

BRANDED A BOY.

THREE MEN IN A BLACKSMITH SHOP IN NEW YORK CITY

Burn Letters Into the Quivering Flesh of a Four-year-old Boy—Then the Little Fellow Was Frightened So He Would Not Tell His Mother for Some Days.

New York, May 23.—With almost unheard of cruelty, three men in a blacksmith's shop last Wednesday branded with a red hot iron a word of seven letters on the right hip of little Morris Braf, four years old, who lives with his parents in Gersick street.

There is a new burn on the boy's body about five inches long and four inches wide. Above it are five distinct letters, H I C A G, clearly formed and nearly half an inch high. The letters are in a reversed position, and the brand is evidently designed to stamp the word "Chicago."

When the brand was first discovered by the boy's mother on Thursday night the letters were very red. The wound was dotted with blood and formed a great blister. It was still sore and bleeding yesterday. Physicians who have examined the brand say that Morris will bear the scar for life.

The story of the branding, as told by Morris, who is a quiet little fellow, with an innocent face, is so inhuman as to be almost incredible. The boy's parents are poor. The father, Herman, keeps a butcher shop in Gersick street.

According to Mr. Braf, the little boy came home at about 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. He was crying, but when his mother asked him what ailed him he shook his head and refused to answer.

Morris could not sleep that night, and all the next day he was feverish and restless. He continued to cry and moan. His mother feared that he was ill, but she could learn nothing from his strange behavior. He kept lying down on his left side, as though his body ached.

That night, however, the mother examined Morris and discovered the terrible brand. She was almost frightened out of her senses.

"Who did this, Morris?" she cried. "I can't tell you, mamma," replied the boy, bursting into tears. He continued to make evasive answers and the mother could extract no information from him.

As the boy's mother was about to take him to the doctor next morning, a friend entered the room. Mr. Braf showed her the wound and the two women tried to coax little Morris into telling who had injured him.

"Come, tell us who did it, and I'll give you a lot of pennies," said the friend. Tempted by this offer, Morris confessed that he had been frightened into silence by the man who branded him.

He said that he was playing in front of a blacksmith shop in Delancey street on Wednesday when a man in the shop cried "Come in, little boy."

vised the mother to get a lawyer and sue the persons who had branded Morris. Mr. Braf told a policeman about the affair and he referred her to the rooms of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The case was placed in the hands of Chas. Wetting, an agent of the society.

Mr. Wetting obtained a warrant for the arrest of John Doe and took Morris to the Masterson blacksmith shop. Eight men were in the place when they arrived, but the little boy promptly picked out Masterson as the young man who had branded him.

Young Masterson denied the charge. He and his brother said they had never seen the child before. He was arrested, however, and taken to court, where Magistrate Knott held him in \$1,000 bail for examination.

Several detectives searched the blacksmith shop, but were unable to find the brand which the little boy was branded. The Mastersons have only recently moved into the place.

Dr. Joseph Braden said that when Morris was brought to him the boy was hysterical from the effects of the brand. "The wound was highly inflamed," said the doctor, and it must have pained the little fellow frightfully. It is the worst case of cruelty that ever came under my notice.

"Children are always playing about the shop, and sometimes they are burned by flying sparks or pieces of hot iron. There are plenty of other blacksmith shops in the neighborhood. Why don't the police go and search them, instead of arresting my boy?"

John Masterson, the young man's father, went to see his boy in the prison last night. He told me that there was no brand in use in his shop. "We use a metal stamp to print our trademark on our horseshoes," said the old blacksmith, "but the only letters on it are an N and an A. Between them is a bar above the N. It is the sign of the National Horseshoers' Association."

Then we have another stamp with 'J. Masterson & Son' on it, which we print on the inside of horseshoes. Do we heat these stamps? I'd like to see anybody try it. They cost me \$7. They're stamped in iron.

"That woman came to our place on Friday and said Will had branded her boy. We never saw the boy. Between us we have no brand about the shop with the word 'Chicago.'"

Little Morris was still weak from the pain of the branding last night. He is a plain, straightforward story, which he repeated to me in detail without any changes. He is a shy little fellow, and it takes a great deal of questioning to bring out the details of his experiences. When asked how many men were in the shop in the affair, he invariably holds up three little fingers.

Atlanta, Ga., May 22.—Miss Annie Horne, a prominent young woman, twenty years old, has just died here of brain fever, and her friends and relatives assert that the cause of her illness was a sermon preached at St. Paul's church a week ago last night.

The Rev. Dr. Stanton, a well known southern evangelist, was the speaker. He made a powerful appeal to those who had sinners to prepare for the coming of the Holy Ghost.

Miss Horne was an attentive listener, and after leaving the service spent the night in prayer. She was unable to leave the house for two days, and repeatedly spoke of the sermon and quoted freely from it. Her conversation was filled with scriptural texts, and no other subject could be discussed with her.

