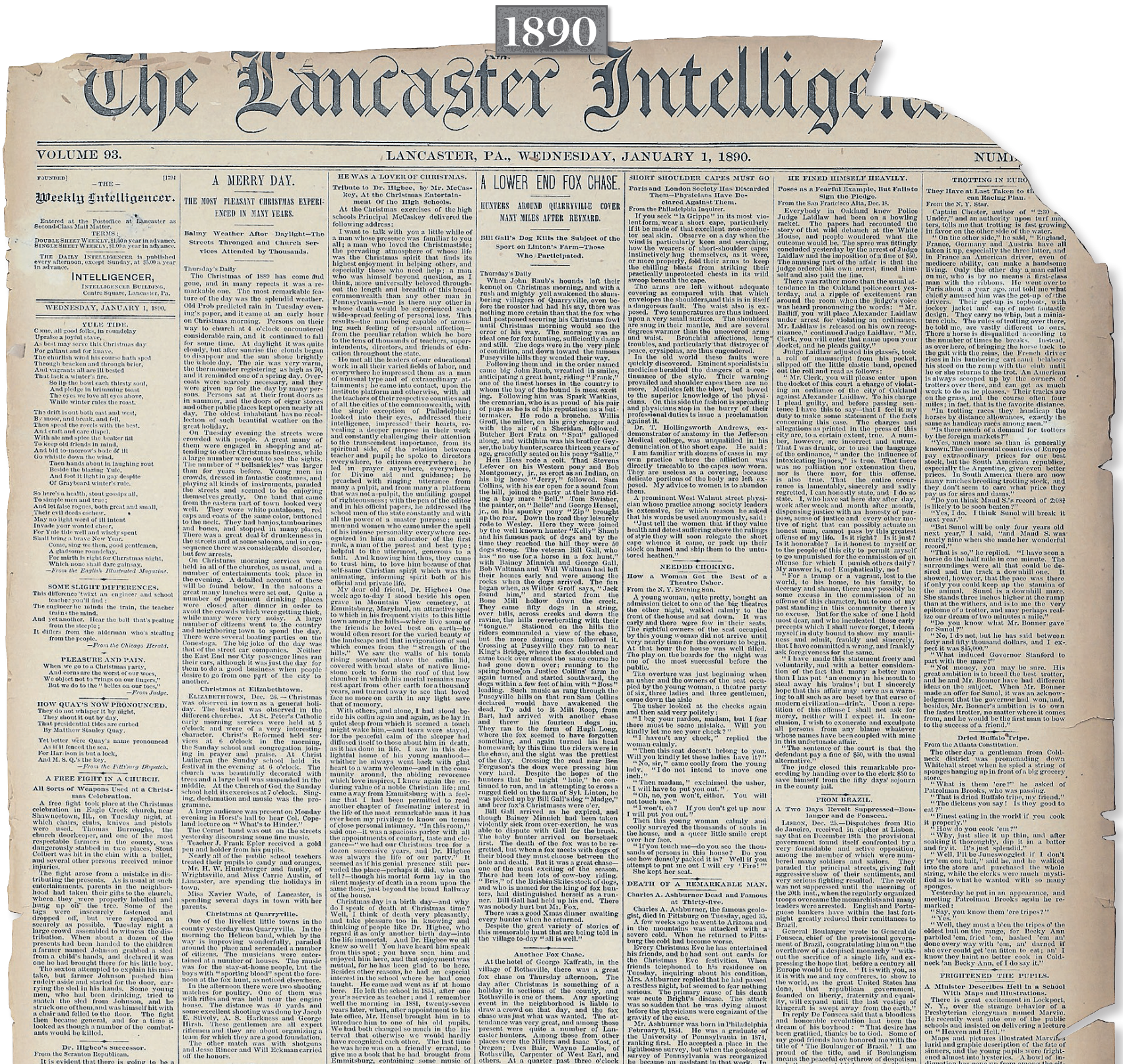
To celebrate 225 years of Lancaster newspapers, we present this weekly series of 52 front pages from throughout our history. Many feature events that would shape the course of world history. Some feature events of great local importance. Still others simply provide windows into the long-ago lives of Lancaster County residents. Make sure to check in every week, and enjoy this trip through time with LNP.

1890



The Lancaster Intelligencer

VOLUME 93. LANCASTER, PA. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1890. NUMB

[FOUNDED] —THE— [1794]

Weekly Intelligencer.

Entered at the Postoffice at Lancaster as Second-Class Mail Matter.

TERMS;

DOUBLE SHEET WEEKLY, $1.50 a year in advance. SINGLE SHEET WEEKLY, $1.00 a year in advance.

THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER is published every afternoon, except Sunday, at $5.00 a year in advance.

INTELLIGENCER,

INTELLIGENCER BUILDING, Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1890.

YULE TIDE.

Come, all good folks, in roundelay
Upraise a joyful stave,
As best may serve this Christmas day
For gallant and for slave.
The churlish wind his course hath spent
Through bracken and through brier,
And vagrants all are ill housed
That lack a winter's fire.

So lip the bowl each thirsty soul,
And pledge in brimming toast
The eyes we love all eyes above,
While winter rules the roast.

The drift is out both east and west,
Be moor, and break, and fell,
Then speed the revels with the best,
And craft and care dispel.
With ale and spice the healer fill
To keep old friends in mind,
And bid to-morrow's bode of ill
Go whistle down the wind.

