JUSTICE J. B. WINSLOW

A LATE DECISION HAS MADE HIM FAMOUS.

Stands by the Freedom of the Press—Papers Have a Perfect Right to Criticise Judicial Candidates for Office.—His Career.

JUSTICE JOHN B. Winslow of the Supreme court of Wisconsin, whose far-reaching decision in the freedom of the press is attracting attention all over the country, is the youngest man in Wisconsin's high tribunal and is a judge of fearless and lofty resolve. Justice Winslow took Judge Bailey sharply to task for attempting to throttle the press in criticizing his record when he was a candidate for re-election last spring. Bailey instituted contempt proceedings against his critics and would have landed them in jail had it not been for the interference of the Supreme court. The gentlemen involved in the case were H. C. Ashbaugh and L. A. Doolittle of Eau Claire.

Justice Winslow, who wrote the stinging opinion, and who denounced the attempt on the part of the lower court to gag the free expression of opinion, was elected to the Supreme bench two years ago. At that time he was a justice of the Supreme court, he had been appointed to fill a vacancy caused by death and it was a foregone conclusion that the people would return him.

The justice settled in Wisconsin in 1855 from New York. He was then a boy, and after graduating from Racine college he studied law and began the practice of his profession. He was unusually successful, and in the spring of 1883, when only 32 years old, he was elected to the circuit bench. His record as a trial judge was admirable. Of his 500 cases only fifty-six appeals were made, and of these the Supreme court reversed but eleven.

JUSTICE WINSLOW.

Justice Winslow is above six feet high. He has a handsome, kindly face and is gentle in character and disposition. He was called out to run for his present place by popular petition.

Henry Clay's Remarkable Memory.

It is said that no man ever had a more marvelous memory for faces than Henry Clay. The instances given to prove this are numberless.

On one occasion he was on his way to Jackson, Miss., and the cars stopped for a short time at Clinton. Among the crowd who pressed forward was one vigorous old man who insisted that Mr. Clay would recognize him. He had lost one eye.

"Where did I know you?" asked Mr. Clay, fixing a keen glance on this man.

"In Kentucky," was the reply.

"Had you lost your eye before then, or have you lost it since?" was the next question.

"Since," answered the old man.

"Turn the sound side of your face toward me so I can see your profile," said Mr. Clay, peremptorily, and the man obeyed. "I have it!" said Mr. Clay, after a moment's scrutiny of the profile. "Didn't you give me a verdict as juror at Frankfort, Ky., in the famous case of the United States versus Innis, twenty-one years ago?"

"Yes, sir," cried the old man, trembling with delight.

"And isn't your name Hardwicke?" queried Mr. Clay, after another minute.

"I told you he'd remember me!" cried the old man, turning to the crowd. "He never forgets a face, never forgets a face!"

Striking Word-Portrait of M. Faure.

M. Gustave Guiches has given a striking word portrait of President Felix Faure which has passed over France like wild-fire, and will doubtless become historic. The present chief of the state has the nose of Francis I, the lips of the Hapsburgs, a Bourbon chin, the figure of a grand duke, the slightly bent form which comes from manual labor, the eye glass of de Sagan, and the spats of Napoleon III. The writer considers that this "mosaic of dynastics and castes" is the conciliatory and decorative figure which France wants just now.

The Thing He Forgot.

The absent-minded German professor continues to contribute to the gaiety of the nations. Lately he had, late at night in his chamber, disrobed himself, when he sat down with his head in his hands. "Donnerwetter!" he said. "There was something I was to do. What was it, now?" He sat and pondered intensely for half an hour, growing colder and colder. Finally he sprang up. "Ah, I have it!" he exclaimed. "I intended to go to bed!"

Paying for His Own.

Mr. Drigoods—Here is a present from your wife, sir. Jinkly—Very well; I'll send you a check in the morning.

MADAGASCAR ORCHID.

