

A CASE WITHOUT A PARALLEL.

A Girl who has Lived 163 Days Without Food and Eight Weeks Without Drink.

A Fort Plain, N. Y., letter says: Miss Kate Smith, who has gone without food for 163 days, was very low to-night, but is still conscious and talks. Miss Smully was a dress-maker, and when able to work had plenty to do. She is 20 years of age, and was naturally bright and intelligent. Two years ago last July she was taken ill, and was compelled to remain in bed. She improved somewhat, and was able to be about, but in October was compelled again to take her bed, and has never since been able to leave it. The first approach of the disease was trembling and shaking of the right hand, followed by involuntary motion of the right leg and foot. At length her head had a sidewise movement to the right. The doctors diagnosed the case as St. Vitus' dance. The usual remedies were applied, but with no benefit to the patient. She grew worse, and the motions, at first confined to the limbs on one side, seized her whole body. The motion was first perpendicular, and like that of a person sawing wood, only not so violent. In time, to this motion was added one partly rolling, and the two were combined. Lately the motion has been rolling only. She rolls constantly, moving her entire body from side to side with a regularity of a pendulum at the rate of fifty per minute. This motion is perpetual for twenty-two or twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, and is wholly involuntary. For an hour or more—never over two—in the night she sleeps from sheer exhaustion, but is awakened by the slightest noise. The moment that she awakens the ceaseless rolling begins, to stop only when, worn out, she again sinks to rest.

Some thought the constant moving was voluntary. One physician sat by her side for three hours, during which time there was not the slightest diminution of the rolling. Another physician said he could stop it if he wished, and, seizing her by the shoulders, held her tightly a few minutes, but the instant he released her hold her body resumed its motion. She feels the result of this treatment yet, and says that there is not a spot on her person that is not sore. The weight of a pin is actually painful and cannot be endured. Her arms are larger and harder than one would expect for a young woman of her size in perfect health. To the touch they indicate strong muscles. In fact, all the muscles of her body are well developed. This is accounted for by the constant motion of her body, which keeps them in exercise. Another remarkable thing about it is that she has not on her person any bed sores. In most cases where persons are confined to their bed for a long period sores show themselves and become very troublesome. In her case, though she has not left her bed since a year ago last October, there is none. Since January let she has not been able to raise her head from the pillow. About three months ago she began to have trouble with her eyes, and a strong light was painful to her. She now lies in a dark room and wears blue glasses. The color of the glasses contrasts strongly with the pale, white face and snowy bedding.

During the early part of her sickness she relished delicacies, and the neighbors sent in such little dishes as they thought would please her. Her appetite was not ravenous, still she ate as much as an invalid ordinarily would. At length solid food distressed her, and since March 11th she has not eaten a morsel. For some time she was able to drink either milk or water, and drank two or three glasses each day. After a time she could not drink milk, and water only was taken, and that in small quantities. At length she could not drink even water. One day she drank a glass of water and was seized with convulsions, and for two days was in terrible distress. Her body bloated until it measured nearly twice the natural size about the waist. For eight weeks she has not swallowed a drop of water or other nourishment. Attempts have been made to give her a teaspoonful of water, but it invariably brought on convulsions and great distress. Every exertion seems to blast her. Long conversations cause her to turn purple and bleed. She has no desire to eat, and her thirst is satisfied by holding water in her mouth and ejecting it. This she does several times a day. Her stomach feels full, as though she had recently eaten a hearty meal. Her sickness is accompanied by no delusion whatever, and her mind is clear and rational. She would be glad to eat if she could, and, at the request of her physician, has made attempts to eat or drink, but with the result described. All efforts to feed her in other ways than by mouth have proved futile. There is no denial of the fact that for 163 days at noon to-day she has not tasted food, and that for eight weeks she has not swallowed. Her case stands without parallel. Dr. Zoller, attending physician, says she looks as though she had normal dropy. Dr. Ayers thinks it is a peculiar form of St. Vitus' dance.

What She Called It.

