

CATTLE RATE.

The Famous Female Cowboy Hanged to a Limb for Cattle Stealing—Makes a Speech With a Rope Around Her Neck—"Game" to the Last.

A Cheyenne despatch gives the following fuller particulars of the lynching: James Averill and the notorious cattle queen, Kate Maxwell, were lynched by cowboys Sunday night. The bodies of the "rustler" and "range queen" dangled from the same limb of a big cottonwood yesterday morning. The scene of the lawless but justifiable deed of the midnight riders was Castle Rock, on the Sweetwater River, in Carbon county, near Independence. Castle Rock is a place which became historical during the rush overland to the California gold fields. Averill was postmaster at Sweetwater. Kate Maxwell was the heroine of a sensational story which appeared in the newspapers throughout the country three months ago, when she raided a gambling house and recovered a large sum of money won from her employees. Stockmen of the Sweetwater region have been the victims of cattle thieves for years. On account of prejudice against the large number of Cheyennes who come to the place on these occasions, and the rustlers have become very bold. Averill and his remarkable partner have been very active in thieving. The woman could hold her own on the range, riding like a demon, shooting on the slightest pretext, and handling the lariat and branding iron with the skill of the most expert vaquero.

Fifty freshly branded yearling steers were counted in the Averill and Maxwell herd Saturday morning. A stock detective whose suspicions were aroused was driven from the place when he was viewing the stolen property. This circumstance was reported to the ranchmen, who determined to rid the country of the desperate pair. Averill and the woman have several times been ordered to emigrate or to cease appropriating the property of others, but they regarded all warnings. After her celebrated gambling house escapade, Mrs. Maxwell degenerated from a picturesque character into a reckless prairie virago of loose morals, and lost most of her following, but continued pasturing with the postmaster. Word was passed along the river, and fifteen to twenty men gathered at a designated place and galloped to the cabin of Averill and Cattle Kate without unnecessary noise. The rustlers were at home, and a peep through the blinds showed the thieves and a boy in their employ sitting beside a rude fire place smoking cigarettes.

As half a dozen men rushed into the room, a Winchester was poked through each window and a command to throw up their hands was given, with unmistakable distinctness. The rustlers, however, were not so easily overpowered. Averill begged and whined, protesting his innocence. Kate cursed. Her exclamation of the lynchers was something terrible in its way. She cursed everything and everybody, challenging the lynchers to harm her if he had the power. An attempt was made to gag her, but her struggling was so violent that this was abandoned. She called for her own horse to ride to the tree selected for a scaffold, and vaulted astride the animal's back from the ground. She did not resist, and the boy, who had been told that he would not be harmed, followed. Either end of the same rope was fastened about the necks of the rustlers as they sat in their saddles. The boy made a pass with a knife at the man who was disarming Kate for hanging. He was knocked insensible by a blow with the butt of a revolver. The lad was a nephew of the bandit queen.

When preparations for the execution had been completed, Averill and the woman were asked to speak. The man spoke only of his office, saying that he did not wish a certain man to be his successor. He was nominated the influence of the party for another candidate. Kate made quite an address, in which she said that she was quite possible, desiring that her mother be kept in ignorance of her disgrace and tragic death. It was useless to deny that their herd had been stolen from the ranchmen of that section, but if they did not want to divide the herd, the woman would like to have it sold and the money given to a home for homeless girls. Kate bade her nephew good bye, and commenced to deliver a blasphemous harangue. The horses were led from under the pair, while Kate was still cursing. Both kicked in the air, and the woman was valued highly. A few bullets were fired into Averill's body, and the lynchers rode away.

THREE MEN IN THE CANAL.

A Montclair Father's Heroic Act to Save His Boys.

