General News Condensed.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Delegates from twenty States and Territories, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, met at St. Paul last week and were in session several days, the proceedings being mostly withheld from the public. On the first day the delegates marched to the Catholic Cathedral, where mass was celebrated and an address delivered by Rev. Father Shanley, chaplain of the order in St. Paul. The officers present at the first meeting were:

National delegate—Henry F. Sheridan of Chicago; National secretary—P. H. McNelis of Indianapolis; National treasurer—John McSorley of Mass.; Directors—Jeremiah Crowley, of Mass.; P. B. Murphy of Ottumwa, Iowa; M. A. Shea, C. Horgan, J. J. O'Connor. On Thursday evening there was a grand banquet at the Ryan Hotel, where eloquent speeches were made.

The standing committees were appointed, and then National Delegate Sheridan read his annual report—a long document which related almost entirely to the secret workings of the order. It was said that the order never was in such a flourishing condition as at the present time.

Among the resolutions adopted were the following:

Resolved, Therefore, that we as Catholics, in fulfillment of our duty, desire to place on record our recognition of the watchful care of Divine Providence in thus guarding and protecting us, and by his divine blessing enabling us to extend the sphere of usefulness of our ancient society.

Resolved, That we extend to the ecclesiastical authorities of our common country our grateful thanks for the generous encouragement given our society in many of the dioceses, and we now solemnly affirm that it is the most ardent desire of this order to be everywhere recognized as a good Catholic society, and for this purpose we ask that chaplains may be appointed for our order by the ordinary of every diocese, and under his guidance our order will submit to every diocesan regulation.

Resolved, That we request those in sympathy with us in every state to forward petitions to their representatives urging the passage of a bill to prevent a further spread of the evil and extinction of alien landism in America by absolute prohibition or a tax that will exclude them from our soil.

Resolved, We condemn and denounce all socialistic and communistic principles, and will in the future, as in the past, be always found on the side of justice and right and with a proper regard and decent respect for upholding with all our might the free institutions of our country, founded, as all good institutions are, on respect for and observance of law and order. To the widows and orphans of our fellow countrymen and co-religionists who died so bravely in defending and upholding the right in Chicago and other places this convention offers its most sincere condolence, and we pray to God to give them the grace to bear their loss with true Christion resignation. We bid them to be of good hope and to remember that their dear ones died as so many of our people have died, at the post of duty in defense of truth, justice and right.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were: National Delegate, Morris F. Wilher of Philadelphia; secretary, P. H. McNelis, Indianapolis; treasurer, P. Hines, Greenpoint, N. Y.; directory, H. F. Sheridan, Chicago, chairman; A. P. McGuirk, Davenport; Cornelius Horrigan, Pittsburg; Dr. J. A Scallon, Hancock, Mich.; J. J. Kennedy, St. Paul.

A telegram was sent to Parnell and Gladstone. It has been known that in Minnesoto the Ancient Order of Hibernians has not been recognized by Bishop Ireland as a Catholic society, and, in fact that he has been more or less opposed to it, but his objections have been removed by the actions of the order, and he has acknowledged it as a Catholic society.

At West Baltimore, Ohio, George Miller, a prominent farmer, was struck by lightning and killed.

A passenger train on the Indiana, Bloomington & Western road ran into a washout near New Castle, Ind. J. V. Trenary, engineer, James Hudson, fireman, and an unknown passenger were instantly killed.

The storm at Wilkinson, Ind., blew down all the buildings in town except three. Samuel White was killed and his wife was fatally injured.

The Millers' National Association in session at Chicago elected officers as follows: President, John Crosby, Minneapolis; vice presidents, C. H. Seybt, Highland, Ill.; Homer Baldwin, Youngstown, Ohio; secretary, S. H. Seamans; assistant secretary, C. M. Palmer.

Bartley Campbell was brought into court at New York by his wife and lawyers, and was committed to the Bellevue hospital for examination as to his sanity or softening of the brain.

At Xenia, Ohio, twenty-two bodies have been recovered. Four more are known to be drowned and others are missing.

Capt. Robert MacDonald, Fifth infantry, was retired a few days ago, having become sixty-four years of age. The promotions consequent upon this retirement are: First Lieut. Horgans to be captain, and Second Lieut. Avis to be first lieutenant.

The old established grain commission house of Lyson & Bros. Baltimore, assigned. Their liabilities are about $200,000.

The five-year-old son of Mrs. Dayton, widow of Norman Dayton, was drowned while fishing below the mill dam at Boardman, Wis., in eight inches of running water.

