POETRY.

VITTORIA.

Wise was the word the wise man spake, who
said,
"Angelo was the only man to whom God gave
Four souls"—the soul of sculpture and of
song,
Of architecture and of art; these all,
For so God loved him, as if he were
His only child, and grouped about those
brows
Ideals of Himself—not angels mild
As those that flit and beckon other lives,
But cherubim and seraphim; tall, strong,
Unsleeping, terrible; with wings across
Their mighty feet; and eyes—if we should
look
Upon their blazing eyes, these too are hid—
Some angels are all wings! Oh, shine and fly!
Were ye not angels, ye would strike us blind.

And yet they did not, could not dazzle her—
That one sweet woman unto whom he bent
As pliant as the quarried marble turned
To life immortal in his own great hand,
Steadfast, Vittoria looked on Angelo,
She lifted lonely eyes. The years trod slow,
Fourfold the reverence which he gave to her,
Fourfold the awful tenderness, fourfold
The loyalty, the trust. And, oh, fourfold
The comfort, beyond all power of comforting,
Whereby a lesser man may heal the hurt
Of widowhood!
Pescara had one soul—
A little one, and it was stained. And he—
It too, perhaps (God knows!)—was dead.

Vittoria had one heart,
The woman gave it, and the woman gives
Once. Angelo was too late. And one who
dared
To shed a tear for him, has dropped it here.

—*Elizabeth Stewart Phelps.*

SELECT STORY

THE TRANSFERRED GHOST.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

AUTHOR OF "RUDDER GRANGE," "THE LATE MRS. NULL," ETC.

Concluded.

I had an idea, however, that the lady thought that, if I were going to speak at all, this was the time. She must have known that certain sentiments were afloat within me, and she was not unreasonable in her wish to see the matter settled one way or the other. But I did not feel like taking a bold step in the dark. If she wished me to ask her to give herself to me, she ought to offer me some reason to suppose that she would make the gift. If I saw no probability of such generosity, I would perfer that things should remain as they were.

That evening I was sitting with Madeline in the moonlit porch. It was nearly ten o'clock, and ever since supper-time I had been working myself up to the point of making an avowal of my sentiments. I had not positively determined to do this, but wished gradually to reach the proper point, when, if the prospect looked bright, I might speak. My companion appeared to understand the situation—at least, I imagined that the nearer I came to a proposal the more she seemed to expect it. It was certainly a very critical and important epoch in my life. If I spoke, I should make myself happy or miserable forever; and if I did not speak I had every reason to believe that the lady would not give me another chance to do so.

Sitting thus with Madeline, talking a little, and thinking very hard over these momentous matters, I looked up and saw the ghost, not a dozen feet away from us. He was sitting on the railing of the porch, one leg thrown up before him, the other dangling down as he leaned against a post. He was behind Madeline, but almost in front of me, as I sat facing the lady. It was fortunate that Madeline was looking out over the landscape, for I must have appeared very much started. The ghost had told me that he would see me some time this night, but I did not think he would make his appearance when I was in the company of Madeline. If she should see the spirit of her uncle, I could not answer for the consequences. I made no exclamation, but the ghost evidently saw that I was troubled.

"Don't be afraid," he said—"I shall not let her see me; and she cannot hear me speak unless I address myself to her, which I do not intend to do."

I suppose I looked grateful.

"So you need not trouble yourself about that," the ghost continued; "but it seems to me that you are not getting along very well with your affair. If I were you, I should speak out without waiting any longer. You will never have a better chance. You are not likely to be interrupted; and, so far as I can judge, the lady seems disposed to listen to you favorably; that is, if she ever intends to do so. There is no knowing when John Hinckman will go away again; certainly not this summer. If I were in your place, I should never dare to make love to Hinckman's niece if he were anywhere about the place. If he should catch any one offering himself to Miss Madeline, he wonld then be a terrible man to encounter."

I agreed perfectly to all this.

"I cannot bear to think of him!" I ejaculated aloud.

"Think of whom?" asked Madeline, turning quickly toward me.

