

HOBOKEN ADVERTISER.

INDEPENDENT AND DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

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HOBOKEN, N. J., JANUARY 17, 1880.

PRICE ONE CENT.

A RURAL ROMANCE.

The Old Man Who Wanted a Servant That Could Whip Him.

Michael Kelly, or Mike Kelly as he was usually called, was an eccentric old farmer living in one of our suburban towns. Born of poor parents, by industry and perseverance he had become possessed of one of the finest farms in that section, of which he was justly proud; but no prouder was he than of his own physical strength and agility, that had assisted him in accumulating his property and made him a most excellent boxer and wrestler, and he had a corresponding contempt for men of inferior powers. One Spring, when help was unusually plenty, he determined to have the farm run that year by a strong team. So, when a man presented himself and asked for work, after inquiring of the man as to his habits, &c., he would finish up by asking him to fight. In this way he disposed of quite a number of applicants, and was beginning to despair of getting his "strong team," when, one morning as he was standing in the barn door, a young man came up the road, and, seeing him, called out:

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," gruffly.

"Do you want to hire a hand to work on your farm, sir?"

"Perhaps so; want to hire out?"

"Yes, sir; I'm looking for a job."

"What can you do?"

"All kinds of farm work, sir; I was born on a farm."

"Can you fight?"

"What, sir?"

"Can you fight, I say; can you lick me?"

"I don't know, sir, whether I can or not; but I can try."

And he did try. The first thing Kelly knew he was on his back on the floor, with two teeth down his throat; the next, the man was astride his stomach, with a fist in each eye, and his nose was bleeding. Then he let him up, and was just picking up his bundle to start off, when he was called back and set to work, and he proved to be as trusty and industrious as he was brave. The farmer's daughter needed just such a man for a husband, and now he may be seen any day superintending the work on the farm, while Father Kelly sits in the arm-chair and tells to his grandchildren the story of his last fight.

A Hard-Money Advocate.

A very prudent Chinaman, named Kee Ling, of Sutro, Nevada, fearing a visit from thieves, carefully put \$100 in greenbacks in a stocking, and then shrewdly concealed the stocking in a sack of flour. Some hungry rats gnawed their way into the flour-sack, and were so disgusted at the discovery of the Chinaman's savings-bank in such an unsuspected place, that they speedily reduced the volume of currency and the national debt, by tearing the greenbacks into minute pieces. Kee Ling now swears "Death to rats!" and has become an earnest advocate of hard money.

Thirty-five Angry Girls.

About the meanest firm in the United States owns a large clothing house in Boston. This very economical firm employs

thirty-five girls, who subscribed twenty-two dollars to procure two neat and pretty albums, as holiday presents to their employers. The girls had lost half an hour in preparing for the presentation, signing their names in the albums, etc. The smiling employers were delighted at this evidence of esteem, and accepted the gifts with the most gratified expressions of friendship. When pay-day came, the girls were astonished to learn that they had each been deducted for the half hour lost on presentation day. "They are too contemptible to live!" remarked one of the girls, referring to her employers, "and ought to be sat upon by a mangy hippopotamus."

ALL SORTS.

—Deadlocks—false curls.

—Adam was a made man.

—A hen's prayer—"Now I lay."

—A strapping fellow—the barber.

—Sewing machines do not sew wild oats.

—To the sluggard, every year is sleep year.

—Jonah was the first conundrum—the whale gave him up.

—A yacht can stand on a tack without swearing; a man can't.

—A Nevada moralist says, "It's mournful to see a man more'n full."

—The two honey bees that went into the ark lodged in the archives.

—When a grocer retires from business he weighs less than he did before.

—The doctor said it was a case of room-attic when called to see a garret patient.

—It ought not to be considered improper to present a slow man with a hurricane.

—A Michigan man was named Hanger, and the idiot christened his daughter Belle.

—A wise man has said, "Common sense makes no parade." That is rough on the soldiers.

—The man who invests his money in mines must, in order to be successful, mine his own business.

—The words "By request" on a programme are considered as sufficient apology for any infliction.

—A lady whose son was eaten by cannibals pleasantly remarked that he was killed and buried the same hour.

—Pianos always stand on their four legs. Although pianos are used for balls, you cannot play billiards with them.

—Almost any grocer's clerk can sell at least four brands of chewing tobacco out of a pail hidden under the counter.

