

A FRENCH TRAGEDY'S SEQUEL

Terrible Fate Which Has Overtaken a Whole Family.

BEGUN IN FRANCE WITH MURDER

And Suicide Ends the Life of the Fifth Member in a New York Hotel—A Youthful Avenger.

A Pitiful Fate.

New York, Nov. 17.—(Special Telegram to The Bee.)—One of the most terrible and mysterious tragedies of Paris has had its latest manifestation in this city. On the 4th of October last a richly dressed unknown woman was found dead in the Compton house, Third avenue and Twenty-fourth street. On a small table at the foot of the bed stood a tumbler containing a green powder, traces of which lingered about the dead woman's tightly closed lips. The body was clad in handsome night robes. Two gold rings were on the woman's fingers, one of plain gold, rounded on the outside and with the maker's stamp, and "A. C. B." on the inside; the other with a double row of twelve turquoises, one of which had been lost. The body was removed to the morgue, and not long afterwards was buried in the potter's field. The clerks at the Compton house said that the woman had never been there before and that no one had any idea who she was. The initials "A. C. B." in the ring stand for the name Alphonse Calvet, a barrister. It is now certain that the body was of a married sister of Barrere, prefect of the department of Paris, France, who was murdered on the way from Paris to Evreux, January 13, 1888. Not only has every attempt to discover the murderer been discouraged and obstructed by the authorities, but a pitiful fate seems to have pursued all those members of the dead governor's family who showed any interest in the case. The elder was incarcerated in the mad house of Mont de Verne, where he was driven to death by mental anguish. His only son was found lifeless one night in a gutter. The handsome and vigorous father became suddenly ill a few days later, and after a few hours' sickness, the doctors declared that he had died of a broken heart. Mrs. Calvet, the only sister of the murdered prefect, disappeared in Paris towards the end of last summer, and friends of the family have been informed that she committed suicide in the city in the early part of October. She is the suicide of the Compton house.

Among the French bourgeoisie, and in fact all over the continent, it is customary for married couples to take the maiden name of the wife to that of the husband. The name of Mrs. Barrere's brother-in-law was Calvet, hence they were known as M. and Mrs. Calvet-Harrere. She was the last victim, but more remain. All the family have fallen a prey to the ruthless murderer of the popular prefect of Evreux, except Mrs. Harrere, the widow, and her boy, a lad of sixteen. The police are now busy in searching the newspapers for any mention of his father's name, and in practicing with foils and pistols in order that some day he may be able to avenge his parents' death.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Proceedings of Yesterday's Session of the Convention.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 17.—At this morning's session of the Knights of Labor congress the committee on the state of the order got the floor ahead of the grievance committee, and the time was devoted to hearing its reports. On recommendation of this committee the treasurer was ordered to pay the delegates a mileage on the last day of the session at the rate of 4 cents a mile each way. A resolution had been introduced to the effect that no action should be taken on the question of emigration restrictions until a report had been made, and after a lively debate, in which the question of foreign immigration was very thoroughly discussed, the committee report was adopted. The general assembly wishes some action taken looking toward a restriction of foreign immigration, but just how far this will go cannot now be predicted. The committee on the state of the order still had the floor when a recess for dinner was taken. In view of the small sum allotted in the treasury, fears had been expressed that there would be no money on hand to pay the mileage. This morning the small sum of \$5,000 had been received by the treasurer since November 1, and this \$5,000 was from new charters, a report that the glass workers' district assembly No. 300, announced that in case of need they had \$100,000 from which the general executive board could draw as much as \$15,000. The delegates of No. 48 of Cincinnati offered \$5,000 as a gift, and others volunteered various sums, making the aggregate \$15,000. Lively discussions were offered by nearly every delegate. This is regarded practically as an endorsement of and an expression of confidence in the administration of the order. The general master workman's advice will be taken, and that he will be urged to remain in office. Barry's case came up for consideration at the afternoon session. The report of the committee on appeals and grievances stated that Barry was expelled from the order for refusing reports about his colleagues of the executive board. It recited statements and allegations made by Barry, and the committee's grievance committee, by a unanimous vote, decided in favor of the general executive board. A long debate then ensued. The delegates of the Knights of Labor made a strong speech in behalf of Barry. General Master Workman Powderly made a careful statement of the case. The chief points were the same as those made in his annual address. Several other able speeches followed, and at the end of the debate, on the 17th, a vote of 122 to 24 was taken, which was in favor of the delegates that of the twenty-four not more than half a dozen were actually Barry's friends. The remainder, they say, voted against the heart for legal support. Powderly on any question of policy. The Barry matter being settled, an abundant means being made of the order, the delegates to-night are feeling much better than early in the week. Powderly seems to be hourly growing stronger among the delegates. Barry said to a reporter to-night that he is greatly surprised at the action of the general assembly, and said he is more than ever prepared to prove every statement he has made relative to the doings of the general officers. "Now that I have been denied a hearing," said he, "I shall take my case to the high court of public opinion, and believe when the truth is known, that the men who control the Knights of Labor to-day and are living at the expense of the poor will be considered the most infamous scoundrels that ever lived and become a stench in the nostrils of honest men. I have been twenty-two years a trades unionist and a Knight of Labor, and never had a speck of dirt on my card. I appreciate my position of being expelled from the order, but I say to this is all I shall say at present. From now on people may expect to hear from me daily until I have placed my case before the public."