Here was an awkward situation. The long speech of the ghost, to which Madeline paid no attention, but which I heard with perfect distinctness, had made me forget myself.

It was necessary to explain quickly. Of course, it would not do to admit that it was of her dear uncle that I was speaking; and so I mentioned hastily the first name I thought of.

"Mr. Vilars," I said.

This statement was entirely correct; for I never could bear to think of Mr. Vilars, who was a gentleman who had, at various times, paid much attention to Madeline.

"It is wrong for you to speak in that way of Mr. Vilars," she said. "He is a remarkably well educated and sensible young man, and has very pleasant manners. He expects to be elected to the legislature this fall, and I should not be surprised if he made his mark. He will do well in a legislative body, for whenever Mr. Vilars has any thing to say he knows just how and when to say it."

This was spoken very quietly, and without any show of resentment, which was all very natural, for if Madeline thought at all favorably of me she could not feel displeased that I should have disagreeable emotions in regard to a possible rival. The concluding words contained a hint which I was not slow to understand. I felt very sure that if Mr. Vilars were in my present position he would speak quickly enough.

"I know it is wrong to have such ideas about a person," I said, "but I cannot help it."

The lady did not chide me, and after this she seemed even in a softer mood. As for me, I felt considerably annoyed, for I had not wished to admit that any thought of Mr. Vilars had ever occupied my mind.

"You should not speak aloud that way," said the ghost, "or you may get yourself into trouble. I want to see everything go well with you, because then you may be disposed to help me, especially if I should chance to be of any assistance to you, which I hope I shall be."

I longed to tell him that there was no way in which he could help me so much as by taking his instant departure. To make love to a young lady with a ghost sitting on the railing near by, and that ghost the apparition of a much-dreaded uncle, the very idea of whom in such a position and at such a time made me tremble, was a difficult if not an impossible thing to do; but I forbore to speak, although I may have looked my mind.

"I suppose," continued the ghost, "that you have not heard anything that might be of advantage to me. Of course, I am very anxious to hear; but if you have anything to tell me, I can wait until you are alone. I will come to you to-night in your room, or I will stay here until the lady goes away."

"You need not wait here," I said; "I have nothing at all to say to you."

Madeline sprang to her feet, her face flushed and her eyes ablaze.

"Wait here!" she cried. "What do you suppose I am waiting for? Northing to say to me indeed!—I should think so! What should you have to say to me?"

"Madeline," I exclaimed, stepping toward her, "let me explain."

But she had gone.

Here was the end of the world for me! I turned fiercely to the ghost.

"Wretched existence!" I cried. "You have ruined everything. You have blackened my whole life. Had it not been for you"——

But hear my voice faltered. I could say no more.

"You wrong me," said the ghost. "I have not injured you. I have tried only to encourage and assist you, and it is your own folly that has done this mischief. But do not despair. Such mistakes as these can be explained. Keep up a brave heart. Good-by."

And he vanished from the railing like a bursting soap-bubble.

I went gloomily to bed, but I saw no apparitions that night except those of despair and misery which my wretched called up. The words I had uttered had sounded to Madeline like the basest insult. Of course, there was only one interpretation she could put upon them.

As to explaining my ejaculations, that was impossible. I thought the matter over and over again as I lay awake that night, and I determined that I would never tell Madeline the facts of the case. It would be better for me to suffer all my life than for her to know that the ghost of her uncle haunted the house. Mr. Hinckman was away, and if she knew of his ghost she could not be made to believe that he was not dead. She might not survive the shock! No, my heart could bleed, but I would never tell her.

The next day was fine, neither too cool nor too warm; the breezes were gentle, and nature smiled. But there were no walks or rides with Mrdeline. She seemed to be much engaged during the day, and I saw but little of her. When we met at meals she was polite, but very quiet and reserved. She had evidently determined on a course of conduct, and had resolved to assume that, although I had been very rude to her, she did not understand the import of my words. It would be quite proper, of course, for her not to know what I meant by my expressions of the night before.

