

STRANGLERS OF VIENNA.

Man and woman whose business and pleasure were to kill.

Known to have murdered four girls, to have tried to murder two others, and to have plotted for the lives of seven more—each victim prayed with before the altar, then the wife held her head—these are the facts of the case.

Last month Franz Schneider and his wife, Rosalia, were condemned to death by the Criminal Court in Vienna. With the sentencing of both to be hanged came the close of the most remarkable criminal trials in the records of Austrian justice.

At the beginning of the trial the prisoners were known to have murdered four young women, to have planned and to have attempted to murder two others, and to have spared seven or eight more only because the young women refused to be lured to their death. Although Schneider is a common man and his wife is a common woman, and although their victims were simple and friendless servant girls, the trial was one of the most dramatic conducted under more impressive circumstances than those surrounding the trial of the Schneiders. Princes, diplomatists, Generals, members of Parliament, high officials, and women from the court society of Franz Joseph's capital crowded the court room daily. The stolid brutality of Schneider and the femininity of his wife were exhibited, moreover, under the dramatic light of Austrian procedure—the judges, in their robes, the witnesses swearing with the uplifted hand before the illuminated crucifix, and the prisoners guarded by soldiers in the uniform of the imperial army.

So intense was the interest of the thousands of spectators that at recesses usual in one of them left the hall and drank in their seats rather than risk losing a few words of the testimony. In Austria the daily record of the trial was published by the newspapers verbatim, and columns were telegraphed at the close of each day's proceedings to London, Berlin, and Paris.

THE SCHNEIDERS.

In the conspiracy to outrage, kill, and rob, Franz Schneider was the force and Rosalia Schneider was the brains. "You did the plotting," the presiding judge said to the wife, "and he was your throttling machine." Schneider is 5 feet 7 inches tall and powerfully built. He has sunken cheeks, high-bones, a narrow chin, a mustache, and a sharp nose. He is 35 years old. His wife is six years his senior, is small, thin, fair-haired, and sharp-eyed. She was handsome before her marriage to Schneider in 1882, but work and dissipation have hardened her face. Both were engaged in numerous swindling schemes before they hit upon the plan of raising money by killing maid-servants. Schneider had passed several terms in prison for theft.

DISCOVERY OF THEIR CRIME.

In May, June, and July of last year it was reported to the Vienna police that several girls had been seen after being seen with men in the Hofburg or Haspen woods near New Lengbach. A man had appeared at employment agencies to engage girls to take places in New Lengbach, always insisting that they should bring some of their baggage at once. The experienced girls became shy of all offers from New Lengbach. All was rumor, however, and nothing was known until July 23. On that day Marie Stöber, a factory girl, while wandering in the underbrush stumbled upon the dead body of a woman stripped to the chemise. A straw hat trimmed with roses lay half under the right shoulder. On July 24 this discovery was announced in the newspapers and Karl Hornung, a journeyman goldsmith, went to New Lengbach, and identified the body as that of Marie Hottwanger, his betrothed, engaged three weeks earlier to take a place in the suburbs, and not seen alive afterward.

He also described the appearance of the man and woman with whom he had seen her leaving the city for her new home. At the same time Annie Djuris, a maid servant, gave a similar description of a man who had lured her into the suburbs, his promises a place with a baroness in New Lengbach. The reading of the published story of the Djuris girl reminded a man who had seen her with a man at New Lengbach on the evening of the assault that her companion resembled a certain coachman in the neighborhood. The police found the coachman to be honest. He had, however, a brother of doubtful character. This brother, Franz Schneider, living at the time with his wife at 28 Rudolphs gasse under the name of Ferdinand Niederl. This brother and his wife were arrested, clothing of murdered girls was found in their possession and by the confession of each, made in an effort to throw all the burden of guilt on the other, the State was enabled at once to arrest the man. The story of a series of atrocious crimes which in recent times only Jack the Ripper has equaled.

OPENING OF THE TRIAL.

