ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

THE QUIET HOUR.

THE "TANGLER'S" PARADISE OF CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC.

[Contributions to this department should be addressed "Quiet Hour," RECORD-UNION. Write upon but one side of the sheet. Accompany all contributions with the answers, the true name, and postoffice address. Contributors will receive advice and assistance, and are privileged to engage in courteous criticism of the productions published.]

Answers to Tangles of August 7th.

777. (1) Connate. (2) A capital blunder. (3) Lessons.

778. Oh, keep me innocent; make others great. (Charlotte Matilda of Denmark).

779. Deer, reed.

780. Doctor.

781. Garden.

782. Chair.

783. Den, Eve, Ned.

784.
A
A R T
A M E N D
A C C O R D S
A L B A T R O S S

785. The great sea is before me.

786. (Reserved.)

787. Aurora Borealis.

New Tangles.

794. Books, by Hattie Heath. (From these definitions ascertain the names of popular books):

A puzzle; summer retreats; a link of flowers; alight and day; valuable; not anchored; the prodigal's fare; not lasting; proverbs; something to laugh at.

795. Triple acrostic, by Hattie Heath:

Biting; a man's name; a witticism; a goddess. (Principals and finals give an ore; centrals a town in Spain.)

796. Diamond, by Rose:

In Evelyn; a bloodhound; a country of Asia Minor; to unite; in Amy.

797. Charade, by F. M. S.:

An ancient race of highest fame
That branches down to present time;
That's kept distinct in blood and name—
If wrongly spelled will be the prime.

You gave a call to a dry-goods store;
Be sure you know for what you went;
Think of something tolerably near—
The place and act of next gives scent.

When very cold and blowing hard
You dodge behind some work or cover
You've got the side that vessels guard
A patent word of third the solver.

If in this word you find it not
Then make a vane-like apparatus
Twill show you our unsheltered spot
The losing half of Appomatox.

Whole is a year of liberation
For a people of ancient date;
What a clarion for our nation
In Appomatox's fallen state.

798. Puzzle, by Utah:

MAL O Ice

799. Geographical acrostic, by Gospel Swamp:

Behead and curtail the following, and the initials of the parts of the words then remaining will spell the name of a city in the United States, and the finals the state in which it is situated:

A cit, in California; a town in Nevada; a city in Illinois; a bay on the coast of California; a city in California; a country in Africa; a river in California.

[As this is a new style of puzzle, some explanation is due Tanglers. What Gospel Swamp means by beheading and curtailing and using the initials of "the parts of words" is, that the initials and finals of the words *after* being curtailed and beheaded are to be used to make up the acrostical answer.]

Answers to Correspondents and Correct Solutions.

Sibyl—777 (no), 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 787. "Is this last Caspers? 'Old New England Home' seems a little like Rose or Hattie Heath. The first verse and last two verses sound like Rose."

"Gospel Swamp," Santa Paula—Shall be pleased to receive your contributions, and await your puzzles "of different character" with interest.

M. M. B.—Is the lady signing M. M. B., from Antelope, the same who contributed to the Quiet Hour? If so the package will be forwarded to the address desired. The M. M. B. who contributed used to reside in Sacramento.

Rose—763, 766, 767.

"If Sol Taire receives a fair amount of amusements, of sorrows and ills,
To him it is of no account to know 'who posts the bills (did he say tickets?);
Those whom Life admits to the show which oft'times proves so poor,
Must 'pass in their checks,' when they go, to grim Death at the door."

769, 771, 773 (nearly,) 774. "I am undecided whether to offer condolence or congratulation to 'My Wife and I,' not knowing the size of the family referred to. I hope Hattie Heath will continue to let her 'pen elope,' but not from the Quiet Hour."

H. H., of Santa Paula—779, 782, 784 (in part), 787.

Hattie Heath—777 (in part), 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783 (nearly), 784, 785 (good. The only one who correctly solved it.) 787, and H. H. says:

In Aurora Borealis
Rose peeps out of every line.
(The second verse will please a Miss),
Would her ready wit were mine.

789, 791, 793. "Cannot solve 776, and am vexed at my own stupidity as I was over Philomel. Provoking, when I studied over Nightingale so often, and knew so well that Philomel was one name for that sweet singer. We seem to be going back to Father Adam often in the Quiet Hour. Strange, when he is considered such a myth. We are told to know that God 'forced' him into a deep sleep, and robbed him of a rib; but as he gave him another and better one, I don't see why he should 'sigh,' unless the apple 'forced' him to eat did not set well on his stomach. Please allow me to correct the statement made by Trinity, and corroborated by yourself, in regard to Rose's charade—187. I do not think Rose 'gave herself away' at all in that charade. Hardly think she would be so egotistical as to refer to herself as the "writer" whose home was in Concord, but think she meant Ralph Waldo Emerson. Do not think she is a Granite State Yankee, either; but a Green Mountain one (not a bit green, though). I like the new idea of leaving the names of the tanglers for us to guess. It is amusing to see how wide from the mark some aim. Do hope Trinity will send along that metrical charade again if it was lost (it certainly has not appeared), for I am very anxious to know if I can untangle. His puzzles are nearly all too deep for my brain, and no doubt this is as knotty as the rest."

