

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Sensational Close of a Triple Murder Trial in Paris.

A Paris cable says: The Pranzini trial came to an end at half past six last evening in the presence of a most dazzling bouquet of Parisian notables, artists and demi-mondaines.

Pranzini stood cool and pale, listening to every word uttered by his counsel, and now and then he turned his eyes toward the pretty woman and bewitching toilets that made the courtroom resemble a flower garden.

When the prisoner's counsel, Maître Demange—who is considered at the bar one of the most accomplished rhetoricians since Maître Lachaud—ended his speech with the words, "Pranzini demande la vie avec toutes ses joissances—la vie avec les femmes, la vie avec le jeu," Pranzini stretched out his left arm, and with stentorian voice he uttered:

"Give me death or give me liberty; I am innocent!"

The jury retired, and after an hour and three-quarters' deliberation they returned, with a verdict of guilty as charged, and that the killing of the little girl was without premeditation.

The President, evincing Pranzini ferociously, said, "Pranzini, why are you anything to say?"

Pranzini answered in dry, crisp tones, and with clenched teeth, "Non!"

Then the judge pronounced the death sentence. The ladies cried "Oh! Oh!" and many fainted away, causing a tremendous tumult. Pranzini turned his hands as if he wanted to speak. A dead silence ensued.

Pranzini then muttered, "I swear to God I am innocent!" And this close of the triple murder of the Rue Montaigne.

KILLED IN COLD BLOOD.

Prominent Washington Citizen Killed to Death on the Streets by a Laboring Man.

A last (Wednesday) night's Washington dispatch says: The most sensational murder that has occurred here since the assassination of President Garfield was committed about 6 o'clock this evening on the corner of Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, opposite the northeastern end of the Treasury Department Building.

John J. Kennedy, an attorney and real estate agent, one of the oldest residents of Washington and a personal acquaintance of the President, was walking with a companion, a young man, when he was suddenly struck on the head by a brick thrown from a window of a building on the opposite corner.

Mr. Kennedy fell to the ground, and his companion, who was a white laborer, a few minutes before 5 o'clock Mr. Kennedy left his office, just about 8 o'clock, and he crossed the street to the opposite corner, where he mailed several letters.

He then started to take a car of the Fourteenth street road. When he was about 100 feet from the car, he was suddenly struck on the head by a brick thrown from a window of a building on the opposite corner.

COL. REYNOLDS'S ROMANCE.

Why a Rich South Carolina Took His Slave for a Wife.

A Columbia, S. C., despatch says: A special to the Daily Register from Sumter, S. C., reports the death in that county last Saturday of Colonel William H. Reynolds, in the 75th year of his age.

Colonel Reynolds, fifty years ago, was one of the most promising young men in the State, and was noted for his industry, integrity and active interest in military affairs.

He fell deeply in love with a beautiful young girl belonging to one of the first families in Claremont county, and made suit for her hand. He seemed to be favorably regarded by the girl herself, but her parents had more ambitious views for her, and would not allow her to marry him.

GOVERNING IRELAND.

Lord Churchill Adversely Criticizes the Land Bill—Goschen Defends It—Speeches by Gladstone and Parnell—The House in Kerry—Juries that Work Convict.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: In the House of Commons this evening, Lord Randolph Churchill, resuming the debate on the Land Bill, objected to the Government's proposal to amend the bill.

There was a general agreement, he said, that the bill was a good one, but it was a mistake to put it into the hands of the Government.

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He supported Mr. Dillon's criticisms on the restrictions of the leaseholders' clause, which he hoped the Government would amend.

He did not see that the tenantry would derive any benefit from the clause dealing with evictions. (Parnellite cheer.)

He would fear to entrust Irish agents, the advisers of the landlords, with the powers conferred upon them by that clause. (Cries of "No!" from the Conservative benches and cheers.)

What would have been the state of Ireland if this clause had been in operation last winter? He did not doubt that from one-quarter to one-half of the tenantry would have been in a state of anarchy and disorder appalling to contemplate.

It was not within the limit of physical possibilities to deal with the clause this session. The bill was lighted by throwing it over the banisters.

