STORY OF AN OLD CRIME

RELATED BY OFFICER TOM HALLS, OF THE U. S. SECRET SERVICE.

Brutal Murder That Occurred in Illinois Shortly After the Civil War Ended.

"Justice miscarried in an exasperating fashion in the case of a man who committed the most horrible murder which ever came beneath my notice," said Secret Service Officer Halls. "The story of the crime is rather long, but it is well worth listening to, because of its romance and mystery.

"A short time after the civil war ended I was in Illinois trying to break up a gang of counterfeiters and general desperadoes. My headquarters was at Champaign, for the time being, with another detective named Rittenhouse. I was a young man at that time and had many acquaintances among the fair sex. One evening I found in my mail an anonymous note, addressed and written in a neat feminine hand, requesting me to meet the writer at a certain house in Champaign, where I was acquainted. The only attention I gave the communication, which I regarded as the silly whim of some young girl, was to tear it in pieces and throw it into the waste basket. About a week afterward I returned from an out-of-town trip and was about ascending the stairway to our office when a jeweler, who occupied the storeroom on the street below, rapped on his window to attract my atention and then motioned me to enter his store, which I did. He handed me a note addressed me and, to my surprise, the handwriting was the same as appeared on the one which I had destroyed a week before. The jeweler told me that the message had been left by a little girl, who informed him that she had first been instructed to deliver it to Capt. Halls at his office, but, when I was found to be out of the city, the child was directed to leave it in care of the storekeeper. The note said: 'I wrote you a letter one week ago and am not now surprised at your not giving it attention. Now I want to see you very badly and must. My business is of the greatest importance. If you get this letter by Thursday afternon drop me a note in the postoffice. I shall leave the State Agricultural College between the two towns (Urbana and Champaign) at 7 o'clock in the evening. My route will be along the sidewalk running north until I get on a line with the Catholic Church. There I will turn west, pursuing that walk until I get on the corner near the gashouse, where I will turn south until I come to the I., B. & W. Railway. Please advise me where on this route you can meet me. I will trust your honor as a gentleman to say nothing about this and to come alone. You will know me, for I am a woman and will be dressed in mourning. Now, don't neglect this, please, as it is a matter of great importance.' The note was signed 'M. A. Hudson.'

THOUGHT LETTER A DECOY.

"The State Agricultural College was at that time about half way between the towns of Urbana and Champaign and the road the writer of the note proposed to travel lay, for the most part, through an open prairie. My first impression was that the letter was a decoy sent me by a member of the gang which I was trying to run down. I thought they wanted to entice me out on the lonely prairie and 'do me up.' However, there was something about the letter which made me think the writer was in genuine distress, and I resolved to take chances and meet her. I accordingly sent her a note appointing a place near the gashouse for our meeting and fixing the time at 7:30 in the evening. Before evening I got to thinking that perhaps I had better guard against any accident by telling my partner something of the affair. Therefore, I showed him the woman's note. He read it through and then handed it back to me without a word. I then went into another room and changed my light coat and hat to others of a darker hue. When I came out Rittenhouse said, 'You are not going against that letter, are you?' I said 'I thought I would, at the same time placing a big revolver in my pocket. I told him that if it were a 'set-up job' I had just as well go anyway, as the ones who planned it would 'lay for me' and perhaps get me some other time when I was not on my guard. Rittenhouse insisted on accompanying me, so I had to 'give him the slip.' I started by a back street and went up in the neighborhood of the gashouse. While I had mentioned that as the place for the meeting I had no intention of going there, but wanted to draw the parties to the place, if they intended to ambush me. If the writer of the letter was honest, however, I could as well as not meet her at some other point on the board walk running between Champaign and the Agricultural College. I accordingly walked to the corner above the gashouse, from which place I could see a long distance on the board walk and at the same time keep my eye on the gashouse. I saw nothing suspicious in that quarter, however. Pedestrians were coming and going along the walk without making any unusual stops, and no one entered the building except such as I knew to be workmen. I was just beginning to think the letter was a hoax or else a scheme to get me out of the city for an hour or two, when, happening to glance down the board walk, which stretched away in the dim distance like a white ribbon on the broad prairie, I detected what appeared to be a black speck. As I looked I noticed that the speck increased in size, indicating that the object was coming towards me. I decided to walk in that direction and meet it, whatever it was. I found that it was Mrs. Mary Ann Hudson, the author of the two notes which I had received a week apart. The woman's first question, however, aroused my suspicion. 'Have you got a warrant for T. M. Lane?' she asked. Now, T. M. Lane was the reputed chief of a gang of lawbreakers which had long been wanted by the officers. As a matter of fact, we did have a warrant for his arrest and had received information that he was contemplating a visit to Urbana on an important criminal mission, but was prevented from doing so by fear of the officers. Accordingly, when Mrs. Hudson asked me that question I at once suspected her to be an emissary of Lane's, seeking information for his use. The woman repeated her question, referring to Lane as Timothy M. Lane. I answered her very sternly: 'If your errand out here to-night has been to find that out or to get any other information for Lane's use it has been a failure. You should have known better than to think that you could get an answer to such a question. Besides, why didn't you come to my office in place of bringing me out here in this lonely place?' 'I see,' she said, wringing her hands as though in great distress, 'that I shall have to tell you my story.' 'Spare yourself the recital,' I responded, 'if your object in making it is to elicit an answer to your question, as I shall refuse to answer. In addition, I have serious objections to discussing business matters in such a place as this and at this hour of the evening. If you have any business to transact with me, I am furnished an office where you may come for that purpose.' 'I dare not come to your office,' she cried, 'for I should be murdered if I did. There are parties on my track who threaten me with destruction if I should divulge something that I know. I am trying to find out some way to protect myself, and hence have come to you. Let me implore you to hear my story.' I then pointed out to her that a more dangerous place than the board walk could scarcely have been chosen for the relation of such a tale, since discovery was imminent at any moment.

HALLS HEARS THE STORY.

"We went over the railroad track and walked along it until we came to a trestle bridge, and on the upper side of the bridge we came to a secluded, yet open place on the prairie, where I thought our conversation might be resumed with safety. I cautioned her to look in one direction for approaching pedestrians, while I would keep 'an eye out' in the other direction. After making me promise solemnly never to divulge her story unless she gave me permission to do so, she began her narrative, or rather confession. Her name was Mary Ann Hudson; she lived at Sardorus, eighteen miles from Champaign; formerly kept a dressmaking establishment, at which she formed the acquaintance of T. M. Lane. She became introduced to Lane in this manner: Having business to transact at Champaign one day, a neighbor woman told her (Mrs. Hudson) that Lane was going over in his buggy and she could go with him. When Lane and Mrs. Hudson were returning to Sardorus he made some peculiar suggestions to her, such as that she was too smart a woman to be making her living by dressmaking, and that if she were under his direction he could tell her how to make money faster. He kept calling upon Mrs. Hudson, and at frequent intervals would resume his mysterious manner of talking. She did not quite understand his meaning, but finally got the impression that he referred to the commission of forgery or some such crime. On the night of the day when the sun went into total eclipse, Lane threw off his mask of mystery and told Mrs. Hudson that what he wanted was for her to become a member of his gang of counterfeiters and act as their "stool piegon." When she demurred he threatened to blast her reputation. She persisted in her refusal, however. In a few days she began to notice that her friends treated her with marked coolness. Places in which she had always before been welcomed were denied her. In time she discovered that Lane had carried out the most diabolical scheme of which she had ever heard or dreamed. At night he would haunt the yard of the house where she lived and when he knew some passerby on the street would observe him he would creep stealthily into the yard and then hide. In a few minutes, when he heard another person going by, he would emerge as stealthily, being careful, however, that he should be observed from the street. Driven to desperation, Mrs. Hudson at last acceded to his proposition, and became a member of the gang. The woman continued her narrative, giving as full details of the gang, its operations and the names of its members as she was able. She told of the terrible espionage which was kept over her and of the constant threats made against her life should she betray or attempt to betray the lawbreakers.

"Still, however, I could not help wondering why she was so determined to betray Lane and I put the question to her bluntly. I shall never forget the reply I received. 'There are some things,' she said, 'that a woman will never forgive a man for and T. M. Lane has treated me just so.' I questioned her further and she replied: 'You are so quick at drawing conclusions I should think you might guess without making me explain. I will stop at nothing now to get him in the penitentiary where he belongs.' I told Mrs. Hudson that I would place full credence in her story provided she would agree to turn Lane over to me—entice him to some place where I could get him easily. She assented and we arranged to carry on a correspondence on the subject. Her last words to me were: 'Now, be very careful what you do. My life is at stake. These parties are very desperate and will stop at nothing if they suspect what I am doing. Never recognize me in public under any circumstances, nor admit that you know any such person as I. They will try to catch you off your guard. You will be asked by persons whom you will not suspect if you are acquainted with Mary Ann Hudson, but remember what I have said.' I assured her that I would make no slip in the matter and we parted. she pursuing her way to the house where she boarded. I following closely enough to keep her in sight to guard against possible harm coming to her. When I saw her safely at home I returned to my own home and fell into bed at an early hour in the morning. I had just got into a light doze when Rittenhouse burst into the room in a state of great anxiety. He gave me quite a 'raking over the coals' for having given him 'the slip' in the fashion I did, when he was so sure that I was being lured into a trap of some sort. He said he had become more firmly convinced of the truth of this surmise when the hours passed by without any word coming from me. To his many inquiries as to what happened during my absence, I returned evasive replies, mindful of Mrs. Hudson's warnings.

SHE KEPT HER PROMISE.

