

Journal's Grave Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

BOWEN'S GROVE, ILLINOIS.

The initials of Lord Danraven's secretary are "J. A. G."

With all this advertising, Paul Kruger would draw well on the stage.

John Bull would better look out for the peeling before he steps to hard on the Orange Free State.

It is not enough for an actor to act well on the stage. He must also refrain from acting badly off of it.

In the matter of poets laureate the century began with a Pye and seems fated to end with a puddinghead.

The difference between obtuseness and firmness is in the difference of viewing it from the outside or the inside.

The Ohio State Journal proposes to "turn Mary Elizabeth Lease loose in Turkey." She would shake the Sultan up.

When a man starts in to drown his troubles he generally acts as if he thought they were located in his stomach.

A Buffalo woman snapped a loaded pistol at her husband "for a joke." Yet it is asserted that women have no sense of humor.

As a matter of courtesy to the protesting nations Turkey has stopped killing Armenians and is now only starving them to death.

The English people are not as yet acquainted with the American nation; and what little they know is mostly things that aren't so.

Again comes the cheering announcement that the Keely motor is practically complete. All it needs now is a little more patience and several more dollars.

If war, pestilence, famine or something of the kind doesn't come along to check the growth of the magnetic healer he gives promise of overrunning the country.

An orchestra leader licked the marquis of Queensberry's son the other day and the crowning humiliation is that he didn't do it according to the rules so carefully devised by the young man's father.

Richmond, Ind., is boasting because it has a couple that have been married over seventy-five years. That is nothing at all. Chicago has people who have been married half a dozen times in half that time.

A Jewish rabbi lecturing from the pulpit of a Methodist church is a very pleasing spectacle. If Moses and John Wesley were living to-day there is no reason for the belief that they would not be friends.

Now that Gen. Harrison's engagement has been indorsed by the members of the women's clubs in St. Louis the general can go on his way rejoicing heedless of such little things as presidential nominations.

Buffalo claims to have Niagara's water-power exactly where it wants it now, and invites unlimited immigration on the strength of its new business boom. Buffalo surely would not deceive the people and obtain their money on false pretenses.

Chicago and New York capitalists have organized a company with \$2,000,000 capital for the purpose of developing on a very extensive scale large gold mining properties, covering several thousand acres in Buckingham county, Va. Investigations of experts, it is claimed, show that the average of these areas gives even a better percentage of gold than either the South African or the Cripple Creek districts.

A circular on the prospects of emigration to the British colonies from the British Emigrants' Information Office states there is "no opening for labor in Victoria or South Australia, and that in New South Wales only experienced miners and agriculturists with capital have any chance." In Queensland the labor outlook is improving. "In western Australia," says the circular, "there is a good demand for miners at the Coolgardie goldfields; but the cost of living is high, water is very scarce in summer and the heat very great, so that no one is advised to go there unless he is strong and has some money." The British program of public works "gives promise of increased employment for men in the building trades. In Natal there is a demand for bricklayers, carpenters and blacksmiths, but the office warns emigrants that there is danger of the labor market in the Transvaal becoming overstocked."

The national house of representatives applauded the prayer of its chaplain that Cuba might win in her fight for freedom. If the house would give the chaplain a little assistance by granting Cuba belligerent rights the prayer would shortly be answered. It's power, not prayer, that the Cubans need.

Young married American girls, half English and half English would be an odd side in case of war between the two countries. Otherwise their parents-in-law would be disappointed.

IS AS BIG AS A CITY.

STARTLING DISCOVERY JUST MADE NEAR ROME.

A Pleasure Barge as Big as the Campanian in Lake Nemi—It Belonged to Tiberius, the Great Roman Emperor—Rare Bronzes Recovered.



