

AROUND THE EARTH

OCCURRENCES THEREIN FOR A WEEK.

THE END OF PUGILISM

AMERICA MAY BE RID OF THE DISGRACE.

Germany and Spain May Feel Uncle Sam's Displeasure—Japanese Investigating Port Arthur Massacre—Robbers of Freight Cars.

From Far and Near.

The remains of Andy Bowen, the dead pugilist, were interred Monday, and with his body was buried prize fighting in New Orleans. The fatal termination of Friday night's contest has had the effect of arousing a fierce sentiment against any more ring battles. The newspapers editorially demanded the abolition of the contests. Mayor Fitzpatrick by his prompt revocation of the permit for Saturday night's fight between Ryan and Dempsey showed that he took a serious view of the situation. The Attorney General has discovered that the so-called limited-round contests are prize fights and he has written a letter to the Auditorium Club that he will enjoy any club which attempts to give another exhibition. It is said that the Governor is greatly scandalized also, and it is therefore certain that there will be no more glove contests of any kind in New Orleans until after the Supreme Court gives its decision, and sporting men are inclined to think the end of pugilism in America is near.

Spain has been notified that Cuban discrimination against American goods must be discontinued, on pain of retaliation.

If further restrictions are placed upon American trade with Germany, the Administration will have recourse to the retaliation act.

The Japanese minister of foreign affairs has issued a statement regarding the atrocities at Port Arthur asking the withholding of public opinion until the facts can be ascertained.

Conductor Collier and brakemen Sibley and Brown, of the Northwestern road, were created at Iowa, Iowa, for robbing freight cars of bonded goods.

Isaac Bridges, a low-sick youth of Terre Haute, Ind., shot Mrs. Joseph Montgomery, who had interfered with his match.

President Blackstone, of the Alton, and other railway men are back of a plan to build a new road in the Indian Territory.

Reading stockholders have asked John Wannamaker to be their candidate for president of the system.

Two gold leads of fabulous richness were struck by drillers at Iowa Gulch, southwest of Lillian, Colo.

United States officers have arrested members of a gang of counterfeiters in Oklahoma and captured much spurious coin.

Trial of white caps in Georgia has developed the fact that a far-reaching kluks organization exists in the State.

Miss Annie Maud Brewer, who shot her former lover, G. W. Latimer, at Lynn, Mass., was captured.

In transferring the records in the election commissioners' office it was discovered several of the packages containing ballot boxes at the Ohio special May primary election had been tampered with. So far, it has been impossible to judge what persons had a motive in doing this. The special election is now a matter of contest in the courts.

John Cronin was hanged on an automatic gallows at Hartford, Conn. The apparatus worked successfully.

Samuel C. Seely pleaded guilty to robbing the New York Shoe and Leather Building in New York City, and was sentenced to the State Prison at Sing Sing.

William Straubach, a maker of spurious coin, and two confederates were captured by Federal officers at Tiffin, Ohio.

Job Batt's sons, an old Philadelphia carpet and yarn establishment, has confessed judgment. Liabilities are placed at \$200,000.

Facts ascertained at the inquest on bank clerk Huntington of Council Bluffs indicate that he may have been shot by some one else.

British army officers, under the guise of artists and tourists, have made sketches of the territory and defenses in the vicinity of Toledo and other lake ports.

Evangelist Moody is meeting with great success at Lowell, Mass. "A. A." in all the papers call on church members to stay away, and give the sinners a chance.

The bodies of the Schultz children, who wandered from their home near Waupun, Wis., were found in a bog.

A strike among the miners in the Pittsburgh district is now deemed unlikely. An order of 25 cents will probably be made by the operators.

The Minnesota Federation of Labor resolved to ask the Legislature to stamp all convict made goods.

Warden Patton of the Indiana prison south has assured President Cleveland that reports that Zink, whom he recently pardoned, is in good health are false.

Judge Seavers, for fourteen years a member of the Iowa Supreme Court, was stricken with paralysis at Oklaheena.

The America Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has issued a statement regarding the Armenian massacres.

President Cleveland, accompanied by several friends, has gone to South Carolina on a hunting trip.

An automatic telegraphic transmitter has been invented which, it is said, will send 200 words a minute over the wire.

Auguste Buridan was buried at Paris after exercises in the Palais Bourbon which were attended by ministers, diplomats and legislators.

John Early and Robert Watts engaged in a fight during the services in the Methodist Church at Harmony, Ind. Watts received a dangerous knife wound.