Its Insect Sponsor Which Vindicated Darwin's Belief in His Theory

We might proceed through all the orchid genera, each affording its surprise in its special modification in adaptation to its insect sponsor—all these various shapes, folds of petals, positions, colors, the size, length and thickness of nectary, the relative positions of pollen and stigma, embodying an expression of welcome to the insect with which its life is so marvelously linked, says Harper's Magazine. Occasionally this astounding affinity is faithful to a single species of insect, which thus becomes the sole sponsor of the blossom, without whose association the orchid would become extinct. A remarkable instance of this special adaptation is seen in the great Angraecum orchid of Madagascar, described by Darwin, inasmuch as this species glorifies Darwin's faith in the truth of his theory and marks a notable victory in the long battle for its supremacy. Among the host of skeptics—and were they not legion?—who met this evolutionary and revolutionary theory with incredulity, not to say ridicule or worse, was one who thus challenged its author shortly after the appearance of his "Fertilization of Orchids," addressing Darwin from Madagascar substantially as follows: "Upon your theory of evolution through natural selection all the various contrasting structural features of the orchids have direct reference to some insect which shall best cross fertilize them. If an orchid has a nectary an inch long, an insect's tongue of equivalent length is implied; a nectary six inches in length likewise implies a tongue six inches long. What have you to say in regard to an orchid which flourishes here in Madagascar possessing a long nectary as slender as a knitting needle and eleven inches in length? On your hypothesis there must be a moth with a tongue eleven inches long, or this nectary would never have been elaborated." Darwin's reply was magnificent in its proof of the sublime conviction of the truth of his belief: "The existence of an orchid with a slender nectary eleven inches in length and with nectar secreted at its tip is a conclusive demonstration of the existence of a moth with a tongue 11 inches in length, even though no such moth is known." Many of us remember the ridicule which was heaped upon him for this apparently blind adherence to an untenable theory. But victory complete and demoralizing to his opponents awaited this oracular utterance when later a disciple of Darwin, led by the same spirit of faith and conviction, visited Madagascar and was soon able to affirm that he had caught the moth, a huge sphinx moth, and that its tongue measured eleven inches in length.

GOTHAM'S PRETTIEST WOMAN.

Miss Marie Churchill the Honored Object of Adoration.

There has always been a popular idea that New York did not value beauty in its women as highly as style. Gotham's feminine types are perfect in their way, clear cut, high bred, well-groomed, and above all perfectly clad. But they are not, as a rule, pretty, in the sense that a southern or western man would use the term. It is in the south that beauty reigns supreme and a girl on the other side of the Mason and Dixon line, be she ever so rich, clever or stylish, is not a belle unless she has also the divine gift. But lately Gotham, untrue to tradition, has been imitating the southern cities and worshiping at the shrine of beauty. Miss Marie Churchill is the honored object of this adoration. She is conceded to be the most beautiful woman in New York. She is prominent in the more exclusive social circles, is a woman of superior accomplishments and a prime favorite among the four hundred. When the picture printed

MARIE CHURCHILL.

here was taken Miss Churchill posed in the costume she wore at the famous Bradley-Martin ball.

Games of Savages.

Most people are well aware that the popular Canadian game of lacrosse originated, goodness knows how many centuries ago, amongst the North American Indians. When you come to look into it, it is quite astonishing how many games were originally invented and are today practiced by peoples we are accustomed to think of as savages. Wallace tells us how in Borneo, one wet day, he thought to amuse his Dyak boys by showing them cat's cradle. But he found that they not only knew it, but knew more intricate figures than he. The Maories of New Zealand actually have a sort of pictorial history in cat's cradle figures of twisted fibre. The Sandwich Islanders play a kind of draughts; the South Sea peoples nearly all are adepts at kite-flying. Polo comes from Persia, and is played magnificently by wild hill tribes from northern India. Backgammon and parchisi are both eastern games, flat tamarind seeds being used as "lots" in the latter.—Harper's Round Table.

POPE OF THEOSOPHY.

THE NEW HEAD OF THE ANCIENT ESOTERIC BELIEF.

