THE HERALD.

VOL. V., NO. 48. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1894. $1.00 PER YEAR.

Board of Works Jan 1 95

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Fredericton Nov. 16th, 1891.

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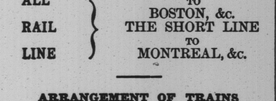

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Fredericton, May 6th 1893.

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A FOUL MURDER.

Details of the Fiendish Crime Perpetrated Near Listowel, Ontario.

The Murderer Supposed to be the Original Jack-the-Ripper.

Never before in the annals of crime has such a devilishly brutal murder ever been committed on the American continent as that which occurred within sight of the town of Listowel, Ontario, at noon on Friday, the 19th ult., already mentioned in THE HERALD. The details of the murder are so revolting in their cruelty that it is difficult to believe that such a fiend could have existed. William Keith, who is a prominent farmer, residing on lot 45, concession 1 Elma, has been identified for many years with the farming and dairying industries of this most prosperous township, and is most highly regarded by his neighbors and the citizens of the town of Listowel, where he has traded for a quarter of a century, and is known as one of the best citizens in the county, being for a number of years the secretary of the North Perth Farmers' Institute. His farm is situated about a mile east of the town limits, and the tracks of the Grand Trunk railways run across the farm diagonally, and cross the first concession of Elma immediately in front of the comfortable homestead. It is the custom of the family when going to town to take the railway track, as it is a nearer route than by the highway, and on this fatal Friday the young daughter Jessie, who would have reached her 14th birthday on December 20th was sent to town for mail, and to make some small purchases. Her mother seemed to take more than usual pains in having her dressed neatly, and when she bade her good-bye Jessie said she would be back by 12 o'clock. Her attire consisted of a red dress, navy blue jacket, hat, gloves and kid shoes. On arriving in town she

CALLED AT THE POST OFFICE

for the mail, and at Hacking's drug store, where she was well known, for other papers, and at a gocery store, where she purchased some pot barley. It was these articles that led to the search and discovery of her poor mutilated body. She left the town for home about 11.30 o'clock, accompanied a short distance by a young girl friend, and at about 11.50 was met by the section men, who also knew her, at Flaherty's crossing, which is within rifle shot of the Town hall. At the next crossing, about a quarter of a mile south-east, and within a mile of her home she was seen by John Atchison, a neighbor, who was returning from town on the highway. He was not close enough to speak to her, but recognized her. At this point she was also noticed by a young man named Tremaine, who was ploughing in an adjacent field. He noticed that she hesitated when crossing the highway, and glanced down the track and up and down the highway in an apparently nervous and undecided manner. He remarked the fact, and would have gone over to her to learn the cause had she not proceeded on her way home, of which at that time she was in sight. It is probable that her murderer was then in sight, and instinctively, she became alarmed, without any apparent cause. Had she hesitated but a moment longer that fiendish tragedy might not have occured. But that as it may,

SHE CONTINUED DOWN THE TRACK

about a quarter of a mile, where the road curves, and is enclosed by a high snow fence, but still in plain view of the highway crossing and from where almost every public building in the town can be seen. It was at this point where she was met by this second Jack-the-Ripper, who evidently assaulted her at the moment of meeting. The presumption is that the fiend struck her in the face, causing her nose to bleed freely, and probably stunning her.

EVIDENCES OF A STRUGGLE

on the track were plainly visible. The parcel containing the barley was broken, and its contents scattered over the track. The papers were also found on the track, and it was owing to this fact that suspicion that something had befallen the young girl was first aroused. The section men, who happened to be working almost on the spot, returned from dinner, picked up the papers, and noticed the barley. The foreman, Richard Stanton, took the papers over to the field, a few hundred yards distant, in which Mr. Keith was working, and asked if Jessie had returned. On learning that she had not, the horrible suspicion that something had happened his beloved one flashed across the father's mind, and search was immediately instituted. Returning at once to the scene of the first struggle, blood was found on the side of the track, which led up to the fence, where the murderer and his child victim went over. Blood stains were visible on the fence, and the track of the two was traced across a ploughed field of about five acres, which led to a thick swamp, about ten acres in extent, and owned by John Shank, of this town. It was evident from the nature of the footsteps that poor Jessie was in a semi-conscious condition, and was half carried or dragged across the field, but

