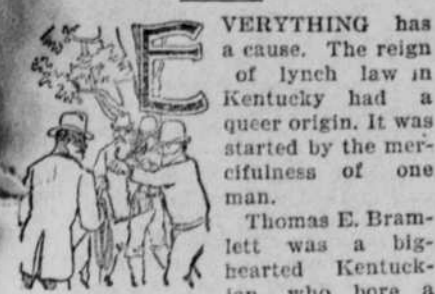


ORIGIN OF LYNCHING.

CHAMP CLARK ENTERTAININGLY PRESENTS IT.

His Leniency Toward the Just and Unjust Caused the People to Turn to the Rope and Bough—A Contagious Business.



EVERYTHING has a cause. The reign of lynch law in Kentucky had a queer origin. It was started by the mercifulness of one man.

Thomas E. Bramlett was a big-hearted Kentuckian, who bore a brigadier's commission in the Federal army, and was elected governor in 1863 at the same time that John M. Harlan, now a justice of the Supreme court of the United States, was elected attorney general. In Kentucky, under the old constitution, the governor could pardon before conviction as well as after. Governor Bramlett took the position that during and immediately succeeding the war men had done many unlawful things which ordinarily they would not have done. He treated the ex-Confederates and ex-Union men with perfect impartiality. His clemency, like the rain and dew of heaven, fell equally upon the just and the unjust. Once the sheriff of my county took six men to the penitentiary and they all got home before he did. That night four of them were hanged to a limb of a tree, and the only reason why their two companions did not travel the hemp route to the eternal bonfire



WITNESSING THE MURDER.

was because they could not be caught. The wholesale pardon mill emboldened criminals and produced a veritable reign of horror. Murder, robbery, larceny, rape, arson and every species of devilry abounded on every hand. At last the people grew weary of this state of things and took the law into their own hands, and executed it in most vigorous fashion.

The lynch business began on a piece of historic ground. Oct. 8, 1862, the left wing of Buel's army and Bragg's army fought the battle of Perryville. This was one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Part of the battlefield was what was known as the "Bottom Farm." On this farm was an old one-story log house, with a loft sometimes used for sleeping purposes. This loft had a loose board floor in it. In this house the old widow Bottom lived by herself. Some time about 1865 or 1866, two Pattersons robbed the old woman. They were indicted for it. As the court was coming on and as Mrs. Bottom was the sole witness against the Pattersons, they concluded that the best way to clear themselves was to murder her, and as she lived alone, they concluded that this could be done easily and without fear of detection. So they proceeded to murder her at night in her own home. Unfortunately for their scheme, however, her little 9-years-old granddaughter, who was sleeping in the loft, looked down through the cracks in the floor, saw



AS COMMON AS WEDDINGS.

them murder her grandmother, and as soon as they left, went to the neighbors and gave the alarm. There were so many Pattersons in the neighborhood that they were nick-named, the older one of this worthy pair being called "Split Foot." They were arrested and put in jail. This outrage so incensed the people of the community that the very best citizens, without respect to politics or religion, bound themselves together hastily and formed themselves into a society of "regulators." They immediately proceeded to the place where the Pattersons were confined for the purpose of hanging them. They found a negro preacher in prison with them on a charge of hog stealing, and they concluded to hang him, too. So with "Split Foot" and his son, and the negro, they proceeded to a thick beech wood. They strung all three of them up on a

limb. "Split Foot's" rope broke, and in the excitement he escaped.

This was the beginning. A peculiarity of the lynch business is that it is more contagious than the smallpox or the black plague, and therein lies one of the dangers of the system.

Lynchings became as common in that part of the country almost as weddings. In eight or ten counties they hanged something like 100 men; horse whipped probably twice as many, and drove that many out of the state. Indeed, so prevalent was the idea of lynching that it came to pass that a man riding through the woods would instinctively pick out a good limb to hang a fellow on.

From being the most lawless county perhaps in the United States, that portion of Kentucky suddenly became the most orderly. I believe it to be true that within twelve months after the initial hanging near Perryville, a man could have left his pocketbook in the big road without any reasonable fears of it being picked up and carried off.

Now, three men can hang a man just as well as 300. Usually the first man that is lynched in a community richly deserves it. But, as I said before, it is contagious, and it finally comes to pass that if two or three men have a grudge against another and lynching is prevalent, they are liable to take him out and hang him and charge it up to the lynchers.

So one day, some years afterwards, a very handsome scapegrace by the name of Sam Lambert, went to a little village called Cornishville, in Mercer county, and became engaged in a poker game with some of the resident players. Finally they got into a fight and the Cornishville fellows shot Lambert and killed him. Not knowing precisely what to do with him, they concluded to take him to the woods and swing him up, thinking that his death would be laid upon the lynchers. This they proceeded to do. By this time, however, the people had grown weary of the lynch business, and one man of inquiring turn of mind noticed that while Lambert's corpse was hanging to the tree, his hair was standing straight up, and had blood on it. Further investigation showed that he had been riddled with bullets, and was dead before he was hanged.

CHAMPION CLARK.

Turkey Cracked Her Ribs.
Mrs. Eleanor Hess, an elderly lady living in Black Hole valley, near Montgomery, Pa., is suffering from a peculiar accident, and a big black turkey gobbler is responsible for the fracture of a couple of her ribs. A few days ago a man went to the residence of Mrs. Hess to purchase some turkeys. The gobbler in question had always been tame and a regular pet, but the sight of a stranger and the thoughts of speedy decapitation caused it to take to flight. So it hopped upon the top board of the barnyard gate. The good lady of the house moved cautiously toward it and just as her fingers closed around the sturdy limbs of the fowl he made a jump for the other side, almost jerking Mrs. Hess across the fence. She struck quite forcibly with her side across the gate, and from the intense pains and soreness she has since experienced it is very evident that one, if not more, ribs have been cracked.

Muskrat a Milk Thief.
Farmer Young, of Harmony, Pa., has noticed that his cows come up at night with the appearance of having been milked. He got tired of it, and sent his hired man to the pasture to catch the thief. He spent the day near enough to the cows to watch them, he thought, but at night it was still evident that the cows had been milked again. He was reprimanded and sent back with them the next day. At about 11 o'clock he says, a cow went into some brush near a small lake. He crept through the grass and caught the thief in the act, and he proved to be a large muskrat. The muskrat was hanging on to the cow's udder, and seemed to be enjoying his dinner immensely. When the rat disappeared into the swamp the cow was angry, and was driven back into the pasture with great difficulty.—Ex.

Shot by His Stepson.
Wesley Webb, a 16-year-old lad, shot his stepfather the other day at Rochester, N. Y. Wesley is a sensitive, passionate youth. Some time ago his mother, a widow, married John Smith, a Mendon farmer. Stepson and stepfather did not get along well together. Smith and his wife quarreled over a trivial matter. The argument became heated and young Webb interfered, but was promptly knocked down by his stepfather. The boy then drew a revolver and fired, the bullet taking effect in Smith's right arm. Smith rushed toward Wesley, and the latter, retreating, fired twice, one bullet striking Smith in the fleshy part of the neck. The stepfather sank to the floor and the boy fled. A warrant has been issued for Webb's arrest, and a deputy is looking for him.

Kid Is Correct.
A Caldwell, Mo., man liked a neighbor the other day for referring to his child as a "kid." He didn't know that the word "kid," as applied to a child, was proper, according to Webster. Such was the proof in court, and the indignant parent was fined \$5 and costs.—Ex.

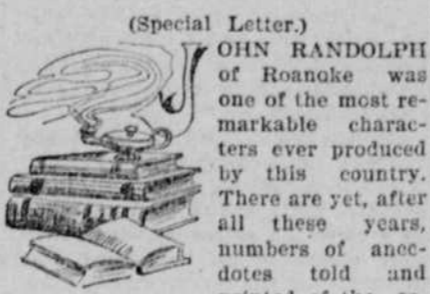
Burglar Seizes a Title to Death.
Belle Murray, aged 17, a Chicago girl, died of a shock caused by coming face to face with a burglar in her room at midnight. The man threatened her life and pointed a revolver at her. She screamed and fell unconscious.

Spiritualists Tip the Table, but the Man who Tips the Waiter often fares better.

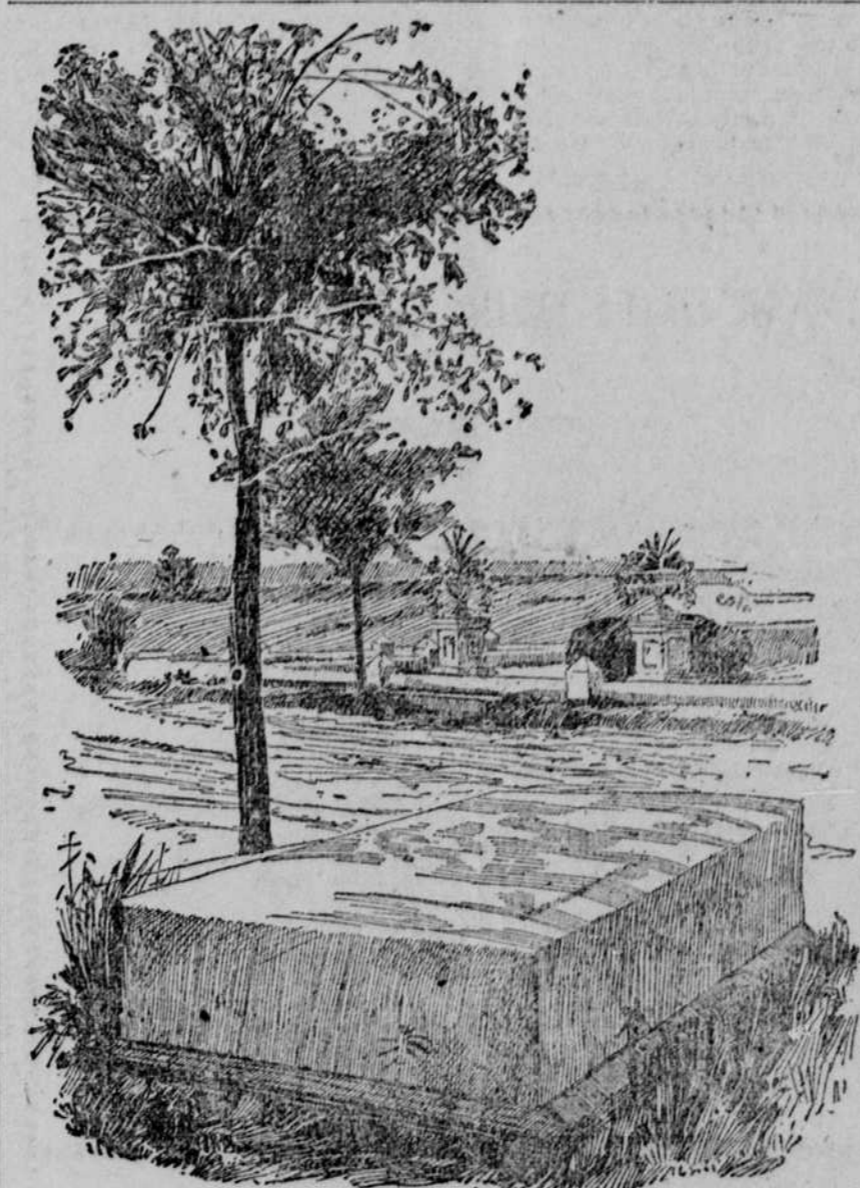
JOHN RANDOLPH.

A PICTURESQUE PUBLIC FIGURE IN HISTORY.

Typical Virginia Statesman—One of the Most Remarkable and Talented Characters Ever Produced in America—A Marvelous Power of Eloquence.



(Special Letter.)
JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke was one of the most remarkable characters ever produced by this country. There are yet, after all these years, numbers of anecdotes told and printed of the eccentricity, the power of sarcasm and the wonderful eloquence of the man who was perhaps, the most unique figure of this century. For more than thirty years Randolph was constantly in public life, serving as congressman, senator, and minister to Russia, during which time he was called the political meteor of his day, and attracted the attention of the public in a way that no other man ever did. He was known by many, but comprehended by none; his brilliancy was equaled only by his eccentricity; and his mirth mingled with a sadness not touched by bitterness. His whole life was tinged with that morbid unhappiness and love of solitude which characterized his later years. He believed himself to be the child of destiny, and would often assert in tones of anguish that he felt "the curse" cleaving to him. In early youth he acquired great knowledge of politics and an extensive acquaintance with the leading characters of the country which served him well in 1799, when he found himself elected to con-



THE TOMB OF RANDOLPH.

gress. He became during the next 14 years the most prominent figure in congress. Crowds flocked to the house whenever it was announced he would speak, and a lasting impression was made upon them by the tall, gaunt man who, with dark eyes flashing and saw-tooth face lighted up by his wonderful eloquence, emphasized with his long, bony forefinger some of the most cutting barbs of irony and sarcasm which ever fell from mortal lips. Sometimes, but not often, he made use of the wonderful power of pathos he possessed and swayed his audience whichever way he would. In 1813 he retired from congress and returned to his estate on the Staunton river, the celebrated Roanoke, which is never separated from the mention of his name. Here he dwelt alone, save for his slaves, in a house built of logs. It would be difficult, indeed, to discover a more lonely spot, where day after day not a sound was heard but the rustling and sighing of the wind through the trees. He never permitted a twig to be cut on the place, and the dense undergrowth and unpruned trees seemed to form a fitting retreat for the wild nature of this descendant of Pocahontas. Humble as his dwelling place was in appearance, it contained some fine paintings and engravings, and a magnificent library of more than a thousand volumes, most of which he had imported from England. Many of these books were rare editions, beautifully bound, and in numbers of them were marginal notes, evidencing profound thought and research. Of a conservative nature, Randolph clung to the traditions of his ancestors, and traveled in a coach and four long after others had abandoned that clumsy mode of locomotion. In his dress, too, he adhered to the fashions of the past to such a degree that his queer figure was often the subject of much notoriety. This annoyed him, but had no effect in producing an alteration of costume. He

advocated the English law of primogeniture, and believed so firmly in keeping property intact that he could never be persuaded to part with a foot of his large landed estates. Randolph's habit of withdrawing from his fellow-men caused him to make few friends, but those friends felt for him a depth of attachment seldom equaled. One of them was Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," with whom he kept up a long and voluminous correspondence, which was published some time since. In the life of John Randolph was a romance, around which has always hovered a mystery quite in accord with the rest of his strange career. On a plantation near his mother's home lived Maria Ward, a young girl of wonderful beauty, famed as the belle of her day in the state. All the wild devotion in Randolph's nature was concentrated on this beautiful neighbor, and finally they became betrothed. One day, however, they parted after a long, solemn interview, and from that time never met when possible to avoid it, though their interest in each other seemed unabated. Neither of them could ever be induced to explain the strange occurrence. In after years Miss Ward married his cousin, Peyton Randolph, and at her death left a sealed package of letters, with solemn injunctions that it should be kept unopened and given to her daughter, then three years old, when she should be of age. This package, it is thought, explained the reason of the broken engagement, but the executors concluded the papers were too sacred to chance the uncertainties of so many years and burned them unopened, destroying at the same time all chances of ever solving the mystery. John Randolph re-entered Congress in 1815, and though the ill-health from which he suffered all his life had increased to an alarming extent, he took a prominent part in politics. He opposed the national bank bill, the tariff, the Missouri compromise and numerous other important measures which were

on being lifted into his coach and driven from county to county, where he addressed the people with all the earnestness of a dying man. His district immediately adopted resolutions condemning the proclamation as an infringement upon the rights of the states, and the effect of his eloquence spreading abroad had great influence in bringing about the compromise bill of 1833. This last powerful stroke for the cause for which the powers of his genius and eloquence had been so constantly exerted seemed to form a fitting end to the life of John Randolph. He died June 24, 1833, at the City Hotel in Philadelphia, where he had gone to set sail for England. On his way he passed through Washington, and dragging his emaciated body with difficulty to the senate chamber again met Henry Clay. The former enemies had a touching interview and parted, for the last time, in peace and good will. Randolph was carried to Virginia and buried under the pines of Roanoke in the midst of that solitude which he had always craved in life. Many years later his remains were removed to Hollywood cemetery in Richmond, and a handsome monument placed over them by John Randolph Bryan. In making the removal it was found that his body was buried no less than eight feet in the ground; the triple lead coffin was with difficulty removed, as the roots of an old oak had burst it asunder and wrapped round and round his body, holding him in a long embrace close to the state he had loved so well.

HAVE FAITH IN FETISHES.

Many Colored People Believe That Snake Skin Will Ward Off Evil.
From the Philadelphia Record: Belief in the efficacy of fetishes is still prevalent among a certain class of colored people in this city, and probably no one has the superstition brought so forcibly to his attention as Head Keeper Manley of the Zoo. Constant applications are made to him for materials for love charms by both sexes. Most often the request is for a little piece of snake skin, which, when powdered by a witch doctor and put in a locket, to be suspended from the possessor's neck, is considered to be a sure winner of affections. To supply the demand a number of skins taken from the reptiles that die in captivity are always kept on hand. The soft breast feathers from the African gray parrots are saved for other woeers, who prize them just as highly. Keeper Manley is called upon to supply fetishes to insure success in combat as well as in love. Several negro prize fighters well known in the local ring carry a little bunch of hair clipped from the tuft on the end of the old lion's tail. These bristles are thought to give the wearer unbounded courage and strength.



JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE turns him from his all-absorbing theme. Randolph took a brilliant part in the famous Virginia convention of 1829, where the greatness of his intellect and eloquence was conspicuous even in an assembly composed of such men as Monroe, Madison and John Marshall. A few months before his death the country was thrown into great excitement by Andrew Jackson's proclamation to enforce the tariff law. Randolph, though ill in bed at the time, opposed this so bitterly that he insisted

on being lifted into his coach and driven from county to county, where he addressed the people with all the earnestness of a dying man. His district immediately adopted resolutions condemning the proclamation as an infringement upon the rights of the states, and the effect of his eloquence spreading abroad had great influence in bringing about the compromise bill of 1833. This last powerful stroke for the cause for which the powers of his genius and eloquence had been so constantly exerted seemed to form a fitting end to the life of John Randolph. He died June 24, 1833, at the City Hotel in Philadelphia, where he had gone to set sail for England. On his way he passed through Washington, and dragging his emaciated body with difficulty to the senate chamber again met Henry Clay. The former enemies had a touching interview and parted, for the last time, in peace and good will. Randolph was carried to Virginia and buried under the pines of Roanoke in the midst of that solitude which he had always craved in life. Many years later his remains were removed to Hollywood cemetery in Richmond, and a handsome monument placed over them by John Randolph Bryan. In making the removal it was found that his body was buried no less than eight feet in the ground; the triple lead coffin was with difficulty removed, as the roots of an old oak had burst it asunder and wrapped round and round his body, holding him in a long embrace close to the state he had loved so well.

SAILORS FOND OF COUNTRY.

Invariably Upon Retiring They Seek a Farm to End Their Days.
From the Washington Star: "Naval officers always settle in the country when they can," remarked a prominent officer to a Star reporter, "during their active careers—that is, during the time they are at sea—they are necessarily cramped for room, and while some of them on the large, modern ships have elegant and sumptuous quarters there is necessarily a limit to it. This thing grows on a man to such an extent that the first thing he does when he is retired, and in hundreds of cases long before retirement, he hunts up a farm. Three of the admirals on the retired list, headed by Admiral Ammen, are the owners of farms in the immediate vicinity of Washington, and a number of other officers are similarly provided for though their farms are not extensive. They seem to want stretching room, and it will be noticed that when they do they secure big places. Their minds run into stock and chicken raising. The officers of the marine corps have been noted for years as the owners of the speediest horses owned or driven about Washington, and they have been always prominent in connection with our racing associations or organizations. Naval officers have been similarly prominent. It is different with army officers. Their ambition seems to be for nice houses in the cities. The naval officers' ideas all run toward the country. I don't like to give names, but I could give dozens of illustrations to prove what I say, if it were necessary. Take a look at the incoming cars from any of the suburban places around Washington any morning and there will be sufficient proof of what I say."

WOMEN'S POCKETS.

Ladies fifty years ago, when going on a journey by stage coach, carried their cash in their underpockets. There were no railways opened in Wales then, and people who had not a close carriage either went in the mail coach or in a post chaise. Farmers' wives and market women wore these large under pockets. I remember my Welsh nurse had one, wherein if she took me out cowslip picking, or nutting, or blackberry gathering, she carried a bottle of milk and a lot of biscuits or a parcel of sandwiches, after a clean pinafore as well. Her pocket on these occasions was like a big bag. I was very proud when she stitched up a wee pocket for me to wear under my frock, out of some stuff like bedtick, similar to that of which she made her own big pockets.—Notes and Queries.

KANGAROO TAIL FOR SOUP.

Kangaroo tails for soup have been sent to London from Australia. A shipment of twenty-five hundred weight was sold at the rate of \$3 a dozen tails. In Australia they are considered a great delicacy.

THE ECOLE BRAILLE.

FRENCH SCHOOL WHERE BLIND CHILDREN ARE EDUCATED.

Learn Chiefly By Observation—Pathetic Sight Presented by a Class in Natural History—Boys and Girls Become Skilled in Useful Trades.



(Paris Letter.)
OST visitors to Paris and other large French towns have been in turns moved and disgusted by the unsightly mass of beggars who crowd round the porch of each French church and public building. More particularly is the French love of children shamefully exploited, and the birth of a blind child into a poverty-stricken family is often hailed with rejoicing, for the unfortunate will very soon become a very profitable source of income to all those connected with him. A well-known philanthropist, M. Pehau, made up his mind to provide a remedy for this deplorable state of things. After many fruitless efforts, he interested the government in his scheme, and on Jan. 1, 1832, was formally opened the Ecole (school) Braille, which, though originally founded in Paris, has now been transferred to the pretty country town of Saint Mande. Once, however, that a blind child has the good fortune to find himself an inmate of the Ecole Braille, his lot may be envied by his more fortunate brother or sister, for each blind scholar is not only carefully taught all that the ordinary French child learns in the primary government schools, but also shares in the advantages of a splendid gymnasium and delightful playground. Most people have heard of the Braille system of teaching the blind, but probably few realize exactly in what it consists. The sense of touch or feeling is very highly developed among those who are without sight, and it is extraordinary to what an extent this sense can be cultivated and increased. The Braille system simply consists of developing and applying the sense of touch till through it the pupil can be taught everything, from the alphabet to basket-making. In other words, although it may seem paradoxical to say so, everything is done to develop among the blind the sense of observation. Indeed, in some ways the inmates of the institution would seem to be even more intelligent and quick than are ordinary children, and, as a rule, they reply to the questions put to them by their masters and mistresses quickly and accurately. Nothing can be more strange, and at the same time more pathetic, than the spectacle of a natural history lesson at the Ecole Braille. Before each pupil is put the model of an animal. Immediately a number of little hands are seen rapidly passing over the model, seeking out the eyes, the feet, the teeth, the tail. Then comes the answer in chorus, "This is a dog," or "This is a duck, teacher," giving as clearly as may be what has led each pupil to the right conclusion. The same system is pursued in every case, and some extraordinary results have been achieved with the help of raised maps and terrestrial globes. As the visitor turns round the globe, he can ask a pupil to indicate to him a town in Asia, Europe or America, and after a few moments, the right spot or raised dot, will be indicated. Another excellent fashion of teaching geography is by the help of those wooden puzzles which, when completely fitted together, form the section of a map. The blind child does not, as a rule, care to play or run about. He has to be taught all the usual games, but after a very short time at Saint Mande a new pupil becomes as keenly anxious to take his part in the playground as elsewhere. When each pupil, boy or girl, attains the age of 13, he or she is apprenticed to a trade, brush-making and all kinds of rough straw-work being taught to the boys, while the girls become artificial-flower makers or take part in the manufacture of those hundred-and-one articles which

delight the passers-by in the chief thoroughfares of Paris. It is significant that, although both in brush-making and kindred trades many sharp instruments are used, a blind workman seldom if ever cuts himself. A large trade in chair-caning is done at the school.

MAKING BASKETS.

Theodore Hobensroff, a hardy young coal miner of Coal Miner, while blasting in the Reutcher mine, was buried up to his mouth in coal. Piece by piece he removed the mass. When finally released he called for help and fainted. Both legs were broken and he sustained serious internal injuries.

Biggs Himself Out.

An up-to-date parrot gave an alarm of fire in the house of Frederick Mahla, Media, Pa., and saved the lives of the family. The house was destroyed.