

SEE PREPARED LUNCH.

While a Mob at Her Solicitation Lynched Her Husband.

A Whitehall, Wis., despatch says: Thirty lynchings are on trial for one of the most remarkable crimes ever committed in this State. Hans Jacob Olson was strung up by his neighbors on Sunday, Nov. 24th last. The deed was done at the urgent and fearful solicitation of his wife. The testimony yesterday and to-day brought out the following facts:

The lynching party was organized by Jas. Johnson and Ole Sletto. About thirty persons met at 7 o'clock Sunday night and went to Olson's house. They hurried the dazed man out of bed in his shirt and rolled him round in the snow. His wife then handed his clothes out of the door. A rope was put around his neck, and he was told that he would be given twenty-four to leave the country. His exact answer was: "This is my home, and I am going to stay here till God takes me away."

The rope was then thrown over the lower branch of a tree and drawn taut. Then it was loosened, and the leaders of the crowd began to parley with him.

"Boys," he answered in a pleading way, "you don't know what you are doing. You will be sorry some day. I shall remain here."

Dick Martin led the conversation, and insisted that he must leave or hang.

"But I have done nothing," he replied. "Why should I leave the country?"

"You 'plugged a grub' and put it in Strand's wood-pile," said Martin.

"I have been punished for that in the penitentiary. I have a right to live here, and I intend to do so. You have no right to disturb me," he answered.

The rope was again drawn tight, and Olson was lifted from the ground, but let down gasping for breath. Then the party resumed. In the midst of the hubbub Mrs. Olson came to the door and began to talk to the crowd excitedly. She told them of Olson's depravity, how he threatened his family as well as other people in Whitehall and Blair, and she cried and begged them not to leave him with her any longer. She was afraid of him. Her speech worked the crowd to a fever heat, and a vote was taken on the question of hanging Olson. It was almost unanimous that he ought to die. A rush was then made for the doomed man. He was dragged to the tree again, and strong men tugged at the rope till his head was forced tightly against the limb. One of Olson's daughters, aged 14, stood at the window watching, and when her father was pulled up she exclaimed: "Now he hangs!" Most of the mob dispersed, but Ole Sletto and Charles Demore went into the house to comfort the widow. She entertained them pleasantly and made coffee for them, for they were tired after their exertions.

Three of the mob afterwards confessed, and Charles Johnson has pleaded guilty to the charge of murder, and the wife and son of the dead man and Ole Sletto are now on trial. Dick Martin has fled.

QUITE A TALL YARN

About an Alleged Professor's Experiments with Poor Humanity.

A St. Petersburg despatch says: Reports come from a distant village in Southern Russia of the performances of the Count Zoubovoff, a nobleman who poses as an amateur doctor and scientist. He was recently arrested, charged with cruelty to children, but escaped through a technicality. It appears that he bought four children 3 years old, from poor parents, and confined them in separate rooms. They were taught absolutely nothing, and were waited upon by a deaf and dumb attendant. They were plentifully supplied with food, and the rooms were large and well warmed and ventilated, but they were allowed no clothing. In fact they were caged like bears. In explanation of his conduct the count explained that he was endeavoring to discover what instincts were natural to the human animal. It was proved that he never struck these unfortunate children, who developed into perfect wild beasts, unable to talk and with no notions of decency. They would howl and snarl and tear their food like animals. Since his trial the count boards his proteges with different families, and will educate and provide for them during the remainder of their lives. Men of science are interested in the problem whether they will be able to restrain the children from their savagery.

Betrayed and Murdered.

A last night's Boston despatch says: The police here are searching the city for one Henry Duggan for being a party to the death of Miss Lucy McInnes. Miss McInnes comes of a good family in Prince Edward Island, and came here like many Canadian girls to try to support herself. She met Duggan last year, and under promise of marriage he betrayed her. The result is easily imagined, and at his advice she sought medical treatment to hide her shame. She was treated by Dr. C. J. Eastman, of Columbus avenue, and not following his directions became ill, dying in the hospital on Saturday. All efforts to make her expose her lover were unavailing, but his name became known through some of his letters. His address is unknown. The physician is under arrest, and the body was sent home by express this evening.

A Witness Spirited Away.

