

IS HARD TO EXPLAIN.

TWO SOCIETY GIRLS BECOME EXPERT THIEVES.

Georgiana and Florence Brock, the Pretty Daughters of a Well-Known Business Man Caught Pilfering the Goods of Their Neighbors.



CONSIDERABLE excitement was created in New York city when it became known that Georgiana and Florence Brock, two daughters of Henry Brock, who is at the head of a Commercial Agency, had been arrested for plundering the wardrobes of several houses in the handsome row in which the Brock house is situated.



GEORGIA BROCK.

need to steal in order to replenish their wardrobes. The Brocks live in a handsome row of houses which are five stories high in front and four in the rear, the fifth floor front extending back only half way and containing the servants' rooms. The roofs of the fourth floors down the whole row were joined, so it was an easy matter for any thief to get out on this roof and enter the windows of any house in the row.

When the Brock girls were first suspected, from a remark Florence let drop, two policemen visited the house, and while one went upstairs to search the other talked with Georgiana and her mother. Georgiana was cool and collected and asked why they did not search the pawnshops for the lost goods. She denied that some trunks which she had sent away contained anything but her own wearing apparel, but when the detectives, accompanied by Mrs. Trowbridge, went to the storage house Georgiana put in an appearance and when the trunk was opened stood by while Mrs. Trowbridge nearly fainted at the recovery of her Worth gowns.

They Locked Their Husbands In. James Pruett, Alex. Needham and another man were playing cards in a box car at Amity, Ind. Their wives discovered them and locked them in the car. Pruett fired a revolver through the side of the car, thinking the lock-in was the work of men. The bullet took effect in his wife's abdomen. The wound will probably result fatally.

Evidently Easily Sulted. Homely Lady—Oh, I guess you can fill the place. My husband is an easy man to suit. New Cook (to herself)—Yes, mum, I can readily believe it. Homely Lady (to herself)—Strange she should take that for granted, but probably she knows a superior woman like myself wouldn't marry a crank.—New York Weekly.

HER MATERNAL LOVE ASSERTED

Mrs. Rood Practiced Deception on Her Husband Two Years.

It was reported 11 months ago that Mrs. Joseph W. Rood, of Fredonia, N. Y., had given birth to a baby girl. As this was Mr. Rood's first child, and he on the shady side of 50, it created general rejoicing and the happy father dispensed cigars right and left. Meredith Jones, a stepson of Rood, was arrested a day or two ago on a charge preferred by Miss Ida Frank, of Dan-kirk, who for two years had resided with the Rood family. In the examination of Jones the fact came out that he was the father of the child in question and that Miss Frank was the mother. At the time of the birth of the child Mrs. Rood pretended confinement and successfully carried on the deception. Miss Frank loved the child and wanted to be its mother by reputation as well as in fact. When Jones refused to marry her she caused his arrest. He was held in \$500 bail.

Vengeance Overtook Him. The other morning early pedestrians who happened to pass the court house and jail in St. Bernard parish, La., were horrified to see swaying in the breeze the body of a man. Sheriff Nunez was told and immediately ordered that the body be cut down. This was done and then it was seen that the distorted features made hideous by the Justice Lynch were those of Jim Dagle, alias Jim Glemly, a negro.

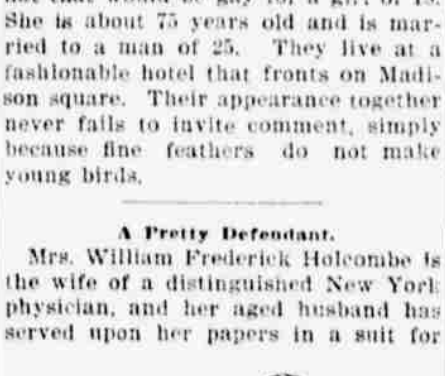
The news reached New Orleans Monday evening from St. Bernard parish that a negro had attempted to assault a white woman Sunday morning in front of the Poydras plantation. The news of the attempted assault spread through the parish and in a short time everyone was on the trail of the assailant.

The victim was a white married woman named Mrs. Moleso. Sunday, while accompanied by a young sister and child, who were going to an adjoining plantation, they met the negro, who, when he got near the ladies, seized Mrs. Moleso and threw her on the ground. The woman screamed for aid and was heard by a man on a road cart, who hastened to the scene and arrived just in time to see the negro escape and give chase. The negro was captured and placed in the parish prison of St. Bernard.

