

## A THRILLING FLIGHT.

### TERESA FALCIOLA'S SENSATIONAL ADVENTURE.

Descends from a High Mountain on a Trolley Wire—Her Ring Becomes Entangled and She is Swept to the Valley Below.

Teresa Falciola, an Italian peasant woman, met recently with an extraordinary adventure. Near her home, in the village of Quarra, which nestles in a spacious valley, is a high and wooded mountain, and there it has been her custom to go two or three times a week for the purpose of collecting firewood. To bring this wood down from the precipitous mountain to her cottage was quite an arduous task. Therefore she sent it down by means of a strong metal wire stretched from the valley up to the mountain top.

A few days ago she and her two little daughters ascended the mountain, and after gathering three goodly bunches of wood prepared to send them down. Just, however, as the mother had fastened the first bundle to the wire and had launched it on its downward course, her wedding ring became caught in the rope with which the bundle was tied, and in a flash she was carried off her feet and swept down into the valley. Half paralyzed with fear, her little daughters watched her as she sped from their sight with amazing swiftness, and then they ran down the mountain, fully expecting to find her dead at the end of the wire.

And their fear was quite natural, since the mountain top from which their mother had been torn is 800 yards above the valley. Fortunately, their fear proved to be groundless. They found their mother entirely uninjured. Yet, miraculous indeed was it that her



TERESA FALCIOLA'S AERIAL FLIGHT.

life was not crushed out of her at the end of her perilous descent. It would have been if her fall had not been broken as she was reaching the earth by some friendly branches. The bundle of wood, too, was in some measure a bulwark against the shock.

## SLAVERY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Still Enforced and Claims a Multitude of Victims.

The Indians of the interior of South America are today enduring the horrors of slavery in its most odious form and yearly a multitude of victims of the oppressors' greed and heartless perils miserably in the camps of the rubber hunters. The condition of these Indian slaves is sad almost beyond description. They are obtained in two ways, by violence and by trickery. Parties of slave hunters penetrate the forests of the interior and attack the wild Indians in their villages and huts, killing the fathers and mothers and carrying the children away with them. In other places, Indians who are semi-civilized are induced to leave their homes on some pretext and are then kidnapped and kept at work in the rubber forests until death relieves them. The slave masters go on the principle that "dead men tell no tales," and the unfortunate, once in their hands, is kept at work until he dies of hardship and privation. There is always a demand for able-bodied slaves to work in the rubber district, and often a good price is paid for a bunch of Indians. The hardships they have undergone in the slavemasters' hands have steeled the hearts of the Indians against the white man, and it is unsafe for a small party to venture into the interior, for a chance to retaliate upon their persecutors is never allowed to slip by the natives. For this reason extensive districts of the interior, where the Indians have withdrawn for safety, are still unexplored, and less is known of them than of the Dark Continent. The laws of the land are decidedly against the practice of slavery, but this prohibition is of no effect in the remote districts where rubber is gathered, and it may well be said that the unfortunate Indians sweat blood for every drop of rubber milk exuding from the trees.

## Cripple Cured by Christian Science.

Charles H. Sagar, who for many years has been a cripple from muscular rheumatism, and had to be wheeled about, walked down Main street in a tricycle last week, a well man. Crutches and tricycle are thrown aside, and scores of citizens who have been in the habit of bestowing a smile and greeting upon the cripple passed him without recog-

## A MADMAN'S CRIME.

### HORRIBLE DEED OF AN IOWA PHYSICIAN.

Fiendish Deed of a Madman—A Child Cruelly Murdered by a Prominent Doctor in the Presence of the Disgraced Parents.

## ATTACK BY AN EAGLE.

Made in the Open and Not Near a Nest.

Most readers must have felt doubts as to the stories of eagles attacking men, even when their nests were being robbed, says the Cornhill. But an instance of such an attack, made in the open and not near a nest, occurred to Mr. Turner-Turner, a well-known sportsman and amateur fur-hunter in British Columbia. During an expedition in North British Columbia he had been trying unsuccessfully to get a shot at a band of caribou. Seeing an eagle in the distance, he stood still to watch it, as he had not seen one in the neighborhood where he was shooting. The ground was covered with six inches of snow, except on the summits of the mountains, where it was deeper, writes Mr. Turner-Turner, and I was therefore a conspicuous object. Presently I was surprised to see how close the bird was approaching, but concluded that it must have mistaken me standing still for a stump, and would immediately discover its error. It never deviated from its



DR. APPLEBY.

the family physician, at Bristow, a neighboring village. Dr. Hobson was called away before he could attend to the child, but Dr. G. W. Appleby, who had been visiting Dr. Hobson, offered to make the examination. Dr. Appleby had been the leading physician in that section for several years, and as Mr. and Mrs. Wearley were acquainted with his professional standing, they raised no objection to his proposition.

