

Wichita Daily Eagle

THE TRAFFIC IN YOUNG GIRLS.

Justice Moved Out to a New York "Dramatic Agent."

Is there a traffic in girls in the United States, and do the merchants in human flesh use decoy advertisements to fill their orders? According to the testimony lately adduced in the court of general sessions in New York city something of the sort is done. In that court recently sat as prisoner one



AUGUST ELBOGEN.

August Elbogen, who advertised as "Dramatic agent," and pretty Jennie Lockwig, barely seventeen years old, being sworn, told this story:

Last January she saw the advertisement of Elbogen for young ladies for a dramatic troupe, and called upon him. He told her New Orleans was the place, and she could secure a position in a fine and high-toned theater; so she signed a contract to pay \$5 per cent. on her salary while there, and to repay her passage money, and went according to his directions. She had always been anxious to get on the stage, as well as to help her parents, who were poor and had a large family, and for years before meeting Elbogen she had worked in an upholstery trimming establishment. The extreme simplicity of her story and her evident ignorance of the world's ways excited much sympathy in the court.

Arrived at New Orleans she was met by Elbogen's correspondents, who took her to the "royal palace" and the "Elyon theater," and here she blushed and hesitated to continue her narrative. After much questioning it transpired that she was required to dress in a semi-ballet costume and serve wine and beer, her earnings depending on the amount sold; that she was subjected to personal indignities and compelled to witness indecencies in the boxes. In a few days she fled from the place, and falling into the hands of some charitable ladies, was returned to New York and to the care of the Home for Young Girls.

To this the defense made answer that she had signed the contract with full knowledge of its contents, and in it was a stipulation that she should "sell wine." Furthermore, it was denied that any specific promise of salary was made, and Mr. Elbogen fell back on his established character as a dramatic agent. And so the case went to the jury, which very promptly convicted Mr. Elbogen.

THE COUNT AND THE ACTRESS.

An Elopement Which Has Created a Widespread Sensation.

Count Reichold Gustaf Edward Moore von Rosen has run off with Mrs. Ellen Hartman, star actress at the Royal Dramatic theater in Stockholm. Not much in



MRS. ELLEN HARTMAN.

this, in and of itself—young noblemen act the fool as easily as other people—but this case has serious complications and an "American complexion."

The lady is regarded as the most beautiful in Sweden, her husband is leading man at the same theater, the count is a grandson of a Philadelphia lady, and the father is private secretary to and an intimate friend of King Oscar II. So the case is semi-official, and as the runaways are supposed to be in the United States the state department may be called on—that is, if eloping can be made an extraliberal act in this country.

About twenty-five years ago this count's father, then a handsome Swede of twenty-seven, visited America and was the guest of Cyrus Field, at whose house he met Miss Ella, the handsome twenty-year-old daughter of the very wealthy Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, of Philadelphia. The young man was rapid and successful, and the marriage restored the house of Von Rosen to its former high rank and wealth. The bride's younger sister, Lillian, soon married Baron de Bilt, and Mrs. Moore has often visited her postulated with her grandsons, and the old life he was leading in court circles, and offered to settle \$250,000 on him at once if he would become an American citizen in fact and location. Whether this offer holds good now that he has brought another man's wife with him is a question more interesting than easily answered.

A Too Playful Constable.

Officers of the law cannot be too careful in handling the tools of their trade, particularly if they are unfamiliar with them. Pistols go off very unaccountably sometimes, and even handcuffs are not things to jest with, as a constable of Woodruff, S. C., recently learned. He visited Spauldingburg, in the same state, the other day, and meeting a young lady who was an old acquaintance, playfully put the handcuffs on her. He was found he had lost the key and could not get one in town. The girl's father got an alarm sound at the owner's head. He presses a button and a shock is sent through the roost which brings out all the noise of which the chickens are possessed, and frightens away the predators.

A new way to circumvent chicken thieves has been invented by the ingenious resident of Waterbury, Conn. A copper wire connected with a battery joins his bed room to the hen house. The chicken roosts are also of copper, and if thieves tamper with the copper an alarm sounds at the owner's head. He presses a button and a shock is sent through the roost which brings out all the noise of which the chickens are possessed, and frightens away the predators.

THE LAND OF GOLD

It Furnishes Three Strange Romances of Real Life.

THE TRAGEDY OF DONNER LAKE

The Buried Hoard of a Dead Emigrant Discovered After Many Years—Search of a Father for His Son—Husband and Wife Reunited.



