PADDY RYAN KNOCKED OUT.

THREE DISASTROUS ROUNDS WITH JOE M'AULIFFE AT SAN FRANCISCO.

They Fought with This Gloves at the San Francisco Athletic Club for $3,000 and the Pacific Coast Heavy-Weight Championship—Paddy Was Not in Good Condition—McAuliffe Much the Better Man.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—The rooms of the California Athletic Club, on Grant avenue, were crowded last night with sporting men and lovers of the art of self-defense, who had gone to see the fight with thin gloves between Paddy Ryan, ex-champion of the world, and Joe McAuliffe, champion of the Pacific coast, for a $1,000 purse, $2,000 outside money, and the championship of the Pacific coast.

The assemblage was representative, not only of what might be termed "gentlemanly" sporting men, but also of many branches of business. At least five millionaires sat upon raised wooden benches, and those who could draw their checks for sums having six figures were numerous. The five-figure men were there by hundreds.

As usual on such occasions there were a number of preliminary contests.

"The next event will be the meeting of the gladiators," said Billy Jordan at 11.20 o'clock, and then the walls of the somewhat small room resounded with the wild applause of spectators.

A few minutes later Barney Doherty, President of the club, who was McAuliffe's backer, entered the ring with Vice-President Fulda and said: "Gentlemen, as I am an interested party in the battle which is about to take place Vice-President Fulda will officiate."

THE MEN ENTER THE RING.

After a collection had been taken up for the widow of a local sporting man, the rival heavy-weights entered the ring. Ryan tipped the scales at exactly 190 pounds, five pounds less than when he met John L. Sullivan and lost the heavy-weight championship of the world at Mississippi City. He had his right hand considerably bruised, the two middle knuckles being knocked back from a blow he accidentally struck his trainer, Patsy Carroll, five days ago while boxing. Ryan was apparently in bad condition.

Joe McAuliffe jumped into the ring like a big, healthy boy. McAuliffe was in perfect trim. He weighed 214 pounds and was as hard as a rock.

Referee Hiram Cook, who was chosen on Thursday night by Barney Farley and Patsy Carroll, the representatives of the principals, having accepted his thankless position, that matter was disposed of at once. Ryan's seconds were Patsy Carroll and Young Mitchell. McAuliffe's seconds were Barney Farley and Jack McCauley. T. Gassman for McAuliffe and Jere Driscoll for Ryan were chosen timekeepers, and gloves weighing less than two ounces were tossed in the ring.

FIRST ROUND.

As the men came forward for the first round, the advantage of McAuliffe's height and condition was quite discernable. Sparring for an opening was short. Ryan struck out with his left, only reaching McAuliffe's chest, and got away before he could be reached in return. McAuliffe was the next to lead without reaching, and Ryan went at him with a rush which was only stopped from terminating in a clinch by McAuliffe's right, which swung viciously and reached Ryan in the back of the head. The blow was only half effective, owing to Ryan's arm breaking its force somewhat, but still its weight was such that it was Ryan's first turn towards defeat.

After that blow McAuliffe led a short one with his left, and Ryan closing in, they clinched. The cries of B'reak!" from the referee and fifty self-constituted ones on the outside went unheeded then, as they did in every break after that until the termination of the mill, Ryan evidently being determined to punch while he had a chance.

Time being called, both men retired to their corners, McAuliffe looking serene and perfectly fresh, while Ryan's chest heaved like a bellows.

SECOND ROUND.

On the call of time for the second round only a couple of feints were offered by each, when McAuliffe struck out straight with his left, his unusually long arm bringing up with a whack on Ryan's stomach between the open ribs. It was the blow of a giant, and only for Ryan's good poise he would have gone to the ropes instead, of only bouncing back a yard. He came up with a sickly smile and feinting with his left, followed it quickly with a vicious swinging right which again fanned the air, but in alarming proximity to McAuliffe's chin. The latter made a return swing with his right, also missing his opponent, whose head was lowered from the force of his own blow. The two men then came together and clinched, during which time both pommelled one another at short range until a dozen cries of "break!" were shouted.

Ryan was fighting desperately, while his opponent was comparatively cool.

At this stage Ryan was seen to suddenly double up as though in great pain, but it was only for a second, when he straightened up after carrying both hands below his belt.

It was learned afterwards that his truss had slipped a little, but he recovered it before the greatest danger could happen.

