

CRYING FOR THE JURY.

WOMEN'S TEARS BETTER THAN A LAWYER'S ADDRESS.

The Prospect for Women on Juries When Their Sex is Before the Bar—Dancing That Was Not Dancing and Failed to Please the Public.

NEW YORK, July 1.—Within the last six weeks two women have been tried in this city for the murder of their lovers. In each case a deliberate intention to kill was clearly proven, and in each case a verdict of "Not Guilty," was returned. "Who is responsible?" the astonished public cried out. "The handkerchief racket," the lawyers for the State and accused replied.

While their trials were going on the criminals wept conspicuously and industriously all day long. One was a pretty young girl of nineteen, and every day her mother brought into court a large square of folded linen and solemnly handed it to her. It was the handkerchief into which she was to pour her tears, and it proved an abler weapon of defence than the eloquence of her lawyer. The other one provided her own munitions of war, and used them even more effectively, for she was middle-aged and disreputable, and the "handkerchief racket" had to be very skillfully worked to accomplish her rescue.

These two trials have set men talking about the advisability of summoning women jurors in certain cases. It called she may go to the rescue, or she may respectfully decline to be utilized in the jury-box, to pull men out of scrapes for which their fellow-men have no sympathy. She may urge, "that the baby may starve, the muton burn up, and John fill the vacuum that refused its cinders in a neighboring grocery, while she is away from home," and these will make very effective excuses. They have frequently been offered as reasons why she can't be a juror, and she can return them with her compliments as reasons why she won't be a juror.

Ever since an enterprising manager introduced the high kickers of the London gaiety to New York audiences, the public has shown a great predilection for spectacles that included terepichorean performances. Otero, the Spanish dancer, sailed away about three weeks ago with 10,000 American dollars in her pocket, and Carmencita is said to have banked \$25,000 since she came here.

Manager Askins of the Palmer theatre thought he had in journalistic parlance, "scooped" his dramatic brethren, when he secured Omene, an Oriental high-kicker from Stamboul, to dance before his patrons as Herodias danced before the ruler of the Jews, but after witnessing her first rehearsal, and finding that the lovely Omene expected to "do her turn" in thirty-five yards of gauze, ("only that and nothing more"), he began to fear that his managerial head might fall before his Oriental dancer if he allowed her to do her kicking in true Oriental style. He ordered the web of gauze to be supplemented by Turkish trousers and a bodice, but in spite of these precautions the public was shocked and even the bald headed contingent on the front row seemed to think they had been given more than their money's worth, when Omene twinkled her small, bare rosy feet and cunning toes, on one of which sparkled a ring with a big diamond in it, off the stage.

The fact is it was not dancing at all; it was posing, wriggling, contorting, and if not suggestive, it would have been a totally meaningless pantomime.

The fair oriental has taken her gauze scarf and her bare, be-ringed toes over to the east side, where audiences are less "pernickety" than on the west side, and with the advertising that Manager Askin has given her, she ought to make more than either of her Spanish contemporaries.

Every now and then a chorus girl carries off the son and heir of a Gotham millionaire, and his papa has to hustle round and collect a small fortune to buy his young hopeful back. The latest victim is an orphan eighteen years of age, who will come into his patrimony of half a million on his twenty-first birthday. He is known as "Allie" Kittington, and is the son of the late Commodore Kittington. His captor is Belle Palmer, a well-known soubrette, who carried him off and bound him in hymeneal fetters, while he was in the non-combatant condition, in which a protracted spree is apt to leave a youth of his tender years.

The old commodore maintained several wives in his time, and Master Allie's elder brother Hercules took a woman out of a house of ill repute in this city one Sunday evening and married her. When confronted with his marriage certificate he declared that he was drunk at the time, but that to the best of his knowledge and belief he had never seen the woman before, all of which goes to prove that some things do run in families.

Some inquisitive person lately propounded the query, "What has woman brought into journalism?" and an audacious newspaper man publicly replied that, "she had brought nothing into it but her clothes." The parties most concerned in his witty reply are looking for him, and the clothes he happens to be wearing when found will probably go into journalism as the most delapidated that ever came out of an encounter.

Rudyard Kipling, who was reported dying of consumption in Italy, arrived here last week, and registered at a hotel as J. McDonald. By the time the reporters got on his track, he had disappeared, some say into the leafy coverts of Long Island. One enterprising editor hunted him down, and made him stand and deliver a story for his Sunday edition. The modest young author named it *The Finest Story in the World*.

It is no wonder he took to the woods as soon as he landed on these shores. It is only a few years since he went back to London, after making a grand tour of America, and out-Dickensed Dickens in disparagement of the United States and its citizens. The editors have been giving him particular fits ever since, and are in arrears yet.

