State Historical Society

THE BARBER COUNTY INDEX.

ESTABLISHED IN 1880. DEVOTED TO THE UPBUILDING OF THE CITY AND COUNTY. TERMS: $2 A YEAR.

VOL. 7. NO. 3. MEDICINE LODGE, BARBER CO., KAS., FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1886. WHOLE NO. 315

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MEDICINE LODGE CHAPTER R. A. M., U. D. meets at Masonic hall every 2d and 4th Tuesday evening. GEO. R. STONE, H. P.
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DELPHIA LODGE, No. 140, K. of P., meets on Monday evening of each week, at Odd Fellow's hall. Visiting Knights in good standing invited to attend. S. L. OVERSTREET, C. C.
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G. A. R. ELDRED POST, No. 174, meets the last Saturday in each month of the court house in Medicine Lodge, at 7 P. M. All comrades cordially invited.
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PRESBYTERIAN.—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. REV. MCELROY, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN.—Preaching every Sunday at 11 o'clock A. M., Sunday school at 10 o'clock a. m. every Sunday. A. H. MCKEEY, Pastor.

CATHOLIC CHURCH—Services on third Sunday of every month at Sherlock's hall, at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school immediately afterward. JOHN B. MCKENE, Pastor.

POSTAL.

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References:—Banks and Business Men of Medicine Lodge. 39

MAD BOB RIPLEY.

A Fireman's Fierce Encounter With a Crazed Engineer.

Struggle to the Death in a Locomotive Cab—Maddened by Disaster an Engineer Is Determined to Hurl Himself From His Engine.

[N. Y. Sun.]

I was in the second year of my apprenticeship as fireman on No. 63, of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton road, when I got such a set-back one night as few firemen ever lived through. The incident happened about fifteen years ago, but every feature of it comes to my mind as clear as if the affair occurred last night. My engineer was named Bob Ripley. He was a jovial, whole-souled fellow, never going behind a glass of beer, and was known all along the line as a sober and trusty man.

Well, all of a sudden, bad luck struck him. He had a little home, which was taken away by a land shark. He left Cincinnati one night for Toledo on his usual run, and returned to find his wife dead. She had some heart trouble, and died without a moment's warning. Within a fortnight his boy baby sickened and died, and that left Bob without home or family. I tell you it made an awful change in him. He was off for two or three weeks, and when he came back to the cab I could scarcely recognize him. He had a wild, queer look to his eyes, a strange sound to his voice, and he was so sullen and morose that I almost feared to speak to him on matters of business. I made two or three trips with him, and but for the fear of hurting his feelings I should have made application to be changed.

It was the third or fourth trip after he returned to the road when we left Cincinnati one November night for the north. It was a wild, stormy night, and as we got out into the country I caught Bob smiling and chuckling. The wildness of the night seemed to strike a responsive chord in his soul. Old 63 seemed to be in uncommon spirits, too, for she was sliding right along with a heavy train, and making no fuss over it. I made some remarks about it, but Bob had no reply. Indeed, he acted as if he was alone in the cab. I didn't like the situation a bit, for I had a suspicion that he wasn't quite right in his head, and he was also spurting her beyond schedule time. We were to pass a side-tracked accommodation about thirty miles out of Cincinnati. She ought to be in eight minutes ahead of our time, but 63 was overreaching schedule time so fast that I feared a collision. The conductor had his eyes open, however, and at a stop about twenty miles out he came forward and cautioned Bob to slow her down. We had overreached five minutes in that short run. Bob answered surly enough, but as we pulled out again he obeyed orders and checked her down to lose the extra minutes gained.

We had passed the siding all right when I noticed that his nervousness increased. He would whistle for crossings where none existed, and he would toot suppositious cattle off the track. Once, seeming to ignore my presence altogether, he opened the furnace door and piled in the fuel, although we were carrying more steam than I had ever seen on.

At Hamilton I was fully resolved to speak to the conductor if he came forward and gave me opportunity, but he did not. It was when I returned to the cab after oiling up that Bob looked up at me with a start, as if surprised to see me, and said:

"Jim, I'm thinking of them."