Then hands about in laughing rout
Beside the blazing Yule,
And foot it light in gay despite
Of Graybeard winter's rule.

So here's a health, stout gossips all,
To simple men and true;
And let false rogues, both great and small,
Their evil deeds eschew.
May no light word of ill intent
Invade your wonted cheer,
For Yule tide well and wisely spent
Shall bring a brave New Year.

Come, sing we then, good gentlemen,
A gladsome roundelay,
For mirth is right for Christmas night,
Which none shall dare gainsay.
—*From the English Illustrated Magazine.*

SOME SLIGHT DIFFERENCES.

This difference twixt an engineer and school teacher you'll find:
The engineer he minds the train, the teacher trains the mind.
And yet another. Hear the bell that's pealing from the steeple;
It differs from the alderman who's stealing from the people.
—*From the Chicago Herald.*

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

When we go to a Christmas party,
And corns are the worst of our woes,
We object not to "rings on our fingers,"
But we do to the "belles on our toes."
—*From Judge.*

HOW QUAY'S NOW PRONOUNCED.

They do not whisper it by night,
They shout it out by day.
That presidential tides are curbed
By Matthew Stanley Quay.

Yet better were Quay's name pronounced
As if it faced the sea,
For Harrison is but a lock,
And M. S. Q.'s the key.
—*From the Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A FREE FIGHT IN A CHURCH.

All Sorts of Weapons Used at a Christmas Celebration.

A free fight took place at the Christmas celebration in Eagle Creek church, near Shawneetown, Ill., on Tuesday night, at which clubs, clubs, knives and pistols were used. Thomas Burroughs, the church doorkeeper, and one of the most respectable farmers in the county, was dangerously stabbed in the neck by Simon Colbert was hit in the chin with a bullet, and several other persons received minor injuries.

The fight arose from a mistake in distributing the presents. As is usual at such entertainments, parents in the neighborhood had taken their gifts to the church, where they were properly labelled and hung up on the tree. Some of the tags were insecurely fastened and dropped off, but were replaced as securely as possible. Tuesday night a large crowd assembled to witness the distribution. When about a dozen of the presents had been handed to the children a farmer named Johnson grabbed a doll from a child's hands, and declared it was one he had brought there for his little boy.

The sexton attempted to explain his mistake, but farmer Johnson pushed him rudely aside and started for the door, carrying the sled in his hands. Some young men, who had been drinking, tried to match the sled from Johnson, and he struck one of them, and was himself hit with a chair and felled to the floor. The fight then became general, and for a time it looked as though a number of the combatants would be killed.

Dr. Higbee's successor.

From the Scranton Republican.

It is evident that there is going to be a lively contest for the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Higbee in the office of superintendent of public instruction. The candidates are multiplying and their respective friends are already beginning to look to the governor. A dozen county superintendents are already in the field and the number will be more then doubled within a week if the appointment be not made before the expiration of that time. Perhaps the wisest course for the governor to pursue would be to quietly make a selection on his own account. The office rises so far above mere political considerations that the governor will certainly not listen to the suggestions relative to making an appointment on the ground of party advantage. A thorough educator, a man of practical common sense views, one who is conversant with our public school system, a man of culture, and without a friend of that system, should be called to the office of superintendent of public instruction. The governor knows what qualities are required in the office; if he can lay his hand on the man who comes nearest to the standard, the sooner he appoints him the better and put an end to the growing contest.

A Jealous Husband's Crime.

Further particulars as to the tragedy at Larchwood, Iowa, in which Dr. Abel Munroe shot his wife and then killed himself, go to show that domestic difficulties had caused the pair to separate, the wife keeping the 5-year-old son. An action for divorce was pending, brought by the doctor, who accused his wife of infidelity. On Tuesday Munroe was arrested for threatening to kill a merchant named Milly, who had sued him for debt. After his anger had cooled he was allowed his freedom.

He went to his wife's house, accused her of being untrue, and finally grew angry and told her to "prepare to meet her God." At the same time he drew a revolver and fired, the ball missing her. She ran into the bedroom, where her son was sleeping, and he followed, placed the revolver to her breast, and sent a ball through her lungs. She then ran outdoors, and he fired two more shots without effect.

He watched his wife until she fell and then went back into the house, walked to a looking-glass and, taking a physician's small lance from his pocket, cut a gash over an inch long, severing the jugular vein and dying almost instantly. The wife may recover.

The Dakotas Need Funds.

Governor Melette says that South Dakota will be obliged to close up some of her institutions. The receipts of the state will fall short of the expenses, and there is apparently no other alternative.

In North Dakota, Governor Melette says, the conditions are more favorable. Governor Miller, in his address to the Legislature, estimated the deficiency for the first half at $155,870. Subsequent developments and figures show that the governor underestimated the probable deficiency.

A MERRY DAY.

THE MOST PLEASANT CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCED IN MANY YEARS.

Balmy Weather After Daylight—The Streets Thronged and Church Services Attended by Thousands.

Thursday's Daily

The Christmas of 1889 has come and gone, and in many repects it was a remarkable one. The most remarkable feature of the day was the splendid weather. Old Prob predicted rain in Tuesday evening's paper, and it came at an early hour on Christmas morning. Persons on their way to church at 4 o'clock encountered considerable rain, and it continued to fall for some time. At daylight it was quite cloudy, but after sunrise the clouds began to disappear and the sun shone brightly the whole day. The air was very warm, the thermometer registering as high as 70, and it reminded one of a spring day. Overcoats were scarcely necessary, and they were given up for the day by many persons. Persons sat at their front doors as in summer, and the doors of cigar stores and other public places kept open nearly all day. The oldest inhabitant has no recollection of such beautiful weather on the great holiday.

