

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEN, PUBLISHER.

WALTER A. YOUNG, a miner employed near Pittsburgh, who some months ago became totally blind, has returned to work, and, with the aid of a son of 14 years, manages to earn a living for the family. He fought at Balaklava in the English army.

Capt. E. D. Ellsworth, son of Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth, who was shot in Alexandria while tearing down a rebel flag at the beginning of the war, still maintains in a pasture in Mechanicsville the horse that belonged to his son, which is now 33 years old.

Ex-Mayor Shelley, of Kansas City, after a call on Gov. Cleveland, in Albany, wrote to the *Kansas City Times*: "I heard it stated that when Cleveland was assessed \$5,000 by the Democratic Committee on his nomination for Governor, he was compelled to borrow \$2,000 of it. His entire worth is not to exceed \$6,000 to \$8,000."

L. RITCHIE, of Bridgeport, Conn., has invented a poisonous air-bomb, which is charged with gases several times compressed and impregnated with poisonous vapors which will prove quickly fatal to any creatures breathing them. With one of them Saturday he killed twenty rats in an inclosure. The bomb exploding will charge a radius of 100 feet with silent death. An army bombarded with such bombs would have to retreat or be annihilated.

ABRAHAM JONES, who died last week in Oregon, had an Abrahamic faith in spiritualism and a good knowledge of geology, and the two combined made him worth \$500,000 once. By his performances as a medium he got many followers, and, some of these being men of means, he persuaded them that a spirit had pointed out a prolific oil field. It was on such representations that the great Pleasantville, Pa., oil field first came to be developed, and Jones got \$500,000 out of it, which he afterward lost in hazardous speculation on the Pacific coast.

A MASSACHUSETTS preacher has been compelled to resign because some of his parishioners, who suspected that his sermons were borrowed, proved such to be the case by carrying certain books to church with them, and comparing the spoken with the printed discourses. To say nothing of the scruples a pastor should have against pursuing such a course of deception, it is strange that the reverend brethren do not consider that discovery is almost inevitable. Even in Massachusetts, which has so large an illiterate population, few congregations can be found in which no members are addicted to habits of reading.

A MEDAL has been struck in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Methodism in this country, and is sold in duplicate by authority of the Bishops. The case opens like a book, and in the central portion, surrounded by velvet, the medal is so fixed that both its sides are exposed when the cover is opened. A pastor reports that he lately found a convert kneeling before it in adoration, using it for an idol. He has heard that such a perversion of the object is common among the negroes of the South, where the medals are held in awe as possessing supernatural qualities.

A CURIOUS forgery of a lottery ticket was recently accomplished in Yucatan. Rosendo Otero, a Cuban tailor of Merida, was favored by the blind goddess of fortune with a half share in the capital premium of the railroad lottery. A sporting man learned the fact, and, making a fac simile of the other half of the ticket, took it to Otero, and on the strength of the supposed ticket bought several thousand dollars' worth of goods and took the balance in cash. After the gambler left, Otero, supposing the ticket all right, had it cashed, and was arrested and imprisoned. The real criminal was overhauled, and Otero returned in liberty to his shears and chalk.

CERTAIN ingenious Parisians are experimenting with an apparatus for utilizing solar heat and using it in lieu of coal. To effect this the sun's rays are concentrated by a reflector, which so moves as to keep the rays focused on a vertical boiler, which is thus heated, producing steam enough to drive a press. In a recent experiment the sun-made steam drove a large press, which struck off several thousand copies of a specimen newspaper. Parties interested in thus obtaining the cheapest attainable heat profess themselves as well satisfied with the first test, and are in high hopes of soon being able to generate steam without coal or any other mundane fuel.

It appears that the men of Arizona, feeling that it is not good for man to be alone, have resolved to encourage feminine immigration. A missionary is re-

ported to be East at present in order to secure marriageable young women for a celibate society of thirty-one members, and if he is successful the tide of winter travel will probably be turned West instead of South this winter. It is to be hoped that the experience of the young women immigrants will not be the same as that of an attractive young Eastern woman who returned from the West a short time ago. "No," I did not find a husband," she said, shrugging her pretty shoulders. "The men go out to grow up with the country and make their fortunes, and when they contemplate marriage they have quite passed their first youth."