A Montclair (N.J.) despatch says: The residents of this town are pretty thoroughly frightened over an epidemic of madness which seems to possess all the dogs in town. Several people have had narrow escapes from being bit by mad dogs, and the town is now in the greatest possible distance between himself and any stray dog that may come along. A thrilling incident in connection with a mad dog happened here on Monday afternoon. Capt. Michaels, of the Morris Canal, was the owner of a dog named Rover, which he valued highly. During the morning he noticed that the dog was acting queerly, but he thought nothing of it. Shortly after noon, however, the dog, which had been lying apparently asleep on the deck of the boat, which the afternoon with with hoarse, yelping cries began whirling around madly. Capt. Michaels realized instantly that the animal was mad. His two little sons were playing together only a short distance away. With a bound the captain reached them and at the same time the dog dashed at his children and bit their bloodstained eyes rested on the captain and his children. Then, with wide open, foam-flecked mouth, he dashed at the captain. The latter dodged and made for the shore, but the dog headed him off. Again the captain dodged the infuriated animal, and running to the side of the canal dropped both his children in. Then he sprang in himself just as the dog crept under a box, where he was denouncing with a reverberating roar. The next afternoon a small yellow dog came dashing along one of the streets snapping and biting at everything within his reach. He attacked two ladies on Bloomfield avenue, but they bravely beat him off with their umbrellas. Then he ran down the avenue, hitting the other dogs on the way. All three animals were finally killed by officer Duncan after a long chase. No one cares to fondle a dog just at present, and every one is on the lookout for suspicious symptoms.

Laws of Health.

Tramp—"Thankee kindly, mum; I'd no hope of gettin' such a fine supper to-day, mum. May Heaven bless ye!"
Honeysucker—"As you've had a good supper, I think you might chop some wood."
"Yes, mum; but you know the old adage: 'After dinner rest a while; after supper walk a mile.' I'll walk the mile first, mum."

A Gloomy Outlook.

Old Friend—"Got a star for next season?"
Theatrical Manager (gloomily)—"No; all the babies are engaged, and the woman who killed that Chicago broker won't go on the stage."
—Edison is just now trying to perfect a plan for taking your picture by wire.

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SLAIN AS A SACRIFICE.

Fanatical Followers of a Negro "Messiah" Kill a Child as an Offering.

BEATING DEVILS OUT OF A WOMAN

A Savanna, Ga., despatch says: A lamentable state of affairs exists in that section of Liberty county where the lunatic Orth, or Bell, preacher for a number of years in the insane asylum at Milledgeville, but the effect of his ravings is still felt. Hundreds of negroes are totally demoralized through religious frenzy. Orth has a successor in a negro named Edward James, who claims that the spirit of the Messiah has passed into his body. Some of his acts and words are amusing. Other acts and language are revolting. He tells his listeners to throw their money away. Near his rude pulpit is a box into which the silver coins are thrown. Yesterday David James, a brother of the preacher and Carter's friend, went to the camp ground to try to persuade Edward James to give up his calling. The negroes who were there denied that their acting Lord was about. However, the two men lingered and at length discovered Edward James' wife and a woman. They woke him up and began arguing with him. He got mad and threatened to strike them dead. That did not frighten them. Carter put his hand on James' shoulder and the pretended Messiah struck him in the face. Carter grabbed the false prophet by the throat and choked him until his tongue stuck out. At that the other negroes mobbed Carter and beat him terribly with their fists and clubs. Carter is likely to die. Dr. Henry is attending him. His skull is crushed and his thigh is badly injured. The man who was preaching Thursday last he announced his divine mission. He urges his followers to make financial sacrifices to the Lord. On Sunday as much as \$400 was offered as a sacrifice. James tore up the paper money and scattered it about the church. Whether he secreted some of the coin and paper on his person does not appear in the evidence, but it is thought extremely likely that he did. The crowds that follow James increase daily and their rabid fanaticism is becoming a terror to the law-abiding element of both races. The ideas of sacrifice has spread to a horrible extent. The offer of money no longer satisfies these violent and misguided persons. Human blood is demanded. The story of Abraham offering up Isaac told with awful effect. On Monday the man who was preaching was killed by his own followers. The man who had been cut, and on the breast the same symbol was stabbed deeply. The throat was cut and the ears split. The woman was arrested, but refused to divulge what she had done with her other child. A verdict of insanity was returned against her without a trial. The coroner's jury returned a verdict finding Laura Roberts guilty of murder. The woman was out of her mind at one time, but had recovered and was apparently perfectly sound until Bell began his meetings. She was one of his most devoted followers and, after his removal, transferred her attachment to James. Like many of the others, she accepted all of his words as of divine origin, and acting upon them, killed the child. James, while in the search for his wife, was beaten and bruised before the evil demons were persuaded to leave her.