"I heard frequently from Mrs. Hudson during the next three or four weeks. She kept me advised of Lane's movements, according to her promise. I met her several times on the street, but did not recognize her publicly or betray any sign of acquaintance with her. In daylight she appeared a very prepossessing woman, of about thirty-five years of age, wore good clothes, and seemed to be neat in her person. I learned that she was employed in a millinery store on the main street of Champaign, kept by a woman named Mrs. Conant. About four weeks after the midnight interview across the railroad bridge, one Sunday morning, after breakfast, I was up in my room making my toilet, when I heard some one at the front door below. In a moment Rittenhouse called to me: 'Tom, come down as soon as possible.' I complied at once, and found a small boy in a state of great excitement. He was relating some story to Mr. and Mrs. Rittenhouse in a breathless manner. Rittenhouse turned to me and said: 'There has been a murder committed. The body of a woman has been found on a vacant lot near the I., B. & W. Railway, on this street. The woman has evidently been murdered, and we are wanted at once.' Turning to the boy I asked: 'Did you see the body?' When he answered in the affirmative I inquired as to how the woman was dressed. He said she wore black clothes. I then asked Rittenhouse to recall the midnight interview on account of which he 'called me down' so severely, and then told him that I firmly believed we would soon be looking at the dead body of the very woman with whom I conversed that night. Sure enough, it was the corpse of Mary Ann Hudson. The body was lying behind the haystack in a vacant lot near the sidewalk, which extended from the railroad depot to the city. From the appearance of the body and other indications it was evident to me that the murderer or murderers had desired the public to believe the woman was the victim of a felonious assault. She had been killed by a blow upon the skull with some iron instrument, which penetrated the bone and permitted the blood and brains to ooze out on the ground. Looking about for the weapon with which the crime had been committed, I noticed something wrapped up in the woman's shawl. It proved to be half of a 'slide,' such as is used on farm wagons. It was made of wood, painted red, and had an iron bolt in one end. Investigating further, I found outside the lot, in the ditch, at a point opposite the spot where the body lay, the other half of the wooden slide, containing a similar bolt in the end. When I took my 'find' back to the haystack and tried to fit it to the piece of bloody wood I found that it fitted exactly. I walked along the sidewalk on the outside of the vacant lot until I came to a place where three shade trees stood in such close proximity that their branches interlaced at the top, and thus made the spot exceedingly dark in the evening or at night. I found indisputable evidences that the crime had been committed here instead of at the haystack, where the body was lying.

FOLLOWED BY THE MEN.

"Continuing my investigation, I discovered that Mrs. Hudson had left Mrs. Conant's millinery store the evening of the murder, and started for her boarding place, about six squares away. Two persons, Mrs. Nodine and Mrs. Jennie Donaldson, passed her about eighty-five yards from the scene of the crime. They said she was hurrying along through the rain, which had just commenced to fall, with her shawl pulled down over her face. Right behind her, close enough to have touched her if he had reached out his hand, was a man of medium size and still further back was another man whom both women described as being tall. The last man carried under his arm something which the women could not describe. Within a few hours of the finding of the body I succeeded in coming across a farm wagon, with red running gear, close to a blacksmith shop which was only a few squares away from the vacant lot. I learned that a Mrs. Keyes had, on the evening of the murder, seen three men—one of whom, from her description, appeared to have been Lane—standing near the red wagon. This was about 5:30 p. m. I observed the 'slide' was missing from this wagon and then I tried an experiment with the 'slide' which I had found near where the body was discovered. The piece of wood with which Mrs. Hudson was slain fitted that wagon to perfection.

"I also made a thorough search of Mrs. Hudson's apartments for any letter she might have left for me, since she had intimated that she would likely leave behind her, if killed, a confession which would send T. M. Lane to the gallows or the penitentiary. In the top tray of her trunk I found a long letter in an envelope, addressed to me, but not stamped. Opening it, I found she had written out in minute detail the confession which she gave me that night across the I., B. & W. railroad bridge. At the close of the letter she said: 'I am watched all the time by some of the clan and they have used unmerciful threats if I ever betrayed him (Lane) on this business.'

"I told Rittenhouse the whole story, and we began a search for Lane. We finally succeeding in arresting him at Sardorus—Mrs. Hudson's home, from which place he was taken to Urbana and confined in jail. At the trial his defense was an alibi. He produced several very fine looking people who swore that on the night of the murder he was in a house on North Carpenter street in Chicago. We brought evidence which showed that we had traced Lane to Champaign on the evening prior to the murder and that he had been seen sitting on a pile of lumber cat-a-corner from the house where Mrs. Hudson was employed—evidently watching the poor woman. We also produced the evidence of Mrs. Keyes and of Mrs. Donaldson and Mrs. Nodene, in addition to the confession of Mary Ann Hudson. The jury, however, which was an 'average' one, gave Lane the benefit of every 'doubt' and acquited the scoundrel.

"After he was discharged Lane approached me and said, 'I have been acquitted by a jury and now I want to hear you say that you think I am innocent.' 'That I will never do,' I replied, 'for I know that you killed Mary Ann Hudson and you know that I know it.' 'Oh well,' he said with a laugh, 'I will tell you all about it some time.' Lane then left Illinois, and next turned up at Wichita, Kan., where he was afterwards accused of murdering a child, but his luck followed him still, and he was again acquited. I haven't the slightest doubt that he killed Mrs. Hudson, and I am fully aware of his reasons for committing the terrible crime. We left no stone unturned to secure his conviction and punishment, but justice miscarried and we failed.

