

# MURDER IS CHARGED

## A SENSATIONAL ARREST IS MADE IN MINNEAPOLIS.

**Mrs. Laura Perkins Is Arrested on the Charge of Killing Her Sister, Who Recently Died Presumably as the Result of an Accident.**

Minneapolis, Aug. 25.—Mrs. Laura Perkins, aged twenty-eight, and formerly residing at 2017 Tenth avenue south, was arrested by inspectors J. P. Hoy and Joe Lawrence on a charge of murder in the first degree.

Mrs. Perkins is charged with having murdered her sister, Mrs. Louise Hawkins, who died on the morning of Aug. 9, supposedly from the effects of injuries received by the overturning of a lamp in the house at 2017.

The motive assigned for the murder is to obtain life insurance to the amount of \$7,000, which the dead Mrs. Hawkins carried on her life, and in which the sister, Mrs. Perkins, now under arrest, was made the sole beneficiary.

Mrs. Perkins was brought to the central station about 11 o'clock last night by Detective Hoy and closed with him in the station office until 1 o'clock, after which she was taken up stairs and locked up in the woman's ward charged with murder in the first degree.

The warrant for Mrs. Perkins' arrest was issued from the county attorney's office yesterday forenoon and turned over to Detective Hoy, who had been instrumental in working up the case with the aid of Dr. F. O. Edwards, medical inspector of the Security Mutual Life association, in which \$2,000 of the insurance was carried, and by Dr. Todd, of the Fidelity and Casualty company, in which \$5,000 of the insurance was carried.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 9, Mrs. Louise Hawkins died at the residence of C. D. Axtell, 2905 Tenth avenue south, where Mrs. Perkins was arrested by Inspector Hoy, from injuries received about 4 o'clock on the same morning, by the overturning of a lamp at the head of the bed in Mrs. Hawkins' bed room.

Mrs. Hawkins was an invalid, having been injured two weeks previously in the same manner by the overturning of a lamp, and has been unable to leave her bed. On the morning in question the lamp was

at that time it was supposed accidentally, and Mrs. Hawkins received injuries from which she died a few hours afterward. Mrs. Hawkins was attended by Doctors Bell and Koster, but was beyond medical aid when they arrived. The house at 2017 was so badly damaged that Mrs. Perkins has since then been stopping at the Axtell residence, where she was arrested.

At the time of the occurrence of the accident every one supposed it to have been accidental, and no one for a minute ever thought that the sister, still alive and a widow who resides with her one child, was capable of the terrible act of which she now stands accused.

Superintendent of Police Smith, however, looked into the case slightly and finally consulted with County Attorney Nye, and as a result of their investigations, Inspectors Lawrence and Hoy were detailed to work on the case, and the insurance companies, too, asked to do some investigating before paying the \$7,000 insurance. They sent their two medical inspectors to this city, and since that time work has been going on night and day on the case, with the result that Mrs. Perkins was arrested on the terrible charge.

"The lamp exploded," was the antemortem statement made by Mrs. Hawkins, according to reputable testimony, and upon this statement the friends of the woman under arrest will base their hopes to refute the charge.

Mrs. Perkins takes her arrest very coolly, and has very little to say to any one. She informed inspector Hoy that she did not care to see any one at all; she had not secured an attorney and there would be no need of any one to see her. She was very self-possessed, and it is alleged that she slept well on her hard bed. This morning she partook of a light repast and talked to the jailor in a manner which would be used by a woman charged with the lightest of crimes.

It is learned that the body of Mrs. Hawkins will be dug up to-morrow and another autopsy held by the authorities.

**Another Arrest.**  
Minneapolis, Aug. 27.—Interest in the Perkins murder case is increasing, and it may become as famous as the King murder, for which Harry Hayward is now under sentence of death.

The past history of Mrs. Perkins and the late Mrs. Hawkins is gradually unfolding itself. The more it is probed the more mysterious it becomes. The latest development is that the two women were in no manner related, although they always insisted that they were twin sisters. Mrs. Perkins has admitted that no tie of blood kin existed between them.

