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"Good Order" Society in Jail.

A rather remarkable state of affairs exists in the Maysville jail. There are about twenty-five prisoners now confined there, some of them awaiting trial for the worst of crimes. These prisoners have formed a "good order" society, and organized a mock court to punish offenders. Fred Bass, who shot and killed Orth Gambia, was chosen judge, and Laughlin, who killed his wife and a neighbor near Augusta, is sheriff. They have adopted laws against spitting on the floor, boisterous conduct, using vile profane language, etc., and these are strictly enforced. Offenders are whipped with a strap. Garrett Breckinridge, awaiting trial for murder, is the executioner. Jailor Johnson says the society has effected a remarkable improvement in the conduct of the prisoners. The noise they formerly made greatly annoyed a young lady who was very kind at her home on Fourth street, just north of the jail, and Mr. Johnson told her this, and his complaint resulted in the organization of the society. The jail details two of its members to man up cells each day.—Maysville City Bulletin.

Will Found Under the Hall Carpet.

The original will of G. H. Blanchard, Lexington, has been filed in the Probate Court, Cambridge. Blanchard spent some time ago leaving a wife and seven children, and as no will could be found the members of the family appeared to the court a copy of a will, near as they could remember it. They were sure that the husband and wife had left a will, but it could not be found. A day or two ago housecleaning began at the Blanchard house in Lexington, and the carpet in the front parlor was taken up. Lying underneath the carpet on the floor was the lost will. It was taken to court and read. The will bequeaths one-sixth of the property to his wife and the remainder to be divided equally among his children.—Boston Transcript.

English popular songs are at present the great deal in Paris cafes.

AN OPEN LETTER.

BY MRS. I. E. BRESSIE SAYS TO AMERICAN WOMEN.

of Her Melancholy Condition After the Birth of Her Child.

I feel as if I was doing an injustice to my suffering sisters if I do not tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me, and its effects on the world. From the moment I was afflicted with my melancholy condition, I was unable to do anything. I was nervous, hysterical; my head ached with such a terrible burning sensation on the top, and felt as if I was drawn tightly above my shoulders. I had inflammation of the stomach, no appetite, nausea at the sight of food, constipation, bladder and kidney troubles, palpitation of the heart, attacks of melancholia would come without any provocation whatsoever, numbness of the limbs, threatened paralysis, and loss of memory to an extent that I feared aberration of the mind. My friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and spoke in glowing terms of what it had done for her.

It began its use and gained rapidly. I am a living advertisement of its merits. I had not used it a year when I was the envy of the whole town. My nervous, stumped, girlish looks and feeble health, all disappeared. I can recommend it to all women. I find great advantage in being able to say, "I was given to women. All honor to Lydia E. Pinkham; wide as the world is, she is the only one who has given to the world the Vegetable Compound." I feel that I should recognize my robbers if I saw them. Of this I felt doubtful, as I had not seen them for some time. On the evening on which I was



A TRAIN-ROBBERS' PARADISE.

Italian Railroads and the Experiences of Travelers on Them.

It is surely time that the attention of the public should be called to the robberies from baggage on the Italian lines of railway, which are now of constant, probably of daily, occurrence, which must be committed by the guards of the trains or with their knowledge, as no one else can have access to the baggage in transit from one place to another, which the Italian railway authorities and the police hear of almost daily, but of which no notice is taken. I will give a few instances, writes Augustus J. C. Hare, the eminent author to the London Times. The well-known Miss L. S. has a residence both in Rome and Venice. Moving last year from the former to the latter, her boxes were opened and various articles taken. A small wooden box in one of her trunks was forced open at the hinges. It mostly contained papers, which were left, but a gold piece of 100 francs was found among them and carried off. This year the same lady moved at the same time from Rome to Venice. She then had her boxes sealed. On receiving them at the Venice station, her servant saw that they were sealed still, and did not observe that the seal of one of them had been broken and replaced by a new (a finger) seal. On reaching home it was found that everything in the box had been turned out and ransacked, and all the contents of a work box thrown out amongst the other things. Several articles were missing. The Venice station-master, informed at once, said that he "saw no reason to suppose that the robbery had been committed by one of the company's servants."