A. B. Van Colt, jeweler, of Madison, Wis., complained to the police that while he was showing goods to a customer an accomplice stole $600 worth of diamond rings from a show case.

At Omaha a well dressed man named A. Albee was picked up in the street unconscious and conveyed to jail, where he died shortly afterwards from a dose of morphine.

Cora Lee has been indicted at Springfield, Mo., for the murder of Mrs. Graham, whose husband was lynched a few days ago.

At Prescott, Kan., Frank Lyles, a rejected suitor, fired fourteen shots into the body of Miss Minnie Grimes, after which he cut her throat.

Arthur J. Grover, who murdered Granville G. Lewis, near Bowling Green, Ohio, was executed at Columbus. He protested his innocence on the scaffold. He exhibited great nerve and showed very little emotion as he announced himself ready to die.

Bishop Hare has appointed Rev. J. M. McBride of Pierre dean of the Eastern Deanery of South Dakota, in place of Rev. Dr. Harris, resigned.

R. S. Gliddon of Sioux Falls is elected grand commander the Dakota Knights Templar, at Watertown.

A large elevator at Tuppan, Dak., owned by John Van Dusen & Co., was discovered on fire near the engine room. The chemical engine proved of no avail. The fire worked its way into the main building. Soon a dust explosion occurred, blowing the roof entirely off. The elevator contained 33,376 bushels of wheat. The loss on building is $8,000.

An east-bound passenger train collided with a light engine going west, near Schenevns, N. Y., on the Albany and Susquehanna road. The fireman on the light engine, John L. Galley, was killed, and Engineer Flannery had both legs broken.

The loss by the storm at Shakertown, Ohio, and vicinity is over $100,000. Beavertown suffered even more.

Wednesday the 12th inst., the first arbor day in Manitoba, was generally observed throughout the province as a semi-holiday.

The late Lord Chichester was very proud of his descent from Oliver Cromwell and of the possession of the small pocket Bible carried by the great protector.

The dutchess of Edinburgh will educate her children in Germany in order to secure for them the throne of Saxe-Coburg in case of the death of Ernst II.

A dispatch from Victoria, B. C., says the province appears on the eve of a great quartz excitement. Numerous new ledges are being opened and preparations made to work old discoveries.

Miss May Fortescue, the English actress, has concluded a contract for an American engagement.

Late Victoria reports are that the run of seals along the coast is almost phenominal, it being difficult to overstate their number, which appears to be countless. Herd after herd of thousands in number are wending their way to the north. Old settlers say that never in their recollections were the the animals so numerous, and had it not been for impropitious weather the catches of sealing schooners would have been enormous.

Minnie Wallace, a handsome young singer in Stetson's Mikado company, died at Boston of self-afflicted injuries. She died refusing to reveal the name of her seducer.

The sale of Shorthorn cattle at Dexter Park, Chicago, the property of H. Y. Atrill and William Murray, Ridgewood and Caloness herds, was the best occurring in Chicago in some years. Many of the most prominent breeders in the country were present and made the bidding lively. Twenty-three head were sold at $13,250. The following were taken in Minnesota: Grand Duchess of Ridgewood, third, calved Dec. 8, 1882, J. J. Hill, St. Paul, Minn., $3,250; Grand Duke, Ridgewood, second, calved Feb. 27, 1885, H. P. Clark, St. Paul, $825.

The Western Boot and Shoe Manufacturers Association met at Chicago and unanimously adopted the following: Wishing to encourage and protect honest labor, we hereby resolve that we will not knowingly employ an avowed anarchist or socialist.

In the house of commons, Mr. Jennings moved to impose a tax on imported foreign manufacturers that compete with English manufactures, and to reduce the duties on tea, coffee and cocoa, with the object of increasing the revenues and improving the condition of the depressed industries. The motion was negatived without discussion.

At Tipton, Ind., the family of Urich Gates, five in number, are lying at the point of death from tornado injuries. One of them, Grace, nine years old, is dead. Miss Barger is still alive, but unconscious. Mrs. Mark Tucker and one of her children are seriously injured. A Mrs. Jones of Attica, Ind., is reported among the injured. She had several ribs broken. Mrs. Nathan, Courtney Morehead and James Adle are not expected to recover. The distress of the sufferers is great, and will have to be alleviated by outside aid. The estimate of damage and loss has increased to $350,000.

The amount of Montana's gold and silver production during 1885, according to official returns, was $12,581,383, but the actual output is believed to have been $15,000,000.

