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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

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VOL. III.

A collision-proof railroad car is among the crying needs of the age. What is matter with our American genius anyhow, asks the Detroit *Free Press*.

Hon. J. B. Baker, of Izard, lately introduced in the Arkansas Legislature a bill "debarring women from filling positions of trust and responsibility."

The latest proposition of the friends of woman suffrage, heard by the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, is to give to all women the right to vote when they support themselves by work.

There are now more than a hundred women employed in the telephone exchanges of Berlin, Germany, and it has been decided to employ in the future women only, for the reason that their voices are so much more audible than men's.

Gold mining nowadays means a great deal more than mere gold digging, the Boston *Transcript* rises to remark, and the miner with a pick and shovel outfit is a very ancient number. The Lemhi Gold Placer Company of Idaho began a few days ago to construct a twenty-mile ditch to convey water to its mines at Lemhi. The ditch is to be ten feet wide at the bottom, will require 6,000,000 feet of lumber in its construction, and will cost about \$200,000. It is expected that about six miles of the ditch will be completed by June 1 next.

A nautical journal published on the Pacific coast asserts that the Nicaragua Canal, if completed, will never be used by sailing vessels, for a reason which applies also to the Panama Canal. On either side of Central America, in the vicinity of the proposed entrances to the canal, is a region of perpetual calms and doldrums, and a sailing vessel would find it exceedingly difficult to get into the entrance on one side, and after being towed through would have equal difficulty in getting away from the coast into the region of trade winds on the other. A sailing vessel going to San Francisco from New York or Liverpool would, it is declared, make a quicker passage around Cape Horn than by going through the canal. It is also said that but one sailing vessel has ever passed through the Suez Canal, and that was lost in the Red Sea shortly afterward.

Since 1790 the increase in the population of American cities is one of the most significant signs of our growth, observes the New York *News*. In that year, taking \$900 as a basis, there were six. In 1830 there were 286, in 1830 here were 443—an increase during the decade of nearly forty-four per cent. Grouped, the majority of people find their homes on the Atlantic slope. Yet while this shows a tendency to mass population and with it active enterprises, it has not, as in the case of England, been at the expense so far, of the country population. "Should the migration to the cities continue," adds the *News*, "it would be a subject of concern, but the average of growth is fairly distributed, and the tenement houses and slums of the great commercial centres are not absorbing all the life-making influences of the new people who are finding homes in our country."

Remarks the Boston *Transcript*: "The story of the tragedy just enacted in Hungary is one which, had it been wrought out upon the theatrical stage, would have been declared impossible. A son returns after long absence in America, with \$3000 in gold. He seeks his old home, and as a stranger asks for food and lodging. The mother is absent, but the father recognized his son. They embrace, and the son tells of his good fortune. The mother returns after the son has gone to bed. Her husband speaks of the stranger, but does not say he is their son. He will keep that surprise until the morning, when the son shall reveal himself to his happy mother. The mother rises in the night. She overhauls the stranger's baggage. She sees the gold. Her cupidity is aroused. She grasps a knife, cuts the stranger's throat and seizes and hides the gold. When the father awakes he discovers his son dead and in a pool of blood. His cry of horror arouses the mother who had expected her husband would be a ready accomplice for the sake of the plunder. The father gasps the name of the victim. The murderer utters a cry, reels and falls dead. Could anything be more dramatic? Could anything be more terrible?"

THE SWEETEST SONG.

With trembling fingers take the harp,
And touch the strings with gentle care,
For stern reproof is quiet and sharp,
To none who linger there;
Remembering all the masters old,
Intense with thought o'er them have hung,
And of the words that yet are told,
The sweetest songs are still unsung.
The ocean has a secret wave
That breaks unseen and softly dies,
Where mermaids in the fountains lave,
And seaweeds fall an i rise;
So flows the current of the heart
Where pleasure siteth are ever young,
And this the truth wil never depart—
The sweetest songs are still unsung.
—Altono Leora Rice, in *Indianapolis News*.