"Your sweetheart always bores you with her singing, I understand, when you call on her," said a Somerville young man to a friend the other day. "She does," was the mournful reply; "she does; sings all the time. It wouldn't be so bad if she had a good voice, but it's a regular screech." "A sort of vocal mania she's got, I suppose?" "Well, you may call it a vocal mania if you like, but I call it a sort of yell-fer-fer."—*Somerville Journal.*

During the day ending at 9 o'clock last night there were fifteen deaths at Marseilles and two at Toulon, with five new cases.

The Burmese authorities have captured 235 robbers between Mandalay and Bhamo. Fifty of them have been executed.

The mail steamer *Vireaya*, for Cuba, has returned to G. J. her boiler having exploded, by which seven of her crew were killed.

A stowaway landed at Waterford from the steamship *Oranmore*, from Liverpool for Baltimore. He was ill, the doctors say, of Asiatic cholera. Three other stowaways landed are now missing.

It is better to be a beggar than an ignorant person; for a beggar only wants money, but an ignorant person wants humanity.

AVENGING HER KITTENS.

An Old Cat Kills Snakes in a Scientific Manner.

A Hawley (Penn.) report says: Andrew Bellas, a car runner on the Pennsylvania Coal Company's gravity railroad, lives at Plane No. 4 on the line of that road. One day last week a couple of small kittens were missing from his house, and he started out to look for them, as they were great pets with his family. As he was going through his back yard he saw the mother of the kittens stealing along through the grass. Bellas stopped, and looking ahead of the cat, saw a large pilot snake lying in the grass, about six feet distant. There was no doubting the fact that the cat was stealing on the snake, and it was equally plain that the snake knew it and was ready for the attack. At first Bellas thought he would kill the snake at once, but he changed his mind and watched to see what the result of the impending fight would be. The cat crept to within a foot of the snake, which was ready to strike at the proper time. The cat stopped, and raising her left forepaw cautiously held it out toward the pilot. Like a flash the latter struck at the paw, but the cat was quicker still, and bringing her right paw into play dealt the snake a blow on the side of the head that knocked it back a foot or more. The reptile, evidently greatly surprised and maddened by the cat's attack, returned to the fight. Again the cat presented her left forepaw, and again the pilot struck viciously at it, only to again miss and to receive the violent right-hand blow alongside the head. This was repeated four times, when the snake, weakened and thoroughly dispirited, turned and tried to drag itself away. Instantly the cat sprang upon the retreating reptile, and with two or three strokes of her sharp claws tore it to pieces. She carried the remains of the dead snake to a distant part of the yard, where she dug a hole and buried it. Bellas went on to a rocky hill not far away, thinking the kittens might be there. He saw a crevice in the rocks which looked like a snug hiding place for them, and he thrust his hand into it. Instantly he felt a sharp, stinging pain in his fingers, and it quickly shot up his arm to the shoulder. A rattlesnake had sunk its fangs into his fore finger, and retained its hold with such tenacity that Bellas could scarcely shake it off. He killed the snake and hurried home. An old woman named Bailey sucked the wound, while Bellas drank plentifully of whiskey. After sucking the bite thoroughly Mrs. Bailey applied table salt to it. This and the whiskey was kept up, and after 24 hours Bellas, who had passed into delirium, was restored to consciousness. At the end of three days he was pronounced out of danger. The old cat has killed several snakes since the disappearance of her kittens. She never hunted snakes before. From that circumstance it is believed that her kittens were eaten by snakes, and that she knows it and is avenging their death by killing snakes.

CURED BY FAITH.

Miss Hutchins Walks to Church and Bakes Pies After 23 Years of Helplessness.

A New York despatch says: Miss M. M. Hutchins, daughter of the Rev. Hiram Hutchins, of the Bedford Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, was sick for twenty-three years with a spinal disease. Physicians could not relieve her. At times she suffered great pain, and was compelled to keep to her bed for weeks. Once in a while she was able to walk feebly around the house, but a new attack would speedily restore her to her former helpless condition. In January last Miss Hutchins determined to try the faith cure, and she summoned to her bedside, at 456 Willowbury avenue, Mrs. C. S. Whitney, of 142 East Forty-ninth street, this city. Mrs. Whitney practices the faith cure. On January 29th she anointed Miss Hutchins and prayed. Miss Hutchins immediately arose from her bed, dressed, went down two flights of stairs to the basement, and ate dinner with the family. After dinner she walked to the Bedford Avenue Baptist Church, a quarter of a mile from the house, and told the congregation the circumstances attending her recovery. Four days afterward she baked a lot of pies. She has since remained in perfect health, and has increased in weight thirteen pounds. She immediately began to practice the faith healing art herself among acquaintances. Recently she was in White Plains, N. Y., and before that in Norristown, Pa. She is now in a small town in Connecticut.