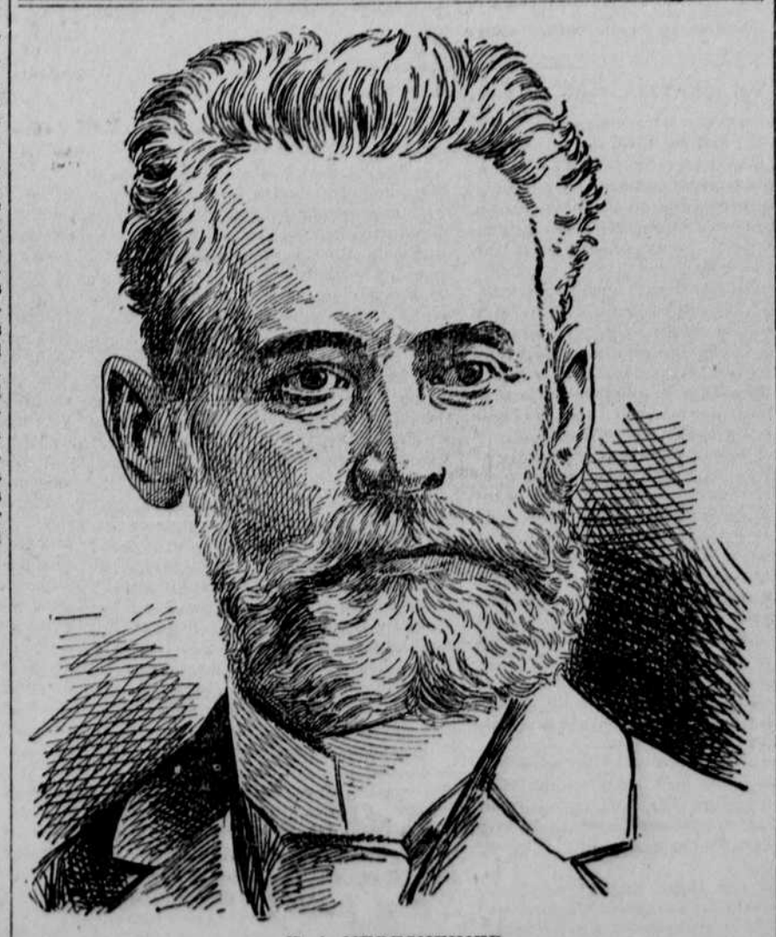
Edward August Neresheimer Chosen to Fill the Vacancy Caused by the Return to England of Ernest Temple Hargrove.

EDWARD AUGUST Neresheimer will be president of the Theosophical Society of America in place of Ernest Temple Hargrove until April 1898. Mr. Neresheimer is a diamond merchant with a deep interest in theosophy. He has been the vice president of the society and was one of the founders of the New York branch. His greatest aim at present is to further the work of the new theosophical college at Port Loma, Cal., known as the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of the ancients. The place to which he has now succeeded on account of Mr. Hargrove's resolution to return to the conduct of his business affairs in England is the one formerly held by W. Q. Judge. His tenure will only be for the unexpired term, and whether he retains it permanently or not will depend on the votes of his fellows in the society and on the will of Mrs. Katherine Tingley, the head of the esoterical branch of the Theosophical Society of the World. Mr. Neresheimer was born in Munich about fifty years ago. He is a gray-haired, blue-eyed man of much experience of the world. He is a skillful musician, and plays several instruments, besides being a fine baritone. He has a son who is a student in the department of medicine of Columbia university, and a daughter who is attending school in Montreal. His home is Bay City, L. I.

PRINTED BY LIGHTNING.

The Peculiar Freak of a Lone Flash in a Mobile Candy Store.

From the Mobile Daily Register: Yesterday afternoon there was a lone flash of lightning and an accompanying clap of thunder, and then the rainstorm which was threatened blew over. But the lightning had made a record for itself which will remain. It went into the photographing business without the aid of any apparatus except an object to be photographed and a piece of sugar candy for a receiving plate. In the candy store of Mr. Thomas Tonsmeire on lower Dauphin street was the candy that the lightning chose to operate upon. The candy was of sugar and glucose, brown in color, and transparent. It lay on a slab on a table in the midst of the store. The article photographed