"I found out another interesting and mournful fact in my investigation of the Hudson murder," said Captain Halls, as he picked up a book of photographs of noted criminals and proceeded to look for the picture of an offender whom he "wanted." "I learned that about 5 o'clock of the evening on which she met her cruel fate, Mrs. Hudson made an effort to communicate with me. She had caught sight of Lane watching her from some place near the store at which she worked, and wanted me to come and furnish her protection. She sent me a note by a messenger, but, unfortunately, I could not be found at that time. If I had received the message, I might have prevented one of the most frightful murders in the annals of crime. But I suppose it was fated that Mary Ann Hudson must die by violence. Poor woman, she was not altogether guiltless, but she did make an effort to get out of the fearful net of criminality in which she was enmeshed. I often think of the case with deep regret."

A New Golf Club.

Newport (R. I.) News.

A new golf club combining all the charms of cleek, midiron, mashie, lofter or putter can be had by the player who wishes to do away with the golfer's bag and its contents, and with the need of a caddie. This is a boon to the many as the expense of the few. If it proves a success the caddies and the makers of the individual clubs will suffer, but the great number of players will be infinitely relieved. A head in two pieces and a thumbscrew adjusting the blade as wanted, bringing it to any desired angle by the help of slots, is the simple arrangement which is expected to find favor in the eyes of the golfers.

An Epitaph.

Here do I lie—in faith!
Not that God's purposes were clear to me;
Not that I read old books, and said, "I see!
Curst be the fool whose eyes are holden yet!"
But that I justified within my soul
The Will that moved the worlds. It guides the whole;
Let it this part remember or forget!

Here do I lie—in hope!
Not that I say, "I kept my foot from sin;"
Not that I think, or wish, to enter in
Where aureoled saints with new-born children rest;
But that no fellow-man can say of me,
"I fell, and it was pleasing unto thee;
Thine eyes beheld despair, and acquiesced."

Here do I lie—and sleep!
Sleep was the gift filched at my birth from me,
But I inherit it eternally;
I close my hand on it, and now shall keep.
Embraces of the flesh awakened "me;"
Stripped of the flesh once more—and willingly—
In the embraces of the gods I sleep.

—London Academy.

IN ANCIENT SALAMANCA

ONCE A GREAT SEAT OF LEARNING, IT IS NOW A TOWN IN RUINS.

Traditions and Traces of Its Former Greatness—Crumbling College Buildings.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

SALAMANCA, Spain, July 30.—How disappointing, and yet how interesting, is this old city of song and story! For centuries the world has been accustomed to think of Salamanca, with its celebrated university and troubadouring students, as the synonym of erudition—the Oxford, Yale, Harvard, Heidelberg of southern Europe; and most of the world has gone on thinking so to this day, though the melancholy fact is that the ancient seat of learning has for many years been little more than a heap of ruins, abandoned to rats and owls. From Avila to Salamanca is a tedious night journey by railway, over an arid and treeless country, which even "the hallowed benediction of the moon" fails to beautify. You leave Avila at 1 a. m., guided by lanterns down the narrow, crooked streets from hotel to station, importuned every step of the way by whining beggars and lottery ticket sellers, who are as numerous and as persistant by night as by day when strangers are their prey. So slowly jogs the train that day is well advanced before you sight Salamanca—horseshoe in shape, pale yellow in color, with the wide, blue River Tormes flowing close under its ancient walls. This mighty river, by the way, than which a bluer or more beautiful does not exist, proves a dangerous acquaintance to the foreigner. Its water holds in solution some unexplained mineral or organic matter, which not only plays havoc with the "inner man" of one unaccustomed to drinking it, but covers the body of the bather with minute sores, recembling an aggravated case of "prickly heat." Salamancans keep the water standing several days in cisterns before drinking it in order to allow the injurious substance to deposit. The Tormes, rising somewhere in the northern mountains, flows more than a hundred miles through Spanish territory, to its junction with the Duero, the great river of Portugal. A lazy, shallow trout stream through the arid region where water is most needed, it suddenly becomes very broad and imposing near Salamanca, where it is crossed by a magnificent stone bridge of twenty-five arches.

THE RULE OF TWENTY-FIVE.

