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FLAYED HIS BOY ALIVE.

Inhuman Crime of a Chicago Stepfather—Ending in Murder.

A Chicago despatch says: A neighbor who had wanted to adopt little Max Gillman, the 11-year-old stepson of August Hatzka, sat by his corpse on Lincoln street to-day and sobbed as if her heart would break. The child had been beaten to death by Hatzka. His poor, frail little body was literally flayed. The boy was the son of Hatzka's first wife, whom he married in Germany and who died there about five years ago. He married again within three months after her death, and his second wife died June 15th last in Chicago. Since then it appears the poor little waif of a step-son has received more kicks than crusts and was half-starved all the time. The neighbors say the boy was a nice little fellow. He could not stay at home to be beaten and starved, but last night he returned when Hatzka was out. Hatzka went up to the boy's bed when he returned, and, taking a leather strap to which was attached a buckle, simply flayed the helpless boy alive. This was about 10 o'clock last night. The neighbors heard the screams of the boy then, and later, about midnight, they were awakened by a fresh attack of the insensate brute. Nothing further was heard until this morning, when the sound of blows and groaning could be heard once more.

About 9 o'clock this morning Hatzka told one of the neighbors that the boy had died suddenly, and they sent word to the Coroner and notified the police. Detectives found the body of the boy, yet warm, at 10 o'clock, showing that he had died this morning, after what was at least the third beating. The body of the little victim is a mass of lacerations where the sharp buckle ploughed up the quivering flesh. On the back of the head are frequent imprints of the buckle, and it is supposed that concussion of the brain from the blows there caused the boy's death. Examination of the premises showed that Hatzka had wiped the blood off the bleeding body of the boy and burned the rags with which he did it. The shirt the boy wore when he was whipped was found hidden away in a shed back of the house. It was all caked with dry blood, and the clean shirt which Hatzka put on the poor little fellow is almost as bloody.

Hatzka is 38 years old, and was employed in a furniture factory. He has two little sons of his own, aged 4 and 3 years respectively. Hatzka obtained an unenviable reputation in the neighborhood some time last summer by his treatment of a young woman whom he engaged as housekeeper. He made proposals of marriage to her after she had been working for him four days, and was very much enraged at her because she was already betrothed to another man and declined the honor of being his wife. It is related that he charged her with stealing half a shawl of his late wife and some pieces of table linen, but she not only proved her innocence, but showed that he had cut the shawl himself and hidden away the linen.

When officers arrived at Hatzka's house they found him seated in the kitchen smoking. He was promptly arrested. The man had evidently been drinking, but whether before or after the tragedy was not apparent. He was very reticent, and pretended not to understand English.

KING OF HIS CASTLE.

An Amusing Sketch of Mr. Pyne, M.P., in Lisfinny Keep.

A London cable says: A correspondent now in Ireland sends a whimsical account of a visit he paid the other day to a castle near the Blackwater, in which Mr. Douglas Pyne, M.P., now resists the service of a writ. Lisfinny Castle consists of a single tower or keep, about ninety feet high, dating from Sir Walter Raleigh's time, and surrounded by a large farmyard. It has only one narrow door at the bottom and a small window near the top on the same side. The other openings are tiny slits or loopholes too small to admit a man's head. The lower half of the castle has been completely separated from the upper part by logs and masonry, and the staircase is said by Pyne to be so undermined that many lives will be lost if an attempt is made to force it. My friend hailed Pyne from a haystack outside. Pyne was too shortsighted to recognize him, but he knew his voice and let himself down on a rope inside to a loophole some thirty feet above the ground, whence he conversed for a long time. He is in high animal spirits, and says the exercise he gets in going up and down the rope keeps him in splendid health. The only difficulty was the cold, but he had stuffed the loopholes with hay, and when a stove was lighted he was quite comfortable, barring the fact that the stovepipe was too short and filled the top of the chamber with smoke. He had plenty of whiskey and tobacco and cannes meats enough to last till spring. When deputations come to visit him he lowers himself down to the outside in an armchair, suspended from a windlass, to about fifteen feet from the ground, where he listens to their speeches and replies. He confided to my friend that it was impossible he could be captured, because, even if the police effected an entrance, he had secret means of exit. The interview was ended by Pyne lowering a bottle and a tumbler by a long chord, and his visitor pledged him health and success in good Irish whiskey. Nothing could show better the saddened seriousness of the situation in latter day Ireland than the fact that this comical episode awakens no smile anywhere.

ANARCHISM IN THE PULPIT.

The Chicago Execution Compared by a Clergyman to the Crucifixion.