A story is in circulation in police circles that Mrs. Hawkins was drugged immediately before or after the alleged accident. A prominent citizen's name is mixed up with this feature of the case. It will not be surprising if another arrest is made within a few hours. The stomach of the dead woman will be submitted to a chemical analysis. It is confidently predicted that the result will be sensational in the extreme.

W. M. Todd, representing the claim department of the Fidelity and Casualty company, in an interview, said: "We were convinced more than a week ago that Mrs. Hawkins and Mrs. Perkins were not sisters, even if they were related at all. Now she is confessed that fact, and it is thus no longer a secret. Regarding the accident insurance, Mrs. Perkins procured a policy of \$5,000, making Mrs. Hawkins the beneficiary. She also arranged with the agent to do some soliciting for the company, and a certain percentage of the premium was agreed upon as a commission. In the capacity of solicitor she procured the application of Mrs. Hawkins, and a policy of \$5,000 was issued to her, with Mrs. Perkins as beneficiary. Mrs. Perkins paid the premium on the Hawkins policy on July 29, but no portion of the premium on her own policy has

ever been paid, except the sum of \$3.50 which was credited up to her as commission for procuring the Hawkins application. In the case of the life insurance, Mrs. Perkins never had any at all. Mrs. Perkins went to the office of the life insurance company and introduced herself as Mrs. Hawkins, and said she wished to procure a policy of life insurance and make her sister, Mrs. Perkins, the beneficiary. She was careful to arrange that no notice of premiums or literature of any kind should ever be sent to the house, as she desired to keep the matter from the knowledge of her sister for fear that the latter would scold her for making such a sacrifice as the insurance would involve, while they were so pressed for money. The amount of insurance was agreed upon at \$2,000, and Mrs. Perkins was examined as Mrs. Hawkins, excepted Mrs. Perkins, and she then forged Mrs. Hawkins' name to the application blank and examination blank. She went to the office herself and paid the premium. The last premium was paid in July, and although the day was hot, she wore a heavy green veil which completely hid her features and made her unrecognizable. It was after this discovery that I had my conference with Chief of Police Smith, and I was surprised to find that while he knew nothing about the insurance in the case, he had had two detectives at work for some time.

Sensational evidence was given at the inquest by Frank Perkins, the 11-year-old son of the prisoner. He said that on the night of the accident he did not go to bed, but slept on the lounge in his clothes. Asked if he ever did that before, he replied that only once, and that was on the night of the previous fire, when Mrs. Hawkins was injured.

**Mulvehill's Story.**  
Kansas City, Aug. 27.—Wm. Mulvehill, a conductor on a street railway line here, was formerly the husband of Mrs. Louise Hawkins, who was recently burned to death at Minneapolis, and with whose murder Mrs. Nora Perkins, an alleged sister, is now accused. Mr. Mulvehill, when seen by a local reporter, was very much indisposed to talk about the matter. He was not aware of the tragic affair until told of it by the reporter. He seriously objected to the association of his name with the case.

Finally he stated that he had been divorced from Mrs. Hawkins in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1901. The divorce, he stated, was the result of a mutual understanding between his wife and himself. Concerning the grounds for divorce, he would say nothing except that Mrs. Nora Perkins, a widow, alienated his wife's affections and had obtained complete control of her. Mrs. Perkins was not a sister of Mrs. Hawkins, although the two women claimed to be sisters. He understood that after he got his divorce and left Des Moines, where he is now living, the two women went to Minneapolis. He heard that his former wife married a horseman named Hawkins. Of the particulars of this and what had become of Hawkins, he knew nothing. He did not even know that the two were married.

His former wife seemed to be completely infatuated with Mrs. Perkins. Mrs. Perkins was the widow of a printer. Perkins died of consumption. When asked if he had heard the story that Mrs. Perkins was suspected of killing her husband for \$7,000 life insurance, Mr. Mulvehill said that he believed he had heard something of the kind, but he knew nothing of the matter. He furnished a home for his wife and was in the employ of a railway company in Des Moines, and was getting along well when Mrs. Perkins came along and broke up the family. As to just what she did in detail Mr. Mulvehill declined to state.

He came to Kansas City and determined to leave behind him all memory of his marriage. He had no children. Mr. Mulvehill is about 30 years of age and an intelligent man.

