e Marittson Bispat

THE MURDEROUS MAFIA

VOL IX

INSPECTOR BYRNES DESCRIBES THIS NO-DUS BAND OF ASSASSINS.

The recent lynching in New Oriones of even Ralians, believed to have been im-imited in the assessination of Chief of alloe Hennessy, has drawn attention to a Mails, the secret band of assausins, to hem the death of Hennessy is directly at-thurable.

to continess.

became known as the Mafa, a
has always inspired the lawhas always inspired the lawdeelf-respecting Italian with a
lerror. It was made up of all
makers of the old organisation,
no of the good ones. It has conxist up to this day, and is still a
leganisation on the other side
strong suxillary connection in
ry, with headquarters in Now

s too trival a matter to demand serious cilice attention.

"Prior to this time the Mails in Sicily ad been carticularly active. Its leader, Museppe Esposito, was about as cold dooded a villan as ever wielded a stiletto, t is said he killed enough of people to fill respectable graveyard.

"As this fellow is without doubt the person who gave the Mails in this country its sail start it is well to know something bout his history before he honored Ameron with his presence.

"In 1876 Esposito and his gang visited he vills of a wealthy old Sicilian named for Facel Vengensie. The old man was alson from his house before the eyes of his way sevents and thrown into a cave in he mountains, where he was left to starve mices his friends would pay a big ransom or his ilberation.

THE SENORAS OF SPAIN.

A Cataract in Labrador.

The interior of Labrador is undoubtedly the largest unexplored area on this continent. Up the Grand River, which emptice into the Atlantic Ocean at Hamilton inlet, are the Grand Falls, which, if everything is true about them that is reported, are the most stupendous falls in the world. They are only about 166 miles up the river, but only two white men have ever seen them. Mr. R. F. Holme three years ago went from England to visit the Grand Falls.

the mountains, where he was left to starve unless his friends would pay a big ransom for his liberation.

"It was in this same year that Esposito became the subject of an international dispute. It all came about in this way:—

"An English curate named John Foster Rose, while riding with two Italians through Lecrero, a small Sicilian town, was captured by Esposito's band and carried off into the mountains. A ransom was damanded of Mrs. Rose for her husband's release. She refused to pay.

"The next day Esposito cut off one of the elergyman's cars and sent it to his wife with a note stating that if the ransom was not forthcoming Mr. Rose stay on earth would be very brief. The woman thought that the bandit was joking and still refused to pay. A lew days later she reselved the other ear of her husband, with another note from Esposito that just bristled with Italian crispness.

"Especito informed Mrs. Rose that he meant business, and that unless he was paid Mr. Rose would be killed within a certain time.

"This was too much for the preacher's wife. She paid the money and got her husband a little party to accompany him inland, and arrived within about 50 miles of the falls, when he was compelled to return on account of the fallure of his provisions. The Labrador Indiana say those falls are haunted, and they carefully avoid them, believing that they will die if they look upon them. The two white men who have seen them are Mr. Molsan, who, as he was ascending the river in 1839, was stopped by the falls, and Mr. Romedy who over 30 years ago had charge of Rudson with a note stating that if the ransom was he was ascending the river in 1839, was stopped by the falls, and Mr. Hennedy who over 30 years ago had charge of Rudson. The form English to river on account of the tallure of his provisions. The Labrador Indiana say those falls are haunted, and they carefully avoid them, believing that they will die if they look upon them. The two white men who have seen them are Mr. Molsan, who, as he was ascending the river in 1839, w band back, minus his ears.

"The English government took up the matter, and the authorities really did make an effort to take the daring bandit. They were not successful, and Esposito, after committing a few more murders, came to this sountry.

"The About of the runn and received."

"The About of the runn and received."

A JAPANESE GARDEN.

ORIENTAL NOVELTY TO BE REPRODUCED IN NEW YORK

Summer All the Year Bound Sweet

Cettage.

"Little Japan" is the name given to a prospective Japanese tas garden in this city. It will appear, fairy-like, during the coming Summer, and will be the first and only enterprise of its kind in existence.

