FATHER AND SON MURDERED.

THEIR MUTILATED BODIES FOUND HIDDEN UNDER FOREST LEAVES.

An Old-fashioned Border Crime Committed on the Marmaton Bottom Lands—Quick Arrests that Follow the Discovery.

A special despatch from Nevada., Mo., to the St. Louis *Republican* says that on Friday morning two human bodies were found near the Marmaton River, three miles northwest of Nevada. One body appeared to be that of a man past middle age, and the other a boy of 17 or 18. The boy's throat was cut, there was a bruise on his right eye, and a bullet hole in the centre of his forehead. The old man had been stabbed in the right side of the throat, and there was a heavy contusion near his right ear and a spot in the centre of it which appeared to have been made by a bullet. There was more pity exhibited for the dead than execration for the murderer. Thomas Cochran and Jerry Lovell cut the clothes from the bodies. The murdered men had been plainly dressed, and a part of the clothes had been frequently patched. The boy wore a gray coat, something like that of the cadet, with Federal brass buttons.

Young Thomas Hendricks, one of the men that found the bodies, said that the day before Dave Seward went to the bottom to get timber and saw two wagons. A man was standing near them, and not far away a woman was sitting. Four Texas ponies were hitched near the wagons. The man came out to where Seward was chopping, and commenced asking a great many questions. He wanted to know if there were any holes in the river as deep as ten feet. He was told that it was that deep almost anywhere. Then he wanted to know if he could get good drinking water by digging a hole near the bank. In case he dug a hole the stranger said he would fill it up, as stock might fall into it if it was left open. He was very anxious to know if he could get out of the bottom by crossing the river and avoid going back to the main road. When told that he could not get out that way his restlessness seemed to increase, and the longer he talked the more nervous he grew. Seward made some reference to the wagons, and the man said that his wife had been driving one of the wagons, but had gotten sick and was left at some point to the south.

Seward grew confident that something was wrong, and resolved to investigate the matter fully. He was not armed, and did not care to ask the particulars about the man's cousin. In the afternoon Seward, Hendricks, and Joseph and David Wallace decided to go down to the bottom and watch the suspicious strangers. The camp has been changed to the foot of the hill, about one-half mile west of the river, and the wagons were almost concealed by the bushes. It was growing dark, but there was no evidence of intention on the part of the campers to make a fire for supper. As night settled down the men cautiously approached the camp, but it was as silent as the grave, and the darkness soon became impenetrable. They then separated to meet again early in the morning to renew the search. Shortly after 6 o'clock they again started to the bottom, but upon their arrival found the wagons gone. The last camping place was closely examined, and a few feet from it a hat and a pair of shoes were found, and a few drops of blood were discovered on the scene. This increased the suspicion already formed, and the men commenced beating the bushes for more evidence. A little path was noticed, which appeared to have been made by dragging something. It was followed, and came to an end at the base of a small sand-rock bluff. There they saw the pile of leaves, and, opening it, the dead faces stared at them.

Tom Jacob Phillips and J. H. Cox had a story to tell. They had been digging for a treasure supposed to be concealed in the bottom during the war. The treasure hunters were up before day Thursday morning, getting ready to commence work, and at the first streak of day were surprised to see two wagons winding through the trees toward them. When within a hundred yards of them the teams were stopped and the horses unharnessed. One of the drivers was a man and the other a woman. As the light grew brighter the diggers could see that one of the wagons was closely covered while the other was open. The stranger seemed desirous of being sociable, and some time after the new comers had made their arrangements for camping the two parties met. The wagoner said that he and his wife had come down to the bottom to look at a piece of land which they thought of buying from Ed Washburn. The man said he had been there before and looked over it. He did not know but what he would go further, and asked if the could get across the river without going back to the main road. He wanted to know just how deep the river was, and followed that question up with a hundred others. He was extremely restless and nervous, and when Phillips and Cox approached the wagons they found the woman even more uneasy than the man. It seemed impossible for her to sit still, and, though she talked but little, it was very evident that something was wrong with her.

The man said his wife was quite excited and of a very excitable nature. She had seen a big black dog in the bottom early in the morning, and she had been so badly scared by it that he could not leave her alone. The man said he had bought some fresh beef in town and it had spoiled and was not smelling very good, it was in the wagon covered wagon. The stranger was about 5 feet ten inches in height, heavily built, and weighed about 165 pounds. His hair was black and he wore a dark moustache. He was about thirty years old. His dress was rather slovenly. The woman was under 25 years of age, above the average height, and rather stout built. Her complexion was dark and her hair black, but her eyes were blue. She was dressed very neatly, in black, and wore slippers and red stockings.

The two bodies were soon identified as those of "Old Man Sewell and his son who had been camping in the timber," as a witness said.

"Was any one camping with the Sewells?" asked the reporter.

"No, I think not," was the answer; "but there was a man and woman who came out there from town every night to see them. They claimed to be from Fort Scott, and said they were old acquaintances of the Sewells. They were doing laundry work in town."

