

A SLAVE AND TORTURED.

The Terrible Experiences of a Blind Parisian Beggar.

Once a Banker—Captured by Pirates and Subjected to Suffering Almost Incredible—His Thrilling Story as Related Upon a Stage.

Beggars as a rule are not an interesting class of people, though there are exceptions. Dozens of these sordid-looking men can remember days of affluence, when their checks would have been honored as quickly as any one's. But the most interesting story I have heard lately from one of their kind was told me over at Montmartre the other afternoon in a little wine shop which I had entered out of curiosity and which I found to be little else than a tramps' boarding-house. One man, from his peculiarly villainous appearance, attracted me strongly enough to make me cultivate his acquaintance. He was the most demoralized specimen of humanity upon which I had ever gazed. My first overture was in the way of asking him to take a drink and it

SUCCEEDED BEYOND A DOUBT.

I asked him some sort of a question, but although he could hear well enough he was unable to answer it, but pointed to his mouth, which he opened, showing that he possessed but the stump of a tongue. He was sightless, as I had seen at once upon entering, his eyes having been destroyed by what I supposed was some horrible disease, or possibly by some such poison as vitriol. Two or three nasty scars on his face added to the picturesqueness of his get-up, and he was minus a hand—the right one. I told him that I should like to hear about his career and asked him what war he had been in. He drew a piece of chalk from his pocket and I wrote on the table: "Ask the landlord for a slate." The slate was procured after some demurring from the landlord and upon my ordering two more bottles of wine—one for my friend and the other for myself. When it was brought the tramp commenced to write with his left hand, rapidly and in a clear, concise style, using excellent language. As soon as he had filled one side of the slate he turned it over and filled the other, after doing which he handed the slate to me, threw himself back on his bench and folded his arms. I read carefully what he had written, and as it was evidently unfinished, returned the slate to him for the purpose of continuation.

HE CAREFULLY RUBBED OUT THE MATTER on the slate and recommenced writing, filling up as before the two sides of the slate before he had stopped. This performance was repeated two or three times more before I had got the whole of the story and at the end of the last installment he wrote: "Tell me what you think of it?" The story was certainly a remarkable one and if hitherto unpublished deserves to see the light through the medium of a prominent newspaper. It commenced something like this:

"I AM JULES CHANUT,

formerly a banker of this city, but am known better as 'The Frog' around these parts. Twenty years ago I was young and handsome, rich and prosperous, wedded to a beautiful woman. For a bridal trip I took a Mediterranean voyage, intending to go to Tripoli and Alexandria, in both of which places I had business connections. We started out from Marseilles in a small steam packet then trading in those waters and before we reached Tripoli were attacked by pirates, overpowered and captured. They proved to be Algerians and we were taken to Algiers, where I was offered my life and liberty if I liked to take an opportunity to escape. My wife, or bride, had been taken from me on the vessel and I was crazy to know what would be her fate. Being a beautiful woman I had little doubt that she would be destined for the Bey's pleasure, and the bare thought almost killed me. I determined to make a passionate appeal to the Bey to spare her, and by means of subterfuge managed to get admitted to his presence. When my purpose was made known to him he laughed in my face and called me a fool and I in my rage seized a brass figure standing near me and hurled it at him with full force.

IT BARELY MISSED HIS HEAD

and he advanced upon me with his sword as if with the purpose of killing me on the spot, for I was unarmed. He cooled in a moment and turned away, muttering something which I did not understand till later. What followed was almost too horrible to relate. I was taken to a dungeon and my hand—the hand that had so offended by throwing the ornament—was cut off. That was the first of a series of mutilations and persecutions still more terrible. One day a cage was brought to my dungeon and I was forced to enter it. It was a small but immensely strong box made of iron bars. It was draped with a curtain and I felt myself being carried in it a considerable distance. Finally it was set down and I knew from the perfumed atmosphere that I was far away from any semblance to a dungeon. After waiting for some time the curtain was suddenly drawn from the cage and I saw that I was in the midst of a very handsome apartment. The two occupants of the room were the Bey and my wife. She was in tears and evidently, although the Bey was a handsome man, horrified by his touch. He suddenly rose and led her over to the cage. I was sitting, almost blind with rage, in my tiny prison. He pointed to my hand and then whispered something to her, in French, I presume, for she seemed to understand him. I knew that he was threatening me with further torture.

