A SICILIAN MYSTERY.

PRINCESS CARINI FOUR YEARS A PRISONER IN HER OWN HOME.

Shut Up in a Closet With Her Blind Daughter by Her Steward Lover and Starved—Curious Light on South Italian Life—Ingenious Fortune Hunting.

Palermo, the most wideawake and important city in Sicily, has just been startled by the discovery that it was possible for two well-known women of noble family to be kept close prisoners for four years in their own palace on one of the principal streets of the town without any one knowing it. A reputable lawyer recently informed the police authorities that the Princess Carini, a member of the highest aristocracy of Sicily, was kept prisoner with her blind 20-year-old daughter in her villa in the Via della Liberta by her steward, Giovanni Cannella. A large force of police and carbineers was sent to the villa to make sure that no one escaped; at the door the porter told them that the Princess was travelling abroad. They passed him and were stopped by Cannella's mother, who told them they could not enter the house in the Princess's absence. They arrested her, broke in the doors, and after a long search found the two women in a dark closet, nearly naked, half frozen and starving. Cannella, his family and all the servants were arrested, the remarkable story of the Princess was verified, and the police are now hunting for the accomplices in the crime.

Maria La Grua, Principessa Carini, has had plenty of excitement during the course of her life. In her youth she was a noted society beauty and at 18 married the Marchese Artale di Bollalto e Sant' Onofrio. After some years of married life her husband surprised her with a lover, secured a judicial separation with the custody of his children, but left to her the youngest child, a little girl born blind of whom he denied that he was the father. This was about twenty years ago. The Princess led a fast life after that, taking one lover after another, losing her money at Monte Carlo and estranging all her relatives by open scandal; even Palermo society had to give her up. When the cholera epidemic broke out in Sicily in 1885, however, the Princess Carini volunteered as a nurse and spent months in the hospitals of Palermo tending the sick.

In 1892 her mother died, leaving her an estate that yields an income of $10,000 a year. The Princess, by that time a middle-aged woman, fell in love with Cannella, then a clerk earning $2 a week, and a married man, though she did not know it. She made him her steward at a high salary and set up a strange sort of a household, such as are not uncommon, however, in southern Europe. The Princess, with her daughter, occupied rooms on the ground floor of one wing of the palace, the steward, with his family, rooms in the opposite wing, and they took their meals together. Cannella then prepared his plan to obtain possession of the whole of the Princess's fortune. Little by little he removed all of the old servants and put in their places creatures of his own. He maltreated the Princess and her daughter, forbade their appearing at the windows or on the balconies, and spread the story that they had gone abroad. When he found the statement accepted by whatever persons inquired for the Princess, his usage of the women grew harsher, he deprived them of clothes, of fuel, and of food, so that they were forced to beg for bread from the gardener and such servants as they saw from time to time. His intention was apparently to drive them mad or to kill them slowly.

The unfortunate women were completely in his power. The Princess, half out of her mind, signed every paper that he directed her to sign. Cannella meanwhile lived in fine style, kept a carriage, but showed himself to be a careful administrator of the property which he intended should be his. So matters went on for four years. At last Cannella drew up a will for the Princess to sign by which everything was bequeathed to him. That roused the Princess; through all her adventures she had shown a passionate fondness for her helpless daughter, and when the will was signed, if they were not both suppressed, her child would be left at Cannella's mercy. She refused to do his bidding, and, working on the gardener's feelings, induced him to take a letter to the lawyer, who called in the police.

As this affair occurred in Sicily, the Italian newspapers attributed it to the workings of the Mafia. This seems very unlikely. Cannella's accomplices arrested so far are members of his own family and dependents of his; those sought for are the persons to whom he intrusted his stealings. The scheme, Machiavellian in its simplicity, was carried out with the strict attention to business that marks the Italian lower classes, and could have been foiled at any time had the Princess Carini roused herself to action as she did at the end.

THE TYPOS' BANKER.

A GOOD-NATURED MAN ON WHOM THE PRINTERS IMPOSED.

Held Down Cases Until He Received a Legacy—The Use He Made of Property—Most Shylock That Any Composing Room Ever Had—"Touched" in Novel Ways.