The indictment against the Schneiders charged them with the murders of Rosalia Kleinrath, Marie Hottwanger, and Vincenz Zoufar. During the proceedings the presiding judge accused them of killing an unknown girl, seen last in their company in the woods where all their crimes were committed. The indictment charged them with attempting to murder Annie Djuris and Johanna Stöber, and with having attempted to lure Mathilde Uhlauer, Marie Seif, Katharina Watzka, Martine Brouneder, and three other maid-servants, described but not named, to their destruction. Stöber was attacked on May 26 and Djuris on June 1, but were not killed, as Schneider remarked in court, because he "had not then got his hand in."

DEATH OF ROSALIE KLEINRATH.

On the first two days of the trial the court devoted its attention to the murder of Rosalia Kleinrath, on June 4. She was but 18 years old, and had left her country home but a few days before. Schneider's wife met her in the street and offered her a place with a Countess in Klosterneuburg. She induced the girl to pack up all her clothes in a satchel, to put in her pocket her few dollars saved, and to accompany Schneider and herself to the Haspen Wald. The party stopped at a restaurant where Schneider might nurse his courage with wine. Then his wife led Kleinrath to a chapel, where both prayed.

PRAYER BEFORE MURDER.

Just why this refinement of cruelty was introduced in the otherwise purely brutal plan was not satisfactorily explained. In all the known murders, however, it was observed with care. Then the trio wandered about in the darkest part of the woods until Schneider turned suddenly on the girl. "I trapped her," he said, "and my wife put a bottle of poison to her nose. She died and we stripped off her clothes, took

her money and papers, and buried her under the leaves and mould." Kleinrath's body was found by the police after the arrest of the Schneiders. It had been outraged at the time of the murder.

Judges in criminal trials in Austria have prerogatives and customs unknown in Canada. The presiding judge in the Schneider trial ridiculed Schneider's statement, as he ridiculed the wife's statement that her husband strangled Kleinrath without help from her.

SCHNEIDER MAKES A CONFESSION.

Then came the most interesting moment of the trial. The President said in a confidential way:

"You have both described how things were done. Both accounts cannot be true. Now, I will tell you how I think it was done. You both led your victim into the wood. Schneider threw the girl, as he told us, by putting his foot before her; then both of you threw yourselves upon her; the woman held her hands or arms, and Schneider strangled her."

There was a pause after this, then some more questioning from the imperial counsel, then remark of the counsel for the defense, and then a short pause. After this the President continued:

"And now, Schneider, say the truth for once. Was it not just as I said?"

Schneider did not answer, but looked sullenly to the ground; then the President catching his eye, and in an insinuating voice said:

"Come now, be candid. It was so, was it not? Say yes. Out with it, there!"

Schneider grew purple and white by turns, his chest heaved, and he rose and sank back in his chair. Suddenly he shouted so that the court room rang with his words:

"Yes, yes; so it was. I deny it no longer. She held the girl's hands and I throttled them to death."

A CAROUSAL AFTER THE DEATH.

After the Court had heard how the underclothes stripped from Kleinrath had been put on by Rosalia Schneider, and how the couple had celebrated their deed in fine style by carousing at a saloon in the outskirts of the woods, three pretty little girls in white hoods and a boy of 13 were called. The story they had to tell was brief, but tragic. They were in the woods gathering wild strawberries one beautiful afternoon last summer, and were terribly frightened by hearing the shrieks of a dying woman. The time, place, and date corresponded with those of the Haspen Woods murder. The presiding judge asked the boy why, when he heard the shrieks, he did not go to the place from which they proceeded to see what was happening.

"It was in a dark part of the forest," the little fellow answered, "and we were afraid."

Depraved as the two prisoners are, they were moved when the aged parents of the girl Kleinrath were examined and when the box containing her skull and belongings was opened. The mother asked for the fair plaits from the head of her murdered daughter as a remembrance—a request which was not refused. Then followed another dramatic scene, the examination of a girl of twelve and a boy of ten who had heard a woman's cries in the wood which began at about a hundred yards from their house. They were pitiable screams of "For Jesus, Mary, and Joseph's sake! Help! Help! Help!" The cries were those of the girl Kleinrath, struggling desperately for her life.

