TWO MEN AND A WOMAN.

They Are Mixed Up in an Adultery Case at Chicago, which Promises Scandalous Disclosures.

One of the Colored Murderers of Jennie Bowman Dies on the Gallows at Louisxille, Ky.

The Cleveland Fur Robbers and Assassins are Finally Landed Safe In the Jail.

Horrors of Asylum Life on Ward's Island ---A Novel Prosecution---Criminal Notes.

Special to the Globe.

CHICAGO, July 1.—Much talk has been indulged in today over the adultery case in which P. J. Studebaker, the son of the Indiana carriage builder cuts quite a figure. The complainant is the alleged beautiful Mrs. Carlton and the warrant for adultery was sworn out by Thomas C. Dalton. Some say the case is one of blackmail, while others say that the case of Mrs. Carlton is a good one. Why Dalton should act as complainant is not clear, but when the case is heard on the 9th inst., before Justice Smith something accurate will be elicited.

SAFE IN JAIL.

Detective Hulligan's Murderers Reach Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, O., July 1.—Three murderers of Detective Hulligan are in Cleveland. They arrived at 6:15 o'clock this morning, and are now in the county jail, under a strong guard and heavy chains. The Detroit boat was due at 5:30 o'clock, but long before that hour people began to assemble at the docks along the river. A heavy fog hung over the lake, and anxious eyes looked toward the north for two hours before the great smokestacks of the vessel appeared. Chief Schmidt and a big detail of police were on hand. The two patrol wagons stood at the landing and the throng, which grew minute by minute, waited patiently all the while. Finally the great bow of the City of Detroit was seen looming up like a mountain, and presently a crowd of people were seen on the decks. Slowly the ship came sailing in and at 6:15 o'clock she was made fast to the dock. The police had hard work in keeping the crowd back. Every man wanted to see the desperate criminals, and the police were compelled to flourish their clubs and scream at the top of their voices in order to keep a passage way clear from the boat to the patrol wagon. Capt. Hoehn was the first man to cross the gang plank. Detective Lohrer came next. Capt. Hoehn learning that

EVERYTHING WAS READY

boarded the boat again and a minute later a heavy detail of detectives came out of the boat and with them came the fur robbers. The prisoners were chained together and had their hands fastened with steel bands. Their coats were thrown over their shoulders, and as they hobbled into the first patrol wagon a cheer broke forth from the 2,000 people on the wharf. The drivers whipped up their horses and away went the two wagons loaded down with officers in blue coats and detectives armed to the teeth. "Blinky" Morgan has a heavy crop of whiskers all over his face. They are cut close but are dyed a deep black. Notwithstanding his disguise he is "Blinky" just the same. The prisoners were taken to the Central Police station and locked together in a cell. Their shackles were not removed. It was thought they would be taken to the county jail, but at the last moment the plans were changed, because there was a great throng about the jail. Later, however, the murderers were removed from the police station and were given separate cells at the jail. When the landing was made some one on the dock yelled, "Hang them." Morgan turned entirely around to see if the cry was to be carried out, while the two others pulled their hats down over their eyes and seemed to be thoroughly frightened. Detective Hulligan's two sons were at the dock.

CHICAGO DEVELOPMENTS.

CHICAGO, July 1.—An afternoon paper says that two of the men concerned in the Cleveland fire robbery and the murder of Detective Hulligan are believed to have been in the hands of officers of the law in this city to-day. The men were Patrick Hanley and Kid McMunn, alias Nat Kennedy, the latter the prisoner for whose liberty the others, including the three arrested at Alpena and just jailed at Cleveland, committed murder. The report is that the men were arrested while plundering a freight car, and that they subsequently escaped from the officers.

ASYLUM HORRORS.

The Brutal Treatment of Patients at Ward's Island.

NEW YORK, July 1.—Further testimony was taken this morning in the Ward's Island investigation. John M. Emera was recalled. He said that in Ward 14 there were two boys confined whose morals were being tainted by filthy expressions by the men. The boys were not over fifteen years of age. Witness also stated that there was a system of hazing carried on by the patients, with the consent, and, indeed, encouragement of the attendants. He had not been visited by Dr. Traubman, the medical superintendent, for eleven weeks prior to his discharge, and claimed he was perfectly sane all that time. Mrs. Sarah E. Chenoweth testified that her son was confined in the asylum for three years, during which time she visited him frequently. He was suffering from temporary insanity. On one occasion he told her he had been beaten by an attendant named Fitzgerald. There were marks on his body caused by his being strapped down to his bed. He was confined in the charity hospital from the effects of the treatment he received on Ward's Island.

