## CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN!

Written for the Tribune, for Christmas time.

Over the village and over the town
Evening shadows are drooping down;
Catrina fastens the silken veil,
Dolores lists for the vesper bell,
And pretty Nina and gay Babette,
With lips of coral and eyes of jet,
Sit in the twilight fading wan
With the glitter of bracelets and flirt of fan,
And lean o'er the balcony gilded and high
To hasten the stars in the deepening sky,
And watch—just to see—if their lovers pass by!

Down—down in the street
Echoes the patter of nimble feet!
Lights shine out from the darkening panes
As the dusk creeps in and the twilight wanes;
And thro' narrow passage and archway low
Voices of children come and go,
Singing in chorus sweet and wild
Now high and clear, now soft and slow,
A passion of joy with an underflow
Of a dim mysterious pain and woe,
A welcome to the Holy Child,
Cradled in lowliest cell sublime—
The blossom and the fruit of Time!

Aloft in the belfry tower,
'Neath the glow of the midnight sky,
The silent bells await the hour,
With lips that tremble and smite of power
As the mystic dawn draws nigh;
And over the valley and over the hill
Where sleeping herds lie hushed and still,
And far o'er the lonely sea
Where the fisher's boat is rocking slow
And the sailed is furled and the tide drops low
And the long wave breaks on the silent shore
And the heart grows hushed as if never more
Sorrow or pain might be—
They sing and peal with a sudden glee,
An awful gladness, a cry apart
For aught that aches in the care—how'd heart,
Lifting it up with hands to Heaven,
For sorrows healed and sins forgiven.
See! o'er the landscape and far away
The bon-fires gleam like a second dawn
And a veil of silvery fire-fly spray
O'er the joyous jubilant land lies drawn;
Clear shines the taper and flashes the fire
From cottage and mansion and lordly spire;
For the world has grown one fierce desire;
And shrine and minster and palace porch
Glitters with candle and sparkle with torch
To the roll of the midnight choir!
And far within
Quiet and calm thro' the noisy din
Of pealing organ and murmuring crowd,
Tho' the knee is bent and the form is bow'd
The Babe lies sweet in blessing—
There in his mother's lap lies He,
Only a child on a mother's knee,
A babe for love's caressing
While still the people kneeling
Weep and whisper and wail with passionate feeling!
And the music moans,
And the trumpets shrills,
And the mellow tones
Of the organ fills
The heart brimful of happy tears!
Oh! blessed Babe! Oh! blissful child
Shrined in adoration mild—
Where are now our griefs and fears!
In the cradle let them lie
Hushed with mother's lullaby;
By thy manhood let them gain
Duty for another's pain;
And by all thy grief and cross—
Perfect weal, tho' earthly loss—
Let us greet in Thee this day
The Light! the Truth! the Life! the Way!

WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

## HOW JOE BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE.

(From St. Nicholas.)

"Well, girls, there is one way we can help both father and ourselves in these hard times," said Bessie Foot, while her elder sisters looked up from their occupations with kind, interested faces. "We can give up our birthdays or Christmas," begun Bessie slowly.

"That is a good idea," broke in Emily, the older sister. "These numerous gift-days and pleasure-makings draw too heavily upon all our pockets."

"But what will Joe say?" This time they nearly all spoke in concert.

After a little pause, Bessie said, with hopeful decision:

"Oh, perhaps he won't care.

Now Joe was the last, but by no means the least member in Mr. Foot's family. He had arrived late, after this goodly row of girls, and after his parents had given up an earlier and often expressed desire that a boy might be among the number. And if helpful hands and warm hearts make the reception, Joe came

—'to the world as a gentleman comes,
To a lodging ready furnished."

He was twelve years old, but had not "worn out his welcome." Of a pliant, pleasant nature, he fully answered, so far, all the demands made upon him. Not one had ever heard him speak a rough or unkind word, and in all his little affairs of every day he was easily helpful enough to satisfy his loving family. It is true Mr. Foot, who had struggled up through a hard and self-denying youth to an honorable position in the law, began to have some uneasiness about his son's character, and to suffer the first disturbing and perplexing doubt as to the future of the boy to whom life was such a holiday affair, and who would never be able, he feared to take any other view of it.

But these fatherly thoughts and fears Mr. Foot carefully kept to himself. His family was very loving and confiding, and Mr. Foot was not without courage; but I doubt if he would have been willing to contemplate, even in the retirement of his own thoughts, the shock that would have come to all if this beloved son had been closely criticised. So Joe spent his thoughtless, pleasant days undisturbed by criticism, and when Bessie broached the question of the morning for her brother's decision—Christmas being nearly a year away and birthdays close at hand,—he chose in his easy way to keep the near pleasure, and so it came about that there was to be no Christmas celebration that year in Mr. Foot's house.