THE ROBBER OF PIROCHE.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS, FILS.



The moment when this story I am going to tell you commenced it was midday in the month of June, and the road we are going to travel was bordered on the left by tall reeds, on the right by the sea. It is useless to say the sky was blue, the sea brilliant, rolling in long, lapping waves, and the road hot and dusty.

I will only add, this road wound along the coast of Bretagne from Poterie to Piroche, a little village like all other villages of that period, and two peasants, father and son, mounted on two asses, were trotting along this road very comfortably for the asses as well as the peasants.

"Will we get there in time?" said the son.

"Yes, it is two o'clock, replied the father, "and the sun now marks a quarter to twelve."

"I am anxious to see it," said the son. "Yes, I can well believe you."

"Will he be hanged with the armor on?"

"Yes, I am told so."

"What made him think of stealing a suit of armor?"

"It is not so difficult to think of as—" "To do," interrupted the son, who wished to have his share in the joke. "Was the armor very handsome?"

"Magnificent—steel inlaid with gold."

"Was he taken in the act of carrying it off?"

"Yes; you understand the armor could not be moved without a terrible clanking, and the noise woke up everybody in the chateau."

"Then they caught him?"

"Not at all; they were afraid."

"Naturally—people are always afraid in the presence of robbers; without that there would be no advantage in being a robber."

"No; but these people didn't think he was a robber."

"What then?"

"A ghost. The rascal carried the armor in front of him, holding it high above his head. It looked like a gigantic giant walking through the corridors; besides, the scamp made a boar, groaning noise behind it. You can imagine the fright of the servants, but unfortunately for him, it aroused the lord of the chateau, who was afraid of neither the living nor the dead; he arrested the robber and handed him over to the proper justice."

"And the proper justice?" interrupted the son.

"Ordered him to be hanged in the armor he had stolen."

"Why was that clause in the judgment?"

"Because the Lord of Piroche is not only a brave soldier, but a man of wit and intelligence. You know, everything that belongs to a hanged person becomes a talisman of good luck to those who possess it; that is why the Lord of Piroche ordered him to be hanged in the armor. After death it was to be returned to him. He wanted it as a talisman in the next war."

"Come, let us make haste; I am anxious to see this hanging."

"We have plenty of time; don't fatigue our beasts, for we must return home to-night."

Thus father and son chatted, and in half an hour they reached Piroche.

There was a great crowd in the grand place, in front of the chateau, where the scaffold had been erected—a beautiful gibbet placed upon it of superb oak wood.

Our peasants approached the scaffold as near as possible, so as to see all that passed, and waited with the others, having the advantage of being mounted on their asses, where they could see better and with less fatigue. They had not long to wait. At 12 o'clock precisely the door of the chateau opened and the prisoner appeared, preceded by the guards of the Lord of Piroche and followed by the executioner.

The robber was dressed in the armor, mounted upon an ass, his face turned to the tail of the beast, and his hands bound behind him. The visor of the armor was lowered so one could not see his face, but you can imagine he was ill at ease and a prey to very sad reflections. They brought him in sight of the gibbet.

The executioner placed his ladder to the scaffold and the chaplain of the Lord of Piroche mounted the stage and began to read the sentence of death. The

prisoner never budged. They ordered him to dismount from the ass and deliver himself to the halter. He never moved a muscle. We can well understand his hesitation.

Then the executioner took him by the elbows and lifted him to the ground. What a strong old fellow this executioner was! In the mean time the chaplain had finished reading the sentence, and turning to the criminal demanded: "Have you anything to say?"

"Yes," replied the miserable wretch, in a low, stifled voice. "I beg for mercy and pardon." This seemed a good joke. The Lord of Piroche shrugged his shoulders and ordered the executioner to do his work.