McAuliffe made another pass and let out straight with his left and before recovering he slipped and almost fell, but was up in a second. Ryan believed his opportunity good at that time and made a dash which proved most disastrous. McAuliffe's left went straight out with all the backing of his tall frame and countered Paddy on the mouth and down went the ex-champion. It was a terrible blow and when Ryan got up, inside of his ten seconds' allowance, he staggered and spat blood. Before McAuliffe could well follow up his advantage Ryan closed in on him and in the clinch the usual short arm blows were delivered, Ryan choosing his opponents head, while McAuliffe went for Ryan's wind.

At the end of the round McAuliffe was still fresh, while Ryan was evidently a whipped man.

THIRD AND LAST ROUND.

The third and last round showed McAuliffe to be a determined fellow who did not propose to allow any advantage to his opponent. As the men came together he struck out with his straight left and on this occasion, like a number of others that followed, he only grazed Ryan's right ear, his long-arm passing over the Trojan's shoulder as far as the elbow. Ryan attempted another right hand swing which again fell short and before he recovered McAuliffe's right, with a swing, reached him on the side of the jaw, felling him heavily. The blow was the severest given in the fight and in the belief of all it was thought to be the settlement of the battle.

Ryan bravely got up inside the ten seconds, but he was terribly dazed and apparently oblivious that McAuliffe was coming upon him. He went to the ropes fifteen feet from his own corner and seemingly was about to step out into the audience. He turned, however, as McAuliffe was about to finish him, and they clinched. It was just in time to prevent Ryan from falling to the ground over the post he was leaning on and which broke as McAuliffe struck Paddy.

While the latter was on the ropes cries of foul were heard, and in the ensuing confusion Ryan returned to his corner, where he had an opportunity of getting another breath. He responded when the referee disallowed the claim of foul. There were some more telling short-arm blows, and on a break being made McAuliffe poured in repeated straight right-handers, which settled the mill.

Ryan staggered against the ropes, sat down on them, got up, tried to get out of the ring, but McAuliffe kept at him. If time had not opportunely been called, Ryan would doubtless have been knocked insensible. His seconds passed Paddy to his chair under the lower rope, and he sat there a whipped man, refusing to fight any longer. His second, young Mitchell, threw up the sponge.

M'AULIFFE NOT HURT AT ALL.

The only damage done was to Ryan, whose right eye was slightly closed and his under lip split. McAuliffe, when seen in his room, was free from a mark, and as fresh as when he entered the ring.

M'AULIFFE'S BATTLES IN THE RING.

Joseph Peter McAuliffe, the holder of the championship of the Pacific coast since he whipped Dick Matthews last year, is a native of California and is twenty-four years of age. He has been a temperate man all his life, taboomg liquor to a great extent and leaving smoking entirely alone. He followed his trade as a currier in a South San Francisco tannery until last year, when he met "Buffalo," whose real name is Costello. This mill was under Harry Maynard's auspices and for a purse, "Buffalo" was bested in three rounds. Three months later McAuliffe met Dick Matthews at the California Athletic Club, defeating him in seven rounds of hard fighting. By this battle McAuliffe captured the title of heavy-weight champion of the Pacific coast, Matthews having taken that honor from Jack Brady, who had knocked out Clarence Whistler at the Wigwam. Mike Brennan, the Port Costa giant, was the next man to meet McAuliffe, in September last, when at the California Athletic Club they battled for forty-nine rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules, McAuliffe proving the victor. The defeat of Ryan proves that McAuliffe has a pugilistic career before him.

ENOCH ARDEN REVISED.

After Fourteen Years of Separation Richard McDaniel Weds His Wife Anew.

[*Jeffersonville Special to Pittsburg Commercial.*]

Yesterday morning about 6o'clock while Mayor Forde was still in bed a servant rapped at his door and informed him that a gentleman and lady were waiting in the parlor to be married.

"Show them in here," said the Mayor, thinking they were Kentucky elopers.

The visitors were Richard McDaniel and Mrs. Amanda Downs, and after inspecting the license which was handed him, the Mayor, without lifting his head from the pillow pronounced them man and wife.

The story of their courtship is full of romance. Thirty-two years ago Richard McDaniel was a prosperous young merchant of Jeffersonville, and Miss Amanda White was one of the reigning belles. They loved and were married. Everything was smooth and pleasant for fifteen years, when the young husband formed the acquaintance of a smooth-tongued young gambler who persuaded him to put some of his money in a faro bank. The game so fascinated him that he neglected his friends and his business and finally became addicted to strong drink. This was too much for the young wife, and while her husband was absent from the city on a protracted spree she secured a divorce. McDaniel read a notice of the decree in an Indianapolis paper the next day, and for the first time a realization of the depth to which he had descended seemed to come upon him.

He returned to Jeffersonville, sold out his business, placed the proceeds in the bank and suddenly disappeared. Not a cent of his money—and he was worth in the neighborhood of $100,000—was taken, and he left his home penniless. For seventeen years not a word or a line was received from him, and his friends supposed him dead, but as he left no direct heirs an administrator was appointed for his estate, which has ever since been growing more and more valuable.

In the mean time a sister of the divorced wife died, and when her brother-in-law, William Downs, proposed that she become a mother to his children she consented and they were married. Then followed fourteen happy years, but two years ago Mr. Downs died, and she has since devoted herself to caring for the orphans he intrusted to her.

Last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Downs went to the post-office to mail a letter, and in the crowd that usually fills that place she was jostled against a fine-looking, well-dressed old gentleman, who seemed to be a stranger in the city. It was Richard McDaniel, now grown old and gray. Their eyes met and the recognition was mutual. "Amanda!" "Dick!" was uttered in almost one breath, and they locked in a fond embrace. Before the astonished bystanders could recover from their surprise the couple were walking arm in arm towards Mrs. Downs' house.

There Mr. McDaniel told his story. After leaving Jeffersonville he drifted to Chicago, and, being in a desperate frame of mind, he did not care what became of himself.

Being without money and having resolved not to touch a penny of his estate, he secured a position as roustabout on one of the numerous sailing vessels plying on Lake Michigan. With no other object in life, he set himself arduously to his new business, and in time was made captain of the vessel. He saved his money and bought steamers of his own, and some time ago, finding himself rich a second time, a strong desire came upon him to visit the home of his childhood. Arranging his business affairs, he boarded the cars and Saturday afternoon found him in the city he had left seventeen years ago. He again proposed and for the second time was accepted by the woman he loved. They will make their home in Jeffersonville, in one of the many fine residences Mr. McDaniel owns.

The old saying, "It never rains but it pours," is verified in this case. During Mr. McDaniel's absence his grandfather, who lived some distance out in the country, died and left him another fortune. The possessor of over $500,000, he will now settle down to a quiet life, and together with his good wife, who is still handsome, will enjoy the happiness that for so many years has been withheld from them.

IDEAS FOR MID-WINTER BONNETS.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Gold-brocaded ribbon almost entirely of metal is just introduced as a trimming for London bonnets and hats.

Black tulle bonnets are made in the plaited Nanon shapes and trimmed with an aigrette and watered bow.

Tulle bonnets, in emulation of English styles, are now worn all winter for theatre and dress bonnets, and roses and other flowers are their garniture.

In order to lower bonnets from their objectionable height milliners are using side bows and rosettes for trimming them, as the bonnets themselves are not unreasonably high.

Large poke bonnets of felt, with nodding plumes, bows, loops and strings of watered ribbon, are worn by little girls. These may be white for very small girls, but for those from eight to twelve years of age they are usually of a dark color to match the cloth cloak with which they are worn.

Very dressy bonnets for light mourning are made of black watered silk satired on cords in a cone-shaped crown, edged with two torsades or twists along the brim, one of the silk and the other of China crape, and trimmed with a crown bow of black watered ribbon, or of gros grain with watered edge, and a rings of the same.

New cloth bonnets for wearing with cloth suits are covered with passementerie like that used for trimming the dress. Chamois-skin with pinked edges covers the front or the crown of bonnets to be worn with gowns that have a vest of chamois; the edge of the brim and middle of the crown are filled in with ruches of snipped silk—prune, navy-blue or terra cotta of the color of the cloth of the gown. Arrowtips of silver or gilt are added to the quills now so much used for cloth bonnets and for turbans. Feather turbans with an Alsacian bow of ribbon and pufed velvet front are among the novelties sent out from London.

New caprices in millinery displayed for mid-winter show the extremes of fur-trimmed bonnets for general wear, and tulle bonnets with flower garniture for the theatre and other dressy occasions. The fur trimming is no longer merely an edge for the brim, but may be a whole crown of fur, or else there are fur panels down each side of the crown, with loops and a placed upright in front and the ribbon loops of the standing bow, while an English fancy is a strap and slender bow of fur to fasten the bonnet under the chin; this is very handsome and warm-looking in the short close pile of seal-skin, or gray or black Astrakhan, or of the natural plucked beaver. Russian sable is so fashionable for tippets, shoulder capes and muffs that tabs or pancis of it are also being placed on bonnets, where it looks rather heavy, as it does also when made up in tight-fitting jackets.

The Best Cash-Carrier.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

Answer to "Maud." "There are so many excellent cash-carrier systems in use at the various stores that it is hard to say which one is the best. In some respects, however, a good husband, Maud, is the best cash-carrier. At this time of year he is also the best and most overworked cash-dispenser. Ah, yes, Maud."

Doesn't Always Work.

[*From the Norwich Bulletin.*]

Jay Gould has smoked but one cigar in his life, and he is worth $60,000,000. This would be a grand moral lesson for the anti-tobacconists if it were not for the fact that there are thousands of men who never touched tobacco and who are not worth a continental red.

AMONG THE POOR AND LOWLY

PLANS FOR CHRISTMAS IN HOMES AND ASYLUMS.

The Celebration at the Five Points Mission Saddened by the Death of a Benefactress—Good Meals and Presents for Poor Children—Wards of the City Sometimes Overlooked by the Charitable.

Charity as expressed in the provision made for the city's chronic poor by the municipal authorities and the various institutions for the relief of the helpless youth and old age of poverty will bestow itself in many pleasing forms.

The falling of the greatest Christian holiday on Sunday always results in a distribution of the celebration over three or four days, and this year is no exception.

The Old Brewery, which has been known since 1850 as the Five Points Mission, took on its festal appearance last evening, when gifts were distributed to the 500 pupils of the day school, who get one square meal in the building every day in the year, and to the 300 pupils of the Sunday-school.

But not all was festive here, for in the death of Mrs. William E. Ryer, of Eighty-sixth street and Lexington avenue, on Sunday last, the children lost a constant friend and indefatiguable worker for them. Mrs. Ryer had been a directress of the Mission for thirty-five years, and her absence from the celebration was felt on all sides.

For some years the celebration has been made particularly attractive by the appearance of Santa Claus, Secretary B. F. Leonard assuming the part of the children's friend in character. So long has this custom endured that the children fairly believe Mr. Leonard to be Santa Claus himself. But on account of Mrs. Ryer's death this part of the programme was omitted last night, and after the 800 children had sung the Rev. Robert Lowry's Christmas carols for an hour or more, the gifts, wrapped in parcels, were distributed from the stage of the big school-room by the manager, the Rev. O. R. Bouton, Mrs. Skidmore, the Superintendent, and the teachers of the school.

Besides all this, each child was given a bag containing candies, nuts, raisins, cakes, an orange and an apple. All the gifts are given by the friends of the mission.

On Sunday the carols will be sung again in Grace Chapel, attached to the mission, at 2.30 o'clock.

Across Paradise Park and facing towards the south, is the Five Points House of Industry, which has had a long career of well doing. Here 250 children, whose parents are unable to bear the burden of their care, find a pleasant home, and are given schooling and a training fitting them for the battle of life. There are about 200 other children from the tenements near by, who attend day school here.

The House of Industry will begin its celebration of the rising of the Star of Bethlehem this afternoon, when 100 families of the neighborhood will be given each a big basket, in which will be found a nice fat turkey, garnished with potatoes, bread, coffee, sugar and candy, and the whole capped by a juicy mince pie. The names and whereabouts of families deserving and needy of this remembrance are furnished by the missionaries of the society.

Besides these, the 128 families of the 128 day-school children will receive chickens and potatoes and needed clothing.

On Tuesday evening in the chapel Kris-Kringle will be on hand and will pluck from a glorious Christmas tree gifts for all the children of the school. The parents will be there and the evening will be spent in helter-skelter fun.

Conspicuous among the providers of these gifts this year are the Misses Sterns, daughters of Benjamin Sterns, of West Fifty-fourth street.

To-morrow afternoon at 3.30 o'clock the children will trill carols in the chapel. Following is the programme which will be carried out under the lead of Supt. Barnard:

Processional—"In the Field with Their Flocks"
Organist S. N. Penfield, of the Broadway Tabernacle.

"O Come, All Ye Faithful"	Reading
"Peacefully Sleeping"	Campiglio
"Ring the Christmas Bells"	Browne
"Christ is Born of Maiden Fair"	Gauntlett
"In a Country Far Away"	Gottschalk
"Good News on Christmas Morning"	Hatton
"Come, Let Us be Joyous"	Andre
"Though Poor be the Chamber"	Gounod
"Magnificat in Jehovah"	Donizetti
"O Holy Night"	Adam
"Silent Night, Holy Ghost"	Haydn
"Star of Bethlehem"	Reichardt
"Morning Star, in Splendor Shining"	Emerson

The Department of Charities and Correction will provide something extra for the inmates of the hospitals, almshouses, workhouses and asylums for a Christmas dinner, which will be served to-morrow.

There are 11,000 inmates in the institutions directly under the care of this department, and for these, according to figures furnished by Supt. Blake, 12,990 pounds of chickens and 3,455 pounds of turkey, "of good quality as to age and condition," will form the base for this dinner. For this part of the dinner $1,367.42 will be paid.

Monday will be observed at most of the institutions as a holiday. At the insane asylums the usual Christmas ball for the milder patients will be enjoyed, and at the Idiot Asylum and the Infants' Hospital toys will be distributed.

Mr. Blake says that time was when the inmates of the public institutions were made the beneficiaries of the kindly charity of many people, but the custom has gradually gone into disuse, presumably because the impression prevails that the Charity Department provides everything needed or desired. This is not so, however, as the department provides only necessaries, and toys and gimcracks are not considered necessary except for the children and the inmates of the Idiot Asylum.

A few friends of these helpless ones still remember them at Christmas. James Renwick, the architect, invariably sends some reminder at Christmas, and until quite recently the aged and much-beloved Mrs. Abbie Gibbons, of 55 West Forty-seventh street, not only gave many articles, but attended the Christmas services at one of the institutions of public charity.

There will be exercises commemorative of the day at Bellevue and the Charity Hospital, and more or less observance of the day elsewhere.

At the penal institutions, the workhouses and asylums visitors will be permitted to call upon friends, and of course they may bring with them any reasonable reminder of the day.

A Lady's Mania For Dress.

[*From the Chicago Mail.*]

Having a suburban caller I did what I thought was the proper thing—made all of my inquiries about people whom she knew and of whom I had heard. I soon recalled one name which at one time was as frequent in the social columns as any I can now recall. Her husband had occupied—I believe that is the dignified word—a position under President ——, and his of course removed the family to Washington, where the wife of the office-holder soon became known, for she was handsome, a good talker, witty, and a good dresser. In fact, she run to dresses. She had more than she knew what to do with, and some of them were extravagant in combinations and were made at a time when crushed strawberry, trampled-out raspberry, ashes of roses, and all the rainbow hues were the rage. I asked what of this one: "She is living quietly," said my suburban caller, "in the home which she left when they went to Washington. Now and then she gives a little reception to a few of her old-time friends, but I don't think it is because she enjoys them. It is only to bring out her old clothes which used to cut such a swath in society in Washington. Sometimes she will don one of those evening dresses and come downtown, go to the meat-market and leave her order, then she will go home, change her dress and come back for something else. She is still a pretty woman, just as a statue is pretty—for there is no longer any animation. Everybody respects her. She is a true wife, a good mother, but she seems to live for no other purpose than wearing out her old clothes."

"Ah, what is so dead as a perished delight."

MORE STRANGE THAN HANGING.

Observations by the Man from Tinville Before and After Tackling Delmonico's.

EVERYTHING about the man indicated wayback origin.

True, he had on his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes, but it was plainly evident that they had been donned only for the particular purpose of making a pilgrimage to the great metropolis, which would be the event of his life and would make him the hero of the grocery-store coterie, relegating the fellow who once saw a man hanged and his nightly story of that wonderful experience to a seat on the back row of mackerel kits.

It was opposite the statue of the hero of Mobile in Madison Square that he was encountered by a joking police sergeant, who asked him what he thought of the town.

"Wal," said he, "it's pretty consid'ble of a place. Knocks Tinville into a cocked hat. Gosht if I b'lieve the boys'll b'lieve me when I tell 'em 'bout seein' buildin's taller'n our liberty pole, 'cause they think that air liberty pole, next to the Tower o' Babel, is putty much the tallest thing on record; an' b'gosh! I thought so too till I see them there big buildin's way downtown.