LAKE NEMI, Italy correspondent of the New York Journal: In this lovely spot, every foot of which is sacred in pagan tradition, one would scarcely be surprised to see nymphs and dryads sporting among the moss-grown trees. And here, appropriately enough, will soon be brought to light a relic of antiquity that will excite greater interest than any similar discovery since the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum were unearthed. The object at which two expert marine divers are now foraging in the pellucid depths of the lake is an immense barge built and used as a floating pleasure palace by the Emperor Tiberius before his retirement to the island of Capri. What startling light this monster sunken craft, shrouded in the silt deposits of twenty centuries, may throw on the manners, the morals and the crimes of one of the most picturesque and bloodthirsty of imperial voluptuaries remains to be seen. It is certain that its recovery and restoration as far as possible to its original form will mark an epoch in the annals of archaeology.

The cost of the enterprise will be enormous, but it will be more than repaid hereafter by the people of every land, who will be more than willing to give their silver in return for a glimpse at the ship that Tiberius built when he experienced the first promptings of ennu and extravagance. The Italian government, animated by the spirit of patriotism and scholarship peculiar to this nation of artists, is bearing the expense of the work, which is expected to consume the greater part of the winter. The minister of public instruction took the initiative at the earnest solicitation of archaeologists, scientists and

ed by each formulating a theory of his own and trying to convince his colleagues of its accuracy, with much flashing of spectacles and wagging of grizzled heads.

The dispute was interrupted by a shout from the contadine who were working on the float, signifying that the divers down beneath had signalled another find. The grave professors gathered round with the eagerness of children as the creaking of the winch told them that the object, whatever its nature, was heavy. As it emerged from the water and was hoisted to the staging and thence to the bank it was seen to be the emphy of a wolf—evidently a companion piece to the lion. It underwent the same process as had its predecessor and was made the subject of an even closer scrutiny and more excited controversy.

Two things were agreed upon—first, that the lion and the wolf were superb examples of antique art; second, that Apollodorus, the renowned architect of Damascus, was the genius who designed and executed the floating palace for his imperial patron.

Among the most interested spectators of the strange scene was Prince Orsini, who numbers the lake and the surrounding groves among the feudal possessions of his family. There is much of the old Roman patrician about Prince Orsini. Clothe him in a toga against the background of sylvan beauty, and he might stand for a courtier of the savage Tiberius himself, come to participate in his extravagant pleasures. He was impressive enough in his shooting suit of Scotch tweed, directing the workmen. He had spent part of his own fortune in trying to recover the leviathan that lies beneath the glassy surface of Lake Nemi, and the government recognizes him as one who has every title to supervise the work, as far as lies in his inclination.

The Prince has astonished the assembled savants by his profound knowledge of antiquities, and they already evince a tendency to defer to his judgment. By his orders the bronze lion and wolf have both been removed to the Orsini museum, which contains a priceless collection of art objects and antiquities.

One can form an estimate of the stupendous character of the task undertaken by the Minister of Public Instruction only by considering that the ship Tiberius built is nearly as large as the Campanian, and is lying in over a hun-

FASHIONS IN PATENT MEDICINE

A Druggist Tells of Some of the Tricks of the Trade.

"A new patent medicine," said a druggist to a New York World reporter, "like a new paper is hard to get on the market, and the tricks resorted to by the promoters would fill a volume. As a general thing it does not pay us to handle a new article, no matter how favorable the inducements offered, for there are already enough in the market with a certain sale to stock the average drug store."

"There is a druggist in Newark who makes a specialty of patent medicines. He claims to keep in stock everything that is put up, and his cellar contains \$3,000 worth of stuff, much of which will never be called for by his customers. Still, on account of the immense profits, he finds it pays, and many other druggists would follow him if they had the capital and room to spare."

"At present the craze runs to proprietary medicines. These differ from patent medicines, as they profess to be a specific for one certain disease and have the formula plainly printed on the wrapper."

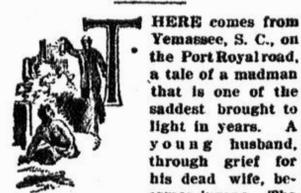
"The owners of these proprietary medicines look to the medical profession for customers. As soon as a new one is brought out sample bottles are sent to even the most obscure doctors, and a glib talker goes around to expatiate upon its virtues. I fancy money often talks in this business quite as effectively as the agent, and many patients have been recommended by their physicians which never has been put to the test. By this method of introduction many medicines get to have a profitable sale that are little known and the names of which are never seen upon the rooftops or along the highways."