THE existence of a cavern in the neighborhood of Beaver Hole, on Cheat River, West Virginia, has been known for years; but it was never explored until recently, when a party of men devoted a day to an examination of the cave. It proves to be a remarkable cavern, or rather a series of caverns, or there are five of them, one above the other. The lower one was explored a distance of a mile, and the upper one two miles. There is a small stream in the lower one, but the upper one is comparatively dry. The rooms are large, and have evidently been cleared of debris at some former period. In one evidence of a fire was found, and remnants of bones, which were brought out and will be sent to an antiquarian for identification. The cave is almost on the line of the new West Virginia Central Railroad, of which James G. Blaine, Steve Elkins, W. H. Barnum, and Senator Gorman are stockholders and directors.

MR. BANCROFT's last revision of his history is now nearing completion, and, when spring comes, he expects to take a rest, for he is now 84 years of age. "He is as bright and cheerful as ever," said a friend who had just come from spending an afternoon with him. "It is perfectly wonderful the health, and vigor, and elasticity, and even boyishness, that that man retains. He is as young in his feelings and habits as most men at half his age. Strong, healthy, cheerful in the extreme, full of talk upon topics of the day, it is hard to realize, except from his very white hair and beard, and the wonderful fund of information which he has accumulated in his long life, that you are talking to a man above fifty-five or six. He is looking forward with great glee to the end of his work of revision of the history. He says he is going to play then for the remainder of his life."

MANY of my readers have seen and heard of John Kelly, writes Joe Howard in the *Boston Herald*, but thousands know nothing of him beyond the general idea that he is a rough, brutal, forceful Irishman, who dominates the chief faction of the Democratic party in this city. Now, as a matter of fact, John Kelly isn't an Irishman. He is neither brutal nor coarse, but, on the contrary, is about as mild-mannered and well-behaved an American-born citizen as walks the streets of his native town, New York. I have known John Kelly a great many years, and have frequently been brought in violent contact with him, but I have never known him to do a rude, an unmanly, an uncourteous act, and he is one of the few men in this country who have achieved what the psalmist regards as a peculiar thing in life, having conquered his own tongue, which, according to the inspired writer, is better than having captured a city. Mr. Kelly was on the other side of the street, bowling along at the rate of seven miles an hour, when I pointed him out to the boys. Every one said in different language, "Do you know him, and why can't we speak to him?" I instantly crossed Broadway, and was greeted with characteristic cordiality, as were my young friends, each of whom I introduced by name to the grand sachem of Tammany Hall. As we conversed, the others looked on with unfeigned interest. Mr. Kelly is nearly six feet tall, and very heavy built. He probably weighs considerably over 200 pounds, and possibly 250. He has a square-built head, covered with thick, short cut hair. He wears his beard, which is inclined to carotness, very close clipped.

A Dutch Fish Auction. A fish auction in Holland is one of the oddest things in the world. As soon as a boatman reaches port with a load of fish the fact is announced by the sounding of a gong. Those desiring to make purchases repair to the beach, where the fish are piled up in little heaps. The owner then proceeds to auction them off. Instead of letting the purchaser do the bidding, as is done in this country, he does it himself. He sings out a price at which he will sell the lot. If no one takes it he comes down by easy stages till within what the purchasers are willing to pay.—*Troy Times*.

In the city of New York alone they drink between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000 gallons of excellent California and other native wines under the belief that they are imported from France, being duly accredited with a French label. The proportion of European wines imported, as against American wines produced, is about 5,000,000 gallons European against 35,000,000, the products of our own vineyards.—*Chicago Herald*.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—The American Starch Works, at Columbus, have reduced wages 10 per cent.