The bankruptcy clauses were equally objectionable, inasmuch as they would tend to lower the moral tone of the tenantry by producing an immovable mass of litigation.

He hoped the Government, in view of the large number of tenants who were expected to be forced into bankruptcy, seemed to be trying to build up a system of national credit, the basis of a national insolvency.

If the Government, with the Irish members, would agree to deal with arrears and a revision of the judicial character of the bankruptcy clauses, the bill would be deprived of its worst features.

Mr. Gladstone, speaking in behalf of the Government, said that while they would not attempt to disguise the difficulty of their task, they must refuse to buy a single vote by making any concession against their convictions.

Dwelling upon the fact that the bill would be a national credit, he said that the Government would do their best to meet the views of the gentlemen on the other side with regard to the leaseholders' clause.

He defended the bankruptcy clauses, and denied Lord Churchill's assertion that the Government was trying to found a system of national credit.

He said that a revision of the law, as advised by the Cowper Commission, was fatal to the coming land purchase measure.

Mr. Parnell said that Mr. Goschen's policy was to improve the bill, and that the Government would do their best to meet the views of the gentlemen on the other side with regard to the leaseholders' clause.

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LABBY'S LETTER.

What the Jubilee Cost the Queen—Cheap French Wines—The Language of a Fish-frog—Labouchere cables from London to the New York World.

The announcement that the Jubilee hospitalities will cost the Queen upward of £1,000,000, is a very interesting one.

People who are in the habit of drinking cheap French wines under the delusion that they are consuming pure Bordeaux or Burgundy, will be interested to learn that within the last few weeks half a million gallons of Italian wines have reached Bordeaux from Naples and Bari.

Some two hundred thousand gallons of wine were transferred by dexteros means into the hands of the Queen.

Having thought consolation by the abuse of his friends, the Times proceeds to deal with Mr. Gladstone's speech to the American delegates who brought him over the Atlantic.

Mr. Gladstone is described as a Bavarian. Mr. Perry Belmont as a man who wants promotion and is willing to flatter the Irish, and Mr. Gladstone as a man who is a sort of vulgar politician.

The money was raised by charging for admission to dancing and fireworks. As for Mr. Gladstone, his colossal vanity and insatiable thirst for power are well known.

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MRS. STOWE'S GREAT STORY.

The Aged Authoress Tells How She Wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"No, I write no more. I have done, I have done, I have done."

Anything more pitiful, more pathetic, more touching, cannot be imagined than the effect of the above few words, coming in broken and faltering accents from the lips of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

That the bright, beaming face of the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is undimmed and unshaded cannot be longer denied.

Yes, my dear, I loved to write, and I loved to write, and I loved to write.

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THE ARREST OF MISS CASE.

The Incident which has Set England Boiling.

Mr. Newton is a hard-worked magistrate who has the misfortune to reside over a court for the atmosphere of which is saturated with moral effluvia.

It is therefore no wonder that he occasionally his decisions are such as to make men marvel who are so habituated to the poisoned air of Marlborough street.

That he brings the best of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is undeniably a bitter-sweet thing.

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A Square Statement by a Conventer.

"For years I have had chest trouble amounting to nothing short of consumption. I saw how others in like condition had been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and resolved to test its merits in my own case.

It does not claim to be a cure for all chest troubles, but it is a powerful and strengthening agent, and it is a powerful and strengthening agent, and it is a powerful and strengthening agent.

You can get more wind out of a ten cent fan than you can from a \$500 one. It's the same way with a ten cent man—Yankee Statesman.

It is not necessary to buy corn cures. Men and women should remember that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only safe, sure and painless corn remover.

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough, suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clear your nose and throat.

Stowaways trouble English steamers more this year than ever before. To find ten or fifteen of them is a common thing. They make friends with the crew, and the vessels are put away wherever they can be secreted.

A company of Frenchmen are breeding Arabian horses in Dakota.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a powerful, purgative, and cathartic, and it is a powerful and strengthening agent, and it is a powerful and strengthening agent.

As a soothing and strengthening agent, it is a powerful and strengthening agent, and it is a powerful and strengthening agent.

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