Gospel Swamp (second letter)—779, 780, 781, 782, 784.

Trinity—788, 790 (in part), 791, 793.

Amethyst—773, 774, 777, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 787 (and she names Rose as the author).

Utah—779, 780, 781, 782, 784, 787 (and he names Trinity as the author).

A SUMMER LETTER.

Sibyl writes, from Forest Lodge, El Dorado county, under date of August 13th. Certainly all the tanglers will be glad to read her pleasant lines once more:

Dear Quiet Hour: Once more I am at dear old Forest Lodge enjoying a delightful summer near to the "heart of Nature." Many pleasant things have happened since my last writing, among them some happy unrecorded moments with the Quiet Hour, which will show that I have not been unmindful of that cozy comer, nor unappreciative of words to Sibyl. I thank my friends for their kindly remembrance—Sibyl has not told her fortune as Hattie Heath surmised. I've noted all the changes in our circle, and rejoiced at the return of each one long absent. I've missed Amethyst ever so much, and tried to forgive her for saying that I flattered. Indeed, Amethyst dear, the picture I draw of you now is quite as pleasant as the former one—that of a lovely wife and mother, and I wish you would return to the Quiet Hour. I thanked Trinity in my heart for solving F. M. S.'s puzzle—L S for us—I guessed it before but couldn't but be doubtful. Among other pleasures has been the arrival of friends, and a trip to the lakes. The beautiful dawnlight of July 5th saw us up and awake and away. We were a joyous group—my mother, my friends Miss Julia A. Wilson, Miss Grace W. Fisher, my brother and myself. Twilight, the beautiful gray horse, and Bess the spirited bay, raised high their heads, and with proud, majestic strides seemed by their very being to say, "We are glad that we go with you to Lake Tahoe." We reached Moore's grade, the delightful road leading lakeward, in time to see the first golden glories of rising day bathe the mountain tops; and what a lovely drive it is with the densely foliaged heights above us and the deep, dark thickets below. How happy the innumerable little streams that trickle down the rocky wall through mosses and fern, and waving saxifrage, singing a song of the maple and alder shades, and the river that calls them away. Bird and bee and breeze join the glad harmony. We come at length to the Bridal Vail Falls (so some one has named it), distant from home only two miles and a half in a direct line, but four or five in the circuitous route we have to take. A more beautiful scene we do not encounter in our journeyings between Forest Lodge and Lake Tahoe than that afforded by the laughing waters of this cascade, which, rushing over rocks fifty feet in hight, falls in a shower of diamond sparkles into a mosy rocky basin and then speeds away adown the canyon. Miss Julia Wilson has taken a sketch of this, and she will soon convert it into an oil painting. If my Quiet Hour friends would like to see a lovely bit of California scenery let them inquire for this, which I think they may find ere long at Perry & Co.'s, Oakland. I am certain a sight of it will seem to the dwellers of the pent up cities like a strolling away from busy cares to the cool, shady wildwood, and, like a draught of crystal cold water on a hot, summer's day, will afford refreshing rest. How tempestuous the current of the American river as we drive now on its banks. Seething and boiling into snowy foam it lashes the towering rocks and hurries on, chanting the grand anthem which all the softer voices are singing. Chants of the far-away, snow-crowned mountains, its store-house of the kind Father who, mindful of the far-away valley grain-lands, of the wooded hights, thought also of the ferns and the mosses that must be loved by the waters. What a grand, glad sermon all Nature seemed preaching. How, in these tabernacles, a spirit seems ever breathing, "A loving Omnipotent power has ordered all this; His the over-ruling hand; His the tender care." How lovely the banks of the river, shaded by low-drooping maple and alder, beneath which bright flowers of myriad hues blend in rich commingling, and the glossy-foliaged azalea shrubs, laden with their burden of beautiful buff and white blossoms, fill the air with delightful perfume. Never noting the miles o'er which we are borne, nor how the sun has climbed up in the sky, we find ourselves near "Nature's volcanic amphitheater," as Byron would have termed the cathedral-like rocks near Strawberry valley. Here it seems the old gods and goddesses might have bestowed their rewards and punishments in the far-away fabled eons, for the lofty hights bear likeness to many a form and face. A lovely plateau, o'erspread conveniently with wide, smooth rocks, and shaded by gigantic trees, affords us just the place for our noonday encampment. What a dining-room it was, with the bright blue dome above, frescoed with little snowy clouds. On one side the river wailed and wept, and on the other a merry brook danced and laughed, while all about the mighty "sky-attaining" hills were there up-piled. A snow-bank