gerald, who had been one of Brann's staunchest friends and ad-

Gerald had previously proven his devotion to the Iconoclast's cause by killing two brothers named Harris, newspaper men, who had opposed Brann. In the affray Gerald pretty well shot up himself, but survived with the loss of an arm.

With the current July number of the Iconoclast Gerald announces that his connection with the paper is at an end. But that doesn't interfere with the trail of blood. The inhabitants of Waco are in momentary expectation of an encounter to the death between Gerald and the Rev. B. H. Carroll, ir. DUEL INEVITABLE NOW.

There is no other way out of it. ters, nor do they waste very much time in choosing their words. The correspondence which has passed between Judge Gerald and the clergyman can only result in one way. Enithets have been applied on both sides which can only be atoned for in blood. The Rev. Mr. Carroll is chaplain with rank of captain, of the First Texas Volunteer Cavalry, stationed as San Antonio. In the current number

the Baptists in general in a vicious The attack, together with all thes bloody troubles, was the outgrowth of Carroll, of the Baylor Cadet a series of events dating from Brann's M. Scarbbrough, Carl Lovels crusade against the faculty of Baylor University, in which he charged the professors at the Baptist institution and more brutal mobbing with ruining young girls placed in their

of the Iconoclast Gerald attacks him.

his father, several of his friends and

That was the beginning. The residents of the town became wrought to a great pitch of excitement. Every-been for the actio was on the right tack, others sided in unmeasured t with the authorities of the university. With each succeeding number of the Iconoclast the charges were reiterated and expanded. Brann was a most pic-turesque writer. His language was always forceful, and what it lacked in elegance was more than made up in

He believed in calling a spade, a spade. Finally a party of students visited his home, took him by main force to the campus and placed a rope around his neck. They were in dead earnest, these brawny young Texans, and Brann knew it. A paper was presented to him, the contents of which were a retraction of the charges against the faculty. "Sign that and you go free,' said the leade of the students. "Refuse and you

swing." ROPE AROUND HIS NECK. Brann felt the rope about his neck It was thick and strong. He looked in-to the faces about him, and read only determination to see the thing through to the end. He signed the paper. But that didn't end matters. It only added fresh fuel to the flames and the fight was continued with more bitterness than ever. Then Judge Gerald stepped into the fray. He went one day to the office of the newspaper o which J. W. Harris was editor to de mand the return of a communication which he had sent for publication.

Brann, and Harris had refused Harris' brother, W. A. Harris, was in the office at the time, and hot words passed between Editor Harris and Gerald. There was an altercation which led to blows. Gerald was badly used up and was literally thrown out of the office. After being laid up for a week for repairs he came into the city with blood in his eye. He met J. W. Harris in Fourth street, and every body knew erouble was coming.

Harris opened fire first and a run-ning street fuel ensued. The other brother appeared on the scene and Gerald found himself between two fires. But he killed both men, and he himself was so severely wounded that it was necessary to have one of his arms amputated. The Rev. Mr. Car-roll preached the funeral sermon over the bodies of the brothers, who were ouried in one grave. THEY KILLED EACH OTHER.

His sermon was very sensational. He oponents, and he took occasion to re-lieve his mind. He spoke of Brann and Gerald in measured terms. He said what he thought, which is not considered a virtue anywhere except

Bad blood continued at boiling heat. One night in the early part of April One night in the early part of April Brann and the business manager of the Iconoclest, whose name was Ward, met Captain Thomas E. Davis in the Pacific Hotel. Captain Davis had two daughters who were students at Baylor University at the time of Brann's attacks upon the faculty, and he was A heated argument followed the

meeting in the Pacific Hotel, and Cap-tain Davis left, followed by Brann and Ward. As Davis reached the door of his office he turned and fired at his pursuers. Brann had evidently expected this,

for his own gun came out with a flash. There was a report and Davis fell, rolling down the steps to the pavement below. Although mortally twounded he still clutched his weapon, and, with the desperation of a dying man, he turned over and drew a bead on his slayer.

"If I've got to go you go with me!" he muttered betwen his clenched teeth. Steadying his pistol carefully, although the film of death was already coming over his eyes he fired. Brann staggered back and fell shot through the lung. He died next day.

