

It is said that the ride from Cannes, France, to Genoa, Italy, is the finest railroad journey in the world.

San Francisco is said to be rapidly declining in prosperity and the California people blame the Southern Pacific Railroad for it.

The cities of New York owe \$171,000,000; the towns, \$14,000,000, and the villages, \$2,000,000, while the counties owe less than \$14,000,000.

It is said that at this time there are twenty-two ex-sovereigns residing in different parts of Europe, none of them in the countries where he or she ruled.

There is undoubtedly no country where music lovers can enjoy such rare opportunities for the cultivation of a musical taste as in the German Fatherland, says the New York Advertiser.

Who is the most learned man in the world? asks the New Orleans Picayune. If degrees count, a good claim may be made out for Herr von Gossler, the oberpresident of West Prussia, who has just been made a doctor of philosophy honoris causa by the philosophical faculty of the University of Halle.

In the Interior Department at Washington there is most valuable manuscript on the Six Nations. It was compiled and written by experts in the Bureau of Ethnography, and is intended to be printed at some time in the future. The work is a complete history of the Six Nations, contains a full vocabulary of their tongues and dialects, enters into a minute study of their religious belief and manner of worship, besides describing fully their social customs.

The admirable movement for building good country roads which has of late years been started in many States is now conspicuously active, declares the New York Sun, in various parts of the Commonwealth over which Governor Werts presides. The decisive impetus to it was given through the passage of a law by the New Jersey Legislature, about two years ago, furnishing State aid in the construction of county roads.

According to a prospectus prepared by General Manager Brackett, the Southern Exposition, which is to be held in Baltimore in 1897, will be a very ambitious affair. He says: "The exposition will involve an expenditure of \$6,000,000. Its grounds will be 300 acres in extent. Fourteen large buildings, a multitude of small buildings, two electric fountains, and an electric clock-tower will be erected on the grounds. The expense of construction, including preparation of grounds, will aggregate \$2,400,000. The agricultural interests of the United States will receive marked attention at the exposition. Experimental farms will be established to show practical results under various conditions and treatments of soil. Cannery factories will be in continuous operation from May to November. The United States Government, State and foreign Government buildings will cover a large area. There will be an art gallery in a fireproof building, and the electrical plant for illuminating buildings and providing spectacles for the public will be on an extensive scale. Exhibits from all the European countries and from Mexico, South America and the Orient are promised. For the amusement of visitors such World's Fair features as the German village, Old Vienna, the streets of Cairo, and the Samoan and Dahomey villages will be reproduced."

HIS WORLD.

No matter how the skies may frown, This world is rollin' right— A sun for every mornin'— An 'star for every night. Then shout your halloojah, Ah! raise your sweetest tune; If we're freezin' in December We'll be warm enough in June.

No matter how the tempest blows, This world is rollin' right; The summer turns to red the rose, The winter makes it white. Then shout your halloojah In mornin' time an' noon, If we're freezin' in December We'll be warm enough in June.

OLD JERRY'S CLAIM.

BY J. G. FOWLER.

THE spring of 1870 saw me one of a community of "squatters" in Southeastern Kansas. The land on which we had settled without authority belonged to the Osage Indians, but was about to pass into the hands of the Government, to be opened up for settlement under the pre-emption laws.

There had been as yet no official survey of the land, and we squatted a good deal by guess as to location. Being beyond regularly constituted authorities, and without State courts or laws of local application, we banded together for mutual protection against both Indian marauders and white intruders.

We formed the "Osage City Club," elected a "Club" sheriff and judge, passed such laws as we considered needful for order and the protection of each member's rights, and pledged ourselves to stand by these regulations to the death, if need be. As the first settlers, we believed that we had the best right to the country, and looked with disfavor on new comers.

One of our number was Jerry Saunders—"Old Jerry" we called him—a rough graybeard of fifty or more years, whose family consisted of himself, wife, four sons and a daughter. The youngest son, George, was nearly seventeen, and as the "Club" law allowed a father to hold a hundred and sixty acres of land for each son over sixteen years of age, besides the same amount for himself, Old Jerry and his boys were "holding down" five claims.

