

Mission of Little Feet.

A dreary world would be this earth
Were there no little children in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it.

No babe within our arms to leap;
No little feet toward slumber tending;
No little knees in prayer to bend,
Our lips to their sweet words leading.

No rosy boys, at wintry morn,
With satchel to the schoolhouse hastening;
No merry shouts as home they rush;
No precious morsel for their tasting.

Tall, grave, grown people at the door;
Tall, grave, grown people at the table;
The men on business all about,
The dames lugubrious as they're able.

The sterner soul would get more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman;
And men to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm
Were there no little children to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be
Were there no little people in it.

QUEEN OF OUTLAWS.

Lynching of Mary Sullivan in Caldwell County, Kentucky.

Fabulous Stories of Outlawry, Exceeding the Deeds of the James Brothers.

The following strange story of lawless love and lawless hate connected with the hanging of Mary Sullivan by a mob in Caldwell county, Kentucky, is given in the Louisville Commercial:

About ten years ago there lived in the bottoms along Tradewater River, in the northern part of Caldwell county, two families destined to most terrible ends—the Campbells and the Sullivans. They were considered neither better nor worse than those about them. They were ignorant and rather shiftless, but so were many others in the neighborhood. Soon, however, the country people round about began to say strange things of the girl Mary Sullivan. She was a bright, quick girl of 20, with light hair, light blue eyes, and a little above the medium in size. No man for miles about could outlift her. With gun or pistol she was a dead shot. On horseback there wasn't a boy in the county who could ride faster over rougher country or who dared to commit half the dare-devil pranks that Mary constantly delighted in.

The effect of all this in a quiet country neighborhood can hardly be imagined. Mary Sullivan's name became the by-word for all that was infamous, and the staid country matrons lulled their babies to sleep with stories of the horrible Mary and her midnight rides and crimes. Then rumor turned to other things. Mary was often seen with the Campbell boys, and once or twice she was seen with them and her brother late at night, dashing at her usual break-neck speed over the country roads. About this time the most daring robberies began to be committed in the northern end of the county. Farmers found their smoke-houses open night after night. Several stores were broken into and robbed, and, strange to say, no one knew who committed the crimes. One old farmer began to talk very freely, saying he recognized Mary Sullivan at the head of the Campbells break into his smoke-house. A day or so afterward Mary galloped up to his house, called him out, and asked him what he meant by saying what he did.

"Did you see me and the Campbells at your smoke-house?" asked she, at the same time pulling a big navy revolver and showing it under his nose. The old man stammered out an apology, and was never afterward heard to say word against the Campbells. Among the most bitter denouncers of the gang was an old man named Felkers, who lived a few miles away from them on the Tradewater. One night, just three years ago, two men, afterward discovered to be Tom Sullivan and Reilly Campbell, rode up to old man Felkers, took him and his old wife out, and beat them severely. They then rode off. This affair caused the most intense excitement. A mob was hurriedly organized, and some ferrymen rode over to the Campbells. Mary Sullivan had in some way heard that they were coming several hours beforehand. She and her brother Tom went over to the little log hut of the Campbells and barricaded themselves. Fire was opened by the mob, and the Campbells and Sullivan promptly returned it. After a little the besieged made it so hot for the mob that it had to retire. The only man hurt in the melees was Tom Sullivan, who was shot in the breast, but who soon recovered.

A ROMANTIC EPISODE.

The gang became more bold after this, and robberies became more frequent. At this time an event happened which was destined to cause the entire destruction of the band. Mary Sullivan met Crockett Jenkins. The meeting itself was romantic enough to merit being told. Mary was riding along the Tradewater one spring day, two years ago, when she saw a man on the other side preparing to cross over. The water was deep, the little river having been raised by frequent rains, and she cried out to him not to attempt to cross there. He either did not hear or paid no attention, for he plunged his horse in. The current was too strong for the horse, and he soon threw his rider off and tried to save himself. Then, with his winter clothes on, Jenkins would most certainly have been drowned but for Mary's dashing out into the stream with her horse and rescuing him at the peril of her life. She took the man up to her brother Tom's to let him dry his clothes. A mutual admiration soon sprang up, which quickly warmed into love. From that time on Mary Sullivan and Crockett Jenkins were warm lovers. Jenkins, who lived some miles away, moved over to Sullivan's, and the love of the two was the talk of the county.