Montana Republicans Ratify.

HELENA, Mont., Nov. 17.—The republicans celebrated the national and territorial victories by a grand ratification meeting here to-night.

KELLEY STIGER & CO., Corner 5th and Dodge Sts.

CLOAKS!

Monday, and for the following week, we will place on sale a line of Children's and Misses' Cloaks, which for style, quality of material, workmanship and finish in the manufacture of garments, we feel confident will surpass anything shown in Children's Cloaks by other houses west of Chicago.

A Child's Cloak, striped cloth, in two shades of brown, sizes from 4 to 12 years, price \$3.75 to \$5.75.

A Child's Cloak, in stripes, two shades of tan and a gray, handsomely finished with braid binding, has double collar and belt, two fancy buckles, sizes from 4 to 12 years, price, \$7.50 to \$9.50.

A Child's Cloak, in brown and tan plaids, silk cord or dirdle and knitted skirt, with fancy hood of cloth, sizes from 4 to 12 years, price \$7 to \$9.

We shall also show an elegant line of Children's and Misses' Cloaks and Newmarkets, in plain cloths, stylishly trimmed with braid, etc. in all the leading shades of blues, reds and greens, at prices ranging from \$4.50 to \$25.

Our line of Ladies' Newmarkets, Ulsters and Raglans is acknowledged superior to anything shown in this city at most popular prices, sizes from 32 to 42.

The patronage given us on Plush Sacques alone speaks for their value.

At \$20 we show the best Plush Sacques in Omaha for the price.

Our \$25, \$35 and \$50 guaranteed Plush Sacques are acknowledged by every customer who examines them to be better values than are shown by other dealers in this city, at from \$30, \$37.50 to \$55.

Come and investigate our Cloak department.

FUR DEPARTMENT.

Prices Cut to Rock Bottom Throughout the Entire Stock, Comprising

MUFFS, BOAS, SCARFS, CAPES, ETC.

In All the Most Desirable and Fashionable Furs, Including

- Alaska Seal, Beaver, Otter, Black Bear, Brown Bear, Natural Lynx, Black Lynx, Black Monkey, Black Marten, Red Fox, &c., &c.

BOA AND MUFF SETS.

(BOAS 3 YARDS LONG.) Extra quality Black Hare, only \$2.75 a set, usually sold at \$5.00. Extra quality Natural Lynx Back, only \$10.25 a set, usually sold at \$18.

Extra quality Black Marten, only \$16.25, usually sold at \$20. Finer grades proportionately low.

MUFFS, MUFFS.

500 Black Russian Hare, only 48c, usually sold at \$1.00. 250 extra quality Black Cone, only 98c, usually sold at \$1.50. 300 extra quality Natural American Opposum, only \$1.75, usually sold at \$2.65.

100 extra quality French Seal, only \$2.85, usually sold at \$4.50. Finer grades proportionately low.