Bessie's plan worked admirably. The birthdays, scattered through the year, had been made much of, and Joe's coming late in September, had really been a great affair. Joe himself had enjoyed it wonderfully—even beyond his usual happy way. It was very gratifying to have so many new things in advance of all his playmates; even the latest fashioned sled had been procured by extra trouble and expense, and the balls and the books and the knives and the marbles were of the best, for "Joe is to have no presents at Christmas," was the often expressed reason for extra indulgence on his particular birthday. It was all very delightful, and it made Joe quite the hero of the autumn, creating any amount of envy in the minds of other boys who must wait until Christmas.

But Christmas was drawing on, and Joe soon found himself face to face with an anticipation which was not pleasurable—an entirely new position in his experience. In fact the numerous preparations in the world outside began to produce a slightly depressing sensation in other members of Mr. Foot's family; even Bessie, usually firm in her decisions, could not help wishing they had chosen Christmas and given up the birthdays. But it was too late now, so they all carefully avoided any allusion to the coming festival, each hoping by silence to create the impression in the others that the whole plan was eminently satisfactory.

Mr. Foot, quietly reading in his easy chair, was really the only one quite at ease, all the minds of the family being more or less ruffled on Christmas eve, by some thoughts as to what might be going on in Joe's mind; for contrary to his custom he had betaken himself to bed at an unusually early hour. Mrs. Foot and her older daughters were busy with their sewing near the table where Mr. Foot was enjoying the cheerful fire and his evening paper, when Bessie suddenly broke into the room with the exclamation: "Joe has hung up his stockings!" Mr. Foot laid his paper on his knees and the busy needles made slight pauses, but no one spoke.

"He has hung up both; he never hung up but one before!" added Bessie, dropping helplessly into the nearest chair.

"That was naughty in Joe," said Mrs. Foot, in a tone in which despair and apology were oddly mingled.

Mr. Foot meditated, apparently unheeding, while the girls went on with their sewing.

Some time elapsed, during which no one ventured a remark, and Mr. Foot still looked into the fire. Strangely vivid remembrances came to him of a country boy, long-forgotten Christmases, an empty stocking and a disappointed heart. He slowly took down his eyeglasses from their perch and put them into his pocket; he folded up his paper softly, and carefully laid it on the table, and with the air of a man who would rather the fact should not be observed, rose quietly from his chair and in a very indifferent voice said:

"Bessie, will you hand me my coat?"

"Why, are you going out?" exclaimed Mrs. Foot, looking up excitedly.

"Yes, I think I will take a short walk," replied Mr. Foot, still indifferently, though knowing perfectly well a walk was a most unusual performance for him in the evening after a busy day.

"I believe I will go with you," said the wife, cheerily, and going at once for a hat and shawl.

"Let us go, too," said all the girls, with that liveliness which indicates relief from a dilemma.

All were soon ready, and Mr. and Mrs. Foot leading the way, they were soon on the pavement of a well-lighted street, and moving with the crowd or pausing at the shop-windows to see the unusual and final attractions of the season.

If people would dream facts instead of dreaming dreams, Joe Foot might have smiled to himself as he lay asleep in his little bedroom in sole possession of the house, while the whole family had gone off, moved by one impulse, on an errand which not one of them would have told to another. Joe awake and on his feet might have been resisted; but Joe asleep, with those two expectant stockings yawning in the basement, was an impersonation of that faith which moved mountains. It all came about very naturally and easily, Mr. Foot himself, first expressing some regret that the knife he gave Joe on his birthday had not been of a better quality, and, now that the boy had lost it, it seemed only fair to get him another. This accomplished at the first cutlery store, his mother followed in the purchase of a new boy's book, which she much regretted she had not heard of in time to get for his birthday. His sisters, too, remembered various little things that Joe liked, or had their memories quickened by the sight of new devices for good boys, as they walked along, and so they were each well laden with Christmas things when they finally reached their own door.

I cannot doubt that Joe smiled in his sleep, and if the faithful stockings ran over with their numerous gifts, the family wisely concluded not to make any remarks that might bring into light the inconsistency of the givers' purposes and actions.

The next morning, all but Joe awoke with a slight feeling of uncertainty whether it was Sunday or some other day. Joe knew before he was awake that it wasn't Sunday, still, he did feel a little doubtful if it was Christmas.

But stowed away in the seldom used nook of his closet were some very good reminders of Christmas, until he should descend to the basement. Joe's father would have been pleased enough if he could have looked into the boy's closet just then, as Joe was taking out from their hiding place six small packages, all neatly wrapped and tied with long loops, so that they could be hung on door-knobs. These presents he had purchased with some money given him to spend for himself.

With the little bundles arranged on his arm for distribution, he stole softly in his stocking feet through the hall, hanging each article on its respective knob, without disturbing the occupants of the rooms, who were still cozily abed.

This done, Joe went on to the basement in easy hopefulness. And he was not doomed to disappointment, the contents of the crowded stockings yielding more than a usual amount of joy and admiration.

And when the family came down to breakfast, how delightful it all was! Every one was so pleased with the pretty present Joe had purchased for them, that it was a long time before the happy family could subside to the formality of the morning meal. Joe himself became conscious of a higher pleasure than Christmas had heretofore brought, when his father expressed a hearty satisfaction in the gift his son had, unassisted, given him; and, turning to his youngest daughter, he said: "Bessie, let us have Christmas next year," which caused a general smile all around.