"As for the tricks resorted to to induce a druggist to lay in a stock of a new preparation, the one most generally employed is to have agents in the guise of customers visit the drug stores. These agents, who are of both sexes, pretend to be surprised when you haven't what they ask for in stock. Sometimes a dozen of them will visit you in the course of a single day, and the unsuspecting druggist is apt to think that he is not up to date, and will lay in a stock of unsalable stuff. I have been caught that way myself, and now I never fill an order for a new preparation unless I am sure it is for a legitimate customer."

AT A WOMAN'S GRAVE.

A MANIAC GUARDS HIS WIFE'S LAST RESTING PLACE.

How Walter C. Webb Lost His Young Wife and Then Became a Raving Maniac—Found Burrowing for Her Bones in the Churchyard.



HERE comes from Yemassee, S. C., on the Port Royal road, a tale of a madman that is one of the saddest brought to light in years. A young husband, through grief for his dead wife, becomes insane. The story of his midnight wanderings and the finding of him in the newly made grave of his dead helpmeet, is one that is heartrending in its details.

Not many months ago W. C. Webb, the operator of the P. R. & A. and the C. & S., at Yemassee, was happily married. He and his young wife lived in the little village with no thought of trouble. The months came and went, and the domestic ties were bound more strongly. Then sorrow entered the little circle, and a few weeks since, the beautiful young wife was laid to rest beneath the massive oak from whose boughs the gray southern moss hung like a funeral garb.

There came a change in the husband. With the taking of the wife there left



W. C. WEBB. Mm all that was dear in life. The genial in his nature vanished, and from day to day he became more and more morose and melancholy. His friends noticed it, but they could do nothing to help him. He went about his duties in a half-hearted way, and the family began to fear that his reason was unbalanced. This proved true, and last Tuesday night the climax came.

Young Webb went to his home as usual, but did not talk. At an early hour he left the family and started to his room. Some time after, his father happened to go to his room, and looking in, found that he was gone. Then a search was begun. Every room in the house was examined, but he was not there. The idea of suicide came to the anxious family, and the stables and outhouses were explored, but there was no trace of the missing man. Several of the neighbors were called in, and a party went out to further pursue the search.

Then the cemetery came to mind, and there the expedition headed. About half a mile from the home Webb's clothes and shoes were found strewn about in the road, and new terror came into the hearts of the little band.

Where could he be now? they asked themselves.

Some went to a creek near by, while others threaded their way through the dense woods on either hand. The glare of the pine torches and the faint glimmer of the lanterns the men carried brought to view no further trace of Webb. Several of the party continued on their way to the lonely burial ground which was fully two miles distant from the spot where the clothes were found. As they arrived at the gate they halted for an instant, but there came no sound of movement. Then they pressed on and went to the grave where but a few weeks since the mortal remains of the lovely young woman were laid to rest.



MRS. W. C. WEBB. All was quiet. When within a few feet of the spot, the searchers were startled by a wild cry that rent the air. It was a human cry and the feet of the men were rooted to the spot. By the faint light they saw two glaring eyes peeping at them from out the open grave, and then there came a laugh that made their hair stand on end.

It was Webb. Going to the grave they found him crouched on his knees, digging at the loosened earth with his bare and lacerated fingers. He was naked and his body covered with the dirt from the damp earth. In his madness he had

dug away at the grave with his bare hands until he had almost reached the casket in which was the mouldering form of his young wife. It was with great difficulty that the men who found him could take him away from the grave.

Webb has entirely lost his mind and he is now a raving maniac. He was taken to the state lunatic asylum Saturday morning.

ATTEMPTED POISONING.

Told by Mrs. McAarter, a Widow Living at Indianapolis.