No sooner had Dr. Appleby taken the child on his lap than he began to toss it about and handle it roughly. The mother protested indignantly, but the physician paid no attention, and his actions became more incomprehensible and his abuse of the infant became more unfeeling.

The now thoroughly frightened woman implored the physician to desist and restore the child to her arms, but without avail. The man was deaf alike to the mother's entreaties and to the father's stern commands. He gave the babe a rough shake. It cried out in pain, and the parents sprang forward to rescue it. Springing to his feet, as if beside himself with rage, the physician grasped the infant by its throat, and, holding it at arm's length, shook it violently. The parents seized the physician, but he shook them off, and as he turned upon them they were horrified to see that he was stark mad, his eyes blazing with the fires of frenzy. With a maniacal laugh, the madman placed his thumbs under the child's chin, and pressing his hands on the top of its head, he crushed the little face into a shapeless mass of flesh and bone. Blood gushed from the child's nose, ears and mouth, and it was still.

Frozen with horror, the parents for a moment were powerless to move. Then, with inarticulate cries, they rushed upon Appleby; but, yelling like a fiend, the madman grasped the child by one foot, and swinging the quivering body around his head he fought them off. Almost crazed by grief and horror, Mrs. Wearley shrieked again and again. Her mind was giving way under the awful shock. The father groaned in agony of spirit, not daring to provoke the madman to dash the child to pieces. Yelling and dancing about, the madman continued to sweep the body in wide circles through the air before the faces of the stricken parents.

## SENTENCED TO DEATH.

But These Prisoners Escaped from Natives and Were Rescued by Oregon.

The Oregon has landed at Manila two men who relate a story of unusual trials and suffering while on board the Urdanota. The two men, Benjamin J. Green, coxswain, and George M. Powers, first-class apprentice, were the sole survivors of that luckless American gunboat. The Urdanota, with a crew of twelve men, was engaged in patrolling the rivers and creeks at the north end of Manila bay toward Bacolor. While taking soundings near Orani she got aground on a sand bank. The natives sent word of her plight to the troops at Orani, and before the crew could float her an insurgent force arrived and opened fire on them, wounding most of the crew at the first volley. Lieut. Wood, who was in command, was wounded in three places. The lieutenant ordered a gig lowered, but it was riddled while being let down, and Lieut. Wood died while being lifted in. The few survivors were easily overpowered. A few days later, when the Oregon was seen approaching, the men made a dash for liberty, but were recaptured and sentenced to death. The execution was to take place at daylight, but in the night they managed to escape into the forest. Hearing pursuers, Green and Powers climbed into a tree and hid in the dense foliage. What became of the other three is not known. Next morning the Filipinos were gone and the men came down. After traveling two days without food they reached the coast and were taken on board the Oregon.

## Where It Was Needed.

McSwitters—"No, I don't want the encyclopedia." Agent—"Do you know anyone around here who might?" McSwitters—"The man next door. He's one of those fellows who know it all."—Syracuse Herald.

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It would seem that the gamut of crime had been run and every chord of human agony had been struck long ago; that the possibilities of tragic originality had been exhausted and that all the variations of occurrences that have the power to shock and horrify had been touched. The devilish ingenuity of brutalized depravity and blood lust has given various forms of death and has invented infernal instrumentalities for its use. But demonic frenzy is responsible for a deed in which the heart sickening elements have few parallels in the history of tragic events.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wearley of Hampton, Iowa, were the parents of a beautiful babe, 10 months old. The parents worshipped the child almost to idolatry. It was the mother's life. Her whole soul was wrapped up in the little one, and it was watched with anxious solicitude lest it should be taken and the home be left desolate.

