

**CONVICTS OF NAME.**

**TITLED CRIMINALS WHO NOW WEAR STRIPES.**

**Two Sicilian Princes Commit Murder—The Princess Regina d'Avolas Was Poisoned by Her Husband—Prince Eristoff de Courie's Crimes.**



**CONVICT garb is now worn by a large number of princes and great nobles in the old world, a fact called to mind by the sensational trial of a long ago of Prince Charles of Loos-Coswam, scion of the formerly sovereign house of that name, on charges of forgery and fraud, says the New York World.**

In olden times this strange anomaly would have been impossible, since the mere fact of being branded as a felon on the shoulder and forehead and having occupied a seat in the galleys carried with it the loss of all nobility privileges, titles and prerogatives.

It is in Italy and Russia that instances of this kind are the most frequent, owing, in all probability, to these two countries being afflicted with a larger number of princes than any other. Thus, at the great penitentiary of Maddelena, near Naples, there are two Sicilian princes who are dukes as well, namely, Don Francesco and Don Pietro de Villarsa-Notarbartolo, who are undergoing a term of penal servitude for the cowardly murder of a young infantry lieutenant named Leoni, who was betrothed to their sister, the Princess Katarina. The assassination took place at Palermo, in the magnificent Villarsa palace owned by them, and where they had invited the young officer to dine in the most friendly manner. After dinner and after Leoni had broken bread with them the prince took his life by stabbing him in the back as he was about to leave the palace.

The trial was to have taken place at Palermo, but the two princes, like many other great Sicilian nobles, were affiliated with the Mafia, which rendered it absolutely impossible for the government to secure witnesses for the prosecution or jurors willing to risk their fortunes and their lives by rendering a just verdict. It therefore became necessary to change the venue to Naples, where, owing to the relations that exist between the Sicilian Mafia and the Neapolitan Camorra, conviction was obtained with the utmost difficulty.

Another prince confined in the same convict prison is the prince and duke of Caracciolo di Bella, sentenced to ten years at hard labor for the murder of his wife. The latter, a woman considerably younger than himself, was renowned for her beauty and wealth. The Princess Regina d'Avolas, which was her maiden name, was regarded as the greatest heiress in southern Italy. Orphaned at an early age, Regina had already witnessed one sanguinary tragedy before she had attained her 14th year. In her presence an aunt—a woman of the most incredible violence of temper—had shot down and killed in cold blood one of her farm bailiffs, who had been guilty of some gross insolence.

When Regina grew up it was determined that she should marry and the bridegroom chosen was a lieutenant in the navy, who was a brother of her aunt's husband. On the morning of the wedding day, however, the lieutenant was found in his apartments with his brains blown out and a revolver at his side. It was a clear case of suicide, but no explanation was ever vouchsafed as to the cause of his act, most extraordinary rumors being current on the subject.

Eighteen months later the young princess married Caracciolo di Bella. But the union was an unhappy one. Hence, when one day the princess was poisoned, leaving a will in which she bequeathed every cent of her immense fortune to the husband whom she detected, suspicion was naturally aroused against him on the discovery that the drug that caused her death had been purchased by him, he was arrested on a charge of murder, convicted and sentenced to a term of penal servitude.

There are at least a score of princes—Neapolitan, Sicilian and Roman—doing time, not including those half-dozen or more who are paying the same penalty for complicity in socialist and anarchist outrages, who, although treated as ordinary felons, may be regarded as political prisoners.

Prince Eristoff de Courie, whose title is of the most authentic character, and several of whose relatives occupy offices of great dignity at the court of Russia, served two years in a German penitentiary for frauds committed at Berlin and subsequently underwent six months' imprisonment in France for offenses of a similar character. He likewise suffered ignominy of arrest in England for swindling, in spite of all of which he was received with open arms by New York society, the German ambassador, Count Aro, who was in happy ignorance of his criminal antecedents, actually giving dinners and luncheons in his honor and officiating as his social sponsor. He was on the point of contracting a wealthy marriage in this city when he was unmasked in the nick of time by a London clubman who had known something of his previous history and whose statements were by the most fortunate of chances verified by the Scotland Yard detective, Inspector Jarvis, who happened to be in New York after other

game, but who had been the very man to clap the handcuffs on the prince's wrists in England.

There have been some rumors of late that Prince Nicolas Savine, formerly lieutenant of the Chevalier Garde de l'Imperatrice at St. Petersburg, has succeeded in effecting his escape from Saghalien and that he is now in this country. Six years ago he was sentenced by the courts of St. Petersburg to penal servitude for life for a long long succession of crimes, comprising arson, forgery and fraud of the most colossal description.