The boys, however, lived with their father, and paid only occasional visits to their claims, after making such trifling improvements as were required by the "Club" laws.

Saunders' daughter, Polly, was a beautiful and lovable girl nearly fourteen years old—a fearless horsewoman, and a great favorite among the squatters. She was her brother's equal in riding and managing the half-wild ponies, which were so much in use with us at that time. She often rode from one to another of our humble homes, where she was always sure of a hearty welcome.

Old Jerry almost worshipped this girl. She was the sole being in whose presence he would neither use profane language nor chew tobacco.

"My little gal don't think 'er's nice," he would say. "She thinks her old dad a heap nicer'n he be, an' somehow or 'nother I don't like the idee of her a-ridin' out different."

We sometimes twitted the old man about his fear of Polly, but we liked him the better for it.

One day a messenger was sent from claim to claim, calling together the members of the club to consider a case of infringed rights. All assembled at the "city" store that night to hear the particulars.

Old Jerry was the aggrieved party. It appeared that a new-comer had "jumped" the claim of his son George, and before they were aware of his presence, had built a cabin upon it and demolished his family. Old Jerry had ordered the intruder to leave, but the man had refused to go.

Our meeting immediately appointed a committee of three to wait upon the stranger, and in the name of the Osage City Club to order him to leave the claim within three days.

I was chairman of the committee. We found the intruder hard at work breaking prairie, while his little boy was following the plow and dropping corn in the furrow. This was at that time the usual method of planting sod-corn. If the grains were dropped as close to the edge of the furrow as possible, the next round of the plow would cover them with a little loose dirt, without throwing the heavy, tough sod flat upon them.

The stranger was a tall, rawboned man, seemingly of more than ordinary physical strength and force of character. He stopped his horses when he saw us approaching, and waited for us.

"Howdy, gentlemen?" he said, looking at us inquiringly.

"We've come upon business," I said, after retreating his greeting, and the sooner we get at it the better."

"Right you are, I reckon, stranger," he replied. "I don't go none on beatin' round the bush. What's yer business?"

"Well, there's not much to say, and it won't take long to say it. You've jumped a man's claim here, and we've come to warn you off of it. We represent the Osage City Club, and mean what we say."

"Oh, that's what you come for, is it?" he said, reflectively. "Well, it's just this way with me. I don't consider 'at I've jumped anybody's claim at all. If I did, I'd leave 'thout any orderin' as soon as I found it out. But I don't consider 'at this claim was bein' held down by anybody. I s'pose a little jag o' hay 'at you'd cut out on 'ander—maybe a quarter of a ton or so—an' one furrer across the land over thar; but there

wa'n't nobody a-livin' here, an' I just bettel'd an' built my cabin. "Then comes an old feller, an' says 'at he was a holdin' this claim for one of his boys, along 'ith one spiece for his other'n's an' himself. Thinks I, 'that ain't no fair shake, an' I told him so. "Says I, 'I wouldn't jump no man's claim; but where a man's already got a good un, an' then not satisfied 'ith that, wants a whole lot more, that's a different thing.' Says I, 'I've got a better right to one claim for my family 'an you have to four or five for yours.' The old feller got consid'able hot, an' said 'he'd show me what's what, an' went off."

I looked at my two companions and they looked at me. We all felt in our hearts that the stranger had the best of the argument; but we were sent for a certain purpose, and were determined to carry it out.

"We can't stay and discuss the rights and wrongs with you," I said. "We are sent by the Club to warn you to vacate these premises within three days. Your opinion has nothing to do with our business. My advice to you is to obey the orders of the Club."

"Gentlemen," he replied, speaking slowly and mildly, "I don't aim to wrong nobody. If I didn't think I had a right here, as I said afore, 'wouldn't take no coxin' or warnin' to git me off. But I've got my family to look out for as well as any of you uns, an' I propose to stay right here. If I don't, it'll be scarce I can't help myself. I'm willin' to pay the old man for what work him or his boy done on this claim, an' pay 'm more's it's worth. But I will not give up this claim till I have to. That's all I've got to say."