"Yes, Bob, but they are better off," I soothingly said. "You must bear up like a man. It's sad enough, God knows, but you must meet it bravely."

"Did you see——?"

"What?" I asked as he suddenly checked himself.

He did not answer. He looked at his watch, signaled me to ring the bell, and in a moment more we were off. The night was growing wilder, and we were not ten minutes out of Hamilton when I made up my mind that there was trouble close at hand. Bob turned to look at me now and then in a way to prove that he meditated evil, and from the way he kept the whistle going the passengers behind must have supposed the track to be swarming with living obstructions. We were about half way to Dayton and I had just replenished the fire, when Bob suddenly gave her all steam. It seemed to me as if old 63 took a clean jump of ten feet as she felt the extra steam, and I shouted my alarm. The words were hardly uttered before he was upon me.

"You've got to die with me!" he screamed as he clutched my arms, and I'm not exaggerating a bit when I tell you that his eyes looked like coals of fire.

I was by far the strongest man of the two, but in the first rush he dashed me about in a dreadful way, and had almost pulled me to the steps before I called up my muscle. Then I did my best to save him. He was bound to go off and I was bound to prevent, and, as we pulled and tugged at each other, the train was running so close to a mile a minute that none of the passengers cared to reduce the fraction. I think our struggle lasted about five minutes. I was gradually drawing him back into the tender, and was wondering how I could secure him, when he suddenly shut his teeth on my right wrist, and bit and tore like a dog. I had to let go my clutch, and as I did so he turned and leaped off, uttering a cry which rang in my ears for weeks after.

It was high time that the steam was shut off. As I afterward learned, every passenger was hanging on and praying to heaven, for the dullest of them knew that something had happened on the locomotive. I brought her to a standstill as soon as possible, and when the conductor reached the cab we backed up to look for poor Bob's body. We found it about two miles back, and it was a shocking sight. He had struck a stump head first, and head and face were simply a bloody mass of flesh.

I ran the train into Dayton, and we had scarcely come to a standstill before I was seized with a chill, and had to be helped to the hotel. I was just clean broken down under the mental strain, and it was plump six weeks before I crept out of my bed. I was determined never to step foot on an engine, but when health came back I got my nerve again, and the result was that I finished my apprenticeship, and took the other side of the cab.

Senator Fair proposes colonizing the Apache Indians to Santa Catina Island.

An Editor's $5,000 Vase.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Charles A. Dana once paid five thousand dollars for a vase, but after doing so was filled with qualms. He could hardly sleep that night for thinking of his apparent folly, and next day he went to the dealer of whom the article was purchased and began to grumble. The dealer said quickly: "If you are dissatisfied with your bargain, Mr. Dana, bring it right back to me and you shall have your money." The editor of the *Sun* hadn't another word to say and the vase is still in his cabinet.

HE LOVED SPRING.

But the Non-Poetic Justice Fined Him $200 Just the Same.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

"It's a beautiful spring morning, judge, isn't it?" casually remarked a man with a black eye as he sauntered up to the bar picking his teeth with a match. "Nature is beginning to shake off her winter's sleep."

"Spring has nothing to do with this case," sternly answered the judge. "What you want to shake off is the charge against you for stealing a watch."

"The trees are beginning to put forth buds, the birds are singing, the lambs are frisking gayly, and the very earth seems to smile!" so softly kept on the man with the toothpick, as he shifted to an easier position.

"The only spring that interests this court is the spring in the watch you are accused of stealing," remarked the court.

"The balmy air permeates and invigorates the sons and daughters of our land, and the poet begins to gayly chant the praises of this—the fairest and best season of the cycling year!"

"Will you tell me why you stole this man's watch?" demanded the judge.

"We should be thankful that the rigors of winter have departed, not to return until the sighing winds of autumn shall warn us of their approach!

Spring, spring, beautiful spring,
Forever and ever of thee I will sing.

"See here, my poetic friend, if you don't brace around and tell me who stole that man's watch I'll have you jugged for six months!" angrily said the his honor.