FUR TRIMMINGS.

100 yards 2-inch Natural American Opposum, at a price that will pay to investigate.

150 yards 1-inch Natural Lynx Back, at a price that will pay to investigate.

100 yards extra quality 8-inch Black Monkey, at a price that will pay to investigate.

The entire stock of Fur Trimmings have been marked very low. Don't buy anything in Furs until you have seen our stock.

Ladies' and Children's HOSIERY and UNDERWEAR.

LADIES' HOSIERY. 100 dozen ladies' fine wool hose with merino heels and toes, in black, navy and seal browns, at 25c, regularly sold at 35c.

100 dozen ladies' extra fine wool hose in black and colors, at 45c, would be considered good value at 55c.

50 dozen ladies' English cashmere hose, in black and colors, at 50c; the best value ever offered at this price.

Ladies' fine English and French cashmere hose, in black and modes, at 55c, 75c and \$1.

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THE NORTHWEST COUNTRY.

Its Natural Resources of Stone, Tin, Coal and Marble.

HOT SPRINGS, AND LEGENDS.

The Rocky Road and the Bottomless Abyss on the Way to Deadwood Historic Interest.

In the Black Hills.

Twenty-five years ago the Black Hills were a quiet spot, the key to which was still clutched in the blood-stained hands of the Sioux. Twenty-five years ago the latter unwillingly relinquished his hold by signing the oft-quoted treaty of 1868, but, for years after that, the territory was regarded as a myth by many a resident in the east. Lying between the forks of the Cheyenne river, it contains mineral deposits of a richness unsurpassed by any country in the world, and although fifteen years have passed since its wealth became generally known, the verdict still is that "the half has not been told."

Buffalo Gap, the old-time gateway to the hills, lies fifty-six miles north of Chadron on the Fremont. It has gone through all the rapid changes incident to a frontier town, and has now become a steady business center with bright prospects ahead in connection with the development of the numerous marble and sand stone quarries that surround it. Once in awhile the spirit of former days crops out, and only last spring two cowboys were shot down by the citizens, while on one of the raids with which they were accustomed to celebrate their annual pay day. It was the citizens of the Gap, too, that were favored with the first look at the buffalo as he used to be, between a year or two ago one magnificent bull that had survived the slaughter of his race, wandered down to look once more at his former feeding grounds, and perhaps to search for some grass since butchered. But fortune proved unkind, as the entire village joined in the chase, and his death scene was worthy of the last of his race. The quarries that will yet make the village famous are in the first stage of development, and a trip through any of the numerous canyons will show that the deposits are practically unlimited. Three sandstone quarries have been opened, one of which is owned by the Northwestern Railroad company, and furnishes a very fine quality of red sandstone. Another is owned by the Black Hills company, two and one-half miles from the depot, and turns out both variegated and red stone, while the third is known as the Elm Creek quarry, and produces brown, white and variegated. A fourth is the property of the Hot Springs company, and furnishes an excellent quality of gray stone. The marble quarries are owned principally by the Northwestern railroad, and the Black Hills company, of Chadron, and produce every variety of variegated marble and pure white. At present the want of facilities for transportation somewhat checks the development, but the Northwestern has had a number of surveying parties at work, and it is only a question of time until the whole district will be opened up. Among the quarries that are being opened and the adjoining quarries. To the Elm Creek quarry, and of J. S. Moody secretary, belongs the honor of opening the first quarry, and it is still in the lead, having shipped

Earthquake in Massachusetts.

MILFORD, Mass., Nov. 17.—Residents in this place and vicinity experienced a slight but continuous earthquake this morning, lasting from two to four minutes. The dwellings were slightly shaken.

Killed His Father.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 17.—At Berea to-night Joseph and Louis Cook, brothers, were engaged in a fight and the father attempted to separate them. Joseph struck his father with a stone, killing him instantly.

The Stadt Theater.

The new Stadt theater, in the Goose hotel block, was opened last night in a German play, "Tante Kobold," the rendition was good, and was liberally patronized.

Belmont Goes to Spain.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—Special Telegram to The Bee.—Congressman Perry Belmont has been appointed United States minister to Spain. He sent a letter to the president by last night's mail accepting the position.

