ONE MAN'S QUEER WORK.

FURNISHING NOOSES FOR USE ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES.

All that Could be Learned About Him in the City where He Works—A Talk with a Maker of Police and Constable Equipments.

There is a man in this city who has furnished the nooses for a very large number of the hangings in the United States for thirty years, and yet with such secrecy has he plied his trade that there are only three or four officials in the State who are acquainted with him in his business capacity. This mysterious person is said to have furnished the noose that broke in Marion, S. C., on Friday last, at the hanging of the negro, Jim Black.

Black had been sentenced twice for the murder of a crony, Eli Wilcox, whom he shot in the back while intoxicated on the night of Feb. 9, 1880. He was courageous when the time came for him to meet his doom, and ascended the scaffold without a tremor. He smiled broadly when he stood upon the platform, but the smile forsook his face when the noose was slipped around his neck. The kallows was so arranged that the floor fell at a movement of a spring, allowing the culprit to drop six feet before the rope tightened. When Sheriff Johnson gave the signal, the spring was released, and the trap dropped. The murderer fell through the trap, and the rope tightened as it reached the limit; but the weight was too great, and it broke, having tightened enough to nearly strangle the prisoner to death. The Sheriff and his assistants took Black from beneath the scaffold and removed the black cap from his face. The muscles were twitching spasmodically, and there was a slight movement of the eyelids. After a while the man began to gasp. A glass of water was held to his lips, but he could not swallow. Meanwhile the Sheriff had sent to a hardware store for a stronger rope, and thirty-six minutes after the drop was first released Black had been assisted up the steps of the gallows, and he again stood with the halter around his neck. He said a word to his friends, and had the black cap drawn over his head the second time. It is said that he never quailed, even when half dead from the effects of the first attempt at hanging, but stood gravely till the trap fell. This time the rope did not break, and Jim Black was strangled to death in eighteen minutes.

When the news of the accident got abroad the excitement was very great. Ex-Sheriff John Wilcox published the following card:

> In view of the horrible accident that attended the execution to-day, it is proper for me to explain that the noose that broke was purchased by me from John J. Poole, of Baltimore, Md., a party with whom I, in common with many Sheriffs in this State and throughout the Union, have been dealing in the line of handcuffs and prison furniture. Mr. Poole informed me upon his first visit, called that he could only find one man in New York city who knew how to prepare such rope, and this man had made such ropes for the Sheriff of New York the last twenty years. The rope was guaranteed to do the business fearlessly, and the charge was actually 25¢. When Jim Black was respited the first time, and upon my return from that office, I presented the noose to my successor, Sheriff Johnson.

The gentleman of whom ex-Sheriff Wilcox bought the noose said yesterday: "The note is correct when it says that I furnished the rope to the ex-Sheriff, but I did not make the rope. It is the one thing in police equipments that I do not deal in, except as a middleman. I supply nearly all the police and constabular authorities of the country with prison goods, but I eschew the rope. Among the articles of that description I deal in, and practically have the monopoly of, are policemen's and firemen's helmets, caps, badges, clubs, belts, belt plates, buttons, calls, caps, chain nippers, coats, combs, clogs, cords and tassels, dark lanterns, duplex calls, handcuffs, hats, helmets, havelocks, jail locks, leg irons, leggings, jail padlocks, nippers, numbers, pistols, pocket lights, police canes, rattles, revolvers, rules, sash locks for the legs, throat and bells, twisters, whistles, and the like."

"What about the rope?"

"Well, there's a man in this city who for thirty years has supplied to sheriffs all over the land the halters with which men are hanged. Very few men know him, and even I have seen him but once, and then he did not tell his name or address. In November last I received a letter from ex-Sheriff Wilcox calling for a hangman's noose to hang Jim Black with. I hate to have anything to do with a halter, but, as Wilcox was a customer of mine, I was anxious to oblige him, so I went to look up the noose maker. I called on Warden Finn at the Tombs, who took the whole matter off my hands. He, it seems, either knows the man or is acquainted with some one who knows him, for a couple of days later the man came into my place and laid the rope on my desk. It was Italian hemp, hand laid, and in every way a fine-looking bit of rope. It was simply the noose, not more than three feet in length. I paid the man $25 and he departed without a word. That is the last time I ever saw him. I sent the rope to Wilcox, telling him to soak it thoroughly and put it in a dry place all needed. The prisoner was respited, and Wilcox handed the noose over to his successor."

"Does this mysterious noose maker manufacture his own rope?"

"No. I believe he gets it from a firm in Wall street."

"Anything new in your line of goods?"

