

# THE DAYS DOINGS

Illustrating Extraordinary Events of the Day.

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## THE HORROR OF THE ISLES.



THE ISLES OF SHOALS.—THE LOCALITY OF THE HORROR.—“SILENCE AND GLOOM HANG OVER THE SCENE IN WINTER.”—SEE NEXT PAGE.



THE HOUTVET TRAGEDY.—“THE MURDERER STRUCK HER ON THE HEAD WITH THE AXE, AND FELLED HER TO THE EARTH.”—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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The publishers of THE DAYS' DOINGS desire to invite the contributions of Humorous Writers to their pages. Writers of celebrity are particularly addressed. A liberal price will be paid for accepted contributions, it being the object of the publishers to render THE DAYS' DOINGS pre-eminent in all the various departments of the large field it covers.

We shall soon commence the publication of one of the most thrilling romances of the day. The mystery of the plot utterly baffles the reader's ingenuity until it is unravelled by the author. The language is chaste, the sentiment healthful, and the scenes full of powerful interest. Its title is: "THE STRANGEST STORY EVER TOLD."

The contributor of the extraordinary Alligator story (illustrated) published in this number, is requested to send his real name and address to this office.

The Royal English Scandal.

A CABLE dispatch has been received in this city to the effect that "the Most Noble John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Marquis of Lorne, and his wife, Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, have separated because of incompatibility of temper; that the Princess is in a religious retreat near Windsor, and that the Marquis has gone abroad. As yet this rumor has not been contradicted, the friends of the distinguished parties alleging that it is not worth while.

To those acquainted with the complexion of London society as it is, the news of this scandal can scarcely be called startling. The gushing, sentimental nonsense about a love match and the setting aside of courtly conventionality and etiquette in order that a Queen's daughter might marry a man of her choice, which formed so fertile a theme for certain writers at the time of the wedding, was ridiculed by those who happened to know that the Princess Louise's affections had been for some time fixed upon an English gentleman (some say a clergyman of the Established Church) considerably inferior to Lord Lorne in social position, and that the Duke of Argyle's son was in reality merely accepted as a pis aller. That an actual separation has taken place between the two parties may reasonably be doubted, but that the royal couple have "agreed to differ" for some time past has long been a matter of notoriety in London fashionable circles.

While upon this subject we may remark that the spirit—not, perhaps, of disloyalty, but of a disposition to ridicule and gird at the doings of the Court—which prevailed so extensively two years ago, and was opportunely checked by the illness of the Prince of Wales, has again commenced to crop up. The most recent public manifestation of this feeling has been the publication in "Beeton's Christmas Annual" of a poem called "The Coming King." This is a series of parodies of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and in it the follies of the English Court, and notably the gallantries and peccadilloes of the Prince of Wales, are lashed with an unsparring hand. Immediately after its publication an attempt was made to suppress it, and a large edition was bought up for that purpose, but some copies have found their way over here. Not merely is the verse spirited and the imitation of the Laureate's style excellent, but the portraits with which the little brochure is illustrated are capital likenesses.

The Amenities of Frontier Life.

The following graphic little picture of the days' doings on our Western frontier is from the Kansas City Times:

A few days ago a gang of desperadoes gathered at Sergeant, having removed there from Dodge City, as soon as the railroad track reached the former town. They did not appear to have any particular business to occupy their time except card playing, and to make night hideous by firing off pistols. Two of this gang, named Sam Wright and one McClellan, a few nights ago went into the store of one Jessie Williams, a quiet, honest sort of

a citizen, and proceeded to smash things generally, shooting at Williams and driving him out of the store. Having torn things up and gutted the store, they started over to a saloon kept by Chris. Gilson, and found that redoubtable individual snugly ensconced between a pair of Government blankets in his bunk in a corner of his thick canvas tent. They placed their revolvers at Chris's head and ordered him to roll out of bed and give up his money. But Chris was not to be frustrated in this manner. He got coolly out of bed and offered the ruffians the hospitalities of his bar, which they accepted, and finally became good-natured and left him in peace. After they had left, Chris Gilson prepared for them in case they returned, which they did about four o'clock in the morning. They caught Chris napping, and effected an entrance to his saloon, caught an old man there and robbed him of his money. After helping themselves again to whisky, they determined to close their night's spree by shooting off the top of Gilson's head.

But Gilson had again made himself prepared for any emergency, and was watching them from an adjoining tent. As soon as they came opposite the tent he stepped out with a shot-gun in his hands, and before Wright was aware of his danger, fired a heavy charge of buckshot into his breast. "Big Jack," the other desperado, on witnessing the fate of Wright, started to run away. But Gilson was too quick for him. Turning his gun upon the retreating ruffian, he poured a two-ounce load of shot into him, bringing him down. McClellan, on hearing the firing, and finding that two of his gang had already fallen, determined to "wipe out" Gilson, and with that intention started forth with a Henry rifle, duly loaded and primed, determined to try his hand. But Gilson was on the alert for danger; standing in his tent, he immediately loaded his gun, and waited. McClellan was just entering the tent, expecting to take Gilson by surprise, when the latter emptied a load of buckshot into him. McClellan then turned and started to run, but the saloon-keeper was determined to leave no part of his deadly work undone, followed up the wounded man and shot him again, this time killing him instantly.