Weekly Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The weekly bank statement shows the reserve increased \$34,000. The banks now hold \$11,441,000 in excess of legal requirements.

Much Cotton Injured.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 17.—The Sandringham fire is out. The cargo will be discharged and the ship surveyed. About 1,700 bales of cotton are injured.

Steamship Arrivals.

At London—The Montana, from Baltimore. At Glasgow—The Prussian, from Boston. At New York—The Rheinland, from Antwerp; the state of Pennsylvania, from Glasgow.

Inventor Keely Incarcerated.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 17.—Inventor Keely, having refused to comply with the order of court regarding the production of certain testimony, was to-day committed to the county prison until he shall have purged himself of contempt of court.

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GREAT Blanket Sale.

Inspection of the remarkable values offered at this sale will convince intending buyers that our stock not only contains the largest quantity, but that our prices are the lowest in the city.

1 lot 10-4 White Blankets \$1.25, reduced from \$2.

1 lot 10-4 White Blankets \$2.50, reduced from \$3.

1 lot 10-4 White Blankets \$3.38, reduced from \$4.

1 lot 10-4 White Blankets \$1.50, strictly all wool. The best Family Blanket in the trade.

1 lot 11-4 White Blankets, \$3.38, would be cheap at \$4.

1 lot 11-4 White Blankets, \$5, special for this sale.

1 lot 11-4 White Blankets, 6 lbs, \$6.50 special for this sale.

1 lot 11-4 White California, \$7.50, reduced from \$8.50.

1 lot 11-4 White California, \$8.50, very choice.

1 lot 11-4 White California, 8 lbs, \$10, regularly sold at \$11.

French Blankets in mottled and plain colors, very handsome for Dressing Gowns and Wrappers, ranging in price from \$10 to \$25.

Our stock of Crib Blankets in plain embroidered and satin borders in both plain and tinted colors are the choicest ever exhibited by us.

Scarlet Blankets!

1 lot 5 lb ball wool at \$2.50, special bargain.

1 lot 5 lb ball wool at \$3, other parties \$4.

1 lot 5 lb all wool at \$3.50, cheap at \$4.50.

1 lot 6 lb all wool at \$4.50, medicated, very cheap.

1 lot 11-4 all wool at \$5, steam shrunken.

1 lot 11-4 all wool at \$5.75, California.

1 lot 12-4 all wool at \$8, California.

1 lot 13-4 all wool at \$10, Australian.

Grey Blankets!

1 bale 10-4 free from burrs at \$1.25.

1 bale 10-4 smooth and clean at \$1.40.

1 bale 10-4 smooth and clean, \$2.

1 bale 11-4 smooth and clean, \$2.25.

1 bale 11-4 smooth and clean, \$3.

1 bale 11-4 special price, \$3.38.

1 bale 11-4 strictly all wool, \$4.50.

1 case 11-4 strictly all wool, \$6.

1 case 11-4 strictly all wool, \$8.

1 case 11-4 strictly all wool, \$10.

Gents' Underwear.

Gents' fine flannel shirts, well made and steam shrunken, special price \$1.50, worth \$2.

Gents' best quality Colchico flannel shirts in all desirable shades, properly made steam shrunken, price to-morrow \$2, regular price \$2.50.

Gents' dog skin gloves at 75c.

Fine buck skin gloves at 75c, worth \$1.25.

Fine kid gloves in all the latest shades at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Boys' gloves and mittens at 50c and 75c.