THE STRANGLING OF MARIE HOTTWANGER.

The strangling of Kleinrath whetted the unnatural appetite of the Schneider woman for crime. She gave up her place as cook in the household of Baron Falk and began devoting herself exclusively to finding victims for her husband. She went from servants' agency to agency daily, looking for girls of sufficient comeliness to suit her husband, and with good enough clothes to suit her. After frightening off several girls by her requirement that they should bring all their belongings with them through the lonely woods toward New Lengbach, she eventually engaged Marie Hottwanger at an agency without stipulating that she must bring all her property with her. The case of Hottwanger succeeded that of Kleinrath in the consideration of the Court.

She was pretty, well dressed, and refused to accept an offer of less than \$12 a month. The Schneider woman and she met Schneider in the street before the agency and started on the way to New Lengbach. They stopped at the saloon near the chapel in the woods. Schneider drank a quart of wine and was becoming somewhat intoxicated when urged by his wife's admonition:

"Here, here, my man, keep sober, so as to be ready for the work we have on hand."

AGAIN PRAYER BEFORE THE SLAUGHTER.

Schneider rose and told his wife and Hottwanger to go to the chapel and pray. Before the altar the murderer and her victim knelt for ten minutes. Then they rose, and all three started through the woods. They wandered for an hour until they came to a secluded spot about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

"Look sharp, and finish the job at once," the Schneider woman whispered several times to her husband; but he hesitated.

At the long, quiet, the three sat down. Suddenly the Schneider woman cried out: "Now make an end of it!" and caught the girl by the wrists, twisting her arms back over her head. In an instant Schneider had his right hand on Hottwanger's throat and his left hand over her mouth. She was strangled to death almost without a sound. Schneider matted her hair, and his wife strangled her in the bushes and laid her in a bundle. Both dug a shallow trench in the leaves and mould, dumped in the dead girl, and scattered leaves and twigs above. The Schneider woman had found a few dollars in the girl's pocket, and with them they had a carousal at a tavern in New Lengbach. Schneider joked with the waiters, and his wife joined him in a general merrymaking.

FOURTH DAY OF THE TRIAL.

At the fourth day of the great trial the rush for places was greater than ever. So crowded was the lofty, spacious court room when the case was resumed that the fashionably dressed ladies, who, from the first, formed a great part of the audience, had literally to fight for their places. One was so severely crushed that she screamed aloud for help and several fainted. Schneider appeared in a different suit from that which he wore at the previous sittings and it transpired from the evidence that those were the clothes he wore on the day that he perpetrated the murder of Vincenz Zoufar.

Immediately after the taking off of Hottwanger the Schneider woman was again on the search for new victims. Daily she was at some servants' agency but for some time she was unsuccessful. Either the girl offered to her was too plain or too poor, or the Schneider woman's appearance was too forbidding for the girl who was comely or not well dressed enough to suit her. The consequence delay lasted until after the discovery of Hottwanger's body on July 23.

VICTIMS BECOME SCARCER.

One of the witnesses was a maid whom she tried to engage, offering her \$12 a month as the place was a lonely villa in a wood. When she mentioned the part of the country where it was situated, by the owner of the office said:

"You won't get many girls to go with you there, for a murdered girl was found in the woods a few days ago, and they will be shy of the place."

The maid also knew of the finding of a body in the wood, and would not go. She says she noticed that the Schneider woman shuddered, but at the same time expressed wonder that people could be so cruel as to kill a poor girl.