"What watch? Do not get excited; plenty of time. Ain't you mistaken about the watch?"

"My watch, you skunk!" excitedly remarked a young man who danced around the witness-stand like a jumping-jack.

"Oh, my friend, look out!" softly replied the prisoner as he dropped his toothpick. "Violent excitement has been known to have fatal effect on some persons. And then this is the season of dreamy languor. In spring we dream of the coming gorgeousness of glorious summer. Dream, my friend, dream away the fleeting hours."

"I guess you will do your dreaming in the calabooze, my spring-time sleeper," sarcastically observed his honor. "Where is that watch?"

"I found it in his pocket," said the officer.

"What have you to say to that?" demanded the judge. "Give us your answer quickly."

"I have no recollection of any watch. The young man is probably mistaken in me!"

"I'd know your old hide in a tan-yard, you old rascal!" hotly replied the young man.

"Mr. Clerk, just chalk this man down for nine months. Put down 'Herman Hart, spring poet and robber, two hundred dollars' fine and thirty days in jail at hard labor.' When you get out you can hang up your little stocking for Santa Claus to fill."

"You are a stony-hearted villain! You have no poetry, no far-away dreaminess in your nature. But to me all seasons are the same! I can rejoice in the lusty sport of winter and cast defiance in your teeth!"

In six minutes after he was taken down and locked up he had a personal conflict with the turnkey about the dying glories of the autumn trees, and had scratched a lot of hieroglyphics on that official's bald head because the latter had told him he had better devote his time to the formation of rocks, so as to break them easier when he got on the stripes.

A BOLD SWINDLER.

He Has Made Fully a Million and a Half By Confidence Games.

[Boston Special.]

Plymouth White, alias Frank Parke, alias "Plum" White, one of the most notorious confidence men in the country, who was made to leave Boston a year ago, left again recently of his own accord, having successfully worked a six-months' scheme. Last July Ivory Hezleton, a retired engineer with money to invest, came to Boston and opened a lodging-house at No. 1 Lyman street, renting the place of ex-Police Commissioner Jenks. White engaged a room of him and soon captivated both Hezleton and his wife by his courtesy and refinement. He talked casually of his immense wealth in money, stock and farms. Hezleton was completely deceived by White and loaned him various small amounts. Finally he lent White $3,025, all his available money, taking as security $5,000 worth of alleged Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and Lehigh Valley bonds. Through Hezleton's influence John W. Tuesley, another retired engineer, and his sister were induced to loan White $880 on a demand note and a promise of $3,000 worth of stock.

On Friday White got the securities of Mrs. Hezleton on the pretense of wishing to examine them, and was about to leave when Hezleton happened to come in. Hezleton locked the door and threatened to kill White if he did not return every cent. White laughed at him and got out of the difficulty by handing Hezleton $1,000 in cash and two $1,000 notes made out to White by his brother. Hezleton was then so ashamed of having suspected a man who appeared so honorable that he loaned back $208 of the money. Yesterday White failed to put in an appearance, and the facts were laid before the authorities. Hezleton has been swindled out of $2,041 and a five weeks' board bill, besides, small sums loaned, and the Tuesleys lose $880, which was all the spare money they had. White has made $1,500,000 by swindling since 1849, and has crossed the ocean sixteen times to escape arrest.

Your Money or Your Life.

[Mexican Letter.]

An elderly lady of a party of traveling Americans had her purse taken at Leon, but she missed it instantly, overtook the thief, a woman, and charged her in vigorous Saxon with the theft, whereupon the woman slyly dropped the pocketbook on the ground and instantly pointed it out. About ten years ago the German Ambassador, walking down the Southwestern sidewalk of the Alameda, was seized at dusk by two men, each grasping an arm in a very firm manner. A third man came in front, and, walking backward, kept a dagger pointed to the Ambassador's throat, while one of the other men jabbed a poinard just far enough into the Plenipotentiary's side to give him a sensation of what might happen. Then the man in front went through the Kaiser's representative, taking all his money, his watch and rings. The whole scene was enacted within twenty feet of a coach stand, and nothing but the boldness of the rascals saved them.

