TIED AND CRUELLY WHIPPED.

Taken From the Side of His Lady-Love by a Band of Revengeful Miscreants-Slowly Recovering From the Ordeal.

A correspondent writes to the New York Herald from St. Joseph, Mo.: About three years ago Charles Wyndham, then about eighteen years old, came to this locality from southern Illinois. He had been educated at the Southern Illinois Normal university, at Carbondale, General John A. Logan's old home, and had determined to follow the profession of teaching. Wyndman, sr., after his son had finished his university course, readily agreed to have him come west, where it is popularly supposed advantages and opportunities for young men are as plentiful as wheat in a harvest field. Charlie got as far as Kansas City, and his romantic disposition prompted him to go across the country from that place and visit the old Samuels home, in Clay county, near Kearney. He saw the grave of Jesse James and the other points of interest around the home of the dead outlaw and then familiarized himself with the history of the family and of the county as

In the same way he traveled along the Missouri to St. Joseph and north from this place to Omaha. He was especially attracted by the peculiar people he found in the bottom lands above this city, and determined, in order that he might study their habits more closely, to make his home among them for

With this purpose in view he ob-tained a country school about ten miles above this city, and taught it with great success that fall and winter. The next year he secured a school in a district near the first one, and last fall began teaching in a third, moving from one locality to another from choice. It is with the latter school that this story has

Wyndham, besides being attractive in personal appearance, possessed en-gaging manners, and having made the most of his school days, and being an industrious reader, had a fund of general information upon which he drew at will, and which was the envy of the young men with whom he was thrown in contact. He was exceedingly popular in the district, and no gathering any sort was considered complete with out his presence.

While there had been no expresse

preference on his part, it was generally understood that the daughter of old Farmer Warren, the richest man in all that section, was his favorite among the young ladies. Indeed, this was soon beyond question. Nobody knew whether he loved her or not, but so intimate did they become that he was her escort when she went to church or party or pienie, and effectually kept at a distance a dozen or more of the beaux of the neighborhood who would have given their lives almost for a smile or an approving glance from her.

usual result followed. The dis appointed lovers united against the common enemy and made up their minds to drive him from the community, being careful, however, to keep their own council. At first he received anonymous communications, advising him with more emphasis than good grammar, to leave. He paid no attention to them and others followed, intimating

by remaining.
Young Wyndham was not a coward and when, after a systematic study of the case, he had satisfied himself who his prosecutors were he made up his mind to stay in the district at all haz-

Last Thursday he gave a holiday to his pupils, a number of whom, with their parents, desired to spend that day at a farm house in the district where a wedding feast was in progress. Wynd-ham announced to his pupils that as they would not get home that night until late he would have no school on

Thursday morning Wyndham and Hettie, together with a crowd of per-haps twenty-five from that immediate vicinity, started for the wedding. It was after midnight when the company dispersed, and, hitching their horses to the wagons, began the drive across the country toward home. Wyndham and Hettie went a different road from that taken by the others, a little longer and leading by the old school-house.

While they were crossing a wooded ravine at the bottom of the hill, on top

of which the schoolhouse stood, the were stopped by some six or eight men with masks on. Commanding the two to get out of the buggy, the man who seemed to be the leader of the gang informed Wyndham he was then stand-ing the presence of the men who had sent him the annoymous communica-tions, and demanded to know why the warnings were not heeded. He was given to understand that death would be the result if he was found in the county after twenty-four hours.

"Unless," concluded the spokesman "you will swear in our presence, with Hettle Warren as a witness, that you will not attempt to be in her company

Enraged by the insult offered him, and certain now as to the identity of his en-emies, Wyndham quickly obtained pos-session of the buggy whip and the howls rage and pain that followed told with what effect he had applied it.

The masked men closed around him and one of them knocked him insensible by a blow from behind. He was ravine and tied to a large tree. His body was made bare to the waist, and with the same whip that had done such execution in his hands his back and shoulders were beaten until they resem-bled a piece of raw beef. Blood came after every blow, and when they had applied the lash to their hearts' content

the gaug left Wyndham for dead.
Luckily for him the air was not cold.
It had been thawing all day, and the ground was not frozen on the surface during the entire night. The poor fellow had been brought suddenly to conscious and the first blow had determined to the first blow had determined to the first blow had determined by the first blow had been brought such as the first blow had blow had been brought such as the first blow had been brought such as the first blow had sciousness by the first blow, but deter-mined not to show in the slightest de-gree the torture he was undergoing. While the punishment was being inflicted he relapsed again into uncon-sciqueness, and remained so up to the