In a second office the Schneider woman found two girls to choose from. She selected Vincenz Zoufar, who was dressed in a cream-colored gown, a bonnet with feathers, wore gloves, and had a neat parasol. This girl's landlady described her as an elegant girl and a thorough cook. She had saved more than \$100 in her last place, and had a lottery bond worth \$75, a gold watch and chain, a large basket-trunk full of good clothes, and some ready money. She had been on a pious pilgrimage to Moravia, from which she returned the day she found her death. The morning after she left with the Schneider woman a telegram came asking the landlady to give up all her things to the woman who had been there the day before. At noon the Schneider woman came and took the basket-trunk, a smaller trunk, and several parcels away. The presiding judge drew the female prisoner's attention to her cunning. She had discovered that telegrams were safer than letters, and yet she pretended to have done everything at the will of a man who cannot read or write, and therefore has no clear perception as to letters and telegrams. The people were amazed. Zoufar was in high spirits and with the girl they ultimately disappeared in the wood.

STRANGLING OF VINCENZ ZOUFAR.

Zoufar's landlady noticed that while the Schneider woman was talking with the girl she asked how much money she had, and told her she must go through a forest to her new place in a Countess's villa. The girl did not heed the landlady's warning, but put her savings and valuable papers in her pocket, and at 2 P. M. started out for New Lengbach. The women stopped at the saloon near the chapel. Here Schneider was introduced to Zoufar as the Countess's porter, and the three drank together. Schneider was exceptionally merry, joked and laughed with a party at the next table, and apparently was loath to go. He waited on the chapel steps while the women offered their prayers before the Virgin's figure, and then led them a long, circuitous way under the trees. Zoufar was in high spirits and said repeatedly to the Schneider woman: "You don't know how grateful I am to you for giving me a place in such a beautiful neighborhood."

The girl was tired with walking at 7 o'clock and whispered to the murderer: "This fellow must be drunk to lead us around this way."

MRS. SCHNEIDER'S HASTE TO KILL.

Those were her last words. The Schneider woman at once said to her husband: "Get to work, you idiot, and end this nonsense."

Schneider turned on Zoufar like a flash, tripped her and fell on her, while his wife held fast her hands, throttled her to death. After he had abused the dead body his wife stripped of the clothes tore up the worthless papers, and put the valuable ones in her pocket. The body was covered as the others had been. It was found by the police on Nov. 7. As usual, the Schneider's went to a saloon after the strangling and ate and drank and made merry. Two days after having secured Zoufar's clothes and pawned them the Schneider woman resumed her visits at the servants' agencies and attempted to lure to fictitious places in households near New Lengbach, Mathilde Uhlauer, Katharina Watzka, Martine Brauner and three other maid-servants, and her eagerness for more victims was rendered ineffectual only by the arrest of her and her husband. Shortly after her arrest she tried to kill herself by jumping from a third story prison window to the flagged court yard. She injured herself only slightly.

BOTH SENTENCED TO BE HANGED.

On Jan. 29 the public prosecutor and the lawyers for Schneider and his wife made their final addresses to the jury, which retired for an hour and a half and returned with a verdict of guilty against both prisoners. After hearing the verdict, Rosalia Schneider sprang to her feet and, pointing to her husband, screamed:

"Now, now, let him tell the whole truth!"

The presiding judge sternly intervened, pointing out that the evidence was now closed. Schneider made no reply to his wife's appeal.

The judges retired to consider what sentence should be passed, but were gone only ten minutes. Then they returned, and prisoners covered their faces with their hands and remained motionless in an agony of suspense. So intensely excited was the audience that nearly every one stood up while sentence was being pronounced.

Rosalia gave a last appealing glance at her husband, but received no response. In impressive tones the presiding judge, then in the name of his Imperial Majesty, pronounced sentence of death upon both prisoners, intimating that the woman would be hanged first.

A FRAGMENT.

Down lowly way where angels' tread,
A whispered prayer stole on the wind,
And stirred the flowers o'er sleepin' dead
With gentle sway.

A mother's tear was shining there,
Its radiance caught the flower's bloom,
And mingling with the scented air
Made silver balm.

The Dead beneath, slept silent on,
The Mother's prayer grew sweeter far,
A Blessing from the Golden Shore
Came to her there.

—B. Kelly.

His Skeleton.

[From the Clothier and Furnisher.]
Featherstone.—Do you believe in ghosts? Travers.—Well, for years I have been living in a haunted house.
Featherstone.—You don't tell me? Who is it haunted by?
Travers.—By my tailor.