On Tuesday evening the streets were crowded with people. A great many of them were engaged in shopping and attending to other Christmas business, while a large number were out to see the sights. The number of "bellsnickles" was larger than for years before. Young men in crowds, dressed in fantastic costumes, and playing all kinds of instruments, paraded the streets and seemed to be enjoying themselves greatly. One band that came from the eastern part of town looked very well. They wore white pantaloons, red caps and coats of the same color, buttoned to the neck. They had banjos, tambourines and bones, and stopped in many places. There was a great deal of drunkenness in the streets and at some saloons, and in consequence there was considerable disorder, but few arrests.

On Christmas morning services were held in all of the churches, as usual, and a number of entertainments took place in the evening. A detailed account of these will be found below. In the saloons a great many lunches were set out. Quite a number of prominent drinking places were closed after dinner in order to avoid the crowds which were getting thick, while many were very noisy. A large number of citizens went to the country and neighboring town to spend the day. There were several sleighing parties on the Conestoga. The big joke of the day was that of the street car companies. Neither the East End nor City passenger lines ran their cars, although it was just the day for them to do a good business when people desire to go from one part of the city to another.

Christmas at Elizabethtown.

ELIZABETHTOWN, Dec. 26.—Christmas was observed in town as a general holiday. The festival was observed in the different churches. At St. Peter's Catholic early morning services were held at 5 o'clock and were of a very interesting character. Christ's Reformed held services at 6 o'clock in the morning, the Sunday school and congregation joining in prayer. At St. Luke's Lutheran the Sunday school held its festival in the evening at 6 o'clock. The church was beautifully decorated with trees and a large bell was suspended in the middle. At the Church of God the Sunday school held its festival at 7 o'clock. Singing, declamation and music was the programme.

A large audience was present on Monday evening in Horst's hall to hear Col. Copeland lecture on "What's to Hinder."

The Corner band was out on the streets yesterday discursing some fine music.

Teacher J. Frank Epler received a gold pen and holder from his pupils.

"Early of the public school teachers treated their pupils to candy and oranges.

Mr. H. W. Hunttberger and family, of Lightstreet, Illinois, who have been visiting in Lancaster, are spending the holidays in town.

Miss Xavier Wade, of Lancaster, is spending several days in town with her parents.

Christmas at Quarryville.

One of the liveliest little towns in the county yesterday was Quarryville. In the morning the Helicon band, which by the way is improving wonderfully, paraded around the principal streets serenading a number of citizens. The musicians were entertained at a number of houses. The music was for them a pleasant surprise, but the boys with "sporting blood" spent the forenoon at the fox hunt, as noticed elsewhere.

In the afternoon there were two shooting matches for poultry. One of them was with rifles and was held near the engine house. The distance was 40 yards and some excellent shooting was done by Jacob E. Stively, A. S. Harkness and George Hirsh. These gentlemen are expert riflemen and they are about organizing a team for which they are a good foundation.

The other match was with shotguns and Jesse Bincer and Will Eckman carried off the honors.

Rev. W. J. Johnson Given a Gold Watch.

The Christmas festivities in St. Paul's Reformed church in Manheim were most joyous, and witnessed by an audience which crowded the church. The music was of a high order, accompanied by organ, the Sunday school piano and an orchestra made up as follows: Cornetists, John Bear and Frank Longenecker; E flat clarinet, clarionettists, Harry Harnish and John Shiffer; violinists, Ivan Whittle and Alvin Dunmyer; 'cello, Harry Gingrich conducted the music. The exercises opened with the "Adeste Fideles," by Novello, accompanied by the orchestra. This magnificent musical composition was admirably rendered, Mrs. H. B. Musselman singing the soprano solo. The duet of Mrs. H. H. Hershey and Miss Elizabeth Musselman, the solo by Miss Ida A. Kline were sung in excellent voice, and the singing of the school was the best we have heard. A number of little girls recited Christmas poems and the pastor delivered an address. Immediately after the presentation of the address by Pastor Warren J. Johnson, Superintendent H. C. Boyd, who had the service in charge, called for three cheers and congratulated the pastor on the eloquent address just delivered, and then called upon Elder Abram Eshleman to follow. In a beautiful speech he presented the pastor with a handsome Waltham gold watch, richly engraved, as a token of the esteem of the congregation and friends. The surprise of the pastor was complete, but he responded feelingly. Deacon H. C. Stauffer then, on the part of the congregation presented Mrs. Johnson with a magnificent cherry music rack, handsomely carved. The adult class, headed by Mr. F. F. Hostetter, presented their teacher, Mr. H. S. Danner, with a silk umbrella with a silver handle, with the name of the teacher engraved thereon. Mr. H. B. Leber, for the Bible class, presented Mr. M. A. Kline, their teacher, with a dozen fine initial linen handkerchiefs. The pastor was also the recipient of a magnificent solid walnut book case with French veneered ornamentation, from an admirer. All the presentation speeches were marked by spice and warmth of feeling. All the scholars received gifts. The decorations of laurel were elaborate, a beautiful star, illuminated by a brilliant gas jet, hung from the recess arch.