time the marauders left him. Hettie Warren had fainted when she saw Wyndham knocked senseless to the ground, and did not remember anyright in the buggy, tied by the lines to prevent her falling out, and the horse hitched in front of her father's gate. With great difficulty she reached the house and began relating her story, fainting again before its conclusion. Warren and his sons learned enough from Hettie to be able to find the place of the assault. What had been done with Wyndham they could

not imagine. Hettie knew nothing that occurred after she had seen him knocked down in the road, and there was not the slightest circumstance to indicate what had become of him.

After a fruitless search of an hour and more the men returned home, but were out betimes in the morning circulating the story among their neighbors. At an appointed hour that fore-noon there was a gathering of the neighborhood at the old school-house to discuss the mystery and take steps to unravel it. Parties were sent out to scour the country in different direc-tions. Nine o'clock came, and ten, and still no tidings had been received of the

Just as the company was at its wits' end to know what to do next and after several had expressed it as their opinion that the school teacher had been murdered and that it would be useless to attempt without a thoroughly organized and equipped force to follow the case further, several ragged and dirty faced urchins came running breathlessly into the school house and made the startling announcement that, while playing at the foot of the hill, they had discove ed the body of a man naked to the waist tied to a tree and bleeding from a hundred wounds.

missing man.

An investigation followed, and poor Wyndham was found just as his assailants had left him the night before. He was taken down from the tree more dead than alive and removed at once to a neighboring farm house. For severa hours his life was despaired of and he was unable to tell what had happened to him, but when he did a posse of self constituted vigilants started in pursuit of the inhuman wretches who had way laid him.

Yesterday Wyndham was removed to Farmer Warren's house, at the latter's wish and that of Hettie, and the girl is attending him day and night. It is even now whispered that when he recovers they are to be married.

Who committed the brutal assault ione knew, nor is there any clew. If Wyndham knows anything, he is very careful to say nothing. It is believed that when he gets well, points will be given to the proper authorities that when properly placed together and fol-lowed up, vill result in evidence enough to warrant the arrest of at least a portion of the gang. The vigilence com-mittee was able to do nothing, and after a thorough search, was compelled to bandon the field, so successfully had all tracks been covered.

Wyndham's injuries are serious, and some months will elapse before he will be a well man.

The better families of the community, among them 'Squire Warren's propose to spend a large sum of money in effort to bring the guilty parties to jus-

A Reprieve for the Condemned. Wretched men and women long condemned to suffer the tortures of dyspepsia, are filled with new hopes after i few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bit-ters. This budding hope blossoms into the fruition of certainty, if the Bitters is persisted in. It brings a reprieve to all dyspeptics who seek its aid. Flatulence, heartburn, sinking at the pit of the stomach between meals, the ner yous tremors and insomnia of which chronic indigestion is the parent, disappear with their hateful progenitor. Most beneficent of stomachies! who can wonder that in so many instances it awakens grateful eloquence in those who, benefitted by it, speak voluntarily in its behalf. It requires a graphic pen to describe the torments of dyspepsia but in many testimonial received by the proprietors of the Bitters, these are portrayed with vivid truthfulness. Constipation, biliousness, muscular debility, malarial fever, and rheumatism are relieved by it.

An Accommodating Gentleman.

St. Nicholas: Soon the slender white shaft of a light house appeared ahead; and, close by, the huge bulk of Fort Livingston, which commands the entrance to Barataria bay. Light-house and fort are on an island called Grand Terre. Only one man stays in the fort, an old sergeant, who looks after the government property. The other persons living on Grand Terre are the light-house keeper and a Cuban gen-tleman, named Pepe Lulu, who used to make sugar until a tidal-wave ruined his plantation, and who now keeps cattle for a living. This Cuban used to be a famous duelist in his younger days. During the Cuban war for independ-ence, he published a letter in a New Qrieans paper, chellenging any and all Spaniards to fight him. Nobody ac-cepted the challenge, for he was known to be a dead shot.

A good story is told about this combative old gentleman. He had some difference with a former light-house ceeper, who used to be his friend, and for two or three years the two neigh-bors did not speak to each other. A mutual acquaintance ventured to re-

monstrate with Pepe Lulu.
"You two men are here alone on this island," he said, "and you ought to meet and arrange your little difficulty to your mutual satisfaction. Now, let me see Douglas and tell him you will meet him.