John McBride, of the United Mine Workers, was elected president of the Federation of Labor, defeating Samuel Gompers. Indianapolis was selected for headquarters.

Eugene Weir, a drug clerk at San Francisco, was murdered by burglars, who robbed the store, securing little booty.

Kazmer Herver, a German 45 years old, killed his wife and committed suicide after a family quarrel at Manistee, Mich.

ST. NICK'S DILEMMA.

A sky full of snowflakes, all fluffy and white, Just born up in cloudland, came fluttering down.

To muffle the sound of the swift reindeer's flight, As St. Nicholas drove o'er the roofs of the town.

He picked out the moment when every one slept, Unfelt a big bundle and bustled about.

Down chimneys, up fire escapes softly he crept; When he came, how he went, not a soul could find out.

In the wee baby hose he put rattles and rins, A pipe and a pouch in the big warm sock.

He left in the gray one a score of nice things, Then the silk embroidered one gave him a shock.

He fumbled a locket of just the right size To hold the vignette of a handsome young man.

Then toyed with a brilliant that dazzled his eyes, Then down in the bundle to rummage began.

A ring and a bracelet, a locket and chain, For the girl in die sleaze too prosy he thought.

And he fingered the dainty silk stockings again, And feared that for this not a thing had be brought.

Then all of a sudden his little red face Lit up with a smile like the jolly full moon's.

As he noticed a photograph close to the place, And he dropped in a couple of souvenir spoons.

—James Clarence Harvey.

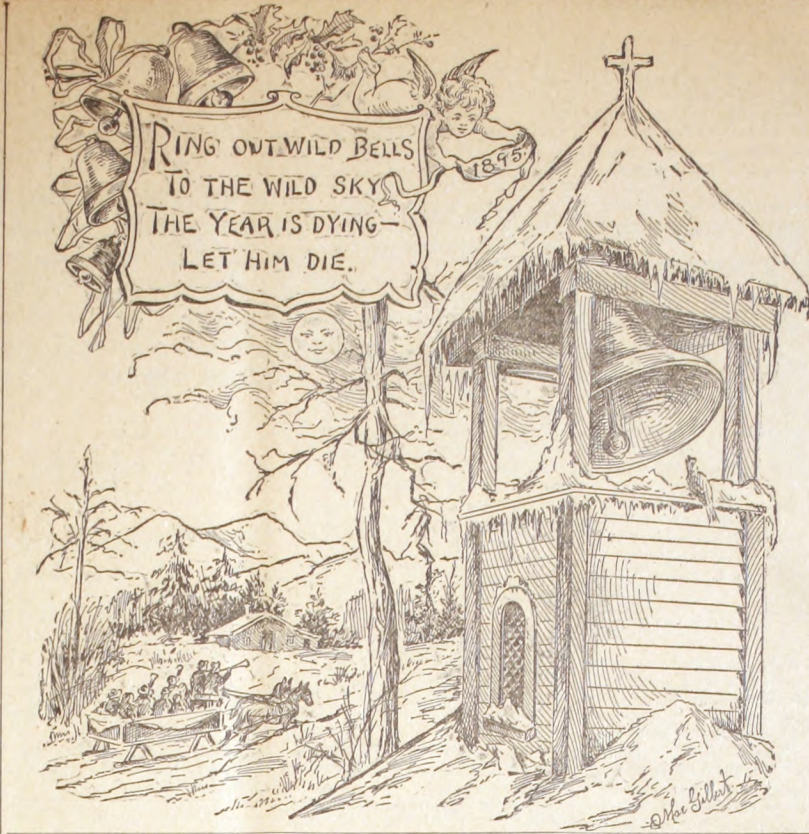
THE RAG CAT.

When Tom Strahan's Aunt Biddy gave him a Christmas present of a cat, she did not know that she was bestowing a life preserver upon her nephew. But that is just what she was doing.

Tom Strahan was an infant of 2 1/4 years at the time, but such an infant! He looked as if two ordinary babies had been rolled into one. His arms were large and stout and chubby, and his legs were so round and plump. His eyes were of a molst Irish blue like his father's, and Tommy was a brave, sturdy little man if he was a baby.

Tommy dearly loved a cat. Now a live cat is rather a dangerous plaything for a very young child. Even the sweetest tempered cat when it is lifted from off the floor by one of its legs will expostulate, and it will do it with its disengaged claws.

So Aunt Biddy, who could never do enough for her brother John's child, bought Tom a beautiful cat which could not scratch. It was made of cloth and



which grew between the sleepers. It had caught his eye and he had made for it while Biddy was trying her shoe.