—The cause of education has received another setback. J. W. Keller, the best man in the Yale College boat crew, has gone into business.

—A poet sings, "And I covered her up with the kiss I gave." Poor girl! To be hid from view by such a remarkably open countenance.

—Mrs. Ames has a story entitled "The Longest Hour of My Life." That was doubtless the hour she knew her beau was calling on another girl across the street.

—A Maine editor was paralyzed while sitting in church last Sunday, and an es-

teemed contemporary thinks the novelty of the situation was too much for him.

—"Do animals resist temptation?" asks *Popular Science*, and the editor theorizes on the subject for three hours, instead of going out and making a practical experiment by shaking a red rag at a bull.

—If children were taught to say "mother" instead of "ma" the blood-curdling cry of a young goat in an adjoining field would never cause an anxious parent to rush out to see what was the matter with her darling.

—Miss Muloch says that bear and forbear are the two bears of matrimony. Bliffers says she makes a mistake in her addition. Bear and four bear, he argues, are the five bears of matrimony, not to speak of little troubles constantly bruin.

—"Madam," said old Roger to his housekeeper, "in primitive countries beef is often the legal tender; but, madam," added he, emphatically, thrusting his fork into the steak, "all the law in Christendom could not make this beef tender."

—"You are my treasure, after all," said an old reprobate, striving to placate his wife after abusing her for an hour or two. "Oh, yes," she sarcastically answered, "that's the reason, I suppose, you wish me dead so often; you are seeking to lay your treasure up in heaven."

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6 Mixed cigars for . . . 25c
5 Havana favorites for . . . 25c
4 Fine Havanas for . . . 25c
3 Genuine clear Havanas . . . 25c
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Extra inducements offered to box customers.

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HOBOKEN ADVERTISER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

Published Every Saturday by
MOYER & LUEHS
 34 Washington Street,
 HOBOKEN N. J.

—No CORRESPONDENCE will be published unless accompanied with the name of the writer. Not necessarily for publication, but as a matter of security to ourselves.

MR. BESSON'S LATEST.

At the session before last of the Common Council, among numerous claims received was one from the Sisters of St. Mary's Hospital for board and medical treatment furnished five patients sent to the institution per order of Dr. Saltonstall, City Physician. The claim passed through the regular course, and it was supposed would be ordered paid at the last meeting. This, however, proved to be a delusion, as a very voluminous article on the subject was received from the Mayor opposing any such action by putting his veto on the bill.

Unreasonable as this appears, and ridiculous as was the argument used in support of non-payment, few were surprised, considering the source. Our citizens no longer wonder at anything coming from his Honor. All classes have already had such a sad experience that they rather glory in seeing this expiring politician digging his own grave, even though the innocent must suffer. Mr. Besson mentions the County Almshouse as a fitting place to send the victims of disease or accident, and claimed that the ordinance provided that the City Physician should be responsible and care for all such cases.

It is not our intention to advocate the City Physician; but we do not understand how he could otherwise accommodate such patients as the ones in question. A man without a permanent abode in the city who might be unfortunate enough to meet with an accident could, according to Mr. Besson's views, be taken to Snake Hill, and in all probability die during transportation. Who would be responsible? Will his Honor assume such risk?

The City Physician will not assume any such hazard, and he is right. He might, however, comply with Mr. Besson's views by taking patients to his own house, or, better still, lend an impetus to retrenchment by building a little hospital on his own account, no matter the cost or sacrifices to others so long as it puts his Honor before the public as the great model reformer, which he is—not.

One thing is certain. During this controversy, which is liable to last for some weeks, the Sisters are kept out of money which they are justly entitled to, and which they honestly earned.

It is high time that Mr. Besson would become ashamed of his misconstruction of the laws and inconsistency, which have become so chronic as to necessitate a veto at each session as the only means left of preventing the Council and citizens from entirely ignoring his existence.

A fact not generally known in connection with this trouble, and also one which places the Mayor in a more un-

enviable light, if possible, is that the City Physician is acting in accordance with a resolution of the Council directing him to use his judgment in providing for patients who could not be cared for at their homes. A separate appropriation of \$1,000, independent of the Poor Fund, was made last year and intended for the support of such unfortunates. Dr. Saltonstall has certainly taken no advantage of this grant, as the present claim, amounting to \$103.96, is the first and only one presented in over eight months.