A description of the laundryman was called for.

"He was a heavy-set man, about 30 years old, with black hair and dark moustache. I suppose he weighed about 160 pounds." That was the man who was driving the wagons, exclaimed two or three men who had seen him. Mr. Jones described the laundry woman very much as those who saw her at the river.

At once Marshal Brady and Deputy Sheriff White started in pursuit of the suspected man, who, it was learned, called himself Henry Stair. They soon struck the trail. A young man had been there, and gave a very accurate description of the outfit. He said they wanted to go to his house and stop, but he would not let them. Stair told him that he had killed a beef and had taken it to Walker, and the hot sun made the blood on the wagon smell bad. Marshal Brady found paper near the camp which had been discolored by blood. The officers were joined by Marshal Miller of Schell City and a man who was with him, and the four commenced beating the woods. In a short time they caught a glimpse of the wagons and rode up to them. The woman was alone, and was hanging out clothes to dry, probably having washed those which were bloodstained. As soon as she saw the officers she commenced a most piteous screaming, exclaiming, "Oh, what do you want; please tell me what we have done;" and she repeated the cry over and over again in so loud and heartrending tone that Marshal Brady was afraid she would alarm the man and he would make his escape and he attempted to pacify her. "We only want a span of the horses you have got," he said, and finally quieted her. Stair, she said, was out after the ponies which he had turned out to graze. The officers circled cautiously around the camp, but failed to find the man, and soon returned. The camp was in a very broken place, and the brush was so thick that it was impossible to see beyond the little open place in which the wagon stood. Within five minutes after the arrival of the officers Stair stepped out of the brush, and Marshal Brady levelled a shotgun at his head. "Throw up your hands," the officer commanded, and they went up without hesitating.

Stair was badly scared, but quickly made up his mind to put on a bold face.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We want a span of these horses," the Marshal replied.

"Well, they are my horses," the prisoner asserted. "I bought them from old man Sewell."

"Where is Sewell?" was asked.

"I think he went back to Springfield," Stair answered, and then he turned to the woman, and said, "Keep your mouth shut."

Marshal Brady took the man in his buggy, Charley Miller took the woman. There was blood on the wagon cover and blood on Stair's shirt. There was also found blood and hair on the bedsteads.

At half-past 4 o'clock in the afternoon Bradley and White reached the city with the prisoners Stair and his wife in custody. An hour before the news of the capture had been bulletined by the daily mail, and when the bus with the officers and prisoners passed through town men commenced gathering to the jail from all directions. When the bus stopped there were at least 500 men in front of the building, and as the officers pulled the terrified prisoners out on the street they were greeted with an almost demoniac yell. The crowd surged around so closely that the little party was backed almost fast. At one time several hands were on the prisoners, but only a few of the most impetuous favored lynching. A man came down the street with a rope in his hand, but he was soon lost in the crowd, and a minute later the murderers were safe in their cells. All the outer doors of the jail were bolted. Little groups stood around on the street a half hour or more and earnestly talked of the prospects of lynching, but better counsels prevailed, and at the end of that time they dispersed, and all was again quiet.

Mrs. Stair made a partial confession. She said she did not know the bodies were in the wagon until after she reached the Marmaton bottom. Her husband made no explanation to her of the presence of the dead men in the wagon until Friday, when they camped at the place where they were arrested. There he told her that he and two other men had killed the Sewells about 12 o'clock on Wednesday night. The boy was asleep on the ground about ten feet away from the wagon, and one of the men struck him on the head with a hatchet and then cut his throat. The old man was asleep in the wagon, and a blow from the hatchet on the back of the head killed him, but to make it certain he was stabbed in the throat. Mrs. Stair says she does not know what part each man took in the murder. One of them, she said, was named Green. She and her husband met him three months ago in Springfield. The name of the other man her husband had not told her. Mrs. Stair professes to know nothing of her husband's intention of killing the Sewells. It is plain that the woman is telling only a part of the truth.

GEN. OLIVER'S SACRED MELODIES.

How he Came to Compose these Grand Hymns "Federal Street" and "Merton."

SALEM, Mass., Aug. 15.—The death of Gen. Henry K. Oliver has removed one of the most striking figures in New England life. Although his public services were distinguished and valuable, the world will remember him chiefly for his contributions to sacred melody. During all his long life of eighty-five years he was an enthusiast in his love of music. He once wrote:

"My earliest memories in music bring me back to the first decade of this century, when, a little fellow under the care of my sisters, I sat with them in the singing seats of Dr. Channing's church, then on Federal street, Boston, looking with amazed eyes at the beating time by the leader, and the working of a bass viol by its vigorous player, this being the only instrument. There were not a dozen organs in all Boston then. Hymn tunes and simple anthems were the only music."

