

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BY PERTINAX.

'Twas night in Babylon, and the full moon,
Like silver, glistened in the eastern sky;
The season of the year was balmy June,
And perfumed zephyrs were gently fanningly.

The night was glorious, and overhead
The stars, like gems, seemed strung on silver thread.
Within the palace walls was revelry,
"And beauty and brave men were gathered there."

The proudest scions of Syria's chivalry,
Decked in their garments rich beyond compare;
And every soul seemed brilliant and bright,
In tone, in keeping with the perfumed night.

Belshazzar sat upon a throne of gold,
Men bowed to him as if he was a god;
Brave warriors, who in the field were bold,
Shook like a girl at the king's angry nod;

Belshazzar was a tyrant, and his breath
Decreed at will the greatest subject's death.
Belshazzar feasted with his concubines—
The richest wines of Syria freely flowed;

Gay forms were decked with rubies from the mines
That Nature had on Syria bestowed;
So lavish had the hand of Nature been,
No feast like this on the whole earth was seen.

The feast was lagging, when Belshazzar cried:
"Bring forth the sacred vessels, fill them high
With the best wines within my vaults espied."
To-night we drink, to-morrow we may die.

I mean the vessels sacred to the Lord—
The prizes taken by my father's sword.
"When my great father to Judea went,
And killed the Israelites with spear and sword,

He brought the people captive to his tent
And spoiled the temple built unto the Lord;
My gracious father did what'er he pleased—
He all the golden holy vessels seized.

"Our 'god,' great Baal, hath never been de-
spoiled,
His votaries flourish like the Syrian date;
His temple's altars never were freely flayed—
He was, he is, the arbiter of fate.

Fill you the sacred goblets to the brim,
We bow to Baal, honor and health to him!"
The blessed vessels Solomon had made
Were brought in filed with the rich Syrian wine,

And all their storied beauty was displayed
Unto the gaze of each foul concubine,
Who tempted Heaven by actions we may die,
Nothing should shock—nothing should cause surprise.

The King had seized the cup, and his full lips
Had almost tasted the red wine within it;
He sees a sight his senses doth eclipse;
He reels, staggers, and falls down that minute.

What was it made him lose his brain's command?
He saw writing an unattended hand.
He gazed, with palsy shook, the courtiers' eyes
Followed the lines of vision to the wall;

They saw the hand still writing, and surprise
And fear their braven senses did appal.
"What is the meaning of this dreadful thing?
Does it mean death to us, or to the King?"

"Bring in the magi. Let them the writing see,
Let them decipher what the writings mean."
Then from the banquet hall the guests did flee,
O'ercome with terror at the unusual scene.

The magi came and looked, but could not tell
Whence came the words, from Heaven or from Hell.
One came unto the King and thus he spoke:
"There is in Babylon a foreign youth;

He is a Jew; his vows he never broke;
He worships 'God,' and always speaks the truth.
I think, oh King, that he could tell to thee
What means the writing on the wall we see."

Daniel was brought within the banquet hall;
He saw the writing, and was sore amazed;
He read the words translated upon the wall,
Then on the King he, sorrowing, mournful, gazed.

And said: "Oh, King, this fateful message reads,
'Thou and thy house are given unto the Medes.'"
Belshazzar's days were numbered at that time;
"God's" vengeance was decreed against his head;

He had been tried and found guilty of crime;
Whom "God" condemns may be accounted dead.
The next day's sun saw Babylon city to'en;
The King and all his family were slain.

over half of my forehead, but my nose
and the rest remained white. There it
stopped, and began spreading down-
ward over my body.

Then we noticed a difference in it.
From being natural the black skin be-
came velvety to the touch, like it some-
times is on a large mole or birth mark.

Oh, but I was a queer-looking body
then, but I became so accustomed to it
that I became careless about a veil, and
would stupidly wonder what the matter
was when people would cry out at sight
of my hideousness.

Then father took me to Paris. It
was on the steamer that we made Dr.
Kane's acquaintance. He was a young
man, but already had gained some rep-
utation.

He had become convinced that he
had much yet to learn, so had thrown
up a lucrative practice, to walk the
Paris hospitals a year, or perhaps two.