THE CHAPLAIN AGAIN. Again was the Rev. Mr. Carroll calld apon to preach a funeral sermon, this time over the dead body of Cap-tain Davis. Again did he give vent to his feelings without reserve. Judge Gerald spoke in his characteristic manner as a free thinker at the grave of 'the Apostle," as Brann was styled by his friends and followers. Both men were buried on the same day, and the most intense excitement prevailed.

Naturally the occasion only served to widen the breach between the Judge and the clergyman, a breach which now can only add another tragedy to the ong list which has marked the career

of the Iconoclast. Many persons thought that Brann's death would also mean the death of the Iconoclast. But in this they were mistaken. The paper was continued, y as his widow's name as publisher and the name of Judge Gerald as editor. Gerald continued the policy instituted by Brann, whose blistering style Le imitated; but his writing slacked the unique diction which has characterized those of his master. On the front page of this month's number ap-

pears this announcement: "TO THE PUBLIC. "Circumstances unnecessary to mention at the time called me to take editorial charge of the Iconoclast; cir-

now rause me to announce that with this issue closes all my connection with Texans are not given to mincing mat- the Iconoclast, editorial and otherwise. Thanking the many who have kindly and flatteringly endorsed my efforts during my brief career I retire from the Iconoclast wishing it success and hoping that it will secure an editor far more capable to guide its 'destina G. B. GERALD." than myself.

GERALD SPEAKS OUT. with his last entorial gaspe apparently determined to make self remembered. In reviewing Brann trouble he denounces the men who assaulted "the Apostle," With his last editorial gasps Ge says: "The names of the that did this act are Maja

H. Hamilton. ed by J. B ilton, would have o been for the actio that Brann had u to say one word in der mob which had brought reproach upon the city versity than anything the

or could have said?
"At the funeral of the Har
thers the Rev. Cub Carroll what he called a sermon, bu was a tirade filled with false killed J. W. Harris because he had fused to publish a slander against B lor. If he had read the article, and think he had, then he knew how bas was the falsehood which he uttered, and if he had not read it he had no right to make such a charge. In his tirade he justified the mob, and laid the foundation for the assassination of

"Rev. Daddy Carroll, not satisfied with what the Rev. Cub had done, had to shoot of his mouth on this subject in that sermon when he bawled out, 'Let him alone; the brand of Cain is on his brow.' I was the Cain, and I want him to understand that I had rather have the brand of all the Cains that ever lived or died on my brow than the brand that he carries on his, of the base ingratitude shown to old Dr. Burleson, the man who pulled him out of the slums of whiskey and seven up, and beat under his No. 6 hat enough brains to enable him to preach an ordinary sermon and grow a beard This communication was a defence of that is the envy and admiration of every billygoat in the land."

THE CHAPLAIN RETORTS. That is merely a sample of the stuff with which Judge Gerald filled the with which Judge Gerald filled the July number of the Iconoclast. He devoted considerable attention to Baptists and Baptist chaplains, and called forth the following letter from Rev. B. H. Carroll, jr.:—

H. Carroll, jr.:—
"Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio,
Texas., July 5, 1898.
"G. B. Gerald, Waco, Texas.—
'On the evening of July 4 I read this
month's issue of the Iconoclast, which
calls forth this open letter to you.
George Scarborough and Mr. Hamilton
are in Waco and can speak for themselves. Carl Lovelace is with the
Rough Riders in Cuba. His troop (D)
was one of those which so heroically
hurled back the Spanish at La Quasina,
and so he cannot answer the slanders you hurl at him. Cadet Major C. C. Carroll has enlisted as a sergeant if Troop G of this regiment and is prevented by the regulations of the United Stateh army from leaving his barracks to go to Waco and eram your servers like down pour content the

Tam the chaplain of the First Texa Volunteer Cavalry. I spent the pass week in Waco, on any day of which you might have seen me; but, like the coward that you are, you preferred to pour your slime through that sewer pipe known as the Iconoclast, that, vile as it is, is not vile enough to long-er tolerate you as its editor. Brann "In regard to my resi

one of the leaders in the ariti-Brann Brann's death, I think you flatter m The facts are that Brann and his hired thug, being inflated with bad boose and Dutch courage, attempted to assassinate Mr. Davis and run, thus hoping to wipe out the stain of cowardice so deservedly resting upon his (Bann's) name. But though he succeeded in the first part of the programme, he failed in the second, for the murdered man still retained vitality enough to writhe over and shoot Mr. Brann a

