

THE NATIONAL

POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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SHE FOUND HIM OUT.

HOW A SPORTING GENTLEMAN WITH A CONFIDING WIFE AND AN ADMIRATION FOR THE BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA, WAS INDUCED TO STAY HOME AT NIGHT AND LET HIS WIFE DO THE THEATRE-GOING—NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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STAGE WHISPERS.

'In the next issue of the "POLICE GAZETTE," No. 240, we shall add the brilliant features of our journal a department of the drama, giving the public unbiased and truthful expressions of critical opinion on plays, the spicy gossip of the green-rooms, and the latest rumors of scandal going the rounds of the profession. For the true inwardness of dramatic things, watch it.

PLENTY of fight talk, but nary fight since our last.

THE POLICE GAZETTE may be a little naughty, but it's very nice.

THE only rite of the Indians seem to be the oculatory rite administered by the missionaries.

SOME little thieves go to State Prison, but the big ones go to watering places and start hotels.

BISHOP HASE is called a scorpion by missionary Hinman. Correct; for there's a sting in his tail.

AN actress need not be chased to have a long run. Between Virtue and Vice, indeed, it's quite vice versa.

THE Boston police have given up the last murder case as "one of the things that no fellow can find out."

PHILADELPHIA critics think Anna Dickinson has a good understanding of Hamlet. Another triumph for the leg drama.

THE lament of the Indian maids is heard in the land. "Give us back our missionary that he may teach us to pray" - *et cetera*.

NOW the shooting begins. Jesse James is dead and relatives and friends are laying for his murderers with their little pistols.

'SCARLET HOUSE,' the loose Indian maid, says that missionary didn't; and surely she ought to know what went on in her tepee.

A THRILLING question for William Horcoe, propounded from London to New York: "Ditcoroon?" And echo answers "Bigamy."

OLD John Duff, the real manager of Daly's Theatre, used to sell oysters and clams. He hasn't got over it yet; and he's a shell-fish sort of an old ass anyhow.

WHY doesn't Ned Harrigan sit down on his awful dad? The way that funny old man runs things in front of the house, is too Comique for a high-class theatre.

THE papers are filling up with advertisements of prophets who want to give you "euro tips" for the spring races. Look out—they'll not only "tip," they'll tumble you.

BUNNELL needn't boast of his tattooed woman. We've had such creatures on the stage before. Most of the female variety fakes are tattooed by the lover's foot-holds, only you can't see it.

THE New York managers raked in \$30,000 and over by the benefit for the Actor's Fund. Why the interest on that sum is sufficient to pay half the seraglio of each. Lucky managers! Foolish public!

MISS ANNA DICKINSON has had the bad taste to tell Manager Goodwin, of Philadelphia, that she never reads the POLICE GAZETTE because she has an idea that the editor is a "tough." We say no, Miss, no, to this misnomer.

THE "snacker" fishery is going to be very extensive at Coney Island this season. The beer will have a bigger collar than ever, the hotel-keepers will put an extra ten cents on every mors you make on the beach, and the water will not see you at all for less than fifty cents in silver—no mutilated coins taken.

YOU'll find the POLICE GAZETTE this week not too loud, but just loud enough. We're talking; and when we talk we don't whisper.

WE'll buckle to, next week, and give the actors and managers a taste of genuine criticism with the taffy left out. We'll epilog some of the pretty faces they put on, you just wagor.

'WHERE, O where are the Hebrew children?' Why make the hymnal inquiry any longer, since it has been settled that they have found their promised land in Jack Haverly's theatres and located there?

ALL the pugilists who are challenging the champion at a great distance, claim that there is "good stuff in them." That's probably the reason they don't want to risk having Sullivan knock it out of them.

A St. Louis editor says, after you've seen Mary Anderson play a leg part once, the romance of the old woman who lived in a shoe doesn't seem such a ridiculous impossibility after all. But should Mary kick?

THE Hillsdale crew of Michigan oarsman, whose portraits we present in this issue, are worthy specimens of the athletic young men of America, and we are proud of them as national representatives across the water.

BECKER breathes freer. The Chinese bill has been killed and he can still get his washing free. What with the whitewashing of the deacons, and the laundrying of the Mongols, he should be one of the cleanest old men in the puppit.

HURRAH! the "hamfatters" have taken to murdering each other. Their slaughter house is a variety theatre in Denver, Col. Some of Tony Pastor's, Harry Miner's and the San Francisco's companies should secure "openings" there promptly.

As far as their experience goes, Englishmen find that they can do nothing with Americans but lock them up in jail. Dr. Lamson seems to have "got the kane" of things over there, however, and he may break the charm by going to the scaffold or the madhouse.

A New York theatre manager—one who presides over the finest temple of the drama in the metropolis, runs a baggio as well, if rumor is to be credited. Big hand. He uses it as a preserver for the training of artists for his stage. Oh! the refinement of art.

THE devil is in the women. Here's one come three thousand miles across the big pond to join her husband and "elope" with another man the moment she sets foot on land, abandoning her two children in the streets. And she wasn't any gushing young thing, either.

SARAH BERNHARDT, at last found a father for her sixteen-year-old son. A hurried marriage service was performed between her and a brave Greek in London, on the 4th inst. Very appropriately in her case it was a skeleton service, and there was a great scandal and "rattling of dry bones" over the event.

AN old fellow of Chicago named John McAuley—he must have been a sweet scented geranium—got himself in a box the other day marked "rare flowers" and skipped to Philadelphia. He was detected when he got half way and lodged in jail. If this isn't discouraging commerce and the arts, what is it?

A FAVORITE American actress who make the trip to Europe every summer, is remembered for her taste in husbands. She takes a new one across every time and returns with a fresh spouse the next trip. Strangely enough when she's ashore, she denies she's married. She's "all at sea" in her matrimonial relations.

THE Philadelphia woman who ruined the beauty of the young girl who lived next door by showering vitriol on her from a second story window, says she intended the baptism for her husband when she had looked out. A tiny golden carboy of vitriol will probably be included in every Philadelphia bride's trousseau hereafter.

WE've hit it at last. The parsons didn't begin their pranks with the good sisters until they were made aware of the world's wickedness by detecting that collection of vile French-pictures seized by the agents of morality and presented for their inspection. Poor parsons! While preserving the morals of other people they have sacrificed their own. That's always the way!

THE western parsons have been attributing the burr on the tongue of the Missisquoi summer Golden City and the burning of a score of people, to the fact that a circus company was on board and Sunday passed without the captain calling the crew to prayers. We don't believe the Delly is so hood-thirsty and cruel as he is painted by these parsons, and we are all the more skeptical on this point because of the well-known fact that the prime quality of saint burne as well towards as the lowest grade of thoroughly tarr'd sinner.

THE stakeholder in a fight nowadays is in a quandary. To this question "Who is going to win?" he gets the reply, "Guess if you can and decide if you dare." We are the party who dared without guessing.

OSCAR WILDE as a three sheet poster was not a success. "Patience," the opera of which was the physical advertisement "petered out" shortly after he tried to boom it. Oscar hasn't legs enough to lead a "run."

AND still the frisky parson emulates the butterfly and flits from flower to flower, and the flowers seem to like it, and the infantile population is improved in moral tone. There is great hope for the new generation, for it will be a generation of parsons, in a measure.

WITH all their faults we must admire the cowboys. They kill lawyers for fun. If they didn't what would become of us, with the colleges listing loose fresh swarms every spring? Why they would cut the country up with cesses of their suits for alms and their hills of expenses in pursuing us as mendicants. The cowboys should be encouraged as a class.

WE hear of express and railroad companies in the west offering rewards for the slaughter of road agents. By what authority do these corporations authorize murder? If this is right in the west it is equally right in the east, and we all doubtless soon hear Vanderbilt offering fabulous sums for the wiping out of his rivals or Cyrus W. Field advertising for the slaughter of Hendrix.

IF the man who blew up the Andre monument is wise he will not travel on the elevated road. Cyrus will get up an accident for him especially. Cyrus goes to church, you know, and like such people is on such intimate terms with the Deity, that he can take the liberty of laying the blame of any murder on Him. Look out for the man whose eyes roll up in prayer. He'll get the halgo on you sure.

THE Boston Goliath still breathes his defiance to the New York David, offering to let him have a whack with his little sling while he stands himself with only a stuffed club. And still David declines to come to the front. The biblical record may be all right, but the prize-fights in those old times couldn't have been conducted on the Marquis of Quesbury rules, for the modern David seems to have lost his faith in Miracles, and Goliath has had a dead sure thing every time.

THE enobs who in their anxiety to appear like British aristocrats, have been riding over the ploughed fields in London and riged on their rivals or Cyrus W. Field advertising for the slaughter of Hendrix.

EUROPEAN travel has begun to refine our people a little too much. The enobs who make the fashion in Washington have set the rule everybody must rise when President Arthur is present, and no one must sit in his presence without his permission. Why not kneel when "Chet" rolls royally in? Let's bolt the imperial pill at once if we are to adopt the manners of "Yurupp." Really, the airs of these "unclean potentates and thieving contractor who call themselves the "aristocracy" are eklekton.

FRANK MAYO is an actor who was born with a cold in his head. He found a part in *Davy Crockett* which required the nasal *obligato* which nature had provided for his voice, and he made a great success. He made a fortune and wasn't satisfied. He wanted to play the "legitimate." He has tried it this season and lost half his "nest egg." The people wouldn't take kindly to Hamlet, with his nose plugged. Oh, blow it, Mayo, if you will play through the nose you can't complain if you "pay through the nose."

THE other night, while the congregation was gathering for a prayer meeting in the colored Baptist church, at Linden, N. J., Sam Halsey, the sexton, fell into the baptismal tank, which contained the water, and he was nearly drowned before he could be fished out, all the congregation taking part in the rescue. When he got out he took to his heels and made for home. He says his resignation's ready. He doesn't want to take the water route to heaven and he rather thinks he'd prefer to join the Methodist *caravan* that keeps to the dry land.

At last the dashing guerrilla and murder-crowned bandit, Joseph Smith, has consented to his last account. It is impossible to sympathize with the dastard and sneak who could play the part of a friend to him in order to get an opportunity to shoot him from behind while a guest in his house. Beside such detective (I) work as this the deeds of the bloody road agent assume the glamor of glory and the radiance of chivalry. To the authorities a word. The death of one robber is of no account. It is to accord with it you have to develop half a dozen more info cowardly assassins.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

THE ladies are all very partial to marry Gold.

WHAT is good to keep old maids from disappearing? Pairing.

THEY were twins. The parents christened one Kate and the other Dupli-Kate.

"Do you play poker, Mrs. Schenkwailes?" "I do; I play it on my old man's head sometimes."

STUM LIP, a Chinaman, was arrested in New York. From his name it is supposed he was a book agent.

ON seeing a horse being whitewashed a small boy of three wanted to know if the house was going to be shaved.

BEFORE the wedding day she was dear and he was her treasure; but afterward she became dearer and he her treasure.

AT the polls, recently, it was easy to tell the man who voted "yes" on the license question by the appearance of his "no's."

"That fellow is just like a telescope," said a dashing New York girl. "You can draw him out and look through him, and shut him up again."

JONES thinks the man he fortunate who has his will contested after death only. He says his will has been contested ever since he wedded Mrs. J.

YOU are right in objecting to the principle that the law is entitled to the whole of the sidewalk, but if he wants it, you'd better let him have it.

A MAN gathering mushrooms was told that they were poisonous. "Thank you," he replied, "I am not going to eat them myself. I sell them at the hotel."

"WHAT is the action of disinfectants?" was asked of a medical student. "They smell so badly that people open the door and fresh air gets in," was the reply.

"WHAT is the name of your cat, sir?" inquired a visitor. "His name was William," said the host "until he had fit, and since then we have called him Fitz-william."

"You wouldn't take a man's last cent for a cigar, would you?" "Certainly I would," remarked the proprietor. "Well, here it is, then," passing over a cent, "give me a cigar."

THOMAS HOOD, erring in the country one day, observed a notice beside a fence "Beware the dog. There not being any signs of a dog, Hood wrote on the board, "Ware be the dog."

AN ugly tramp tried to kiss a Chicago belle the other day, but she had the presence of mind to raise her foot, and while he was hunting a ladder to climb over to the street she fired a shot.

Let me never waste a day, Let us always forward be, Or some other jock will take Myrtle to the maine.

HE was sitting in the parlor with her when a rooster crossed the yard, and leaning over he said, "Chanticleer." "I wish you would," she replied, "I'm as sleepy as I can be." He cleared.

