QUARRELED ON THE STAGE.

MISS RIGL AND MR. HAWORTH STOP THE PLAY AND THEN WRANGLE.

They Tell a Montreal Audience About Their Differences, After Which the Interrupted Play is Resumed—The Two Sides.

MONTREAL, May 13.—The "Froth of Society" company, with Mr. Joseph Haworth and Miss Emily Rigl as leading players, has come to a sudden and rather dramatic collapse in this city. The company, which came from New York, has been playing here during the week. Last night, in presence of a crowded house at the Academy of Music, a scene occurred that was not on the programme.

Trouble has been brewing for some time between Mr. Haworth and Miss Rigl, and it culminated during last evening's performance. While a love scene, in which Haworth and Rigl were the principals, was in progress, Miss Rigl, who appeared to be laboring under great excitement, suddenly tore herself from Haworth's embrace and, advancing to the footlights, commenced to address the astonished audience.

She declared dramatically, pointing at Haworth, that "that man" had for the past eight weeks made her life unbearable. That he had done all in his power to annoy her and that she would stand it no longer.

Haworth, who was evidently as much surprised as the audience, stepped forward and explained that Miss Rigl had no right to make such statements, that she was simply engaged for her part, while he was a partner in the company and had a right to do as he pleased.

"That is false," interrupted Miss Rigl, with great passion. Fortunately at this point the curtain was rung down, and the disgusted audience was relieved from further annoyance. A temporary settlement was arranged and the performance was concluded. The scene created a great deal of talk.

Each of the principal actors has a different story to tell of the affair, but it seems that jealousy is at the bottom of the whole trouble. Miss Rigl declares that Haworth made violent love to her, and went so far as to ask her to marry him when their present tour was completed.

She found, however, she says, that he was instructing his advance man to keep her name in the background. She also charged Haworth with constantly taunting her and making fun of her both on and off the stage. In fact, she says his conduct became unbearable and she could stand it no longer.

Haworth told an entirely different story. He said that he was a partner in the company and drew no salary, while Miss Rigl was simply engaged to play her part for the season, and had no claim to be starred. He declares that he did all in his power to advance her, and is at a loss to know why she acted as she did.

Miss Rigl denies all Haworth's statements and refuses to play with him any longer. The company concluded its engagement here tonight. It was to have appeared in Boston next week, but, owing to the trouble, it will not fill the engagement. The company is said to have lost heavily since leaving New York.

DELEGATES IN A DILEMMA.

Custom Tailors Can't Decide How Ward McAllister Should Be Approached.

It was announced yesterday at the headquarters of the Custom Tailors' Union that Delegates Gunning and Tureck, who were appointed a committee to get the McAllister 400 to wear the union label on their clothing, had not met with success. They are both very much disheartened, but say they have not yet exhausted all their plans.

An attempt to capture a few gilded youths in order to get them to start the fashion proved a failure. One young man declared that the fashion of wearing union labels was not English, and another confounded the committeemen by asking where the label ought to be put.

Gunning and Tureck, it appears, sat up an entire night discussing this subject. They couldn't decide whether only one label ought to be used for a suit or a label should be attached to each garment. Another week has been granted them for consideration.

No one could be found who had the courage to approach Mr. McAllister with the proposition to become an honorary member of the union. Several letters intended to convey the proposal were drafted, but none was considered satisfactory. The committee could not decide whether "Honored Sir" or "Respected Sir" was the proper way in which to address the great chieftain of fashion.

FOUGHT ABOUT A GIRL.

James Mayhen Stabbed by Thomas Stacker in the Breast.

HUNTINGTON, L. I., May 13.—James Mayhen, colored, and 27 years old, lies between life and death in the shanty of a friend on Crow Hill, in the suburbs of Huntington. He has an ugly knife wound in his breast and one of his lungs is lacerated.

Dr. Gibson, who is attending him, says there is no hope of saving his life. Thomas Stacker, a mulatto, 50 years of age, is locked up in Huntington jail, accused of stabbing Mayhen. On Thursday afternoon Mayhen called on a young colored woman at Dix Hill's with whom Stacker was living. They had several jugs of cider.

When Stacker came home a fight ensued, during which, it is alleged, Stacker plunged a pocketknife into Mayhen's abdomen. The wounded man bolted out into the street and made his way to Huntington, nine miles distant, leaving a trail of blood behind him. Stacker was arrested at his home and arraigned before Justice Hendrickson, at Huntington to-day. He was held without bail to await the result of Mayhen's injuries.

THE McKINLEY BILL WILL GO.

So Says Senator Quay, but He Doesn't Look for a Radical Substitute.

