MIND READERS' TRICKS.

SHARP SIGHT AND HEARING ARE THEIR ONLY UNUSUAL POWERS.

Able to Detect What Is Written by the Sound of Pen or Pencil—The Black Cap They Use in Working Their Wonders.

Driving blindfolded through a crowded street was once considered a marvellous feat in this town. Washington Irving Bishop did it, and his admirers went wild with delight. But the late Charles Howard Montague of Boston knocked the apparent mystery all out of it by proving that it could be done without any difficulty by any man of nervous force and quick perceptions.

He drove through crowded Broadway, Twenty-third street, Lexington avenue, and Gramercy Park to the Gramercy Park Hotel, where he discovered a dagger that had been hidden between some cushions. He didn't falter once, although the streets were all unfamiliar to him and he was ignorant of the route. During the test two of the committeemen had their hands on Montague's wrists, and he was guided entirely by the action of their muscles.

He was an extremely nervous man, and alive to the slightest impressions. He had studied the subject of muscular action, and was convinced that the muscles were involuntarily guided by the brain. He could feel whenever he started on the wrong track a resistance in the muscles of his guides' hands. They led him and he followed. They were thinking intently of the route that had been laid out, and their muscles, controlled by their thoughts, led him to the destination.

In the same way he read the thoughts of persons, and wrote them down on blackboards before the audiences at the old Comedy Theatre, now Herrmann's. In all these tests, as all of Bishop's, the subjects were in direct contact with the operator, and this was the chief point against them. The conclusiveness with which Montague established his theory caused the mind readers to concoct new schemes. They denied his allegations, but the public upheld him. They succeeded beyond anything they had yet attempted, and for months the country papers have devoted columns to wonderful stories of their operations in reading thoughts. They no longer have contact with the subjects, and yet they never fail in their attempts. They have exhibited before newspaper men, scientific committees, and ordinary citizens, and have puzzled them all.

Hitherto no satisfactory explanation of their operations has been suggested, and their boast that they have supernatural gifts has not been disproved. Yesterday a man who has had some experience with the leading mind readers came to THE SUN office and illustrated their methods. He showed how all their exploits could be performed by any clever slight-of-hand man.

"The way these fellows work," he said, "is simple enough when you know how. The muscle-reading business goes pretty well in the small towns still, but it has been practically knocked out in the big cities by the notoriety that the late Charles Howard Montague of Boston gave to it.

"The best one in the business to-day, and he is away ahead of the average, works this programme:

"He selects a committee of reputable citizens from the audience, or else he lets the audience pick them out. In either case there is no collusion. He is a splendid judge of human nature, and that enables him to do a great deal. He always picks out a member of the committee to make a special investigation of his operations, so as to prevent the suspicion of trickery. You may be sure his choice is not the most wide-awake, curious, inquisitive and suspicious man on the committee. Oh, no. He selects the successful merchant, who has made a fortune out of hides, and who may be shrewd enough in his business but is not over-alert outside of it. He takes him into his dressing-room, and asks him to examine his black hood, with which he blindfolds himself. You may be sure the committeeman is convinced that there is no trick in it. Scientific committees and sharp newspaper men, who have examined it, have been unable to discover any trick about it. I know it is a trick cap because the inventor said so, adding at the same time that not one man in a million could find the trick. Nobody else can see through it, but he manipulates it in some way so that he does. The dressing room has a table in it on which is a pad of paper. The mind reader asks the committeeman to write his name on it.

"'Don't do it so that I can't see it,' he says; 'be sure about that. Then put it in your pocket and I will remind you of it afterward. The reason I ask you to do that is because what a man writes is more indelibly impressed upon his mind.'

"The man always does as he is told. If he is suspicious he may examine the paper, or he may turn his back to the mind reader. Sometimes the latter puts on the cap which the committeeman has previously tried himself and made sure he can't see through. As I say, the mind reader does see through it and can see all that the committeeman writes. He has very acute sight and hearing, too.

"Suppose the mind reader is standing twelve feet away from the committeeman. The latter has his back turned to the mind reader, whose face is covered with the black cap. Of course, the mind reader does not see what he is writing, but there are two ways in which he could discover it. One is this: The pad on which the committeeman writes is made of prepared paper. When he tears off the top sheet he leaves an impression of his writing. This is not noticeable on the first, the second, or the third sheet beneath. In fact, it may be found only on the last, but it is there. If this is what the mind reader is relying upon, he has recourse to a little ruse to secure it. After taking off the cap, he asks the committeeman to try it again in order to make sure it is all right. Of course, when the committeeman slips it over his head he can see nothing, and the mind reader can easily slip the sheet of paper containing the imprint into his pocket. But there is still another way in which the secret can be discovered. Suppose you sit down at a distance of four feet from me. I will write a figure on a piece of paper, and if you can hear me hit it.'