HERMIA.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

He Writes to His Sister in Boston on Various Local Topics.

FREDERICTON, July the 2th.

My Dere Sis.—Acorse I was gratyfyde to realize, sister, that yure gatriekis was better, and that you was bathin' in the sunshine these gorgus auburn days. I hope the Boston wether is light complected so as to match yure stile of butey, sis. Ma sez you was allers fond uv bathin' in the sunshine, sis, but never hankered much for any other kind uv bathin', so I sposse yure happy now.

I wunder, sister, wot the world's comin' to. Thare aint ben a sojer drunk nor

ville and other pints uv interest to widders. They took a pullman on Wheeler's express fer Marysville, follered by a bushel uv rice, a bunch uv crackers and a constabel. They will be back tomorror.

The Oddfellers frum Saint Johns was here yesterdy and got their grub from the wimmen uv the Methodist church. Ma was down the nite betor and helped em peel a harel uv potatoes. It was oful to see the peelin' and squeelin' they did. And sich lurchin, hunchin, munchin and crunchin and walin' and nashin as them Oddfellers did. I gess they was half starved in Saint Johns. Mr. Blare and Mr. Tompson and Turney Witehed and D.eter Colter and Frank Rasteeden done the bett uv the work ma sez. She sez Mr. Blare and Mr. Tompson done the heavy thinkin', Mr. Witehed watel ed

Moltke said, with a humorous glance at his own plain civilian dress. "Oh, my dear, Herr Pastor, you should have told me before that I was to find such famous generals represented here." He invited all the boys to visit him at Kreisau, and gave them a most hospitable reception.

He Saved Them the Trouble.

Three men—an Englishman, Irishman, and Scotchman—were travelling together. They called at a wayside inn, had a glass of beer, paid, and took their departure. A few steps further on the Englishman observed: "I noticed a fine silver watch hanging on a nail over the counter." "Let us go back and fetch it," said the Irishman. "Useless trouble," added the Scotchman. "I have it in my pocket."



OH! YOU TICKLE ME.

drowned nor run away, pa sez, fer morn a week and oney three or four brung up fer fitin'. Thare aint no stroberies, thare aint no mapul honey, thare aint no appels, thare aint no dog-fites—thare aint no nothin. Acorse we haz the long tennis, but in regard to straddin', it aint wot it was when you was here, sister.

The 'piscopals held a bazar on the crifers square last week, so ma, wich is rampagus fer the heathen, is goin' to noggerate one fer the freewills. Wen she went down with her ambril and menshuned it to the kernel, he was so tickled to deeth with the idee that he's ben on the docter's hands ever since.

I most forgot to menshun, sister, that the crops is backward owin' to wet wether. Ma kept prayin' fer it to stop all the week, and sure enuf it held it yesterdy. Goodness knows when it would have topped oney fer her. But all the crops aint bad, sister; the crop uv dead cats on the racecourse is prodigus.

Mister Gill was in to call on us today. He 'peared kind uv ankshus and resley. He sed he wanted to insure our cow. Deth is mitey onsertin, mam, sez he. We are libel to be watted up. It goeth about like a roarin' gadfly, sez he, and at the last it stingeth like a bumbel, and consumeth yure wittles, sez he, and drieth up the fountains, sez Mr. Gill. Not uv our cow, sez ma, she aint dried up to enny extent. But wot would happen to her famerly, sez Josey, if she was called away—think uv the orphins, sez he. I'd have you to know, sez ma to him in oful tones, that our cow aint got no famerly; she aint a married cow, sez she. O, sez Mr. Gill, I'm tryin' so hard to git along, sez he. Nothin' to keep you frum gittin' along now, sez ma in sargustic tones. O, sez he, but I'm tryin' so hard to get a few more cows, mam. If I oney had ten more cows, sez he, I would be redy to clime the golden spout enny munit. O, sez he, did you ever read Grey's Effigy in a County boneyard, sez he? Yes, sez ma, which her ebenezer was a risin' on her gorge, and I advise you, Mr. Gill, to get a move on this blessed inserty or I'll make a effigy of you in a dirty dooryard. So, Mr. Gill ewaporated.

I sposse you heard, sister, that Uncle Dick married the widdler. Pa sez a man wot marries a widdler is giltly uv matrimony in the second degree. The ceremony come off at our place today. It was trooly gorgus. Pa lent Uncle Dick a shirt fer the okashun, and kissed the bride when Ma wasn't lookin', both numerus and vareous. The grub was hevily, includin' some yaller sassisgers frum Dave Hats fer dog-days I gess, called ham, lamb, ram and dam. Uncle Dick was so absent minded he didn't pay the minister. He borrowed \$10 frum Pa and left fer an extensiv toor uv Doketown, Niagery, Black-

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t'e wether, Frank Rasteen had charge uv the Wimmen and the Docter done all the sweatin'.