The tes garden is the result of several months of scheming on the part of a bright by young Japanese of this city. There are in this city, however, two pretty and dainty young Japanese ladies who were in Paris of during the Exposition, and who have oblique little black eyes that fairly dance with intelligence, and it is possible that the whole scheme of the tea garden originated in their round heads. They in turn say they got the thea while visit as Japan's exhibit in the World's Fair at Paris and the world and the world

cover the site, and it will be fitted with fixtures for steam heat, so that the tea garden may be open to its patrons all the year
round.

After the construction of the building,
the floor space will be arranged into little
hills, slopes and nooks. Then the magic
of Japanese art will convert the outlined
walks into white and winding shell paths,
the pile of earth into green mounds and the
slopes and level places into valvet bits of
lawn. Near the center will be a little pond,
and in the pond a variety of the oddest
Japanese flash that can be gotten here alive,
or hatched here from eggs imported especially for the purpose.

It is in the adornment of this bit of the
Mikado's Empire that the greatest charm
of the garden will lie. The oddest and
rarest small trees and shrubs will abound,
and among them will be a tree whose root
rise out of the ground to the height of a
native of Japan, and there mest the trunk,
which rises as high again and bears drooping branches. Japan is famously rich in
flowering bushes and shrubs, and the most
beautiful of them all will be selected for
the garden. It will be gay with flowers,
and sweet with their mingled fragrance
from New Year's to New Year's. There
will be bits of shell walk, overhung with
interlocking branches, blossoming dells
and quiet nooks. A brook will run underneath a little Japanese bridge.

Half hidden by trees and shrubs in one
corner, overlooking a slope and the pond,
an imported Yokohoma dwelling, or tes
house, will be placed. It will be built in
Japan by native carpenters, and sent here
in pieces. In this house, and perhaps in a
second, Japanese tea will be cerved as it is
customarily served in Tokio. In the serving of the tea will be introduced a most attractive feature of the glimpse of Japan.

Young girls, all of them Yum Yums,
Pitti Sings or Peep Bos, will be brought
over to propare and curry the tea to the
patrons. The girls will serve stoneless preserved cherries and sweetmeats. The
other sweetmeats will be served in a ctrouserved cherrie

COBWEB PARTIES.

bright strand a real prize. Not the trailtiousl hag of gold to be sure, but anything
from a sliken shoestring to a discussed pir,
or a book, or a picture, or anything and
everything that a ready, inventive faculty,
artistic assets or fun-loving fancy can make
or devise.

Cobweb parties may have a juvenile
sound, but they are not for the sujeyment
of rollicking younguters; but for the diversion of those who have learned, as the
years increased, to rein in their scainal
spirits and to take their pleasure with a
cortain amount of self-control.

Bo the nostess knows as also weaves her
cobweb of ribbons for her party, that no
matter how often they are twisted and intertwisted by her there will not be any
foar of them getting into a hopsiess tangle.

She takes as many strands of worsteds or
yarn or ribbon as the number of people she
invited, and fastens at one end of each
strand a prize. Some of the strands are
yards and yards in length and some are
short. The prizes are snugged away in
nooks, under chairs, behind pictures, up
stairs, down in the cellar or up on a shelf.
The different strands are crossed and
woven and interwoven like the airy threads
of a cobweb. The ends are left within
reach.

The guests are invited to select a strand
and to find the other and of it which held

of a cobweb. The ends are left within reach.

The guests are invited to select a strand and to find the other end of it which holds the prize. Each goes to work and follows the wanderings of his strand in the seemingly inextricable mass of bewildering twists and turns and colors.

It's great fun to watch the busy prize seekers. At first it seems deliclously silly; but the philosopher forgets the fun of it as he marks how each one works according to his temperament. With what zest and energy and enthusiastic haste one grabs his string and follows its lead with eager expectancy. With what slow, deliberate inquiry another pursues the windings of his strand! With what doubting timidity and misgiving another hunts for his prize, asking numberless questions and having to be helped by his comrades in the knotty places.

But cobweb parties are not intended for

his prize as a satisfying result of his labors; no matter if he found it behind a clock after many times wandering about the room he first entered; or whether, after skirmishing down stairs into the cellar, up again, down and up the hall and up stairs to the garret and down again to the drawing room to find the end of his apparently endless strand that led him into diverse places in diverse ways, fastened to a gem of a picture, which he is privileged to take away with him to his own domicile and tell ever after what a time he had finding it at a cobweb party.

Women's Dress in 1515.