My strange case at once interested
him. He asked questions until he
knew as much about the matter as I
did.

He examined the black growth closely,
and eventually owned himself puzzled,
as had many famous men before him.

I liked him immensely, and, in my
merry unconcern, turned much of his
questioning into ridicule.

Soon after our arrival in Paris a great
medical convention took place, and one
day Dr. Kane came for me.

Only a few of the celebrities had ever
heard of anything similar, and were
unanimous in the opinion that there
was no cure. I must go piebald all my
life.

We returned home, and father sold
his possessions in Charleston. We hid
ourselves in a pretty New York sub-
urb.

Dr. Kane returned a year later, and
our curious friendship was renewed.
He was very kind to me, was often
at our house, rode, drove, and walked
with me, spending as much time as he
could spare from professional and other
duties.

He was always studying over my case,
and tried many experiments, all to no
purpose.

I took a good deal of quiet comfort
that summer. I was not happy.
God help me, I never could be happy
again, for I loved Harry Kane.

Sometimes I thought he cared for
me, but that was when we were riding
or driving, and I was closely veiled—
when he could not see my very hideous
face.

Along in the fall he was called away,
and would be absent some months.
Soon after his departure I first became
conscious, by physical sensations, that
the blackness was a disease.

A stinging, burning sensation began
wherever there was a spot of color. I
suffered tortures.

Every cooling, soothing lotion imag-
inable was resorted to, advice was pro-
cured, but naught availed to allay my
suffering.

It lasted months. For many nights
I never slept, and at length brain and
nerve gave way, and I died.

Strange assertion to make, you say.
Yes, I did, or the people thought I
did. But every sense remained acutely
alert—save feeling and breathing.

I knew my body grew rigid, and cold
as ice. I knew when I was arrayed for
the grave and placed in my casket. I
knew the peril I was in; that of being
buried alive; but the rest from that
agonized suffering was so exquisite that
all else seemed of little moment.

I heard, as one hears from afar, the
voice of a man of God speaking words
of comfort to my sorrowing friends. I
heard the solemn "dust to dust" rattle
upon my coffin, then sank to a total
unconsciousness, as one sinks to a sweet
sleep.

My next sensation was cold, awful,
deadly cold, and a feeling of numb-
ness. I could not stir, or open my
eyes, but feeling had returned to my
whole body.

Every part of it tingled and ached,
and my hands and feet felt like blocks
of ice.

Presently I felt hands grasp me and
extend me on what seemed a board.
Loud exclamations in different voices
reached my dulled ears; then a dead
silence followed.

It was broken by a voice that—ah,
God!—had power to call me from the
dead.

"What is the matter, gentlemen?" it
asked, and footsteps approached me
and paused beside me.

"Good God! Esther!"
Oh, how I struggled to break the in-
visible bonds that held me.

"Esther, Esther! Oh, my God! Dead,
dead!" the dear voice moaned,
and he passed a caressing hand over
my poor mottled face.

As it lingered against my lips I kissed
it lightly, involuntarily.
A great cry escaped him, and he

bent closely over me. I felt his breath
upon my face. His lips touched mine.
Then I lived.

Had it been really death, instead of
trance, I must have come to life then.
He loved me!

I opened my eyes, gave one quick
glance about, then cried out in terror.
Around stood many strange men, all
watching and listening intently. The
room seemed large and long, and was
lit by many lamps. Grizzly skeletons
hung here and there, and seemed to
grin in ghastly mockery at me.

"Dr. Kane!" I cried, finding my
voice, "I am afraid! Take me away!"
He was white as death, and trembled
so he could scarcely speak.

"Gentlemen, this is a strange way to
find a dear friend, and a queer ending
to our lecture, but I thank God for it."

I was shaking like a leaf, my teeth
chattering. I seemed dying of cold,
and no wonder. I lay upon the dis-
secting-table, with a covering but my
shroud, and had lain for hours in a fire-
less room.

Taking me in his arms he carried me
to an adjoining room. Two elderly
physicians aided him in restoring
warmth to my almost frozen body.

Then the burning, itching sensation
began again, and putting up my hands,
I rubbed my face vigorously.

Imagine the amazement of us all
when the black skin peeled off like a
mask.