Henry W. Grady Buried.

The funeral of Henry W. Grady took place Wednesday afternoon from the First Methodist church in Atlanta. Five ministers participated in the services, and the funeral procession was the largest ever seen in that city. From early in the morning the body was viewed in the church by thousands of people.

A meeting of young men was held on Tuesday, in Atlanta, at which the sum of $5,000 was subscribed towards the erection of a monument to Henry W. Grady. They issued an address to all admirers of the deceased editor throughout the country asking contributions for the purpose.

HE WAS A LOVER OF CHRISTMAS.

Tribute to Dr. Higbee, by Mr. McCaskey, At the Christmas Entertainment Of the High Schools.

At the Christmas exercises of the high schools Principal McCaskey delivered the following address:

I want to talk with you a little while of a man whose presence was familiar to you all; a man who loved the Christmastide; the pervading atmosphere of whose life was like Christmas; spirit that finds its highest enjoyment in helping others, and especially those who need help; a man who was himself beyond question, as I think, more universally beloved throughout the length and breadth of this broad commonwealth than any other man in Pennsylvania—nor is there any other in whose death would be experienced such wide-spread feeling of personal loss. This results—the man being capable of arousing such feeling of personal affection—from the peculiar relation which he bore to the tens of thousands of teachers, superintendents, directors, and friends of education throughout the state.

He met all the leaders of our educational work in all their varied fields of labor, and everywhere he impressed them as a man of unusual type and of extraordinary attainments; he came into contact, upon the institute platform and otherwise, with all the teachers of their respective counties and of all the offices of the commonwealth, with the single exception of Philadelphia; looked into their eyes, addressed their intelligence, impressed their hearts, revealing a deeper purpose in their work and constantly challenging their attention to the transcendent importance, from its spiritual side, of the relation between teacher and pupil; he spoke to directors everywhere, to citizens everywhere; he led in prayer anywhere, everywhere, for Divine aid and guidance; he preached with ringing utterance from many a pulpit, and from many a platform that was not a pulpit, the unfailing gospel of righteousness; with the pen of the editor and in his official papers, he addressed the school men of the state constantly and with all the power of a master purpose; until men and women who came under the spell of his intense personality everywhere recognized in him an educator of the first rank, a man of the purest and best type; helpful to the uttermost, generous to a fault. And knowing him thus, they came to trust him, to love him because of that self-same Christian spirit which was the animating, informing spirit both of his official and private life.

My dear old friend, Dr. Higbee! One week ago to-day I stood beside his open grave in Mountain View cemetery, at Emmitsburg, Maryland, an attractive spot to which in his frequent visits to this little town among the hills—where live some of the friends he loved best on earth—he would often resort for the varied beauty of the landscape and that invigoration of soul which comes from the "strength of the hills." We saw the walls of his tomb rising somewhat above the coffin lid, covered with broad slabs of native limestone rock to be the roof of that last chamber in which his mortal remains may rest apart from other earth for a thousand years, and turned away to see that loved face no more on earth in any light save that of memory.

With others, and alone, I had stood beside his coffin again and again, as he lay in quiet sleep from which it seemed a touch might wake him,—and tears were stayed, for the peaceful calm of the sleeper had diffused itself to those about him in death, as it has done in life. I saw in this delightful home of his young manhood whither he always went back with glad heart to a warm welcome—and in the community around, the deeds of charity which love inspires, I knew again the energetic, prompt, and in attempting to cross a rugged field on the road from Emmitsburg to Littlestown, by Bill Gall's dog "Madge," and brer fox's Christmas were o'er.

Bill Gall arrived as he usual does, and though Rainey Minnich had been taken violently sick from over-exertion, he was able to dispatch Bill Gall for the brush. The baby hunter arrived on horseback first. The death of the fox was to be regretted, but when a fox meets with dogs of their breed they must choose quickly the hole and death. But it was a great chase—one of the most exciting of the season. Rare sport. Bill Gall's hounds "Jim" ridling, "Bris," of the Brisbin Skiles stock of dogs, and who is named for the king of fox hunters, had distinguished themselves in a runner. Bill Gall had held up his end. There was nobody hurt but Mr. Fox.

There was a good Xmas dinner awaiting every hunter when he returned.

Despite the great variety of stories of this memorable hunt that are being told in the village to-day "all is well."

Another Fox Chase.

At the hotel of George Kaffrath, in the village of Rothsville, there was a great fox chase on Thanksgiving morning. The day after Christmas is something of a holiday in sections of the county, and Rothsville is one of them. Any sporting event in the neighborhood is bound to draw a crowd on that day, and the fox chase was just what was wanted. The attendance was not as large as usual, those present were quite a number of Lancaster hunters. Among those from other places were Dr. Jacob Cassel, West of Oregon; Ives Bair, Wayne Landis, of Rothsville, Carpenter of West Earl, and others. At a quarter to ten o'clock the fox was dropped, and shortly afterwards a pack of fifty dogs were put upon its trail. He ran in a direction of Brownstown, near which place he was caught after a rather exciting chase.

To-morrow Andy Hershey, a well known hunter, of Rothsville, will drop a fox and have a private chase.

A NATIVE OF LANCASTER COUNTY.

The Proprietor of the Idlewild Hotel, Pittsburg, Dies Suddenly.