WHICH WAS BRUTAL

John Molloy, an ex-attendant, saw Attendant Nash jump twice on the breast of a patient named Bogart. He reported the case to Dr. Spencer, but nothing came of it. There was another attendant named Cronin whom, he said, was a regular brute, who was in the habit of kicking a patient named Hanlon. Mrs. Lizzie Mendelssohn testified that her husband was killed. She first learned of his death December 9, 1886. She last saw him alive on November 30. When she reached the office the doctor told her she could not see him because he had fallen and disfigured his face. She insisted upon seeing him, his face being all bruised and a cut on the top of his head. "I asked him who struck him. He said it was Attendant McCue. When I and my little daughter were leaving he followed us to the door. He appealed to the little girl to bring him home, saying McCue would kill him." She did not see her husband again until he was dead. Two of his ribs were broken, and half of his upper lip was gone.

Other witnesses testified to the same general effect, reciting horrible tales of neglect and brutality practiced by the attendants. One witness said they used him as a foot ball, another that they incited patients to attack each other for the fun of seeing the fight. Another said that many patients were bathed in one tub of water till it became filthy, and persons with sores on their bodies were always bathed first. Patients were punished by being made to wear vermin-infested clothing.

A Novel Prosecution.

CHICAGO, July 1.—A criminal prosecution of a novel character is about to be begun in Chicago. Adelard D. Parent, cashier of the Hochelaga bank, of Montreal, stole $47,000 of the bank's funds and came to Chicago. Yesterday Crown Prosecutor Greenshields, of Montreal and C. W. Patterson, manager of the London Guarantee company, which became surety for Parent, had an interview with States Attorney Grinnell and it was decided to prosecute the defaulter here, as he cannot be taken back to Canada. It appears that there is an Illinois statute which renders absconding criminals from another state or country who bring the proceeds of their crimes into this state liable to trial and imprisonment here. Parent is under arrest in Buffalo, N. Y., but will be brought to Chicago on a requisition.

ALBERT TURNER.

One of Jennie Bowman's Murderers Meets His Fate.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 1.—Albert Turner one of the negro murderers of Jennie Bowman, was swung into eternity from the gallows in the county jail yard at 6:32 this morning. He was strangled to death, the body being cut down about twenty minutes after the trap was sprung. Only fifty people were admitted to the yard, but about 2,000 assembled in the vicinity of the place as early as 4:30 o'clock. During the prayer, which immediately preceded the fall of the trap, Turner gazed at the crowd about him unconcernedly, and went to his death without any evidence of fear. His dying statement is a flat contradiction of what he has insisted upon all along, and of a statement made in the jail last night before four witnesses. It exculpates Patterson, his accomplice in the murder, who is also sentenced to hang, but whose appeal has not yet been heard by the court of appeals. He said:

"Now gentlemen and friends I hope you all take warning who see me now. I hope not another one of you will ever walk on the scaffold, and now friends there is a man in prison who robbed the street cars. I want him turned free, and gentlemen I want all of you to hear what I have to say. I am going to die with an honest heart and bring no one to the gallows. I am going to die alone. Free the man Patterson. The man was not with me. That is all I have to say. I am willing to die now."

THE CRIME

was committed April 22, in one of the most fashionable portions of the city, in broad daylight. Mrs. A. Y. Johnson, wife of a well-known merchant, left her home in Broad street in company with her children and Jennie Bowman, a white servant girl. The latter accompanied Mrs. Johnson only a short distance and then returned to the house. Shortly afterward a little girl, who called to see her, found blood on the floor and traced it to the victim's room, where she was found terrible beaten and dying. Two physicians were sent for, but she died before their arrival. A poker covered with blood was found near the scene of the tragedy, and there were evidences of a terrible struggle. Two colored men had been seen in the neighborhood about the time of the tragedy, and the investigations of the police culminated speedily in the arrest of Albert Turner, a negro. He confessed that with another negro named William Patterson he had been secreted in the house during Mrs. Johnson's absence for purposes of robbery, and that being surprised by the servant upon her return, they were compelled to murder her.

THE TRIAL

followed immediately, and Turner plead guilty. His punishment was fixed by the jury at death. At 12:35 o'clock, just five minutes after the indictment had been returned, Judge Jackson sentenced the self-confessed murderer to hang July 1. Patterson pleaded not guilty. His case was tried May 19. The jury, after being out eleven minutes, returned a verdict of guilty and fixed the punishment at death. The judge sentenced him to hang July 1, but his attorney prayed for an appeal, which is now before the court of appeals. The rehearing before that body will be about Sept 1. Turner held a levee in the jail several days prior to the hanging, charging curious visitors to the jail 5 cents for a look of fifteen seconds, and calling to them to pass and come up in regular side show style. He collected a considerable sum of money, which will be used in burying him. One day the doomed man was peering through the bars across his window, and catching sight of his sister in the crowd, he said:

"You look here, sister. I want a big funeral Friday, and you want to see that there is no disappointment about it."