"I will kill Crockett Jenkins if he dares to betray me," she has said to more than one. One night about a month ago Mary accused Crockett of infidelity. He laughed at her. She was too excited to get her pistol, but she sprang at his throat. A struggle followed, and Mary would have strangled him then and there but for interference. Crockett left the house. Some time before this the band moved up from Tradewater bottoms, and had hired a little grocery some four miles away on a public road leading to Princeton. A day or so after, a crowd of men from Princeton were riding by the little grocery, all drinking very freely, when one of them in a moment

of recklessness fired off his pistol. The Campbells, thinking the mob was on them again, rushed out of the grocery and began firing. The men returned the shots and then galloped on to town. This created another tempest of excitement, and the next day a mob was got together to exterminate the Campbells.

THE CAMPBELLS' DEATH.

The next night forty men, armed to the teeth, with masks on their faces and hatred in their hearts, swept down the road toward the little log cabin where the Campbells kept their grocery. In the house was a family named McMurty, an old man and some small children. The only other inmates were Reilly Campbell and his brother Bud. The leader of the mob called out to the McMurty to leave the house, which they instantly did, standing out in the woods shivering and waiting for what horror they hardly knew. Preparations were instantly made by the two men in the house for a fight to the death. Quarter was neither asked nor given. The mob opened fire and the Campbells answered them. Then the firing became fierce and fast. A groan came from the outside, and a little group hurried a man off in their arms. It was Hice Johnson, a well-to-do, respectable farmer. He had a ball through his breast, and bled to death out on the road, with the pistol-balls flying over his head singing his requiem. Then came a groan from within, and Reilly Campbell fell at his brother's feet. But Bud stood to his guns, doggedly firing away into the night whenever he saw the flash of an enemy's gun. The next morning he was dead.

THE END OF MARY SULLIVAN.

Nobody knew where Mary Sullivan was all this time. More than one of the mob afterward confessed that if Mary had been there the job would not have been such an easy one. A night or two later some men returning from a visit to a neighbor's thought they heard a man's voice pleading with some one for mercy. They were not positive, but thought the person addressed was called "Mary." The next day the lifeless body of Crockett Jenkins was found swinging from the limb of a giant oak at the top of a tall hill. The moral proof that Mary Sullivan committed the crime, assisted by her mother and sister, seemed to be conclusive, but there was no positive proof. And so, when Mary and her mother and sister were arrested, nothing could be done to them. They were all discharged, and when Mary went back home she found death's head notices glaring at her, warning her to leave the neighborhood. All the rest of her friends were either dead or wounded, or had left. Bud Campbell was dead; Reilly Campbell was dead; Crockett Jenkins was dead; her brother Tom had gone away to recover from his wound; her mother and sister had fled; she was an outcast and alone. But in spite of all this the woman's indomitable courage never failed her. She went off to make arrangements about selling some cows, primed and oiled her pistols and then wrote defiant notes to her enemies. On the 29th of September she rode over to old Farmer Hubbell's and asked for lodging for the night. She had her little 5-year-old child with her. About 10 o'clock a voice called her to the door. Her usual prudence seems to have deserted her. She did not even take her pistols, which for five years had never left her hand day or night. She reached the door, opened it and peered out. The night was dark and windy. Heavy rain clouds hid everything, and she failed to see the five men with pistols in their hands standing within a few feet of her. She opened the door and stepped out. Three strong pairs of arms reached out from the darkness, and in an instant she was whirled away out to the public road. She knew what fate lay in store for her, but uttered neither threats nor entreaties. She said never a word, but walked along quietly with her captors. They bound her arms and feet, and, tossing her over a horse as though she was a meal sack, they joined the mob which was waiting for them on the road. They rode on till Mary recognized with a thrill of horror that they were approaching the place where Jenkins was hung. They halted under the very tree, and the leader, taking a rope from behind it, solemnly fastened the noose about the woman's neck. She never flinched. They took her off the horse, dragged her to the foot of the tree, threw the rope over the same limb from which Crockett Jenkins had dangled a week before, and drew the woman up. A convulsive, horrible shudder ran through her frame, but she spoke never a word. The wind moaned diabolically through the branches of the wood, whispering to the trees as it went that a woman's body, cold and stiff in death, was swinging from the tallest branch of the old oak tree.