A last night's Charlotte despatch says: Elizabeth Stewart, an important witness for the Crown in the poisoning case, was brought to town last night on a warrant, and after hearing her statement the prosecuting counsel allowed her to go to a friend's house. She was to be examined to-day, but disappeared again and cannot be found. The case was consequently continued till next Tuesday, to enable her to be captured. The girl's evidence is highly important, and a determined effort to find her is being made.

Father—"Ernest made an awful racket when he went out last night. He must wear big shoes." Clara—"You're mistaken, papa. He had very light shoes on last night. I think he said they were lace ones."

"This ain't a dwarf! He's over five feet tall." "That's the great thing about him. He's the tallest dwarf in the world."

LAND HUNGRY.

Twenty Thousand Boomers Invade the Cherokee Strip.

An Arkansas City despatch says: Tonight it is estimated that from the different points of entrance 20,000 people have passed the border into the Cherokee strip, and half that number staked their claims. All day long lines of canvas-covered wagons were crossing the border. For a month the boomers have been gathering on the frontier. At all the principal points of assembly "boomer" associations were formed. It is the general belief among the leaders that President Harrison will not insist upon their removal when once the settlers are established on their claims. The excitement here equalled in intensity that which accompanied the invasion of Oklahoma a year ago. The invasion came with a rush. No one expected it. The tenants of the strip, the Cherokee Live Stock Association, and the agents were taken unawares. Chief Mayes, of the Cherokee Nation, placed at the disposal of the former a contingent of Indian police, but they were powerless to cope with the invasion. So far as known the small military force in the strip had no effect in retarding the movement. The herds of cattle grazing on the strip stampeded at the sight of the invaders.

A MOCK MARRIAGE

Which Turns Out Seriously For a Former Hamilton Couple.

A Fall River (Mass.) despatch of yesterday says: Charles Perron and Louise A. Michaud, of Globe village, two young people who recently came here with their parents from the neighborhood of Hamilton, Ont., were married yesterday under somewhat romantic circumstances. Both are respectable young French-Canadians, and a few weeks ago they met at the house of a mutual friend, where a little private entertainment was going on. In a spirit of jest a mock marriage was proposed, and these two volunteered to act the leading roles, and a young man named Bishop acted as the officiating party. Nothing more was thought of it until the young woman commenced to be tormented by her associates at the Laurel mill with the fact, and later scandalous stories came to her ears. This worried her so much that she sought the counsel of the Dominican fathers of St. Ann's church, where she is a communicant. He advised her that since this folly had given rise to the scandal, providing the young man was willing, the couple should be legally married. Perron was seen, and agreed. The case was submitted to Bishop Harkis, who consented, under the circumstances, to give the couple a dispensation, and so they were married.

AT LONG RANGE.

Would Do John Good But Like Him Best at a Distance.

A San Francisco despatch says: Mayor Pond to-day approved of an ordinance, passed by the Board of Supervisors, providing for the removal of the Chinese to a prescribed section in South San Francisco on the outskirts of the city. The law declares it unlawful for any Chinese person to reside in or to carry on business within the city limits, except in the district designated. It requires the removal of all Chinese to this district within sixty days, and declares a failure to comply with the ordinance, punishable by imprisonment, not exceeding six months. The city and county attorney has declared the ordinance constitutional. The greater portion of the Chinese population of San Francisco, estimated at 40,000, is now located in "Chinatown" adjacent to the business centre, and if the order is enforced it will work a marvelous change in that locality. It is understood the Chinese will test the constitutionality of the ordinance and will take no steps towards abandoning the district they now occupy until the question is decided by the courts.

Rumors of War.

A Vienna cable says: The Sabbath stillness of the city has been disturbed by the arrival of two bits of information of far from peaceful import, which are unfortunately better founded than is usual with war rumors emanating from this alarmist quarter. A reinforcement of Russian troops on the Galician frontier by two infantry brigades and six field batteries has been ordered by the Russian War Office. The newspaper Bulgaria, the semi-official organ of the Bulgarian Government, announces that at the meeting of the Grand Sobranje at Sophia next month the majority of the delegates will demand Premier Stambouloff to throw off the sovereignty of the Sultan and refuse to continue the tribute payment to the Porte. A stampede is expected in consequence of this news at the opening of the Bourse to-morrow.