'Very well," replied the Cuban, with his strong Spanish accent, "you may see Mr. Douglas, and say to him that I am ready to settle our little difficulty. will be on the beach to-morrow morning with my shot-gun. Let him be there with his shot-gun, and we will settle to his entire satistaction." Pepe Lulu was on hand at the hour

he appointed, but the light-house keeper did not appear, and their quarrel has not yet been adjusted.

Who Knows?

"Bob" Burdette: Some of the newspapers, not long ago, made no end of fun of a college graduate who could not tell who discovered America. Oh, well, my son, that is one of the things you don't learn in college. I am like the above graduate. I do not know who discovered America. If you know, or think you know a man who does know, I wish you would tell me. I would give some money to learn just that much. am also away down in the spelling class. I cannot spell Shakespear as Shakespere himself spelled it. I wish you would tell me the proper way of spelling that great man's name. I do not know why there are so many gray horses, and no gray colts. I do not know whether the egg began with the know whether the egg began with the hen, or the hen started with the egg. I can't understand why we can't find the north pole when we know right where it is. I don't know why a matinec should come in the afternoon. I don't know why a man wears buttons on the tails of his coat. I can't see what earthly use an elephant's tail is to him. I don't understand why people in town are always wild to go into the country. and people in the country are crazy to come to town. Why don't they change places at once, and be done with it? I do wish I could somewhere hear of a wise man who would devote a few hours every century to teaching me a few simple things that everybody ought to know and that everybody, except you and I, seems to know already.

An odd combination of wares is of-fered by a shop in the Italian city of Bari, on the Adriatic. A sign informs would-be customers that within can obtained: "Leeches, bread sold in slices or loaves, and tuition in mathema

ten days I saw lone wild horses, and one of the old hunters with us was asked for

WILD HORSES IN THE WEST.

A Fierce Combat Between Two Equine Leaders.

Droves of Big Horses on the Southwestern Plains-Savage Attack of

ADVENTURES OF SURVEYORS.

"Rogue"-Thunder and Lightning and a Stampede. New York Sun: In 1851, when I first saw the Rio Pocos river, which is the

right-handed branch of the Rio Grande, the Pecos plains were a favorite grazing grounds for vast herds of wild horses. For years later there were plenty of wild ponies on the western plains, but in the days in which I write there were herds of good big horses, some of the animals standing seventeen hands high and weighing 1,300 or 1,400 pounds. I went into New Mexico with s government surveying party, which was of semi-military character. A survey of that portion of the Pio Pecos lying in New Mexico was to be made, and there was to be a military post located between Pope's Wells and the Benita river. The country between was a plain 100 miles long by 200 broad, with many small streams and rich feeding spots. The herds of horses had been seldom disturbed by white hunters, and whenever the Indians wanted a supply they selected the ponies in preference, believing that they were the soonest broken and would stand the hardest rid-

We were well into the plains before

we saw any horses, and the first herd we saw came very near bringing about a calamity. We were encamped in a bend of the Pecos, and the surveyors and guards had just come in for dinner. There was a truce between the whites and the Indians at that date, but our party was a strong one and the surveyors never went out without protection. A truce meant that the redskins would not kill if the other party were the stronger. We had two ambulances, three or four wagons and from seventy to eighty horses. These last were staked out on the rich feeding ground. With no more warning than that we felt a trembling of the earth and heard a great clatter, a drove of wild horses, numbering at least five hundred came charging around a heavily wooded point directly at our camp. The stream in front of our camp was about two feet deep and ran over a bed of gravel, and the horses were probably in the habit of coming here to drink. The herd was led by a sorrel stallion of magnificent look and limb, and was going at such a pace that the leaders were among our animals before a man of us moved. Nothing will rattle a domestic horse like the near presence of his wild brother. A stampede of buffaloes simply terrifies nim, and in his terror he will act like a fool. The wild horse excites him and makes him forget for the moment that he is man's slave, and he will do his very best to throw off the yoke of servitude and join the herd. It was well we were altogether. Every man rushed for the horses, yelling and shouting to drive the intruders away but when they went two of our mules and a horse went with them. The horse was a five-year-old stallion, worth at least \$500, and his flight created instant dismay in the camp. The mules would not be allowed to "chum" with the herd anyhow, and could be picked up after they had tried their legs a little, the horse might never be seen again. A score of us mounted in hot haste and set off to recapture him. The herd had gone due west, in which direction a rise of ground hid them after a short run As we reached this rise every man of us checked his horse. Below us was an al-most circular valley about half a mile across, and in this valley the herd had come to a halt. It seemed that the presence of our horse had aroused the ire of the sorrel leader of the herd, and that the question of championship had come up to be settled at snce. The two stal-lions were between us and the herd, and were already skirmishing. Every one of the horses had his head toward the pair, and was an interested spectator. At any other time our presence would have put them to flight, but under the

circumstances they gave us no attention.