## SOME HOLIDAY DISHES.

### Excellent Orange Jelly.

For a small dish of jelly take a little more than half a package of Cox's gelatine and dissolve it in a half cup of water, letting it stand for an hour. Then add the juice of five sour oranges and a little less than a pound of white sugar; then, after mixing these together, pour on the whole a half pint of boiling water. The mixture is not to go near the fire at all. Put it into your mould, and set it in a cold place. When ready to serve, dip the mould for an instant into hot water and then turn out the jelly. Double the quantity for a large dish. The cook who has no "judgment" in regard to quantities will never be a good cook. For the tolerable ones it may be added that "a little less than a pound of sugar" may be attained by weighing a pound and then taking out about three level table spoonfuls. "A little more than half a package" of gelatine means half a package and about a level tablespoonful added.

### Coffee Ice Cream.

Make a custard, without any flavor, of a pint of cream and four yolks of eggs. Put into this a quarter of a pound of freshly-roasted Mocha coffee berries; they should, if possible, be used hot. Cover up the stewpan closely with its lid, putting a napkin over to keep in the steam. Let the custard stand for an hour, strain and sweeten, and when cold put it into the freezing pot. Cream thus prepared will not take the color of the coffee, and when carefully made is very delicate and delicious. Coffee ice cream is also made with a strong infusion of coffee. To make the infusion, put two ounces of freshly ground coffee into a French coffee pot and pour over it a gill of fast-boiling water. When the water has all ran through the strainer, take out the coffee grounds and replace them with two ounces of fresh coffee. Then pour the coffee infusion thus obtained to a pint of sweetened cream, or freeze.

### Tea Ice Cream.

Put half an ounce of fine orange-flavored Pekoe tea into an earthenware pot, and pour on it a pint of boiling milk. Let it stand until nearly cold, then pour it off fine, and, if necessary, strain to free it from any particles of leaf. Put the liquor into a large stewpan, with enough lump sugar to make it sweet. When it is hot add to it a quarter of a pint of rich cream and the yolks of five eggs. Stir over a slow fire until it becomes a thick custard, and then take from the fire; stir occasionally until it is cool, to prevent a skin forming. Freeze in the usual manner.

### Croustades of Chicken.

Cut the crumb of a loaf of bread into slices thick, and then with a round paste cutter about two inches in diameter, cut out of each slice as many pieces as possible. With another paste cutter, about one and a half inches in diameter, make a mask on one side of each cylinder of bread crumb. When all are ready, fry them a golden color in very hot lard. A deep frying pan should be used, and plenty of lard, so that the croustades fairly swim in the fat. When done, lay them on a sieve in front of the fire to drain, and afterward remove the cover (marked with the smaller paste cutter), and with the handle of a teaspoon scoop out all the inside of each croustade. Mince finely some remnants of roast or boiled chicken, free from skin, etc.; add an equal quantity of ham or tongue, as well as a small quantity of truffles or mushrooms, also finely minced. Toss the whole in a saucepan with a piece of butter, mixed with a pinch of flour; add white pepper, salt, and powdered spice to taste; moisten if necessary with a little white stock. Stir in, off the fire, the yolk of an egg, beaten up with the juice of half a lemon; fill the croustades with this mince, put a button mushroom on the top of each, cover them with a sheet of oiled paper, put them into the oven to get thoroughly hot, and serve.

### Nougats.

Blanch one pound of almonds, and cut each lengthwise into thin, narrow pieces; lay them on a dish in front of the fire, or in the oven (with the door open), to get perfectly dry. Melt in a sugar boiler one-half pound of loaf sugar; when the sugar is a light brown put in the almonds, mix them well but carefully together, and you will have a soft paste, which will harden when cold. Make some small mould very hot; slightly but thoroughly oil them with oil of sweet almonds; put some of the mixture in one of them, and, with the handle of a teaspoon previously oiled, spread it out as thinly as possible, so as completely to line the mould; trim the edges, and when cold turn out the nougats. Make a number in the same way, serve half of them filled with whipped cream and the other half with sweetmeats.

## A GOOD STORY.

### "You Won't Hold Me Responsible."

OTTAWA, Dec. 17.—Dr. Smith, who has just returned from the Northwest, tells the following good story: Mr. Whitehead, contractor for that section of the Canada Pacific Railway lying between Winnipeg and Rat Portage, was engaged in sending up a lot of nitro-glycerine in cans. Great care has to be exercised in handling the dangerous stuff, and Mr. Whitehead particularly impressed this fact upon the men engaged in making the transportation. One of the men, a half-breed, had just shouldered a sixty two pound can, and was cautioned to be careful, and the man replied in unsophisticated innocence, not knowing the powerful nature of the explosive, "If that dark stuff explodes I hope you won't hold me responsible." He was satisfied when told that they would not. In case of an accidental explosion, the man would have been blown into such small atoms that no funeral would have been necessary.