PAUL DENTON.

ALIFORNIA is indeed the land of romance. There is romance of all kinds, but in the lines of "missing men" and "suddenly discovered" the land of gold naturally excels. Volumes might be written in giving only the plain facts of men who sunk their identity in the wild days of 1849-52, many of them to never re-establish communication with their friends, but here it is proposed to give the plain prose of three well-established cases, the discovery of a lost wife, the return of a lost father, and the finding of long lost treasure.

All general readers know something of the horrible story of the ill-fated Donner party. Late in 1846 this party, consisting mostly of well-to-do people from Illinois, but having with them several of the "pariahs of the plains"—people of that class which wandered in an aimless way from the Missouri to the Pacific—were overtaken by early snows in the basin of Donner lake. Starvation and cannibalism are admitted facts; murder is charged upon some of the party, but not proved. The rescue of the survivors by a relief party from the settlements west of the Sierra Nevada was one of the most heroic affairs of California's heroic age.



EDWARD REYNOLDS.

Among the emigrants was Mrs. Graves, with her husband and nine children. The husband, two daughters and a son-in-law went out with the fifteen who composed the "forty-four hope," but only the daughter lived to reach the valley. When the relief party arrived Mrs. Graves buried her money, variously estimated at from \$300 to \$500 in silver, and as she died soon after starting, the secret of his burial place was lost. Eight children survived, of whom at least four are still living, the legal owners of that treasure, if time has not destroyed their title.

Forty-four years had passed away when, on a recent May day, Edward Reynolds was strolling among the lumber camps about Donner lake. Being a miner, he was examining the quartz outcrop and "float" at the upper end of Donner lake, when he found several old pieces of money in plain view on the surface. Pursuing his search



EUGENE PAULME.

he and his companion, Amos Lane, soon had \$146 in silver. The next day \$100 dollars more was found. The report had long been that the Donner party buried \$10,000 in all, and many have hunted for it, yet the first pieces were found upon the surface. The wear of the elements and the hauling of logs over the spot accounts for it probably.

None of the coins was of later date than 1845, but they range back to the last century and present a wonderful variety—French, German, Spanish, Mexican and American, with busts of Louis Philippe and other rulers. As curiosities, many of them are of great value, and \$100 has already been offered for one. The mountain town of Truckee is greatly excited, and though Lane and Reynolds have



EUGENE PAULME.

"staked out a claim" inclosing the ground adjoining their discovery, many others are searching in the vicinity. Mrs. Graves buried the money on the morning of March 8, 1847, and herself died on the 8th. The locality still bears evidence of some of the horrors it once witnessed; the tall stumps show where the emigrants cut the trees above the deep snow, and a plain cross marks the center of their winter camp.

Another "find" which might furnish the basis for a tragic romance of the French coast is the finding of Eugene Paulme by his father. The father, Paul T. Paulme, is a wealthy tailor at 379 Sixth avenue, New York, aged seventy, but nearly forty years ago he lived with his newly wedded wife in his native place in France. There he employed one Josephine Fouchard as an assistant in tailoring, and soon he became infatuated with her. She bore him one son, but his legal wife had no children. So, after several years of this double life, Paulme and Josephine came to New York with their son, the carrying of his wife's death in France he at once proposed to marry Josephine, but she eloped with a younger man, taking their son with her. She was forty-three years old, her son Charles Greffe, was but twenty-six, so the elder Paulme was confident she would soon return, and made no search for her. Sixteen years passed, but the old man

IS THE WOMAN PERSECUTED?

Public Opinion Divided Regarding the Case of Mrs. Raynor.

"Kleptomaniac" is the polite Greek name given the stealing habit when it breaks out in a family of good social position. A "mania" it certainly is, for in some cases, it shows itself in people who are under no great temptation to steal, and the most extraordinary cases are those of women. A truly shocking case is that of Mrs. Elizabeth Raynor, recently arrested by a detective in a New York store in West Fourteenth street, New York.



MRS. RAYNOR.

There really was very little evidence against her in that case, and the lady whose pocket was picked refused to make any complaint, so the detective was much blamed at the start. But when they returned to the police station, the mother of the lady, Mrs. Agnes Stevens, who testified that she lost a pocketbook on April 17, and believed Mrs. Raynor to be the thief. After request the accused was ordered to take off her gloves, and then Mrs. Stevens exclaimed: "That's her! I recognize her hands." Yes, indeed, that is the woman who took my pocketbook.