"There's a patent shackle that's interesting. You know how prisoners once had to drag a iron chain and ball attached around after them till their sentence expired. In the new shackle there is an iron frame screwed fast to the sole of the prisoner's shoe. This frame has two uprights that support an iron ring around the ankle. On this ring is screwed another ring, weighing fifteen pounds, which fits closely to the leg. The heavy ring locks by a patent method that is proof against force, and impossible to pick. Of course they can't file through a hammered iron ring 2 by 4 inches; so that when you once lock it on a man's leg, you can leave him alone, or with his friends, for half a dozen lifetimes with perfect safety. He can't run, because every time he lifts the foot the fifteen pound weight has to go too. When his foot is on the ground the iron uprights support the ring."

"What have you in handcuffs?"

"We have the same cuff that we have been selling for years and years. It is used in every State and Territory of the country. It's made so as to lock as soon as clasped on the wrist, and cannot be picked or forced. Here's one for three hands. If three prisoners are shackled together by these bracelets their hands are pretty safe. It's difficult for three men to run with their hands locked together. Here's a pair of patent nippers that Police Sergeant W. G. Phillips invented after twelve years' experience on the force. They give an officer complete control of a prisoner. They look like a pair of scissors, with the blades curved so as to go around the wrist. You open them and clasp your man, and then you have him safe."

"What kind of a club is this?"

"That's a patent flexible club. It is made of solid leather, cut to the required form, and then brought together by a heavy pressure. It is slightly elastic. It seems as hard as iron, and is very effective in a fight. With a wooden club there is danger of killing a man. This leather one is the most humane in use. It cannot be broken, and will last a lifetime. Many police departments use this club. What do you think of this cartridge? It carries three balls, which separate at a distance of fifty yards, so as to cover three men. Suppose an officer is attacked by a crowd. He draws his revolver and fires once, and the three balls separate and hit three men, making each cartridge fired equivalent to three shots with the usual one-ball cartridge. These cartridges have been tested by the United States Ordnance Department, and approved."

DIED FROM JUMPING THE ROPE.

A Warning to Girls who Indulge too Much in that Violent Pastime.

"Died from congestion of the brain, caused by jumping the rope," was the cause of death certified by Dr. Felix Nordemann of 242 East Twelfth street, in the case of Rachel Duckwyde, aged 5½ years, of 51 Bayard street, who was buried yesterday. The parents are in comfortable circumstances. The father keeps a fancy goods store in the Bowery. Little Rachel was one of seven healthy children. She was a bright, pretty child, and a great favorite with her companions. She was very fond of jumping the rope. A little girl who played much with her said yesterday: "Rachel would always jump as long as she could. Sometimes she would jump as many as a hundred, and then she would have to sit down, she would be so tired. She always wanted the time in as often as any of us was jumping. We used to try and get her to sit down and look at us, but she would not rest as long as she could jump."

Another of Rachel's little companions said: "She used to be very fond of jumping what we call pepper, salt, mustard, cider, vinegar. That is when we begin to jump slow and keep jumping faster until we get to vinegar, when you have to jump as fast as you can."

Her father said: "I used to tell her not to jump so hard. I have so many children that I can't be with her all the time. On Sunday she came in after jumping and said she felt very bad. She had pains in her head, convulsions and convulsions. We sent for three doctors, but it was all over before one came. He could not do anything for her, and she died at 10 o'clock in the evening."

Dr. Nordemann said: "I have no doubt that the child died from overexertion in jumping the rope. She was a healthy child, and had not been sick before. It is a very common thing for children to injure themselves by jumping too hard. It often leads to heart disease, especially where there is any predisposition to it. Many little boys injure themselves in their attempts at walking matches, riding the bicycle, and other feats of endurance."

Dr. Jarvis of the Sanitary Bureau of the Health Board said: "I have known of several similar cases. Parents should be on their guard to prevent all forms of overexertion."

LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

The Eldest Daughter of an Earl Dying in a Village of New Hampshire.

Lady Blanche Murphy died at Conway, N. H., yesterday morning. Her father is the Earl of Gainsborough. The family name is Noel, and Lady Blanche as the eldest daughter bore the title of the Right Honorable Blanche Elizabeth Mary Annunciata Noel. Her mother, Lady Augusta, eldest daughter of the Earl of Erroll, died before Lady Blanche was 20 years of age. She has two brothers, the Viscount Campden and Lord Edward, one of whom is serving in the British army in India. Her younger sister is the wife of Henry Bellingham, member of Parliament. The estate of the Earl of Gainsborough is in Rutlandshire, England, where, at Exton Hall, Lady Blanche was born. Her girlhood was devoted to travel and study. She spent some time at school in Italy and France, and learned to speak Italian, French, German, and Spanish. She was familiar, too, with Latin, and had a fair knowledge of Greek.

The Earl of Gainsborough, once a Protestant, became a Roman Catholic, and at his seat, Exton Hall, he has a private chapel where services are held each day. It was nearly fifteen years ago that a young Irishman, Thomas T. Murphy, was engaged as organist in this chapel. With him Lady Blanche fell in love, and a runaway marriage followed.