"PA," asked Fogg's hopefuls the other evening "what kind of a comb do they use to curry chickens with?" "Sawtooths," responded Fogg, promptly. Fogg says he believes in always answering a child when you can.

AN American traveller, in Galway, saw a pig in a peasant's house, and he said, "Why do you have this pig in here?" "Sure," said he of Galway, "the house has all the conveniences that a reasonable pig requires."

"DON'T go chopping away at the branches," said an old woodman to his son. "If you ax at the root of the tree." And like a dutiful boy he did as he was told. He laid the ax at the root of the tree, and then went off for a day's fishing.

A GENTLEMAN was talking about a popular judge to Sergeant Ballantine. "He is a very good fellow for he never says a word against anyone," observed the sergeant. "I never saw him saying if he did," replied the sergeant "for he never talks of anyone but himself."

THE world is not all sadness, With bitter comes the sweet; Your girl may not be handsome, Your wife may have cold feet. But never cease the knowledge That years of earnest work, May some day make you able To blurt a hotel clerk.

"I WISH to ask the court," said a facetious barrister, who had been called to testify as an expert. "If I am compelled to come into this case, in which I have no personal interest, and give a legal opinion for nothing?" "Yes, yes, certainly," replied the mild man of law. "I will give you what I wish it to be."

A HARTFORD man went to a lawyer for advice. After receiving the retaining fee the lawyer said: "State your case." "Well, sir," replied the client, "a man told me to go to—, and I want your advice." The attorney took down a volume of the Connecticut statutes, and after turning over two leaves, answered: "Don't you do it; the law don't compel you."

HERE lies a man whose crown was won By blowing in an empty gun, No sooner in the gun he blew Than up the golden staves he flew, And met the girl on heaven's green, Who saw the fire with her eyes. He also saw, astride a stool, The man who tempered with a mule. He also saw—'twas highly sore— The man who whistled "Pinafore." And further on a minor eve Who thought his powder in the stove.

DURING the recent flood in Arkansas a farmer got his family and effects in a flat boat and settled around for a number of days after the stry of Noah. Finally, having no dove on board, he stapp'd a demtoma on his son's back and sent him on a mission of discovery. When the boy returned with the demtoma full they know that the waters were subsiding and that the cross-roads tavern was still safe.

Lives of the Poisoners.

HOW THEY KILLED AND WHAT THEY KILLED WITH.

BY A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

CHAPTER XXI.

LAROS, THE FAMILY POISONER.

Pennsylvania has the reputation of dealing stingily with capital crime, but there has been a singular remissness in the proper disposition of Allen G. Laros, of Northampton county, who fatally poisoned three persons, his father, mother and an old man. Lately information has been received that the murderer has married a woman in one of the Southern States, but this intelligence has led to no search for the fugitive and probably never will.

Laros deposited over four ounces of arsenic in a coffee pot which on the evening of May 31, 1878, his father, mother, several brothers and sisters and Moses Schug, aged fifty-two years, drank. All who partook of the poisoned coffee were seized with violent pains while eating their supper and within the next two days the parents of Laros and Schug died. The others recovered because they had taken a smaller quantity of the arsenic. The alleged murderer feigned illness, claiming that he, too, had drunk some of the coffee, which was true.

Soon after the death of the three old people it was discovered that several hundred dollars belonging to the elder Laros and Schug had mysteriously disappeared. Young Laros began to be suspected of the murder and robbery and four days from the time he had placed the arsenic in the coffee he was arrested and imprisoned mainly on the strength of his own admission of guilt.

He had at first protested his innocence but when closely pressed for the truth he confessed that he had committed the murder and gave several person information by which they found the money which he had stolen and buried in a yard a short distance from the residence of his parents. The murder had its inspiration in a greed for money, which the young man proposed to apply in acquiring a more thorough knowledge of the law which he was studying when not engaged in teaching school in the vicinity.

Laros' incarceration was followed by apparent epileptic fits which increased in severity and duration. An impression prevailing in the community that the attacks were feigned, several trying tests were made to arrive at his true condition. Hot iron and melted sealing wax were applied to tender parts of his body seemingly without producing the least sensation and a thousand several times drawn across the pupil of his eye without causing any motion of the eyeball. The physician who applied these tests was positive that Laros was not feigning epilepsy and the murderer's counsel determined, as a result of the examination, to put in a plea of epileptic insanity at the trial.

The Commonwealth showed by the testimony of two physicians who had an experience of over thirty years in the treatment of epileptic cases that the symptoms exhibited by Laros were unnatural and one of them gave it as his opinion that a man in the shadow of the gallows could go through the ordeal to which the murderer was subjected without flinching, provided it had a tendency to save him from the impending fate. The trial lasted fifteen days but the jury rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree in three hours.

Shortly after the death sentence had been pronounced Gov. Hartranft designated the 13th of January, 1877, as the day for the hanging of the murderer. An appeal to the Supreme Court prevented the death warrant from being executed, but that tribunal having sustained the judgment of the Northampton county court, the Governor issued a writ of *habeas corpus* fixing the hanging on September 10, 1877.

The execution, however, did not take place owing to the fact that a commission appointed by the court to examine into his mental condition decided that he was not a fit subject for the gallows, by reason of mental imbecility. This decision was followed by the removal of Laros to the State Lunatic Hospital near Philadelphia. His conduct while at the institution was so inconsistent with a diseased mind that Dr. Carwen, then superintendent, who had testified for the Commonwealth at the trial of the murderer, became more fully convinced than ever that Laros was thoroughly sane.

The murderer soon tired of the hospital restraints and escaped, only to be recaptured before he had gone far and taken back. About three years ago he was more successful, having reached the State of Arkansas where his whereabouts were known. The State Lunatic Hospital authorities had given up all idea of securing the fugitive, when intelligence came to them that Laros, after detailing the circumstances of his crime in Arkansas, had indicated a desire to be returned to Pennsylvania for the purpose of enabling him to atone for the murder he had committed by hanging. He was accordingly brought back to that State,

but instead of being executed was again placed in the Lunatic Hospital. Early in 1887, he was tried and sentenced to a year in prison to atone for the murder he had committed. An effort to apprehend him was made. At present writing he is still at large.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LOZENGES OF DEATH.

On the 1st of May, 1878, Josephine Lagrone and her sister, Bertina Lagrone, was tried in the Milan assembly, Italy, upon charges of murder and larceny. The public prosecutor, after the jury had been impaneled, spoke as follows: "Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary criminal case. We shall prove to you that these two handsome prisoners are monsters of cruelty and cold-blooded wicked men in their hearts; that they caused them to gamble there; that they administered to them a terrible new poison which utterly prostrated their nervous system; that they robbed their victims and then mercilessly put them out of the house in the most pitiful condition, causing in this manner the death of at least one person and utterly ruining the health of many others. The police of this city deserve the most severe censure for not discovering months already prior to the arrest of these two sisters the horrors and crimes which they were committing within a hundred yards of the cathedral, and then we are indebted to a French detective for throwing light on the previous career of these infamous creatures."

The prosecutor then called Giovanni Aldobrandi to the witness stand. A side door opened and a young man presenting a truly peculiar appearance was led in by two court officers. His face was ghastly pale. His eyes were sunken and restless. All his limbs were constantly trembling and it was evident that but for the support of the two officers he would have fallen to the ground. He spoke as follows, in a husky, trembling voice:

"Last March I left Genoa and I arrived in this city from Venice. Both of us had considerable money on our persons. On the evening of the second evening after our arrival we took a walk. Near the cathedral we were met by two elegantly dressed women. They asked us if we would like to drink some wine with them. We went with them. I identify them positively as the two prisoners. At their house they took us into a rear building fitted up in the most sumptuous style. We took a number of bottles of wine with them. Genoa had become intoxicated. The older woman then said:

"Let me give you a lozenge that will make you sober in a minute."

"She gave him a lozenge from a casket which she drew out of her bosom. He munched it and suddenly began to act like a madman. The sisters screamed out:

"He has the delirium tremens; he will bring the police here. They will arrest all of us."

"The older sister added: 'I will take him to the front door and let him out.'"

"So he let him out. I remained because I was enamored of the younger sister. She asked me to play cards with her. In a few minutes she won several hundred lire from me. Her sister re-entered the room. 'Heavens!' she exclaimed, 'I got him out of the house at last. Has he been drinking so hard?' I answered that he had not. 'Then she said: 'I wish to satisfy you that my lozenges will make sober a man who has been drinking to excess try one of them yourself. It will do you good.'"

"I took it and a minute later I experienced the most horrible sensations. Every nerve in my body seemed to be unstrung and to throb in the most painful manner. This sensation became every moment more excruciating. My brain began to reel. Still I did not become another unconscious. I heard them whisper:

"He has got enough."

"Then the elder sister searched me. She took all my money from my pocket. I was unable to move. After robbing me they dragged me to the front door and pushed me out. I fell over the inanimate form of a prostrate man. The cool night air slightly revived me. I recognized that inanimate form as my friend Genofredo. 'I feel your consciousness.' The next witness was a policeman who found the remains of Genofredo and the still breathing form of Aldobrandi. He caused the former to be conveyed to the dead house of the Misericordia Hospital where Aldobrandi was also received and treated by Dr. Seguinio, who said that he had at first believed that Aldobrandi was suffering from delirium tremens. For four days the patient had been at the point of death.

As a last remedy a pint of the strongest brandy had been administered to him, when he had revived and two days later he had told substantially the same story as on the witness stand. The doctor had communicated Aldobrandi's statement to the chief of police, who took him to the house of the Logrone sisters, whom he arrested. The house was searched and the officers found in a square tin box two thirds full of lozenges. These lozenges were sent for examination to toxicologists who concurred in the opinion that they consisted principally of opium and another unknown poison, but what that poison was they were unable to say.

And now comes the most terrible sensation of this strange trial. The presiding judge whispered a few words to a court officer and two minutes later an open coffin was carried into the court room. In that coffin lay the em-

balmed corpse of a young man. The presiding judge raised the lid of the coffin and then ordered the corpse in the coffin to be raised.

Upon beholding it the Logrone sisters burst into screams of terror. Aldobrandi identified the corpse as that of his poor friend Genofredo. By this time the audience was in a state of intense excitement, which was still further increased by the appearance on the witness stand of M. Escuderie, a French lawyer and detective. Frustrated by the consternation of the prisoners, gave the following evidence: "I know the prisoners; in 1866 they lived in Paris, where they called themselves Cabozin; they kept a fashionable gambling house at 41 Rue de la Paix; they belonged to the highest class of the demi-monde. Many rich young men visited their place. One night the young Vicomte Laury-Saint-Briaux was found dead under similar circumstances as Genofredo. I discovered that they were the daughters of a steamer agent now serving a life sentence for murder at Cayenne; suddenly M. Pietri, the prefect of police, ordered me to discontinue the investigation and he caused the two women to be released."

The prisoners were again questioned by the presiding judge but they refused to give any answer. The jury found them guilty and the court sentenced them to a penal servitude for life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AMPHITRITE'S STRATAGEM.

The Artful Trick by which a Nataral Damsel Won the Stakes in a Boat Race.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A young girl who is a famous swimmer, and who has won several swimming matches in the East River, New York, against the heaviest tides that prevail around Hell Gate, has a sporting tendency and bets her money on aquatic affairs with an unfeeling chance that would be worthy of an old hand. She has been a feature of the seaboard cities of the south for several winter seasons. She travels in the company of a shrewd and sociable gambler, who is supposed to put up his "rackets" with her artful aid. The couple have never been suspected but it has been impossible to obtain any evidence of their crookedness. At Savannah lately, they were caught, however.

They have in their company an emaciated boy-looking chap whom they call an oarsman, and who has indeed, had the oar in his hand, but in a shell with grace. They call him a champion and court matches with the best oarsmen of the places they visit. Their man in his training spins is coached by the nataral damsels who swims about his boat with the aid of a small oar. On a recent match near Savannah, she braved the cold, plunged in the water and played all around the boats as they were coming back to the stake boat. Her champion won, his antagonist suddenly falling to the water and the match was decided in her favor. Fully. The swimming woman was seen to dive under the boat of the vanquished oarsman after her man's victory was assured and was detected trying to remove a rope which had been fastened to the shell in a dive she had made before the start. At the finish she had dived under the boat of the victor, had raised to the surface far in the rear, had retarded the progress of the rival oarsman by towing her dead weight for a short distance after him. The aquatic party had to leave town in haste, but they took a big 'boodle' with them.

THE CURSE OF THE WOODCO.

A Remarkable Romance of New Orleans and its Tony Society.