near at hand afforded us refreshing coldness for our lemonade. Here we rested two happy hours, then on through the gloriously unfolding panorama, and the top of the first summit is attained, and here we pause, looking down thousands and thousands of feet into the rich pasture lands of Lake valley, while far beyond, set like a jewel among the overgazing hights, gleam and glisten the blue waters of Lake Tahoe. In the magnitude of the scene our voices are silenced. Our road, like a winding staircase, descends the mountain; we pursue it, and when part way down encounter a snow-drift surrounded by moss-pinks and pentstemons growing in tropical luxuriance. Nature seems indeed to blend her seasons here to make the landscape fair. Merrily we dash through the flower-dotted sward of Lake valley and come at length to the pleasant grounds of the Tallac House, a lovely country hotel nestled in a grove of tamarack and silver aspen trees about thirty yards from Lake Tahoe. The grounds are as nature made them, with the exception of nicely graveled walks leading through a carpet of verdure where trailing wild strawberry vines and delicate wild flowers weave a rich embroidery. Lake Tahoe is very beautiful in the purple half light in which we behold it, for the sun has passed far down the sky when we arrive. Every influence about the place is quiet and restful, and we are heartily sorry that we must limit our stay to two days. Fallen Leaf Lake is distant about three miles, and is reached by a delightful woodland road brightened all along its way by the wonderful snow-plant. Fallen Leaf is a beautifully-surrounded sheet of water. Mount Tallac's mirror, Soda Springs, a mile and a half beyond, are much visited by health-seekers. Our last day at the lake was, I believe, the crowning one of all, for then, in a bonnie little boat, we sailed away from Emerald Bay. How smooth and clear and beautiful the waters of the lake. Like my own life they seemed to me—so very quiet. And all around the lofty hights arise, whose summits other footsteps have attained. But we must be content to glide in sweet tranquillity below. Let others toiling struggle on up, up the hights; they win what they achieve by weary hours. Ah, why not be content to sail forever here in dreamful ease. They tell me beautiful Lake, that you, too, grow weary of these narrow bounds, and moan in maddened restlessness and toss your waters high to fall again in tired spray. That you are treacherous, beautiful waters, and that in your still deeps many a warm heart has ceased to beat, and that you hold your victims for your very own, and taking them to the deepest depths, pin them there forever. That in your waters there is a mystery that none can solve. But it does seem to me, if dying were all over, it would be very sweet to sleep in your calm purity. Oh, dreamy happiness, to glide and muse and love the water. But, wafted on, we come at length to Emerald Bay. How feeble seem all words; entrancing beauty and enrapturing grandeur, we land in a very garden of delight. The home it might be of the sylvan deities. Their nectar the purling rill of cold crystal water which, through mosses and fern, threads the flower strewn velvety sward. Their ambrosia the life-giving perfumed air that sets the aspen leaves all aquiver above the moss grown rocky grottoes that may be their homes. But we hear a voicein the distance. It is the rush of waters, and now we'll climb, and all unheeding the brambly way we hurry on up, up, the hights, but still we are in the depths when we have reached the highest crag our footsteps dare. Most glorious reward for the toil of the upward way. For there in all magnificence we behold the flashing waters of Eagle Falls, descending from lofty hight; a boiling, seething mass it hurries on over jagged crag and rounded bowlder until at length all gloriously it falls into the green quiets of Emerald Bay. And all about hights o'er hights arise in "tower, dome and battlement." And it seemed to me while, viewing this grand scene, could I but pour forth the song that filled my soul in the melody that I could feel, it would be, indeed, a sweet relief, that if in the happy land there are such sanctuaries we might unwearied form a part of the grand scene singing praises. We glide back in the beautiful afternoon light, and our way is gladdened by the clear sweet tones of Miss Fisher's cultured voice singing, "The day is done," and it seemed to me no sweeter music ever floated out upon the air than that which then was wafted o'er the waters of Lake Tahoe, such was the influence of our surroundings. We see the last day-beam folded away in the garments of the night, and feel in real sadness that no longer for us will gleam the blue waters or arise the lofty, snow-crowned hights; and we bid them adieu as to a noble new-found friend. Now my father has built me "a bonnie bower all under the oak tree shade," far removed from all but forest voices, and here I've brought my books, and if the Quiet Hour does not hear often from Sibyl, think of her sometimes as in her bower she reviews the studies she loves.