PITTSBURGH, May 13.—Senator Quay, in an interview here this evening, remarked that of course the McKinley bill would be repealed, he regarding that as a foregone conclusion, but said that he did not look for a radical substitute. Concerning the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday he said:

"The World's Fair managers are picking the pockets of the people. He said they screwed money from the Government on the consideration that the Fair wouldn't be open on Sunday. It was a question whether they were not breaking that agreement, and he was of the opinion that they could be made to refund, although he did not know that any effort would be made to have that done.

He added that nobody could object to opening the Fair grounds on Sunday, but he did not think it was fair to charge an admission. The grounds were like a park, and ought to be free to the people on one day.

Dawson and O'Brien Make a Poor Showing.

PHILADELPHIA, May 13.—Like the burned child who dreads the fire the public seem chary of the Academy of Music boxing shows here, and the contest between George Dawson of Australia and Al O'Brien of this city drew only a handful of people, and those who did attend it did not get much for their money.

The many sporting men who came from New York to size up Dawson must have felt badly swindled, for the wind-up was a very disappointing affair, hardly a blow being struck that would have killed a fly. O'Brien did most of the leading, but seldom landed.

Dawson seemed to be very quick at evasive work and had a good left, but his right did not appear to be very effective. The crowd cheered the stars when they stepped into the ring, about 10 o'clock, and after the four timid rounds were fought the referee attempted to make a speech, but the crowd would not let him, hissing him from the stage.

Disagreement of the Jury in the Case of Mr. Mackay's Assailant.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—The jury in the case of Wesley C. Rippey, charged with a murderous assault on John W. Mackay, disagreed to-day after six hours of deliberation, and was discharged. Rippey's second trial will begin on May 18. The jury stood six for conviction of an assault with intent to commit murder, five for assault with a deadly weapon, and one for acquittal.

The solitary vote for acquittal was found in every one of the numerous ballots, and was cast by A. Lopresti, a restaurant keeper. It is said that Lopresti, like Rippey, has lost large sums in mining stocks and that he secretly sympathized with the old man who tried to murder the Comstock millionaire.

Louisa Maller Killed by a Horse Car.

Louisa Maller, aged 7 years, whose parents live at 103 Bay street, Jersey City, was struck by horse car 152 of the Erie street line, while walking with her mother under the Pennsylvania Railroad trestle at Newark avenue last evening. The child was not run over but the car struck it on the head, fracturing its skull. Mrs. Maller took the child in her arms to the First precinct station house, where it died ten minutes later. William Schwitzer, the driver of the car, was arrested.

Where Yesterday's Fires Were.

P. M.—12:30, 55 and 57 Canal street, Moses Gardner, damage, $75; 6:00, 27 East 130th street, Austin Winne, damage trifling.

DEER HUNTING COUNTRY BURNED.

Disastrous Forest Fires Near Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island.

RONKONKOMA, L. I., May 13.—Forest fires have been raging in the country around Lake Ronkonkoma since Wednesday, and miles of territory have been burned over and thousands of dollars' worth of property destroyed. The flames started near the Long Island Railroad track at Central Islip, and it is thought they were caused by a spark from a locomotive. The undergrowth was very dry, and the fire was fanned by a strong southeast wind. The countryside turned out to stay the progress of the conflagration. By night they seemed to have gotten it under control.

Early next morning, however, Farmer Roleston, who lives on the shore of the lake, saw a wall of fire bearing down on his place. He went to alarm the neighbors and fight the flames, but was cut off by them for a time, and his family believed that he had been burned. His house, which is in the centre of a large clearing, was saved by hard fighting, and the struggle was kept up all day by the farmers of the neighborhood. The Queen Anne cottage belonging to Albert Cable caught early in the day and was destroyed. Several other houses narrowly escaped, and in some instances the outhouses and barns were burned. The icehouse and barns of Mr. Townsend, who owns the lake, were burned.

The Ronkonkoma Fishing and Shooting Club, which has a club house near the lake and leases a large part of the surrounding woods, is a heavy loser. Its icehouse was destroyed, and the hunting for many years to come is ruined. The region was one of the best on Long Island for deer, and it is said that many of the animals perished in the flames.

The burned district is eight miles long by three wide, and extends from Central Islip to St. James. The fire is now under control.

DIED SOON AFTER HER FATHER.

Miss Keegan's Prediction that She Would Be Dead in a Week Fulfilled.

William Keegan, an old resident of the Eighth ward, in Brooklyn, died last Sunday night at his home, 634 Third avenue, in that city. During his last illness his daughter, Sarah Keegan, aged 33, watched by his bedside night and day until her own health broke down under the strain. When his death occurred she fell in a swoon and was with difficulty revived. On recovering she looked at her dead father and said:

"There's papa dead. Next Sunday I'll be dead, too."

The daughter's prophecy was verified. On Tuesday, on returning from her father's funeral, she took to her bed and, in spite of the efforts of Drs. Rooney and McCorkell to save her life, she died on Friday afternoon. The doctors found that one of her lungs was seriously affected, and admit that her death was hastened by grief for her father.