Minneapolis, Aug. 28.—The inquest over the remains of Mrs. Hawkins was continued to-day, but nothing new developed. A telegram from Des Moines gives some interesting information respecting the careers of Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Hawkins when living in that city. The telegram follows:

The first husband of Mrs. Hawkins, William Scott, a mail carrier and former resident of this city, died suddenly. Mrs. Hawkins securing the insurance, \$1,500. Shortly afterward Lincoln Perkins, husband of Mrs. Perkins, died, and she secured \$3,000 insurance from the Modern Woodmen. Perkins was ill but fourteen days, and told friends he thought he had been poisoned. No examination was made in either case.

After the death of the two men Mrs. Scott married William Mulvehill, a railroad man, and after he refused to give her life insurance, she secured a divorce. This was four years ago, and soon afterward the two women went to Minneapolis. They are not sisters, although both were born in Madison county. Neither are they Spanish. Mrs. Perkins' hair was dark, and Mrs. Hawkins' brown, until after Perkins' death, when they had their tresses bleached. They carried things here with a high hand. With the money secured from the insurance companies they purchased a dog cart and two trained horses. Footmen were employed as well as other servants. They dressed in the height of fashion and many prominent business men were in their train. They spent money lavishly, but before they left they were brought to the verge of poverty. Mrs. Hawkins is better known than even Mrs. Perkins. Where her parents are is not known. Twenty years ago she lived with her aunt near Norwalk. Her maiden name was Lola Atkinson. She was a country girl, with little experience when she married William Scott, a farmer living at that time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Scott, three miles south of Des Moines. This was twelve years ago. Soon afterward they came to Des Moines, making their home on Nineteenth and High street. Scott was a mail carrier under Postmaster Merritt, and a popular fellow. His father and mother now live at 1014 Twenty-sixth street, and a brother is a conductor on the street car line.

**Under Suspicious Circumstances.**  
Some five years ago Scott complained of pain in his stomach. He grew slowly worse, and although doctors were summoned they could not tell what was the matter with him. Nine months after he was taken ill he

died. His relations and friends were suspicious. They thought he had been poisoned, and there was talk of holding an autopsy because they could make nothing out of the disease, but Mrs. Scott would not allow it. Soon after death Mrs. Scott secured \$1,500 insurance on her husband's life. His policy was for \$2,000, but the insurance company refused to pay the whole amount. C. D. Scott, brother of the former husband of Mrs. Hawkins, talked with a reporter in regard to the case. He said his family had always regretted they had not held a post mortem, and that they had refused to have anything to do with the woman after Scott's death.

Scott was hardly cold before his wife had her household goods hauled to the home of Mrs. Perkins, 1401 Grand avenue, where she made her home with Mrs. Perkins till they both left for Denver, a year after Perkins' death. They staid there a short time and then came back to Des Moines. Mrs. Scott became acquainted with William Mulvehill shortly after her husband's death, and six months after married him. He was a clerk in the office of the roadmaster of the Rock Island. He told several of his friends after his marriage that his wife wanted him to get his life insured, but he refused, telling them he feared his wife would kill him for the insurance money. His friends then thought he was joking.

Mrs. Perkins' maiden name was May Donovan, and she was born in Madison county, going to Adele when ten years of age, and residing there until nearly twenty, when she married Lincoln Perkins, a printer. They lived in Adele for awhile, and then came to Des Moines. Perkins rented a house at 1401 Grand avenue, and was employed in the composing room of the Register, and later by the Western Newspaper Union. About four years ago he failed to appear at the office, and at noon John Carter, then living at 1408 Grand avenue, now residing at Thirty-eighth and Ingersoll avenue, was sent to find out why he had not appeared. Carter found him ill in bed. In answer to a question he told Carter that he had been to a party the night before and feared he had been poisoned with ice cream. Dr. Patchen was called and attended the case for fourteen days. Perkins grew worse and died, and it was Dr. Patchen's intention to hold a post mortem examination, because he was mystified as to the cause of death, but through a mistake Perkins was buried before the opportunity was offered. Carter says Mrs. Perkins cared nothing for her husband. Perkins' death and his wife's actions caused a sensation, but the authorities took no action, although they made a partial, quiet investigation.