By this time the little frontier town was pretty well enlivened up and awake. The citizens gathered together, and, after inquiring into the affair, passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That Christopher Gilson, in ridding this town of three desperate rowdies—"Big Jack," Sam Wright and McClellan, has rendered this community a service, and is entitled to the thanks of this community; and we, the citizens of Sergeant, fully justify the aforesaid Gilson in so doing.

Resolved, That it is the intention of this community to rid themselves of all lawless characters, roughs, and desperadoes, and to "wipe them out of sight." They will hereby take notice and leave.

Since these resolutions have been passed, and the shooting affair above recorded took place, Sergeant has been entirely cleared of roughs and rowdies.

Dodge City has obtained an unenviable notoriety for murders and scenes of lawlessness. Not less than sixteen persons have met with violent deaths at Dodge City alone since last August. So intolerable did life become in this place that a number of men, who could not be called first-class citizens, have taken grounds against the roughs. Among all of those killed there were none who could not well be spared. Among the murdered were two who in early youth are known to have received good and Christian training. About ten days ago the citizens of Dodge organized a vigilance committee for the purpose of ridding the place of the roughs and banditti.

On Sunday last they notified the outlaws to leave, but the roughs, deeming themselves the strongest party, refused to go. On Sunday night a vigilance committee, about twenty in number, went to a dance-hall and shot a rough named Williams, and wounded another, a Texan, who ran over to a dance-hall kept by one Tom Sherman. He was pursued by the vigilants and shot dead. By this time the desperadoes had become convinced that things were becoming too hot for them in Dodge, so they scattered and endeavored to escape. On Monday a suspicious character, named Pony Spencer, and his companion were found in Dodge. They received ten minutes notice to leave town or be shot. They left.

The people of Sergeant and Dodge City have determined to "weed out" their community, and will kill all roughs and rowdies on sight. The outlaws are making their way Eastward without delay. We may soon expect to hear of or see them in Kansas City.

Mrs. Woolson on Women.

This is the title of a forthcoming book which promises to possess much interest. Mrs. Woolson, in portraying the different phases of woman's life, has striven to depict the women of the past, glorified by the poets, or sentimentalized about by the romancers; but the live woman of to-day, with her strange contradictions, her fantastic caprices, and her mind eagerly questioning every principle on which society has been built.

She opens with a view of the school-girl—a portrait of such remarkable fidelity that it is to be hoped its tints will not be toned down by time. It would be a real loss to the world if the school-girl, as Mrs. Woolson pictures her, should ever become an extinct species. Do you not see her, with that knot of ribbon in her button-hole, that peculiar toss of her scarf-ends, and the hat-brim dipped at an unexpected angle? She considers Curtis "the Adonis of literature," certainly she does, and goes to hear him (as I do) whenever he lectures. She likes pickled limes—but that is one of the tastes, I think, which "follows youth with flying feet." Over gum-drops and taffy she discusses her favorite heroes, and airs her views of life. She has a beautiful, of course; and, of course, he has dark hair and melting dark eyes, and a slouched hat; and, since the ordinary occupations of life would belittle him, he lives a reckless, Robin Hood sort of existence, with no visible means of support. She does not expect to marry him, that is of course—too

frowning fate and parents with stony hearts forbid. It suits her very well to picture herself as the victim of a misplaced attachment; but, meantime, she eats her taffy and learns her lessons—learns them well, too; quite as well as her brothers, for whose duller wits she entertains a secret compassion, never realizing in her young audacity the profound superiority of the masculine mind. If she loves anything better than pickled limes, it is a Secret, with a big S. The most trifling incidents are confided to her schoolmates under pledges and seals which would put to shame the solemn fol-de-rol of a Masonic Lodge. No wonder she is accused of being unable to keep a secret, in after years. What would you? She has kept them too many, and too much, in her youth—no one has unlimited powers in any single direction. Ah! lithe, blithe, bonny lassie! we all know you well. Sad-eyed women, who were like you once, turn away from your picture with a starting tear—hard-hearted men, who loved just such another lass, less than a hundred years ago, mutter something bitter under their mustaches, and smoke an extra cigar. But kittens will grow into cats, and school-girls will graduate into young ladies. "Turn, fortune, turn thy wheel!"