SHE APPARENTLY WAS RESISTING,

as the print of the heels was much clearer than the forward part of the foot. At about 12 o'clock the family sat down to dinner, and her mother glanced out of the window on the west side of the house, and remarked that Jessie was coming. She thought she caught a glimpse of the red dress, but it is not likely that she could have seen her on the track. It is quite probable, however, that she caught a glimpse of her dress as she was being forced over the fence to her death. Mr. Keith, Richard Stanton, section foreman, and Richard Forbes and Samuel Strain, section men, then took up the trail which led into the swamp, fearing the worst. Charles Gowing, who had come across from Rolls' farm, which adjoins the Keith farm on the north side, intending to go into the swamp shooting, here joined the party, and before long came on the spot, which bore evidence of a frightful struggle. The ground was torn up for about six feet around, and the undergrowth was spattered with blood, and on the ground there was a large pool, which was the life blood of this young and innocent girl, which cries to heaven for vengeance. There in that lonely spot, though in sight of the town, and in the midst of a thickly settled district, and where men were pursuing their peaceful calling in adjacent fields,

THIS MURDER MOST FOUL

was comitted. Gowing was careful not to distrub the ground, but noticing a piece of ribbon, which proved to be the necktie her fond mother had tied about her neck but a few hours before, reached over and secured it, and, calling the other seachers to the spot, pointed out the evidences of a foul and bloody crime so recently committed. The search was further pursued, and in a short time the mutilated body was found about 40 yards from the spot where the outrage and murder was done. The body was stripped entirely naked, but around the neck was wrapped a white petticoat, which did not belong to the murdered girl, but was made for a large, stout woman. The fiend had covered up the body with moss and leaves, but made no effort to bury it, probably hearing the sounds of pursuit, which must have been going on while he was yet in the swamp. Strain, who discovered her, stepped right on the body, which caused the feet to spring up, and revealed her whereabouts to his horrified gaze. The father was at once called, and the poor man was

ALMOST CRAZED WITH GRIEF.

Words cannot describe the awful scene. Nothing of such a horrible nature had ever occured in the Dominion, and in the peaceful community the people seemed to be stunned and dazed at the enormity of the crime. The body was not disturbed and a guard was placed over it. A messenger was dispatched to town for the coroner, Dr. Philp, but he was absent in New York. Crown Attorney Idington Coroner Rankin, of Stratford, were then notified, who, with Sheriff Hossie, arrived on the scene about 9 p.m. They were led to the fatal spot, guided by the dim light of lanturns, and where the crowd of 200 or 300 excited people had congregated. The coroner

AT ONCE IMPANNELLED A JURY

of neighbor farmers. The jury sat on a fallen log beside the murdered girl, and by the aid of lanterns the necessary legal steps were taken by the coroner. It has not fallen to the lot of many reporters and medical men, who by the nature of their occupations become hardened to disagreeable scenes, to witness such a weird, awful sight as that which lay before them on that night. The assembled mulitude seemed to be stricken dumb with horror, through murmurings that bode no good to the fiend could be heard that needed only the opportunity to break out into justifiable lawlessness. After viewing the body the inquest was adjourned to Mr. Keith's house, and the body removed there. Mr. Keith and his wife gave evidence, the details which are already embodied herein. Several bruises were found on the head and numerous scratches on the face. One of the blows on the head was sufficient alone to cause death ultimately.

THE THROAT WAS CUT

close under the chin and almost from ear to ear, taking about five strokes of the knife. A wound was found on the breast. From the umbilicus, or about the waist, a deep wound extended right down the abdomen to the very bottom of the body. A wound also extended across the abdomen at right angles. The external genitals and other organs had been removed by the murderer, and have not been found. It is probable that the throat was cut at the first halting place in the swamp, after he had ravished the girl. At this place also the clothes were entirely removed from the body and concealed under the root of a tree close by; and after a long search were found yesterday by a young lad named Lyle Latham. They were made up in a neat bundle, and all were there but the hat and the shoes and stockings, which were found to day in the satchel. The victim was then carried about 40 yards to the place where the body was first discovered. At this spot the murderer further mutilated the body removing the organs as before mentioned. After covering the body with moss and leaves and concealing other evidences of his crime, the inhuman monster turned north through the swamp and stopped to wash his hands at a small pool of water in an old open drain. The footprints are quite distinct here on each side of the pool. Here were found several pieces of flesh and shreds of skin, which had evidently adhered to the villian's hands and arms.

COYOTES AFTER A BICYCLIST.

A Western Wheelman's Hair-Lifting Experience at Dead of Night.