Within one year they left England and came to New York. Lady Blanche was still proud and brave, but her irresolute and easily discouraged husband had nothing to do, and bread was scarce. Then Lady Blanche began to write magazine articles. She and her husband had lodgings in Henry street, and the brave little lady toiled with the means at hand for their support. At this time Father Hecker, the Catholic priest, found her out, and was the means of helping Lady Blanche to a wider market for her writings. Her education had been generous, and her gift with a pen was marked. She wrote cleverly and well, and had no trouble in selling all that she had to offer. Father Hecker also found a place as organist for Mr. Murphy in New Rochelle. Until the time of her death she did not cease her relations with the *Catholic World*, and in the April number, just published, she has a paper on "The Tomb of the Conquistador." In the May number, now in press, is an article on "The Greek Monasteries of Mt. Athos."

Their last change was to North Conway, N. H., where for two years both engaged to teach in the Kearsarge Academy. At the time of her death Lady Blanche was not much over 35 years of age. She has had no children.

In the way of addition or supplement to the foregoing details of Lady Blanche Murphy's career, we have the following account of her, which appeared in THE SUN six years ago as a quotation from a sketch published elsewhere: Lady Blanche, the eldest daughter, though yet young, of the haughty English Earl of Gainsborough, is a resident of this city, earning a precarious livelihood in the wilted fields of magazine literature, as a competitor of the drivelling hacks and feeble fledglings who swarm around those poverty-stricken periodicals. Her short career has been a romance, not destitute of heroic and pathetic elements which gild the pages of romantic writers. Her imperious father, the Earl, whose London residence is on Cavendish square, is the owner of the superb estates and palaces of Exton Park, Oakham, and Cottesmore, in Rutlandshire, besides Camden House, in Gloucestershire; but his brilliant daughter, Lady Blanche—whose baptismal name, we will be seen by reference to any recent edition of "Burke's Peerage," was Blanche Elizabeth Mary Annunciata—is lost to his sight, if not to his memory. Amid the swarming crowds of New York, you may see her passing through the streets, or riding in the horse cars from her home to the suburbs, with a roll of manuscript in her hand; or you may find her in the dingy offices of the magazines or the weekly papers, trying to dispose of the productions upon which she is dependent for her daily bread. Her mother, the deceased wife of the Earl of Gainsborough, was Lady Augusta, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Erroll. Her two brothers are Viscount Campden and Lord Edward, and her two younger sisters are Lady Georgiana and Lady Frances. The earldom of Gainsborough belongs to the principal aristocracy in the kingdom of Great Britain. Noel, the founder of the family, with Celestria, his wife, was one of the nobles who entered England with the Conqueror, who granted him immense estates for his services; and many of his descendants were men of great note and magnificence. The family traces back to the earldom in 1682; but it is within a century that the line passed to the present branch of the family, whose living representative is therefore known as the second Earl of Gainsborough.

By referring to that part of "Burke's Peerage" which contains the history of the earldom from which Lady Blanche sprang, the following line, which involves the history and mystery of her career, will be found immediately after her name:

"Married, Thomas T. Murphy, 6 March, 1870."

The simple meaning of this line is that Lady Blanche married the Murphy who is referred to at the date which is here indicated. The few people hereabouts who are acquainted with Mrs. B. Murphy," or the editors who have received articles signed "Blanche Murphy," are not all aware that the name of their acquaintance or correspondent can be found under the coat-of-arms of the Earl of Gainsborough in "Burke's Peerage." The Earl's ancient motto is "*Tout frien droit*," which, though not easily put into English, may be rendered, "All well or nothing;" and this motto has an application to one living member of the family which probably was never dreamed of in any previous generation of its existence. It was not "all well" in the sight of Lady Blanche's father when she decamped from Exton Hall, where she was born, to marry Mr. Murphy, and so she has since been to him as "nothing."

This marriage or mesalliance of the eldest daughter of so great a house was, of course, a surprise and a horror to her father, then in his 52d year. It occurred under circumstances which added great to humiliation. The Earl, who is a Roman Catholic, has a private chapel at Exton Hall, in which divine worship is celebrated daily, and some seven years ago he engaged a young Irish musician named Murphy as organist. As a member of the family Lady Blanche sang in the choir service to the organ accompaniment, and thus became familiar with the organist under pleasant circumstances. She was in her 21st year, intellectual and handsome, though unassuming and petite, while he was a modest young Irishman of about the same age, standing six feet in his stocking soles. Morning and every evening at vespers, singing daily in harmony with the solemn or joyous tunes which he performed so finely, it was no wonder that the affections of the twain were awakened toward each other, though

> She was a lady of high degree,
> And he but a humble swain.