"Go on, Albert," the woman answered; "how is I gwine to get you up a big funeral when I ain't got no money?"

"Look a here, woman, if you don't I'se gwine to haunt you every night, and all that knows me and don't 'tend the funeral."

"Laws, honey, don't talk that way," broke in an old colored woman who was evidently very much excited, and who had been moving uneasily from side to side.

"Yas, woman, I'se gwine to come back on this earth and haunt all youse niggers that don't 'tend my burying." As Turner delivered this sentence the old woman threw up her hands and fell backward in a fit.

Wanted for Murder.

PITTSBURG, July 1.—Several days ago a tall man of fine appearance arrived in this city and registered at the St. James hotel as John Harrison, of Chicago. Since his arrival he has been in constant communication with the police authorities, and it is asserted that he is here to take back to St. Louis a man named Shea, a convict of the Riverside penitentiary, who is wanted in St. Louis for the murder of Officer Wagner nearly ten years ago. Shea was in a saloon in St. Louis and got into a fight there. Just as Officer Wagner, in citizen's clothes, ran up to suppress the disorder, Shea ran out and, meeting the officer, shot him fatally. He was arrested, tried and sentenced to be hanged, but escaped from prison. Later on he was arrested in the East end for burglary and given five years in the penitentiary. While in prison he was recognized by a fellow prisoner and finally admitted to Warden Wright that he was Shea. He was then going under the name of Sullivan. Shea's term expires in about a week and requisition papers have already been secured for his return to St. Louis. It is rumored that an attempt would be made to rescue Shea from the officers in the event of his being rearrested, but the police are fully prepared for any emergency.

Murder and Suicide.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., July 1.—A report has been received here from Chatham, N. J., that at 7:15 o'clock this morning John Wilson, in an insane fury, attempted to murder his daughter. She ran out and her mother interfered. Wilson then shot his wife through the heart, killing her instantly. Reloading the gun Wilson committed suicide, horribly mutilating himself. He leaves a family of children, some of whom are grown up.

Jacob Sharp.

NEW YORK, July 1.—Jacob Sharp's condition is unchanged to-day. He is still weak and lies back in a chair in his room in Ludlow street jail, while his wife waves a fan over him. His unmarried daughter and Mr. Stickney, his counsel, visited him this morning. To his usual breakfast of griddle cakes and gruel, an egg was added to-day. He appeared to relish his food, but Warden Keating still says he does not eat enough to keep a butterfly alive. The warden denies that he receives $150 a week from Sharp for his superior accommodations. He says no favors are allowed the prisoner but those sanctioned by the county.

Lynched.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 1.—Word comes from Bradley county, that Henry Hamilton, a wealthy planter and stockman of that county, was lynched last night. It appears that Hamilton and a man named Deberry recently murdered two brothers named Harris. Efforts were then made to lynch the murderers, but they escaped. Hamilton was recaptured and released on bail. The report now is that the mob took vengeance on him last nsght.

The Fidelity Swindle.

CINCINNATI, July 1.—Ammi Baldwin, late cashier of the Fidelity National bank, was surrendered by Adam Walker, one of his bondsmen, today, but by good fortune another surety in the person of George Thompson was secured, and Mr. Baldwin did not go to jail.

The Chicago Boodlers.

CHICAGO, July 1.—Harvey, one of the "boodlers," was surrendered by his bondsmen this morning. In the case of Kelly, Windmulle, and Barsaloux the forfeiture was set aside by the court and the hearing continued until the next term of court.

DIED A DEFAULTER.

A Government Clerk Whose Accounts Are Short.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—An examination which has been made of the accounts of the late Levi Bacon, the financial clerk of the interior department, who did the 22d ult., reveals deficiencies of $28,000. Inquiry is said to have shown that for a long time prior to his death he either misappropriated the public moneys or permitted loose methods of transacting business in his office. Upon Bacon's decease, at the request of his bondsmen, Jay Hubbell and James L. Norris, Secretary Lamar appointed a committee to examine and settle his accounts. The report of the committee submitted to the secretary is said to show a deficiency of more than $28,000, of which $16,000 represented by due bills of employes o f the office to whom Bacon had advanced money. Some of these due bills run as far back as 1879. It is believed that a considerabie part of the money represented by these bills can be recovered. Secretary Lamar to-day issued an order directing the disbursing officers to retain part of the salaries of employes whose due bills are held and thus secure the government against loss as far as possible. This policy was pursued today in making the monthly payment of salaries. The remainder of the missing $28,000 is said to be represented by the paper of persons outside the department and by a shortage of $4,500 in the attorney's fund of the patent office. As far as the investigation has gone it does not prove that Bacon appropriated to his own private use, but indicates rather that he was too accommodating to his friends.