This description of the dress of Englishwomen in 1815 is taken from a letter written by an attache of the Venetian legatios
to a friend at home:

"Their usual vesture is a cloth petticoat
over the shift, lined with gray squirrel or
some other fur; over the petticoat they
wear a long gown lined with some choice
fur. The gentlewomen carry the train of
their gowns under the arm; the commonbe described and sweetmeats. The cherries will be strung on sticks, six on each and lie in a circular lacquer box. The other sweetmeats will be served in a circular lacquer box. Both boxes will be served in a circular lacquer box. The other sweetmeats will be served in a circular lacquer box. Both boxes will be served in a circular lacquer box. The sleeves of the gowns sit as close as possible, are long and unsiashed throughout, the cuffs being lined with some choice fur. Their headgear is of various sorts of valvet, cap fashion, with lappets down behind over their shoulders like two hoods, and in front they have two others lined with some other silk. Their hair is not seen, so it is not possible to see whether it light or dark. Others wear on their heads muslins which are distended and hang on their backs, but not far down. Some draw their hair from under a kerchief and wear over their hairs cap, for the most part white, round, and seemly. Others, again, wear a terchief in folds on the special agent to Japan at once, if they have not already, to secure six of the best native gardeners who can be induced to come. If possible, gardeners with pretty young daughters will be sengaged, as it is quite difficult to separate Japanese daughters from families.—N. Y. Continent.

How An Earthquake Feels.

"TO THE PRESIDENT."

SOME OURIOSITIES OF THE MAIL

rly-Nearly All Will Add An

One-half of the President's daily mail is addressed to "His Excellency the President of the United States." This, of course, is exclusive of mail from conclusia sources. If this record is taken as a criterion, one-half the people of the United States are ignorant of the President's official title and of the fact that it was determined early in the history of the republic that the President should not be called "His Excellency."

The questice "what styles or titles it will be proper to annex to the offices of President and Vise President of the United States, it my other than those given in the Constitution "came before the first Congress, and after much discussion the Senate passed a resolution on May id. 1769, fixing the title of the President, which addition of title."

In the President's mail at the Executive Mansion a few days ago was just one letter in the entire package which was addressed correctly, and that was from a reitroad company in Camden, N. J. Four were nearly correct. Two were addressed "To the President, washington, D. C." The San Prencisco Board of Trade addressed an envelope to "His Excollency Benjamin Harrison, President, washington, D. C." The San Prencisco Board of Trade addressed an envelope to "His Excollency Benjamin Harrison, President, &c., and in the corner of the envelope was the wood "Private." Another letter was addressed "His Excellency, Executive Mansion, D. C.," and marked "Personal." The "Personal" mark never takes a letter beyond the deak of Executive Clerk Tibbot, who handles all of the President's mail, and turns over to Private Secretary Hallord the letters which do not require the President, because the secretary Hallord the letters which do not require the President's personal attention.

A spublican club in New York sent the President as ammelled at Altoona, Penand in Harrison, Penaldent's education from the Department of Neglected Ohidren and Esformatory Schools at Melbourne, Australia. Une letter was addressed to "Bengerman Harrson, Washington," It was mailed at Alto

specimens:
Mr. president bairson, Washington.
Mr. onerable president b barison.
Washington, d. C."
That letter which was mailed at Cairo,
Ill., strayed about for a time, and came
to the Executive Mansion with "Missent" stamped all over it.
Honory Pres.
of the United Sasts.
Washington
City

That letter was cent to Philadelphia by the Postmaster of a small Pennsylvania town who could not decipher the address. The Philadelphia office added "Washington, D. C." and forwarded the letter to the capital.

of DC
Weahington
That letter was from Blohmond, Ind.,
where Mr. Harrison should be well
known. Clymer. N. J., furnished the following gem. It has few equals in the
collection:
prescient
Bears
Wassingtons
DC
Not quite actialled with his apelling of

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The daughter is a great pet in Russian families, porhaps because there are generally more sons than daughters. Take the younger members of the Imperial family as an example, and we find twonty-two grand dukes and only seven grand duch-esses; and this may be stated to be about the average proportion in most families. The necessity for men in the rural districts as assistants in the agricultural labors of their fathers has given rise to a saying:

"One son is no son; two sons are half a son; but three are a whole son."