An Ohio Mirage.

An Ashland, O., despatch of yesterday says: A remarkable instance of mirage was witnessed here yesterday about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It presented the picture of a well-defined city, full sized, though of course inverted, it appearing like a large city suspended in the air, or falling through it, as the ground on which it stood was not reflected. The church steeples and the houses were slightly inclined. The phenomenon seemed to be only a few hundred yards above the earth, and was visible for nearly three-quarters of an hour. The weather was clear and calm, with a cloudless sky. Many spectators claimed that the city reflected was Mansfield, thirty miles distant; others that it was Sandusky, sixty-five miles away. Each party professed to recognize buildings in those places.

Five Sailors Drowned.

A Sunday's Baltimore despatch says: The river steamer Defiance reports that five men left an unknown sinking schooner to-day in a boat and pulled for York Spit lighthouse. The wind was blowing with terrific force, and as the boat approached the lighthouse it was thrown against the iron piles and swamped, and the five men were thrown overboard. The men grasped the iron rods of the piles, but the sea dashed over them with such fury that they were soon benumbed, fell off, and were drowned.

If our fathers and mothers had all married their first loves, where would we be?

A WICKED INVENTION.

An Interference with the Course of True Love.

The prospect of a World's Fair at Chicago in 1892 has already brought out numerous applications for space from inventors and manufacturers who wish to exhibit their designs and products. Many of them will doubtless be rejected as unworthy of the high character of the proposed Exposition; but, according to the statement of a newspaper published in a town of Illinois, a citizen of that place has invented an article which he confidently expects will not only be an illustration of Western ingenuity, but will also become a medium of protection to the peace of mind of the head of every household possessed of a marriageable daughter.

Mr. J. Madison Jones, the gentleman in question, has a daughter of whom any father might reasonably be proud. Although there is no likelihood of her ever being a Presidential candidate, it may be remarked that she is a good girl, and, tested by the local nickel-in-the-slot machine, weighs 125 pounds. Among her admirers was Mr. Benson, a prominent salesman in the local dry goods store; and Mr. Jones became suspicious that when the two young people sat in the parlor on Sunday evenings, they occupied the same chair. Now, Mr. Jones had heard much about the spread of Socialistic ideas in this country, and while willing to admit that some of these doctrines had a show of reason on their side, he could not bring himself to the point of believing in a "community of chair." Accordingly, on several occasions at the breakfast table he had warned his daughter against becoming a convert to such a pernicious theory; but, although she listened attentively, and sometimes remarked very demurely "Yes, papa," and "No, papa," he could not feel assured that he had made a favorable impression upon her.

One Sunday evening, when Mr. Benson and Miss Jones were in the parlor, Mr. Jones quietly, as he thought, made his way to the room. On entering the door he found Mr. Benson turning over the leaves of an album on the marble-topped centre table, while the young lady was intently gazing on an engraving entitled "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," which hung on the wall just above the stove. There were two chairs in the centre of the room, about ten feet apart, and Mr. Jones, muttering something about looking for his spectacles, rather sheepishly withdrew. But he was still suspicious, and on returning to the dining-room he hit upon a plan which he felt confident would not only clear up all lingering doubts in his mind, but also bring him fame and fortune.

The idea was nothing more nor less than that of a patent adjustable chair, apparently like the ordinary article, but so constructed that under an excess of weight it would sink to the floor, and a whistle, worked by compressed air, would emit a shriek akin to that from a steam calliope in a circus parade. For example, Miss Jones, as has already been said, weighed 125 pounds. Mr. Benson's weight was an unknown quantity; but Mr. Jones, who had taken part in local contests for guessing the weight of hogs, surmised that it should be at least 160 pounds. So, having completed his chair, he adjusted it on the next Sunday night to bear a weight of 250 pounds, placed it in the parlor, and retired to the dining-room to await developments.