Teddy Dolson recently had an experience compared to which Tam o' Shanter's famous ride pales into significance, says The Cheyenne Leader. Instead of the horse with which Tam was equipped Teddy had a bicycle: in the places of the witches that pursued and plagued and almost crazed the Scotsman the Cheyenne man was followed by hungry coyotes. Tam, too, had taken a generous libation of usquebaugh, while Dolson's only refreshment was a hearty supper. According to his habit, Dolson started out for a bicycle run. He had intended to go a few miles south, then return, but, being unacquainted with the country, lost his way, and in endeavoring to regain his bearings, lost himsely entirely. He wheeled on in the direction that Cheyenne seemed to him to be, arriving at 8.30 o'clock at Wheeler's ranch, twenty miles from the city. There he was directed how to get back to town, and started back on the trail. On and on he rode, but in no fixed direction, for in the darkness he had promptly lost his way again on leaving the Wheeler ranch. As he wheeled along in the gloomy night over the untracked prairie, wishing for nothing on earth so much as a comfortable bed, he became suddenly aware of the fact that he was being closely followed.

Behind him was a pack of yelping, howling coyotes, that were close upon him before being noticed. Their intention was so evident that his waning energies were awakened with a thrill. He bent over his wheel and pushed it as fast as he could over hill and valley, but always followed by the coyotes. To add to his misfortunes he broke a pedal in attempting too great speed, and was on the point of giving out and letting the hungry coyotes do their worst when he spied a deserted cabin a short distance away. To this he hastened, and, abandoning his bicycle, quickly climbed upon the roof that slanted up from the ground. Even here the coyotes followed him, but a coign of vantage and place of refuge was found on the top of the chimney. All night he remained there, at times driving away his pursuers with fragments of brick, which caused their retreat to a short distance, whence, after a series of lugubrious howls, they would return to the attack. At daylight they departed with a parting salute of angry howls and Dolson climbed down and mounted his bicyle, soon reaching Pierce Station on the Denver Pacific, thirty-eight miles from Cheyenne. He was unable to get breakfast until he reached Cary and arrived here at 8.30 the next morning. The hardest feature of the whole night's experience, he said, was the fact that he had two cigars in his pocket and not a match to light them. He was very badly used up by the night's experience,

GEN. BOOTH IN NEW YORK.

Dr. Depew Compares the Commander-in-Chief of the Salvationists to Peter the Hermit and Martin Luther.

Gen. Booth, commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, delivered an address to the Auxiliary League of the army in Association hall, New York, the other afternoon. The General entered accompanied by Commander Ballington Booth and Mrs. Ballington Booth. Dr. Josiah Strong introduced the General.

"This audience is composed of no cold, carping critics," he said, "but of sturdy friends. Some dislike the tactics of our army; some dislike their uniform; but such as these are not present in this hall. Those who know us, sympathize; we have won respect by our sincerity. You must judge us by the result of our work. I have been converted to the banging of drums and the clashing of cymbals. I acknowledge Gen. Booth as my leader—the only foreign General who for a hundred years has had authority in these states." Gen. Booth spoke with his usual dramatic fervor.

"I knew that my own army would rejoice to welcome me," he said, "but I had hardly expected such enthusiasm from auxiliaries." He told how he had conquered early difficulties and how he had to contend with suspicion and poverty.

"People first objected to my system," he continued, "declaring that it would take money from recognized philanthropic schemes, but I answered that if England could afford to spend £240,000 a year on strong drinks and save £200,000,000, she could afford a million to save the submerged. People do not give on principal, but from habit. Let all get into the good habit of giving, and then get into a better one of giving more. I do not ask any one to abandon their religion; I ask them to come here and get their hearts warmed and then go back and fire their parson. The Salvation Army is the eighth wonder of the world. For fourteen years, like a forest tree, its roots were growing and extending deep down into the soil of society. Sixteen years ago it was firmly established, and since then has worked marvels. My soldiers must believe that there sins are forgiven them, that they were born again at their conversion; that their lives are henceforth devoted to the glory of God and the saving of man. Further, we are helped by our system of open confession, which requires that we should come forth, declare our conversion, and wear the uniform—and why not? it is very becoming—by our aggressiveness; by our happy spirit which redeems Christianity from the charge of gloom; by our spirit of adaptation, for we are all things to all men, and by our self denial."

When the General had finished Mrs. Ballington Booth addressed the assembly, urging them in vigorous language to contribute according to their means.