Bradstreet's reports a slow improvement in general trade in the west with no improvement in large eastern cities.

Mr. Stephens, the Englishman who is engaged in making a tour around the world on a bicycle, has been arrested at Herat while crossing the frontier of Afghanistan.

Ottawa, Ont., Special: In the senate O'Donahue, in moving for the papers connected with his appointment to the cabinet in 1882, made some important disclosures. He announced the withdrawal of his support from the Conservative party and showed how he and the Catholics of Ontario had been deceived by the government with respect to Irish representation in the cabinet. He asserted that the present government was controlled by the Orange body of Ontario. He read letttrs from Sir John Mcdonald, proving his (O'Donahue's) appointment to the cabinet in 1882, in order to capture the Irish vote; but as soon as the elections were over, he caused the appointment to be annulled. He eulogized Blake, who, he said, would lead the Canadian people to victory over the corruptionists at the next election.

Juan Galindi, a celebrated smuggler, has been killed in the Mexican village of Piote. He was apprehended by Mexican rangers, who shot him while making the arrest. Just before he died, Galindi confessed to having participated in the assassination of John Kent, superintendent of the Mexican Land and Cattle company. Galindi was the leader of a band of smugglers and horse thieves notorious throughout Northern Mexico.

Sixty-four members of parliament, followers of Lord Hartington, met and resolved to oppose the second reading of the home rule bill. Hartington in a twenty minutes' speech, declared: The pledges from Liberals to oppose the bill were sufficient in number to make its rejection on the second reading a certainty. A defeat of the bill would cast heavy responsibility on him, which, however, he was quite prepared to accept.

The president has nominated Henry F. Severens judge of the western district of Michigan in place of Judge Whitby, deceased. Judge Severens is a law partner of Congressman Burrows, and recommended by him and by the other republican members from Michigan, with one democrat, Fisher. The opposing candidate was Mr. Norris of Grand Rapids, who was recommended by six democratic representatives from Michigan.

Graylock Hall' the most famous summer resort of northern Berkshire county, Mass., was burned last night. Loss, $40,000; insurance, $20,000.

The house committee on postoffices agreed to recommend non-concurrence in the "subsidy amendment" and that appropriating $80,000 for the pay of the postal car service added by the senate to the postoffice appropriation bill. All the other senate amendments are concurred in. All the democratic members of the committee present voted against the subsidy amendment, and all the republican members, except Messrs. Guenther and Wakefield, for it.

A $25,000 libel suit was begun in the circuit court at Chicago by County Commissioner McCarthy against the Chicago News and victor F. Lawson, its publisher, and M. E. Stone.

Emma Fleetwood and her brothers, George and John, on trial for the murder of their aged parents on April 9, 1884, were acquitted.

Eliza and Maggie St. Eennis of Northbridge, Mass., while walking on the railroad track on their way to school were run over and killed.

There were 156 failures reported to Bradstreet's during the week ending 14th inst., against 172 in the preceding week, and 164, 187, 166 and 118 in the corresponding weeks of 1885, '84, '83 and '82 respectively. Among those reported embarrassed were: Peter Simpson, woolen manufacturer, Milbury, Mass.; Henry C. Walters, dry goods, Brooklyn, N. Y.; the R. L. Spencer company, novelties, Wallingford, Conn.; L. C. Bernays, jewelry, Little Rock, Ark.; Israel Farjeon, jewelry, New York; the Albion Marble company, Rutland, Vt.; Isaac Well & Co., wholesale clothing, St. Joseph, Mo.; Tyson & Brother, millers, Baltimore, Md.; the H. T. Duke company, manufacturers steam heaters, Cincinnati.

HIS MARY.

'Twas Christmas night, ten years ago
(Two weeks had I been courting),
When first my lips pressed Mary Jane's—
Great glory, how transporting.

I saw no mistletoe that night,
I did not care a flinder
If every yule log in the land
Were burned down to a cinder.

The sun, the moon, the earth, the stars,
The tender Christmas tidings—
Oh, what were these at such a time
To our love's sweet confidings!

* * * * * * *

To-day three chubby, handsome boys
Are romping in my airy,
Their father was my college chum,
Their mother was my Mary.
—Oily City Derrick.

WAITING AND WINNING.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"It don't matter so much now, grandma," said Aileen, drying the tears that had dried on her cheeks like dew drops on a rose. Of course it is very silly for me to cry, but I couldn't help it just at first."

"But what is the matter, my pet?" said old Mrs. Harrington, soothingly.

