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Office—Over John Eckford's, No. 19
Main Street.

James C. Fisk,
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor for Claims
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Indian Depredation Claims a specialty.
Lands bought and sold. Taxes paid, and
legal business of all kinds promptly at-
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Surveying, platting, and subdivisions
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Practice in all courts of two State and
Federal Courts. Particular attention
paid to collection of claims, examination
of land titles, and the investment of
money.
German and Spanish spoken. dec 30 dly

JOHN E. BISHOP, THOMAS O'BRYAN,
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A new and fresh assortment of every
kind of
GROCERIES,
SUCH AS
Flour, Potatoes, Bacon, Ham, Red
Fish, Herring, Mackerel, Sour
Kraut, Butter, Cheese, Coffee
and Tea of every
kind. Lard in cans
or kegs, Cut-
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Woodenware, also
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Tobacco and Segars, Dry
Goods, Shoes, Boots and
Hats, Clothing, no end to
it. Honey, Syrup, Molasses.
He invites the public
to examine his stock, which
he insures to give satisfac-
tion in quality and price.

North Side Military Plaza.
Ang 10

TELEGRAPHIC.
Associated Press Report.
Home and Foreign.
DOMESTIC.

NOON DISPATCHES.
Galveston, Sept 21—Gold 100.
New York, Sept 21—Gold 100.
Bismarck, Sept 21—Terry and his staff
are here.

Dash, of the 7th Cavalry, and a bat-
talion of the 6th Infantry, united to prevent
the Utopians from reaching
British territory.

Marshall, Tex, Sept 21—Culberson was
re-nominated for Congress.

Des Moines, Iowa, Sept 21—The Great
back Convention nominated a full State
ticket.

Fort Tully, Sept 21—Bull Eagle, when
called upon to surrender his arms and
possession, said that he would do so
nothing. He wants all soldiers to
come to the bank and have their
rations, the Indians will take care of
themselves.

Augusta, Ga, Sept 21—The Board of
Health has established a stringent thirty
day quarantine against Charleston.
Any violations of the quarantine will be
punished.

Cleveland, O, Sept 21—The Irish Catho-
lic Benevolent Union of the United States
declared in Convention, at the Theatre,
in this city, yesterday, Hon A. M. Kiley,
of Richmond, Va, presiding.

Right Rev Bishop Gilmore, in behalf of
the clergy, extended a cordial welcome to
the delegates, and urged them especially
to clear, whatever there seemed to be of
misunderstanding, in regard to their pre-
vious attentions upon the public school
question, as it related to Catholics.

SINNOTT'S STATEMENT.
New York, Sept 21—Judge James P.
Sinnot, law clerk of Gov Tilden in 1868,
has written a letter to A. L. Hewitt,
Chairman of the National Democratic
Committee, in reply to the charges of the
New York Times concerning Gov Tilden's
income tax. He states that thirteen pre-
tended items of income amounting to
\$110,000, and eleven items amounting to
\$24,000 are fictitious, and the other two
amounting to about \$30,000 are only par-
tially true. He adds, for what income ac-
crued to him for January, 1862, at which
time the income tax went into operation
Gov Tilden was in no wise liable to be
taxed. He declares that after careful ex-
amination of the statement in the Times,
he was unable to find a single item of in-
come.

THE PROCLAMATION OF MILAN AS KING,
is regarded as a purely Russian movement,
avowedly intended as a defiance to Tur-
key.

With growing Russian power in camp,
antipathy to England will be openly
avowed.

A Delegation correspondent of the News
telegraph to that journal as follows: "If
the armistice was for a fortnight longer,
I should not be surprised if starvation
compelled the Turks to evacuate their po-
sition."

Dispatch to the News from Vienna
says, the Austrian Ambassador at Con-
stantinople, is negotiating relative to the
condition of peace between the Porte and
Montenegro, in hopes of obtaining a com-
mission of part of Bosnia to Montenegro.