The next portrait—that of the young lady—is not so winsome a picture. The sketch of her gradual deterioration, her wasted powers, her ungratified ambitions, her restrained and shut-in life, has a basis of truth. To say nothing about society as it ought to be—as it would be, if all men were just and generous, and all women as much in earnest as Mrs. Woolson—society, just as it is, offers us a fair proportion of women who are worth knowing. If it be true that their energies often die out, and their acquirements often rust out for want of use, it is also true that young men who go early to business are often so engrossed by it as to have no time for other culture—so tired, at night, that poet, or scientist, or metaphysical charms in vain, charm he never so wisely.

Mrs. Partington in New York.

LAW, gells! I couldn't no more prescribe the ladies dresses than fly. They lemonades about prouder nor peacocks, and with tails as is ever so much more longer and spread out. As for bright colors, peacocks wouldn't be nowhere alongside of them, and a rainbow would look a perfect fool. How are the dresses made? I am sure I couldn't find out, though I tried ever so hard. Somehow they stick out square for about two feet from the small of their backs—for all the world like a stove-pipe elber—and you'll hear the little boys in the streets ask the ladies to let 'em sit up there. They christians them "bushels," and well they may, for they're just as big as a four-peck measure. I saw one on 'em in a shop window, and it was made of wire, and just like the cage Ike made for his squirrel. I wonders, when I sees these machines walking along, whether a raaf flesh and blood woman is hid anywhere inside at all. And then the bottoms of the skirts is made to go in and out like a rail fence, or 'xactly like the sides of that there jelly mould. Talk o' "wimmens rights"; why they make the waists to dissemble 'em's coats and vests. Lawks! what a sight o' 'em it must take to make one of them gownds. You can see that some of the poor critters ain't been able to afford enough, and have made up with all sorts o' odds and ends. Some on 'em has put in sleeves of different colors what don't match nohows, and others has put in patches down the fronts of their skirts. I'd rayther do with less tail, and not show to everyone that I hadn't money enough to buy what I wanted. Then some don't wear no shawl nor cloaks, and looks as though they had begotten to put 'em on, and show their figgers in a way as I calls quite disdecant. And how they do walk! You'd think the poor things was goin' to tumble on their noses, but they're obligated to walk like this bekase o' their boots. You never seed sich things; they've got heels three inches high, what is cut away at the bottoms no bigger nor a cent piece, and shakes under them as they goes, till I wondered as they didn't break their shoulder blades.

Talking of shoulders, when I fust got to New York I thought there were some happydemic about, for all the wimmen went along with their wristes up and their hands dangling loosely like as if they'd all been and got paralalled. But they told me arter that it was all fashion, and that a little while before it had been fashionable to limp bikase an English Princess walked lame, and I says, "There are greater ijjots in New York than I ever relieved possible." Then their heads, oh my, their hat sticks up a foot from their heads, and is jammed all over with birds and flowers, as don't cover them at all, and is set on a lump of hair, as has short curls hanging down for all the world like a horse's tail, and ain't got no strings to tie it on. And, as if they had the decency to feel afeard to meet anyone's eye, knowin' the ridiclus figgers they descent, they ties up their faces in a thick, silk vale, and you can't see their feetur at all. They don't never seem to have nothin to do but walk in and out of the stores and tries on things, and worries the poor young men as is paid to stand up behind the counters and look pleasant, and never buys anything. I was in one of these stores, and one of these wimmen as calls themselves ladies, as wore a sable boa, sat next to me and pulled over ever so many things, and went off without saying a word. Says I to the young man, "That lady in sable might have said thank you." He looked at me kinder surprised like, and said, "Minx." I says, "Well, young man, she may not have been polite, but you oughtn't to speak of a lady like that." He wanted to show me some furs, and said he had a beautiful black muff of a Lascar skin.

I says, "No, young man, I have seen a lascar though he were black, and perhaps more nor a nigger, I couldn't be brought to wear a human being's skin." He smiled, and said as how they were fashionable, and I says, says I, "Then people did ought to be ashamed of themselves." As for the Kraeters one sees in the streets, its' better than the show; there were dark-looking men as had on hats like sugar-loaves, that never knew what it was to use a razor; dressed in goatskins, and their legs all swollen and poulticed and covered up in

dirty rags, or was strapped on with long bits of leather, shovellin' snow on Broadway. I required who they was, and they told me, as they was Italian brig-hands just derived, and I says, "Then there must be a great number of brig come all at once, and why don't they keep their sailors on board?" but nobody couldn't explain this to us, tho' Ike, he asked several. We saw some of the ladies as had leather belts and buckles and straps and ends dangling down, for all the world as if they had been harnessd up afore they comed out. Ike and me were a-going up Broadway one evening, not knowing what to do, when we passes a Variety Theatre, and says Ike, "Mother, let's go in." So, I says, "Yes:" but when we got in, the place were like a big lager beer saloon, and bles't if the waiters wern't all gells dressed up in long stockings and nothing over them, just like when them yellor-haired blonders came to our town. I says to Ike, immediately, "Come away, this ain't no fit place for a Christian," but he wouldn't move, and only says, "Hush up, mother, be quiet; I likes it." I do think that New York is the wickedest place in the world, for another time Ike got me to go to the "Uproar," which were an awful big theatre, where we had to pay a dollar, and only got right at the back of what they called the amphetheater, though it were so crowded, I couldn't make out anything, for it was all in some furrin tongue.