The Mad Donkey of Mentone.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

A mad donkey at Mentone has provided M. Pasteur with two new patients. The animal, which had itself been bitten by a mad dog, attacked its owner and a veterinary surgeon who came to treat it, inflicting severe bites on them both, and they started immediately for Paris, bringing with them the brains of the ass which had done the mischief.

Tommy Cruse, the millionaire miner of Montana, is to be married to a young milliner of Helena. Tommy is sixty years old, but will give his bride $500,000 as an offset for the surplus thirty-five years.

FAITHISTS OF SHALAM.

A Peculiar Religious Colony Which Arises to Reconstruct Society.

New Bible Written by a New York Tooth-Doctor Under the Immediate Control of Spirits—Establishment of a New Calendar.

[Las Cruces (N. M.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

On the eastern bank of the Rio Grande river and about six miles from this place is a colony of people whose customs, history and religion are the most peculiar to be found in this country. They call themselves "Faithists;" have a new Bible written by one of themselves; have a new calendar in which the days, Sabbaths and holidays are changed, and the months are called signs; eat only two meals a day, while fish and flesh are forever forbidden as an article of food.

The Faithists, as the members of the Shalam colony term themselves, claim to be a religious sect. They discard all religions save their own, the essential dogma of which is faith in Jehovih, as he is called in their Bible, and to become a covenant member a person must abjure all other gods, lords or saviors. According to their Bible, Jehovih is the spirit that created all things, is omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent, and has his kingdom on earth, of which the Faithists are the sole members up to date. Dr. J. B. Newbrough, a dentist of New York City, is the originator of this sect. He claims to to have been wrestling with the spirit for ten years; he admits that he wrote the new Bible under the influence of the spirit, and he is now the head or chief of Shalam colony, which has been established as Jehovih's kingdom on earth, according to plans laid down in the Faithist Bible.

This new bible is called "Oahspe," meaning that it contains all that is worth knowing about light, earth or sky, or the sum of all knowledge, and in it Jehovih says: "It is not for the past, but for the present era." It was written at No. 128 West Thirty-fourth street, New York, in 1881; and in a letter to the editor of the *Banner of Light* explaining its origin, Dr. Newbrough says:

HOW "OAHSPE" WAS WRITTEN.

Oahspe was mechanically written through my hands by some other intelligence than my own. I discovered, many years ago, in sitting in circles to obtain spiritual manifestations that my hands could not lie on the table without flying off into "tantrums." Often they would write messages, left or right, backward or forward, nor could I control them in any other way than by withdrawing from the table * * * I went to work in earnest to investigate spiritualism, and I investigated over two hundred mediums. * * * In course of time—ten or fifteen years—I began to believe in spiritualism. But I was not satisfied with the communications; I was craving for the light of Heaven. I wished to learn something about the spirit world; what the angels did, how they traveled and the general plan of the universe. So after awhile I took it into my head that wise and exalted angels would commune better with us if we purified ourselves physically and spiritually. Then I gave up eating flesh and fish, milk and butter, and took to rising before day, twice a day and occupying a small room alone, where I sat every morning half an hour before sunrise recounting daily to my Creator my shortcomings in governing myself in thought and deed. In six years' training I reduced myself from two hundred and fifty pounds down to one hundred and eighty, my rheumatism was all gone and I had no more headaches. I became limber and sprightly. A new lease on life came to me.

A NEW POWER.

Then a new condition of control came upon my hands; instead of the angels holding my hands as formerly, they held their hands over my hands—and they were clothed with sufficient materiality for me to see them—and a light fell upon my own hands as they lay on the table. In the meantime I had attained to hear audible angel voices near me. I was directed to get a type-writer which writes by keys, like a piano. This I did, and I applied myself industriously to learn it, but with only indifferent success. For two years more the angels propounded to me questions relative to Heaven and earth, which no mortal could answer very intelligently. I always look back upon those two years as an enigma. Perhaps it was to show me that man was but an ignoramus at best; perhaps I was waiting for constitutional growth to be good.