So good by now, sis, wich leavus us as uzule hopin' thares no extra postage fer love and god bless you dere sister, and menny returns uv the same, be virtuous and you'll be happy even if you do feel miserible, wich I take my pen in hand and have the honor to remane yure livin' bruther.

JIMMY SMITH. P. S.—Pa's gone over to the Grits, sister. He wasn't appinted to take the census after all. He sez the government is a inkybus on the sufferin publick.

Nine Rules for Bathers.

Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal.

Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause.

Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration.

Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if after having been a short time in the water it causes a sense of chilliness and numbness of the hands and feet.

Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water.

Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water.

Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately if there is the slightest feeling of chilliness.

The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young and those who are weak had better bathe two or three hours after a meal—the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast.

Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe.

An Anecdote of Von Moltke.

One day Moltke stopped at a boarding school kept by a person in a village near his Silesian country seat, and sat down to hear the teacher instruct the scholars—mostly young nobles preparing for the army—on the wars of France and Prussia. The clergyman being called away for a moment, Moltke asked to be allowed to take his place. Before long he asked one of the pupils:

"Who do you think was Napoleon's best general?" "My granduncle, Your Excellency, Marshal Ney, Prince of the Moskwa," was the answer. Turning to another boy, he asked: "And who was the bravest of Prussia's generals in the same war?" "My granduncle, Marshal Prince Blucher," he said. There was also a descendant of Gen. Zieten among them. When the clergyman returned, Von

the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this For sample package send three cent stamp to

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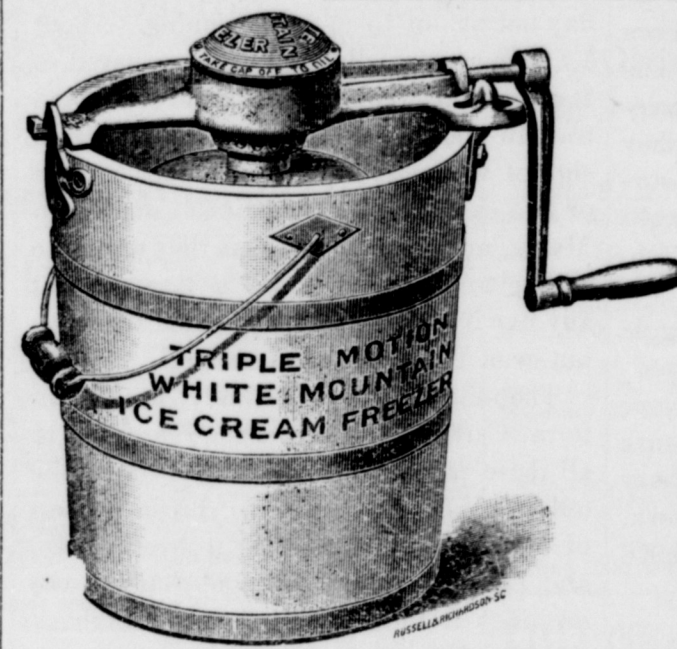
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THIS LETTER SPEAKS VOLUMES.

Moncton, May 7, 91.

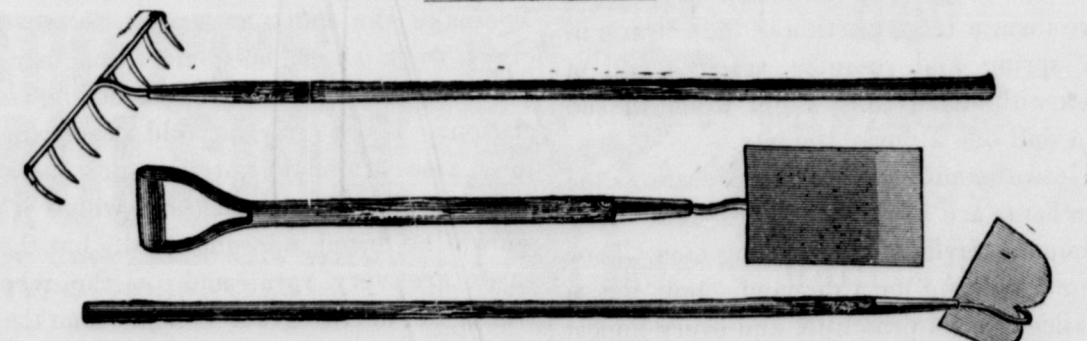
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