I was downcast and wretched, and said but little, and the only bright streak across the black horizon of my woe was the fact that she did not appear to be happy, although she affected an air of unconcern. The moonlit porch was deserted that evening, but wandering about the house I found Madeline in the library alone. She was reading, but I went in and sat down near her. I felt that, although I could not do so fully, I must in a measure explain my conduct of the night before. She listened quietly to a somewhat labored apology I made for the words I had used.

"I have not the slightest idea what you meant," she said, "but you were very rude."

I earnestly disclaimed any intention of rudeness, and assured her, with a warmth of speech that must have made some impression upon her, that rudeness to her would be an action impossible to me. I said a great deal upon the subject, and implored her to believe that if it were not for a certain obstacle I could speak to her so plainly that she would understand everything.

She was silent for a time, and then she said, rather more kindly, I thought, than she had spoken before:

"Is that obstacle in any way connected with my uncle?"

"Yes," I answered, after a little hesitation, "it is, in a measure, connected with him."

She made no answer to this, and sat looking at her face, I thought she was somewhat softened toward me. She knew her uncle as well as I did, and she may have been thinking that, if he were the obstacle that prevented my speaking (and there were many ways in which he might be that obstacle), my position would be such a hard one that it would excuse some wildness of speech and eccentricity of manner. I saw, too, that the warmth of my partial explanations had some effect on her, and I began to believe that it might be a good thing for me to speak my mind without delay. No matter how she should receive my proposition, my relations with her could not be worse than they had been the previous night and day, and there was something in her face which encouraged me to hope that she might forget my foolish exclamations of the evening before if I began to tell her my tale of love.

I drew my chair a little nearer to her, and as I did so the ghost burst into the room from the door-way behind her. I say burst, although no door flew open and he made no noise. He was wildly excited, and waved his arms above his head. The moment I saw him, my heart fell within me. With the entrance of that impertinent apparition, every hope fled from me. I could not speak while he was in the room.

I must have turned pale; and I gazed steadfastly at the ghost, almost without seeing Madeline, who sat between us.

"Do you know," he cried, "that John Hinckman is coming up the hill? He will be here in fifteen minutes; and if you are doing anything in the way of love-making, you had better hurry it up. But this is not what I came to tell you. I have glorious news! At last I am transferred! Not forty minutes ago a Russian nobleman was murdered by the Nihilists. Nobody ever thought of him in connection with an immediate ghostship. My friends instantly applied for the situation for me, and obtained my transfer. I am off before that horrid Hinckman comes up the hill. The moment I reach my new position, I shall put off this hated semblance. Good-by. You can't imagine how glad I am to be, at last, the real ghost of somebody."

"Oh!" I cried, rising to my feet, and stretching out my arms in utter wretchedness, "I would to Heaven you were mine!"

"I *am* yours," said Madeline, raising to me her tearful eyes.

THE END.

The czar has entirely recovered from his indisposition. He will return to the imperial palace at Gatschina on April 20. A commission of officials of the ministries of public instruction and police have made enquiries into the recent riots among the students at the technological institute. As a result 28 students will be expelled from St. Petersburg. The other students who were arrested for taking part in the demonstrations have been released.

HYPNOTIC MYSTERIES.

Two Brothers who Play Marvellous Tricks with each Other's Anatomy.

A crowd of learned doctors had fun with Walter Wakefield recently in New York. Hypnotism was what they called it, but to the ordinary American unprofessional observer it looked worse than seventeen hangings, and is only equalled by a torturing bee by a tribe of Apaches, as described in the dime novel of my boyhood. Yet Walter Wakefield, when he had awakened from his trance or sleep, or whatever it was, said he did not mind it a bit. In fact, he rather enjoyed it.

Fred. J. Wakefield are brethren of twenty-five and twenty-four years respectively who dwell together in unity. They began the dwelling business down East in Maine, but removed to New York a few months ago. The elder brother is a sturdy chap with a determined, straightforward way of carrying himself and in evident possession of a strong will and power. Walter, the hypnotisee, is of more slender build, and seems born to obey rather than command. His features and manner betoken one of a yielding nature, and if he were on shipboard you would expect to hear him say, "Aye, aye, sir," rather than "Get aloft, there, you lubber."