The last of the famous De Courcy family dying in San Francisco the other day has revived the old legend of the *woodco*, curse that was put on old man De Courcy by an abused and liberally "black-snaked" negress of his plantation in the good old times. The old woman predicted that his family would die out with three daughters and no sons. Sure enough his wife gave him three daughters and three sons, all of whom were beautiful girls—Louise, Celeste and Joan. They were belles, wealthy, highly educated, and courted by the best of the Louisiana chivalry. But the old negress' curse clung so close to them that they came to be known as the *woodco* sisters. The eldest, Marie, of Alabama. Before the honeymoon was half over he became jealous of the attentions a gentleman paid his wife at a ball, challenged him and was killed. Then Celeste De Courcy married John Forsythe, Jr., son of the editor of the *Mobile Register*. He committed suicide a week after. The third daughter, Joan, the prettiest of all, married a wealthy young scoundrel named Edmond Brievieux, and he was killed in the first month of their married life in a duel on her account. The sisters returned to San Francisco, but the curse still pursued them, and the last of them, Joan, died in a garret in adjacent poverty last month.

RAILROADED TO HEAVEN.

A Western Man Goes on a Snake Hunt in a Sleeping Car and Murders a Sleeper.

As a train on the Ohio and Mississippi road was passing along near Mitchell, Ind., at 4 a. m., on the 22nd ult., the passengers on the sleeping car were thrown into the greatest alarm by the conduct of a passenger named Haynes who was evidently crazed by drink. The crazy man roamed the car, pistol in hand, under the suspicion that he was pursuing a snake which was biting his money. Mr. Alex. C. Wingo, a wealthy resident of Woodford county, Ky., who was returning to his home from a business trip to the west, sprang out of his berth alarmed by the outcry and was immediately shot dead by Haynes.

The conductor fired two other shots at random and darting through the door leaped off the train, which was going at a speed of forty miles an hour. He alighted safely and walked half a mile away to a creek and after hanging his clothes on the limb of a tree he returned to his place, where he was discovered. In his pockets were found a half bottle of brandy, a receipt for a \$400 express package sent from Texas to New Salem, Ohio, a gold watch, \$90 in money and letters proving the murderer hailed from Yuma, Arizona.

WOMEN'S DEVILRIES.

Where the Weaker Sex Comes Out Strong in Comparison With the Stronger.

Mrs. Keys, a wealthy lady of Philadelphia, took a dislike to a very beautiful young girl, aged 17, named Mollie Boyer, who lived next door to her. The families were not acquainted but Mrs. Keys hated the girl all the same, for no cause. On the 1st inst., as Mollie was entering her father's room, she perceived her to leave the stage and marry him two years ago. Her sister, two years younger than herself and just eighteen, took his fancy, and he ran away and lived with her. He then received a legacy, and by the free use of money he had the youngest sister, aged only 16, away from the path of virtue, abandoning the second sister and going to live with her in turn. His wife thought that going through the whole family in this treacherous matrimonial way was not exactly the proper caper on the part of the devil who had been so unaccountably friendly.

As Judge A. W. Stone was taking a promenade in Harrison avenue, Louisville, Col., on the 28th ult., he was suddenly confronted by a pretty woman who drew a cowl from beneath her fur-lined cloak and gave him two or three kisses across the face. Then she clung to his arm and said that she had come to Louisville, so that the old patriarch might have a clear field to work his own rackets; but she wouldn't have it and took the last means to convince him that she would not be a nuisance to him, only wanting to be in the interest of the real Mrs. Watson, who lives in the East and who wants her husband back.

CROOKED CAPERS.

Serapes and Scandals of all Sorts and from all Quarters.

A SMART TURNKEY was Billy Edmunds, of the Detroit, Mich., jail. On the 23d ult. he detected one of the prisoners having slipped through the iron bars of his cell window. The turnkey said nothing, intending to go outside when they finished the job and capture each one as he dropped out of the penitentiary. The door convicts in the job didn't wait for him, though, but got away before he could get around to a place where he might lie in wait for them. He watched all night, and when morning came he learned that they had gone before he had a chance to get out.

REV. G. S. BRANN, of the Methodist church of Guthrie Centre, Iowa, is the next saint to sit on the "ragged edge." He made a pastoral visit to one of his female parishioners on the 23d ult., while her husband was away at business, and made an indecent exposure and committed the offense with obscene gestures. The lady fled and took refuge in the house of a friend who returned with her husband to keep her company. During the afternoon the person appeared at his window (he lived across the way), and repeated the exposure and indecent gestures, not knowing that there were other witnesses who were beside his parish-loner. He said, when charged with the offense, that the woman had a diseased imagination, and was very grand about it; but when the others came forward to tell what they had seen, he wakened and wanted to create a diversion of action, to prevent the others from joining him in prayer. This racket didn't work, however, so he acknowledged the crime before the church meeting, was formally fired out, and left the town at once with his family.

AT a late session of the Michigan court, a band of burglars entered the houses of three widows who were known to be wealthy and to live alone. They made a grand haul of money, valuables, jewelry and seal skin saques in each place, but did not ill-treat the ladies. The robbery was so quiet that the neighbors and servants are supposed to have been in collusion with the thieves.

RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villains that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.

THE Malley boys, of New Haven, threaten to go on the stand at their trial and give away all the facts in regard to the murder of Jennie Cramer. They still profess to be innocent.

ON the night of the 23d ult. Sheriff Van, Estes, of Stokes County, North Carolina, left home saying he would be gone several days. He warned his wife to allow no one to stay over night in the house as the safe contained valuable property, and gave her the key. A neighbor and a woman, during the absence of Mrs. Estes, allowed him to occupy a room in the house the night two masked men called and demanded the key of the safe. She ran up and told herself. He held her to go back and give them the key without saying anything of his presence in the house. She did so, and the men fled with the safe. While the safe was being engaged Mrs. Estes' friend came down stairs armed and opened fire on the thieves, killing both of them. One of the dead men was found to be the sheriff himself and the other a friend and neighbor of his.

A TRIP disguised as a Catholic priest has been working the western country. In several farm houses near Atchison, Kansas, where he has been entertained over night he has made a clear sweep of all the valuables, but he has not touched the safe. The safe has shipped before morning. He will be lynched if caught, so strong is the feeling against him and his method of operations.

DEATH AT DESSERT.

Wm. H. Deibert, of Leadville, Pa., came in from the barn to dinner with the family at noon on the 27th ult. He sat heartily and chatted socially. Then when the meal was finished he pushed his plate away and leaning back in his chair while a bland smile of satisfaction was over his face, he remarked, "The safe is hanging dead in the barn." The family rushed out and found that the old man had indeed committed suicide. Called on for an explanation, Deibert said he didn't wish to spoil the family meal by telling the news too soon. He preferred to hold it back for dessert.

The Hillsdale Champion Amateur Four.

In this issue we are, as usual, first in the sporting field by introducing to our readers a capital group of portraits of the famous amateur four-oared crew of the Hillsdale Boat Club, of Hillsdale, Mich., who are to sail from this city on May 30th, to row on the Thames, England, against the best oarsmen in England. The crew comprises Clarence W. Terwilliger, bow, aged 31 years, 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in height and weighs 148 pounds; Homer P. Mead, aged 24 years, 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 153 pounds; Louis F. Beckhardt, aged 23 years, 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in height and weighs 157 lbs., and E. Van Valkenburgh, stroke, aged 24 years, 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 170 pounds.

The association known as the Hillsdale Rowing Club was organized on July 8, 1878, and incorporated under the laws of the State of Michigan some time in September of the same year. The first event participated in occurred on Bay Beese Lake, near the city of Hillsdale, on Sept. 2, 1878, at which time the Bay Beese Boat Club held their second annual regatta, the Hillsdales entering C. W. Terwilliger and E. B. Van Valkenburgh, in the double scull race, and L. F. Beckhardt in the single scull race. Both crews won easily, the former having two competitors and the latter one, all from the Bay Beese club.

In the spring of 1879 the club purchased a four-oared shell from the Wah-wah-sums, of Saginaw, Mich., and organized a crew composed of C. W. Terwilliger, bow and captain, J. D. Wilson, No. 2, L. F. Beckhardt, No. 3, E. B. Van Valkenburgh, stroke. This crew, as given above, attended the Northwestern Amateur Regatta held at Toledo, O., July 3, 4, 1879, where they won the Junior Four-oared race, beating the Undines, of Toledo, their only opponents; time, 14m. 10s.

From Toledo the crew, with J. G. Wolf, as substitute, went to Saratoga to attend the National Regatta, held July 9, 10, 11, 1879. The entries were Mutuals, of Albany, Saugerties, Wah-wah-sums, of Saginaw, Zeephyrs, and Michigans, of Detroit, Shoe-wa-cao-mettes, of Monroe, Wyandottes, and Hillsdales, Mich., Crescents, of Philadelphia, Hopes and St. Johns, of New Orleans, Lachines, of Montreal, Olympics, of Albany, Elizabeths, of Portsmouth, Va., Atlantas, Watkins, and Cohoes, of New York. In their trial heat the Hillsdales crossed the line winners in 8m. 41ks., Atlantas second, Wyandottes third. The final heat was composed of Hillsdales, Shoe-wa-cao-mettes, Wah-wah-sums, Mutuals and Elizabeths, the Atlantas having withdrawn. At the finish of this race there was a grand foul, and the umpire ordered the race rowed over after disqualifying the Shoe-wa-cao-mettes and Wah-wah-sums which resulted in the Hillsdales winning in 8m. 32ks. The crew then returned and took part in a regatta on Bay Beese Lake,

held Aug. 13, 14, 1879. In the senior fours they defeated the Shoe-wa-cao-mettes and Undines; time 7m. 2ks. Terwilliger and Van Valkenburgh also won both senior and junior races for double sculls, beating in the first instance the Niles Scullers, of Niles, Mich., and Farraguts, of Chicago; time 8m. 4s. In the senior race they defeated Taylor and Kasey of the Undines, Toledo; time 7m. 47ks., Undines not finishing the race. The distance was 1 1/4 miles straightaway, the personnel of the crew remaining the same as given above. Up to this time the crew had been using an old boat purchased from the Wah-wah-sums of Saginaw, but upon their return from Saratoga a

and Van Valkenburgh also captured the senior double scull race in 10m. 22s. On June 22, 23, 24, 1880, they took part in the annual regatta of the Mississippi Valley Association, held at Moline, Ill., where they entered the open to all four oared and double scull races, winning the former in 12m. 21s. In the double Terwilliger and Van Valkenburgh did not pull the race through owing to their sculls being too large for the rowlocks, and they could not be made to work. The course was two miles with a turn. The next week after their return from Moline they started for Philadelphia to participate in the National Regatta, July 7, 8, 9, 1880. The entries were Argonauts of Toronto, University

9m. 43ks., distance 1 1/4 miles straightaway. Terwilliger and Van Valkenburgh were beaten in the senior double scull race by Dussan and Durell, of the Shoe-wa-cao-mettes. The above straightaway races were pulled against a swift current.

At the annual regatta of the Hillsdale Rowing Club, held July 28, 29, 1880, the crew did not enter in any of the races, but gave exhibition pulls.