DOMESTIC.
MIDNIGHT DISPATCHES.
VICTORIOUS AMERICANS.
New York, Sept. 21—A Creomoro dis-
patch says the Americans won the match
to-day by 11 points.

had been one hundred thousand admis-
sions at noon. Grant was present.
A delegation of 500 New York policemen
paraded on the grounds followed by other
New-York delegations. Gov. Tilden had a
reception at the N. Y. State building. An
immense multitude congregated in the
vicinity and paid their respects to the
Governor of New York.

COAST GUARD.
Sept 21—The steamer
R. T. Birney, on her way from New York
to New Orleans, struck a hidden obstruction
near Point, carried over and
broke in two. The ship in 15 feet of water.
The cargo, consisting of 500 bales of
cotton and 150 head of beef, were saved,
except 200 bales in the hold. No lives
lost. The boat is a total wreck.

Red Cloud Agency, Sept 21—The Sioux
Indians came in today. Among the
prominent Indians present were Red
Cloud, Little Wound, Swift Bear, Red
Wolf, White Bull, Sitting Bull, Pretty
Crow, Dress, Young Man-A-Fraid-of-
Horses, and Quick Bear. Many of the
officers from Camp Robinson attended the
council, which lasted two hours. Red
Cloud made the first speech, and said he
and his people are willing to give up the
Black Hills country, and also to have his
young men take a journey to see the in-
dian territory, and if that report is good
country, his people will so decide it and
if they report it bad, they will consider it
bad.

Quick Bear said when the young men
got back, the Indians would go to Wash-
ington with their chiefs and interpreters,
and have a talk with the Great Father
before giving this country up.

Sitting Bull said he had a judgment
against the agent, and if he would issue
rations every ten days promptly, it would
all be right, and if he did not, Sitting Bull
would go north.

"Young Man-A-Fraid-of-Horses" said:
"My father shook hands with the Great
Father on the Plains, and was told that
this country belonged to the Dakota's. I
was brought up in this country to be a
Chief. The soldiers have been in this
country since I have been here, for I
have tried to do right. I wish to tell
you plainly that I have been ashamed ever
since the soldiers came here. I wish that
you who are my friends, and have broken
and hearts, would tell my Great Father
what my opinion is and what I have said.
I agree to the young men going on the
journey; but we are going to ask the Great
Father for a great many things. The
Great Father has not lived up to his prom-
ise."

American Horse said: "The soldiers
have no business here. If they wish to
arrest any body, the country is wide—let
them go and arrest them. There are a
great many bad men in the country, and
the soldiers go and arrest them. I laugh
at them and at their doings. I laugh at
the Indian who said he would go to the
soldiers and tell them what he thought of
them. I want them to do his business for
him and go to the Southern country with
his young men, and also with P. C. Bowler,
Antoine Jones, Bill Lowland, Hand Clif-
ford, Todd Randall and N. Morgan to go as
interpreters.

Red Dog, said the Indians were not wil-
ling to sign any paper until the young
men got back, and they had a chance to
go to Washington and talk with the Great
Father.

Black Coal, Chief of the Arapahoes,
said his people had an equal right with
the Sioux to the Black Hills country, and
they would want their share of the money
received for them. He was willing to go
and look at the Southern country.

Bishop Whipple replied to the Indians
that the Great Father required them to
sign papers binding themselves to go to
the Missouri river, if they did not go to
Indian Territory. They would get no
more rations until they did so. He urged
them to consent at once to the proposals,
and go to the Indian Territory upon the
return of the young men.

Judge Gayford, Solicitor of the Indian
Department, followed to some extent,
urging prompt action on their part in or-
der to secure rations in future. While
he was talking, Sitting Bull broke up the
council, saying saying there would be
plenty more days to talk. Supplies were
issued to the Indians for a few days to
night. Another council will be held to-morrow.

DEATH OF BISHOP JONES.
New York, Sept 21—The funeral of Bis-
hop Jones took place this morning.