Can this man Besson be in his right mind, or is he purposely ignorant of the foregoing facts.

COUNCILMANIC NOTES.

Last Tuesday's session of the Common Council was noted for nothing very special excepting another grand display of what his Honor does not know about city affairs. Mayor Besson vetoed the claim of St. Mary's Hospital for medicine, services, and support of five patients ordered to the institution by Dr. Saltonstall. The Mayor contended that the city had no right to use funds for said purpose; that the City Physician was paid for attending such cases, and the County Alms House was the proper place to forward them. A motion to refer the document to the Committee on Alms was amended and reamended and finally the latter were withdrawn and the motion passed as originally put. Nicholas Carroll claims that James Kilduff owes him \$11 for services and requests that amount retained from the next payment made the ex-garbage contractor. The Committee on Streets and Assessments were ordered to investigate. C. Hirtler petitioned the Council for permission to cut down the large tree in front of his building No. 67 Washington street. His prayer was granted the work to be performed under the supervision of the Street Commissioner. Timothy Foley complained that 50 feet of the flagging in front of No. 4 School had been raised above grade and requested that the contractor be ordered to replace same. Referred. An extra gas lamp was ordered placed on the corner of 10th and Hudson streets. Several claims passed and the meeting adjourned.

Board of Education.

From a past knowledge of the School Board it would seem as though that delectable body could not exist unless some trouble or other was agitating its members. The present muddle is in reference to claims for repairs which, a majority of the Committee aver, were ordered by Trustee Kennedy without their knowledge or consent, and they, consequently, refuse to sign the bills as correct. An attempt to force an issue, last Monday evening, by referring the disputed claims to a Committee of the Whole, with Treasurer Harksen in the chair, failed, and they were consequently laid over until next session. Misses Lizzie Miller, Gertrude Roberts, Bertie Bogart, Juliette Jeanneret and Annie Moore and Mrs. Flora C. Niven, who are only paid as monitors, though performing the duties of teachers for over a year, requested an increase of salary. This petition, which is a just and reasonable one, was referred. Superintendent Rue reported the average daily attendance for December to be 2,999, a slight falling off, owing to frequent dismissals from No. 4 School on account of the heating apparatus not being completed. The report was ordered on file. Miss M. Stratton, of No. 1 School, who has discovered a more pleasant calling than teaching school, proffered her resignation, to take effect on the first of February, which was accepted. Trustee Munson presided, owing to the absence of President Hoffman.

Fatal Explosion.**Two Men Killed and Nine Seriously Injured.****Generated Gas the Cause.**

About half-past four o'clock yesterday afternoon a terrible accident occurred on board the steamer Greece, of the Nation Line. The vessel had several hundred tons of soft coal on board as ballast. She reached her dock, foot of First street, about two o'clock, and at the above named hour the forward hatch was removed, and George Welch and Patrick Dunn, two longshoremen, attempted to enter the hold with a lantern. A terrible explosion immediately followed, caused, it is supposed, by the gas which generated from the coal. Welch and Dunn were instantly killed, the latter being blown fully eighty feet in the air. Angus McDonald, second steward, was badly burned about the head and face; William Cottrell, ship's butcher; James Anderson, baker; Robert Richards, quartermaster; Thomas Dwyer, cook; John Welsh, foreman of longshoremen; Charles N. Brackett, a Custom House Inspector, and two unknown men, were seriously burned and were removed to St. Mary's Hospital. The forward part of the vessel was badly scorched, and a serious fire was imminent for some time. Welch lived at 53 King St. New York, was 45 years old, a widower, and leaves two children; Dunn was 28 years old, lived at 56 King street, and leaves a wife and two children.

