THE YAGHUM.

A New Word Describing the Latest Product of the Vagrant Class.

A new word has been added to the police vocabulary. For years the Pittsburg authorities have wondered if there was not in vagrants' parlance a special word descriptive of the variety of tramps that prey upon their fellows. Some arrests that were made the other day supplied the desired clue. In one night three citizens were held up by three tramps. The detectives raided a cheap lodging house, and after a desperate fight arrested nine tramps. As the prisoners were brought into the police station a ragged vagrant who had secured lodgings for the night nudged his cellmate and whispered:

"They're yaghums."

As the bank burglar is the aristocrat of the thieving profession, so the yaghum is the prince of the tramp fraternity. As he silently swings himself into a box car and surveys the other vagrants who are stealing rides he smiles at the looks of terror that greet his entrance. For as the average tramp preys on the farmer's hen roost so the yaghum preys on the tramp. It is hardly necessary for him to draw his revolver as he enters the box car. By intuition his brothers recognize his superiority and proceed to hand over part of the proceeds of their raids. Slowness in paying up is remedied with the revolver. According to Detective McTighe's statements many a poor tramp who has resisted the yaghum has been plundered of his small possessions and his mutilated body has added one more item to the Coroner's "Unknowns killed by a train."

Yaghums generally travel in parties of three. It is said that by practice they have acquired such proficiency in throwing a man from a freight car that in nine cases out of ten they can toss him under the wheels.

"The burglar," said Detective McTighe, "uses deadly weapons only as the last resort to save himself from arrest. The yaghum kills on the slightest provocation. He knows that the chance of being hanged for the murder of a tramp is almost nothing, and the almost certain immunity from punishment has made him extremely careless in shedding human blood. A yaghum would not hesitate to kill his brother tramp to rifle his pockets of a dollar.

"But the yaghum is a terror even to the members of the higher order of the criminal classes. Burglars, sneak thieves, and highway robbers are frequently compelled, by the exigencies of their profession to jump a freight train to get unobserved out of some locality. They know the yaghum. They know of his disregard for human life. They know that, while they themselves will shoot or kill only to save themselves, the yaghum has no scruples, and they fear him."

How One Physician Vaccinates.

Dr. John B. Read, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., an old practitioner of fifty years' experience, and County Health Officer, made public his formula for vaccination, which he says he has never known to fail. The process is simple. Take a fine needle and thread with silk or cotton thread, and moisten about one-fourth of an inch of the thread with vaccine matter or virus; then draw the needle through the skin until that portion of the thread containing the virus is passed under the skin; then clip both ends of the thread, leaving the portion with the virus under the skin. Dr. Read says the idea originated with him in his early practice and has never been made public before.

An Emperor Economizes.

Emperor Francis Joseph is cutting down the expenses of his household and putting an end to perquisites enjoyed by court servants since the days of Maria Theresa. They had allowances of wood, wine and venison, with two wax candles in the summer and two in winter. Their liveries will no longer be their own, and they will not be allowed to sell the cold victuals left from the daily meals and the state banquets.

Poetry of the Africans.

"Africans," writes a missionary, "have some very striking expressions, showing that they are full of poetical ideas. The Moongues call thunder 'the sky's gun,' and the morning is with them 'the day's child.' The Zulus call the twilight 'the eye lashes of the sun.' An African who came to America was shown some ice, which he had not seen before, and he called it 'water fast asleep.'"

Berri-Berri in England.

Beriberi or berri-berri has always been considered a tropical disease to which particularly sailors in Southern waters were liable. It has just been announced, however, that it has broken out in the Richmond Asylum, Dublin, Ireland, on account of overcrowding.

An Emperor Who Pays His Way.

The peripatetic German Emperor is not deterred from his wanderings by the fact that he foots all his railroad bills, much the same as other mortals. Last year he paid 100,000 marks to the Prussian roads alone. He uses his own private cars, which are decorated mostly in white and gold.

Economy of Electricity in Mines.

An electric locomotive in a Scranton coal mine in 200 days did work for $2,528 below what the work cost for a corresponding period with mule power. An electric pump in the same mine saved $1,513 over steam pumps in 970 days.

CREEKS ARE STOICS.