I CURSED SO THAT MY PRESENCE

in the room seemed to be a nuisance to my cruel tormentor. In a moment of savagery he then ordered me to be taken below. The order was obeyed and I was taken back to my dungeon. Here I was placed upon a table and bound hand and foot. My jaws were thrust open and with a pair of scissors my tongue was literally clipped out. It was days before I recovered consciousness. Then I was taken back to the apartment which had evidently been allotted to my wife, who was the Bey's favorite for the time being. I was no longer able to annoy him with my curses, but I still had the power left to scowl and flash indignant glances at my cruel captor, who only retaliated by spitting on me whenever he felt displeased. One day he caught the flash of my eyes as I sneered at him for his mean villainy. That was the signal for a new torment and I was taken below again to my dungeon. I half

suspected what the next cruelty would be and was not mistaken. I was again fastened to the table and a fiend in human shape approached me

WITH A RED HOT IRON.

He first drew the instrument across my face in the places where you see the scars and then I felt him put it across my eyes. Mercy made me unconscious at this point and when I came to my senses I found that I was blind. A year afterwards, owing, I suppose, to the pleading of my wife I was set at liberty. I reached Marseilles in a vessel which I presume floated the French flag, but those who brought me back evidently did not want to be identified with me, as I could find no trace of them. I told my story to the authorities, who had me sent to Paris. I related my history there, and my relatives who had seized my property under the statement that I was dead denounced me as an impostor. They even went so far as to say that I had disguised myself to obtain the estate and found some one in the police department to swear that I was a notorious thief who had already been in the hulks. I was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for raising a false claim to my own property, and since I came out of prison have lived by begging. Monsieur, have you a franc or so about you? "What do you think of my story?"

A PRISON FOR WOMEN IN VENICE.

How 250 Female Criminals Are Managed by a Few Sisters of Charity.

In an English magazine the Rev. Alex. Robertson publishes an account of a prison for women in Venice, which he recently visited, and about which hardly anything has ever been written. It stands on the flowery and healthy Guideca Island, which is separated from the rest of the city of Venice by a broad arm of the lagoon. The visitor was taken by a lay Sister to the prison matron, who has been in the service for thirty-five years, and who said that eighteen Sisters managed the whole establishment, keeping in order, teaching, and maintaining at daily labor 250 female criminals, a large proportion of whom had been guilty of infanticide. The matron conducted the visitor over the establishment, and explained its management. In the early morning the prisoners go to the recreation court to get the fresh air, after which they attend religious service, and then take breakfast. They are largely employed at lace work and in making scarfs, shawls, and dresses, in which they display great skill, and for which they are paid a small daily wage. Most of the prisoners were young, their ages varying from 17 to 25, and all of them looked well, and took an interest in their work. The workshops, or schoolrooms, as they are called, are big, clean, and airy. In one of them some of the prisoners were working embroidery; in another some were knitting or doing coarse sewing; in another some were winding silk for the lace makers or weaving cloth for the inmates' garments. The kitchen opens into a court, beyond which is a garden. The matron, pointing to the head cook, said: "She is imprisoned for life for the murder of her husband."

The whole of the 250 criminals take their meals together in a large pillared hall. The breakfast is of coffee, with bread and meat; the dinner of soup and bread, with wine for the hard workers, and the supper of vegetables, fruit, bread, and cheese. On Sundays and *festas* all are allowed meat and wine. The dormitories are large and well ventilated, and the beds clean and comfortable. In the hospital wards patients are tenderly nursed. There are six solitary cells for obstreperous prisoners, but they are hardly ever used.

The Rev. Mr. Robertson says that those who leave this Venetian prison do so, as a rule, improved in their whole being, to lead afterward lives of honesty and usefulness. In the prison they have received instruction, have been taught a trade, and have been brought under moral influences.

From the standpoint of economy, the administration of this prison is excellent. Each prisoner costs the Government only about 20 cents per day. It is managed entirely by a few women Sisters of charity.

Progress of Railway Electrics.