THE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE

Ghastly Relics of the Dread Havoc Caused.

The scene of the terrible eruption in Java last August has been witnessed by two French scientific commissioners, who graphically describe the deplorable condition of the region nearly a year after the disaster. A distinct line of desolation marks the affected district. The land is either perfectly bare or covered with a thick layer of mud or stones. Every tree has disappeared, stagnant salt pools breathe fever in every direction and a few wretched bamboo huts afford the only sign of life. The fertile, closely-populated spot where the town of Anjer formerly stood is a deserted, marshy plain, without a vestige of either houses, plantations or inhabitants, and the small town of Telok-Belang has similarly vanished. In the neighboring island of Sibi tidal waves have washed away the crust of stones and laid bare the remains of a village, with the skeletons of the inhabitants lying in the midst of their domestic surroundings. Over four miles inland is a big steamer, which was carried ashore by a huge wave into the forest, and still spans a small river like a bridge. The three little islands which appeared after the eruption are gone, and a dense vaporous cloud hangs over the volcano Krakatoa. This cloud, however, is nothing but the dust raised by constant avalanches of stones rolling down the mountain side.

Maine is opening her eyes over the fortune she sinks in potato bugs every year in the form of Paris green. One dealer in Portland says he has sold ten tons this year, and he has no doubt that the farmers of Maine have scattered over their potato fields a hundred tons of the poison, at a cost of over \$50,000.

CHINESE WRITERS.

The Comic Undertone that Pervades their Most Serious Productions.

Perhaps the most interesting of all these writers is Chung Tzu, of the fourth century B. O., a heterodox philosopher, i. e., a dissenter from the orthodox Confucianism, says the *London Spectator*. Here is one of his utterances; it is put into the mouth of a dying man: "What have I to fear? Ere long I shall be decomposed. My left shoulder may become a cock, and I shall herald the approach of morn. My right shoulder will become a crossbow, and I shall be able to get broiled duck. My buttocks will become wheels; and, with my soul for a horse, I shall be able to ride in my own chariot. I am now working out my destiny on earth. I shall then be completing it in the inevitable. Content with the natural sequence of these states, joy and sorrow touch me not." This last sentence is very Lucretian. Somewhat different is the sense in which he delivered himself to a friend who would have condoled with him on the death of his wife. The friend was very much scandalized to find him beating time on a bowl and singing. The philosopher defended himself: "When she died I could not help being affected by her death. Soon, however, I remembered that she had already existed in a previous state before birth, without form, or even substance; that while in that unconditioned condition substance was added to spirit; that this substance then assumed form; and that the next stage was birth. And now, by virtue of a former change, she is dead, passing from one phase to another, like the sequence of spring, summer, autumn and winter. And while she is thus lying asleep in eternity, for me to go about weeping and wailing would be to proclaim myself ignorant of these natural laws." The practical outcome of his philosophy may be thus exhibited. One day, when he was fishing, a message came to him from the prince offering high office. He replied: "I have heard there is a sacred tortoise which has been dead three thousand years, and which the prince keeps packed up in a box on the altar of his ancestral shrine. Now, do you think that that tortoise would rather be dead and have its remains thus honored, or be alive and wagging its tail in the mud?" The messenger replied that no doubt it would rather be alive. Thereupon Chung Tzu said: "Begone! I, too, elect to remain wagging my tail in the mud." It is amusing to read, among the utterances of another sage, that among the ten follies which overthrew the Ch'in dynasty were "melting down all weapons and making twelve huge figures with the metal" (was the peace society dominant in those days?) building the great wall to keep out the Tartars, and appointing the heir-apparent to be commander-in-chief." There is always, at least to us "outer barbarians," a comic undertone in the most serious utterances of Chinese wisdom.

ONE SOURCE OF DISASTERS.