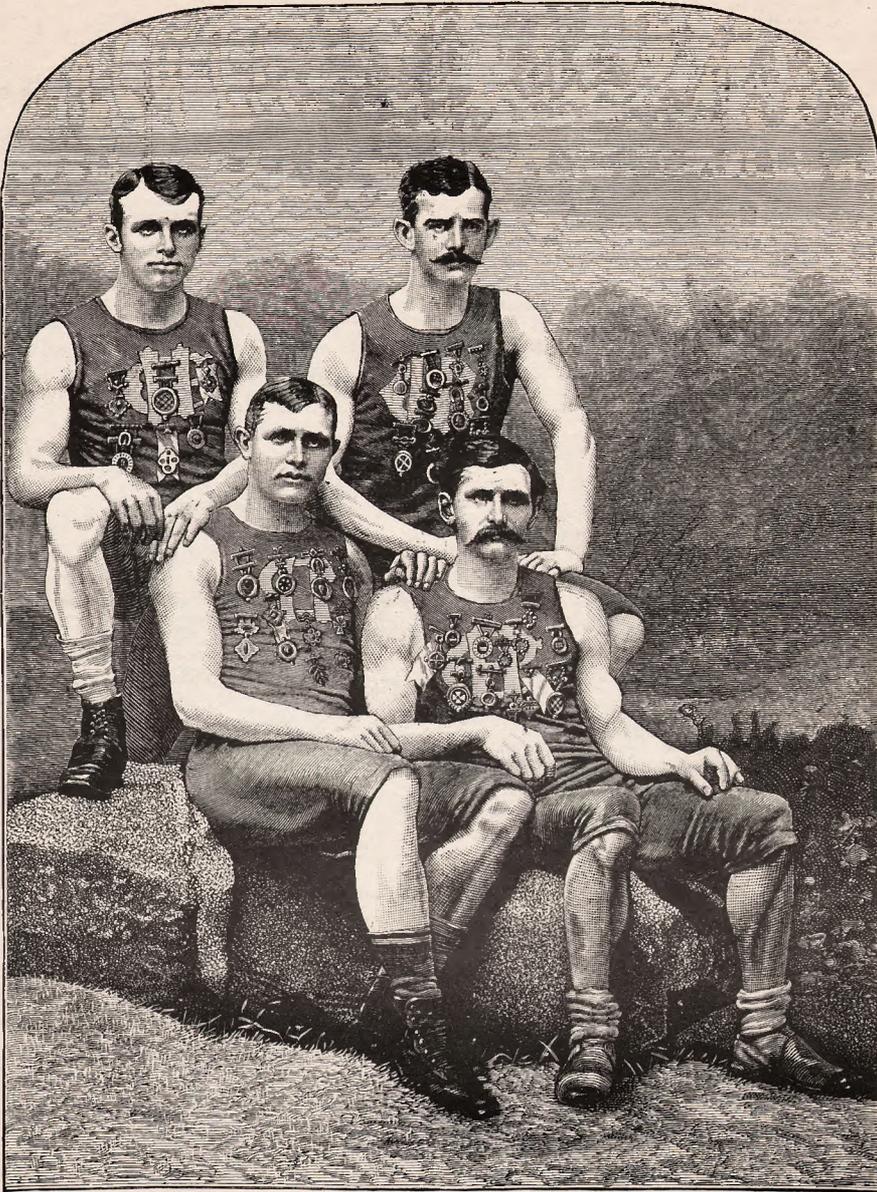
In the Spring of 1881, the club had serious thoughts about entering crews at any of the regattas during that season, but after a while concluded to enter a senior four and single in the Northwestern Regatta held on Diamond Lake, near Cassopolis, Mich., July 25, 26, 1881. The four was made up of L. F. Beckhardt, H. P. Mead, E. T. Beckhardt, E. B. Van Valkenburgh. Capt. Terwilliger entered at this regatta in the senior single scull race, but when the first race for four oars was called E. T. Beckhardt was unable to take his place in the boat on account of sickness, and Terwilliger occupied his seat in the boat, a position he had never before tried. The open to all four oars, distance 1 1/4 miles straightaway, was won by the Hillsdales in 8m. 12ks., Centennials second and Wyandottes third. The entries in the senior four were Hillsdales, Centennials, Wyandottes, Bay City, Goguaes of Battle Creek, Nautilus of Hamilton, Ont. Hillsdales crossed the line first in 10m. 32ks., Centennials second 8 lengths behind, Wyandottes last, the other crews having drawn out. Distance, 3 miles with a turn.

Upon the return of the crew they were reorganized, after which they rowed in the open to all four oared race at the Hillsdale regatta, Aug. 24, 25, 1881, their only opponents being the Centennials, whom the Hillsdales vanquished in 10m. 36s.; distance 1 1/4 miles with turn.

They next rowed at the National regatta, held at Washington, D.C., Sept. 8, 9, 1881. The entries were Minnesotas of St. Paul, Elizabeths of Portsmouth, Va., Metropolitan of New York City, Middlesex of Cambridgeport, Mass., Crescents and Fairmount of Philadelphia, Albany, Columbia of Georgetown, Anacostan of Washington, D.C., and Hillsdales. In the trial heat the Hillsdales were first in 8m. 20ks. The final heat resulted in Hillsdales winning in 8m. 6ks. The course was on the Potomac river, and 1 1/4 miles straightaway against the current.

Conjugal Attentions.

While Mrs. Robert Bloom, of Cleveland, was peacefully sleeping on the night of the 31st ult., she was startled by a stinging sensation on the cheek. She opened her eyes and saw her husband standing in the middle of the room with a pistol in his hand practicing marksmanship on her. After receiving several slight wounds she escaped to an adjoining room and screamed for help, but before assistance arrived the man had ended the festivities by putting a bullet through his head.



HOMER P. MEAD. E. B. VAN VALKENBURGH, STROKE. LOUIS F. BECKHARDT. CLARENCE W. TERWILLIGER, BOW.

THE HILLSDALE AMATEUR FOUR.

[Photo. by John Wood, 208 Bowery.]

new one was ordered of Waters & Sons, Troy, N. Y., which was received just before the lake was closed with ice. The new boat was found to be all that could have been desired, and it was constantly used during the rowing seasons of 1880 and 1881, the dimensions of this boat being 41 feet long, 19 inches wide, and fully rigged, weighing 120 pounds.

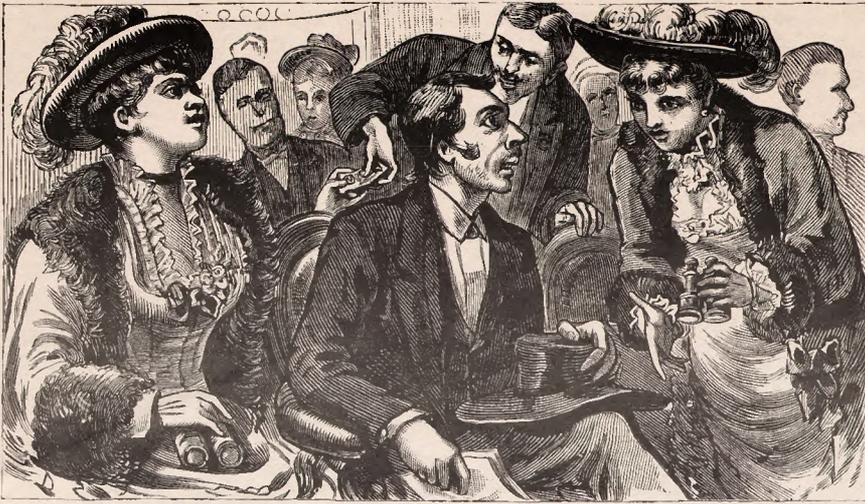
In the latter part of May, 1880, the crew started for New Orleans to take part in a regatta held on Lake Pontchartrain, June 2, 3, 1880. Here they rowed in the four-oared race against the Shoe-wa-cao-mettes, Burlingtons of Iowa, and St. Johns of New Orleans. The Hillsdales won easily in 9m. 15s. Terwilliger

and Crescents of Philadelphia, Carman of Carmanville, Saugerties of Albany and M. N. Nolan of Albany, N. Y., Eureka of Newark, N. J., Nautilus of Reading, Pa., Centennials of Detroit, Wyandottes and Hillsdales of Michigan. In their trial heat the Hillsdales were easy winners in 9m. 41ks. In the final heat they crossed the line winners in 8m. 53s.

The Northwestern Amateur Associations Regatta, held at Bay City, Mich., July 21, 22, 1880, was attended by the crew, and the race for senior fours in which they had no competitors, (the Wyandottes withdrawing), was taken in 9m. 18s., distance 3 miles with turn. Open to all fours was won handsily by the Hillsdales in

Lothario's Dilemma.

James Pratt, a restaurant keeper at Allogheny City, had reason to believe that a young man, agent for a thread manufacturing firm, whose office is in New York, was too fond of his, the restaurant keeper's wife. The young woman had been educated in New York and had kept company with Phil Groator, the drummer aforesaid, before her marriage, but since had received his visits, as she pretended to her husband, out of pure malice—just to show him how happy she was with her own dear hubby, in the nice little cottage which he had bought in her name, in the outskirts of Pittsburgh. The restaurant-keeper took in this tatty very accommodatingly, and for a time all went well. Several anonymous letters received by him from the prying neighbors, however, brought a change over the spirit of his dream. He went home unexpectedly on the 27th ult., and got into the bed-room just in time to see a fashionably attired young man jump out of the window and make for a lumber room on the ground floor of the one story wing of the cottage. The husband, masking his feelings, made an excuse to go into this addition. The stranger retreated to the chimney and took refuge in it. The husband built a rousing fire in the fire-place, put his two watch dogs on the roof of the wing with instructions to watch for him in the chimney, and borrowing a neighbor's gun, came back and watched with them until Lothario in the chimney decided the question whether he would be roasted or eaten raw. He finally showed himself at the top of the chimney and begged piteously for mercy. The husband granted him the right to get away if he could, promising to be neutral between him and the dogs. He got down and ran for it. The fierce animals tore him terribly, and would have killed him had he not fallen in with a party of railroad laborers, who drove them off and rescued him. The faithless wife was given twenty-four hours to pack up and leave, after writing before witnesses a confession of her guilt. Her husband preserves several scraps of her lover's raiment as specimens of the jaw power of his faithful



DANGERS OF THE MATINEE.

HOW THE NEW YORK THEATRE USHERS MAKE A STAKE BY AIDING THE GAY SIRENS TO THROW THEIR NETS ABOUT ELIGIBLE PARTIES AT THE THEATRE.



DAVID GASTNACKER,

CHAMPION PIE EATER OF NEWARK, N. J.



JOSEPH STEWART,

CHAMPION OYSTER EATER OF WILMINGTON, DEL.

dogs, who are all of the once happy household that remain faithful to its master.

A Desperate Game.

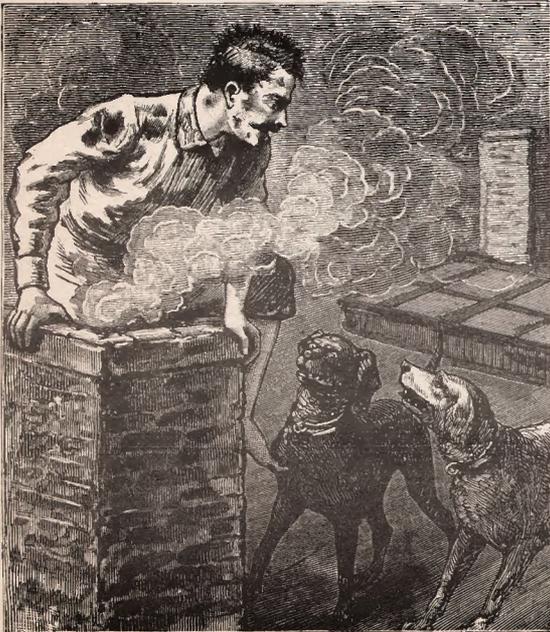
Another hot time in Kentucky. H. T. Parker, a telegraph operator employed by the railroad company at Wickliffe, Ky., playing cards on the night of the 31st ult. with another young man named Jerry Henderson, had a dispute and seized the stakes amounting to twenty dollars. The parties separated after an interchange of the usual choice epithets. Jerry returned home and consulted with his brother Henry, who urged him to recover the money. They armed themselves and went to a house where Parker was sitting up all night watching the corpse of a friend's child. They called him out and in the fight that ensued, Henry was shot and killed by Parker who fled to the river, jumped into a canoe and floated down the stream. He was

headed off at a bend by a mounted man, some miles below, who covered him with a rifle and made him come ashore. He was taken back to town the next day, but that evening overpowered his guards, got possession of a Winchester rifle and ammunition, fought his way out and has not been seen since, although the country has been scoured by detachments of armed citizens.

A Fiend Lynched.

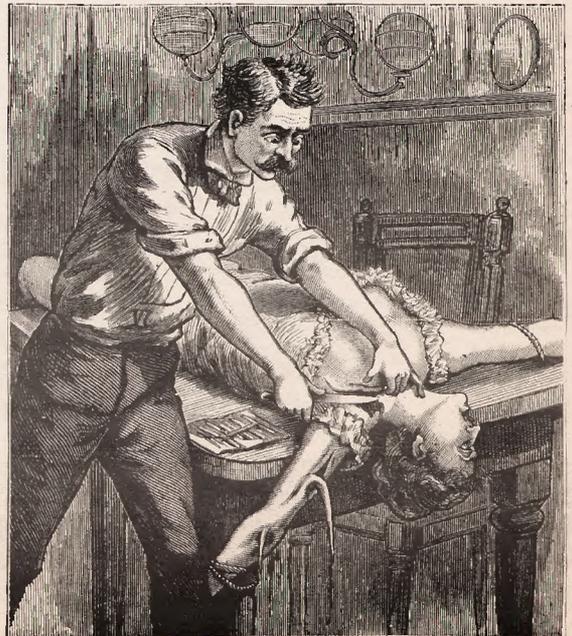
At midnight on the 1st inst., a tramp named Charles Gimson, who said he resided at Franklin, Ill., broke into the house of Edward Fritchard, at Kokomo, took a little girl, aged three years, from her crib without awaking her parents, and carrying her to an outbuilding made an attempt to outrage her, inflicting frightful injuries on the child. He was captured and lodged in jail, but although guarded by a militia company, the prison was carried by a mob fifteen hundred strong during the night of the 2d inst., who hanged him.