Of course there was a sensation and much difference of opinion, as Mrs. Raynor's brothers, husband and son-in-law all stand well in the business and social world; but when the detective was pressed he brought out the fact that Mrs. Raynor was arrested in October, 1889. She was sentenced to one day's imprisonment, which she served. Mrs. Raynor was a member of and an ardent worker in St. James' Methodist Episcopal church, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street and Madison avenue, and the Rev. James M. King was pastor. The clergymen and scores of his parishioners appealed to the justice for Mrs. Raynor's discharge.

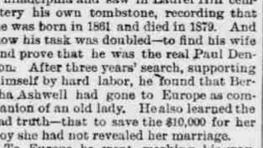
She was the treasurer of the ladies' auxiliary committee connected with that church. On her release Mrs. Raynor continued with the church and apparently did not lose her standing. One lady member of the church, in defiance of public opinion, made it a point to have her son of horses and carriage stand opposite Mrs. Raynor's residence to show that her friends had not forsaken her.

It appears that the detective had acted on the principle of "Once a thief always a thief," and had kept an occasional eye on the woman during all these years. Mrs. Raynor protests her innocence in both cases, and the opinion of those who know her is divided.

VICTORY FOR A "MAN FISH."

An Expert Angler Fails in an Attempt to Reel Him In.

A very queer trial of skill and strength was made at the rooms of the New York Athletic club the other night to see if a man could beat the operation of a tarpon fishing tackle. William H. Cheselrough, an expert angler, operated the tackle and



THE HUMAN TARPON.

F. J. Wells, an expert swimmer, took the part of the big fish. Mr. Wells wore a leather harness about his head, and the line was fastened to an eyelet at the top of his head. He was to take his position at the water's edge, and when the fish was in the middle of the tank, and as often (by default the swimmer's attempt to break the line by suddenly darting away when it was slack. At length the line snapped in two. Time, 24 minutes. It was the regulation tarpon.

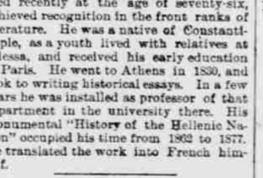
A good sized tarpon, Mr. Wells says, will weigh about 100 pounds, and is generally landed by an expert fisherman in from fifteen minutes to an hour, but the fish will waste his strength in wild endeavors to escape, and is crazed with pain and fright, while a cool headed man will take these things as a matter of course, and will get the skill of the fisherman with an equal amount of sagacity and nerve.

How Adams Saved His Life.

It was because of his extraordinary presence of mind that John Adams, of Tacoma, was saved from a most horrible fire of death. He is employed in a smelting works in that city. The other day a mistake caused him to fall into a pot of boiling metal, and in an instant he was immersed to his armpits. As he fell he clutched the rim of the pot, and was thus enabled to quickly draw himself out. He then plunged into an adjoining pot of cold water. His hands were badly burned, but otherwise he had hardly a scar on him. The secret of his escape was that he wore heavy woolen underwear and outer clothing, and before it had burned through Adams was in the pot of cold water.

Death by Asphyxiation.

An extremely sad death was that of Professor George H. Little, one of the best known musicians of San Francisco. On retiring to his room he turned off the gas and fell asleep, but the gas jet was defective, and in his haste he left it about half open; so, despite the fact that the window was lowered six inches at the top, he was asphyxiated. His wife entering the room in the morning found him cold in death. He was thirty-seven years old, a very genial gentleman, and happy in his social and domestic relations. He left a wife and three young children.



PROFESSOR G. H. LITTLE.

The honor of the capture of one of the largest tarpons ever landed belongs to Mrs. George T. Stagg, of Frankfort, Ky. With rod and reel recently, at Fort Myers, Fla., she secured a 305-pound "wet king" after struggling with him an hour and a half.

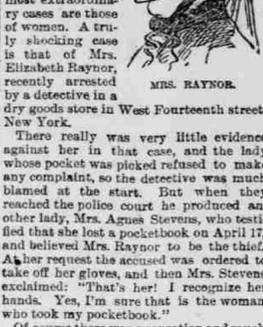
Capture of a Huge "Silver King."

A French scientist has aimed a blow at the most ancient of domestic pests. He declares that these pampered and generally useless birds and animals carry from house to house 30 per cent. of the common contagious diseases of the world.

HE SPEAKS MANY LANGUAGES.

