who had wanted to adopt little Max Gill-man, the 11-year-old stepson of August Hatzka, šat by his corpse on Lincoln street to day and sobbed as if her heart would ak. The child had been beaten to death by Latzka. His poor, frail little body was literally flayed. The boy was the son of Hatzka's first wife, whom he married in Germany and who died there about five years ago. He married again within three months after her death, and his second wife died June 15th last in Chicago. Since then it appears the poor little waif of a step-son has received more kicks than crusts and was half-starved all the time. The neigh bors say the boy was a nice little fellow He could not stay at home to be beater and starved, but last night he returned when Hatzka was out. Hatzka went ut to the boy's bed when he returned, and, taking a leather strap to which wa attached a buckle, simply flayed the help less boy alive. This was about 10 o'cloc last night. The neighbors heard the screams of the boy then, and later, abou midnight, they were awakened by a fresh attack of the insensate brute. Nothing further was heard until this morning, when the sound of blows and groaning could b heard once more.

About 9 o'clock this morning Hatzka told

one of the neighbors that the boy had died suddenly, and they sent word to the Coroner and notified the police. Detectives found the body of the boy, yet warm, at 10 o'clock, showing that he had died this morning, after what was at least the this beating. The body of the little victim is a mass of lacerations where the sharp buckle ploughed up the quivering flesh. On the back of the head are frequent imprints of the buckle, and it is supposed that concus-sion of the brain from the blows there caused the boy's death. Examination of the premises showed that Hatzka had wiped the blood off the bleeding body of the boy and burned the rags with which he did it. The shirt the boy wore whenshe was whipped was found hidden away in a shed back of the house. It was all caked with dry blood, and the clean shirt which Hatzka put on the poor little fellow is almost as

Hatzka is 38 years old, and was em ployed in a furniture factory. He has two little sons of his own, aged 4 and 3 years respectively. Hatzka meained an unen-viable ways to the control of the respectively. Hatzka occained an unerviable reputation in the neighborhood some time last summer by his treatment of a young woman whom he engaged as house-keeper. He made proposals of marriage to her after she had been working for him her because she was already betrouned t another man and declined the honor of being his wife. It is related that he charged her with stealing half a shawl of his late wife and some pieces of table linen, but she not only proved her innocence, but showed that he had cut the shaul aimself and hidden can the lines.

hidden a very the linen.

When officers arrived at Hatzka's house they found him seated in the kitchen smoking. He was promptly are sted. The man had evidently been drinking, but whether before or after the trage dy was not apparent. He was very reticent, and pretended not to understand English.

KING OF HIS CASTLE.

An Amusing Sketch of Mr. Pyne, M.P., in Lisfinny Keep.

A London cable says: A corresponden now in Ireland sends a whimsical account of a visit he paid the other day to a castle near the Blackwater, in which Mr. Douglas Pyne, M.P., now resists the service of a writ. Listinny Gastle consists of a single tower or keep, about ninety feet high, dating from Sir Walter Raleigh's time, and ing from Sir Walter Raleigh's time, and surtounded by a large farmyard. It has only one narrow door at the bottom and a small window near the top on the same small window near the top on the same side. The other openings are tiny slits or loopholes too small to admit a man's head. The lower half of the castie has been completely separated from the upper part by logs and masonry, and the stayrcase is said by Pyne to be so undermined, that many lives will be lost if an attempt is made to force it. We friend halfed have made to force it. My friend hailed Pyne from a haystack outside. Pyne was too shortsighted to recognize him, but he knew his voice and let himself down on a shortsighted to recognize num, out is knew his voice and let himself down on a rope inside to a loophele some thirty feet above the ground, whence he conversed for a long time. He is in high animal spirits, and says the exercise he gets in going up and down the rope keeps him in splendid health. The only difficulty was the cold, but he had suiffed the loopholes with hay, and when a stove was lighted he was quite comfortable, barring the fact that the stovepipe was too short and filled the top of the chamber with smoke. He had uttered, however unpophlar or whatever the result might be to him personally. The vote to dismiss him was lost pointing the fact that the stovepipe was too short and filled the top of the chamber with smoke. He had uttered, however unpophlar or whatever the result might be to him personally. The vote to dismiss him was lost of the society, who compose nearly half of it, voted almost solidly for Kimball and secured this result.

A Chicago despatch says: Whence the curical many of his congregation. After a sharp debate of two hours this evening Myrs, who shot his wife and child, ran away and afterwards gave himself up to be the police, has made a statement of the causes leading to his crime.

I don't know how I came to do the shooting, he said. "I don't mean to say that I was not aware of what I was not aware listens to their speeches and replies. He confided to my friend that it was impossible he could be captured, because, even if the police effected an entrance, he had secret means of exit. The interview was secret means of exit. The interview was ended by Pyne lowering a bottle and a tumbler by a long chord, and his visitor pledged him health and success in good Irish whiskey. Nothing could show better the saddened seriousness of the situation in latter day Ireland than the fact that this comical episode awakers no smile anywhere. anywhere.

TANNING A BOY'S HIDE. Private Justice Overtakes a Young Georgian with Legal Consent.