Notwithstanding the pride and satisfaction with which the birth of a boy is halled, the little girl is the darling, the object of the tenderest affection and care of parents and brothers, jot to speak of other adoring relatives. Much is not expected of her in the way of assistance in the family, she is indulged as far as their means and circumstances permit, and she takes it quietly and as her due, but it is rarely that she does not voluntarily and tacitly configure her share in helping her mother. Her occupations are much about the same as those of all European girls, but parish work in Russia existeth not for her. She cannot have classes at funday-schools, as religion is thight by priests or deacons.

It would be thought quite extraordinary and improper were a young unmarried girl to visit the sick or poor in towns, but in villages it is sometimes done under the direction of mamms or grandmamms. She is undoubtedly fond of pleasure, likes to be well dressed, and generally adores dancing, writes Mme. Roumanoff in the English Illustrated Magazine. Music is not the Russian girls forte, nor is solo singing. Most of the Institution, they have be only a quadrille or poka off-hand.

The Gymnasisticas begin to pine for higher culture, or the so-called work among "the people." It is not only orphans, or daughters of persons with large families and small means that endeavor to obtain board appointments. It is the fashion, the cruse of the day.

Higher culture used to be attainable by joining the higher cou

Antice of the Red Ant.

Antice of the Red Ant.

The following remarkable story, told by an eye-witness, is entitled to a place among the instances of intelligence among the instances of intelligence among the lower animals:

A cook was much annoyed to find his pastry shelves attacked by anis. By careful watching it was discovered that they came twice a day in search of food, at about 7 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon. How were the pies to be protected against the invaders?

He did not have long to wait, for at 5:50 o'clock he noticed that in the left hand corner of the pantry was a line of ants slowly making their way in the direction of the ples.

They seemed like a vast army coming forth to attack the enemy. In front was a leader, who was larger than any of the others, and who always kept a little ahead of his troops.

They were of the sort known as the medium-sized red ant, which is regarded as the most intelligent of its kind, whose scientifis name is Formica rubrs.

About forty ants out of five hundred stepped out and joined the leader. The general and his aids held a council and then proceeded to examine the circle of molasses. Certain portions of it seemed to be assigned to the different ants, and each selected unerringly the point in the section under his charge where the stream of molasses was narrowest. Then the leader made his tour of inspection.

The order to march was given, and the ants all made their way to a hole in the wall at which the plastering was loose. Here they broke ranks and set about car-

ants all made their way to a hole in the wall at which the plastering was loose. Here they broke ranks and set about carrying pieces of plaster to the place in the molasses which had been agreed upon as the narrowest.

To and fro they went from the nall-hole to the molasses, until, at 11:200 clock, they had thrown a bridge across. They then formed themselves in line again and marched over, and by 11:35 every ant was eating pie.—Rocky Mountain News.

"Speaking of coincidence," said the man with the wooden leg, as he lighted a half-consumed cigar he had been carrying in an old handkerchief; "speaking of coincidences, gentleman, I can tell you a very singular thing. I was going up Niagara street, in Ruffalo, when I saw a man with a wooden leg on the other side of the street coming down. We looked across at each other and stopped. Bays I to myself, and says he to himself:

"That fellow isot his leg at the battle of Gettynburg, or I'm a sinner!"

"Well?" asked one of the group.

"We looked at each other across the street for a moment, and then says I to myself, and says he to himself:

"I'll strike him for a quarter, and an old comrade and fellow-sufferer will shell out.,"

"Well?"

"Very curious coincidence, gentlemenvery curious," continued the man, as he puffed away at his old stab; "We met on the cross-walk. We shook hands. We struck each other for a quarter, but didn't gut it. We were both dead broles. Seither of us was in the battle of Gettynburg, or any other battle. Then says I to myself, and says he to himself:

"Bush his eyes! but he's a traveling on his shape and telling a tale of wee, and he's no man for me to associate with!" and so we walked off. I don't like coincidences myself; there's no money in 'em."

FOUND AT LAST.

"Wal, Ephraham Linkum, an' wat yo see in de city?" naked Uncle Mose of hi nephew's few days ago, when that worth returned from Richmorid full of "de larni ob de city folkses."

