

RUFFIANISM IN PARIS.

Various Neighborhoods Where Ruffians Seem to Find Easy Prey.

Cases of ruffianism continue to occur in the various districts of Paris, says a Paris correspondent of the London Times. Proceedings upon with more or less brutal horse play. Unfeeling victims resent the treatment and retaliate. These persecutors warm to the fray. Bullying is carried on with renewed energy and a general noise usually ensues. Scenes of this description form part of the daily program, particularly in suburban pleasure resorts. In these places, where merry-making is the order of the day, the proceedings appear to include a fight at the finish as a matter of course. The exhilaration of the ballroom seems particularly conducive to pug-naciousness. Dancing, with the accompanying pleasures of flirtation and refreshments, has, for example, resulted in a serious affray in a public ballroom on the picturesque riverbank of the Marne. The dance music was capital, the tunes lively, and couples were waiting to their hearts' content, when a party of partless youths made a sudden inroad upon the ballroom, out of spite, no doubt, at having had to act the part of masculine wallflowers. They proceeded to smash chairs and tables and behave generally after the ruffianly boisterous accustomed manner. Having been turned out, they made a second onslaught later on. The victimized dancers showed fight and a battle royal ensued. Tables, chairs, stools, glasses and seltzer bottles were the awkward and dangerous weapons employed. When after a half hour's engagement order was restored the casualties on both sides were found to reach a total of three. One of the wounded men was so badly injured in the head that his life is despaired of. Similar riots have taken place in other localities. The inhabitants of two contiguous and equally unsafe neighborhoods—La Glaciere and Gentilly—have a long-standing feud. They fight pitched battles among themselves on ordinary occasions. When a third foe turns up, however, in the shape of any official whose duty it is to see that the public peace is not disturbed they bury the hatchet for a time and band together to set upon the common enemy. One unfortunate gendarme has thus lately been assaulted in this manner. A police official found him in the clutches of some twenty ruffians. Other gendarmes were summoned to the rescue and secured their unlucky comrade none too soon. His aggressors were provided with knuckle-dusters, revolvers and knives, all of which they know how to use with effect. Seven of the men have been arrested. They have been found to belong to an organized army of evildoers, called the "Banda de La Glaciere." Among them is the ringleader, who goes by the name of the "Terror of La Glaciere."

BANNER CYCLONE STORY TOLD

What Took the Prize, and It Happened in Kansas.

"Speaking of cyclones, I saw a wonderful thing last summer," said the Kansas man, leaning around. "The railroad runs right in front of our house and we have a cyclone cellar between the house and barn. The depot is about half a mile down the track, and the telegraph operator is a young Chicago woman, Miss Eva Brent. She has a horror of cyclones; she read so much of them before coming out there, and she was nearly scared to death every time the wind blew a little harder than usual or she saw a dark cloud in the sky. She told me one day that if a real cyclone ever came up she would run over and take refuge in our cellar. One day the alarm was given, and on going outdoors I beheld the funnel-shaped cloud rapidly approaching. Looking down the track I saw the young lady running at full speed toward the house, while the express was dashing down the track behind her. I yelled and shouted and waved my hands, but the girl was too frightened to see me. As I was looking she fell on her face on the track and the train passed over her. There was nothing more to be done, so I dove down into the cellar to save my own life. There I found the rest of the family, ahead of me. Well, we waited fifteen or twenty minutes, time enough for the thing to pass over, and then we emerged and looked around, expecting to find our house and barn and corncrib scattered all over the country. Nothing had been harmed. The cyclone had turned off just before reaching us. Then we ran down to the railroad track to pick up the remains of Miss Brent, but she also was unhurt. She was lying, half insensible and too weak to get up, right across one of the rails."

"Why on earth didn't the wheels cut her in two?" asked a man in the uniform of the Seventh Illinois volunteers.

"Why, it was this way," replied the Kansan. "As the cyclone rushed by it created just enough wind to tip the train up on one side, so that the wheels on the other side passed over Miss Brent's body without injuring her. Now, I'm not a pious man, but I call that providential."

Largest Sun Dial. The largest sun-dial in the world is Hayou Horou, a large promontory, extending 2,999 feet above the Aegean sea. As the sun swings round the shadow of this mountain it touches, one by one, a circle of islands, which act as hour marks.

Negatively Beneficial. "I am always grateful to my parents for the musical education they gave me," said Willie Wishington. "But you never sing." "No. Thanks to my thoughtful parents, I know enough about music not to try."—Washington Star.

DOGGIE'S IN DRESSES.

Tailor-Made in Great or Green for Winter Wear.

M. Vivier, the well-known Parisian dog tailor, when asked whether there were fashions in dogs' dresses, replied: "Exactly as there are fashions for women and men. We follow the women's fashions. Thus, this winter what will be mainly worn is pearl gray and a peculiar shade of green known as 'gris vert' and our clothes for dogs will be made in these colors as well as in the materials which may ultimately be fixed upon by the great dressmakers as 'the correct thing.' The fashions for dogs are definitely settled upon in October, after I have had time to go round the big dressmakers' shops to examine the models for the coming winter season, and to see what is being worn. Thus I have to ascertain whether during the ensuing season the collars of the women's jackets will be turned down or in the Medici style. This year the Medici collar has been in great favor." "You always make to measure?" The fashionable dog aprons a ready-made article, no doubt? "Ready-made goods would be quite useless for dogs," said M. Vivier, "and all our customers are dressed to measure. See there," and he pointed to the walls of his workshop, against which numerous pieces of stout paper cut out in weird forms were hanging on files, "those are the patterns of our various customers. Each dog, that is to say, each customer, has his own pattern. We have to measure the length of his back, then we go round his neck, and then round the loins. A dog is more difficult to dress than a woman, however capricious she may be. We always guarantee a perfect fit, and this is very difficult to obtain, because no one dog's back has the same shape as any other dog's back, and the cut has to vary in each case. We try the things on several times, and each time a fresh difficulty presents itself. You never can get a dog to stand in any given position. One day he stands so, and the next in a different way, so that what may seem to fit today is a misfit on the morrow. It is rather on account of this difficulty that because of the costliness of the materials employed, that the prices for dogs' clothes are comparatively high."—Pearson's Magazine.

ENGLISH WOMEN'S GAMBLING.

Wanting Their Lives and Losing Their Self-Respect.

Of course, for years, it has been a recognized fact that a certain section of London well-to-do society folk spend day after day at each other's houses, "having a little flutter," beginning with carefully drawn down blinds at about 4 in the afternoon and going on until midnight, says London Society. When one pauses to think on what these women ought to be—and might be—one is absolutely astounded at their complete loss, first, of self-respect; second, of the opinion of their better friends; third, of their self-government. The fever often begins in casual little rounds at a half penny a dozen—to develop into the ruin, the destruction of the victim. It is a universally known thing that, after winning a little, it is very difficult to draw the line. They do not seem to remember that in winning they are, especially on the race course, taking money from those who cannot afford to lose—or who are playing with money that is not virtually their own. Who has not seen the horrible flushed face of the young girls and women with the convulsive twitchings of the facial nerves, when the horses are flying over the course at Kempton? And when one thinks that they are women—those who have the bringing up of innocent little sons and daughters, one trembles for their contribution to the men and women of the next generation. They are throwing away, as worthless, their great influence for good or evil on the men in their set, in their sphere; they are influencing their husbands, brothers, cousins, to think that gambling is the proper thing to do. Talking of races reminds me that what is done by the women of the aristocratic classes at Kempton park is done sub rosa by their servants at home.

THERE ARE NO FLIES ON HIM.

They Drop Dead on Touching His Electrically Charged Body.

From the New York Press: Benjamin Berdell, a wandering clock repairer, is dead on flies. Three years ago, when at Rahway, N. J., during a storm he was picking cherries, when the tree was struck by lightning. Berdell received a severe shock. It transformed him into an electric man. Anyone who shakes hands with him now receives a severe shock. By prying the blades of a knife between his thumb and finger during a storm he charges the metal so strongly that heavy weights can be lifted. When flies alight upon him they drop dead. When he is in a dark room sparks flash from his flesh and his eyes shine like incandescent lights. Whenever a storm approaches Berdell becomes highly charged with electricity and it is dangerous to touch him. He says that he feels no inconvenience except that he will not go near a moving locomotive for fear of being drawn against it and killed.

Pay in the Japanese Navy. A Japanese admiral receives, by a recent ordinance, 6,000 silver dollars a year, a vice admiral 4,000, while first and second-class captains get 2,496 and 2,262 respectively.

Electric Wagons the Cheapest. Experiments made in Paris show that an electric wagon costs 47 per cent less to run than a horse wagon and 22 per cent less than a petroleum motor.

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ARCHBISHOP PURCELL'S MUDDLE.

The hearing in Judge McNeill's court Thursday on the application for dividends on \$197,000 worth of claims held by Purcell creditors, attracted a large attendance, including some of the aged creditors. The array of counsel included Symmes & Fox, Judge H. D. Peck, Col. Len W. Goss, Tafel & Schott, Dolle & Dolle and J. L. Meyer of Campbell, Bates, Clendening & Meyer. It is claimed that dividends were paid on some of the claims, but none have been paid for several years. It is alleged for the trustees that the claims were brought up by the archbishop or central committee, of which Mr. Michael Ryan is the only living member. The claims over \$1,000 are as follows: Theresa Bone, \$1,200; Elizabeth Rodacker, \$2,611; Luke Brennan, \$1,000; Mary Bass, \$3,500; M. Bush, \$1,200; F. Bruescher, \$1,000; H. Bookhorst, \$1,070; Maggie Connelly, \$1,392; Ellen Clary, \$1,035; M. H. Cunningham, \$1,000; Michael Conway, \$1,990; Mary Curry, \$1,061; Mary Connelly, \$1,534; Catherine Conway, \$1,343; Mary Devoto, \$1,000; Peter Doif, \$1,535.07; Stephen Dugan, \$1,233; Dillon, \$1,185; Charles Divrick, \$1,250; Mary J. Flinn, \$1,680; Catherine Goethe, \$1,570; Mary Goling (deceased), \$1,000; Eliza Goeghan, \$1,159; Anna Gebberts, \$1,075; Edward Grange, \$942.7; Mrs. Ann Higgins, \$2,556; Christian Vogelbrink, \$1,700; Sophia Keel, \$1,000; Catherine Kennedy, \$2,173.65; Henry Knebbing, \$3,400; Sarah Kennedy, \$1,856; Gertrude Linneman, \$1,965; Kate Lavin, \$1,880; Ellen Lee, \$1,290; Stephen Mead (deceased), \$1,374; Mrs. A. C. Meyer, \$1,000; Henry Macke, \$1,400; John Meara, \$2,433; Catherine Meara, \$1,413.60; Ann Meyer, \$1,100; Annie L. Morrissey \$1,080; Mary Maher, \$1,305; Conrad Miller, \$1,940; Rosina Michael, \$2,600; Margaret McAnally, \$1,993; Thomas McJannet, \$1,150; Henry Niehaus, \$5,800; Mary Nieman, \$1,175; Margaret Regan, \$1,814.50; Francisca Reichman, \$1,191; John W. Spellmiller, \$1,000; Emil Sevigny, \$2,000; Mary Schmidt, \$1,000; Peter S. Schneider, \$2,097; George ... mpe, \$2,120; Mary Tiernan, \$1,800; Wm. Willecke, \$1,000, and M. Zeigler, \$1,100.

A matter brought out by the minutes of the committee was that in July, 1899, a proposition was received from the creditors through a committee which met with the committee to purchase claims, to accept \$250,000 in full of all the claims and thus wipe out the assignment. This was to include the claims held by the committee which had been purchased, and also all those outstanding. The committee accepted the proposition on condition that the necessary arrangements could be made to raise the money. As to the amount, however, they agreed fully. That matter was submitted to a meeting held soon afterward, and the proposition was rejected because there was no way apparent by which the \$250,000 could be raised.—Cincinnati Times-Star, Nov. 11.

Rome has trouble with the man who does his own thinking.

NOTICE. William B. Cowles, defendant, will take notice that on the 16th day of November, A. D. 1900, Jennie M. Cowles, plaintiff herein, filed her petition in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, against him, the object and prayer of which is to obtain from him a decree of absolute divorce, upon the grounds of his having wholly failed, neglected and refused to provide suitable maintenance and support for her, although being of sufficient ability to do so.

You are further notified that you are required to answer said petition on or before the 26th day of December, A. D. 1900, and that in the event you fail to plead, answer or demur to said petition, the allegations therein contained will be taken as confessed and a decree will be rendered according to the prayer of said petition. Dated November 16th, A. D. 1900. JENNIE M. COWLES, Jas. W. Carr, Her Attorney.

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