An Atlanta (Ga.) despatch says: Macon officials have adopted a novel but cruel method of inflicting purisement on juvenile criminals. A young negro named Parker was arrested yesterday on the charge of abstracting a sack of corn from the barn of a farmer by the name of Davis. father agreeing to flog him if k-niency was father agreeing to flog him if leniency was shown. At noon the parent appeared at the bargacks with a long agis strap that had done service as a fungativace. The boy was not apprised of what was coming, and when it was announced that his father had cone the youthful offender was about to jump with joy, but when the door of the cell opened and the strap was not disposed to stand. The father was not disposed to stand and, the strap was noticed he "wilted." The father was not disposed to stand upon ceremony, and at over commanded the lad to relieve himself of his coat and shirt. This was done, but with great reluctance, "As soon as the body was bare the strap swung high in the air, quivered for a second and there came down with a swish and a swayk that caused the black skin on the body. Body to turn which is skin on the boy's boov to turn white in stripes. Thirty-nine times did the strap come down with swishes and swarks. The

come down with swish s and swa ks. The son was exhausted by this time, and his bare back had a sickening, appearance, The bystanders interfered at this point, fearing that the excited father would kill his offspring. When the last lash fell the fainting boy was forced to assume his shirt and coat and was lead home. He will probably not steal any more corn, for that a while at least.

THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.

The Speech from the Throne-Germany Strong and Ready, but Anxious for Peace-Sorrow for the Crown Prince.

A last (Thursday) night's Berlin cable A last (Thursday) night's Berlin cable says: The Reichstag was opened to-day. Minister Von Boetticher read the Speech from the Throne. The speech was substantially as follows: "Germany in her foreign policy has successfully endeavered to strengthen the peace of Europe by the cultivation of friendly relations with all of the Powers, by treaties and alliances aiming to avert the dangers of war and to jointly oppose any unitest attacks. Germany has oppose any unjust attacks. Germany has no aggressive tendencies. She has no wants to be satisfied through victorious wars. An unchristian disposition to surprise neighboring peoples is foreign to the German nature and to the constitution of the Empire. The military organization of the country is not calculated to disturb the peace of her neighbors by arbitrary attacks. peace or ner neignours by arbitrary attacks. Germany is strong in parrying surprises and in defending her independence. She wishes to become so strong that she can face with composure every danger. The resumption of the Reichstag comes at a scroup-tion.

time. The grave complaint with which the Crown Prince has been visited fills the nind not only of the Emperor, but also of his august allies and the whole of Germany, with anxious care. the whole of Germany, with anxious care. Nothing that human service, knowledge and careful tending can do will be left undone. Our eyes and prayers, however, are directed toward God, whose decrees rule the destinies of nations as well as the life of the individual man. Firm confidence in God and the faithful fulfilment of duty have been in all except the grape of the confidence of the co have been in all especially grave moments the tried support of our people, and they now also enable us to do justice to the labors awaiting the Legislatures. There labors awaiting the Legislatures. There has been a gratifying improvement in the condition of the country, and it is expected that next year will show a surplus of nearly fifty million marks. Bills will be introduced, abelishing compulsory contributions on the part of officers and imperial officials to the widows' and orphans' funds, increasing the corn duties, modifying the Landwebr and Landwebr medifying the Landwebr and Landweb difying the Landwehr and Landstrum stem so that it will be considerably system so that it will be considerably strengthened, relating to the insurance of artisans in cases of old age and sickness, modifying the friendly societies law with regard to the salo of wine, temporarily prolonging the Austro-German treaty and atifying treaties of commerce with

One hundred and lifty deputies were esent. The places reserved for members of the court were not occupied. In the diplomatic gallery ther, were only a few were crowded. At noon the members of the Bundesrath entered the White Hall, which was illuminated, and took positions on the left of the throne. During the read-ing of the speech the Minister was often interrupted by applause and enthusiastic heers. At the close he declared the Reich stag open, and Herr Wedell Piesdorff, the President of the body, called for cheers for to Emperor, which were given with enthu-asm. The President, in his opening idness, alluded to the serious nature of the illness of the Crown I - e, and the grief of the country over his face. Anxiety concerning his condition relegated all other oughts to the background. The members would join, the President said, in expressing their sorrow and declaring that they placed their confidence in God's grace and mercy. He asked authority to convey these sentiments to the Emperor and send the following telegram to the Crown Prince: "The Reichstag, in profound reverence and cordial love, thinks of Your Imperial Highness. May God pretect your ecious life and preserve it for the salva-

ANARCHISM IN THE PULPIT.

on of the Fatherland." The Deputies

The Chicago Execution Compared by Clergyman to the Crucifixion. A Hartford (Conn.) despatch says: xcited meeting of the Society of Unity hurch (Unitarian) was held to-night, having been called to dismiss Rev. John C. Kimball because of his anarchistic sym-pathies. His sermon on the Sunday fol-

Whole Family. A Cleveland (Ohio) despatch says : German workingman named Friedel, who came to this city a few years ago with a ing son, having managed to lay up some ney, recently sent for his wife and his five other children, who had remained in the Fatherland. Mrs. Friedel and her

wite and eight children of John P. Frost, a laborer in the salt mills in this city, were lost with the steamer Scholten. Frost came from West Prussia about nine months ago and saved all his money to pay for the passage of his wife and children. It took all his savings, \$153, to buy the tickets. His wife was about 45 years old, and the children range i from 8 months up to 22 years of age.

How to Believe the Eyes. Last Thursday morning there appeared in this column a note on the proposed method of relieving the eyes in reading. To avoid the motion of the eyes backward and forward on the lines why not practice a new way? Let the lines alternate. A cool headed lawyer whosever saw, a bet a new way? Let the lines alternate. A cool headed lawyer—whoever saw a hot eaded scion of justice-writes to say that the idea is a brilliant one, and asks for

sample of the sort. Try this : Twinkle, winkle little star, are you what wonder I How Up above the world so high, sky. the indiamond a Like.