SIBYL.

Professor Bauschinger has lately tested some iron taken from a chain bridge built in 1829, and found that after fifty years of service its strength and elasticity had not altered perceptibly from what they were reported to be at the time they were put to service. The fact that age has little effect on the quality of iron is likewise verified by the result of tests made by Professor Thurston, of pieces of the wire cable of the historic Fairmount Suspension Bridge at Philadelphia, lately taken down after forty years of service. The tested pieces were found to have a tenacity, elasticity and ductility fully equal to the best wire of the same size found in the market to-day.

BENDERS' BLOOD.

A VIGILANTE TELLS HOW THE BENDERS WERE BLOTTED OUT.

The Terrible Tale of the Death of the Hardened Wretches, and the She-Devil Kate.

[Chicago Times, August 12th.]

OSWEGO (Labette county, Kan.), August 9th.—The attempt on the part of two weather-beaten old tramps to palm themselves off on a credulous public as the only and original Bender butchers, has occasioned a good deal of quiet amusement in these parts, where the truth is very generally known or shrewdly surmised. Every time the story of the Bender murders is revived, and it has been revived a dozen times almost within the last six or seven years, I am tempted to come forward and tell what I know. Were it not for the enjoyment that comes of watching the birth, growth and sudden subsidence of each successive sensation I should long ago have made a statement of facts, for the vindication of history if for no other reason. This last sensation has proved a "corker" in its way, and under the circumstances the public can not be blamed for being taken in by the imposture. The knowledge of the Kansas tragedies displayed by

THE M'GREGOR TRAMPS

Was such as to deceive many who ought to have known better than to listen for a moment to their talk. They displayed an apparently intimate acquaintance with many of the horrible details of the sickening butcheries, and glibly accused each other of complicity in the atrocious crimes. Yet to one acquainted with the habits and traits of character of the American gypsies, there is nothing remarkable in this. Professional tramps have nothing else to do but to remember the tragedies that come under their notice. An exceptionally fiendish atrocity marks an epoch in their worthless lives, and you will frequently, if you chance to be thrown in contact with these nomads as I have been, come across one of them who is a walking encyclopedia of criminal information. Their minds become a repository of knavish knowledge, and the extent and scope of their historical information is really amusing. Their minds seem to have a peculiar bent in that direction, and mixing as they do with the lower and brutal classes, their very beings become saturated with crime. They live in an atmosphere of wickedness and they think of little else. Such a crime as the Bender murders must of necessity have created a profound sensation among them at the time, and there are probably hundreds of them to day who could personate these people as well, if not better, than the McGregors. What influenced this precious

BRACE OF DEBILITATED VAGRANTS

To perpetrate such a sell at this time is more than I can imagine. They may have been accidentally drawn into it, and then with the instinctive cunning humor sometimes found in tramps, concluded to vary the monotony of existence a little by carrying it out to the limit, feeding their imaginations on the fund of facts in their possession for something to confess. They did not dip in very deep at first, but as the magnitude of the joke grew on them they cut loose and poured forth a deluge of horrors for the delectation of their auditors. They kept a stock of confessions "on tap," and the supply was never exhausted. In discussing the tramp question I find I have allowed myself to wander from the subject upon which I started to write you, and with your permission I will return to my mutton. I think it is time the truth should be known and widely circulated about the Bender business, and a stop put to further foolishness. I want everybody and the world to know that it is beyond the power of an officer of the law to arrest any of the Benders. They are outside the jurisdiction of the courts of human justice and I cannot see the harm of telling it. If there is any dependence to be placed on the teachings of the holy book, they are sizzling and hissing somewhere beyond the mystic curtain of life. There is no doubt that

THE BENDERS ARE DEAD.

They are awfully dead, and their bones are whitened by the processes of nature ere this. I speak thus decisively because I know whereof I speak. It is not customary for one to boast of acts of lawlessness, and it is not in that spirit that I enter upon the recital of the last chapter of the bloody career of the brutal Benders. I am prudent enough, too, to wish to hedge myself against possible annoyance, and had I not your solemn assurance that you will not divulge my name, it is not unlikely I should leave the writing of this scrap of history to other hands. I will not consume your valuable space by attempting to defend myself or my associates for the part we took in purifying the atmosphere of Southern Kansas by avenging the wholesale murders that were committed by the Benders. Suffice it to say, our consciences are not troubled in the least by recollections of the exciting occurrences which followed the discovery of the slaughter of ten human beings in that lonely tavern, and if we had it to do over again I doubt if the programme would be varied an iota. It is not necessary to go into a detailed account of the murders. In point of fact, very little is actually known on that point. No one in the land of the living will have the hardihood to say that he saw the deeds done, and the Benders themselves