"The reporter did as he was directed. He heard a quick stroke of the pencil, and knew that the figure 1 had been made. Another experiment was tried and he detected the figure 4.

"'Now, do you understand the principle?' asked the visitor. "'If, with ordinary hearing and no training you can detect figures that I have written in this way, what is it not possible for a man with most remarkable hearing and years of training? Remember that this man has not suddenly taken up this work; he spent years in scheming, inventing, and perfecting. He can read ordinary writing in this way very readily. I have frequently seen him read off the words as rapidly as they were written. Of course this is a remarkable thing to do, but there is nothing supernatural about his work.

"'This last secret really lays bare his most wonderful trick. You remember the wonder expressed all over the country at the way in which a mind reader has been able to learn the combinations of safes and open them without direct contact with the men from whom the information came. It certainly does seem like magic to the uninitiated.

"'Still it is plain. The combination is written down on a piece of paper, while the mind reader stands not more than twelve feet away. His quick ear detects the letters from the sounds made in writing them. It is curious that which has performed the trick before scientific committees and sharp newspaper men, this little scheme has never been thought of. Of course, if he were to go ahead immediately after the writing was done, his secret might be discovered, but he always works in such a way as to eradicate any suspicions.

"'To go back to his interview with the committeeman. After the proceedings mentioned the two come out again upon the stage, the mind reader warning the committeeman the very last thing to be sure and remember what he has written. The committeeman reports to the other members and to the audience the results of his investigations of the cap, and the latter is handed around to the other members of the committee and such persons in the audience as wish to see it. In order completely to disarm suspicion, however, the mind reader allows the committee to blindfold him with a handkerchief and then draw the cap over that. You would think that would be impossible, but he should see anything, but by practice he has acquired sufficient control of the muscles surrounding the eyes to be able to enlarge and contract them at will. He can thus lift up the handkerchief by muscular action sufficiently to give him a limited range of sight in his immediate vicinity.

"After he has performed two or three tricks he calls out to the committeeman, who has accompanied him into the dressing room, and had resumed his seat in the audience, to think intently of what he had written. When the committeeman says he is ready, the mind reader sings out the name. It is not always a name; in fact, very frequently it is the first line of a song or a poem. Of course the audience is amazed, and so is the committeeman.

"This same trick was illustrated by the two young girls who made a sensation in Boston some time ago, and puzzled the committee of scientists who examined them. As you will remember, the girls stood on one side of a blackboard and read what was being written on the other.

"The way in which the mind reader could be disconcerted is this: Suppose the committeeman should write his own name, and he called upon to think intently of it. Instead of thinking of his own name, let him think of some other name. Then if the mind reader announces the name which was written on the paper instead of the name of which the committeeman is thinking, the trick will be at once exposed. In the same way, if the man who has the combination to the safe writes down the wrong letters and thinks of the right ones the mind reader will be detected when he tries to open the safe by the combination which is written, and not by the combination which is being thought of.

"At the same time the mind reader's instructions have been fully carried out. He has simply asked the person whose mind he is pretending to read to think intently of the particular thing referred to, whether it be his name, the title of a song, the date of his birth, or the combination of the safe. The mind reader has explained that the writing is only for the purpose of fixing in the mind of his subject the thing he is to think of. If the latter can carry out this idea without reference to the writing, he does all that is required of him. In the same way, if the mind reader tries to do the driving-through-a-crowded-street act, let the committee think of a different route from that which they planned, and the result will prove whether he is following their thoughts or the plan which he has detected by trickery."

FISHES AS BIRD CATCHERS.

The Fishes That Prey on Birds—Sharks, Horse Mackerel, Pickerel, and Pike.

"Keep your eye on that bird," said the Indian, who was rowing the boat and had stopped, pointing to a big brown pelican while resting on his oars. I kept my eye on the bird as directed, and at the same time saw the familiar scythe-like dorsal fin of a shark moving swiftly up behind. The pelican was apparently taking a siesta, as it did not appear to move. Perhaps it was wondering whether the scarcity of sardines was owing to the McKinley bill or the high price of tin; in any event, it sat motionless. The fin drew nearer and nearer, then disappeared. A second later the broad bosom of the Pacific was undisturbed by bird or fin. The Indian threw up his eyes expressively, as if to intimate that the life chances of the bird had gone up while its body had gone down.

"That was a hammerhead," he said. "They come in here half starved, and will take anything in sight, and sometimes they get fooled. Two or three years ago an Englishman came here for a few months' fishing. He had all kinds of togs, and among them some wooden ducks that he anchored out in the little bay, expecting that some wild ducks would come down. I was working for him, and we laid back behind a sand heap waiting for them. I know there were no ducks, but I said nothing, as the boss told me he would do the talking and to say nothing unless spoken to. We had been there an hour, I think, when, looking out over the little bay, I saw the fin of a hammerhead slowly coming in, cutting its way through the water. It beat up just like a boat working to the wind'ard; first on the starboard tack, then to port, then go no ground in a circle, and in a little while it was within a foot or so of the wooden duck.