Murdered by a Mayor. Mayor W. W. Waters of Hot Springs, Ark., killed Harry Martin, a doctor's drummer, in the street, by cutting his throat with a knife. The killing grew out of war being waged upon the drummers by the city authorities. Mr. Martin accosted Mr. Waters in the street, and a quarrel arose, when the mayor drew his knife and cut Mr. Martin's throat from ear to ear. The mayor was arrested and stayed at the sheriff's house all night. Mayor Waters conceals his connection with the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fiasco.

Granny Would Be Young Again. One of the queer sights on Broadway, New York, is a little old lady who appears in an astonishing combination of juvenile raiment, including a jaunty hat that would be gay for a girl of 18. She is about 75 years old and is married to a man of 25. They live at a fashionable hotel that fronts on Madison square. Their appearance together never fails to invite comment, simply because fine feathers do not make young birds.

A Pretty Defendant. Mrs. William Frederick Holcombe is the wife of a distinguished New York physician, and her aged husband has served upon her papers in a suit for



MRS. HOLCOMBE.

absolute divorce. He names as co-respondent Julian Greer, an artist. Mrs. Holcombe is now in Europe, and it is said that Mr. Greer has gone there also.

Bicyclist Chased by a Wildcat. A San Diego wheelman while riding in the country recently made a narrow escape from the fangs of a wild cat which sprang at him from a tree by the road side. The cat at once gave chase to the frightened cyclist, but the machine was too swift for the cat's legs. The disappointed assailant was soon distanced. The twirling wheels of the

Four Generations Digging Cellars. A great-grandfather, grandfather and father and son, all working together digging a cellar, was a rather unusual family gathering in Eastport, Maine, recently.

Made James Auto. Miss Emma Sexton of Mexico, Mo., is happy. She sued James Lyon for \$5,000 for breach of promise and the jury awarded her every cent she demanded.

IN A DESERT TOWN.

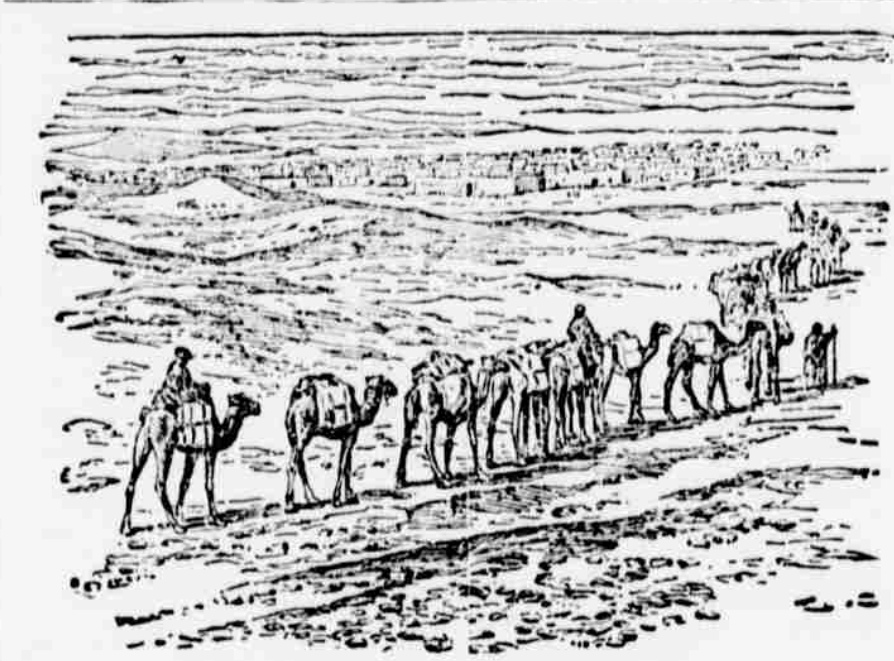
ARAUAN, A WONDERFUL SPOT ON THE GREAT SAHARA.

It is Nevertheless Uninviting to the European Traveler—The Wells a Boon to Tourists—Its Queer Inhabitants.



Special Letter.