A DESPERATE BURGLAR**He Threatens to Kill his Captor and Shoots Himself Through the Head After Arrest**

Information was received at the Police Station, Tuesday afternoon, that Peter Petrovsky a young Pole and former resident of this city, had been detected the night before while attempting to rob the house of Joseph Wanneberg, at Hackensack. Petrovsky had passed the day drinking in Wanneberg's saloon, and was the last to leave. Just previous to the proprietor retiring, about an hour later, he was captured by Wanneberg in his bed room, but escaped owing to drawing his revolver and threatening to shoot his friend. The following day he was arrested near the ferry and brought to the station house by Officer Murray. After being carefully searched, he was placed in cell 9, and nothing more thought of the case until Roundsman Kennedy, in charge at the time, was startled by the report of a pistol, apparently coming from the corridor of the prison. The officer hurried to the location from whence the sound proceeded, and was shocked at the sight which was there presented. Petrovsky lay on the floor of the cell, the blood gushing from his forehead and nostrils, and a small Derringer revolver lying by his side to plainly told the tale. Drs. Saltonstall and Congdon were promptly summoned and immediately pronounced the wound fatal, in their opinion. The unfortunate man was promptly removed to St. Mary's Hospital where he still remains.

Petrovsky twice before attempted self-destruction—on one occasion stabbed himself severely, though not seriously, and shortly after by swallowing a dose of Paris green. He has been separated from his wife for over a year, and it is alleged that domestic trou-

bles were the prime cause for the man's determination to die. His wife was taken sick at Paterson last week, and on Monday he paid her a visit, giving her what money he had and promising a further supply. It is believed that failing to otherwise secure the desired funds, he grew desperate and decided to rob his friend, whom he had seen to place the receipts of the day in his vest pocket. The most peculiar feature of the whole affair is how he managed to secrete the revolver about his person so as to avoid detection by the officer who made the search. Petrovsky had been arrested twice before for petty thefts, and it was owing to this weakness that his wife decided, some time ago, to leave him. A number of keys, a penknife, diary, and \$10.16 were found in his pockets.

LACONICS.

—The ball of the Equitable Social Club at Old Fellows' Hall on Monday evening promises to be a *gala* affair.

—The Rev. J. F. Kenney, of Philadelphia, will preach in the M. E. Free Tabernacle tomorrow morning and evening.

—The first annual ball of the Knights of Honor at Old Fellows' Hall on Wednesday evening will, from present indications, be a very grand affair.

—The installation of Dr. A. K. Strong as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church will take place on next Thursday evening in the church, corner Sixth and Hudson streets.

—The Schubert Glee Club sings at Old Fellows' Hall next Thursday night. This organization ranks first among singing societies, and their concert promises to be one of the finest of the season.

—The Rev. D. R. Lowrie will preach tomorrow in the First M. E. Church at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. The evening sermon is for the benefit of the young people. Revival services will be held in the above church next week.

—Hudson Lodge, No. 808, Knights of Honor, of Union Hill, gave their first grand entertainment and hop at Ruth's Dramatic Hall Thursday night. The Union Social Club, of this city, furnished the musical portion of the programme. Fred. Leonard, Jr., proved himself an expert at ventriloquism, and excited much merriment. C. H. Patterson, in select humorous sayings, is also worthy of mention. The affair proved a decided success.

—The teachers of the public schools met at No. 4 building in regular session last Wednesday. The four principals, Prof. Pier and Trustee Munson occupied the platform. No regular programme had been arranged and this fact was providential in more respects than one. Superintendent Rue expressed his dissatisfaction at the manner in which past sessions were conducted, and favored devoting more time to educational subjects, which would be instructive and useful, than to indifferent music and essays which were not at all times entertaining and never of much benefit. The subject of joining issues with the Jersey City association being introduced, Principal Campbell proposed any sacrifice of individuality, and believed the local association could get on very well if more co-operation and harmony existed among the members. He favored discussing topics pertaining to their labors, and thought an increase of knowledge of school work would not hurt the members. Principal Kelly disapproved of the system of teaching orthography and reading. More care should be given to the subject of correct emphasizing. Principal Lycett asked for information on the subject of organization. He did not know whether they were regularly organized or not. It took about ten minutes' debate to decide this momentous question, and was finally settled by Mr. Campbell, who claimed that, according to the by-laws of the Board of Education, the teachers and principals were directed to meet once per month and the Superintendent Principal was to preside, after which the meeting adjourned.

LOST.—A GOLD SHAWL PIN, ON WEDNESDAY afternoon, either on First Street, from Clinton to Adams, to Second, to Jefferson. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning the same to Emil Tietje, corner First street and Park avenue, Hoboken.

Private Theatricals.

A select and fashionable company assembled on the invitation of Madame Frontgous, at No. 325 Bloomfield street, on Tuesday evening to witness the presentation of "The Widow's Victim," a comedy full of fun and strong points.