STRANGE RITES WHICH ATTEND INDIAN EXECUTIONS.

It is Considered a Disgrace to Fail to Keep the Appointment With the Rifleman—Vicarious Sacrifice of a Brother—A Most Famous Case.

It is a common occurrence among the Creek Indians of Indian Territory, for a man to receive a death sentence, and at the pleasure of the court resume regular duties and continue at them until the date of execution. On that day the convicted man, unaccompanied by an officer, never failed to be at the execution ground in good season to receive the death bullet. There is a well-rooted belief that the buck who balks at the conditions imposed upon him by the constituted authority of the tribe is unfit to traverse the happy hunting grounds. So he walks alone to the place of execution. He chats with his friends, eats heartily, and if there is anything to drink, he drinks. There is a line of men, all sure shots, either with bows or with modern guns, and they point their weapons at him. But the shot does not not come from any one of these. There is, somewhere else, a sure-shot Indian who sends the fatal missile when the condemned man is not looking for it. Sometimes the gun is fired from a tent, so that the relatives of the dead Indian have no way of knowing the identity of the executioner.

Several years ago there was a young Indian who had been persistently suspected of horse stealing, but the tribal justice was long delayed in making a case against him. When the accused was finally caught and sentenced he asked that the court extend the time of his stay on earth. After the sentence had been passed the young Indian announced that he was about to be married, that he desired to carry out his plan, and that his idea in having the day of his execution deferred was to give opportunity for him to suitably provide for his squaw. In view of this statement the time was extended still further. The Indian married the young woman and went to work to make a living. He went to one of the Southwestern cities, set up a store for the sale of trinkets, and made a good income. His pretty wife went with him. It is not known whether she had a full understanding of her husband's intentions or not. It is a fact, however, that she did not show the least surprise when he announced to her that it was about time for him to go back to the tribe. The store was closed, good-bys were said to friends, and the young Indians went back to the territory. There was yet time for a little visiting and it was spent pleasantly. To the minute the young buck, stripped of all of his store clothes, went to the clump of trees near which the legal killings of his people took place. There was a large gathering, and the young squaw of the condemned man was prominent in it. The young brave was stripped to the waist. While he was smilingly looking at the crowd there were several rifle shots and Mr. Indian fell dead.

Not so very long ago a young brave, known in English as Running Water, was missing on the day of his execution. Several days later he was found with a broken leg and half starved in a ravine. In attempting to reach the execution ground he was riding at a rapid gait across the rough country. His pony stumbled, and a broken leg was the portion of the young Indian. When he was brought into the village there was a general suspicion among the enemies of his family that he was not clean strain, and that the breaking of a leg was an intentional effort to escape punishment, whereupon the brave insisted upon a speedy resentence and execution. This followed at once, and with his broken leg the buck was led forward and shot.

Probably no better proof of Creek Indian's devotion to the tradition of people has ever been given than is furnished by an instance in which some circumstance or other kept a sentenced buck away from the execution ground when the time came for the shooting. The young fellow was well liked in the tribe, and for that reason there was a great crowd present to witness the execution—a delicate compliment to the condemned man. The hour arrived and the Indian was not there. One minute past the time he rushed through the lines and took his place. There was a low grunt of approval from the assembled host. Rifles cracked and the young man fell dead. One minute later a young girl rushed forward, and throwing herself across the body of the dead man, exclaimed that it was not the accused who had been shot, but his younger brother, who resembled him in many ways. She was the betrothed of the dead man, and of course recognized him where the others, under the peculiar circumstances, did not. The younger brother, to preserve the honor of his people and knowing that the condemned man could not or would not keep his faith, had rushed to take the absent one's place. Later the other man was duly executed.

A Hint to Hired Girls.

The fact that not one of the many hired girls who have recently inherited fortunes have offered to pay for the dishes they have broken is not encouraging to persons who would like to think well of human nature.

Round Cotton Bales.

Capitalists have just bought the various patents on cylindrical cotton baling machines, and hope to induce planters to ship round bales instead of square ones, as now. They say it will mean a saving in every direction.

Few Jewelery Inventions.

It seems strange, considering the delicate processes employed in the manufacture of jewelry, that there should be only 1,106 patents in this line.