He began his musical career as a boy soprano in the choir of the Park Street Church in 1810. This is how he happened to compose "Federal Street." He was 31 years old when he sat in his library one afternoon reading Theodore Hook's novel, "Passion and Principle." A passage suggested to him Mrs. Steele's lines, "So fades the lovely, blooming flower." As he ran through the last verse, "Thus gentle patience smiles on pain," an unbidden melody floated into his mind. He was not attempting composition, but without effort the words somehow melted into music. He sat quickly down at the piano and played the tune through, improvising the harmonies. Then he transcribed it upon paper and threw it into a drawer. There it lay for two years, until Dr. Lowell Mason came to Salem to teach a class in music. Happening one day to ask if any one present had ever written music, Gen. Oliver thought of his composition and brought it forth. Dr. Mason asked the privilege of publishing it in the academy collection. It was immediately popular, and was a boon for a name. Gen. Oliver promptly suggested "Sally," that of his wife; but that would not do for a sacred tune, so "Federal Street," the street on which the Olivers lived, was chosen, and the world has ever since been grateful to Henry K. Oliver for this grand old hymn. "Harmony Grove," "Morning," "Warren," "Grove," "Boylston," "Merton," "Vesper," "Hudson," and "Beacon Street" followed, with several motets, many chants, and other selections.

"Merton" was composed in much the same way as "Federal Street." Gen. Oliver was the organist at the old North Church in 1843. During the service one Sunday he searched in vain for music to fit Doddridge's hymn, "Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell." The Rev. Dr. Brazer was half way through his sermon when the moody came to Gen. Oliver. He hastily jotted down the notes, and the choir, all of them fine musicians, sang the tune at sight. The new tune was favorable noticed, remarked to his organist that he had never heard that tune before. Gen. Oliver replied that he himself hadn't, and then confessed. The old Doctor responded reprovingly that he ought to chide him for making notes during his sermon.

"Well, Doctor," said the organist, "what would you do if some new ideas came to you during service? Wouldn't you jot them down on your sermon?"

"I think I should," was the reply.

"Well, then, which is worse, your notes on the margin or mine on the score?"

The proudest occasion in Gen. Oliver's musical career perhaps was on June 25, 1872, when at the World's Peace Jubilee in Boston, in the presence of President Grant and many dignitaries, he stepped from the ranks of the chorus, and led, baton in hand, the choir of 20,000 voices in his own hymn and choral, "Federal Street," with his own words, "Hail, gentle peace."

From 1814 to 1844 Gen. Oliver was a teacher in this city. Many incidents are told illustrating his great success as an educator and his influence over all who came under his charge. During his later years Gen. Oliver was almost idolized by many eminent men, his former pupils.

In public life Gen. Oliver was prominent for half a century. His greatest service to the State and to the country was his action in saving Massachusetts from bankruptcy during the war. He was State Treasurer for five years, beginning in 1861. In June of 1864 the resources of the Common wealth were exhausted, and Gen. Oliver proposed a loan to meet the claims drawn upon him. It was necessary to raise $400,000 before July 1. Personal appeals on State street failed to bring any response. The banks were out of reach, having either surrendered their State charters or been levied on to the extent authorized by law. Money on good security was plenty, and could be had at night, while Gen. Oliver was authorized to offer five per cent. only. The Treasurer had no property himself, but he explained the situation to his wife, who had some property. She placed it all at his disposal, and Gen. Oliver personally guaranteed the additional interest necessary to raise the money. Gen. Oliver paid out $151,000,000 during his administration, and the State never had a more honest or efficient man in charge of its treasury. Among other offices held by him were those of Mayor of Lawrence, member of the Legislature, Adjutant-General, and many positions in connection with public education. The people of Salem made him Mayor in 1876, and he served until his 80th year, in 1880.

Gen. Oliver's tender-heartedness and generosity to all in distress amounted almost to a weakness, and his friends never tire of relating incidents of his beneficence. Coming down the street one morning he noticed a little girl, a street Arab, with dirty bare toes, hugging one foot, black with the mire of the gutter, and crying bitterly. On inquiring the cause of his woe the General found that something had stuck in the foot. Lifting the boy upon a post, he found that a large darning needle had broken off in the flesh. Gen. Oliver took opportunity to get hold of it with his fingers, so, stooping down, the General placed his teeth against the foot, dirty as it was, and gently drew out the needle. Then, binding up the wound, he sent the little fellow away happy.

Gen. Oliver's declining years have been full of peace. Retaining full mental vigor to the last, he spent his time among his books and papers and in writing for the press.

He Deserted his Wife and Telegraphed to her that he was Drowned.

HICKORY, N. C., Aug. 14.—Katie Cotton is the wife of Tom Cotton, and lives in Knoxville, Tenn., where her husband left her over two months ago. On Thursday she got a telegram from Hickory signed by George Furchinson, saying:

"Your husband drowned in Catawba River Tuesday. Been working with me two months."

Mrs. Cotton landed in Hickory to-night, and on inquiry learned that Furchinson had been in Hickory one or two days last week, and told of the drowning and burial of a friend and brother traveller on the bank of the river, twenty-five miles from Hickory, on Tuesday.

Mrs. Cotton brought along a photograph of her husband, and on showing it to the operator and others who saw and conversed with Furchinson, it was recognized as the picture of the man who sent the telegram. Mrs. Cotton wept no tears of joy at the new turn of things, but took the next train for her home and train. The scoundrel had deserted his wife and telegraphed the lie.

Doubt as to the Usefulness of a Costly Canal.

CANOE PLACE L. I., Aug. 15.—The hundreds who pass here every day in the cars look eagerly out of the windows for a sight of the canal that is being constructed by the State to connect Peconic Bay and the Sound and ocean with Shinnecock Bay, on the south side of the island. They see a broad trench, so deep, on account of the height of the railroad level, that the ordinary freight cars in use to carry dirt away look very small indeed. In the bottom of this the narrow canal is yet to be dug, but this will be done with a steam dredge, and will cost little money and consume little time in comparison with what has already been expended.

But the trouble is that none of the old seafaring men in this part of the island think the canal will be any good after it is finished. They say that the water in Shinnecock Bay is so shoal for a long way out from shore that only the tiny pleasure boats that now come in to the village of Canoe Place will be able to make use of the canal. The canal cannot make a ship water any deeper, and dredging will be futile, they say.

Cashing a Big Word.

A grizzled and gray man, carrying three canes and limping on one foot, the shoe of which was much cut, arose from his seat in the bridge cars, and, approaching a sleek, well-dressed passenger, said: "I have got something to ask of you. I want you to either give or lend me a quarter of a dollar. I ask it under the most peculiar circumstances, which I won't stop to relate, but I want that quarter. My education warrants me in making the demand of you."

"My friend," said the passenger, "there are twenty thousand men who at this moment want a quarter of a dollar. I cannot draw invidious distinctions."

"But there is a solidarity about my affection that would impress you if you knew the facts. You see, I am an educated man."

The "solidarity" hit the ear of a tall, genial-faced man, who, quicker than a wink, put a shining quarter in the applicant's hand. The donor was Alexander M. Bliss, who brushed aside the man's thanks, saying: "I am used to this sort of thing. Don't mention it." The new owner of the quarter winked one long wink, and as he limped along muttered "solidarity."

BOTH HIS WIVES POISONED.

HUSBAND AND SERVANT LOCKED UP ON A CHARGE OF MURDER.

Chemical Analysis Shows Large Quantities of Arsenic—Both of the Women Supposed to have Died of Slow Poisoning.

Dr. Grothe of the Brooklyn Board of Health reported yesterday the results of his analysis of the stomach of Joseph Groblewski's first wife, Veronica. He found four and a half grains of arsenic, which, he says, was just about the same amount which he had previously found in the stomach of Groblewski's second wife. The date for the inquest on the first wife's disinterred body has not been set.

Joseph Groblewski and Veronica Yashinski were married at Thorn, in Prussian Poland, nineteen years ago. He was 24 years old and she a few months younger. Three years later a child was born, but it died. Four years after this Groblewski disappeared, and a young woman who lived in the neighborhood was missed at the same time. A small colony of Poles emigrated to America just then, and it was supposed by Groblewski's wife that he and the young woman had joined it. Mrs. Groblewski also came to this country, and ten months after her husband had deserted her she found him in Brooklyn living with the young woman with whom he had eloped. Groblewski was willing to discard the young woman, and he and his wife started housekeeping in Brooklyn.

Groblewski was a tailor and worked steadily at his trade. His wages were good, and two years after his reconciliation with his wife he had accumulated $2,500. He determined to quit tailoring, and with part of his savings he fitted up a saloon at 32 Myrtle avenue, close to the City Hall. He did not prosper there. The location was good, but when the customers found out that they could buy on credit the cash drawer did not fill as fast as the stock of liquors diminished.

Mr. and Mrs. Groblewski lived over the saloon, and last summer Winifred Hanley was hired to help Mrs. Groblewski with the work of the house. The mistress was stout and middle aged, while the maid was slender and young and attractive.

About Christmas time Mrs. Groblewski felt unwell. There were severe pains about her heart. Her head often ached, and her back pained her. She got to be scant of breath, and at last she felt so bad that she took to her bed. On the morning of Jan. 2, when her husband woke up, he found her by his side dead. It was rumored that Groblewski had kicked her, and doctors who were called in thought the next day for the Coroner certified that she had died of Bright's disease. Groblewski made a statement that his wife had been ill for six years with swelling of the head and rheumatism. No doctor had been called during her sickness. She had no friends or relatives in this country. She was buried in Holy Cross Cemetery the day following her death.

After his wife's death Groblewski advertised for a housekeeper, and Mrs. Laura Jaden was hired in the last week in February. On March 2 Groblewski was arrested on the charge of assaulting her. She said that he had crept up in her room at Holy Cross Cemetery at midnight. The case was compromised before trial. Groblewski was arrested twice more, charged with kindred offences.

Groblewski had got pretty well acquainted in the neighborhood by this time. He owned a good saloon, and had a few friends. He told them that his house wasn't being looked after properly by the girl Winifred. They advised him to marry again, and he said he would if he could find the right kind of a woman. One of his friends, named Panther, said he knew a good, honest girl, and he introduced Joseph to Clara German, whose father was a tailor who was not of Groblewski's age. They were introduced, and inside of a fortnight they were engaged. On Easter Sunday, four weeks after they first met, they were married.

A month after they were married Groblewski had lost so much money in his saloon at 32 Myrtle avenue that he had only $400 left, and was still getting behind in the rent. So he hired a frame building at 176 Myrtle avenue for a smaller rent and started a new saloon there. He got a small flat for his wife over a Chinese laundry at 473 Gold street. The girl Winifred moved, too. She lived over the new saloon.

For three weeks the new saloon was happy. When her sister Emma, who lives at 88 Woodbull street, visited her at this time she talked about the virtues of her husband and how glad she was that she had married him. But when the old saloon was given up and they had moved she found that her husband was often away from home at night. Then he began to bring Winifred up to his wife's flat for meals, and it was not long before he and Winifred ate first, and his wife had to wait on them and eat her meal afterward. She complained to her sister and her former friends. Her clothes wore out, and he didn't buy her any more. She became ill. She had violent pains in the abdomen. She asked her husband to send for a doctor.

"What do you want a doctor for?" said he. "My first wife never spent my money on doctors."

Then she wrote to her sister and got some money from her to pay doctors' bills. By this time she was feeling better, and instead of paying a doctor she got some clothes. Soon after she left Groblewski and went to the house of a friend. She said that her husband was unfaithful to her, and she was going to apply for a divorce. Groblewski called upon her at the friend's house, made many promises, and said that he would discharge Winfred if the wife would live with him again. She went back, but he did not keep his promises.

Before her marriage Mrs. Groblewski had never been ill, but now she suffered with the same symptoms as the first wife. She begged her husband to get a doctor for her, but he would not. She said she was very sick and would die if some one were not shown her.

"My other wife died without having to have a doctor," he said, "and if you feel like dying you can do so."

She wrote to her sister on a postal card. All she said was:

I am very sick. Come and see me at once.

Sister Emma came on the Tuesday after the Fourth of July and called in Dr. Briggs. He visited Mrs. Groblewski and prescribed for her. In the meantime Groblewski moved to 225 State street, one of the neighbors, had gone to the Charity Commissioners on the morning of Friday, July 10, and reported that Mrs. Groblewski was very ill and lacked proper care and food. Mr. Short, a clerk to the Commissioners, sent William Pickering to see her. Pickering told Groblewski that he had been ordered by Dr. Briggs for his wife. Groblewski refused to allow her to go to the hospital. The woman said that she was starved. Pickering said he would call again in the afternoon. When he called she was dead.

The Coroner was notified, and, after taking preliminary statements, he had Dr. Briggs and Chemist Otto Grothe of the Board of Health make an autopsy. The stomach and duodenum were kept for analysis. A warrant was issued, and Groblewski was arrested when he was getting ready to attend his wife's funeral. He went to the grave accompanied by a policeman. That night he was locked up, but the day after he was released on a writ of habeas corpus, as there was then no case against him.

Chemist Grothe worked hard to find out whether Mrs. Gooblewsky No. 2 had been poisoned. There were no suspicious symptoms at the post mortem examination. After trying several tests, he found traces of mineral poisoning. He took a portion of the stomach and acidified it with tartaric acid, added alcohol, heated and filtered it, and a dark brown acid liquor remained. The vapor test for arsenic brought a beautiful metallic mirror on the side of the test tube, and made him sure that death had resulted from arsenic poisoning. Quantitative analysis showed that there was 0.3430 gramme of arsenic trisulphide, which is equivalent to 4⅝ grains of arsenic. In the whole body the quantity was much greater. As there was no corrosion of the stomach and no inflammation apparent at the post mortem, it was evident that the arsenic was given in a very dilute solution, either in water, medicine, or some other liquid, and at intervals covering at least eight days. Besides the arsenic, fragments of powdered glass were found.

On July 19, as soon as traces of arsenic were found, Groblewski and Winifred Hanley were arrested and locked up in Raymond street jail. Dr. Grothe reported the results of his analysis of wife No. 2 on July 20. On Aug. 3 the body of the first wife was exhumed. The result of an analysis of the stomach is given in Dr. Grothe's report made yesterday, and referred to above.