Mr. W. J. Sickles, the proprietor of the Idlewild Cottage hotel, Pittsburg, died suddenly on Wednesday evening at his home. While sitting in a chair about 6:30 he was attacked with paralysis of the heart and expired almost instantly.

Mr. Sickles was born in Lancaster county, Pa., in 1820, and therefore was 60 years old. In 1849 he crossed the mountains on foot and horseback, going to Pittsburg, where he settled. At that time he was a practicing veterinary surgeon. Soon after reaching there he opened a livery stable on Fourth avenue, where the Duquesne Incline now stands. This stable he conducted for a number of years, afterwards selling out and opening a place on Liberty avenue. During the time he was conducting these two stables he was also engaged in the business and became the owner of Wood street. He also operated coal mines and building stone quarries to some extent.

He leaves a family of three sons, the latter being Dr. Chevalier Q. Jackson, of Sixth avenue; Mr. M. Standford Jackson, manager of the Idlewild hotel, and Shirles Q. Jackson, who has just finished at the Jefferson Medical college, of Philadelphia, where he has been taking a medical course.

The Influenza Fatal.

Thursday's Daily

The public health authorities of Berlin report a great increase in the number of cases of pneumonia and complications of the disease, with an increase in the death rate. The fatal effects are produced by complications of pneumonia and laryngitis.

The Paris Academy of Medicine discussed influenza, and the speakers concurred in the opinion that the disease is not harmless, and in case of relapse the consequences are very serious. Dr. Jermain Lee said that the patients were very apt to have pneumonia or bronchitis in fatal forms. A dispatch from Vienna says that many persons in the hospital who had been suffering from influenza were stricken with inflammation of the lungs and died. Others have died. In Brunswick it has assumed a malignant type, and there have been many deaths. Dispatches from all over Europe show that the malady is increasing.

Dr. Lyte Suggested.

The Pottsville *Miners' Journal* names Professor E. O. Lyte, superintendent of the Millersville State Normal school, as a suitable successor to the late Dr. Higbee.

A LOWER END FOX CHASE.

HUNTERS AROUND QUARRYVILLE COVER MANY MILES AFTER REYNARD.

Bill Gall's Dog Kills the Subject of the Sport on Linton's Farm—Those Who Participated.

Thursday's Daily

When John Raub's hounds left their kennel on Christmas morning, and with a rush and mighty yell awakened the slumbering villagers of Quarryville, even before the rooster had had his say, there was nothing more certain than that the fox who had postponed securing his Christmas fowl until Christmas morning would see the error of his way. The morning was an ideal one for fox hunting, sufficiently damp and still. The dogs were in the very pink of condition, and down toward the famous Pusseyville hills they wended their way.

Following them and in the order named came big John Raub, wreathed in smiles, anticipating a great hunt, riding "Frank," one of the finest horses in the country to whom the bay of the hound is most exciting. Following him was Spark Watkins, the cremarian, who is as proud of his pair of pups as he is of his reputation as a bartermaker. He rode a bronco. Willis Groff, the miller, on his gray charger and with the air of a Sheridan, followed. Butcher Bert Fratz on "Spat" galloped along, and withjhim was his brother Geyser, the baby hunter, scarce thirteen years of age, gracefully seated on his pony "Sallie."

Ben Hess rode a colt. Thad Stevens Lefever on his Western pony and Bob Montgomery, jr., as erect as an Indian, on his big horse "Jerry," followed. Sam Collins, with his car open for a sound from the hill, joined the party at lane riding a bay mare "Bell." Tom Swisher, the painter, on "Belle" and George Hensel, jr., on his spunky pony "Zip" brought up the rear. Down the road they leisurely rode to Wesley. Here they were joined by the well known hunter "Kelly" Shaub and his famous pack of dogs and by the time they reached the hill they were 50 dogs strong. The veteran Bill Gall, who has "no use for a horse in a fox hunt," with Rainey Minnich and George Gall, Bob Waltman and Will Waltman had left their homes early and were among the rocks when the dogs arrived. The fun began when, as Wilber Groff says, "Jack found him," and started from the Bone Mill hollow down the creek. They came fifty dogs in a string, over hills, across creeks and down the ravine, the hills reverberating with their tongues. Over fences and gates the riders commanded a view of the chase, but the more daring ones followed it. Passing on from Pusey's hill to Linton's King's Bridge, where the fox doubled and came back over almost the same course he had gone over a few minutes ago to the spring house on Justice Collins' farm he again turned and started southward, the dogs within a few rods of him with "Bose" leading. Such music as sung through the Pusseyville hills on that run Sam Collins declared "would have awakened the dead. To add to it Milt Reop, from Bart, had arrived with another chase and threw his fourteen dogs in. They came to the farm house of Hugh Long, where the fox seemed to have forgotten something, and again turned his head homeward, by this time the riders were in the chase, and the sight was the prettiest of the day. Crossing the road near Ben Ferguson's the dogs were pressing him very hard. Some of the riders of the hunters that he might "hole," he continued to run, and in attempting to cross a rugged field on the farm of Cyrus Linton, he was picked up by Bill Gall's dog "Madge," and brer fox's Christmas were o'er.

Bill Gall arrived as he usual does, and though Rainey Minnich had been taken violently sick from over-exertion, he was able to dispatch Bill Gall for the brush. The baby hunter arrived on horseback first. The death of the fox was to be regretted, but when a fox meets with dogs of their breed they must choose quickly the hole and death. But it was a great chase—one of the most exciting of the season. Rare sport. Bill Gall's hounds "Jim" ridling, "Bris," of the Brisbin Skiles stock of dogs, and who is named for the king of fox hunters, had distinguished themselves in a runner. Bill Gall had held up his end. There was nobody hurt but Mr. Fox.