Everything, from a beer to a glass of champagne, is twenty-five cents in Yokohama, Japan.

The ethics of forgery are hard to reconcile. When a man forges a hand it is a crime, but when he forges ahead it is a credit.

A wicked man who reproaches a virtuous one is like one who looks up and spits at heaven; the spittle soils not the heaven, but comes back and defiles his own face. —[Sakya Muni.]

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

The Czar's staff this year consists of sixty-three Adjutant-Generals, the oldest of whom belonged to the staff of Nicholas I; fourteen Major-Generals, and fifty-six Flügel-Adjutants, not including the officers of the various companies of the body guard.

The Emperor of Austria's silver wedding gift to the Czar is spoken of as the most magnificent present ever received by a European sovereign. It consists of a dinner service of solid silver, richly wrought, designed for twenty-four persons, and numbering 280 pieces.

In St. Petersburg a society has been organized for the purpose of making regular trips to all parts of the empire in Europe, Asia, Caucasasia, and Crimea. It is the first society of the kind in Russia, and it proposes to follow the example of the English and German tourists' societies. It has applied to the Minister of Railways for intercommunication for reduced rates on all the roads of the empire by land or by water.

Business in Kiev, Russia, is at a perfect standstill. Most of the factories have stopped work, and the few that are not closed keep at work only about 25 per cent. of the number of hands they employ usually. The distress among the laboring classes is very great; good workmen in every line of trade can be hired at 25 kopecks a day. Three or more families of big commercial firms are announced almost daily.

Prussia's income from the cultivated public domain is about \$4,000,000 annually. The total number of employees in the Government postal and telegraph offices and on the Government railways is 187,771.

The French artists are making so much money in portrait painting that the exhibitions now show a disproportionately great number of portraits. Eight thousand dollars for a full-length picture is said to be about the top price.

The barber would not ordinarily be thought of as following a particularly perilous occupation, but a barber in Wiesbaden is lying at the point of death from injuries sustained in the ordinary pursuit of his calling. He accidentally cut his finger very slightly while shaving a customer. The next customer wanted his moustache dyed. The barber got some of the dye in the wound and blood poisoning ensued.

An eminent French statistician makes a clever and graphic presentation of the thrift of the French people. He says that a duplicate of the Eiffel Tower, which weighs between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 kilograms, built of silver and with two additional kilograms added, would barely represent the actual savings of the French people deposited in the national savings banks. The kilogramme is 2 pounds 3.26 ounces.

"Tickled to death," usually expresses the height of humorous effect, but it is one of these strange sayings that sometimes turn out to be grimly expressive of a sober fact. Henning Peterson, a tailor of Fort Dodge, is likely to die literally of being tickled to death. He was very much amused at a comic song he heard a few days ago, and he laughed very heartily. Soon his laughter became uncontrollable, and at the end of an hour he was so completely exhausted that he became insensible. His laughing did not resemble hysterics. All efforts to rouse him were vain, and at last report it was thought he would die.

Last summer a German named Cremer, who made a journey to Spitzbergen, discovered thick beds of coal there and at Bear Island. His trip lasted only six weeks, but it was long enough for Cremer to ascertain that coal mining was possible there, although perhaps, owing to the climate, not always a regular manner. The thickest beds of coal are on the east coast of Bear Island, and are about 500 feet thick. Along the Spitzbergen coast coal was found in layers about a yard and a half thick. The curious discovery was made at King's Bay of the grave of a Dutch sailor, with the date 1741 as clearly written as if made the day before.

Well-informed lumbermen declare that there is more timber in the forests of Maine to-day than there was ten years ago because the trees have been exercised in the falling of trees during recent years. Only good-sized trees are cut nowadays, the smaller being allowed to stand until they attain a proper growth. A great amount of pulp wood is cut on second growth tracts, but in lumber operations no small trees are felled. There is less destruction by fire now than formerly.