Baptized and Hanged.

Special to the Globe.

HENDERSON, Ky., July 1.—Jim McElroy, colored, was hanged at noon today. He passed a sleepless night and spent from 1 o'clock to 5 in prayers. At sunrise he partook of a light breakfast. After this the sheriff entered the cell and read the death warrant. Following the sheriff, Rev. E. M. Bottomly, of the African M. E. Church, entered and after an hour in prayer and conversation, baptized the doomed man. McElroy paid the closest attention to the Christian rites and seemed deeply impressed. McElroy reasserted his oft repeated story that he was innocent. The crime for which he was convicted was the murder of William Mart, one of the most foremost and respected farmers of southwestern Kentucky.

DR. LORIMER'S CHECKERED CAREER.

A Stowaway, a Gambler, an Actor and Now a Baptist Minister.

Washington Post.

The Rev. Dr. Lorimer, of Chicago, the celebrated preacher, is considering a call to come to Washington. Should he accept the congregation of that church will be under the charge of a man who has had a varied experience.

In the first place Dr. Lorimer came to America as a stowaway. Although the son of well-to-do parents in Scotland, he became imbued with a spirit of adventure, and, with another lad, hid himself on board a steamer until the land had been left far behind. When he came ashore at New York he was friendless and penniless. By working and tramping he finally reached Lousville. There he became an actor. "I have been everything bad that a man could think of," he is wont to tell his congregation. "I gambled, I stole, I have been down in the slums. Thank God that is all past and I am here; but the lad who ran away with me has disappeared."

While still actor Dr. Lorimer drifted into church one evening and heard a sermon. The sermon converted the actor. More than that, it led him from the stage to the pulpit. After a requisite amount of study in a theological seminary, Dr. Lorimer was called to the pastorate of the Shawmut Avenue Baptist church in Boston. His salary for the first year was $6,000, and he had not been pastor very long before his congregation made him a present of another $1,000. Not only was his preaching eloquent, but he was full of energy and dramatic power. The congregations grew larger and larger, and before long a revival was begun, the like of which Boston had not seen before. The whole city talked of the new preacher and his wonderful eloquence.

It was but natural that when Rev. Justin D. Fulton was called to Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Lorimer should be chosen as his successor at Tremont temple. During the first year of this pastorate, Victor Emanual declared religious freedom in Italy, and the congregation of the Temple sent over their pastor to Rome in order that he might combine a vacation with missionary work. So quickly did he reach Rome that he was the first Protestant minister to preach a sermon within the sacred city, and he selected for his pulpit a place which was literally under the shadow of the Vatican.

Returning from Rome, he wrote a book relating his experiences there, and shortly afterward accepted a call to Chicago. He is a man of marked peculiarities. His appearance does not indicate his abilities. Slight in stature, almost consumptive in his looks, lacking all the outward qualities which are apt to impress men, he has yet the power to sway multitudes by the magic of his voice and words. So magnetic is his influence that 5,000 people have been known to follow with one accord the movements of his hands to and fro as he added dramatic gesture to impassioned eloquence. He is a born orator. His sermons are extemporaneous and his language flows as easily as a mountain stream. Yet he is not a sensationalist. His manner is direct and impressive, and he adds to the force of his argument by stories inimitably told. He is a passionate lover of flowers and has the pulpit decked with them all the year round. He is an enthusiastic fisherman and makes a jovial companion.

Why a Woman Changes Her Mind.

We rarely find in women that firm tenacity of purpose and determination to overcome obstacles which is characteristic of what we call a manly mind. When a woman is urged to any prolonged or powerful exercise of volition, the prompting cause is usually to be found in the emotional side of her nature, whereas in man we may generally observe that the intellectual is alone sufficient to supply the needed motive. Moreover, even in these lesser displays of volitional activity which are required in close reading, or in studious thought, we may note a similar deficiency. In other words, women are usually less able to concentrate their attention; their minds are more prone to what is called "wandering," and we seldom find that they have specialized their studies or pursuits to the same extent that is usual among men.

This comparative weakness of will is further manifested by the frequency among women of what is popularly termed indecision of character. The proverbial fickleness of la donna mobile is due quite as much to vacillation of will as to other unstable qualities of mental constitution. The ready firmness of decision which belongs by nature to the truly masculine mind is very rarely to be met with ehe feminine; while it is not an unusual thing to find among women indicision of character so habitual and pronounced as to become highly painful to themselves—leading to timidity and diffidence in adopting almost any line of conduct where issues of importance is concerned, and therefore leaving them in the condition, as they graphically express it, of not knowing their own minds.
Nineteenth Century.

