

THE BATTLE IN KILKENNY

Career of the Man Who Defeated Parnell's Candidate.

The recent election in the north parliamentary division of Kilkenny was indeed unique. It is no exaggeration to say that it interested the civilized world—not only because there are Irishmen in every part of Christendom and all took an interest in it, but even the least informed among other people realized that in some way the result would mightily influence the future of Ireland. Every possible element was involved. The campaign was social, political and religious; it was furiously per-



SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY.

sonal, and stirred up all the old factions. The priests took an active part against Parnell; every man of them was at the polls distributing ballots and exhorting his parishioners.

The Unionists or Conservatives, numbering less than a fourth of the voters, voluntarily refrained from taking any part, as they desired to see a fair test between the two factions of Home Rulers. The result is an overwhelming victory for the anti-Parnellites, their candidate receiving nearly two-thirds of the votes cast.

Mr. Vincent Scully, the defeated Parnellite, is a wealthy land owner who has not only granted all reasonable demands of his tenants, but has for years given one-third of his income to the Land League fund.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, the victorious candidate, is much less popular, but far more talented; at least, the events of his life would so indicate. He was born in Cork in 1834, and was noted from the first as the only Irish Catholic Conservative. He began political life in the humble position of a clerk in the government office at Somerset house, London. He talked the Disraeli men into believing that the Irish Catholics were naturally conservative, and was sent over to "convert" them. He succeeded so far as to get into parliament for one of the divisions of Cork, and there his mission ended.

He was long the subject for satire as the lone Catholic Conservative, and Anthony Trollope took him for the original of his novel, "Phineas Finn: The Irish Member." He was then noted as a gay bachelor, the Irish hunting squire and West end society man in one. Nevertheless he did much good work, passed an examination in the law and was admitted to practice; was created a knight, and in 1867 entered the colonial service to remain in it over twenty years. He was successively governor of Labuan, the west African settlements, the Bahamas, the Windward Islands and Hong Kong, acquiring distinction and wealth.

Retiring from that service he purchased the famous Rostellan castle, in county Cork, and at once took high rank among the highest gentry. Much amusement was created at the time by popular and newspaper speculations about Lady Hennessy, whom he had married in the Mauritius. It was known that she was a native of that island and very wealthy, but opinion was divided as to whether she was black, brown or yellow. Nothing less than a good look at her convinced the Corkonians that she was of pure European blood. Sir John set his stakes for a parliamentary career as soon as he located in Ireland, took a moderate position in favor of home rule, and when the split came went with the anti-Parnellites.

TWO TALENTED CHILDREN.

Great Musical Ability Developed at an Early Age.

The present decade has been wonderfully prolific of talented children—prodigies in various lines—and it is very pleasing to observe that nearly all of them are truly childlike in all respects save their exceptional ability. They are healthy, happy, modest and childlike children.



LEON MARX—GUSSE COTTELOW.

from Joseph Hoffman to Tommy Russell, Chicago now presents to the public two of this class, a youthful pianist and a youthful violinist.

Master Leon Marx is a graceful and handsome boy of 14, who began with the violin at the age of 7, and soon displayed so much talent that he was put under the tuition of Mr. Henry Schradieck, of Cincinnati, and won the "Springer gold medal." He was born in Cincinnati in 1876.

Gussie Cottlow is two years younger—born in Shelbyville, Ill., in 1878. Her father is a merchant and her mother was a teacher before marriage. The mother is possessed of marked musical ability, and her daughter showed it in an increased degree as soon as she could speak plainly. Her mother taught her the piano, and at the age of 5 she played with marked success. After some years devoted to the common school she entered on a three years' course on the piano, and now ranks among the youthful wonders. It is a pleasure to add that she is noticeably rosy and robust, as full of fun and life as any 12-year-old need be, and fairly well educated in the common branches.

One of Florida's Queer Fish.

In the Halifax and Hillsboro rivers of Florida thrives the "wine fish." It is about 3 inches in diameter and from 8 to 10 inches long. On being disturbed it can tinge the water for some distance by exuding a red liquid, of which it seems to have a large supply.

ACCUSED OF HER SISTER'S MURDER.

A Horrible Case of Jealousy and Revenge at Chester, Pa.

