

LUTHER LAFLIN MILLS.

ORATION OF ONE OF CHICAGO'S BRIGHTEST LEGAL LIGHTS.

...of the Queen of Public Speech...

Chicago, Sept. 5.—When Luther Laflin Mills goes to a rural court house...

I named John Ritchie, the great short-story reporter, if Luther Laflin Mills...

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Through the sermon my hero lingered upon the verge of dreamland. Already lulled in his service, I could have...

Only four years later my young man was elected state's attorney for Cook county. That is, it fell to a lad to prosecute...

It remained for Judge McAllister, in granting a new trial for one Burns, to grant Herod all the pangrists. "This prisoner," said the most eminent of our jurists (dead now), "was undoubtedly convicted by means of that peculiar indefinable power which the state's attorney possesses over juries."

It is needless to say that all subsequent juries were refreshed by citations of Judge McAllister, as a proof that the thief in hand ought to go free. The murder of Officer Rice; the trial of Lamb and Friedberg; the trial of Angell, Peter Stevens and his murdered child wife; the trial of the Chicago anarchists; the trial of the young state's attorney; the trial of the young state's attorney; the trial of the young state's attorney...

Of late years the most notable assassin...

THE BIG LONDON STRIKE.

SOME OF THE REASONS FOR ITS EXISTENCE BRIEFLY STATED.

The Commerce of the World's Metropolis Is Not so Fast as It Was Before the Opening of the Suez Canal, Which Revolutionized the East India Trade.

No labor trouble of recent years has attracted greater attention from thinking men and women than the vast uprising of low paid workers on and about the East London docks. But the cause which has led up to the action of the men in going out and the stubborn refusal of the employers to grant the sixpence advance asked for are not well understood in the United States.

"The grave yard," says that sweet voice, "is the world's great pulpit. No custom hinders, no prejudice prevents; men, women and children gather around it. Grief sings a song of the heart, memory recites the virtues of the dead to eager ears. Faith preaches the immortal life to the weeping 'Amen.' I came to quote as I think of the decision of Judge McAllister, for what man was ever swayed out of his reason by the handing to him of a written poem? How could I quote the 'Marguerite' of Nilsson, the 'Prodigal Son' of Dubufe, the opening chords of the overture of 'Larline'?"

JOHN MCGOVERN. HENRY HITCHCOCK. Sketch of the New President of the American Bar Association.

Henry Hitchcock, who has recently been elected president of the American Bar Association, comes of a family of high standing in the profession of the law. His grandfather, Samuel Hitchcock of Vermont, was United States circuit judge in 1801. His father, John Hitchcock, was chief justice of Alabama. The present Henry Hitchcock was born in 1827; was graduated from the University of Nashville, Tenn., in 1846, and from Yale in 1848. He studied law and went to St. Louis.

When the St. Louis law school, in which he became a professor, was first thought of in 1860, he had become one of the leading practitioners of that city. Mr. Hitchcock was identified with the United States military service during the civil war as judge advocate on Gen. Sherman's staff. He was one of the founders and has been an active member of the American Bar Association; and from the date of its organization he has been a member of the jurisprudence committee. He has been president of the Missouri State Bar Association and the St. Louis Bar Association. In 1882 he was associated with Edward J. Phelps, Clarkson N. Potter, William M. Evarts and others on the special committee for the relief of the United States supreme court, and prepared a majority report, which was adopted by the association after debate. It has since been the basis of all their action for the relief of the United States supreme court. Mr. Hitchcock was also the organizer of the Civil Service Reform Association of Missouri. As a professor, dean and provost of the St. Louis Law school he has done good work.

New York Fireman's Monument. New York, Sept. 5.—The statue which the veteran firemen of New York intend to erect soon in Central park represents a figure of a typical fireman in the attitude of listening to the alarm in order to catch the extent of the fire.

THE MONUMENT. The figure is of bronze, nine feet high, and is of granite, twelve feet high. Bronze emblematic inscriptions are also on it, and at each of the four corners there are emblematic flameaux. The best sculptors of New York city entered into competition for this work, and the award was made to Henry Rimer.

Simeral (to waiter)—Bring me two eggs, toast and butter, and a cup of tea. Waiter—Yes, sir. How will you have your eggs, sir? Simeral—Fresh—Epoch.

"Did you shoot anything down in Maine?" asked the inquiring neighbor of the returned sportsman. "Oh, yes," said the truthful sportsman, truthfully, "I shot all the rapids."