A GREAT BANQUET.

The Salvation Army legions, comprising 1,400 active workers, sat down to a banquet in the basement of Lenox Lyceum at 5 o'clock the same evening. The meal was a frugal one, even though it was called a banquet. "It is plain army fare, sair, and costs but 20 cents a plate," said a pretty girl with a red sash. "We have plenty of coffee and good cold meat and bread. We are humble and feel truly thankful for such food."

When the feast was over the forces were marshalled in the upper hall and passed out upon the street for parade to Carnegie music hall. Seven bands furnished music. Gen. Booth rode in a landau at the end of the procession. The hall was filled when the parade finally reached its doors. Commander Ballington Booth requested the audience to rise and wave their handkerchiefs when Gen. Booth was announced.

The procession containing distinguished officers was led upon the platform. It was led by Chauncey M. Depew.

Commander Ballington Booth then introduced Dr. Chauncey M. Depew amid great cheering.

Mr. Depew said:

"It has fallen to my lot to address all kinds of celebrities. I have welcomed Stanley, the traveller, Sala and Forbes, the journalists, Edwin Booth, the actor, and many others, but I feel more pleasure on this occasion than on any of those former ones. The General represents the cause of philanthropy; he raises and improves the masses to whom we owe so much. Different men have different ideas. Some men are won by the superb ritual of the Roman Catholic church, others by the simplicity of the Methodism. Some, entranced by the splendid literature of the Episcopal prayer book, desire no sermon, while the sturder Covenanter desires nothing but sermon. Gen. Booth has reached a class that has not been reached for 1800 years. The General pressed the button and 10,000 officers and 13,000,000 soldiers did the rest. Few men deserve the gratitude of the world. Peter the Hermit deserved it. Martin Luther deserved it, and Gen Booth deserves it."

Gen. Booth then addressed the assembly on his book, "In Darkest England," and the philanthropic scheme contained therein. "My scheme is the result of experience gained in the haunts of vice and misery," he said. "In England I made £7,000 from my book, all of which I devoted to the poor. My book was pirated in America, and we made not a dollar from it. This country owes me at least $35,000, and I am come to collect it.

"Some people talk of the survival of the fittest, but our motto is the salvation of the unfittest. We do not inquire whether a man is worthy, and rejoice most in the rescue of the criminal. Another of our principles is reformation, and reformation means employment. In the immense tracts of waste land which abound in countries like this, I am convinced that employment can be found for all men. I asked for £100,000 at first and £30,000 a year to carry out my scheme. I got the £100,000, but, alas, the £30,000 is not forthcoming."

At the close of the proceedings a collection was made. Commander Ballington asked for $10,000. "Let any one," he said, "who will contribute $50 raise his or her hand." Several hands were raised. There were several other large contributions made by persons who sent in their names on slips of paper left in the boxes for the purpose. The proceedings terminated with prayer.

MR. McCARTHY IN EAST BRUCE

The Country Needs a Policy as Near Free Trade as Possible.

Dalton McCarthy addressed a large audience at Walkerton, East Bruce, Ontario, the other day. For some time, he said there had been little cordiality between the so-called leaders of the party and himself, but eventually his misdemeanor amounted to felony, and he became an outcast. While he did not claim any great amount of consistency, pure and simple, and had a poor opinion of a man who always does the same thing the same way every time, just because he began that way, yet he did not claim to have consistent in his course respecting the National Policy. Sir John Macdonald, the projector of that policy, had never intended to exist unchanged for all the time, but distinctly stated that it was his purpose in time to make the industries created under it self supporting. This was all he desired to do. The country was undoubtedly in a

STATE OF COMMERCIAL DEPRESSION

There had been a depression existing existing in Canada between the years 1874-8, but it could not be laid to the credit of Alexander Mackenzie. If this country was anything, it was an agricultural country. It was unquestionably the business of the government to encourage and develop the natural resources of the country, agriculture, fishing and lumbering, and not to retard and hamper these interests. The proposition they had now to consider was: Had the time come for them, in the interests of themselves, their children and their country, to change the policy to which they adhered so long?

Did the Canadian farmer owe anything to the N. P. for the succes he had achieved with his cheese in the British market? Certainly not. They were covered with leeches, placed there to foster and support the numerous industries established under the N. P.

BUT THEY DID NOT KNOW IT.