First one came on and says something, then the band makes a great noise; then he says something more; then another man comes on, and they both talk at once, and the leader of the band, he shakes a stick at them to frighten them into being quiet; but no use; so he makes the band play loud to try and drown 'em, and the two men shout, and the band plays till they all have to leave off from resauton. No wonder it is called the Uproar. The next scene, were a bedroom—and, bless me if a girl did not come in and begin to undress to go to bed. She stripped off her dress, and showed her bare neck and arms, and shook down her hair, and I says to Ike, "Sure she won't never go and strip," and Ike says, "I think so, mother—anyways, I hope so." I says you wicked boy, and then the people round cried "hush," so I didn't say no more. Well, the girl is frightened by a noise, and covers herself up, and pretends to be asleep, when three of those brig-hands I had seen in the street came in and began to dance and shout, and seemed as though they were going to murder her; no one gave any alarm, they all seemed too frightened, so I gathered up my courage and screamed "police." I hadn't uttered the word when a policeman came up and took me by the arm, and insisted that I should go out, as I disturbed the play—for this was all acting—and he marched me down-stairs, and there I had to wait for Ike till it was all over, for the bad boy wouldn't come after me.

I forgot to tell you how the gentlemen dress, and about the long straight coats they wear down to their feet, looking like the men in a child's Noah's ark, which are called Ulster freezes, though who Ulster was or how he or any one else could freeze in one of them thick coats I couldn't find out. Law, Gells, I have lots more to tell you, but I am so tired, and out of breath, that you must come in and hear the rest another time.

The Days' Doings of the Week Illustrated.

Our present number furnishes a fair quota of lively and interesting events for the benefit of history and romance.

The Horror of Smutty Nose Island.

The citizens of Portsmouth were alarmed to an unwonted extent on the afternoon of the 6th inst., by the arrival of a fisherman named Houtvet, whose home is at the Isle of Shoals, and who had hastened to Portsmouth to inform the police that a murder had been committed at the Shoals. The Isles of Shoals are about eight miles from the mouth of Portsmouth Harbor (the Piscataqua River) and ten miles from Portsmouth City. They are seven in number, viz.: Hog, now called Appledore (from Appoldoor, a Welsh word, meaning a marsh), Smutty Nose, Star, Duck, White, Malaga and Londoners' Appledore, on which is Lighton's large hotel. Silence and gloom hang over the scene in Winter, but in Summer travelers and excursionists enliven it with their presence. Mr. Houtvet, with his wife and two young women named Annette Lawson and Cornelia Christenson, lived on Smutty Nose, the scene of the murder, which contains 250 acres of rock and soil; greatest elevation forty-five feet. These two, with Duck, Malaga, and Londoners' (all rocks), are within the jurisdiction of the State of Maine.

A rough young fellow, called Lewis Wagner, had for a long time made his home with Mr. Houtvet. He was one of the crew of the fishing schooner Addison Gilbert, recently sunk in this harbor by a Portland sloop, by which mishap Wagner was left destitute. On the evening of March 5, Mr. Houtvet and Wagner came to Portsmouth to spend the night, leaving the three women at home in the lonely house on that island, which lies near and easterly to the well-known Appledore Isle, and is often called Haley's Island.

Wagner was seen to go down on the wharf here after supper, with an axe in his hand, and did not return till next morning, when, at seven o'clock, he took breakfast with Houtvet. He was much agitated, and his hands trembled violently, and he remarked to Houtvet that he knew something was going to happen to him. After breakfast he went to a barber and had his whiskers taken off, and there seems to be no doubt that he left Portsmouth on the noon train. Early in the day Mr. Houtvet went to the Shoals and there learned that at about midnight Wagner had been on the island and murdered two women out of three who lived there, Mrs. Houtvet alone escaping.

She vainly implored for mercy for her companions, and narrowly escaped with her own life, being twice struck on the head with a chair, and escaping out of doors. She remained there until about eight o'clock in the morning, when she crossed the sea wall to Malaga Island, and by her

cries attracted the attention of Mr. Ingerbreds, a man living on Appledore Island. He immediately went to her assistance, and upon hearing her story went to the Appledore House and informed the Messrs. Lughton, who accompanied him to the scene of the tragedy. The bodies of the two young women were found lying on the floor of their own house, and the spectacle was frightful. Miss Christenson was killed in the building by blows with a chair and afterward with an axe, but Miss Lawson succeeded in getting out of a window and as far as the end of the house, when the murderer struck her on the head with the axe and felled her to the earth.

