

SPELLED IT "NINTY."

ORTHOGRAPHY LEADS TO A THIEF'S DETECTION.

Robber of Mail Boxes Captured in Ohio Confesses His Crime—Light Catch of Behring Sea Seals Is Predicted for This Year.

Adroit Thief Caught.

Timothy Hogan, who has eluded all of the secret service men of the country and the detectives of many cities, as well as several private agencies, for the last year, was arrested at Westerville, a village about twelve miles north of Columbus, O.

SEALS SCARCE AND WILD.

Light Catch in Behring Sea Predicted for This Season.

The sailing fleet out of San Francisco this season is very small and the outlook is not encouraging. Captain O'Leary of the schooner Geneva reports that seals are very scarce and wild and the weather very unsuitable for sealing.

REVIVAL OF SLAVERY METHOD

Young Negro Sentenced to Be Lashed Every Day for a Month.

A sentence just passed by the Atlanta, Ga., city court upon Joe Lee, a 10-year-old negro boy, is a great deal of comment. It is that he be confined in the city stockade and whipped by one of the officers every day for thirty days.

Pike's Peak Murder Arraigned.

At Colorado Springs, Colo., today, the jury in the case of Shirley D. Chamberlin, charged with the murder of Herbert H. Kay of Wisner, Neb., on Pike's Peak in August last, brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree.

Bullet Wound in His Head.

William H. Heath, manager of the Central Electric Express Company of St. Louis, was found dying in a hospital from a bullet wound in the head.

Sunday Deeds of Trust Void.

The appeal of Hill, Fontaine & Co. of St. Louis, from a decision of the United States Circuit Court which granted their suit against Henry C. and Laura Hite to foreclose a deed of trust has resulted in an affirmative judgment in favor of the defendants in the Court of Appeals.

Clara Nevada Is Lost.

The report of the loss of the Klondike steamer Clara Nevada, with all on board, is confirmed by the news brought by the Canadian Pacific railway steamer Islander.

Coaches for Both Races.

The separate coach bill has passed the Legislature of South Carolina. It requires railroads to furnish separate but identical accommodations for first-class passengers for both races.

Missouri Bank Robbed.

Early the other morning burglars blew open the safe in the Farmers' Bank at Sheridan, Mo., securing \$2,000 in cash and nearly \$1,000 in negotiable paper.

Explosion Destroys the Maine.

At a quarter of 10 o'clock the other evening a terrible explosion took place on board the United States cruiser Maine in Havana harbor. Many were killed or wounded.

New Strike in Blue Jay Mine.

Another rich strike is reported as having been made in the Blue Jay mine of Morrison Gulch, a tributary of Coffee creek, Cal., by the Groves brothers.

Distinguished Geologist Dying.

Sir William Dawson, one of the most distinguished geologists of the world, and formerly at the head of the McGill university, is dying of paralysis at Montreal, Canada.

Boxing Stopped in St. Louis.

Acting President Lewis of the St. Louis Board of Police Commissioners, has issued a fiat to Chief of Police Harrigan, stating that public sparring or boxing exhibitions are a violation of the laws of Missouri.

May Be Murder.

Joseph Keller, chief of police of Terrell, Texas, is a prisoner in the Dallas city jail and is likely to have to answer to a charge of murder.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER XII—(Continued.)

The woman was waiting to see her in one of the ante-rooms. Lady Caraven's generous heart was touched as she looked at her, she was so thin, so worn, with a face so white and so sad, and great despairing eyes; her clothes were a thin, shabby dress and a still thinner and shabbier shawl.

"Did you want me?" she said, in a low, gentle voice. "I am Lady Caraven. Did you wish to see me?"

"I will indeed, if I can. If I can help you, I promise that I will. What is the matter? You must not fear to tell me. I can understand the sorrows of others, and feel for them."

"I hardly know how to tell you, my lady. It is not the earl's fault. None of us blame him; he does not know it. It is all Mr. Blantyre's doing."

"But what is it?" she asked, gently. "You forget that I do not know."

