

MONTE CARLO SUICIDES

Number Not Exaggerated—A Witness Describes How One Was Done With.

"I had always believed," said a man who has just returned from his first trip abroad, "that the number of suicides credited to Monte Carlo every year was exaggerated for sensation's sake, but I have been there recently, and I am inclined to believe the worst. I am convinced from what I saw that because of the precautions of the authorities there and the universal system of bribery which prevails only a small percentage of the suicides due to the gaming table is made known. Just let me tell you of one that I saw myself.

"I was in Monte Carlo on Tuesday, March 22, when, in broad daylight, a well-dressed man walked out of the Casino, sat down on the steps, and with a revolver, blew his brains out. Such incidents were apparently too common to attract extraordinary attention, and the authorities of the place are always prepared for them. Almost before the smoke of the revolver had cleared away a lot of attendants rushed out, and after covering the body with sackcloth, which was kept on hand for the purpose, removed it. All trace of the tragedy was washed away, and in less than five minutes there was nothing on the steps to excite suspicion. I have no doubt that the authorities buried the body at their own expense, and that nothing further will be heard of the case.

"Very few of these Monte Carlo suicides are identified. As a rule, they are either broken down gamblers or men who have gone there with the intention of recouping by a single stroke, or losing all and dying. Silence in many cases is gained by granting to relatives a sum from the secret service money, which is set aside every year from the vast revenue of the 'Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco' for the purpose of hushing up scandals. Too much publicity, you know, might bring the hand of justice on this establishment, which ruins thousands of men and women.

Wonderful Fests.

The aboriginal of Australia is an expert in dodging missiles. The quickness of his eye and the accuracy of his judgment are wonderful, and are supplemented by suppleness of limb and muscle. Mr. Chauncy, an officer of the Victorian government, once made a report of personal observations of the aboriginals, which Mark Twain quotes in his book, 'Following the Equator.'

Mr. Chauncy has seen an aboriginal stand for half an hour as a target for cricket-balls thrown with great force at a distance of ten or fifteen yards by professional bowlers, and successfully dodge them or parry them with his shield. The shield was no broader than a stovepipe, and about the length of a man's arm. One of the balls, properly placed would have killed him. Yet he dodged them all, with the utmost self-possession, depending on the quickness of his eye and his agility. Mr. Chauncy once saw a little native man throw a cricket-ball one hundred and ninety yards—beating the English professional record by thirteen yards. He saw another native make a somersault over eleven horses; whereas the ordinary circusman, who bounds from a spring-board, turns a somersault over only eight horses. He also saw the same native leap from the ground, go over a man on horseback, and dip his head, while going over, into a hat placed in an inverted position on the top of the man's head. The native landed on the other side of the horse with the hat fairly on his head. 'The prodigious height of the leap,' says Mr. Chauncy, 'and the precision with which it was taken so as to enable him to dip his head into the hat, exceeded any feat of the kind I ever beheld.' We should think so!

Cured the Mule.

The Washington Star gives a new recipe for curing a balky mule. From the incident which accompanies it, one would scarcely be encouraged to try it, especially if one ever expected to see the animal again; else there would be a sin against the poor beast in printing the story:

I was riding along a mountain road in East Kentucky, when I saw a mule running toward me with a swingletree dangling at his heels. With great difficulty I succeeded in getting out of his way, and he continued to go down the mountain at a lively pace. About a mile farther on I saw two front wheels of a spring wagon, and a short distance away the other wheels and the wagon-box. I looked round to see if the driver had been hurt; but finding no one, I drove on. In a few minutes I met a man walking rather quickly down the road.

"Stranger," he asked, "did you see a mule down that road?"

"Yes."

"Did he hev a rag over his year?"

"I didn't see any."

"Waal, it's all right. I reckon 'e'll stop when 'e gits flustered out, an' reckon 'e's cured."

"What is he cured of?" I asked.

"Balkin'. You see I heard that a grass-hopper put in th' year o' a boss or mule 'd

SERIOUS DEFECTS



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Never Forget it.

'You must have met a great many queer people in your time,' said a friend to an old 'elevator man' who, for nearly a quarter of a century, had taken passengers up and down in one of the large buildings in a crowded city.

'Queer people?' replied the old man, reflectively. 'No. People are all alike—all except one.'

His sombre face lighted up a little, and he went on:

'I've met just one person in all these years who wasn't like the rest. She was a curly-haired little girl from the country. She had never been in an elevator before. I took her up to the sixth floor, and as I opened the door to let her out she looked at me with the sweetest smile in the world—and thanked me. Only human being I ever met that didn't seem to think an elevator man was a mere machine. I think she must have died years ago. She was too good for this world.' And the old man was silent for a long time.

