

THE MILAN EXCHANGE.

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MILAN, TENNESSEE.

OVER THE WAY.

There's a monarch over the way!
He bears on his brow no studied crown,
He wears in his hair no blood-red gown,
His finger flashes no signet ring;
But his lips declare that of a King—
This lay over the way.

There's a despot over the way!
No halberd, no crested shield he vaunts,
From a helmet peak no plume he flaunts,
No clattering horse at his heels attend;
But all at his beck in thralldom bend
To this baby over the way.

There's a wizard over the way!
And to share, before his mild blue eyes,
Are cracked the old prophecies:
The yester problems grow small and few,
And fall, in their stead, a thousand now
Start up from over the way.

There's a prophet over the way!
Dissolving the well-of-the-wisdom of doubt,
While clear the lantern of faith flames out,
And through the misty hours, the anchored
hull:
"Lo! God still reigns, and must mean well
By such little ones over the way!"
—George Houghton, in Christian Union.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN LONDON.

The night was hideous. The autumn gales were blowing a terrific hurricane. It was raining in torrents. I had the misfortune of dining out, not far from Hampstead, in one of those numerous suburbs of London where cabs on a rainy night or on any ordinary morning are as scarce as pleasure yachts on the summit of the Rocky Mountains. I was, therefore, toiling ankle deep in water and drenched to the marrow, when suddenly a piercing yell rose for a second or two above the continuous uproar of the tempest. I rushed forward. A young and active policeman, emerging at the same time from some invisible spot, passed me with lightning rapidity. I quickly caught up with him. His helmet, however, was already drifting on the overflown gutter, and he was engaged in fierce conflict. The villain he was fighting was a mechanic of ponderous weight, evidently an experienced ruffian, an old hand at murderous assaults, whom he had disturbed in the act of kicking his wife out of existence. The unfortunate woman was lying on the ground wailing. According to the training of the London roughs he had anticipated the policeman's intervention by trying to ram him down, a trick which is executed by vigorously plunging one's head in one's adversary's stomach. Unlike most of the members of the Metropolitan force whom I have generally seen taken by that trick, the young policeman warded off the attack, and for a moment stunned his foe by lifting his head with a well-judged blow from the left. But it was only an ephemeral success. The villain's head had come clear in time out of other mills. The policeman was soon overmatched, but he was an obstinate young Irishman, and he clung to the man as a wounded bloodhound to a wild boar. He refused to be shaken off. The situation was critical. Suddenly a band of half a dozen men, riotous and drunk, who had just been turned out from a neighboring tavern, came toward us howling a low cantata to the incoherent strains of a tin whistle.

"Holloa!" exclaimed one of them, "here is Jim a drumming on a hobby's attic."

"Smash 'is muzzie, Jim," said another.

"What are you jawing about?" interferred a third; "blister the M. P., Jim, and still him, anyhow!"

"I'll swing for the bloody 'og," echoed the miscreant, by way of showing him-elf worthy of the encouragement.

The policeman, however, did not visibly care for anything but his duty. He had just succeeded in blowing a whistle. Up to this time I had been occupied in trying to revive the half-murdered woman, but now I thought I would leave her alone for awhile. Fortunately the whistle had been heard, and just then two stalwart policemen, long used to all varieties of ruffians, favored by the darkness of the night and the noise of the wind, unexpectedly appeared on the ground and rapidly changed the physiognomy of affairs. Jim was secured and marched off, and one of his friends, having made a determined attempt at rescuing him, was soon, owing to the arrival of two more constables, though unwillingly, added to the importance of the procession. As to myself, I was invited by the police to come to the station as witness. The errand had but little attraction; the walk had none, as the tempest was still at its highest, unconcernedly juggling with unroofed and unrooted stray fragments.