Clemence Gensac of Perpignan married her husband and departed with a partner more congenial and set up a wine shop elsewhere. She went daily to court and asked her husband to return, but she refused on account of greater happiness with her new friend, so the husband yielded and retired. Five years afterward, being desirous of marrying again, he wrote to Clemence for her consent, but she refused flatly to become a party to any scheme that was certain to make another woman happy. Thereupon she went daily to court and got a legal divorce, and in addition got his wife and her lover fined 75 francs.

The people of Great Britain consume about five times as much tea per head as do the inhabitants of this country, and the consumption there is steadily increasing every year. In 1889 the consumption in Great Britain per head was 499 pounds; in 1890, 518 pounds, and last year it was 535 pounds. Americans only consume about one and a quarter pounds of tea per head yearly. But we use from seven to nine pounds of coffee per head to make up for it.

A society has been formed in Paris to oppose immoral advertisement in the streets. Its members are prominent men like M. Jules Simon, M. Frederic Passy, and Senator Beranger. The President at the first meeting said that the movement was not of a religious character. The members of the society are neither Protestants nor Catholics in the work. "If religious announcements are not to be tolerated in the streets," he said, "we do not intend to permit the cult of Venus to predominate there."

In Danzig two weeks ago the shopkeeper Gode, from Pasewalde, was sentenced to eight days' imprisonment for frightening his mother-in-law, Frau Weiss, with a telegram. Gode owed Frau Weiss money and she provoked him by writing for it. She had once warned him never to send her a telegram, as she "was too nervous that it would kill her." Immediately after receiving the telegram from her, Gode telegraphed back: "My wife is dead." Frau Weiss fainted and was ill for a week before she learned that Frau Gode was well, and that Gode had sent the telegram out of malice. Then she had him arrested and punished.

The physicians are still uncertain as to the nature of the Empress of Germany's malady, although it is supposed to be influenza. They have urged that she be isolated, especially from the Emperor and the children, but the Emperor has refused to allow this and visits her frequently.

He has also refused to change the routine of the children's life and they see their mother as often as ever. He answered the protests of the physicians by saying that he did not wish to set a bad example to other German husbands, and possibly frighten them into the belief that influenza was a plague.

In one of the east side cafes is a remarkable portrait of Baron Hirsch, the work of an apprentice member of his race. It is made entirely of English letters, which, combined, give a detailed history of "the modern Moses." At a distance of five feet it looks like an ordinary portrait, similar, even in details, to the photographs which have appeared in the illustrated papers. The work was done with pen and ink. It would require about a day's careful study, during which the portrait or other student would have to be inverted frequently to decipher the history, as the artist has had to turn his letters in many directions to preserve the likeness.

Mothers As Match-Makers.

There is a kind of match-making which it is a mother's duty to attempt. But it has strict limitations. It resolves itself into the simple duty of introducing to her daughter young men whose moral character is good, who are in a position to marry, and who, physically, are not likely to repel her. The young people may then safely be left to their own instincts. There should be no attempt to coerce; moral force used to make even a suitable marriage; though extremities may lawfully be used to prevent an evil marriage. A mother's match-making really begins while her daughters education is in progress. And it is one of the strangest of facts that mothers generally force this education in the direction of those qualities likely to amuse young men—music, dancing, singing, dressing, playing games, chaffing wittily, etc. Now, such attractions are likely to procure plenty of flirtation; but young men rarely marry the girls they flirt with. And why do not mothers consider, most of all, that approaching period in their daughters' lives when they will, or ought to, cease being made love to? Why should the preparation for young ladyhood absorb all the girl's education? How many curriculums contain any arrangement for education for wifehood or parenthood? Yet, what man wishes to pass his life with a woman whose only charm is the power to amuse him? He might as wisely dine every day upon candy sugar.

The Carelesslest of Creatures.