"A very real tragedy among very practical people; no novelist ever imagined a more startling one."

Such is the unanimous verdict of experts on the horrible killing of Emma Pitzzenmeyer at Chester, Pa. That the beautiful, wayward girl was cut to pieces by her own sister in a frenzy of rage and jealousy is now charged, as well as that the husband assisted his wife in a clumsy scheme to conceal her guilt. Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Schmidt, the accused pair, are in separate cells awaiting their trial, and fresh evidence daily is tightening the coils around them. And yet it is more than probable that the woman will escape any extreme penalty, for the public sympathy of the county is with her.

The cause is easily seen in the details of the case. Emma Pitzzenmeyer was a very attractive and voluptuous looking blonde of 22, who came from Germany a few years since and made her home with her sister, Mrs. Otto Walthers, of Chester. She was inordinately fond of gay company, and gossip was soon busy with her name. At length Mrs. Walthers sent her away, jealousy being the main cause. Emma went to live with her other sister, Mrs. Schmidt, and soon there was the same gossip about Mr. Schmidt.

One evening there was a public ball not far away which Emma and Mrs. Schmidt attended, leaving the husband at home with the baby. A little before midnight Emma went home "to see if the baby was all right," and soon after she again left the ballroom, this time unobserved. Mrs. Schmidt missed her, and—well, her conclusions are not yet proved, but she hurried home. Not quite an hour later she and her husband roused the police with the announcement that "Emma had committed suicide."

A very brief examination of the horrible scene showed that it could not have been suicide. The girl's neck was hacked so nearly through that it hung by but a slip of skin. The windpipe had been severed after other fatal wounds. A long, narrow knife had been thrust deep into the neck from behind, penetrating downward—probably the first blow. In the side of the neck was another deep wound, in which the knife had been drawn forward. Last of all, apparently, the deep cut across the front of the neck was made. By the corpse's ragged cheeks, knife, which could not have made the wounds. The



EMMA PITZENMEYER.

narrow and very sharp butcher's knife which might have made them was found next morning in its place in Schmidt's shop, freshly and very brightly secured. From these and many other evidences the prosecution claim to be able to prove every detail in this order: Mrs. Schmidt hurried home from the ball, left herself in through the shop, seizing the knife as she went, noiselessly ascended the stairs, found Emma's room dark, but a dim light in her own, and heard the voices of her husband and sister. The mild tempered woman, the affectionate wife and mother, was transformed into a fury. Dashing open the door she fell upon her sister, knife in hand—the rest is told by the mangled corpse.

The fury of passion soon spent itself, and the guilty man lent his assistance in concocting a scheme of deceit. Much is said of a young man who was jealous of the girl, much of a jilted favorite, but the prosecutors and the general public of Chester have made up their minds. The discovery of bloody clothing about the house completes the chain. The girl was unusually gay at the ball and her sister did not then seem disturbed.

Had an Exciting Life.

Joseph F. Gibbs, familiarly known as "Old Joe," who died recently at Kansas City, was long a prominent railroad man, and one of the most interesting of the many remarkable characters developed by our American systems of travel. He was first a sailor of wide experience, then an overseer, and next a daring river man before he became a railroader.

He was born on a farm near Sterling, Mass., about seventy-three years ago, and ran away, at the age of 13, to go as cabin boy on a New Bedford whaler. In due time he became an able seaman and visited many parts of the world. His good memory and an aptitude for languages enabled him to acquire many dialects, and in later days he often amused his friends by character sketches in Zulu, Kanaka, etc. After



JOSEPH F. GIBBS.

a brief experience as an overseer he ran as mate and then as captain on the Mississippi, and won a high reputation for courage during the war.

Gen. Grant complimented him highly for his skill and coolness in piloting Federal boats by the batteries at Vicksburg, but after the war he quarreled with the general about his claim to some prize money and was pretty savage in abuse of the hero. He then turned to railroading, and was the "champion rustler" during those queer times in St. Louis when there was no city ticket office, and the agents of different roads fought for the passengers as the latter drew near the depot.

He varied this by a brief term as negro minstrel, as he and his voice and ready wit, and could rap off a scene at any time. He was a man of great strength and endurance, six feet high and weighing 230 pounds, and with good care would have reached a much more advanced age.



