

January

THE OTHER FELLOW'S UNCLE.

It was Christmas morning. The sun was shining brightly on the snow-fallen snow. It was just cold enough to freeze.

The sleigh bells were ringing merrily. The children were having a gay time, skating and coasting and playing tricks on passing boys.

One decrepit old man was thrown down by their tricks, and lay so still they feared they had killed him.

Another eye besides theirs witnessed the accident and its cause.

A young girl stood in the bay window of the mansion before which the old man had fallen; another instant and she came running down the marble steps unimpeded by her costly attire, the rich silk that fell in heavy folds about her form, she sank down outside the old man, exclaiming:

"For shame, boys! Come, Eugene, and help me raise him. Nay, he must be carried. Go bring Brown here."

A moment or two later Eugene returned, followed by a large, strong-looking man, who, in obedience to the girl's command, raised and bore to the house the inanimate form of the poor old stranger.

"Gently, gently, Brown! Place him on the sofa; he is very weak."

The old man opened his eyes and looked inquiringly into her face. She explained the accident and was holding a glass of wine to his lips when a servant came in, bearing on a silver waiter a card.

She looked at it and said: "Tell Mr. Grainger I will be up very soon. Ask mamma to entertain him."

A rustle of silken robes, and Mrs. Cameron glided into the room and stood looking with perfect amazement on the scene before her.

"Kneeling beside the lounge, alternately bathing the face and placing wine to the lips of the miserable old man, was the daughter."

"Florence!—who?—what is the meaning of all this?" she asked.

The gentle girl explained and her mother said: "One of the servants could have attended to him. If he is able to be moved now you had better send word to the proper authorities and have him carried to his home or the hospital."

"But, mamma, we are the proper ones to attend him. Eugene and his companions are accountable for his suffering."

Florence's father's disappointment was as keen as his wife's for he felt his foundation trembling, and he knew before long it must fall.

But he was a true, loving father, and would not barter his child's heart for gold.

And so, when William Hartley won Florence, he took her not from a home of luxury, but one as humble as his own.

Years rolled by, bringing with them joy and sorrow, until six had passed.

During the last one clouds had gathered swift and dark over William Hartley and his loved ones, and a Christmas morning, six years after the one when the strange old man was helped by Florence, they were also desolate.

"I wonder what has become of that old man?" said William, during the day. "I called a few days after I took him home to inquire how he was getting on, but he had gone from that place."

"Do you know, William, to that old man's sufferings you are indebted for your wife?"

"That day I saw the difference between you and Carl Grainger. His heartlessness frightened me, and I fled to you, and grew calm and happy," said Florence, while a beautiful flush spread over her face, chasing away the careworn look of a few moments before.

"You fled to poverty, toil, suffering, Oh! my darling, I hoped to have sheltered you from such."

"I fled from worse. Come, cheer up! All will yet be well. I did not tell you the last time you were out I saw Carl Grainger you had forgotten me. I was living now entirely on my expectations."

"Mamma! Mamma! Kris Kringle's coming! See! See! Hurray! Oh! Kris liked to have forgotten me, I guess!" cried little Willie, shouting and clapping his hands.

Florence arose to look out when a knock sounded on the door, opening which she beheld standing before her the old man of whom she had just been speaking.

"Come in! I am glad to see you. Where have you been this long time? And how did you find us?" Florence asked, taking his hand and drawing him in.

"I found very easily what I had never thought of you often, but chose to come to-day. It is a good time to come," answered the old man.

"Come! sit down here," said William, getting up and offering his own comfortable chair.

"Wait a bit. If I sit down I don't want to get up soon. Better know first how long I can stay," answered the old man, still standing.

DEATH TO HER A RELEASE

MRS. PETERSEN KILLED BY HER BRUTAL HUSBAND.

A Life Tragedy Ended by Murder and Suicide—The Murderer is Said to Have Received a Worse Death Before His Final Crime.

The kind of tragedy with which the police records of every large city are filled was enacted on Thursday in a tenement behind Trinity Church, New York City, when Karl Petersen in a fit of drunken frenzy, killed his wife and himself.

For the woman the tragedy was a release. Her whole life for years past had been one of the unending drudgery by which some women support themselves and their families, and of patient submission to the brutality of a husband worse than worthless.