Paper the Chinese Like.

The annual consumption of paper used in Amoy, China, is said to be nearly $10,000,000. Most of it is of local manufacture. The Chinese don't like foreign-made paper.

France's Birth-Rate.

The birth-rate in France, which at the beginning of the century was 33 per thousand, has now decreased to 22.

THE RED NAPOLEON.

NEWS OF SITTING BULL'S DEATH MYSTERIOUSLY TELEGRAPHED.

On the Night He Was Slain the Indians Within a Radius of Hundreds of Miles Were Told of it by Beacon-fire Signals—The Ogalalla Code.

There are not many persons who know how the news of Sitting Bull's death reached the thousands of Ogalallas who were encamped at Pine Ridge. It was one cold night early in December, says a Western writer, when men who had not yet gone to bed saw a faint light gleam from the crest of a butte far to the north. A moment later another and a brighter flame sprang from the top of a bluff still nearer the Pine Ridge agency. Then, from peak to peak flashes of fire grew in intensity and rapidity, until the summits of 100 buttes were pulsating with light. The more distant fire looked like the blinking of a red star, but the flame on the hill nearest the agency was ominously distinct in its fierceness. The Sioux at Standing Rock were flashing the news of the red Napoleon's death to their brethren at Pine Ridge, a distance of over 200 miles.

The Indian police were the first to discover the flaming code. They crept silently to the banks of White Clay creek, and there watched the dots and dashes of the Indians' midnight telegraphy. Each flash was repeated from hill to hill. General Brooke and his staff were summoned. They came in fatigue uniform, and with a pair of night glasses watched the message as it came out of the north. The police were silent. Swords, their commander, lay at full length upon the ground, studying every flicker of the distant light and noted its duplicate approach the agency.

It was evident that something was wrong. The Ogalallas and Brules encamped about the soldiers were already active. Now and then a haranguer's voice would come over the nipping air, proclaiming, it is supposed, his interpretation of the signals. There was a bustle in the corrals. Ponies were hastily driven into the great Indian village, lights flashed from tepee to tepee, and standing in solemn groups on the crests of the snow-flecked hills were hundreds of Sioux, who eagerly watched the story of death from Standing Rock, over 200 miles away. On each high peak almost as the crow flies of all this distance was a band of Indians, with a fire of cottonwood and pine faggots, before which they held a blanket, raising and dropping it, according to their code of telegraphy. Thus, for over 200 miles, the tale of Sitting Bull's death came flashing through the midnight to the nervous and frightened warriors of the Pine Ridge and Rosebud agencies.

General Brooke, after studying the signals for nearly an hour, asked Swords the nature and cause of the signaling.

The Indian preferred to wait a little longer before giving his interpretation. Finally he said: "There is trouble at Standing Rock. That is all I can make out of the signals."

But it was evident that the policeman did not tell all he had read in the flaming message, for the unrest and activity of the Sioux about the agency showed that they had been told of something far more serious to their cause.

Three days later official news of Sitting Bull's death was received at headquarters. Then the mysterious message which came like a red chain out of the north was plain to everybody.

Guyed the Foreigner.

A titled foreigner who was in this country not long ago was one evening seated in a Boston restaurant when several Harvard students entered. The students recognized the foreigner, so they took seats at close range. "Waiter," called the foreigner, "Bring me a menu card." The waiter did so. The foreigner gave it one glance and handed it back. "Is that all? Take it away, take it away—pret-tee bad. Where's your wine list?" The waiter produced the wine list. "Is that all? Take it away—take it away," said the foreigner. "Pret-tee bad." By this time the students were roaring with laughter; whereupon the foreigner arose, and, striding over to the other table, demanded: "Do you know who I am? I'm—" and he rattled off his entire list of titles. "Is that all?" remarked one of the students as the foreigner paused for breath. "Take it away—take it away. Pret-tee bad."

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Lima.

The fair closed here on Friday night and was a grand success in every respect. The following are the successful contestants for prizes: Thomas McDonald, gold watch; James O'Connell, blacksmith's anvil; Mrs. John J. Eagan, writing desk. Miss Nellie Haggerty won the ladies' gold watch, she having received the largest number of votes recorded for the children's prize. The receipts of the fair, together with the winners of the door prizes, will be announced later. Much credit is due the Cathedral and St. Bridget's choirs of Rochester, who gave such delightful musical entertainments on Tuesday and Thursday evenings respectively. The fair was one of the best ever held here, both socially as well as financially.

