

FANATICISM AND CRIME

Dreadful Religious Rites of Certain European Sects—Human Lives Sacrificed.

The results of an analysis of a series of legal actions involving prosecution for crime supposedly committed under the spell of fanatical religious beliefs serve to illustrate this point. Thus the Convolutions, a sect existing in Paris about 1760, were wont to sacrifice members of their order, in emulation of the crucifixion of Jesus, in the belief that the souls of the surviving members would be saved by the sacrifice of their fellows. In 1817 the "Paschellians," an Austrian sect, murdered a man, his wife and their daughter, under the delusion that the trio, who refused to go with the fanatics, were possessed of the devil. On the following day they crucified one of their own number, a girl of 18 years, who had offered herself for the death, in imitation of the death of Jesus, in order to save the souls of her fellow-believers.

In 1823 the leader of a Pietistic church in Switzerland, after having dispatched his sister, who gave her life as a means of saving the souls of her relatives, was crucified by her followers at her own command, in order that she might die, rise again after three days, and restore to life the sister whom she had slain. In 1865 two mothers, adherents of the "Holy Men," slew their sick children, believing them to be victims of demoniacal possession. In 1875 a Hungarian miller, belonging to the "Nazarenes," killed his son as an offering for his own sins, after the fashion of Abraham. In 1870, in Irkutsk, Russia, one of the "Schismatics" convinced himself by prayer and fasting and much Scripture reading that to save his soul he must be crucified. Accordingly he attempted self-crucifixion, and succeeded so far as the circumstances of the case would permit. In 1830, in the government of Parem, Russia, a peasant killed his child as an offering for sin, and buried the body in an ant hill.

IN SANTO DOMINGO

Primitive State in Which the Peons Live and Their Principal Fare.

The homes of the peons are very primitive, merely huts built of palm boards split into strips about two and one-half inches in width, and fastened with vines to four posts some 20 feet apart. The ground serves for a floor, while the roof is made of a network of poles, forming a peak in the center and covered with several layers of palm leaves, fastened down with rope-like strips of the same palm leaf. Back of these huts they usually build a small shed, where the cooking is done over little iron pots in which they burn charcoal. This pot is about as large as a good-sized washbasin, and has a hole in the bottom for draught. The houses are furnished with a rough board set upon sticks for a table, one or two small native chairs, and a cot covered with cowhide. Here the peon lives with his wife and more or less naked children huddled together with his pigs, dogs and gamecocks.

The native's one staple dish is known as sancoche, a stew of rice, beans, cassava, manioc, pork, plantain, chicken and other convenient ingredients. With this and a joint of sugarcane he makes his dinner and dessert. Any morning in the market place one may see him looking over heaps of sugarcane and selecting from them such sticks as his judgment dictates. If he has a trip to make, he does not bother with a lunch basket, but takes two or three joints of sugarcane. Having stripped the cane, he chews the pith and nourishes himself with the juices therefrom.—International Magazine.

Welcome Visitor.

"Let me help you to keep the wolf from the door," said the warm-hearted stranger, as he shook the snow from his arctic cap. "For the love of goodness, don't!" roared the semi-famished gold-seeker. "Why, if a wolf nosed around my door, I'd just drop him with a bullet. Then I'd be having meat for two weeks."—Chicago Evening News.

HAVANA'S POLITE POLICE

Native Guardians of the Peace Are Now Respected in the Cuban City.

Havana policemen have turned out to be not half-bad chaps. For a time the success of a native police force looked a little dubious. There was a lack of stamina—backbone, it might better be called—combined with an excitability which looked ill for the future of Havana's blue-coated guardians of the peace. But both the people and the officers of the law have learned a good deal through the experience of the year just past and a mutual respect has begun to grow up. This has been wisely fostered by the American authorities sometimes with such measures that individuals appeared to suffer the gravest injustice. In the end, however, was the great purpose of teaching the people, Americans, Cubans and Spaniards alike, that the representatives of the municipality must be respected because back of them was the law.