Often, when the services were over and the rest of the family had retired from the chapel, she would remain with him for hours, he playing, she singing, and both practising so as to perfect their musical skill. The sound of his instrument and her voice, or both their voices, could be heard at such times swelling out of the chapel windows and trembling among the foliage of the ancient woods.

The old Earl himself thought nothing of all this, and the watchful eyes of Lady Blanche's mother had recently been closed in death. So matters went along for the greater part of a year. At last, upon a time, one of the Earl's relatives, who happened to be visiting Exton Hall, asked him if he were not surprised that his daughter should spend so many hours every day with the organist in the chapel after the close of service. The Earl was astonished that such a question should be asked about his daughter's musical practice; and when the observant relative said he was about to go a step further in his inquiries, the Earl forestalled his hint by laughing at the thought of such an idea.

It was, however, on the very night after this suggestive inquiry that Lady Blanche and the organist took up their flight together from Exton Hall. It would be impossible to tell how the haughty Earl was overwhelmed at his daughter's disappearance, and at the disgrace that had been brought upon his house by her elopement. When she sent him word, soon afterward, from London, that she had been there married to her Murphy, the Earl in his wrath disowned her, forbade her return to the ancestral halls, and cut her off from all the heritage of the family. Lady Blanche had of course known that it would be impossible for her to form such an alliance with her father's consent, but to mention such a subject in his presence, though she felt herself a virtuous, pure, and woman-ly; but she had probably never imagined that such a stern penalty would be visited upon her for marrying out of her rank.

Lady Blanche was not a silly girl, ignorant of the world, at this time. She was 21 years of age; she had seen a great deal of high life; she had been two seasons in London society; she was a devotee of art and literature; she was a woman of highly cultivated intellect and brilliant talents.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy very soon experienced the trials of penury and adversity in London. Some four years ago, or within the first year after their marriage, they arrived in New York, where they again felt the pressure of straitened circumstances, and she especially found out the transformation that takes place when an Earl's daughter becomes a poor man's wife. But if Love laughs at locksmiths, it also smiles at poverty and the young couple cheerily began the struggle of life. After a time he, who had no resource but his musical skill, got a place in a suburban church, as the organist, at a small salary, and she made an attempt to turn her talents to use as a contributor to periodical literature. It would be hard to overstate the discouragements that are encountered in New York by unknown contributors to monthly magazines and weekly letters. But Lady Blanche was persevering, and some of her sparkling manuscripts soon found acceptance, and brought her a little income. Among other things she contributed to *The Galaxy* a series of brilliant essays on English high life and the English aristocracy, which attracted much notice, and which she might have continued for an indefinite length of time; but she brought them to a close when she found that some personages in the aristocratic circles which she described took offence at their publication. The essays, as they appeared, were announced to be "By Lady Blanche Murphy," but few people were aware of the identity of the essayist who wrote under that name. For the years of her residence in this city she has kept up the hard literary work which she undertook after her arrival, writing for *Scribner's Monthly*, *The Galaxy*, *The Catholic Review*, *Catholic World*, and other periodicals; and though the income is small it is enough to help her husband in sustaining the modest place of their residence at New Rochelle.

The Earl of Gainsborough has relented, in some measure, toward his daughter. He recently settled upon her an income of £80 a year for her own use, and invited her back to her old place in the family and to her home at Exton Hall, on condition that she would leave her husband. But it was for this husband's sake that Lady Blanche had joyfully surrendered all else the world could give, and she clings to him, notwithstanding her father's offers, with all the tenacity and affection of her womanly soul.

Her marriage was not the result of a whim, but of her heart's devotion; and that devotion cannot be surrendered for title or rank, for place or fortune, for a palace or a coronet.

Lady Blanche Murphy is a small, slight blonde, with elegant features and lambent eyes, timid in her ways, though easy in her address. Her husband, also, is a blonde, pleasant and genteel, whose worst fault is effeminacy and the lack of the American quality of "push." I have never heard of either man or wife figuring in the fashionable society, or the literary society, or the shoddy society of New York.

OUTLAWRY ON THE ROCKS.

The Place from Which a Shot was Fired that Nearly Killed a Woman.

That part of the city bounded by Forty-second and Forty-fifth streets, Third and First avenues, used to be known as Gallagher's Quarry, and has more recently been called Sebastopol. It was at Gallacher's Quarry that some of the worst scenes of the draft riots of 1863 were enacted, and the spot where Miss Annie Duncan was shot on Sunday afternoon last is just about the centre of the locality formerly known by that name. Since the war the streets of that vicinity have been cut through the solid rocks, following the grade as determined by the authorities. In some places the rocks tower above the level of the street seventy or eighty feet, and wherever the rocks have not been removed to make way for dwellings they are still covered with shanties.

Miss Duncan was passing through Forty-third street, just west of Second avenue, when she was shot in the back by some person on the top of the rocks, which are highest at that point.