A New Excuse for Intoxication.

A French lady calling herself the Baroness de Saint-Estrapade, who lately appeared before the correctional tribune of the Seine on a charge of *ivresse manifeste*—in brutal English, drunk and disorderly—succeeded in convincing the President of that court that the wearing of a fur cloak may produce an eccentricity of behavior as deceptive in its way as that produced by too liberal a consumption of salmon. Some time ago, she informed the court, she read in a journal that the surest way of preserving furs from the ravages of moths was to stow them away in an empty spirit-cask. She accordingly bought one a month or two ago, and to its safe-keeping she confided her fur cloak. A week ago, having to breakfast at Noel's, and the day being very cold, she put on this garment, when, as she declares, once out of doors the combined effect of the cold and the alcoholic fumes emanating from the cloak made her giddy and produced all the appearances of intoxication. The "agent" who took her up deposited that "she smelt of alcohol at fifteen paces," a piece of testimony rather in her favor than otherwise; and her *bonne* employed as a wardrobe. The judge, after remarking that if every lady adopted this line of defence to the particular charge brought against the baroness conviction would be impossible, acquitted her.

Lady Florence Dixie has arranged for a hunting expedition in the Rocky Mountains.

The wife of James Ruddy lost her life in a fire at Providence, Pa., while trying to secure \$1,000.

An ounce of real mother wit is worth a pound of book learning.

A MATCH FOR THE TURK.

How Lord Dufferin's Departure is Regarded on the Bosphorus.

HIS LORDSHIP'S ODD WAYS.

A Constantinople correspondent says: Lord Dufferin's Egyptian mission is still the engrossing subject of conversation. The Turks were led to believe for a long time after he had arrived that they had got hold of a green hand, and His Majesty fancied he might safely visit upon the British Ambassador the dislike and anger he felt for Mr. Gladstone. What could the people out there, accustomed to regard the great "Elohees" (Ambassadors) as small kings in their way, think of one who might be seen any day stepping out of a common street cab or trotting along on the back of a hack picked up at the nearest corner. His Lordship was probably not aware of the looks of amazement which followed his course as the natives recognized him thus rushing about without any of the usual surroundings of his high rank or the hideous appearance he sometimes presented to the European eye. I recollect on one occasion being forcibly reminded of Don Quixote as I met His Lordship coming along through Pera, his spare form seated on the back of a veritable "Rozinante." Its tail had been tied up in a twist to keep it clear of the mud, and the owner was working it along at high pressure by the application of a "Sairey Gamp" umbrella to its hind quarters. With all his absence of pretence there is, however, no man with greater pride than Lord Dufferin, and, having a fine old Irish temper of his own, he can come down properly at times upon any one that may chance to offend his dignity or thwart his purpose, as the Turkish Ministers have felt on more than one occasion. Seeing His Lordship, as I have said, casting aside all the traditions of ambassadorial life at Constantinople, roaming about unattended in the streets and in society instead of maintaining the dignified reserve of his colleagues, laughing and flirting with all the girls and dancing away like the youngest bachelor present, no wonder the Turks were led to depreciate the diplomatic force that lies behind this careless manner. They found out their mistake, however, in the recent negotiations on the Egyptian question, when Lord Dufferin so cleverly beat them at their own game. His Lordship speaks of returning by Christmas, and Lady Dufferin says that she still hopes to give society the promised theatricals at the embassy before leaving for her spring trip to England. Her Ladyship is a wonderful actress, and the performances on the embassy stage are real treats to the British colony. The mother of grown up sons and daughters she has naturally reached a certain age, but the youthfulness of her figure carries off a great deal, and her get-up is so wonderful that I have heard an admiring critic of the male sex declare more than once that it is well for the peace of mind of her friends that Lady Dufferin does not always look as she does upon the stage. Both Lord and Lady Dufferin are extremely popular in European society, and deservedly so, for they are exceedingly kind-hearted and ever ready to join in any scheme for its amusement.