A Hartford (Conn.) despatch says: An excited meeting of the Society of Unity Church (Unitarian) was held to-night, having been called to dismiss Rev. John C. Kimball because of his anarchistic sympathies. His sermon on the Sunday following the hanging of the Chicago anarchists compared the affair to the crucifixion of Christ and gave great offence to many of his congregation. After a sharp debate of two hours this evening Mr. Kimball secured the floor, and said the sermon was inspired by "a strange power." He said also that the principles of the anarchists were destined to triumph, and that he could not take back a single sentiment he had uttered, however unpopular or whatever the result might be to him personally. The vote to dismiss him was lost—yeas, 38; nays, 49. The lady members of the society, who compose nearly half of it, voted almost solidly for Kimball and secured this result.

A Wild Goose Experiment.

An Ottawa despatch says: Six wild geese caught near Grosse Island, river St. Lawrence, arrived by Dominion Express for the Central Experimental Farm. They will be added to the live poultry collection, and efforts will be made to see if they can be domesticated. Specimens of all the wild birds, including many aquatic birds, will also be obtained.

A reverend canon of the church relates that on one occasion it fell to his lot to marry his footman to his cook. The footman would persist throughout the service in putting his finger to his forehead every time his master addressed him, in accordance with custom. The rev. gentleman remonstrated in an undertone: "Don't touch your forehead, John, but say the words after me." Then aloud: "Wilt thou take this woman?" etc. John, bearing in mind the vicar's hint, replied: "After you, sir," and the assembled friends burst into laughter.

THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.

The Speech from the Throne—Germany Strong and Ready, but Anxious for Peace—Sorrow for the Crown Prince.

A last (Thursday) night's Berlin cable says: The Reichstag was opened to-day. Minister Von Boetticher read the Speech from the Throne. The speech was substantially as follows: "Germany in her foreign policy has successfully endeavored to strengthen the peace of Europe by the cultivation of friendly relations with all of the Powers, by treaties and alliances aiming to avert the dangers of war and to jointly oppose any unjust attacks. Germany has no aggressive tendencies. She has no wants to be satisfied through victorious wars. An unchristian disposition to surprise neighboring peoples is foreign to the German nature and to the constitution of the Empire. The military organization of the country is not calculated to disturb the peace of her neighbors by arbitrary attacks. Germany is strong in parrying surprises and in defending her independence. She wishes to become so strong that she can face with composure every danger. The resumption of the Reichstag comes at a serious time. The grave complaint with which the Crown Prince has been visited fills the mind not only of the Emperor, but also of his august allies and the whole of Germany, with anxious care. Nothing that human service, knowledge and careful tending can do will be left undone. Our eyes and prayers, however, are directed toward God, whose decrees rule the destinies of nations as well as the life of the individual man. Firm confidence in God and the faithful fulfilment of duty have been in all especially grave moments the tried support of our people, and they now also enable us to do justice to the labors awaiting the Legislatures. There has been a gratifying improvement in the condition of the country, and it is expected that next year will show a surplus of nearly fifty million marks. Bills will be introduced, abolishing compulsory contributions on the part of officers and Imperial officials to the widows' and orphans' funds, increasing the corn duties, modifying the Landwehr and Landstrum system so that it will be considerably strengthened, relating to the insurance of artisans in cases of old age and sickness, modifying the friendly societies law with regard to the sale of wine, temporarily prolonging the Austro-German treaty and ratifying treaties of commerce with some American States."

One hundred and fifty deputies were present. The places reserved for members of the court were not occupied. In the diplomatic gallery there were only a few military attaches, but the public galleries were crowded. At noon the members of the Bundesrath entered the White Hall, which was illuminated, and took positions on the left of the throne. During the reading of the speech the Minister was often interrupted by applause and enthusiastic cheers. At the close he declared the Reichstag open, and Herr Wedell Piesdorff, the President of the body, called for cheers for the Emperor, which were given with enthusiasm. The President, in his opening address, alluded to the serious nature of the illness of the Crown Prince, and the grief of the country over his fate. Anxiety concerning his condition relegated all other thoughts to the background. The members would join, the President said, in expressing their sorrow and declaring that they placed their confidence in God's grace and mercy. He asked authority to convey these sentiments to the Emperor and send the following telegram to the Crown Prince: "The Reichstag, in profound reverence and cordial love, thinks of Your Imperial Highness. May God protect your precious life and preserve it for the salvation of the Fatherland." The Deputies listened to the address standing, and unanimously approved the President's suggestions.

TANNING A BOY'S HIDE.

Private Justice Overtakes a Young Georgian with Legal Consent.