The station was reached. Our general condition was so lamentable that it seemed as if the wise inspector might have his doubts as to whom he would charge. Jim, however, was eventually put behind the iron bars where every prisoner is charged before being taken to the cell in which, unless bail is tendered and accepted, he spends the hours which separate him from his appearance before the magistrate. A policeman stood by him outside the bar. Jim was a particularly repulsive man, with low forehead, a curl of hair on the temple, a rough red beard under the chin, a broken nose and a retriever's mouth. The scale on the wall fixed him at five feet ten. He had the back of a brewer's horse. His clothes were much torn, and he exhibited other proofs of the steadiness with which the Irish policeman had played a losing game. Nevertheless, he bore his fate spiritedly. He listened contemptuously to the cause given for his apprehension by the constable who had arrested him to the inspector. When searched he grinned. When questioned as to his name, his age, his profession, his residence, he

sneered defiantly, and as he looked quite refreshed and ready for another bout, more policemen silently grouped themselves around him in order to quickly overcome all troublesome repugnance that he might manifest at being shown to a cell. This display of force probably convinced the prisoner of the futility of a sally, for when ordered to retire he simply indulged in a few extemporized imprecations, which rang in the police hall as if launched straight out of hell. I had to give my name and address as witness, and was told by the inspector that he would expect me on the next morning at ten o'clock at the Police Court.

I was at this court at the appointed time. The access to the place resembled so much some of the worst haunts that I hesitatingly inquired, fearing to be laughed at, from a ruddy cobbler if I was in the right direction.

"Can't you read that 'ere inscription on that 'ere door—Police Court?" said he, indicating an unpretending building; and then, with a cunning grin, pointing to various groups of unattractive creatures who exclusively occupied the approach to the place: "Can't you see that you are at the right wicket? Hall of the hupper crust 'ere, sir—burglars, garroters and their sweethearts. Real pure milk. There ain't one of them that don't deserve capital punishment."

No doubt it was a bad lot of ruffians. A lady had just alighted out of her carriage, and as she had to pass before them in order to reach the court, which has only that entrance, their looks and sneers would have been enough to annoy a divine, while some shelled out words that would have produced excitement at a canteen of marines.

It is uncomfortable to speculate on what might happen in such a place if policemen were not there to keep it, as it were, orderly. One of the regrettable results of this state of things is that many among the nervous portion of the community are afraid of going to these courts, and that the ruffian brotherhood knows it and turns it to account. It seems as if some were daily deputed to be there for the sole purpose of making the place unapproachable. The others come to show sympathy with those of their friends who have had the misfortune to be found out, and to cheer them up as they enter and depart in the police van. It is just to add that much has been done lately to render the approaches of the London police courts less objectionable.

One of the policemen who had apprehended Jim on the last night, having seen me, took me into court. It was a large, clean, lofty room, yet the air was unpleasant on account of the unwashed condition of the greater part of the public present. This public was composed of the same set of wanderers described by my friend, the cobbler, as the "upper crust." Three or four detectives scattered in the place quietly watched all about them, taking particular notice of the prisoners at the bar in order to say what they knew of them or to make their acquaintance.

Jim was introduced and placed at the bar. His notoriously bad character gained for him the distinction of being attended by an extra policeman. Before even noticing the magistrate, he looked around and smiled to a few friends who were in the court. The first witness called was the wife of the prisoner. Every one looked for her. Jim's fierce visage turned deadly pale. Three times the usher called the same name, but his summons remained unanswered. Suddenly a policeman entered the court by the public entrance and said a few words to the inspector sitting by the witness box. This official arose and begged the magistrate to hear the agent, as he could explain the woman's absence.

The policeman was sworn, and, having given his number, proceeded to relate that, according to his instructions, he had gone to the lodgings occupied by the prisoner and his wife to bring the woman to court. He had found no one on the premises except another lodger, a seamstress, who had told him that Jim's wife had disappeared. He was inadvertently going to repeat the seamstress' conversation, when he was stopped by the magistrate upon the plea that hearsay was no evidence. He only added that the woman was in court, if his Honor wanted to put any question to her. The seamstress was put in the box, and, having kissed the Bible, on the conclusion of the perfectly unintelligible words of the oath, reverently numbed as customary by the usher, she was invited by the clerk to say what had happened in the morning between herself and the prisoner's wife. She then narrated that early in the morning Jim's wife had got up, although looking very ill and hardly able to stand, and that she had told her that she was going away because she knew that the police would fetch her, and take her before the court to depose against her husband. She had subsequently gone out, and the witness had not heard of her since. The magistrate directed that inquiries should be made to discover what had become of her. I was afterward examined in my turn, and I told what I knew of the events of the last night.