How to Pronounce Egyptian Names.

Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, than whom it would be difficult to find a more competent authority, has addressed to a London newspaper some much-needed instructions as to the pronunciation of the Egyptian proper names of which patriotic poets in England are making such a sad hash. "It may be laid down as a general rule," he says, "that Egyptian names of places and people are much better kept in the middle of the line, out of the way of the rhyme. The neglect of this rule results in such mistakes as Tel-el-Kebir rhyming with 'sabre,' when it is really pronounced 'Tel-el Kebeer,' and would rhyme with 'severe,' 'Arabi,' again, does not agree, either in accent or in the sound of the last syllable with 'lullaby,' but rather with 'a harpy,' and Kassassin is no rhyme for 'assassin,' though it might run with 'a scene.' Ismailia, with the accent on the penultimate, Port Said and Zagazig—both accented on the last syllable—are generally mispronounced in the verses which the war has inspired." Mr. Lane-Poole does not fail to notice that Tennyson did not trouble himself about accents when he made the Caliph Haroun Er-Raschid into Haroun al-Raschid, and he concludes his letter with a practical remark the pregnancy of which American newspaper readers will be quite as prompt as their British brethren to recognize as modes of spelling Oriental names are certainly to blame for much of the confusion, and when the same place is spelt in six different ways by six different maps or six different correspondents, to say nothing of the idiosyncrasies of individual Orientalists, it is not surprising that the general public go wrong. If the official censor of telegrams had taken the orthography of the seat of war in hand he might have enjoyed the privilege of exercising a permanent influence on English literature. But probably this road to immortality did not occur to him.

A Costly Cradle.

It's nice to be a boy in Burmah, that is, if one happens to be a royal baby. The infant whose royal papa spends a million dollars on a cradle for him is surely to be envied not a little by ordinary babes. At this enormous cost King Theebaw provided a cradle for his olive branch. This extraordinary receptacle is described as first framed with mango wood and then encased with sheet gold inside and out. Over this is ornamental gold work set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds and other precious stones. How sweet the infantile slumbers must be, rocked in the embrace of close upon a million's worth of gold and precious stones; how good King Theebaw is to his little child, and how happy his little child must be when he reflects that, although no one's head is safe for an hour in the court of Burmah, Theebaw does not forget to see that the infant prince is cradled comfortably as long as he lives.

When Lee, who is under sentence of death for the murder of Maggie Howie, in Napanee, was asked a few days ago whether he would prefer being hanged or going to penitentiary for life, he promptly responded, "I'd rather swing."

A Remarkable Fact.

Although the fact is worthy of remark, the explanation is easy. The fact.—Although the dealers in Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam are authorized to return the money in every case to the purchaser when that wonderful remedy did not give satisfaction, not one application of that nature has yet been made notwithstanding the number of years the remedy has been before the public. The explanation.—The Balsam is prepared with the greatest care and is represented as just what it is. This being the case no one can possibly be deceived in regard to its merits. The fact is the more remarkable from the consideration that diseases of the throat and lungs for which the Balsam is a sure remedy are so common and so generally considered incurable that many who have been given up by physicians have resorted to it with better results than they hoped for.

—Now the horrible suggestion is made that the custom of wearing the hair short, which prevails among London ladies, was set by Mrs. Tug Wilson, wife of the pugilist.

Two Arms Restored.

Mrs. Syvret, of Mal Bay, Gaspe, P. Q., is the author of a very interesting letter in which she recounts the restoration of both her arms whose use she had lost so completely that for two years she could not do a "hand's turn." Her sole remedy was Dr. Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment, which very soon lumbered her arms so that in a short time she could do her work as well as ever before. In her letter she refers to the astonishment of her neighbors who used to gaze at her in wonder as she performed her household duties. Her's was unanimously pronounced a wonderful cure. In that district Dr. Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment is recognized as the most wonderful remedy in existence, which, undoubtedly, it is.