The Girl of to-day

will be the woman of to-morrow. She does not know it, perhaps her mother does not fully understand it, but between the "to-day" when she is a girl and the "to-morrow" when she will be a woman, her life's happiness and health are in the balance. If she is to be a full-breasted, strong, healthy woman, she must develop rightly now. She is at a crisis. She needs more strength, more blood to tide it over.



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

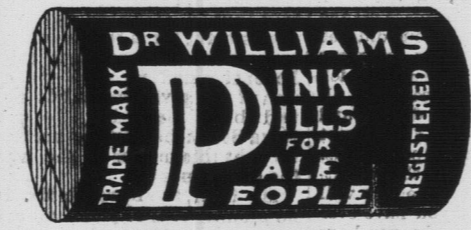
is the only medicine that will give her the strength and make new, rich blood. Thousands of healthy, happy girls and young women have been made so by the timely use of this medicine—but you must get the genuine. Substitutes will not cure.

A YOUNG GIRL'S HEALTH.

Mr. F. H. Hibbard, of Sawyerville, Que., says: "My daughter Lena kept gradually failing in health for nearly two years. She was studying hard at school and this may have been the origin of the trouble. She was very pale, subject to headaches, and had a poor appetite. We became very much alarmed and doctored for some time, but with little or no benefit. Finally we read the testimonial of a young girl whose symptoms were similar, who was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This decided us to give them a trial in my daughter's case, and the result was beyond our most sanguine expectations. Before more than a few boxes were used Lena was rapidly looking better and gained sixteen pounds in weight. She is now as healthy as any girl in Sawyerville, and I am quite willing this statement should be published, that our experience may prove an equal blessing to some other similar sufferer."

There are numerous pink colored imitations against which the public is cautioned.

The genuine are only sold in boxes with wrapper resembling the engraving on the left, but printed in RED ink. If your dealer does not have the genuine, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post-paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.



POLICEMEN INJURED.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT ON THE PRINCE EDWARD AT DIGBY.

Officers Amos and Collins Badly Hurt and Mr. Ouglar Has a Knee Cap Fractured—Detective Ring and Capt. Jenkins Also Hurt But Not so Severely as the Other Three.

An unfortunate occurrence marred the pleasure of the policemen's excursion to Digby Wednesday. As the Prince Edward was being moored at Digby five persons were injured. In mooring a heavy wire cable is used, being fast to a post on the wharf and running through a snatch block on the deck of the boat to a steam winch. The block is attached to a bight by a rope sling. With a great strain on the cable, it slipped from the hook of the snatch block, it is thought, and thus the cable was thickened, the result being that it swung with terrific force.

At this part of the boat a refreshment booth had been erected and Capt. Fred Jenkins and Detective Ring were presiding there at this particular time. Two other officers, Charles Amos, of Carleton, and Michael J. Collins, of Coburg street, were at the booth and Thomas Ouglar, who is employed with Ald. John McGoldrick, was also there. When the cable swung it struck all five knocking them about and badly injuring three. Detective Ring was sent a-stunt some boxes and had his leg slightly hurt but not sufficiently to require a physician's attention. Capt. Jenkins was struck on the leg and knocked down, his face being injured in the fall. His hand also received a deep cut. The blow to his leg resulted in a painful injury.

Officer Amos was felled by the blow and was seriously hurt. His leg about the knee was broken badly, and is greatly swollen and very painful. Officer Collins received a heavy blow on the head and was rendered unconscious. When picked up he was carried to a stateroom and there it was found on examination that his left leg was broken below the knee, and that his collar bone was also broken. He had further received a bad cut in the head requiring several stitches.

William Ouglar was struck on the left knee, but did not think seriously of the matter. In fact he walked up to the wharf and back to the boat before he felt that he should consult a surgeon. Then he was told that his knee cap had been fractured. Capt. Jenkins was able to be about, though he suffered pain from his injuries. But Messrs. Amos, Collins and Ouglar were placed in stateroom berths. The broken bone in Officer Collins' leg was set and the leg placed in a plaster cast. Dr. J. H. Seammell was one of the excursionists, and he, with Dr. DeVernon, of Digby, tended the injured men, who bore their sufferings in a way to win admiration. The unfortunate event caused much sorrow and sympathy for those who met with the mishap, and there were almost continuous inquiries as to their condition.

Mr. Ouglar intended to visit Windsor on a business trip. All three were brought to the city when the Prince Edward returned and the ambulance, which had been telegraphed for by Dr. Seammell, was in waiting. Dr. D. E. Berryman was on hand at request of Chief Clark, to whom word had been sent and who fell badly over the unfortunate affair. Officer Collins was taken to the hospital and it is thought six or seven weeks will elapse before he will be able to be about. Officer Amos, who was then suffering greatly, was taken to his home on St. John street, Carleton, and Mr. Ouglar to his residence. It is thought his injury is the most serious of all, and there is danger that it may result in his being lame.