NEVER MADE A CONFESSION

That I know of. The McGregor liars were a little off in their description of the murders. They always had Kate, or Maggie, her cousin, or John, cutting the heads of the victims to pieces with hatchets, whereas they were invariably brained with a hammer and their throats cut. The introduction of the girl Maggie into the plot is something new, too, but with these little matters I have nothing to do at this time. There may have been a Maggie, and there may have been others implicated, but on this point there is a dearth of positive knowledge. The Benders, John and his wife, and their two children, Kate and John, kept a wayside tavern about a mile and a half southeast of Morehead station, on the road leading from Independence to the Osage mission. They were there when I moved into the county, two years before the discovery of the butcheries, and were well known then. Their place had a hard name, and it was understood to be the headquarters of disreputable characters. Still, as nothing was ever laid at their doors, the Benders were not molested. Kate and John

LIVED TOGETHER AS MAN AND WIFE,

But the woman would smile upon the transient horse-thief or cow-boy when a dollar was to be made that way. She was a red-faced, low-browed, square-shouldered amazon, strong enough to throw a bull by the tail, and everybody stood in awe of her. She made a pretense of practicing the healing art, and was known far and wide as a "spiritualistic doctor." Her cures were permanent, and her remedy was a hammer. Decent people avoided the Bender tavern. As the country hereabouts harbored a good many desperadoes about this time, no one cared to raise a row, and the protest went no further than avoidance. When search was instituted for the body of Dr. York, in April, 1873, suspicion was directed against the Benders, and contrary to the general belief a close watch was kept on them for a while. They must have been aware of the surveillance, for at the first opportunity they decamped. The report that they took the train at Thayer, a station a few miles north of Cherryville, and went to Humbolt, from which place they took passage for Texas, is a mistake. They simply bundled their goods into two wagons and started for Indian Territory. They did not proceed at once to their destination, if, indeed, they had any destination marked out, but crossed over into Montgomery county, and squatted near the Verdigris river to await developments. The distance from their farm was something like twenty miles. John, Jr., or John, Sr., made daily trips back to the vicinity of Cherryvale and took observations. It was their intention to return if the excitement should blow over, but if it continued warm they would go on as originally planned. They knew of the

DISCOVERY OF THEIR CRIME

Within an hour after the bodies were dug out of their shallow graves, and they lost no time in striking their tents. They struck out for the west bank of the river and started southward post haste. Their flight soon became a panic, and to add to their discomfiture one of their wagons broke down. Packing what they could of the load on their horses, they piled up what was left, set fire to it and hurried on. In the meantime a vigilance committee had been formed. This move was taken with the greatest secrecy, and none but trusty men were admitted to the organization. The utmost circumspection was used, for the reason that in a new community like this the doubtful assistance of suspicious characters was a thing to be dreaded. The vigilantes did not number more than one hundred men all told, but they meant business, as the sequel proved. It was my good or bad fortune to be one of the elect. Scouts were sent out in all directions, and within forty-eight hours of the departure of the Benders from their camp in the next county, the fact was duly reported to us. About forty of us organized into a pursuing party, and started after the butchers. Once on their trail, we had no difficulty in following it. The murderous quartet had taken to the open country west of the river, but were keeping within convenient distance of the thick timber that grows in the valley watered by this stream. They were expecting pursuit, and hoped to escape by losing themselves in this timber, if it came to the worst. As we proceeded the trail freshened, and ere long we came across the half consumed remains of the wagon left by the Benders in their flight. From the direction they were taking it became evident to the minds of those acquainted with the country that they were pointing for

THAT PARADISE OF CUTTHROATS

Located near the mouth of the Red Fork of the Arkansas. The country hereabouts is a bleak and desolate region, infested by horse-thieves, half-breed Creeks, Pawnees and Cherokees. Once there they knew they would be safe from pursuit. Even the United States troops have never been able to penetrate that *terra incognita*. It is a safe retreat for the border ruffians, and is known to be such all through this section of the country. This haven for the wicked is distant about one hundred and forty miles from the point where the Verdigris river enters Indian Territory. The murderers had about forty miles to travel before reaching the boundary of the territory, and they were probably twenty miles beyond the line when our scouts caught sight of them. Burdened as they were with much cumbrous baggage, they had not been able to make very great speed, but they had used every possible effort to put space behind them. It was about 3 o'clock on a hot, sultry May afternoon that we came in sight of the party. They saw us as soon as we came from cover, and abandoning everything they broke for the forest. They plunged into the woods and scattered. We were close upon their heels, however, and they did not succeed in eluding us long. The old man and his wife and Kate were under arrest in less than an hour. John, Jr., was more fortunate than the other members of the tribe, for he contrived to evade us for an hour longer, but he was at length run to cover and forced to surrender.