Engine No. 22 was rounding the curve. Whether daddy was at the window or not Biddy couldn't tell, for her eyes were on Tom and her knees shaking so. The distance between the curve and the small boy with his red dress on the track was not enough to bring the engine to a standstill, and Biddy knew she couldn't

that had saved his boy's life.

That rag cat is a sacred object in the Strahan household to this day. It had to be sewed up or its head would have fallen off its poor body and all the hay would have come out. But it is the most beautiful creature in the world to the Strahans. They would not part with it for its weight in gold.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HANG UP BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget,
The dear little dimpled darling!
She never saw Christmas yet;
But I told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looks so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such pink little toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything so small!

I know what will do for the baby,
I've thought of the very best plan,
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma—
The largest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write: "This is the baby's stocking,
That hangs in the corner here,
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
And she's just the blissest baby!
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM.

Services at the Manger Where Christ Was Born.

During Christmas week Bethlehem, the birthplace of Christ, is perhaps the most picturesque and attractive place in the world. It is crowded with pilgrims from all lands, the bulk of whom live in tents—all attracted by the desire of worshipping at the manger where the Nazarene was born. The services in the Church of the Nativity are kept up during an entire

groups are guided around the church by monks, who point out to them the rich relics and sacred places, the most venerated of all being the Shrine of the Manger, beneath the church, which, it is claimed, incloses the actual birthplace of the Savior. During the Christmas festivities this manger shrine is resorted to by great multitudes who crowd each other in their pious eagerness to kiss the marble slab on the floor, with a silver star in the center. So fervid and enthusiastic are these worshippers that the marble slab has been repeatedly kissed away in places, rendering a new slab necessary. A few feet distant from the manger is the chapel of the magi, where the wise men of old, Melchior, Caspar and Balthazar, came worshipping with rare gifts from the East.

A subdued, rich light is diffused throughout the grotto by the softly glowing lamps over the star, and the swinging censers lend an agreeable odor to an otherwise close and musty atmosphere. All worldly thoughts are banished as the kneeling pilgrims listen spellbound to the melodious chant of the sacred office or the full, sturdy, noble singing of the grand-looking bearded priests. The low roof, the "living rock," the censers, the music, the lights all seem to dissolve, and in their stead there appears to the moist eyes of the adoring pilgrims, the manger cradle, with the Babe, the Virgin mother and Joseph, the mean surroundings, the oxen and their litter of straw and the gentle, wondering sheep.

Through the mists of centuries there rises up before them the old man, then known as "the house Chim Ham," over which the star hung in heaven, and in a nook of which the Savior was born, there being "no room at the inn."

These pilgrims are a strange-looking lot. Some few wear the silk hat of Western civilization, but the turban and fez predominate. Camped on the stony ground of the hillside, among the few scattering olive trees, gnarled and twisted with age, they frequently have a time of it fighting the fierce sun, even in December.

As the hour for striking tents approaches the scene grows more exciting. Arabs on camels or horseback, with long, Damascus guns and shot pouches; sore-eyed Syrian natives on donkeys or afoot; men and women in European dress; Russians, long-coated and invariably bearded; smart Germans with a military bearing; Greek priests from the Volga; self-complacent English and easy-going Americans; all mingle in the bright, moving kaleidoscope. Having seen the sights, listened to the music in the chapel and the prayers at the manger, and paid their reverent homage, they now regard their pilgrimage as accomplished and are eager to return.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

Dear Old Year, before you go
In your ear I'd whisper low
Something I would have you know.

Never to my feelings blind,
You've been tender, gentle, kind,
Faithful, with a steady mind.

And I've found you always true,
All the time I've been with you,
When you're gone what shall I do!

Still in you I live, believe,
And I will not idly grieve,
So much of yourself you'll leave.

All the blessings full of light,
Coming every day and night,
Gladdening the soul and sight.

All the blessings in disguise
That I took with heavy-lidded eyes,
Breathing out to you my sighs.

As in pictures I shall see
Everything you brought to me,
That I might the happier be.

Dear Old Year, I would be gay;
And it's never been my way
Sorrowful good-bys to say.