She had found Aileen coiled up in the deep embrasure of the window, where the winter sunset was strained through in deep hues of crimson and amber, crying bitterly.

The Harrington family were ambitious people. They had come to Virginia and purchased, at a merely nominal price, the fine old mansion that had once belonged to a luxurious planter long since dead. Mr. Harrington, who had been contented to raise humble corn and pumpkins in the valley of the Connecticut river, now devoted himself to the more aristocratic crop of tobacco.

Mrs. Harrington, who had been a notable Yankee housekeeper, hired two negro women to do the housework, and cultivated society; and the three Misses Harrington forgot the days of factory work and honest district school teaching in the gentilities of "Valley Lawn."

The old lady alone remained true to her colors.

"All this is very fine," said she, "but I don't see what is to be gained by it. Dan'l lose money, as true as you're born."

"Money isn't everything, grandma," said her daughter-in-law, tartly.

"Humph!" said the old lady.

And when Aileen, the orphan cousin, came down from the New England hills, grandma was the only one who really welcomed her.

"There are three of us already," said Selina Harrington, grudgingly.

"Why couldn't she have been a boy, so as to help pa with the plantation?" said Norma.

"What do we want of any more girls?" sighed Juanita, whose baptismal name had been Judith.

"Ain't no use growlin' about it," said "Pa," who could not be made an elegant gentleman, let the family varnish and veneer as they pleased. "Here she is, and here she's got to stay. I don't want her no more'n you do; but she ain't got no friend to go to, so what ye goin' to do about it?"

Aileen was pretty, too, in her shy wild daisy way, with big blue-black eyes, reddish-brown hair, and a rich Titianesque complexion. The Misses Harrington were not pretty. This was another objection, although it was not generally discussed, and Aileen soon knew, by instinct, that the old grandmother was her only friend in all the big, dreary house.

A third matter of offense cropped out on All Hallow E'en, when Aileen went out into the woods to gather hickory nuts to burn in the fireside blaze.

Perhaps it was not her fault that Mr. Daller's vicious bull jumped through the tumble-down fence and frightened her nearly out of her wits; and she was doubtless not personally responsible for the fact that Captain Dulany chanced to be passing, and rescued her from the big-horned enemy with proud gallantry.

"He was so very kind!" said Aileen, wistfully. "Do you think, grandma, that I ought to tell my aunt and the girls that he walks with me when I go to the post office? or that he gave me those beautiful deep-blue asters that they thought I found in the copse? or that it was he who discovered the big bunch of mistletoe in Greenough's woods?"

"Well, not unless they ask you," said old Mrs. Harrington, shrugging her shoulders. For she had heard her three granddaughters discussing the Dulany question with some acrimony.

"I'm the eldest," Selina had said, tartly, "and I ought to have the first chance. If any of us is to call with ma at Dulany Beeches, it shall be me!"

"You always were a selfish thing!" said Norma. "Captain Dulany's mother has a large library, and you know very well that I'm literary.

"I'm the youngest, and I don't see why I should be poked into a corner always," pouted Miss Juanita—Judith.

But Selina, by strength of years and tongue had carried her point.

So when New Year's Day approached, and Aileen timidly consulted Aunt Harrington as to what she should wear, that matron opened her large, light eyes with counterfeited amazement.

"You child?" said she. "Why, you're not to come in at all! The girls don't want a whole drove in the parlor. Three women are quite enough. And you're so young, you know."

"I'm seventeen aunt!" faltered Aileen.

"Two or three years hence will do very well for you," said the relentless elder. Try and put such silly nonsense out of your head!"

And this was why Aileen was crying.

Old Mrs. Harrington understood it all very well. She had been young once. She saw the folly of interference in this particular case, however.

"Dan'l's wife likes her own way," said she. "She ain't pleasant if she thinks any one is meddlin'. I'll tell you what, Aileen—you and I'll go out to the big chamber over the stun barn, and get Pomp to build us up a real good fire of pine logs in the old chimbly. There's a carpet loom there and a spinnin'-wheel and all the fixin's and I'll show you how I used to spin flax when I was a girl and weave rag carpet."

"Will you?" said Aileen, with brightening eyes. "Oh, grandma, how very, very nice that will be! And can I roast chestnuts and apples in the ashes?—and will you tell me about your sailor lover that was drowned before you ever saw my Grandfather Harrington?"

"Yes," said the old lady—"yes! We'll hev our New Year's by ourselves—me and you child."