This was a difficult lesson for many Americans to learn. To speak honestly the rank and file of American representatives here are not of the kind which is meek and lowly in spirit. They are the sovereign rulers of a great republic. They are deep-chested, long-legged and big-muscled. They have a tendency to look upon those who are not like themselves, physically and contempt, especially if the inferior ones happen not to understand the English language. This was especially true of the soldiers who were discharged from the army in large numbers during the early part of last year. In their own country these fellows would probably behave as well as the next man, no doubt somewhat influenced by the 180-pound policeman who hung out around the corner. But down here there were no such policemen. Instead there was a dapper little chap with a hollow chest and a dark skin whose anatomy offered an irresistible target for just one punch. The temptation to find out what would become of him if you landed "one good one" was often too much for the scrawpy inclined and when Havana's "finest" first turned out to keep order they really incited disorder among this grade of men, who too often had their natures heated to the fighting pitch by liquor.

The consequence of all this was that a lot of policemen were thoroughly mauled. Their beautiful tasseled clubs were often taken away from them by the riotous Americans, one of whom could comfortably handle two or three policemen in a stand-up fight. So it came about the excitable Cuban, realizing the hopelessness of using his club, got to pulling his revolver at the slightest squall. Things got so bad that several drunken soldiers were killed and the heartiest hatred grew up between the two forces. Here is where the American authorities showed their good sense. They backed up the policemen in every possible case. Riotous soldiers were "guard-housed" mercilessly and turbulent American citizens who started out to "do the dago cops" were handsomely done when they got into the police court presided over by Maj. William F. Pitcher, of the Eighth Infantry, who bears the title of supervisor of the police. His was the work of putting stiffening in the backbone of the policemen and teaching the public, regardless of nationality, that the guardians of the peace must be respected.

The Cuban, as well as the American, had a lot to learn. Like the Irish, he is naturally "agin the government," because for centuries the government has been a foreign and oppressive power and he can't realize in a minute that these policemen are his servants. So on occasions the natives clashed with the coppers and for the doing of it were hauled up with so round a turn that Pitcher became a bug-a-boo with which to frighten babies. "Ten dollars or ten days" slips from his lips so often that no stage caricature of him is complete without the constant repetition of this phrase.

As run to-day under the chiefship of Rafael de Cardenas and the supervision of Maj. Pitcher, the Havana police force is really a fine organization. It has its faults, but the discipline is good, its members have learned self-restraint and courage has come with the knowledge that they will be strongly supported when they have acted rigidly. Above all else the Cuban policeman is polite. He can give American officers of the law lessons in this respect which the latter would do well to learn. Even when under great excitement this national characteristic of courtesy is dominant and occasionally in a ridiculous way. One night when there was a row at the cafe of the Hotel Inglaterra and some shots had been fired, an excited mounted policeman sprang from his horse with a drawn revolver. Rushing up to the drawing room which was dancing around in a panicky way, the policeman pushed his weapon under the noses of those in front and began pushing men back. "Hage me el favor!" (Do me the favor), he kept shouting, waving his arms violently. "Caballeros, hage me el favor!"

Imagine a New York policeman trying to disperse a crowd with a gun and "gentlemen, do me the favor." It's not in the blood. A club and a bunch of teeth would be much more likely. A policeman who is always polite certainly has his merits even though he be a little weak-kneed and hollow-chested and saved-off. Probably when we get New York policemen who are always polite and Havana policemen who are all big and brave and strong the world will have reached that stage when a police force will be a superfluity.—N. Y. Sun.

Painful Experience.

To marry for money and miss it is less painful than to marry for love and miss it.—Chicago Daily News.

MOST LEARNED STATE

Illinois Bears That Proud Distinction, Although Her Population Is Not the Largest.

Which is the best educated state in the union? Don't answer off hand. Take a little time to think it over. Your first and most natural guess would be Massachusetts, wouldn't it—the proud parent of Boston, that center of poetry, music and art, the Hub of the universe, the locality of Emerson, the apex of culture and the home of the gentlemen most noted for their science in literature and fistic.

Well, you're wrong. Massachusetts isn't among the first six states which stand for the higher education. Now, try again. Which state gathers within its borders the most students? Not the greatest number of children engaged in puzzling out the mysteries of the three "R's," but the commonwealth boasting the largest total of attendants at the universities and colleges, where the most advanced ideas are handed down by learned professors and grave and reverend seigneurs.