Prince Bartenieff, an officer of the hussars and son of the well-known statesman and marshal of the court of Emperor Alexander II., is now on the point of completing, not in Siberia but in the great lake prison to the east of St. Petersburg, a term of eight years' penal servitude for the murder of a Polish actress at Warsaw. He blew out her brains in a fit of jealousy when about to bid farewell to her previous to their final parting. It was solely the late czar's appreciation of the long and faithful service of his father that saved him from death.

**RIDES HIS WHEEL ON A RAIL.**

**Franks of a Daredevil Wheelman to Attract Attention.**

E. G. Wilbur, of 1427 Broadway, Oakland, is looked upon as a curiosity by the bikers of Alameda county. He races with railroad trains, rides his wheel on a railroad rail, and does other queer things. Thursday Wilbur raced the narrow-gauge train from the pier to Oakland, riding his wheel on a single rail behind the speeding train. Wilbur for some months has been practicing riding his wheel on a single railroad rail. His method is to take a companion wheel and use it for balancing. In this manner he can ride on a railroad track for miles. One hand is used to steer his own machine, and the other rests on the companion wheel which he pulls along by his side. After many experiments on the Seventh street track Wilbur decided he was proficient as a rail rider. The sport on the ground was not exciting enough for him, so he determined to ride a rail over the long narrow-gauge trestle. At 7 o'clock Wilbur started out from the mole behind a train with his two wheels, one on the track and the other jumping over the trestle ties. He made good progress, but was unable to keep within halting distance of the train. But his speed was high considering the fact that the slightest slip meant a fall into the bay. The Webster street drawbridge was crossed in safety, and when the rider arrived at First street he dismounted with the remark: "I defy any other wheelman in California to make that ride." Not satisfied with this feat, Wilbur left Tiburon yesterday on a run to Santa Rosa, using the railroad track. The run was made in good time, and now the wheelman is looking for some other mode of astonishing wheelmen. Wilbur simply takes these wild rides in order to amaze people. He likes to be called queer and pointed out as a crank. "I can beat any man in the United States riding a bicycle on a railroad track," said Wilbur today. "I like to be called a crank and pointed out as a fool for taking chances. This thing of riding a wheel in a rail is only a matter of practice. Any man with a steady nerve and a little courage can do it. Next week I am going to make a trip from the Oakland mole to San Leandro on my wheel, and will ride a rail all the way."—San Francisco Examiner.

**They Had Lost Faith in Mascots.**

Two men were talking about luck at the corner of Baltimore and South streets last night. Neither of them had had a recent visitation of Dame Fortune, and in consequence both were lost in their denunciations of that fickle lady.

"I haven't had a good thing for three years," said one of them in a tone of deep disgust. "I have tried my best to overcome the hoodoo, but somehow I can't do it. I've tried every sort of mascot, but I can't get out of the rut. For two years I have carried a rabbit's foot, but it seems to have come from a Jonah rabbit, and not of the regular kind. Darn this luck, anyhow."

The other man sympathized deeply, and told his own troubles in the same disgruntled style. He, too, had a mascot in a Chinese coin.

"They are all a snare and a delusion," he said, and his face looked more woe-begone than ever. "Darn this luck anyhow."

"Mascots are not what they are cracked up to be," assented the other. "I'm almost tempted to believe in Jonas as the harbingers of good fortune. I'm going to get rid of this rabbit's foot, at any rate."

"I'm right with you," said the other. "Darn this luck, anyhow."

The rabbit's foot and the coin appeared from their pockets, and with a more hopeful manner than they had yet shown the two charms were tossed together in the middle of the street near the tracks of the City Passenger railway. Then the two "hoodooed" men went down the street arm in arm.

"Darn this luck, anyhow," was the last thing heard as they disappeared in a doorway.—Baltimore Sun.

**An Orris Bag for the Laundress.**

A family laundress who lives with a family that prefer the fragrance of orris root to the delightfully fresh and clean odor of "no smell at all," puts a large piece of orris root, wrapped in a little case of linen, into the water in which the body linen is boiled each week. When ironed, the linen is placed in drawers sweet with violet powder in linen or paper sachets.—New York Post.

The white daisy is emblematic of innocence.