An Operator Taps the Wires and Orders a Train to Proceed.

A St. Thomas despatch says: Edward Genge, operator on the Canada Southern at Taylor, was arrested and placed in the lock-up this afternoon on a charge of tampering with the wires. Some weeks ago Superintendent Morford, of the Canada Southern Railway, discovered that the company's telegraph lines had been successfully manipulated by outside parties. Mr. Morford set energetically to work investigating. On August 1st, a despatch was sent from the operator at Fletcher station to the Superintendent reporting that Conductor Fiddler had passed the depot without getting his order. The operator at Fletcher received an answer signed "X," the signature of the St. Thomas office, stating that the message had been received. As a matter of fact, however, the report never reached St. Thomas, showing that the wire had been tapped. The result of the investigation is the arrest of Genge, and evidence has been obtained which shows that when the operator at Fletcher called up St. Thomas, the accused successfully attached the ground wire to the main line at Taylor station, and the electric current was conducted into the earth. His instrument was then put in operation, and on the Fletcher operator inquiring, "Is that St. Thomas?" Genge answered "Yes," and received and answered the message, signing the reply "O. K." "X" is the initial of one of the operators here. The Fletcher message he destroyed. The accused was brought before the Police Magistrate this afternoon, and was fined \$34.60. Alex. Gott, charged with being an accessory, was fined a like amount.

JUST BEFORE HIS MARRIAGE.

Killed by Falling from the House of His Intended Bride.

A New York despatch says: While passing through North Fifth street, Williamsburg, shortly after midnight, officer Phelan of the Fifth Precinct police, heard a crash, and then saw the body of a man lying on the flagging below the basement steps of the house occupied by Theodore Kornobis, at No. 159. When the officer reached the prostrate form the man was dead. An open window on the third floor and a ragged hole through the wooden porch over the stoop showed that the man had fallen from the height above. The occupants of the house were aroused, and Miss Hattie ran from the house, and throwing herself at the side of the body lifted his head in her arms and begged in piteous tones for him to speak. The officer informed the young lady that the man was dead, but she refused to believe it, and as she kissed the pallid lips, exclaimed: "Oh, my William, speak to me." The young woman was led into the house, where it was learned that the dead man was William Mooney, 33 years old, a lawyer of No. 247 Broadway, this city. He was engaged to be married to Miss Hattie Kornobis. He called at her house Sunday afternoon and remained until evening. When about to leave he became ill, and as he did not recover it was considered wise for him to remain over night. He was given the hall bed-room on the third floor and retired about 10 o'clock. The bed was on a level with the open window. It is believed that Mooney awoke suddenly, and failing to remember where he was rolled out the wrong side of the bed through the window. His skull was fractured and his neck broken.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The plan of using the enormous water power of the Alps for working electric railways in Switzerland is about to take a definite shape, the idea being to connect the towns of St. Moritz and Pontresina by an electric railway four and three-quarters miles long, the motive power to be supplied by the mountain streams; the line, in case the plan proves a success, to be extended a considerable distance.

Mrs. E. M. King, the London dress reformer, wishes to know what is more beautiful, among all God's created things, than the figure of a woman? Of course the answer to this must depend upon the woman. It is by no means difficult, while walking along the principal street of any city to count by the score women whose figures are unbecomingly beyond redemption and made so by tight lacing.

CANADIANS going abroad for the first time are advised by a correspondent to make up their minds, if they are of moderate means, to look to their pennies. The servants on board transatlantic steamers have been overfed. They should be only moderately tipped. Ten shillings, English money, at the outside, or five shillings when no special service is rendered, are declared to be the right amounts. The sovereign fee is a mistake, unless some attentions are required.

The late Duke of Wellington was not wealthy for a British peer. The Strathfieldsaye property, the nucleus of which was purchased by the nation, extends over 16,000 acres, and produces a rental of about \$5 an acre. Three or four thousand more acres in Herts, Somerset and Berks make up the whole of the entailed property, which is worth some \$110,000 a year. The Duke had also an estate in Spain voted to his father by the Cortes, and described in magnificent language by Spanish writers, though not worth much.