Mrs. Michael Grace died here Saturday. She is survived by one brother, three sons and two daughters. The funeral was held Monday morning.

Willard.

On Tuesday evening, the scholars of Mrs. Miller, teacher of music, gave an entertainment at Hadley hall.

Miss Matie Tole of the Poughkeepsie State Hospital has returned to her duties after a pleasant visit with relatives and friends here and at Ovid and Romulus.

John Splaine, formerly attendant at the hospital but now of the naval department, New York city, called on friends here last week.

William Latimer of the hospital at Poughkeepsie spent the holidays here at the home of his parents.

George Fraley is seriously ill at present writing.

Sodus Point.

William Sentell visited friends in Rochester this week.

T. Doyle visited friends in Rochester last week.

Charles DeVille has just finished cutting 2,400 tons of ice for the railroad company, and next week the Crystal Ice company will cut 700 tons for companies in Newark.

Edward Rhatigan of Rochester visited friends in Maxwell last week.

Honeoye.

Dr. D. S. Lamb of Washington, D. C., was the guest of Edward Foy last week.

Misses Mary and Rose Smith of Lima were in town Sunday.

Miss Jennie E. Rose has returned from Buffalo.

Misses Jennie and Fannie Leahy have returned from visiting their brother in Buffalo.

Shortsville.

Mr. W. McIntyre of Canandaigua spent Sunday here, the guest of her brother.

Messrs. Frank Russell and Christopher Gilligan made a flying trip to Rochester, last Thursday.

Miss Kate Gilligan of Caledonia died in New York on Friday of last week. She is survived by two brothers of this place.

Caledonia.

On Wednesday morning, Jan. 19th, 1890, occurred the marriage of James Grattan of Wheatland and Miss Anna Sullivan of this village, Rev. G. J. Rider officiating. The attendants were Miss Lizzie Sullivan of Rochester and Mr. John Cooney. Owing to a recent death in the family of the groom there was no reception. After a brief wedding tour they will reside in Wheatland.

This community was shocked on Sunday morning by the announcement of the death of Miss Kate Gilligan formerly of this place, which occurred at the home of her sister in New York city on Friday of last week. The funeral was held on Monday at Brooklyn.

The newly elected officers of Council 24, C. R. & B. A., were installed on last Thursday evening. After the installation these ladies were admitted to membership, being the first time in the history of the council that ladies were admitted.

Several members of the Hook and Ladder company have in rehearsal the drama entitled "Strife," which they expect to present before Lent.

Married—At St. Columba's, Jan. 8, 1890, Mr. George Maitz and Miss Florence Barlingham, both of Avon.

Miss Margaret Kelley of LeRoy spent Sunday with Anastasia Connor.

The young men of the society of the Holy Name of Jesus will have their first solemn reception on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Ithaca.

Mrs. Francis O'Connor of Rochester visited at P. Wall's last week.

The Business Men's Association will hold a banquet at the Lyceum Jan. 29th.

The famous Ithaca band is holding a grand fair at Library hall all this week.

Mrs. May Hunt of Lansing died at her home Jan. 5th, aged 67 years. The funeral took place at the church of the Immaculate Conception Friday, Jan. 7, at 9 a. m.

This week we are called upon to record the death of two of our best known and most respected citizens—Patrick Higgins, who died Jan. 7th, after a few days' struggle with pneumonia, and William Hiaes, who died Jan. 9th.

Mr. Higgins came to Ithaca about 24 years ago from County Mayo, Ireland. He is survived by a widow, five daughters and a son. The funeral was held Monday morning at 9 o'clock, and was in charge of the Holy Name society.

Mr. Hiaes leaves two sons and four daughters to mourn their loss, besides a host of friends. He was buried Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock.

When Joseph Kramer went to work last Monday morning he left his wife apparently in good health and spirits, and on his return at noon was horrified to find her dead. A physician was summoned at once who said that death was due to heart disease. The funeral took place Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock.