A Queer Blackmaller.

Somebody in New York has been playing an annoying and cowardly game on Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Protestant Episcopal church, on Broadway. At various times during the past two months proprietors of manufacturing establishments in St. Louis, Chlcago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Louisville, Milwaukee and St. Paul have received postal cards purporting to be from Dr. Dix, asking the fullest information concerning their wares, which included everything from threshing machines and fireproofs to shotguus and shoes. Proprietors of numerous female seminaries were similarly requested to send catalogues to Dr. Dix; publishers were requested to send him full particulars of all'kluds of Bibles, and pawnbrokers and Chatham street clothes dealers were largely invited to bring second-hand clothing to his residence. Advertisements telling people out of omployment to call at Mr. Dix's house were inserted in the newspapers. Episcopal clergymen were invited by postal card to meet the Lord Bishop of Excter or York at dinner at Dr. Dix's residence. Prominent mercantile firms like A. T. Stewart & Co., and Arnold, Constable & Co. were notified, apparently by Dr. Dix, that " their impertinent letter to him had been placed in the hands of his counsel to proceed against them," and all the cobblers on Sixth avenue were summoned by mail to his house to mend children's shoes. Dr. Dix's door-bell was nearly rung off by the numerous and heterogenous callers, and in February he received an anonymous letter, saying he would no longer be annoyed if he paid the writer \$1000. He was directed to insert a personal in the New York Herald, reading " Gentleman Jo-All right." On the 24th there were three personals in the Herald for "Gentleman Jo," who had been answering advertisements for lost and stolen articles also. Those who answered " Gentleman Jo's offers, which were increased, never received any response. All the letters which could be collected from the various parties who had been addressed in Dr. Dix's name were in the same hand, At last accounts the man who did it all had not been caught, but Dr. Dix is having a test, thanks to the newspaper account of his experience. If the blackmailer is caught there is forgery enough to put him away for the rest of a Methuselah's life.

A few days before the schools were closed by order of the School Board, at Lansing, Mich., one of the teachers at noontime espied a small boy with a red flannel scarf around his neck. Visions of diphtheria immediately floated through her brain, and she ordered the young John Henry to pack up his books and return no more " until your throat is perfectly well." He obeyed the summons, and on his way home met three of his companions, who noticed his books and saluted him with :---"What's up?" John proceeded to explain that the piece of red flannel had gained him a furlough. The three youths held a short council of war, chipped in what little spare change they could muster, went into a dry-goods store, bought half a yard of red flannel, tore it in strips and placed it around their necks. In just twenty minutes from that time three more boys were ordered out of the school-room, on the ground that they were threatened with diphtheria.



IT There has arrived at the eastern penitentiary a young man named Chester B. Fulmer, son of Henry Fulmer, one of the wealthiest citizens of Easton, Pa. During last summer the rooms of several of the guests at the Burnett house, in Stroudsburg, Pa., were robbed of valuable articles and money, and suspicion resting on Fulmer, his room was searched, and some of the stolen property was found secreted there in a cigar box. He was arrested and tried at the December term of the Monroe county court, and, being found guilty, was sentenced to an imprisonment of two years and six months.

GF Clarion county is somewhat excited over what is believed to be a case of murder. The body of John Blair was found about a year ago on the river bank, with bruises on the head, which caused a verdict by the Coroner's jury of accidental death by drowning. Since then a man named Pixley, with whom he had been hunting, has returned after a long disappearance, and with a strange woman, who replaced his wife and children. He beat her the other day, and she threatened "to give him away" for the murder of Blair, and she said she could prove it. The District Attorney is making an investigation.

A New Haven cat of culture, having been locked in a cellar and unable to get out, clawed at the wire of the door bell which ran through the cellar, and made the bell ring incessantly. The owner of the house, a timid man, after repeatedly going to the front door and finding no one there, called upon a passing policeman and the two well armed went into the cellar. The cat then quietly went out.

13 Robert Brouse, judge of the county court of Pleasant county, West Virginis, died while opening court on Saturday morning, the 13th inst. He was eighty years old and it was supposed he died of heart disease.

moralizing tone which repels the youthful

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IARPER'S WEEKLY.	1.44	86	4	00
IARPER'S BAZAR,	- 11	66	4	00
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