

THE SWEETEST SONG.

With trembling fingers take the harp,
And touch the strings with gentle care,
For stern reproof is quick and sharp,
To one who lingers 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 and rise;
So flows the current of the heart
Where pleasing shapes are ever young,
And this the truth will ne'er depart—
The sweetest songs are still unsung.

—Alonso Leora Rice, in Indianapolis News.

THE ROBBER OF PIROCHE.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS, FILS.



At the moment when this story I am going to tell you commenced it was midway 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 hoarse, 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.

Then the executioner placed the running knot at the end of the rope around his neck, and giving him a vigorous kick in the back launched him into space, or rather into eternity. A great shout and shiver ran through the crowd, the condemned balanced two or three minutes at the end of the rope, kicking and twisting as it was his right to do, then hung stiff and motionless.

The crowd regarded him a few moments, the burnished armor glistening in the sun; then they broke up into little groups and departed homeward, all talking of the event.

"Ma foi," said the son of the peasant to his father, "to be hanged for carrying off the armor when he did not get it seems hard. What do you think?"

"I was just asking myself if he had really carried off the armor what would they have done to him. No matter; he has been punished justly, no doubt, but it was not a pleasant thing to see."

Twenty minutes after they entered the village of Piroche, where they expected to rest a few hours and start back late in the evening so as to reach home that night.

Next morning at peep of day two guards came out of the chateau to unhook the dead body and take off the armor of their lord. But they found what they least expected. There were the gibbet and the rope, but where was the body? They rubbed their eyes, thinking they must be dreaming. No, it was really true—there was no body—naturally no armor.

The guards ran to announce the astounding news to their Lord of Piroche, who would not believe them. He must see the fact with his own eyes. He was such a powerful personage he was certain he would find the hanged just where he had ordered him. On reaching the scaffold he was forced to believe as the others. What had become of the dead body? He was surely dead the evening before, hanged in the sight of the whole village.

The Lord of Piroche was so troubled at the loss of his armor he offered a reward of ten gold pieces to the one who would bring back the criminal clothed in his armor. No one appeared. They searched in every direction, but found nothing.

A month passed, the gibbet remained on the scaffold, gloomy, humiliated, and scorned, for never had a gibbet betrayed a like abuse of confidence.

The Lord of Piroche was about to resign himself to this strange event and the loss resulting therefrom, when one morning he was aroused by a great noise in the place where the scaffold was erected. He started to learn the cause of the tumult, when his chaplain entered in great excitement, and cried:

"Monseigneur, do you know what has happened?"

"No, I was just going to see."

"The hanged—"

"Well! what of him?"

"He is there."

"Where?"

"On the gibbet."

"In his armor!"

"Yes; in your armor, my Lord."

"Ah, that is all right; is he dead?"

"Stone dead, only—"

"Only what?"

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 talisman 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 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.

The cost of making a £1000 Bank of England note is less than two cents.

JOHN DIETEL, a fat man on exhibition at Cincinnati, Ohio, died a few days ago of a gripe. The big man was a native of Baltimore, Md. He followed the trade of butchering. He weighed over 763 pounds, and suffered severely during his illness.

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 crowd 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.

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 repent. 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.



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.

Within the next five minutes twenty shots were fired, and in the semi-darkness the murderer escaped. When the smoke cleared away John Jones, a chum of the murderer, was found dead in the street several blocks away. Marshal Purly mustered a posse of armed men and started in pursuit of Hinson. They scoured the country and finally found him in a house five miles from town. He was brought back to town just after midnight. He acknowledged his guilt and the Marshal put him in jail with a strong guard about it. At 2 o'clock in the morning a mob appeared at the jail and dragged the murderer out and hanged him in the square.

HIGHEST-PRICED HORSE.

The Trotter Arion Sold by Senator Stanford for \$150,000.

Arion, the greatest two-year-old the world has ever seen, has brought at San Francisco, Cal., the highest price ever paid for trotting horse-flesh. Axtell brought \$105,000, but J. Malcolm Forbes, of Boston, agreed to pay Senator Leland Stanford \$150,000 for the mighty son of Electioneer. Two months ago Arion made a record of 2:10 1/4 at Stockton, Cal.

Arion is a bay colt, fifteen hands high and was foaled March 13, 1879. His sire was the illustrious Electioneer and his dam Nanette, sister to Woodnut (2:15).