EVERY ONE OF THEM SHOWED FIGHT,

But with the exception of Kate they all weakened when it came to the scratch. This charming border beauty emptied every chamber of her revolver into our faces, but her aim was bad and she did no serious damage beyond maiming one of our horses and clipping a lock of hair from my temple. The bullet raised a ridge along the skin, the work of which shows to this day. She finally succumbed to superior strength, but to the last maintained the same dare-devil, reckless demeanor. Having captured the assassins the question now arose, "What are we to do with them?" Some were for taking them back and letting the law take its course. The advocates of this line of policy were largely in the minority. There were those amongst us whose relatives had fallen victims to the deadly hammers and knives of the wretches, and they would not listen to the suggestions of the conservative element. They threatened to do some killing then and there if their demands for instant vengeance were not regarded. No one would have offered a very strenuous opposition if they had carried out their threats, but it was thought best to do the job up after the most approved form obtaining in the Courts presided over by Judge Lynch. The prisoners were accordingly arraigned and asked what they had to say in their defense. The old woman was sullen and ugly, but the two men showed signs of faltering. Had they been left to themselves they would have made full confessions beyond a doubt.

THE AMIABLE KATE

Perceived this, and, thinking it would please the vigilantes too much to hear confessions, she fell to cursing her brother and father for their cowardice. Fouler language was never uttered than came from the lips of this fiend. No term was too vile to apply to her relatives. They took it silently at first, but soon something of her reckless spirit was infused into them, and they too joined in the tirade. The chorus of blasphemy that went up from that hardened lot caused a shudder to run though our party. With death staring them in the face, they united in cursing us and lamenting their inability to do us harm. Such malignity I never saw equaled. Even the old woman chipped in occasionally, and her appearance indicated that she wholly approved of the family demonstration. When charged with the murders laid at their doors, the answer was a curse, followed by more curses, and then a volley, a fusilade of curses and ribald abuse. Our court went through with the form prescribed and then pronounced a sentence of death. The announcement was received with jeers from the hardened criminals, who had determined to brave it out to the last. It was decided that the murderers should be shot, as it would

TAKE TOO MUCH TIME TO HANG THEM.

The sun was already nearly down, and the shadows of approaching night were deepening. There on the borders of the forest the cruel killers were tied to saplings and told to prepare for death. One of our number, who had not quite forgotten his early education, undertook to offer a prayer, but the lovely Kate spit in his face while he was addressing the throne of grace, and he quit right in the middle of a sentence and drew off in disgust. The four died with curses on their lips, hardened and unrepentant to the last. There in that lonely, dismal spot, away beyond the confines of civilization, they met a righteous retribution, and their souls, black with crime, were sent to meet the great Judge. Their executioners treated them better than they treated their innocent victims. They were killed quickly and painlessly, not butchered brutally. To be sure, not much time was wasted in burial, but it was growing late, and the vigilantes had a long ride before them. A hole, made by the displacement of the roots of a fallen cottonwood, was made a little larger and deeper, and

THE BODIES THROWN IN

And hastily covered with loose earth, rocks and brushwood. This was all there was to the funeral. On reaching the level again, the effects of the Benders were stacked and burned as a sort of an offering to heaven. We then proceeded northward, separating before reaching the settlements, each seeking his home quietly. There was no blow made about our achievement, each man keeping his own counsel. The secret was well kept, and it was weeks before outsiders stopped prowling around in search of the Benders. Those immediately concerned very speedily lost interest in the chase, however, and, though nothing was said on the subject, it came to be tacitly understood through Labette and Montgomery counties that it would be a waste of time to prosecute inquiry further. This is the true history of the fate of the Benders, and when, in the future, you hear of the apprehension of any of the tribe, you can put it down as a canard.

VIGILANTE.

Judge Blatchford's recent decision in the case of the United Nickel Company vs. Pendleton, puts an end for the time being to the efforts of an intolerable monopoly to control the art of nickel-plating in this country. The fact that the Adams patent should ever have received recognition in the temple of justice proves that a judge may be learned in the law, but woefully pachycephalic in matters scientific. It occurs to us that a scientific commission, selected for the purpose from the ranks of our most eminent scientists and technologists, might be established in some way to act in cases of this kind in the capacity of *amicus curiæ*. Such a body, above the suspicion of interested motives, might prove very useful.—[Engineering Journal.

RECEIPTS, LOSSES AND RATIO OF LOSSES PER $1,000 TO AGGREGATE OF RECEIPTS.