The next witness called was the policeman whose energetic interference had not a second too soon prevented Jim from killing his wife. This witness did not answer to the call of his name, but the inspector stood up and said that on inquiring at the hospital where the man had been conveyed he had been told that he was delirious, and besides other bad injuries, suffered from a congestion of the brain.

The case was, therefore, remanded for another week, in order to permit the magistrate to hear the constable and the prisoner's wife. But neither on the appointed day nor on the one fixed for a further remand were those witnesses

in court. Six weeks elapsed before the constable had sufficiently recovered to come into the court. He was pale and still very sickly-looking. A chair was given to him.

The magistrate was just delivering a sentence of eighteen months imprisonment with hard labor on a miserable and starving-looking girl for the stealing of a handkerchief. On the removal of this sad-looking object, who on hearing her sentence fell into hysterics, Jim was put at the bar. The magistrate first asked if anything had been heard of the prisoner's wife, and a policeman first entered the witness box. Having been sworn, he related that six nights since the body of a woman had been taken out of the Thames, and that it had been stated at the Coroner's inquest that it was the body of the prisoner's wife. Answering a question of the magistrate, the witness added that the Coroner's verdict was accidental death.

This witness having retired, the convalescent constable was examined. His account of his encounter with Jim was straightforward and impressive.

The magistrate then asked the prisoner if he had any question to put to the witness.

"No, replied Jim, doggedly. The magistrate subsequently demanded of him if he preferred to be dealt with by him at once or sent to the Superior Court. Jim having selected to be dealt with at once, the magistrate asked him if he had any statement to make for his defense.

"No," said Jim, firmly. Having just heard the magistrate inflict eighteen months imprisonment with hard labor for the theft of a handkerchief, I was confident that this villain, who had long murdered his wife, and whose long-tried cruelty, as it happens frequently among the poor people of this country, had likely deterred the unfortunate woman from appearing in court, and might have driven her to some rash act of despair, and who, furthermore, had seriously injured a constable, would have been sent to the assizes. My astonishment, however, grew more intense when, after a few very sensible and firm remarks of the magistrate, I heard him condemn this twice would-be murderer to only six months' imprisonment with hard labor.

In this country there are strong laws to protect property, and cruelty to beasts is deservedly punished; but to beat and kick one's wife, to disable a policeman, perhaps cripple him for life, is but a slight offense.—London Cor. N. Y. Sun.

The Expedition for the Relief of Lieutenant Greeley's Party.

A telegraphic dispatch has been forwarded by General Terry to the Secretary of War giving the names of the persons selected from the Department of Dakota to take part in the expedition which is to be sent out for the relief of Lieutenant Greeley and his party at Lady Franklin Bay in the Arctic regions. The detail consists of a commissioned officer and four enlisted men, who have been chosen as especially well qualified for the duties which will be required of them. The selection was narrowed down to the regiments which had served longest in the department, as it was thought that men who had seen service in the Northwest would be better able to withstand the hardships of an Arctic winter; but even with this restriction there has been no lack of applications, and ever since the call for volunteers was issued a month ago, the list has been lengthened until it included the names of more than one hundred persons. First-Lieutenant Ernest A. Gattington, Seventh Cavalry, who has been selected to command the expedition, was born in South Carolina and graduated from the Military Academy in 1876. The others of the detail are Sergeant John Kenny, Troop I, Seventh Cavalry; Corporal Frank Elwell, Company E, Third Infantry; O. F. Moritz, Company A, Seventeenth Infantry, and Private J. J. Murphy, Company F, Eleventh Infantry. Three of these have had experience as sailors, and all have been chosen with special reference to their physical qualifications. Lieutenant Gattington is less than thirty years old, above the average height, with a strong, well-built, soldierly physique, and strictly temperate in his habits. He is very intelligent, and possesses more than ordinary quickness and energy. He is considered by all who know him especially adapted for such a command. In addition to Lieutenant Gattington and the above-designated four, others have been selected, and with two men from the signal corps and a medical officer will comprise the party. It is proposed that the expedition shall leave St. Johns, N. F., about June 15 next, so as to take advantage of all favorable conditions of the ice, and if possible reach Discovery Harbor. Should this not be possible the vessel would land the party and store at Life-Boat Cove and return southward. The party would then establish itself for the winter and endeavor to open communication with Lieutenant Greeley by sledges and assist him in his retreat from Lady Franklin Bay. It would not be expected that the station at Life-Boat Cove would be kept up longer than August, 1884, when a vessel would bring the entire party away. Should the vessel sent in 1883 reach Lieutenant Greeley, and his party be furnished with the necessary supplies, it will be desirable that the station at Lady Franklin Bay be maintained at least one year longer in order to realize the full purposes for which it was originally established.—St. Paul (Minn.) Special to Chicago Tribune.