So Aileen put away the pretty little blue merino gown that she had retrimmed for New Year's Day, and donned instead, the brown Merrimac calico that made her look like a robin redbreast; and just about the time that her three cousins were quarreling for the possession of the biggest dressing glass to "do" their hair, she and her grandmother were adjusting the ancient spinning wheel in the stone barn chamber, and piling wood in the cavernous recess of the huge fireplace.

They had a very pleasant New Year's Day after all, though the tears came to Aileen's blue eyes once or twice, when the carriage rolled by over the hard-frozen road towards the house.

And at dusk she lighted the cheerful candles, and sat down to prepare grandma's supper, with fresh corncakes, baked in the hot embers, according to the receipt of Aunt Felicia, the colored cook, fragrant coffee and sweet apples, roasted, and eaten with cream.

But Captain Dulany, riding his Morgan horse, Hotspur, through the pine woods, drew rein close by the old stone barn, whence he had not seen the red lights gleaming out for ten years.

"What can it be?" he asked himself. "We children used to play at ghost up there of autumn evening, when the Valdmir family lived there. Or perhaps the careless servants have set something on fire."

He jumped off his horse, flung the reins over a projecting pine bough and went in to see what the meaning of this unwonted illumination might be.

The door stood wide open—the whole room was aglow with a warm, ruddy light, Grandma, enthroned in a big splint-chair before the blaze, was drinking her coffee, and Aileen sat spinning at the old wheel, with cheeks softly reddened and blue eyes sparkling—a very picture of health and beauty.

Both started at the sudden apparition of the captain on the threshold.

"I beg your pardon!" said Captain Dulany, lifting his hat. "I saw the light shining out, and I was afraid that something had happened."

"Something has happened," said Aileen, laughingly. "I have learned to spin. And grandma and I are having a picnic. Will you come in, Captain Dulany?"

"Well, since your coffee smells so good, I think I will," said the gallant young officer.

His cup—which for lack of more expensive china happened to be a mug—was scarcely poured out, before their numbers were augmented by Mr. Ferrars and young Dr. Fenchurd, who had seen the lights, and had also observed "Hotspur" fastened to the fence.

"May we venture to intrude?" said they, peeping over the stair-rail.

"Oh, certainly!" said grandma, smiling.

And Aileen distributed handleless cup and bountiful slices of golden brown corncake, yet steaming from the fire to her guests.

"We are hardly prepared to entertain so large a company," said she composedly; but we can, at all events, give you a sincere welcome."

Two—three—half a dozen more dropped in. Old Pomp was summoned to pour fresh pine cones on the blaze and bring more coffee and corn cake.

He grinned from ear to ear.

"Pow'ful like de good old times," said he to Aunt Felicia, when he returned to his cabin. "De berry cream ob de gentry enjoyin' de corn-pones an' coffee like dey was our old marse's folks. Ain't nuffin like corn-pone for rale good flavor, dat dey ain't. An' the young lady from de Norf, she's as pretty as a peach. Reckon de capting finks so, too. He, he oe!"

And old Pomp shook his sides with an inaudible chuckle of glee.

Later in the evening the gentlemen went up to the house, where stood the three Misses Harrington in a simpering row.

But their call there was insipid, and several of them returned to the "Stone Barn" to finish their evening.

Adrian Dulany remained the latest of al'—so late, in fact, that it was he who escorted grandma—who had discreetly fallen asleep in her big chair some time ago—and Aileen to the house under whispering pine-boughs, by the light of a big round moon.

The three cousins whose list of calls had long since ended, were yawning in the parlor.

"Dear me!" cried Selina, as the little group came in. "Where have you been all day, Aileen?"

"In the old stone barn chamber, learning to spin," said Aileen laughing and coloring.

Juanita looked sharply at her. What change had subtly crept over her voice and manner? Then she looked at Captain Adrian's bright face.

"Take good care of her," said the young officer, tenderly removing the heavy shawl from Aileen's shoulder. "She has promised to be my wife, before a great many weeks."

It was not until Dulany had gone that the full cannonade of questions burst on Aileen's devoted head.

"Girls, girls! don't all speak at once," said grandma. "It's just exactly as I've always told you. The right one will be sure to come along if you sit in the chimney corner and wait. And that was just what Aileen was doing this evening."

And that night when the frost-white stars of midnight climbed the sky:

"Good-by, sweet New Year's Day—the happiest I have ever known!"

A Timely Word For Tender Hearts.

"Amber" in the Chicago Journal.