CORTINA THE BANDIT.
That notorious Mexican bandit and
robber, Cortina, having escaped a just
punishment for the devotions he has com-
mitted upon both Texas and his native
land, at the hands of both Americans and
Mexicans, has taken refuge in the
neighborhood of Matamoros, a revolution-
ary General. Bold and audacious,
this unscrupulous villain, a few days
ago issued a proclamation, inviting to
his trail the bandits of Mexico and
the men of Texas thieves and out-
laws. This proclamation, we understand,
was put in print, and heralded to
every Mexican family within the precincts
of the area of his operations, to induce
the timid, the ignorant and traitorous to
abandon their looms, their states of pen-
ance and their country's national flag, to
join his ranks against the federal govern-
ment of Mexico.

Aside from intimidating insinuations,
Cortina in his proclamation retires the
great wrongs inflicted upon him by the
Mexican government, in tearing him
ruthlessly from his home and office and
incarcerating him in prison, appealing to
the hearts of his fellow countrymen to
excite them to avenge the outrages he
has been exposed to. Touching this
subject, the Corpus Christi Gazette per-
tinently remarks that the deep-dyed villain
does not tell of the scores of murders for
which he is accountable. He does not tell
of the Americans and Mexicans who have
died brutal deaths at the hands of himself
and followers, and for which, had not
justice been robbed, he would long since
have atoned, with a humpers errand for an
execution. He does not explain to the
reader of this moral toned document that
most of the thieves and robbers infesting
the Rio Grande border and parts of Texas
are graduates from his school of villainy,
taught by the most expert teacher, him-
self. Neither does he make plain to the
people of this portion of the State that
peace will reign so soon as he shall sum-
mon the ruler of government, and that cattle

stealing will not be renewed and efforts
redoubled to consummate the destruction
of the property of the hated Texas along
the frontier.

And to the American government his
patriotic production is a warning to look
to the interests of the people of Texas and
draw off troops intended for election sur-
veillances in the Republican cause. His
proclamation means success if possible, and
his success means a plundered and dis-
turbed frontier, a plundered and insulted
people, and a repetition of outrages per-
petrated by himself and minions since he
first began his career by shooting the
Chief of Cameron county in the streets of
Brownsville while in the discharge of his
duty. His success upon the Mexican
frontier means that the boundary line be-
tween the two countries will be no barrier,
nor prevent his deprecating upon the
American people, and will demand the
immediate aid continued presence of a
large force of regular troops along the
whole line. His success means, as he
thinks in the streets of Brownsville, not
"order, morality and liberty," but "viva
los Mexicanos, y que se mueran los Grin-
gos."

Cortina will learn, sooner or later, the
destiny to which he tends. The man is
now a full-fledged General in the revolu-
tionary army, and his first successes will
plate him to an extent so that impulse
will overcome judgment and lead him
again to impose upon American rights.
Another offense against Texas, and this
bandit's doom will be found near at
hand.

The Morning Express is for sale at
the following places:
Nico Tong's Book Store,
Gambler's Book Store,
Dwyer's Book Store.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
GEORGE DULLING
Keeps constantly on hand the
NON-EXPLOSIVE
Star Oil. Star Oil.

FOR SALE. FOR SALE.
Little only double the amount of
Star Oil. Star Oil.
At BRIM & BROS.

ROBERT BELL
SELLS THE
STAR OIL. STAR OIL. STAR OIL.
The Champion of Illuminating Oils.

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—AND—
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CARPETS,
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Reduced Prices.
We take pleasure in showing our goods,
and would be glad to have you
come and examine them.

Come one! Come all!
and examine our stock of novelties just
from the

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BRADY & TRAINER, Props.,
Main Street, opposite Young's Law and
Law Office.

Only the best Liquors and Cigars
Kept. A large and very Billiard Parlor
connected with the Saloon.