—"Well, my lad, where are you traveling this stormy weather, all alone?" asked an inquisitive landlord, of a small lad, whose father was engaged in smuggling, and had sent him, young as he was, on an important message, in advance of the party. "Going to draw my pension," was the reply. "Pension?" echoed the astonished landlord; "what does so small a lad as you draw a pension for?" "Minding my own business, and letting that of others alone!"

—Castor oil has been introduced into a school in Galveston, Texas, as a disciplinary agent. A boy had it poured down his throat for smoking, and a girl had it rubbed on her lips for swearing.

## A ELEBRATE EDITOR.

### The Late Mr. Delane of the London "Times."

The late English papers received by mail notice Mr. Delane, for many years editor of the London *Times*, and recently deceased. The London *Spectator* gives the best criticism of his strong and weak points. We make an extract:

He at 24 was selected, by one of those flashes of insight which have occasionally distinguished the Walter family, to be editor of what was even then the most powerful journal in the world. Almost a boy, imperfectly educated, though on the regular Oxford lines, and with little experience outside the office, he was appointed to succeed Sterling and Barnes, and within two years it was clear that he could in efficiency surpass them both. He seemed to have no need of experience. Writers of double his age and ten times his knowledge deferred, honestly deferred, to his opinion. Cabinet Ministers not only consulted—that is common—but thoroughly trusted one who must have appeared to them an immature lad; and the constituency of the paper, scarcely knowing his name, manifested toward him a confidence which, except for passing moments, was never shaken. Long before he was 30, Mr. Delane was counted by all the initiated one of the small group who govern the United Kingdom, was as powerful as any Cabinet Minister, and was trusted with every kind of political and social secret. And, what was much more wonderful, nobody was ever much surprised. So strong was Delane, and so full did he impress himself upon all political men who came in contact with him, that no one of them all ever wondered why he gave information to that very young man, or why he relied on his discretion, or why, if the opinion expressed were adverse, he revolved over and over again the justice of his own. England is, of all countries, the one most completely governed by the middle-aged, but the youth of Mr. Delane never struck anybody; and there was no reason why it should strike them, for from the first there was in his business intercourse with other men and with the world no Mr. Delane. There was a quiet, plain tongued man, who told them in the clearest and most unmistakable of English what the body of the middle-class of the United Kingdom were thinking and saying, and had in his speech something of the quiet authority of that class, their sovereignty over all departments. If Mr. Delane wrote, or rather ordered an article,—for he seldom or never wrote—that article expressed this body of opinion. If he argued, his interlocutor might be sure he was being opposed by a whole people. If he wrote, his letter had something in it of the power that comes from the innumerable hums of a nation. Mr. Delane was not a man of "literary power," or political originality, or acute political insight.

He never wrote anything, he never, that we know of, suggested a measure, and he occasionally made atrocious blunders. Whenever, indeed, the English people could tell him nothing, he was as much at sea as any other man. He was wrong from first to last about the American Civil War, and wrong in a way that was not like him, for he never saw a truth patent to many inferior men, that whatever the merits of the quarrel, the North, which received from Europe week by week reinforcements superior to its losses, must inevitably win; and up to the last moment he believed, or allowed his writers to believe, that Sherman's "march into space" was the signal that the North had lost the game. He did not force the annexation of Nice and Savoy, which so nearly changed all European history. He did not catch the feeling of the people about the French Colonels' menaces. He did not in the least perceive the gigantic strength of Prussia, or expect the overthrow of the Australian supremacy in Germany. He had, in truth, no especial insight into events which occurred, or might occur, outside Great Britain. He was not, in fact, on such subjects, helped by his gift, the gift which made up to him for the lack of any other qualification in which he happened to be deficient.

There was something in his mental car, some fineness of hearing, some power, which seemed now like an intellectual capacity, and now like a physical instinct, which enabled him to hear what the governing class of Great Britain were thinking about any given topic; and he was able to supply reasons and justifications for that thought which made it, when they read, stronger and clearer than it was before. He knew the opinion of that section of the English people which then had power, and he repeated it; and, when he had repeated it, it became more definite than before. This power, which in domestic affairs scarcely ever, if ever, failed him, was the secret of his immense success as editor; it was so great that he could exercise it through writers other than himself, writers whom he did not always convert, and if has never, to our judgment, been satisfactorily or thoroughly explained.

## A SINGULAR LAW SUIT.

### A Returning Officer Mulcted in $200 for Refusing to Swear a Voter.

At the recent session of the Welland County Court a very novel case was disposed of. The *Tribune* gives the following particulars: The action was brought by Robert Simpson, of Marshville, against Gideon Robinson, jr., of Wainfleet, for the penalty of $200 for alleged infraction of the election law, at the Dominion election in Monck last September, when the defendant was returning officer at polling subdivison No. 3, Wainfleet. The charge was that he refused or neglected to swear a voter named Wm. Thompson, having been requested to do so by the Conservative scrutineer. Thompson voted as a "farmer's son." Mr. Case and R. Hay, Mr. McColloms's scrutineers, swore that the farmer had asked the defendant to swear Thompson, that he (defendant) asked Thompson to be sworn, but on his refusal to do so allowed him to vote without swearing. They said the voter was challenged before getting his ballot paper, and that they never consented to waive their objections and allow him to vote without swearing. This was the sum of the evidence for the prosecution.