Dr. Kane's eyes gleamed like stars.
Well, to make a long story short, in a
few days all the diseased skin was
gone, and I was as fair to look upon as
ever, and oh, how proud and happy!

My body had been stolen from the
grave and shipped to Chicago. Dr.
Kane was to have lectured to the stu-
dents that night. You know the rest.

Father and mother were like crazed
people over my recovery, and could
scarcely believe the fair-skinned girl
Harry Kane so proudly introduced
was the mottle-faced one they had so
sorrowfully buried a short time before.

It was not long before I became
Dr. Kane's happy wife, so there is
nothing more to tell, only that years
have passed and no signs of my strange
disease have ever returned.

Don't Hear Everything.
The art of not hearing should be
learned by all. It is fully as important
to domestic happiness as a cultivated
ear, for which so much time and money
are expended. There are so many
things which it is painful to hear, many
which we ought not to hear, very many
which, if heard, will disturb the tem-
per, corrupt simplicity and modesty,
detract from contentment and happi-
ness, that every one should be edu-
cated to take in or shut out sounds,
according to his pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion,
and calls us all manner of names, at
the first word we should shut our ears,
and hear no more. If, in our quiet
voyage of life, we find ourselves caught
in one of those domestic whirlwinds
of scolding, we should shut our ears as
a sailor would furl his sails, and, mak-
ing all tight, scud before the gale. If
a hot and restless man begins to in-
flame our feelings, we should consider
what mischief these fiery sparks may
do in our magazine below, where our
temper is kept, and instantly close the
door.

If, as has been remarked, all the
petty things said of one by heedless or
ill-natured idlers were to be brought
home to him, he would become a mere
walking pin-cushion stuck full of sharp
remarks. If we would be happy, when
among good men, we should open our
ears; when among bad men, shut them.
It is not worth while to hear what our
neighbors say about our children, what
our rivals say about our business, our
dress, or our affairs.

The art of not hearing, though un-
taught in our schools, is by no means
unpracticed in society. We have no-
ticed that a well-bred woman never
hears a vulgar or impertinent remark.
A kind of discreet deafness saves one
from many insults, from much blame,
from not a little connivance in dishon-
orable conversation.—*Treasure Trove.*

The steam-gauge should be so placed
that the pressure can be read from any
part of the engine-room, and it should
be known to be correct at all times.
Governors should always receive very
careful attention to insure their proper
action. If they are allowed to run dry
or become gummed by accumulations
of dirt and grease they will lose all
sensitivity of action and not properly
control the speed of the engine. The
foundation of a chimney is no place in
which to get rid of the bats and other
refuse brick that may have accumu-
lated. It is safe to watch the builders
very closely, and see that they do not
put that kind of material in the chim-
neys they are building for you. Boilers
do not improve by standing idle. They
will rust very rapidly. An idle boiler,
like an idle man, soon wears out.
Sharp chisels should not be used to cut
the scale off from a boiler sheet. You
will cut the plate and do more harm
than good. Use a light hammer. A
belt that is slipping and refusing to do
the work that is put upon it can be
made to act all right if the pulleys
over which it runs are made larger.
Check valves that get stuck open can
be closed by a slight tap of the ham-
mer. But when they stick at all they
should be opened as soon as the pres-
sure can be shut off and thoroughly
cleansed.—*Power-Steam.*

To get the oil out of a grindstone,
make the stone as hot as safety will
permit, and then cover it with a paste
of whiting and water. The mixture
will soon become filled with oil, when
it may be scraped off and the process
repeated until all the oil is extracted.

VICTIMS OF GRIM JUSTICE.

The Wives and Little Ones of the Condemned Chicago Anarchists.

Women and Children Who Will Be Widowed and Orphaned by the Hangman.

[CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.]
"It is a trait of human nature, as universal as it is admirable, to extend sympathy to the families of men who meet with misfortune or are led into crime and up to the prison door or gallows' step."

"Can't you tell us something about the families of the condemned anarchists?" is an oft-repeated inquiry these days. One of the prisoners has already gone to the penitentiary, and the other seven are slowly approaching the gallows.