ADMINISTRATION.	Period of Service. Years.	CUSTOMS. Receipts.	CUSTOMS. Losses.	CUSTOMS. Loss on $1,000.	ALL OTHER SOURCES.* Receipts.	ALL OTHER SOURCES.* Losses.	ALL OTHER SOURCES.* Loss on $1,000.	TOTAL. Receipts.	TOTAL. Losses.	TOTAL. Loss on $1,000.
Washington, George	8	$200,605,014 69	$204,528 19	$8 58	$210,843,706 60	$8,023 61	$8 30	$356,448,721 32	$12,552 80	$35 20
Adams, John	4	85,548,222 00	42,240 00	4 93	12,837,195 00			98,385,418 00	42,240 00	429
Jefferson, Thomas	8	198,964,870 00	1,185 00	5 95	15,261,555 00	15,506 75	1 02	214,226,425 00	16,691 75	77
Madison, James	8	215,096,870 49	2,717,042 26	12 63	146,294,644 24	77,923 06	53	361,391,514 73	2,794,965 32	7 73
Monroe, James	8	140,125,287 00	227,432 45	1 62	38,524,676 84	402,514 37	10 44	178,649,964 44	629,946 82	3 52
Jackson, Andrew	8	208,921,860 00	2,222,103 18	10 63	8,876,950 17	77,923 06	8 78	217,798,810 17	2,300,026 24	10 56
Adams, J. Q.	4	83,241,104 61	1,315,360 45	15 80	1,257,683 41	147,088 07	117	84,498,788 02	1,462,448 52	17 31
Van Buren, Martin	4	173,369,077 05	2,222,103 18	12 48	81,932,697 13	110,849 02	1 35	255,301,774 18	2,332,952 20	9 13
Harrison, William Henry	1	19,310,888 00	364,502 34	18 87	2,869 98	2,869 98	1 00	19,313,757 98	367,372 32	19 02
Tyler, John	4	78,346,436 31	254,929 03	3 22	67,789,568 96	414,297 37	6 11	146,136,005 27	669,226 40	4 58
Polk, James K.	4	110,564,342 31	7,710 11	0 06	91,393,166 14	175,042 36	1 92	201,957,508 45	182,752 47	0 90
Taylor, Zachary	1	104,957,446 48	215,749 08	2 05	16,851,166 43	60,931 50	3 57	121,808,612 91	276,680 58	2 27
Fillmore, Millard	3	245,148,753 03	131,277 05	0 53	37,061,076 58	81,724 73	2 20	282,179,829 61	213,001 78	0 75
Pierce, Franklin	4	184,125,062 85	38,776 03	0 21	128,234,596 71	155,227 80	1 21	312,359,659 56	194,003 83	0 62
Buchanan, James	4	305,390,453 61	31,201 00	0 10	4,365,099,654 00	477,231 01	0 10	4,670,490,136 61	508,432 01	0 10
Lincoln, Abraham	4	690,277,488 05	254,498 05	0 37	3,342,336,449 81	2,308,233 35	0 69	4,032,613,937 86	2,562,731 40	0 63
Johnson, Andrew	4	1,125,540,148 90	24,312 43	0 02	2,371,326,365 84	1,352,340 17	0 57	3,496,866,514 74	1,376,652 60	0 39
Grant, U. S.	6	$3,705,992,156 22	$93,623,395 73	$25 26	$11,267,313,514 37	$5,458,722 61	$0 48	$14,973,305,670 59	$94,734,020 34	$6 32
Prior to June 30, 1861		$1,575,114,065 96	$3,313,292 70	$2 10	$8,958,546,544 72	$1,420,727 48	$0 16	$10,533,660,610 68	$4,734,020 18	$0 45
From July 1, 1861, to June 30, 1875		2,130,878,090 26	310,102 97	0 14	10,678,766,969 65	4,037,995 13	0 38	12,809,645,059 91	4,348,098 10	0 34