The rule of twenty-five appears to prevail in this ancient seat of learning—twenty-five colleges, twenty-five churches, twenty-five convents, twenty-five professorships and twenty-five arches to its Roman bridge; but the last alone remain intact—the rest being mostly among the things of long ago. In the fourteenth century Salamanca boasted the most splendid collegiate buildings in Europe and twelve thousand students in its great university alone. Its pride was first laid in the dust by the French, in the summer of 1812, who not only destroyed twenty of the colleges and all the richest convents, together with private palaces worthy the Corso of Rome or the Grand Canal of Venice, which they first looted of valuables and then burned for firewood. Later on, the law of Queen Isabella II—that no corporate body in Spain could hold any property (made especially for royal plunder), completed the devastation of Salamanca. A few notable buildings remain to show what the city must once have been—the great cathedral, a dozen colleges and convents, the monastery of San Bartolome, now used as a residence for the civil governor, and the archbishop's palace, occupied by what remains of the celebrated Colegio de Noblesses Irlandeses, "College of Irish Noblemen," founded by Philip II, in 1590, to spite his sister-in-law, Elizabeth of England, and dedicated to St. Patrick. The beautiful cream-colored stone which formed the walls of the larger buildings, was quarried close by the city on the banks of the Tormes. Most of them were erected early in the fifteenth century, although, of course, many are much older; and it is safe to say that nothing whatever has been built in Salamanca during the last hundred years. Furbishing up your ancient history, you remember that Plutarch relates how, 582, B. C., Hannibal raised the siege of Salamanca, after the Spaniards had promised to pay three hundred talents of silver and to hand over three hundred hostages. It seems that the race was not famous for keeping its word even in that early day, and having failed to comply with the terms agreed upon, the punic chief returned and gave the place over to plunder. He ordered the male population to come out unarmed, and being afraid to trust them, demanded that they leave their cloaks behind. But he did not reckon on the women. The latter concealed swords under their sayas, and when the Massaesylian guard placed over the presumably unarmed prisoners, left their charge to join in the pillage, the women gave the swords to the men, who rushed back and killed hundreds of the plunderers.

A CENTER OF CULTURE.

So much for Plutarch's contribution to the history of Salamanca, true or false. We know that under the Romans this city became the ninth military station on the Via Plata, "Silver Way"—the broad road that led from Santander on the north coast of the peninsula, to Cadiz, on the south. At Salamanca the Goths coined their golden money, until the place was ravaged by the Moors, and Spaniards reconquered it in 1055. Although fully three-fourths of the city is now ruins, it is still a wonderful mass of colleges, convents and churches. Indeed, nowhere else in the world, upon so small an area, can be found such a wealth of sculpture, such pomp of architectural display, as in this corpse of a city whose population has dwindled from 50,000 to hardly 5,000. You put up at "La Burgalesa," the only hotel now open in the place, and are surprised to find it "not half bad," as, the English say—considering the extreme poverty of the region and the general badness of Spanish inns. Close by it is the Plaza Mayor, the great square which for three hundred years enjoyed the reputation of being the finest in Spain, capable of holding twenty thousand people, where bull fights were held for the amusement of kings. One side is occupied by municipal buildings, the three other sides by arcades of arches, on Corinthian columns—the whole a marvelous sample of Plateresque architecture. But its glory has long since departed. Behind those splendid arcades are dark, dirty, poverty-stricken shops, and back of them are narrow, ill-paved alleys, lined with tumble-down palaces and swarming with beggars. All day this once proud plaza is deserted, except for the beggars, asleep in the sun, but in the evening the few remaining students congregate there, swaggering up and down, arm in arm, proudly wearing their ragged cloaks, like regal ermine, puffing their interminable cigarettes and shouting their Castilian songs.

MODERN SPANISH STUDENTS.

The old-fashioned "Spanish student," associated in the mind with the strolling bands of musicians, escalades of balconies, and the roguish exploits so charmingly pictured in the pages of "The Bachelor of Salamanca" and Cervantes "Tia Fingide," is now almost extinct. The ugly black costume of the order is yet worn, but the boxwood fork and spoon, stuck in the cocked hat, are nowadays only for ornament and are no longer used to fish out tidbits from the cauldron of the convent kitchen. Since the construction of railroads in this part of Spain has destroyed the business of the muleteers, the troops of rollicking youths that formerly overran these provinces—clearing the larders of the Ventas and arousing the ire of jealous husbands, have entirely disappeared. There is a Spanish proverb which compares a student without a guitar to a comet without a tail; and truly, one is as conceivable as the other in Salamanca. Every student has more or less musical ability, and the performance of the experts would win applause from the "end men" of any minstrel show. Poor as they always are, and often hungry, his beloved guitar go first, his cloak, his coat, but never his music maker until reduced to the pangs of starvation. The municipal authorities of Salamanca have no jurisdiction over the university, which has its own government and courts. The old-time beadles, charged with preserving the peace, have a hard time of it to keep in order the madcap students whom another Castillian saying calls "The Bedouins of guitar and dagger." It is said that the university discipline is very lax, only a nominal attendance at the lectures being expected. The sole and indispensable requisite to graduation is a thorough knowledge of Latin, in which the candidate for a degree must be so proficient as to read and write it with the same facility as he does his native tongue. The doctors of the various faculties are distinguished by tassels upon their caps—red, blue, green, yellow or white, each department of science having its peculiar color—and funny it looks to see a driedup, leathery old gentleman stalking solemnly about, with cap perched rakishly on one side of his bald head, a gaudy bunch of silk dangling above his nose.

CRUMBLING COLLEGES.