He went on with his plowing, and we departed, much astonished at the man's obstinacy, and yet not without a feeling of respect for his determination not to be bullied out of what he considered his rights. We still expected, however, that after he had thought the matter over he would see the uselessness of resisting so many and decide to go.

But after the three days the stranger was still there, apparently with no notion of changing his mind. Again the Club was summoned in extra session.

Some of the members were in favor of taking immediate forcible possession of the claim, and "oustin'" alive or dead, the obstinate stranger, who dared to defy the edicts of the Club. Others, among whom were the members of the committee who had called upon him, did not feel that he was entirely in the wrong, and wished to give him the semblance of justice at least. Our view prevailed. It was finally agreed that we should try the case in Club court on the following day.

Next morning the sheriff rode over to the disputed claim and summoned the man Graham—as we had learned his name to be—to appear forthwith before the Club judge for trial.

"Well, Mr. Sheriff," was his reply, "I won't consent to no such a gun. 'Accorse I know well enough 'at I might just as well give it up now as agree to stand a trial afore yer Club, 'accorse the old feller 'at wants me ousted is one of ye, and ye're not agoin' back on him. I aint got nothin' agin ye, Mr. Sheriff, nor any on 'er, but I don't calculate to be bluffed out, nor windled out by no such scheme. If ye g't me off'n this place, ye'll have to do it by force, an' take yer chances while ye're a-doin' it."

The trial was held, notwithstanding, and of course resulted in a unanimous verdict for the plaintiff, George Saunders. The sentence of the court was that Graham be put off the claim on the next day, by force or otherwise, bag and baggage, and young Saunders placed in possession. About twenty of us assembled the following morning to carry out this sentence.

I am not sure that we all went with willing hearts. But we were pledged to protect each others' "rights," and stand by the Club court, and this we were determined to do.

Old Jerry and his sons, of course, were of the party. Headed by our sheriff, we proceeded to Graham's cabin. He saw us coming, and was prepared for us.

The sheriff and I rode on ahead of the main party, to induce Graham, if possible, to give peaceable possession. We dismounted a short distance from the cabin, I held both horses while the sheriff walked to the door.

Graham appeared, standing a little back from the entrance, his right hand under the left breast of his coat, his left hand behind him. We readily guessed what the position meant. He was armed and ready to fight to the death.

He was pale, but his voice had not a tremor in it, as he said, "Stop right thar! I know what ye've come for, Mr. Sheriff, an' ye needn't tell me, or argy the case at all."

"Graham," began the sheriff, "come now, you'd better—"

"No use to argy at all," repeated Graham. "Now let me tell ye; I aint got nothin' agin any on ye, as I've told ye afore. But this is my house; my goods are in it; my family is in it, an' I'm agoin' to protect em as long as I've got a finger 'at can pull a trigger. There can't none on ye come in here till I'm as dead as a mackerel. An' if ye do kill me, Mr. Sheriff, I've just got one favor to ax: 'At white with my wife and children, an' don't lay nothin' up agin 'em on my account."

Here the remainder of the party rode up, and the sheriff walked over to consult with the men. After a short conversation the whole party dismounted, and left two or three to hold the horses while the rest pressed closer to the cabin.

"Well," called out Old Jerry, "fix ye a goin' to give up, or do ye hank; after a lookin' persener?"

Graham had not shifted his position an inch since he first appeared. Slowly and distinctly came his reply: "All I've got to say is what I've already said to your sheriff. You've already got four times as much land as I have, an' there aint no civilized law, 'at would let a boy not seventeen year old hold a claim for his father, agin a man 'at's got a family to support. I'm here to protect my family an' my goods, till I die, an' the first man 'at tries to come in here, or makes a move toward me, does it at his own risk. I mean what I say, gentlemen."

This was a bold speech for one man to make to twenty. But there he stood

THE CZAR IS DEAD.

HE WAS A DESPOT, YET A MAN INCLINED TO PEACE.