"Yes, sir. New York's a slashin' big village, but where's a feller goin' to get anythin' to eat in the gol darned place?

"I see some places where a man could git a bite down there, two or three miles, where they make them newspapers, but I wasn't hungry then.

"I've got an awful gnawin' now an' I can't find a place to feed the animals."

The Sergeant kindly pointed out Delmonico's and the Hotel Brunswick on opposite corners as public restaurants where the countryman might satisfy his hunger.

The fellow's eyes bulged and he gazed on his informant incredulously.

"What! Them palluses common eatin' houses?" exclaimed he.

The Sergeant nodded affirmatively.

"Well, I'll be darned! Now, which one shall I go to?"

"Both are good places," said the kind policeman.

"That place over there," (pointing to the Brunswick) "looks a little bit too stylish for me. I guess I'll get some bread an' milk or a sandwich over here," and the visitor from Tinville started for Delmonico's.

"Did you find it a nice place, and did you get all you wanted to eat?" the Sergeant anxiously inquired some time later, having waited for the reappearance of the hungry countryman.

The fellow looked dejected but managed to reply.

"Yes," he said, "it's a nice place and I got all I wanted to eat, but that, an' what I've got on my back, is all I have got. I wuss goin' to stay in New York fur a week, but I guess I'll go home to-night. What's the nearest walkin' way to the Grand Central Depot?"

The sorrowful Tinvillian was directed and muttered as he went his way: "It's a darned good thing I bought a return ticket."

The Pope's Golden Rose.

[*London Standard.*]

The receipt by the Queen Regent of Spain of the Pope's golden rose has led a curious writer to put together the following particulars concerning the flower: The first of these roses were simple flowers of red enamel, representing the natural color of the rose. Later the color of the rose was left white, and a large ruby was put in the centre, the reflection from which gave the petals a red tint. Innocent XI. had a golden rose made, which weighed over eight pounds, was ornamented with several sapphires, and represented a value of over 10,000 francs. Alexander VII. ordered one rose at 6,000 francs and another at 4,000 francs.

Lately the golden rose has been worth over 10,000fr., and has taken the form of a branch with several flowers, a natural rose, which has been blessed by the Pope forming the centre. Of this kind is the rose which the Queen Regent of Spain has just received. It is planted in a magnificent silver gilded vase, which is a splendid example of Roman workmanship. The rose itself is said to be a symbol of the Creator; the splendor and richness of the metal represent the eternal light which surrounds the Divine, and the perfume and spices, which are placed in the vase by the Pope, symbolize the glory and resurrection of Christ. The benediction of the rose is a solemn ceremony. The holy father in his sacred robes, reads the formula of the benediction from a book which is held by a bishop. Two other bishops holding lighted candles stand by his side. The high dignitaries of the Papal court surround the pontiff, holding the incense, the holy water, the spices and other perfumes. Another dignitary, kneeling, presents the rose to the Pope, who reads the prayers, blesses the incense, the spices and the perfumes, which are in turn presented to him by a cardinal. After putting them into a vase which holds the rose, the golden rose is blessed, and the ceremony ends.

A Matter of Policy.

[*From the Nebraska State Journal.*]

"Let's go in here and have a drink."

"Can't do it, old man."

"Why not?"

"I'm a Prohibitionist."

"Then we'll go in by the side door."

It Disgusted Him.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

"The italics are ours," said Mr. Wipedunks, reading aloud from the newspaper; "why, darn it, who has accused him of using borrowed italics! What's the use of a man always boasting of his possessions!" And Mr. Wipedunks threw the paper down in disgust.

THE SILMA FAITH DOCTOR.

Fire Flashed from His Face and He Dipped His Bibles in Blood.