A letter written in German, which the second Mrs. Groblewski had sent to her uncle, was received by the District Attorney. A translation reads:

DEAR UNCLE: Your letter has been received, and was very glad again to hear from you. You would like to know how everything is over here. Yes, times have changed considerably, especially with me. You will be astonished if I write it, but I do not intend to keep it away from you, for you have always been very good to ward us. I have been married in this short time. I hope you will not feel angry at it, for I think and hope that I shall not have to repent of it. We have our own business, a restaurant, and I shall not have to feel any want, at least not in future. I have been married on the 5th of April, at Easter Sunday, in the evening at 7 o'clock, by a Catholic priest, whose name I have forgotten. I was going to write before this, but I had neither time nor opportunity. Emma and Robert come to see me often, and we live quite happy, if it does not turn worse. Robert has lately changed his position, and I do not yet know his present address. He gets now $5 a week and full board. He has, thank God, grown up to an able young man, and we are very glad he does not step into his father's habits. Emma is yet in her old place, and she is a good girl. She is now two years in the same place, and everybody likes her. She desires to be with you, and I think it will not last long before Emma and Robert come to you. We do no more see Fanchen now, for they have acted badly on me and they have led me into my misfortune. Later I shall write you more about it. I cannot now, for my husband wants to know what I have written. But believe me, dear uncle, the roses have been scattered on the path of my life. They might come later, perhaps, when the thorns have already torn my fingers. I have not followed the good advice which you have always bestowed on me, and I have run blind into my own misery. Bitter tears I have wept already, and sister Emma with me. But after the fact has been accomplished repentance is too late.

Therefore, dear uncle and aunt, I ask you again, do not push me away from you. Be as kind to me as you have been before. Emma says she would like very much to come to you now. She has saved some money, but she says she would not be happy in Texas unless I was with her, and she would have to think always in what misery I am.

This last part of the letter I have written after my husband went away; therefore it is so much contrary to the first part; but I now must close. Pray, dear uncle, write soon back to me, and instead of sending me exhortations, as heretofore, send me your pity.

With the heartiest regards we remain, after all, in love, your children, and I an unhappy young wife.

CLARA.

A letter from Winifred Hanley to a friend was found among Groblewski's papers. It reads:

NO. 176 MYRTLE AVENUE, July 25, 1885.

MY DEAREST JULIA: I received your ever kind and most welcome note. Glad to hear you were doing so well, as this leaves me the same. I am delighted to hear you got such a place. Any port is a storm, Julia. I have a good tale to tell you, as I have some trouble since Friday last concerning the death of our lady, Clara Groblewski, who got ill on Sunday week, died on the following Friday. She had a doctor three times, and her friends reported she died of foul play and that he poisoned her, which is a lie. The boss was arrested and discharged, as there was no evidence against him. There was an inquest held, and the verdict was that she died by some cause unknown at present. They took her stomach and the medicine to be analyzed, and when that examining over the cause of her death will be known. Her friends thought he or I must have poisoned her. Therefore I am in almost as much danger as he is. There was a warrant for my arrest, but luckily I was not home when they went to serve it.

Julia, I am very much troubled about it. Still, a clear conscience fears no accusation, but it appeared horrible in the papers. We cannot do anything until after the analysis of the stomach. Then the inquest will be held, and our trial will come to court. The boss and I have two good liars, and her friends and sister made two statements on Sunday last, so it isn't much, except they have more witnesses. But I have up to this five, and as two, and perhaps more before trial. If I can find the papers I will send you some. You can come over soon, as I am so troubled.

I have a chance again of the boss, but that don't trouble me much now. Hoping you are going on well with that crazy old man. Perhaps if he died you would get the money, property, and furniture. I would like you to come over soon to console me in my present difficulties. My sister sends you her love. Your unfortunate chum,

WINIFRED.

TO JULIA.

Winifred Hanley and Groblewski had a hearing before Justice Walsh on July 27, when they were held for action by the Grand Jury, which meets in September. If a true bill is found they will be tried in October. The prosecution expects to prove that both are guilty of the poisoning. They will be tried separately for each wife.

Groblewski is now in cell 1 in the middle tier of the Raymond street jail. He is not allowed to room around, and he is constantly watched. He is of medium height, wavy hair, and brown eyes. He said he had intended to marry Winifred Hanley if he had got rid of his wife. He said his second wife died of troubles of the abdomen, the same as his first wife. Winifred is locked up in the women's department. She said that she and Groblewski never intended to get married, and that he was mistaken if he thought they did.

Groblewski's saloon has been sold out since he was locked up. It brought $250.

A GREAT FRENCH POISONING CASE.

From the St. James's Gazette.

An extraordinary attempt made by a French doctor to poison a rival practitioner was brought before the Assize Court of Lancause on Wednesday, July 29. In the course of the proceedings the accused asserted that he had been advised by the magistrates to confess his guilt, as if he did so he would escape trial.

The accused, Dr. Estachy, is a practitioner at Pertuis, 40 years of age, and a member of the Legion of Honor. He had the reputation of being an able but very eccentric man. Some years ago another medical man, Dr. Tournatoire, settled at Pertuis. Both doctors were candidates for the post of assistant to the Juge de Paix, and the appointment was given to Tournatoire. This irritated Dr. Estachy, and he inserted articles in a local newspaper which led to an open quarrel. At a political dinner at Pertuis the latter made the remark that if he gave vent to his feelings he would kick Tournatoire out of the room. In newspaper paragraphs he subsequently spoke of a certain person, known to this rival, as a "Jesuit scamp, coward, and drunkard." He was accordingly brought in November last before the Correctional Tribunal on a charge of defamation, and was sentenced to pay 25 francs fine and 25 francs damages.

