

MEXICO'S ROBIN HOOD.

A REGULAR STORY BOOK FREE-BOOTER.

Stories About Bernal, the Bandit, Whom the Poor People Loved.

A Mexican letter says: Strange to say, the death of Eraclio Bernal, the brutal robber chieftain, is generally deplored by the ignorant poor of the communities he terrorized. There is no doubt that he had some noble qualities. It is said of him that while he would rob and murder the rich and commit the most diabolical outrages among the "first families," he would travel hundreds of miles, at great personal danger, to assist a poor family with his ill-gotten gains. In this way he maintained the friendship of hundreds of people, who kept him posted as to the location of the troops and assisted him in eluding them. This is the secret of the long and difficult dance he led the soldiers, though the Governors of Durango and Sinaloa had each offered a reward of \$10,000 for Bernal, alive or dead, and the many months he escaped capture while perpetrating atrocities under their very noses.

His crimes and adventures are romantic and numerous enough to furnish a dozen novels of the blood-and-thunder order. He was not yet thirty years old, and had been a bandit about nine years. Those who have seen him say that he was exceptionally handsome, powerfully built, and as white as an American. He was highly connected and well educated, and for years his one ambition was to become Governor of the State of Sinaloa. To this end he robbed and murdered all who resisted—calling upon rich mining companies for funds and weapons "to carry on the war," enforcing his demands at any cost.

He was born of good family in San Diemas, State of Durango, near the Sinaloa border. His bandit career began when he was employed in one of the large gold mills of San Diemas, brought about by his overweening ambition, which had become a craze. For a long time he regularly stole small quantities of ore, and when the owners finally called him to account he convinced them in such a gentlemanly way that he needed all he had appropriated that they dropped the matter and let him continue on as usual. But this did not long satisfy him, and soon he started out with a crowd of followers to levy "assessment," as he called it, on mine-owners.

He must have been a man of unusual force of character, a born leader of men, who, in Mexico's earlier days, would have been called a hero, since his methods were much like those of the great military chieftains whose names are now enrolled in the temple of fame, and certainly his courage has never been surpassed. His men rendered him the homage and implicit obedience due to one born to command; but, unfortunately, they were all desperate characters, gathered from the worst elements of the Republic, who cared no more for shedding human blood than a hunter does that of his ordinary game. Their way was to first terrorize the people, and then they had them virtually in their power.

Bernal thought nothing of attacking a town in which he was likely to meet resistance by ten times the number of men he commanded, and the result was always the same—pillage, rapine and murder. In 1879 he sacked the city of Mazatlan, which he held for a number of hours with a band numbering not one-twentieth of the city's population.

Senior Hilario Maximus, a Sonora mine-owner, says of the dead bandit: In June last I was employed by the Los Palomos Mining Company at Gvidanias, Durango. At 4 o'clock one morning I was awakened in my room by the sound of voices and loud beating against the door. Immediately after half a dozen guns were brought to bear on me, and the leader, who was Bernal, stepped forward and asked me to deliver up the keys to the safe below, saying he wanted \$4,000. I told him I was not the manager and had not the power to grant his request, the manager being in another room. Then they made me point out the room and go in advance of them and get Don Juan Maria, the manager, out.

Eraclio touched his hat politely to Don Juan and repeated his request. The manager demurred, saying he didn't have but \$3,200 anyhow. He and I and all the rest were duly marched down, and when we were arranged, disarmed, along in front of the buildings, we found there were just twenty-five in all of Bernal's men. They were ranged opposite us, and each one of them was well armed.

Business was proceeded with very leisurely, Bernal having meantime given an order that not a drop of liquor should be sold to any of his men while in town. He also commanded his band to disturb nobody. Don Juan opened the safe, and, sure enough, there wasn't but \$3,200 in it. Bernal, however, looked carefully over the books to see if the cash was all right, and finding that the entries in the books and the money in hand tallied exactly, he let the manager off. Then, with great deliberation, he wrote his note for the amount. It ran:

"I, Eraclio Bernal, when Governor of Sinaloa, will pay to Los Palomos Mining Company, Don Juan Maria of Gvidanias, manager, \$3,200. God help us! Amen!"