ITS AGE AND HISTORY UNKNOWN.

A Great Canal in the Crimea That is One of the World's Wonders.

From the Philadelphia Daily Evening Telegraph.

The great Russian engineer, Melnikoff, writes from Odessa to the Smithsonian Institution describing the ruins of an ancient canal discovered in the Crimea, which he regards as one of the wonders of the world. It is certainly twenty-seven centuries old, and among similar ancient objects of historic interest is second only in age to the great pyramids. The hanging gardens of Babylon and the Colossus of Rhodes are shrouded with no deeper mysteries than the existence of this great ditch, whose ruins can be traced for a long distance through the Crimean plain. Whether it was a waterway in the olden times and the pathway of ancient commerce between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov, or a means of defence for the people living in its vicinity, is a question which wise men, supposed to know all about antiquities, cannot explain.

Xenophon, the distinguished Athenian, who conducted the retreat of 10,000 Greeks from the up-country march, so-called, writes of ditches which were dug by inhabitants of hostile territory through which they passed as an impediment to their march. Water was often turned into these, so that crossing was rendered more difficult. Perhaps the ancient and wonderful canal served the same purpose on a very large scale. While it was of grand proportions, which at that early day surpassed the engineering feats of the Suez Canal, the fortifications for its protection are no less interesting. At each end of the western side there was a lofty castle, the ruins of which remain to this day, the cubical contents exceeding 750,000 metres. A part of these stones, as well as those with which the bed of the canal was paved its entire length, were removed some time ago to build a town which adjoins.

During the Crimean war some of the stones remaining were utilized in the construction of hospitals for the wounded soldiers, which structures are still standing. Along the banks of the canal there were once at least six towers, but what purpose they served, unless for defence, is uncertain. There was also a high wall which extended its entire length. At an equal distance from each end there was a gigantic fortress, built in the form of a square and covering a space of 32,400 square metres. The canal is as straight as an arrow its entire length except at this point, where it forms three sides of a square about the fortress. Here there was a smaller canal on the outer side, which may have provided greater security.

One of the gateways of the fortress is still partially preserved, and through it passes a dilapidated road. The canal was built by Assande I. of Bosporus in the seventh century B. C., and is nine kilometres long. Mention is made of this in the writings of Pliny and Strabo, but nothing is said about the great amount of labor and money expended in its construction or for what special purpose it was done. It passes by the modern town of Perekop, and is not far from the Greek city of Neapolis, whose name was changed by Assande after the building of the canal to Tapharas, which is the Greek word for ditch. Its width on the bottom was about 9 metres, and its depth ten metres. Whether it served formerly as a great and towering fortification or not it certainly contained water enough to sail ships of considerable burden.

Undoubtedly before the time of Christ many ships used it as a short cut across the peninsula between the two seas. The bed is now dry, except in the lowest portion, but it is said that the oldest inhabitants can remember when, for several miles in the central part, there was sufficient water to form a roadway for the lighter craft of the semi-barbarous people. This is accounted for by the fact that some time in the fifteenth century the canal was repaired.

The Russian Government has a project under consideration of opening up a great waterway across the peninsula between the two seas, and his connection with this scheme is what led the engineer, Melnikoff, to inquire into the history of the canal and attempt to explore its wonders. Melnikoff writes in French, and conveys a vivid description of the ancient ruins. He has just written a pamphlet, which is fresh from the press, and this contains in Russian a full account of all that is known and all that has been said about the canal in the centuries since its construction. It also contains diagrams and illustrations of the canal as it now appears.

Society of the Cincinnati Meet.

The New York Society of the Order of Cincinnati held their annual meeting yesterday at Delmonico's, it being the anniversary of the founding of the society. The meeting was called to order by President Hamilton Fish. After the minutes were read the President, who has been confined to his room for the past year, asked the members to allow him to retire, as his health would not permit him to remain longer. After his departure Vice-President Cochrane presided. The present officers were reelected. A resolution was offered asking the general society to forbid a State to admit to membership men who have been rejected by another State. The New Jersey society was cited as having admitted three whom the New York society had rejected.

The Machias's Trial Trip.

BATH, Me., May 13.—The gunboat Machias will leave for Portsmouth on Monday to be put in trim for her official trial, which will probably begin on May 25. She will carry a Bath crew throughout, and a 14½-knot speed is confidently expected.

Louis Mathey Shoots Himself.

Louis Mathey, aged 36 years, of 302 Washington street, Hoboken, shot and instantly killed himself with a revolver last night. He had been sick and out of work for some time and had become despondent. He leaves a widow and two young children.

Our Friend the Earl, Ye Know.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Through the death of the late Earl of Derby a blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter is at the disposal of Mr. Gladstone. The honor of wearing this badge is much sought after. It will be gratifying to many Chicagoans to learn that it is likely to be conferred on the Earl of Aberdeen, who is now in this city.