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FATAL MINE DISASTER.

Scores Killed by an Explosion in Indian Territory.

Many Bodies Recovered Charred Beyond Recognition.

A dispatch from South McAllister, Texas, says: The lives of about 300 miners working in shaft No. 5 of the Osage Coal and Mining Company, situated at Krebs, Indian Territory, have been lost by an explosion which occurred there about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

The day men had just come to the shaft and the night men, with their lamps and kettles, had gone down to take up their ten hours' work.

Suddenly a loud, rumbling report was heard and the earth shook as though by an earthquake. This was followed a minute later by the escape of a large puff of smoke from the mouth of the main shaft.

The day men already up had not yet started for their cottages, and they realized at once that the explosion was in the mine. Their first thought was to rescue the 340 poor fellows who were known to be in the pit.

A frightful difficulty was met at the outset. The lower portion of the shaft had been blocked by a mass of debris hurled from the siding when the shot was fired which ignited the gas and caused the terrible blow-up. As many of the men who had been relieved had congregated near the cage ready to come up they were covered by the debris, and thus jammed up the only available means of exit.

After a while a few of the survivors were able to relieve the pressure from the shaft, forty of them being subsequently brought to the surface in buckets by those who were outside of the shaft. While this was going on about eighty others reached safety by means of an old tunnel. They were terribly disfigured and some of them were so badly injured that they could scarcely walk or move.

As soon as the news of the disaster had reached the adjoining village a big crowd gathered near the mouth of the pit, being mainly composed of the wives and children and other relatives of the entombed miners.

Their cries, moans and prayers were distressing, but no persuasion was equal to forcing them away to their homes. So great was the lamentation that it interfered greatly with the work of the rescuers. By noon next day 143 miners had been rescued, most of these being unconscious and all weak and much exhausted. At daylight, however, ten dead bodies had been sent up, all blackened, disfigured, unrecognizable.

As soon as the full extent of the disaster was known a dispatch was sent to W. Farnham, Vice-President of the company, in St. Louis, Mo., who at once returned word to hurry up the rescue and secure the remains of the killed and not forget to ally as far as possible the misery of the poor women who had lost their husbands and the poor children who had lost their fathers.

Early that afternoon a temporary cage was made and started in operation. This expedited the rescue of the men who had been imprisoned in the pit.

The crowd around the mouth of the pit had by this time reached a thousand, and so great was the pressure on the workers that a line had to be drawn beyond which the sorrowing and curious were not permitted to go thereafter. Every man rescued was injured and all described their horrible suffering while hemmed in by the debris and compelled to breathe the sickening, choking gas.

The names of the injured could not be ascertained with anything like accuracy, owing to their scattering among the village houses. Of the men in the mines about 150 escaped, the remainder being in the mine, unrescued, on the evening of the second day after the explosion.

Many of the men effected their escape by climbing up through the airshaft. One of the men who escaped in this way climbed fully 450 feet with a broken leg. Many of those who climbed to the top were badly burned, in some cases the flesh stripping from their hands as they grasped the ladder.

ATA TIGHT-ROPE WALKING.

Three Men Dead as the Result of a Race Row in a Village.

A riot occurred at Micanopy, Fla., between the whites and the colored people, in which W. Jefferson Chitty, a well-known citizen, and a colored man named John Jones were killed. The mob that evening lynched Henry Hinson, the colored man who murdered Chitty. The riot took place about 10 o'clock in the evening. A tight-rope walker was giving an exhibition in the public square, and nearly the whole village had turned out to see the exhibition. The whites were on one side and the colored people on the other. Hinson walked over from the colored side of the crowd to the other. Chitty stepped up to him and requested him to go back among his own people. This angered the colored man and ten minutes later he returned and walking up to Chitty aimed a revolver at him and shot him twice through the heart. Chitty died in twenty minutes.

THE CEREAL CROP.

The Largest Total for Wheat Ever Grown in Any Country.

The estimates, by States and Territories, of area, product and value of the principal cereals of the United States for 1891, made by the statistician of the Department of Agriculture, have just been made public at Washington. The crops of corn, wheat and oats, including all but two or three per cent. of the cereal aggregate, are reported. The total for corn has only been exceeded once. The wheat product is the largest ever grown in any country, and the yield per acre in the United States is the largest ever reported by the Department of Agriculture. The total for oats was slightly exceeded in 1883.