After killing her he dragged her body into the house and laid it beside that of his other victim, and then, lighting a lantern, he searched about the island for Mrs. Houtvet, fortunately without finding her. The woman was accompanied by a little dog belonging to the family, and retained sufficient presence of mind to keep the little creature hidden beneath her clothing all the time the murderer was searching for her, that she might not be betrayed by his barking at the light. Her feet were badly frozen, and the terrible experiences of the night had distracted her before her position was discovered. There were between three and four hundred dollars in the house, but the assassin failed to find it. His object appears to have been booty, but it is not known that he obtained more than about fifteen dollars, the larger sum being concealed between the beds and elsewhere. Two watches, hanging in the room, were also left untouched.

The murderer, who is powerfully built, was arrested in a North Street den, in Boston, at nine o'clock on the evening of the eventful day. He was apprehended by a description forwarded by the Portsmouth officers. He had not only completely disguised himself by having his head and face cleanly shaved, but had also purchased a new suit of clothes. His old ones, which were found where he bought the new suit, were covered with blood.

The accused denies that he is the murderer, and says he has not been on the island where the deed was committed since last Christmas. He was very cool when taken into custody, and, after being committed to his cell, immediately went to sleep. He is a Prussian, very muscular, and about twenty-nine years of age. There is, probably, not the least doubt of his guilt. He was taken to New Hampshire on the morning of March 7.

The wounded and half-frozen Mrs. Houtvet there identified him as the murderer, and he was taken to Portland, Maine, and committed to jail. The excitement in the surrounding neighborhood is intense, and Wagner was assailed by a large crowd while in the hands of the officers, but no serious damage was done to their prisoner.

**The Strange Narrative of Captain McDaniels**

Is treated at length in another part of this issue.

**The Terrible Murder of Miss Shockley.**

On the afternoon of March 7, George Hall, aged nineteen, shot dead Amelia Shockley, aged fourteen, while on her way home from school, in company with other children. Hall was courting Amelia, and had written a letter to her which she had failed to answer, saying that she had no time to do so. It is said that he had laid in wait on the previous day, but, Amelia being accompanied by her brother, the deed was deferred.

The evidence shows that the deceased left school, accompanied by four small children. About one hundred yards from the school-house Hall met her. After a conversation about a letter Hall asked one of the children if Miss Shockley's brother Elijah, a youth of sixteen years, was at school. Receiving a negative answer, he turned to Amelia and said he was going to shoot her. She replied, "Pshaw! George Hall, you can't frighten me."

Hall then directed the little girl standing by the side of Miss Shockley to get out of the way, deliberately raised his gun and fired. The shot took effect just under the shoulderblade and entered the heart. The girl exclaimed, "Oh, Lord!" and fell.

Isaac S. Adams, the schoolmaster, being notified, hastened to the spot and found the girl in the middle of the road in the agonies of death, unable to speak. She died in a few moments. Hall is of burly form, has large grey eyes with a cast in them, long straight hair, and had on grey mixed fustian and slouched hat. Deceased is the daughter of James H. Shockley, and the murderer a son of Philip W. Hall, both most respectable families who are plunged in the deepest grief over this terrible affair. A person answering the description of Hall threw himself under a train at Kingston Station on the following Saturday night. The train was running twenty miles per hour. He ran out and laid on the track. The body has been identified as that of the unfortunate young man, Hall.

**IS ANY HOUSEHOLD SAFE?**

**Burglary in Fiftieth Street—The Boldest Outrage on Record.**

News having reached this office that an outrageous burglary had been committed at No. 224 West Fiftieth Street, an artist and a reporter were dispatched thither to gain further concise particulars.

The house into which the marauders forced an entrance, was inhabited at the time by Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, their little daughter, and a young girl who had been living with the family for a long time, engaged in light service.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 5th instant, Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner retired at their usual hour to their bed, which is situated in a large, luxuriously furnished rear room on the second floor. Their little daughter occupied the front room, which opened into her parents' apartment. The servant's dormitory was on the floor above.

**A SHARP CRACKING NOISE,**

as of the striking of a match, awoke Mr. Gardiner suddenly during the night. He became alarmed on seeing the indistinct outlines of three men in relief against the white papered walls. He also saw a small lantern with a bull's-eye light in it, held in the hand of one of them. He began to shout

instantly, thus awaking his wife. In a moment two men sprang to either side of the bed, one grasping Mr. Gardiner and the other his wife. Mr. Gardiner, excited beyond control, began to shout, vociferously. Mrs. Gardiner, fearful of her husband's safety on hearing his continued cries, implored her captor to shield Mr. Gardiner from harm. The man who held her placed the blade of a sharp knife against her throat and asked her whether she felt it. She answered that she did, but added that she did not fear death from his hands, that her life was at the disposal of her Maker. "I know, friend," she said, "that at this moment I am at your mercy, but there is a higher tribunal where we shall meet one day."