The university buildings cover a great deal of ground, but everything about them indicates the decayed fortunes of the venerable institution. You enter by way of the library, whose facade alone—a triumph of the decorative and heraldic style—is worth an architect's visit to Spain. It is of the richest period of Ferdinand and Isabella, the creamy stone having been as wax in the hands of the artists, who evolved a maze of scrolls and tracery, amid medallions and badges innumerable. The inscriptions are in Greek—"The Kings of the University, and this to the Kings." That dilapidated portion which answers to "the schools" of Oxford—begun in the year 1415, in the romantic age of Juan II, patron of literature and the troubadour—has a gorgeous plateresque front and a curious convocation house. Nowadays the students are lodged in private houses and come up here for their "classes." The little square behind it, surrounded by collegiate buildings, is much like any other college "quad," only immeasurably shabbier and more melancholy. In the center is a statue of the famous ecclesiastical poet, Fra Luiz de Leon, who is numbered among the eminent students here, with Cervantes, Cardinal Ximenes, Saarverdra and others of whom the world has heard, now long returned to mother earth. Over the door of each lecture room is a tablet, denoting the particular science which is, or was, or ought to be taught therein. Inside of each room is a pulpit for the lecturer, and rows of benches for the students, with a sort of ledge before them, on which to write their notes. The handsome library is lined with Louis XIV book cases and gallery, a smaller room being devoted to a vast and most interesting collection of illuminated manuscripts and books—mostly collected from confiscated monasteries. Among the most remarkable are an illuminated manscript of the fifteenth century, "Libro de las Claras y Virtuesas mujeres" (Book of the Graces and Virtues of Women), by Don Alvaro de Luna; original letters and manuscript books of Fra de Leon; a volume of the Lord's prayer, in ane hundred and fifty-seven languaes, ordered by the first Napoleon, and many rare works prohibited by the liber expurgatorius—all of which the librarian will show you with boundless pride and patience. Passing through several tapestry-draped, musty-smelling rooms, you come to the Sala del Claustro—a rather modern looking saloon in which the doctors and heads of the houses assemble in conclave. A student about to "wrangle" or "dispute," is shut up here twenty-five hours, with a sentinel on guard at the door, to give him time and opportunity to consider his subject.

Next in interest in the line of colleges is the old Colegio Mayor de Santiago Apostal, now called the "Irish College," founded more than four centuries ago. Here a score of Irish students are always in training for the priesthood. There are dozens of others, all built at incredible expense by the most skillful artisans of their age, and all now comparatively untenated, with empty courts and echoing corridors.

BEFRIENDED COLUMBUS.

Even more interesting in an historical point of view is the Dominican Monastery of San Esteben, in the Calle de Colon ("Columbus street"), so called in memory of the great admiral, who once resided in it. When the wise doctors of the university found Columbus's scheme for discovering another continent "vain, impracticable and resting on grounds too weak to merit the support of the government"—the friars of San Esteben, under Deza, the inquisitor, approved and upheld the homeless genius and entertained him several weeks with generous hospitality. In gratitude for the same Columbus used the first virgin gold imported from the new world in gilding the retablo of the Dominican church, and most gorgeous it still is in appearance, as seen under the dark elliptical arch of the coro. The "Room of Colon," where the conferences took place, which subsequently had such great control over the destinies of the western hemisphere, is an immense, bare, vaulted hall, two hundred feet long by perhaps twenty-five feet wide. But it has another and more terrible history. For many years the familiars of the Inquisition assembled here to witness the torture of heretics, and the floor is neatly paved with human vertebrae, the remains of the victims of that tribunal.

The cathedral, of brilliant yellow stone, has little appearance of antiquity, though begun in 1513. From its north aisle you pass into a second and older cathedral, built in 1102, by the famous Bishop Geronimo, confessor of the Cid, who fought by his side in all his battles and supported his dead body on its final journey from Valencia. The bishop was buried here, and above his tomb for five centuries hung "El Christo de las Batallas," the bronze crucifix of the Cid, which he always carried to battle. It long since disappeared; but is said that the canons know the hiding place where, in these days of church robery, it has been secreted. The tomb of Geronimo was opened in 1606, and a chronicler of the day affirms that "The body of the holy warrior smelled truly delicious."

FANNIE B. WARD.

That's What.

New York Press.

No man with whiskers has got any right to put butter on his green corn.

THE EARLY ROADMAKERS

WORK OF PIONEERS IN CONSTRUCTING PUBLIC HIGHWAYS.

It Was Conducted Under Great Difficulties and Disadvantages—Notes of Travel Eighty Years Ago.

[Paper read before the Indiana Centennial Association, July 4, by Calvin Fletcher.]

The interest of many in their government is limited to the interest their government takes in their personal callings or in their personal fads. Some bicycle "century riders'" patriotism pulsates with the good or bad qualities of the road over which they travel, to the construction of which they never contributed money or muscle, and to whose improvement they commend their distinguished relative, Uncle Sam. The voices of such are heard, even in political conventions, in their efforts to commit parties to their views. These zealots have, in the language of another, "no conception of the magnitude of an undertaking requiring centuries to consummate and costing more than all the adjacent property is worth."

At my age I do not feel called upon to respond to the demand, nor yet to erect a bulwark against the results of that demand. The business sense of our people will meet the emergency when it arises. However, I would stay the pedals of many a grumbler, and call his attention to the labors and expenditures of those who, during the century we celebrate, have secured what he to-day thanklessly enjoys—labors and expenditures that aggregate more than the cost of their farms. I speak of the road workers of Indiana.