Two brothers, John and Thomas McDonald, of Covington, Ky., had a fight with knives on the 1st inst. John got the most fine work in and carved Thomas so freely that he will die.



LOTHARIO'S DILEMMA.

A PITTSBURGH YOUNG MAN WHILE ON A VISIT TO A MARRIED LADY IS TRAPPED IN A CHIMNEY BY HIS HUSBAND AND CAUGHT ON THE ROOF BY HIS DOGS.



VIVISECTING HIS BRIDE.

A CRAZY PHYSICIAN MARRIES AN ATLANTA, GA., BELLE, AND PROFESSIONALLY OFFICIATES IN A SCENE OF HORROR IN THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

THE ACTOR ASSASSINS; OR, THE JOURNEY OF DEATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "Paris by Gaslight," "Mabelle Unmasked," etc., etc. CHAPTER V. AN ESCAPE PLOTTED.

The assassins were incarcerated in the prison at Donal, in which city they were to be tried. They were confined in separate cells, and given permission to employ counsel and make what preparations they chose for a defense, which, no matter what precautions they took, was predicated to be fruitless.

They received a very few visitors, but were viewed by many curious strangers whom the friendship of the jailors secured the privilege for.

Among these visitors one day appeared two women, young, pretty, attired with Parisian elegance, and apparently devoured by grief and despair. They represented themselves as the sisters of Armand, and stated that they had made the journey from Paris to make his incarceration as little miserable as their efforts could.

They were, consequently, allowed free access to the prisoner.

Armand received them with effusion, and they provided him with many comforts and luxuries. They exercised their charms upon the jailors, too, and were permitted liberties which were in direct contempt of the rules of the prison.

On September 12th these two visitors presented themselves at the jail at two o'clock in the afternoon and were as usual admitted to Armand's cell.

They remained there longer than usual, and as the hour at which visitors were compelled to leave had long passed the chief jailor knocked at the cell door and warned them that they must depart.

An explosion of sobs was his only answer. He insisted, and at last one of the ladies opened the door. Her face was red with weeping. Her sister, bent with her head upon the table, sobbed as if her heart would break.

Armand, stretched on his bed with his face buried in the pillow, was also crying.

It was such an affecting scene that the jailer himself was touched. He excused himself for the necessity of disturbing the grief-stricken family party, and withdrew to a decent distance so as not to interfere with the parting.

Presently the ladies came out, rapidly.

One leaped upon the other's arm, her face hurried in her handkerchief, her form shaken by convulsive sobs. The other strove to comfort her.

They passed the jailor, but a moment later a suspicion flashed upon him.

The lady with the handkerchief was an unusually tall woman and heavily built, whereas the murderer's two visitors were small and slender.

The turnkey scented a rodent of commanding dimensions, and springing upon the sobbing lady tore the handkerchief from her grasp.

The face of Antoine Armand was uncovered by this movement.

The prisoner in his cell was the younger and prettier of his visitors, who had exchanged clothing with him and who was striving to play for him the part Madame Lavelette had performed for her husband in Paris, and the one Mrs. Wren Allen and Maggie Jordan were to repeat nearly fifty years afterwards for Shirley in New York.

After this Armand was denied all visits and privileges. The women were held under arrest and an inquiry made into their identity.

They proved to be an actress of the Odéon Theatre and her maid.

The actress had fallen desperately in love with Armand during his engagement at the theatre, and he had in a measure reciprocated her passion.

Both of his ill-gotten gains had been expended on her, and she had requited his generosity with a devotion quite rare among her mercenary class.

When the news of his arrested reached Paris she had sent her jewels to the pawn-shop, packed up her travelling bag and set out at once for Donal, determined to rescue her lover, if a rescue were possible. Her maid had entered into her plan and done her best to help her carry it out.

The Belgian laws are very strict and severe in relation to aiding in the escape of prisoners, and the two daring women stood a good chance of experiencing serious trouble out of their escapade.

But after a week or ten days a special courier delivered an important looking communication from Paris to the governor of the prison. It was an order from the King for the release of the female Don Quixote and her Abigail.

The ostensible reason was that their crime had been a woman's error and weakness rather than a serious offence, and as it had failed in its purpose the theatre would not need to be robbed of a popular favorite. The real reason was very like that given by Charles II. when he pardoned Nell Gwynne for interfering in a political imbroglio she had no business with.

The King can always afford to pardon those he loves.

Miss and maid, being released, returned to Paris without delay. Armand, now deprived of his last hope, for he knew that the courts had deemed him beforehand, abandoned himself to despair.

When he was not a prey to this cowardly grief he employed his leisure in literary pursuits. He wrote hymns, love songs of the most indecent character, commenced a romance called "The Career of a Outpouse from Cradle to Guillotine," and indited two acts of a play based on his adventures and exploits.

"One may as well amuse oneself," he said. "When we are dead it is the turn of the worms."

Could anyone but a Parisian conceive such philosophy under such circumstances, any more than anyone but a Frenchwoman could find such a wretch worth sacrificing herself for?

CHAPTER VI. THE ABE FALS.

Antoine Armand and Jules Marek Delaval were brought to trial for murder on November 9, 1832, at Donal. It was a period of great political excitement, and their case excited little of the attention which to-day readers less heinous and romantic crimes celebrated.

They continued to accuse each other of the chief criminality in the murder, and their cross denunciations were furious, obscene and disgusting.

The court found them equally culpable, and both were condemned to death.

With the mad desire to delay his execution, Armand broke out in a novel way. He accused himself of all sorts of crimes, all imaginary, and when these failed tried to secure time by professing to know and be willing to betray the assassins of the Prince de Condo. But every investigation of these phantom crimes proved him a liar, and his doom drew steadily on.

On February 6, 1833, the two condemned men were taken to the prison at Dunkirk, where the execution was to take place.

The execution took place on February 8th, at noon, in the great square at Dunkirk, amid a vast throng of spectators.

The assassins ate their last breakfast tranquilly, and smoked their pipe with a comfortable deliberateness. The meal over, they distributed their few effects among their fellow-prisoners.

"May they do you more good than they did me," said Delaval, giving a pair of shoes he had purchased in Dunkirk on the day after the murder.

But as the hour of execution hurried on, Delaval lost his sang froid. He became pale, and he smiled no more, and he wept. Armand, on the contrary, remained firm.

He was carefully dressed and got up, and carried himself with theatrical audacity. He sprang from the death cart vividly and mounted the steps of the guillotine lightly. Saluting the executioners with careless abandon, he bowed to the audience like a rope dancer acknowledging an applause. He went out of the world with as little apparent emotion, in short, as a man of war.

Delaval, nearly dead with fright, had to be carried up the steps of the scaffold. The executioners handled him like a rag baby. The guillotine beheaded simply an inert mass.

The mob had cheered Armand; it hissed his confederate.

(SEE CONT.)

VIVISECTING HIS BRIDE.

A Maniac Doctor Presides over a Scene of Horror in His Bridal Chamber.

[Subject of Illustration.] An old doctor named Henry F. Wright residing some miles to the west of the town of Lebanon, Ga., has gradually sunk into a state of mild imbecility in his declining years. He has been out of practice for some ten years owing to eccentricities which his patients in Philadelphia, Pa., his native place, were not willing to bear with. Among the most startling of these was his attempts to prescribe terrible doses of morphine for the avowed purpose of merely studying their effects on his unhappy subjects. When his practice all left him he moved to the wife of George and built a fine residence where he lived alone. He was a looking man, well educated, a good conversationalist and good company when he was not in one of his gloomy moods.

There was no sign of the madman about him and so he had money he soon became a favorite with the ladies and one of these, a Miss Strewners, whose parents reside near Atlanta, Ga., consented to marry him after a very brief courtship. He objected to a grand wedding so the person officiated privately at the residence of the bride with only her parents as witnesses at the ceremony. Then he drove away at midnight with his bride.

When they reached his gloomy but magnificent dwelling she found it presided over by one servant, an negro, who showed her the way to her room. A husband disappeared until about when she entered the bedroom where she was sleeping and after a desperate struggle tied her hand and feet and after stripping her naked placed her on a table and proceeded to vivisect her. He had made an incision in her neck, cut his way through the crowd, leaped through a second story window and escaped to the woods. When caught he will be lodged in an insane asylum as he should have been long ago.

The bride will recover but it is feared that her reason has been dissipated by her terrible experience in the bridal chamber.

THE DEVIL'S OWN. Some Deeds in which Satan Does Not Conceal His Agency.

CHAS. PARKS, of Milan, Mich., was arrested on the 21st ult. on a charge of having seduced an insane girl of that town.

JOHN OAKES, a convict of Provo, Utah, under sentence of life imprisonment, committed suicide on the 28th ult., as he was about to be removed to prison.

PATRICK, of Lincoln, Nebraska, shot his wife through the heart on the 24th inst. and then tried to kill his grown sons but they escaped with only flesh wounds. He was a disreputable, drunken fellow and his wife had refused to live with him for some years. He escaped to the woods after the murder but he has not succeeded in running him down as yet.

On June 1, 1873, Dollos Logan killed Peter R. Smith at Mansfield, Texas. The murderer escaped and since that time has been at large, frequently visiting Fort Worth with a gang of cowboys to protect him and defying the authorities to take him. The victim, Mansfield, was recognized by a newspaper reporter who notified the sheriff and then engaged the murderer in a friendly game of cards while the posse were being gathered. Logan had fastened up the ace of hearts for trump and had both bowers when the officers arrived and took him without a struggle.

At Frenchburg, Ky., on the 1st inst., a fight occurred in a moonshiner's whiskey shop between a band of dozen desperadoes who had quarreled over a game of cards. "The battle was waged with pistols and bowie knives, and was continued until sunset by moonlight. The Thomason and Martin Jones were each shot twice, the latter being mortally wounded, while Bill Duncan had his abdomen laid open to a bowie knife. A man named Murphy is said to have been killed and the ruffians who had participated in the slaughter fastened up the body to the wall and buried it. When the neighbors asked about the row and the damage done they were told to shut up, that it was none of their business and until somebody who had been hurt made up his mind to speak the authorities had nothing to do with the case. The place is in the section of Kentucky, nice fellows, those Kentuckians.

DANGERS OF THE MATINEE.

How the Ticket Sellers and Ushers Combine with Crooked Girls to Land the Suckers.

[Subject of Illustration.] The great city bristles with traps for the unwary rustic. The hunko man preys on the greenhorn, capturing him in the street or in the hotel and lading him suitably without any of the usual about. But there are some kinds of fish, and they are often the richest too, who cannot be caught in that fashion. They are the merchants from eastern, western and southern cities who pretend to know a thing or two, the class in the first money. They are out on their guard against crooked games. To land such a fish as this requires art in fixing the bait, in playing him and in finally scooping him in. The matinee at the fashionable theatre is the place where he might expect to see his kind. He is over the top of his head with his money, and he is ready to buy his fish with unwary success.

Do you not suppose they go to the theatre for fun, do you? If you do you are much mistaken. It is business with them every time. But how do they select their subjects? They are not at all particular in the line in tackling poor parties. Why, they have accomplices in the ticket sellers and ushers. They are always solid with the ticket seller, visiting him at the box office two or three times a week, making him presents of cigars and such things as he likes. They are over the top of his head and go to the box office for tickets. "Oh, Charley, got a good horse? Very? Good seats for you? You know not too far to the front?" Charley thinks he has. There is a gent he knows to be a solid party whom he has seen in the fifth row at the theatre. He has a real good one, and he has a pair of the dear girls are going to be installed. He flings out a couple of dollar tickets, the dear girls hand him a five dollar note and pass in without waiting for their change.

The box keeper has satisfied himself that the gent is a subject for the arts of the dear girls and they have no trouble and lose no time in lading him. The ushers also turn an honest penny by keeping themselves posted on the quality of the male patrons and the quality of the female ones. They are out on their guard to select as eligible parties. These ushers get only five dollars or less a week from the management for their services but their bribes on a matinee day amount to more than five times their weekly salaries. It is worth fifty dollars extra a week to sell tickets at the matinee if you are "dry" and can tumble to the girls' tricks and keep your tongue between your teeth. It is amusing to watch this trapping of the knowing ones going on all over the house with the employees in league with the crooked ticket sellers.

It is too long to give this away since it may spoil the girls' profits and cut down the earnings of those very honest and hard working sons of toil, the ticket sellers, but you can see a man who is only too ready to be posted before they make, perchance, a trip to New York. It is what the tricks and traps with which they will be met.