The gathering and the performance was intended to commemorate the sixteenth birthday of Miss Sophie Frontgous, who, on that day, was supposed to have crossed the boundary line of childhood and to launch, under full sail, upon the boundless sea of society. The presentation of "The Widow's Victim" was a most gratifying success, and won the heartiest applause and approbation of the guests. Its success was largely due to the instruction and vigorous coaching of Mr. G. M. Dusenbury, a comedian of rare merit and much local renown in New York. The following *dramatis personae* formed the cast:

Jane Chatterly.....Miss Florence Saltonstall
Mrs. Rattlston.....Miss Leontine Lung
Mrs. Twitter.....Miss Sophie Frontgous
Mr. Twitter.....Frank C. Roberts
Byron Podge.....Richard R. Letts
Col. Jere. Chip.....G. M. Dusenbury

Without selecting any one of the amateurs

for special compliment or praise, we feel confident that we express the sentiments of every one who witnessed the performance when we say that they all did nobly, and performed their parts with great spirit and efficiency.

Contrary to the usual custom of managers, the entire audience, at the end of the performance, were conducted to the dining room, where their vision was gladdened by a choice and elegant display of substantial, which were enjoyed to the fullest extent, amidst many earnest congratulations, good wishes and compliments for Miss Frontgous. After the performance and collation, dancing commenced, and was continued to the wee s'na' hours of the night.

To Miss Sophie, for whom the party was made, we may say that the earnest wishes of the assembled guests are that in the course of time, when she shall change her name to that of her liege lord-protector, may every bud of promise and expectation blossom and bear the fruit she most desires, trusting that she shall receive the same tender care and loving kindness which she has so invariably received from her noble and kind hearted mother.

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A. PAUL, Manager.

Our Fall and Winter Stock is now complete, and we offer it at Lower Prices than ever offered in our city. We manufacture all our goods, and pay no one any profit, and having lower expenses than any other house in New York, without any exception, offer goods accordingly. We quote a few prices for the season:

Suits, \$7,	Cheap at \$10.	PANTALOONS,
do 9,	do 12.	FROM \$2.00 to \$6.00.
do 10,	do 14.	
do 11,	do 15.	OVERCOATS,
do 12,	do 16.	FROM \$3.50 to \$25.00.
do 14,	do 18.	
do 15,	do 20.	

We have not one dollar's worth of old Fall and Winter stock on hand, having closed it all out to the trade. Don't be humbugged into paying large prices, but come and see us. Don't forget the number, 699 BROADWAY, Cor. 4th Street.

HOUSEKEEPERS' EMPORIUM,

136 WASHINGTON STREET.

Our Display of Fine

Treble Electro Silver-Plated Ware

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The assortment comprises the newest Patterns and Decorations. Call and see the

New Japanese Spoons and Forks!

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NEW OPAQUE CHINA.

Also, French China and Fine Glassware, Fine English and American Cutlery.

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HANGING A CANNIBAL.

The Horrible Crimes of a Cree Indian
—Exhibiting the Skull of his Mother
After Eating Her Flesh—A
Unique Execution.

[From the Chicago Times.]

The first execution in the Canadian Territories took place at Fort Saskatchewan, a mounted Police outpost seventy miles from here, on the 20th inst., the victim being Swift Runner, a Cree Indian, who was guilty of murder and cannibalism. Fort Saskatchewan stands on the south bank of the North Saskatchewan river, and is surrounded on every side by precipitous hills, which are infested by Indian cutthroats and by the refugees who find it to their interest to keep clear of the Sheriff and civilization. The Horse, Snake, Beaver, Moose and Vermillion hills have long harbored these gentry, and the efforts of the police to drive or starve them out have never succeeded. Swift Runner's crimes are of the most revolting and unnatural character. Some years ago he was a head man in the little band of Crees that roam through the North Saskatchewan district, and when the police came to this part of the country, in 1875, he was recommended to them by the Hudson Bay Officers as a trustworthy and intelligent guide. His contact with white men, however, ruined him. Although whisky is barred the territories, large quantities nevertheless find their way in, in bottles disguised as patent medicine. Swift Runner became inordinately fond of it, and when half drunk was the terror of the whole region. Six feet and three in height, and of extraordinary strength, he was an ugly customer to meet when on a spree, and the police gave him a wide berth on such occasions. At length his conduct grew so outrageously bad that they sent him back to his tribe, but his old habits clung to him and he turned the Cree camps into little hells. Last winter he stole several bundles of peltries from a half-breed hunter and traded them to a packer for whisky. He was drunk for three months at a stretch, and, although diligent search was made, neither his fellow savages nor the police could come across the spot where he had secreted his store of liquor. On the 24th of December, 1878, he entered Fort Saskatchewan and attempted to shoot a trader. He was arrested and confined until he had recovered from an attack of delirium tremens.