It was developed to-day that Mrs. Perkins had insured the life of her boy for a large amount. There are many stories afloat of blackmail and forgery on the part of Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Hawkins. Mrs. Perkins is to attend the inquest.

**HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR OTHERS**  
**A Great Northern Engineer Who Stands at His Post.**  
Seattle, Aug. 28.—The Great Northern overland passenger train which left this city at 7:10 last night ran into a landslide fifteen miles from Richmond Beach. The engine and tender were ditched and the fore trucks of the baggage car left the track. Engineer Neal McKinley was killed. The train had many passengers, and McKinley, in the face of danger, stood at his post and succeeded in saving the lives of those he piloted only to be horribly mangled himself.

**Sunday Closing Contest.**  
West Superior, Wis., Aug. 28.—Warrants were issued to-day on those who violated the state Sunday closing laws. A street car conductor and motorman were arrested to make a test case against the street railway. The lounge intended to prosecute until everything is closed tight on Sunday or until Saloons and all other places are allowed open on Sunday.

**Precious Reputations Blasted.**  
Miller, S. D., Aug. 28.—Sheriff Streiff to-day arrested four tramps whom he took to Wessington to answer a charge of stealing clothing from Sam Martin's store.

**Garfield Come Back.**  
Aberdeen, S. D., Aug. 28.—Sheriff Haaeze left for Winnipeg this morning after A. A. Garfield. He was armed with a warrant for rape sworn out by Mrs. Garfield.

**Refused to Be Held Up.**  
Grafton, N. D., Aug. 28.—W. C. Leistikow, of the Grafton roller mill, was held up by highwaymen last night, but frightened his men away with a knife.

**Temperance Lecturer Insane.**  
Cleveland, Aug. 28.—Probate Judge White decided to-day that Will J. McConnell, the well known temperance lecturer, is insane.

**Americans Present.**  
Berlin, Aug. 28.—The interstatistical congress opened here to-day. Two American delegates are present.

**NUBBINS OF NEWS.**  
**Items of General Interest Placed in a Few Lines.**  
Count Matsugata, the Japanese minister of finance, has resigned.  
Drouth in Indiana, which has existed in some sections since the middle of June, is broken.  
Harrison P. Bridge, a young millionaire of Boston, died last night in San Francisco after three weeks' illness.  
Advices received from the Island of Madagascar announce that Gen. Duchesne captured Auriba on Aug. 22. The Havas made a poor defense.  
A special dispatch to the Paris Figaro from Rome contradicts the report that the pope intends to establish a nunciature in the United States.  
Important negotiations are on for the formation of a new steamer line from San Francisco to touch at Central American points and connect with the Panama railroad.  
The secretary of war to-day ordered the establishment of a model military camp on the Chickamauga battle field during the continuance of services incident to the dedication of the new neapoleonic park at that place.

# MARKET REPORTS.

## Latest Quotations From Grain and Live Stock Centers.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—Wheat—September, 62 1/2c; December, 64 7/8c; May, 63 1/4c. Corn—August, 36 1/2c; September, 36 1/2c; October, 35 3/4c; November, 34c; December, 33 3/8c; May, 32 1/2c. Oats—August, 29c; September, 19 1/8c; October, 19 1/2c; May, 23c. Pork—August, \$9.37; September, \$9.37; October, \$9.37; January, \$9.77. Lard—August and September, \$5.95; October, \$6; January, \$5.95. Ribs—August and September, \$5.75.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—Hogs—Market active, prices steady to 5c higher; light, \$4.50a5; mixed, \$4.30a4.90; heavy, \$4.15a4.80; rough, \$4.15a4.35. Cattle—Market slow and weak; Texas steers, \$2.80a3.65; steers, \$3.40a5.95; cows and bulls, \$1.50a4; Texans, \$2a3.50.

Milwaukee, Aug. 25.—Flour quiet and steady. Wheat lower; 2 spring, 61 1/4c; No. 1 Northern, 63c; September, 62 1/4c. Corn dull and drooping; No. 3, 35c. Oats lower but active; No. 2 white, 22 1/2c; No. 3 white, 21a 22c. Barley dull but steady; No. 2, 44c; sample, 36a43c. Rye lower; No. 1, 45c. Provisions lively; pork, \$9.35; lard, \$5.95.