The aggregates are as follows: Corn—area, 76,207,515 acres; product, 2,694,134,000 bushels; value, \$836,433,225. Wheat—area, 33,916,897 acres; product, 611,780,000 bushels; value, \$513,473,711. Oats—area, 25,581,861 acres; product, 739,394,000 bushels; value, \$232,312,267.

PROTECTING REFUGEES.

Minister Egan Escorts Three Chilean Rebels Aboard the Yorktown.

United States Minister Egan early a few mornings ago left the American Legation at Santiago, Chili, escorting Juan and William McKenna and Jose Carrera, three of the nine refugees who have been under his protection. They took a train for Valparaiso, and upon their arrival there went without delay aboard the United States cruiser Yorktown.

THE TEMPORARY SPEAKER.

Benton McMillin, of Tennessee, is Crisp's Substitute.



BENTON M'MILLIN.

During Speaker Crisp's illness Benton McMillin, of the Fourth Tennessee District, has acted as Speaker of the National House of Representatives. Mr. McMillin was born in Monroe County, Ky., September 11, 1845. He was educated at Philomath Academy, Tennessee and Kentucky University, at Lexington. He began to practice law at Celina, in 1871, and was elected a member of the House of Representatives of the Tennessee Legislature in November, 1874, and served out his term; was commissioned by the Governor to treat with the State of Kentucky for the purchase of territory in 1875; was chosen Elector on the Tilden and Hendricks ticket in 1876; was commissioned by the Governor Special Judge of the Circuit Court in 1877; was elected to the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first Congresses, and was re-elected to the Fifty-second Congress as a Democrat, receiving 14,514 votes, against 7630 votes for C. W. Garrett, Republican, and 523 votes for J. R. Goodpasture, Prohibitionist.

THE KHEDIVÉ GONE.

Egypt's Ruler, Mohammed Tewfik Pacha, a Victim to "Grip."

Tewfik Pacha, the Khedive of Egypt, who had been ill with influenza for some time, died a few days ago at Cairo, Egypt. The attack developed into congestion of the lungs, with cardiac affections.

Tewfik was the sixth ruler of the dynasty of Mohammed Ali Pacha, founded in 1806. Mohammed Ali in 1841 induced the Sultan to make the vicereignty hereditary in his family. Later he rebelled against the Sultan, and became sole master of Egypt. He was succeeded in 1848 by his son, Ibrahim Pacha, who lived but two years, and was succeeded by his nephew, Abbas Pacha. In 1854 the Sultan, who had reasserted his suzerainty over Egypt, had Abbas strangled on a charge of treason. Said Pacha, third son of Mohammed Ali, succeeded to the vicereignty, but died in 1863, and was succeeded by Ismail Pacha, second son of Ibrahim.

Upon him the Sultan conferred the title of Khedive. The descent was then fixed in accordance with the law of primogeniture, and accordingly when Ismail, in debt and at odds with the Sultan, was deposed, his eldest son, Tewfik, succeeded.

The British occupation dates from the revolt of Arabi Pacha, an Egyptian officer, in 1883. Tewfik has since then been under British influence, much to the dissatisfaction of the French, who have insisted upon British evacuation and British troops have aided in repelling the attacks of the rebellious Mahdists upon Egyptian possessions.

Mohammed Tewfik Pacha was just past thirty-nine years of age. He succeeded his deposed father, Ismail Pacha, in 1879. The heir apparent is Tewfik's son Abbas Bey, who was born in 1874. Egypt is to some extent subject to Turkey.

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The aggregate of all cereals is the largest yet produced, and will supply fifty-four to fifty-five bushels per unit of population. The wheat supply is the largest ever reported in proportion to the population, averaging 9.4 bushels to each person, against 8.3 for the largest previous crop, in 1884. The average value to the farmer is 40.6 cents for corn, 83.93 for wheat and 81.46 cents for oats. The value of wheat is greater than in any year since 1883, that of the short crop of 1888 alone excepted. The products are, of course, in measured bushels.

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This action on Minister Egan's part, it is said, was taken with the tacit approval of the present Chilean Government. There seemed to be no doubt that the rest of the refugees would leave the Legation under similar conditions at an early date.

Public opinion relative to these three refugees is that Chili is well rid of them.

While President Montt and his Cabinet would not grant them safe conduct nothing was done to prevent their leaving the American Legation.