"Alas!" said the heavy tragedian, mournfully, as he stepped from one railroad tie to another. "These are the times that try men's soles."—Texas Siftings.

SOCIETY BUBBLES PRICKED.

The Undercurrent of Gossip in the Metropolis, as Observed by "Town Topics."

Friend—Isn't he dead yet?

Son—No. But we hope—I mean, we fear he will be before night.

The inauguration of a new fashion in wedding guests is reported. At a recent ceremony the bride's pug, in a new outfit of ribbons and harness, was taken to see himself provided with a master. In view of the number of puppies at fashionable wedding assemblies, I can see no reason why a moral and well-bred dog should not enjoy an equal privilege, as long as those who consider themselves his betters do not object.

"He's an unmitigated scoundrel. Every dollar of his money was gained by robbery."

"Ah! But think of the dinners he gives with it."

There was a wedding the other day; not a most dazzling one, it is true, but still an event of social note. The audience was numerous, and it was regaled by a sort of prologue to the actual drama of the day which involved the making up of the bride with a powder puff in the hands of her best bridesmaid, in open church, or at least in what the irreverent might call the lobby. When her complexion was reduced to the proper sentimental shade of pallor the ceremony was permitted to go on.

It is told of a fashionable girl, greatly given to out-of-door sports, that every morning immediately after dressing she demands "My bath!" Her maid understands and brings—a champagne-glass half full of whisky.

I hear that a prominent prima donna, not content with her triumphs on the stage, has been courting fortune in Wall street, with such direful results that she now mourns the loss of all her diamonds and other jewels. Quite the old story. She succumbed to the glittering promises of a certain mining stock, which, like Humpty Dumpty, has recently had a great fall. To make good her losses she was obliged to pledge her jewels.

Heard at Delmonico's:

He (a repentant roue in love)—Ah, my dear, if I were dead my spirit would would yearn for you, and a message, the outpourings of my heart, would come from me across the great chasm.

She (decidedly bored)—O, yes, like that funny book—I should have "Letters from Hell."

The row between Mrs. Bancroft and Mrs. Potter is said to have been very bitter. The queen of the Haymarket is averred to have fallen upon the unfortunate star with a fiuency of objurgation worthy of Billingsgate itself. After all, however, Mrs. Bancroft has no one to blame but herself. Poor Mrs. Potter knew no better.

At the club:

"Seems to me, the bigger aws a fellaw is the bettaw he gets along."

"I don't see how you make that out."

"Hay? Why don't you?"

"Why, you were just saying you were so hard up you didn't know where to turn."

Anxious Parent—How do you consider our American schools rank with European?

Learned Professor (without hesitation)—My dear sir, they are the best in the world.

A. P.—Would you mind telling me where you send your children?

L. P. (with hesitation)—Oh, um, in point of fact, they're being educated in Europe.

At the Knickerbocker club, after dinner.

"I say, old fellaw, what's—aw—the mattaw? You—aw—look distwessed."

"Yesh! Fact is, I've losht my eye glash."

"Gad! you haven't eythaw. It's hanging down youah back."

"Yesh! but how the devil's a fellow to weach it, hay?"

"You might turn a back summawset."

At the Wayup Hotel, Klamshelle-by-the-Sea.

Guest I.—Who is the distinguished foreigner who arrived last night?

Guest II.—Distinguished foreigner! I don't know any.

Guest I.—Why, I saw you talking to him on the piazza.

Guest II.—O, yes. to be sure. That was the new clerk.

A tradesman who has large dealings with society has laid a complaint before me. He alleges that by the collusion of the steamship companies passengers may slink out of the country without a record of their departure appearing on the steamship lists. In confirmation he exhibits a list of some ten or twelve debtors of his, some in considerable sums, who evaded him by this means. There are names on this list that would cause society to open its eyes. One Western family that cut quite a social figure during the winter seems to have cut very deeply into the confidence of this and other shopkeepers, and to have escaped without a word as to their departure being known until they were safe on the other side. He had a judgment against another creditor, a New Yorker of wide acquaintanceship, which was similarly evaded.

At the graduation ball:

Lady—Are you a Yale man?

Young Harvard—Aw, no. I'm at Harvard.

Lady—Harvard's rather a nice place, is it not?

Young Harvard—Hum, haw! Pretty But then I cawn't get on without female society, don't cher know.

Lady—Dear, dear! Pity you don't go to Vassar, then.

Young Harvard sees a fellow he has a message to deliver to.