—Four men broke jail at Indianapolis by climbing on a ladder to a ventilator in the roof.

—A fire at Lawrenceburg destroyed the shops of the Bauer Cooperage Company, valued at \$50,000.

—Miss Eva Esham, a schoolmistress at Medora, was fined \$30 for whipping a boy until the blood came.

—Indianapolis seems to have a peculiar and annoying affliction. The *Journal* of that city says: "The smoking hogs have again taken possession of the late street cars."

—Ted Carver, son of Morgan Carver, residing near Florence, seriously wounded himself while placing a cocked revolver in his pocket. The ball entered the right thigh, and was extracted near the knee.

—The Board of Commissioners of Montgomery County have effected a settlement with the bondsmen of J. G. Dwiggins, the defaulting Treasurer. As settled, the board accepted two notes signed by the bondsmen—one note for \$7,000, payable on or before March 1, 1885, and one note for \$8,000, payable on or before Dec. 1, 1885, with 8 per cent. interest after maturity. This settlement fully and completely releases the sureties from further liability on the bond.

—Prof. John T. Smith, a prominent Republican, of New Albany, was astonished a few days ago by receiving notice of his appointment to a \$1,500 clerkship in the War Department, which he had never asked for. It appears that he had been asked to prepare an article for the *Century* on civil service, and in order to gather data for it he applied for examination when the commission met in Louisville. He passed with so much credit that an appointment followed; but he will probably not accept.

—The best iron ore and the largest quantity that has been found in this part of the State, says the *New Albany Ledger*, is on the old Tabler farm, west of the city. The iron is what is known as the kidney ore, and is found in a stratum of ironstone outcropping from the knobs. It exists in large quantities and the ore is the best of its kind—superior to the ore found in Perry County, and fully up to the standard of the same ore found in Martin County. It is estimated to be 60 per cent. in purity.

—The State Board of Health made its annual report. Of its annual appropriation of \$5,000 the Board expended \$4,993.69. Every county in the State has a local Board of Health, and each has sent in quarterly reports with commendable regularity. In a few counties the Commissioners permit the positions of local health officers to be filled by the lowest bidders, regardless of qualifications, thus making the quality of cheapness the ruling, and, possibly, the only cause for his selection. Referring to the survey of county asylums for the poor, the report says: "Although they have no maniac patients, yet in 83 per cent. of the asylum restraints are used upon these poor unfortunate. Many of them are cribbed, many tied, others chained—some in dark cells, others in strong rooms; some fastened to the floor and wallowing in their own filth, others in pens and stalls; many are confined in strait-jackets, and in one asylum for the poor, situated in a county adjoining the capital of the State, an insane woman spends her time in solitary confinement in a cell or coop of iron. True, the erection of new insane asylums will relieve this distress; but, under the care now received, this class must suffer greatly during the time required for the erection of the new hospitals." Considerable space is devoted to the survey of county prisons and school houses. The entire report will make a book of over three hundred pages, and its information will be useful.

—The thirty-fourth annual report of the hospital for the insane has been submitted to the Governor. It shows that there were in the hospital at the beginning of the fiscal year, 600 men and 496 women; 403 men and 505 women were admitted, making a total of 908; there were 284 discharged from the department for men, and 89 from the department for women; 112 patients died—81 of the men and 31 of the women; the whole number under treatment during the year was 1,003 males and 1,001 females, making a total of 2,004; the average number daily was 1,207, and the expenses per capita \$177. A year ago restraints by cribs, straps, anklets, handcuffs, collars, chairs, camisoles, leather mittens, were generally discarded, and gradually both patients and attendants have learned to do without them, and "all parties," the report says, "agree that the hospital is more homelike and comfortable in their absence." The report of the Board of Trustees is brief, but substantially the same as that of Superintendent, except the financial exhibit. The estimated value of the real estate is \$1,407,150, and of the personal property \$164,744.63. Of the \$745,000 appropriated for maintenance \$213,665.47 was used for that purpose, while \$7,628.75 was expended for permanent improvement. The total expenditure was \$221,294.22, leaving a balance of \$23,705.78. Of the repair fund, \$7,500, the sum of \$10.20 was expended; and of the clothing fund, \$12,000, there remains \$2,776.85. Other small balances are reported.