E. A. NERESHEIMER.

was the wrapper of small American flags, then lying imbedded in some melted candy on the floor of the store, in front of the table, but not in line of view of the candy on the table. On the wrapper was an inscription in condensed gothic type, reading "National Flags." This inscription, beginning with the fourth letter of the first word and part of the third letter, just so much of the lettering as was visible on the wrapper as it lay crumpled in the midst of the sticky stuff on the floor, was taken by the lightning and transferred to a piece of the candy on the table; not transferred simply, but imbedded in it, beneath the surface the smallest fraction of an inch. It was a perfect reproduction, and perfectly black, but inserted face front just as in the original, and not reverse as would be the order of the letters if any one should attempt to transfer them by applying the wrapper to the surface of the candy. Mr. Sylvester D. Fosdick brought the candy to this office last night for inspection. He says that as soon as the flash of lightning came and vanished, Mr. Tonsmeire observed the printing on the candy that was before him on the slab, and exclaimed in astonishment at the sight, the candy being of his own manufacture and having had no sort of mark upon it. In the search for a clue to the sudden and mysterious appearance, the paper wrapper was discovered on the floor with those letters exposed which appeared on the candy. Mr. Fosdick says that there is a mirror in front of the table that possibly had something to do with the photographing, since the mirror is in line with the location of the wrapper; but this does not explain anything; rather does it serve to deepen the mystery.

BISHOP OF BRISTOL.

The New Appointee Is a Man of Profound Learning.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Browne, the new appointee to the position of bishop of Bristol, England, is a popular choice for the diocese of the town with the historic cathedral. Dr. Browne was a professor at Cambridge, then a canon of St. Paul's, and later bishop of Stepney. In all of these responsible positions he made an excellent showing and won a high degree of popularity. The new bishop of Bristol has taken care not to ally himself markedly with either party in the church of England. For that reason it is believed that the advisers of Lord Salisbury, who gave him the place, were wise in suggesting that Bishop Browne be sent to a diocese where party strife seems to throw

REV. DR. BROWNE.

difficulties in the path of the chief prelate. The new diocesan is said to be in other ways admirably fitted for work in the west of England. It is said that the English church needs an organizer there, and it is as an organizer that Bishop Browne has won his laurels. His career in the east end of London among the poor people has given evidence of a high order of ability as a manager. Bristol's new bishop is full of tact, of a pleasant manner, possessed of much learning, and is an able controversialist.

Sudden Changes.

At this season of the year, at the end of summer, it is well to remember that all changes should be gradually and not suddenly made, for, though the constitution of the human body be such that it can bear many alterations and irregularities without much danger, yet, whenever the transitions are extremely sudden, there is a great risk of producing some degree of disorder. If from necessity a man be obliged to fast, he ought, if possible, during that time to avoid laborious work. After suffering from extreme hunger people should not all at once gorge themselves, nor is it well after very good living to go through a period of fasting. In this connection it may be observed that the Jains of India are the champion fasters of the world. Fasts of from thirty to forty days are very common among this curious sect, and once a year a "radami" comes forward and undertakes the "grand fast"—a period of seventy-five days, during which time he allows little but warm water to pass his lips. When the fast is once begun the faster will carry it to the prescribed limit or die in the attempt.

Theatrical people are peculiar. They work when they play and play when they work.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, OCT. 31—ACTS 27: 13:26.

Golden Text:—"Be of Good Cheer: for I Believe God, That It Shall Be Even as It Was Told Me"—Acts 27. 25—Paul in Crete.

Time.—A. D. 60; according to Mr. Lewin's reckoning, August 21.

Places.—The Mediterranean, especially Clauda, a small island south of Crete.

Rulers.—Nero was emperor of Rome; Porcius Festus was still procurator of Palestine and Agrippa II. king of Bashan. The Jewish high priest was named Ishmael.

Luke's Nautical Style.—"In the whole range of Greek and Roman literature there is nothing that gives so much information about ancient ships and seamanship as this chapter. The difference of the manner of describing nautical events by seamen and by landsmen is too obvious to require remark; but there is a third class of authors who are, properly speaking, neither seamen nor landsmen; but who, from their being often on shipboard, acquire the technical language of seamen without its limitations. To this class Luke belongs."—J. Smith.