WOULD LIKE TO COMMUTE.

Police Magistrate—William Rounder, drunk disorderly—fifth time since your New Year's, William—I'll have to make it \$10 this time.
Mr. Bill Rounder—Please, Your Honor, wouldn't it come cheaper if I could make some arrangement to pay by the year?
—He—And you are sure that I am the first and only man who ever kissed you?
She—Of course I am sure. You do not doubt my word, do you? He—Of course I do not doubt you, my darling. I love you too madly, so devotedly for that. But why, oh why did you reach for the reins of the very instant I ventured to put one arm around you if you had never been there before?

DARING AERONAUT HOGAN,

The Hero of the Campbell Air-Ship Adventure.

Long List of Successful Balloon Ascensions

—Perilous Feats With the Parachute—A Number of Very Narrow Escapes.

The hero of the recent air-ship adventure, Prof. Edward D. Hogan, lives at Jackson, Mich., when he has been at home, which hasn't been very often. He has had a fondness for atmospheric exploration that has kept him most of the time at various points several hundred feet above earth. When Prof. Hogan made his memorable leap from a balloon to a parachute when 9,000 feet from earth, last April, the newspapers of the city of Jackson chronicled the startling feat with proper prominence, but on paper remained the same. Hogan was expected to be called upon to chronicle his death while making a descent with the parachute. Nevertheless, the man of the clouds doesn't seem to have been deterred by the solitude of his friends and neighbors.

European War Rumors.

A Thursday's London cable says: An undercurrent of uneasiness continues to pervade the continent, notwithstanding strenuous efforts to smooth matters over. The Turkish government has been reported to be in a state of great anxiety, and it is believed that the Russian government is also in a state of great anxiety. The Turkish government has been reported to be in a state of great anxiety, and it is believed that the Russian government is also in a state of great anxiety.

The Naphtha Supply Falling.

A Berlin cable to the Herald says: Intelligence has been received here from Baku to the effect that a permanent decrease in the output of naphtha in that region, and that there is a probability of a very serious crisis shortly coming on. The naphtha basins of the Apsteron Peninsula and Bibiobai are no doubt still very productive, but the yield is no longer to be relied on. Almost the entire output of naphtha in the Caucasus is now raw product. The price has risen from under two kopecks to five or six per pound. Messrs. Rothschild's representative, manager of the Caspian & Black Sea Naphtha Company, has received orders to proceed to Baku to examine the naphtha basins, and has been made of the state of affairs by the company's engineer at Balachona.

Is Hogan Playing Possum?

A despatch of Wednesday from Jackson, Mich., says: Joseph Flowers, a reputable man of this city, who has known E. D. Hogan, the aeronaut, since boyhood, says Hogan certainly did not lose his life in this city last Thursday and spoke with him. He is sure of this, and says, further, that Hogan told him to "keep his mouth shut for a while yet," and he has kept it shut about it until now. Two other men, one of them an eminent physician, who were present when Hogan was taken to the hospital, to whom young Edward looked for inspiration and confidence when he made his initial trip at Jackson. On this trip he was lost for three days, and then he was finally discovered by his friends asleep in a barn. He had many narrow escapes in his career, and several times his rescuers from death seemed simply miraculous. He always had the facility of landing on his feet, and though he fell into the ocean once with no life preserver on, and was precipitated one from his balloon at the height of 100 feet, and on another occasion dropped 2,500 feet before his parachute opened, just as he was nearing the roof of a house, yet he always escaped with slight injuries. When he fell into the ocean he was rescued by an expert swimmer who happened to be in the water at the time; when he fell from the balloon he landed in soft mud on a meadow, and when he had fallen 2,500 feet with an unmanageable parachute, the parachute

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

The Dread Disease May be Prevented and Cured by Proper Treatment.

IMPROPER FOOD ITS PRIME CAUSE.

The "Mechanical Process" Practised by One of New York's Leading Physicians.

"With proper treatment and care taken in time, there is no reason why the most severe case of cholera infantum or summer complaint in young children should not be speedily and effectively cured. This statement was made by a prominent physician of this city, who is at the head of the department of children's diseases in one of New York's largest medical institutions, to a reporter of the Evening World.