"My husband—a fine, strong, handsome young man—was killed here in the woods two years ago; he was a keeper, and there was a fight with the poachers—my husband, John Woodruff, was killed. My lady, a fine, handsome young man, my lady, and we had three little children. I was fetched to him after he was hurt. He had been struck with the butt-end of a gun, and the doctor said that the moment he was moved he would die. So his companions fetched me to him, my lady—me, with my three little children; and we saw him in the early dawn of the morning, lying in the clover, dying—dying, my lady—the dear lad, who had never given me an angry word. We knelt down beside him and he tried to raise his head to look at the children for the last time; but he could not see them—his eyes were dim, he groped with his hands, as though he was in darkness. He neither saw them nor me, but he knew that I was there."

"Ellen," he said—and even in dying the words sounded quite clear—"Ellen, you have been a good wife to me. I am losing my life for a few birds of my lord's; but he will see to you. The earl will see to you—he will never let you want. And all the men standing round him said: 'That is right enough; the earl will never let you want.'"

"But, my lady, it was the keepers who buried my husband—I think the earl forgot him. We lived then in a little cottage, one belonging to the earl; and my lady, since my husband's death I have lived there—I do not know why—rent free. Living there has been my livelihood. I have had no rent to pay; and every week he gave me a few shillings by taking in washing for the people at Court Haven. So, my lady, the little cottage has, after a fashion, kept me and my children. But now a paper has come to say that henceforth we must pay rent—four-and-sixpence each week—for the place; and my lady, if I pay it, I shall not be able to buy bread for my children to eat."

"But you shall not pay it," said the young countess.

"Oh, my lady, bless you! If you would but speak to the earl for me! He is young, and he does not think—he does not know, if you would but speak to him for me!"

"I will do all I can," said the countess; "come and see me again in three days' time from now."

And Lady Caraven placed in the thin hand that which made the widow's heart beat fast for joy.

"Lord Caraven," she said that evening, "I have a favor to ask from you—a great favor. Will you grant it?"

"Then she told him. Her heart sank as she saw his face grow dark and angry."

"Which of the servants told you that woman was here?"

"Will you tell me why you wish to know, Lord Caraven?"

"Yes; the moment I know I shall dismiss him without a character, for disobedience."

"If he disobeyed you," she said, "I am sorry for it. But pray do not allow that to induce you against my petition."

"He turned round angrily. 'Plainly speaking, Hildred,' he said, 'I have quite the enough annoyance with my tenants without interference from you, and I cannot allow—'

"Lord Caraven," she interrupted, eagerly, "do believe me—I have not the least wish to interfere, but this poor woman—if you had seen her pale, hungry face and sad eyes."

"It is easy enough to look hungry," he said, impatiently.

"Her face flushed, her eyes shone brightly. 'Let me ask you, my lord,' she said, 'have you ever remembered that all this wealth was given to you, not for your own especial self-indulgence, but in trust for the poor and the needy?'

"I should like you to tell Blantyre that," sneered the earl. "I have never remembered anything of the kind."

"Then let me tell you it is true. I would sooner be the poorest beggar turned from your door than I would be you, with your title, your estates, your wealth, your dead conscience, and your dead heart."

And with an air of dignity, the young countess swept from the room, leaving him dumb with rage.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was a humiliation for Lady Caraven when Mary Woodruff came again, to tell her that she had failed in her mission—that, even at her solicitation, the earl had refused the little boon she asked. She would have given much if she could have shown even to this poor widow some proof of his desire to please her—but she could not.

thing like this, with a serene light on her brow. Her anger, her impatience, her bitter contempt and dislike seemed to fall away from her, even from that one look at his face. She rose suddenly into something nobler than a weeping, vengeful, unhappy woman.

"You are going away, Hildred—you can bear it no longer? Poor child! You may run away and leave your home, Hildred; but that will be a commonplace ending. Do that which is nobler, higher, better—reign yourself, submit to your fate and make the best of it. As a handsome and noble woman use your influence with your husband to rouse him from his slough of Despond into a higher life."

"How can I influence Lord Caraven?" she asked.