Miss Susan Thompson, a spinster who has lived in that neighborhood for some twenty-five years, said yesterday that the region is one of the most dangerous in the city. "I have seen men," she said, "knocked down at night and robbed in broad daylight in this neighborhood. If you will walk up Forty-second street from Third to Second avenue any night you can see men hanging around the liquor saloons, and then if you go up Second avenue to Forty-fourth street you will see the same thing. I suppose it is the best place for their business, is the reason why. There are no lamps, and for them to hide there it is impossible for the police to find them even if the officer should be only twenty feet from them when they commit the robbery. These people on the rocks are firing pistols every day, especially on Sundays, when the men are at home. I don't know whether they meant to shoot a person intentionally without having any grudge against the person, but they often throw stones at people passing through the street below. And the way they fight among themselves sometimes is terrible.

Mr. Morris lives in one of tenement houses to a great extent taken the place of the huge mound of rock, and they are chiefly occupied by the people who used to live in the shanties. One row of these tenements in Forty-fourth street, between Second and First avenues, has been named Battle Row, on account of the many fights that take place there. Ascending the heights of Sebastopol on the south side of Forty-third street, the reporter found an old man, two little girls, and a goat. The girls and the goat frisked about on the top of the rock, within a yard of the edge of the precipice made by the blasters in cutting the street through. The old man had heard that something had been in the newspapers about the Sebastopol gang, and was very angry about it. He averred that there was no Sebastopol gang.

The policemen have reported that they have had many dangerous adventures on the rocks, but that in the past few years they have had but little trouble there, most of the thieves having been caught and sent to prison.

Miss Duncan was yesterday supposed to be improving. The ball has not been extracted.

THE WHEELMEN'S ANNUAL MEET.

Over Six Hundred of them Expected to be in Line on Boston Common.

A meeting of the officers and directors of the League of American Wheelmen was held in Boston on Saturday last, to arrange for the annual meet on May 30. A year ago, when the organization was effected by a general convention held in Newport, there were something over 150 machines in the parade. The first meet of the English wheelmen at Hampton Court numbered not over forty machines. A place for the next meet was discussed in Boston on Saturday, and New York, Boston, and Philadelphia made bids. There was a considerable feeling among the members of the League that it should be shown to the people here of what quality the League is composed; but the Park Commissioners would not consent to a parade in Central Park only between 9 and 10 A. M. and 1 and 2 P. M., and these hours, it was agreed, were indeed inconvenient. The commissioners were more generous, and the advantages of that city for a convention of wheelmen were recognized by a majority, who voted for that city.

The convention will be held in the morning, and at 2½ P. M. the meet will take place on the Common, the use of which has been granted for all day. The League numbers at the end of its first year 1,200 members, and it is probable that 600 machines will be in line. C. K. Munroe, Captain of the New York Bicycle Club, is Commander of the League. The Mayor and Common Council of Boston, and perhaps the Governor of Massachusetts, will review the wheelmen on the Common, and then the procession will ride over such of the fashionable streets of Boston as are paved with asphaltum. In the evening there will be a dinner.

SUING HIS MOTHER.

After Getting $40,000 from his Parent, Mr. Dunham Demands $10,000 More.

Robert E. Dunham brought a suit in the Supreme Court against his mother, Martina Deraismes, to recover bonds of the par value of $10,000, which he claims she illegally refuses to deliver to him. Mrs. Deraismes was bequeathed a large amount of property by her second husband, and, as plaintiff claims, for several years past she had expressed her intention to invest $50,000 in bonds for his benefit. Between the years 1872 and 1874 she purchased through brokers, in her son's name, various bonds to the amount of $50,000, and these were placed, with other securities belonging to her, in a box in a safe deposit company. In 1875, according to the plaintiff's story, she signed a paper certifying that these bonds were held by her for her son in trust, and this paper she acknowledged before a notary public. She delivered $40,000 of the bonds to her son in 1876, but says she refused to deliver the other $10,000, stating that she would give them to him when she was satisfied that the affairs of the estate, of which the plaintiff was co-executor with her, were all right. Subsequently Mrs Deraismes claimed that Mr. Dunham had stolen the $40,000, which he claimed had been delivered to him by her from the box.

He then, in order to scare her into giving up the bonds, he says, from the charge of having stolen the bonds, brought this suit to recover the remaining $10,000. The case was on trial yesterday in the Supreme Court. Mrs. Deraismes, being not well enough to be sworn, filed an affidavit in trust, asserted that it was so signed without knowledge by her of its contents. The question whether she signed it knowingly was, under the charge of the Court, the only question in the case. Mrs. Deraismes interposed a counter claim for the $40,000 which her son claims she delivered to him, but which she says he took without her consent. The jury, after long deliberation, decided both plaintiff's claim and defendant's counter claim.

$150,000 Worth of Piers.