Half yielding to the gentle words of Mrs. G., the burglar spoke in a foreign accent, that he did not wish to kill her, but only wanted her money. He entreated her to silence her husband, whose cries were constant and fearful.

Mrs. G. then implored him to release her husband and she would leave a check for a large amount in the hall for him and his companions. She promised this faithfully, and said that no question should be asked of the person who called for the check. The burglar did not listen to this, but held her firmly.

The third marauder had been ransacking the bureau opposite the foot of the bed.

Lizzie, the young servant, aroused by the cries of Mr. Gardiner, hurried, *en deshabille*, to the room, thinking that Mr. G. had been seized with a fit. Her first impression was that two of the neighbors had been called in to assist in treating Mr. G., but when she saw, reflected by the light of the lantern, the face of a stranger working at the bureau, she stood horror-stricken, without uttering a word.

Mrs. G. called to her, but, in her dread, the poor girl did not hear. She hurried back to her room in fright and remained there until after the burglars had left.

Previous, however, to the entrance of this servant, the little girl had run into the room on the side of her father, and had implored the burglar "not kill her papa." The burglar, however, pushed her rudely aside, and she came round to her mother's side. Shivering with cold, she asked to be placed in the bed, and the man on that side took her up tenderly and tucked her up under the bedclothes.

Mrs. G.'s captor then asked the mother to straighten out her finger in order that he might take off her rings.

"Don't steal the dying gift of my poor aunt!" Mrs. G. implored, and a voice, coming from Mr. G.'s side of the bed said:

"DON'T TAKE THAT RING!" Mrs. G. offered to take off her pearl ring and give it to the man, if he would only allow her to keep her relic. This was agreed to.

During all this time the man at the bureau had been working away, and had taken two gold watches, \$150 in money, a six-shooter revolver, three gold crosses, and several minor articles, altogether valued at \$600.

When he had taken all within reach, alarmed by the sudden rattling of the large clock at the head of the stairs, and fearful lest Mr. Gardiner's cries might alarm the neighborhood, the burglar left the bureau and hurried through the adjoining room, and then descended the stairs, just as the clock struck two. The others followed soon after.

On the release of Mr. Gardiner, he jumped from the bed, ran to the front room and opened a window and again cried aloud, and repeatedly, for assistance, but, as usual, no policeman was about. Finding no response he returned to the bedroom and passed down-stairs in his night-clothes, and by this time the thieves, who had experienced some difficulty in opening the door by reason of a peculiarity about it, had gained egress, and when he reached the sidewalk were about a hundred feet distant, going easterly toward Broadway. Mr. Gardiner went *en deshabille* and barefooted to the corner of Eighth Avenue and called for the police, but shortly returned to the house and noticed that the thieves turned up Broadway toward the Park. Mr. Gardiner then put on his pants, shoes and coat, and went down Eighth Avenue to Forty-eighth Street, where he met a policeman, who came to his house, while Mr. Gardiner went on to the Twenty-seventh Precinct Police-station to make complaint.

Mr. Gardiner is convinced that the robbers must have known something of the interior arrangement of the house in order to find his apartment so readily. It has also been his custom to keep the gaslight in the passage, on the second floor, burning all night. As the robbers entered the house they lit the gas in the lower vestibule, by way of making the line of retreat easy, and when they ascended the stairs shrewdly extinguished the light on the second floor, so as to exclude all light from the bedroom and thus prevent the possibility of being recognized and identified.

In the morning, upon taking off the bedclothes, Mrs. Gardiner discovered a piece of black alpaca about a foot square, which had been used as a mask to conceal the features of one of the robbers. She afterward remembered that she had indistinctly seen this on the face of the man who was struggling in the bed with her husband, but did not at the time know what it was.

The house is a three-story high stoop edifice, with basement. The two front windows of the first or parlor floor were furnished with small iron-railed balconies.

Mr. Gardiner gives this as the probable manner by which the burglars succeeded in getting into the house:

"They came up the front stoop and got over on to the balcony, upon which fronted the parlor windows. (This balcony has since been taken away). They then, with a knife or something of the kind, pried open the latch which fastens the window-sash down. Opening the window, they found an inside blind with small slats; these blinds were kept closed by a bar of wood, which fitted into iron braces. They, with a very sharp knife, cut away two of the slats exactly facing the bar, which, of course, they very easily shoved up out of its place. All this work was done upon the outside balcony and in full view of the street. They then stepped into the parlor, rummaged

around that, and, finding nothing which particularly took their fancy, went into the hall, lighted the hall gas, and walked, I suppose, leisurely up stairs to our room, which we never lock."