Starting for Rome.—"It was the palmy time of imperial Rome. No steamers crossed the sea at regular intervals, but the waters had been cleared of pirates, and plentiful currents of commerce from all directions tended to the Roman capital. All travelers had to go by merchant vessels—even consuls and emperors. Paul, Luke and Aristarchus were packed in with 'certain other prisoners,' probably an unsympathizing crowd of outlaws. They were all under care of Julius, the centurion (probably Julius Priscus, who afterward arose to high rank in Rome). From this officer Paul received marked deference. A short sail (sixty-seven miles) brought them to Sidon, where Paul was courteously allowed to stop ashore with friends. Setting sail again (for Myra in Asia Minor), they undertook to pass south of Cyprus, but a strong west wind, premonition of coming danger, drove them north of that island. At Myra they found an Alexandrian trading vessel bound direct for Italy. Embarking on this, their troubles fairly began. A tornado swept down from the heights of Mount Ida, and their vessel, driven almost directly southward, found shelter in the first port reached, the Fair Havens in Crete. Here Paul earnestly advised the centurion to wait for a slack of the storm; but he, naturally enough, paid more attention to the pilot and owner of the ship, who hoped, by starting at once, to reach Phenice, a much better harbor than that they were in."—Whedon.

Lesson Hymn.

Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
Leave to his sovereign sway To choose and to command
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!
Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.

Hints to the Teacher.

I. A Christian in trial. We have seen the apostle in trial before, but this lesson presents some new phases of experience, as well as some old ones. 1. There was a trial in his captivity. Verse 1. He had been chained for two years, but this did not make his chain any lighter. He was now on his way to Rome, with the uncertainties of another trial before him, and the certainty of a long and tedious imprisonment before his trial. 2. There was a trial in his associations. Verse 1. Daily a coarse Roman soldier was chained to his arm, to be his constant companion. Besides this, he was surrounded by a company of criminals, the lowest and vilest in character, and utterly repugnant to his fine nature. Yet he was compelled to be in constant companionship with them. 3. There was a trial in his dangers. Verse 20. He was on board a crowded, leaky, storm-tossed vessel, when not a soul on board except himself cherished a hope of escape from shipwreck.

II. A Christian's comforts in trial. What were some of the compensations of the apostle in his trials? 1. He had the companionship of friends. Verse 2. Three beloved ones were by his side to give him the good cheer of their presence: Timothy, "mine own son in the faith;" Luke, "the beloved physician;" and Aristarchus, "my fellow-prisoner." Christian fellowship can enlighten many a dreary hour. 2. He had a kind-hearted commander. Verse 4. The connecting verses and other sentences in this chapter show that Julius, the centurion, was favorably impressed with Paul's character, and showed him much kindness. This was at one time, if not oftener, the means of saving his life, and at all times alleviated the distress of his lot. 3. He enjoyed communion with God. Verses 22-26. Sweeter even than the fellowship with his friends was Paul's fellowship with the Lord. He talked with one who was above the storm, and received from him the assurance of safety. 4. He had the ministration of angels. Verse 23. "Are they not all ministering spirits?" Paul found them so, and rejoiced in their voices of comfort. 5. He had the promise of safety. Verse 24. One ray of sunlight penetrated the gloom of that cabin, the promise that he should stand before Caesar, and that for his sake all on board should be safe. These were Paul's comforts; may we not in our trials find similar consolations?

III. A Christian's example in trial. How did Paul act in these troubles through which he was called to pass? 1. He showed cheerfulness. Verse 22. In the crowded ship, among wicked surroundings, with storm above and sea below, with the earthly prospect of death in the waves, he was cheerful, calm and collected. 2. gave a good confession. Verse 23. He was not ashamed to avow himself a servant of God, even in presence of scorners and enemies. 3. He showed confidence in God. Verse 25. "I believe God." He had no great confidence in captain, crew or vessel, but he relied upon the word of One who sat on the throne. Faith was the power that nerved his heart and inspired his words.

SCRAPS.

Reporter—Are you willing to tell me your story? Convict—Yes; but I'm not at liberty.—Truth.