The leases of seventy-nine piers and bulkheads belonging to the city were offered for sale in the Exchange salesrooms yesterday by Jas M. Oakley & Co., auctioneers. Thirty-five were sold for an aggregate of $153,000. The new stone pier, No. 1, North River, was leased for ten years at $31,100 a year to the Iron Steamboat Company. Pier 47, North River, with the adjoining bulkhead on the south, was leased for five years at $14,000 a year. The lease of Pier 40 was sold to the Anchor line for $30,500 a year. The lease of the West Thirty-fourth street pier was sold to Scott & Co. for $5,000 a year, the West Forty-third street pier to Edward H. Mallinckrodt for $4,500, half of Pier 22, North River, and bulkhead, to the New York Transportation Company for $4,300, and Pier 57 to Fred Gerrit for $4,150.

The bulkhead between the pier at the foot of East Twenty-fourth street and the property of the government Ferry Company was secured by that company for ten years for an annual rental of $4,100. Other leases of East River piers for a term of five years, from May 1, 1881, were sold as follows: West half of Pier 24 to Mallory & Co., $3,350; Pier 7 to the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company, $3,000; West half of Pier 8 to the same company, $2,000; bulkhead and platform between Piers 43 and 45 to John K. Stone, $3,000; Pier 43, except the inner half of Pier 45, to S. W. Wright for $2,500; Pier 46 to the Anchor Line Steamship Company for $7,000; Pier 60 and westerly bulkhead to the Cromwell Steamship Line for $2,500; Pier 61 to the North City Railroad for $1,000.

The Fitchian Divorce Suit.

Justice Gilbert recently granted a divorce to Elwin Fitchian from Ella M. Fitchian, and made a special order enjoining the Clerk or any other officer of the court from making public any facts about the case. The plaintiff, who is about 60 years old, is chief Engineer in the navy, and his wife is about 40 years old. The couple have been married about twenty years, and for a period of about twelve years past the Fitchians have occupied one of the belles to be found in the least set with me." And then—"Brother Calhoun, can't we have a Scotch reel next time?" Knowing that it they could secure the Fitchians they would necessarily have to dance with two of the fair maidens at once.

Then there were the little side excursions upon the stage, where the older folk would sit and enjoy themselves as best suited their fancy, "all by ourselves, you know."

In those days you would not see a young men admitted and introduced to ladies who he had been introduced on them, yet old and young participated alike and freely in the dance, oftentimes an elderly gentleman with a miss of 7 or 8 years as partner, and vice versa.

He Lived There.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Are you the tax collector for this ward?" he asked, as they rode together on the platform of the car.

"No."

"Assessor?"

"No."

"Water works man?"

"Anything to do with the census?"

"Nothing of the sort. Why do you ask?"

"Why, I saw you coming out of a house on Spring street the other day with two cloaks, a broom, and a stove-lifting after you, and I said to myself that you were an officer or agent of some sort, and had unintentionally offended the woman."

"No, I'm no official or agent," replied the man, in a lonesome voice. "I live there, and that woman was my wife for 20 years."

"You bet!" was the sympathetic response, and they crept closer together and took a chew from the same box.

Wanting for a Letter From her Boy.

From the Utica Herald.

Molly Hardin, aged about 75, died at the Little Falls county home last week. Her remains were brought to this village on Saturday for burial. During the late civil war her only son, Edward, was killed. Since then she has daily called at the Post office for a letter from "My Dickey," and was, of course, as regularly disappointed. No matter what the weather, the Post office officials were sure to see the old woman at the delivery window, inquiring for that letter that never came from her Dickey. She would return to her hut, near the town pale, hopefully predicting that the morrow would bring the longed-for missive.

Contents of The Weekly Sun.

THE WEEKLY SUN, published this morning, contains:

The Plot to Kill the Czar—A Nine Laid Under the Street Opposite his Residence—The Late Czar Warned by Nihilists—Large Force of Extra Police at Paris Anxious for the Work of the Conspirators—Five Peasants Pumpelled to Give Allegiance to Alexander III.; Malcome Kerpin's Bargain—The Republicans Organizing the Senate by his Vote; An Extra Session of Congress Likely—Business Coming Up that may Make the Session a Long One; The Administration and Congress, Arthur and Sherman in the Senate, Logan Absent; Anarchy in Peru; Vagabonds in Illinois; Fall River Troubles; The Northampton Bank Robbery—Hiding place of Red Leary and others; Extensive Land swindles; The Growth of Liquor, Debt and Taxes of New York; The Hog Cholera Question—Interesting Cotton Exposition of Candidate Roscoe Conkling in Mississippi; The Wife Murder by a Polar in Valley Forge; Twelve Big Bonanzas; 14 on to Tucson; Gould; The Bomb that Ruined the Czar; Nebraska Cattle; A Wolf Chase Thousand; Jay Gould and Jack Grant; Grand Freeland Mystery; Cotton Crop Prospects; Arrival and Departure of Cutlaways; Attempt to Blow Up the Lord Mayor of London; Negotiations with the Brave Apaches; with the Mounties; Speculating in Oil; The Middle Male; The Chinese; What Becomes of Boys; Wild Waste and Wind Work; Actor Collins to Lecture on Poetry; Author Dr. Hammond; Hung after Twenty years; Ancient Egyptian Mummies; Tobogganing; Sciences and Industry; Ladies' Department; Many columns of Interesting Articles and Agricultural Matter; Financial and Commercial Markets.