About 9 o'clock Mr. Benson arrived, and he and Miss Jones went to the parlor. A few minutes only had elapsed when the stillness was broken by a weird and most unearthly shriek. The hired girl, who had just returned from a meeting of Second Adventists and was surreptitiously regaling herself with cold beef and pickles in the kitchen pantry, heard the ear-splitting sound, and, emitting almost as loud a scream, rushed into the yard, mounted the water barrel, and, leaping over the fence, landed in a tub of clothes and water which the next-door neighbor had prepared for the morning wash. Mr. Jones rushed to the parlor and found the chair in a state of collapse, the dry goods clerk on his back on the floor, vainly clawing at the air, and Miss Jones seated Turkish-fashion on the carpet, with a dazed look on her face and her mouth full of hairpins, frantically endeavoring to arrange the Psyche knot of her luxuriant tresses. Mr. Jones' triumph was complete; his daughter was too stunned to make reply to his objurgations, and Mr. Benson incontinently fled, leaving behind him his cane and overshoes.

Mr. Jones has no doubt that his patent adjustable chair will prove one of the chief attractions at the Windy City's Fair, and that it will eventually come into use in every well-regulated household. But even chairs and bars have failed to keep true lovers apart, and Cupid's votaries may ever be depended upon to circumvent the precautions of the shrewdest of fathers and mothers.—Philadelphia Record.

Two Pictures.

An unknown wayfarer broke through the ice on Toronto Bay a day or two ago. A young Scotchman named Baillie, barely 20 years of age, and only a few months in this country, crawled over the cracking surface, reached a hand to the drowning man, and pulled him into safety; but the ice breaking again, was himself drowned, although the man he rescued was eventually saved. There was heroism. Within a few yards of this scene was displayed equally striking brutality. When the accident happened a companion of Baillie's skated to an ice-boat near by to get a rope to throw to the man in the water. The Telegram reports:

The skater who went away for the rope tried to get one from an ice-boat which was standing near the scene of the drowning man. The fellows on the boat refused to give a rope and offered no assistance.

Life presents curiously varying phases. Here in this one tragedy is the exhibition side by side of the noblest courage and self-sacrifice and the dirtiest meanness and selfishness.—Ottawa Journal.

Jaques roses have never lost their popularity.

In the cage the average life of the canary is 12 to 15 years.

A little rosette on a lady's slipper imparts the effect of a high instep.

Fashion indications denote a return of orioles.

A man must get right down to his work in order to get up in the world.

Philadelphia has 872 retail shoe stores.

AN ELECTION SLAUGHTER.

Terrible Butchery Resulting from a Peruvian Faction Fight.

Advices from Peru state that in the early part of February a battle took place at Huanta, between the respective adherents of Senor Rosas and Col. Bermudez, rival candidates for the presidential nomination of the Constitutional party, who had gone to Huanta for electioneering purposes. Many on both sides were killed, and many houses were pillaged by drunken Indians. The killed included the chiefs of both parties in the town, namely, Senor Lazona, Deputy of Congress and head of the revolution, and Dr. Urbina, Chief of the Rosas party. The Government holds the leaders of the party responsible. No other part of the Republic was disaffected. Another account says: Dr. Urbina having seen five members of his family fall at his side during the eight hours of the combat, left with the remaining members to seek refuge at Matriz Church. There he found a number of women, children, and old people. The priest before the tragedy took place, exhorted the Indians to desist, but they were drunk and furious. As they drew near the church, threatening to burn it, Urbina, under terrible emotion, wishing to save the lives of the many innocent persons who had taken refuge in the church, resolved to sacrifice himself. Leaving the church he addressed his enemies as follows: "I am Urbina, whom you are looking for. Kill me if you like, but the persons in the church are not my accomplices. Do not injure them." The priest had given him his benediction and accompanied him to the door, sobbing as he bade him farewell. The priest intended to return and close the church, but as he arrived at the porch he became deprived of reason. Urbina was speedily despatched and his head raised on a pole. The guerillas continued to slaughter the inhabitants and to sack and burn the town for many hours afterwards. Over 100 lives were sacrificed to the old rancour existing between the families of Lazona and Urbina.

BABY STEWART WORTH \$20,000.

A Little Wail of the Lake Shore Wreck Provided For.