**Wonders of the Deep.**

The ship *Sacramento* of New Bedford, Captain Robbins, forty days from Pernambuco, with sugar to H. H. Swift & Co., experienced heavy gales from February 21 to March 5, with much snow and hail, and fearful sea from north to northwest. February 27, latitude 32 to 34, at 10 p.m., wind blowing heavily from north northwest, and many "corposants" on yard-arms and mast-heads, and no lightning, a ball of fire exploded in the belly of the main-topsail with a report like a rifle, scattering thousands of sparks, and almost paralyzed all hands for a few moments. Within a few minutes another exploded in the same manner near the deck, knocking down one of the crew. No signs or marks were left by these explosions, and the formation of the missiles cannot be explained by the persons on board. In all probability, however, they were inconvenient meteoric bodies.

**Foster's Reprieve.**

As soon as the action of Governor Dix relative to Foster's case became known, the entrance to the Tombs was thronged with representatives of the press and a curious crowd. For nearly a half an hour the messenger bearing the Governor's despatch addressed to Warden Johnson hammered at the door.

Foster for some days previous had been steadily declining in health, and was unusually subdued and melancholy, scarcely speaking to any one, and seeming to be resigned to his fate. The night before, feeling cold, he requested permission to leave his cell and warm himself before the great stove. He sat alone before the fire buried in thought. When he saw the officers approaching he glanced at them with the stolid indifference which of late has become habitual to him, but suddenly catching sight of the document in the hand of Deputy Sheriff Dumphy, and quickly divining that it contained tidings of vital importance to him, he arose and advanced to meet the officers, his countenance betraying his terrible anxiety, though he did not speak.

Before the silence was broken on either side, Foster had learned that his case, but a few moments before so desperate, was not altogether hopeless now. Yet, when Deputy Sheriff Dumphy seized his hand in a congratulatory grasp and joyfully told him that a reprieve had been granted, for a moment the fortitude which has upheld the prisoner through the latest and darkest hour of his imprisonment forsook him, and placing his hand upon his heart he staggered back as though he had received a blow. For some seconds he was unable to reply to the congratulations showered upon him, and stood with his eye fixed upon the Governor's despatch. His first words, when he had sufficiently recovered himself to speak, were: "Is it possible? You don't say so."

**Retributive Justice—The Little Neck Murder.**

On the night of Friday, February 7th, James Graham, a quiet, unoffending resident of the hamlet of the Little Neck, L. I., was set upon by unknown parties and murdered. The next morning his mangled corpse was found lying in his shop in a pool of blood, his face rifled, and every trace likely to lead to the identification of the assassins carefully obliterated.

About ten o'clock the other morning, Peter Munday, a boy of eleven years, employed by Jonathan H. Anderson a tenant on the farm of James Gray, at Newtown village, went into the barn to some hay, when he discovered a human hand protruding from the hay-mow. Affrighted, he fled and alarmed Patrick McKenna and another farm hand, who, after satisfying themselves that a man was really there, informed their employer, and an examination revealed the corpse.

Coroner Tewksbury, of Hunter's Point, was notified, and quickly arrived. A jury was then impaneled and the body removed. It proved to be that of a man about thirty-five years old, five feet seven inches in height, rather slim-built, and well-marked features, light complexion and sandy hair. He wore no beard, but had not been shaved for several days previous to his death.

He was dressed in a checked flannel shirt, Cardigan jacket, striped pants, black felt hat, and new grained leather boots, which came up to his knees. In a black cloth valise he had a black broadcloth dress coat, several shirts and minor articles of wearing apparel. His pockets contained nothing but a wallet, in which were \$77 87, in two packages, wrapped in a newspaper, one wrapper being a piece of *The Flushing Times* of December 26. Several cabbage stumps and pieces of bread were found, indicating his means of subsistence while in the barn, where he had, undoubtedly, frozen during one of the cold nights of the past months.

The possession of the new boots and the packages of money, with the peculiar wrapper mentioned, together with the fact that, having so much money about him, he should prefer to hide away in a hay-mow in such severe weather, rather than secure comfortable lodgings and decent meal, seems to warrant the belief that he was an accomplice, if not, indeed, the principal perpetrator of the horrible murder at Little Neck.

Later circumstances seem to confirm this presumption.

**Battle of the Alligators.**

THIS extraordinary contest is excitingly described, in another column, by an eye witness.

**Hurled into a Burning Crater.**

THE accident, by which an Englishman and an American lost their lives while being lowered by ropes into the crater of Vesuvius, had a counterpart lately, when a Belgian named Lemux, and a Swiss named Schmidt, met a similar fate. These foolhardy tourists insisted on being lowered, and, in despite of the remonstrances of the guides, took hold of the loops and swung over the gloomy void. The guide's last warning to them was not to venture inward.