According to Brother Fred's story, the two were engaged in a discussion not many days ago which ended in a hot dispute. They were in their bed room at the time, and both were stripped to the buff. At last the older brother got angry and seizing Walter by the arms he looked him in the eye and said:

"What makes you act like that? I won't have you make such a fool of yourself."

All of a sudden the younger brother rolled up his eyes and began to tremble. The next instant he hung limp and unconscious in the arms of his frightened brother.

Fred. had a terrible time. He slapped the other's face, threw water over him and began to think he was a goner, when the other began to tremble again and soon came out of what seemed to be a fainting spell.

"Just before he lost consciousness," said Fred, "I felt an awful strange feeling come over me—a sort of masterful feeling, as if everything had to give way before my will, and that is the way I feel every time he goes under the influence.

"Well, I knew nothing about hypnotism, but I kind of suspected something of the kind, and we began practising, and the first thing I knew I was able to do almost anything with him and could put him under the influence whenever I wanted to.—And each time it was easier. Then Mr. Bernstein and Mr. Goldsmith got hold of me, and it is to them that we owe our introduction to the doctors."

Having told this interesting story with an air of great truthfulness, Mr. Fred stripped off the undershirt of his brother and prepared for business. There were some twenty doctors present. Some of them did not wish to make known their identity, but among the M. D.'s less squeamish were Drs. Frazer, Wexelbaum, Schloss, Martin and Robinson. Dr. Schloss came armed for bear, as he had made an extensive study of hypnotism abroad and was prepared to give fakes a warm reception if the Wakefields should prove to be anything but the pure quill. Among other things he had a bottle of the stronger ammonia of commerce, which, when placed beneath the nose, was calculated to make the most hardened impostor jump about seventeen feet into the air.

Then Fred, assuming the position of Osceola, the Seminole, when he cries:

> Blaze with your serried columns,
> I will not bend the knee—

looked for a moment up at the cornice, while his brother stood in a receptive attitude that reminded one of a school boy about to get ten on his bare back.

Then Fred. seized him violently by the arms and looked into his eyes until his own were fairly staring out of his head. For a moment Walter's eyes returned the gaze steadily but passively, then his eyelids began to flicker, then to opened widely, while the pupil became enormously dilated. Suddenly the eyeballs rolled upward, he began to tremble violently and then, as the lids almost closed, the hypnotizer pressed them firmly down and they stuck there as close as if held by Nevermind who's patent glue.

Mr. Wakefield, Jr., had temporarily resigned the custody of his own being.

His body was as limp as a dishrag. He teetered around on his feet and would have fallen if his brother had not held him up, and when the latter tossed his arms around, over and under, about his head, behind his back and up behind till his hand touched the base of the skull, they flopped about like a couple of bags of sawdust, as if they were all joints—flopped as the arms of no self-respecting man with real bones in his body had a right to flop. Then Master Fred, in whose hands the unconscious man was like so much putty, stiffened him up and began to play pranks wish his joints and bones. He put a knee on his chest, gave a tremendous pull and push and the poor fellow's chickenbone almost touched his vertebrae. Then he twisted the arms around till the shoulders were clean out of the sockets, and laid them wrong side up on his back, the inner side at the elbow lying outward—a feat that would make the snake man of Barnum's show green with envy. He twisted the fingers into outlandish shapes and had fun with his joints and corners generally. At last, to cap the climax of this cruelty, he seized the unfortunate young man by the head, twisted it violently to and fro and pulled it out of the socket at the neck. The head fell over helplessly on to his chest and the bones of the dislocated socket stuck up in the air while he rolled the loosely hanging head about in a manner horrible to behold.

Having somewhat violently restored the head to its proper place, and strange as it may seem, it sprang back without any apparent injury, the older brother invited the medical guests to take hold and examine to their heart's content. The doctors were not backward about coming forward.