Rattled, Seemingly.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The agents from Canada who are meandering about the West trying to induce people to move over into the Dominion are so short-sighted that they never tackle any of the 1,000,000 Canadians who have come among us to live with inducements to return to their native land, and they seem equally powerless to check the tide still flowing across the border from the Eastern provinces.

Take the World's Fair Special, via New York Central, for Chicago. Speed and elegance. No extra fare.—*Adv.*

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GREAT REDUCTIONS.

Commencing MONDAY, MAY 15, and continuing all week.

Every article marked in plain figures (regular prices), on which we will offer the following reductions:

AT 20% REDUCTION.

120 styles fine READING, PARLOR, AND BANQUET, LAMPS, ranging from $4.25 to $145, each.

At 25% REDUCTION.

30 different styles very fine specimens of MINO VASES, JARS, and BOTTLES, ranging from $16 to $50 each.

At 20% REDUCTION.

200 styles fine Japanese Cloisonne Enamelled VASES, JARS, PLACQUES, KORO, &c., sizes 10 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. high, ranging from $15 to $750.

At 25% REDUCTION.

50 different styles Idzumo VASES and BOTTLES, ranging from $3 to $37.50 each.

At 25% REDUCTION.

150 different styles very fine Tokio Bronze VASES, KORO, JARDINIERES, FIGURES, CANDELABRA, &c., ranging from $7.50 to $200 each.

THE COWBOY RACE TO CHICAGO.

Indians, Half-breeds, Frontiersmen, and a Noted Woman Vaquero Who Will Ride.

From the Omaha World-Herald.

CHADRON, Neb., May 6.—It is a settled fact now that the great cowboy race from here to the World's Fair will be a go. Although there is yet nine days left before the time expires to enter the great race there are already a great number of entries.

Dan Middleton of Chadron, Neb., who was at one time the terror of northern Nebraska, and any one acquainted with the history of this section needs no introduction to him, will ride. He is 45 years of age and weighs 180 pounds. His famous ride along in the '60s, from Craw Buttes to Long Pine Barracks, was a ride for his life. He was pursued by several hundred bloodthirsty and hungry Sioux. It was a phenomenal ride, and has never yet been surpassed. He will ride a beautiful black horse called Geronimo, which is a descendant of the noble horse that saved his life by carrying him through this mountainous and uncivilized country.

Another noted character who has entered the race is Jack Flagg of Big Horn Basin. Flagg is the man who, by his courage and bravery and gallant riding, saved his life by escaping from the cattlemen in Wyoming at the place where Ray and Champion were murdered.

Possibly the most interesting rider will be Miss Emma Hutchinson of Denver, Col. Every one in Colorado knows of Miss Hutchinson. She is a daring horsewoman of long experience, and can stand any amount of exposure. She is only 21 years of age, and is a brunette and very handsome. She weighs only eighty-two pounds, and, of course this, will give her great advantage over the other contestants in this particular. Her friends will soon arrive here, and they say she will surely win.

Among the noted riders are Emil Albright and Sam Bell of Deadwood, Peter Shaughraw and Nick James (half-breed), Pine Ridge; Jim Murray, Eagle Pass, Texas; Sam Tyler of Kingfisher, O. T.; Dynamite Jack, Crawford, Neb.; Snake Creek Tom, Snake Creek, Wy.; Rattlesnake Pete, Creede, Col.; Cockeyed Bill, Manville, Wy., and He Dog and Spotted Wolf, Sioux from Rosebud agency.

The principal towns through which the route runs are Sioux City, where the Missouri will be crossed; Fort Dodge and then Dubuque, where the Mississippi will be crossed; from there to Syracuse, and thence to the grounds occupied by Buffalo Bill's Wild West show on the World's Fair grounds. This route, however, is subject to change by committee. Mr. Cody will present the prizes to the winner, consisting of $1,000 offered by the originators of the race, a costly and especially designed revolver offered by the Colts Firearms Company, $500 to be divided into three purses, offered by Buffalo Bill; a celebrated cowboy saddle, offered by Collins & Morrison of Omaha. From the number of letters received by Secretary Weir daily it shows that there is much interest being taken in the race. The start will be made on June 13 from the Hotel Blaine. The Secretary has invited Gov. Crounse to be present and give the signal which will start the greatest aggregation of riders in one of the longest races ever entered into in the United States.

OH, YES, JOHN IS REGISTERING,

Two or Three Times Over, and Is Working the Geary Law to Its Own Confusion.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.