Now occurred a combat the like of which few men have ever witnessed. The horses were pretty evenly matched for size. Our champion had an advantage in being shod, but to offset this the sorrel was the quicker. Their move-ments showed the broad disparity between wild and domestic life. horse was agile and smart, as the terms go, but the sorrel had the suppleness of a panther. As boxers feint for an opening, so these horses skirmished for an advantage. They approached until their noses almost met, and then reared up with shrill neighs, struck at each other, and then came down to wheel and kick. The iron shoes of our horse hit nothing but air, but we heard the double thud of the sorrel's hind feet as he sent them home. They ran off to wheel and come together again and repeat the same tactics, and again our herse got the worst of it. He was a headstrong, high-strung beast, and his temper was now up. When he wheeled the third time he came back with a rush, screaming out in his anger. The sorrel turned end for end like a flash to use his heels, but our champion dodged the kicks and seized him by the shoul-der with his teeth. There was a terrific struggle before the hold was broken, and then they backed into each other and kicked with all fury for a few sec onds. Every hoof hit something solid, but the iron shoes of our horse scored : point in his favor. When they sep-arated we could see that the sorrel had

been badly used, especially about the When the horses wheeled for the third time, both were bent on mischief. As they came together they reared up like dogs and struck at each other, and for five minutes they were scarcely off their hind feet. Some hard blows were exchanged and our horse had the best of the round. Indeed when the sorre wheeled and ran away he had his head down and he seemed to acknowledge de feat. He ran off about twenty rods be fore wheeling, and as he stood for a moment I looked at him through a field glass which one of the men handed me. His ears lay flat, his eyes looked blood shot and there was bloody foam on hi lips. He had been severely handled but was by no means defeated. Indeed he had run away for the moment to adopt new tactics. When he moved up again he was the picture of ferocity. He came up at full speed, reared and struck right and left and the second blow knocked our horse flat on the ground. It was a knock out blow. The victor stood over him for a moment watching for a movement, but as none was made he joined the herd and went off at a gallop. Our horse had three bad bites about the shoulders and his legs were skinned in a dozen places and it was a week before be got his spirit back.

Two or three times during the next

an explanation. He said they "rogues"—stallidas! which had driven from the herd in disgrace—and that they were always considered ugly and dangerous. He had known of their attacking a single horseman, but the presence of a large party like ours would of course frighten him off. Two days after this explanation we were strung out for three miles along the river, on the march and survey. Some-thing was lost by an officer, and one of the troopers was sent back to recover it. Ten minutes later the article supposed to be lost was found in one of the ambulances, and I was sent back to notify the trooper. He had galloped back to camp, a distance of two miles, and was search ing around on foot when I arrived in sight. I was about to fire a shot to attract his attention, when from the cottonwood grove beyond the camp a horse came charging out. "rogue," and bent on mischief. The soldier's horse was grazing, and the soldier had his eyes on the ground, and I was so astonished by the sudden charge of the rogue that I made no move to stop him or to warn the trooper. deed, a warning could have hardly reached him in time. His back was to the approaching horse, and the rogue ceized him in his teeth by a hold between the shoulders and dragged him twenty rods before flinging him to one Then he started for the cavside. alry horse, which stood with head up facing him and I got my revolver out and spurred forward. I was yet a quarter of a mile away when the rogue reached his second vic tim. He ran at full speed, with ears back and lips parted to show his teeth, and the sight was too much for the do mestic animal. He was on the point of turning to fly when the other collided

with him. It was as if a locomotive had struck him. He went down into a heap and rolled over and over four or five times before he brought up, while the rogue took a half circle to bear down upon the trooper again. The man was on his feet and limping of; but he would have been a goner had I been further away. I rode across the rogue's path and opened fire on him, and after shaking his head in an ugly way he galloped into the grove and disappeared. The trooper's horse did not seem to have suffered any by the shock, but soon after noon lay down and died. The man was actually crying when I rode up to him, although he had taken a hand in several Indian fights and was reputed a brave fellow. The danger had come upon him so suddenly as to overcome his nerves. The horse's teeth had not broken the skin through his thick clothing and he did not have a bruise to