Nearly 70,000 tons of corks are needed for the bottled beer and aerated waters consumed annually in Britain.

The number of recorded suicides in the United States last year was 6,520, of whom 1,442 were females.

A canary that has just died of old age in Sanford Me., had this obituary: "He sang cheerfully for twenty-two years."

Railways in Holland are so carefully managed that the accidental deaths on them average only one a year for the entire country.

"Is your boarding-house up with the times?" "No, when we have watermelon they cut it in strips instead of in wheels."—Chicago Record.

CRIME IN LONDON.

An Epidemic of Murders, Assaults and Suicides.

London Cablegram: The present extraordinary epidemic of murders, suicides and outrages upon women in London and its vicinity is unequalled since the days of "Jack the Ripper." Daily for a week past the public has been startled by an atrocious murder and the alarm is increased by the fact that the perpetrators of the crimes have all baffled the police and have escaped without apparently leaving a clue as to their identity. The murder in a railroad carriage of Miss Camp, in February last, the perpetrator of the crime not having been discovered, has been followed by another railroad tragedy, in which Mrs. Bryan, the wife of a Dr. Bryan of Northampton, has been killed under circumstances pointing to murder, and the Rev. Aubrey Price, a well-known divine, was killed by burglars at his residence, on Monday. A little boy has been kidnapped and murdered in the suburbs; a rich, miserly woman has been found cut to pieces at her residence, Bethnal Green, and a farmer's daughter, Emma Johnson, has been murdered at Windsor under peculiar circumstances. Her body was mutilated, stripped and thrown into the Thames. The authors of all these outrages are still at large and there seems to be no trace of them, although the murderer of Emma Johnson is believed to be a maniac, whose actual identity is not known, but who for months past has frightened and assaulted persons on the road from Windsor to Maidenhead and who has always managed to elude capture.

MISS CAMP.

The Catacombs of Paris.

The extraordinary subterranean quarries known by the name of the Catacombs extend under a very great part of Paris. On account of the alleged insecurity the catacombs have been closed from the public, and it is a matter of difficulty to obtain admission. The catacombs contain all the visible remains of human creatures that had filled burial places within the walls of Paris for one thousand years. It was the plan of M. Lenoir, lieutenant-general of police, that these bones should be placed in regular rows with appropriate inscriptions, serving as lessons to the living. The skulls, of which there are over two millions, are placed in conjunction with the bones of the legs and arms in a manner which gives a most striking appearance. In passing through these dark, cold gypsum beds along the walls and battlements of skeletons the grim visages can not but suggest to one what a momentary space is the life of man; where is now the abode of the spirits that once animated these skeletons and what is to be our destination after death? For thousands of years philosophers have speculated whether or not our souls survive our bodies, with no certain result. It is religion that holds out the strongest hope that the grave is not our last home, and that our destination is to higher spheres than tombs and catacombs.

Red Snow.

During the height of summer there may be seen in the Alps and Polar regions—where it stretches sometimes for miles—great patches of a pink color, to which has been given the attractive name of red snow. It consists of a tiny plant, best seen, of course, under a microscope. But though so remarkably small, it is extraordinarily hardy. In fact, you cannot kill it without going to more trouble than it is worth, as will be allowed when it is said that the extreme neither of cold nor of heat sufficient to boil water will destroy it. Indeed, the plant is only made dormant, and becomes active when the summer sun has become powerful enough. Then the pink patches are visible. This singular vegetable cannot, however, live on ice and snow alone. And yet what else can it get to eat in such a climate? All day long, it seems, there is constantly falling a dust so fine as, much of it, not to be seen by the naked eye.

Stole a Flock of Sheep.

H. H. Smith, a Coshocton, Ohio, farmer, pastured eighty sheep in an unfrequented part of his farm. When he went to look after them a few days ago, he found that the entire flock had been stolen.

Costly Cat.

A cat fell from the eighteenth story of a building in Wall street, New York, the other day. The superstitious stock brokers rushed the market and holders of sugar stock lost $1,650,000.

The city of Copenhagen has probably the largest proportion of cyclists to the population of any large city in Europe. In a total population of 450,000 there are 30,000 riders.