"The remarks in Town Topics about Dr. Fraser's collecting the expense from his invited guests reminds me of a unique experience," writes a correspondent. "Some years ago in London, when I had the honor of seeing a distinguished amateur with some others of the same ilk, I was besought for sweet charity's sake to play three performances at Tunbridge Wells. The men playing were some members of the Oxford Philo-Thespian club, two peers' sons among them. The ladies were the wife of a distinguished throat specialist (Mrs. Lennox-Browne), a well-known professional beauty at that time (Mrs. George Thomson), and the unmarried daughter of the dignitary of the church (Canon Baynes) and myself. The first day we gave an evening performance, the second a matinee as well. On that account we were invited by the men to to join them in a dinner sent to the theater (a very bad dinner 'twas, too). Before we rose from the table the head waiter went the round of the table and collected half a crown a head. Two of the ladies paid before I twigged, I was so aghast. George Thomson, who was a decent fellow, sprang up and said, 'Don't, Miss Blank, you are my guest (of course she was only an outsider invited also). These young Englishmen were not at all abashed, nor were there any apologies offered. They evidently knew no better. I may add that we were not, of course, paid for our performances, not even our railroad fares, which made it more outrageous."

WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS.

Various Charms by Which They Influence the Male Fancy.

Harper's Bazar.

It is difficult to say what it is that enchants a young man's fancy, what particular attraction, what "touch of hand, turn of head," because the observer is always more or less surprised that such feeble charms should effect such large results. One would say that it cannot invariably be beauty that decides, if beauty had not as many definitions as religion or love, or there would be no lovely spinsters; it cannot be intellect, or we should meet no inane married women; it cannot be always amiability, or we should see no vixens presiding over households; nor social position, or there would be no mesalliances, nor money, or all the penniless maidens would be left to single blessedness. It must be some indefinable charm, some tone of the voice, some glance of the eye, some curve of the cheek, some tint of the skin, that works the miracle. With one, grace carries the day; while another is indifferent to this, but is susceptible only to wit, to a blooming color, to a shapely hand, to a genial manner. The talking girl attracts the silent man; she can say she things he has always been striving to utter; the woman who, like Mme. Recamier, "listens with seduction," pleases the brilliant man who has no time or inclination to listen to other people's ideas; the thinker goes to the giddy butterfly for relaxation; the dude likes to secure the superior woman; the youth is dazzled by the mature accomplishments and knowledge of his feminine senior; and the old beau feels as if he proved his title to youth by his preference to sweet sixteen. A young man's fancy, to be sure, like everybody's else, is much influenced by propinquity; it is the woman of whom he sees the most, with whom he is intimate enough to discover the attractions that are often overlooked by other friends, who appeals to him; but among a number with whom he is equally intimate how does it happen that he selects one especialy and finds in her all the poetry and music of his life? Of course the bystander does not recognize the charm; he often sees only a very commonplace girl or even a frivolous one in the idol, and wonders how his friend can be so deluded, and wishes he could disenchant him, and sincerely believes that he never will be such a fool that he cannot tell a divinity from a girl of the period.

LIVE GHOSTS.

Men Long Thought to be Dead Still Living in the Far West.

"I never experienced until this winter how small the world really is," said a well known sporting man the other night to a party of friends in an uptown club house in New York. "I have been traveling in Central America and Mexico for the last five months, and everywhere I went I stumbled across some one I knew—all kinds—some business men, many invalids and tourists, sports, gamblers and crooks. Then there were lots of men of good family in the East that were up to all sorts of things to make a living in the West. One, a Naval academy graduate, was dealing stud poker and raising cold decks in Arizona; the nephew of a distinguished Philadelphia editor shaking up cocktails for cowboys in Texas, and a once rich Broadway merchant driving a hack in Southern California—all men I knew well when they lived here.

"I was surprised, of course, when I ran across them, but what took my breath away and stood my hair straight up was meeting a lot of ghosts in California and in Guatemala. The country out there is full of them. The fact is I saw at least a dozen men that for the last fifteen to twenty years I have thought to be dead. I had been told that they were and had read the obituaries of three of them.

WANTED TO BE LOST TO OLD ASSOCIATES.

One of these came and sat down to breakfast at the same table with me at the Palace hotel, San Francisco. He used to be a well known New York club man, but disappeared years ago. He did not recognize me until my teeth had done chattering and then he said he had been in an asylum for years, and having money left him he got out and came to California to be lost to old associates. Ira Paine, who was in San Francisco at the time and knew him when he used to play billiards with Jesse Smith at the Astor house, met him in the street and nearly had a fit.

"The next ghost I met was at Esquintia, in Guatemala. For years he was the confidential man of a large business house in Pearl street. One day he disappeared. His hat was found on Harlem bridge. Sometime after a body was found floating in the East river and the mystery was cleared up. His employers said he was the most honest man in the world, because he left them without taking any of their property along with him. For years all his friends used to say, 'poor Billy,' and 'awful death to die.' I went into the railway station to get a glass of lemonade, and Billy was behind the counter, playing with an armadillo. He knew me at once, but the meeting was a terrible shock to my nerves. He was as jolly and witty as ever, but avoided speaking of everything connected with the prst. He admitted he knew every one thought he was dead.