On his return to his band they refused to let him travel with them, and sent him under an escort to the Moose Hills. His family—consisting of his wife, mother and seven children—remained with the band, but on his promising to behave himself they went to the hills to live with him. At this time Great Bustard, the Cree chief, reported to the police that Swift Runner had turned cannibal; but, as there was no evidence to sustain the charge, nothing came of it. On the 18th of January a Cree hunter who had been at the hills brought word that Swift Runner had murdered his entire family and was subsisting on their carcasses. A squad of police was despatched to the scene, but Swift Runner was not to be found, nor could any trace be got of his family. Several times during the summer the police went in search of him, but, knowing every hole and corner in the mountainous region, he always managed to give them the slip. At last, on the 25th of October, three police overtook him in the valley of the Kith Creek, fifty miles north of Fort Saskatchewan, as he was fleeing to the Athabasca territory. They carried him to the fort and sent for Sheriff Richardson. On being charged with the crime he pleaded guilty, and offered to conduct the police to the remains. He had camped in a hole or cave at the base of the mountains, and the bones of his victims lay scattered about the floor.

They had been boiled. Hooking his finger in the eye of one of the skulls he picked it up, and said in the most nonchalant manner, "This is my mother!" and so on with the other skulls, nine in all. He said whisky had demoralized him and made him feel like a wolf. He killed them all one night while they were asleep, and buried the bodies in the snow, cutting them up and boiling them as he needed them. He was forthwith sentenced to death, and his request to be shot instead of hanged was refused. The Indians throughout the district were invited to give their views on the case, and they unanimously approved of the sentence. Swift Runner was asked if he would like to see a "black coat"—i. e., a priest from the Roman Catholic mission on the North Saskatchewan—but he said the white men had ruined him and therefore he didn't think their God could amount to much.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 20th he was ordered to prepare for death. The scaffold had been erected just outside the main gate of the fort. It was pitch dark and blowing a fearful snowstorm as the condemned man marched from the lock-up to the gallows. A number of Indians who had hung around the place all night had lit fires in front of the gallows, and Swift Runner, who was the coolest, calmest man in the crowd, stopped and warmed himself. The execution had been fixed for half-past seven A. M., but it was found that the Indians had used the trap door for kindling wood, and a delay of an hour occurred, during which Swift Runner, with the rope about his neck, sat at one of the fires and partook of a hearty breakfast. The hangman, a half-breed, was very nervous, and when everything else was ready it turned out that he had no straps for pinioning his man. Another long delay ensued. The Indians, who never before saw or heard of death by hanging, were anxious to know if it was a species of torture, and Swift Runner said if it would suit the police he would kill himself with a tomahawk and save the hangman further trouble. It was bitter cold—40 below zero. At nine A. M. the hangman returned with a coil of rope, but he trembled so that the Indians drove him off and bound the prisoner themselves. Then they stood him up against the scaffold-posts and danced the death dance, while Swift Runner laughed and appeared to look upon the whole business as a good joke. At half-past nine A. M. he demanded more food, and after eating a pound of pemmican mounted the gallows and submitted himself to the executioner, who had recovered his nerve. One of the police officers attempted to read a prayer, but his voice was drowned by the jeers and shouts of the Indians, and Sheriff Richardson gave the hangman the signal. The trap fell and Swift Runner went down with fearful force, there being a drop of five feet. He died without a struggle. The body was cut down in an hour and buried in the snow outside the fort. In the afternoon the Indians held a grand feast, rejoicing at being well rid of a most accomplished villain.

SAMUEL EVANS,

Importer of

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS,

also,

EXTRACT OF JAMAICA GINGER.

Raspberry Syrup, Essence of Peppermint,
Ginger Cordial, Gum Syrup, Heiland
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