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ALL WELL ALONG IN YEARS

JOHNNY MULLEN, THOMAS ROONEY AND MRS. ELIZABETH LARNED.

The First Named Lives in Maine and Claims 130 Years, the Second in Michigan and Claims 107, and the Third Will Shortly Reach the Century Line.

Who was it said there are no very old people in the New World? Whoever he may have been he must have been a week pass newsdays that the newspapers do not unearth some individual who has passed the line marking the first century. This article deals with one Thomas Rooney, who has passed the line by several years, Mrs. Larned, who is about to step across it—if grim death does not step in and prevent, and "Johnny" Mullen, of Oxford, Me., whose age is claimed to be 130 old years.

The oldest man in Oxford, Me., is Johnny Mullen, who was born in the north of Ireland, and claims to be 130 years of age or thereabouts. He is of about the medium height, very thin and sinewy, and with no surplus flesh on his body. His eyesight is keen, but he complains of defective sight on very near things, though he has never used spectacles. He is beginning to get deaf, and his only complaint is of a "tired feeling" when he is short time. His parents, Charles and Bridget Mullen, were linen weavers and quite well off. They had two boys and two girls.

One of the first things that Johnny can remember is crawling across the floor to his mother and crying with fright, while the dreaded press gang searched the house for his father. As soon as he was strong enough to stand alone and tall enough to reach the wear- ing harness, he commenced to work at the loom until a little over 21 years of age. Then the Mullens, hearing such glowing accounts of a new and wonderful country, of its great fertility and freedom of its land to all, sold out and crossed the ocean to St. John, N. B. All the family, except Johnny, went to Boston in a sloop.

Mullen got a job in a sawmill in St. John, where he thinks he stopped about thirty years. He was a nice job he first got acquainted with there grew to manhood, married and had several children before he left. In the summers he worked in the sawmill, and in the winters along the coast in the winters when the mill was not running. After awhile he tired of St. John, and with two friends hired out on a coaster and came to Cape Elizabeth, Me., where he lived some years. He next went to Portland and then to Westport, where he fortunately secured a job hugging new wet by his own brickyard. This was such a nice job he stuck to it for seven years. When he had saved a little money he bought a farm at Raymond and settled down. Soon after he married Miss Lizzie Bryant and had five children. His wife finally deserted him and went to the bad. His three boys died young, and his two daughters work in the factory at Oxford.

Johnny could not make a living off his farm, as it was small, poor and rocky, so he commenced digging ditches for other men. He was an expert at this, and soon his fame as a ditch digger spread abroad in the land. For twenty-five years he followed this work in Raymond, Bridport, Casco, etc., and all the country round. Finally he sold out and went to Oxford, where his first job was the excavating new wet by his own brickyard. When the factory opened Mr. Robinson, the manager, gave Johnny the position of night watchman. He smoked strong tobacco "like a steam engine" all night to keep awake. At this time Mr. Mullen was probably 100 years old. His irregular habits, sleepless nights, the malaria of swamps and the poison of tobacco do not seem to have injured him. He has been for five years ago he began to fail a little; not from sickness, but from a gradual weakening of all his physical powers. He left off regular work two years ago, only doing light work.

In his young days Johnny went to New York city, and relates many interesting stories of that city in "ye olden times." He was one of the first gang that commenced covering the city with the only one who stood the climate with- out sickness. He attributes this to his care in wearing warm woollens when not working, keeping out of the night air and not touching intoxicating liquors. After wandering around he returned to Maine, and now does most of the work on his farm of fifty-three acres in Maine, and his habits are very regular. Wormwood, which he steep in a strong tea and drinks when "out of sorts," is his only medicine. He has studied the habits of all nature's living things, and is quite a natural philosopher in his way.

Thomas Rooney lives in Fremont, Newwaygo county, Mich. He was born in Ireland in 1782, "in early life he was a successful one. Later he came to the new world and located at Toronto. Still later he removed to Mount Forest, where he grew rich and prospered as a farmer. In 1873, however, he decided to leave Canada, and then took up his abode in Holton, Mich., whence he removed to his present home. He is a member of the Episcopal church in good and regular standing and has been the father of fourteen children, four of whom are now living. His declining years are also gladdened by thirty-six grandchildren and fifty-three great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Larned, of Central Falls, R. I., is an interesting old lady, who is just on the verge of a century of life. She was born in Dudley, Mass., Jan. 10, 1790. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Eaton. Her parents were John Elliott Eaton and Elizabeth Davis Eaton. Her father was a surgeon in the revolutionary army, being a resident of Spencer, Mass., at that time. After the war he moved to Dudley and settled. In 1810 Miss Eaton married Morris Larned, of Dudley, where she remained all her life, until seven years ago, when she moved to Central Falls. Mr. Larned died ten years ago. Their children number thirteen, of whom only five are now living. Mrs. Larned has twenty-five grandchildren living, and her great-grandchildren are too numerous to be correctly estimated even by members of the family.