They were told to look at their exports and savings bank deposits. He found on questioning the farmers, fishermen and lumbermen, that, curiously enough, by a strange coincidence, none of them attributed the increasing exports in their respective industries to the N. P. He was astonished to find that there had been spent on railways in Canada, no less a sum than $455,000,000, or about twelve times the revenue of Canada, and where was this money obtained? Mr. Foster would say, "oh, from the N. P.," but he ventered to differ, and say that every dollar of that amount had been borrowed from English or Scotch bankers. He observed that Mr. Foster was again in London seeking to raise a loan, and now the national debt was almost the greatest in the world. Could they stand it? He thought not. His opinion was that the quicker they returned to a condition as near free trade as possible the better.

Not satisfied with the great debt under which the country was staggering, the government had decided to extort from them another $750,000 for a subsidy to a fast line of steamers, just so that people from Chicago and the west could eat sandwiches twice in Canada en route to Montreal to take the fast line. (Laughter.) And they were told that people in Great Britain would always come to Canada by the fast line, whereas the fact was that they would come as formerly, by whatever line had a vessel sailing when they were ready to come.

THEIR SECOND HONEYMOON.

An Old Confederate Soldier Remarries His Wife After Thirty Years.

Nelson Holden of Troup county, Ga., joined the first regiment from the States when the war broke out. He left behind a young and very beautiful wife, having been married only a few months. Holden was a good soldier, and only once during the war did he obtain a furlough and visit his wife. He was at home a short time during the summer of 1863, and soon after he returned to war he was taken prisoner. Before Holden had an opportunity of writing to his wife after his capture he was taken ill with a slow malarial fever. Holden had become separated from his company, and his comrades thought he had been killed.

Mrs. Holden's first notice of the supposed death of her husband was contained in some resolutions passed by his company, a copy of which was forwarded to the family. Without making any investigation, Mrs. Holden mourned her husband as dead, while he was lingering between life and death in a Northern prison. It was many months before he fully recovered from the effect of the terrible fever.

Holden was not released until after the close of the war, and weak from his long illness, and penniless, he started to the little home in Georgia. He was compelled to seek employment several times to earn money to continue his journey, and it was late in the autumn of 1865 when Holden came in sight of his little home. He was a wreck of his former self, and fully realized that it would be difficult for his own wife to recognize him. Arriving at the home he had left more than two years before, Holden found it occupied by strangers. Without disclosing his edentity he asked where Mrs. Holden was.

"Oh, she married Chris Jones and moved away last spring," was the answer received.

Holden was prostrated by the shock of this startling intelligence, but, without giving his name he turned and walked slowly away from the home where the happiest hours of his life had been past, he made no effort to find his wife, but continued his journey to Clay county, Ala.

Holden worked a while as a farm laborer, and finally earned enough money to purchase a small farm of his own. In time the old love was forgotten, and he married again.

Holden prospered, and, after a few years, owned one of the best farms in the county. Several children were born, and it was not long before his first marriage appeared like a dream. About four years ago Mrs. Holden No. 2 died, leaving five children. About a year after the death of his wife Mr. Holden sold a portion of his land to a man named Jones from Georgia. Mr. Jones built a house and moved his family to Alabama. Soon the two became good friends, but Mr. Holden had never been to the house of his neighbor, and had never seen his wife.

Less than a year ago Mr. Jones died. His neighbor, Mr. Holden, of course attended the funeral, and caused no little excitement by going off in a dead faint when introduced to the weeping widow of the dead man. That was not the time or place for explanation, and the next day after the funeral Mr. Holden called on his wife and this time the recognition was mutual.

Mrs. Jones's period of mourning will expire in a few days, and then she will be quietly married again to the husband of her youth. She is still a beautiful woman and has three children living, and Mr. Holden has five. Only a few of their most intimate friends know the secret of their former marriage.

A CELEBRATED CRIMINAL.

John Arthur Simpson, Horse Thief and Alleged Murderer.

The adventures of John Arthur Simpson, a native of Albert county, a former resident of St. John, and a preacher in the Baptist church, have been fully described in the papers more than once. He was once in the Fredericton jail for horse stealing. He has been leading a life of crime for years, and has been arrested for horse stealing and for robbery. For some time past he has been wanted on a charge of murder, committed while he was passing under the name of Julius H. McArthur. The Boston papers publish this telegram:

DOVER, N. H., Oct. 22.