Alexander, III, Emperor of all the Russias, died at 8 o'clock Thursday afternoon at Livadia, in Greece. At noon the action of the Czar's heart began to enfeeble rapidly. About half past 11 unconsciousness took place and the action of the heart became intermittent and scarcely perceptible until

Turning to look after him, we saw an alarming spectacle. Old Jerry Saunders' half-wild bronco, with Polly on his back, came furiously across the prairie. Sometimes the brute stopped suddenly, shook its whole body as a dog does after coming out of water, and sprang up and down in buck leaps. Then it came on again, galloping with lowered head and many a quick swerve.

The reins had been jerked out of Polly's hands at the beginning of the bronco's run; his forefeet, in springing, had caught them, one check strap had given way and the curb-bit had fallen from his teeth. Polly, grasping the short mane near the shoulder, kept her seat, but jerked to and fro with the savage creature's plunges, seemed every moment likely to be thrown. Her horse fairly shrieked with malice, and would, we feared, trample her should he get her down.

But this was not the danger that had most alarmed Graham for the girl. The bronco's course, when he ran, was toward a dense growth of scrub a quarter of a mile distant. Should he reach this, Polly would be knocked off or badly mangled among the low trees.

Graham, entirely disregarding our armed company, ran past at right angles to the pony's line. If looked as if he might as well attempt to stop a cyclone as the bronco. But he sped on as if without a thought of danger to himself. We followed at a much slower rate of speed.

Perhaps seeing his course likely to be intercepted, the bronco ceased all antics and made straight for the scrub. But he had miscalculated Graham's swiftness. With a spurt the squatter was at the pony's shoulder, and next moment was hanging around its neck with both arms.

Then began a terrible struggle. The bronco struck Graham with his forefeet, but he, nevertheless, contrived to fling them up to its shoulders. The brute tore his shirt away from his back, and left a stream of blood from its teeth.

But its speed had slackened, and Polly was able to spring off. At that moment Graham almost flung the pony. Then he dropped, and the wild brute rushed away.

Old Jerry Saunders cried like a baby as Polly, trembling from the long strain on her nerves, ran into his arms, flung hers around his neck and broke into tears with the reaction from excitement. Graham still lay where he had fallen, unable to rise, but fully conscious and cool in mind.

"Well, gentlemen," he said in a voice that betokened his effort to express no weakness of pain, "I reckon ye've got the drop on me. I aint in no shape for fightin'."

"Graham," cried Old Jerry, rushing up and taking his hand, "don't talk about fightin'. Ye aint got none of it to do. Say, I wish ye'd forgive me for the trouble I've made ye. Ye're the spunkiest man ever I seen. The place is yours, an' so's the best team I've got to my name, an' all the work me an' George can do to help you with yer crops this year."

"Well, I aint needin' help with work. I can hoe my row, I reckon. But it's neighborly of ye—thank ye all the same," said Graham. "Ye see, I was bound to hang on to my rights."

"That's all right—the claim's yours," said Jerry.

We carried the wounded man to his cabin as tenderly as we could. One of his legs was shockingly bruised and a great chunk almost torn out of the flesh behind his left shoulder.

We all joined in to pay the doctor's bill and provide for the wants of his family until he was able to work again.

Old Jerry was as good as his word. He and George finished breaking out the land and planting the seed. Then when Graham could get about the old feller led over his finest team of horses, and insisted upon giving them to him as a small token of his gratitude for having saved his darling.

Graham, finding he could scarcely retain Jerry's friendship without accepting the horses, took them into use. Some years afterward, when his energy had made him prosperous, he insisted on giving George, Jerry's youngest son, a thoroughbred bull and two high-priced cows.—Youth's Companion.

THEIR CHIEF A MERE BOY.

News comes from the Fiji Islands that the trial of the ring-leaders and principal actors in the recent rebellion of mountain tribes of Fiji was concluded at Suva, six prisoners captured by the King's troops being arraigned for murder, and, after a most sensational trial, were sentenced to death. One of the condemned was a boy of about sixteen, who is said to be responsible for the entire tragedy, he having proclaimed himself "priest" and urged his fellow tribesmen to return to the ancient custom of life and superstitions worship.