Whether they were smothered or, missing a

step, were hurled into the abyss, nobody will ever know. Contrary to the advice of the guides, they let go of the looped ropes and ventured into the crater's recesses. The tourists above cried out, but no response came back. The guides were lowered repeatedly, and several of the excursionists went as far as the ropes would allow them in search of their comrades, but in vain. This is the third disaster of this nature within the past ten years.

**SOCIETY.**

A FANCY dress ball lately given in Paris by M. Arsene Houssage is thus described: "In this fairy-like framing a strange and dazzling spectacle presented itself to your gaze in the dense and brilliant crowd here assembled. The sombre coats of the men, relieved by every possible kind of gay decoration, in many instances the orders composed of diamonds that flashed and sparkled in the light. Then, how difficult to describe the gorgeously attired women. Some veiled à l'outrance, others much décolleté, but all masked, their faces hidden, but splendid necks, such as Rubens would like to have painted, displayed in their 'superb abundance,' and rounded arms encircled with gold serpents such as Titian puts on his Venetian beauties. There were blonde heads like those dear to the Veronese, and auburn ones such as Vecellio adored, and others dark as the raven's wing. It was a symphony of colors, a scintillation of precious stones, a bewilderment of beauty and voluptuous splendor. There were men with faces whose intellectual power struck you. There were artistic heads, impassible profiles of diplomats, faces of poets, composers, authors, artists, and wits. Every expression of talent, every kind of beauty, every celebrity was to be seen. Artistic, diplomatic, aristocratic Paris was all there, and 'Paris viveur et galant.' The flower of the many worlds of this unique and strange city, which is in herself a flower among flowers, but one with a passionate, poisonous, and subtle perfume."

In the American colony in Paris it is now raining entertainments. Mrs. Deforest has just given a very large and successful ball at her new residence, in the Rue de Centre, formerly occupied by Mrs. Isaac Wright, of New York, who this Winter is sojourning at Neuilly, near Paris. Mrs. Hoffman's Saturday *matinées dansantes* are very popular, and one is sure to meet there all the *élite* of the American-Franco world, with a very charming addition of the foreign element. Mrs. Elisha Riggs's Monday receptions are among the most delightful given in Paris, which is due to the attractions of the fair hostess, whose genial charm and grace of manner has won for her here as many friends and as much admiration as formerly in Washington, where for so many years she was the reigning belle. Mr. Riggs's hotel is by far the handsomest residence owned by any American in Paris, and the hospitality dispensed therein is always "right royal." We hear that Mr. J. K. Riggs has bought a lot on the Champs Elysées, whereon he intends to build a very fine residence.

**PERSONAL.**

THE champion oarsman, Josh. Ward, is practicing on skulls as a policeman at Cornwall, N. Y.

HERR WACHTEL resolutely declines to risk himself in another such opera troupe as they get up in America.

ELVINA STICKNEY, the Iowa school-girl who shot her teacher some weeks ago because he wasn't in love with her, has been pronounced insane, of course.

THE veteran General Changarnier was recently thrown across the track whilst attempting to dismount from a moving train, and narrowly rescued from being run over.

A. M. DORLAND, agent of Mr. Stanley in Chicago, publishes a statement under oath denying the allegations of Stanley that he absconded with the receipts of his lecture in Chicago.

MESSRS. BIG MOUTH, Powder Face, Spotted Wolf, Tall Bear, and a dozen other Arrapahoe gentlemen visited the public schools at Leavenworth, Kansas, recently, and made approving speeches to the scholars.

ENGLISH pale ale is frequently prescribed by physicians for lady patients with delicate constitutions. It is stated that lady patients with delicate constitutions are greatly on the increase.

THE following reports tell their own story:—"Malta, December 30.—Ten seamen, being two-thirds of the crew of the *Acadia*, of South Shields (Goodsir), from Cabes, which arrived here 24th December, refused to proceed in the vessel, alleging that she was not seaworthy, and that the cargo (esparto) had been shipped in a wet state. The men state that the vessel had been twice on shore; that the stringers in the hold are rotten, the beams forward and aft defective, and the deck leaky; that the vessel makes water; that the cargo is wet and heated, and that they are afraid of its catching fire. A survey was held, and the surveyor recommended a partial discharge of the cargo for the purpose of verifying the defects alleged, but this the master refused to allow, stating that the vessel was all right, but admitting that the cargo was shipped in a wet state. December 31.—The men who refused to proceed in the *Acadia* have withdrawn their refusal, and have consented to go in her. Vera, January 27, 9.30 a.m.—The *Acadia* (Goodsir), from Malta, with esparto and lead, was run ashore yesterday at Carboneras after burning twenty-four hours.

THIS is the story of a curl: Late one cold night a gentleman, crossing the Newport and Cincinnati bridge toward Kentucky, found upon the footpath an umbrella. Buttoned inside of the umbrella was a hair-dealer's long box, and in the box a golden curl. The finding was advertised, but no claimant for the property has come forward. Was it a suicide? Who can tell?