The pioneers of our State found "Indian trails," which, with widening, proved easy lines of travel to their chosen El Dorados. Many of these afterwards became fixtures through use, improvement and legislation. Radiating from this seat of government, and other business centers of the State, are evidences of such procedure in our system of roads. To the national government we are indebted for the great Cumberland road, bisecting the State by an east-and-west line, so ably treated of by Hon. Smiley N. Chambers. A treaty with the Pottawatomie Indians gave us the Michigan road from the Ohio river to Lake Michigan. The capital of Indiana is platted upon and about the intersection of these two roads. The net-work, or shall I say the wind-work, of State and county roads that covers our land was fixed upon us by many acts of many legislatures, and through orders of county commissioners, the roads themselves through the prompt response of industrious men interested in getting to neighbors' houses, to blacksmiths' shops, to mill, to village stores, to schoolhouses, to log-cabin churches, to the half-cleared and unavoidable burying ground.

The level character of our glacial clay soil and river bottoms, surrounding us, simplified the location of roads, as the open lines of the government surveys made it possible for the owner of each tract of land to reach his destination without crossing his neighbor's land and thereby inflicting upon others the necessity of extra fencing or waste of soil and timber. Next to the hearty handshake and ready lift at the handspike when neighbors swapped work at logrollings, was the greeting when, at fixed periods, all ablebodied men met to open up or work upon roads. My childfeet pattered along many of the well-constructed thoroughfares of to-day when only indistinct tracings, long lines of deadened trees, deep-worn horse paths and serpentine tracks of wabbling wagon wheels guided me.

ROAD WORKING.

The ever-recurring road working days and their cheerful observance, with time's work in rotting and fire's work in removing dead tree and stump, at last let in long lines of sunshine to dry up the mud, to burn up the miasma, and to bless the wayfarer to other parts, as well as to disclose what these pioneer roadmakers had done for themselves by opening up fields in the forests. I recall how heartily they provided for the wants of others, wants they felt when they cut the first logs for their cabin homes. There were no nurseries, from which to draw supplies of fruit trees in all the land; but apple seeds or sprouts, and peach pits came with each household; and the fence corners along the future highways bore testimony to generous impulses, and free fruit for everybody. Oh! how those luscious peaches once carpeted the ground from here to Noblesville, to Pendleton, to Greenfield, to Shelbyville, to Franklin, to Martinsville, to Putnamville, to Danville, to Crawfordsville, and all the other villages and villes in central Indiana.

A congested two-roomed house a square from where your chairman held sway over a team of well-disciplined hogs led judicious parents who "desired a moment's peace" to plan out many a pedestrian trip for myself and brothers, while the black bear's tracks commingled with our own in the mud or dust; and the terrible panther's human cries misled the lost child and brought terror to searching parties or wanderers. And thus it came about that I am able to give testimony in behalf of the generation now altogether passed away, and to emphasize the saying that "their works do follow them." They left plenty for others to do, both in roadmaking and in farming.

To perfect easily and naturally these industries requires three generations. The forests must be felled, logs rolled and burned, families reared, and in most cases the land is to be paid for. When this is accomplished a faithful picture would reveal not only the changes that had been wrought, but a host of prematurely broken down men and women, besides and undue proportion resting peacefully in country graveyards.

A second generation straightens out the fields at odd corners, pulls the stumps, drains the wet spots, and casting aside the sickle of their father, swings the cradle over broader fields; and even trenches upon the plans of the third generation by pushing the claim of the reaper, the mower and the thresher. They build commodious barns and comfortable houses, they indulge in better stocks of horses, cattle, sheep and swine, and with presumption place spring seats upon the thirty-bushel beds of their two-horse wagons.

And now the children of the children of the pioneer, the third generation, possess the land. What is left for them to do? They essay the most improved machinery for all kinds of work. They burrow through the earth with tile drainage like gigantic moles, they discard the sluggish ox, they adopt the road horse, they meet (in friendly competition at State fairs) with the most progressive breeders and fields of live stock, and producers of grains and vegetables of other States.

They send their products to market in Studebaker wagons and take their families everywhere in Parry's carts, buggies and carriages. They attend Purdue University to get practical knowledge, and send the rest of the family to the State and county normal, or to any of the score of colleges of learning in the State, and give respectability to the rearing of high-class poultry, which, by common consent, welds them indissolubly to the fad of city fanciers.

WORK OF THREE GENERATIONS.

Pardon the digression, but I wish my bicyclist to know the dual life these pioneers led; first serving interests that pertained to the public, next those pertaining to themselves. The labor of the three generations in roadmaking I class as follows: To the first generation the locating and clearing the timber from the roads as I have described. The wet places would become mirey and were repaired by the use of adjacent logs whole and split, placed at right angles with the line of road. This was called corduroy, which it was temporarily secure and always rough. The roots and stumps caused many holes, called chuck holes, which were repaired by using brush and casting dirt thereon—with the uniform result that at each end of the corduroy or brush repairs, a new mud or chuck hole would be formed, in time; and thus until timber and brush became exhausted did the pioneer provide the way, for the public and himself, to market, to court and to elections.