—Some boys near Columbus, O., made a horse drunk, to see the fun, and he nearly killed half a dozen persons in his spree.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—Eleven new churches in course of construction in New York will cost \$2,000,000.

—There was \$250,000,000 worth of beer drank in this country last year, being 95,000,000 gallons.—N. Y. Herald.

—The city of London, spreading out so as to include its suburbs, now numbers 4,764,000 people, which is a million more than there are in Scotland, with in 400,000 of the whole of Ireland, and more than in Sweden, Holland or Portugal.

—No other country in the world offers such facilities for drinking as the populous and polished Kingdom of Belgium, whose 6,000,000 inhabitants annually consume about 60,000,000 quarts of alcoholic liquors. There is an average of one public house for every twelve male Belgians, and in some parts of the country the supply is nearly twice as great.

—China is ahead on bridges, the largest in the world being her structure at Lagang, over an arm of the China Sea. It is five miles long, built entirely of stone, has 300 arches 70 feet high and a roadway 70 feet wide. The parapet is a balustrade, and each of the pillars, which are 75 feet apart, supports a pedestal on which is placed a lion. 21 feet long, made of one block of marble.

—Of the 40,000 envelopes sent out by the managers of the Baltimore Home for the Friendless, for Christmas offerings, but 1,016 were returned. In those returned were three \$5 bills, seven \$2 bills, and forty-seven \$1 bills; thirty-five 50-cent pieces, one hundred and seventy-seven 25-cent pieces, four hundred and thirty-three 10-cent pieces, three hundred and fifty-six 5-cent pieces, thirty-nine 3-cent pieces, and seven hundred and forty-two cents—in all \$207.44.

—Fifteen Americans own \$920,000,000, as, for instance: W. H. Vanderbilt, \$260,000,000; Jay Gould, \$100,000,000; Leland Stanford, \$100,000,000; C. P. Huntington, \$100,000,000; Charles Crocker, \$60,000,000,000; Mrs. Hopkins, \$50,000,000; Russell Sage, \$40,000,000; James Flood, \$40,000,000; J. G. Fair, \$40,000,000; J. G. Mackay, \$30,000,000; Cyrus W. Field, \$25,000,000; James Keene, \$20,000,000; estate of Thomas Scott, \$20,000,000; John W. Garrett, \$20,000,000; Samuel J. Tilden, \$15,000,000.—N. Y. Times.

—Some interesting statistics of street-car business were brought out at a meeting held in Boston recently, to form a national association of street-car officers. There are now doing business in this country and Canada 415 street railways, employing about 35,000 men. They run 18,000 cars, and more than 100,000 horses are in daily use. Calculating that the average life of a horse in street-railway service is four years, it makes the consumption of horses 25,000 per year. To feed this vast number of horses requires annually 150,000 tons of hay and 11,000,000 bushels of grain. These companies own and operate over 3,000 miles of track. The whole number of passengers carried annually is over 1,212,100,000. The amount of capital invested exceeds \$150,000,000.—Boston Transcript.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Lime-Kiln Club Philosophy: "What we have let us be thankful for. What we haven't got let us hope would render us miserable if we had it."—Detroit Free Press.