While electricity may not yet be able to take the place of steam as an economical motive power for railway trains, it is demonstrating its ability, when properly managed, of cutting into the business of existing steam railways. The latest illustration of this is to be found in the passenger travel between St. Paul and Minneapolis. Until recently the steam railroads have controlled this business, and, with the exception of the fares charged, have given a fairly satisfactory service, but an electric road is now running between the two cities, connecting with the street lines of both, and in the half year which it has so far served the public it has taken such a large portion of the patronage from the steam railroads that the latter will probably withdraw from competition for the local passenger traffic between the two cities. The steam railroads charged 30 cents for a single trip of ten miles and 50 cents for a round trip, while the electric road has been put on a paying basis while charging but 20 cents a round trip. In addition to this difference in fares, the electric road runs its cars more frequently and gives transfers to other street railways in either city.

The electric company is making preparations to handle a very extensive traffic, and will soon be able to run trains under one minute headway. The 30 horse power motors first used will be replaced by new ones of 50 horse power, and the cars will be run at higher speed than at first. Similar conditions of travel in other places will doubtless be met in the same way, and before railroad men realize it, electric railways will be running, the character of whose traffic will bear a very strong resemblance to that of steam railways. In this growth the fact may be developed that a comparison between steam and electricity will not always lead to the results obtained in the experiments thus far made.

The rain and the hen have their proper spheres,

As everything earthly must;

And whereas the hen can lay an egg,

It takes rain to lay the dust.

"Are you superstitious?" asked a bystander of a slowly rising young tragedian. "A little," said the actor sadly. "I have learned from experience that to have just thirteen people in the audience invariably means bad luck."

ALL GOING HOME AGAIN.

Negro Emigration to Africa.

Latest Phases of a Movement to Attract Colonists from the Americas.

Some very significant events are occurring in relation to negro emigration from the western world to the homes of their fathers in western Africa. The societies and the men most interested in developing Africa have begun to turn to this country and South America for civilized negroes whose influence, they hope, will be exerted in the land of their fathers to spread the civilization and the industries with which they are acquainted. It is recognized now that colonies of Europeans in tropical Africa are out of the question. Many of the whites in Africa say now that the negro there is capable of large development, but all that he needs is the assistance of his civilized brother in the Americas. Sir John Pope Hennessy, formerly Governor of Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast says in the *Nineteenth Century* that he visited a whole district in Kambia, Sierra Leone, under negro domination which was admirably governed, and he never saw a happier population.

In a speech delivered a while ago by Sir Alfred Maloney, the present Governor of the British Colony of Lagos, he asserted that the solution of the African problem must depend upon civilized negroes from abroad. He says the "repatriation of educated and industrious negroes from the new world is the grand problem of future Africa. The progress of the tropical parts of the continent in wealth and civilization must be, for generations to come, dependent on their progress in agriculture." Gov. Maloney has been untiring in his efforts to secure steam communication between Brazil and Lagos. For several years emancipated slaves from Brazil have been immigrating in small numbers and in slow sailing vessels to Lagos, and the Governor says that their skill and energy has produced wholesome results upon the industrial condition of the colony. It is said that there are 1,000,000 blacks in Brazil who are anxious to return to Africa. Through the exertions of the Governor, the steamship *Biafra* of the British and African Steamship Company left Lagos on the 16th of August last, on her first voyage to Brazil, for the purpose of bringing back repatriated negroes. She returned on Oct. 19 with 110 passengers. It is now intended that regular communications shall be kept up between Lagos and Brazil, and the steamship company will depend chiefly for its business upon negro emigration from South America.

The *African Repository* says that "the most comprehensive and productive plan for bringing that vast continent within the operations of civilization, will be to scatter and settle many thousands of the colored population of the western world in the land of their fathers." The same paper thinks the day will come when Europe and America will unite to return the negro to his home, just as through their joint efforts he was torn away from his native land.

Mr. W. W. Neville, agent of the British and African Steamship Company, in Sierra Leone, writes that he is very glad that decided steps are being taken to transport American negroes to Africa. He recommends that steps be taken to receive them on their arrival, that their wants and necessities may be ascertained, and their qualifications turned to advantage. He thinks the Governments of the British colonies should provide farm colonies in the interior for settlers. He believes that this business is going to be not only remunerative to steamship companies, but that it will bring blessing and happiness to many thousands.