The second generation discovered a value in the inexhaustible beds of gravel in the rivers and creeks, as well as beneath the soil, and made free use of the same. Roadbeds were thrown up, and the side ditches thus formed contributed to sound wheeling. Well distributed gravel perfected the same. Legislation tempted capital to invest in such work, and tollgates sprang up along our highways, until the third generation removed them and assumed the burden of large expenditures from public funds for public benefit.

And thus have passed away the nightmare of the farmer, the traveler, the mover and the mail carrier—a nightmare that prevailed nine months of the year. Central Indiana claimed but three months of passable roads. One month, during the winter, of solid frozen dirt, generally rough, and two months scattered through the spring, summer and fall, according to dry periods. There were places where dust never disturbed and where the chorus of frogs never ceased—where the endless corduroy was the terror of all compelled to pass that way. Such localities now boast the best roads and the most fertile lands of the State.

A few more years and the counties of the State responding to the needs and wishes of their citizens will have built good turnpikes of a durable character. These conditions will still leave ample field for the exercise of all the surplus energy the cyclists may have in constructing pleasant paths here and there for perhaps the most invigorating recreation known.

I bring to an end these desultory remarks by suggesting that we return to the hogwallow roads of a half century ago rather than ask our fully employed Uncle Sam to make roads for us.

NOTES ON EARLY ROADS.

I.—On the 31st of December, 1821, an act of forty sections was passed by the Legislature appropriating $100,000 to be used in the construction of twenty-two roads, the most of which ran from the east, south and west lines of the State to Indianapolis, and to and from towns in the southern part of the State. No point north of Indianapolis is named in this act, that region being a wilderness. Again, on the 2d of January, 1829, an act was passed providing for commissioners to locate thirty-six different roads and to take charge of the construction and repair of roads in different parts of the State, and appropriating $100,000 for the work. A very few of these roads were located north of a line drawn east and west through Indianapolis.

II.—An experience of a trip from Indianapolis to Chicago in March, 1848, by mail stage, is pertinent. It took the first twenty-four hours to reach Kirklin, in Boone county, the next twenty-four to Logansport, the next thirty-six hours to reach South Bend. A rest then of twenty-four hours on account of high water ahead; then thirty-six hours to Chicago—five days of hard travel in mud or on corduroy, or sand, the whole way. There was, at that time of the year, no direct route from Indianapolis to Chicago. The Kankakee was impassable, except at the extreme headwaters between South Bend and Laporte. Lemon's bridge over the Kankakee between Logansport and Chicago was inaccessible on account of water. In the summer passenger coaches went through, but when wet weather came the mud wagon was used to carry passengers and mail, and when the mud became too deep the mail was piled into crates, canvas covered, and hauled through. This was done also on the National, the Madison, the Cincinnati, the Lafayette and the Bloomington roads.

III.—Corduroy roads were made by grading the soft earth, then laying a floor of poles or rails about twelve feet long across string pieces of larger size, which ran lengthwise with the road, and upon this was put a coating of dirt. It was a muddy bridge, several rods in length; for instance the road between Indianapolis and Franklin was more than one-third corduroy; and between Indianapolis and Crawfordsville about a fourth corduroy. The National and Shelbyville roads were not much better. Hastily made on a spongy bed the roads soon became very rough.

IV.—About the years 1849, '50 and '51 some plank roads were made in various places, but no general system was adopted, and they soon rotted and went into disuse, and the gravel road became the permanent highway everywhere on all important thoroughfares.

V.—In 1839 the postmaster general, Amos Kendall, established the "Express Mail," daily, from the west end of the McAdom turnpike of the National road, in Ohio, to St. Louis. This express consisted of one horse, saddle bags and rider. Only high-priced postage letters were carried.

The rider was to go in a gallop for a stretch of some eight or ten miles. This was continued a few years, and until railroads and telegraph lines were constructed it was a great accommodation to business men.

Pope Leo's Favorite Resort.

Detroit Free Press.

The gardens of the Vatican are not many acres in extent, but seem to be bigger than they really are. Walks and drives are laid off with care and bordered by high box hedges. A mixture of primness and wildness greets the eye. At the entrance are some acres of flower beds laid out in the stiffest style of Italian gardening, but a winding walk leads into a forest which shuts off the views completely. Old fountains, arches, statues, everything moss-grown and old, with ferns close-growing, form the surroundings. On the sunny side of the hill is a small vineyard, a small orchard, poultry yard, deer park and ostrich pen. Several pavilions or summer houses are also to be found.

Profitable.

Detroit Journal.

"We shall exterminate the foreign devils!" said Bum Lung, the eminent mandarin.

We admonished him that China would be ruined by such a policy.

"Go on!" retorted the Celestial, with a cruel laugh. "Why, we can sell that kinetoscope privilege alone for enough to pay all indemnities and have quite a bit left!"

We reminded him that he had civilization to thank for this, but he seemed quite insensible to gratitude.

Uncertain.

Judge.

Mose—'Gwine ter move dis fall?

Jake—Dunno, Jess! De landlord hain't made up his mind yet.