HIS is a picture of a town which the explorer, Dr. Lenz, describes as "a hell upon earth." It is about 120 miles almost due north of Timbuctoo, in one of the largest sand areas of the Sahara desert. Perhaps there is not another town like it in the world. In a slight depression in this great sand waste about a hundred houses are huddled together. Not a blade of grass grows within many miles. Every pound of food for man or beast must be brought from Timbuctoo. It cannot be called an oasis, for there is not a particle of verdure. Still, it is an important town, because it is richer in water than any other place in the western Sahara. The wells are numerous and some of them are very deep, but the best thing about them is that they are reliable. All caravans know that they are certain to have all the water they want when they reach the town of Arauan.



ARAUAN IN THE SAHARAN SAND WASTE.

day long, says Dr. Lenz, most of the people of Arauan sit in the darkest corners of their houses in order to escape, in some measure, the attacks of these pests. The better class of people do not attempt to leave their houses except early in the morning and after nightfall.

There are other reasons for the seclusion of the people in their dwellings during the day time. Dr. Lenz says he experienced no such intense heat in any other part of the Sahara as in this sand basin. The fierce rays of the tropical sun bent upon these sands with no mitigating influence, and while the sun is high above the horizon most of the people prefer their darkened rooms. Hot sand storms from the south are frequent and everybody seeks shelter when they come. There is not one of the clay-walled houses of Arauan into which the sand does not find means of entering during the prevalence of these wild wind storms. The blow that Dr. Lenz experienced lasted only a half hour, but before it was over a stratum of sand completely covered the floor, and there was sand in his closed goods boxes and even in his watch. Everybody indoors had his face covered, and yet the finer particles of the sand got under the coverings somehow, and into eyes, ears and mouth and nose.

If a man is caught out in the open when one of these storms occurs there is nothing to do except to wrap up the head with a cloth as tightly as possible, lie flat on one's face, and wait for the thing to blow over. We call this phenomenon a simoon, but that name for it is not known in Arauan. The town is very unhealthful, because the people are confined to their houses so much of the time, and because their food brought all the way from Timbuctoo is never fresh, often very poor, and sometimes scanty. And yet those never-failing wells make this barren place a haven of rest and refreshment that is greatly prized by the caravans toiling across the desert.

There is a covering of a number of the routes from the Mediterranean coast at this spot, and the shekhs, whose people live at Arauan, make a fat income by levying a small tax upon all the goods that are carried through the place and by safe-guarding caravans between Arauan and Timbuctoo, a bit of country where they are likely to meet bands of marauding Tuaregs.

Boat Made from Newspapers. O. H. Venner, of Bluehill, Maine, claims the distinction of having built from newspapers three years ago what is now said to be the best boat in town. His material was thirty-six thicknesses of newspaper pasted together.

Rattlesnakes as Fasteners. The big rattlesnake at Greenwich Garden, Peak's Island, Maine, has just completed an unbroken fast that lasted a year.

APPEARANCES WERE DECEPTIVE

He Could Buy the "Chappie" Twice Over.

Pale and thin was the man's face. Soiled and rent were the veteran clothes that scantily defended his limbs from the assaults of the wind says the San Francisco Call. He stood at the curb with his back to the entrance of a fashionable hotel and gazed down at the cobbles of the street. Neatly he cast his eyes about him and, evidently concluding that he was unobserved, stepped from the curb, snatched up the morsel, moved back again to the sidewalk and began to eat the dirty crust. The action of the pale, thin individual was not unseen by an eye of pity. A well-dressed young man, having witnessed the painful spectacle was quickly at the side of the assailant of the bread crust.

"For God's sake, man, don't eat that!" cried the new actor on the scene. And while he spoke he fished out a half-dollar piece out of his trousers and offering it in his extended palm, added "This will buy you at least one good meal."

Josh Billings once said that "judging a man by his looks was like judging how far a man can walk in a day by looking at his boots." Looks and actions in this case were deceptive to an amazing degree.

The thin, pale man pushed the last of the bit of bread into his face, then looked straight into the eyes of the man of charitable intent and grinned, and as he grinned he hauled out of a pocket of his pantaloons a fistful of gold tens and twenties, shook them in the other's face and exclaimed in a miserable attempt to be sarcastic at a most inappropriate time and under circumstances that should in decency have forbidden it.

"Save your bits, chappie; I've got enough to buy you twice over."

HE'S ALWAYS RIGHT.