"You can do it by patience and perseverance. Say to yourself that the task of your life shall be to make him a good man. Instead of running away from it, devote yourself to it. There is much said of woman's mission—let that be yours, and surely that can be no higher or holier mission than to rouse an indolent man to a sense of his duty, a selfish man from his self-indulgence."

"But how could I do it, Raoul?" she asked.

"You could do it in some fashion. The well-being—may the very souls of men lie in women's hands. Here is a lifelong task for you—a glorious mission, a noble work. Give your life to your husband—to the task of awakening him to a sense of his duties—to the task of making him a good man and a useful member of society, a conscientious steward of great wealth, a just and kind owner; teach him how to be kind and just and merciful, help him to lead a fair and noble life. Could any woman wish for a more glorious task than this?"

"Some of the light that shone on his face was reflected on hers."

"It would be a noble task," she said, thoughtfully. "Could I accomplish it, Raoul?"

"With perseverance and self-control that would amount to heroism you might," he replied. "You must be the sculptor who, from a mass of qualities, good and bad intermixed, must try to produce a perfect character."

"But," she said, doubtfully, "he does not love me."

"That does not matter. I profess that he will love you in the end—that when you have roused his soul from its sleep it will turn to you naturally as the sunflower turns to the sun. And an almost saintly enthusiasm shone on his face."

"She caught his hand and kissed it. He saw her face lit with a bright, earnest light shone in her eyes."

"I have always loved this little pleasure," she said. "I shall love it better than ever again. It will seem almost like a church to me."

"Why like a church?" he asked, with some amusement.

"Because one of the best sermons I have ever heard has been preached to me here," she replied. "I have learned a lesson which shall never be forgotten. I will walk or touch a crimson carnation without thinking of you, Raoul, and all that you have said."

"Then he watched her as she went from the bed of matronette to another, looking eagerly for the choicest sprays, holding her hand as if she were afraid to lose it, and sweet, pathetic eyes."

"Will this do, and this?" she asked as simply as a child. "Oh, Raoul, I hope he will not be angry—I hope he will be pleased! I shall tell you how I get on. I am another minute of the beautiful face had disappeared, and Sir Raoul was left in the pleasure alone."

"A man might lay down his life for such a woman as that," he said, with what was almost a sigh.

CANNIBALS' QUEER ACTS.

Statistics in regard to the practice of eating human flesh.

Manuscript recently discovered in the neighborhood of Cairo gives some interesting information in regard to cannibalism. For thousands of years the fashion of eating human flesh prevailed in Cairo and the adjoining country.

The object, however, was not to satisfy hunger, but rather to honor the dead. Only the arms and legs were eaten, and for all we know to the contrary the remaining portions of the bodies were treated with becoming reverence.

"Taking this established fact as a starting point, Flinders Petrie, the eminent English archeologist, recently set himself to study the psychology of anthropophagy, and he was soon in possession of several other equally remarkable facts. For example, he learned that of every hundred persons who eat human flesh twenty do so with the object of honoring the dead as well as of securing their good will, and thus obtaining for themselves perfect happiness in the next world. Such is the custom of the Thibetians, as well as of the Australian and South American aborigines. The Thibetians were especially vengeful to hold most impressive religious ceremonies while the cannibalistic feasts were going on.

The Samoides do not hesitate to eat their parents, and in defence of their conduct they maintain that the dead will thus live more happily and together more comfortably in the future life. In ancient times certain tribes invariably ate their deceased friends and relatives, as they considered that it would be a monstrous thing to hand them over to the tender mercies of the worms. All cannibals, however, are not actuated by such unselfish motives. According to a writer in the Journal des Debates, many cannibals eat human flesh with the object of obtaining direct benefits thereby. Thus we are told that nineteen per cent. of them eat the most stalwart warriors who fall in battle, with the hope of increasing their own courage and that they also eat dead children, with the object of thus recovering their lost youth. Again, ten per cent. eat their nearest relatives through religious motives, since they hope thereby to escape the wrath of the gods. Moreover, five per cent. eat human flesh because they hope in this manner to punish those whom they are eating.