An Atlanta (Ga.) despatch says: Macon officials have adopted a novel but cruel method of inflicting punishment on juvenile criminals. A young negro named Parker was arrested yesterday on the charge of abstracting a sack of corn from the barn of a farmer by the name of Davis. The latter withdrew his complaint with the consent of the authorities, the boy's father agreeing to flog him if leniency was shown. At noon the parent appeared at the barracks with a long, ugly strap that had done service as a buggy trace. The boy was not apprised of what was coming, and when it was announced that his father had come the youthful offender was about to jump with joy, but when the door of the cell opened and the strap was noticed he "wilted." The father was not disposed to stand upon ceremony, and at once commanded the lad to relieve himself of his coat and shirt. This was done, but with great reluctance. As soon as the body was bare the strap swung high in the air, quivered for a second and then came down with a swish and a swack that caused the black skin on the boy's body to turn white in stripes. Thirty-nine times did the strap come down with swishes and swacks. The son was exhausted by this time, and his bare back had a sickening appearance. The bystanders interfered at this point, fearing that the excited father would kill his offspring. When the last lash fell the fainting boy was forced to assume his shirt and coat and was lead home. He will probably not steal any more corn, for a while at least.

THE OCEAN STEAMSHIP CALAMITY.

Another Sad Case of the Loss of Nearly a Whole Family.

A Cleveland (Ohio) despatch says: A German workingman named Friedel, who came to this city a few years ago with a young son, having managed to lay up some money, recently sent for his wife and his five other children, who had remained in the Fatherland. Mrs. Friedel and her little ones sailed for America on the steamer Scholten, and they were all among the lost. The unfortunate man learned of his loss to-day through friends and is crazed with grief.

A Terrible Bereavement.

A Syracuse, N. Y., despatch says: The wife and eight children of John P. Frost, a laborer in the salt mills in this city, were lost with the steamer Scholten. Frost came from West Prussia about nine months ago and saved all his money to pay for the passage of his wife and children. It took all his savings, $153, to buy the tickets. His wife was about 45 years old, and the children ranged from 8 months up to 22 years of age.

BAPTEEZEMENT OF THE BAIRN.

A Royal Baby Christened into the Scotch Presbyterian Church—Simple but Interesting Ceremony—The Baby's Name.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: One year ago yesterday was born a son to the Princess Beatrice, and the first anniversary was selected by the Queen as christening day for the Princess' little girl. The ceremony throughout was simple and indeed democratic. Little about it suggested royalty. Doubtless as a special compliment to Scotland, the Queen chose the baptism formula of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and selected to officiate at the font Dr. Lees, only three days home from his visit to New York. He is the minister of St. Giles', Edinburgh, a dean of the Thistle and principal Scottish chaplain to the Queen. Thus, for the first time—because the Stuarts were Catholics—a royal infant has been baptized into the Scotch Presbyterian Church.

One o'clock was the hour selected, the place being that drawing-room so often referred to in the Queen's books, with windows overlooking the picturesque valley of the River Dee, in the background of which rise the shadows of the historic Grampian Hills. It is a plainly furnished apartment such as a successful merchant might plan—a long room, rich in windows, light and views, with curtains of the Balmoral tartan dropping upon a carpet of the Stuart hunting tartan. There is not one very luxurious belonging about the room. Upon the walls hang proof engravings of Landseer's famous deer scenes of his suggestions of hunts over heather and hills.

At one extremity of the drawing-room stood groups of Balmoral tenants, keepers and attendants—good, sturdy Highlanders—with their families, all in picturesque and variegated costumes. At the other extremity was ranged an aristocratic group of guests—the Princess Frederica of Hanover, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh and the Marchioness of Ely, Court ladies-in-waiting; the Countess of Erroll, the Earl of Hopetoun, who is the Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland; the Right Hon. C. Ritchie, Cabinet Minister in waiting; Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Queen's confidential secretary; Prof. and Mrs. Profei, the Queen's particular neighbors and her family friends, together with many other favorite guests. Several deer looked in from the lawn and seemed startled when the exercises opened with the singing of a Scotch hymn by a selected Aberdeen choir.

In the centre of the room stood the Royal grandmother, surrounded by her Indian servants—dark Orientals blazing in red and gold. It did not seem that a Queen and Empress stood there, but rather a woman and a mother, wearing a smile which suggested youthful tenderness. She wore a dress of black silk, trimmed with black lace. Across her breast she wore a narrow scarf of the Balmoral plaid. Beside her stood the father, mother and nurse, who held the cooing cause of the assemblage, all fronting the chaplain, who in dress suggested the well-known picture of John Knox. Not far away was another nurse holding the year old prince, who looked around with dawning wonderment. There was nothing royal or pretentious in the dresses of either baby, although the christening robe, with its wealth of bottom embroidery and adornments of lace crossed with a Scotch ribbon, was the object of much admiration.

Curiosity was visible upon all faces as the minister approached the naming, because as yet the name was a secret. He finally announced it as "Victoria Eugenie Julia Ena." Eugenie, after the ex-Empress; Julia, after the Princess Battenberg, the German grandmother, and Ena as a Scotch name.