[*Selma (Ala.) Despatch to Montgomery Advertiser.*]

The perpetrator of the butchery by which a woman was sacrificed to fanaticism, an outline of which was telegraphed to the *Advertiser* yesterday, is William W. Jordan, who claims Shreveport, La., as his home. He insists that he is the lawgiver Moses, returned to earth and delegated by the Supreme Being to save the world, and especially the Hebrew race. It seems that he has been in this city for the past eight or nine months, teaching his diabolical doctrines to a score or more of half demented and superstitious negroes whom he has organized into a society called by him and them "The True Children of the Living God." Mary Moore, one of the three witnesses to this inhuman crime and the only member of the society whom your correspondent has heard talk, seems to believe implicitly that Jordan is a supernatural being, deriving his power and authority direct from God. She says that Jordan reads the Bible as she never heard man read before, and that while reading his face shines like the sun and great sparks of fire are continually emitted from the hairs of his head. She says that ever since she had known him, nearly a year, he had been obliged to use a crutch to walk, until yesterday, when he came into the house and, taking the crutch in both hands, broke it as if it were a straw, and, throwing it into the fire, he began to dance and sing, saying that Jehova had quickened his limbs. They had been burning sacrifices all night Saturday night, she said, at Mrs. Jeffries'. They went to her house about 4 o'clock Sunday morning.

When asked of what the sacrifice consisted, she said of "Bibles dipped in blood and water." We burned all the Bibles except one. Mr. Jordan told us, she continued, that whatever was going to happen would happen this Sunday morning. That his mission would then be closed and he would be carried back to the sky. When we went to my house we carried the table and the cloths and the pitchers upon and in which we had been burning the sacrifice. This morning she said he was eating breakfast when he arose from the table and said: "The time has come," and he told Mollie Barnard to lay her head upon the table. Mollie said "No, not me," and Frances Driver then said, "I am willing to go," whereupon she placed her head upon the table. Mr. Jordan then took the sword and struck her on the neck, wielding the deadly instrument with both hands. He nearly cut her head off the first blow. He struck her three times after this, I think. He then said "Thy will be done," He forced Lucy Hurd and I to drag Frances out. Then the police came. God told me to join the society.

This is a correct report of Mollie's talk. The implement used to commit this horrible deed was a regular cavalry sword. When arrested he had the sword, reeking with the unfortunate woman's blood, in his hands. The officers found in his pockets a bunch of keys, a round thick piece of glass, evidently a lense out of a telescope or opera-glass, a card about the shape and size of a small photograph, and on which, in addition to cabalistic characters, is written the words:

"W. W. Jordan, founder of faith and religion. I walk with God and the Holy Spirit talks through me."

He also had a letter, presumably from his brother, dated Shreveport, Dec. 8, 1887. The letter is as follows:

MY DEAR BROTHER—Your letter mailed Dec. 5 has been received. I was greatly pleased to hear from you. I much wish that you would come to Shreveport and live with us. We all desire so much for you to come—you may be assured of a hearty welcome and a happy home. You can do much good here with your remedy; we need you every day. Why can't you come? You know, dear brother, it is not good for you to be alone. May I send you the money to pay your expenses here? I am doing nicely. My duties, though onerous, are not disagreeable to me. By the help of God I shall succeed. Write at once and say that you will come to us. Your affectionate brother, THOS. H. JORDAN.

A coroner's jury was empanneled shortly after the arrest of the man. The findings of the jury are substantially the same as related in this communication. Hence the copy of the jury report is not sent herewith. The women, Mary Moore and Lucy Hurd, are held as accessories. The preliminary hearing of these three persons will be held Monday afternoon before His Honor Mayor Maas. Too much cannot be said in praise of the efficient and prompt action of Mr. W. C. Crosser, Chief of Police, and his efficient aid, Capt. M. Payne. Had it not been for their prompt and intelligent action, it is not at all improbable that a bloody riot might have ensued, and loss of life and property occasioned thereby. They all deserve and will receive the thanks of this community.

The Thrifty Woodpecker.

[*From the Pittsburg Dispatch.*]

A lady of this county who recently returned from the West has among other souvenirs of a tour over the Central Pacific Railroad a curious little photograph. It is a picture of a section of one of the redwood telegraph poles which stand sentinel beside the tracks of the Central Pacific on the western side of the Sierra Nevada. The pole is full of holes about the size of a respectable firefinger. These holes are made by the woodpeckers of that region, and in them is wonderfully exemplified the foresight with which Providence has seen fit to endow these birds. The woodpeckers bore these holes with their bills, and invariably stuff them with acorns. They wedge the acorns in so tightly that they can only be dug out with a sharp knife. Invariably, too, the bird bores the hole well up on the lofty pole and above the snow line, so that when winter comes and all the food supply is out of sight they can fall back upon these riders under the telegraph wires with a fair degree of complacency. The only people who object to this ingenious method of heading off starvation are the officers of the Western Union Company. Quite a large item in the construction accounts of the great telegraph system is charged to the California woodpeckers. After a pole has been operated upon for a winter or two by these birds it only takes a fall of snow and a high wind to snap off the honeycombed portions; then down come the wires to the ground. This does not often happen, because the construction department of the Western Union is kept busy replacing the poles so affected with new ones.