> NOT TOO MUCH CHRISTIANITY. "Mr. Gerald, you presume on my having more Christianity than I really have. You had thought that because the comamnd of Jesus of Nazareth forbade our avenging ourselves, you could insult me with impunity; but I hereby step out from the pulpit and tell you as man to man, that you are a murderer, a slanderer and a cow-

he attempted to get out of the way.

"It is a great sacrifice for me to give up the precepts of my religion and my calling, and to risk my career in the army of my country, and to abandon my future hapiness and usefulness for the sake of pitting myself against a lebauched old wreck like yourself. But I have made the sacrifice, though everybody I love on earth has pleaded with me not to do so. And I would say to you, that your insults to the dead Harrises, to my father and brother. and to myself are lies, conceived in sin and begotten in iniquity; that when they fell from your pen you knew them to be such; that you are an assassin, who shot an unarmed man in the back, while a peliceman held him down; that you are a cur who barks at all the world, but never bites, except when he can get his opponent at a disadvantag; that you are a puppy, who will never dare to resent this insult, except with words. Consider that I have pulled your asinine ears and spat in

"All that prevents my saying this to your face is that the rules of the army prevent my leaving San Antonio. You are bound by no such rules.

"(Chapla B. H. CARROL JR. Chaplain F Volum teer Car second Fort Sam Ho as In 1 ain Carroll

st week in this was out here on ng cur, you know nd ran to San Anetter, but I am -glad to know that xe I have done what his adjectives, could under your rhinoceres of all your gang.

s but in keering with your rmon over your assassing Harrises, will see that if soul you would never have writ-but while in Waco would have the word that you were here and you desired? But this, as your proves. you were too infamous

"Out of your long distance insult I hink one good will come, for I shall coward a copy of your letter and mine to the commandant of your regiment and also to the secretary of ar, and I think the decent people Texas will have the pleasure of eing you kicked out of the uniform ch you have already too long dis-

made a postscript to your let-which you said you had for-a copy to all the newspapers tate for publication. I am did so, and I here notify all permission for all to pub-ter that will publish this, ong with 1t.

everend cub!
"G. B. GERALD." want to, see me (as ow you do not), you the 16th inst. On for Atlanta, to be weeks, and if you I am gone, telling or me, I will with a friend to hire that old crippled nigger woman that lives in Sandtown to cowhide you!

This remarkable correspondence be-tween a preacher of the gospel on one side and a fire eating Free Thinker, with a record as a "killer," on the other, can only result in one way. There will be more crape on Waco's doors and there will be more se tional funeral sermons. And after that, what? Who can tell?

SURE DEATH TO POTATO BUGS.

Thomas Glover, who lives a short Thomas Glover, who lives a short distance from Summerside, P. E. I., is the proud owner of a flock of peacocks, which have this year saved him the expense of buying Paris green for his potatoes. The birds walked up and down the rows picking off the potato bugs so effectively that the ravages of the little pests are not noticeable. Hitherto the peacock as been looked upon as purely orns mental and the bug as an unmitigated cyll bug. This new departure proves that each has its sphere of usefulness-

SAILORS OF LA BOURGOGNE. Havre Authorities Will Investigate the Case of the Austrian Contingent.

HAVRE, July 21.—The police and the local maritime authorities will jointly investigate the case of the Austrian sailors who are accused of seizing one of the boats of the General Transatiantic line steamer La Bourgogne, which was run into and sunk by the ship Cromartyshire recently, and of refusing to allow some of their companions to enter it. The accused men are expected to arrive on La Bretague on Sunday.

"Your son is said to be remarkable for his vesstliity. Mr. Sktply." "I guess he must be. He never sticks to one thing for more than a month."
"Oh. Bridget; I told you to notice when the apples holied over." "Sure I did, mum; it was a quarter past eleven."

Children Cry for CASTORIA

ORIA