Sheriff Bard D. Plummer, of Milton, has received a letter from the sheriff of Pulaski, Tenn., asking what reward was offered for the capture of Julius H. McArthur, alias Simpson, alias Dorsey, who murdered Deputy Sheriff Charles H. Smith, of Barrington, in Stafford, May 6, 1891. Gov. John B. Smith also has received a letter from J. M. McDonald, chief of police of Pulaski, Tenn., which gives an exact description of the much-wanted criminal. The letters are now in the possession of Attorney General Edwin G. Eastman who is in communication with the officials of Pulaski.

Mr. Eastman has telegraphed the officials there to hold the man and to send him a photograph of the prisoner at once. The man is under arrest at Pulaski for horse stealing under the name of Dorsey, and the attorney general is of the opinion from the description received, that the man is McArthur.

The McArthur case was one of the most celebrated, and certainly one of the most sensational ever brought before a justice in New Hampshire. On May 5, 1891, Julius McArthur stole a team from near Rochester, owned by J. W. Kendall, Enosburg Falls, Vt. On the following day a posse was organized, and headed by Deputy Sheriff Charles H. Smith, they followed the track of the thief into the town of Stafford, about seven miles from Rochester. Smith caught sight of McArthur and immediately grappled with him, but not so effectually as to prevent McArthur from drawing a revolver, with which he fatally wounded the deputy sheriff with a bullet in the side. Smith, in spite of his wound, hung on to McArthur and he was finally overpowered by the posse and lodged in the Dover jail.

The next day after his arrest McArthur tried to committ suicide by opening a vein in his right arm. The jailor discovered the attempt just in time to save the man's life. The prisoner refused to eat his food and appeared to be a very sick man. McArthur was then removed to the hospital.

On the evening of July 7, 1891, a little while after Jailor Libby had gone away in search of a physician for another prisoner, Mrs. Libby sent her little girl to McArthur's cell to carry him an evening paper, when it was discovered that he had sprung the lock to the door and escaped. Telegrams were scattered broadcast throughout New England, and a reward of $100 was offered for his capture.

THE JAPANESE CONSTITUTION.

Functions and Authority of the Emperor and Parliament.

C. B. Roylance-Kent in Macmillan's gives an account of the new Japanese constitution, which has a special interest at this time. The Emperor of Japan is a constitutional monarch, but possesses pretty exclusive powers. He has supreme command of the army and navy, determines their organization and strength, declares war, makes peace and concludes treaties. He is the fountain of honor, and confers titles of nobility, rank, orders, and other marks of distinction. He has the privilege of mercy, and the right to order amnesty, pardon, commutation of punishment and rehabilitation. Upon extraordinary occasions he has also the right to issue decrees without the concurrence of the Diet. The liberties of the subject seem to be carefully guarded. Every Japanese is entitled to have "liberty of abode and of changing the same within the limits of the law"; no one may be arrested, detained, tried or punished unless according to law, nor be deprived of his right of being tried by the judges appointed by law. Save in cases specially provided for, the house of the Japanese in his castle and may not be searched or entered without his consent, and the secrecy of his letters in the post may not be violated. Freedom of religious belief, of public speaking, and of the press is guaranteed.

The Diet or Legislature consists of a house of peers and a house of representatives, either of which can initiate legislation. The session is limited generally to three months, but this period may be extended by Imperial order. Members of the government may take their seat and speak in either house, but it does not clearly appear whether they must represent constituencies. The president of each house has a salary equivalent to about $2,800 a year, the vice-president $1,400 and the other members $560. The rules enforcing the attendance of members are very strict, and transgression entails suspension in some cases, expulsion in others.

The franchise is confined to men of 25 and over who have fulfilled certain conditions as to residence and paid Imperial taxes of not less than $10.50 a year. Priests and heads of noble families are ineligible for election, and persons who have been punished for gambling are not allowed either to be candidates or to vote for candidates. These rules apply to the house of representatives. The peers consist of members of the imperial family, princes and marquises, counts, viscounts and barons elected by their own orders as representatives; persons nominated by the emperor on account of meritorious services to the state or for their learning; and, lastly, persons chosen by and from a selected class of the people at large. The position is hereditary with the persons of the first two classes, while those of the third class are life members, and those of the two remaining classes serve for a period of seven years.

So far the new instrument has not worked very well. The experiences have included obstruction, deadlock, the imprisonment of an editor who called the legislators boneless fish, and such turbulence that the emperor was obliged to end it by dissolving the assembly. But the war seems to have brought about harmony for a time.

The man who calls out in the morning that he is getting up when he isn't, simply lies in bed.