The Weekly sun contains a complete epitome of the news of the week from all parts of the United States and the American continent. Copies in wrappers ready for mailing to the old country may be had at the desk of our publication office. Price, five cents. For sale by all newsdealers everywhere and country.

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Hub Punch, a combination of rare old liquors.—4dr.

CENSURING THE BANKS.

Senator Voorhees's Resolution upon Their Attitude Toward Refunding.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—Senator Voorhees introduced the following resolution to-day:

Resolved, That the hostile attitude assumed by the national banks toward the refunding of the national debt at a low rate of interest, and the recent attempt to dictate the legislation of Congress on that subject, are contrary to the best interests of the people, and well calculated to excite their alarm for the future.

The Senator does not look for its adoption, and he expected that the point of order would be raised against it that was raised. It brought a number of Republican Senators to their feet at once, and Mr. Conger made his maiden utterance in the Senate by asking to have it reported again. Mr. Morrill made the point that it was out of order, as it was a purely legislative matter, or at least was related to legislation. Mr. Conkling was of the same opinion, but he suggested that the resolution be withdrawn until to-morrow, so that an opportunity might be had to study the precedents. To this Mr. Voorhees consented. It will be possible, however, if the Vice-President should rule it out of order to-morrow, to take an appeal and then go into a debate on the appeal, in which the subject matter of the resolution will be pretty sure to be touched upon. Mr. Voorhees's purpose in offering the resolution was to secure an opportunity to make a speech which he had prepared with much care. Mr. Voorhees does not intend to make a wholesale, and what he calls a senseless, attack upon the banks. He believes, however, that the attention of the country ought to be called to what he regards as a dangerous, though heretofore dormant, power in the banks, by the mode of disturbing at will the financial situation. There have been some indications of a growing purpose in some quarters of attacking the national banking system. Mr. Voorhees's speech may give the keynote of the anti-bank campaign.

A Ride on a Wild Bull.

From the Jacksonville Sentinel.

A year or so since there was a "rodeo" out on Lost River, in Lake County. Ranchmen had gathered for a circuit of seventy-five miles to claim and brand their young cattle, and when a cordon of men had surrounded a large band, among which was a Spanish bull, a discussion arose about a "mallet head," or calf, that had escaped the spring branding. The discussion grew warm, none of the stock owners being able to set up a valid claim or establish an undisputed title. At last, in a spirit of bravado, a rancher proposed that whoever would ride the bull without saddle or halter should be declared owner of the calf. There was a yell of approval, but not a general stampede of volunteers for duty was in dishamor, and his foaming mouth and bloodshot eyes gave token that whoever rode him would have a ride for his life. Some of the men, however, had nerve enough. At last a "vaquero" named Frick accepted the challenge, and the wild bull was immediately lassoed and held by a lariat round horn and foot. Dismounting from his horse, the vaquero fastened his long roweled spurs securely, tied a handkerchief round his head, approached the infuriated animal, and, grasping the tail in his hands, sprang lightly on it, setting the spurs deeply in its flanks as he settled securely in his seat. The lariats were slackened. The bull gave a rear of race and terror, and flung his head to the ground; but the rider had his back to the horns and a firm grip on the tail and kept his seat. Another rear that shook the ground, a wild plunge, and the now maddened bull shot out across the sace plain with lightning speed, his plucky rider twisting the tail this way and that without unhorsing him the instant they were lost in the distance. For over a mile and a half the race continued, amid the excited cheers of the vaquero's comrades. Occasionally the bull gave a desperate plunge through the heavy clump of sage, in the vain attempt to rid himself of his tormentor; but the long rowels only clung more firmly to his flanks. Sometimes the animal and rider were hidden by undulations in the ground, and bets were even made that Frick would be thrown and gored; but at last the bull, exhausted from sheer fright, fell, and Frick, by vaquero stepping half-half off, retained to claim his prize, which was unanimously awarded. This occurrence is related by a prominent cattle man in Lake County, who ventures the opinion that no scene in a Spanish "bull ring" was ever half so wild or exciting.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters.

From the Meriden Republican.