KILLED BY PRAYER.

How Three Religious Maniacs Brought About a Funeral and a Big Scandal.

Here's the boss emotional sensation. It comes from Rogersville, N. Y. The sanctuary in that place is run by a blooming professor of religion, a Mr. Fygar. Babcock, and he is assisted by two maiden ladies and instructors—persons of fine education and refinement—the Misses Andrews. This entire college faculty seem to be emotionalists. The abettors of prayer is under the control, and the girls are only too ready to get to trying her through all right, and the second night of her illness forced her to get up and dance around the

room with them in thanksgiving to heaven for having answered their prayers. Of course, after the holy exercise the poor woman died.

When the professor had laid her in the grave, the two sisters began to wonder which one of them it was who had been killed. They looked all up and down one day a week or two ago, but he thought it would run over to a neighboring town and get him a new wife to care for his four children. No sooner had he gone than the two maiden ladies confessed to the whole village that he had maltreated his wife and had been guilty of the crime of incest. The professor came back with his bride he had to face this scandal, and his life has been made miserable in consequence. His defiance is the too too rapacious religious maniacs are crazy. He says he didn't, while they haven't, say he did, and that they are "very wicked women."

A CHINESE MAZEPPA.

The Boys Have Some Cruel Fun With John and End with a Death.

[Subject of Illustration.] Near Brookville, Arizona, on the 30th ult., three mischievous and uneducated cowboys named Jake McCray, Billy Follansbee and Tom D'Worven, were riding along, intending to have a quiet time in town. They were met by a Chinaman carrying a basket who approached them on a dog trot, but evidently without any fear of the horsemen of the plains. An Irish trucker Jake McCray.

"Boys," said he, "I'll lass the Chinaman, you catch a wild steer, we'll tie him on and run him through the town."

Billy and Tommy roared with delight over this project and agreed to perform their part. Jake flung his rifle and it twirled around the unfortunate Mongolian, who was jerked ten feet in the leap of the rough rider's horse as it tightened. Follansbee and D'Worven meantime ran for their lives. Billy had thrown his state around its horns and Tom had collared his horse around the animal's hind legs; and they had it quick enough, thrown to the ground on its side. The Chinaman fished for twenty dollar bills to bribe his captors to let him off, but they were merciless. They took the money, but they would have their fun too. He was laid breast down on the steer, his hands were pulled well down around the brute's shoulders and tied together; then his legs were firmly secured on either side of the animal's loins, and then Jake inspected the work and said he was as firm as if he had "growned there."

The steer was then released and he sprang to his feet with blood in his eye. He charged successively such a horseman, but they avoided him with ease. All this time the Chinaman was yelling "murder" and "murder" at the top of his voice, while the cowboys added to the din with their devilish yells. All these sounds maddened the steer as well as alarmed him and he finally started off at a thundering pace, to the town. The Chinaman was yelling and screaming in the most agonizing manner. The furious brute made wide detours and attempted to turn back, but was driven every time by his skillful pursuers and headed on towards the town which had been selected as the place of his execution. He crossed a narrow alley which was only eighteen feet wide, and was followed safely by Jake, but Billy and Tom and their horses both tumbled in. Tom came by his senses first and leaving Follansbee straggling, ran his horse along the bottom for a quarter of a mile and came out in time to take part in the chase again.

The animal was headed into the main street at midday and went through with a rush. All the dogs in town joined in the pursuit at the very place, led by the dogs of the police. The crowd followed the Chinaman and his wild steed through every lane and alley of the town amid an indescribable din. In front of the court house the steer stumbled and fell; and Deputy Sheriff Charles Smith ran forward and out the Chinaman kneeled on the ground. McCray caught the steer and he would recapture the Chinaman. The deputy warned him not to try it. D'Worven's steed was thrown and twisted about the cringing wretch and at the same moment Smith fired a shot at D'Worven's feet dead from his saddle. The steed had jumped about ten feet off the ground and the Chinaman and the animal, alarmed by the fall of his rider, ran away, dragging both of them almost the length of the main street before it was caught. McCray fell town, hunted up Follansbee and both of them were taken into prison, with little hope of capturing them.

THE HUM OF BULLETS.

The Deadly Pistol and the Diverse Motives that Have Winged its Leaden Messengers.

Geo. BOHANNON, who shot and killed Wm. Light at a place at Pool Hollow Cove, Phelps county, Mo., on Aug. 13, 1881, has for the second time been sentenced to be hanged, the execution to take place on April 21. His first sentence came off last fall, and the supreme court granted a new trial on account of irregularity in the instructions. This time he will be certain to hang. The murder was a most unprovoked and dastardly one, without cause, and the victim a peaceful and good citizen. While the murderer was always considered a bad egg.

JOHN SCHNEBEL, a jolly German of Johnstonva, was foot engaged a year ago to marry a widow with several young devils boys. John tried hard to control them but they would not recognize his authority. On Sunday the young set, while he was away at church, they passed the time in shooting rats and playing craps in his stable and the neighbors complained of the violation of the Sabbath. Schnebel feeling that any attempt to reform his young friends was hopeless, received his original folly by blowing his brains out.

CHAS. STACKHOUSE, who called a farmer named Kippel, of Ellis county, Pa., a hog, was indicted at all, was captured near Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 2d inst. after the detectives had chased him over the country for three years.

A MURDERER couple in Denver, Col., has taken to the emotional business with pistol accompaniments. O. G. Caswell, a cream colorer, who was engaged to be married to the young wife, got mad about it and took to sleeping with a loaded revolver under her pillow to defend her virtue. On the night of the 23d inst. the couple had a fight for the weapon and in the struggle it went off, the ball carrying away one of the fingers of the young wife, while he was in the bedroom. Whence arises a terrible scandal in the town colored circles of Denver.

CAPTAIN JIM'S "STAR."

How a Fickle Artist Broke up a Show.

A Band of Texas Cow Boys Raid a Circus, Lasso the Clown and Steal the Principal Female Rider.

[Subject of Illustration.]
 Captain Jim Johnson used to run a theatre circuit during the rebellion over the western states, taking out companies and making much money with such plays as the "French Spy" and the "Angel of Midnight." "Wizard Skill" and the pantomime repertoire popular at that time. In the course of his wanderings he changed to become acquainted with a beautiful young girl of Louisville, Ky., named Sadie Milwren. Sadie was much struck and every time the actors came to town haunted the theatre. But if she was crazy on the show the manager was crazy on her. He offered her marriage and she agreed to elope with him if he would put her on the stage. He paid the hallmaster to insure her in the management of the principal parts in the repertoire. Then after she had been under expensive instructions for six months Captain Jim picked a quarrel with his star actress, gave Sadie the cue, she skipped out of town with the company, was married at the next town and had her place as the leading pantomime artist of the company. She did well and became a great favorite.

Money was plenty in those times and Captain Jim, infatuated with his child wife, lavished a fortune on her. His happiness lasted just two years. Then she found out the weakness of the principal parts in the repertoire. Then after she had been under expensive instructions for six months Captain Jim picked a quarrel with his star actress, gave Sadie the cue, she skipped out of town with the company, was married at the next town and had her place as the leading pantomime artist of the company. She did well and became a great favorite.

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RELIGIOUS NEWS.

What is Doing in the Churches, and What the Churchmen are "Doing."

CHARLES L. KELLY, of Philadelphia, a church member in good standing and a bright light in the Young Men's Christian Association, was arrested in court, on the 21st, of having seduced a handsome young woman named Miss Eva Hickman. She alleges that he promised marriage and then induced her to visit certain houses with him.

GEORGE BAKER, for over twenty years the organist of the Third Free Methodist Church, Newark, on a coupon check in the Bank of America, in New York City, has made away with \$7,000 of the bank funds. He was discharged on the 21st, and his relative made up the loss. He still plays the music with which the Jersey Presbyterians keep time in their march up the creek stairs.

MISSIONARY HEYMAN is busy presenting evidence in the form of Indian affidavits going to show that the bishop who accuses him is not a saint. Among the testimony is the story that the young woman who alleged that the missionary seduced her, attempted on the way to court to shoot the missionary. The witness, Miss West, who is a firm believer in his chastity, alleges that he was aware one night by feeling some one creasing his bare feet in bed, and found that

It was the seductive (or the alleged seduced) young lady who was smoothing down his bunions. She fell on her knees and begged him not to kill her. He let her off with her life. The moral tone of the maidens of the Santos Agency and the missionary influence was very rigid, and don't you forget it.

SAVING AND MAIDEN.

How a Reckless Dirty Blonde Cut Loose and Demoralized a Whole Tribe of Indians.

[Subject of Illustration.]
 A straggling beauty from a dirty blonde troupe has demoralized things in Yankeeland, and is the only country for a month or two past, in a more thorough manner than a person missionary with the amorous modern improvements could have done. She was Madelonette Helene De La Vigne on the stage, and was the devil off it. Her troupe was working its way across the continent toward San Francisco, where the manager intended to run it through a summer season, and she was hauling in suckers in every town and landing them neatly.

At last she struck a rich miner in Kansas City, and she showed the company for a week and posed a fortune in her lap, she agreed to "kiss" with him, giving her manager the slip. He had contracts in hand for Indian supplies, and before going on a trip to Europe with the inflated sum of fortune, she insisted that she should accompany him to Yankeland and travel through that wild region, to mingle with the romantic red men. The noble red men, affraid took kindly to her, because with the liberality with which she set up the firewater. It was no uncommon thing to see the dirty artistle putting a couple of stalwart chiefs through the hoops of her "big drink," and the scandal raised thereby could only be equalled by letting loose a lusty missionary among the Indian maidens. The miner succeeded in dragging his costly darling away to Europe in time to save one whole tribe of Indians from a grand attack of delirium tremens.

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.

Guips, Cranks, and Fancies of Venus' Vicious Brat.

ALICE POWELL, a mulatto belle, decided to return home from a dance in Indianapolis on the 28th, with a negro named Greene Burnett, a dapper colored fellow who showed the company for a week and posed a fortune in her lap, she agreed to "kiss" with him, giving her manager the slip. He had contracts in hand for Indian supplies, and before going on a trip to Europe with the inflated sum of fortune, she insisted that she should accompany him to Yankeland and travel through that wild region, to mingle with the romantic red men. The noble red men, affraid took kindly to her, because with the liberality with which she set up the firewater. It was no uncommon thing to see the dirty artistle putting a couple of stalwart chiefs through the hoops of her "big drink," and the scandal raised thereby could only be equalled by letting loose a lusty missionary among the Indian maidens. The miner succeeded in dragging his costly darling away to Europe in time to save one whole tribe of Indians from a grand attack of delirium tremens.

TWO FAMOUS CHAMPIONS.

The Newark Pie Biter and the Wilmington Oyster Swallower Want Matches.

[With Portraits.]
 We have received formal challenges from two champions in a gustatory, gastronomic or masticatory line. They are the champion pie eater, David Gustacker, and the champion oyster swallower, Tom Brown, N. J. and Joseph Stewart, of Wilmington, Del., the champion oyster lover. These men bar none in their special lines in the United States or Canada and are ready to contest the championship of the world with anyone who will take up their challenge for any sum of money that is the extent of his life and act accordingly in making a match.

Stewart, the champion oyster eater, on the other hand offers to back himself to eat more involves than any man in a given time and does not bar the trick of eating to the stomach by dipping them in sugar or roping in spiced meats on him. He says he has acted on the advice "know thyself." He knows himself to the extent of eating 250 that he has more capacity of swallow and strength of stomach than any man in Delaware or New York or elsewhere. These challenges will be met in haste, without waiting to put up their money with any ambitious pie biting or oyster swallowing novices.

AN OLD TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

[Subject of Illustration.]
 A big whale, caught off the coast of Massachusetts, is now on exhibition under canvas on a dock near the Fulton Ferry. On Sunday last an itinerant street preacher, by the name of Jones, was seen with the whale and had charge of the monster, made the body of the fish his platform, and preached to a mixed crowd of street loungers, who could raise an admission fee of ten cents, an original homily on life, present and future, as illustrated by the whale, who was called "the animal the whale." He finished his discourse with the story of Jonah and the whale, using a small boy who was bribed for ten cents to crawl into the mouth of the fish, to prove that inferals who had declared this story, in its original form, altogether too fishy for credence.

He said he had seen the whale in his own home, "And hasn't got his swaller. You see how easy it is for the boy to crawl in and out of his mouth. Imagine when that whale was alive and had his swaller, how easy that boy would have gone down into the whale's belly. Now, when you see him, take up a collection. Through the audience left in haste, without waiting to be convinced by any ambitious pie biting or oyster swallowing novices."