When the troops took the field against the mountaineers it was this boy who declared that the fortifications on the hilltop were strong places, and prepared, with scientific skill, to resist the charge and meet the volleys of the sharpshooters. In consideration of his youth the Executive Council subsequently commuted his sentence to ten years' imprisonment, at the same time remitting the capital penalty in the cases of two others, who will serve in chains for twenty years. The two eldest and fiercest of the rebels were executed.

There is still a certain amount of disquiet throughout the islands among the followers of the boy priest, who are only partially satisfied by the commutation of his sentence and still threaten to make trouble. Many of these have crossed over to the Ellice group, in which Government work was initiated some months ago.—Washington Star.

AN \$80,000 FIRE.

The biggest fire in the history of Asheville, N. C., Saturday destroyed the Southern Railway's freight warehouse, filled with goods; loss \$80,000. A \$125,000 fire also occurred at Pensacola, Fla., destroying the warehouse of the L. & N. Railroad.

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CLEVELAND A WOODCHOPPER.

He Cut Down Big Trees at Gray Gables and Split Them Into Firewood.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Private Secretary Thurber says the six weeks' vacation has been extremely beneficial to the President, who returns to Washington stronger and more vigorous than he has been for a long time. The life in the open air, with plenty of exercise, personally superintending ten or fifteen men constantly on a hundred-acre New England farm, could not fail to produce the desired result.

As an instance of the President's physical vigor, he mentioned that about a week ago he laid out a road between his house and the railway station. With Mr. Thurber's assistance the line was selected through a piece of woodland belonging to the President. Both men were armed with axes, and they cut down the trees that had to be sacrificed, the President heartily enjoying the heavy manual labor required. He not only cut down some pretty big trees but split them into firewood.

The story that he was threatened by an assassin in New York City is entirely untrue. A crank merely tried to see the President.

ALL WERE VACCINATED.

Virus Put in the Arms of Inmates of the White House.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—All of the inmates of the White House were vaccinated by Dr. O'Reilly, the President's physician, as a necessary precaution in view of the appearance of small-pox here. The interior department was again opened to the public, after a two days' quarantine on account of the infection of small-pox therein. Every possible precaution has been taken to prevent the spread of the disease, and each room in the department has been thoroughly fumigated. In addition to this all the outgoing mail is disinfected and the whole clerical force has now been vaccinated. About thirty clerks employed in the law division, where the contagion broke out, have been sent to their homes, and fifty others in different parts of the building have been given a two days' vacation. Secretary Smith is, as usual, at his desk, which is situated about 40 feet from the law division.

A DEMOCRAT GIVES WAY TO A POPULIST.

UMARA, NEB.—The Hon. J. C. Dahlman, Democratic candidate for State auditor, withdrew in favor of the Populist nominee, John W. Wilson.

364 head of fine cattle have been shipped from Ashe county, N. C., to the Valley of Virginia, where they will be wintered, and then in the spring shipped to Liverpool, England.

LITIGATION AT RALEIGH.

A Girl Wants \$10,000 for the Loss of an Eye.

RALEIGH, N. C.—The superior court here gave a verdict for \$13,000 in the case of Z. W. Haynes against the Raleigh Electric Company for \$10,000 damages for killing O. Haynes' son, who touched a live wire. The court took up a novel case, that of a girl against Raleigh for \$10,000 damages for the loss of an eye. This was due to the fall of a skyrocket during the celebration of the city centennial two years ago. The girl was a spectator and while sitting on the steps of a church, a rocket fell and struck her.

The trial of ex-Sheriff James Wilcox, of Pasquotank, for the murder of John Brothers, resulted in Wilcox being held without bail. Wilcox is the Republican who, last week, demanded to be allowed to inspect the election register kept by Brothers. The evidence shows that this occurred in Brothers' house, and that the latter refused to permit Wilcox to see the books. A quarrel followed. Wilcox was ordered to leave the house, Brothers' mother being present, but refused, and drew a pistol. Brothers then advanced with a stick. Wilcox fired as Brothers struck him. Wilcox applied for habeas corpus.

SUNBEAMS.

Montana has chosen the bitter root as the State flower.

