

A HORRIBLE STORY.

A Little Girl's Account of the Suffering She Endured While Among the Gypsies.

Taken from an Infirmary and for Five Years Subjected to Terrible Treatment.

Her Escape.

A little less than three months ago the citizens of the little town of Gettysburg, Darke county, O., were horrified by a story told them by a waif calling herself Cora Dobbins, writes a Shelbyville correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

An exceedingly pleasant drive of some seven miles, going east on the Michigan road from this place, brings you to the elegant, not to say palatial, farm residence of Mr. Leonard Powell.

Through this beautiful home, taken there through the act of pure philanthropy, is now Cora Doolittle, a child only 14 years old, who has suffered all the tortures ever inflicted on the bravest hero of the days of the inquisition.

When the little unfortunate babe was ushered into the world, Mr. Hugh Dobbins was then superintendent of the institution, and he christened the babe Cora, and as she grew up the inmates generally called her Cora Dobbins.

One evening in 1881, when Henry Spellman was acting as superintendent of the asylum, a man and woman walked up to the front door of the place, and, inquiring for Spellman, asked him if they had a little girl they could get to raise.

Cora was brought down stairs, and her mother now being dead, she was turned over to Moberly and the woman. They walked but a short distance when they arrived at a place where they had left a covered wagon, and into this they put the child and made off.

As soon as the pair who had Cora in charge were out of harm's way, then gave her to understand that the man should be called John McVey and the woman Mary O'Connell. In order to make her more fully appreciate this command, McVey took a small club and beat her over the head and arms till she was covered with welts and her clothing soaked with blood.

with the other three in her arms made a break for the camp. For permitting the hen to cry out, McVey bound the child hand and foot, bucked and gagged her, then deliberately thrust his pocket-knife into the quivering flesh six times.

"See this knot on my elbow?" pointing to a swelling on the right arm; "this is where he hit me with a club and broke my arm. He had to get a doctor then," continued the victim, "but that was the only time he ever did anything to help me.

Here Mr. Powell explained that when the child was recently examined by a physician twenty-eight scars were found on the head alone, all of which were made by clubs. To show how thick these wounds are, the hair was parted in a half dozen places, each spot showing where the scalp had been broken.

As well as the child can remember, two years ago she determined to make her escape, and one day, when she was threatened with a whipping, an opportunity was waited for and a dash made for liberty.

The camp at that time was five miles from Portland, Jay county, Ind., and that town Cora tried to reach. She succeeded, and just as she was beginning to think she was free she was recaptured by an old gypsy woman, who was in town telling fortunes.

On one occasion McVey stripped her captive, and after bringing a pan of water to a boil dashed it against her lower limbs, scalding them till the flesh dropped off in places. At another time he led her to a stake with the intention of burning her to death, but changed his mind, and amused himself by cutting off one of her finger-nails.

Eleven weeks ago to-day, this poor little helpless child was doomed to die at the hands of McVey. How horrible her death might be she could not tell, for her sufferings and tortures for five years had been such as would have killed or deranged the minds of most people.

The moment arrived. McVey was away a short distance, and Cora, like a frightened deer, sprang away. Supernatural power was given the helpless orphan, and she sped away on the wings of the wind. A mile and a half away was the home of Manuel Miller, which the girl reached more dead than alive.

On one occasion McVey kicked Cora in the side, the blow being so heavy that three ribs were broken and the flesh badly bruised. This developed into a running sore, and, as she said, "It was so big I could put two fingers in it, and three or four pieces of bone came out."

Tuesday evening Mr. Powell returned from Ohio with the child, and to day there is not a happier person in this wide, wide world than Cora Doolittle. She will be put in school this fall, and everything possible done to erase from her mind the tortures and sufferings of the past five years.

Since her escape she has seen McVey once, and that was when she was living at Alexander Brown's. The family was going to a funeral, and McVey approached the wagon in which they were at which Cora was made to lie down.

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CAPT. BOYCOTT.

The Story of His Troubles with His Tenants by One Who Knew Him.

In a conversation with a reporter of The Louisville Courier-Journal an Irishman said:

"Boycott? Ah yes, I knew Mr. Boycott, from whom the word had its birth nine or ten years ago. It has been ingrafted on many a language, in many a land. In many countries it has been crystallized on the face of the statutes.

"Capt. Boycott, in respect to whom the word originated, is now about 59 years of age. He is five feet nine inches in height, wears a flowing iron-grey beard, has long, aristocratic features, and the carriage and bearing of a retired British army officer.