One day the child showed symptoms of slight ailment. In alarm at the trivial indisposition, the parents took the babe to the office of Dr. Hobson,

## SON FOUND AFTER MANY YEARS.

Husband Disappears with Child and Wife Recovers the Lad.

Mrs. Patrick Conway of Hustonville, Ky., has returned from Dublin, Ireland, with her only son, from whom she had been separated sixteen years. He was taken away from her by her husband, who parted from her because of their religious differences. He concealed his own and the child's whereabouts for fourteen years, and when Mrs. Conway at last learned that the boy was in a school near Dublin, she also learned that her husband was dead. To get possession of the boy it was necessary to obtain the assistance of Ambassador Choate. Patrick Conway was a young tailor who settled in Hustonville several years before the war and made a fortune in business. He married Miss Annie Bradley, a member of one of the best families in that locality, by whom he had six children. The mother was a Protestant, and brought up her children. Conway was a Catholic, and wished his children to belong to his church. He moved to Springfield, where they were placed in Catholic schools. Conway disappeared with the youngest child, David, sixteen years ago. He left his wife well provided for, but without any clue to his whereabouts. Mrs. Conway heard a year ago that her husband had died in Dublin, and she left two months ago to recover her boy. Ambassador Choate and Consul Jefferson were appealed to, and aided her in getting possession of the lad. His father left David \$6,000, which will be turned over to Mrs. Conway, who has been made his guardian.

## Married in a Tree.

There recently took place near Louisville, Ky., a wedding which was as startling as any one could wish. It seems that the bride had peculiar notions about weddings, and she had made up her mind to have her marriage different from the ordinary ceremonial. There were to be no attendants except the maid of honor, the bride's sister, and at the appointed hour the family congregated about a large, gnarled tree, the oldest growing on the country place where the at fresco service was to take place. At the same time the bride and groom, maid of honor and clergyman came out from the house, and when they reached the tree they climbed it, and the ceremony was performed amidst the foliage of the lower branches.

## Burglar Alarm Proved Death of Him.

N. K. Goss, a merchant of Edenburg, Ohio, was murdered by burglars. Owing to frequent losses through burglary, Goss had his place of business fitted up with an electric burglar alarm, which was connected with his house. Hearing the alarm, Goss hastily dressed, secured the assistance of a neighbor, and went to the store. Goss entered while the neighbor guarded the alley in the rear. A volley of revolver shots greeted the proprietor, and he fell, mortally wounded. The burglars, three in number, rushed through the front entrance and escaped.

## Murderer Captured by a Ruse.

By writing to him to return to Suffolk, Va., and elope with her, Miss Isabel Turner, 20 years old, brought about the capture of her father's slayer. A. C. Gillingham who has been at large since the date of the crime late in December. Gillingham who was considered Miss Turner's social inferior, was her suitor, and because his love was scorned he shot the girl's rich father in the dark.

## Died as She Had Predicted.

A curious instance of the prevision of death is that of Mrs. Sarah P. Rosser of West Eaton, Pa. She had been sick for several months, and Sunday, while surrounded by relatives and friends, she startled them by saying that she would die that night at 10 o'clock. They laughed at her fears, but nevertheless she died at the moment she predicted.

## Front and Back.

Housewife—Why do you consider yourself deserving? Sandy Pikes—I wuz at de front, ma'am. Housewife (after dinner)—You are not deceiving me? Were you really at the front? Sandy Pikes—I wouldn't deceive you, mum. I wuz at de front, but de door wuz locked. Dat's why I cum aroun' de kitchen.—New York World.