Mrs. Larned sleeps a great deal of the time, and at times does not care to leave her room. Within the last few years she was very fond of receiving calls, but she has grown indifferent of late. She is considered to be in good health, and can read with spectacles a little, but rarely attempts to, as she appears to have no wish to read. Her sight and hearing have recently failed her, and she speaks very seldom of old times since. She has been a great knitter in her time, but her failing sight has deprived her of that pastime. Her home is with her married daughter, Mrs. Cordeila Davison. She is a direct descendant of John Elliott, the great Indian apostle. Her grandfather, Joshua Eaton, a clergyman of Spencer, married Sarah Elliott, a granddaughter of John Elliott. Mrs. Larned's father was the first physician in Dudley, Mass. The Indians worshiped and regarded him as a "great medicine man," and he was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

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SIoux CITY'S PRIDE. The Corn Palace of 1889 Will Be the Finest Ever Erected. Sioux City will soon complete her third corn palace, which will be the central object of interest in her third annual harvest festival. The corn palaces of her two preceding festivals attracted so much attention that the coming one will be on a larger and better plan. Of course this structure will not be built of corn alone, seeing that that would be a rather unstable material; but it will be "finished" in corn and decorated with the same, and its large exhibition halls will show that grain arranged in all forms of beauty.

The palace will be 240 feet long and 120 feet wide, and will have a central tower 300 feet high. Most of the interior will be comprised in an auditorium 232 feet long, with a music stand and the most approved arrangements for acoustic effects. The music this year will be by the famous Seventy-fifth Regiment band of New York. It is scarcely possible to describe the peculiar finish of the corn palace, and quite impossible to give any just idea of it in an engraving, such are the delicate blendings of green and gold and delicate tints of red, brown and orange, which may be produced by an artistic arrangement of native grains, grasses and fruits. All the decorations in wood and drapery will be made to harmonize with the general design, which is to give a complete picture of American grain.

Inside there will be balconies and alcoves for various exhibits, and it is expected that most native American products will be shown, as there will be an open floor space of 8,000 square feet, besides balconies and alcoves and other sections for display. At the highest point will float, of course, the American flag; a little lower down will appear bunting harmoniously shading the main wall, and all below the bunting will be covered with corn and other grains in all obtainable forms, relieved at intervals by designs in grasses, ferns and other growths which long retain their consistency and color. The novelty of the design and the success of the former exhibits justify the prediction that the corn palace of September and October, 1889, will richly repay a visit.

THE ORIGINAL BANNER. Its Proprietor Will Not Lead It to the City of Baltimore. The particular star spangled banner which inspired Francis Barton Key to write his soul stirring but somewhat throat stretching song has become the subject of a rather curious controversy. Several questions are involved. Does a flag become the property of a commanding officer simply because he takes it away with him? If not, does the title vest in his family by long and unspurred possession? Or does the status of limitations (which cannot "run" as against a government) take effect as to a flag?

Here is the history: The ladies of Baltimore made the flag and presented it to the garrison of Fort M'Henry, where it "waved in triumph" Sept. 10, 1814; Col. George Armistead, commander during the bombardment, took it away with him, and it is now in the possession of his grandson, Mr. Eben Appleton, of New York city. Baltimore wants it to exhibit at her approaching celebration of the battle of North Point, and Mr. Appleton says it shall not be exhibited until the World's fair in 1892.

The flag was originally of regulation garrison size, but is now merely a square, the rest having been cut away by relic hunters in the early days, when it was not so jealously guarded. It has fifteen stripes, in one of which Col. Armistead wrote his name and the date of the battle—the same being clearly legible now. His widow bequeathed the flag to her daughter, Mrs. William Stuart Appleton, who was born in Fort M'Henry some years after the war, and from her it came to her son. It has been exhibited on several occasions, notably at the Lafayette reception in 1824, and at the Philadelphia centennial; but Mr. Appleton declares it shall be seen no more till 1892, and then all the world can get a view of it.

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