There is room for much further investigation in this direction, and those who know Mr. Petrie are confident that he will in the near future discover many more equally interesting facts regarding cannibalism.

A landlord's duty to use reasonable care to protect the property of his tenants from injury by the elements while repairing a roof or putting on a new one at his request is held in Wertheim vs. Saunders (Wis.), 37 L. R. A. 146, to be one which he cannot delegate to an independent contractor so as to be relieved from liability if the contractor is negligent.



George Washington, the First President of the United States, was born on Bridge-Creek, Westmoreland County, Va., Feb. 22, 1732, and died at Mount Vernon, Dec. 14, 1799.

WHERE WASHINGTON WAS BORN.

Monument Marks the Birthplace of the Father of Our Country.

A monument in honor of George Washington now marks the place of his birth. In 1895 Congress appropriated \$11,000 in furtherance of the project, but not until July 4 of the following year did the unveiling take place.

The monument stands fifty-one feet above the cement foundation, the monolith shaft rising 40 feet 4 inches above the base. The shaft springs from a foundation fourteen feet square and eight feet high. Dressed down the shaft weighs about thirty-six tons. Above this rises the stone of the first base, twelve feet square and one foot eight inches high. On this rests the second base, nine feet three inches square and three feet high. Above this is the die upon which the inscription is cut, and this is six feet six

inches, then a grieved expression came over his face and he slowly rose and with great dignity retired from the room. This was the last experiment they made upon Gen. Washington."

WASHINGTON'S POLITENESS.

A Very Pleasant Anecdote of the Great American Gentleman.

In the Century there is an article by Martha Littlefield Phillips, giving "Recollections of Washington and His Friends." The author is a granddaughter of the youngest daughter of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, and she tells the following story in the words of her grandmother, concerning a visit of the latter to Washington at Philadelphia.

"One incident which occurred during that visit was so comical in itself, and so characteristic of Washington, that I recall it for your entertainment. Early in a bright December morning a droll-looking countryman called to see the President. In the midst of their interview breakfast was announced, and the President invited his visitor, as was his hospitable wont on such occasions, to a seat beside him at the table. The visitor drank his coffee from his saucer, but lest any grime should be on the snowy damask, he scraped the bottom of his cup on the saucer's edge before setting it down on the tablecloth. He did it with such audible vigor that it attracted my attention, and that of several young people present, always on the alert for occasions for laughter. We were so indiscreet as to allow our amusement to become obvious. Gen. Washington took in the situation, and immediately adopted his visitor's method of drinking his coffee, making the scrape even more pronounced than the one he reproduced. Our disposition to laugh was quenched at once."

MRS. WASHINGTON'S BEDTIME.

A Homelike Picture Described in Mrs. Wharton's "Martha Washington."

MRS. JAMES GIBSON, who frequently visited Mrs. Washington when, as the President's wife, she resided in Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States, gives a homelike picture of the first lady and her favorite granddaughter. Mrs. Gibson's language is quoted by Miss Wharton in her "Martha Washington."

"Mrs. Washington was in the habit of retiring at an early hour to her own room, unless detained by company, and there, no matter what the hour, Nellie (Miss Curtis) attended her."

"One evening my father's carriage being late in coming for me, my dear young friend invited me to accompany her to grandmother's room. There, in some little chat, Mrs. Washington apologized to me for pursuing her usual preparations for the night, and Nellie entered upon her accustomed duty by reading a chapter and a psalm from the old family Bible, after which all present knelt in evening prayer."

"Mrs. Washington's faithful maid then assisted her to disrobe and lay her head upon the pillow. Nellie then sang a verse of some sweetly soothing hymn, and then, leaning down, received the parting blessing for the night, with some emphatic remarks on her duties, improvements, etc. The effect of these judicious habits and teachings appeared in the granddaughter's character through life."

When Washington Was Young.

The stagecoach rolled along its way, On tireless axle hung, The speediest travel of the day When Washington was young. A wheel in fallow wax imperiled Its feeble lumbering dung To light the darkness of the world When Washington was young.