For the defence the returning officer himself, Elliot Henderson and Gavin Henderson, testified positively that the vote was not challenged until after the ballot paper had been given to the voter, and they thought from Mr. Case's silence that he had waived his claim to have the voter sworn before the vote was taken. Thompson thought the objection was made after he got the ballot paper, and when on his way to the compartment. It was also shown that Thompson's name came before the county judge at a court of revision at Marshville, and had been by him pronounced good, although as a matter of fact it was not good, Thompson having been away from home a few weeks too long during the year. But the returning officer had no knowledge of this, and supposed the vote good.

The Judge admitted that the weight of evidence was in favor of the defendant's contention that the voter was not challenged until after he got the ballot paper, also that the returning officers acted in good faith throughout, but he ruled that the returning officer should have refused to take the vote unless the voter would swear it in, although not challenged until after he had got the ballot in his hand; and therefore he found a verdict for plaintiff in the amount of the penalty, $200, giving defendant the right to move for a non-suit in term. Defendant's counsel intend doing so both in this and Overholt's case, and feel confident of having the verdict of each set aside. There was no jury in the Robinson case.

## AFTER MANY DAYS.

### Out of the Depths, and Don't Put Yourself in Her place—A Woman's Will Broken.

(Guelph Herald.)

Ellen Josephine Morgan lived in that part of Guelph known as Coffeetown. She was the owner of some loose money and a will of her own. She lent the money on mortgage, after the manner of the loan societies who suck the "blood's heart" out of the people—as Caleb Chase would say. When the bond in the mortgage fell due, singularly enough the party of the part that borrows the money—we forget whether it is the one of the first, second, or third part; but, anyway, he was singularly enough, as said before, prepared to ante up to the last cent, and relieve himself from the kel-lutches of the awfully binding document. He tendered payment, but Ellen Josephine preferred continuing the loan. She was of opinion that she had a soft thing, to speak after the manner of the vulgar, and wouldn't accept payment. The matter was taken by the mortgager to John Thomas Cunningham's court, which it is called the court of chancery, and after two persons in gowns had stood before another person in a gown, seated, and mumbled something that appeared to be of no interest to anybody, the money was paid into the court, and it was decreed that the mortgage should be discharged, and Ellen Joshephine was commanded to sign the necessary documents. She mentally told the court to go to the What's-his-name, and still refused to sign. This action, or rather inaction on the part of Josephine, was construed into the awful crime of contempt of court, and the lady was chucked into the county of Wellington's British bastile, to pine, or to sign if she grew tired of pining. Ellen was particularly good at the pining business, and having got her hand well in, she continued to pine and defy the law for a few days over a full year! Last week, however, she concluded to create an anti-hum by closing up the pining business. She had had her own way for an entire year; she had stuck to it like a little man; she had followed the dictates of her own sweet and somewhat unelastic will. But a full year having been occupied in this pleasant business, Ellen began to think that perhaps she wasn't making anybody feel particularly bad after all. The world, so far as she could see through the prison bars, seemed to be jogging on as usual, and she ultimately concluded, what everybody else had fully discovered a year before, that she was only making a fool of herself. So she caved. It was a terrible wrench at the strings of her adamantine heart; it was a most humbling acknowledgement. But she concluded to sign the documents. She was released, hied herself to home to Coffeetown, resumed the business of seamstress, and has the supreme satisfaction of knowing that she is perhaps the only woman in the world who remained a year in jail of her own free will. Well done, Ellen Josephine.

## "MURDER WILL OUT."

### A Long Hidden Crime Comes to Light—Excitement Along the Niagara Frontier.

Considerable excitement exists on the American side of the Niagara frontier over the bringing to light of a long hidden crime. As announced in Saturday's telegraphic dispatches, two persons, a man and a woman, were secretly indicted by the Grand Jury of Niagara County, N. Y. These persons, Adeline Hotchkiss and Hugh McGregor Wilson, were on the same day arrested in Detroit, while walking together in the street. The indictment against the former is for murder in the first degree, and against the latter for being an accessory before the fact. They are charged with killing two men by poison. The crimes are said to have been committed respectively twelve and ten years ago, and the alleged victims were the husband and son of Adeline Hotchkiss.