A Rochester despatch says: A baby in arms worth \$20,000, and no one authorized to care for it, is the state of affairs brought about by the Lake Shore disaster near Buffalo last Thursday night. E. E. Stewart and his wife, of this city, were instantly killed in that accident, but the baby, a little one over a year old, which was in its mother's arms, was found underneath the wreck two hours after the accident happened, so sheltered by its dead parents' corpses as to have escaped without a scratch. The future of the little orphan has been discussed at length. Mr. Stewart's business partner is looking after the baby's affairs in the absence of any near relatives. The baby will have money enough. Nothing can prevent the suit that will be brought against the railway company for its parents' death, netting the child about \$10,000, and the father's life was insured for \$7,000 in one of the old line companies and \$3,500 in a mutual company; so that the tiny miss will soon be in possession of \$20,000; but who is to assume the guardianship? The baby has been received here in a foundling hospital, but it cannot remain, as the provisions made there are only for boys.

It Works on the Cars in Iowa.

I came through Iowa this morning, and when I took my breakfast on the dining car I saw on the bill of fare "no liquors sold in Iowa." While I was passing up on the Central Iowa road I ordered lunch, and on the bill of fare there were twenty-five or thirty kinds of liquor, including old bourbon and all kinds of liquors. I said this didn't look like enforcing prohibition in Iowa, with all kinds of whisky, gin and rum on the bill of fare, and I thought I would try it; so I said to the porter, "Get me a bottle of old bourbon," and he said, "No, sah, couldn't do it, sah, we can't sell it here. Well I said, "But you have it on your bill of fare." And he said, "Yes, sah, but we can't sell it in the prohibition States." And at the top of that bill of fare I saw "no liquors sold within the limits of prohibition States." Well, I thought may-be he was fooling me a little, but I looked around, and nobody knew me, and I knew nobody, so I said to him, "couldn't you get a fellow a bottle of beer, anyhow?" And he said, "Oh Lawd, no boss, couldn't do it nohow." And I said no one would know anything about it, and he said, "Lawd, sah, dey counted every bottle in the car before we reached the State, and then they count 'em after we leave it, and if a bottle is gone I has to 'count for it."

As soon as we left the Iowa line the darkey came to me with a face like a full moon, and said, "Now, boss, we's in Minnesota, I let you have what you wants." Not a drink in Iowa under prohibition—all you want in Minnesota under high license.—W. C. T. U.

Strikers and Steamers.

The agent of the Guion line of steamers yesterday received a cable despatch stating that the Arizona would not sail from Liverpool on account of the strike. This strike is among the stevedores and it affects all steamers sailing from Liverpool as far as known. It is thought the strike will extend all over the British isles if not over the whole of Europe. The strike has caused a good deal of excitement in steamship circles. None of the steamers can sail on the advertised time from Liverpool. Engagements for freight have been declared off, and passage tickets have been called in and the money refunded or arrangements made for the tickets to be used at some future date. The Guion line has not had a ship in here for two months. The steamer City of Paris, which arrived here Monday, had a hard time to get out of Liverpool.

Where He Wanted To Go.

Preacher (who had been telling the Sunday school class about the future abode of the just and the unjust)—And now, my children, where do you want to go? Small Boy (on the front bench)—Want to go home!

In Philadelphia there are not more than fifty wooden cigar stores Indians, against nearly a thousand a few years ago. The short-skirted ballet girl is now the favorite cigar store sign in the Quaker City.

WOMEN BEGIN TO WORK.

What They Will do for the Fair—Their Exhibit, They Say, Will be the Grandest Ever Seen.

The women's auxiliary committee of the World's Exposition for 1892 has begun its labors in an earnest campaign. They have held their first meeting in Chicago this week, rejoicing first that the fair would be held in that city and then, throwing off their seal skins, busying themselves about routine matters. They have already garnered \$10,000 worth of stock subscriptions and have decided to raise another \$10,000 worth of stock subscriptions for the general fund. Their headquarters will be open every day and a permanent organization will be formed. They propose to have a woman's exhibit, managed by women, in a structure designed by woman and built by woman's energy, where will be displayed the results of woman's inventive genius. There will not be as many crazy quilts as were exhibited at the Buffalo Fair, nor as great a variety of worsted work, but all the arts, sciences and industries that womankind are interested in will be represented. A Congressional roll of honor is going to be kept in that department, but no Congressman or Senator who opposed the fair being held in Chicago need apply for enrollment. Preparations have already begun for an exhibit of silk culture from the raising of the cocoon to the wearing of the material. Pottery from the designing to the making will have an important place. Women in Ireland have already promised to send over large quantities of lace, and an opportunity will be given to see how this beautiful material, which is so dear to the woman's heart, is manufactured. During the summer the ladies in Ireland are going to occupy their leisure hours in preparing an exhibit. Woman's handiwork from the Sandwich Islands is also promised, so it would appear that the women of Chicago had been hustling long before the Fair was located. Mrs. Grover Cleveland will have a hand in the exhibit of the Empire State. The designs of the building will be in the hands of the committee in a few days, and, as has been said, will be designed by a woman, which also proves that somebody has taken a good deal for granted. A large working force of women will be organized by wards. Mrs. Emma B. Wallace is the leading spirit of the committee. Mrs. Calvin Bruce is also one of the interested workers.