J. L. & C. E. BARTLETT,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS,
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Will issue Policies at Lowest Rates on Stocks of Merchandise Build-
ings and Dwellings, in the following Good and Reliable Companies:

Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool Assets, \$11,000,000 60
Insurance Company of North Amer. Phila. 24,167,547 46
Franklin Insurance Company, 32,308,324 96
Phoenix Insurance Company, Hartford, 31,906,161 60
Mobile Underwriters, Mobile, Ala. 31,001,030 38
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Home Insurance Company, Columbus, O. 2313,402 43
Atlantic Insurance Com. N. Y. City, 2503,021 27

And will write Open Marine Policies in the well known
Merchandise Mutual Marine Insurance Company of New
York City, Capital and Assets, \$1,028,525 65
Prompt attention given to business.
Office over Horner's Saloon.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS,
And we Mean Business every Hour in the
Twenty-Four.
READY FOR FALL TRADE.
Staple and Fancy Dry-Goods at Prices to
Suit all. Our Stock is large and
Will be sold at less than
competition
prices.

THE REASON WHY.
Our Mr. Mayer being in the Eastern Markets during the Summer
months, when trade was almost at a stand-still, we purchased largely
at very low prices, and propose to sell at a
Small Advance.

WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY!
1000 pieces of Standard Silk Ribbons, HALF PRICE
500 pieces of Hamburg Edgings, VERY CHEAP
200 pieces of assorted Financels, at Auction Prices
Dress goods, elegant and cheap. Domestic, very low.
Come one, Come all to
Mayer & Wolf's
Sept 15 dsm
No. 60 Commerce Street, Zerk's Building.

IMMENSE SLAUGHTER.
OVER \$60,000 WORTH OF DRY GOODS,
Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Etc.

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In order to reduce our stock preparatory to moving to our new building, we will
offer, for the next sixty days, our entire stock, at and below cost.
For 1000 per standard prints from 5 to 6 cents per yard. Over 200 per cents at
10 cents—never before sold below 15 and 20 cents.
Brown and bleached domestic from 4 1/2 to 10 cents. Boots, Shoes and Clothing
regardless of cost.
This a rare opportunity offered to purchasers to get goods at their own price
for a short time. Women what we say—call and be convinced.

D. & A. Oppenheimer,
Commerce Street,
Ang 15 dsm

1876. FALL SEASON 1876.
NOW OPEN.

We offer our very Extensive Stock of Mer-
chandise at a Small New
York Advance.

All our Goods Were Purchas-
ed before the
Late Advance.

OUR STOCK OF
BLANKETS, FLANNELS,
SHAWLS & FELT SKIRTS,
IS THE LARGEST
EVER BOUGHT TO THIS MARKET.

THEY HAVE BEEN BOUGHT AT THE LATE EXTENSIVE
AUCTION SALES AT LESS PRICES THAN
THE COST OF THE RAW
MATERIAL.
In anticipation of moving into our new Store by the coming
spring, and not wishing to remove any of our Goods, we respectfully
invite the trade to examine our Stock and Prices before purchasing.

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Furniture.

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SAN ANTONIO.
Business Guide.

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E. H. Ashley, Architect and Superinten-
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Painting.

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business placed in their hands.

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all points in Texas. Telegraphic transfers
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quis street, San Antonio, Texas. Does all
kinds of book and pamphlet binding at
reasonable rates.

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Dr. J. B. Chen, Dentist, successor to Dr.
W. G. Kingsbury, Office on Quince Street,
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Dental operations performed in the best
manner known, the profession for dental
work, appliances and appliances.

Dyeing and Scouring.
O. Chen, French Dyer and Scourer, near
Main street Bridge, has improved facilities
for business in his line. Work guaranteed
to be well and promptly done. ang 1-76
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Hotel.
Central Hotel, kept by L. N. Baker, Pro-
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Centrally located.

Manager Hotel, Mrs. W. A. Menger, Pro-
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Texas.

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street, opposite Bruckett's Bank. Has a
splendid table. Terms moderate.

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Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Silver Table
Ware and Spectacles. Fancy Goods, etc.

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Frank Schell, proprietor of the Alamo
Stables. A fine line of Livery, Harness,
Buggies, Amalgams, Horses and
Carriages of every description for hire.
Lumber Yards.
Sam Maverick, Lumber Dealer, north-
side Alamo Plaza, San Antonio, and at
Kingsbury. All classes of Lumber, Doors,
Sash, Blinds, Putty, Paints, &c., for sale
at both places at the lowest prices.