The water used was from the River Jordan. After the baptism was sung the new hymn by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and the service concluded with the singing of a chorale known as the "German Hallelujah."

What followed? What follows at any well regulated christening? The whole affair passed off in a thoroughly domestic way, and next came luncheon for the "classes" and afternoon jollity for the masses.

NOT A WORD TO HIS WIFE FOR YEARS.

The Couple Then Quarrelled and the Woman Was Fatally Shot.

A Chicago despatch says: William Myers, who shot his wife and child, ran away and afterwards gave himself up to the police, has made a statement of the causes leading to his crime.

"I don't know how I came to do the shooting," he said. "I don't mean to say that I was not aware of what I was doing, but rather that I had not premeditated it. The trouble has been brewing for two years. I have been married for about twenty-four years, but for the past two years I had not, up to Sunday last, spoken a word to my wife. In fact, I had not even seen her more than three or four times. We lived in the same house, but whenever she would hear me enter she would shut herself in her room and remain there until I left. About three years ago she began to treat me with a sort of silent contempt, which began finally to be so unbearable that I couldn't stand it, and I left her comparatively to herself. I furnished the means of support, however.

"Well, everything went along in that way until Sunday afternoon, when I went home, and, going upstairs, went to a storeroom to get something. I found the door locked, and was about to go for a key when my daughter, seeing me, told me I should not go into that room. I asked her why, for inasmuch as it was my house I supposed I had a right to go where I would in it. Just then my wife appeared on the scene with a poker in her hand and declared I should not enter. I then went out and bought a revolver, intending it for self-defence only, for I feared there might be a man in the house who would create a disturbance, for which I wished to be prepared.

"I returned home about 8 o'clock, and, going into the parlor, saw a number of strangers there. I said good evening and sat down. Some time after my wife turned to me and asked if I had not been there long enough, at the same time slapping me. I left the room, and after the company had gone I went to where my wife was and shot her. Not knowing what the result of my work would be I left the house."

There is very little hope of saving Mrs. Myers' life.

An Elephant as a National Bank.

A Bridgeport, Conn., telegram says: Prof. Seguin and Dr. Godfrey have dissected the carcass of the elephant Alice, burned in Sunday's fire at the Barnum & Bailey winter quarters. In the stomach were found over 300 pennies, part of a pocket knife, four cane ferules, a piece of lead pipe and some pebbles.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Five Families of Children Brought Together Under One Roof.

A marriage ceremony was performed Tuesday at the Ohio House, on Carter street, says the Chattanooga *Times*, that attracted a great deal of attention. The bride was a mother and the groom had already lost two wives. The marriage was the outcome of an inquiry which the lady made several months ago for a correspondent through a Cincinnati paper. The lady was Mrs. Mamie C. Doyle, of Cincinnati. The man who saw the inquiry and replied to it with success was John R. Wandell, of Scottsboro', Ala. They made love by letter, she accepted by letter, he proposed to her by letter, she accepted by letter, and they made arrangements by letter to meet and be married at Chattanooga. Mr. Wandell arrived in the city yesterday and procured the license and made all the arrangements to have the ceremony performed by Squire Snyder at the Ohio House as soon as his intended should arrive. Mrs. Doyle arrived here in company with her 14-year-old son on the Cincinnati Southern train. Mr. Wandell had exchanged photographs with Mrs. Doyle, and he was at the depot ready to recognize his bride. And he did. It was the first time they had met, but they were fast friends at once and quite anxious that the brief ceremony that was to make them twain should be performed at once. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon Squire Snyder tied the nuptial knot and a little later the couple, in company with Mrs. Doyle's son, left for Scottsboro'. She is about 35 years of age. Mr. Wandell is a business man at Scottsboro' and is 40 years of age. She has been married once and has one child. He has been married twice. Each time he married widows with children, and he had children by each wife. His present marriage therefore brings together five sets of children, who are brothers, sisters, stepbrothers and stepsisters, and some of them although brothers and sisters by the marriage of their parents are after all not related to each other at all.

Blessed Forgetfulness.

Do we ever pause to think as we hurry through our daily tasks—nearly all of us have some duties to perform each day—how, if we were to pass out of existence, some one else would take up our work, and in a very short time we would scarcely be missed, even by those who love us and whom we love? Some other hand would wind the skein, sometimes sadly tangled, which we have labored over so long. Some other voice would advise, chide and encourage. Some other feet would take the many steps, tread the path we have trod so long. Ah! 'tis a blessed thing to forget. A life all tears, all regret for the past, all sighs for the ones we have lost, would be a sad life indeed. 'Tis a soft touch of an angel's wing that soothes us—the angel of forgetfulness. Mother, our mother; she sleeps very soundly now in God's acre, very calmly, very peacefully; yet we can remember when she was all in all—leader, toiler, adviser, all in one. She passed away one day; what a great blank place there was in heart and home. But time wove his web of forgetfulness, so slowly, so gently, that the great black void filled imperceptibly, and we scarce missed the dear soul, who once was the motive power of our home. Ah, yes, the world goes on just the same. The new made grave, the bitter tears; healing time, smiles again. Yet those who sleep beneath the green sod, the dazzling snow, sleep no less soundly for our forgetfulness.