—J. Q. McVaine, Trustee of Jackson Township, Marion County, has disappeared. His accounts are short \$4,000; which he lost in grain operations on the Chicago Board of Trade.

—Charles Hale was carried home at Lafayette with a broken leg, which so frightened his wife that she fell in a swoon, and died in a short time.

—Typhoid fever is unusually prevalent in New Albany and vicinity.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Woman's Greatest Beauty.

[A prize was offered by a New York journal for the best short poem on woman's greatest beauty. The following were received with many thanks.]

HER DIMPLED SMILE.
A rounded chin and dimpled cheeks
In woman are beguiling;
Her beauty I do most admire
When I behold her smiling.

HER SWEET SYMPATHY.
I deem the greatest beauty
Of womankind to be
In soothing, troubled, weary ones;
In angel then is she,
Her love so pure, so true, so kind,
In all its beauty rare,
That heaven and earth both look with joy
On beauty that's so fair.

HER SPEAKING EYES.
Woman's sweetest beauty lies
In her modest, meaning eyes—
Eyes that mark the spotless life
As a maiden or a wife.
Eyes that show her heart within,
Free from treachery, free from sin,
Eyes that tell her soul most kind,
And her cultivated mind.
Eyes whose glances speak too plain
Of her rich and fertile brain;
Eyes whose looks are only care,
Telling "masters" heed, beware!
Eyes whose language ever pleases,
Eyes that keep the tongue at ease.

HER GRACE OF MIND.
Of womanly beauty you ask me to choose
The choicest and fairest of kind;
This much I can say, without aid of the muse,
'Tis the beauty and grace of the mind.

HER GREAT HEART.
Woman's eyes are soft and tender,
Woman's lips are sweet and calm;
Woman's hands are white and slender,
Woman's smile brings healing balm;
But a woman's heart is the treasure,
Speaking through eyes, lips, and smile;
Woman's heart, her greatest beauty,
And plenty of it—that's my style.

PURE WOMAN'S LOVE.
Woman's greatest beauty is love,
'Tis tested, of time's season,
It endures, like a rose that blooms,
But withers if forsaken.
Then blest is he by whom 'tis nursed—
By God 'twas made and given,
There is no other beauty than
Pure woman's love—'tis Heaven.

AS A WIFE.
A woman's greatest beauty
Lies not in face or form;
But in a loving, trusting heart
She holds her treasure warm.

IN CHARITY'S PURE MISSION.
How grand and true her life!
But her greatest charity
Is found in the sweet word—wife.

WOMANHOOD AND HONOR.
A woman's beauty lies within
A tinted cheek or dimpled chin;
A laughing eye or chisled nose,
A rounded form or graceful pose.

Yet deeper far her beauty lies,
In being modest, good, and wise;
No fairer jewel or was found
Than womanhood with honor crowned.

Questions in the Catechism.

The rector was paying a visit to the Sunday-school, pausing there to make a suggestion and to ask a question.

"Eddie, do you know your catechism well?" he asked of a little fellow in the infant class.

"Guess so."

"Well, let's see. Who made you?"

"God."

"Very good. Now, who was the first man?"

"Don't know," and then, after a pause and a look of innocent self-satisfaction, "but mamma says you're the handsomest man in town."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Resolving Her Doubt.

She had just joined the church and was reading a missionary paper after meeting hours.

"John," said she, looking up anxiously, "I have just given a quarter for home mission purposes. I hardly know the difference between home and foreign missions. Please tell me which one I'd better patronize."

"That depends on your inclinations, my dear."

"What do they do?"

"Do! Why, they say that the home missionaries live upon the people."

"Yes, and the foreign ones?"

"Here the process is reversed, and the people live upon the missionaries if they are fat enough."