Some of his patients then left him and called in his rival. This seems to have excited him very much. He ordered M. Zureau, a druggist, to prepare an ointment, the chief ingredient in which was atropine, which he said was to be used for a neuralgic sufferer to remove a pain. The ointment contained 25 centigrammes of the neutral sulphate of atropine in 25 grammes of vaseline. The druggist said that he would not have consented to prepare a salve containing so much atropine for any one but a medical man. The medicine was sent to Estachy on the 8th of January, and the following day he bought four tarts. On the 15th of January there was found in an omnibus a packet bearing a visiting card, with the words, "To be sent to M. Tournatoire, doctor at Pertuis, Vaucluse." The packet was sent to this address, and was found to contain four tarts.

On the following day Mme. Tournatoire ate one of the tarts. She immediately afterward felt very ill. The pupils of her eyes became dilated and she could not read. Then she had spasms and hallucinations, which continued all night. She thought that her child was dead, and that her husband was going to fight a duel. She recovered the following day. The next day Claire Sazio, a maid servant, began to eat another of the tarts for breakfast, but it was so bitter that she did not finish it. She suffered as her mistress had, but recovered her senses next day.

The two tarts which had not been eaten were submitted to chemical analysis, and found to contain the neutral sulphate of atropine. Suspicion fell on Estachy, who was taken into custody. At first he protested indignantly, then he said that he had sent the tarts, but only as a joke. It was shown that forty-six milligrammes at least of the poison had been introduced into each of the tarts—a quantity sufficient to cause death, and that there had been a narrow escape for those who had eaten them. In order that the magistrate who advised the prisoner to plead guilty, might be present, the court ordered the trial to be delayed until October.

LAUNCH OF A GREAT IRONCLAD.

Venice Turns Out in Gala Dress to See the Latest Warship Slide Into the Water.

From the London Standard.

VENICE, July 31.—It is long since Venice has witnessed such a scene of popular enthusiasm as it has seen to-day in connection with the launch of the new ironclad, the Francesco Morosini. For several days past the city has been crowded by foreigners, and by Italians from various parts of the kingdom, and all the hotels are overflowing. At 9 o'clock this morning all Venice assembled near the arsenal, or on the banks of the canals leading thereto. About thirty thousand persons witnessed the actual launch. The scene was extraordinarily brilliant, owing to the presence of immense numbers of military and naval officers, and ladies in summer costumes.

At 10 o'clock Cardinal Agostino, the Patriarch of Venice, arrived in full archiepiscopal robes at the temporary chapel constructed in the space kept clear around the vessel. At 10¾ o'clock precisely a blare of trumpets announced the arrival of the King and Queen. The Archbishop went forward to salute their Majesties. Queen Margaret wore a costume of pale pink silk, trimmed with white lace, with a white lace veil worn in the Venetian manner, fastened with pink roses and a spray of diamonds. Her Majesty broke the bottle against the side of the great ship at the first attempt. Then the ecclesiastics made a tour of the vessel, sprinkling it with holy water. On passing the royal pavilion the Cardinal stopped and made a formal obeisance to their Majesties. The King was in full uniform, and his hand was continually raised to his helmet in acknowledgment of the reiterated cheering. This was his first visit to Venice since the cholera episode at Naples so greatly increased the King's popularity. Following their majesties and the Minister of Marine were the picturesque figures of the Moorish Ambassadors and their suite, who attracted much notice.

At twenty minutes past 11 o'clock the last supports of the ship were knocked away, and the monstrous vessel glided easily into the water amid a scene of indescribable enthusiasm. As soon as the vessel touched the water there was a spontaneous ovation of the workmen in honor of Commendatore Capoidi, who had the direction of the launch.

In the evening a serenade was given on the Grand Canal, and a procession took place of myriads of lighted boats, one of which represented the galley of the Doge Morosini. The illumination of the city surpassed all recent displays of the kind, and the effect of the whole scene was indescribably beautiful. There was also a display of fireworks opposite the arsenal.

The Francesco Morosini was laid down toward the end of the year 1881, and is the first large ship constructed in the arsenal of Venice. She is of the Duilio type, and will scarcely differ from the latter at all in her armor-plating and in internal construction; but her artillery will be differently disposed and somewhat heavier. It was at first intended that she should carry four 76-ton guns; but at the beginning of 1883 it was decided to arm the Morosini as well as the two other sister ships, Laura and Doria, with four breech-loading 106-ton guns, mounted upon two revolving platforms. The increased weight of the new artillery machinery, and ammunition was in part compensated by doing away with the armored turret. Nevertheless the displacement will be augmented, and instead of 10,045 tons, as first calculated, will be about 11,000 tons. The in mersion is also increased from 7.65 metres to 8.26 metres.