New York "green-goods" men have offered an agency to the Kansas City Chief of Police.

The briefest political platform of the season is that of the Democrats of Thomas county, Kan.: "Resolved, That we are Democrats."

A Cleveland young man and his best girl were held up with a shotgun while stealing grapes late at night. Both were fined in a police court.

A newspaper of a Boston suburb mentions the return of a resident from Maine, "where he has been shooting and visiting his friends."

A woman claiming to be 133 years old is living, in good health, near Cleveland. She says her mother died in Scotland at the age of 146 years.

"Korn-brod" is a deceptive announcement seen in some German and Hungarian bakeries. It is a dark bread, not made of Indian meal, but of rye or wheat flour, more often the former.

PRESIDENT KORNGORGE DEAD.

RALEIGH, N. C.—Governor Carr received a message informing him of the death of W. B. Korngorge, president of the North Carolina Railroad. The death occurred at St. Stephen's Episcopal church Wednesday morning, during the service, and was due to heart disease, from which he had for some years been a sufferer. Mr. Korngorge was about 60 years of age and was wealthy. He married Miss Annie Snow, of this city, a sister of the late George H. Snow, Esq. In 1891, when Governor Holt succeeded Governor Fowle as Governor, Mr. Korngorge was made president of the North Carolina Railroad, of which he had for many years been a director.

PRIZE BABY OF THE WORLD.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Little Miss Bailey, or rather big Miss Bailey (for she is 50 pounds heavy and only 12 months old) causes as much wonder here on the part of pedestrian beholders as a dime museum freak, to the great annoyance of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, the distinguished parents, of No. 497 M street, southwest. At birth the child weighed about 11 pounds; at 6 months, 35 pounds; at 8 months, 43 pounds; at 10 months, 45 pounds; at 11 months, 46 pounds, and at 12 months, 50 pounds. She has been nourished wholly from the breast and is not yet weaned. Physicians pronounce her a wonder, and her baby coach is of extra size. The proportions are in marked contrast to the size of the smallest baby yet known, which at birth weighed 9 ounces.

WAYLAIN AND FIRED INTO.

The Experience of Colored People Coming from Prayer Meeting in Greenwood.

GREENWOOD, S. C.—A most diabolical crime was committed here Sunday night. While the colored folks were returning from prayer meeting a party was waylaid and shot into. One man was killed, one woman shot in three places and another man had his clothes riddled with bullets. Assassin has confessed. A requisition for the blood-hounds in this neighborhood was made without favorable effect, and now the situation is that if the party can be taken away from the officers a lynching is probable. The colored people are much stirred up over the tragedy.

THE CHINESE EMPEROR WANTS TO KNOW WHY LITTLE JAPAN CAN'T BE WIPED OUT.

A dispatch from Tien-Tsin says: The Pekin Mercury learns that the Emperor is intensely angry at the existing condition of things, and is determined to investigate affairs personally. Accordingly, he is summoning the viceroys, governors and other officials before him. It is asserted that he intends to learn why a small country like Japan can't be exterminated.

TWENTY-ONE MEN DROWNED AT CROW ROCK.

MILFORD HAVEN.—The steamer Torment struck Crow Rock, near MILFORD HAVEN, in the night. Twenty-one men, including the captain and officers, were drowned. Seven of the crew were saved.

The Newberry Port car shops, a five-story shoe shop, and other buildings, in Newberry Port, Mass., were destroyed by fire Wednesday. A hundred finished cars were burned.

The sum of \$68,000 is being disbursed this week among the settlers on the Cherokee lands in Jackson and Macon counties, North Carolina, under the provisions of a recent act of congress.

It is said that in Rome alone over \$10,000,000 are annually given away by the associated charities.



THE LATE ALEXANDER III.

its pulsations ceased altogether.

THE GREAT GRIEF OF THE PEOPLE.

The churches in Moscow and St. Petersburg the capitals of Russia were thronged with men and women praying for the Czar's soul. The streets were unusually full, and everybody seems to be depressed. Near the churches many groups of weeping women gathered. The crowds being quiet and mournful.