First they examined the eyes and found them sightless, but the pupils were very much dilated. A candle held close to them did not produce any effect on the muscles, and when Dr. Schloss pulled open the lid and passed his finger somewhat rudely over the surface of that very sensitive organ, the eyeball, there was not the slightest appearance of pain or even feeling. He might have fingered a marble without producing any more effect. Then Dr. Schloss produced his heartshorn.

"If this don't fetch him nothing will," he said. He uncorked the bottle and placed it under the nose of the subject, but the latter, instead of starting back or showing any symptoms of distress, teetered affectionately toward the fumes that uprose from the powerful liquid. This satisfied the doctors that the case was one of genuine hypnotism. I should think it might. A needle run through the arm produced no more effect than the other affectionate tokens of esteem; but then, who minds a little thing like that? No married man certainly. He can pick them up off the carpet any time with the soles of his feet.

The elder brother then blew violently in the face of his subject, slapped him real hard on the cheeks and by shaking and shouting gradually brought him into the world of sensations once more. There was a return of the trembling symptoms, a moment or two of dizziness and then the young man who had been put through this elegant "course of sprouts" was himself once more. He had no idea, he said, of the fun they had been having with him, and beyond a little soreness in the joints and in the needle and pin wounds he did not mind the overhauling in the least.

After a short rest the doctors put up a job on him. They told the elder brother to put him about half way under the influence and then suddenly withdraw his gaze. They wanted to note the effect. This was done without apprising the victim. He was just beginning to roll up his eyes when his brother, touched by a doctor, looked away. Biff, bang! he went over backward and his head struck the floor like a cannon ball. For a few moments there was a lively time. Water was dashed over him, his cheeks were slapped, the hartshorn was used for business and something was injected into his breast to start the heart going. He came to at last, but the white faces of all concerned showed how dangerous the experiment had been.

"I would not try that again for big money," said the elder brother. "When I looked away that time I thought my eyes were coming out of my head. It was a terrible sensation."

Dr. Schloss told the young man that he had succeeded in reaching the first stage of hypnotism.—New York World.

BLUE PROSPECT.

LONDON, April 7.—In the course of Lord Rosebery's speech at Edinburgh, he said, "I believe that the next election, whenever it comes and whatever results it may have, will, in all probability, for our generation at least, settle the Irish question."

That seems equivalent to saying that if at the next general election the country once more gives a verdict against Home Rule, the Gladstonians will acquiesce in that verdict, and Home Rule will disappear from the Gladstonian platform. Lord Rosebery is commonly supposed to be as deep in Mr. Gladstone's confidence as anybody. It might be rash to infer that he is now speaking for Mr. Gladstone; but he is at any rate speaking for himself, and he does in substance declare that he, for his part, will accept a decision against Home Rule as final if again pronounced by the country as a whole. He goes further, for he bases on this belief in the settlement of the Irish question the further belief that after this election the Liberal party is to be reunited. Such an opinion expressed by a man in Lord Rosebery's position, high in the party councils, and designated by Mr. Gladstone as his successor, cannot be lightly dismissed. The English Home organs accordingly do not dismiss it, lightly or otherwise, but they have thus far ignored it. They neither affirm nor deny, nor has any voice been heard from St. James' square, where Mr. Gladstone is immured, much engaged, say the faithful, in literary occupation.

SETTLING A FEUD.

A desperate fight occurred on the afternoon of the 8th inst. at Chambers station on the Kentucky and South Atlantic railroad, fifteen miles east of Mt. Sterling. A passenger train was fired into by Albert Barnes, George Stevens and six other mountain ruffians. Will Barnes and Kelly Day were killed, the former being shot three times in the head. It is believed Geo. Stevens was also shot, as he was seen to fall as if dreadfully wounded.

It seems that fifteen years ago. Barnes murdered his neighbor, John Stevens, for which he was sent to the penitentiary for life. A year ago he was pardoned and came home and became intimate with the wife of Albert Barnes, a brother-in-law to John Stevens. Albert and John Stevens brother, George, heard of Will Barnes conduct and they decided to kill him. Will was told of these threats Sunday and Tuesday he and his son John armed themselves with rifles and boarded the train for Chambers, which was reached at 4:30 P. M.