Brice McAarter, a wealthy gentleman of Indianapolis, Ind., died very suddenly last June, and there was much surprise over a charge of the widow that her husband had been poisoned by a former member of the family. An autopsy showed death from natural causes, and the story was soon passed and forgotten. Recently the widow has renewed her accusations, even asserting that milkmen, grocers and others have been bribed to mix poison with supplies furnished the family, and in her hallucination she endeavors to criminate a minister as concerned with the plot of extermination. She tried to employ a chemist to make an analysis of butter and other family supplies which she claimed had been dosed with poison, but the doctor was satisfied that the lady is mistaken, and declined the task. Mr. McAarter's neighbors never have taken the slightest belief in her theory of poisoning, and they are unable to account for her peculiar conduct. Mrs. McAarter at the time of the death of her husband claimed that someone had squirted poison on him with a syringe.

JOSIE DIDN'T SAVE HIM.

R. L. Magdo Divorced from the Mansfield Woman.

Josephine Mansfield, the notorious, has again been brought into public view. She was married to Robert Livingston Reade, a wealthy New Yorker, in St. George's church, Hanover square, London, on Oct. 8, 1891. They were divorced the other day in Paris. The divorce was given the woman. Reade first met Josephine at Carlsbad in the summer of 1891. He was there with his mother, Mrs. Robert Reade, who was visiting her cousin, Mrs. Levi P. Morton, also a visitor at Carlsbad with her two daughters. Josie Mansfield called herself Mrs. Frank Lawlor—the name of her first husband—and despite her age was a belle in the famous watering place, and constantly surrounded by hosts of admirers. Reade fell a victim to the charms which had captivated James Fisk, Jr., and besought Mrs. Lawlor to marry him, but she was not so easily won. She told Reade to go home and steep on his proposal, and then take time to consider it carefully. She was sure, she said, that these precautions must cure him. Reade went back to New York, but on the way across the ocean he thought so hard that when he set foot on Manhattan Island he was thoroughly convinced that it was either Josie or death with him. He felt the need of sympathy with his



JOSIE MANSFIELD.

project, and a few days after his arrival, or in the early part of September, 1891, he gave a dinner to a few of his most intimate and tender-hearted friends. When coffee was reached and all hands were feeling pretty good, Mr. Reade said: "I am going to marry Josie Mansfield. I'm drinking myself to death, as you all know, and Josie Mansfield is the only person that can save me. I'll marry her if she'll let me, for I think she's been more sinned against, than sinning." Mr. Reade's friends told him he was all right, and drank the lady's health with right good will. Some days later he announced that he was going to England to visit his brother-in-law, Lord Falkland, at the latter's seat, Skuttertcliffe, in Yorkshire. The wedding followed this visit.

Real Handy with a Gun.

A special from Hamilton, Ohio, says: Mrs. Wescoe, of Mintonville, the daughter of William Sherard, a farmer, was the victim of White Caps. About dusk twenty young men stoned the house. She seized a gun and defied her persecutors. They retired, but returned later and fired shots through every window. The plucky little woman swore out warrants for the arrest of a number of young men, among them Dan Daub, the well-known pitcher for the Brooklyn baseball club, who spends his winters at Mintonville.

Death Reveals a Secret.

It has developed that Arno Kerb, the bookkeeper of Victor & Achelis, who, with his wife, committed suicide in New York on Christmas day, because as it was claimed he was going insane, was \$80,000 short in his accounts with his firm. His honesty was never suspected, and it was not until the regular investigation of the books of the concern at the end of the year that the robbery became known.



FLOATING PALACE OF THE EMPEROR TIBERIUS NOW BEING RAISED OUT OF LAKE NEMI NEAR ROME.

scholars of world-wide fame, and the results up to date have more than justified his action and raised the highest hopes as to the outcome of the enterprise.

The ship is known to contain priceless historical treasures. Those already brought to the surface are worth their weight in gold. It was not until several days' work that the divers after penetrating the garment of almost impalpable mud that has settled within two thousand placid years on the wreck of Tiberius's pleasure craft, succeeded in loosening an immense object, which, after being hauled with difficulty to the surface, assumed the shape of a lion.