"I've never told you about Wallace Egbert, the printer millionaire, have I?" asked the gentleman from the south after his pipe was going. "Wallace was a good printer, but he fell heir to $15,000. Had it willed to him all in a lump. He was holding a case on the Louisville Courier-Journal at the time, but of course, a printer with a bank account of $15,000 couldn't work, so he put on a 'sub' for two years while he spent it. He went into the 'shylock' business for the boys. Loaned them small sums at low rates of interest. Suppose you should come to town broke and get put on the 'sub' list. I would say:

"'Brown, have you any money?' and when you would say 'No,' I would tell you, 'then we must go to Wallace.' You would ask who Wallace was, and I would tell you he was our shylock, and we would go out and hunt him up. When we met him I would say:

"'Col. Wallace, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Col. Brown.'

"'How do you do, Col. Brown. I am delighted to make your acquaintance.' Wallace would say: 'Do you expect to tarry with us?' You would tell him you did and he would say:

"'Very glad to hear it, Col. Brown, very glad to hear it.' Then he would say: 'Col. Wallace, my friend here tells me that, as I am broke, perhaps I can negotiate a loan with you.'

"'Certainly, Col. Brown, certainly. How much shall it be?'

"You will reply $5, and he will pull the sum out of his pocket. Then if you give him half a dollar every Monday you can keep the principal as long as you like. He will never ask you for it.

"To show you how we would borrow money I will relate one little incident. Wallace went in away up society, and on a certain night was at the opera with a young lady from Cincinnati. And that very night another friend and I wanted some money! We wrote a letter to him asking for $5 apiece, and then began looking for someone to deliver it. In front of the theater we met one of the smoothest printers that ever lived. He was easy in his manner, grew a long, graceful beard and could talk as well as the best 'con' man in the world. We showed him the note, and said:

"'If you can get this to Wallace there is a dollar in it for you.'

"O, yes, he could do that. 'But,' we told him, 'there is Speaker at the door, and you know no man ever got past him without the money or a pass.' 'Never mind that,' he replied. 'I can work it.' Well, we watched him through the door. Up he went to Speaker and we could see him stroking his whiskers and putting up his 'con' talk. And, after a few minutes, he passed into the theater. The rest was told us by Wallace next day.

"He went down the aisle to the very front row, where Wallace and the young lady were seated, and as luck would have it, there was a vacant seat next to them. He slipped into it, carefully put his hat on the rack under the seat, bowed to Wallace and extended his hand. He was such a fine-looking man there was nothing for Wallace to do but introduce him to the lady. This introduction was gracefully acknowledged with a compliment, and he sat there easily talking about the play and actors. But while engaging the attention of the young lady he leaned across Wallace and, as he did so, and while stroking his moustache, he whispered:

"'Five for Jack and five for Bill.' Then he went on talking. Wallace secretly felt in his pocket got two $5 bills and slipped them into his hands. As soon as he got the money he started as if he suddenly remembered something and said:

"'Ah! I just remember something I had forgotten and must withdraw. I hope you will pardon me for this sudden departure and that you will continue to enjoy the play,' and with a bow he went out. Next day Wallace said he would kill us if we ever sent a man after him again.

"But when his money began to run short Wallace had to hide from us. He moved into a house once occupied by John D. Ward, and we couldn't find him for several weeks. And when we did we couldn't get near him. The girl was put up to lie and say he wasn't at home. But about this time he was having trouble to find a man to dig a field of potatoes for his aunt, and one of us took advantage of it. Nine of us were in the crowd and eight of us hid behind a tool house while the ninth went to the door. He had his coat over his arm and a spade in one hand and a hoe in the other. When the girl came to the door he didn't ask if Wallace was at home, but said:

"'I want to see Col. Wallace about diggin' them potatoes.'

"The girl was all smiles; for she knew how much Wallace wanted 'them' potatoes dug, and she invited him in and called Wallace. He came downstairs, and, as he saw who it was, began to swear.

"'So you have dug me up at last, have you, and brought a spade and hoe to do it with?'

"We all made a dash for the house, and it cost him just $45 to get rid of us.

"Pay him back? Of course we did."

A Cheap Parliament.

The German Reichstag is said to be the cheapest of all the parliaments of Europe. Its total expenses for last year have been only $170,000.