"The Englishman had not seen it, having his eyes up looking for ducks; but all at once there came a splash, and the wood duck went out of sight. The boss looked around suddenly, and, seeing the wood duck a-diving, said: 'That's extraordinary, now; how d'ye explain it?' I said it was on account of the naturalness of the duck, and just then up it popped again way out of the water with its head gone. I put off in the boat and brought it in, and it was as ragged as though it had been cut with a saw. The shark had grabbed it, taking it for a live bird, but had let it go, breaking off the head. The Englishman made up his mind that was a poor place for ducking, so turned and went shark fishing with better luck.

"You often hear it said," continued the Indian, "that birds go a-fishing; but there's just as much to be said on the other side where fish go a-birding. When the tuna set in here birds of all kinds come around, especially gulls and loons, and then the sharks have a feast. I have seen a big tuna shoot out of water and take a gull that was flying low and carry it off. He thought it was a flying fish, and probably never found out his mistake. Up near the Farrallon Islands in the summer the killers come around the rocks after seals, and carry off the birds wherever they can find them, often dashing out of water to get them."

The Pacific coast is not the only place where the game of turnabout is played and fishes attack birds. Some years ago, while putting in a season's fishing on the St. Lawrence, I saw a pickerel leap after a swallow. The place was a quiet little bay among the Thousand Islands, where all day long hardly a ripple disturbed the water, and during the afternoon, or especially just before sundown, countless insects covered the surface, attracting many swallows. The latter would dash along near the water, apparently just skimming it, and a more peaceful scene could hardly be realized. But on this occasion it was suddenly disturbed by a dash of the long, slender form of a pickerel that, thinking, perhaps, that the swallow was legitimate game, threw itself in pursuit, falling heavily after the fruitless effort. My boatman told me that the fish were not always so unfortunate, as he had seen them catch swallows on the wing, and had taken the birds from the stomach of the pickerel.

In England the pickerel is famous for its attacks upon birds, small ducklings especially being considered tid-bits, while in many flocks ducks with one leg are common, the big, sharp toothed fishes having nipped off a leg in default of better game.

The birds that habitually dive under water, as the loons, divers, petrels, and others, are all more or less the victims of rapacious fishes. Sharks capture some, while dolphins and toothed cetaceans occasionally dine upon bird, feathers and all. A naval officer reported a chase which he observed in Southern waters between a large fish, probably a shark, and a school of penguins. The latter are nearly wingless, and rely entirely upon their powers of swimming to enable them to escape. The birds shot by the vessels, diving out of water from wave to wave, almost exactly resembling porpoises in their movement, and immediately behind them came a large fish that made savage rushes from side to side, and desperate efforts to reach them. The birds attained such prodigious speed that they undoubtedly escaped by making the neighboring rocks.

A Little Sermon from a Theatrical Manager

"The person who departs from the proper rules of life," said Manager Mart Hanley, "is always short lived. My experience has led me to the conviction that the success of the high flyer varies in length from three to seven years. Very few live longer. If a manager starts out to run a theatre in half a dozen big cities and wants to control a dozen stars, I say to myself, 'Well, I'm sorry for you, old fellow. You may last three years, possibly five, and certainly not more than seven.' I rarely am deceived. In the same way, if an actress goes beyond the rules of propriety and seeks pleasure and dissipation, I set the same limit to her career.

"Some time ago my attention was drawn to a young actress who was just beginning her career. She came from a far Western city, where she left a widowed mother in straitened circumstances. She was so young and pretty that I became very much interested in her, and, as she worked hard and was very circumspect, I felt that I ought to advise her as well as I could. So I took her aside one day and said to her:

"'Kitty,' I will call her by that name, 'you are doing very well so far. Remember that only by continuing in the way you have begun can you make a lasting success. Beware of the boys. Remember that they are gay deceivers. Once you fall you are lost. It will only be a question of three, five, or seven years with you then. That is the way they all go when they get a mistress. Remember this.'

"'I never will forget it,' she replied.

"Well, I watched her very closely after that, as we wandered from city to city. I saw that one of the boys carried her valise for her as far as Kalamazoo. Then he dropped off and another took his place. He remained faithful for a short time only. Another and another succeeded, but all stopped in Chicago. The circuit was half completed she was carrying her own valise, and I knew by that that she was faithful to her promise. I asked her frequently: 'Well, Kitty, how are you getting along?' 'Very well, sir,' she would reply. 'I haven't forgotten.'

"She sent home a certain sum every week and studied diligently until she made a decided success. Other girls haven't been so wise, and have fallen by the way."

Verdi Composing a Comic Opera.