How Stanley Sentenced the Rebel.

Saturday nights among the members of the London Savage Club are sufficiently famous; and they had a particularly interesting time in Adelphi-terrace at their last gathering. One ought not to tell tales out of school, I suppose; but when you have three African travellers all in a bunch; when they get up and tell their adventures; and when the men are Lieut. Stairs, Stanley's commander-in-chief in his late expedition; Mr. T. Stevens, the enterprising American special correspondent, who pushed into Africa to meet Stanley, and wily, bright, amusing little Paul Du Chailu to make us laugh by telling how he shot his first gorilla, the rule of reticence had best be honored in the breach. Besides, Stairs and Stevens told us something about Stanley, and it would be too bad to keep the public out of the secret. Lieutenant Stairs is a very young officer of Engineers, a tall, fair, handsome fellow, who blushed hard when his host (Mr. H. Wellecome, the chairman of the night) told us how highly Stanley had spoken of him, and when, later, Mr. Stevens touched the same string. The lieutenant did not say much, but he informed us that he has one of the Congo forest dwarfs in stock at Zanzibar, and intends to bring him to London when the warm weather sets in. Mr. Stevens is also a young man, and, like Du Chailu and other plucky travellers, is rather under than over the middle height, as the novelists say. He told us of his conversations with Stanley, and how all his officers speak in the highest terms of his genius and friendly bearing towards them. To Mr. Stevens Stanley attributed to Lieutenant Stairs all the attributes of first-class generalship. In one of his graphic letters, it will be remembered, Stanley describes a mutiny amongst the cowardly rascals whom he rescued, and briefly states that he executed the ringleader, and had no more trouble from traitors. Mr. Stevens told us on Saturday how the execution was carried out, and as this was new matter I shall repeat the story as Stevens heard it from eye-witnesses, and now related it behind the dinner table. "At that time," he said, "Stanley was so weak that he could not turn in his bed without help; but so strong was his iron will that he insisted upon being taken out of bed and propped up in a chair. He took a strong stimulant, and had himself carried outside of his tent, where the people were all drawn up, and where the mutineer, who had been tried and found guilty, awaited his sentence. The chair was put down and Stanley faced the miscreant, the fever in his eye, and his thin hand outstretched. 'We have come through a thousand difficulties and dangers to save you,' he said, 'and this is our reward! Depart to God!' The people thereupon rushed upon the man, shouting, 'What shall we do with him?' 'Send him to God, I say!' shouted Stanley, pointing to the overhanging limb of a tree. A rope was thrown over, noosed round the miscreant's neck, and he was swiftly run up, and soon dangled a corpse in the air." The story was very dramatically told by Mr. Stevens. I could not help thinking in the midst of the applause, that this is a funny world. Even out there, in the heart of the Dark Continent, there was a rope handy for hanging a man, and willing persons who knew how to hang him.

A Fatal Landslide Accident.

A Cumberland, Md., despatch of last night says: A huge rock rolled down the mountains to-day and fell upon the West Virginia Central Railroad track in a cut between Chaffee and Blaine, forty miles west of here. A workmen's train with twelve men went to the spot to clear the track. A cable was placed around the rock and attached to an engine that it might be dragged off. All was nearly ready when a great mass of earth came down the mountain, overwhelming seven workmen. Two were dead when taken out, one has since died, and three were seriously and perhaps fatally injured.