—The crippled beggar receives no sympathy from Mr. J. of this city, who always replies to an appeal: "A lame excuse, sir; a lame excuse!"—Philadelphia Item.

—"I do wish you would come home earlier," said a woman to her husband. "I am afraid to stay alone. I always imagine that there's somebody in the house; but when you come I know there ain't."

—"A thing is said to be transparent when you can see through it. A German paper gives us two very good illustrations—first, a pane of glass, and second, a keyhole."

—"A man at a hotel felt the whole length of a flight of stairs. Servants rushed to pick him up. They asked him if he was hurt. "No," he replied; "not at all. I'm used to coming down that way. I'm a life insurance agent."

—"Get right out of this," shouted an irritated merchant to a mendacious clerk; "this is the third lie I have caught you in since ten o'clock this morning!" "Oh, well," said the new man, "don't be too hard on me." Give a fellow time to learn the rules of the house."—Chicago Times.

—Two English girls are romping with boisterous laughter at a hotel at Nice. Then comes the shocked matron: "For heaven's sake, Mabel, don't! They'll take you for one of those horrid American girls." One of this sweetly designated class, chancing to overhear, says gently: "I guess not with those awfully big feet."

—Dolls never answer back, no matter what their little mistresses may say to them, or however they may treat them. All little girls become accustomed to womanhood it is but natural that they should expect their children should pattern after the dolls. This is what causes no end of trouble in even the best-regulated families.

—A tramp rather got the better of Kosiooko Murphy last Sunday morning. Kosiooko was just leaving his house to go out for a day's hunting, when the tramp asked him for a voluntary contribution. "Ain't you ashamed to be begging on the Lord's day?" "Excuse me, Colonel, for stopping you," said the tramp, looking at the gun, "but I'll not detain you any longer. You might be late for church."—Texas Siftings.

THE NEWHALL HOUSE HORROR.

Arrest of George Scheller, Lessee of the Newhall House Bar-room, on a Charge of Having Set Fire to the Hotel Through Spite.

MILWAUKEE, January 14.

George Scheller, proprietor of the Newhall House bar, was arrested at one o'clock this afternoon on a warrant sworn out by Officer Hannan charging him with setting the fire which destroyed the Newhall House Wednesday morning. The arrest was made by Lieutenant Jansen and Officer Hannan, in Roth's "quiet house," corner of Mason street and Broadway. Scheller did not seem very much surprised, and made no statement. He looked pretty badly broken up. He has been drinking heavily since the fire, and his face shows the effects of the spree. The prisoner was locked up on the charge of "arson," and was immediately transferred to the county jail, where he was locked up in an upper cell. He did not speak to the Jailor. The officers are very reticent about the details of the arrest. It is reported that Scheller was arrested principally on the statement of Linchman and another employee, who claim that they saw Scheller in the wood-room, where Linchman says the fire originated, and that he was there after three o'clock a. m. Application was made at the Sheriff's office for an opportunity to talk with the prisoner, which was refused.

District Attorney Clark also refused to let any one see Scheller, his excuse being that he is afraid an attempt will be made to lynch him. The warrant sworn out by Detective Hannan reads:

"John Hannan, being duly sworn, complains to the Municipal Court of Milwaukee County that George Scheller (alias), on the 10th day of January, A. D. 1884, at the said city of Milwaukee, in said county, at about the hour of three o'clock of the night-time of that day, then and there, with force and arms, a certain dwelling-house there situated known as the Newhall House, of which he, the above-named George Scheller (alias) was there and then the tenant, then and there feloniously, wilfully and maliciously did set fire to said house, and by the kindling of such fire did feloniously, wilfully and maliciously burn and consume, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the state of Wisconsin, as said George Scheller (alias) may be arrested and dealt with according to the law."