In December, 1867, George C. Hotchkiss fell ill and died. He had been married some years to his wife, a handsome brunette, and they lived at Youngstown, N. Y. The ancestors of Hotchkiss were the first settlers of the village of Lewiston, hard by, and they long held property extending along the Niagara River, opposite to Queenston. Wilson being a doctor attended Hotchkiss during his illness. When Hotchkiss died, after three weeks of agony, Wilson said his disease was acute gastritis. During this time, and before and afterwards, intimate relations existed between Adeline Hotchkiss and Dr. Wilson. Suspicions were felt and expressed when Hotchkiss died that all was not right. But nothing was done, and the suspected persons soon after removed to Buffalo. At Buffalo a son of the Hotchkisses named Holly was at this time attending a commercial college. He had a short time before come heir to some $40,000, which was left him by an uncle. Mrs. Hotchkiss had some money of her own. She took up her residence in Buffalo, and Dr. Wilson was her frequent visitor. On the 18th of January, 1869, the boy Holly, being then about 20 years of age, became suddenly and violently ill. In about three weeks, having made a will in favor of his mother, he died. Not long after Mrs. Hotchkiss returned to Youngstown and thence went to Lockport. Dr. Wilson then established himself in practice in Lockport, but about four years ago the pair, having been the object of some social censure in the meantime, suddenly disappeared. Six months ago there were rumors of investigation. Doubts and surmises, long smothered, took a definite and practical shape. Certain friends of the dead father and son, who are persons of means and influence, took the matter actively in hand. The body of George C. Hotchkiss, which had moldered more than eleven years in the grave, was exhumed. An elaborate analysis was made of the remains by Dr. Simeon T. Clark and Dr. A. Walter Pron, and they produced arsenic therefrom to cause death. The physicians testified that in their belief Hotchkiss was killed by arsenic. Then other facts came out. It was proved that for some time before he died no one was permitted to see the elder Hotchkiss, not even his most intimate friends. After this Dr. Lewis, of Buffalo, testified that Holly, the son, had expired in spasms precisely such as are produced by strychnine. Our evidence was also brought forward against the accused, and hence has sprung their indictment and arrest.

## "GESUNDHEIT."

### Origin of a Pleasant Custom Which Prevails in Some Parts of Germany.

A little while ago, when we were in Baden, the servant girl entered to put the room to rights while we were busily engaged in reading about the probabilities of a war between Germany and Russia. Suddenly we gave a terrific sneeze, perhaps caused by the dust which the domestic raised. At any rate, the reverberations of the explosion had no sooner died away than she crossed herself and said in a low voice, "Gesundheit!" Two or three minutes afterward we indulged—rather from compulsion than from any desire on our part—in another nasal report, and again we heard the mild voice say, "Gesundheit!" Then we laid our paper down and recalled the origin of that curious and pleasant custom. It was some time in the fourteenth century, we think, that the whole continent of Europe was ravaged by the plague. Neither high nor low were spared, but thousands of all classes fell victims to the dreadful curse. In Pisa you will see to-day large numbers of persons, members of a religious order, whose faces are almost entirely covered with a cloth mask. There are two little holes for the eyes, but those are all. It is a somewhat picturesque but a very uncomfortable head-dress, especially in warm weather. Well, these masks are the relics of that plague. The people died in such numbers that they were forsaken even by their nearest relatives. It was fatal for any one to take the breath of the dying. So subtle and powerful was the disease that a single inhalation inoculated the blood and death was sure to ensue. It was important, however, that the dying should receive absolution, and yet it seemed too exclusive to spend the life of a member of some holy order every time a man was stricken with the plague. In order to avoid the necessity of taking the sick man's breath, this remarkable headdress with only two little holes for the eyes was adopted, and it has been worn ever since. It was noticed that whenever the crisis of the disaster was passed and the patient began to recover the first symptom was a violent sneeze. The moment a man sneezed, therefore, his delighted friends cried out, "Gesundheit!" or "Health!" and from that day to this the custom of congratulating a person on a good sneeze has prevailed. In certain parts of rural Germany if a man sneezes in company the whole assembly will formally rise and gravely pronounce the word "Gesundheit!"

## WHY SHE DRIED HER TEARS.

As the train over the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Road reached Plymouth the other day, going west, a couple on the depot platform were seen to embrace, kiss, hug again and separate, and the woman got aboard the train with her handkerchief to her eyes. She seated herself in front of a man with an open face and any amount of sympathy around the corners of his eyes, and he presently leaned forward and said:

"It is, indeed, hard to part with those we love."

"Y-yes, 'tis," she sobbed.

"I suppose that man was your husband?"

"Y-yes."

"You are to leave his happy home for a visit to some friends I presume?"

"Yes, I am going to Lansing to see ma."

"Just so," continued the benevolent man, "and yet how hard it is to tear yourself from the side of your dear partner! You no doubt believe him the dearest man on earth?"

"Y-yes."

"I saw him press something into your hand as he left, and he seemed to say, 'Here my darling is a gift from your husband.' How lover-like—how like a good husband."

The woman had one hand tightly shut. She now opened it, brushed her tears away, and all at once called out;

"The miserable, contemptible old thing—I'll stay all winter and not write him a single word! I just wish I could see him for about a minute!"

"Madam, why this agitation?" asked the man.