He came home last night a bit tired from a busy day's work, and his wife waited until he was off his overcoat and sat down. "Did you get that piece of silk I asked you to bring up to-night?" she inquired, seeing that he had not laid it before her. "Yes, dear, I left it out there in the hall." "Did you get the pins?" "Yes, dear." "And the ribbon?" "And the ribbon?" "And a wisp broom?" "Yes." "And a wisp broom?" "Yes." "And some matches?" "Yes, they are with the other bundles." "And did you see the man about the coal?" "Yes; it will be up on Monday." "And the man to fix the grate in the dining-room?" "Yes; he's coming as soon as he can." "Did you see Mrs. Smith about the sewing society meeting?" "She said she'd come." "And—oh, yes, I did you get a new shovel for the kitchen stove?" "N—n—no," he hesitated. "I forgot it." "Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "What did you do that for? You know we needed that shovel and I told you about it the very first thing when you went down town this morning. I do think you men are the most forgetful and carelesslest creatures that ever lived on the face of the globe." And she flopped out to see about supper.

Graveyard Poetry.

Nine-tenths of those who think they can write respectable poetry are mistaken. Take the case of Dr. Witt Talmage in the February LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. It is safe to say that most of the home-made poetry of graveyards is an offence to God and man. One would have thought that the New Hampshire village would have risen in mob to prevent the inscription that was really placed on one of its tombstones descriptive of a man who had lost his life at the foot of a vicious mare on the way to the brook:

"As this man was leading her to drink
Eh kick'd and kill'd him quicker'n a wink."
One would have thought that even conservative New Jersey would have been in rebellion at a child's epitaph which reads thus:

"She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts with grief for her were swellin';
All empty stands her little chair,
She died of eatin' watermelon."

Let not such desecration be allowed in hallowed places. Let not poets practice on the tombstone. My uniform advice to all those who want acceptable and suggestive epitaphs is: Take a passage of Scripture. That will never wear out. From generation to generation it will bring down upon all visitors a holy hush; and if before that stone has crumbled the day come for waking up of all the graveyard sleepers, the very words chiseled on the marble may be the ones that shall ring from the trumpet of the archangel on that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed.

Children's Faults.

There are times when it is wiser for the parent to ignore some mood on the child's part. The part of the parent should be in ever seeking the wise opportunity to impress the child with the virtue that is the reverse of some fault it falls into. Children pass through various phases, and some dragon of a fault that one has been worrying over and planning against, suddenly vanishes into thin air, and is no more. Sometimes one fixes a fault by noticing it too much. It becomes an expression of nervousness. The child repeats the fault through an inability to pass over it. It becomes like a hard word in the spelling-book that he has met before. He recognizes the word without knowing its name, and at the same moment remembers his struggles with it, and the painful impression fills him with nervousness; his mind becomes confused, and he cannot control his thought. It is wise with a fault, as with the hard word, to let it go to escape it. Omit the hard word; avoid anything to excite the habitual fault. Presently the child forgets the fault. It may be said that injudicious parents often create their children's faults. —[Harper's Bazaar.]

Totting: "Here's a story called 'The Politician's Conscience!'" Dimpling: "Short story, isn't it?"—Epoch.

THE BABY BOY.

Enumeration of the Things He Did in a Short Space of Time.

1. Yelled fifteen minutes without taking breath. (Uncle Will declares solemnly that this is a true statement.)
2. Pulled out enough hair from his uncle's head and whiskers to stuff a sofa pillow.
3. Cracked the wallpaper as high as he could reach with a poker.
4. Broke a stereoscope by sitting down on it.
5. Swallowed six buttons and a good part of a spoon of thread.
6. Emptied the contents of his mother's workbasket down the furnace register.
7. Tried to squeeze the head of a cat into a tin cup, and was scratched badly in the attempt.
8. Knocked the head off a fine wax doll belonging to his elder sister by trying to drive a tack into a toy wagon with it.
9. Fell off the edge of the whetstone and brought down with him two costly vases which were ruined.
10. Broke two panes of window glass with a cane which uncle lent him.
11. Fell into a coal hod and spoiled his new white dress.
12. Set fire to the carpet while uncle was out of the room hunting up something to amuse him.
13. Crawled under the bed and refused to come out unless uncle would give him "the molasses jug."
14. Got twisted into the rungs of a chair, which had to be broken to get him out.
15. Pours a pitcher of water into his mother's best shoes.
16. Finally, when he saw his mother coming he ran out to the porch and tumbled off the steps, making his nose bleed and tearing a hole a foot square in his dress.