Special prices on gents' kid lined gloves and mittens, 65c, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Gents' Gloves

of the line is reached at a distance of 55 miles from Omaha. All three towns are beautiful, and the best of the future growth, but Whitewood being the best mines for the present, enjoys additional advantages. Twelve miles from Whitewood, lies Deadwood, hidden among the hills and reached only by a line of fallies. For the first few miles the road is through the choking dust of a sandy surface, broken occasionally by an abrupt ascent, followed by a deeper descent through the level of the plain. Each one seems higher than the other, and then the road winds upward through groves of second growth trees, which again give place to the pine, and the dust seems hidden by their dense shade. Patches of farming land break the monotony of the scene, and give evidence of heavy returns for the labor expended, but they too are passed, the road is now a narrow, winding, and at last, the coach is winding around a narrow road, in which the depths of the ravines below can only be glimpsed by a glance at the hill tops above. A missing bolt, a false step, or a frayed wheel, and no power on earth could save the traveler. Gradually the green pine gives place to the dead, and on all sides can be seen the withered trunks of what was once a forest, but now falls even to hide the hills from view. Further on, the road sought nutriment. Higher and narrower grows the road, until the passenger silently wonders what would happen should another tree be met. One comes and the driver shakes his head in foreboding, while the fascinated traveler gazes against his will into the abyss below. Not a rail, not a guard, nothing between him and death, only the man who handles the lines with such apparent coolness. Another turn is made, and away, hundreds of feet behind him, he sees the village he has come so far to see—Deadwood. But he does not reach it for a half an hour. It seems so close enough to strike him, it is so high and winding. It creeps downward, and one after another bright-looking villa cottages stand on the side of the hill above it, and the driver says it is a remarkable fact. Further on, the houses wear a different appearance, their rough, unpainted sides and small windows telling of early days among the mines, while the almond eyes and long-lashed cheeks of the occupants have a chance to say it. Then the decent becomes more genteel, stores crop out, and, almost before you know it, a long, narrow street opens out, lined with business blocks that would be a credit anywhere, but seem strangely out of place in the heart of the hills, and after a brisk start the stage suddenly stops and leaves you in the main thoroughfare of Deadwood.

Situated as it is at the bottom of a canyon, through which a shallow brawling stream rushes between banks made level by the placer mining of other days, it is an ideal mining village. One narrow street forms the business center, and the residences overlook the town from various degrees of altitude, perched in impossible looking places that scarce afford a foothold to the trees that shade them. Across the street, toward the present location of the Rockwood on the side of which is the little village graveyard. The white stones that mark the resting-place of many an early pioneer, can be seen from the streets below, and a closer view shows the shallow graves blasted out of the rock are the resting-places of men who died in their prime. Wild Bill, whose name rang over the entire territory, lies there shot by Johnnie McCall, a resident of the town. Another is that of Bill, and who ended his days on the gallows.

Only a few years old, Deadwood has a history. Settled by the Gay boys in 74-75, the trail was soon followed by miners who worked the placer diggings, or left their mark in the numerous pros-

pecting holes that yet line the base of the cliffs, while the original discoverers wandered further west, unmindful of the wealth they had left behind. Then came the days when, for months at a time, no communication could be had with the outside world through the hands of hostile Sioux that surrounded the hardy miners. Stages were waylaid, the passengers massacred and the miles driven away, and even now the specter of Brightwell's Smith was shot and scalped. In 1876 is pointed out within pistol range of the town. Fire then swept over the place in 1879 and left not a single building standing, and almost before the damage was repaired the brawling contest became a rushing torrent, and the flood of May, 1883, is yet remembered as one of the dark days of Deadwood. Flour at that time was \$30 per 100 pounds, hay \$20 per ton, potatoes 25c per pound, eggs \$1.00 per dozen, with nine out of every twelve bad, and the postage on a letter to the nearest postoffice was 50c. But the approach of the railway meant the approach of better days, and now an article of commerce can be obtained as cheaply as in the east, while the rates at the first class hotels is but \$2.00 per day. Hacks can be had on call, and among the places visited is Leadville. SAMUEL E. FRETTELOW.

Mary Climbed a Tree.

Chicago Times: Mary Anner and Lulu Carr, aged respectively eighteen and sixteen years, of Paterson, N. J., will give a remarkable performance which occurred about three miles south of Nyack while they were chest-nutting. The girls came up to visit some friends in this neighborhood on Saturday, and, as the chestnut crop is larger this year than in any other, they decided to form a small detachment of the large army of chestnut gatherers who are out in the woods daily. They concluded that the most certain way for them to find nuts would be to leave the well-beaten paths and strike out into the woods where it was the wildest and least traveled. They sought the most unfrequented part of the South Mountain, tripping gaily along over the rocks and through the brush, until they had decided they saw a group of chestnut trees standing together, their tops being nearly covered with partly opened burrs.