Minneapolis, Aug. 25.—Wheat—August closed at 59c; September opened at 58c and closed at 59c; December opened at 59c and closed at 59 7/8c. On track—Old—No. 1 hard, 62 1/4c; No. 1 Northern, 61 1/2c; No. 2 Northern, 60 1/2c. New—No. 1 hard, 59 3/4c; No. 1 Northern, 59c; No. 2 Northern, 57 1/2c.

St. Paul, Aug. 25.—Hogs about steady; choice light hogs are selling about 5c higher. Cattle steady and fair demand for butcher cattle; veal calves strong and active; light stockers in best demand.

**JACKSON'S SUCCESSOR.**  
Frederic R. Coudert, the New York Lawyer, May Be the Man.  
New York, Aug. 24.—Frederick R. Coudert, the famous New York lawyer, may succeed the late Chief Jus-

ice Howell E. Jackson on the United States supreme court bench. Frederick R. Coudert is a son of Charles Coudert, who was condemned to be shot for his participation in a conspiracy to place the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon II., on the throne of France. He escaped and came to this country, where he lived his long life in peace and honor. It was in this country that Frederick R. Coudert was born. He entered Columbia college at the age of 14; graduated with honors in 1850, and in 1850 was admitted to the bar. Probably no other lawyer in this country has a greater international reputation than Mr. Coudert. As an orator he has few equals. He has always taken active interest in politics and is a Democrat. His services abroad have received the commendation of many governments. In the Bering sea controversy he added fresh luster to his fame.

**FATAL NIGHT'S FUN.**  
**A Shooting Affray in Which One Man Is Killed and Two Injured.**  
Toledo, Ohio, Aug. 24.—A shooting affray occurred at Rattle Snake Corners, about six miles west of here, in which one man lost his life and two others are now lying at death's door. The three men had left here for the Corners to have a night's amusement, and at once went to a saloon owned by Fred Behrendt. They were somewhat noisy and he ordered them out. They walked to the sidewalk and again attempted to enter the saloon, when they were met with a charge of buckshot fired full at their heads by the saloon-keeper, Mike Welsh, a bartender, who was in the lead, received the greater part of the charge in his head, dying shortly afterward. Nelson Seymour, also received a serious wound in the head, and the third member of the party, Henry Winters, a liverman, was beaten over the head with the stock of the gun and now lies in a critical condition. Behrendt has been held on the charge of murder.

**Sunk a Schooner.**  
Toledo, Ohio, Aug. 24.—As the excursion steamer Idle Wild was coming in to-day she collided with and sunk the two masted schooner Ferret of Bay City. The Ferret was loaded with soft coal for Mount Clemens, and was going out in what is known as the old channel, and in veering around she crossed the Idle Wild's path, and before she could be brought about the collision occurred. The Idle Wild did not back away, but instead pushed the schooner into shallow water, when she backed off and allowed her to sink in 15 feet of water. The captain and her crew were taken off without injury.

At Marwin, Mo., fire consumed two large implement warehouses, together with contents, in the business portion of the town to-day.

**Mrs. Reynolds' Will.**  
Dubuque, Iowa, Aug. 24.—The will of Diamond Joe Reynolds' widow has been filed. She makes small bequests to several and gives the residue of her estate to her only brother, Jay Morton of Rockland, Sullivan county, New York.

**Killed by Dynamite.**  
Owatonna, Minn., Aug. 24.—Frank Frisko, a brother of prominent merchants in this city, was killed by the premature discharge of dynamite at Somerset this morning.

# THE TAX-GATHERER.

And pray, who are you?  
Said the violet blue  
To the Bee, with surprise  
At his wonderful size,  
To her eye-glass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,  
"Am a publican Bee,  
Collecting the tax:  
On honey and wax.  
Have you nothing for me?"  
—John B. Tabb.

# THE THREE SONS.

A father had three sons; the oldest was called Martin, the second, Matthew and the third Michael. All three were grown up, when their father began to sicken, and in a few days had to prepare to die, when he called them to his bedside.

"You know my children, I have no riches, except this cottage, my cat, cock and scythe. Live together in the cottage, and of the three things take one: Do not squabble, but live in peace, and now, God bless you!" Having finished, he died.