F. H. Holland.

National Flowers.

I think I am correct in saying that the larger proportion of those blossoms selected as national or political symbols have been taken from the "hardy brigade." Of such are the rose, the thistle, shamrock and leek, the broom (planta-genista), the white iris of Florence, the fleur-de-lis of France, the lily alluded to by Chaucer. This last is supposed to have been the white or Madonna's lily, but in the north of Ireland the Orange lily is not unfrequently degraded on July 12th as a symbol of party feeling. The violet of the Napoleon dynasty is even yet worn in France, and at Fontainebleau the apartments of the ex-Empress Josephine are redolent with an exquisite ordor. In China and Japan the chrysanthemum has taken the place of honor as the national flower, but one of the latest and strongest of party badges is the "pale primrose" of Shakspeare, now the ensign of the "Primrose League," an order of Conservatives founded in honor of the late Lord Beaconsfield, who gave us the sweet picture of Lady Corisande's garden in "Lothair." This league now numbers four hundred thousand members.—F. W. Burridge, in *Harper's Weekly for December*.

The Meaning of "Mugwump."

I find the word "mugwump" is not in Encyclopedia Britannica, but is in the American supplement, third volume, page 783. I send you an extract giving the derivation and use of the word:

"The word belongs to the Algonquin dialect of the Indian language of North America, and is used by John Elliot in his translation of the Bible (Cambridge, Mass., 1661) to translate the Hebrew word alluph, a leader. Elliot used it in a sense of 'big chief,' a term more comprehensive to the Indian mind than that which appears in the King James' version, 'duke.' The word was spelled 'mugquomp' in the singular, and 'mugquampoag' in the plural. It appears in many places throughout the Algonquin translation of the Old Testament, a notable place being in I. Chron. i, 51, 53; also Gen. xxxvi. 15, given herewith:

"'Young mugquampoag wunnaumonuh Esau; wunnaumonuh Eliphaz; montomegheunche Esau; Mugquomp Teman; Mugquomp Omar; Mugquomp Zepho; Mugquomp Kenaz.'

"'These were dukes of the sons of Esau; the sons of Eliphaz; the first born son of Esau; Duke Teman, Duke Oman, Duke Zepho, Duke Kenaz.'"—*Fulton Republican.*

Lord Fife's Idea of Temperance.

The Earl of Fife is not only the boon companion of the heir apparent, but is also a great favorite with Her Majesty. The father of the present Earl was a curious specimen of the kilted race. He was one day dining with the Queen, and attracted her attention and surprise by saying: "Your Majesty will be glad to hear that I have left off drinking soda and brandy." The Queen, smiling, said: "I am glad to hear it, Lord Fife." His Lordship thereupon made the further remark: "Your Majesty will also be pleased to learn that I have taken to soda and whiskey instead."—*London Modern Society.*

—If all the Presidents elected in the United States could be placed in a row they would reach from Washington to Cleveland.

THE DEAD ANARCHIST'S SWEETHEART.

Nina Van Zandt's Father Tells What He Knows About Her Infatuation.

James K. Van Zandt, the father of the wretched Nina, tells a reporter of the Chicago *Tribune* that he is a hard working chemist, who has no sympathy with the visionary dreams of either Socialists or Anarchists. He became convinced that his daughter was in love with Spies with her mother's support and sanction. He knew that to oppose the girl's folly would drive her from his house, and he would thus lose entirely his influence over her. He argued with both mother and daughter until convinced that it did no good. Then he decided to do nothing, refusing to talk with newspaper men and trying to induce his wife and daughter to adopt the same course. He did, however, join to some extent in the effort to save Spies, not because he sympathized with him, but to avert an overwhelming grief from his daughter. But, as if the state of things in his household was not bad enough, the newspapers, he says, have persistently printed false reports about it. The girl is not contemplating suicide and is not starving herself to death. She is perfectly sane, and time and rest will cure her of the prostration under excitement and grief from which she suffers. A reporter recently got into the house under false pretences and worked upon the feelings of the women until they talked unreservedly, not dreaming that he was a newspaper man. Even what they did say he grossly exaggerated, representing the girl as crying for blood and vengeance. Her father says that both she and her mother were as much shocked as himself at seeing such sentiments attributed to her. On the contrary, it was her tenderness of heart that got her into all this trouble. He does not think that she really has any sympathy with the doctrines of the executed men, but she saw so much of Spies that under the excitement she has caught up their jargon and talks it in spite of herself.