A reverend canon of the church relates that on one occasion it fell to his lot to marry his footman to his cook. The foot-An Ottawa despatch says: Six wild geese caught near Grosse Island, river St. Lawrence, arrived by Dominion Express for the Central Experimental arm. They will be added to the live poultry collection, and efforts will be made to see if they can be domesticated. Specimens of all the wild birds, including many laquatic birds, will also be obtained.

man would persist throughout the service in putting his finger to his forchead every time his master addressed him, in accordance with a respect to the first of the stomach and efforts will be nade to see if they can be domesticated. Specimens of all the wild birds, including many laquatic birds, will also be obtained.

man would persist throughout the service in putting his finger to his forchead every time his master addressed him, in accordance with a respect to the carcass of the elephant Alice, burned in sunday's fire at the Barnum & Salley winer quarters. In the stomach were found over 300 pennies, part of a pocket knife, four cane ferules, a piece of very lady of the property of the proper

BAPTEEZEMENT OF THE BAIRN.

Royal Baby Christened into the Sc Presbyterian Church-Simple but In

teresting Ceremony-The Baby's Nan A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: One year ago yesterday was born a son to the Princess Beatrice, and the first anniversary was selected by the Queen as chrisening day for the Princess' little girl. tening day for the Princess' little girl. The ceremony throughout was simple and indeed democratic. Little about it suggested royalty. Doubtless as a special compliment to Scotland, the Queen chose the baptism formula of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and selected to officiate at the font Dr. Lees, only three days home from his visit to New York. He is the minister of St. Giles', Edinburgh, a dean of the Thistle and principal Scottish chapof the Thistle and principal Scottish chap lain to the Queen. Thus, for the first time lain to the Queen. Thus, for the first time—because the Stuarts were Catholics—a royal infant has been baptized into the

Scotch Presbyterian Charch.
One o'clock was the hour selected, the place being that drawing room so often referred to in the Queen's books, with windows overlooking the pictures que valley of the Birst Day in the helicity round of which the River Dee, in the background of which rise the shadows of the historic Grampian Hills. It is a plainly furnished apart such as a successful merchant might plan
—a long room, rich in windows, light and
views, with curtains of the Balmoral tartan dropping upon a carpet of the Stuart hunt-ing tartan. There is not one very luxurious belonging about the room. Upon the walls hang proof engravings of Landseer's famous deer scenes of his suggestions of hunts over heather and hills.

heather and hills.

At one extremity of the drawing-room stood groups of Balmoral tenants, keepers and attendants—good, sturdy Highlanders—with heir families, all in picturesque and variegated costumes. At the other extremity was ranged an aristocratic group of guests—the Princess Frederica of Hanover, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh and the Mar hioness of Elv. Court ladies. nd the Mar hioness of Ely, Court ladies and the Mar hioness of Ely, Court ladiesin-waiting; the Countess of Errell, the
Earl of Hopetonn, who is the Lord High
Commissioner to the Church of Scotland;
the Right Hon. C. Ritchie, Cabinet Minister in waiting; Sir Henry Ponsonby, the
Queen's confidential secretary: Prof. and
Mrs. Profei, the Queen's particular neighbors and her faunly friends, together with
many other favorite guests. Several deer
looked in from the lawn and seemed startled ooked in from the lawn and seemed startled when the exercises opened with the singing of a Scotch hymn by a selected Aberdeen

In the centre of the room stood the Royal grandmother, surrounded by her Indian servants—dark Orientais blazing in red and gold. It did not seem that a Queen and Empress stood there, but rather a woman and a mother, wearing a smile which suggested youthful tenderness. She wore dress of black silk, trimmed with black lace.
Across her breast she wore a narrow scarf
of the Balmoral plaid. Beside her stood he father, mother and nurse, who held the cooing cause of the assemblage, all fronting the chaplain, who in dress suggested the well-known picture of Jehn Knox. Not far away was another nurse holding the year ld prince, who looked around with dawning wonderment. There was nothing royal or pretentious in the dresses of either baby, although the christening robe, with its wealth of bottom embroidery and adornments of the contract of th nents of lace crossed with a Scotch rib oon, was the object of much admiration

Curiosity was visible upon all faces as the minister approached the naming, be-cause as yet the name was a secret. He finally announced it as "Victoria Eugenie Julia Ena." Eugenie, after the ex-Empress; Julia, after the Princess Battenberg, the German grandmother, and Ena as a Scotch

The water used was from the River Jordan. After the baptism-was sung the new hymn by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and the service concluded with the singing of listened to the address standing, and unanimously approved the President's suggestions. chorale known as the "German Halle

What followed? What follows at any well regulated christening? The whole affair passed off in a thoroughly domestic

THE OCEAN STEAMSHIP CALAMITY.

Another Sad Case of the Loss of Nearly a Whole Family.

Whole Family. began finally to be so unbearable that I couldn't stand it, and I left her comparatively to herself. I furnished the means of

support, however.
"Well, everything went along in that way until Sunday afternoon, when I went home, and, going upstairs, went to a store-room to get something. I found the door locked, and was about to go for a key when the Fatherland. Mrs. Friedel and her little ones sailed for America on the steamer Scholten, and they were all among the lost. The unfortunate man learned of his loss to-day through friends and is crazed with grief.