But thirteen States and thirteen stars Historic poems sung, With principles of honor taught When Washington was young.

That selfsame flag-to-day is fraught (O'er seventy millions swung) With principles of honor taught When Washington was young.

Grand history lessons are enrolled In Nellie's letter dung Hurrah, then, for the days of old, When Washington was young! Chicago Post.

When Washington Took the Oath.

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removed and underneath it was found an old platform, which the members believed was that of the Senate chamber, and they argue that there is little or no room to doubt that upon these boards George Washington was inaugurated President.

The historical associations of this building, and particularly of the room in which the old platform was found, are thus briefly recorded on the tablet placed on the Chestnut street wall: "In this building sat the first Senate of the United States of Representatives of the United States of America. Here in George Washington was inaugurated President March, 1783, and closed his official career when here; also, John Adams was inaugurated second President of the United States March 4, 1797." Philadelphia Ledger.

ORIGIN OF DUELING.

The Practice Arose in Anglo-Saxon Countries in 659. The Wager of Battle, which, first instituted by the Lombards in 659, was introduced into England by William to supersede to some extent the old ordeals by fire and water, was the origin of duelling in English-speaking countries. Whichever the itinerant judges held pleas, such as were convicted of murders, felonies, or breaches of the King's peace; through having been taken in the very act, were condemned to undergo the ordeal by water. When, however, the prisoner was brought to trial, "charged only by the voice of public fame or at the presentation of a private individual," he might plead not guilty, and declare his readiness to defend his innocence with his body. In this case the combatants, provided with a leather target and a stout sword all in length, were compelled to fight till one was either killed or unable to continue to combat, or the night supervened. This law was still in force at the commencement of the present century, and enabled Abraham Thornton to escape his just desert for the murder of May Ashford. In the court of chivalry the combatants, armed with sword and dagger, and clothed in defensive armor, fought till one was either disabled or cried "craven" when he "was stripped of his armor on the spot where he lay, was dragged by horses out of the lists, and immediately hanged or beheaded in the presence of the marshal." The first recorded battle by single combat was that fought between William II., in 1086, between Geoffrey Baynard and William, Earl of Eu, when the latter, being defeated, was blinded, and suffered mutilation.

WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS.

Old English Building Dates from the Seventeenth Century. Washington Hall, in Durham County, England, which was lately sold under the hammer, with the adjoining grounds, for \$2,025, was the early home of the ancestors of George Washington. The building dates from the early part of the seventeenth century, and it was erected by William James, Bishop of Durham.

It is of stone, having mullioned windows and a bold projecting porch. A large outstanding chimney is at one corner of the house. The building is now fast falling into ruin. The Washington family occupied the old manor for five centuries before the hall was built.

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William de Wessington's name appears as witness to the charters of the Bishop of Durham between 1269 and 1274, and Washington Irving has traced to the Wessingtons of Durham George Washington's ancestry.

Bobby's Reason.

"I know that Washington was true. And good, and a British too. And never once lost hope—that is. When things went wrong he just kept cool. But what I like him for is this: 'Cause on his birthday there's no school.—Household.

Quite Different.

"Tis said he could not tell a lie, George W., noble youth, With him my son George does not vie; He cannot tell the truth.—Judge.

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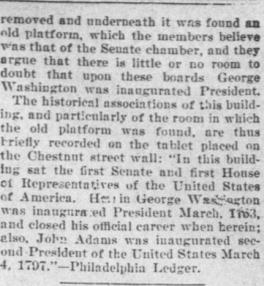
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Imitating George.

Fond Papa—Now, my little son, I hope you will never forget this story that I have told you about the immortal Father of His Country, and that you will strive to follow his noble example.



Fond Papa (next day)—What the— Boy—I couldn't find any cherry trees, Pop, so I cut down a couple of rows of apple trees instead.

The British crown is made up of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and emeralds, set in silver and gold bands. It weighs 39 ounces and—pennyweights, try. In it there are 3,452 diamonds, 273 pearls, 9 rubies, 17 sapphires and 11 emeralds.

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