Verdi, the composer, wrote from Genoa four weeks ago to his friend, Marchese Monaldi:

"MY DEAREST MONALDI: What shall I say about my present work? For forty years I have been anxious to write comic opera, and for fifty years I have known the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' The everlasting 'buts,' however, that turn up at every hand have always interfered with my realizing my wish. Now, at last, Boito has pushed aside all these 'buts' and has written for me a lyric comedy that is unlike anything else in the world. I am amusing myself now with writing the music for it. I compose it as I go along, having sketched no outlines, and I haven't the slightest idea when it all will be done. I repeat, I amuse myself with this. Falstaff is a creature that all sorts of liberties may be taken with, that is, of course, in a properly amusing manner. He is a type. There are other types in the opera, too. It will be comical from beginning to end. Amen. Ever yours, most sincerely,

"G. VERDI."

An Office No Other Woman Holds.

From the Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

JACKSON, Jan. 12.—Mrs. Gen. McKee took the oath of office to-day and entered upon her duties as receiver of public moneys for this district, which embraces Mississippi. Mrs. McKee succeeds her husband, Gen. George C. McKee, who died Nov. 15, and is the only lady filling such an office in the United States. She defeated a score of Republicans for the appointment.

Not Much Invested.

From the Washington Star.

"You married a rich wife, didn't you?" asked Harry of his erstwhile friend.

"Yes," he sighed, "but she's never declared any dividends yet."

THE FARALLON ROOKERIES.

The Breeding Place of Thousands of Sea Birds Off San Francisco.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Next to the Behring Sea seal slaughter there is nothing that concerns Californians so closely on the Northern Pacific as the wholesale pillaging of the nests of the birds on the Farallon Islands. Three millions of eggs were brought into the San Francisco market from the Farallones in four years. In an immense majority of cases the parent birds produced only one egg; none more than three eggs. The average import of sea birds' eggs from the Farallones is 180,000 annually. By courtesy they are called the eggs of the murre. The Farallon rookeries afford a wonderful example of the prolific power of nature. The principal island, the South Farallon, on which the lighthouse is situated, may run short of potable water in every dry season, but the lighthouse people would never starve for want of animal food.

GATHERING AT THE ROOKERIES.

Of all the birds on the group the puffins are the most picturesque and entertaining to the visitor and the ornithologist. Like most of the Farallon sea birds the puffin lays only one egg, and that in a burrow. The auk family is, however, the principal contributor to the egg poacher's wallet. In May there is a stir among the small schooners and sailing craft in San Francisco bay, and each skipper works his way out between the heads to the Farallones. His crew, mostly composed of Greeks and Italians, with a liberal sprinkling of waterfront castaways, land on the South Farallon, usually on the Sugar Loaf rock, to the northwest, because that is the spot where the birds breed earliest. The cliffs are quite rugged, with a perpendicular height of nearly 180 feet. Accidents are not unfrequent. Each egg hunter has a shirt of special construction, provided with an open front for stowing away the eggs, and a bed of soft seaweed about the waist band for the eggs to rest on. A good hand will pick up and get away with 200 eggs a day. In due course the egg poachers gather at the place of embarkation, and the unbroken eggs are collected in wicker baskets for shipment on the schooners.

NESTS ON THE EDGE OF A CLIFF.

The egg poachers have formidable rivals in the gulls, which not only ruthlessly plunder the nests and carry off the eggs, but enjoy a feast on the newly fledged birds. The pioneers of the poaching party, in scaling the cliffs, have often to go through the ordeal of a contest with the gulls. The latter are urged on by a desire to protect their own offspring, so that the foremost cliff climber invariably has a lively time.

The eggs of the "murre," so called, are quite familiar objects in the grocery stores of San Francisco about the end of May or the beginning of June. The earliest eggs are laid two or three weeks before that, but the poachers usually break them for fear of bringing addled or rotten eggs to market. The egg of the murre is distinctly conical in shape, large at one end, small and pointed at the other. The color of the egg varies remarkably. Some are of an ashy gray, with scant brown stripes, others of a full or sea green with black stripes. Dealers often pick out the brown and gray eggs and pass them off for plovers' eggs.

It is not till September that the murres desert the Farallones for other climes. By the end of October the murre rookeries are deserted—indeed, scarcely a bird of this species remains on the islands. The murres, the gulls, the auks proper, and the cormorants have taken up special quarters on the South Farallon. The trail across the island from west to east, trending to the north at the lighthouse, passes through nearly all the rookeries. The great rookery is at the west end.

POACHERS AT WORK.

The gulls are, next to the murres, the most populous of the colony. In April they swarm on the Farallon group. It is to be said to the credit of the gulls that they do not eat the eggs or young of their own kind, but they will freely partake of the baby eggs of the cormorant, and even carry off tiny rabbits as they emerge from the burrows. The gulls are sociable and nest in colonies, usually of eight or ten pairs. Like most of the marine birds, they spend little time in nest architecture. Last year's nest will do. In most cases, and this consists simply of a few handfuls of weed dumped down on the bare rock, and fashioned internally and externally into a rudely circular form. Unlike the auks and puffins, the gulls usually lay three eggs, most of which are hatched and the fledglings reared as the eggs are useless for commercial purposes.