Professor Roehrig is Well Acquainted with All Sorts of Dialects.

F. L. O. Roehrig, who it is believed will accept a chair in the Palo Alto university, is visiting San Francisco. He is one of the most noted polyglots in the world, being master of thirty languages. Until a short time ago he was professor of Sanskrit and thrilling oriental languages in the Cornell university, New York.



F. L. O. ROEHRIG.

Professor Roehrig was born at Halle, Prussia, and is seventy-two years old. On his mother's side he is a great-grand-nephew of Haydn; and he is himself the composer of several operas. He graduated from the Leipzig university with the title of doctor of science and doctor of philosophy, but having displayed remarkable facility in the acquisition of languages, he was at once set about increasing his vocabularies. With this object he entered the diplomatic service, and afterwards went to Paris to add to his knowledge of the French tongue. His first literary work was on the Turkish languages, and was written in Latin. He held several distinguished professorships in France.

The professor emigrated to the United States in 1853, and among his first appointments was Washington Irving, who made him assistant librarian of the Astor library. After coming to America he studied every Indian language and dialect of the Pacific coast, as well as of the Sioux. He wrote several books on methods of studying German, and his works on the Irish language have been published by the New York Gaelic society.

Houses Built to Last.

Longevity is a characteristic not only of Neal Dow's family, but of the houses in which the Dows have resided. A Maine gentleman says that Neal Dow was living in the house built by himself in 1830, and in which he has resided ever since his marriage. The house in which he was born, built by his father in 1800, is also standing. The same is true as to the house in which his mother was born, built by his grandfather in the latter part of the Eighteenth century, and that in which his grandmother was born, built by his great-grandfather somewhere about 1750. Each of these houses, save the last, is standing on the spot where it was originally built, and is still owned in the family. The general history is over eighty-seven. His father died nearly thirty years ago, the great-grandfather referred to above died at over ninety-seven, while of two other ancestors one reached the age of one hundred and the other one hundred and four.

The Late Congressman Hook.

The tragic death of Congressman Leonidas Hook, of the Knoxville (Tenn.) district (he died of arsenic taken by mistake), has saddened all who knew him, regardless of party. Though an East Tennessee Republican, which means a very earnest partisan, he was loved by many and admired by all his opponents for his many good personal qualities.

Amusingly Incorrect Answers.

Boys and girls who are confronted with questions beyond their intellectual attainments are apt to make queer answers. Among the replies given at a public school examination in Toronto recently were the following: "Quebec is the capital of the United States," "The Arctic ocean flows into the Mississippi," "The Hudson bay flows into the Hudson bay," "The Gulf of Mexico flows into the Arctic ocean," "An estuary is land less than 1,000 feet high above the level of the sea," "a valley is water lying between hills," "a valley is the top of a mountain in Knoxville. It is a piece of land with water all round it," "the products of Canada are oatmeal, turpentine and figs," "a watershed is a shelter place for ships."

Typewriters Studying Law.

It is said by one who claims to know that very few of the many girls now studying law ever expect to practice the profession. Numbers of the students are typewriters in law offices, and desire to gain sufficient knowledge of Blackstone to make their services more valuable in their present positions.

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Advertisement for Wichita National Bank: 'Major Andrew T. Wood, of Kentucky, having borne the Republican standard for various minor offices, is now that party's nominee for governor of this State. He was born in Fleming county, Ky., Nov. 18, 1834, and received only a common school education. He was a wagoner in early manhood, enlisted in the Tenth Kentucky cavalry in 1862 and came out of the war a major. He then studied law in the intervals of other business, and began the practice in 1872. In 1872 he ran for congress, in 1876 for judge of the common pleas, and in 1887 for attorney general, but was defeated each time. In 1889 he was one of the 306 who voted steadily for Grant at the Chicago convention.'

Advertisement for Missouri Pacific Railway: 'The most popular route to Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and all points East and North, to Hot Springs, Ark., New Orleans, Florida, and all points South and Southeast. SOLID DAILY TRAINS BETWEEN St. Louis, Kansas City, Pueblo and Denver, WITH Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars VIA THE COLORADO SHORT LINE The Shortest Route to St. Louis 5-DAILY TRAINS-5 KANSAS CITY TO ST. LOUIS Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars. Free Reclining Chair Cars. H. C. TOWNSEND. J. P. ALLEN, Druggist. 108 EAST DOUGLAS AVE. WICHITA, KAN.'

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