Conductor Petrey discovered that Albert and his men were waiting for Barnes at Chambers, and he ran through the station at the rate of thirty miles an hour. When the station was reached, Albert and his party opened fire on the car in which Barnes and his son was seen. They fired back and it is thought George Stevens was killed by them.

The two murdered men were the only one of the ten passengers in the car who were shot. The bodies were taken to Mount Sterling. Young Day is the son of a prominent merchant of Hazel Green, Kentucky.

Mr. Barnes was also considered a bad man and many people fear this killing will start another mountain warfare.

BOUND TO BE EVEN.

A Briton was once on a visit to an American friend who was something of an amateur farmer. In walking through the grounds they passed a pile of potatoes.

"Pretty good sized, eh, Smith?"

"Oh, fair, but I have seen much larger ones in England."

"What do you think of those cabbages yonder?"

"Small, much bigger at home."

"You can't beat those squashes anyway," muttered the host as they passed some specimens of that vegetable.

"Oh, yes we can—beat them to pieces."

The Yankee was chagrined, and bethought himself of revenge. Before dark he procured some small turtles, inserted them between the sheets of his guest's bed, and stayed up at night after all had retired to await developments.

Down flew the Englishman nearly a flight at a time, agape with astonishment "What under the sun do you keep in your beds here."

"I don't know; what did you find?"

"Pon my soul, I don't know what they are; they're horrid beasts anyhow; come and see them."

Thus adjured, the host proceeded to the room his guest occupied. As soon as he saw what was in the bed, he coolly remarked:

"Oh, those are only small-sized bed bugs. Got any bigger ones in England?"

MORMON CHANGE OF BASE.

The sixtieth annual conference of the Latter Day Saints began in Salt Lake, Utah, recently, with 5,000 people in attendance, representing branches of the Mormon Church from all over the country. President Woodruff, head of the church, said in his opening speech that the day of revelations had ended. God had revealed enough of mysteries for people to see salvation, and there was no need of looking for more divine utterances. The statement was a bombshell in the camp of the Mormons, who have hitherto contended that all the actions of the church were detailed by revelations from the prophet, who is Woodruff. Other speakers followed in the same strain, and urged a strict compliance with the laws of the church. A leading Mormon said that it was expected that Woodruff would, before the end of the conference, assert that he had received a revelation from God that polygamy should be abandoned.

Armour & Co., the great beef firm of Chicago, will soon change the point of delivery for their Kansas cooked beef from Boston to Portland;

WHERE IS VISCOUNT BOYLE?

Hon. Henry Boyle started lately for Africa in search of his elder brother, Viscount Boyle, who through their father's sudden death has become Earl of Shannon. Seven years ago Viscount Boyle resigned his commission in the army, when he was joined by his brother Henry in purchasing a ranch in Western Canada. This undertaking proved a failure, and the latter gentleman returned to England. Viscount Boyle has since been unheard of, except through an innkeeper who saw him once two years ago in a mining camp. Efforts were made last year to discover his whereabouts without any result, which is most inexplicable, as he was once a well-known member of the Northwest council. He now succeeds to all the family titles and estates.

Many woodsmen are in Bangor afflicted with a strange disease peculiar to men who live for long periods upon fat foods. The disease manifests itself by a small swelling of the limbs which rapidly increases and extends to all parts of the body. The legs generally break out with scores and the person is hardly able to walk with the stiffness. It is a species of scurvy and is sometimes incorrectly called black leg. It rapidly disappears when the patient is put on wholesome diet and is not considered a dangerous or even a serious complaint.

The action of the American house of representatives pension committee, in reporting in favor of granting a pension to Mrs. Parnell an account of the services of her father in the United States navy has caused a good deal of comment in London revived old stories about the neglect of her son to provide for her. Most of the papers agree that political motives, in view of the Irish vote, were at the bottom of the congressional action, and regard it as a disreputable means to a doubtful end.