The *London Times* has published recently long articles advocating Government patronage for the repatriation of American negroes in West Africa as the only solution of the burning problem of our Southern States and the development of tropical Africa.

Dr. Blyden, the eloquent negro who is the foremost citizen of Liberia, was recently in this country, and may, perhaps, still be here. During this visit he delivered many lectures and addresses to our Southern negroes, and he is said to have won the interest of large numbers of them in the project of returning to Africa. He called their attention not only to the advantages of Liberia, but also to the great country of Yoruba, which undoubtedly was the original home of a very large number of the slaves who were taken to America. Dr. Blyden undoubtedly has done much to kindle a desire among Southern negroes for emigration, which, according to the American Colonization Society, has so greatly revived that there are upward of 1,000,000 of our colored fellow citizens who will be glad to immigrate when means are provided for them.

The Lagos Committee appointed to arrange for the reception of Dr. Blyden, in that town, whether he was invited, to suggest ways and means for increasing the prosperity of the country, said in its address that there were large and fertile lands near the west coast, which in the days of the slave trade had been entirely depopulated and had never since been occupied, and which they hoped would be again made to blossom as the rose through the return of exiles from America.

This is a great movement and a great idea. It is, as yet, only in its inception, but there is every reason to believe that it will grow, and that it may result in time in a very large return of negroes to Africa. Liberia has had her serious ups and downs, but, on the whole, she may be said to fully justify the efforts that have been made to reestablish the negro in his native land. The former slaves who, with their children, make up the roll of Liberian citizens, are a fairly prosperous and happy people. They are beginning to exert a good deal of influence upon the native peoples around them, and they are bound to have a large and growing influence upon that part of Africa. If the great idea of reclaiming Africa by the efforts of our civilized negroes develops into large proportions and is found to be thoroughly practicable, it will enlist a great number of powerful agencies and forces to assist in carrying it out, and the middle of the next century may see an enormous work in progress carried on by large colonies from this country and South America, under the guidance of white men, for the civilization of Africa.

Mrs. Hitch—"What was Dr. Fourthly's text this morning?" Dickey Hitch—"I knew you would ask, so I put it down on my cuff."

"The Lord tempers the wind to the Spring lamb."

Father—"Dr. McClure seems to be a ver-intelligent, well-read man." Son—"None sense, governor! I talked with him at dinner yesterday and he does not know a thing about baseball."

BLEW GREAT GUNS.

And Shook up Great Steamships Like Cockle Shells.

Two ocean steamships which arrived the other day from Europe—the *Fulda* and the *Furst Bismarck*—encountered a severe hurricane off the Grand Banks. The seas were so high that the officers of the *Fulda* were compelled to make use of bags of oil, which they hung over the bows and sides of the ship. The oil served to break the roughness of the waves, which from the time the hurricane set in ran very high and swept the decks of the *Fulda* from stem to stern. The vessel sustained no damage.

The *Furst Bismarck* encountered the hurricane just east of the banks and for twenty-six hours, beginning early in the morning of the 10th, she was tossed about like an egg-shell. Her engines had to be slowed down and it was hard work to keep her head to the wind, which blew with terrific force. The *Furst Bismarck* did not use any oil as did the *Fulda*, but escaped any material damage beyond a general washing of the decks and the carrying away of all loose articles.

CAPTAIN ALBERTS, OF THE FURST BISMARCK,

SAID

that on the morning of the 8th between latitude 49.17 and longitude 25.2 they encountered a storm which in some respects was unlike anything he ever saw in all his experience. He said: "To describe it would be impossible. When we first saw the storm approaching it was a grand sight. There was a spray above the water's surface that was fully fifty feet in height.

"The storm came from west northwest and continued from the same direction for two days. On the 10th and 11th it changed to west southwest. On the morning of the 11th at three a. m. we sighted two large icebergs and later on sighted a Bremen Lloyd steamship. We lost fully fifteen hours. The average distance was 17.5 miles per hour, making the voyage in seven days and five hours. There were no accidents aboard."