THE PUZZLER

No. 282.—Riddle.

From night until morning, from morning till night.

My dress varies not, 'tis the purest of white.

But how shall I add what must injure my song— That I'm plump as a dumpling, not round, but oblong.

Moreover, my station I take on the head

Of a creature large, strong and a true quadruped.

To mount on his back and sit fearlessly there.

I said that my form was not sylph-like nor slender;

But a caution I have for the young and the gay.

Shun my company ever by break of the day.

Or the power of health that now blossoms on your face

Will ere long to the hue of the lily give place.

And now if there's one who my name has not guessed,

I'll venture 'tis that one who loves me the best.

No. 283.—Cut Up Puzzle.

12 IN.

Cut out a piece of paper the shape of our diagram and of the same or proportionate dimensions as indicated. Fold once and cut once and get a perfect square.

No. 284.—Easy Charade.

My first is a conveyance;

My second means within;

My whole you've seen aboard a ship.

If ever there you've been.

No. 285.—Squarred Words.

1. Square a feathered biped with a thought, a large quantity of paper, and a word for a lady.

2. Square the home of a bird with a word meaning eternal, another meaning dry or withered, and a vegetable production of great beauty and variety.

3. Square a very small particle with the reverse of wild, a prophetic sign, and that which it is never too late to do.

No. 286.—Travels.

Start from the metropolis and go to a peninsula on the coast of Asia, thence to a gulf near Arabia, thence to a noted city of Italy, homeward to a well known city of mineral springs, thence to a southern state. The final letter of each name is the initial letter of the next. The six letters name the central state of the Union.

No. 287.—Cross Word Enigma.

My first is in pepper but not in salt.

My second is in punch but not in malt.

My third is in zero but not in hot.

My fourth is in muzzled but not in shot.

My fifth is in lamp but not in fire.

My sixth is in hope, also in desire.

My whole is a pastime to admire.

No. 288.—Pi.

Si hot stitf wroody hate lo ugnus omni.

Re-ye-eh stupares roa wrendemo dan ryd.

Ro-ye-eh slowal theslear rh trapping shig.

Ruden eht dre nus nad het smoren noma.

Trigenge su lad ota noma.

Meso eht mupled drologon heit timuflag intra

Dan fits eht lowly hade glano eht wya

Herve ascote wld aros belthom tab reedystay.

Dan frano scides denled in dilaain

Ta juyln sua dna nra.

No. 289.—Floral Anagram.

Sweet "beauty of the night,"

Though formed to give delight,

Why shrink from solar light—

To Luna art thou slave?

Though closed to daylight views,

Thy fragrance thus misuses,

Yet wish we wholesome dews

Each night thy PURE FORM LAVE.

No. 290.—Enigmas of Authors' Names.

1. A jeweler. 4. A wild man.

2. A sweetheart. 5. Very gaunt.

3. A tool for lifting. 6. A barrel maker.

No. 291.—Half Squares.

1. A jail. 2. A gum. 3. A name. 4. A knight. 5. A proposition. 6. A letter.

1. A notice of danger. 2. A fabric composed of fine threads. 3. A unit on cards. 4. A musical note. 5. A letter.

No. 292.—Buried Cities and Countries.

1. The air grew colder as I ascended the mountain.

2. Many a younger man yielded to his superior judgment.

3. Such conduct will, I fear, change love into indifference.

4. He lost his watch in a crowd.

5. Raising his sturdy arm out he drew a dagger.

6. When I am in a close room I languish for want of air.

7. Clara then sat down.

8. He played his part admirably.

Conundrums Answered.

What is the difference between a photographer and whooping cough? The one makes fac similes, the other sick families.

On what side of a house does the yew tree grow? The outside.

What ties two people together, yet touches only one? A wedding ring.

Why is a horse the most miserable creature in existence? Because his head is often on the rack, and his greatest comfort is when (two).

What is a trout like, lying on a gravel path? Like a fish out of water.

What fruit does a newly married couple most resemble? A green pear (pair).

Why is life like this riddle? Because you must give it up.

Why does a man sneeze three times? Because he cannot help it.

What is the most suitable dowry for a widow? Wi-dower.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 274.—Numerical Enigma: "Hope is a good breakfast but a bad supper."