These circumstances seem for the moment to divert public attention from the men themselves and from the crime for which they have been adjudged to suffer death to those who are to become widows and orphans.

So much has been printed denunciatory of the prisoners and of their doctrines that the reader is not very well prepared for good words on behalf of the wives and mothers who have these many months ministered, so far as lay in their power, to the comfort of the condemned.

The conduct of Mrs. Lucy Parsons in preaching anarchy from one end of the country to the other, and in declaring that, although she "looked into the hereafter through a noose," she would continue to proclaim herself an anarchist, has not produced a public feeling favorable to her; while, on the other hand, the eccentricities of Nina Van Zandt, who by a proxy marriage became the wife of Spies, have produced much more ridicule than sympathy. Notwithstanding these circumstances, a majority of the wives and mothers have kept themselves out of the newspapers by very properly attending to the duties of wife and mother.

A grief too deep for tears was portrayed in the countenance of a young, neatly dressed woman who was seen emerging from the County Jail with two beautiful children clinging to her skirts. Old, kind-hearted Jailer Fols looked wistfully at the retreating group as he returned to his duties.

"There's a subject worthy of sympathy. Poor woman; in three weeks she is to wear a widow's crape and her three babies destined to become orphans."

The unfortunate mother had just been paying her regular morning visit to her husband, Adolf Fischer, one of the condemned anarchists. Some of his comrades were still chatting with their little ones and their faithful wives, who have these many months ministered, so far as lay in their power, to the comfort of the condemned men.

But they have come and gone in a quiet way, without flaunting their grievances by expressions of wild vituperation against the "capitalistic system." They have been patient sufferers, hoping against hope, suppressing all outward signs of resentment, if they ever entertained any, against the authorities.

And the current of public sympathy is rapidly directing attention to the families of the anarchists, whose domestic relations a casual inquiry into prove exceedingly pathetic.

There is, for instance, the blighted life of Mrs. Johanna Fischer. Her maiden name was Plantz. She was born in Baltimore in 1860, and married her stoic husband in St. Louis when she was but twenty years of age.

They settled in Chicago in 1888. Mrs. Fischer is a woman of quiet manners, rather inclined to be reserved, and she knows nothing of the doctrines of anarchy, in the propagation of which her husband came to face the gallows, and has never interested herself upon any of the questions of any sort. She is the mother of three children, the youngest having been born Oct. 10, 1895, the day following that upon which Judge Gary pronounced sentence of death upon several prisoners.

Hence her life has been full of family cares and duties. To these she has applied herself with motherly devotion, and has won for herself the kindest regards of all her neighbors. Her parents reside in St. Louis in comfortable circumstances, and are highly respected by the better class of Germans in that city.

Although twenty-seven years of age, she looks much younger, notwithstanding the terrible ordeal which she has passed through during the past eighteen months. But her moment of greatest anguish must have been when she received the message that the court had decreed Adolf Fischer suffer the penalty of death.

When she had been partially reconciled, she pressed the news-bearer babe to her heart and asked: "Is it a boy?"

The nurse affirming her query, the poor mother exclaimed: "Thank heaven, then his name is Adolf."

When the little incident above related was told the condemned father a few hours later, the hardened man was touched to the heart. Tears dimmed his eyes, but he was unwilling to expose his emotion, and walked off to his cell without uttering a word.

The Fischer children are admired by everybody as particularly bright and pretty. Emma is five and a half years old, but she is so tall that she looks much older. She is a brunette, has soft, rich, flowing hair, and a pair of hazel eyes that sparkle like diamonds. The second child is a boy named Charley. He is nearly three years of age, and has been a most witty talkative child. The baby, Adolf, has now attained the age of one year.

Less than five years ago Mrs. Schwab, then Miss Schnaubelt, came to Chicago with her brother Rudolph, who, according to the theory of the State in the anarchist trial, was the bomb-thrower of the Haymarket. Her husband, Michael Schwab, was assistant editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* up to the time of his arrest. They have two children, Ida, who will be four years old next Christmas, and little Rudolph, who is nearly two years of age. Mrs. Schwab is a large woman of imposing carriage, and very good-looking.