For ten years in charge of the children's department of the largest dispensary in town, and later as an instructor and professor, he has made the subject a profound study, and an account of some of the results of his wide experience and research, which were reported to the public as a full interest to the public as to the medical profession, in which he is regarded as an authority in his specialty.

As every one knows, cholera infantum is the source of great mortality among children, greater even than that from all other diseases combined, especially in the large cities. Unless the disease can be arrested by medicinal treatment before it has reached a certain stage, children attacked by it were generally given up as hopeless cases. Nothing could save them, it was said.

This is the result of failing to treat the disease in the right manner, and of erroneous views that have prevailed as to its immediate cause. It has commonly been supposed that because the greatest mortality from the disease occurred during the hot months of July and August, the prostrating effect of the heat upon the feeble infants was the direct cause. For that reason they have been wrapped in red flannel bandages and doled with medicines until it is feared that any of them ever got well. This theory, however, has been pretty thoroughly exploded by the authority which has been quoted.

By a series of elaborate charts, showing the variations in temperature for the summer months for a period of ten years from 1878 to 1888 compared with the death rate from cholera infantum compiled by himself from the records of the Bureau of Vital Statistics for the same period, he proves that while the death rate follows the temperature to a large extent it has frequently been higher, and vice versa, in the hottest weather a lower death rate is found.

The heat is, therefore, only an indirect cause of the disease. The real cause is the decomposition in the child's stomach of the food which it is given, the great majority of the victims being brought up on the bottle.

Scientists know that milk will absorb germs and bacteria floating in the air much more readily than water, and that the time milk reaches the city and is given to the babies it is filled with these destructive germs of disease.

That is what causes all the trouble. The entire digestive apparatus gets out of order. Food remains in the stomach sometimes for days without being digested, and whatever is given to the child to nourish it only aggravates the trouble. Drugs are given to kill these germs, but it takes more medicine to destroy them than it does to kill the child, and as for chalk mixtures bacteria enjoy no better diet. They grow and flourish on it.

THE GRANTS TO ROYALTY.

Mr. Bradlaugh and Lord Churchill Deliver Speeches For and Against.

A last Friday night's London cable says: When the debate was resumed in the House of Commons to-day, Mr. Bradlaugh said he found difficulty in discussing the question calmly when Mr. Balfour outside of the House denounced the objections as disgusting and sordid. The opponents of the grants meant nothing personally to the Queen, but they were simply acting within their rights when they met the demands of the Crown on a question of finance with a direct negative. Much of the argument in favor of the grants was based on the erroneous idea that the Queen, under the Civil Service Act, was to be paid for her services, and that the Government leader, had denied that the alleged savings of the Queen were over three millions of pounds, but he declined to show how much money had either been saved by the Queen or drawn by the other members of the Royal family from all sources. Mr. Bradlaugh said there ought to be nothing to conceal. The fact of the concealing had led to exaggerated ideas. The refusal of the Government to disclose the wealth annexed by royalties justified the aversion of the country to Royal grants. (Cheers.) Lord Randolph Churchill argued that the original demands of the Government were just, besides being in conformity with precedent. It was not intended under the Crown, nor intended under the Civil List, it would impair the credit of the nation and of Parliament. Mr. Bradlaugh had questioned the title of the Crown to its estates, but successive Parliaments had recognized it, and he had never since later challenged the Crown's title. He reminded the House that Sir Henry F. Ponsonby, Her Majesty's Private Secretary, a few years ago denied the reports that the Queen was making immense investments in ground rents and stocks in anything. Lord Randolph said that the Radicals' over-estimate of the Queen's wealth was designed to excite popular feeling against Royalty. He objected to the adoption of methods whose purpose was to foment a clamor against the throne, which in spite of them would remain steadfast in the affections of the people.

Notes from Scotland.

The Greenland seal and whale fishing has this season been very successful, and most of the Dundee and Peterhead vessels have got remunerative cargoes. Professor Struthers, who has occupied the Chair of Anatomy in Aberdeen University since 1863, has intimated his intention of retiring in consequence of failing health. The Scotch Diastabulation Council has issued a circular calling attention to Mr. Gladstone's proposed plan in regard to Scotch Diastabulation, and arguing that the time has come when the subject must be firmly pressed by the friends of Diastabulation.

Whistling the Divorce Shoar.