## HIS LIBRARY TELLS THE TALE.

### Rogue Who Made Everyone Think He Was Irreproachable.

The library of William Young of Philadelphia, which was recently sold at auction, was another illustration of the fact that what a man knows about his best friend is little after all. To all appearances William Young was a respectable, mediocre man, who jogged along on a moderate income. He was commonplace and middle class. He lived in contentment with his wife and children at Glenolden, where he was respected. He was one of the mainstays of the church he attended. He was so devout that he was not content with going to church twice Sunday, but went Friday night as well. His private life was above reproach. His business, like himself, was commonplace and respectable. It was real estate. He was prosperous and regarded as a substantial business man. He was trusted by shrewd men, who believed implicitly in his honor. His face and manner inspired confidence. He had a certain pleasing frankness about him that attracted. He never said or did anything unusual to the knowledge of his most intimate friend. Even his name was commonplace. July 5 William Young disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed him, instantly closing and obliterating every trace. He left his wife and children with \$3. When the affairs of William Young were examined it was found that he had appropriated other people's money to the amount of \$51,000, and was a forger as well as a thief. The friends who had visited his home observed that he had a library of about 300 volumes. When his estate was sold it was discovered that he had a library containing more than 1,200 volumes, which he had left concealed in his attic. His library showed the real William Young, not the respectable, mediocre William Young that the neighbors saw in his pew each Sunday, but the William Young whose thoughts and tastes ran to vice and wild adventure. He left orders for such books as the book stores, where he was a frequent visitor. And the mild, inoffensive real estate dealer who came down on the cars each morning and returned at 5 at night with the regularity of clockwork, spent his evenings and his Sunday after church in reading bloody tales of the border and Indian massacres.—New York Telegraph.

## GENERAL SPORTING.

### CURRENT EVENTS IN VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS.

#### The McCoy-Choyanski Fluke Another Blow to Boxing—Joe Choyanski Has Fought Some Good Battles—Beck Olsen, the Danish Champion Wrestler.

"I have witnessed many a pathetic case of broken down gladiators, halt, spavined and charley-horsed, making a blind and painful stagger for their salary when they were really fit candidates for a hospital or a sanitarium, but the sad case of Virtue, the first baseman, will never vanish from my memory," remarked Secretary Pulliam recently. "When Virtue was released by Tebeau from the Cleveland team, Manager Jack McCloskey, of the Colonels, began negotiations for him to cover first base for us. We were in need of a first baseman at the time, and while Virtue was 20 or 30 points short of the 300 mark as a batsman, he was one of the best fielding first basemen in the league, and the most available man to us, as we thought. He accepted our terms, and we sent him \$400 advance money in the fall. When

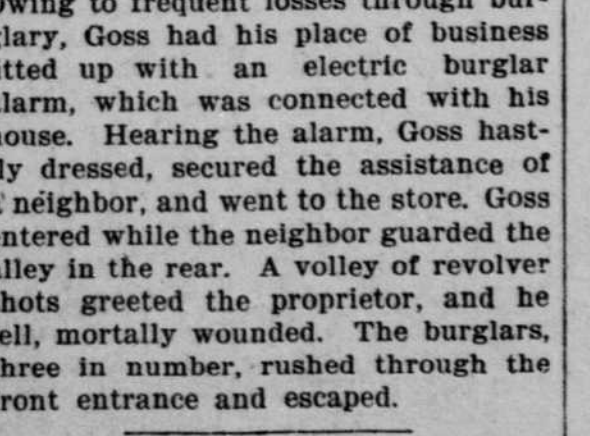
he reported for spring practice I noticed a change for the worse in the physical appearance of the man. He was thin, pale, wrinkled, and halting in his gait. I asked him if he was sick, and he acknowledged that he wasn't feeling quite chipper, but would be as fresh as a daisy in a few days. He showed up for practice on the following day, and then we discovered we had a cripple on our hands. His right arm hung limp by his side, and he tossed the ball around the infield with a snap of the wrist, failing to raise his arm. Dr. Stuckey, who was then the president of the club, was in the grandstand watching the boys at morning practice. 'Who in heaven's name is that man at first base?' He has all the action—or rather the lack of action—of a paralytic," said the doctor, who ordered Virtue off the field and examined him, and found that the poor fellow was indeed a victim of paralysis. We shipped Virtue back to Philadelphia, and the last I heard of him was last summer when I read of his being mixed up in a railroad accident."

#### When 'Nip' Was New.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that Charley Nichols, the famous Boston twirler, was turned down twice, and that in his native city, Kansas City, too. Here is the way Nichols tells it: "I was dropped twice in Kansas City, and that when I was pitching winning ball. In 1887 Jimmy Manning engaged me for his Western League team. I had to fairly get down on my knees and beg for a trial. It was granted me and I pitched five games, winning them all. But this was not enough and Manning refused to take me away on the initial trip. He, instead gave me my release. I went down to Memphis, and played with Harry Vaughn and the late John Ewing until that team went up. Then Manning hired me for his Kansas City Blues. I pitched twenty games for his team, winning eighteen of them, but yet I was turned down a second time."