The cormorants form a very numerous colony during the breeding season. Of all the Farallon birds the cormorants are the tamest at this period. If the visitor does not molest the sitting bird as she springs up from the nest and attempts to fly, the sitting process will be resumed, the bird evidently fearing the rapacity of the gulls far more than the avarice or cruelty of man. Three species of the bird breed on the South Farallon. The California brown pelican, which is a sort of first cousin to the cormorant, has occasionally been seen.

The guillemot, another representative of the auk family, is very common on the Farallon group in some seasons. It is the last to arrive. Like most of the marine birds the legs are set far back, the feet being intended for diving and wading rather than for walking. Whereas the gulls swoop noisily around when visitors land on the island, the guillemots, puffins, and auks all adopt a perpendicular position and preserve a most ludicrous gravity. Their sharply contrasting black and white plumage lends additional comicality to their appearance, and they look like nothing so much as a rove of society dudes and members, with claw-hammer coats and white vests.

The true auks lay a single egg without any marking whatever, and of all the visitors to the islands they remain the latest.

In some years the ordinary feathered visitors to the Farallons are reinforced by many land birds and guests from southern climes. Among them are the merganser, the scoter, the white-faced ibis, the great blue and snowy heron, the coot, the northern phalarope, the sand piper, the curlew, the black turnstone, the red-tailed hawk, the prairie falcon, the American osprey, and the raven. Scores of smaller birds, the finches, larks, catbirds, blue birds, and sparrows, visit the islands in summer, but the rock wren is the only small bird which breeds on the group.

It is a curious circumstance in connection with the eggs of the murre and its kindred, that the taste of consumers becomes sated. In the abstract the eggs are very cheap and contain an immense amount of nutritious matter in a small compass. But the rank fishy taste cannot be banished by the highest culinary skill, and the inference is that the bulk of the eggs that find their way into the market are put to some use of which the public is not aware. Certainly very few indeed are consumed as ordinary eggs are consumed, even in the poorest San Francisco homes. Meanwhile the depopulation of the rookeries proceeds year after year, absolutely unchecked by Federal or State legislation.

MURDER STRANGELY FIXED UPON HIM.

A Shred of the Murderer's Skin Found Between the Dead Girl's Teeth.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph.

PARIS, Jan. 2.—A curious murder case and mystery, whose gruesome details would have done honor to the imagination of Edgar A. Poe, has just found its denouement in the place where the crime was committed, namely, in Switzerland, near Berne.

Late in the autumn a fair was held in that city which attracted a large concourse of people from the neighboring villages. Among these was a young country girl, one Anna Bachinger, who came with a party of her friends and neighbors to partake of the festivities of the occasion. Late in the evening they all started for their homes in a little hamlet not far from Berne. It was not till they reached their destination that they discovered that Anna was missing. Had she lagged behind, or, as was more probable, had she failed to set off at the same time with her comrades with the intent to follow them and to catch up with them later?

This last solution appears the more likely, as her corpse, frightfully mutilated and in an indescribable and shocking manner, was found a day or two afterwards in a field not far from the main road. Search was at once made for the assassin, but without avail. He was not to be discovered, and after the first hue and cry was over, the affair seemed to have settled down into one of those mysterious crimes whose perpetrators are destined to remain forever unknown.

The police authorities held in their possession a solitary scrap of evidence against the murderer. The victim was a vigorous and healthy country girl. She had fought hard, though vainly, to preserve her honor and her life. From between her clenched teeth the physician entrusted with the performance of the post-mortem examination, had disengaged a fragment of human flesh, torn off in her struggles, from the face or the hands of her assailant. This ghastly morsel, preserved in alcohol, was put carefully away so as to be ready to produce in case of need.

Time went on and the baffled detectives failed to find even the slightest trace of the mysterious criminal. But the other day a young medical student in the University of Berne was in the act of laying aside his street coat to put on his working jacket, when his shirt sleeve became disarranged, revealing on his wrist a strange-looking wound which had apparently been caused by a terrible bite. His comrades crowded around him, overwhelming him with questions concerning the origin of this singular injury. He stammered, became confused, and gave incoherent and contradictory answers, and, finally, breaking away from the crowd, he hurried back to his home, seized a loaded pistol and shot himself through the head.

The police authorities of Berne being informed of this catastrophe, caused the piece of flesh to be produced and applied to the wound on the young man's arm. It fitted exactly, and further investigations with the microscope proved the identity of the suicide's skin with that upon the fragment. Thus strangely, and through the workings of the assassin's guilty conscience, was poor Anna Bachinger avenged. As one of the lawyers interested in the case remarked, "She has convicted her murderer out of her own mouth."

A MAID SERVANT OF NERVE.

She Knocked Down a Burglar, Stamped on Him, and Tossed Him Out of a Window.