CALLED DEAD, AND KEPT UP THE JOKE

"Then, two months later, I walked into the frame hut of some miners in the mountains of Mexico, and there, tilted back in his chair, dressed to kill and reading The Three Guardsmen, sat Col. ———. From 1865 to 1869 I had played cribbage with him almost every night I was in the city. Then I went to Europe and when I came back every one said he was dead. I had even read his obituary in a North of England paper. He said he was out there resting. He was as level headed as ever and had plenty of money. He asked after his children, who are now grown up and married, living in western New York. He said the story of his death had somehow got out through a mistake, and, though angry at first, on thinking over it he made up his mind to keep up the joke. He often thought that he would come home and wake his relatives up, but had never got started yet. He made me promise not to mention having seen him.

"But while you laugh, boys," said the old sport, "it is no fun to go stumbling up against live dead people. The only wonder is that in this small world they can remain in the grave so many years to their relatives and friends. Not one of these men had done anything to be ashamed of to make them stay away from their homes."

A HUMAN WRECK.

Once Wealthy and Ambitious, But Now Wearing Shackles.

Birmingham Age.

In the city chain gang, toiling in a listless, hopeless way, may be seen an old man whose face will impress the student of human nature. Under his right name the old man could claim close relationship with men and women of wealth and high social position in a distant state. On several occasions he has claimed the attention of spectators in police court by short speeches couched in pure and eloquent language, and in conversation he shows that he has known better days. This man, so rumor says, was educated at one of the leading colleges of the country for the ministry, but afterwards adopted the profession of law. In his chosen profession his brilliant intellect made him successful, and he was soon on the road to fame and fortune. Of good family, his genius and accomplishments made him a social favorite, and in time he won the hand of a beautiful society belle. For several years the fates were kind, and he knew nothing but domestic happiness and professional success, but in an evil hour the fortune he had accumulated was swept away by speculation. Close on the heels of financial disaster came domestic discord and jealousy, and the once happy home was changed to a hell on earth. Solace was sought in drink, and the man was soon on the road to ruin. For several years he has been an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the earth, with only enough pride to conceal the name he once honored. The end of his career, which cannot be far distant, will probably be a grave in the potter's field, and another sad life history will pass into oblivion.

Wedded at Short Notice.

Marion (O.) Mirror: Some of Tiffin's sweetest girls were taking a tour through the new court house with Celia Forbing, a Centon Belle, in tow. Just like one of those daring Kenton girls, Celia stepped up to the marriage record and bluffed any young man present to take out the papers to make her his'n Ed Homan walked up and accepted the challenge. Notice of it was published in the papers, and it whs said the young couple drove over to Eostoria to get spliced in the evening. Tiffin hasn't had so much to talk about since natural gas came in.

Much Married.

Reading (Pa.) Telegram: The death of a well known Middletown, Dauphin county, lumberman recalls an incident of his fourth wedding reception. It is related that he had the couplet

If I survive
I'll marry five.

conspicuously displayed over the doorway of the entrance to his new home.

MISS VOKES' DRESS REFORM.

The Well-Known Actress Has Some Common-Sense Ideas on the Subject of Dress.

Rosina Vokes, the popular actress, in a recent interview in the New York World, gives expression to some common-sense ideas on the subject of dress. When asked if she believed in "stays," as English women are fond of calling them, she said:

"I wear them myself—soft, easy, comfortable ones—and I do not see why any woman in the world should not. It is not necessary to hurt one's self with them any more than it is with anything else. It is only when a women loses her common sense that she gets any injury in that way. What I object to when a woman wears modern trappings on the stage, is that she practically cannot move. Of course she can walk, and perhaps she can fall in a pleasant looking faint, but as for being graceful in high-heeled shoes, with her dress tied back as tightly as it will go, and particularly with her sleeves so tight that it is an impossibility for her to raise her arms an inch, it simply cannot be done. Just imagine a girl's trying to embrace a big, broad-shouldered lover or husband, when to save her life she could not get her elbows four inches from her waist! How do you think it would come out?

"If you ask me," was the answer, "I should say he would have to do the greatest part of the loving for himself."

"Indeed, I should say as much."