Take the mother-in-law. Is there nothing sacred left for man's veneration? Has it come to pass that the divine love and the tireless zeal of motherhoods are without honor in this land? A nation guffawing over vile jests at a mother's expense! Daily papers, that should be the organs whereby honor and purity and probity are advanced, pandering to the tastes that selects a woman and a mother as the target of its ridicule! No wonder the entire social economy is out of order, and trickery and misrule sit in high places in a nation where reverence and respect are out of date. Our grandmothers tell us, as one recalling the legends of a forgotten past, of a time when children were taught to reverence the aged, when young men were chivalrous and old men were courtly gentlemen, yielding a beautiful deference to woman as her right, and to motherhood as the coronation that made a woman Queen of Heaven. But what a change the present generation has wrought! Where is the eye that kindles when the laugh goes round at the expense of defenseless woman, or the jest that crowns with dishonor the sacredness of the hoary head? Did you ever stop to think of all that is involved in the term "Mother?" A mother has received from heaven heaven's purest gift a precious baby. She has brooded over every moment of its infant life. She has stood next to God to its helplessness. She has nursed it through terrible illnesses. She has guided and controlled, prayed away temptation and interposed her own bosom between the shafts of sorrow and its tender heart. Her child has grown to womanhood, dear as her own soul, as necessary to her life as sunshine is to the earth, when lo! up comes a dapper youth and beckons her girl away. When love leads, young feet will follow, and the mother heart is robbed of its treasure. Given over to the care of a stranger, the lamb for whom the mother's heart was the tender fold! I declare, when I think of it, I wonder there is a sane mother-in-law in the world! What is a lioness robbed of her whelps, compared to the mother from whom the daughter is taken? As I write, the vision passes before me of the youth who shall one day come wooing my girl. I behold his smiles and blandishments. I listen to his pleadings, and I am aware of a subtle change through all my being. Ferocity springs up where erst the pale blossom of peace shed its fragrance. A strange pugnacity asserts itself in place of my uniform lamblikeness, and I feel an earnest desire to warn that young man to hide away. It will be safer for you, O youth of the shadowy future, to stay your hand from plucking the rose that sweetens my bit of garden. The world is wide and full of roses that glint and glow—I pray you leave mine to me. But if indeed you do tarry to take from me the blossom of my heart, be tender of the mother you are robbing, lenient with the faults that spring from a jealousy made sacred by the mother love that nourished it and always considerate of the heart that was the cradle of love that is only approached in its divine self-abnegation by the love of God to man.

A Paris Execution.

From the Paris Morning News.

The president of the republic has departed from his almost invariable rule of reprieving in the case of Kœnig, alias "Le Mome," one of the two low young ruffians sentenced to death at the Assizes of the Seine on the 10th of February for the murder of a dock laborer on the Champ de Mars. Forget, the principal accomplice, was reprieved. M. Diebler gave the signal that the guillotine was ready for its morning's victim, and the magistrates gathered on the Place de la Roquette went into the La Roquette prison. Kœnig was found fast asleep in his cell.

On being awakened and told his hour had come, he sat up in bed with a start, and, turning deathly pale, as his frame began trembling, he exclaimed in a terrified voice: "But I tell you I did not commit the murder! To be guillotined at my age (the prisoner was not yet twenty); it is impossible! I am innocent!" The Abbe Faure approached the condemmned man and exhorted him to more firmness. Kœnig threw the blanket away from him and jumped out of bed, saying in tones of despair: "Well, if I must go. But it is too awful, I tell you. I am innocent. In any case I do not care!" This said he began to cry, and as the Abbe mentioned the name of his mother to him he exclaimed: "Ah, yes, my mother, my poor mother. It is hard for her to see me come to this sad end. But she won't be there."

The wretched man was then almost carried into the pinioning-room, where Diebler and his assistants cut off the collar of his shirt and pinioned him from head to foot, leaving his legs barely free to shuffle along.

At 5:25 the procession issued from the prison gates. The appearance of the murderer's features as he approached the fatal instrument was one of indescribable horror. "Oh, gentlemen," he whined, "I am innocent, yes innocent. I do not want to die. I will not die!" He groaned as the foot of the guillotine was reached, and presently his groans and whines changed to shrieks of horror as the executioner's assistants laid hands on him to tilt him on the fatal plank. The emotion among the crowd grew to its height as Kœnig gave a yell and made a desperate effort to wriggle his head from the block. In a moment all was over, and the body of the wretched young murderer was conveyed direct to Gentilly Cemetery and there buried not being considered of any value anatomically.