DENVER, May 5.—Internal Revenue Collector Freeman has discovered a huge fraud in the registration of the Chinese in this district. For several weeks past numbers of Chinamen have succeeded in registering a second time, the only difference in the description so far as discovered being in their place of residence, but as many of the names sound pretty nearly alike, nothing certain was discovered until to-day, when a bright young Chinaman informed Mr. Freeman that they were sending their certificates to China, with the view of smuggling the heathen into the country. Just how many have gotten a second certificate is not known, but it is thought by Inspector Freeman that about 200 have done so. It is thought that the United States authorities in this city that there is a gigantic scheme engineered by the Chinese Six Companies in San Francisco, and is not confined to this district alone. The scheme is a smooth and easy one, and wholesale evasion of the Geary law is possible under it. As soon as the plot was discovered Collector Freeman made a hasty investigation of the records of the office, and communicated the result of his discovery to Washington. Mr. Freeman has instructions from Washington not to arrest any of these until further advice from headquarters.

For the Collection Basket.

From Puck.

Congressman—I intend to introduce a bill providing for the coinage of half cents. If it passes, my reelection is assured.

Friend—How do you make that out?

Congressman—All the church people in my district will vote for me.

AN EX-OUTLAW EVANGELIST.

The Career of Abe Buzzard, a Noted Terror, Just Pardoned and Turned Preacher.

From the Philadelphia Times.

It is a pretty long step from the mountain cave of the outlaw to the pulpit of the evangelistic preacher, but the far-famed Abe Buzzard has taken it almost at a single bound. After a career of crime which stirred the whole State of Pennsylvania he has left the prison cell for the last time and started into doing missionary work. Just now he is trying to convert his old comrades up in the Ephrata Mountains in Lancaster county, but arrangements will be made later to take him in many other fields, and there is every prospect of his proving as earnest in his new calling as he was in the old one.

The story of Abe's life, which he will tell after this as a horrible example to his hearers, is of the romantic sort. From the time he was born in the wilds of the Welsh Mountains, in 1852, up to April 8, when he left prison pardoned by Gov. Pattison, he has alternately enjoyed liberty and suffered imprisonment, taking advantage of the former to run the gauntlet of nearly all the crimes known in outlawry, and of the latter to worry his wardens and keepers with more hairbreadth escapes than ever a convict planned before or since.

For this remarkable career Abe says the environment of his youth was largely responsible. His father was a man of dissolute habits, who owned a rocky and unprofitable farm in the furthest recesses of the Welsh Mountains, and his mother was a woman who, to say the least, lacked force of character. The elder Buzzard sparred with the authorities of Lancaster county for some years over minor shady transactions, and then went to the war and was killed.

The mother, with nine children to care for, led a life which set a very poor example for the rest of the family, and ultimately was sent to jail for robbing a neighbor. When she got out she married another man and thereafter her children were allowed to grow up wild and to do as they pleased. None of them ever went to school, and by precept and example she rather encouraged them in the small crimes of their early days. Abe's specialty then was the robbing of hen roosts and clotheslines.

Of the nine children, seven were boys and two were girls. With Abe as their leader the boys, with others of about the same grade from the neighborhood, left their homes and sought quarters in the hills. One of the girls died young, the other sought employment as a domestic, stole everything she could lay her hands on, and was sent to jail for the transgression. Her whereabouts afterward were never discovered, and the mother has also disappeared from view.

A short time after Abe was old enough to vote he was at the head of a robber band which owned and terrorized the whole of the Welsh Mountains. As chieftain his position was never questioned, for he alone of the lot possessed the intelligence and the cool-headed audacity to plan and carry out their periodical raids on the peaceful farmers of the community, and sometimes his generalship stood the gang in good stead.

The authorities of Lancaster county adopted heroic measures to oust the bold outlaws from their mountain stronghold, and then began a fight which attracted public attention and interest from all sources.

The Sheriff swore in special deputies and organized posses to go after the gang, with an especial ambition to catch the leader, and there was more than one pitched battle on the side hills and in the mountains. After awhile the earnest desire of the county to put Abe behind the bars took the form of a reward of $5,000, which was offered for his body, and the county didn't care much whether he was dead or alive.

For various small crimes, chiefly daylight robbery and midnight burglary, Abe had already passed a good deal of time in the jails of Lancaster, Berks, Dauphin, Ephrata and even in Allegheny, to which place he was consigned for the theft of a horse and wagon, but the authorities were never able to fasten any one crime of especial magnitude upon him. Besides Abe had a way of breaking out of the little county jails before his sentences were finished, to the great annoyance of his keepers, and managed thereby to spend about as much time in the mountains as he did in his cell. When he was locked up his brother, Ike, who has since died in prison, led the gang and kept up the steady line of depredation.