A Wednesday's Chicago despatch says: It has been the practice of the courts here to hold that an applicant for divorce must be a resident of this State and must appear in person. Both these requirements were waived to-day in the case of Mary Gottschalk, a resident of Pennsylvania. She was in Chicago on the day the divorce was granted, and her husband had deserted her for two years, during which time he had lived in Chicago. She was granted a divorce. Her attorney secured this result by fishing up a former forgotten decision by the State Superior court in Chicago, in which the court held that in the contemplation of the law the residence of the wife follows that of the husband, and desertion for the period of two years by the husband residing in the State, although committed in another State, is sufficient to enable a wife to obtain a divorce.

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It takes about two-fifths of a second to call to mind a country in which a well-known town is situated, or the language in which a familiar author wrote, says the New York Commercial. We can think of the name of the next month in half the time we need to think of the name of the last month. It takes on the average one-third of a second to add numbers consisting of one digit, and half a second to multiply them. A letter can be seen more readily than a word, but we are so used to reading along that the process becomes automatic, and a word can be read with greater ease and in less time than a letter can be named. Mental processes, however, take place more slowly in children, in the aged and in the uneducated.

Novelties in Parisian Sunshades.

Some of the Paris parasols are startling in the novelty of their styles. One is of white feathers with plumes half a yard long. Another is of white feathers with the flowers appearing to climb upwards from the edge toward the furl. A thick hedge of blossoms fringes the parasol, which has been made to match a butterfly bonnet, to be worn with a white silk dress decorated with yellow white shells. The designs upon some of the parasols are of the order, consisting of what looks like forked lightning, or Catharine wheels, or the trees in Dore's illustrations of Dante's poems.

Society in the West.

Mrs. Gotham—"So you live in Kansas City? I suppose you know Mr. Van Apstor who moved there from New York?"
Mrs. DeBoom—"Not intimately. The fact is she is in my set. She associates with very respectable people—doctors, lawyers, preachers, bankers, manufacturers and such folk—but she has not been admitted into the real estate circle."—New York Weekly.

A Trifling A-Mir.

Mr. Shawmut—I understand, Miss Kaktus, that there was something in the nature of a personal altercation between your escort and young Mr. Outfit at the Red Fox ball last evening.
Miss Kaktus—Nothing more than a passing scrap. Mr. Shawmut. Neither gentleman had his gun.

The "Reference Handbook of the Medical Science,"

speaking of kidney diseases, says: "Often symptoms on the part of other organs, palpitation, upward, first impulse the patient to seek advice. The symptoms mislead both the physician and patient. The only safe method of treatment is a faithful use of Warner's Safe Cure. It not only secures healthy action of the kidneys, but cures the symptoms of disease."

Neighbor Sent Him.

He—"I've the piano tuner, mum."
She—"I haven't sent for any piano tuner. He—"Not sure, I know mum; it were the gentleman next door sent me here, mum."
—The man who has the most fun in life is not the instrumental in making others have a good time. There is no virtue in malcontent piety.

LADY DOCTORS IN INDIA.

Their Great Value Now Fully Appreciated by Natives.

In India lady doctors are now familiar to us, and although first they have been somewhat ridiculed by those who could not appreciate their value, they are fast making their presence felt for good in almost every corner of the land. So far as the native women of the country are concerned it is gratifying to note that their success in all branches of college education is progressing to the entire satisfaction of their professors. Not only have they proved themselves to be generally well fitted for the arduous duties attendant on medical studies, but they have in some cases succeeded beyond all ordinary expectation. Bombay, Madras, the North-west Provinces and the Punjab all return flattering reports on the subject, and when we say that a class of female students can average over 700 marks out of 1,000 in a rigorous examination, as we hear has recently been the case, little can be said against their power or skill or aptitude for gaining knowledge in one of the most important branches in the medical profession. Indeed, it appears not unlikely that women in India will prove themselves by no means inferior to the men in some branches of the practice of medicine, if the progress made by native females in hospital work may be taken as a criterion. In many cases they have proven themselves superior to the male students in college examinations, and in no way behind them in the application, power of reasoning and reason. The fact that most of their success is due to the great interest taken in their studies by their lecturers and professors is not without a certain special significance.—Englishman's Overland Mail.

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