A BUSY FOUR MINUTES.

What a Man Can Dream in a Cat Nap Lasting from 5:42 to 5:46.

Burton had set his alarm clock for 5:30, as he had some writing to do, and knew that he couldn't steal time for that purpose at the office during the day. When the alarm clanged he awoke, sat up in bed, thought lazily for a moment, and utterly forgot his writing. It was 5:42—for he looked at the unwinking face of the dial—when he settled back for an involuntary doze—one of them quick little naps that overpower a man in the short hours of the morning.

A few moments later he was standing in a small inclosure surrounded by log walls. A brown horse stamped beside him, and a woman—bearing a marvellous resemblance in face and voice to his wife—was trying to tell him something. He shook his head, disengaged his arm from her restraining hand, and tightened the saddle girth upon the brown horse. On the horse's back he sprung, the walls opened, and he sped out, while behind him came streaming a tumultous rout of horse and foot soldiery in blue uniforms, whom he had really failed to notice before, but who evidently belonged to the walled inclosure.

The air was cool, bracing, delicious—the skies bright blue. To right and left rolling hills of considerable height were crowned with underbrush and straggling trees, while deeper woods extended to the background. He noticed that the leaves were resplendent in red and yellow, and he realized that October was in all its glory.

Somehow the ride must have been short. There was a whirl of dust and a coach whizzed by—not a stage coach of the West, but one of those affairs with broad tires and cushioned seats so much in vogue for tally-ho parties. He found himself, horse and all, by the side of the log wall again, and the coach passed inside. The next instant he noticed a puff of white smoke up on the hillside, about 1,000 feet away. Then came other white puffs, and the leaves flew in spots on either side of him. He called his men—called in a voice which seemed to give no sound—and there was no noise accompanying the white puffings up there among the underbrush. His men began to skulk behind trees and walls, and opened fire upon the places whence the white clouds kept rolling.

A man in black ran out upon the hillside, emerging from a clump of brush. There was a general firing and the man staggered. As he fell Burton noticed that he had changed his costume in the moment of the fall and was now arrayed in a blue-gray uniform. He picked himself up and reeled back among the trees. There was more firing and Burton awoke.

Fully believing himself hours behind his office time, he looked at his clock. It registered 5:46. All the events of the dream had passed before his drowsy mind in four minutes of actuality.

Cycling in European Turkey.

According to a correspondent in Salonica, the cyclist who is fond of a bit of fast work on the road can there find himself accommodated without difficulty. All he has to do is to sprint for all he's worth, the police regulations in nowise being framed to interfere with his pleasure.

Perhaps this form of excitement is excusable in Turkey, which possesses no tracks whereupon the budding Zimmerman, or Bourillon in embryo, may take a fast turn against the watch. Although the population of Constantinople is said to exceed one million, there are but three hundred cyclists there, so, apparently, cycling is in its infancy on the Golden Horn.

In this respect the neighboring principality of Roumania is better off, for there is a capital track now at Bucharest. Among the Turkish peasantry, cycles are still called "Devil's mounts."

Milk and Marble.

A Boston lady says, giving advice to her too retiring sisters: "A shrinking, self-effacement can in time be overcome by throwing out the chest and carrying the head high in a regal attitude of self-confidence." Yet it is buncombe. It is fraud. A regal attitude of self-confidence is utterly impossible to a shrinking self-effacement. The trouble is that somebody always comes up to it and remarks "Boo!" in a rude manner, and immediately the regal attitude closes itself against the world like a sensitive plant. No, dear lady; you can't make marble out of cream—and on the whole the cream is best.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Geneva.

A Catholic circulating library has been established by Father McDonald. The library, which contains over 200 volumes of the best standard works, is in the vestry of the church. The school children draw books on Thursdays and Fridays, and the rest of the congregation obtain books on Wednesday evenings. The library fills a long felt want, and undoubtedly will be of great benefit to the Catholics of Geneva.

The death of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John McGraw of Clinton street occurred on Friday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. John Tracey of North street visited friends in Romulus last week.