No. 275.—Biblical Diagram:

J O S H U A

D A N I E L

P H I L I P

A R A R A T

D A R I U S

T H O M A S

No. 276.—Letter Puzzle: Panama Canal.

No. 277.—Cross Word Enigma: Hemlock.

No. 278.—Charade: Louisiana.

No. 279.—Double Acrostic: 1. Nests. 2. Ament. 3. Bough. 4. One-E. 5. Level. 6. Eagle. 7. Onion. 8. Nora. Initials—Napoleon. Finals—St. Helena.

No. 280.—Pi:

Blot those feasts with simple plenty crowned.

Where all the ruddy family around

Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,

Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale.

No. 281.—Hidden Birds: Landrail, Owl, Wee. From Lack Dove.



THE PUZZLER

No. 293.—Cross Word Enigma.

In onyx but not in gem.

In pin but not in hem.

In opal but not in pearl.

In push but not in hurl.

In press but not in urge.

In muslin but not in serge.

In muslin but not in gold.

An American animal's name is told.

No. 294.—A Triple Acrostic.

1. 2. 3.

4. 5. 6.

7. 8. 9.

10. 11. 12.

13. 14. 15.

16. 17. 18.

19. 20. 21.

22. 23. 24.

25. 26. 27.

28. 29. 30.

31. 32. 33.

34. 35. 36.

37. 38. 39.

From 1 to 3, a priest of an ancient religion in Great Britain; from 2 to 3, pertaining to Holland; from 4 to 5, a feminine name; from 5 to 6, the American alce; from 7 to 8, a monkey like animal found in Madagascar; from 8 to 9, a city of France; from 10 to 11, the Christian name of a famous angler; from 11 to 12, a scriptural name found in Genesis xiv, 13; from 13 to 14, a kind of nut which grows in India; from 14 to 15, a confection of sugar; from 16 to 17, a territory of the United States; from 17 to 18, a pernicious drug; from 19 to 20, the month of the Jewish calendar answering to April; from 20 to 21, snug little homes; from 22 to 23, to bestow; from 23 to 24, a city of Austria in which a famous council held its sittings in the sixteenth century; from 25 to 26, a wilderness mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of Exodus; from 26 to 27, a country of southern Asia; from 28 to 29, a city of northern Italy; from 29 to 30, the town of France in which Calvin was born; from 31 to 32, the tree which is the emblem of peace; from 33 to 34, a frame to support a picture; from 35 to 36, the father of Gaius; from 37 to 38, a French word meaning applause; from 38 to 39, fretful.

From 1 to 37, an explorer; from 3 to 39, his successor in investigating the place named by the figures from 2 to 38—St. Nicholas.

No. 295.—A Part of Uncle Sam's Army.

No. 296.—Numerical Enigma.

An old saying of 30 letters

My 11, 22, 23 is an animal.

My 16, 8, 28, 7, 29, 30, 14 is a bird.

My 19, 3, 10 is a fowl.

My 1, 25, 13, 5 is an implement.

My 4, 17, 23, 27, 6 is a long loose garment.

My 18, 2, 9, 20, 12 is a commander.

My 21, 15, 16, 31, 7 is to escape.

No. 297.—Charade.

My first is a term for one who's precise.

My second a flower which makes gardens look nice.

My whole, a flower, too, let the solver now tell.

It brings to the memory a name we know well.

No. 298.—Decapitations.

1. Beheld to long for and leave a measure of wine.

2. To mutilate and leave a geometrical figure.

3. An English river and leave a collar for a draught horse.

4. A short sword and leave resentment.

5. Two and leave a wagon.

6. A small cord and leave a fermented liquor.

No. 299.—Riddles.

What is the only pain of which every one makes light?

Why is a bad lock like a basket of wine?

What bar is that which often opens but never shuts?

Why is Asia like a market in Christmas week?

Which is easier to spell, fiddle-de-de or fiddle-de-dum?

An Epitaph.

Two great physicians first—

My loving husband tried,

To cure my pain—

In vain.

At last he got a third,

And then—I died.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 282.—Riddle: Pillow.

No. 283.—Cut Up Puzzle:

No. 284.—Easy Charade: Cabin.