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A Terrible Bereavement.

A Syracuse, N. Y., despatch says: The wife and eight children of John P. Frost, a aborer in the salt mills in this city, were aborer in the salt mills in this city, were defence only, for I feared there might be a man in the house who would create a dis-

sat down. Some time after my wife turned to me and asked if I had not been there to me and asked if I had not been there long enough, at the same time slapping me. I left the room, and after the company had gone I went to where my wife was and shother. Not knowing what the result of my work would be I left the house." There is very little hope of saving Mrs. Myers' life.

Why, a rather large flattened tomato-can is new day for all of Britain.—Chicago Intermedial:

Why, a rather large flattened tomato-can is new day for all of Britain.—Chicago Intermedial:

It is, to point the most apparent the strain and the summan lembers of the desired and won're supposed to keep warm on it. The only way to get any warm on it. The only way to get any warm on of it at all is to hold it on your lap and then your back freezes. One of the schot-water cans is expected to keep you warm for twelve hours. It gets stone to day at a continue of the heir apparent, but is also that fruit is a perfect food, the apple alone being able to sustain life and health for a long time.

A reverend can't of the church relation and put on the floor of the carriage and you're supposed to keep warm on it. The only way to get any warm to rivelve hours. It gets stone to await a new day for all of Britain.—Chicago Intermediate occan.

The Earl of Fife is not only the boon companion of the heir apparent, but is also the schot-water cans is expected to keep you warm for twelve hours. It gets stone to death.

The solid with hot water and put on the floor of the carriage and you're supposed to keep warm on it. The only way to get any warm to rivelve hours. It gets stone the carriage and put on the floor of the carriage and put on the fl

An Elophant as a Vational Bank, A Bridgeport, Conn., telegram says: rof. Seguin and Dr. Godfrey have dis-

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE. Five Fam'lies of Children Brough Together Under One Roof.

A marriage ceremony was performed 1 uesday at the Ohio House, on Carter street, says the Chattanooga Times, that attracted a great deal of attention. The bride was a mother and the groom had already lost two wives. The marriage was the outcome of an inquiry which the lady made several mouths are for. the outcome of an inquiry which the lady made several mouths ago for a correspondent through a Communati paper. The lady was Mrs. Mannie C. Doyle, of Cincinnati. The man, who saw the inquiry and replied to it with success was John R. Wandell, of Scottsboro', Ala. They made love by letter, she accepted by letter, he proposed to her by letter, she accepted by letter, and they made arrangements by letter to meet and be married at Chatannova. Mr. and be married at Chattanooga. Mr. Wandell arrived in the city yesterday and procured the license and made all the arrangements to have the ceremony performed by Squire Snyder at the Ohio House as soon as his intended should arrive. Mrs. Doyle arrived here in company with her 14-year-old son on the Cincinnati Southern 'rain. Mr. Wandell had exchanged photographs with Mrs. Doyle, and he was at the depot ready to recognize his was at the depot ready to recognize his oride. And he did. It was the first time bride. And he did. It was the first time they had met, but they were fast friends at once and quite anxious that the brief ceremony that was to make them twain should be performed at once. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon Squire Snyder tied the nuptial knot and a little later the couple, in company with Mrs. Dayle's son, left for Scottsboro'. She is about 35 years of age. Mr. Wandell is a business man at Scottsboro and is 40 years of age. She has been parand is 40 years of age. She has been mar-ried once and has one child. He has been married twice. Each time he married widows with children, and he had children by each wife. His present marriage there fore brings together five sets of children, who are brothers, sisters, stepbrothers and stepsisters, and some of them although brothers and sisters by the marriage of heir parents are after, all not related to each other at all.

Blessed Forgetfulness.

Do we ever pause to think as we hurry through our daily tesks—nearly all of us have some duties to perform each day—how, if we were to pass out of existence, some one else would take up our work, and in a very short time we would scarcely be missed, even by those who love us and whom we love? Some other hand would wind the skein, sometimes sadly tangled, which we have labored over so long. Some which we have labored over so long. Some other voice would advise, chide and encourage. Some other feet would take the many steps, tread the path we have trod so long. Ah! 'tis a blessed thing to forget. A life all tears, all regret for the past, all sighs for the ones we have lost, would be a sad life indeed. 'Tis a soft touch of an angel's wing that soothes us—the angel of forgetfulness. Mother, our mother; she sleeps very soundly now in God's acre, very calmly, very neadefully. God's acre, very calmly, very peacefully; yet we can remember when she was all in all—leader, toiler, adviser, all in one. She passed away one day; what a great blank place there was in heart and home. But time weve his web of forgetfulness, so slowly, so gently, that the great black void filled imperceptibly, and we scarce missed the dear soul, who once was the motive power of our home. Ah, yes, the world were private that the control of the contr world goes on just the same. made grave, the bitter tears; healing time, smiles again. Yet those who sleep beneath the green sod, the dazzling snow, leep no less soundly for our forgetfulness F. H. HOLLAND

National Flowers. I think I am correct in saying that the arger proportion of those blossoms selected is national or political symbols have been taken from the "hardy brigade." are the rose, the thistle, shamrock and leek, the broom (planta-genista), the white iris of Florence, the flour-de-lis of France, the lily alluded to by Chaucer. This last is supposed to have been the white or affair passed off in a thoroughly domestic way, and next cance luncheon for the relasses "and afternoon jollity for the masses."