A New Man.

[*From the Norristown Herald.*]

A New York policeman, who fell and broke his arm while chasing a thief, continued the pursuit and captured his man. This policeman is supposed to have been on the force only a day or two, but his fellow-officers think he must have been seized with a temporary fit of insanity. Next thing we may hear that this inexperienced policeman was on hand when a street fight took place.

An Artistic Affair.

[*From the Pittsburg Chronicle.*]

"The Kilrain-Smith prize fight was artistic in one respect," observed the Judge.

"How was that?" asked the Major.

"It ended in a draw."

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His Narrow Escape.

[*From Puck.*]

"We had a tough time getting him away from the mob," said one of the officers, as they dragged their bruised and tattered prisoner into the station-house and slammed the door in the face of the infuriated throng that surged against the railings and clamored loudly for vengeance.

"Kill him! Lynch him! Get a rope!" yelled the people; and then the policemen charged upon them with drawn clubs and they suddenly dispersed.

"It's lucky we came along in time," continued the officer who made the arrest, as he gazed at the huge rent in his uniform; "another minute and they would have had the life clubbed out of him; and I don't blame them, either, for a man who'd do what he did would rob a church."

"What's the charge?" asked the Sergeant as the trembling, pallid culprit was arraigned in front of him.

"Dropping Philadelphia papers in one of them hospital boxes," was the reply.

The March of Science.

[*From Puck.*]

"Are you interested in the newest discoveries in science and the inventive arts?" asked Mr. Knowall of Miss De Pork, a Chicago girl.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" she replied enthusiastically. "I am so interested in everything of that sort. Why, do you know that when my papa first went into the pork business he had to kill all his pigs by hand, one at a time; and it was dreadful tiresome, sticking three or four hundred in a day. But now he has machines that simplify and beautify the work so that they kill and scald and scrape and cut up thousands in a day at his pork-packing parlors, as you would say in Boston; and the work is done beautifully. You must go with me and see it some day; it's just lovely!"

The Revised Reading.

[*From the Pittsburg Post.*]

The pugs motto: The mills of the sluggers grind slowly but they grind out heaps of gall.

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IS SHE DEAD OR ALIVE?

The Peculiar Case of Miss Theresa Fly, Who Lies in Her Coffin Unburied.

[*From the Cincinnati Enquirer.*]

The village of Newtown is just now considerably excited over the strange case of a young girl named Theresa Fly. Last Thursday Theresa, who is just eighteen years old, was taken suddenly ill with a pain in her head. A congestive chill followed, and two hours after her first complaint, and before a physician could reach her, she was to all appearances a corpse. Her parents, who are in reduced circumstances, summoned the township doctor, and he pronounced the girl dead. The Township Trustee, being notified, purchased a coffin and made the necessary arrangements to bury the body at the expense of the county, but before the burial friends of the family discovered that the body was still warm and the funeral was postponed. Several doctors pronounced her dead, but many persons who have since thronged to view the remains attired for the grave insist that they believe that life still exists. An *Enquirer* reporter visited the house last evening and found the body attired in a thin muslin shroud and reposing in a coffin that rests by the side of an open window in a current of cold air. No positive evidence of death exists, although the body has lain thus for six days, scantily clothed, and in a position to freeze a well person to death.

The parents have made not a single effort to restore life or warmth to the body or awaken the suspended animation, if that be the cause of her insensibility. The body is still limber as when living, and the watchers at the wake assert positively that she still retains considerable warmth and that at times perspiration is visible upon her person. When the flesh is pressed it returns to its proper position and discloses a tinge as if the blood was sluggishly moving through her veins. Several hundred persons visited the house yesterday and last evening, and many believe the girl is lying in a trance, but the superstition of the parents will not allow any efforts at resuscitation to be made, believing that she will return to life on the ninth day without any effort being made to awaken her if she is not dead. A consultation of doctors will be held to-day, and if there is sufficient ground for thinking she is not dead her case will receive proper attention.

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