And yet Uncle Will thinks that boy will make something yet!

A Famous Physician Dead.

Sir Morell Mackenzie, the distinguished English physician, died in London on the 3rd inst. He had been seriously ill with bronchitis for some days, and his death was not unexpected.

Dr. Mackenzie was born in Leytonstone, Essex, in 1837, and was educated at the London Hospital Medical College, and in Paris and Vienna. He founded the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat in Golden Square, London, in 1863. In the same year he obtained the Jacksonian prize from the Royal College of Surgeons for his essay on diseases of the larynx. He was soon afterward elected assistant physician to the London Hospital, becoming, in due course, full physician, and was appointed lecturer on diseases of the throat, an appointment which he held to the time of his death. He was a corresponding member of the Imperial Royal Society of Physicians of Vienna and of the Medical Society of Prague and an honorary fellow of the American Laryngological Association.

When the throat affection of Crown Prince Frederick of Germany assumed such proportions in 1887 that the Berlin specialists were seemingly unable to cope with it, Dr. Mackenzie was requested by the Crown Princess to take charge of the case. His treatment had a beneficial effect and Frederick rallied under it to such an extent that his ultimate recovery seemed assured. In consequence of this triumph the fame of the London doctor became international even among laymen, and the Queen knighted him for his services to her royal relative. Later, however, there was a reaction in the case of the Crown Prince, and though he lived long enough to become Emperor of Germany, he died almost under the hands of the English physician.

The German doctors, whose professional jealousy had been strongly aroused by the calling in of an "outsider," made a fierce attack on Mackenzie after the Emperor's death, accusing him of malpractice, ignorance, and a dozen other things. After pages of this sort of thing had been printed in the Continental and British papers, Sir Morell made a formal reply to his accusers in 1888 under the title of "The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble." In his pamphlet, which was profusely illustrated, he reviewed the case at great length in order to show that he had been perfectly justified in his course of treatment from beginning to end. This publication was so severely criticised by some of his English colleagues that he resigned from the College of Physicians. He was a prolific writer and was the author of a large number of publications on laryngological subjects. His chief work was issued in two volumes, under the title of "Diseases of the Throat and Nose." This has long been a standard work, and has been translated into German and French. Of late Dr. Mackenzie had begun to contribute rather extensively to magazines and reviews.

How She Won Her Point.

"Mary," he said, as he scowled at her over the breakfast table.
"John," she replied fearlessly.
"Mary," he said, "what kind of a breakfast do you call this?"
"I call it an excellent one," she returned bravely.
"You do," he exclaimed. "Well, I don't think a little variety occasionally would be a good thing. Do you realize that this is the third morning that we have had corned beef hash?"
"Certainly, John."
"And that we had corned beef for dinner yesterday, and cold corn beef for supper?"
"Of course, John. You wanted me to run the house as economically as I could."
"And that I ought to plan with more regard for the expense?"
"Certainly, certainly, Mary; but hang it all—"
"I've been following your instructions," "But I don't like corned beef!"
"I know it, John," she said in a business like way. "That's what I wanted last so long. It keeps expenses down splendidly, and if you want—"
"I don't!" he exclaimed. "I don't. Let them run up! You've got too good a business head for anything outside of a boarding house."—Baltimore Herald.

Berlin has 191 common schools with 3,223 classes, and 2,859 class rooms. The attendance on last Jan. 1 was 86,340 boys and 88,878 girls.

A Thoughtful Friend—Mother: "That is a beautiful piece of bronze you have selected for Miss Bangup's wedding present; but why do you leave on the price-mark?" Daughter: "The bronze is very heavy and I do not want the dear girl to injure herself carrying it around the stores so find out what it cost."