Illinois fits. Yes; Illinois, the rolling, the loud of voice and of clothes, Illinois, the place where the Chicago river flows. Didn't associate Chicago with the higher education, did you? Didn't give the city and the rest of the state credit for teaching the greatest number of young men and young women the principles of advancement, did you? Looked on the country as a place where they raised pork and anarchists and railway rists, where the men ate with their knives and the women talked with more regard to twang than grammar. Listen—Illinois leads the United States in learning. There are 13,787 students enrolled in the various colleges and universities of the Sucker state. And, remember, Illinois isn't the first state in point of population in the union. New York has more people within its boundaries. So has Pennsylvania.

New York comes second. We're pretty learned here in the east. Our record is not far behind that of Illinois. The figures are 13,907. And after us comes another eastern state—Pennsylvania. The Keystone institutions hold 11,396 persons who are being familiarized with the higher forms of Ohio is close up. Her record for students of this class is 11,299. And then comes a Tennessee for our southern friends. Tennessee stands fifth. They run to learning down in Dixie. Tennessee has 7,159 students in her credit. Missouri is sixth, with a showing of 6,513.

So much for the higher education. Now try the same question as applied to the common schools. Where does the greatest percentage of enrolled scholars obtain? You might as well save yourself the trouble of guessing. You would hardly pick it out in a dozen trials. Kansas! Bleeding Kansas! Considered with regard to its total population, the enrollment in Kansas is really remarkable. The percentage is 27.87, and the figures showing the number of scholars of the public institutions are 370,840.

The west is away ahead of the east in this proposition of public schooling. Following Kansas comes West Virginia, where the number of enrolled scholars is 236,186, which is 27.27 per cent. of the population. And Utah, which we are hurling stones at—Utah, which we consider lost to saving grace and lots of other useful things—Utah looks after the schooling of its young. The figures show that there are 70,878 scholars, a percentage of 23.75. And then comes Iowa, with a percentage of 23.13, and again Tennessee, where 26.66 per cent. of the population are enrolled scholars. Mississippi is sixth, with a percentage of 23.25 to her credit. Massachusetts has a percentage of only 16.93, and New York isn't much ahead of the Bay state, for its figures are 17.54. Verily, there is more common school education in the west and the eastern philosophy.—N. Y. Herald.

A Painless Site.

The town built on a volcano is that of Bottom, on the Dutch island of Saba, in the Leeward Antilles, only a short sail from Porto Rico. The island is five square miles in extent, and is nothing but the conical top of an extinct volcano rising sharply 2,800 feet above the level of the sea. About 800 feet up the steep slope of this mountain top is a break in the wall of rock. It is where a crater was once formed in the side of the mountain and the only important settlement on the island stands on the floor of this ancient crater. Visitors to the island land in a rocky cove and ascend the precipitous path consisting of steps cut in the rock, which the natives appropriately named "The Ladder." Nearly 200 little houses adorn the rounded bottom of this crater, and, owing to the position of the town, it is known as Bottom Village. The site of the pretty white houses amid the verdure of the crater floor, with the mountain mass towering high behind them, is extremely unique and pleasing. Everything that the people of Bottom possess has to be carried up this height on their heads. Much practice has made the natives expert in this business, and 100 pounds is not an unusual load, and seems hardly to impede the advance of the carrier up the long stone steps. Over 8,000 people, mostly Dutch, live in the settlement. Seafaring and building are their occupations. They draw up the timber for the boats with ropes, and then lower the boats down the mountain-side.—Woman's Home Companion.

Bonus Needed.

"Bridget, you've broken, as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now, how can you prevent this occurring again?" "I don't know, mum, unless you raise me wages."—Baltimore Sun.

PITH AND POINT.

He who judges another writes His own sentence.—Rama's Horn.

It's the milkmaid who is frightened when the cow turns pale.—Golden Days.

Congressional Defence.—"Pa, what is parliamentary courtesy?" "Why, it is laying bills on the table which ought to be thrown under the table."—Indianapolis Journal.

Too Risky.—Caller—"I want the biggest fire policy you'll write." Agent—"What is your business?" Caller—"City employe." Agent—"Too great a risk—you're likely to be fired at any time."—Baltimore American.