Before the band dispersed the little children of the town had gathered around. "Give me a dime," one would say: "Let me have some money, too," said another, and Eraclio would dip into his bag of silver and give some to each. He didn't miss one. Senior Maximus does not believe that Bernal is really dead—he has been falsely reported dead so many times—and that he will yet become Governor of Sinaloa. He

says that thousands in that State believe so, and have no doubt that the robber will then return all the money he has "borrowed."

Among the many stories of his Robin Hood exploits is one of how he avenged an American. Up in a deep gorge, beyond San Diemas, an old man, an American, was stopped by a lone horseman and ordered to give up his watch and money. "Who are you?" asked the traveler. "Eraclio Bernal," was the response. Then the old man didn't say a word, but handed over all he had, the robber also taking his horse.

A little further down the canyon the traveler, plodding along on foot, met four horsemen going up. "How does it happen," asked the leader, "that an old man like you is walking in these mountains?" The pedestrian replied that Bernal had just taken his horse, watch and money. "Did he say his name was Bernal? You wait here," said the man, as he quickly disappeared up the canyon.

Presently he returned, bringing everything that had been stolen. "Here is your horse, watch and money," he said. "The man who took them lies up yonder, dead. He was not Bernal. I am Bernal." The old man had but \$8, and Bernal remarked that he would need more to carry him through, and gave him \$8 additional. Thus Cavalier Bernal frequently proved the truth of the old saw that "there is honor among thieves."

WEDDED TO A CHINAMAN.

Henrietta Hutsker of Wilkesbarre Becomes Mrs. Jim Lee Denn.

Jim Lee Denn is the name of a tall, slim, swarthy, but nevertheless a very gentlemanly, intelligent and industrious Chinaman who keeps a laundry at 14 Main street, Nanticoke. He formerly conducted a laundry here in Wilkesbarre, near the corner of East Market street and the Square, but a little more than two years ago he sold out to Wa-Ke, the present proprietor of the establishment. After leaving here Jim looked around for an opening for a new washee shop, and finally located in Nanticoke, since which time he has built up a good trade, and now, it is said, he has money.

On Saturday evening last Jim Lee Denn was married to a pretty Wilkesbarre girl of American parentage. The ceremony was performed in the parlor attached to Jim's laundry by a minister of the Gospel, and was witnessed by a large number of invited guests, including merchants, lawyers, and large property owners of the borough. A well known restaurant keeper was the groom's best man, and a comely young lady friend of this city attended the bride.

A *Leader* reporter having been informed of the marriage, called with an acquaintance who had witnessed the ceremony to congratulate the happy pair, and, if possible, learn something of the bride's history. The visitors were met in the office of the laundry by the newly made Benedict, who asked in good English:

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" The reporter was introduced by the gentleman who accompanied him, and after explaining the nature of his errand asked to see the bride. Jim said encouragingly:

"Come here, Henrietta." Presently the folding curtains between the office and a side room parted and an exceedingly pretty girl, apparently 20 years of age, stood in the aperture. She was dressed in a neat-fitting suit of dark cashmere, and as she extended her hand to greet the visitors it was noticed that her face and form were decidedly attractive. She smiled sweetly while her almond-eyed husband looked on admiringly, and in answer to the reporter's questions said her maiden name was Henrietta Hutsker, and she had lived for some years past on Harrison street, in Moseytown, Wilkesbarre. Her parents both died when she was quite young, and she was brought up by relatives, for whom she worked for her board and clothing and a little pin money.

Henrietta would not give the particulars of their courtship, but she said it was a case of love at first sight, and money considerations had nothing to do with their marriage. She did not know the name of the minister who married them, his services having been secured by a mutual friend, and the ceremony witnessed by a large number of her husband's acquaintances, and that was satisfactory to her. In a day or two the minister would present her with a certificate of marriage, and then she would know his name.

"We are very happy," she added, "and I hope our happiness may continue. So long as I am permitted to enjoy the society of a loving husband I do not care what the world may think of me for marrying him."

At a Wedding.

There was a remarkable scene at an intended marriage at the house of a Fredericktown (New Brunswick) clergyman the other afternoon. At 4 o'clock a young man, a well-known resident of Cardigan, and a young lady belonging to Woodland, went to the house of a clergyman residing on George street with the intention of getting married. The ceremony had commenced, and the prospective bride said she would accept the young man as her husband. The minister began to draw a picture of marriage that had proved to be unhappy. Without waiting to hear the bright side of the picture, she pushed her lover's hand away, declaring, "I will not have you." The young man was thunderstruck, but neither he nor the minister could induce her to change her mind. She seized her wraps and left the house, and the marriage was indefinitely postponed.