J. BULL AS EDITOR OF AMERICAN NEWS.

The Republican National Convention Hadly Mixed Up by One London Editor—For Free Coinage at 162 to 1—Tornado in Massachusetts and Scenes in St. Louis.



ENGLAND'S knowledge of America has been put to a severe test during the past few months. First came the Venezuelan excitement, during the course of which the geographical and political affairs of the United States were strangely mixed up by solemn London newspapers.

Henry Cabot Lodge was declared to sit in the senate for Nebraska, Senator Bill Chandler was relegated to New Mexico by the London Times, and the Pall Mall Gazette wound up a profound dissertation on the situation by these words: "President Cleveland has now nothing else to do than appeal to the country."

The cabinet, the constitution and the Supreme court were declared by various leading English journals to be the sole hope of preventing war, and the London Chronicle waxed indignant over what it called the American proposition to invade Canada "from Missouri and other adjacent states."

Hardly had the Venezuelan excitement died out when the election of delegates to the two national conventions began to again tax English editors' knowledge of our politics and geography. A London evening paper printed this item: "The democratic convention at St. Louis will, it is thought, declare for the coinage of silver at a ratio of 162 to 1. There were only a half a dozen blunders in this one sentence, but otherwise it was correct."

But while the English editors were struggling with our political complexities, along came an unexpected event to still further tax their knowledge and prove their undoing. This was the tornado.

The Times, the Chronicle, the Standard and other organs of London wisdom had for several weeks been variously placing St. Louis in various parts of the Mississippi valley, some declaring that the republicans and others that the democrats were there to meet "in caucus." Finally it was settled that St. Louis was on the Mississippi river and was, as one journal stated, "the capital of Missouri," when the tornado struck it and blew the city a distance of nearly fifteen hundred miles. More than a week elapsed between the St. Louis tornado and the date of its issue of June 5. Yet this grave, serious and dignified London weekly presented to its readers a whole page of alleged pictures of St. Louis over the heading in bold type: "TORNADO IN MASSACHUSETTS."

"SCENES AT ST. LOUIS." The "Scenes at St. Louis" which this paper published have not been recognized by anybody familiar with that city. "High School, Olive Street," is the name of one of these pictures, showing a building in St. Louis which has not been used for school purposes for seven or eight years. "At the Water Works" is the title of another, showing a scene on the Mississippi seven miles from the waterworks.

"The Elevator" is the title of another picture, although there are at least twenty large elevators at St. Louis. Finally, what looks like an old picture of the Capitol at Washington is introduced in the center as "A Scene on Fourth Street."

Of course the ignorant editors of these London papers will still insist that their statements are correct. It would be as much as an American's life is worth to engage in a controversy in England on the subject of English ignorance generally.

HEIRESS TO MILLIONS.

Remarkable Story of a New Jersey Woman's Good Luck.

Mme. Eglantine Gaudin of Woodcliffe, N. J., has, it is reported, inherited \$17,000,000. The New York Herald, which relates the story, says that she was born in the midst of the Pyrenean mountains some fifty-eight years ago. Her maiden name was Eglantine Marie Emanuel. She was left a widow when quite young and found herself almost penniless. Her aunt and godmother at that time lived in California, and by the assistance of an American lady named Louise Jackson she came to this country. On arriving here she discovered the difficulty of finding her godmother and earned her living as a dressmaker. While thus engaged a California lawyer called upon her, representing himself as the executor of the will of Mrs. Emille Pinaud, formerly of France, afterward of South America, but more recently of California. She was the lost godmother of Mrs. Gaudin, and had married a man named Pinaud while in France, with whom she had gone to South America, where he engaged in the tanning business, making a large fortune, which he carefully invested. There was one child of his union. According to the law of France the birth of a child leaves the widow absolute possession at his death of one-half of her husband's fortune. Andre Pinaud died worth \$34,000,000. Mme. Gaudin is heiress to her aunt, and her fortune is, therefore, \$17,000,000.

Blaine's Bones Will Be Removed.

Next autumn the bones of James G. Blaine will be removed from Washington and placed beside the grave of Walker Blaine, on Winthrop Hill, Augusta.

Not Sadder. He—I love you. She—Well, it has taken you a long while to say so.—Philadelphia News.

ESSAY ON SHARKS.

An English Lad Makes Some Astonishing Statements.