CATCHING A KUKLUX.

THE EXPERIENCE OF JORDAN SODOM, AN AMERICAN CITIZEN OF AFRICAN DESCENT.

Where are you living now I asked him ex-myster.

I'm crapping on the Hean place, sir. Crapping on shears, and I'm running for justice of de Peace out in our neighborhood. Never mind, Marse John, I see you laffin.

I understand there are a great many colored persons on the Hean place, said the Colonel.

Dere is dat thick as flint on an old hound; can't turn round without knocking over niggers like dead cotton stalks.

What a capital place for kuklux, quietly observed John Wetherill, who was carving a diabolical head upon a green peacan.

Hey! What you say? Jordan pricked his ears, moved closely to the young man's side, and fingered the lapel of his coat nervously.

Hey! What did you say, Marse John.

The Hean place would be a capital field of operations for the Kuklux, said young Wetherill, going on with his carving without looking up.

See here, Marse John, Jordan said, whistling if there is any thing I want to know about, it is dem Kukluxers, please, sir, tell me about dem. I'll give you eninnat anything if you does. You see I done left de ole place for quiet, and I don't want to be interested no mo', and when I see Justice of de Peace, you know, I must be 'quainted wid der Kuklux.

I don't know much about them myself.

I done heard so much I'm gettin' skeered of dem critters. Brover Cash, Sister Spinach, and me done sot up there cessable nights waitin' for dem, and we haist need hair nor hide of 'em yet. What does dey look like? Anything like varmints? Anything like ghost-cases? Anything like carcases and corpses? Anything like owls? Is dey like ghosts, or is dey Democrats? Dey give me some exarnment of dem!

The colored folks done been stirred up about dem Kuklux. We can't pass an old stump without lookin' behind?

I never saw one, but I read a great deal about them in the papers.

If dey's in de papers, Marse John, dey must be somethin' awful.

Yes, very—so the papers say. They go about shooting and slashing the colored people like devils, eat negroes with an appetite, wool and all. They won't let colored children go to school to learn; they burn school houses, whip the teachers, hang them sometimes, and they scalp worse than Indians the colored people that want to work and make money. They come at night, and have a square meal off every poor negro who believes he is going to get forty acres and a mule for voting for the good, honest carpet-bagger. John Wetherill let his hands drop, and raised his head suddenly, saying under his breath, 'Am I awful?'

Oh, Lordy, is it a fact? Jordan rolled his eyes in terror, having strenuously voted for every carpet-bagger in the country who had punished him familiarly in the ribs and swore that he loved him better than his soul or money, and looked apprehensively behind him. Does you think dat's a fact? Will them things do we all dat way?

I am telling you what the newspapers say. They know more about it than I do, said the young man, turning away and sauntering back to the seat beneath the peacan trees, where his companions had resumed their places and were discussing fresh cigars. Jordan followed, persistently begging for some light, stammering and stuttering in his eagerness. When John Wetherill sat down and resumed his carving, Jordan squatted beside him and entreated to hear more.

I can't sleep o' nights for thinking so much 'bout dem Kuklux. I want to know somethin' mo', Marse John. Please, sir, tell me all you knows. I won't let, he said earnestly.

I can not explain the whole matter to you. It will only perplex you. In my opinion it is chimerical.

Jordan scratched his ears, then his head, then his shins, and stared into the impenetrable face before him, scratched his shirt bosom, then his legs, finally gave it up—he couldn't abstract a meaning for any point.

Well! I know one thing. I'll keep a lookin' out; some day I'll see 'em. I'll find out all about 'em. See here, Marse John, edging close, I'm most dead to tell you how hard I've been a tryin' to come up wid dem things.

Why don't you tell me?

Kase I'm fraid you'll laugh at me. Suppose I do! Won't you let me enjoy a laugh?