Linchman, engineer of the Newhall House, is out of his room to-day. He states that the various tales about the fire originating in the second or third stories is all truth, but people say what they will. Linchman, when the announcement of the fire was made, went into the wood-room in the basement, and there found a pile of wood burning in a corner. The brick walls were blackened, which was caused by the burning against it some time, as may be seen at present, and that there was no other fire above or below nor in any other part of the room. The smoke was ascending through the floors above and spreading throughout the building.

In further proof that the fire originated in that very spot where it was found burning brightly by the engineer, there can be found no other blackened wall from the same or other cause in any part of the basement or elsewhere.

Linchman accuses no one of lighting the torch, no matter what he may think concerning it, but he does not hesitate to say that "that fire never came the way by accident," as there was no fire anywhere near, and there was no possibility of it originating by accident, and consequently the conclusion is inevitable that some one in the still watches of the night struck the fatal match—in the interest of some one else, perhaps, but in the horrible loss of hundreds of dollars then wrought to his retreat to avoid his damnable reward."

Scheller was spoken to shortly before his arrest. He was told that there was some talk of a warrant being out for his arrest. The news startled him, and he said that such a charge could not be the case. "I would rather drop dead than to be so accused," he said, and if his ear caught anything to do with the matter he was telling the truth.

There was talk that Scheller had set his house on fire at North Point, which burned two years ago. It was afterwards clearly proven that he was not at home at the time of the fire. Scheller has always been a good reputation, but his unfortunate connection with the disreputable Mascotte saloon on Market street caused many people to lose respect for him. He ran a saloon place of low repute, contrary to the wishes of all his friends, as well as everybody in the vicinity of where it is located. Scheller is about thirty-three years old, and has a small family.

Scheller has been in financial straits of late. An attempt made last Friday to raise \$500 on a chattel mortgage from Charles Scholes, the gambler, failed. The liquor-dealer who furnished the bar-room holds a note of \$300 against Scheller, which he offers for ten cents.

The afternoon before the fire, when Scheller was intoxicated, Landlord Antsdel gave him a talking to, warning him to mend his ways. Scheller was afterwards talking to by the chief clerk of the hotel, and left in high dudgeon, proceeding on a regular carouse. He claims having left the bar-room in the hotel at 1:30 a. m. the morning of the fire. A good conclusive evidence has been secured to show that he was out until 3:30 a. m.—half an hour before the fire—with Will Sanderson, of Edward Sanderson & Co., Tom Dunbar, of the Milwaukee Driving Park, and Joe Henderson, a saloonist under the gambling den of Scholes and Newbauer.

The feeling is intense, but a great many people who know Scheller will declare he is not capable of the deed.

Four Hundred Persons Burned to Death.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, January 14. During a performance yesterday at the circus in Berdicheff, Russian Poland, a fire broke out, and before the operators could escape the whole structure was ablaze. Three hundred persons perished.

JANUARY 15.

The fire broke out towards the end of the performance, and was caused by the careless handling of fire-works on the stage. The curtain ignited and the flames quickly spread to the walls and roof. The members of the orchestra were the first victims. The audience, numbering 800 persons, rushed to the front door, but it opened inward, and as the crowd pressed forward it could not be opened. A rush was then made to the two side doors, both of which were nailed up, thus compelling the people to take to the windows, from which many sprang into the streets with their clothes a sheet of flame. The fire brigade arrived within half an hour, but it was impossible to extinguish the flames, as the water in the tanks was frozen.

The fire lasted two hours. Eye-witnesses state that when the doors were finally opened a mass of burning persons was visible within. The horses and properties of the circus were all destroyed. The ice broke while the fire brigade was crossing the river, thus preventing them reaching the fire more promptly. It is estimated that ninety men, one hundred and twenty women and sixty children lost their lives. The victims include a Colonel of Police and the Vice-President of the Berdicheff House. The audience consisted mainly of Jews.

Another account says the fire was caused by a groom having thrown a lighted cigarette on the straw in the stables, thus kindling a fire. Another groom tried to stamp out the fire, but a strong draught fanned the flames and caused them to spread. The author of the fire perished, also two clowns, believed to be Englishmen.

The circus was a wooden structure. Horses running about wildly increased the confusion. A still later account says four hundred persons were suffocated, crushed or burned to death.