They tell on the streets of a handsome fortune that has fallen to Mr. W. H. Amur, and the story goes that while in the army he met three Virginia ladies who were in great distress for lack of money, and he gave them all he had, which was very generous, as he found themselves in money difficulties. The money was afterward returned, but they wrote a correspondence until three years ago, when the last of the three sisters died, leaving a will that their property was to be kept in trust for certain missing heirs for a certain term of years, and that at the expiration of the term the property should go to the time has now expired, and it is said that Mr. Amur finds himself in possession of the handsome sum of $100,000, and that he will come to Meriden to live in a few days. Meanwhile he has bought the large lot on the corner of Maple and West Main streets, and has contracted for the erection of a fine residence to be begun, and was C. L. Little for the house that he intends to spend about $10,000. The plans for the house were drawn by a New Haven architect, and work on the foundation is to begin immediately.

Christopher Fergus's Careless Note of Hand.

From the Toronto Globe.

Henry J. Armstrong and William James have just been sentenced by the Police Magistrate at Windsor to six months' imprisonment for attempting to extort money by threatening to prosecute Christopher Fergus. In February last Fergus, having a few leisure moments, devoted himself to scribbling upon some loose pieces of paper lying upon his desk, and among other things, wrote out a note of hand for $100. When finished, he crumpled the paper, threw it into the office basket, and thought no further about it. On Tuesday last the two above-named men, from Detroit, handed to Fergus a document and presented it to him, demanding at first $50, then $30, $20, and finally $15 for the scrap of paper. While engaged in the affair they were very importunate, the latter even taking hold of their coat, with the result that both were arrested. It is supposed that the note found its way to Detroit among old paper gathered by ragpickers.

Leaving His Children in Cold and Hunger.

From the Mason City Times.

A certain Iowa farmer, when the storm came a week and blew a blizzard for three days, quietly took himself to a neighbor's fireside and left his children alone at home without wood to care for themselves, and also his team. There was no hay and not an ear of corn with which to feed the stock, and they stayed alone, and cold. From Monday until Friday they stayed alone, and then the youngest children were taken to a neighbor's.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

New York Stock Exchange—Sales March 22.

UNITED STATES, STATE, AND CITY BONDS (IN $1,000s).

10 U. S. 5s, '81	101¾	20 Tenn. 6s, old	62@60¾
10 U. S. 4½s, reg	112	23 Tenn. 6s, new	69@69¼
10 U. S. 4½s, c	112¾	4 Ala., class A	40
10 U. S. 4s, c	112¾	5 La. consols	59¾
57 Dist. Col. 3.65s	102¾	25 Va. 6s, def	15
4 Iowa 5s	113@113¼		

RAILROAD AND OTHER BONDS (IN $1,000s).

5 Am Dock Imp	132	7 Lou. & Nash.	104½@¾
101 B., H. & E. 1st	61@60¾	4 Lat., H. & M. 1st	108
3 B. C. R. & N.	99	8 Mich. S. & N. I.	109
21 Chic. & N. W.	82¾	4 M. & St. P. C. & P. 6s	109¾
1 Ches. & O. int. def	22¾	10 M. & St. P. 1st, S. M.	110
1 Ch., A. & C.	110½	1 Mor. & Es. 7s of '71	120
50 C., C. & I. C. inc.	69@68¾	1 Mo. K. & T. 1st	110¾
1 Den. & R. G. 1st	118	6 Mob. & O. 1st def.	80@79¾
18 Delphos inc	50@49¾	5 Nor. Pac. B. C.	102¾
5 Erie 2d	106¾	7 N. Y. & H.	140¾
8 Erie 2d, ex	106¾	10 N. J. Cen. ad	110
18 Erie cons.	99¾	10 N. J. Cen. inc.	100¼@¾
1st	120¼@127	146 N. Y., L. E. & W.	
2 Ga., West. 2d	87	W. 2d 6s	99¼@99¾
1 Ind., Bl. & W. inc.	78	2 N. Y. El. 1st	119¾
1 Iron Mt. C. & F.	110	15 Ohio Cent. 1st	104¼
53 Iron Mt. 1st pf	90	10 Ohio Cen. T.	101
2 Int. & Gt. N. 1st	91¼@92¼	20 Peo., D. & E. inc.	77
7 Int. & Gt. N. 1st	109¾	1 Rock Isl. 6s c.	122
20 Int. & Gt. N. inc.	94¼@95	2 St. L. & Mid's 1st	111
3 Kan. Pac. cons.	105¾	2 St. P. & Minn's 1st	111
21 Kan. Pac. D. & m.	108¾	2 St. P. & Minn's inc.	115
10 Kan. Pac. inc. No. 1	116	10 Tex. Pac. R. G. d	97¾
8 Keo. & D. M. 5s	104¾	10 Tex. Pac. 1st	89@88¾
10 Kan. & Tex. con.	35	7 Tol. & Wab. 2d	110¾
1st	106¾@108¾	24 Un. Pac. 1st	113