

the boy, the heartless father considered him in the way; so the unnatural parents determined to sacrifice him in the cruelest possible manner. They proceeded to starve him slowly to death, meantime frightfully maltreating him—as the village people now make known, when it is too late. The boy was shut up in a hole, and when people passed by he cried, and implored them to give him bread. His long continued tortures and deprivations destroyed him at last, on the third of January. The sudden (sic) death of the child created suspicion, the more so as the body was immediately clothed and laid upon the bier. Therefore, the coroner gave notice, and an inquest was held on the 6th. What a pitiful spectacle was disclosed then! The body was a complete skeleton. The stomach and intestines were utterly empty, they contained nothing whatever. The flesh on the corpse was not as thick as the back of a knife, and incisions in it brought not a drop of blood. There was not a piece of sound skin the size of a dollar on the whole body; wounds, scars, bruises, discoloured extravasated blood, everywhere—even on the soles of the feet there were wounds. The cruel parents asserted that the boy had been so bad that they had been obliged to use severe punishments, and that he finally fell over a bench and broke his neck. However, they were arrested two weeks after the inquest and put in the prison at Deggendorf.

Yes, they were arrested two weeks after the inquest. What a home-
round that has. The kind of police
briskness rather more reminds me of my
native land than German journalism.

I think a German daily journal doesn't do
any good to speak of, but at the same time it
doesn't do any harm. That is a very large
merit and should not be lightly weighed, nor
lightly thought of.

The German humorous papers are beauti-
fully printed, upon fine paper, and the illus-
trations are finely drawn, finely engraved,
and are not vapidly funny, but deliciously
so. So also, generally speaking, are the two
or three terse sentences which accompany
the pictures. I remember one of these pic-
tures; an almost dilapidated tramp is ruefully
contemplating some coins which lie in his
open palm; he says, 'Well, begging is get-
ting played out. Only about 5 marks (\$1 25)
for the whole day; many an official makes
more!' And I call to mind a picture of a
commercial traveller who is about to unroll
his samples:

Merchant (pettishly)—No, don't. I don't
want to buy anything!

Drummer—If you please, I was only going
to show you—

Merchant—But I don't wish to see them!

Drummer—(after a pause, pleadingly)—
But do you mind letting me look at them!—
I haven't seen them for three weeks!

THE END.