It was life size. Its crust of immemorial mud gave it a dark and uncanny aspect. The little band of archaeologists who were watching the work—bespectacled gray-beards who know more about the reign of Tiberius than most people know about the Monroe doctrine—took it in hand and embraced it lovingly, quite regardless of the ruin that accrued to their clothes from its garment of filth. They scraped it, they rubbed it, they sprayed it, they cleaned it, they polished it, and at length, when they were all on the verge of exhaustion, and quite unfit to be seen, they fell back to rest in ecstatic contemplation of a Numean lion in purest bronze, evidently the work of a consummate artificer of Rome's golden era.

A priceless work of genius! The savants rubbed their eyes and smiled ecstatically. For a moment or two they well nigh fell on each other's necks; then, professional emulation reasserting itself, they produced their microscopes and hovered round the bronze lion, scrutinizing the minutest crevices in the metal, taking notes, muttering learned conjectures and constructing involved hypotheses in the endeavor to discover who might have been the sculptor of Tiberius's lion. They were mightily solemn over it, and they end-

died feet of water. And if the Campanian be conceived as freighted from stem to stern with imperial art treasures of two thousand years ago it will be seen what a sound reason there is for asserting that the fruits of the labor in hand will more than repay its cost, enormous as that will be.

Of Her Own Invention.

It is not generally known that the polka was invented by a Bohemian girl named Haniczka Selezka. She was a blooming young peasant maiden and the best dancer in the village of Costelec, on the river Elbe, and used to perform solo dances of her own invention at the various village festivities. It was in the year 1830, at a farmhouse, that the assembled guests asked her to dance a solo and she said: "I will show you something quite new," and to the music of her own singing she danced the polka step, though with more elaboration than it is now performed. The dance found favor at once and became so popular that it later became a national dance. Haniczka named it polka, as she said it was danced in short steps; from polku came polka and finally polka, the dance three years later becoming popular in Prague and in 1839 it was already danced at the Vienna balls and one year later became the most popular dance in Paris.

Women's Reform Work in Prison.

Philadelphia women are just now interested in working among the prisoners, and there are various guilds and societies devoted exclusively to that purpose. Once a week the heavy prison doors are thrown open and the "prison angels" go in to teach needlework, give kindly advice, or read from good books. The "twenty-four-hour cases," or women who are simply locked up over night to answer some minor charge, are made a special object of effort. The women engaged in the work are unanimous in the opinion that "it pays."

The Devil's Dozen.

In all the civilized countries of the world thirteen is referred to as being somebody's "dozen." In America, Australia, Great Britain (present day) and several other lands that number is said to be a "baker's dozen." In Italy it is referred to as the "cobbler's dozen," there being a tradition that there was formerly a law which compelled cobblers to put twelve tacks or nails around the edge of a boot heel. Finally, when nails became cheap, a center nail was driven for "luck." That nail was, of course, the thirteenth, and in order to break the spell of that unlucky number, the number in the heel was never spoken of as being more than an even dozen. In old England thirteen was called "the devil's dozen," but exactly why is not known.

MORE OR LESS HUMOROUS.

St. Peter—Who are you? Applicant—Felix Dugan; and you? St. Peter—I am St. Peter. Applicant—Shake! I used to be a janitor myself.—Puck. Uncle George—Got trusted for it? Very bad! When I was a young man I always paid cash for everything I bought. Frivolous nephew—You don't mean to say that your credit was as bad as that!—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Bingo—I wish you would tell that servant girl that we don't require her any more. Bingo—Certainly, my dear. (Later, to Bridget.)—Bridget, Mrs. Bingo wants to see you.—Life.

Ethel (aged 6)—I don't love you any more, grandpa. Grandpa—Why not, Ethel? Ethel—'Cause I love you so much already that I couldn't love you any more if I tried. Please give me 5 cents.—Judge.

Brown—This hypnotism is a confounded humbug. I've looked into it thoroughly and there's nothing in it. Mrs. Brown—How did you get interested in it? Brown—I thought it might come in handy to put baby to sleep.—Truth.