"What a peculiar exercise the new recruits are going through. I mean that up-and-down motion with the arms. What is it?" "That's the pump exercise. It's for use on leaky transports."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You do not love me any more," she cried, as he strolled in at three a. m. "But I do," he protested. "Then, why do you not tell me the old lie about being detained on business?" she demanded.—Philadelphia North American.

Out of the Mouth of a Child—"Papa," said the seven-year-old, "is Heaven a nice place?" "Yes, my little daughter," replied the father. "It is said to be." "But you will never know for sure, will you, papa?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Nell—"Mad at him? Why, he wrote a lovely poem to her." Belle—"Yes, but she never read it. When she saw the title of it she tore the whole thing up in a fit of anger. You see, he called it, 'Lines on Mabel's Face.'"—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE FISHERMAN'S RING.

Some Vicissitudes in Its History—It Is Really Worn by the Pope.

As some interest has been taken in the announcement in the Fall Mail Gazette about Leo XIII. losing the "Fisher's Ring," I may add some particulars about this famous jewel which will correct several erroneous statements. This ring takes its name especially from the scene out of the stone, which represents St. Peter in his boat drawing in his fishing net. Its origin is unknown, but there are documents proving that the first to use it as an official seal was the French Pope Clement VI, in 1268. However, it is certain that the popes used it some time before on secret documents. Since the time of Calixtus III. (1455) it has been the seal for the papal briefs, among which those of Leo X. (Medici) to Henry VIII. of England and the cardinal of York are remarkable.

While the great seal of England is kept by the lord chancellor, and the seals of state in Italy are confined to the guardsignilli, there is no special official to look after this papal seal ring, which, when the pope does not wear it, is given to his master of the chamber, together with the other effects of his holiness. It has been confided to the cardinal secretary of briefs—who has the office of compiling official documents—only during the short absence of the pontiffs from the Eternal city, as in the case when Pius VII., in 1782, went to Vienna.

If proof be needed for the statement that the popes wear the "Fisher's Ring," history furnishes many. In 1799 the French republicans invading the pontifical states despoiled Pius VI. of all he had. Not satisfied, Commissioner Hailer one day went to the pontiff while he was dining and said: "I have come for your treasure." "But I have nothing left!" "You have on your fingers two precious rings. Give them to me." "I can give you one which is mine, but the other (the 'Fisher's Ring') must pass to my successor."

"Deliver it to me at once or I shall use force!" Pius VI. to avoid violence, handed over the ring which was, however, returned to him the next day, it having been found that its only value consisted in its traditions.

Pius VII., when suddenly kidnaped in the middle of the night by Gen. Radet, had this celebrated ring on his finger. The Napoleonic general, not his behind his republican predecessor, claimed the jewel, which, however, the pope broke into two pieces before giving it to him. These pieces were kept in Paris until Louis XVIII. returned them to Rome.

Besides the "Fisher's Ring," there are three other seals used by the holy see; the most important is one in the form of plectrums to make the impression on the lead seals of the papal bulls. This had a keeper, the cardinal vice-chancellor. Of the other two, one is for lesser documents, for which red ink is used, and was introduced by Leo XIII., and the other simply has the coat-of-arms of the reigning pontiff, and is used for his private correspondence.—Rome Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

Coin of William Penn.

During the removal of a dilapidated high back pew several hundred years old in the ancient parish church at Penn, in Buckinghamshire, England, the coffin of William Penn, buried there in 1718, was discovered lying within two feet of the floor. It is of oak, black with age and perfectly sound. It was left unopened and replaced after having been surrounded with a layer of cement by way of protection. There are still people in England drawing perpetual pensions from the British treasury as heirs of that William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania.—N. Y. Journal.

At a Disadvantage.

Mamma—Now, Bobbie, when we go to church you must behave like a man. Bobbie—But I can't, mamma.—N. Y. World.

TOM THUMB AND THE QUEEN.

The Diminutive General Tried to Back Out of Her Presence, But Failed.