When the sons had buried the father they divided the inheritance. Martin took the scythe, for he knew well how to mow; Matthew, the tomat, and Michael the cock.

"Dear brothers," said Martin, "we cannot all remain at home, or else we should die of hunger. You two remain at home and arrange things, while I go with my scythe out into the world."

The three loved one another, and what the one wished the others also desired; so no one spoke this plan. Martin took the scythe and started on his wanderings. He went very far, very far, but nowhere could he find work. At last he came to a country where the people were exceedingly stupid. As he neared a city he met a man, who asked him what he carried.

"A scythe," said Martin.  
"And what is that, and what is it good for?"  
"To cut grass, grain."

"With that you cut grass? Why, that is splendid! We have to pick and pull out with our hands all the grass, and in God's name we can never be ready. If you would go to our king, he would pay you well for this invention."

"And why not? I'll go!"  
The man led him to the king, who was much astonished at this invention, and at once bled him to cut the grass in one of his meadows.

Martin went, followed by a crowd, but as he was not stupid he stuck the scythe up in the middle of the meadow, and having told the servant to bring dinner for two, drove all the curious people away. At midday the servant brought dinner for two and was much astonished to see so much grass cut.

"Will your grass cutter also eat?" he asked Martin.  
"If he works, he must also be fed, but go with God and leave us alone."

The servant went away, and Martin ate the dinner for two alone. "That was a good thought, that I ordered dinner for two, if I had asked for only one, I would not have had enough." And so he ordered two dinners every day till all the meadows were cut.

When he was finished he put his scythe over his shoulder and went to the king for his hire.  
"Your grass cutter cuts the grass himself?" asked the king.  
"Himself, most merciful king."  
"Perhaps you would leave him here then, for 1,000 florins?"  
"He is worth more! But I will leave him here for that price," said Martin and put the scythe down, took the money and went home. The king had the scythe put in a room, that it might not be injured. Next year came. The grass was ripe, ready to be cut. The king ordered the invention to be brought to the meadow, with fitting pomp. They brought it out and stuck it in the middle of the ground and went away, as they thought the grass cutter did not like to be watched. At midday they came with the dinner, burning with curiosity to see how much he had cut. But the scythe stood exactly as they had stuck it in the morning, and they were very much astonished. They placed the dinner beside and went to tell the king.

"If he cut so much grass the first half day when that man was with him, why will he not cut it now?" said the king and shook his head. In the evening the servant came again and said the grass was not cut and the dinner was uneaten.

"It must be bewitched," said the king. "Let him receive twenty blows, and if he will not cut then we will bury him!"  
During this time the brothers had fine times and blessed their father that he had left them such a rich inheritance, after awhile when the money began to be all spent, Matthew said:

"Now I will go and wander. Perhaps I will dispose of my cock as well as you did with your scythe."  
Matthew took his inheritance and went. After awhile he also came near a city and met a gentleman.  
"What are you carrying my man?" he asked.  
"I'm carrying a cock," replied Matthew. "It cals the sun."  
"Oh, wonder of wonders! We have to accompany the sun every day to a mountain, and in the morning go to meet him, which is often inconvenient. If that bird really has such a talent, the king would pay you a nice few thousand for him."

"Oh, but you can investigate the matter," said Matthew, and he went with the gentleman to the king.  
"Merciful king, this man has a bird, a caller. He calls the day, and when he goes to sleep the sun also goes to sleep."  
"Oh, that could hardly be paid with money, if it is really true what you say."

"Merciful king, you can prove my words." They put the cock in a gold cage, and he, being satisfied with his new dwelling, made himself at home. It was not long before the sun set without any one's having accompanied him. The king was charmed and could hardly wait for the morning. At mid-

night they got up and watched how the cock could call the day. One o'clock nothing, 2 o'clock the cock crew, and every one was amazed at his voice. At 3 o'clock the cock again crew, and so on till 4 in the morning. When the king had satisfied himself that the cock had really called the day he ordered that they should give Matthew 5,000 florins out of the treasury and all hold him in honor. Matthew took the money, ate and drank to his heart's content, and, thanking the king, went home.