Buffalo Bill.

I asked Col. Cody something about his financial success, writes Crawford to the New York *World*. He said they made a good deal of money in London, but not as much as they should have made. He considered that he was worth to-day $800,000, and that the bulk of this was invested in good Western real estate. Salisbury, he said, was worth about $500,000 that he had put away since he had gone in with the Wild West. Cody says that he is not certain about their future. He has made enough money to retire. They will play the winter through, and then go to Belgium for three or four weeks for the spring exhibition there. Then they will go to Paris for a few weeks, and Rome later,

I asked Col. Cody about the Prince of Wales. He said: "The Prince has been very kind to me. He sent for me soon after my arrival to come and see him at Marlborough House. He came out to the grounds, before we opened, with the Princess and some of his friends, and we gave him a private exhibition. He is a good man. He is kind, thoughtful and a good friend. If he likes a man he sticks to him. He gave me last summer a very handsome pin. I do not wear it, because I hold it too choice for that. It is in my safe now. It is in the form of a horseshoe, with diamonds and rubies alternating, and with the three feathers of the Prince's crest set inside the shoe."

There is no man in the United States who is as well known in Europe as Buffalo Bill. He has become the subject of children's story books. He is just as much a hero as "Jack the Giant Killer" to the children of England. Every book and toy shop has Buffalo Bill books and pictures in every form and device to appeal to childish imagination.

A Lesson in Chemistry.

This is the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the sand used in making the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the salt, a molecule new, that furnished the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the chlorine of yellowish hue, contained in the salt, a molecule new, that furnished the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the sodium, light and free, that united with chlorine of yellowish hue to form common salt, a molecule new, that furnished the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack buitl.

This is the atom that weighs twenty-three, consisting of sodium so light and free, that united with chlorine of yellowish hue to form common salt, a molecule new, that furnished the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the science of chemistry, that teaches of atoms weighing twenty-and-three, and of sodium metal so light and free, that united with chlorine of yellowish hue to form common salt, as a molecule new, that furnished the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

Bill Nye's Introduction.

Probably Mr. E. W. Nye will never forget the time he lectured in Indianapolis. That is the home of Riley, the humorist and poet, and it had been arranged that Riley was to introduce the lecturer. Well, Riley did introduce him. He made an introductory address of one hour and a half, during which time E. W. Nye sat and perspired and got ready to get up and cracked his fingers and smiled outside and cried inside. The only thing that E. W. Nye got a chance to deliver that night was his peroration.—*Omaha World.*

A Texas candidate for Congress wrote his compaign speech on sheets of paper and pasted them together. He carried the roll of manuscript to a meeting, and in the excitement of the occasion allowed the unread part of the roll to become unwound upon the floor. When he came to the railroad issue he discovered that some of his impatient hearers had cut off that part. For a moment he stood amazed, and then he thundered: "Who the —— has stolen my railroad?"

It is denied on authority that the widow of Henry Ward Beecher is showing signs of mental decadence.

BLIND TOM.

Rolling on the Floor in an Ecstasy of Pleasure.

Since the recent action of the courts in taking Blind Tom from the custody of Mr. Bethune, his former life long friend, manager and protector, has brought him so prominently before the public in the newspapers, a few facts concerning his childhood by one who knew him then may not prove uninteresting. He was born near the city of Columbus, in Muscogee County, Ga., of slave parents, the property of General James N. Bethune, at that time editor and proprietor of a newspaper called the *Corner Stone*, but in exactly what year I do not know, as he was some 6 to 8 years, or it may be a little older, when I first met him in 1855. My first meeting with him was in this wise: I had just married a few months previously, and one of General Bethune's daughters had been one of our bridesmaids. On our return from a northern tour we were invited to dine at General Bethune's. During the day music was proposed, and upon the piano and flute my wife and I played a tune which we heard for the first time at one of the theatres in Philadelphia. At the first sound of the music Tom came rushing into the parlor in a single garment, so common among the little niggers in the south, and while the music was going on fell down upon the floor, rolled over, turned somersaults, clapped his hands, groaned and went through divers motions, really more as if he were in pain than experiencing emotions of pleasure. As soon, however, as the last note was played he sprang up, rushing to my wife and, pushing at her, cried out eagerly:

"Miss Fannie"—he knew her well—"please git away; I wants ter play dat tune!"

And jumping upon the piano stool he played it off perfectly, although I know he had never heard it until that moment, for it had only been recently published, and had not yet come south. To test him, then others played tunes he had never heard, and he would immediately play them off with both hands, just as he heard them. He seems to have loved all sounds, whether musical or harsh. He loved to do the churning for the family, just to hear the monotonous sounds of the dasher in the cream. He has even been known to pinch and otherwise tease babies just to hear them cry.