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

Varied Scraps of News and Scandal from Divers Sources.

MICHAEL SHENK, aged 50, a farmer living near Schofield, Pa., was found hanging by the neck in his barn on the 31st. He had taken a large dose of arsenic as a preliminary to the hanging.

A BUFFALO, N. Y., paper has had to make a retraction and pay \$5,000, to appease the wrath of Miss Ketchum, a public school teacher, for whom it had stated as a term of intimacy with Alderman White.

YOUNG Dr. Joseph Holt, of Chaplin, Ky., boarded in the same house with Babe Hunter and his young and pretty wife. She delighted in flirting with the Doctor when he let out on mouth he made what was regarded as a shocking proposal to her. Then she told her husband and on the 1st, he lay in wait behind a stone wall near the house and shot the amorous doctor through the head, killing him instantly.

CHAS. ATHENS, a showman of Decatur, Ill., who has been suffering from what the doctors call a hardening of the arteries of the heart, died on the 27th, and was laid out by an undertaker. After lying in his coffin two days he sat up in the presence of his watchers, remarked that it was a long time between drinks, got off his shroud, donned his clothes and went to his favorite saloon for an all around for the boys. His trance seemed to have cured his disease for now he is in perfect health.

A TERRIBLE snow slide occurred at Genoa, Nev., on the 18th ult. Tons of snow and ice rushed down the mountain side in quick carrying away a dozen houses with their occupants. When the snow was blown off the ruins a man named Minter and his wife were found dead in their bed half a mile from the site of their house whether they had been carried by the avalanche. Seven families who had taken refuge in a large government building had disappeared altogether and no trace of the building is to be found.

A YOUNG man named George Henningshous, who carries the mail between Bullion and Haly, Idaho, had a thrilling adventure on the 8th ult. Mounted on a snow shoe he set out on his morning journey but lost his way in the heavy drifts and when night came on found himself bewildered on a high mountain ridge. He thought of resting until morning, when he was suddenly snored into activity by the howls of wolves and a whole pack came down on him. He rushed off but they came up with their howls and he saw his snow shoe throw him on his face. In his fall the mail bag was flung some distance away and the wolves went for it savagely, tearing it to pieces. Then he got on his feet and reckless of consequences started to slide down the mountain side into the valley. He went at a tremendous rate and the wolves came sliding a few rods after him. When he had gotten to the level safety he spun away for the light of a miner's cabin and rushed in the door fainting. The wolves were disappointed and a few firebrands flung among them dispersed the pack.

LAW PRACTICE IN LEADVILLE.

A Lawyer Argues a Case With a Policeman and Shoots Him Dead.

[With Portrait.]
 Samuel C. Townsend, whose portrait we give in this issue, was up to the 28th ult., one of the most popular officers in Leadville, Col., where, to say the least, "a policeman's lot is not a happy one." On the date named he was shot and killed by a young lawyer named Early. The case was a simple one and the lawyer over a minor case in one of the police courts in which Early had appeared for a prisoner. From this the men got to casting reflections on each other's morality at every meeting, and during one of these meetings Townsend was so annoyed by the alleged canine ancestry formed the burden of the arguments, Early lost his temper, cooked his revolver in his overcoat pocket and fired it without drawing it. A mob besieged a store where the detectives had taken refuge and the prisoners were taken to the jail from cellar to garret. The murderer escaped lynching by getting into the coal bin and covering himself with coal. Townsend was 30 years of age, was born in Vermont, and had a varied experience in the west. He was Sheriff of Rio Grande County, Colorado, two years and had also been Sheriff of the same county at Alamosa, Colorado, one year. There is no certainty that Early will not be lynched yet, as the feeling is very bitter against him.

SAINTS WHO DARED.

MODEL Citizens Who Have Played their Friends and the World for Suckers.

THE Rev. James W. Hall, the minister of the Zion colored, Methodist church of New York, on Sundays, and a brother of the late Mrs. Hall, died on the 1st last week at the residence of his wife, who said he did not support her in the style due to a person's wife. He proved that the boot was on the other leg. He provided the food, paid the rent, wore the sermons, shaved the customers, cooked the meals and did the housework while she was out of the job. He charged her by saying that he was trying to make a new fashioned parson's himself spending his money on fast living with queer women and making pastoral visits when his male parishioners were away and carrying his expenses out of the way of the church. He had been christened for the past two years have resembled him. The case is a veritable colored *cause celebre* and is expected to result in several divorce suits in fashionable colored circles.

ROMANCE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

LILLIAN Russell, Tony Pastor's Prima Donna, Roughly Handled by the Gossips.

Miss Lillian Russell failed to appear at the final rehearsals of the "Mascotte" at Tony Pastor's theatre, N. Y., on the 6th inst, and immediately a rumor was spread by her devotees that she had been snatched and jumped with the aid of a shot gun. As to where she landed there are no authentic affidavits at hand.

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plunging himself for some time as the escort of Alice Purville of D'Oyley Carte's opera troupe and Miss Veronica Jarman, the former of whom it was said had declined in marrying him. The parents of Mr. Howell Gibson were so shocked from scandalous allegations about these things, they said to have sent a young woman (Miss Burville to secure her emigration here to England. All parties, including the lady, however, denied these allegations in print. The last affair may be dealt in print, but it is said to have taken a promise through Brooklyn with so great a young woman (albeit she has a husband and child) is the greatest compliment to a young man of the culture of young Osborne.

HE FOUND HIM OUT.

Why a New York Sport Doesn't Go to the Theatre and His Wife Does.

[Subject of Illustration.]
 A prominent New York sporting man has just got himself into a pretty tangle through his weakness for the drama. Last season, it seems, he made the acquaintance of a lady well-known in dramatic circles, upon whom he showered favors of a more or less costly nature with a liberal hand. When the company to which she was attached left town, he contrived, from time to time, to meet her at various points, excusing his journeys to his wife upon the plea of business. That estimable lady, albeit, possessed of a jealous and suspicious nature, knew the irregular nature of his business and did not doubt that when he was away she was legitimately employed.

A couple of weeks ago, however, their eyes were opened. The company in which her rival was returned to town and opened at one of our playhouses, where the sport's attention to her was regular and assiduous. One of the members of the company, emissary of the favorite's conquest, wrote to her admirer's wife, warning her of what was going on.

The result was that that lady traced her recent spouse to the theatre the other evening, followed him to his rival's dressing room and was only prevented from creating a scene by the timely intervention of the entire corps of stage carpenters. The sport has not been seen about the theatre since, and his friends say he shuts his eyes whenever he passes the showbill. But his wife occupies a box every evening at the theatre, and she is waiting for the beginning to the end of the performance, enjoying her revenge by keeping herself constantly before her as a reminder of her loss.

WHISPERS OF SCANDAL.

Tender Morsels that Mrs. Grundy and the Teal Gossip Enjoy.

BROTHERS William Hepworth, of the First Baptist Church, of Burlingame, Kansas, arose in the covenant meeting on the evening of the 21st inst., and accepted to reveal some crookedness on the part of certain male and female members, who were the brethren and sisters went for him and fired him in a demoralized condition. They don't want any purification process there.

DAVID McMILLAN, who killed Rev. Father McCarthy last December in Greenfield, Mass., has been charged for murder and acquitted. McMillan was a Protestant, and before his wife married him she had been housekeeper for McCarthy at the parochial residence. He alleges that the priest came between him and his wife and inveigled her away from him. He could not find her for a long time, but at last received a letter from her stating that she was the priest's dwelling and promising McMillan to go to Boston and live with him. She did not keep her promise, so McMillan went from Boston to Greenfield and called at the parochial residence. Father McCarthy and Father Purrell, his assistant, met him at the door and told him to get away, as his wife did not wish to see him. He reported and they both set upon and beat him. He ran and they pursued and knocked him down. He then drew a revolver and shot Father McCarthy dead.

A SKELETON HUNTER.

Ghastly Find of a Couple of Woodmen in the Woods near Akron, O.

[Subject of Illustration.]
 Two farm hands near Akron, O., made a discovery in the woods near that town on the 21st, that has aroused much unavailing inquiry. They were working in the woods when they noticed a hole in the ground on a certain piece of woodland as a grove for picnic parties. The two men were engaged in hauling out the brush and fallen timber. It was found necessary to split up one immense trunk before it could be removed, and the skeleton of a man was revealed. It was there until half covered with earth and decayed leaves.

When the men began to work on it, however, they found it was hollow, and when it was finally split open they were shocked to find the skeleton of a man. The skeleton of a man. The remains were a rusty rifle, a powder flask and the remains of a buckskin hunting dress.

The man had evidently taken refuge in the hollow tree and had there perished, but this must have been many years ago, as the skeleton had decayed to clear out the slightest remembrance of the unfortunate skeleton when he was laden with flesh.

A BIG BUNKO GAME.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS Falls into the Hands of Swindlers and is Fleeced.

Those dreadful bunco men are furnishing a good part of the crooked line to the papers nowadays. Hence the fact that they got hold of poor old Charles Francis Adams' Bank of America check and got out of it with seeing him of all his ready money, got him to endorse three checks for respectively \$17,000, \$20,000 and \$25,000. The old man is a little "off his base," being 70 years old and in poor health. He had \$15,000 in the bank to his credit, when these checks were obtained, the bank officers at once notified Mr. Adams' secretary that his account had been overdrawn. The rogues had calculated that his relatives would pay any sum rather than have an exposure.

They reckoned without their host, however, for the detective work of the bank had arrested one J. S. Morrison on the 10. A. M. train, on the 6th inst, as he was about to leave for New York. He said the money had been won at a gambling game, and he frankly confessed that he did not think Mr. Adams knew what he was doing, but he would not call the checks and get out of the rogues, a man named Norton, is wanted by the police.



A ROW IN THE RING.

AN ELOPING WIFE JOINS A CIRCUS WITH HER LOVER, AND THE SHOW IS RAIDED IN TEXAS BY THE FURIOUS HUSBAND AND HIS COW-BOY FRIENDS, WHO CARRY OFF THE FAIR EQUESTRIENNE.



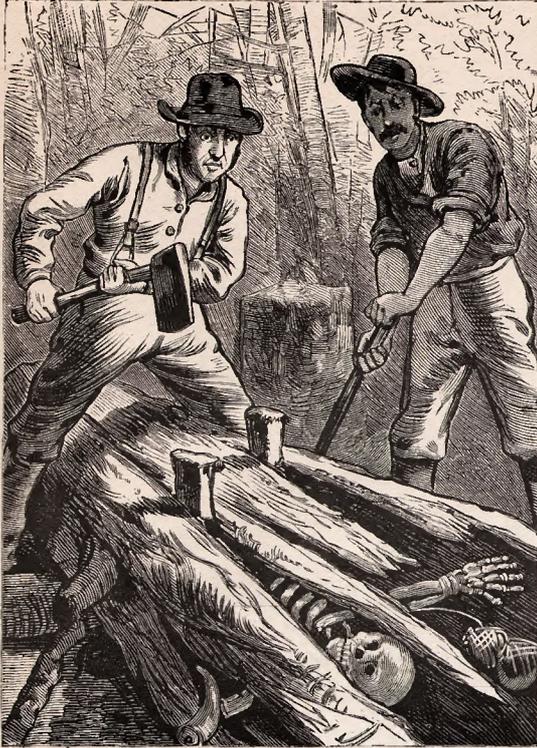
JESSE JAMES, THE BANDIT.

KILLED BY HIS PAL, BOB FORD, ON THE 3D INST., AT ST. JOSEPH, MO.
[From a Portrait taken expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE.]



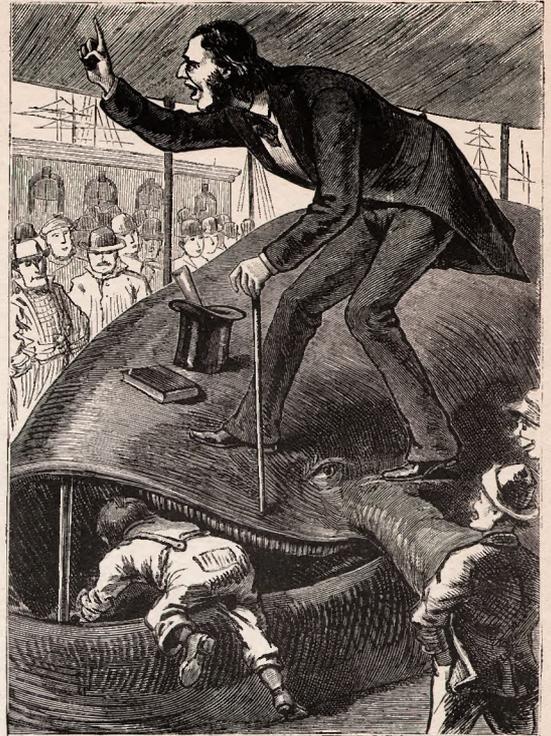
JESSE JAMES' MURDER.