"THOUGHT MY HEAD WOULD BURST."

A Fredericton Lady's Terrible Suffering.

Mrs. Geo. Doherty tells the following remarkable story of relief from suffering and restoration to health, which should



clear away all doubts as to the efficacy of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills from the minds of the most skeptical:

"For several years I have been a constant sufferer from nervous headache, and the pain was so intense that sometimes I was almost crazy. I really thought that my head would burst. I consulted a number of physicians, and took many remedies, but without effect. I noticed Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised, and as they seemed to suit my case, I got a box and began their use. Before taking them I was very weak and debilitated, and would sometimes wake out of my sleep with a distressed, smothering feeling, and I was frequently seized with agonizing pains in the region of the heart, and often could scarcely muster up courage to keep up the struggle for life. In this wretched condition Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills came to the rescue, and to-day I state, with gratitude, that I am vigorous and strong, and all this improvement is due to this wonderful remedy.



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HENRY EVANS, NEGRO PREACHER.

His Trials and Hardships in the Early Days of His Ministry.

Inside the chancel of the Evans Chapel, in the historic town of Fayetteville, North Carolina, is shown with reverent pride a memorial tablet over the mortal dust of a negro. The man was Henry Evans, and the church perpetuates his name. He was a shoemaker and a freedman, and went to Fayetteville after the Revolutionary War. Though independent himself, and earning his living in his simple way, he had eyes to see other's sorrows as if they were his own and a tongue that could carry a prophet's message. The degraded and immoral condition of his enslaved race made his heart sore, and he sought opportunities to talk to them. He was an intelligent man, less ignorant than the average of his hearers, and out of his strong religious feeling he could speak, and set before them the life of Christ and the hopes His teachings inspired. The poor slaves had never before listened to so powerful a teacher, and they gathered to him like sheep to a shepherd.

A negro preacher had few influential friends in those days, and generally whatever notice was taken of him by the whites was not encouraging. Not unfrequently the idlers and roughs made it part of their sport to break up colored meetings, and the persecution of the preaching cobbler at last became so violent that he was forced to leave the town. Believing that he had a mission from higher than human authority, Evans made secret appointments in the sand hills, where his colored congregations followed him, as many as could slip away at night. Repeatedly the roughs tracked him to his resorts, scattered the company, and abused the preacher. He persisted, continually changing his hiding-places, and preaching to all who could reach him. They met like the Scotch Covenanters, 'in trial of cruel mockings. . . destitute afflicted, tormented.'

With increased determination the negro apostle was chased from haunt to haunt and farther into the country, and his pursuers were resolute in their purpose to stop his meetings with the negroes or to kill him; but the bold man continued his work, for numbers of the blacks were sure to rally to any point where he promised to meet them. Occasionally he was obliged to wade a stream or swim a river to keep his word to them; three times—in the winter—when the water was partly frozen. Twice, at least, he narrowly escaped death at the hands of his tormentors, and they would probably have put an end to him if the better class of the townspeople had not interfered. The attendance of the slaves at Evans's gatherings was known to many of their masters, but as they were punctual to their tasks in the daytime, this was overlooked. It was noticed, however, that the behavior and the morals of the negroes improved. The cause of this was something worth knowing, and the fugitive pastor was sent for to come home to his flock—and preach.

Black and white men crowded to hear him. If the pen of William Wirt could have had the inspired shoemaker for its subject, another description would have come to us as glowing as that of the 'Blind Preacher.' The man's marvellous eloquence conquered every listener, and his known piety and his brave devotion won the hearts of the best people. They built him a chapel, and when his congregations overflowed, they built him another twice as large. The popularity of the silver-tongued black man was not a passing craze, nor was his high repute the opinion of a day. It lasted as long as he lived. His ministry was a moral power, and when he spoke he made men feel that God gave him the words.

Rev. Dr. Pell, from whose account in the Epworth Herald these facts are taken, quotes the aged Bishop Capers, who remembered that Carolina preacher: 'Henry Evans was a Boanerges, and in his duty he never feared the face of man.'

And yet this brave and gifted minister never forgot his conventional standing. All the flattery of the whites never changed him. It was not grand, there would be something pathetic in his gentle propriety and mild self-value. To any hint that his modesty was overscrupulous, he would simply say, 'I belong to my own sort.' He always uncovered his head when he talked with a white man, and always remained standing when in a white man's house.

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