**LILY AND JIMSON WEED.**

**Flowers a Baltimore Florist Has Raised from Two Black Seeds.**

From two big black seeds planted two months ago in the garden of Mr. E. B. Du Val have sprung plants which are blossoming into curious flowers that puzzle those familiar with horticulture, says the Baltimore Sun. The flower will probably be named "Du Val lily," as it is a new one in Maryland. Mr. Du Val's garden is in the rear of his home, Whitmore Heights, on 2d street, Walbrook, across the way from the handsome residence of Mr. Julian Le Roy White. It has become a curiosity shop for flowers from the use of seeds and cuttings which are sent to Mr. Du Val by horticulturists all over the country in order that he may try them in Maryland soil. When the two black seeds arrived in May from a New York seed house Mr. Du Val had them planted in a choice place in the garden. He became interested in the two shoots which soon sprang up from the seeds. The tender stalks were tightly curled in a knob, like that on a growing lima bean stalk, until the stems were nearly a foot high. Then the curl straightened and a bushy plant developed, from which soon rose a flower stalk. Another thing which aroused Mr. Du Val's curiosity about the new plants was the information he had received with the seeds that they came from a cross of a "Jimson" weed with the common yellow or white lily, which abounds in old-fashioned gardens and about old country places. The "Jimson" weed, or Jamestown weed, as it is more properly known, receives its name from Jamestown, Va., where it was first known in this country by its growth about refuse heaps. It is of Asiatic origin, is a variety of stramonium and has a disagreeable odor from the leaves. Its flower is a deep purple in color. From this strange admixture of plant life Mr. Du Val has brought to the Sun office this fine bloom. The flower is about eight inches long and measures six inches across the bell-shaped corolla, which is indented like both the parent flowers, the points ending in tendril-like twists, as do the "Jimson" weed flowers. The corolla is purple outside, while the inside is of cream color. Three layers of fleshy petals make up the blossom, the petals being joined with what tailors would call a "lap seam." A green calyx supports the flower, which grows on a stout stem. The deep purple color is continued in the stamens and pistil, which form a group deep down in the lily cup. The leaves of the plant are like magnified oak leaves and when pressed emit the true "Jimson" weed odor. Mr. Du Val will report on his strange lily to the seedmen and will retain some of the seeds for future experiments in his garden.

**Li Hung Chang's Mournful Bouquet.**

A funny little story comes to us from Russia in connection with the fetes for the czar's coronation. A member of the American mission, an army officer, was calling on Li Hung Chang. It so happened that this member had a very pretty and charming daughter, whom Li Hung Chang so greatly admired that he asked the father's permission to send some flowers to her, which of course was granted. Imagine the American officer's feelings, however, when Li Hung Chang had carried down to the carriage an enormous wreath of white heliotrope, with an appropriate mourning inscription. White heliotrope was the only flower that a Chinaman could offer to a young girl, the Chinese statesman explained. There was no place to dispose of the flowers except on the top of the carriage, and as the American was on his way to join a procession to spend the day going about to ceremonies and functions, there was nothing for him to do but to carry the wreath with him.—Harper's Bazar.

**One Condition.**

"Think beautifully," said the doctor to his sleepless patient, "and you will fall tranquilly asleep. Can you try?" "That depends," answered the patient, "on the size of the mosquito."

**SPOKEN LANGUAGE.**

The word "language" comes from the Latin "lingua," the tongue.

The rabbis taught that the language spoken by Adam was Hebrew.

The Chinese language has 40,000 simple words and only 450 roots.

Philologists agree that all languages are developed from one root.

Geiger says that "all words are developed from a few simple sounds."

Jager, Bleck, Muller and many others assume language to be an evolution.

The speech of the aborigines of Africa changes with almost every generation.

Very rapid speakers enunciate about two words per second, or from 120 to 150 per minute.

In 1801 there were only 5,000 Italian-speaking people in the United States; now there are 460,000.

Of the leading dialects, 937 are spoken in Asia, 587 in Europe, 276 in Africa and 1,624 in America.

Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, is said to have understood from forty to fifty languages.

There were, in 1891, 230,000 persons in the United States who spoke French; there are now over 1,000,000.

In ninety years the Spanish-speaking people of the world have increased from 25,190,000 to 42,800,000.

For sprains apply cloths wrung out of very hot water until inflammation and pain have subsided. For black and blue spots an ounce of muriate of ammonia to a pint of lukewarm water makes a good application to be kept on constantly.

**DEATH TO CRETANS.**

**FRIGHTFUL BARBARITIES TO THE HUMBLE CHRISTIANS.**

**The Dead Torn from Their Graves and Their Bones Scattered to the Winds—Appalling Scenes of Carnage in Crete.**



HE whole world has been horrified by the frightful Turkish war of extermination on the Armenians. Now the same crime is being repeated in another part of the Sultan's dominions—in the island of Crete.

The Cretans, like the Armenians, are Christians, and it is for this reason that they are being massacred. Their slaughter is accompanied by the same circumstances of horror as was that of the Armenians. Old men, women and children are outraged and murdered and nameless cruelties are committed. The Sultan is again demonstrating that he is a monster, capable of any crime. He has permitted during the space of two years every conceivable outrage and cruelty to be perpetrated under his authority and by his officers in one part of the unhappy land which he rules. Now he allows the same crime to be committed in another part. As in the other case, he is doggedly resisting every effort to obtain mercy for the victims of his brutal officers.

In personal intercourse with Europeans the Sultan appears to possess many of the qualities of civilized humanity, but these superficial qualities do not make less hideous the crimes which he has permitted. He is really an infinitely worse savage than King

their friends, their possessions, and their race, their wealthy and their lands, as booty to the Moslems, Oh, Lord of all creatures!"

On June 4 Mr. Bourcier saw two steamers and a gunboat land four thousand soldiers at Sebrona, where the garrison was besieged by a small force of Cretans. After liberating the garrison they proceeded along the shore, burning all the villages they passed. These soldiers were fresh from the Armenian atrocities.

They had then spent five successive days in burning unoffending villages and committing outrages. "A more disgraceful thing," says Mr. Bourcier, "has never been permitted by Europe."

Crete is an island lying to the southeast of Greece and to the southwest of Turkey, in Asia. It is 155 miles in length and 35 in width. The population is 294,192. It is painful to relate that they have a European reputation for untruthfulness, but that, of course, furnishes no reason for massacring them.

The people are of pure Greek race, and ancient Greek is still spoken in the interior. Crete is conspicuous in mythology as the home of Minotaur.

Crete has considerable commerce in wines, olives and other natural products, and in very pretty silk fabrics. It has several fine harbors. The capital is Canea.

In the course of its history it has had many masters. The Roman Empire annexed it in 67 B. C., and was followed by the Saracens, and next by the Byzantine Empire. The Venetian Republic acquired it in 1204 A. D., and the Turks took it from them in 1669. The Cretans took part in the Greek war of independence, but were held by the Turks. Twenty-five years ago they obtained a local legislature. In spite of this they are ruled by Turkish officials and have less freedom than the Cubans had under the Spanish.