When the united rewards on Abe's curly head reached the top notch a number of the bible-bedeviled men of the little town of Victoria chased him and one of his ablest lieutenants, Lew Crawford, into one of the swamps of the Ephrata Mountains. They were led by a banker named John Hull, and swore not to return until they had hanged the outlaw, taking with them for that apparently laudable purpose a piece of the strongest rope in the place. The posse managed to surround the two men, who were dodging behind bushes and trees and exchanging shots at frequent intervals. Abe wanted to go up on the hills and Crawford thought it best to get down into the valley a mile away in front. Neither would change his mind, and so Crawford broke for the valley with his gun to his shoulder, and after a hot chase was caught.

Abe, under cover of his flight, moved from tree to tree up the mountain, after he had cleard the swamp, with two men after him. One of these was Hull, who finally showed too much of his person before the eagle eye of the escaping outlaw, and went down with two loads of buckshot in him. Abe got away and Hull was carried back to Victoria, where his wounds were dressed and he recovered—a fact which Abe is exceedingly glad of now.

Finally, in 1882, the daring outlaw was captured in the streets of Ephrata and locked up in the Lancaster jail with a sentence of thirteen years before him, four on one charge and nine on another. A store robbery, of which in his day he insists he was not guilty. His brother Ike received the same sentence, but neither stayed in jail very long. Abe trained a pet canary bird he was permitted to have in his cell to carry notes to Ike's cell, and an escape was planned and executed. The keeper was shoved in a cell and locked up by concerted action, and both convicts regained their liberty.

Ike was recaptured, but Abe managed to keep clear of the hungry officers who sought for him. His old band, however, was scattered over the face of the earth, mostly in jails, and there were no more opportunities for him to exercise his profession in the mountains. He dodged about the country for three years, and, at last, on the 8th of April, set his haggard face toward Lancaster again and surrendered himself. By that time his brother Ike had died, and something of the animosity to him in the public mind was dissipated.

He served eight years of his long term, and then interested a sufficient number of influential people in his behalf to secure his pardon from the Governor. He has kept out just thirty days now, and is rapidly regaining the vigor which he lost in his solitary cell. He is deeply in earnest in his efforts to lead a new life, and will try to work reform in others, a task in which he will be engaged in his old mountain haunts up to next autumn, when his evangelistic tour will begin.

Abe is still a comparatively young and healthy man, with steady nerves, and his talk is straightforward and interesting.

Chicago Drove Him to Suicide.

From the Chicago Times.

Because Mohammed Assilia was cold and homesick he made a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide in the Cairo village last night. At 9 o'clock a levantine interpreter, Anhandrim Sera, rushed from the village, his face green and yellow with terror, and shouted to a group of Columbian guards.

From Anhandrim's howls and imprecations it was learned that Mohammed Assilia had been found by a party of his countrymen hanging from a beam in one of the vacant rooms at the western end of the village. He had hanged himself to a beam eight feet from the floor with a long skein of carpet yarn. He had been hasty in his preparations, and the unwieldy nature of the still carpet yarn, combined with his haste, saved his life.

Surrounded by a score of men and women from the apartments near that to which Mohammed lay, he tearfully besought their forgiveness for what he had done, so the interpreters say. He said that he was always cold and could never warm himself; that he was homesick, and that if he could not see his people he wanted rest in Allah's warm arms; that he hated Chicago and yearned for heaven.

By the efforts of several of the older men of the village the lad's cuts and bruises were bandaged and warmth was put into his shaking body by liberal doses of brandy. He then fell into a deep sleep. These men were evidently deeply grieved by the boy's act, and tried to excuse him. "He is very lonely and very sick," they said. "Allah's mercy be with him. He did not long for his home."

Mohammed is but 18 years old, and was to have charge of one of the date booths in the street when the village is opened. He will probably be sent back to Cairo.

Excusable in a Rush.

From Puck.

Proprietor—How came this new postage stamp in the money drawer?

Clerk—That's my mistake, sir. I took it in for a two-dollar bill.

C. A. BROCKWAY & CO.

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To those interested in Furniture, whether luxurious for city homes or comfortable cottages, a visit to our warerooms will offer many suggestions.

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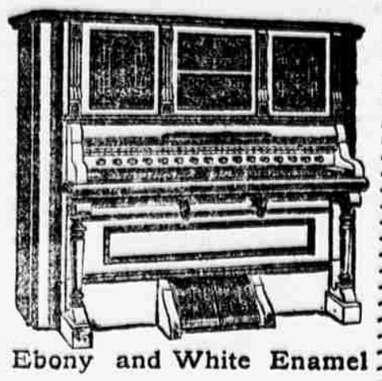
FOR THE

SUMMER HOME.



We are prepared to supply Æolians in a large assortment of carefully selected and unusually handsome Hungarian Ash and American and English Oaks. We have these in a variety of finishings to correspond with interior trimmings. We are also showing Æolians in different finishings of Mahogany, Rosewood, Circassian Walnut, Ebony and White Enamel and Gold.