He tried to make the criminal ascend the ladder, which was not an easy thing to do. The executioner had to resort to the same means he had employed to make him descend from his ass—he took him by the arms, placed him on the third round of the ladder, and pushed him up, amid the "bravos" of the crowd.

Now where had the hanged been in his month of absence? What had he been doing? Why had he escaped, and then returned to be re-hanged? I will give you the reason as it was told to me.

Our two peasants on their return home that evening passed by the gibbet and heard groans, prayers and entreaties. They asked, "Who is there?" No one answered, but the prayers and groans continued and seemed to come from the dead body hanging above their heads. Then the son took the ladder left by the executioner and climbed up to the height of the criminal and said: "Is that you groaning, my poor man?" "Yes."

"Are you alive?" "Yes." Do you repent of your crime?" "Oh, yes."

"Then we are going to take you down. The evangelist commands us to help all who suffer; you are suffering, therefore we are going to help you live and repeat. For God loves a repentant soul better than a suffering body."

They took him down and discovered how he had escaped death. The rope instead of clasping his neck had caught on the rim of the helmet and held him suspended without strangling him, and thus he had been able to breathe until these peasants rescued him. They carried him home with them on one of the asses and handed him over to the care of the wife and daughter.

He soon recovered; but he who has stolen once will steal again.

but no helmet; that is lying at the foot of the gibbet."

"Come quick, M. Chaplain, let us go and see."

The Lord of Piroche ran to the place, filled with a curious, wondering crowd. Sure enough, there was the hanged, his neck securely fastened in the running noose, his body dangling from the end of the rope, dressed in the burnished armor. It was prodigious, wonderful. All cried, "A miracle!"

The Lord of Piroche did not mean to be cheated of his armor this time, so he ordered the body to be taken down, stripped and the armor carried into the chateau. This done, they rehanged the dead body, and the crowds admired it so much that in two days it was pecked and mangled in slashes, in eight days it was in rags and tatters, in fifteen days there was nothing left but the clean picked bones.

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HUNG STIFF AND MOTIONLESS.

As there was nothing to steal in the house of the peasant but his ass and the daughter, the ex-hanged determined to take both; he coveted the beast and was in love with the daughter, a fair blonde beauty of sixteen. One night he saddled the ass, put on his armor and a pair of spurs to aid his flight, and attempted to carry off the girl in her sleep. She awoke, and her cries soon brought her father and brother; the robber tried to escape, but he was too late. When the young girl told of his infamous attempt they knew he had not repented, and were sorry they had saved such a miserable scoundrel, so they determined to execute justice upon him, but far better than the Lord of Piroche had done.

They bound him to the ass he had saddled, carried him back to the gibbet he had escaped from and there hanged him until he was dead, taking good care to leave off his helmet this time, placing it at the foot of the gibbet. Then they quietly returned home.

This is the third version. I don't know why, but I imagine it is the most reasonable and that you, like myself, will give it the preference over the other two.

As to my Lord of Piroche, having such an excellent tailman of safety he joyously departed to the next war and was the first one killed.—From the French.

A Home-Made Dark Lantern.

Says a correspondent: "Put some heated olive oil into a small bottle, drop in a piece of phosphorus, cork it up securely and put it in a safe place. Any time the cork is removed for a few seconds and then replaced, a powerful light will be given out by the bottle, which will last several minutes and be again renewed at any moment by pulling out the cork. A more convenient device for finding a house or number in a street where there are no lights could scarcely be devised, as it will give off its light on the stormiest night, and if it gets out of order can always be got into shape again by aid of a little warmth. The mixture once prepared will last for some weeks with but a reasonable amount of care."

—New Orleans *Times-Democrat*.

Did he have on spurs when he was hanged the first time?

"No, of course not."

"Ah, my Lord, he has on spurs now,

A BIG CITY'S "PAY DIRT."

FORTUNES MADE IN NEW YORK'S STREET SWEEPINGS.

A Privilege Worth Over \$90,000 a Year—An Army of Rag Pickers—Garbage Pier Dwellers.

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