"It was the best thing that could happen to her," said the other tenants who came to look at the bodies. "It was the only good turn he ever did for her. But the poor children. What's to become of them?"

There are five children left orphans by the murder and suicide. One of them is but seven weeks old. Another was born three years ago just before the Petersens moved into the wretched little room on the floor of the five-story tenement at 106 Trinity place.

The other three are 13, 10, and 6 years old. The Petersens lived in three small rooms, which were shared by Mrs. Petersen's brother, Richard Small, Mrs. Small, and her sister, Annie McLaughlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Petersen had been married fifteen years. Petersen was a sailor and was 38 years old, five years his wife's senior. Only Ruth Petersen herself knew what

made her of life. She was a patient, uncomplaining little woman, who never told her neighbors of her husband's cruelty. But they knew, for often, late at night, they heard Petersen's heavy footsteps in unsteady progress up the stairs, and Petersen's voice, hoarse and uncertain with drink, howling curses and threats at his wife, even before he reached his room. At such times, if Small was at home, the husband turned and hurled down the stairs, and the wife dared not beat his wife when her sturdy brother was there. But often Small, who was also a sailor, was away on a voyage.

Then the neighbors heard the sound of his heavy and struggling in the room above, which ended only when sleep overcame the drunken brute, or when the wife, bruised and bleeding, ran for refuge into the street, or to the rooms of some other tenant. Even then she made excuses for her husband.

"I is the drink," she said. "He never would do it when he was sober. But he came home. Once, when he chased her into the street in the middle of the night, she was so drunk she could not see him."

With the club which he held in his hand the police caught him and he was sent to the lock-up for three months. The justice would have made the sentence six months but for the pleading of the wife, who, still clinging to the delusion so sadly familiar to every police court judge, made the often repeated plea:

"If you'd only give him another chance, your Honor, I'm sure he'd beat me right after this."

When Petersen came back from the Island he went on a long voyage on a coal schooner. During that time his wife managed to get a new wardrobe made up by cleaning offices, and despite the drudgery, she would have been quite happy but for the fear of her husband's return. Another lady was to be born to her soon, and her only prayer was that Karl might not get back to share her earnings until the little one had come. A week before the baby's birth he came home.

He dragged his wife from bed and gave her a terrible beating. Before he went out he gave her a final kick, and growled: "I guess I've finished you this time. If I haven't I'll come back and finish you."

That was the last thing she remembered before she fainted. Her sister-in-law lifted her to the bed and got a doctor. It was a rare case, a warlike sailor, and her husband pulled through.

The girl in the next room saw her father draw a pistol from his pocket. The girl buried her head under the clothes to shut out the sight of what was to come, but she could not shut out the sound of a pistol shot that was followed by

A GREAT MORNING CRY and then three more shots. She covered under the bed clothes, waiting for some one to come.

They found Mrs. Petersen lying at the side of the bed where the baby still slept. The second bullet had not been necessary. The first alone was enough. Both entered the brain. The other two shots were for Petersen himself. He had fired the first into his head, and the second into his stomach. His clothes were smoldering from the shot's flame when the police reached the room.

A kindly neighbor took the children to her room until an agent of the Gerry society came for them. Other neighbors, women, sat in the room of death waiting for the coroner to come. There was nothing for the mother to do but to give a permit for the removal of the bodies. They were taken to the Morgue. All the neighbors had something to say of the cruelty of the dead man and the patient suffering of the dead woman.

Even the Police surgeon, who was on guard, remembered that two years ago he was called in to rescue Mrs. Petersen from her husband. She had refused to make a complaint against him, and he had returned to leave the place until the policeman put him out by force. He had come back again the next night, and the other tenants had had to see her husband. Death by his own hand was too good for him, they said, even if he hadn't committed murder.

RUSSIAN COURTS. The Courts Yet Effective Way in Which the Law is Administered in Russia.

In the poorer parts of Russia justice is administered in a primitive yet effective fashion, says a recent writer who had the fortune to be present at a sitting of one of the peasant courts in a government of central Russia. The judges, chosen from the peasants, were unlettered. The session was held in a log cabin—a small, low room. A picture of the emperor decorated the wall, and as in every Russian house, in the corner hung the holy icons. Three judges and a scribe were present. The day was Sunday, a day of idleness for the peasantry. The hall, the judges and the public all had an air of simple dignity, almost of rude majesty.