Well, one morning the light struck both of my hands on the back, and they went to the type writer for some fifteen minutes very vigorously. I was told not to read what was printed, and I had worked myself into such a religious fear of losing this new power, that I obeyed reverently. The next morning, also before sunrise, the same power came and wrote—or printed, rather—again. Again I laid the matter away very religiously, saying little about it to anybody. One morning I accidentally—seemed accidental to me—looked out of the window and beheld the line of light that rested on my hands extending heavenward like a telegraph wire toward the sky. Over my head were three pairs of hands, fully materialized; behind me stood another angel, with her hands resting on my shoulders. My looking did not disturb the scene; my hands kept right on printing—printing. For fifty weeks this continued every morning, half an hour or so before sunrise, and then it ceased, and I was told to read and publish the book Oahspe. The peculiar drawings in Oahspe were made with a pencil in the same way. A few of the drawings I was told to copy from other books, such as Saturn, the Egyptian ceremonies, etc.

The above letter is signed by Newbrough, and is printed in full in the front leaves of some of their Bibles. The book contains nine hundred pages, and is written in the most ancient style, doubtless to give it a musty smell. It is sold at five dollars a volume, and has been circulated quite extensively. The work of establishing Jehovih's kingdom on earth was first attempted on what is known as the Thompson farm in New Jersey, but that failed in a month's time, on account of a disagreement with Mr. Thompson in the year 1882. Headquarters were kept up in New York City until in December, of 1883, the Faithists began to assemble at Pearl-River, Rockland County, New York. In November, 1883, they held a convention in New York, at which a committee was appointed to search for Shalam, and in pursuance of this appointment Messrs. Newbrough and Grill left Pearl River in August, 1884. Shalam was discovered by these gentlemen in September, 1884, when a deed was made by John D. Bancastle, of Dona, N. M., conveying about four hundred acres of level land in the Rio Grande Valley to Wm. Howland, of Boston, Mass., and in October, 1884, two delegations of Faithists arrived in Shalam, one of whom was the veritable Dr. Henry Samuel Tanner, who fasted forty-two days several years ago.

Providing for Her Little Dog.

[N. O. Special.]

The last will and testament of the late Mrs. Eliza Rickarby was admitted to probate in the civil district court of this parish to-day. Mrs. Rickarby left a very handsome estate, one-third of which goes to Mrs. Elizabeth Hogan, her cousin, and the remaining two-thirds to Mrs. Jennie Morrison, "on the condition that she shall take care of and provide for my little dog Bobo." Bobo will be handsomely provided for, as the possession of the property depends on his good treatment.

WHO IS HE?

The Remarkable Story Told By an Honest Italian Farm Laborer.

[N. Y. Herald.]

A swarthy Italian, who said he was about twenty-four years old, but whose life of hardship and privation had made him look much older, went into the office at Castle Garden Saturday morning and asked to see the superintendent. To Captain Heinzman, Mr. Jackson's assistant, the visitor said:

"I come here on a strange errand. I want to know if you can help me to find out who I am."

Captain Heinzman saw that the man did not look like a "crank" or a lunatic.

"What is your name and where do you come from?" the captain very naturally wanted to know.

"I am called Levi Malona," he replied, "and I now live in Elton, N. Y. I came here to find under what name I was registered at Castle Garden about eighteen years ago. I know that I was born in Italy and was stolen from there when a child, and I know that the name by which I am called is not my real name. I want to find where I was taken from, and if any of my family are still alive in Italy or in this country."

The captain talked with the man, who seemed bright and intelligent, and learned his story, which was told quietly and as though it was commonplace enough. But it sounded like a romance.

"I and my brother were stolen from our home in Italy when we were little boys," he began. "We were sold to a padrone and brought to this country. I must have been about six years old. I can remember the ocean voyage and arrival in New York. It was about eighteen years ago. My brother and I were taken by the padrone with other boys to a den in the Italian quarter. I think it was in Rose street somewhere. We were treated with the greatest cruelty. He taught us, with many floggings, to play a little on the violin and to sing, and sent us into the streets to beg. We had to stay out until midnight, tramp the streets and sing and play every day in all weather, and if we didn't bring home money enough to please the padrone he would beat us and send us to sleep with nothing to eat. Nobody knows the cruelty with which we were treated. My brother and I nearly died of fatigue and hunger and cold and the beatings which the padrone gave us. He was a devil—more like a beast than a man. Some of the boys died from his cruelty.