CAPTAIN R. RINGK OF THE FULDA.

said that "on the 8th in forty-four degrees and fifty-eight north latitude at ten o'clock in the evening we had an overcast, gloomy sky, with a terrible wind blowing from the east. The sea was rolling very high. In the morning there was a dead calm and the weather was delightful. Then again at night the storm arose. This continued for four days. On the 9th, at five o'clock in the morning, there was a dead calm and then suddenly the storm sprang up from the south, going to the south west and west southwest. The wind was blowing at a terrific rate and the sea was a boiling mass of foam and spray. It was so dense that it prevented us from seeing ahead. The vessel labored very heavily and took an enormous amount of water on board. At six o'clock on the same morning

WE USED THE OIL BAGS

with great success. At noon the storm subsided very rapidly. We had one life-boat destroyed and some of the vessel's awnings blown away. Shortly after noon we sighted a wreck, which we supposed to be a bark of about 600 tons. She was fully two miles from us, but owing to the heavy seas it was impossible to reach her. The mainmast, fore-gal mast and the mizzenmast were badly wrecked and the sails were flying away. Our signal flags, asking them if they wanted help, were hoisted but we received no answer. The storm lasted for four days. In all my experience, with one or two exceptions, it was the roughest storm I ever encountered."

There is no doubt but the storm is the same which was encountered by the *Furst Bismarck*. Both vessels lost about fifteen hours on the trip.

Water and Wind.

The latest news from Germany shows that a definite contract has been made for transmitting power electrically from the falls of the Lauffen to Frankfurt-on-the-Main, a distance of 112 miles, for service at the electrical exhibition which is to be opened at that place on June 15th. At Hartford, Conn., a similar transmission of power is successfully made for a distance of 22 miles for lighting purposes. In several places in both Europe and America, electric power is transmitted distances of five to ten miles.

At Coronada Beach, Cal., a company has invented and successfully applied an apparatus to a section of the surface of the sea, by which its ceaseless motion is converted into electric energy; and this is transmitted through a cable to the point where it is needed for the usual service of an electric current.

Thus not only is the electricity rendering available a multitude of water falls in stream and tide which have hitherto been useless for mechanical purposes, but wind power on every hill top can be gathered in by the blades of the windmill, and thence conveyed to the more accessible plain. It will not be long ere fuel of all kinds may be to a large extent superseded in dwellings, and its uses performed in a better manner by the new household servant—electricity. Thus, possibly, we may be saved from the tyranny of the coal mine and the wood pile, and from their final exhaustion, by the utilization of an exhaustless power which everywhere pervades the universe.

A Wonderful Dog Story.

A butcher in Bern was astonished one day last week at seeing his dog run into his shop and lay down at his feet the sum of 250 francs in the shape of a two hundred-franc note. He carried the money immediately to the police office, but it was not until some hours later that the owner was discovered. Another butcher sent notice that he had suddenly lost 250 francs, and could not discover the thief, as it had disappeared while he was alone in the shop, and had been in his hand a moment before he lost it. The dog thief, according to the *Berner Zeitung*, had paid a visit to his colleague in the shop of the owner of the notes, and when the owner's back was turned had stolen the money and scampered off with it to his own master. Is it possible that the dog had come to his own conclusions about the value of bank notes?

As the curtain slowly descended between the acts he said: "I don't see why they call that a drop curtain. It don't drop, it just rolls down."

"Ah, yes!" she returned, "but you see it's a signal for the men to go out and take a drop of something."

BLIND DEATH.

A Hunter's Adventure.

We were hunting among the Black Hills soon after the first rush of homesteaders and speculators in that direction, and one day I left camp on my own hook and wandered away for three or four miles. As I stood resting beside a tree a deer broke cover in front of me and only pistol-shot away. It was a fine buck, and he walked into the open as cool and unconcerned as if no one had ever thirsted for his life.

I ought to have dropped him dead at that distance, but he fell at my fire to get up and limp away, and knowing him to be mortally wounded I followed on after. The ground was very rough and covered with cedar thickets, and being a bit excited I pushed ahead as fast as possible and paid little heed to what was under foot. Of a sudden I found myself falling, and as I went down I dropped my gun to clutch at the branches. I went down ten or twelve feet over rocks, struck on my feet, and then plunged forward and brought up beside a big detached rock with a smash severe enough to have killed one outright. I did break two ribs and terribly bruise my hip, and fainted dead away with the pain.