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SHORT SHOULDER CAPES MUST GO

Paris and London Society Has Discarded Them—Physicians Have Decreed Against Them.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

If you seek "la Grippe" in its most violent form, wear a short cape, particularly if it be made of that excellent non-conductor seal skin. Observe on a day when the wind is particularly keen and searching, how the wearers of short-shoulder capes instinctively hug themselves, as it were, or more properly, fold their arms to keep the chilling blasts from striking their practically unprotected chests in its wild sweep beneath the cape.

The arms are left without adequate covering as compared with that which envelopes the shoulders, and this is in itself a dangerous fault. The waist also is exposed. Two temperatures are thus induced upon a very small surface. The shoulders are snug in their mantle, and are several degrees warmer than the uncovered arms and waist. Bronchial affections, lung troubles, and particularly that distroyer of peace, crysipelas, are thus engendered.

In the old world these faults were quickly discovered. Eminent specialists in medicine heralded the dangers of a continuance of the style. Their warning prevailed and shoulder capes there are no more. Modistes felt the blow, but bowed to the superior knowledge of the physicians. On this side the fashion is spreading and physicians stop in the hurry of their professional duties to issue a proclamation against it.

Dr. T. Hollingsworth Andrews, ex-demonstrator of anatomy in the Jefferson Medical college, was unqualified in his denunciation of the short cape. He said:

I am familiar with dozens of cases in my own practice where the affliction was directly traceable to the capes now worn. They are useless as a covering, because it also true. That the entire occurrence is lamentably, sincerely and sadly regretted, I can honestly state, and I do so state. I, who have sat here day after day, week after week and month after month, dispensing justice with an honesty of purpose, sense of justice and every other motive of right that can possibly actuate an honest man, cannot pass by this greatest offense of my life. Is it right? Is it just? Is it honorable? Is it honest to myself or to the people of this city to permit myself to go unpunished for the commission of an offense for which I punish others daily? My answer is, no! Emphatically, no!

"For a tramp or a vagrant, lost to the world, to his home, to his family, to decency and shame, there may possibly be some excuse in the commission of an offense of this character, but to one of my past standing in this community there is no excuse. But for the sake of one I hold most dear, and who inculcated those early precepts which I have endeavored to follow, myself in duty bound to show my manliness and admit, frankly and sincerely, that I do not offer any excuse, and frankly ask forgiveness for the same.

"I have made this statement freely and voluntarily, and with a better consideration of the fact that many a better man than I has put 'an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains'; but I sincerely hope that this affair may serve as a warning to all such as are beset by that curse of modern civilization—drink. Upon a repetition of this offense I shall not ask for mercy, neither will I expect it. In conclusion, I wish to exonerate and exculpate all persons from any blame whatever whose names have been coupled with mine in this unfortunate affair.

"The sentence of the court is that the defendant pay a fine of $50, with the usual alternative."

The judge closed this remarkable proceeding by handing over to the clerk $50 to save himself from the fifty days' sojourn in the county jail.

FROM BRAZIL.

A Two Days Revolt Suppressed—Boulanger and de Fonseca.

LISBON, Dec. 25.—Dispatches from Rio de Janeiro, received in cipher at Lisbon, say that on December 18th the provisional government found itself confronted by a very formidable and active opposition among the member of which were numbered many soldiers and sailors. They paraded the principal streets, giving full aggressive vent to their sentiments, and very serious fighting resulted. The revolt was not suppressed until the morning of the 20th inst., when the regular organized troops overcame the monarchists and many leaders were arrested. English and Portuguese bankers have within the last fortnight greatly reduced their remittances to Brazil.

General Boulanger wrote to General de Fonseca, chief of the provisional government of Brazil, congratulating him on "the overthrow of the hypocrisy and tyranny" without the sacrifice of a single life, and expressing the hope that before a century all Europe would be free. "It is with you, as it is with me and my conferees, to show to the world, as the great United States has done, that republican government, founded on liberty, justice and equality, will expand until the last vestige of kingcraft is swept away from the earth."

In reply it was stated that the revolt and immediate revolution had been the dream of his boyhood: "That desire has been realized, thanks to God, the hero of my good friends have honored me with the title of 'The Boulanger of Brazil.' I am proud of the title, and if Boulangism means the peaceful overthrow of despotism and the firm establishment of liberty, equality, fraternity and prosperity, I cry aloud, with all my heart, 'Long live Boulanger!'"

COMMONER KAVANAGH DEAD.

Wonderfully Brilliant Career of a Man Born Without Hands or Legs.

Mr. Kavanagh, formerly a representative of Carlow, in the British House of Commons, is dead.

Arthur McMurrough Kavanagh, whose death is announced, was born in Ireland in 1831. He was a member of a wealthy family, but his lack of arms and legs and other physical deformities rendered him an object of aversion to his own immediate relatives. His father died and on his bed died, leaving him to the control of two elder brothers, who are said to have secluded him at their country home from the sight of mankind.