French and English.

The Frenchwoman is more graceful and piquant than the Englishwoman, but she is less healthy and less fresh. She has livelier eyes, a prettier mouth, a better figure; but her skin is less fair and clear. Walking, bathing—this is the secret of the beauty and healthfulness of Englishwomen. They fear neither shower-baths nor draughts. They sleep with open windows, and in the morning they deluge themselves with cold water. In winter the more timid take a sponge-bath, and rub themselves from head to foot to stimulate circulation, till the skin cries for mercy. The appetite, thus sharpened, they go down to breakfast fresh and vigorous, make a hearty meal of eggs and cold meat, and then start for a country walk and a game of lawn-tennis.—*Max O'Rell's new book*.

Women and Finances.

Although hundreds of women hold positions of financial trust in the country, we have yet to hear of one of them being guilty of embezzlement or defalcation. The evidence clearly sustains the position of those who believe that women are qualified, morally, physically and intellectually, for the handling of money in stores or in banks. General Spinner, who first introduced women into the United States Treasury, left on record a striking testimonial to the efficiency and integrity of the sex, and no one ever had a better opportunity to study the question than he, who at one time had 1,000 women under his direction, engaged chiefly in handling money. He testifies that they count more accurately and rapidly than men; that their ability to detect counterfeits proved to be superior in almost every respect; that they were, without an exception, honest, and were invariably more careful and painstaking in their work.

Complaints of inaccuracy and carelessness on the part of men were made frequently during General Spinner's administration of the United States Treasury, but such complaints against lady clerks were few. The shrewdest and quickest detectors of counterfeit currency were women, and, in case of dispute as to the genuineness of money, General Spinner invariably took the judgment of a Miss Grandin, who was for a long time employed in his bureau. In speaking of her ability in this particular one day, General Spinner said: "If I were a believer in clairvoyance I should say that she possessed that

power; but I am not, so I call it instinct." Although there are several thousand women employed by the Government as clerks, accountants, postmasters, and in other capacities, not one has ever proved unfaithful to her trust. Many have been discharged for incapacity and for other reasons, but never one for dishonesty.—*Albany Journal*.

Criticisms from Under Bonnets.

A student of human nature who attended a popular concert recently was filled with joy and wonder by the display of learning made by two ladies sitting behind him. The student did not know a great deal about music, though he felt reasonably sure of telling the difference between a funeral march and a galop, and consequently he drank in with great avidity the free instruction which came from behind him. The conversation began when Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture was half played.

"How funny! Do you hear anything of the flute?"

"Not a thing."

"Well, if I had been writing an overture about a flute I would have made the instrument more prominent."

"So would I; but just look at the fur on that woman's cloak!"

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Yes; I wonder how much it cost."

"What, the overture?"

"No, the fur."

"Oh, I meant the music."

"Oh, yes, of course. What are they playing now?"

"Here it is, 'Airs de Ballet, Orfee et Eurydice.' It has a dance of the furies in it. I shouldn't think furies would want to dance."

Then there was silence for a little space. Soon the band played the allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. When it was finished one lady said to the other:

"How sweet and simple!"

"Yes, but that wasn't the symphony; a symphony is longer than that, I know."

"Well, what was it?"

"Why, this thing here, see? 'Dance of the Furies.'"

"Oh, yes, that's what it must have been."

Soon a young lady appeared and sang two Schubert songs.

"I don't think much of those songs, do you?"

"No; but they say he is a great songwriter."

"I don't see it. Now they are going to play the overture to 'William Tell.'"

"What is that instrument that is beginning it?"

"Goodness gracious, dear! don't you know? Why, that's a bass violin."

Silence reigned until the lovely English horn solo began.

"What kind of a thing is that playing now?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. It isn't a clarinet, is it?"

"No."

"It's a bassoon, I guess."

By and by the orchestra began Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette." It begins with a tutti passage, ending with a crash on the cymbals. The two ladies jumped.