Within a very few days of this, the Countess of Kenmare had her boxes opened between Bologna and Venice and various objects stolen. About the same time an Italian princess, coming from Bologna to Venice, lost all her jewels in the same way. Mr. Ralph Curtis, resident of Venice, had his boxes opened and half his clothes taken. Two valuable dresses were abstracted from the boxes of the Queen of Italy during her last journey from Venice to Monza. A precious bracelet, inherited from Sir J. Outram, set with large Indian diamonds, was taken from the trunk of Mrs. —, and when the authorities were informed of it, they only expressed polite regret that any one should have had "cosi poca delicatezza" as to steal her jewels!

A gentleman traveling on the line from Genoa to San Remo, got out at a small station. Before he expected, he saw the train in motion. He had no time to regain his place but jumped into an open baggage van. He was surprised to see the look of consternation with which a guard in the van and his companion received him. Then he perceived that several trunks were open and their contents piled upon the floor of the van. He had presence of mind to light his cigar, turn his back and look as if he had observed nothing. Otherwise, "Mysterious discovery of the body of an English traveler on a railway line" would have headed a paragraph in next day's paper.

Another crying evil is the state of Florence railway station. Always the worst managed station in Europe, it is now a perfect bear-garden. Any one can obtain access to the platform on the payment of one soldo, and at the time of the departure of the evening train for Rome it is crowded by all the worst characters in Florence.

On the evening of March 12 I was about to leave Florence for Rome. From unavoidable circumstances I had nearly £100 in my pocket, £70 being in English banknotes. The money was in an inner breast pocket of my coat, with a great coat over it. I thought it absolutely safe. I had kept out enough money for my ticket, but unfortunately my baggage cost more than I had calculated, and to get a five franc note I was obliged to take out my pocket-book. It was safely replaced, but it must have been seen then. There was the usual crowd on the platform, and great confusion when the multitude of travellers, penned up in the waiting-room, were let out into it. I put my hand-bag to keep a place in an already crowded carriage, and then went to look for some water, but failed to find it. Returning to the first carriage, I found two women on the step, who, with loud Italian vociferation, rudely opposed my entrance—"You cannot come in here, this is not your place," etc., and they pushed violently against my chest. I contended that my hand-bag was already in the carriage and my place taken, and eventually got in, the men pushing against me to the last, and then disappearing. Immediately the train was in motion, I found that in those pushes my inner pocket was torn out, and my pocket-book and money gone.

I telegraphed back to the Florence station from the first stopping place, and wrote to all the authorities at Florence. Two days afterwards I was summoned to the Roman railway station and had the usual silly examination (afterward six times repeated on six different days at different Roman police offices) as to my exact age, occupation, and place of birth, the Christian name of my father, etc. Then I was asked if I should recognize my robbers if I saw them. Of this I felt doubtful, as I had not seen them for some time.

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Strength of Wing of Birds.

There are a good many birds whose strength of wing is sufficient to strike pretty hard blows, capable of bewildering a man, if several of the birds attacked him at once.

Some birds depend on their wings as weapons to be used in the duels for sweethearts. Forest and Stream told some years ago about an owl whose wing was broken by a dove it had sought to capture and make a meal of.

A correspondent of the National Druggist tells of his first surgical case in the state of Arkansas. A market hunter on Swan Lake, near Shawnee Village plantation, was hunting at night with a light, when a band of swans, bewildered by the fire, came flying that way. The hunter, who was in a little pirogue, threw up his arms to save his head, and the left one was struck by a wing of a bird, and both the ulna and the radius of his forearm were broken.

The Sun recently told of a Port Jervis farmer who was knocked from a tree by a flight of wild geese during a fog, and Forest and Stream has several times in the past twenty years told about men who were dazed by birds flying against their heads, partridges, (rufed grouse) being the principal offenders.

The Regimental Barber.

The regimental figaro is quite a character. He is not always chosen for his skill in the tonsorial art. He may have been a butcher, a baker or a candlestick maker before joining the corps. His good conduct has promoted him to the post and gives him a most envious position, for he receives a slight remuneration monthly from the pay of each trooper. He also enjoys immunity from a certain number of drills, and has the right of remaining out of barracks until 10 o'clock every evening. He is responsible for the heads of his comrades. If a man's hair is found to be too long or if a soldier is not shaved in the regulation manner, the barber has to suffer.

It is estimated that 2,000,000 people are idle in America.

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