Her dimensions are: Length, 100 metres; breadth, 19.80; horse power, 10,000; estimated speed, 16 miles an hour; coal supply, 850 tons. Besides her four 106-ton guns, the Morosini will carry two cannon of 15 centimetre calibre, besides mitrailleuses and guns for rapid firing. Intended to keep torpedo boats at a distance.

One important fact deserving comment in connection with this addition to the Italian navy. For the first time, the steel armor plates will be manufactured entirely in Italy, at the large foundries now in course of construction at Terni. This fact, taken in conjunction with the establishment in the Gulf of Naples of gun manufactories capable of producing cannon of the heaviest calibre, is undoubtedly an important one for this country, Italy having been hitherto almost entirely dependent on England for the final equipment of her big ships of war.

A MEXICAN MOUNTAIN TOWN

PICTURESQUE SCENES OUT OF THE USUAL LINE OF TRAVEL.

The Splendors of the Great Valley, with its Shining City, Exchanged for the Unique Attractions of El Oro on Market Day.

CITY OF MEXICO, Aug. 1.—For a wild mountain ride, with commanding kaleidoscopic views of distant, lofty peaks and broad, fertile valleys and near-by glimpses of picturesque back-country scenes, the Mexican National Railway affords a grand opportunity. There is no cleaner or prettier city in Mexico than Toluca, and you will wander far to find a better place to study simple Mexican folk than in the quaint old mountain hamlet of El Oro.

At 6 o'clock of a clear, crisp, bright June morning I improvised a seat on the rear platform of an outgoing train for a ten days' trip into the country. We sped for a few minutes across the level valley, running a neck and neck race with a shadowy train which the sun, but lately risen, projected on the smooth, green carpet at our side, then plunged into the foot hills, up the cañon of a mountain stream, and began a twenty-five-mile climb to the summit of the mountain barrier which here, as everywhere, hems in the valley of Mexico.

In whatever direction one leaves the capital he cannot miss a fine scenic picture, for in any case he must ascend high up above the plain to surmount the valley's rim. But looking from the west and northwest one gets the best view, and the one most frequently chosen by artists who have painted the valley. Chapultepec, always an object of interest to strangers, is then brought into the foreground, with the Paseo and park-like suburbs, while the lower and less attractive portion of the city, with Lake Texcoco beyond, is relegated to the background, the distance lending an enchantment to the latter it does not possess on close acquaintance, and the whole has then the setting, back of all, of the lofty mountain ranges, terminating in the snow-capped peaks of Popocatepatl and Iztaccihuatl.

On the divide we are 10,000 feet above the sea. Now look back on the vast valley. Every detail is lost. There is only a great sweep of green, thinly veiled here and there by streaks of mist, shading into purple and blue. How wide the outlook is! It seems endless, because the further limit is undistinguishable from the sky, and a long way it is, seventy-five miles, as the crow flies, to the famous volcanoes, only visible now as their snowy tops catch the sun, and with difficulty distinguishable from the cloud crests behind.

But this is not all. From our lofty vantage ground we command two valleys. This to the westward is the valley of the Lerma, one of the longest of the Mexican rivers, dominated by its own lofty peak the extinct volcano of Nevada de Toluca. As we wind in and out among the pine-covered hills of this country, first on one side, then of the other valley, one needs to keep his bearings well to know which for the moment lies beneath him.

The descent into the valley of the Lerma is even more delightful than the ascent from Mexico. The prospect is not perhaps so comprehensive, but one drops more quickly into it and sees its nooks more distinctly. At intervals of our long spins around mule shoe curves cut in the face of the mountain, in the course of which we almost completely encircled two old towns so close that we could fairly see down into the courtyards of the houses. The eye took in the whole breadth of valley, quilted to its full capacity, marked off with rows of maguey or century plants, and alternating in plants of red soil, freshly tilled, and in green and yellow blocks of grain. The whole city of which we now got, with each opening of the hills, a distinctive view, is Toluca. The ride over the mountains in the interval gives the broader prospects just described, are cut off, is wild and picturesque in the extreme. You spin around curves and up and down grades which would be utterly impracticable with any but a narrow gauge, with any engine but one all driving wheels and the best air-brake equipment. You seem to be in a tunnel only to shoot out over a spidery iron bridge in a way so like a leap into the air as to startle you.

In the valley of the Lerma are great hacienadas, with arched gateways and red-tiled roofs, and projecting rifle towers at the corners—veritable fortresses. You may be sure the wealthy owner of such a domain lives in village like a feudal lord and vast flocks, and that when he visits the market at Toluca, he wears a sombrero covered with gold or silver lace, and a full pint of silver buttons down the outer seam of his close-fitting breeches, and has a heavily chased revolver at either hip. His heavily and richly embroidered, with velvet bedecked and silver-mounted trappings, is not less gorgeous than himself.

My destination on this trip was a little old town in the mountains, back from the railroad, a hundred miles from Mexico. There have been mines in and about El Oro since before the conquest, and the place is settled sometimes by inherited notions of its own. One sees panier-laden donkeys in the streets, women coming and going with jars on their heads to the old fount