ADMINISTRATION.	POSTOFFICE.† Disbursements.	POSTOFFICE.† Losses.	POSTOFFICE.† Loss on $1,000.	WAR, NAVY, PENSIONS, AND INDIANS. Disbursements.	WAR, NAVY, PENSIONS, AND INDIANS. Losses.	WAR, NAVY, PENSIONS, AND INDIANS. Loss on $1,000.	MISCELLANEOUS.‡ Disbursements.	MISCELLANEOUS.‡ Losses.	MISCELLANEOUS.‡ Loss on $1,000.	TOTAL. Disbursements.	TOTAL. Losses.	TOTAL. Loss on $1,000.	RECAPITULATION.§ Ant'l involved.	RECAPITULATION.§ Total losses.	RECAPITULATION.§ Loss on $1,000.
Washington, George	$884,960 00	$1,920 73	$2 30	$12,401,544 01	$3,722 46	$0 30	$35,426,832 26	$33,925,377 71	$834,775 33	$48,713,336 27	$35,852,020 90	$735 60	$812,600,503 69	$835,411 87	$2 05
Adams, John	326,267 00	2,211 43	6 78	18,605,618 72	12,837,195 00	690	100,950 84	43,811,926 44	166,531 83	19,032,836 56	13,003,406 43	683	210,072,736 93	14,310,397 72	68
Jefferson, Thomas	234,175 99	1,185 00	5 06	15,261,555 00	15,506 75	1 02	3,113,433 00	3,113,433 00	1,000 00	15,495,730 99	15,506 75	1 00	214,226,425 00	15,506 75	72
Madison, James	217,042 26	2,717,042 26	12 51	146,294,644 24	77,923 06	53	5,142,430 00	5,142,430 00	1,000 00	151,654,116 50	2,794,965 32	18 43	361,391,514 73	2,794,965 32	7 73
Monroe, James	227,432 45	227,432 45	1 00	38,524,676 84	402,514 37	10 44	107,304 27	107,304 27	1,000 00	38,859,413 56	629,946 82	16 21	178,649,964 44	629,946 82	3 52
Jackson, Andrew	8,876,950 17	77,923 06	8 78	8,876,950 17	77,923 06	8 78	38,501 35	38,501 35	1,000 00	17,792,401 69	155,846 41	8 76	217,798,810 17	2,300,026 24	10 56
Adams, J. Q.	1,315,360 45	147,088 07	111 84	1,257,683 41	147,088 07	117	43,487 57	43,487 57	1,000 00	2,616,531 43	294,175 64	112	84,498,788 02	1,462,448 52	17 31
Van Buren, Martin	2,222,103 18	2,222,103 18	1 00	81,932,697 13	110,849 02	1 35	62,583,233 37	62,583,233 37	1,000 00	146,515,930 50	62,693,082 39	427	255,301,774 18	2,332,952 20	9 13
Harrison, William Henry	364,502 34	364,502 34	1 00	2,869 98	2,869 98	1 00	18,234,961 77	31,869 98	1 75	18,601,334 09	399,242 30	21 46	19,313,757 98	367,372 32	19 02
Tyler, John	254,929 03	254,929 03	1 00	67,789,568 96	414,297 37	6 11	2,679 46	2,679 46	1 00	68,047,177 45	669,226 40	9 83	146,136,005 27	669,226 40	4 58
Polk, James K.	7,710 11	7,710 11	1 00	91,393,166 14	175,042 36	1 92	2,571 24	2,571 24	1 00	91,402,876 25	182,752 47	2 00	201,957,508 45	182,752 47	0 90
Taylor, Zachary	215,749 08	215,749 08	1 00	16,851,166 43	60,931 50	3 57	49,946 20	49,946 20	1 00	17,116,861 71	276,680 58	16 16	121,808,612 91	276,680 58	2 27
Fillmore, Millard	131,277 05	131,277 05	1 00	37,061,076 58	81,724 73	2 20	213,011 78	213,011 78	1 00	37,405,365 36	295,013 56	7 89	282,179,829 61	213,001 78	0 75
Pierce, Franklin	38,776 03	38,776 03	1 00	128,234,596 71	155,227 80	1 21	194,003 83	194,003 83	1 00	128,467,376 54	194,003 83	1 51	312,359,659 56	194,003 83	0 62
Buchanan, James	31,201 00	31,201 00	1 00	4,365,099,654 00	477,231 01	0 10	508,432 01	508,432 01	1 00	4,365,130,855 00	508,432 01	0 11	4,670,490,136 61	508,432 01	0 10
Lincoln, Abraham	254,498 05	254,498 05	1 00	3,342,336,449 81	2,308,233 35	0 69	809,484 33	809,484 33	1 00	3,342,590,947 86	2,562,731 40	0 76	4,032,613,937 86	2,562,731 40	0 63
Johnson, Andrew	24,312 43	24,312 43	1 00	2,371,326,365 84	1,352,340 17	0 57	658,253 33	658,253 33	1 00	2,371,350,678 27	1,376,652 60	0 58	3,496,866,514 74	1,376,652 60	0 39
Grant, U. S.	$93,623,395 73	$93,623,395 73	$1 00	$11,267,313,514 37	$5,458,722 61	$0 48	$10,116,020 33	$10,116,020 33	$1 00	$11,360,936,909 70	$5,552,342,134 94	$0 49	$14,973,305,670 59	$94,734,020 34	$6 32
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