For the benefit of those who have never heard the Æolian, and are, therefore, unfamiliar with it, we would say that it is the ideal instrument for a country house. It will play any piece of music ever written, and thus renders available at all times concert and operatic selections, as well as music for singing and dancing. The Æolian appeals to every member of the household, for, in addition to playing every variety of music to suit all tastes, it can be played by any one, even those who have never taken a music lesson, after a few days' practice.

A knowledge of this simplicity has led many people to assume that the Æolian is merely a mechanical instrument, and as such not worthy of serious consideration. This is a most decided error, and one that is only committed by those unacquainted with the splendid qualities of the instrument.

Senor Pablo Sarasate, the famous violinist, has said of the Æolian, "as a musical instrument it is artistic in the true sense of the word." To his endorsement has been added warm words of commendation from Anton Seidl, Luigi Arditi, A. Vianesi, P. S. Gilmore, Jean de Reszke, Jean Lassalle, Vladimir de Pachmann, Frank Van der Stucken, S. B. Mills, Sofia Scalchi, and many others of equal note.

We extend to all a cordial invitation to come and see and hear the Æolian. It is on exhibition at the following places, and music dealers throughout the country. A descriptive circular will be sent on application to those who cannot conveniently call.

The Aeolian Company, 18 W. 23d St., N. Y. City.

Boston, Mass.: Mason & Hamlin Piano and Organ Co., 155 Tremont St.
Chicago, Ill.: Lyon & Healy, State and Munroe Streets.
Philadelphia, Pa.: C. J. Heppe & Son, 1117 Chestnut Streets.

A BRAIDED BALL OF SNAKES.

A Story that Recalls and Almost Excels the Secaucus Classic.

From the Boston Advertiser.

From the town of Montville, some six miles south of Norwich, Conn., comes a strange snake story, as far above the average New Jersey or Kentucky legend as the eagle of the empyrean is above the waddling duck of the barnyard. According to the latest account of the Montville marvel Mr. Henry Dolbeare and Mr. Frank Baker of that place "went to the extreme end of Henry's house lot" to clean an old well, which is described as a "deep, dry one." Some rubbish had been thrown out and the workers removed a couple of broad boards, when, in the language of the veracious correspondent, "the bottom of the well rose up, heaving and billowing beneath their feet."

Furthermore it is stated that as they "hopped about with trembling legs on their serpentine perch" they soon discovered that "they had struck a sort of a solid stratum of well snakes, deep, convoluted, and intricated, a great round ball, as big as a school globe, of hibernating reptiles." Even as they gazed "the sphere of slim snake strands, which had been wound into a hard mass like a ball of wrapping twine in criss-cross fashion during the winter, had instantly burst into multitudinous and nimble consciousness and activity under the tread of the farmers' rubber boots; then it began to unravel itself, and scores of serpent tails and red-forked jaws detached themselves from the mass and shot upward, twining themselves about the men's legs and slapping them viciously."

Clearly in such a case the heroic Montvillians had but one course of action. If the snakes had been weak, sickly things perhaps they might have been left undisturbed; but as they were "well snakes," and as they averaged five feet in length, some being seven feet long and as thick as a man's—perhaps an ossified man's—forearm, both Mr. Dolbeare and Mr. Baker seem to have entered upon the task of turning the rascals over good Jacksonian fashion. In a brief space of time, eight minutes by a stop watch, "the attacking column of serpents, the first onset of which was like the roar of a mad river advancing from subterranean regions, had dribbled away to a mere rivulet of reptiles, and the men as speedily disposed of the rivulet." By arithmetical computation it was discovered that 114 reptiles had been made to bite the dust.

The two men who are credited with the slaughter seem to have escaped without any injury except a slight strain of the arms, resulting from the energy displayed in the work of extermination.

The thrilling experience of Mr. Dolbeare and Mr. Baker almost deserves to rank with that of Mr. Cornelius Vanderhook of Secaucus, N. J. While we cannot vouch for the truth of Mr. Vanderhook's statements, it is only fair to note that the latter claims to have killed the more snakes. It is claimed that the New Jersey episode took place just after an election in Bergen county, and it is possible that liquor was used in the contest; but on the day on which Mr. Vanderhook set out to mow the marshes near his domicile he was probably as dry as the Montville well. Mr. Vanderhook began his task in a listless fashion, but soon became conscious that the scythe was meeting with great resistance.

Upon looking more closely around him, he was astounded to see that the whole meadow was literally a loathsome field of snakes which were so close together as to hide the grass absolutely from view. Their repulsive heads, alive with awful fury and malignant anger, swayed and trembled in waves of Medusa-like motion as grass before the wind. A thousand hisses chilled Mr. Vanderhook's blood to colorless serum for the moment, but with a frenzy born of desperation he began striking madly on every side with the mad recklessness of a descendant of the Berserkers. He also used a scythe. After 43½ seconds had elapsed he had disposed of 117 serpents, making a record which will stand as the best, in spite of the excellent performance of the Montvillians.