—The time between shivering for the want of an overcoat and the date when one can be worn without attracting a crowd has passed along and mankind are happy.

We have in Wheeler's Phosphates and Calisaya proximate principles, ready-made tissue elements, agents of cell growth, the source in the brain and spinal cord of phosphorus, the motor power of the nervous system, perpetual in their activity and maintaining that constant impulse on nutrition so essential to the successful treatment of chronic wasting diseases. In consumption, scrofula, and all other manifestations of errors in nutrition, its protracted use will demonstrate a much greater percentage of radical improvement than any other form of phosphorus compounds in existence, whether in pill, solution, or hypophosphites.

—When a man kums to me for advice, I find out the kind of advice he wants, and I give it to him; this satisfies him that he and I are two as smart men as there is living.—Josh Billings.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from "torpid liver," or "biliousness." In many cases of "liver complaint" only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures. At all drug stores.

—We have often wondered why it is that "the oldest inhabitant" in any city or village is always a man, never a woman.

Young or middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three stamps for Part VII. of Dime Series pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Magistrate: "You say your wife gets mad and raises a row?" "I would say she did. She makes enough fuss to run a freight train forty miles an hour." "But if you knew that she was in the habit of getting mad why did you marry her?" "Because if I had held back she would have got madder than ever."

Imagine for a moment the thousands upon thousands of bottles of Carboline, the deodorized petroleum hair renewer, annually sold, and the fact that not a single complaint has been received from all these thousands, and you may have some idea of its good qualities.

The most devoted nurse in the Royal Hospital at Berlin is a patient cured of a dreadful and disfiguring disease. She is employed in the isolated department for diphtheria cases, and lately assisted at the 5,000th operation (tracheotomy) in her department.

Kind words are bright flowers of earthly existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are the jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed-down heart glad.

How well our old dyspeptic friend B— is looking. What is the reason? Oh, he uses Dr. Wilson's Anti-bilious and Preserving Pills, and he is as well and hearty as usual.

The Bombay Gazette explains the story that the English took several packs of bloodhounds to Egypt to hunt Arabs by the statement that an inexperienced son of De Lessops saw a pack of foxhounds at Suez, en route to India, and imagined all the rest.

Bad temper often proceeds from those painful disorders to which women are subject. In female complaints Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure. By all druggists.

Count that day as lost in which you have not had a good laugh.—Camfort.

Important to Travellers
Special inducements are offered you by the Burlington route. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue.

THE ROYAL ACCOUNTS.

Strict System in the Royal Household and Farms.—H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, Dairyman.

It seems that a very strict system of account-keeping is maintained at all the royal establishments, with the exception, perhaps, of those of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who have no time to adopt the habits of supervision which prevail at Windsor, Osborne, Balmoral, etc. According to the Stroud (Eng.) News the purveyor of the Royal Household buys everything that is required in the shape of poultry, milk, butter, fruit, vegetables, etc., from the royal farms precisely as he would do from strangers. The steward of each home farm receives the money, and in his turn accounts for it to the clerk who audits the books. Certain things are given away by the Queen's own orders, but nothing on the authority of any one else. It was at first thought very strange that the late Prince Consort should sell the produce of his farm to the Royal Household, but people soon got accustomed to it. The Duke of Edinburgh, who is said to carry thrift to a point approaching to an occult science, has an elaborate system of account-keeping at Eastwell Park, and bills are furnished to the families who deal with His Royal Highness for dairy produce with the printed heading "H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh."

He Has Had Bones Broken.

Elihu Stevens, aged 81, of Middletown, last week dislocated his hip. Eighteen years ago he broke both wrists and almost broke his neck, which was seriously injured. At another time one of his legs was broken, and he has twice broken one or more ribs, besides his nose. In all he has had twenty-six bones broken, and yet he is a temperance man.—New Haven Palladium.

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