Ida and little Dolph have been daily visitors at the County Jail, and have always been permitted to run within the jail proper to play with their unfortunate father. Mrs. Schwab is very proud of them and has kept them dressed in the latest fashionable fashion. They are exceedingly lively children, and so pretty that they are loved wherever they go. It is their habit of entering the outer door of the jail to make a stampede for the visitors' cage, yelling "Papa! Papa!" at the top of their voices. Schwab comes forth in a dejected manner to meet them, and fondles them with manifest deep fatherly affection.

Mrs. Fielden is an Englishwoman, considerably under the medium size, with a pleasant, blushing face and a shy, diffident manner. Her life from the very start has been in an atmosphere entirely opposite to that of anarchy.

To see her and talk with her is ample proof of this. She is one of the most innocent, harmless, and domestic of women, and domesticity which has fallen her husband has almost crushed her, and she is believed by some of her nearest friends that she cannot possibly survive his execution.

Her eldest child, Alice, is five years old, and a very attractive little thing she is. Mrs. Fielden frequently takes her alone to the jail, and when allowed to go before the bars she invariably goes up to her father's cell and ransacks his clothes for candy.

It seems that before his imprisonment he was in the habit when returning from work of taking her candy or fruit, and permitting her to hunt for it in his pockets. She still remembers it, and of course is too young to comprehend her father's trouble. He is very fond of her, as well as his little boy, who bears his name, and who first saw the light on the day previous to that which Judge Gary pronounced sentence of death upon him.

Lucy Parsons differs essentially from her sisters in misfortune. She has taken active part in the labor movement before the Haymarket trouble as an agitator, both on the platform and in the press. She has marched in labor processions, and has carried the red flag in the face of the police more than once. In short, she was one of the boldest of the anarchists, and was never known to occupy a place in the rear rank on any occasion when the battle raged hottest.

But with all her impetuous temper, there is not one of the anarchists' wives who has shown a more unflinching devotion to her husband since the trial began than Mrs. Parsons.

They have two bright, intelligent children, one a girl ten years of age and the other a boy of seven. She resides in a humble tenement on Milwaukee avenue and is a regular visitor to her neighbors as an industrious, faithful wife and mother.

Lulu is a smart, precocious little girl, with sparkling black eyes and a smiling face. She is fond of her books and is making rapid advancement with her studies.

Albert, who is named for his father, is a lively boy, with large, bright, hazel eyes. He sees everything, and persists in getting an explanation of everything. The mother, who, since the condemned man's incarceration, has been thrown upon her own resources, keeps her children neat and tidy and well clothed, and seems to be thoroughly devoted to them. Since his conviction Mr. Parsons finds it almost too much for his fortitude to receive his children in the presence of visitors, and they are generally brought to him at an early hour when there are but few people around.

Oscar Neebe's three half-orphaned children are the wards of their aunt, the wife of Louis Neebe, since their mother died of a broken heart last March. On one of the walls of their cozy, comfortable home hangs her portrait, which they cherish with much childish affection.

The eldest of the Neebe children is a girl of thirteen, named Lillie. She is the picture of her mother, with long, luxuriant golden hair that falls down to her waist. She has bright blue eyes, a handsome face, and already possesses womanly graces much beyond her years. She has been attending school for six years, and has made very commendable progress.

Nettie, the second child, is eleven years of age. She resembles her father, and possesses the same disposition. Young Oscar Neebe attends the Franklin Street school, and is a noisy, good-natured boy, who enjoys a decided propensity for all sorts of fun.

Engel has a wife and a considerable family of children, most of whom have grown up, married, and settled by themselves. He has one daughter, a pleasant miss of about seventeen, who takes frequent turns with her mother visiting in the jail.

Spies is married, but by proxy, and of course has no family.

Ling is the only unmarried of the condemned, but several young ladies are devotedly attached to the handsome young anarchist.

BASE-BALL GOSSIP.
Notes of the Game from Base-Ball Centers Throughout the Country.

Chicago beats all the clubs on home runs. Philadelphia actually beats Detroit on earned runs, getting 477, Detroit 472, Chicago 445, New York 442.

During the year the Detroit made 935 runs; Philadelphia, 837; Chicago, 807; New York, 814; Boston, 794; Pittsburgh, 621; Washington, 600; Indianapolis, 610.