Ahe! a fellow don't like it all de time, you know; but dang it, as it is, you Marse John, I don't keer. I'll just tell you how it was. One night I was setting in my house a studyin' dem Kukluxers. Thinks I, Jordan, you had better be a full of fleas and a scratchin'—supposin dey come to interupt you. What you grine to do to git even wid 'em? Dey'll come fast to de hen house, sure; t'aro about dar, and den dey'll make for Jordan, if dey has any thing to do wid de debil, an' I'm

right, old fellow! If you gits away from me you'll hab to be mighty smart. I spit on my hand, just as quick as my mule Flop can throw out her hind leg, and with the tother flung ober de box.

Slap! bang! whizz! all come something rite betwixt my eyes; and fore God, Marse John, I rolled over like a rotten log, dropped de tarmal thing, which got clean away. I hadn't strength enuff to hold a SOB web. I was so weak you could hev held me on the end of a thread. I kicked. I gussed. I struggled. I tried to holler. I tried to pray, but I only cussed like de debil. I punched myself in the back. I stood on my head. I buried my nose in the dust.

I sneezed. I coughed. No use I run round and roarin'; fite a crazy pup after its own tail; or my mule Flop wid de blind staggers; but dam a bit of good did it do me. The shot done hit de mark, and Jordan was gone up-buzzard, and his best clothes spilt. Oh! great blasted dat Kuklux was de loudest smellin' you ever.

Jordan having risen in his excitement, now threw himself upon the grass, and resting on his elbow, looked into the face of John Wetherill, who sat erect, as grave as a sexton. A shade of disappointment crossed the negro's features.

You don't laff, Marse John! Laugh! I am not expected to laugh you know. You only caught a skunk. That's all there is in it. Jordan's looks were full of reproach. Does you call dat all? I don't dispute your word. Dere was somethin' about de perfume—quite skunked, and it was most powerful for one of dem small critters; but I knows one thing. I'm cured, sir, tryin' to catch a Kuklux. If dey'll let me alone, you may bet your front roof, Marse John, I aint gwine to trouble dem!

Now, Jordan, thinks I you've got yourself into a pretty snarl, you thick-headed ass! Sposin dat Kuklux takes a turn on you. Instead of cotehin' him he pokes you. I didn't you grime to help yourself? I didn't know what to do. My har kept a rain on my head, and my skin kept a drayin and a crawling; till my scalp felt like a pitch plaster. Then I got goose-bumpy all over, and my knees felt stiff, and kept a knockin each other, and rattlin, inside my breeches like old bones, but I had done done it. I was shot in de hen house, and there I had to stay.

Still I heard a creepin and a creepin. I held my breath tight, pressed my hands hard over my heart, kase it thumped, and it beat, and it kept a gwine till I thot I would have to let go, and let it pop right out my throat. Marse John niggers are mighty hard to satisfy. I don't believe it's in dem eber to be satisfied. Do you know, the I vos skeered enaf to have a spas, I wanted jis to see dat Kuklux de worst, eber of he gobbled me down wid one bite.

I kept a listenin wid all my eys, and de old pea sticks kept a crackin and it was still a comin when—

Whack, dar!—

De figger four shot up and downa come de box. My mou flew open, and I grined till the hinges of my jaws cracked and ached. I haw-hawed right out till I sot all de roosters to cackling and sidling up to de old hens. Then I slapped Juba on my sides. El I hadn't been a religious pusion I'd have danced a setto right there and then, as it was, I was so rejoiced I jumped straight up and crossed by legs afore I found my senses.

Oh, Lordy! dar, I done done it again! I flung myself right down on my knees, stuck my head in old Straw-neck's nest, and sed my prayers:

Good Lord, who done forgive Ebenezer when he vomicked up de whale under his own gourd-vine, please forgive Jordan for a crossin of his legs in the process of his exstinction rite before your face, in his own hen-house. Help me rite now in my time of need to catch dat farnally Kuklux, dat it may come no mo' to interest and bober yer own redemable colored people walkin in de light of your hebenly land. Lend me your strong arm to squench his head, never mo' to rise from the tomb, but bury him in the lickerish grave of tarmal damnation. Amen. So it is Lord.