Advices received here by train hands say the village of Prophetstown, Ills., has been blown from the face of the earth by a tornado. The town contained about 400 inhabitants and is located forty miles from Burlington, Iowa, on a small branch of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy road. The railroad station was blown down and the station agent was buried beneath the ruins. A small Presbyterian church on the main street was blown down and the steeple carried 100 yards. Forty to fifty people were killed.

AND DIDN'T BREAK IT.

Mamma—What is the matter, Tommy?

Tommy—I had the rule of the school brought against me for being bad.

Mamma—Well, you musn't be bad. What rule was brought against you?

Tommy (with a fresh outburst)—Why, the great big yellow one.—Philadelphia Times.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The illness of the Princess of Wales is causing anxiety. It appears that she never completely recovered from her attack of influenza, and is now very feeble, coughing constantly. The Princess, although only forty-five last December, is beginning to show signs of age, and lately has become almost stone deaf.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP and take no other kind.

The physicians of Birmingham, Ala., are much interested in a child born there a few days ago. The child was only two inches long and weighed exactly two ounces. It died three hours after birth. It has been preserved in alcohol. It is the first instance known to medical science where a child of that size was born alive and lived any length of time.

Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

Madame Tchebrikova, who was reported to have been exiled for her letter to the Czar, is now at Penza, in the Caucasus, under strict police watch. She was conveyed thither hurriedly in a carriage without windows. No halt was made except in the open air. Her food was abominable. She was constantly guarded by gendarmes and not allowed to speak to anyone.

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Stanley reproaches the British East Africa Company for allowing American and Russian sportsmen to exhaust the resources of their territory, which, he says, will be required some day for railway laborers, merely to decorate their stucco walls with furs, hides and horns without any return. It is better, he says, to allow the district to fall into the hands of Germany, which will not permit English buchaneers. He had hoped Germany would prevent a single shot from being fired.

Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

After one of the most hotly contested campaigns ever known here, the women's ticket was elected at Edgerton, Kansas, as follows: Mayor, Mrs. W. H. Kelley; police Judge, Mrs. Thomas Greer; Council, Mrs. S. F. Ewart, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Holden, Mrs. Nat Ross and Mrs. Brown.

Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

The Siecle urges the government to hasten a renewal of its demands for the evacuation of Egypt by the British. France, the paper says, has never assented to the presence of the British on the Nile any more than she has assented to the presence of the Germans in Alsace-Lorraine.

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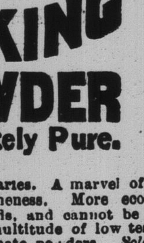

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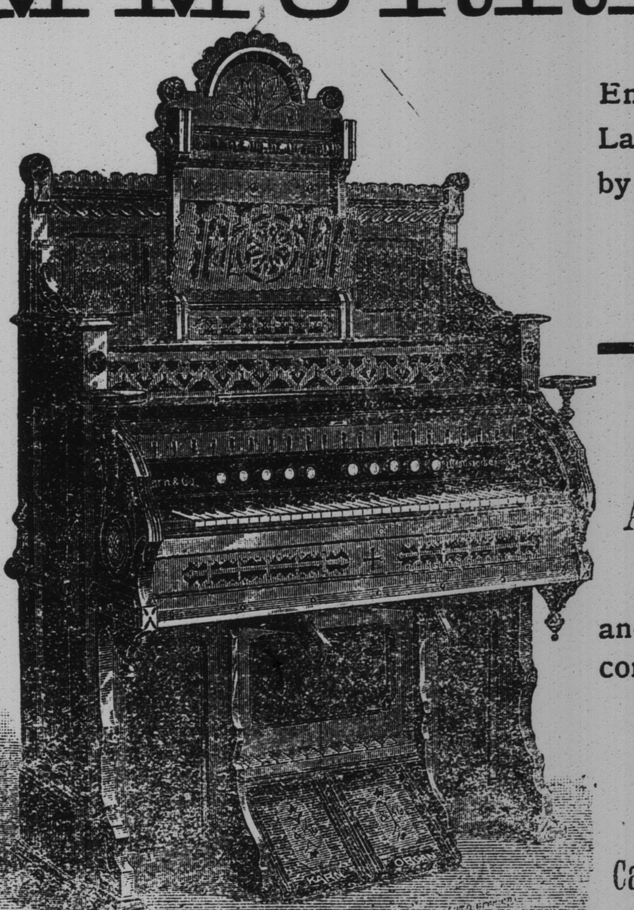