THERE are now about a dozen bridges across the Thames at London, and the corporation has just decided to build another. Two centuries ago London bridge was the only one, and the bold proposition to throw across another as far up as Putney was kicked out of the House of Commons. The people were afraid that another bridge would "make the skirts of the metropolis too big for the whole body," and would ruin the property on which the maintenance of London bridge depended. One statesman went so far as to urge that the second bridge would be an end of London's prosperity.

A REMARKABLE private Act, the Earl of Devon's Estate Bill, was recently introduced in the House of Commons. It empowers Lord D. and his son, Lord Courtenay, to sell every acre of the vast family estates, preserving no other house but Powderham, and deals with mortgage debts amounting to \$1,250,000. The Bill has become a necessity through the conduct of Lord Courtenay, who a few years ago passed through the Bankruptcy Court with debts amounting to \$3,500,000. The Courtenays, who are of royal descent, owned in time past no inconsiderable portion of Devonshire, besides holding one of the largest properties in Ireland. Much of their Irish property has been sold.

At the National Veterinary Association's general meeting at Manchester, on July 31st, an animated discussion arose during the afternoon on a paper read on the subject of docking horses of their tails. Several speakers defended the practice, and it was strongly condemned by others, particularly in the case of the "polo" animals. Dr. Fleming, chief veterinary surgeon in the army, said that for twenty years docking had been stopped in the service, and his experience was that horses which were allowed to retain their tails were more useful. The following motion, proposed by Professor Ake, was adopted unanimously: "That in the opinion of this meeting the operation of docking horses is a means of averting danger to man, and is not a cruel operation when shown to be necessary."

The *London Truth*, referring to the announcement that the Queen is about to make a new will, says: "Her Majesty possesses an immense fortune. The estate of Osborne is at least five times as valuable as it was when it was purchased by the Queen and Prince Albert about forty years ago. The Balmoral property of Her Majesty now extends over 30,000 acres. Claremont was granted to the Queen for life in 1866, with reversion to the country; and Her Majesty purchased the property outright three years ago for £78,000. Probably its market value is not much under £150,000. The Queen also possesses some property at Cobourg, and the Princess Hohenlohe left her the Villa Hohenlohe at Baden, one of the best residences in the place. With regard to personal property, Mr. Nield left the Queen over £500,000, and the property left by the Prince Consort is believed to have amounted to nearly £600,000; but the provisions of his will have been kept a strict secret, and the document has never been 'proved.' The Queen must also have saved a vast sum out of her income, which has always been very well managed. Since the death of the Prince Consort the general administration of the Queen's private affairs has been confided to Lord Sydney, who is a consummate man of business."

"Let's Decorate."

"Mamma, is decoration something good to drink?"
"Why, child, of course not! What makes you ask such a ridiculous question?"
"Cause I heard papa say to Uncle Tom, 'Let's decorate,' and they went out."
"Well, how did you know that they had been drinking?"
"Cause, when they came back papa kissed me, and his breath smelt just like the stuff you put in mince pies."—*New York Journal.*

Another plot of the Russian Nihilists has come to grief. The intended victim was Col. Sazoroff, of the Russian gendarmerie. The plot, however, was discovered in time, and twenty or thirty arrests have been made.

CUTTING UP CORPSES.

Murderers Who Have Mutilated the Bodies of their Victims—Attempts to Dispose of the Body Always Followed by Detection.

The failure of all attempts to unravel the mystery of the Wisshakenon murder tells somewhat against the theory of the Paris *Figaro*, that when a murderer cuts up the body of his victim to conceal his crime it invariably leads to his detection and conviction. This murderer perhaps showed his wisdom in not cutting the body into smaller pieces. The detection of the men who cut up the body of May is in its degree a confirmation of *Figaro's* theory. It is from the annals of crime in France, however, that we always expect to derive the most picturesquely horrible narratives. *Figaro* quotes the cases of sixteen French and Belgian murderers who, during the last half century attempted to conceal their crimes by this means, but who in every case were confronted at last with the mutilated bodies whose identity they had sought to destroy. The first case was that of Charles Dantun, lieutenant of the 4th light infantry, a handsome fellow, 35 years of age, who murdered his aunt, Mme. Vaneau, and his brother, Auguste Dantun. He cut the bodies up, and made fifty or sixty small packages of them, and sent them to various parts of Paris, but he was discovered, arrested, condemned to death on Feb. 25th, 1825, and guillotined on the Place de Greve on March 28th of the same year.