"That's why!" she snapped as she hurled a quarter against the front door. "That's what he pressed into my hand at parting, and that's the pin-money he expected to last me three weeks and pay fare home on a dog? If I ever get back I'll broomstick him out of his boots!"

"How lover-like—how wife-like!" sighed the old man, as he fell back, while the woman raised the window and poked her head out and made up faces at the last house in Plymouth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## HIGH-TONED OBSEQUIES.

(From the Argonaut.)

Andy Munroe was a man who years ago was popular in Virginia City. He went to Napa for his health, and died there a few weeks afterward.

Two warm friends of the deceased went down to assist at the funeral. Seeking the consolation granted by a flask of old rye, they became a trifle tumultuous on the way, and reached the house recently occupied by the deceased just as the coffin was about to be closed up.

"Hold on!" they shouted as they trotted up the yard, breathless, "give us a look at the corpse."

The accommodating undertaker, who was about to screw down the lid, allowed the newcomers to inspect the remains.

"It's Andy, sure enough," remarked one.

"Don't look as if he died hard," said the other.

"He was the boss," murmured the first speaker.

Then the two men looked on the face of the dead for several minutes with glistening eyes.

The undertaker suggested that the procession was forming, and the pall-bearers were waiting.

"We'll take him out, ourselves," said one of the Comstockers, with the air of a man who wanted to save trouble,

"Yes, that's what we came down for," said the second man. "We knew him on the ledge."

The undertaker called attention to the fact that eight leading citizens had been selected as pallbearers.

"Where are they?" asked one of the visiting mourners excitedly.

The undertaker waved his hand toward a group of men in white gloves and black broadcloth, who were grouped in one corner of the room enveloped with an atmosphere of dignified melancholy.

"What! those fellows in the corner—those spindleshanked affairs over there, packing Andy's remains? Hardly. We've come all the way from Virginia City to plant Andy in the right shape. If we'd been here earlier there'd been a funeral what was a funeral. What kind of a half horse town is this anyhow?" asked the biggest of the two.

"Where's your brass band?" chimed in the other in tones of lowest disgust.

"Glad you mentioned the band, Bill. But these crows don't look like men that would put up much for a funeral. They're runnin' it on the cheap lay. Go up town and git a band right away; tell 'em to bring down a couple of dead-marches, and I'll pay for both. I've got enough coin with me to bury the town."

One started off for a band, and was only induced to come back when he was told there was no band in town.

"Now, don't lie to us for any economical motives. The expenses ain't anything. We'll settle the bills. We've got enough to give him a regular benefit if you just say the word. We'll pile the flowers on his grave as high as a haystack."

The man was finally induced to go back to the house. On entering the room he called out to his partner:

"Here, Bill take the other end and we'll take him out."

The two men seized the coffin, when the other pallbearers stepped up to assist.

"Keep your hands off. We're able to take care of this business."

The undertaker exclaimed that the coffin was a very heavy one, and two men could not lift it.

"You cane-necked, valley bred sun of a gun, what do you know about mountain muscle?" shouted one of the Comstockers, waving a No. 16 fist under his nose. "I can lift it myself;" and rushing to the head of the coffin, he raised it up three times by the handle and slammed it down vigorously on its supports. "When it comes to heavy lifting I'm there."

The two men proceeded to shoulder the coffin, and staggered under their load to the hearse, in which they thrust their burden with little ceremony, and closed the doors with a slam.

They next strode back to the gentlemen who had been selected as pallbearers, and the biggest remarked:

"Gentlemen, those who wish to take exceptions to the part we've taken in this funeral will find us at the hotel just across the street. Here is my card."

No one seemed anxious to take exceptions; and the speaker, laying his card down on the top of the gate post, turned to the driver of the hearse and remarked:

"Start up the horses."

The funeral then proceeded without further interruption, and the fact that the two "intruders" left a check for $1,000 with the widow of the deceased would indicate that their sympathy for the living was on a par with their regrets for the dead.

"We'd give you more, but we shorted some Savage last week and it nearly clinched us in two. I never went short before, and blast me if I ever will again. I never met a man I liked so well as Andy. My partner here doted on him."

"He was the boss," murmured the partner, sorrowfully; "and when the angels see him step through the gate they'll know somebody's come that don't drop in there every day."

They pressed the widow's hand with a genuine heartiness, and, as they went down the walk, one said to the other:

"Bill, I felt like I could crawl through one of the cracks in the porch when we handed her that check. It was so small after the big bluff we made yesterday."

## LONGEVITY NOTES

Mrs. Anna Ray of Dunbarton, N. H., who died on Nov. 8, was in her 100th year.

One of the oldest turfmen in Kentucky, was James Shy, who died last week, aged 93.

A bed-ridden colored woman in the Kings County Hospital says that she is 101 years of age. She was born in Flatbush.

There is a colored woman in the Kings County Almshouse who professes to be 101 years old. She was born in Ulster County.

Near Passaic, N. J., Henry Kipp lives with his only child, Mrs. Michael Van Winkle. He is just closing his first century of life.