One habit of his seems to savor a good deal of romance, yet it is true. Being blind, he would stay away from home, listening to the song of birds as they flitted from tree to tree till he would get lost in the woods, unable to find his way back. Upon such occasions the most practicable way to find him would be for Mr. John Bethune, his first manager, to go out in the woods and play his flute, when Tom would hear it, come to the sound and thus get back home.

Although idiotic, he was even at that early age endowed with a wonderful memory. After spending the day at Gen. Bethune's as related above, it was over six years before I saw him again. The war was going on, and one day when taking a train I unexpectedly found John Bethune with Tom on the train. I addressed Mr. Bethune and then Tom, not dreaming that he would recognize me, when, to my infinite surprise, he said:

"How d'ye, Mr. Sharp; how's Miss Fannie."

To which I replied: "Why, Tom, how do you know me so well?"

He replied: "Oh, I knows you, en Miss Fannie, too; don't you know when you was at our house and playes dis tune?" and he whistled the very tune mentioned above.

On that trip I discovered how the absence of sight had rendered all his other faculties more acute, for as we dashed along at perhaps thirty miles an hour he could always tell whether we were passing woods or open fields, houses, cuts, embankments, bridges, or almost anything else. I remember we entered a small village on the railroad, when I asked Tom what was outside, to which he promptly replied: "A heap of houses."—*Augusta (Ga.) News.*

Killed Two Men at One Shot.

A painful sensation was caused yesterday in Rangoon by the news that two corporals of the Royal Scots Fusiliers had been shot by Private Mulligan, of the same regiment. Some trifling quarrel had occurred on the previous day between Corporal Thomas and Mulligan. While Thomas was seated on Corporal Crisp's bed Mulligan, without warning, fired his rifle at a distance of a few feet. The bullet passed through Thomas' head and entered Crisp's chest above the heart. Death was instantaneous in both cases. The murderer narrowly escaped being lynched by the soldiers. The murdered men were buried yesterday with full military honors. Gen. Gordon and his staff, with the entire regiment of the Royal Scots Fusiliers were present.—*London Times.*

Irreverent Quakers.

Apropos of Quaker bonnets, I was told last year that some antiquarian, wishing to obtain a complete dress belonging to this sect, asked the younger members of an old Friend family for some of their grandparents' garments. One can hardly imagine the horror inspired by the answer: "Oh, you can have all the broad-brimmed hats, but there are no bonnets left, as we took off the silk and used them as footlight shades in our theatricals last holidays. I am so sorry, but they did capitally!" Oh, that the descendants of the old Quaker stock should have so little reverence left for the memory of their ancestors!—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

A Time for Everything.

A tipsy Scotchman was making his way home upon a bright Sunday morning when the good folk were wending their way to the kirk. A little dog pulled a ribbon from the hands of a lady who was leading it, and as it ran from her she appealed to the first passer-by, who happened to be the intoxicated man, asking him to whistle for her poodle. "Woman," he retorted, with that solemnity of visage which only a Scotchman can assume, "woman, this is no day for whustlin'."—*Protestant Standard.*

Cicero, Sissero or Kickero.

The irrepressible conflict between "Sissero" and "Kickero" has broken out afresh. It is desirable that the pronunciation of Latin be as nearly uniform as possible among scholars in all parts of the world. The tendency is towards the so-called Roman method. If his fellow-Romans called Cicero Kickero, we might as well humor them and him in the matter, especially as we willingly hazard tongue dislocation by attempting to follow the foreign pronunciation of modern European proper names.—*Washington Star.*

Walt Whitman's Thanks.

A New York despatch says the papers yesterday published the following Thanksgiving poem:

Thanks in old age—thanks ere I go,
For health, the midday sun, the impalpable air—for life, mere life,
For precious ever-lingering memories (of you, my mother, dear—you, father—you, brothers, sisters, friends),
For all my days—not those of peace alone—the days of war the same,
For gentle words, caresses, gifts from foreign lands,
For shelter, wine and meat—for sweet appreciation,
(You distant, dim unknown—or young, or old—countless, unspecified, beloved,
We never met, and ne'er shall meet—and yet our souls embrace, long, close and long),
For being, groups, love, deeds, words, books—for colors, forms,
For all the brave, strong men—devoted, hardy men—who've forward sprang in freedom's help, all years, all lands,
For braver, stronger, more devoted men—(a special laurel ere I go to life's war's chosen ones,
The cannoneers of song and thought—the great artillerymen—the foremost leaders, captains of the soul),
As soldier from an ended war return'd—as traveller out of myriads, to the long procession retrospective,
Thanks—joyful thanks!—a soldier's, traveller's thanks.

Walt Whitman.

BETTER THAN A NOTE BOOK.