Madonna's lily, but in the north of Ireland the Orange lily is not unfrequently developed and afternoon jollity for the graded on July 12th as a symbol of party feeling. The violet of the Napoleon masses.

Not a Word to his wife and child, ran away and afterwards gave himself up to the police, has made a statement of the causes leading to his crime.

"I don't know how I came to do the shotting," he said. "I don't mean to say ande's garden in "Lothair." Thi This league now numbers four hundred thousand members .- F. W. Burbidge, in Harper Weekly for December

The Meaning of "Mugwump." I find the word "mugwump" is not in Encyclopedia Britannica, but is in the American supplement, third volume, page 783. I send you an extract giving the derivation and use of the word:

word belongs to the Algonquin dialect of the Indian language of North America, and is used by John Elliot in his ranslation of the Bible (Cambridge, Mass., 1661) to translate the Hebrew word alluph, a leader. Elliot used it in a sense of 'big chief,' a leader. Eiliot used it in a sense of long chief, a term more comprehensive to the Indian mind than that which appears in the King James' version, 'duke.' The word was spelled 'mugquomp' in the singular, and 'mugquampoag' in the plural. It appears

"'Young mugquampoag wunnaumonuh Esau; wunnaumonuh Eliphaz; montome-gheunche E-au; Mugquomp Teman; Mug-quomp Omar; Mugquomp Zepho; Mug-quomp Kenaz." These were dukes of the sons of Esau the sons of Eliphaz; the first born son of Esau; Duke Teman, Duke Oman, Duke Zepho, Duke Kenaz.'"—Fulton Republican.

That's So.

On the deck of the Dutch steamer Scholdard. ten, as with a horrible hole in her bow she rapidly filled with the waters of the English Channel, an English girl stood com posed and said to her countrymen about her, "Let us stand side by side and go down together." The spirit of that girl is the spirit that forms the hollow square in the last desperate rally on the bloody field. English Car Heaters.

A returned tourist said last evening: "So Charles Diclens doesn't like the way we heat our railway cars. We really must adopt the English way. And what is that? Why, a rather large flattened tomato-can is filled with hot water and put on the floor of the carriago and the c

attracted her attention and surprise by saying: "Your Majesty will be glad to hear that I have left off drinking soda and brandy." The Queen, smiling, said: "I am glad to hear it. Lord Fife." His Lordship thereupon made the further remark:
"Your Majesty will also be pleased to learn that I have taken to soda and whiskey

THE DEAD ANARCHIST'S SWEETHEART. Nina Van Zandt's Father Tells What He

Knows About Her Infatus James K. Van Zandt, the father of the wretched Nina, tells a reporter of the Chicago Tribune that he is a hard working themist, who has no sympathy with the visionary dreams of either Socialists or Anarchists. He became convinced that his daughter was in love with Spies with her mother's support and sanction. He knew that to oppose the girl's folly would drive her from his house, and he would thus loss entirely his influence over her. He argued with both mother and daughter until convinced that it did no good. Then he decided to do nothing, refusing to talk with decided to do nothing, refusing to talk with newspaper men and trying to induce his decided to do nothing, refusing to talk with newspaper men and trying to induce his wife and daughter to adopt the same course. He did, however, join to some extent in the effort to save Spies, not because he sympathized with him, but to avert an overwhelming grief from his daughter. But, as if the state of things in his household was not bad enough, the newspapers, he says, have persistently printed false reports about it. The girl is not contemplating suicide and is not stary. newspapers, he says, have persistently printed false reports about it. The girl is not contemplating suicide and is not starving herself to death. She is perfectly sane, and time and rest will cure her of the prostration under excitement and grief from which she suffers. A reporter recently got into the house under false pretences and worked upon the feelings of the women until they talked unreservedly, not dreaming that he was a newspaper man. Even what they did say he grossly exaggerated, representing the girl as crying for blood and vengeance. Her father says that both she and her mother were as much shocked as himself at seeing such sentiments attributed to her. On the contrary, it was her tenderness of heart that got her into all this trouble. He does not think that she really has any sympathy with the doctrines of the executed men, but she saw so much of Spies that under the excitement she has caught up their jargon and talks it in suite of the present ment she has caught up their jargon and talks it in spite of herself.

Buffalo Bill.

I asked Col. Cody something about hi I asset our cours of the financial recess, writes Crawford to the New York World. He said they made a good deal of money in London, but not as much as they should have made. He connuch as they should have made. sidered that he was worth to-day \$800,000 and that the bulk of this was invested in good Western real estate. Salisbury, he said, was worth about \$500,000 that he had put away since he had gone in with the mad wild West. Cody says that he is not cer-tain about their future. He has made enough money to retire. They will play the winter through, and then go to Belgium for three or four weeks for the spring exhi-bition there. Then they will no to Paris

bitton there. Then they will go to Paris for a few weeks, and Rome later, I asked Col. Cody about the Prince of Wales. He said: "The Prince has been very kind to me. He sent for me soon after my arrival to come and see him at Marlborough House. He came out to the grounds, before we opened, with the Priness and some of his friends, and we gav him a private exhibition. He is a good man. He is kind, thoughtful and a good friend. If he likes a man he sticks to him. He gave me last summer a very handsome pin. I do not wear it, because I hold it too choice for that. It is in my sate now. It is in the form of a horseshoe, with diamonds and robies alternating, and with the three feathers of the Prince's crest set inside the shoe.'