When I came to I was lying on my right side, facing the jumble of rocks over which I had fallen, and I realized at once that I was badly hurt. Just how badly I hesitated to find out, remembering that I was miles from camp and could expect no help. I lay quiet hoping the pains would sooner go away, when I got such a shock as nearly put my wits to sleep again. Almost in front of me and only about 25 feet away was the mouth of a den in the face of the cliff, and out of this den stalked the largest panther I had ever seen. He stood snuffing the air and looking full at me, and when I realized how helpless I was to even utter a call for aid things turned dark and I almost lost consciousness.

The wind was blowing pretty freely, and, luckily for me, it blew towards me. At first this was not of the slightest importance to my mind, as the beast could reach me with one spring, but I soon had reason to conclude that he was a queer animal. He turned to the left and trotted along over the ground a distance of about fifty feet. Then he wheeled and passed the den about the same distance. When he had gone over his beat two or three times I discovered what was the matter. As he came towards me the sun shone full in his face, and I saw that he was stone blind. There was a white film over each eye, and he could not have seen a tree in his path.

A blind panther out for exercise—blind death trotting along in front of a man so helpless that he could not have made his voice heard twenty feet away!

You have seen the beast confined in a cage—his limbs stiffened, his teeth broken and his savage nature toned down by imprisonment and the sight of humanity until he will scarcely snarl at the cane thrust in to stir him up. This one was lithe, supple, vigilant—a combination of strength and fierceness not possessed even by the tiger. Disease or accident had blinded him, but he possessed every other power Nature gives to the dreaded beast. Instinct taught him the lay of the ground. He may have passed over it a thousand times.

Just so far to the east.
Just so far to the west.
A large stone is passed to the right.
A large tree is passed to the left.
Down by a ledge of rocks and wheel about, east to where the thicket begins, and then wheel again.

Grace—litheness—strength—death! The lower jaw is down, and I have a fine view of the fangs which would rend the hide of a horse. At every footstep the terrible claws clutch and grate—claws which would sink to the bone of a man's leg and then strip the quivering flesh off in bloody fragments.

There is a curious fascination in watching the beast as he takes his promenade. I forget my pains as I rejoice over his blindness. Had he been possessed of his erstwhile vision—aye, could he but see ever so little, he would spring upon me, fasten those long, yellow fangs into my throat, and in thirty seconds all would be over. But he is blind. He cannot discover my presence if I remain quiet.

Heaven save me!
A shift of the wind, which here circles and eddies about, has carried him the scent. He stops midway in his promenade, rears up, and sniffs the air with savage growl, and my heart beats so that it seems as if he must surely hear it and follow the sound until his hot breath is on my face!

Sniff! Sniff! Growl! To the right—to the left—straight ahead!
There! He's lost it as the wind eddies about, and now he stands stock still and utters a continuous growl as he waits to catch it again. No, not like a statue. His long tail sweeps the ground in a half circle and his ears work swiftly back and forth. Blind death waiting to rend and bite and tear and kill!

The scent again! He rears up, whirs about three or four times as if on a pivot, and now he points full at me! A tapeline fifteen feet long would cover the ground between us—between where I lie helpless and he crouches down for a spring. If those sightless eyes could be restored, how they would glint and glitter and blaze!

"Growl! Growl! U-r-r-r-r-r!"

There's something in the sound which chills my blood—a menace—a warning of what is to come which bids me shut my eyes and utter a last prayer. Why does he hesitate? What delays his spring? Ah! the wind has shifted again, and now his infirmity reasons against his natural ferocity. He has been blind for a year or two perhaps. He has never left the cave except to move up and down over that one route. If he leaves it—if he springs at me—he may fall over a cliff for all he can tell. Had the scent held a moment longer he might have attacked, but now the breeze freshens up, the leaves around him are blown hither and yon, and seeming to argue that his quarry had passed on and was out of his reach. Blind Death crept back to his cave and entered it with mutterings of savage disappointment.

Well for me that his mate was not at home and he did not return until I had managed to drag myself out of the neighborhood and secure assistance to reach the camp. Had there been eyes to see me Blind Death might now be flinging my cracked and whitened bones about his dark den as he rolls himself in sportive mood.

Eve was the first person in the Lewis' paper business; at least she was an Ad. solicitor when she wanted the old man to try the apple.