From the Courier-Journal.

A bold robbery was prevented yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mr. Otto H. Hinzen by the bravery of his servant girl. When the burglar presented to her the alternative of disclosing the hiding place of what money was in the house or instant death, the plucky girl knocked him to the floor, stamped his head with the heels of her shoes, and, picking him up, she threw him out of a window.

Mr. Hinzen lives at 514 St. Catherine street. Employed in the house as a servant is Mary Hern, a young German. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Hinzen and her little daughter were calling, leaving the house in charge of the girl, and when every one else had gone she set about her duties. About 4 o'clock the young woman had occasion to go out into the yard, and upon reentering the kitchen the door was locked behind her. Time passed rapidly while performing her duties, and she was in the midst of a song when the footsteps of some one coming down the back stairs attracted her attention. Hardly had she turned to discover what was going on before a handsomely dressed stranger stepped into the kitchen from the front part of the house, threw two large bundles upon the floor, and seized her with both hands by the throat. She did not scream, and before she could utter a word the man said: "Tell me where your mistress' money is or I'll choke you to death." The now thoroughly alarmed girl replied that there was none in the house; that if there was he could not get it. The demand was again repeated, this time with greater emphasis, and the brutal fellow fingers gradually clutched tighter the throat of the girl.

With a sudden and powerful effort the girl drew back her arm and struck the man with all her force directly in the stomach. The blows were repeated three times in rapid succession, and bending almost double, the brute rolled to the floor. She did not allow the opportunity to pass, and fearing her prostrate victim would rise and kill her, she stamped his head with the heel of her heavy shoe until he had become unconscious. The young woman immediately raised the side kitchen window, and picking the closest of the bundles, unceremoniously threw out the window. The fall was only a few feet, and it probably only served to rouse him from his stupor, for a half hour later, when the family returned, there were no traces of him to be seen.

When the girl had disposed of her burglar, she closed the window. The reaction of the excitement now began to affect her, and she sank exhausted into a chair. The young woman is about 23 years of age, and she is rather below the medium height.

The Costliest St. Bernard.

From the Philadelphia Press.

It was thought that when Mr. J. K. Emmet gave Mr. Sidney Smith of Leeds, England, the sum of $5,000 for the St. Bernard Pinlimmon that a record had been made for anything outside of a coaching greyhound that would stand for many years. Hardly had Pinlimmon left for America, however, ere a new star appeared in Sir Bedivere, also a St. Bernard, who has since carried all before him in the way of prizes. Offers were at once made his owner, Mr. T. H. Green, but not even a blank check to fill up to any amount would tempt him. Mr. Henry Halsey, who made the bid, subsequently offered $7,500, but still no transfer was made.

Now, however, Mr. Green has agreed to sell Sir Bedivere, and to Mr. E. B. Sears of Boston, for the sum of $6,500. The reduced price is accepted for the reason that Mr. Halsey, who offered the $7,500, has left England for an Alfred tour, and Mr. Green's brother, who has always had charge of the dog, also going abroad, leaves a white elephant on the hands of the Wallasey druggist. Mr. Sears, getting an inkling of this, made an offer of $6,000 for Sir Bedivere, which brought about the following laconic cablegram: "Six thousand five hundred buys the dog." "Done, my man starts to-morrow."

As for the latter despatch, Mr. Sears's representative is already half way across the Atlantic, and is expected to be back on Jan. 25. Sir Bedivere will be the great attraction at the New York dog show of Feb. 24 to 27.

How a Car Got Away.

From the Leadville Herald and Democrat.

Engineers Jack West, Bill Gordon, and Jack Sprung, yesterday, were talking about old times and the experience they had on different roads, when Jack told the following:

"It is not necessary to give the name of the road on which I was running, but let me say it was for several miles as crooked a piece of track as I ever travelled over. One day we started out with forty-seven freight cars, and when we reached our destination we had only forty-six. No car had been switched, and the affair was a mystery. The conductor and his crew were fired, and for two days no one knew where the missing car was. On the second day the Superintendent received a letter from the agent near the worst curve on the road, stating he had found the missing car lying in the ditch. We were going over the line at a pretty good rate of speed, and the train broke in two, the missing car jumped the track, the rear section overtook the first section, bumping into it with just force enough to jar the coupling pin, which had remained up when the train broke, into place, and we pulled into the station as we thought with a full train."

Began His Courting at the Wrong End.

From the St. Louis Republic.

DECATUR, Ill., Jan. 12.—Charles B. Wendling of Maroa secured a marriage license of the County Clerk last Saturday for himself and Miss Mamie Stout of the same place. To-day he returned the document with the remark: "She would not have me." Afterward the mother of the young lady called on the County Clerk, and said Wendling had not previously spoken to the young lady about getting married, and she had no idea of his intentions. He decided that she was the girl he wanted to marry, and began to make preparations.