A farmer of Hampton, N. H., in his 85th year, has suddenly come into possession of his eyesight. He has been unable to read common print fifty years.

At the age of 107, Henry Goens of Lawrence County, Ohio, has been gathered to his fathers. He left forty-five children, having been married five times.

The Little Sisters of the poor in Brooklyn have one room in their building devoted to women ever 100 years of age. There were recently five inmates in the room.

Henry Billington of Sunbury, Pa., set type in the office of the *American* when he was 77 years old, and did a good day's work. He died on the 21st inst., aged 85, and was the oldest printer in the State. He served in the war of 1812.

The parents of Mr. Blinn, of Prattsville, Greene County, were overjoyed at his birth, and named him Arrival. After living 93 years, he met his death on Sunday by being thrown from a wagon. He was a pensioner of the war of 1812.

In Fulton County, Ga., a man named Gregg still lives who guarded the great Napoleon during his captivity on the Bellerophon, previous to his departure for St. Helena. He was in the British service, and stood guard at the cabin door.

Although 90 years of age, Littleton Smith, of Edgefield, S. C., can jump up and strike his feet together twice before touching the ground. He has eight children, fifty-five grandchildren, 128 great-grandchildren, and 8 great-great-grandchildren.

A most eccentric farmer was Calvan Hill, recently deceased in his 95th year. He lived at Samers, Mass. He would never begin a piece of work on Friday; would never kill a hog unless the moon was well waned in the full, so that the meat would swell while cooking. He cut his finger nails at stated times. A flock of crows was an omen of bad luck.

The proprietor of the circus in Champs Elysees, Paris, was M. Dejean, whose death is announced at the age of 94. He started life as a butcher, and his good looks brought all the cooks to his master's shop, who, on retiring, left him the business. Amassing a fortune, he started a circus, which he has owned half a century. He was remarkable for his strength.

## DEATH BY DECAPITATION.

The Paris *Figaro* sent recently a special reporter to witness the execution at Beauvais of an atrocious murderer named Prunier. The moment that the guillotine had done its work the body and head were placed in a basket and were taken to the cemetery, where Drs. Evrard, Le Sage, Chevallier, Lesguillion, Rochus and Decaisne were present. M. Evrard had asked for and obtained the body of the felon for experiments, "which," says the reporter, "we followed with deep interest, for besides their purely scientific character, they related to a question so often discussed—does life survive after decapitation? Five minutes had elapsed from the moment when the head was separated from the trunk, and it was placed on a stone in the open air, in front of the little chapel of the cemetery. Comparatively little blood had flowed, and some drops were running from the carotid artery. Although the neck was very short the cutting had been very clean. Pinched, stuck with needles, submitted to the most painful experiments, the head never moved; the face remained unaltered, not a muscle quivered. The left ear was completely calcined in the flame of a candle without obtaining the smallest appearance of sensibility. Then they divided the skin of the head into four parts, and, using hammer, scalpel and the saw, they took away the upper portion of the skull and withdrew the brain. This occupied ten minutes. Immediately on being submitted to an electric battery the remains of the head at once displayed nervous contractions—the teeth chattered, the mouth shut, the eye and the cheek made those grimaces which are observed in sleeping people when tickled with a feather. With the body the same result was obtained. It was absolutely without feeling. It was opened, the heart, lungs and intestines were removed, and then, on being placed in contact with the electric battery, the arms and legs instantly moved. At this moment Dr. Evrard asked me what o'clock it was, and it appeared that forty minutes had elapsed from the time of the execution. Lastly came the concluding experiment. Under the action of the battery a shred of hanging flesh, displaced by the operations, stood on end, oscillated, and quickly placed itself back on the spot from which it had been cut." The conclusion of the doctors is that the movements observed in the bodies of persons guillotined on being subjected to the action of electricity are absolutely mechanical and display neither any remainder of life nor of sensation. The experiment will be the subject of a memoir, which will shortly be presented to the Academy of Medicine by M. Evrard, and in which he will demonstrate that death by decapitation is instantaneous.

## CALCRAFT, THE HANGMAN

Much has been written concerning the "Monsieur de Paris," of London, embracing many anecdotes of the famous hangman and a romance touching the cause of his becoming an executioner. About the year 1864 a member of the *Sun* staff, then a reporter for the *Daily Telegraph*, was sent to interview Calcraft regarding the hanging of a convict. He found the hangman, who was a shoemaker by trade, in his pleasant three-story brick house in Islington. In front of the house and at its rear were yards filled with flowers. The rear yard was crowded with rose bushes, and the hangman had great pride in them. In the course of the visit he spoke of the gardens, and said that any man who loved flowers could not have a very bad heart. He cultivated many fine tulips and averred that if he had not been Calcraft, the hangman, he would once have taken a prize on his display of tulips at a big fair. There was an iron fence in front of the house. So great was the popular aversion for the office that Calcraft held, that it was almost impossible to rent the houses that were near his, and children ran past the iron gate opening into his yard when they had to go through the quiet street in which he lived.

At that time Calcraft was a pleasant-looking