An examiner of lads under 16 for the civil-service commission gave for a question, says the London Church Times, "Describe the habits of fish." Here is a literal transcript of one out of a batch of some hundreds of answers: "The shark is about twenty feet long and has five rows of teeth when the shark is going to catch his prey it turns on its side. The sharks are found ind India, where they are very numerous in Africa, etc. The way they catch sharks is lowering a piece of meat on a sharp hook (and sailors will do it for amusement), and the shark is very hungry always, that he will grab at the meat and find himself caught. On his foes are the sord fish it will go and run its sword through its stummick. When the shark has been floating about on the water for some time it gets a lot of small fish in its mouth and they will go and lay on the beach and let small birds come in their mouth and pick them off and will not hear them. The shark can live in water and on land. Going from England to India you will see sharks in the Nile, they will follow ships for many miles, on purpose to get some meat and then perhaps not get any. There are different kinds of sharks, the Black shark, etc. The shark is a very curious animal, it can lay its teeth down when not catching any food. Once upon a time there was a ship going to America and on board some slaves, the slaves were packed so close together that they could not live and the captain of the ship youst to let some come upon deck and many of the slaves youst to jump overboard and be eat with sharks, so the captain determined to stop it if he could. So one day a black slave woman was just in the netted to jump overboard when the captain caught her and had as many slaves as he could upon deck. And then he had a rope fastened around her waist and lowered her overboard, when a shark came and bit a half of her off and then the captain had the other half pulled up and shown to the slaves on deck and then said to them that he would do any one of them the same if they jumped overboard."

A TIN MINE IN PERAK.

Primitive Methods That Seem Sufficient for the Purpose.

We came to the edge of the mine, or paddock, as it is called, which, after all, is nothing but a broad, open pit with sloping sides and perhaps some forty or fifty feet in depth; a poor thing in the eyes of any one expecting shafts and machinery and the elaboration of western methods, but sufficient for its purpose, as Chinese methods are apt to be, says MacMillan's Magazine. Three hundred men clad in loose blue coats and drawers and plaid sun hats three feet across are digging up the pay dirt at the bottom of the pit with great hoes and putting it on flat wicker baskets; others catch up the baskets, slung one at each end of a yoke and balancing the load across the shoulder, they carry them up to the level ground (vibrating in time with their steps) by narrow tree trunks, notched with footholes, which are placed at short intervals athwart the sloping sides of the pit. Having gained the higher level, they throw down their burdens by the wash boxes and descend by other bridges at a steady trot in silent, orderly and unbroken stream. The men at the wash boxes, which are long, sloping troughs of wood, throw in the dirt and by raking it back and back under a nicely regulated flow of water they separate the black tin sand from the spoil and shovel it into tubs ready for the smelting house, while the spoil is flung down the slope of the higher side of paddock.

A Substitute for Prayer.

A very funny, if somewhat irreverent, story is told of a West Franklin man who was taken very ill. Two clergymen, hearing of their brother's misfortune, called upon him to offer spiritual consolation. They were warmly received by the sick man who asked them to pray for him and expressed his belief in religion as a "great thing for a man, especially in case of sickness." To this one of the good ministers replied that it was "good at all times; for the young and middle-aged, and when a man got to be old, infirm and lame its worth could not be told." At this the eyes of the sick man brightened and forgetting his weakness, he said: "I know something that beats it all hollow for lameness and that is pure skunk's grease, without a blankety blank particle of lard in it. I've got it to sell at \$1 a pint!"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Young Girl and a Little Bear.

A few days ago Miss Grace Duckett had quite an adventure. While returning in the evening from one of her neighbor's Miss Grace met a bear. Instead of screaming and running, she, with the help of her dog, forced bruin up a tree, where she left him till she could go to one of the neighbor's for help. A. D. McDougall went with her to the place where the bear was tamed, Miss Duckett herself cut the tree down and when it fell they succeeded in capturing the bear alive. It proved to be a fine cub and is very lively.—Calvary (Wash.) Index.

An Old Singing Canary.

L. A. McGrath of South Woodstock, Vt., is the owner of a singing canary 21 years old, which has sung all its life, and now, though so infirm from age that it cannot reach its perch or sit on it when placed there, it sits on the floor of the cage and pours out the clear, sweet strains of song from morning till night.

Don't open the eyes under water in bathing, especially in salt water.