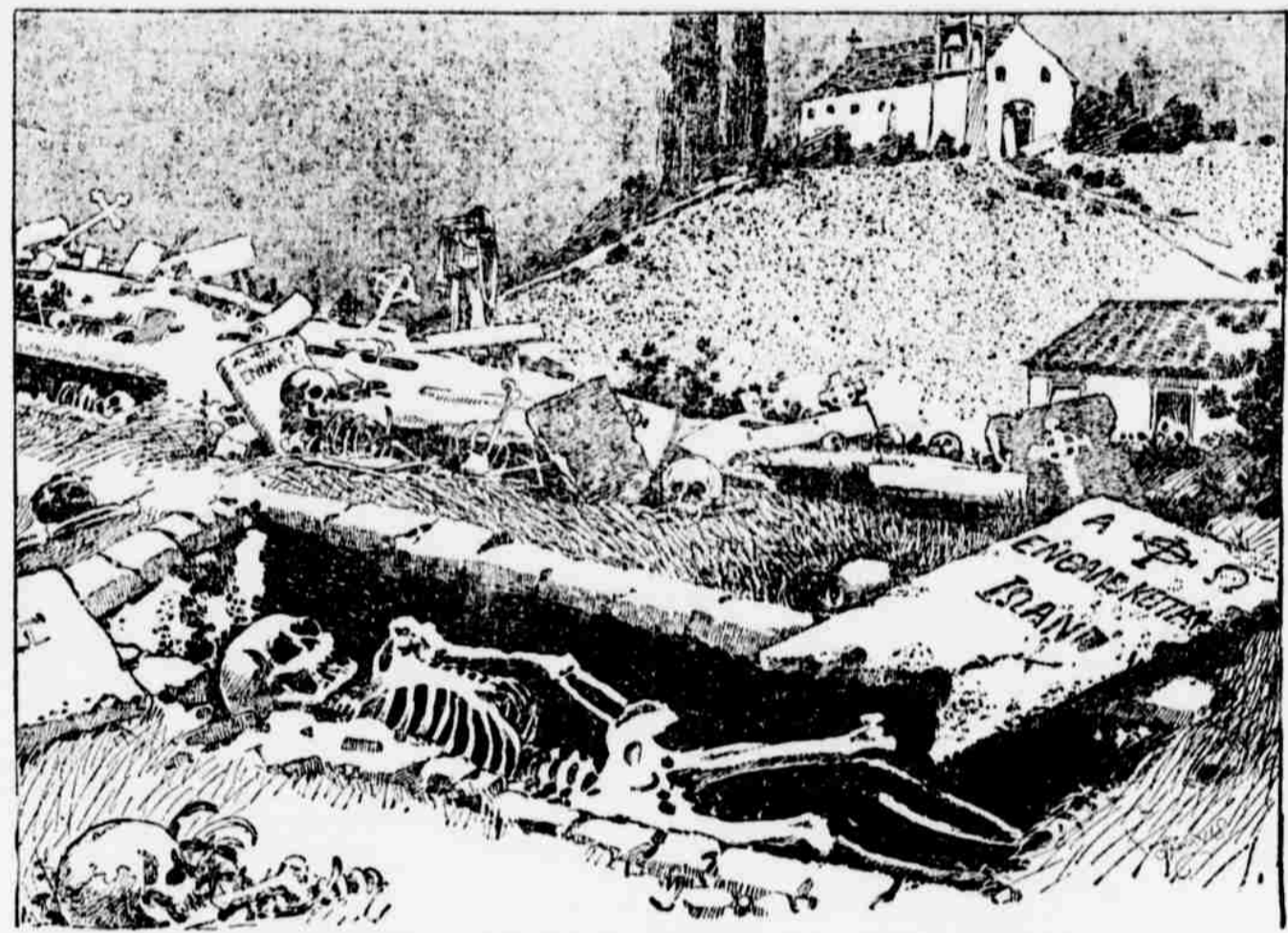
The present trouble is one of a long

rings of Cretans in many places. The Turkish government immediately sent reinforcements to the island, and the army there now numbers over 7,000 men. They have been unsuccessful in many encounters with Cretans, but they have found most occupation in outrages on the helpless.

**THE LOCH SALMON.**

**How an Eighteen-Pound One Was Captured.**

Cruising along the sandy shore and trailing the flies just where the water suddenly becomes profound there came to pass a mighty commotion; a great form loomed out of the side of a wave, a broad tail swept around in the brown water, the line tightened bravely, the good greenheart bent in sympathy and away went the salmon, buzzing off thirty yards of line at a stretch, says Blackwood's Magazine. The charm of these loch fish lies in the splendid fight they show for liberty. Many a river fish can be played under the point of the rod and landed without running out more than half a dozen yards of line. But it is far different when there is plenty of sea room, with no banks or shoals to cow the fish and nothing to bar his powerful rush toward deep water. It is this and the splendid display a loch fish generally makes on the rise that compensates the fisherman for much weary, monotonous flogging of the surface. The bold rise is very characteristic of loch salmon. In streams where it is expedient to fish the fly deep, a fish in seizing it most often never breaks the surface; but in a loch the flies cannot easily be kept in motion if sunk; they must be drawn along near the top and the salmon must dash to the surface to catch them, thereby imparting a peculiar charm to this kind of sport. Well, our fish made a grand run, the gillie bent stoutly to his oars and followed it, the anchor was



**AFTER THE TURKISH SOLDIERS HAD ABANDONED A CHRISTIAN CEMETERY.**

Behazin of Dahomey, or King Prempeh of Ashantee, whom the French and English have ruined for their alleged misdeeds. The Sultan is a criminal unfit to live, let alone to rule.

Will the Cretans fare any better than the Armenians? That is still an undecided question. It is not probable that they will get any more help from the sympathizing civilized world than did the Armenians, but on the other hand it is likely that they will make a good fight for themselves. They have strong friends in the Greeks, to whose race they belong, and Greece may even declare war on Turkey to save the Cretans from extermination.

The Cretans are now in open rebellion, and are holding their own in certain parts of the island. The Turks, on the other hand, have slaughtered Christians in the cities and destroyed many of the unprotected villages of the coast which were easily accessible to the soldiers.