There is no man in the United State who is as well known in Europe as Buffalo Bill. He has become the subject of chil-dren's story books. He is just as much a nero as "Jack the Giant Killer!" children of England. Every book and toy shop has Buffalo Bill books and pictures in every form and device to appeal to childish imagination.

A Lesson in Chemistry. This is the laboratory that Jack built. This is the window in the laboratory that

Jack built. This is the glass that lighted the windo the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the sand used in making the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built. This is the salt, a molecule new that urnished the soda that, melted with sand mpounded the glass that lighted the andow in the laboratory that Jack built. This is the chlorine of yellowish hue, contained in the salt, a molecule new, that furnished the soda that, melted with sand, dow in the laboratory that Jack built. This is the sodium, light and free, that united with chlorine of yellowish hue to form common salt, a molecule new, that furnished the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack buill This is the atom that weighs twenty-three, consisting of sodium so light and free, that united with chlorine of yellowish hue to form common salt, a molecule new that furnished the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack

A Time for Everything.

A tipsy Scotchman was making his way home upon a bright Sunday morning when the good folk were wending their way to the kirk. A little dog pulled a ribbon from the hands of a lady who was leading it, and as it ran from her she appealed to the first preserve. the first passer by, who happened to be the intoxicated man, asking him to whistle for her poodle. "Woman," he retorted, with that solemnity of visage which only a Scotchman can assume, "woman, this is no day for wheetlin!."—Protestant Stan-

Bill Nye's Introduction.

Probably Mr. E. W. Nye will never forget the time he lectured in Indianapolis. That is the home of Riley, the humorist and poet, and it had been arranged that Riley was to introduce the lecturer. Well, Riley did introduce him. He made an introductory address of one hour and a half, during which time E. W. Nye set and per-spired and got ready to get up and cracked spired and got ready to get up and cracked his fingers and smiled outside and cried in-side. The only thing that E. W. Nye got a chance to deliver that night was his peroration .- Omaha World.

Now You Know It All.

A bibliopegist is a bibliophile with a special regard for bookbindings. A bibliotaph is a book miser. A bibliophole is a bookseller for bibliophiles. A biblioklept is a stealer of valuable books. Mr. Venox, who would not let Prescott see his Mexican manuscripts, was a bibliotaph. Mexican manuscripts, was a bibliotaph, there. and Sam P-pys was a biblioklept. Bibliolatry is the worship of books.—Art

A Texas candidate for Congress wrote his compaign speech on sheets of paper and pasted them together. He carried the roll of manuscript to a meeting, and in the excitement of the occasion allowed the were found over 300 pennies, part of a pocket knifs, four cane ferules, a piece of lead pipe and some pebbles.

A prisoner in the Franklin (Pa.) jail named Joseph Reed, is but 7 years old. He was arrested for "maliciously trespassing."

It is denied on authority that the widow would reach from Washington to Cleveland.

It is denied on authority that the widow of Henry Ward Beecher is showing signs of mental decadence.

The excitement of the occasion allowed the unread part of the roll to become unwound upon the floor. When he came to the roll open the floor.

BLIND TOM.

Rolling on the Floor in an Ecstasy of Pleasure. Since the recent action of the courts i

taking Blind Tom from the custody of Mr Bethune, his former life long friend, man Bethune, his former life long friend, manager and protector, has brought him so prominently before the public in the newspapers, a few facts concerning his child-hood by one who knew him then may not preve uninteresting. He was born near the city of Columbus, in Muscogee County, Ga., of slave parents, the property of Genical James N. Bethune, at that time edi or and proprietor of a newspaper called the Corner Stone, but in exactly what year I do not know, as he was some 6 to 8 years, or it may be a little clder, when I first met him in 1855. My first meeting with him was in this wise: I had just married a few months previously, and one of General Bethune's daughters had been one of our bridesmaids. On our return from a northidesmaids. On our return from a north ern tour we were invited to dine at General Bethune's. During the day music was proposed, and upon the piano and flute my wife and I played a tune which we heard for the first time at one of the theatres in Philadelphia. At the first sound of the music Tom came rushing into the parlor in a single garment, so common among the little niggers in the south, and while the music was going on fell down upon the floor, rolled over, turned somersaults, clapped his hands, grosned and went through divers motions, really more as if he were in pain than experiencing emotions of pleasure. As soon, however, as the last note was played he sprang up. rushing to my wife and, pushing at her, cried out eagerly:

"Miss Fannis"—he knew her well—"please git away; I wants ter play dat ern tour we were invited to dine at Gener

please git away; I wants ter play

And jumping upon the piano stool he played it off perfectly, although I know he had never heard it until that moment, for it had only been recently published, and had not yet come south. To test him, then others played tunes he had never heard, and he would immediately play them off with both hands, just as he heard them. He seems to have layed elleward elleward. with both hands, just as he heard them. He seems to have loved all sounds, whether matrical or harsh. He loved to do the churning for the family, just to hear the monotonous sounds of the dasher in the cream. He has even been known to pinch and otherwise tease babies just to hear them erv.

them cry.
One habit of his seems to savor a good does do fromance, yet it is true. Being blind, he would stay away from home, listening to the song of birds as they flitted from tree to tree till he would get lost in the woods, unable to find his way back. Upon such occasions the most practicable way to find him would be for Mr. John Bathars, his first parager to go out in the Bethur, his first manager, to go out in the woods and play his flute, when Tom would hear it, come to the sound and thus get

back home.