After a time there came the case of Regey, the policeman. An old officer named Ramus was the cashier of Mr. Fabre, a tax receiver of the capital. The latter left his office in Paris on August 30th, 1832, to take a sum of 3,000 francs to the treasury. He never returned. On the following morning, at 5 o'clock, some boatmen saw a man throw a box into the Seine and then take to his heels. The boatmen went after the box and found the head of a man freshly severed from the body. Two days later the trunk was found in a sewer of the Rue Huchette, and in the river, near the Point Neuf, two legs were found. The pieces were brought together and the body of the unfortunate Ramus reconstituted. Suspicion fell upon his intimate friend Regey, who had been seen drinking with him on August 30th preceding. Regey fled from Paris and was searched for everywhere in vain. But, having learned on October 8th that his son had been arrested, he returned and surrendered himself to the police. He made a clean breast of it; acknowledged having decoyed Ramus to his room, where, under pretext of giving him a glass of brandy, he made him swallow a small quantity of prussic acid. Ramus fell as if struck by lightning, and then Regey dismembered the body. He contradicted himself later before the court, claiming that Ramus' death had been the result of a mistake in the glasses, but he was condemned to death and executed on March 2nd, 1833, at the Barriere St. Jacques. Then came the Lhuissier affair. At the beginning of April, 1835, a journeyman weaver named Marin Lhuissier, 44 years of age, applied at a matrimonial agency for a wife. The sounder was already married, which Catherine Fernald, a young person of rather doubtful character who consented to leave the agency in his company, was unaware of. She retired with him to a furnished apartment in the Rue de Richelieu. On the following day Catherine disappeared, and three days later portions of her body, mutilated with a hatchet, were discovered in the Seine, the legs near the bridge of La Concorde and the rest of the body at Chaillot. Lhuissier had killed her with a hatchet, and cut up the body, put the pieces in a bag, and carried them in a wheelbarrow to the river. He was arrested a few days later enjoying himself with the money of his victim. He was executed March 30th, 1836. He died like a coward, crying and complaining that the pains in his legs made him feel as if they had been cut off below the knees. After a long and bloody series of similar crimes, *Figaro* leaves France for a moment to recall the case of Maestrad, the butcher of Antwerp, Belgium, who cut his wife into 133 pieces, boiled the fragments in a pot for making soup, and then carried them away for burial in a deserted cemetery. This crime served as a model for that of Provost, the Paris policeman, who managed to get a jeweller named Lenoble into his house, where, having killed him with a mallet, and scattered the fragments of the body, with the exception of the head, which he boiled, to the four winds, was tracked, discovered, and executed on Sept. 11th, 1880.—*Philadelphia Times.*

House of Landlords.

The House of Lords is often called the house of landlords, says a London letter, and not without reason, since out of 509 privileged to legislate for the country—or, as some say, themselves—no less than 448 are landlords in the fullest sense of the term; that is, they derive the whole or the greater part of their revenues from land. Fifteen million acres of land, with an aggregate rent roll of nearly £15,000,000, represent their property and income, while another £750,000 in the shape of pensions, annuities and salaries also fall annually to the lot of this privileged class. In addition to this, no one can yet properly calculate the sums which are drawn yearly by their relations and hangers-on from the national exchequer, but it has been reckoned that within the last thirty years about £70,000,000 has been paid to sons, grandsons, cousins, etc., of titled families for more or less—generally less—active services rendered to the State. Nearly half the members of the upper House hold or have held commissions in the army and navy, and seventy new peerages have been created within the past ten years.

"Wipe off Your Chin."

The *New York Graphic* says: They say Shakespeare used slang, but they will have a hard time to make people believe he ever asked a man to "wipe off his chin." Well, if he didn't, he came mighty near it. In "As You Like It," i. 2, he says: "Stroke your chins." Again in Henry IV., i. 3, there is the phrase: "His chin new reaped," which showed that the young man had just wiped off his chin with a razor. It is hardly safe to say that there is anything the immortal William did not write about.