"See! Uncle Mose, man nitve! I see d whole wor!, "said Ephraham Linkum." see houses or hundred times higgern Mas will's an' Miss Linn's, on or hundred storie high, an some on em had glass doo's an

will's an' Miss Lim's, on or hundred stories high, an some one on had diase doo's an' winders all over em, an' I see kerriges w'st wenner long 'thout no horses nor mules hitched taylom, an' you knd ride in one fass a nickel, and I see lamps in de streete wat made it lightere day all night; an' dey doan hafter fill 'om up knae de lie runs on a wire an' burns at avery pos' an I see..."

"Shet up, nigger, I ain't axed you ter lie an' if you lies ter me ag'in I 'clar you knint go back ter de city."

"Uncle Mose I is tellin de gospel truf, and dey got twelerfonegraphs, and dey talks to each odder fer er hundred miles, an you kin hear 'em jes as ..."

"Migger!" thundered Uncle Mose, an you kin hear 'em jes as ..."

"Migger!" thundered Uncle Mose, an you kin hear 'em jes as ..."

"But, Uncle Mose, I 'clar 'fore goodness I ain't tole you not iten, and wen dey twelerphonegraph a boy dressed up in blue close come an bring wat dey want. I axed one o' de boys wat he git er mont' an he say he git er hundred dollars, I tell you dey was fine an don't you furgit it, an' I see...I see..."

"Look er yer, nigger, does you surmarin

"Look er yer, nigger, does you surmagin I is er goin ter b'lieve all wat you is er teillin', you good-fur-nuffin, triffin' nigger; you jis' git up in de mawnin' wen I calis yer and go to wuk. De city ain't no fit place fur sich as you. You dun bin to de city a whole mout', an' kaint summember

wa't you seed. I tell you it won't do, you mus'.—"
"But, Uncle Mose," interrupted Ephraham, "I sin't got dun tellin wat I.—"
"Bhet up, nigger, I alut got no time to listen to yo' gab. Go out dar and cut some wood fur yo' Aunt, yos hear!" and with the look of one who had done's good act. Uncle Mose leaned back in his chair, drew forth a large, square piece of tobacco, cut off a piece about an inch and a half square, leaned back and solloquised thusiy. "Wes I wur er boy if I had er kum home an tole such tales as dat nigger, Mars Will 'ad er beat me nigh ter death, but times is changed. Yae indeedy, times is hain't no mo' wat der used to be, an' dat's a fac'."—Arkansaw Traveler.

He suddenly halted as he saw a sign "To Let" in Irving place, and in answer to his ring a young woman came to the door, "Rooms or whole house?" he asked. "Rooms," she replied.

"Southern expose "Yes."
"Decorated?"
"Yes."

"Steam heat?"
"Yes." "Services of janitor?"
"Yes."
"Elevator?"
"Yes."

"Halls carpeted and everybody made feel at home?"
"Certainly."
"References required?"
"Of course."
"Ah! then, I am done for! I cann

"Ah! then, I am done for! I cannot furnish them and yet preserve my incognito as the Count Stephanio. Give me dead away, you see, and I would be constantly bored with callers and newspaper notices."

"Well?" the woman asked in a voice which had a touch of snowdrifts in it.

"Therefore, madame, if you would kindly how me off a liberal slice of bread, and put a liberal hunk of cold beststeak on it, and add a hard-bolled egg and a couple of olives, I do sincerely believe..."

She banged the door on him, and after a bit he turned away and decended the steps with a disconsciate look, and said to himself;

The Sage and the Beys A Pahls.

A Boy who had his hand wrapped up in a Bandage called upon a well-known Sage and said:

"O Sage, I am but a young and innocent Kid, and I Desire to be made Wise."

"What wouldst Thou, my Son?" queried the Bage as he crossed his Legs and out off a Chaw of Plug Tobacco.

"Yesterday I Picked up a Horseehoe in a Blacksmith Shop."

"I see."

"It was red hot."

"As usual."

"Teach me, O Sage, how to tell the Difference between a Hot and a Cold Horseehoe, that I may not get Ritstered again."

"My Son," quoth the Sage, as he spat out of the nearest window, "It is as easy as Rolling off a Log. Wait until some other Boy has Picked up the Shoe, and then you will know all about it free of Cost."

HOBLE:

But we never do.—Detroit Free Press