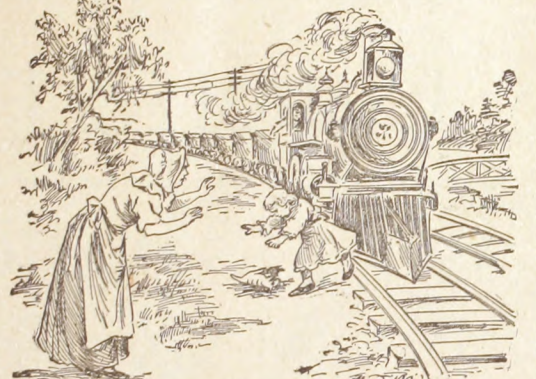
But I softly whisper this:
Take my last word, my last kiss,
Dear Old Year, it's you I miss.
—Rosalia Vandewater.

A Christmas Don't.

"John," said Mrs. Wildspruce, with affected nonchalance, "do you smoke strong or mild cigars?" "Mild," responded Mr. Wildspruce, speaking with marked emphasis, "after December 25 I intend to give up smoking altogether."—Chicago Record.

That's Enough.

There a less than 300 puro-blooded Greco leaders.



HE UTTERED A CACKLE OF DELIGHT AND RAN FOR IT.

stuffed with hay. But its sides and face were painted so like a real cat that Tommy hardly felt that it was only a rag cat.

He became fond of it. He liked it even better than his toy locomotive, and he naturally liked that, for his father was an engine driver. If you asked Tom where his daddy's place was in the "choo-choo" he would thrust his stout fingers into the window of the cab. He had seen his father there many a time when engine 22 swung around the curve on the home trip.

The rag cat was really Tom's delight. He would clutch it by the neck and carry it along with him, and when he was put to bed at night he had the cat with him. With all the mauling of it the poor cat got very much out of shape, and her head was quite limp and thin where the stuffing had worked down to her body. But Tom did not seem to notice that his pet had gone off any in his good looks; he would grasp the poor old thin head and lug it around with the most faithful affection.

Aunt Biddy's habit was to take Tom out for a walk down to the curve when engine 22 came thundering around with Johnny Strahan, Tom's father, in the cab. Johnny was always on Tom's lookout there, and when he saw the pair he would send off a screaming whistle and wave his hands. And Tom would stand as straight as a little soldier and look at the great iron horse that his daddy drove.

One summer afternoon, as it got to 4 o'clock, Biddy said: "Come, Tom boy, we will go down to the curve and see daddy and the 'choo-choo.'" She put Tom's hat on him, and Tom walked over to the corner and got the cat, and gripped it by the neck, and they started off.

They arrived at the curve about ten minutes before '22' was due. It was a pleasant day and the river ran noiselessly along down below, while the grass and the flowers were all in their glory. As they were walking along enjoying it all, Aunt Biddy said that her shoestring had come untied. She turned and let go Tom's hand, and put her foot up on a stone and fixed the string in a good stout knot. She double-knotted it, in fact.

Just then she heard the rumble of '22' tearing along on the other side of the curve with the long train of coal cars which it was pulling from Harrisburg. They always waited on this side of the curve when it was coming to the station, and then see it dash around the curve into view, with daddy at the window of the cab on the lookout for them. There was a nice level stretch of ground near the track too, just at that point, and that is where Biddy and Tom used to start on themselves, at several yards from the track.

When Biddy turned round she never came so near fainting in her whole life as she did then. For what she saw was Tom on the track with his back to the engine, tugging away at a wild flower

THE PIN DE SIECLE SANTA CLAUS.



Away with Old-Fashioned Notions—This Is Young America's Conception of Saint Nick Up to Date.

track, and he had nearly dropped out of the cab as he had realized it all. As soon as he could pull up he rushed back, and there was poor Biddy as white as a sheet and so weak she could not stir.

But Tom, who had not been hurt at all by the roll, was on his feet holding out the darling old cat to his father. The way daddy whipped him up into his arms and kissed him was a great surprise to Tom. And then daddy kissed the cat

week and are most impressive. The church is one of the oldest structures in existence, and although it has been repeatedly repaired it still retains much of its original form and character. In the side aisles, at different altars, priests chant the service in tones that swell and die amid the tall columns that support the roof.

At the shrines groups of pilgrims kneel in reverent adoration, while still other

WIPED OUT IN BLOOD.

NEW WAY OF SETTLING A BANK SHORTAGE.

Death of Stephenson, the Great Novelist, in Simon—Wages Show a Material Increase—Kansas Coal Companies to Combine—Divorce Friends.

Told In a Few Words.