"After about two years of this life I managed to make my escape. I had to leave my brother there. I begged and tramped my way into the country. I don't know where I went, only that I kept away from the cities. I was afraid of being sold into slavery again if I went into the crowded streets. I remember that I had lived in the country at home in Italy, and I loved the green fields and the blue sky. I found work and kind people at different places, but I did not dare to stay long in one place; I was always afraid the padrone would find me.

"I have been working as a farm-laborer for several years at Elton, in this State, and I have saved enough to come back to New York to search for my brother and to try and find out who and what I am. I was too young to know even the padrone's name, but I have a clew to my own identity and his.

"Since I have been in New York I have met an Italian named D. Grases, who says he thinks I am the son of Pasquale Angorola Colvello, of the Province Basilicata, Italy, whose two sons were stolen away at about the time I and my brother were brought to this country. Grases lived in that part of Italy at the time and remembered the circumstance. He says the name of the padrone was Rafaelo de Grozzia. He does not know what has become of my brother or the padrone.

"I would like you to have the records searched to see if there is any report of the arrival at Castle Garden of an Italian named Rafaelo de Grozzia about eighteen years ago. If the names of two of the children with him were given as Colvello it is probable that they were those of my brother and myself. If I could find that, I could satisfy myself as to my own identity, and perhaps find my brother and my parents, if they are still living. But I fear the padroné would represent the children as his own, and in that case I may never learn my real name."

The officials will cause a search to be made among the records of arrivals of immigrants. It is quite possible that they will be able to throw some light on the mystery.

WHY THEY LOOKED.

Two Constables Try to Flirt, With Rather Discomfiting Results.

[Boston Record.]

A prepossessing young constable of one of our district courts is a pronounced admirer of the fair sex and is never known to let an opportunity for a quiet flirtation pass him by "like the sunbeams;" but it is safe to say that in the future he will exercise care about such matters in railroad cars. One day recently, in pursuance of his official duties, the constable had occasion to visit the insane asylum at Danvers and, having safely lodged there an aberrated gentleman, he started homeward in company with a brother officer, whom he met there.

Having found a comfortable seat both men made a tour of the car with their official eyes and both were highly delighted to discover, two seats behind them, a very fair and roguish-looking representative of the gentler sex. She was accompanied by an older lady and a little girl and her attention was soon drawn by the glances of the constables. The passengers took in the scene and smiled knowingly at one another, but the two constables kept bobbing about in their seats in order to catch the eye of the young lady. She did not appear averse to a little "innocent amusement," but was evidently restrained by the presence of the elder lady, who cast angry and scornful glances at the delighted constables.

Matters were finally brought to a crisis by a remark of the child, who had wonderingly watched the manœuvres of the men ahead. Turning to the elderly lady she said, in a voice loud enough to be heard by every one in the vicinity:

"Mamma, why do those men keep turning around here?"

The elderly lady's reply was given in an equally loud tone of voice. Drawing herself up to an imposing height, she said:

"I think, my dear, they are two crazy men just going home from Danvers!"

Whereupon the two constables, very red in the face, made their way to the smoking car, amid the laughter of the passengers.

ROMANCE OF A WILL.

How a Valuable New York Estate Became Greatly Depreciated.

[Batavia (N. Y.) Special.]