In 3½ minutes he had covered nearly half an acre, but was compelled to pause for a brief space, because the dying snakes in their agony had so twisted themselves around each other and around his heavy boots that he was powerless to drag the contorted mass, which measured some 19 feet across and nearly 1½ feet deep, any further. However, he solved the difficulty by stepping out of his boots and continuing the fight in stockinged feet. Soon afterward the blade of his scythe broke off against a stone, and he was compelled to finish his task with merely the handle. After the last snake had been killed he counted 1,102½ snakes, the body of half a snake having wriggled away out of sight.

The Ruling Passion.

From Puck.

Host (proudly)—And this is a masterpiece of Rembrandt!

Visitor—Great Scott, man! What is that hole in the corner? it spoils the whole picture.

Host—Well, you see, my wife is an autograph collector, and she wouldn't rest until she cut the signature out and pasted it in her album.

FRAUDS WILL BE PERPETRATED.

Good things have always been Counterfeited and Imitated—articles without merit—never.

We cautioned you last week against the imitations of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Nobody likes to be deceived—so don't forget the caution—ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, insist upon having C-A-R-T-E-R-S, and see that you get them.

Dont forget the caution—don't be deceived.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

It Will Be the English—The Question Already Settled, Says a German Authority.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger and Daily Transcript.

The Germans not only look upon their language as an integral and essential part of the national life, but the more cultivated classes revere it with an almost idolatrous veneration. Notwithstanding the difficulties presented by its indistinct and crabbed type, its intricate and half illegible script, its arbitrary genders, its highly artificial inflectional system, and its illogical syntax, its study is extolled not only as a means of mental culture and discipline, but as an impulse to originality of thought and expression. These facts render all the more noteworthy the leading article in the April number, just issued, of Prof. Hans Delbrück's "Preussische Jahrbücher," perhaps the most prominent of German literary reviews. It is from the pen of Dr. A. Schröer, professor of philology at the University of Freiburg, and its subject is the importance of introducing into the schools the study of a universal language (Weltsprache).

The writer begins by condemning all attempts, however scientific, to construct an artificial language, like Volapük. No language which possesses no power, literature, historical development, nor linguistic relations can ever serve as a medium of general communication, for the reason that no one will take the trouble to acquire it, merely as a "tool of trade," until it becomes universal; therefore it never can become universal. Such attempts, however, are not only idle and aimless, because they can never obtain the general consent of mankind, but they are useless, for, says Prof. Schröer, there exists already a universal language, *i. e.*, a language which, by its spread over the whole earth, and by the ease with which it may be learned, has already gained such a long step in advance that neither political nor artificial means can deprive it of its assured position as the future medium of international intercourse. And this language is the English.

It is interesting to find this fact acknowledged and promulgated by one of the foremost of German periodicals. During the present century the English-speaking population of the world has increased five-fold—from possibly 25,000,000 at its commencement to at least 125,000,000 at its close. No other language has ever been so rapidly developed; no fact in civil history is more significant than this. In all quarters of the world the English language is the conquering tongue; the wide spread of the English colonial system, the marvellous growth of the United States, and the facility with which it absorbs every foreign element, bear witness to this great fact. Therefore, Prof. Schröer advocates making the study of the English obligatory, not necessarily to the exclusion of Latin and Greek, but at least in conjunction with them. "Hence this," says he, "is not a question of taste or of rivalry between the 'moderns' and the 'ancients;' it is simply a historical necessity."

Prof. Schröer is careful to warn his readers not to set their aim too high, for to learn to speak and write fluently and correctly a language which holds so high a place in the scale of culture and refinement as the English is "monstrously difficult;" but for the average man this is not necessary, for even the average Englishman has but a limited command of his mother tongue, and the daily intercourse of life requires but a small and easily acquired vocabulary. This is true of every language; but the absence of puzzling genders and inflections and syntactical forms renders the English easy, in comparison with others. "The English," concludes Prof. Schröer, "is the world-speech, and will, to all appearance, become more and more so every year."

PENSIONERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Government Gratuities for a War that Ended a Hundred and Ten Years Ago.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Upon the death of Mrs. Anna Maria Young, which occurred at Easton, Pa., on Wednesday, the last Revolutionary widow who drew a pension in this district was stricken from the lists. Michael Fritz, the last survivor of the War of 1812, in this district, died about a year ago at his home near Reading. There are still several widows of the survivors of the War of 1812 drawing pensions from the Philadelphia office, and quite a number of survivors of the Mexican war.

The theory that pensions prolong life by the removal of the constant worry to which aged persons of the poorer classes are subject, is borne out by the remarkable vitality of the vast army of pensioners. There are still fifteen widows of