The American minister, Hon. Edward Everett, was very kind to his countrymen, and it was at his house that Mr. Barnum met a certain Mr. Murray, master of the queen's household, says St. Nicholas. On the day following one of the queen's life guards appeared before Mr. Barnum with a note containing an invitation from the queen to Gen. Tom Thumb and his guardian, Mr. Barnum, to appear at Buckingham palace on a specified evening.

In retiring from the royal presence, Mr. Barnum attempted to follow the example set by the lord in waiting by backing out. The gallery was of great length, and the gentlemen with long strides made rapid progress; but Tom Thumb's short legs left him far behind—or before. Seeing that he was losing ground, he turned and ran a few steps, then resumed the process of "backing." Again losing ground, he repeated the performance, to the great amusement of the royal spectators. The queen soon sent another summons, and the general, with his guardian, made a second visit to the palace, being received in the yellow drawing room.

A third visit was soon paid to Buckingham palace, and this time the queen's uncle, Leopold, king of the Belgians, was present and was greatly amused, asking many questions; and Queen Victoria, desiring the general to be present, inquired what song he preferred. "Yankee Doodle" was the prompt reply. All present laughed heartily, and her majesty said: "That is a very pretty song, general; sing it, if you please," and he did.

ESCAPE GIVING TIPS.

There are Many Men Who Shun Their Regular Barbers in Christ-mas Season.

"Say, I want to tell you something that is 'ead straight,'" said Schneider, the calculating barber, according to the Philadelphia Record, as he hurried his razor over the face of one of his victims. "You notice this crowd here waiting to get shaved—well, you will be surprised when I tell you that there are only two of my regular customers among the entire men here. What does that mean? Well, not that there has been an influx into town or that the eight men have just moved into the neighborhood. It simply means that that double quartet is made up of men who are regular customers at other barber shops, but who have come here to get out of giving Christmas presents in those shops. Say, are you out?"

"Oh, you'd be surprised at the number of people who every year perform the change-of-barber-shop act. We don't do any more business here, as for every strange customer who comes to us a regular customer goes to a strange shop at this season of present-giving. When they again get back to their regular shops after Christmas is over they carelessly remark that they have been out of town. 'Sh, don't talk so loud, I don't want any of my one-year customers to hear you; they might go somewhere else next year. Next year,' with emphasis on the gent, the individual being one of the strangers.

WINE FROM APPLES.

It is Made So Cleverly as to Deceive Even the Most Knowing Experts.

Science has lately made it possible to obtain good wine from the apple, which has always been devoted to sparkling cider. Experts have been deceived in cherry, madeira and sauterne which came from apple juice instead of grapes.

Juice from the apple is fermented with yeasts of different kinds brought from the grape-growing districts of Europe to this country. For instance, the flavor of sherry is due not to the grape, but to the infinitesimal fungus germ that cause its fermentation. The American companies import these germs from the district in Spain where they flourish, inoculate the apple juice and obtain a fine wine. The same process is followed with other varieties of wine.

These yeasts are obtained from the sediment in the vats of Europe. They are easily propagated, and the only difficulty is to separate the different kinds. As the quality of wine depends on these fungi winemakers have usually left to chance the kind of wine they produce, depending on the organisms which float in the air and attach themselves to the grapes. The yeasts are sold bottled, and are much in demand.

BOSTON'S BOHEMIA.

It is Several Times More Virtuous Than Boston Society, Says This Writer.

"Here (in Pinckney street) is the freedom of the Latin quarter, with but a small amount of its license," writes Margaret Allston, in "Her Boston Experiences," in Ladies' Home Journal. "Human nature bears a close family resemblance all over the world when judged by communities with similar earmarks, but in America individuals merely pose as Bohemians; they seldom come up (or down) to the 'simon pure' article of foreign cities. America is eminently a respectable country, well washed morally, and with considerable respect for the neighbors' opinion. Americans become Bohemianized in Paris, but seldom in Boston, where the spook of Cotton Mather and other standards of respectability still hold sway with a groan and a ghostly shudder at a misdeed. In truth, this Boston Bohemia stands for good spirits and innocent unconventionality, and in several times more virtuous than Boston society, no matter how pretentiously and flamboyantly the little country tries to disprove its virtue."

CHRYSANTHEMUMS TOO GAY.