Gift Which Enables a Gotham Reporter to Dispense with the Pencil.

He said:

"It is worth while to pause a moment to consider the principle involved. It is as much the duty as it is the right of Congress to make provision for the commerce of the country in navigable waters, to construct lighthouses, to dredge rivers and do that which is due for the promotion of the general welfare."

"I beg your pardon," was the reply, "and I think I ought to know."

"Why should you know any better than I do?" returned the first speaker, hotly.

"I have my stenographic notes of the lecture in my hands. You didn't touch pencil to paper during the entire evening."

Two reporters employed on rival morning papers were returning to their offices from a lecture in an uptown hall. During their journey on the elevated train a dispute arose concerning a certain passage which the speaker had used.

"That may all be true," answered the first disputant, "but I would rather trust my memory than your notes. You don't know what was said without referring to them. You don't keep any track of the subject in your mind. You worked mechanically over your note-book, while I recollect every word he spoke."

"Prove it."

"I will. Open your note-book."

The skeptical reporter did so.

"Now follow me closely."

To the amazement of the former, the man with a memory repeated page after page verbatim, not only the language but with the proper emphasis of the lecturer.

"Oh! I know how you did it," exclaimed the note-taker. "You have heard the speech before and committed it to memory."

"I never saw him before to-night, and I never heard him read a word of the lecture before I went to the hall."

"Then how did you do it?"

"I simply remembered it."

"Oh! You've been taking a course at one of the memory schools?"

"Yes, it was a memory school, but not one of the kind you refer to, and the course of study was the most painful you can possibly imagine."

"What was the school?"

"The school of bitter experience. I was blind the first twenty-two years of my life—stone blind. During that time I had to make my memory do service, not only for my memorandum pad, but for my text books as well. I had a naturally quick memory and this constant straining so developed it that I can easily recollect a whole conversation verbatim without a single note. I can't recollect what I read so well unless I read it out loud, as I was taught to remember through my ears."

"Do all blind men remember so well."

"No, not all. But memory is one of the faculties which nature gives to supply the sense of seeing, and blind men, as a rule, remember far more easily than those who are gifted with all their faculties. Well, here we are, and next time you may accept my recollection without asking for proofs."—*Mail and Express.*

Personal Points.

Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, carries life insurance to the amount of $125,000.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the artist and poet has become a convert to esoteric Buddhism.

The young English woman who figured in the Valentine-Baker affair is still alive and unmarried.

Robert Manchester is perhaps the oldest song-and-dance man on the American stage. He is worth more than $50,000.

English newspapers announce the death of Hon. Captain Byng, the popular A.D.C. of Lord Lansdowne at Ottawa a year or two ago. He had only been recently married.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons told a friend in Kingston that her husband was in a lunatic asylum in Australia, and that she has not heard about him for some time.

Dr. Horatius Bonar, in a recent letter to a friend, says: My writing days are done. The public must be contented with what I have written in prose and verse.

Mr. John Greig, M.A., of Edinburgh, is the first Scotsman who has achieved the distinction of passing the examinations for the degree of doctor of music at Oxford.

The documents and plans for the chapel built in Bury street for Dr. Watts, the father of modern hymnology, lately came into the hands of Dr. John Stoughton, who mentions that the total cost of the building was only $3,500. That no doubt looked a large sum to be expended for such a purpose in the days of Queen Anne.

The new Canon of Wells, England, who adds to his other distinctions that of being father of the accomplished editor of the London *Times*, is a ripe scholar, and obtained his fellowship more than forty years ago. It is understood that Canon Buckle leans to moderate broad Church views, but he has never been in any sense a party man.

A Story of Three Ladies.

Two ladies in Dover, Me., saw a man lying drunk in the ditch one hot summer day, while his wife sat by his side knitting. She had been walking home with him, and when he succumbed and fell she had coolly taken out her knitting kneedles and gone to work, so as to lose no time. One of the ladies anxiously said to the knitter: "What would become of him if he should die in this condition?" "I declare," said the wife, as she was toeing off the stocking, "I don't know what his destiny would be in the future, but he seems to be having a good time now."

Members of the Vegetarian Society assert that fruit is a perfect food, the apple alone being able to sustain life and health for a long time.

Mrs. Breesy (to daughter)—Did you tell young Mr. Waldo, dear, that you would correspond with him on his return to Boston? Miss Breezy—Yes, mamma, he has been so polite to me while in Chicago, you know, and seemed so seriously in earnest when he asked me if he might not hear from me occasionally that what could, I say, mamma, but "Let her go Gallagher."

—Angelina seeks for a definition of volubility. "Volubility, Angelina dear, is the distinguishing feature of a horse-car driver when he is ten minutes behind time on his supper trip and an overloaded coal team breaks down in front of him on the rail."