The Chicago made 78 home runs during the year; Detroit, 61; Philadelphia, 43; New York, 48; Boston, 53; Washington, 52; Pittsburgh, 20; Indianapolis, 30.

Off Chicago pitchers during the year 1,139 base-balls were made; off Detroit pitchers, 1,139; off Philadelphia, 1,176; off New York, 1,056; Chicago and New York did not appear to lack good pitching.

Indianapolis is the tail-end, but she made a larger number of double-plays during the year than any other League club, getting 133. Detroit 100, Philadelphia 80, Chicago 105, New York 96, Boston 69, Pittsburgh 87, Washington 91.

Chicago fielders made a greater number of assists during the year than any other club, the figures being: Chicago, 2,139; Detroit, 1,866; Philadelphia, 1,903; New York, 1,919; Boston, 2,017; Pittsburgh, 1,731; Washington, 1,935; Indianapolis, 1,906.

The Detroit sluggers generally "found the ball," only 248 of them striking out during the year, against 351 Philadelphians, 305 Chicagoans, 332 New-Yorkers, 365 Bostonians, 363 Pittsburghers, 373 Washingtonians, and 346 Indianapolisians. Four hundred and thirty-three earned runs were made off Detroit pitchers and only 360 off Chicago pitchers.

Chicago fielders make a good many errors during the year, leading all the clubs but three in this respect. The figures are: Chicago, 1,033; Detroit, 871; Philadelphia, 924; New York, 1,019; Boston, 1,149; Pittsburgh, 841; Washington, 881; Indianapolis, 1,162.

Talk about a harmonious team, the St. Louis Browns present a fine example how not to harmonize. There are a half-dozen players in the world-beating aggregation who are not on speaking terms. Still the champs play good ball just the same.

Basset, of the Indianapolis, sets an example to professional players which it would be well for them to follow. He saves his salary, except his more living expenses, and now has a nice sum in the bank to set himself up in business when his ball days are over.

It is said that Hornung, Burdock and Sutton, of the Boston team, would like to make a change of base in 1898, and that they are in that respect are to be granted. These players would cover three points in the New York team very desirably in 1898. Burdock wants to play there badly, and Sutton would cover third base for New York as it has not been since Hankinson was in the team.

A FAST man is very slow when it comes to paying his debts.

DARK AND FAIR BY TURNS.

BY RYE JOHNSON.



I was truly a start-
ling experience, this
that I am about to
relate, and I try to
forget it. But Dr.
Kane has requested
me to write a de-
tailed account, so I
shall let the world
share it with him.

My name in those
days was Esther
Dane, my home in
Charleston, and I
worked in a printing office.

My father was well off, but I had a
passionate love for my work, type-
setting, and worked in the office of a
popular daily, much against his will.

The summer I was eighteen I became
afflicted with a singular disease. I was
very fair, with gray eyes and golden-
brown hair. Those who cared for me
were kind enough to call me fair to
look upon, and I loved my own face
because it gained love from others.

One day I discovered a small black
spot upon my right ear. I wondered
over it very much, and when I saw it
grow from day to day, spreading over
my entire ear in a few weeks, it made
me feel terribly.

I arranged my hair in a way to hide
it, but when it spread upon the side of
my face I gave up my place and went
home.

Father was frightened nearly to
death over my strange appearance, and
could scarcely believe it afforded me no
pain or inconvenience.

He would have me see a physician,
so at my entreaty he took me to a great
doctor in New York. We carefully
concealed our identity, for I was very
sensitive over the matter then.

The case puzzled the learned man,
and in fact we journeyed from city to
city, puzzling every one we visited in
turn.

Some talked learnedly, using a string
of unintelligible medical phrases. But
none prescribed a remedy. All the
time it grew and spread, until half my
face was covered.

Our constant travel, and seeing so
many strange doctors, and hearing the
matter so fully discussed, had cured me
of my foolish sensitiveness.

Of course I would not go out with-
out a veil, but I ceased to worry and
cry over it, and could even make merry
about it. I remember telling a Chicago
doctor, when my face was about
equally divided into two colors, that I
was a big dose of "art and art."

My chin became wholly black, and