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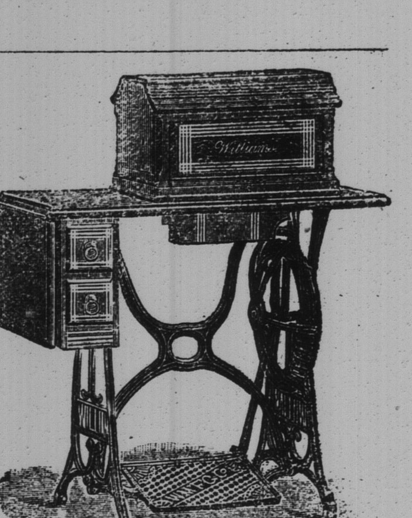

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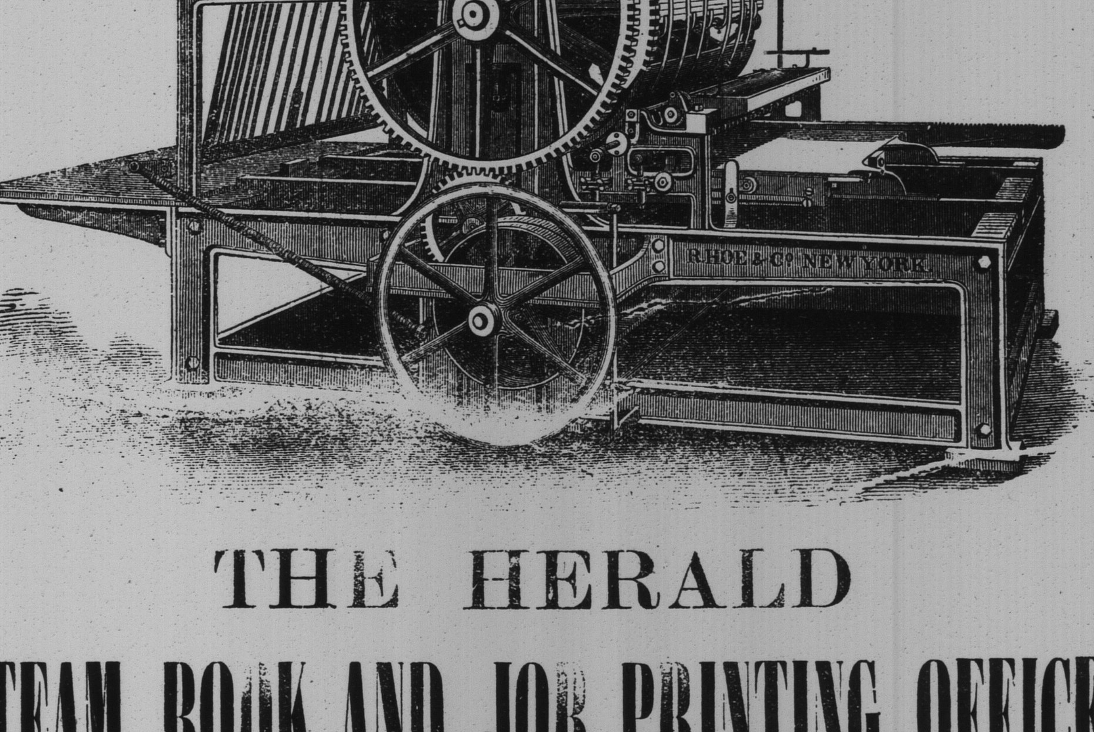

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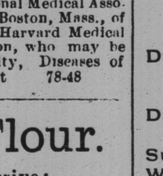

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