Up to London and Down Every Other Way.

From the Springfield Republican.

As the recognized centre of the kingdom, all journeying to London from every direction is up to London and all from London is down. This distinction is recognized everywhere, and hundreds of miles away it is up or down, according as they may be toward or from London, and without reference to the grade being higher or lower. The time tables of all the railways are arranged according to this system.

VON SCHROEDER TO QUIT HIS RANCH.

The Owner of a Famous California Place About to Return to Germany.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Baron von Schroeder will return to Germany. Such was the announcement made yesterday, and society is in a flutter in consequence. The Baron's coast investments are in such excellent shape that he can leave them with perfect safety, and the wealthy rancher and his pretty wife will in the near future take up their permanent residence in Germany.

A large number of titled noblemen have wedded American girls, but none of them has created such a favorable impression in American eyes as Baron Henry von Schroeder. Here in California, where he is known, the Baron is regarded as a romantic gentleman, a lover of nature, a sportsman, and a patron of art.

Not many years since San Francisco society was all agog with the announcement that Baron von Schroeder was engaged to the eldest daughter of the late millionaire, Peter Donahue. The Baron astonished the world by establishing his place of residence here in California, instead of taking his prize to Europe. Since that time he has been a benefactor to the State in more ways than one.

In a San Luis Obispo county wilderness a stock raiser named Benton formerly owned a large tract of land, mountainous and picturesque. Baron Schroeder visited the ranch one day on a hunting trip, and it so pleased him that he made overtures for its purchase. He subsequently assumed possession, and at once began a system of costly improvements. Old ranchers set him down as a fool for throwing away his money, but the Baron went on making improvements, built himself an elegant mansion, and soon converted the wilderness into a magnificent country seat. One of his costly improvements was the destruction of all the poison oak upon the ranch, a work that required 100 men in its execution and cost a small fortune. In a few months the ranch resembled a newly planted garden.

Then the Baron conceived the idea of a grove of shade trees in the rear of his house. He was told that it would take five years to grow the trees. Time was fleeting, but money was plentiful, and the Baron surprised his superintendent by ordering full-grown trees brought from a distance and planted back of the mansion. The trees were secured at a great expense, but never a word of complaint was heard as to the cost.

Just back of the grove was a hill of solid rock, and here the Baron located a grotto. Men were employed and hundreds of tons of rock were carried away. To ornament the interior of the grotto the choicest spars, and the Baron sent East for connoisseurs and had rare plants and pottery shipped to the coast to adorn his novel cave. A brilliant lamp hangs from the centre of the cavern, and on warm evenings in July the Baron has here entertained his friends, singing sparkling wines, telling old tales, and singing the songs.

The Baron's improved system of water works at "Eagle Ranch" is viewed with wonder by the people for miles around. Water is distributed to every portion of the ranch and reservoirs abound everywhere. Another attraction of the Baron's ranch is an orchard of 50,000 French prune trees, the largest prune orchard in the world. The ranch is a paradise for hunters, as game abounds everywhere. The Baron's adventures with bear and other large game would fill a book. The name of Von Schroeder has become a fixture in San Luis Obispo county, and there he is as well known as in San Francisco society. There will be many regrets at his leaving the State to return to Germany, and what will become of the famous ranch is a matter of speculation.

Felling Big Trees in the Northwest.

From the West Shore.

It may well be imagined that it is no boy's play to cut down a tree from five to ten feet in diameter. The axemen work in pairs, and after selecting the place where they desire the tree to fall, they begin operations. Trees generally have a swell at the base that is cross-grained and gnarled, hard to cut, and not good timber, and as it is not desirable to have this in the log it becomes necessary to cut the tree above this defect. Some trees, especially the fir, have a great deal of pitch at the base, and this, also, renders it desirable to begin cutting some distance from the ground. Another advantage of getting above the ground is being out of the way of brush and fallen timber.

In order to do this the axeman chops a notch in the tree nearly as high as his head, the notch being about six inches deep and about the same in length, and inserts in it the end of a board, known as a chopping board, upon which he stands to wield his axe. This board is a piece of oak or fir from four to six feet long and about ten inches wide, the inserting end being narrower and bound with steel, upon which is a calk like that on a horseshoe, which holds the board firmly when the man's weight is on it. If the first notch is not high enough he cuts another higher up, and still another, if necessary, using the boards as steps, until he is often ten or twelve feet above the ground before he finds a suitable place for chopping. The two axemen, having thus gained a position on opposite sides of the tree, begin the work of chopping with their double-bladed axes, working carefully so as to direct the fall of the tree in the line selected. Of late years the improved style of two-hand saws has been made to do the chief work. After cutting with the axe a deep line in the tree on the side to which it is to be made to fall, the men begin sawing on the opposite side, wedging the cut made by the saw as it progresses, and keeping the saw clear and gradually inclining the tree in the right direction. In this way a tree may be made to fall in the direction exactly opposite to its natural inclination. When the tree shows symptoms of falling the men give a few well-directed strokes with the axe to guide it in its course, and then, uring lightly to the ground, standing near the base of the tree, which experience has proved to be the safest position. Gradually the forest giant bows its head, its fibres cracking like pistol shots, until, at last, it comes down with a crash, its limbs dragging down others with it, and the under ones being splintered into pieces.