show, but such was the sudden shock

that he was on the sick list for two

weeks. We were within two days' ride of the Bonita, and had been in camp two or three days when one of the hunters rode in just before dark with some game and announced that a herd of at least 1,500 wild horses were grazing about three miles to the east of us This was on the opposite side of the Pecos, which just here spread out over a rocky ledge, and was 200 feet wide and about a foot deep. Below our camp was an old grove with many dead trees in it. It was there we got our wood. In all other directions the ground was open. We had about twelve tents in camp, aside from the wagons and ambulances. The best feeding ground was on the west of the camp, and all the animals were staked out there. Outside of the bunch of ani-mals was a guard of soldiers, and two more were between the animals and the wagons. There was no danger appre-hended from the Indians, and the guard was set to keep prowling wolves out of camp and to assist any horse which might get tangled in his lariat. It had been a hot day, with "thunder heads" showing in the sky, but when the sun went down the sky was perfectly clear and all signs pointed to a quiet night.

It was midnight, when, the sharpest by such a crash of thunder as made the earth groan, tumbled every sleeper in camp out of his blankets. I say sharpest flash I ever saw, for I was awake in time to see most of it. It was so fierce that it seemed to burn our eyelids. I was hardly on my feet before there came another flash, followed by another roar. I knew it was going to rain great guns, and I jumped into trousers and boots and grabbed up the rest of my clothes and made for a wagon only a few feet away. The two wagons were close to each other, but the forward ends pulled away so that the vehicles formed a V. While the space between the off hind wheel of one and the nigh hind wheel of the other was not over a foot, the space between the tongues was six or eight. The sky was black as I rushed out of the tent, and all the camp fires had burned low. I flung my clothes into one of the wagons, and then hurried back and got my weapons some other articles, and during this time the heavens seemed aflame and the

earth fairly rocked.

Men were shouting, horses neighing, and the din was awful, but as I reached the wagon the second time there came a sound to drown all others. It was a steady roar like the rush of great waves. and it grew louder all the time. I could not understand it for two or three minutes. The noise came from the west. and I stood upon the wagon so that could overlook the tents. A flash of lightning was followed by a moment of pitch darkness, and then came a long, tremulous flash, lasting three or seconds. By its light I caught sight of the herd of wild horses bearing down upon us in a mad mob, and just as the lightning ceased they entered the stream.

The splash of the waters had the sound of breakers, and though I shouted a warning at the top of my voice no one could have heard me twenty feet away. Next morning that terror-stricken her was in camp, while the clouds opened and the rain came down in torrents. scrambled back into the wagon, and what I saw during the next ten minutes can never be forgotten. The frightened horses leaped over the tents, or ran against them, fell over guy ropes, bumped against the wagons, and made clean leaps over the ambulances, and all the time each one kept up a wild neighing. I heard our own animals plunging and rearing and neighing, but knew that we were helpless to prevent a

stampede. As the first of our herd got through our camp to the wagous, two of them entered the V-shaped space and others kept them crowded in there. But lightning was flashing and the thunder roaring again, and the poor beasts were ap-palled at the situation. There were four or five lassoes and a dozen spare lariats in my wagon, and when I that the entrapped horses were making no movement to get out I picked up a noosed rope, lifted the side cover of the wagon, and had the noose over the head of one in three seconds. The one behind him tried to turn when I sought to noose him, but hit his heels against something and twisted back toward me until my hand touched his nose and l slipped the noose over. Then I made the other ends fast, got out the lassoes, and, standing on the front of the wagon, I noosed three horses inside I noosed three horses inside of five minutes. It was no trick at all, for they were pressed right up to the wagon by the weight of those behind, and the awful war of the elements tamed them. The herd was ten minutes working through the camp, and as they cleared

they took away every horse and mule that we had. Every tent was prostrated, much of our provisions and ammunition destroyed, and one ambulance smashed to pieces. One man was killed and three were injured by the rush of horses. As an offset a waggoner had lasseed two. I had five, and two more had hobbled themselves with tent ropes. In the course of a day we got all our animals back but one old mule, and man aged to repair damages. Our captives were the finest wild horses ever seen on the plains. My lot included three stal-lions, and I sold one of them right there with the noose around his neck for \$200 The others I kept until our return to Texas, taming them a little every day. and then \$1,000 for the four. span stallions went to St. Louis after a bit, and one of them proved himself the fastest trotter of that decade.