After he had reached manhood both his brothers died, and he came into absolute control of a very large landed estate. He then emerged from his library, a man of rare cultivation and brilliant attainments. He was married to his cousin, a fine looking woman, and became the father of a family of bright and handsome children, one of whom, a daughter, was recently married. Mr. Kavanagh also achieved a reputation as a hunter, and rode after the hounds with the greatest energy and daring, using a peculiar saddle of his own invention.

Over thirty years ago Mr. Kavanagh entered upon public life, becoming a county magistrate at the start, high sheriff for Kilkenny county in 1855, and for County Carlow in 1857. In 1861 he returned to the House of Commons for the borough of Wexford as a Conservative, being returned for Carlow in 1868, and for the same county again in 1874.

Grammar Applied.

From the Boston Transcript.

In a recent grammar examination, in one of our Boston schools, a class was required to write a sentence containing a noun in the objective case. One of the boys wrote the following sentence:

"The cow does not like to be licked."

"What noun is in the objective case?" asked the teacher.

"Cow!" said the boy.

"Why is 'cow' in the objective case?"

"Because the cow objects to being licked!"

A Rich Farmer Ends His Life.

Anson Doney, a well-to-do farmer, aged 72 years, committed suicide near Southampton, N. Y., on Wednesday, because he was afraid of going to the poor house. In old Carlow in his dollar were found six thousand dollars in gold and one thousand dollars in bills.

A Good Resolution.

From the Reading Times.

I will not look upon the wine when it is glowing red,
So may my evening hat till look upon my morning bed!

HE FINED HIMSELF HEAVILY.

Poses as a Fearful Example, But Fails to Sign the Pledge.

From the San Francisco Alta, Dec. 18.

Everybody in Oakland knew Police Judge Laidlaw had been on a howling racket. The papers had recounted the story of that wild debauch at the White House, and people wondered what the outcome would be. The spree was fittingly concluded yesterday by the arrest of Judge Laidlaw and the imposition of a fine of $50. The amusing part of the affair is that the judge ordered his own arrest, fined himself and also paid the fine.

There was rather more than the usual attendance in the Oakland police court yesterday, and a ripple of excitement ran around the room when the judge's voice was heard pronouncing the words: "Mr. Bailiff, you will place Alexander Laidlaw under arrest for violating an ordinance. Mr. Laidlaw is released on his own recognizance," continued Judge Laidlaw. "Mr. Clerk, you will enter that name upon your docket, and he pleads guilty."

Judge Laidlaw adjusted his glasses, took a roll of manuscript from his pocket, slipped off the little elastic band, opened out the roll and read as follows:

"Mr. Clerk, you will please enter upon the docket of this court a charge of violating an ordinance of the city of Oakland against Alexander Laidlaw. To his charge I plead guilty, and before passing sentence I have this to say—that I feel it my duty to make some statement of the facts concerning this case. The charges and allegations as printed in the press of this city are, in a certain extent, true. A number, however, are incorrect and untrue. That I was drunk, or to use the language of the ordinance, "under the influence of intoxicating liquors," is true. That there was no palliation nor extenuation then, nor is there now, for this offense. is also true. That the entire occurrence is lamentably, sincerely and sadly regretted, I can honestly state, and I do so state. I, who have sat here day after day, week after week and month after month, dispensing justice with an honesty of purpose, sense of justice and every other motive of right that can possibly actuate an honest man, cannot pass by this greatest offense of my life. Is it right? Is it just? Is it honorable? Is it honest to myself or to the people of this city to permit myself to go unpunished for the commission of an offense for which I punish others daily? My answer is, no! Emphatically, no!

"For a tramp or a vagrant, lost to the world, to his home, to his family, to decency and shame, there may possibly be some excuse in the commission of an offense of this character, but to one of my past standing in this community there is no excuse. But for the sake of one I hold most dear, and who inculcated those early precepts which I have endeavored to follow, myself in duty bound to show my manliness and admit, frankly and sincerely, that I do not offer any excuse, and frankly ask forgiveness for the same.

"I have made this statement freely and voluntarily, and with a better consideration of the fact that many a better man than I has put 'an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains'; but I sincerely hope that this affair may serve as a warning to all such as are beset by that curse of modern civilization—drink. Upon a repetition of this offense I shall not ask for mercy, neither will I expect it. In conclusion, I wish to exonerate and exculpate all persons from any blame whatever whose names have been coupled with mine in this unfortunate affair.

"The sentence of the court is that the defendant pay a fine of $50, with the usual alternative."

The judge closed this remarkable proceeding by handing over to the clerk $50 to save himself from the fifty days' sojourn in the county jail.

FROM BRAZIL.

A Two Days Revolt Suppressed—Boulanger and de Fonseca.

LISBON, Dec. 25.—Dispatches from Rio de Janeiro, received in cipher at Lisbon, say that on December 18th the provisional government found itself confronted by a very formidable and active opposition among the member of which were numbered many soldiers and sailors. They paraded the principal streets, giving full aggressive vent to their sentiments, and very serious fighting resulted. The revolt was not suppressed until the morning of the 20th inst., when the regular organized troops overcame the monarchists and many leaders were arrested. English and Portuguese bankers have within the last fortnight greatly reduced their remittances to Brazil.

General Boulanger wrote to General de Fonseca, chief of the provisional government of Brazil, congratulating him on "the overthrow of the hypocrisy and tyranny" without the sacrifice of a single life, and expressing the hope that before a century all Europe would be free. "It is with you, as it is with me and my conferees, to show to the world, as the great United States has done, that republican government, founded on liberty, justice and equality, will expand until the last vestige of kingcraft is swept away from the earth."