PRINCE OSCAR'S ROMANCE.

His Engagement to a Lady Not of Royal Blood.

In Continental Court circles the question of peace or war excites considerably less interest just now than the royal romance that has culminated in the engagement of Prince Oscar Charles, second son of the King of Sweden, to a young lady of his own nationality, but not of royal blood. I am in a position to give you full and authentic particulars of this eminently romantic story.

The Crown Princess of Sweden, who is a daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden and a Granddaughter of the Emperor William, had among her maids of honor a young Swedish lady, Miss Munck, known for her beauty, grace, and charming manner. Wherever she went she was admired, and while with the Crown Princess in Germany she even attracted the attention of the Emperor William, who has always been a worshipper of the fair sex; but although of noble birth, Miss Munck was poor and an orphan. Her father, Col. Munck, had left her a long line of ancestors—all gallant soldiers—but very little money. Eventually Miss Munck, yielding to the pressing advice of her friends, accepted an offer of marriage from a wealthy young officer belonging to a crack cavalry regiment, and everything was prepared for the wedding. The day was fixed, the "trousseau" was bought, and presents had arrived, when suddenly Miss Munck broke off her engagement for reasons which convinced her that she did not possess the exclusive affections of her suitor. She resisted all attempts at a reconciliation, and retired from Court for some time. When she returned her former high spirits had gone, and her face bore an expression of melancholy, which, however, enhanced her beauty considerably. Meanwhile Prince Oscar had been for a two-year's trip round the world in the royal Swedish frigate *Vanadis*. Shortly after his return his friends discovered that he was in love, and the fact likewise became evident to Miss Munck herself. She could not fail to be sensible of the admiration of the gallant and handsome young sailor prince. But what was to be done? According to the Swedish Constitution any prince marrying outside the circle of royalty forfeits his rights to the throne and his privileges as a member of the royal family. Miss Munck, listening to what she believed was the voice of duty, again left the Swedish Court. She announced formerly to her relatives her intention never to marry, and assumed the garb of a nurse and the charge of a ward in one of the large charity hospitals of Stockholm. Prince Oscar at last succeeded in meeting her, and finally after a long struggle he wrung from her the confession that she loved him. Still the brave girl refused to marry him, and it was not until the Prince could tell her that the Queen had been moved to give her consent that finally she yielded; but the King's sanction had yet to be obtained. In vain did Prince Oscar at first plead that as his brother, the Crown Prince, had already two sons, his own chances of ever ascending the throne were practically nil, and that he therefore ought to be allowed to abandon the privileges of royalty and to become a private citizen; but as time wore on, and the King saw that his son could not be influenced in the matter, his Majesty was induced to yield, principally owing to the entreaties of the Queen, who was on the eve of an operation from which she was not expected to recover. The King could not resist this appeal from his beloved wife, whom he feared he was going to lose, and thus, for the first time for 300 years, a Prince of Sweden will marry the daughter of a private gentleman. In virtue of the Swedish Constitution Prince Oscar will lose, besides his rights to the throne, his titles of Royal Highness and Duke of Gotland, the yearly allowance granted by the Swedish Diet, and his palace at Stockholm. He will in future be called Prince Bernadotte. He will retain his position as commander in the Swedish Navy, which rank he has earned fairly in the ordinary course of promotion. The Prince, it may be added, seems the happiest of men.

His Royal Highness and his affianced bride will accompany the Queen of Sweden to England, at the end of January, it being her Majesty's intention to spend three or four months at Bournemouth. The wedding will take place either at that watering place or at the Swedish church in London. After their return from their honeymoon the young couple will settle at Carlskrona, a naval establishment in Southern Sweden, where the Prince will be stationed.

Husband and Wife.