John R. Huntington, clerk at the Citizens' State Bank at Council Bluffs, attempted to murder P. N. Hayden and Stephen Cromwell, inspectors of the Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York, and then killed himself. The shooting occurred at 11 o'clock Sunday morning in the directors' room in the rear of the bank, the directors were being examined where Huntington was, being examined concerning a shortage in the accounts of the bank. Huntington shot himself in the head just in front of the right ear, the bullet passing almost through his head. Hayden was shot through the fleshy part of the neck and nearly recovered. Cromwell was shot three times. One bullet struck his jaw, another fractured his wrist and a third entered his back below the left shoulder blade. His wounds are of a very dangerous character.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, is dead. His death occurred at his home at Ajia, Samoa, on Jan. 3, 1896. His date of death, Dec. 8, are that Mr. Stevenson had died suddenly from apoplexy. His remains were interred on the summit of Pala mountain, 1,300 feet high. At the time of his death Mr. Stevenson had half completed the writing of a new novel. Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, Nov. 13, 1850. He was the son of Thomas Stevenson, an engineer of distinction, who has been called "the Nestor of lighthouse illumination, and whose unfailing lights shine now in every part of the world to warn and guide those who go down to the sea in ships. When a child he was always ill—it is one of the marvels of his marvelous life that all its brilliant achievement has been accomplished in spite of a prolonged struggle against illness.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly Review of Trade says:

Dun's review is enabled, by the kindness of several thousand manufacturers who have forwarded statements of their pay-rolls for November, this year, in 1895, and in 1892, to make encouraging comparison of earnings for that month, which shows an increase in total payments of 15.2 per cent. over last year, but a decrease of 10.2 per cent. in 1892. It was with 1892; 10.2 per cent. more persons were employed than a year ago, but 8.6 per cent. less than in 1892. The average of earnings for over 250,000 hands is 4 per cent. larger than in 1893, but 14 1/2 per cent. less than in 1892. In some of the industries where the hands at work do not seem to diminish, though in most departments it is considerably below the capacity of works in operation, and the volume of business transacted is a little larger in comparison with last year than in November.

A large number of coal companies who have suffered from a difficult time to compete with the large coal operators and mines in Kansas have decided to organize a new company. The capital will be \$2,000,000 and the company will be able to make its own prices. General sales offices will be opened in Kansas City and will be under the management of Captain Kniffin, formerly general agent for the Missouri Pacific Coal Company at St. Louis. Practically all of the smaller companies in that locality will be merged into the new concern.

Mary J. Duffy filed a suit for divorce and alimony at Elyria, Ohio, against Henry Duffy. The parties have been married six years, and during that time six petitions for divorce have been filed by Mrs. Duffy, the third of which separated the parties. After six months they remarried.

Mob armed with shotguns attacked a hotel at Dundee, Ind., with the intention of looting the place, but was repulsed.

A gang of white caps visited the home of Charles Berry at Acidalia, N. Y., and dragged him out in the snow and tarred and feathered him. The men then returned to the house and applied similar treatment to Mrs. Berry while she lay in bed. A recent death in the family under mysterious circumstances and the indifference displayed by the Berrys led to the outrage.

Mrs. George W. Brandt, who eloped with Rev. Conrad Huxey, late pastor of Lake Avenue Union Church, Chicago, deserted him at Cincinnati. Her brother took her back to Chicago, where her husband bought her a ticket for Europe and sent her away.

Pension Agent Van Leuven was convicted of conspiracy to bribe exorbitant surgeons by a Federal jury at Dubuque, Iowa.

Proposed changes in the navy regulations contemplate more annual promotions and an adjustment of line and staff salaries.

Capt. Howgate, charged with extensive Government robberies, has been indicted again for forgery involving \$11,000.

T. H. Stevens, of Lexington, has sold to Charles H. Smith, of Chicago, the race horse Buckeye, the consideration being \$7,000.

Religions converts at a revival in progress near Logansport, Ind., set like maniacs and threatened to destroy the furnace.

Col. D. S. Alexander, of Buffalo, claims to have had an interview with Gen. Harrison, in which the latter said that under no circumstances would he be a candidate for President in 1896.

The Rev. R. M. Dillon, a Presbyterian preacher of Greencastle, Ind., resigned because his congregation gave a fair in an opera house.

Sultan of Turkey has withdrawn his invitation to an American to accompany investigators of Armenian atrocities.

Japan insists on humbling China completely before entertaining any proposals looking to a cessation of hostilities.

Leaders of a Tennessee mob, which lynched six negroes last August, were acquitted of the charge by a jury at Memphis.

Daniel M. Robertson, aged 40, who murdered his wife in September, 1893, was hanged for the crime at New Bedford, Mass.