Some photographs sent to England by the Rev. William Bourcier, chaplain of the British war ship The Hood, give a vivid and growsome idea of Turkish methods in Crete. The Hood witnessed a series of outrages committed by Turkish war ships, but under instructions from the government was powerless to interfere.

One of Mr. Bourcier's photographs shows the desecrated Christian graveyard at Galata. It seems that the Moslem should be satisfied with his simple and sincere belief that every Christian must go to hell, but he is not. He wants to make earth a hell for the unbeliever while he lives, and to insult his remains when he is dead.

In the Galata churchyard the Turks have deliberately dug every grave, thrown rubbish into it, scattered the bones about the ground and destroyed the crosses which served as tombstones. Many other graveyards were similarly desecrated.

Some light is thrown on such conduct by the following Mohammedan prayer, which is sanctioned by the highest authority and is recited five times daily throughout Turkey:

"Oh, Lord of all creatures! Oh, Allah! destroy the Ghiaours and Polytheists, thine enemies, the enemies of religion, Oh, Allah! Make their children orphan, and defile their bodies; crush their feet to slip; give them and their families, their household, and their women, their children, and their relations by marriage, their brethren and

series which will continue until the Cretans have been exterminated or achieved their independence. While the Turkish conduct in Crete and in Armenia is similar, it must be understood that the Cretans and the Armenians are different. The Cretans are a very aggressive and warlike people and have had a large share in causing the present trouble. There have been massacres because the Turkish soldiers have taken advantage of the helpless situation of individuals or small bodies of Christians.

The Cretan patriots are in active communication with the Pan-Hellenist party in Greece, and have been supplied by them with arms, money and men. At the outbreak of the present hostilities there were 20,000 Cretans and Pan-Hellenists possessing arms. They had been drilled secretly.

The outbreak was precipitated by the Turkish soldiery, men who had taken part in the Armenian atrocities. The Mohammedan citizens joined them. At the end of May they broke loose or were turned loose in the streets of Canea, the capital. They murdered all the Christians they met, and plundered many of their houses. The sickening scenes so often described in the case of Armenia were repeated. Little children were thrown into the air and spitted on bayonets, and women were abused and then slaughtered. The captives, or guards of the Greek and Russian consulates, were stabbed to death outside the doors of those buildings.

Turkish soldiers were to be seen afterward in the streets of Canea carrying ears of Christian women as decorations.

A state of bloody anarchy continued in Canea for two days, at the end of which the authorities, thinking that the patience of the European powers might be pushed too far, did their best to restore order.

After this affair the Cretan mountaineers assembled under arms and swore that they would not lay them down until they had avenged their brethren and escaped the yoke of the Sultan, either by annexation to Greece or by independence.

The outrages in Canea were the more criminal because the city had taken little or no part in the patriotic agitation. The Turk is a savage, who will rather attack the helpless and unoffending than the armed and aggressive. The affair at Canea was followed by

dropped in a few minutes and the dispute soon ended in favor of the angler, who, peering at the index of the steel-yard, complacently pronounced the verdict "Eighteen pounds, neat!"

**His Very Object.**

"My dear sir," said the publisher to an author, "why do you wish to print on the title page of your book the line, 'for private circulation?' I thought you wished to sell the volume in the general market."

"That's the very idea, sir," replied the author. "That's the very idea. I wish it to obtain the widest possible publicity."—Exchange.

**Reversed.**

Diner—"Walter, there is a slight mistake. I ordered a spring chicken and a bottle of 1884 wine." Walter—"Yes, sir." Diner—"You have brought me some wine of last spring and a chicken of 1884."—Paris Messenger.

**NOTES OF THE DAY.**

John Morley said recently that as a man grew older there was no branch of literature which seemed calculated to give more refreshment or exhilaration as the study of Greek.

In Sweden the education of journalists is treated as a function of the state. Under this system the young journalist gains a knowledge of the world by traveling at the expense of the taxpayer.

Much uneasiness is felt in Egypt at the deficiency of the water supply, which is causing loss to rice growers, and threatens the coming wheat crop. This season's Nile flood is a fortnight late.

The success of Giordano's new opera, "Andrea Chenier," bids fair to surpass that of "Faust," as already it is booked in upward of 130 theaters in Italy, likewise at St. Petersburg, Marseilles and Lyons.

The commission on pauperism in Paris recently heard several managers of theaters on the subject of a great grievance. A tax for the poor is levied on the total receipts of theaters and other places of amusement, and this the managers want changed to a levy on the net receipts.

The diamonds in one symbol of the shah's rank is said to weigh almost twenty pounds.