A certain remoteness between persons even so closely united as husband and wife increases their pleasures in each other's society. Besides, a little formality tends to preserve amicable relations and to prevent bickering. I hate to see a man remain seated in his chair when his wife enters the room or leaves it. I have known husbands—men, too, accustomed to pride themselves on their good manners in general society—who would lead the way to the dining room when dinner was announced, leaving their wives to follow. And everybody is familiar with the propensity which married people often exhibit to cut in and spoil each other's stories and remarks. This kind of thing would not be likely to occur if a certain distance and ceremoniousness were observed between them. The other day I was passing the house of a venerable and highly esteemed citizen of Boston, when the door opened and a lady came out to enter her carriage. The old gentleman also appeared, though a footman was in attendance, and, bareheaded, handed his wife to the coupe with a fine air not only of civility but of respect.—*Boston Post.*

Lulling Her Babies to Sleep.

Mrs. Julia Sophia Walker died at her home in San Francisco on Friday night under peculiar circumstances. She was a handsome, vigorous woman, not yet thirty years old, and mother of two children, one a baby and the other about four years old. Save for their company she was alone at home in the evening. She was busy with her household cares, and the children climbed about her until shortly after 8 o'clock, when it came their bed time. She tucked them in their cribs by the fire, and kissing them good-night turned down the light that they might sleep the better. Going then into the parlor adjoining, she left the door ajar, and sitting at the piano played for a time in a soft strain as a lullaby. After a time the music ceased abruptly, and the elder child was aroused by a sound from the parlor like a heavy fall. Calling its mamma repeatedly and receiving no reply, the little one arose, went into the parlor, and there by the piano, on the floor, just as she had fallen from the stool, lay the mother, dead. Mr. Walker reached home within a few minutes thereafter and was overwhelmed with the spectacle which greeted his entrance. His wife lay dead and his children were crying with fright. The Coroner was informed, but, as death plainly resulted from heart disease, no inquest will be held.

Froze to Death.

A sad story comes from from Northern Dakota of the death of a school teacher and five children by freezing during the late intense cold. The teacher, named George Patrick, was employed in an isolated district about forty miles north of Mandan. When the blizzard came on, only five children were present in the school. It is supposed that Patrick concluded to remain over night in the school house with the children rather than attempt to face the storm. The blizzard raged for several days, and when the school-house was reached, at the end of the storm, teacher and children were found frozen to death. They had burned all the wood, broken the desks and torn up the floor for fuel. The teacher had stripped himself of his outer garments and wrapped them about some of his pupils.

Innocence of Youth.

"My darling," said a fond mother who believed in appealing to children's tender feelings instead of punishing them, "if you are so naughty you will grieve grandma so that she will get sick and have to lie in bed in a dark room and take nasty medicine; and then she may die and have to be taken away out to the cemetery and be buried; and you will—"

The child's face had become solemn and more solemn, but an angelic smile spread over his face at his mother's last words, and throwing his arms about her neck he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, and mayn't I sit beside the coachman?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Leap Year.

"Charley is coming to see me to-night," remarked Ella. "I don't know why I feel so nervous about it, but I have a presentiment that something's going to happen."

"Oh, there's no use feeling nervous about it if you've made up your mind to do it," answered Clara. "Very likely he'll say yes; he was always soft."—*New York Sun.*

The way of the transgressor may be hard, but it's a deuced easy way to get into.



BECAUSE it is so unusually handsome and attractive in appearance, many persons think the IVORY SOAP is intended for toilet use only. While it may be used for the toilet with pleasant and satisfactory results, it is a laundry soap in all that the name implies. Prof. Silliman, of Yale College, says: "As a laundry soap the IVORY has no superior."

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory," they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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"Don't Marry Him!"

"He is such a fickle, inconstant fellow, you will never be happy with him," said Esther's friends when they learned of her engagement to a young man who bore the reputation of being a flirt. Esther, however, knew that her lover had good qualities, and she was willing to take the risk. In nine cases out of ten it would have proved a mistake; but Esther was an uncommon girl and to every one's surprise Fred made a model husband. How was it? Well, Esther had a cheerful, sunny temper and a great deal of tact. Then she enjoyed perfect health and was always so sweet, neat and most pleasant, and his own wife more home-like than any other being. As the year passed and he saw other women of Esther's age, now sickly, faded and querulous, he realized more and more that he had "a jewel of a wife." Good health was half the secret of Esther's success. She retained her vitality and good looks, because she ward off feminine weaknesses and ailments by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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