Although idiotic, he was even at that early age endowed with a wonderful memory. After spending the day at Gen. Bethune's as related above, it was over six years before I saw him again. The war was going on, and one day when taking a train I unexpectedly found John Bethune with Tom on the train. I addressed Mr. Bethune and then Tom, not dreaming that would recognize me, when, to my infinite surprise, he said :

How d'ye, Mr. Sharp; how's Mis Fannie. To which I replied: "Why, Tom, how It ownich I replied: "Why, Tom, how do you know me so well?"

He replied: "Oh, I knows you, en Miss Fannie, too; don't you know when you was at our house and playes distune?" and he whistled, the very tune mentioned

above.

On that trip I discovered how the absence of sight hau rendered all his other faculties more acute, for as we deched along at perhaps thirty miles an hour he could always tell whether the same of the could always the could be same of the c tell whether we were passing woods or open fields, houses, cuts, embankments, bridges neus, nouses, cuts, embankments, bridges, or almost anything else. I renember we entered a small village on the railroad, when I asked Tom what was outside, to which he promptly replied: "A heap of houses,"—Augusta (Ga.) News.

Killed Two Men at One Shot. A painful sensation was caused yester lay in Rangoon by the news that two cor-porals of the Royal Scots Fusiliers had been shot by Private Mulligan, of the same regiment. Some triling quarrel had occurred on the previous day between Corporal Taumas and Mulligan. While curred on the previous day between poral Thomas and Mulligan. While Thomas was seated on Corporal Crisp's bed Mulligan, without warning, fired his rifle at a distance of a few feet. The bullifle and through Thomas' head and entered Crisp's chest above the heart. Death was instantaneous in both cases. The murderer narrowly escaped being lynched by the soldiers. The murdered lynched by the soldiers. men were buried yesterday with full military honors. Gen. Gordon and his staff, tary honors. Gen. Gordon and his staff, with the entire regiment of the Royal Scots Fusiliers were present.-Londo. Times.

Irreverent Quakers. Apropos of Quaker bonnets, I was told ast year that some antiquarian, wishing to obtain a complete dress belonging to thi built.

This is the science of chemistry, that teaches of atoms weighing twenty and theree, and of sodium metal so light and gramments. One can hardly important the containing the containing the containing to this sect, asked the younger members of an old Friend family for some of their grandparents' garments. One can hardly important the containing to this sect, asked the younger members of an old Friend family for some of their grandparents' garments. One can hardly important the containing to this sect, asked the younger members of an old Friend family for some of their grandparents' garments. One can hardly important the containing to this sect, asked the younger members of an old Friend family for some of their grandparents' garments. One can hardly important the containing to this sect, asked the younger members of an old Friend family for some of their grandparents' garments. thue to form common salt, as a rolecule her, but there are no bonnets left, as we new, that furnished the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that iew, that furnished the sound that shades in our theatricals lass home, with sand, compounded the glass that shades in our theatricals lass home, with sand, compounded the glass that shades in our theatricals lass home, and ighted the window in the laboratory that the descendants of the old Quaker that the descendant that the de

sero" and "Kickero" has broken out afresh. It is desirable that the pronunciation of Latin be as nearly uniform as possible among scholars in all parts of the world. The tendency is towards the so-called Roman method. If his fellow-Romans called Cicero Kickero, we might afresh. as well knifor them and moral the matter, especially as we willingly hazard tongue sislocation by attempting to follow the foreign pronunciation of modern European proper names.—Washington Star.

A Regular Financier. A.—I am in a tight place. B.—What's the matter now?

"I have got to raise ninety-nine dollars 3 o'clock to-morrow."
"Why do you require precisely ninety-I have to pay a hundred dollar note in bank, and I've got the other dollar. A Wonderful Advantage,

Furniture dealer (to elderly maiden) And there is another advantage, ma'am, which the folding bed has over the ordinary Elderly maiden-What is that, sir?

Furniture dealer—You don't have to look under the bed to see if there is a man

A FEMALE surpliced choir is an innovation in an English church that is creating something of a sensation. The singers wear surplices not unlike an M. A. gown, and purple velvet caps. There is a choir of the same kind in Melbourne, Australia. whence the freak was imported to England. Canon Liddon heartily disapprover of it, and pronounces it irreverent and grotesque. An unprejudiced looker-on, however, finds it difficult to see why there should not be

Walt Whitman's Thanks. A New York despatch says the papers yesterday published the following Thanks-

giving poem:

giving poem:

Thanks in old age—thanks ere I ge,
For health, the midday sun and impalpable air
—for life, mere life,
For precious ever-lingering memories (of you,
mother, dear—you, father—you,
Brother, sisters, friends),
For all my days—nut those of peace alone—the
days of war the same,
For gintle, ords, caresses, gifts from foreign
lands,
For shelter, wine and meat—for sweet appreciation,
(You distant, dim unknown—or young, or old—
countless, unspecified, beloved,

couniess, unspecified, beloved.

We never met, and ne er shall meet—and yet our sule embrace, long, close and long).

For being, groups, love, deeds, words, bcoks—for colors, forms,

For.all the brave, strong men—devoted, hardy men—whill of our ward sprang in freedom's help, all years, all lands,

For braver, stronger, more devoted men—(a special laurel ere I go to life's war's chosen ones,

noncers of song and thought—the great tillerymen—the foremost leaders canartillerymen—the foremost leaders, cap-tains of the soul, soldier from an ended warreturn'd—astravel-ler out of myriads, to the long procession retrospective,
'hanks-joyful thanks!-a soldier's, traveller's
thanks.
WALT WHITMAN,

BETTER THAN A NOTE BOOK.

ift Which Enables a Gotham Reporter to Dispense with the Pencil.