Old Straw-neck was gettin tired havin daylight shot out; so she turned her head quick and gave me a spiteful pick in de face jest as I was exhortin my last Amen. I come mighty high swearin and spilin my whole prayer; but I clinched my tee and pinched the old critter on her feather lege, and felt better.

That prayer did me a power of good. I felt as brave as a scuppin (scorpion). I begin to chuckle, too. I'd have a live Kuklux to show Bruver Cash in de mornin, and put de laugh on him. And I thot how I'd chuckle over our Radical Governor, who sed he couldn't give an office to any colored man who hadn't had a bout wid a Kuklux. Wouldn't I get a Sheriff's office? I would dat. I felled:

If you'd gwine to haban, go on. But don't you go my way! If you meet old Kuklux, go on. Or your legs will run away. If you meet Sister Mary, go on. Oh, she's sure to make you stay! Oh, I've been waitin all de night long to hear one sinnet pray.

Now, thinks I, dat Kuklux had time to cool. I'll look him up. I'll pay him a short visit. I stepped outside hen house. I drops on my hands and knees; easy, easy, I creep along to de trap. I looked close, and dar I seed by de light of de stars a sack of tail colored under de box. I aches niver! Wasn't I glad de box. I looked my jaws, good fashion. I done ketch somethin, sure. All

right, old fellow! If you gits away from me you'll hab to be mighty smart. I spit on my hand, just as quick as my mule Flop can throw out her hind leg, and with the tother flung ober de box.

Slap! bang! whizz! all come something rite betwixt my eyes; and fore God, Marse John, I rolled over like a rotten log, dropped de tarmal thing, which got clean away. I hadn't strength enuff to hold a SOB web. I was so weak you could hev held me on the end of a thread. I kicked. I gussed. I struggled. I tried to holler. I tried to pray, but I only cussed like de debil. I punched myself in the back. I stood on my head. I buried my nose in the dust.

I sneezed. I coughed. No use I run round and roarin'; fite a crazy pup after its own tail; or my mule Flop wid de blind staggers; but dam a bit of good did it do me. The shot done hit de mark, and Jordan was gone up-buzzard, and his best clothes spilt. Oh! great blasted dat Kuklux was de loudest smellin' you ever.

Jordan having risen in his excitement, now threw himself upon the grass, and resting on his elbow, looked into the face of John Wetherill, who sat erect, as grave as a sexton. A shade of disappointment crossed the negro's features.

You don't laff, Marse John! Laugh! I am not expected to laugh you know. You only caught a skunk. That's all there is in it. Jordan's looks were full of reproach. Does you call dat all? I don't dispute your word. Dere was somethin' about de perfume—quite skunked, and it was most powerful for one of dem small critters; but I knows one thing. I'm cured, sir, tryin' to catch a Kuklux. If dey'll let me alone, you may bet your front roof, Marse John, I aint gwine to trouble dem!

Now, Jordan, thinks I you've got yourself into a pretty snarl, you thick-headed ass! Sposin dat Kuklux takes a turn on you. Instead of cotehin' him he pokes you. I didn't you grime to help yourself? I didn't know what to do. My har kept a rain on my head, and my skin kept a drayin and a crawling; till my scalp felt like a pitch plaster. Then I got goose-bumpy all over, and my knees felt stiff, and kept a knockin each other, and rattlin, inside my breeches like old bones, but I had done done it. I was shot in de hen house, and there I had to stay.

Still I heard a creepin and a creepin. I held my breath tight, pressed my hands hard over my heart, kase it thumped, and it beat, and it kept a gwine till I thot I would have to let go, and let it pop right out my throat. Marse John niggers are mighty hard to satisfy. I don't believe it's in dem eber to be satisfied. Do you know, the I vos skeered enaf to have a spas, I wanted jis to see dat Kuklux de worst, eber of he gobbled me down wid one bite.

I kept a listenin wid all my eys, and de old pea sticks kept a crackin and it was still a comin when—

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