"Some twenty-five years ago, Mr. W. H. Boycott, who is a member of a good family in England, purchased an ensigncy in a 'crack' line regiment; he subsequently became a lieutenant, married, and left the service. He settled down to stock-raising in the west of Ireland. He owned no fee-simple estate, but rented several tracts of land.

"At this period the people's minds were in a state of excessive tension by electioneering excitement and by continuing evictions (not of Boycott), and the wrath, long pent up, burst from every man, woman, and child in Mayo down on Lough Mask house.

"In Ballinrobe, a town of two thousand inhabitants, in the open day, a man was severely beaten because it was reported that he had been seen saluting a coachman who had not obeyed the order to quit the obnoxious service.

"Later on one hundred policemen, fully armed, were settled on the spot, fifty dragoons and a company of infantry camped around. No enemy appeared; no good resulted. Once they succeeded in saving 'Capt. Boycott's' life, he drove into Ballinrobe on a court day.

"The matter was brought before Mr. Gladstone. He gave an oracular reply. The Carlton club endeavored to get up a testimonial for Capt. Boycott, but it was his falling fortunes. It was said by the local paper he was to leave Ireland.

"Four years since it was proposed to construct a railroad between the town of Thram and Ballinrobe. It would have been useful. The government would have lent the money at a low rate of interest. Great distress prevailed, and the expenditure of the money in employment was much desired.

"The ruling passion. Dr. Swan relates a very sad case of the ruling passion strong in death. Doctors, of course, see a vast variety of human nature, and especially its weak sides.

"The nation shows its progress more in its honor to the pen than in its forts, seaports, or floating bomb proofs."

public papers that he would still be seen occasionally in the Green Isle, as he intended to keep some racers at the Currah of Kildare."

A New Money Scheme.

The proposition of the Knights of Labor, to congress, to have government loan offices established, where all the people can borrow money, is a good thing and should be adopted. They want national and private banks abolished, and the government loan offices, presided over by an official appointed by the president, do all the business now done by the banks, loaning money at a regular rate of interest.

"The government does not want to lose loaning money, and it has got to have the same safeguard as the private individuals. It is hardly expected that the government is going to give out money to a man who simply admits that he is honest, and will pay some day. The man may think he will, but when the time comes he may find it impossible. In such case who would lose? It may be said the government should lose, and make it up by taxing the people, and divide the money pro rata? If the new scheme works, only the poor will be borrowers, and when the government loses, and the loss is made up by taxation, the poor who have nothing, of course, can't pay any tax, and so the rich will have to pay it. Then why not, instead of beating around the bush, by borrowing of the government, and failing to pay, and having it made up by taxation, just assess those who have money, on the start, and divide it up. Then you will get right down to Communism the first jump, instead of getting to it in a roundabout way? It may be said that the government can make the money, and loan it to the people. Yes, but that money has got to have some foundation of value. It must be based on gold or silver in the possession of the government, or the possession of taxation. But condemn the financial question, anyway. The Knights of Labor think they know what they want, but the ablest men in the world have studied the question of finance until they are gray, and bald, and blind and deaf, and they have not learned the rudiments yet. Nobody can lend money successfully without getting a fair interest, and the principal back, and a government can't, certainly. The best way is to patronize the regular old-fashioned bank, or pawnbroker, until you make enough to run a bank or pawnshop yourself, and then you can sock it to somebody else.—Peck's Sun.

A Struggle for Principle.

A rainy day had housed us up in the cabin of a Tennesseean, and about 9 o'clock in the morning a man who was addressed by our host as Uncle Billy came riding up through the steady pour on a mule.

"Well, Uncle Billy, how'll you trade mules?" "Oh, 'bout three dollars tew boot," was the answer.

"You returned to the stables and talked until noon. Then we had dinner, and they talked until 4 o'clock. The rain let up a bit then, and we went out to see a cave, leaving them talking mule. We returned at 6 and they were still at it. We had supper, and the interrupted conversation was resumed and kept up until 9 o'clock. We went off to bed with Uncle Billy saying: 'Tell ye what I'll dew, I'll trade fur three dollars tew boot.'"

The Ruling Passion.

Dr. Swan relates a very sad case of the ruling passion strong in death. Doctors, of course, see a vast variety of human nature, and especially its weak sides. This is a touching story of a young and fair girl leaving the bright world while the dew of life was still laying on its morning glories. You can imagine the sadness of the scene—the growing certainty of the end, the passing beauty of the world, the bright vision of all the happiness and the joy, the heavy shadow hanging over all.