He said : "It is worth while to pause a moment to consider the principle involved. It is as much the duty as it is the right of Congress to make provision for the commerce of the company of the country in navigable waters, to con-struct lighthouses, to dredge rivers and do that which is due for the promotion of the general welfare.'

"I beg your pardon," was the reply, and I think I ought to know." Why should you know any better than "Why should you arrow any better than I do?" returned the first speaker, hotly.

I have my stenographic notes of the lecture in my hands. You didn't touch pencil to paper during the entire evening."

The reporters employed on ying my hands.

pencil to paper during the entire evening."
Two reporters employed on rival morning papers were returning to their offices from a lecture in an uptown hall. During their journey on the elevated train a dispute arose concerning a certain passage which the speaker had used.

"That may all he true" answered the

which the speaker had used.

"That may all be true," answered the first disoutant, "but I would rather trust my memory than your notes. You don't know what was said without referring to them. You don't keep any track of the subject in your mind. You worked mechanically over your note-book, while I recollect every word he spoke."

"Prove it."

"I will. Open your note-book."

The skeptical reporter did so.
"Now follow me closely."
To the amazement of the former, the To the amazement of the former, the man with a memory repeated page after page verbatim, not only the language but with the proper emphasis of the lecturer.

"Oh! I know how you'did it," exclaimed the note-taker. "You have heard the speech before and committed it to memory." iemory.

"I never saw him before to-night, and I never heard him read a word of the lecture before I went to the hall."
"Then how did you do it?"

"I simply remembered it."
"Oh! You've been taking a course at one of the memory schools?"
"Yes, it was a memory school, but not one of the kind you refer to, and the course of study week."

f study was the most painful you can possibly imagine."
"What was the school?"
"The school of bitter experience. I was blind the first twenty-two years of my life—stone blind. During that time I had to make my memory do service, not only for my memorandum pad, but for my text books as well. I had a naturally quick memory and this constant straining so developed it that I can easily recollect a whole conversation verbatim without a single note. I can't recollect what I read so well ibly imagine.'

conversation verbatim without a single note. I can't recollect what I read so well inless I read it out loud, as I was thught to or member through my ears."

"Do all blind men remember so well."

"No, not all. But memory is one of the faculties which nature gives to supply the sense of seeing, and blind men, as a rule, remember far more easily than those who are citized with all their faculties. who are gifted with all their faculties. Well, here we are, and next time

accept my recollection witho proofs."—Mail and Express. Personal Points. Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, carries life insurance to the amount \$125,000.

on without asking for

Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the artist and poet has become a convert to esoteric Buddhism The young English woman who figured in the Valentine-Baker affair is still alive and unmarried. Robert Manchester is perhaps the oldest

song-and-dance man on the American stage. He is worth more than \$50,000. English newspapers announce the death of Hon. Captain Byng, the popular A.D.C. of Lord Lansdowne at Ottawa a year or two ago. He had only been recently married.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons told a friend in

Kingston that her husband was in a lunatic asylum in Australia, and that she has not heard about him for some time. Dr. Horatius Bonar, in a recent letter to

a friend, says: My writing days are done.
The public must be contented with what I
have written in prose and verse.
Mr. John Greig, M.A., of Edinburgh, is the first Scotsman who has achieved th

shades in our theatricals last holidays. I am so sorry, but they did capitally!" Oh, that the descendants of the old Quaker stock should have so little reverence left for the memory of their ancestors!—Cassell's Fami y Magazine.

Cicero, Sissero or Kickero.

The irrepressible conflict between "Sissero" and "Kickero" has broken out afresh. It is desirable that the pronucia. The new Canon of Wells, England, who adds to his other distinctions that of being father of the accomplished editor of the London Times, is a rise scholar, and obtained his fellowship more than forty years

ago. It is understood that Canon Buckle leans to moderate broad Church views, but he has never been in any sense a party man.

A Story of Three Ladies. Two ludies in Dover, Me., saw a man

Two ladies in Dover. Me., saw a man lying drunk in the ditch one hot summer day, while his wife sat by his side knitting. She had been walking home with him, and when he succumbed and fell she had coolly taken out her knitting kneedles and gone to work, so as to lose no time. One of the ladies anxiously said to the knitter:

"What would become of him if he should die in this condition?" "I declare," said the wife, as she was toeing off the stocking, "I don't know what his destiny would be in the future, but he seems to be having a good time now."

Mrs. Breesy (to daughter)—Did you tell young Mr. Waldo, dear, that you would correspond with him on his return to Boston? Miss Breezy—Yes, mamma, Boston? Miss Breezy—Yes, mamma, he has been so polite to me while in Chicago, you know, and seemed so seriously in earnest when he asked me if he might not hear from me occasionally that what could, I say, mamma, but "Let her go Gallagher.'

Gallagher."

—Angelina seeks for a definition of volubility. "Volubility, Angelina dear, is the distinguishing feature of a horse-car driver when he is ten minutes behind time on his supper trip and an overloaded coal team breaks down in front of him on the rail." the rail.

-The English language sounds funny to a foreigner. "I will come by by and by and buy," said a Canadian, and the shopkeeper girl choristers, and wherein lies the objection to their wearing surplices any more had an attack of brain fever trying to make