Hon. Seth Wakeman died here in January, 1880. It was known he had made a will, and his attorney, W. C. Watson, declared that he had drawn such a document on July 12, 1876. This will could not be found, and in due course of time the property was divided up among the heirs according to law, and as it was mostly in real estate, it was sold at forced sales for much less than its value to settle the estate. One day last week an old vault in the Batavia bank was cleaned out by Cashier Miller, and among some old papers was found a sealed envelope. It bore the indorsement, in the late Mr. Wakeman's handwriting: "Seth Wakeman's Will." The stamp of the bank under date of July 12, 1876, was on the envelope. In the handwriting of H. W. Merriman, then cashier of the bank, was the injunction: "Deliver only to William C. Watson." It was evident that Mr. Wakeman had placed the will in Cashier Merriman's keeping with the instructions marked on the envelope and that Merriman had put it away without thinking to mention the fact to any one. He died before Wakeman, and the latter died, it is presumed, supposing that his will was in the custody of his trusted lawyer. The long-missing document was opened on Saturday. The envelope contained two wills, one made in 1874 and in Wakeman's handwriting, and the one made by Watson at the dictation of the deceased man in 1876. The wills were similar in purport and the entire property was left to Mrs. Wakeman, $1,000 to be paid to his two minor children at the death of the mother, who were to be educated out of the estate, and then the remainder of the property was to be divided equally among the five children of the deceased. But for the unfortunate mislaying of the will the Wakeman property would have been kept together and would now be greatly increased in its value.

How Pat Higgins, of New York City, Amassed a Fortune in the Far West.

[N. Y. Star.]

Pat Higgins, of Denver, Col., who is estimated to be worth at least one hundred thousand dollars, formerly kept a boot-black stand at the corner of Broadway and Ann street. In spite of his wealth he dresses as he did then, except on state occasions, and is still engaged in blacking boots, though he does less of the manual work than he did when barely making a living in New York City. He now employs many assistants, and is said to have stands in several Colorado towns, and in Tombstone, A. T. He was well known to New Yorkers doing business near the City Hall park during the latter years of the war and for several years afterward. He was in the boot-blacking business previous to the breaking out of the war, but gave up his brush to serve two years in the navy.

He then returned to his old stand on Broadway and lived in a tenement in the Fourth Ward. He was able to add to his earnings by selling papers, but even when making five dollars a day at his blacking stand he continued to live in the cheap rooms he had occupied when one dollar a day was good pay. He was an every-day sort of Irishman, unpretentious, hard-working and sober. He could have dressed well, but he did not care to, and wore only a common flannel shirt and trousers in summer time, with the addition of a pea-jacket in winter.

Pat had ideas and aspirations that were far above his station in life. He was very proud of his two daughters, whose mother was dead. They were always neatly dressed, and went regularly to church and to school. When they grew up he closed his Broadway stand, and, saying good-bye to the few friends at the cruller and coffee stands near by, he left New York and took his children to their aunt in Chicago. He went on to the Black Hills. Pat did not open a saloon or locate a claim or gamble. He opened a modest little shanty with a chair in it, and hung out the legend: "Boots blacked inside." Whenever a miner came to town he always went first to the barber's, then to Pat's place to get a shine, and then he was ready to paint the town.

The miners paid Higgins in gold dust, and 25 cents was the price of a shine. The dust was not weighed, and Pat got more than a quarter's worth oftener than he got less. He saved every cent possible. He had no expensive habits, never dressed up, seldom drank, never gambled and was making from $10 to $20 a day. Then he sent to New York for the illustrated papers. There wasn't a news-stand in the Black Hills at that time. Every man and woman subscribed through Higgins for one or more of the illustrated papers. He bought them for 10 cents and less by subscribing for the year, and then sold them for 25 cents, and even as high as 50 cents and $1. Competition soon began. Higgins stayed till profits began to fall off very perceptibly, then moved on to the next frontier town that had no bootblack and no news-dealer.

When Pat got as far as Leadville he found he was worth several thousand dollars. He selected the First National Bank of Denver as his bank of deposit, and has ever since done business with them. Probably to-day he has $50,000 on deposit there. Not long after he went West Higgins began sending occasional orders for $100 worth of blacking and brushes to New York firms. The scrawling handwriting and doubtful standing of the unknown customer caused feelings of misgiving with some firms at first, but the promptness with which the little Irishman's drafts were honored by the First National Bank of Denver set at rest any doubts, and Higgins had become a very valuable and much appreciated customer at a well-known brush house in Beekman street, and also at a blacking manufactory which is advertised on every