Shot Her Son Dead.

From the Courier-Journal.

CRAB ORCHARD, Ky., Jan. 12.—Henry Mullins, aged 19, was shot and killed last night by his mother. Jane Mullins, who lives alone with her five children in a cabin about two miles from here. A few days ago a relative of the young man went to Danville, leaving a little three-year-old child with her to raise. Last night Henry, Jane's oldest boy, coming back from town in a rollicking condition, snatched up the child and began pitching it up in his arms. This angered his mother, who told him to stop or she would kill him; but he heedlessly went on with his capers.

On the mantle was an old army pistol, and this the infuriated woman reached after, and, bringing it down, aimed at the boy, who dropped the child and attempted to disarm his mother. In the scuffle that ensued between mother and son the former got the advantage, and in her frenzy of rage discharged the weapon into the breast of her boy, killing him almost instantly. It is said that the woman threatened several times to kill him unless he quit his foolish pranks, but after the unnatural deed was done she seemed to comprehend its enormity, and said that she was going to drown herself. This morning she was seen by a neighbor on the river bank, where she had evidently been ever since the killing, but at last accounts she had not been arrested.

Temporary Triumph of a Backslider.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

BELLAIRE, Mich., Jan. 4.—Last week at a prayer meeting three of the deacons in the Saints' Church here requested J. B. Hayes, one of the members, who was accused of backsliding, to speak, sing, or pray, and when he refused the three deacons seized him and threw him out of the door, bruising him badly.

Hayes applied to Justice Kibby for a warrant for assault and battery, and the three deacons were brought before the court. They were accompanied by a crowd of the church people. Before each session of the court the members knelt on the court-room floor and prayed that the heart of the Justice might be softened.

The women members of the church brought their sewing and knitting, and every little while they would break into a song and the Justice was forced to suspend operations until they had finished. Hayes made a strong case, and yesterday, despite the prayers and protestations of the church members, Kibby found the three deacons guilty and fined each $16.

The size of the fine appalled the deacons and their crowd, and they gathered around the Justice to protest. Kibby informed them that he would fine the whole crowd for contempt if they did not stop. The deacons will appeal.

Caught the Bullet in His Mouth and Lives.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph.

EASTON, Jan. 15.—George Kemerer of Phillipsburg, N. J., aged 60, became despondent, and this morning attempted suicide. He first manufactured a bullet from a piece of lead pipe and with it loaded an old musket. He then placed the muzzle in his mouth and pulled the trigger with his foot. Part of his tongue was torn out and the roof of his mouth shattered. He then spat out the bullet, laid away the gun, and is now being treated by the doctors.

GALL AND BITTERNESS FOR BURROWS

A Replevin for the Trousseau He Bought His Girl and She Wears as Another's Wife.

From the Kansas City Journal.

A young man giving the name of W. S. Burrows alighted from a dummy train yesterday, and, after securing the services of a lawyer, filed proceedings to replevin a bridal trousseau and other sundry tokens of remembrance which he had given to the girl who had promised to wed him. The young man was a thrifty young farmer who resides near Leavenworth, Kan. The defendant in the suit is a Jackson county girl, whose maiden name was Maud Thomas, and she was something of a beauty. Burrows was very much agitated, but told a story of unrequited love, which only partially portrayed his wounded affections, for which he now seeks redress.

The story is to the effect that he and the Miss Thomas became acquainted while she was visiting friends at Leavenworth, Kan., and it was a case of love at first sight. They met often until the time for her departure for home arrived. The courtship finally ended in young Burrows and Miss Thomas becoming engaged. During the time of her stay at Leavenworth he showered considerable wealth upon her. Miss Thomas returned to her home near Atherton and love letters flew thick and fast between them, but the young lady's parents objected. This led to an elopement being planned, but one trouble arose, and that was the young lady would not consent to be married unless a bridal trousseau were provided. Burrows visited the young lady at the residence of a neighbor, and the happy thought struck him that the bridal trousseau could be bought by himself and that would solve the problem. This she agreed to, and now he claims that the trousseau was purchased for her with the understanding that she was to be married in it. This, he stated, happened in December, and, believing all things settled, he took himself back to Leavenworth.

The young man's sisters made Miss Thomas a visit a few days ago, and to their horror they found she had married. Going back home, they informed their brother, and yesterday the young man went to Independence, and, looking upon the marriage record, found it too true, for on Dec. 31, 1890, Maud Thomas became Maud Rosch.

An order will be given Constable Lattimer, and the officer will go upon his strange errand