In reply it was stated that the revolt and immediate revolution had been the dream of his boyhood: "That desire has been realized, thanks to God, the hero of my good friends have honored me with the title of 'The Boulanger of Brazil.' I am proud of the title, and if Boulangism means the peaceful overthrow of despotism and the firm establishment of liberty, equality, fraternity and prosperity, I cry aloud, with all my heart, 'Long live Boulanger!'"

TROTTING IN EURO

They Have at Last Taken to th can Racing Plan.

From the N. Y. Star.

Captain Chester, author of "2:30 Under," and an authority upon turf matters, tells me that trotting is fast growing in favor on the other side of the water.

"On the other side," he said, "England, France, Germany and Austria have all taken it up, especially the three latter, and in France an American driver, even of mediocre ability, can make a handsome living. Only the other day a man called on me, who is by no means a first-class man with the ribbons. He went over to Paris about a year ago, and told me what chiefly amused him was the get-up of the drivers. Their get-up is topboots, with jockey jacket and cap of most fantastic design. They carry no whip, but a miniature club. The rules of trotting over there, he told me, are vastly different to ours. There a horse is disqualified according to the number of times he breaks. Instead, as over here, of bringing the horse back to the gait with the reins, the French driver rises in his lumbering cart and belabors his steed on the rump with the club until he or she returns to the trot. An American is always scooped up by the owners of trotters over there, and can get as much work to do as he pleases. Their tracks are on the grass, and the course often four miles; in fact, that is the favorite distance.

"In trotting races they handicap the horses by distance allowances, exactly the same as handicap races among men.

"Is there much of a demand for trotters by the foreign markets?"

"Yes, much more so than is generally known. The continental countries of Europe pay extraordinary prices for our best stock, but the South American republics, especially the Argentine, give even better prices. In South America there are now many ranches breeding trotting stock, and they don't seem to care what price they pay us for sires and dams."

"Do you think Maud S.'s record of 2:08¾ is likely to be soon beaten?"

"Yes, I do. I think Sunol will break it next year."

"But Sunol will be only four years old next year," I said, "and Maud S. was nearly nine when she made her wonderful record."

"That is so," he replied. "I have seen a horse do the half mile in one minute. The surroundings were all that could be desired and the track a downhill one. It showed, however, that the pace was there if only you could keep up the stamina of the animal. Sunol is a phenomenon. She stands three inches higher at the rump than at the withers, and is to me the very epitome of a trotter, and can very perhaps realize our dream of two minutes a mile."

"Do you know what Mr. Bonner gave for Sunol?"

"No, I do not, but he has said between forty and fifty thousand dollars, and I expect it was $45,000."

"What induced Governor Stanford to part with the mare?"

"Not money, you may be sure. His great ambition is to beat Maud S. with Sunol, and he and Mr. Bonner have had different ideas on the subject. When Mr. Bonner made an offer for Sunol, it was an acknowledgment that the governor had won, and, besides, Mr. Bonner's ambition is to own the fastest trotter, no matter where it comes from, and he would be the first man to bow to the success of a friend."

Dried Buffalo Tripe.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The other day a gentleman from Cold-neck district was promenading down Whitehall street with a bundle of a dozen or sponges hanging up in front of a big grocery store.

"What is them 'ere?" he asked of Patrolman Brooks, who was passing.

"That is dried Buffalo tripe, my friend."

"The dickens you say! Is they good to eat?"

"Finest eating in the world if you cook it properly."

"How do you cook 'em?"

"Why, just slice it up thin, and after soaking it thoroughly, dip it in a batter and fry it, just like you would fish."

"Well, I'll be Juneswoggled if I don't try 'em one bait," said he, and he walked into the grocery and purchased the whole string, while the clerks were much mystified as to what he wanted with so many sponges.

Yesterday he put in an appearance, and meeting Patrolman Brooks again he remarked:

"Say, you know them 'ere tripes?"

"Yes."

"Well, they must a been the tripes o' the oldest bull on the range, for Pocky Ann parbiled 'em, fried 'em, hashed 'em an done every way with 'em, an' darned if she ever could get 'em tender. I don't know they haint no better cook in Coldneck 'an Becky Ann, of I do say it."

FRIGHTENED THE PUPILS.

A Minister Describes Hell in a School With Maps and Illustrations.

There is great excitement in Lockport, N. Y., over the strange behavior of a Presbyterian clergyman, Samuel Marvin. He recently went into one of the public schools and insisted on delivering a lecture on "Heaven and Hell."

Maps and pictures illustrated Marvin's lurid and graphic description of the fate of those who died without the pale of Christianized almost into hysterics. A howl of indignation has gone up from among the citizens because the proceeding is said to have been written to the board of education. The nervous excitement of the younger pupils has occasioned considerable alarm and some parents have threatened bodily harm to the minister. The board of education has issued a notice that the matter will not be repeated.

Mr. Marvin has been very quiet of late. He is an austere man and strictly orthodox in his views. He has written a dress reform and thinks it sinful to have a dress adorned with any trimmings. His daughter is compelled to dress in drab cloth, and she appeared with some flounces and frills on her skirts she was locked up. He denounces amusements of all kinds, and is particularly vindictive against card playing, theatre-going, dancing, skating and social enjoyment.

A Miser Killed by a Train.

Simpson Spohn, 53 years old,