"My goodness! That don't sound like a funeral march, does it?"

"That's what's on the programme."

"Well, the man must have died suddenly."

The band played Weber's "Invitation a la Valse." The rapid, loud passage which precedes the soft and gentle close deceived the audience. They thought the piece was ended and applauded. Then, when the music continued, they were surprised.

"That's just like Theodore Thomas. He's always trying to do something smart. He did that on purpose, I know he did. See him laugh! I knew he was trying to be smart. He just thinks he has done it, now!"—*Exchange*.

Near Enough.

During the campaign of the First Regiment at Santa Rosa the pickets found considerable difficulty in preventing the men from absenting themselves without leave—a circumstance for which the mint-juleps of the town bar-rooms and the large contingent of pretty Santa Rosa girls—small blame to them—were chiefly accountable.

One particularly sultry evening, while the sentinels were pacing their beats with their tongues fairly hanging out of their mouths with heat, and wondering whether the pirates in the mess-tent would drink every last drop of beer before the "relief" came, one of the guards observed a private approaching, who was staggering along under the combined load of much conviviality and an enormous watermelon under each arm.

"Who goes there?"

"Er—hic—er fren," responded the truant.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"Hain' got no—hic—countersign," amiably replied the private; "but I'll er—hic—give yer er—hic—watermelon."

Pretty soon the officer of the day came round and said to the sentinel, who was absorbed in munching a huge piece of watermelon stuck on the end of his bayonet:

"Did Perkins pass you just now?"

"Yessir."

"Did he give you the countersign?" inquired the Lieutenant, taking a bite himself, as the man presented arms.

"Well, no, sir," said the sentinel, confidently. "The password was 'Cholera,' but he said 'Watermelon,' so I passed him and put the other half in your tent."

"Did, eh?" mused the officer. "Hum! watermelon, eh? Well, I guess that was near enough!"—*San Francisco Post*.

At a convent where light literature is forbidden: "My child, what are you reading?" "The life of one of the saints, sister." "What saint, my child?" "St. Elmo!" Sister passes on to the next dormitory.

A COUPLE of verse, a period of prose, may cling to the Rock of Ages as a shell that survives a deluge.—*Bulwer Lytton*.

THE Bible has just been translated into Zulu.

FRESH HAPPENINGS.

The Mignonette Cannibals Sentenced to Death in England.

An Arkansas Train-Robber's Confession—Two Great Women in a Napoleonic View.

The Captain and Mate of the Mignonette Sentenced to Death.

[Cable dispatch from London.]

Capt. Dudley and Mate Stephens, of the wrecked yacht *Mignonette*, who were found guilty of murder in killing the boy Parker for food to keep themselves alive, have been sentenced to death. It is believed they will certainly be pardoned. The scene during the pronouncing of sentence was most impressive. The room was crowded. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge read the judgment of court, citing authorities at length. The court declared that taking of human life could only be justified on the plea of self-defense. The commission of murder for the sake of preserving one's own life was unjustifiable. Of course it was a duty to preserve one's own life, but the duty often required one not to save but to sacrifice his own life. The court must apply the law and declare that the prisoners were guilty of willful murder, for which there was no justification. If this judgment was too severe the court must leave the prisoners to the clemency of the crown. The prisoners were asked what they had to say before sentence was pronounced. Both Capt. Dudley and Mate Stephens pleaded for mercy, in view of their terrible situation when the deed was done. Lord Coleridge said it was the jury's privilege to recommend prisoners to mercy, and then he sentenced them to be hanged, but without the black cap.

The Secretary of State for the Home Department advises the Queen to respite Captain Dudley and Mate Stephens.