His brothers received him with joy, and for a little while all lived in plenty, but they were not economical. The money soon took wings, and when but a little remained, Michael said: "Now, brothers, I will go wander in the world and look about me. Perhaps I will receive as much for my tomat as you did for your things."

Michael put the cat in a bag and went. A long time he wandered till he came to a country whose language he did not understand, but before he reached the chief city he had learned so much that he could understand a little what they said to him. Before he entered the city he also met a gentleman, who asked him what he had in his bag.

"A tomat," said Michael, and he showed him the cat.  
"That is a strange animal! And of what use is he?"  
"He catches mice. No matter how many are in the house, he catches them all!"

"Oh, stick that catcher, quick, in your bag and come to the king! We have so many mice in the castle that it is a wonder they do not run on the tables. The king would give almost everything to whoever was lucky enough to rid the castle of them."

"For that there will soon be found a remedy," said Michael. He put the tomat back in the bag and followed the gentleman.

When they came to the king the gentleman said: "Merciful king, this man has a tomat, a catcher. It is an animal who catches mice, and if your mercifulness orders he would sell him."

"If this is true I will buy him with pleasure."  
"Merciful king, only tell me where you have most mice, and you will see for yourself how my tomat will catch them."

They led him to a room where the mice swarmed and ran everywhere under one's feet. Michael opened his bag, the tomat jumped out and made such havoc among them that not one escaped.

The king was enchanted and ordered that they should pay Michael 10,000 florins. Michael jumped with happiness that he had so much money and joyfully went home. Two days after the king thought: "What will the catcher eat when there are no more mice?" But no one knew, and Michael was far away. Then the king ordered that a rider should be sent on the fleetest horse to ask him.

Michael, in the meanwhile, strode joyfully onward through the same roads that had led him to the city. On the fourth day he suddenly saw behind him a rider, who called to him to stop while still far away, so Michael stopped.

When the rider came to him he asked him something, half in German, half in Bohemian, that Michael did not understand. To make it easier, he asked the rider, "Was? What?" (In Bohemia you is, and in German was is what. When spoken quickly they both sound exactly alike. This was the mistake. Michael asked in German was? What. The rider understood him to stay in Bohemian, was—you.) On hearing this, the rider at once turned and rode away in such haste it seemed he was riding on the wind. Michael thought to himself, the man is crazy, and in God's name went on his way.

All out of breath, covered with dust, the rider returned, and hardly had he jumped from the saddle when he ran to the king.

"Merciful king, sad are the tidings I bring. When the tomat has caught all the mice he will hunt us!"  
"Who told you?" answered the king in a fright.

"That fellow who sold us the tomat. I overtook him on the way, and asked him 'When the catcher has done catching the mice, what will the animal eat?' and he answered, 'You'."

The king at once called all his counselors and it was then debated what they should do with the tomat. After long debates and discussions they determined to keep the cat in the chamber as a prisoner and set a guard of two men, so that he should not be able to get out. Immediately the highest general was ordered to set a guard of four strong and courageous men to guard the chamber. Night and day they stood in the corners and trembled with fear whenever a rustling noise was heard in the room. The second night was quiet, because the cat had caught all the mice. In the morning, when not a sound was to be heard in the room, the guard nearest the window thought what could be the matter and looked into the room. But, oh, sorrow! The tomat sat in the window, and when he saw the bushy beard and hair cap he was so astonished that he broke through the window, and away he went.

The second man heard a noise and rushed to see what had happened. He saw the soldier lying on his back, with his chin in the air. Hurriedly he ran to the castle and called:  
"Oh, misfortune, misfortune, merciful king, that terrible mouse catcher has got out of the chamber! He has bitten my comrade, who stood by the window, and God knows how many people he has strangled! Oh, this is a misfortune!"

Immediately all the houses were closed, and every one hid himself. Then the king ordered that a regiment of the bravest men, in heavy armor, should seek the tomat. All this was at once accomplished, and they hunted everywhere for three days, but not a trace of the cat could they find. From the Bohemian for Romance.

**Skilled Labor.**  
Friend—I'm told that most prescriptions cost little or nothing to make up.  
Druggist—Yes; but we charge for deciphering the penmanship and translating the Latin.



Frederick R. Coudert.