Profuse Display of Big Red Flowers at a Funeral Shocks a Whole Town.

Chrysanthemums will no longer be used as a mourning flower at funerals to be held at Mankato, Minn., announces a traveler from that community. It appears that a popular young society man of that town recently died. He was a member of many social organizations. Each strove with the other in indicating at the ceremonies of his burial how much his loss was felt.

The time of the year was the football season, also the period when the chrysanthemum defies all laws of color and flaunts its wanton shades in public view. The Isis society, to which this young man belonged, in an unhappy moment determined to attend the funeral ornamented with chrysanthemums. The deceased had always admired the flower and it would be a striking tribute to his extinct preferences. An order was sent to a florist in St. Paul to forward by first express 60 pure white chrysanthemums to the Isis members.

The morning the funeral was to take place they had not arrived, but there was a train due from St. Paul 20 minutes before the services would commence. One of the Isis members volunteered to meet that train, get the flowers, hurry with them to the church door and distribute them as the society marched in. This was agreed to and the members marched to the sacred edifice. The flowers arrived, were taken to the church door and there uncovered. The Isis was just coming in and quick action was needed. The organ was playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," when the society marched up the center aisle, each decorated with a flaming red chrysanthemum. The florist, not having white, had forwarded red with apologies.

HIS WAY TO KEEP STRAIGHT.

A Philadelphia Coachman Tells His Employer Some Tricks of His Calling.

"John, I'd like to know what makes your back so straight," said a rich Philadelphia man to his coachman the other day, says the Press, of that city. "And how do you stand the fatigue of sitting so beautifully erect while you drive for hours and hours at a stretch?"

The coachman blushed with pleasure as he led his master to a light and airy corner of the carriage house. "I'll show you the kind of exercise I take every day, sir," he said, "so as to be a credit to your livery and your equipage, and yourself and lady."

The man then lay down on his stomach and drew up toward his head and legs until he formed a V, the point of which—his abdomen—alone touched the ground. "I do this 500 times a day, sir," he said. "It gives correct carriage." Then, on parallel bars, he dipped. "One hundred of these daily, sir, expand the chest and give a robust grace to the upper arms and shoulders." He put his arms, well stiffened, at his sides, and then slowly raised them till the hands met over his head. "I do about 500 of that movement for a chest broadener, also for straighteners."

He then nearly touched his back with the crown of his head and quite touched his chest with his chin. "That straightens the neck, sir, and gives the head a proper poise. And so on, sir; I continue for an hour or two every morning, and I don't believe, as long as I keep it up, I'll ever lose my figure."

EARTHQUAKE INSURANCE.

Owners of Vineyards Could Protect Themselves Against Damage by Storms.

Dr. Barrata has advocated in the Italian parliament a compulsory insurance against earthquakes, says the Scientific American. Owners of vineyards and others protect themselves in this way against hail and, therefore, why not against another calamity even more destructive, as they average about 750 shocks a year, and certain parts of Italy have occasionally suffered terribly. The idea of the insurance is a shrewd one from the point of view of public economy. It shifts the burden from the exchequer to private purses. The business would be of a peculiarly risky nature, for such an epidemic of earthquakes as has devastated Calabria between 1783 and 1786 might easily bring any ordinary company to bankruptcy. The risk would have to be widely spread, and estimates would be hazarded to calculate the premiums for different places.

Some parts of the peninsula enjoy practical immunity. The great plain of Venetia has never suffered. Rome and Naples are occasionally shaken, although as a rule not seriously, but disaster frequently occurs in volcanic districts, as in Ischia in 1881 and 1883, when the loss both of life and property was serious. Calabria is far the worst as an earthquake region. Over 1,400 people perished in one locality in the period mentioned above.

Drawing a Fine Distinction.

Lawrence Gronlund, the socialist writer who died a few weeks ago in New York, was a thorough realist. One evening after he had denounced the modern industrial system in savage terms, a friend remarked: "It is not so bad as Russian despotism, is it?" "Not quite; the former is the worst possible; the latter the worst conceivable."

Scarlet Fever in Tropical Regions.

A medical paper directs attention to the curious fact that scarlet fever has never been observed in an epidemic form in the tropical or subtropical regions of Asia or Africa.

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