[The yacht *Mignonette*, thirty-three tons burden, sailed from Southampton for Australia May 19, 1884. June 11 she foundered during a storm in the Indian Ocean. Capt. Dudley, two seamen, and a boy named Parker escaped in a boat, but had no provisions except a few turnips, and were wholly without water. By the twelfth day their food, including a turtle which they had caught, was exhausted, and their sufferings from thirst were maddening. The boy Parker was wasting away, and the others hungrily watched his approaching dissolution. The twentieth day, after the party had been without food for eight days, the Captain hastened young Parker's death by opening a vein in his arm. The three survivors eagerly drank the boy's blood as it gushed from his arm, and they cut his flesh from his arm and ate it uncooked, but with some degree of moderation. The Captain kept the body and served out to himself and the two sailors such rations as were necessary to preserve their lives. They prolonged their wretched existence in this way until July 5, when they were rescued.]

An Arkansas Train-Robber Confesses.

[Little Rock special.]

The confession of Joseph Cook, the ring-leader of the train-robbers who successfully side-tracked the passenger train and plundered the seventy-five passengers on the Arkansas Valley Railroad in the outskirts of the city Saturday night, tells the story of the latest daring train robbery.

"There were four in the party—Clifford, Parker, Frank Kline, and myself. We first commenced to plan the robbery a week ago. We studied out and arranged matters in Kline's room on Centre street. I was chosen Captain. After the robbery we walked straight to Little Rock, stopping on the way to burn our masks. Reaching the city we separated. I accompanied Kline to his room, where the swag was divided. We placed it in small sacks and hid it. He then named a coal-shed and a vacant building, where it was concealed. The officers easily found the plunder, which consisted of twelve gold and silver watches and \$520 in bills and silver. The property is being returned to the owners as fast as identified.

Cook has resided here some time, and is well known. He is a native of Austin, Tex. Clifford is a railroad man, and came here three weeks ago from Chicago. His home is at Nashville, Tenn. Parker is a boy 16 years old. His parents are esteemed residents of Little Rock. Frank Kline, who effected his escape, is a carriage-trimmer, and belongs at Logansport, Ind. At the preliminary examination the prisoners were remanded to jail, and bail fixed at \$10,000 each. The penalty for the crime in the State is seventy-seven years' imprisonment.

Six Persons Cremated.

[Pittsboro, Pa., telegram.]

Fire broke out last night in the house occupied by Frank Barlow in Park Place, a small mining village sixteen miles from this city. All efforts to arouse the sleeping family from their slumbers were in vain. Several miners, who ran from their work at toll colliery, broke open the door, but were driven back by the heat of the now raging fire. All hopes of reaching the sleeping apartments of the Barlow family were then cut off. While Barlow's house was burning the spectators were obliged to stand there and witness a most heartrending sight. In the vain attempt of Frank Barlow to save his two children the father in his night clothes appeared at the second-story window. He raised the sash and threw one of them—a boy 9 years of age—to the ground below. He attempted to then save the others, but was overcome by the heat and smoke. The heroic father swayed to and fro for a moment and then, with his arm still held in one arm and clinging to the window sash with the other, he sank down into a seething mass of flames. The horror-stricken spectators watched the doomed man grasping the window sill until his arm burned off at the wrist and his body disappeared from sight. When the building fell it was the fiery sepulcher of six unfortunate victims.

The Attorney Generalship.

[Washington special.]

A meeting of the Missouri delegation to Congress was held to take action in the direction of urging Broadhead for Attorney General under Cleveland, but it was practically a failure. Senator Cookrell opposed the movement, saying he had joined with the other Democratic Senators in recommending Senator Garland for Attorney General, and, therefore, he could not in due Broadhead or any other man for that place. The delegation could not be brought to any harmonious action, and it was finally decided to defer action upon the matter for several weeks.

Beating the Record.

[Chattanooga (Tenn.) dispatch.]

Less than twelve months ago Mrs. Hugh Blair, of this county, gave birth to three children, all of whom are living and in good health. Saturday evening the same lady gave birth to two boys and a girl, making six children born to her in less than a year.

[Quebec (Ontario) dispatch.]

Mme. Fidele Vaillancourt, of Kamouraska, Ontario, has just given birth to her thirty-seventh child.

You can buy human steak and chops in Dahomey butcher shops.