Miss Vokes has invented some sort of a divided skirt to wear when dancing, but no mortal woman has been able, I fancy, to judge from the descriptions thereof what manner of creation it may be. In reality it is very simple. The foundation garment is very like what Mrs. Jenness Miller calls "leglets"—a sort of silk trouser, wide and straight, reaching to the ankle and hemmed. Just at the bend of each knee a kilt is put on which falls just to the edge of the hem. It is about two yards and a half around, but kilted in to just the size of the trouser and stitched on. At the thigh another kilt of equal width is stitched on, that one falling over the first to the edge of the hemmed trouser. Standing erect in these four kilts it would be impossible for the keenest-eyed woman to say that there was anything to it but a very "funny" full skirt. Over this divided skirt is put another skirt of the same material, but made in the orthodox fashion and gathered to a yoke some five or six inches below the waist. This reduces the amount of clothing over the hips and around the waist to very few thicknesses, while the limbs are kept as warm and as closely covered as possible. Of course it goes without saying that it makes the most absolutely modest dancing dress that was ever known. The utmost abandon, the most trying poses, may be indulged in, and there is not even the least tantalizing glimpse of a slender ankle to be had. Only a fascinating frou-frou of silk and lace.

At first Miss Vokes used her reformed garment only on the stage, but afterwards, having caught her heel in her petticoats and nearly broken her neck in climing a four-in-hand coach on the other side, she had some divided skirts made for walking skirts and has used them ever since, taking the greatest comfort in them, and knowing all the while that no matter what accident befalls her, she will never have the discomfort of realizing that she has made an unpleasant display of white lace and lawn.

This in detail, is all there is to Miss Vokes' invention, and it seems to me to be beautifully on the boundary-line between the vise of the modern tailor gown and the inappropriate and unbecoming dress-reform frock as we usually find it. It is not an expensive innovation to make in one's wardrobe, and there are certainly times in all women's lives in these days of coaching, and tricycling, and tennis when such garments would be invaluable. You can't trip up on a petticoat like that, and you can't catch your heel in it, two great points gained, as I am sure every woman will admit.

For rainy weather, or for wear with a heavy walking-dress, the regular petticoat beneath the dress may be omitted, but for usual wear it is desirable, for it takes away all possibility of that look of "no petticoat" another woman's eye is sure to see.

I have said that these divided skirts are not expensive. Well, so they are not if you look at it rightly. In the first place, black surah is cheap, and if you do not like them the kilts are not harmed in any way for a dress skirt. It is to be doubted if they will ever go through that process, however. Ten dollars will make a handsome divided skirt of black surah. For something washable Miss Vokes suggests the material used in "The Tinted Venus," what they call "crazy cloth," the pure white. Either this crazy cloth or ordinary cheese cloth trimmed on the kilts only with pretty, strong lace makes a washable garment that will probably appeal to the conservative creature who cannot bear to give up her "white." But whether in black silk or corded silk or in white cloth, it will be all the same, I am sure. The women who adopt these will never cease to dance a long undanced step in gratitude to light-hearted, light-footed Rosina Vokes.

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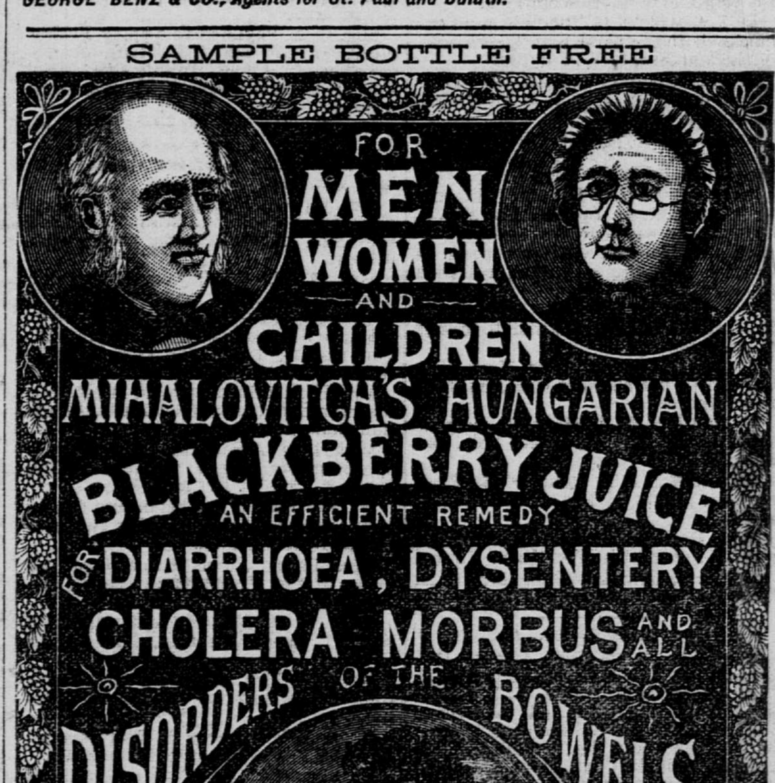

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