POLICEMEN'S EXCURSION.

A Splendid Outing at Digby—Interesting Sports with the Names of the Winners.

About 400 people attended the policemen's excursion held by steamer Prince Edward to Digby Wednesday. The day was an ideal one and the sail by the splendid steamer was most delightful. The excursionists were most delighted to be reached in about two hours and a half. The visitors and townspeople were given great enjoyment by the excellent catering and were met by a very large crowd at the pier. Everyone voted the trip as pleasant as one could be had and prizes were general for the policemen and their complete arrangements for the comfort and enjoyment of those who attended. No better could have been.

let and William Mowat. St. John won, getting a big lead at the start, which the Digby men could not cut down before the three minutes were up. A Digby pair defeated Officers Lee and McLaren in the double scull race. John Peters and John Phillips, two Indians, won the canoe race. When this race was started two canoes came to the line. They started at the gun shot, and suddenly, a badly wielded paddle, sent the crew of one canoe into the water. They were cleverly taken on board by their rivals and the race started again. In the women's double scull race Lee and McLaren won from McFadden and White by several lengths.

After the aquatic events the foot races, etc., were begun on the main street, starting from in front of Cal Jordan's hotel, the Dufferin. Harry Raymond won the race for boys under 12 years, with Percy Cousins second, and Willis Hayden third. The match for boys of 16 and under was won by Ben Balseur with A. Dennison second, and Fred Boer, third. Then came the fat men's race—200 pounds and over. The prizes were captured by St. John policemen—Charley Rankine being first, Will White a good second, and Andrew Anderson next. Joseph and Stephen Raymond were next in, and Capt. Hastings finished next to him.

Ben Balseur and H. Coombson won the three-legged race with Alton Hagbes and Jack Allen second, and Roy Cousins and Clyde Strickland third. Special Officer Roney, of Digby, was too fast for the St. John policemen in the bluecoats' 100 yards dash, and was followed to the line by Officers Tom Sullivan, Jack McFadden and George Garret.

Officer Roney again was a victor, winning the free-for-all race. Thomas Riley, of St. John, was second. The event of the hour was the fat men's race—240 pounds and over. Sergt. George Baxter worked hard to beat Avar Anderson but was defeated. The brace and bit test was won by J. O. Dakin, of Digby. A big crowd saw and enjoyed the events which were pulled off with much enthusiasm under Officer Anderson's direction. Major Daly and Mr. Harry Bernham, of Digby, acted as officials, with Detective Ring, Capt. Jenkins, Detective Ring and Sergt. Baxter, with Major Daly, presented the prizes to the winners. The excursionists were in St. John at 8 o'clock last evening, after a most enjoyable outing and were met by a very large crowd at the pier. Everyone voted the trip as pleasant as one could be had and prizes were general for the policemen and their complete arrangements for the comfort and enjoyment of those who attended. No better could have been.

Cost of Militarism.

Italy is a conspicuous example of the wasteful and exhausting policy of national armament, against which the czar has made a timely protest. It has forced its way into the circle of great European powers by making alliances with powerful states, and by maintaining a large standing army and a well equipped navy. Its prestige has been won at high cost.

A generation has passed since Rome was occupied by Italian troops in the king's service and Venice was abandoned by Austria. During 30 years there has been no war in Europe in which Italian soldiers have been actively engaged, yet immense yearly sums have been expended on the army and the navy. A few unimportant colonies have been established in Africa, and recently the government has entered the lists for future operations in China, side by side with other European powers. There has been no adequate return for the exhausting burdens of militarism.

Every Italian town swarms with beggars. A large proportion of the population is without employment, and depressed by extreme poverty. There are few prosperous industries. The times are always bad. Whenever the price of bread is raised by a short supply of the world's stock of wheat, there is rioting in great cities like Milan. The crushing weight of taxation is felt everywhere. It is taking the breath of life from an impoverished and an idle nation.

Militarism has been a source of weakness and not of strength. The state-manship of Cavour united the distracted Italian states by boldly bidding for a conspicuous place in European affairs. The tradition has been followed by his successors, but it has invited a barren policy of costly armaments out of all proportion to the resources of the nation. A revival of sterling common sense and a less ambitious national policy are needed to restore prosperity to a well-nigh despairing people.—[Youth's Companion.]

It is a point of wisdom not to get unprepared to virtue or success, if they chance to come your way.

Before After. Wood's Phosphatine. The Great English Remedy. Sold in St. John by responsible druggists, and in W. C. Wilson's & Co. Drug Store.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartly Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

ALL HEADACHES. Hoffman's Headache Powders. 20 cents and 25 cents at all druggists.