BOB FORD, THE BANDIT'S FRIEND, TREACHEROUSLY SLAYS HIM IN HIS OWN HOUSE, AT ST. JOSEPH, MO.



A SKELETON HUNTER.

TWO FARM HANDS MAKE A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY WHILE SPLITTING A HOLLOW LOG IN THE WOODS NEAR AKBON, O.



A SERMON ON THE WHALE.

A NEW YORK STREET PREACHER ILLUSTRATES AN OLD TEXT ON AN EAST RIVER PIER, ASSISTED BY DARING STREET URCHINS.



MUSIC HAS CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST.

HOW A FAVORITE SERIO-COMIO MADE A CONQUEST OF BARBARIC SUSCEPTIBILITIES AND HELPED THE NOBLE RED MAN TO PUT DOWN THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AT YANKTON, DAKOTA.



MINNIE HAUK.

[Photo by Mora.]

Minnie Hauk.

A New York girl by birth, this charming singer and actress has won fame abroad as well as at home as one of the leading lights of legitimate opera of the present generation. During her recent seasons in this country under Manager Mapleson, Miss Hauk has added no little to her laurels. The quality of her voice, aided by the spirit and intelligence of her dramatic methods, combine to establish her at an enviable eminence in the most exacting of professions which she has chosen for her own. Few prima donnas who have come among



EBEN PLYMPTON.

[Photo by Mora.]

us have gained as many friends, artistically and socially, as this daughter of the metropolis whose name belongs among the distinguished ones of the lyric drama.

Mr. G. N. Moon.

The dangers of holding office in the wild regions of the west and southwest are many, beyond the experience of the office-seekers of more civilized quarters. Lucky is the official who is able to go through his duties there, not only with credit but with life. Such a one, however, is Mr. G. N. Moon, the City Marshal of Silver City, New Mexico. His exploits and hairbreadth escapes would make an interesting romance. One of his principal achievements was the following of a couple of desperadoes through to Arizona and capturing them single-handed, together with the stock they had stolen. Moon is no "slouch" in a fight, and all the lawbreakers know it and give him a wide berth accordingly. One such man is better than a battery of artillery in that wild country.

Eben Plympton.

A Bostonian by birth, this able young actor made his debut upon the stage in California.



G. N. MOON,

DEPUTY SHERIFF OF SILVER CITY, N. M.



OFFICER SAM'L C. TOWNSEND,

MURDERED BY A LAWYER AT LEADVILLE, COL.

whether the pursuit of health had driven him some years ago. He played small parts with success, gradually but steadily advancing until his abilities secured him recognition among the leading men of our stage. His support of Miss Neilson during her last tour of the United States established his position. At present he forms one of the splendid company gathered at the Madison Square Theatre in this city. As an actor Mr. Plympton is justly regarded as one of the most promising of the younger members of his profession, and his future is a bright and promising one.



A DUEL BY TORCHLIGHT.

A DECEIVED HUSBAND PURSUES HIS ELOPING WIFE AND HER LOVER TO THEIR HIDING PLACE IN A CAVE IN NORTHERN ALABAMA, AND ENGAGES IN A DESPERATE FIGHT WITH THE BETRAYER.



ROPED INTO DEFEAT.

HOW A NATATORIAL DAMSEL AIDED HER CHAMPION BY SECRETLY DETAINING HIS ANTAGONIST IN A BOAT RACE AT SAVANNAH, GA.

of the uprising on the 23d ult. of the citizens of Rawlins, Wyoming, against the desperadoes who made the town a sort of headquarters and who were daily growing bolder in their deeds of robbery and lawlessness. A leader among these desperadoes was Captain Jim Lacy, whose portrait we give in this issue, so the vigilantes, unwilling to await the slow processes of the law, hanged him, Bob Red-

An Artful Counterfeiter.

Daniel Rossa, whose portrait we give in this issue, was sentenced on the 20th ult. to six years' hard labor in the Auburn, N. Y., state prison for counterfeiting silver dimes with which for over a year he has been flooding the tills of the small grocery stores in New York and Brooklyn. He was run down through the



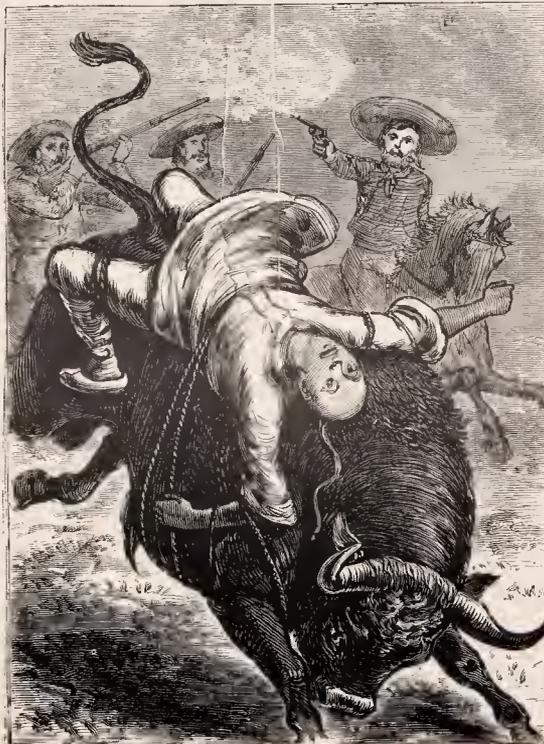
EDWARD PETERS, SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR CHILD-MURDER AT MANSONVILLE, CANADA.

Child Murderers Sentenced.

In November last a seven year old boy who had been adopted by a couple man and wife named Edward and Clara Peters, living at Mansonville, Canada, died under circumstances that led to an investigation. It was found that the child had been tortured, roasted on a red-hot stove, compelled to live in filth and finally starved to death. The boy was a town charge and the murderers were paid for keeping him. When these revelations were made the fiendish couple, whose portraits we give in this issue, escaped over the border to Troy, Vt. but were given up to the Canadians. The trial was finished on the 28th ult. Edward Peters was sentenced to be hanged at Swetsburgh, Canada, on April 28th and his wife goes to the penitentiary for ten years.

Lynched by Vigilantes.

Our readers are acquainted with the details



BULLY FOR AH SIN.

HOW A TEXAS CHINAMAN WAS TREATED TO A FREE RIDE, AND THE EQUESTRIAN EXPLOITS OF THE FEMALE MAZEPPAS OF REAL LIFE.

click and Billy Carter, his pals, to a tree in town and then posted up the names of the suspected parties and had characters, male and female, whom they wished to leave. In twenty-four hours not one of the persons named remained and now Rawlins is purified, is a decent, law-abiding place fit for respectable people to live in.

Intelligence of the secret service officers under the personal direction of Mr. Drummond. When brought up in the U. S. Circuit Court Judge Benedict recognized the prisoner as an old offender who had been tried on a charge of counterfeiting seventeen years ago. He was then arrested with Ulrich, the counterfeiter, and several others who carried on their



MRS. CLARA PETERS, IMPRISONED FOR CHILD-MURDER, OF MANSONVILLE, CANADA.

work in a little house in a clump of woods at New Utrecht, L. I. Thirty thousand dollars worth of fractional currency was captured with the prisoners at the time, including Rossa's son whose duty it was to roam the woods in a hunting rig and with a shot gun, pretending to be outshooting birds. When anyone approached the house he would discharge the gun to give the inmates warning. Rossa served a term of several years for this offence but as soon as he got out went at the work again. His counterfeiters were passed about in the court room and every one of twenty persons who examined them declared they were genuine. The New York grocers and small shopkeepers have cause to be jubilant that Drummond has relieved their profit and loss account of this incubus.

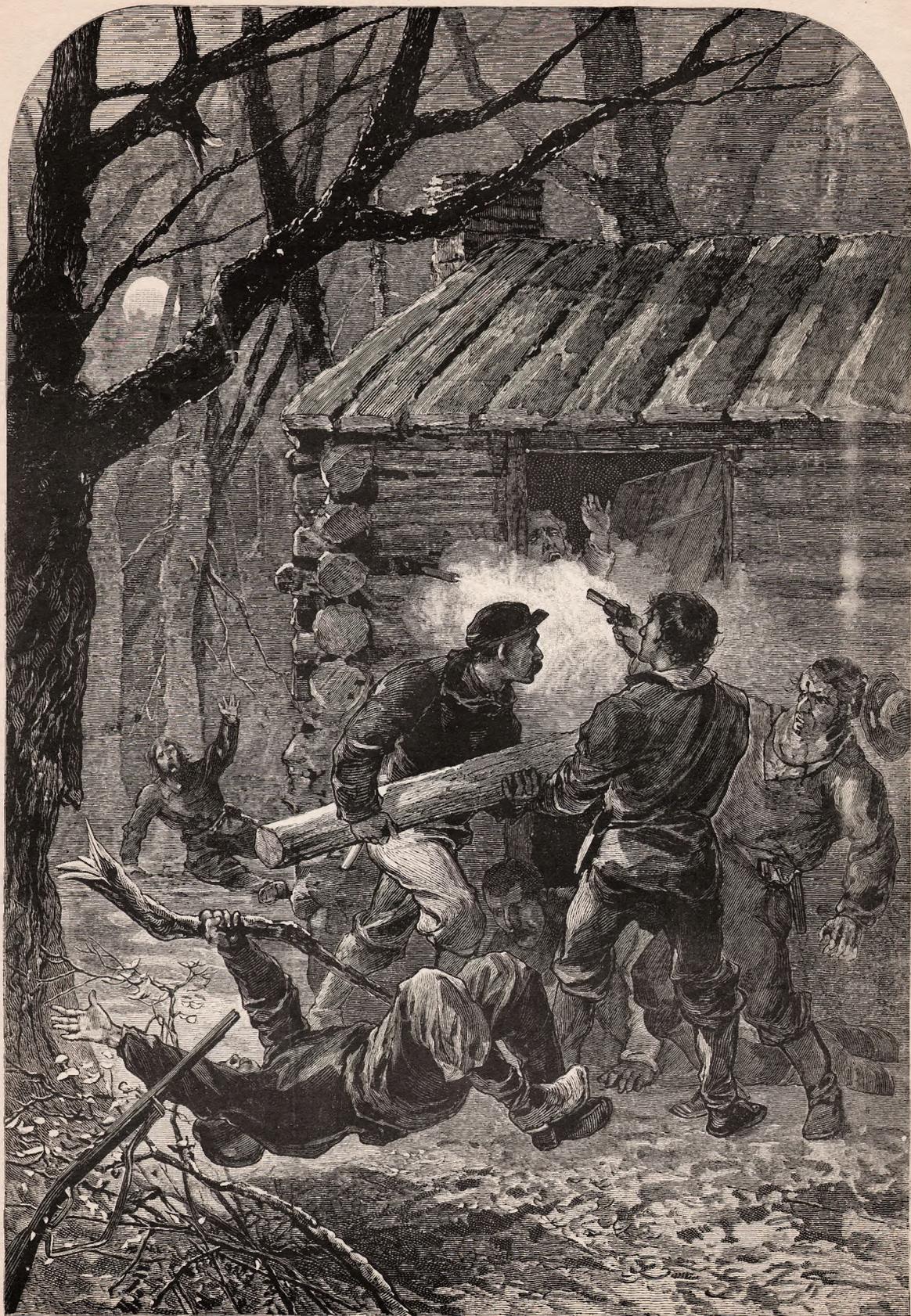
IDA SMITH, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, couldn't stand a reproof from her mother and took arsenic.



CAPT. JIM LACY, HANGED BY A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT RAWLINS, WYOMING.



DANIEL ROSSA, AN ADEPT COUNTERFEITER, CAPTURED IN BROOKLYN, L. I.



BATTLE WITH A BANDIT.

THE LAST AND MOST FURIOUS FIGHT OF JESSE JAMES AND THE YOUNGER BROTHERS, BROUGHT TO BAY AT ONE OF THEIR MISSOURI FOREST HAUNTS BY A STRONG FORCE OF SHERIFF'S OFFICERS.

A JILTED DREG'S REVENGE.

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RICHARD H. FOX,
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FREE FIGHT IN A COTTON MILL.

ANNISTON, ALA., FACTORY GIRLS JOIN SIDES IN A RIOT IN WHICH MISS BROWN IS FATALLY INJURED.