Two cases were tried. Parties and witnesses, as they entered, bowed low to the holy images. The judges spoke and questioned by turns, or all at once, each loudly expressing his opinion. I admired the patient persistence with which they tried to bring the litigants to an amicable understanding. One case was characteristic.

A woman, a large, robust virago, complained of having been beaten by a man. The man's defense was that the woman had struck him first. Plaintiff and defendant stood before the judges valiantly pleading each his or her case and appealing to their witnesses at their sides.

"Varvara Petrova," declared one witness for the defendant, "has said that when a vevod of vodka she was sure of winning her case."

This statement did not appear to astonish or scandalize the court. The judges gravely nodded their heads, and after a brief rebuke went on with the case.

"Come to terms to make it up between you," the defendant said, "and I will get the parties themselves to suggest a sentence, instead of pronouncing one ex cathedra."

"I am now, Varvara Petrova," said one of the judges, at last, "how much indemnity do you want?"

"Three roubles."

"Three roubles! That's too much. You won't get that," muttered the judge. Then turning to the defendant, "And you, how much are you willing to give her?"

"Nothing," replied the man.

WEAK, NERVOUS & DISEASED MEN. Thousands of Young and Middle Aged Men are annually swept to a premature grave through early indiscretion and later excesses. Self abuse and Constitutional Blood Diseases have ruined and wrecked the life of many a promising young man.

THE FIELD OF LABOR. For Twenty-five Years DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Paragraphs Prepared for the Perusal of People Who Read and Prefer—What Workmen Are Doing in All Parts of the World.

The silk weavers of Lyons, France, are on strike against a reduction of wages. The Kingston Vehicle Company is now a full blast, and before Feb. 1 there will be fifty men working.

During the past year it is estimated that English trade unions have given to strikers in Scotland \$50,000. The Miners' convention, held at California was attended by over 1,000 delegates.

A number of new unions have been organized in the east in connection with the American Railway Union. Mr. John Burns, M. P., of England, the labor leader, has received an invitation to visit Winnipeg from the labor bodies of that city.

The diamond cutters of Amsterdam have gone on strike and are parading the streets which are crowded with strikers and their sympathizers. It is alleged that Secretary John W. Hayes, of the Knights of Labor, at the close of General Assembly, stated that the Order had 300,000 members in good standing.

The Hamilton Trades and Labor Council has decided to hold several public meetings during the coming year to promote the interests of the working classes generally. The Granite Cutters' Union of America have prevailed upon Governor Flower, of New York, to issue an order stopping immediately all cutting of granite in Sing Sing prison.

During the present month the members of the Knights of Labor are celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversary, it being twenty-five years since the first local was established in Philadelphia. The one thousand women cigarmakers who went out on strike some two weeks ago in the city of Mexico against the introduction of cigarette machines are still out and fighting to win.

The United States Congress will be asked at its next session to pass laws for the better protection of seamen. It is claimed that even China takes better care of her seamen than does Uncle Sam. Hebrew bakers of Brooklyn won a strike for better conditions in short order, 21 out of 25 houses signing the scale for an increase in wages averaging 25 per cent, a reduction in hours from 16 to 13 a day to 11, and no more boarding with bosses.

A vote of the ratepayers was taken at Chatham recently to decide whether the town should purchase the plant of the Chatham Waterworks Company. The result was as follows:—For the purchase of the plant, 63; against 553. The by-law was thus defeated by 490 votes. In the event of the rules being accepted the old Central Labor Union will adjourn, since die on Jan. 6 next, and the new organization will come into power. The name of the body will be the Central Organization, and its sessions will be secret, newspaper men being excluded.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones:—"I look upon the organization of laborers as the morning star of the new day, the latest and finest product of social evolution. Let them find each other out, discuss their common interests, discover their mutual obligations, study together the perplexing riddle of

WEAK, NERVOUS & DISEASED MEN. At 14 years of age I learned a bad habit which almost ruined me. I became nervous and weak. My back troubled me. I could stand no exertion. Head and eyes became dull. Dreams and drains at night weakened me.

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