Our congregation has heard some strong arguments on the question of Catholic reading during the past two weeks. The priests, more so than any one else, are the ones to bring Catholic reading among Catholic people into favor. Let them keep the subject before their flocks continually, and try to bring the Catholics to a sense of duty which they owe Catholic publications. Why is the ratio between the Catholic publications and those that are not Catholic so great? Simply because the Catholic people do not subscribe for the Catholic publications. Let the Catholic people subscribe for those publications, and read them also, and our Catholic writers will be successful, for it is on the people that their success depends.

Miss Ellen Gallagher, who has been spending a short vacation with her mother on Center street, returned to Buffalo on Saturday.

Corning.

The great Alliance minstrels! Everyone is saying what a grand success it was, and after witnessing the performance on Tuesday evening I gladly join in their praises. When the curtain arose on the first part the minstrels were seen clad in Highland costume, and on elevated seats in the background were the members of the orchestra. The songs were very pretty and catchy, and a great many of the jokes were new, which is rather rare in a minstrel company.

Leo Eggiston was the first ballad singer, and if one is to judge by the encore he received his singing was very pleasing to the audience. The soloists were Messrs. Sturdevant, Eggiston, Young, Seeley, Raleigh, Farrin and Ingersoll, and their singing was excellent. After the olio there was dancing of all kinds—buck and wing and sloe—all showing hard practice. James Tilley Sullivan certainly "did himself proud" in a monologue alone "a la J. T. Sullivan." Then followed the Alliance drill corps, elegantly costumed in Continental uniforms, and the affair was finished up in grand style by Billy McGilligan's band, unique and indescribable, but funny.

Misses Florence and Frances Gould, Mame McAvoy and Catherine Cogan attended the Father Matthew Bazaar carnival in Elmira.

Mrs. J. B. McCarthy entertained the Afternoon Pedro club at her home. The prize winners were Mrs. John Marlatt and Mrs. Frank Gregories.

The A. O. H. held an informal hop at Williams' hall on Friday evening, which was attended by a large and merry crowd.

Rev. J. M. Austin returned on Friday from a five weeks' cruise along the Atlantic coast, having gone as far south as the island of Trinidad, which is off the coast of Venezuela. He reports a delightful trip, and his health is much benefited.

John McGivern, who has been ill for about a week, is able to walk out.

At the Father Matthew Bazaar carnival at Elmira Miss Nellie Curtin of Corning was awarded a scholarship offered by Warner's Business college.

Rev. J. M. Austin will begin on Wednesday evening a course of lectures on the Ten Commandments, to be given each Wednesday evening during Lent.

Walter M. Eggiston is confined to his home by illness.

Police Captain Thomas Ryan was presented with a little daughter on Feb. 17.

Miss Jennie Nihill of this place died at the Willard State hospital, where she has been for several months. Deceased was about 40 years of age. She was for years a well known fancy goods worker in this city, and there will be much sympathy for her aged mother, sisters and brothers. The body was brought here for interment.

O. F. Eggiston, who has been ill for the past two weeks, is slightly improved.

Savannah.

Mrs. John Lawler, who has been sick for the past three weeks, is able to be out again.

L. J. Wilcox, who for several years has acted as day operator at this station, has accepted a position in Port Byron, and Mr. Kearney of Ilion has taken his place.

Anna Conroy is visiting her sister, Mrs. Quinn of Lyons.

George O'Brien, who has been sick for some time, is improving.

W. R. Wiles has accepted a position in Syracuse as bookkeeper in Roadmaster Winfield's office.

Mrs. James Conroy has been very ill, but is on the gain.

Mr. and Mrs. William West have gone to Verona on a visit. Their daughter Lillian is now in Cortland, attending the Normal school.

The pupils of the Savannah High school gave the beautiful cantata, "Queen Esther," under the direction of Prof. Goodwin. It was largely attended and proved to be a great success.

M. McGinniss leaves Monday for Syracuse to take charge of a gang of men to load steel rails. James Conroy takes Mr. McGinniss's section, and William Narin takes James Conroy's section.

James O'Heron of Clyde visited in town this week.

Miss Mayme Fitzsimmons is suffering from a cold.

Mr. and Mrs. McGinniss were agreeably surprised by a number of their friends on Friday night of last week, it being their twentieth anniversary. The presents were costly.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Edward O'Connor, a girl.

[Diocesan News continued on 8th page.]