THE TWO REPORTERS.

The Reader Must Decide Which One Got a Permanent Engagement.

Once upon a time, says The Washington Critic, two reporters, seeking a position on a great morning newspaper, with the largest circulation in the world, as the affidavits of the business manager and office boy would testify, were sent by the managing editor to a distant and lonesome resort where the president was enjoying his honeymoon, in order that they might send back competitive reports, whereby their respective merits might be determined upon and the place given to the more worthy. They arrived at the place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 3 they saw the president emerge from his cottage, walk down to a little bridge, and return. After that nothing more was seen of him or his bride, nor could any information be obtained. At midnight they handed their respective reports to the telegraph operator, and this is what the managing editor received from the first man:

"The president took a short walk to the little bridge near the cottage and returned. He has not been out of the house since. All serene."

"This is what the other man sent: 'As the god of day sank behind the impending summits of the Alleghanies this afternoon, the newly created Benedict emerged from the beautiful cottage in which he and his bride are passing their blissful honeymoon for a short stroll. He pulled the door of the cottage shut with his right hand, while in his left he carried a stick. This stick was three feet long and of rustic pattern. It had been cut in the mountains near the executive mansion, and was still in its rough state, although slightly whittled round at the hand end. It was cut at 2:30 this afternoon. The president took three steps and a half across the piazza, and the half step off the edge to the steps leading to the ground. He wore a Prince Albert coat, dark pants, low-cut shoes, and a silk hat. As he reached the walk in front of the house, it was noticed that there was a wrinkle in the president's pants at each knee, and a small piece of string clung delusively to his left trouser leg. There were also five new and inexperienced wrinkles in the narrative of his Prince Albert, and the conclusion instantly forced itself upon your correspondent's mind that the president, in the excitement of the moment, had sat down on his coat-tails. One button also gave indications of being loose, and there were four well-defined specks of dust on the collar a little northwest of the seam running across from the shoulder. How these specks accumulated your correspondent was unable to discover, but he has good reasons to believe the president shook them down from the ceiling as he slammed the door in coming out of the cottage. He walked slowly down the path in a direction leading to the point which he desired to reach, and a faint smile was seen playing over his features. This smile was endured five times during the president's walk. His right shoestring hung down a half inch lower than his left shoestring, but he did not stop to change his toilet. His shoes were made in New York and shipped to Washington by express four weeks before the wedding day, and they did not hurt his feet. When he reached the bridge he stopped an instant, then, setting his right foot back of his left he slowly turned around and retraced his steps. He looked up into the clear sky on four distinct occasions, but did not see anything there, because a careful examination by your correspondent developed the fact that there was nothing to see. He wore a white shirt and a white collar, and his necktie was black and tied in a simple, plain bow-knot, with the ends resting on the lapels of his coat in a confiding manner. He noticed the white thread on his left trouser leg just as he reached the cottage steps, and, bending down carefully, he removed it and threw it into the grass near the path. Your correspondent afterward picked it up, and it was found to be a cotton rayon of a towel or napkin, and was an inch and a half long, with a small knot in one end of it. The president gave a short cough as he went up the steps into the cottage. His hair as it showed under his hat was smooth, with the exception of one hair, which straggled somewhat, and there was one loose whisker in his mustache. His color was good, and his step was as steady as a soldier's. As he reached the piazza a fly lit on his nose. It was only an ordinary house fly, and the president, after one or two ineffectual muscular contractions, raised his right hand and brushed the thoughtless intruder away. It flew off in a northeasterly direction, and lit on the railing of the piazza, where it carefully brushed its wings with its rear limbs, as flies are wont to do. At exactly 3:04 o'clock the president opened the door of the cottage with his left hand, stepped over the threshold, and disappeared within the cottage."

The managing editor carefully read these two reports, and taking out his writing materials initiated two letters to the reporters. One of these said: 'Your services are not wanted.' We leave the reader to decide which reporter received this letter.

A Point of Excellence. Two citizens of Northern Dakota were discussing the merits of the counties in which they resided. One said: 'We have always raised more wheat in my county.'

'Yes, but we have larger towns and a better class of business men.'

'Yes, that's so.'

'In fact I think my county has always been ahead of yours in everything.'

'No sir, we once beat you in an important point.'

'What was it?'

'When our County Treasurers left on the usual excursion ours took \$5,000 more than yours, and though they both started at the same time ours struck the Canadian line over two hours ahead.—Estelle Bell.