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BECK OLSEN.

city and has furnished additional argument to the anti-Horton law agitators for the repeal of that measure. Old-time ring-goers deplored the fact that Choyanski had been robbed of victory through the unfortunate mistakes of the referee and the time-keeper—the one for giving the "Kid" more than ten seconds to come to in the second round and the other for cutting the round short by forty seconds. Choyanski is thirty-one years old. He has met Corbett four times and although defeated each time gave Jim a hard tussle for twenty-seven rounds in one of the encounters. In a give and take fight Choyanski is hard to beat when at his best, which appears to be at present. He is the

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## NOTES OF THE WHEEL.

### MATTERS OF INTEREST TO DEVOTEES OF THE BICYCLE.

Fast Season in Germany—Many Meets Develop Few Good Men—Foreigners Win Big Portion of Money—In the Kaiser's Land.

During the past year 285 race meets were held in Germany, as against 238 the year before. Notwithstanding this almost equal number of meets, there were fewer events of importance by far than in 1898. There is some speculation in the Kaiser's realm as to the cause of this. Since the beginning of the season many tracks offered some attractive prizes. Some persons assert that the public has grown tired of the racing game, while others attribute the decadence to a scarcity of good racing talent. The latter claim seems to have some foundation, as, with the exception of Huber and Paul Albert, the amateur, none of the country's racing men can take rank with the first-class riders of other European countries. The feature of the year in Germany was the general introduction of mechanical pacing. This met with great success and thirty-five races for motorcycles and motor tandems were promoted by twenty-six tracks. No races whatever were paced by multicycle man power.

The prizes were very small last year, good men like Arend, Huber and Verheyen riding for \$15 and \$20 firsts, while Banker and Protin and others of their class, who a few years ago would not ride for prizes less than \$80 to \$100, rode during 1899 for prizes of \$20 to \$30. Whereas in 1897 the total amount of prizes put up for professionals was \$40,720, and in 1898 was \$58,018, only \$37,700 was paid in prizes to the cash riders the past year. Walters, the English middle distance man, won \$2,950 in Germany during the past season; Bonhours, of France, was the second largest foreign winner, having \$1,900 to his credit; Edouard Taylor captured \$727 in prizes; Chase, of England, won \$656; Jacquelin, of France, \$655; Champlon, \$652; Broka, of Belgium, about \$500, and George Banker, of America, \$334, against Tom Linton's \$278. Of the German riders, Huber, with twenty-seven firsts to his credit, won \$2,207; Verheyen is second with \$1,701; Seidl third with \$1,286; Koehler, fourth with \$1,125, and Willy Arend, former world's champion, captured only \$1,258.

#### Kramer to Remain.

Frank L. Kramer, national N. C. A. amateur champion for 1899, has de-



FRANK KRAMER.

clined not to go to France for the international races next summer but will remain at home, where, by turning professional he would stand a good chance of becoming one of the leading men of the season.

#### Wheeling in Denver.

While other clubs are disbanding and reorganizing, it is refreshing to learn that the Denver Wheel club intends to add another story to its club house. Plans will be drawn at once, and the work will be completed in the early summer. With this addition, which will be devoted to sleeping rooms and giving space for the taking up of branches of sport now included in the gymnasium, the club officers intend to add to the facilities of the building. The receipts for the year were \$21,932 and the expenses, including the payment of some old accounts, fell short of that sum by \$663. The track account, owing to the total absence of interest in bicycle racing and two expensive meets, was a dead loss.

#### After the August Meeting.

Now that it is a practical certainty that the coming national meet of the L. A. W. can be held in Milwaukee next August, local members of that organization are making ready to formulate plans. Chief Consul Marshall of the Wisconsin division and Secretary-Treasurer F. G. Cramer are of the opinion that if the L. A. W. drops the supervision of racing and leaves that branch to the N. C. A. a most certain certainty of success. The Citizens' League says that it is ready to be of any help it can, and if it is decided definitely to hold the meet there will begin organizing the local members and stirring up enthusiasm at once.

#### Charles Jarrot Here.

Charles Jarrot, the motor-champion of England, has arrived in the United



CHARLES JARROT.

States on the Oceanic. He wishes to meet an American motor cyclist in a match race for a side bet of \$5,000.