"Oh, Mary," shouted Lulu, gleefully, "here's the place to get all the nuts we want. Hurrah!" and she gave her hat a fling in the air and laughed merrily. "They found the ground pretty well covered with nuts, and soon gathered some six or seven bushels."

"I am going to climb up in the tree and thrash it, Lulu," said Mary Anner.

"Don't you do it, Mary; you would never get down alive, and the only creatures that can climb trees."

"Bosh!" responded Mary. "I am as good as any man, and I am going to get up in that tree."

So, notwithstanding her companion's remonstrances, Miss Anner began her unusual feat, and for a time it seemed as though she would succeed in accomplishing her object. Suddenly, however, when she was little more than half way to the top, a sudden gust of wind which she placed her foot broke. With a scream she threw out her arms, expecting to be dashed to pieces on the ground and the rocks below. As she fell she was caught by a large tree trunk below her and caught by her arms, by which she hung suspended in the air. She tried to raise herself up, but she was unable to do so. Poor Lulu at the foot of the tree was the more frightened of the two, and she burst into a flood of tears. "Oh, Mary will die," she said; "she can never get down from that place."

"Help, help!" cried Mary, her voice getting weaker and weaker. Lulu went almost into hysterics, and did not know what to do. While conjuring up some plan to rescue her friend from her position, Lulu heard the sound of a gun being fired away, and she gave a succession of loud screams. A moment afterward she heard some one rushing through the underbrush, and soon a middle-aged man, a South Nyack gunner, came in sight. He had seen the strange situation, but realized it at a glance. He sprang nimbly up the tree, and by hard efforts succeeded in lifting the young lady to the top of one of the branches, and she was safe on the ground. She fainted before she was fairly on the ground, and it took nearly two hours to fully restore her to consciousness. The man then accompanied the ladies to the place where they were visiting, and they returned to their home to-morrow. It will be some time before they will recover from the shock occasioned by their fright.

She Lost Her Lov' Letters.

London Daily Telegraph: The Cologne Gazette tells an amusing story of the strange discovery a grenadier made during the maneuvers of a few weeks ago. He had been sent on a tour of duty to a field he stumbled over a leather object, which he picked up and brought to his corporal, who pronounced it to be a dress improver. On closer inspection it was found to contain a large number of billets-doux on tinted paper, and written apparently by a student to a lady in the far north of Berlin. The corporal, who was himself a student going through his first year, tipped the man and kept the improver. On his return to Berlin he called on "the lady," and had the good luck to find her alone; but what was his surprise to learn that she was a school girl of fifteen years of age. Naturally, under the circumstances, he hesitated to give up his find, but the fair one was so important in her entreaties, that he finally consented. He gave her the "improver" and a note of the name of the student, and she promised to give it back, you'll drive me to suicide," she said, in the most piteous way. "I have no place to put my letters so aside as the improver," but I lost it last Sunday when I was walking with mamma and papa. You can't believe the anguish I have suffered from the thought that some sneak and not an honorable man might find it. Please, please, give me my letters, and I will be as good as my word. She quite forgot his presence, kissed the student's hands, and put the improver" back into its place, laughing and crying as she did so. She was so absorbed in thank the soldier, who, however, was plentifully rewarded by getting a good story to tell at mess.

Public School Burned.

St. Louis Mo., Nov. 17. A Post-Dispatch special from Carrollton, Ill., says the public school building there burned last night, loss, \$40,000; insurance, \$15,000.

Died of Yellow Fever.

New York, Nov. 17.—Flora Schmidt, the young woman who was taken to Bellevue hospital last night with symptoms resembling yellow fever, died this morning.

A very gentle form of hazing, the New York Evening Post learns, is that to which the freshmen of the Women's college, at Bryn Mawr, Pa., is subjected. Two bundles of books are hung round her neck and she is required to ascend an inclined plank that is very slippery. She is given a slip, she reaches the top, she is given a lamp, which she is told to keep full, and the moment that she touches the floor she is caught like the fish in a trap.