Cowboys Not Good Horsemen. St. Louis Post-Dispatch: One Mr. Gosnold, a Texan, was recently asked about cowboys as jockeys, and remarked that they understood less about mounts and keeping horses in condition than anyone alive. Accustomed to having a superaoundance of horses, they never undertake either to train or spare them, and would break down the best borse in America in a week. though their horses are small, a suddle weighing from thirty to fifty pounds is used, the most of this weight being useless leather. When one bears in mind the old racing saying that the weight of a stable key will win or lose a race, the absurdity of this style of saddle is apparent. During the war the value of Texans as cavalrymen was well proven They were greatly relied upon and much dreaded, but when they came before the enemy after a march of 200 or 300 miles not one horse in five was in servicable condition, and the entire force was worse than useless. Then they thought that they knew everything about riding, and refused to receive instructions, it being impossible to make them into as good cavalrymen as the rawest recruit became after a few months' training. It was practically impossible for a horse to throw them but outside of this they were and are the most destructive and worst riders in the

world.
"As to their shooting," continued Mr. Gosnold, "because every man used to carry a revolver and was ready to use it, people supposed they were fine shots. One thing they did understand, and that was quick shooting, but as to any accuracy, not one in a hundred possessed it. Pistol combats in Texas were nearly always of the shoulder to shoulder kind where speed was of far more importance than aim, and a Texan could fire a great number of shots in a given time. when it came to fine marksmanship. they were nowhere, and in an eastern shooting gallery would not begin to be able to hold their own. As rifle shot they are even worse, and could not hold any position at all at Creedmoor or any regular rifle range.

Leland hotel, Chicago.

Kentucky's Burning Hill. Louisville Courier-Journal: Six miles west of Somerset, Ky., on Clifty creek, a hill has been burning since last Au-gust. On the east bank of the creek, and extending fifty feet up a steep rocky bank and for about forty-five feet up down the bank the creek, there is raging a mysterious subterranean fire, from which volumes of smoke continuously roll and give forth an odor similar to that made by burning sulpher. The timber which stood upon the strip of ground whence the smoke now issues has been entirely burned up, no limb or stump or even any charred remains, to show where once stood huge spruce

This is not the first time that the hill has been on fire. About four years ago Hall, was burning some brush near the place when the leaves caught fire and set fire to the underbrush at this spot. Mr. Hall was very much surprised to notice that the fire burned for severa weeks, and making an examination found that the fire was beneath the ground. The fire continued to burn from early spring until it was extinguished by the heavy snows of the fol-lowing winter, killing all the growth of spruce pine, with which the hill was covered. In August, 1887, Mr. Hall concluded to burn the drift out of the creek at the east bank, where great piles had been carried by the high waters, and was likely to turn the course of the stream upon his field on the opposite side, and during the drought, the charmel of the greak being dry at that channel of the creek being dry at that place, Mr. Hall applied the torch to the driftwood. The fire soon caught in dry leoves and ere long the smell of sulphui showed that the subtarranean fires had been rekindled; the trees which had been killed and dried by the former fire caught and burned until not a trace of them is now left. A recent visit to the place disclosed the fact that the leaves of woods and the rocks near by are covered, or rather glazed, with yellow coating. A match applied to a leaf caused it to burn with rather a light blue blaze; the yellow coating melted and ran like melting lard or tallow. The surface of the earth is very warm. and at places so hot that one can not stand upon it with either comfort or safety, although the fire is at no place visible. A small stick inserted in a fissure caught fire. The space from which the smoke issues begins a few feet from the edge of the water and extends upwards for something less than twenty yards, ending at the base of a bluff of hard, flinty rock, which extends upward many feet above it. From the base of this precipice to the creek there extends all the way up and down the creek, on both sides of the fire, a stratum of slate rock about twenty-five or thirty feet in thickness, which is loose and shelly where the smoke and

What the fire is and how it burns so long has been the wonder of the people in this vicinity for some time. People have visited it from various places, but no one has yet been able to explain to everybody's satisfaction exactly what is bnrning. Some say coal, others natural gas; some think it is oil, while some think the slate contains sufficient carbon to keep the fire alive for this length of time.

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