STORIES OF CHRISTMAS,

TOLD IN THE CLOAK ROOMS BY MEMBERS OF CONGRESS,

And Cleverly Retold by Amos J. Cummings—How the Holiday Season is Observed in Different Parts of This Broad Land of Ours to Observe.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—It would be interesting to know how all members of Congress spend their Christmas. The House and Senate are always in session in December. The economists generally try to use as much of the month for business as possible. Sometimes Congress adjourns on the 22d to meet on the 3d of January. At other times it adjourns on the 20th to meet on the 3d or 4th of January. This adjournment is what is known as the holiday recess. It gives all the members East of the Mississippi an opportunity to spend their Christmas at home. The Pacific coast members and others from far-off districts are forced to remain in Washington or visit some outlying city. The down-East members enjoy their Christmas in their own peculiar way. They have plenty of pickled-up codfish, tongues and sounds, pork and beans, and roast turkey with celery and cranberry sauce. Some attend church, and others enjoy prayer meetings on Christmas eve. The Christmas dinner is a family affair and is productive of the best cheer. Usually there is snow upon the ground, and the jingling of sleigh bells is heard. Occasionally a representative attends a Christmas dance, others listen to scientific lectures and see magic-lantern exhibitions.

In Boston, if Congressman O'Neil is to be believed, they go to the theatres, where skirt dances have taken the place of pantomimes. Formerly they shook props for dead poultry. A prop is a sort of a shell used in the place of dice. With the advance of civilization, however, props have disappeared.

Senator Gallinger tells a good story concerning a Christmas celebration in New Hampshire. A Commodore in the navy was invited to address a Sunday school at a Christmas celebration. He accepted the invitation with some trepidation. As he entered the lecture room of the church he saw the smiling and happy faces of the children before him, and his trepidation was increased. Upon being introduced to the children he said: "Little children, we are assembled here to-day for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

At this an old Congregational deacon seized the tails of the Commodore's embroidered coat and yanked them furiously. "Not death, not death," he audibly whispered. "Birth—birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The Commodore paid no attention to the interruption. He began his speech anew. "Little children," he repeated, "as I said before, we are assembled here to-day for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Again the deacon twitched the naval coat tails. "Birth, Commodore," he repeated, "birth, not death. This isfnot Good Friday."

A third time the Commodore began to address the scholars. "Little children," he repeated, "as I have heretofore remarked, we are assembled here to-day for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"Birth," shouted the deacon, "birth, sir."

The deacon's voice and attitude were so formidable that the Commodore had to reply. Turning toward him he said in a tone of offended dignity, "Death, sir. You seem to forget that I am an Episcopalian."

The New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania members enjoy themselves differently from the New Englanders. A few attend church. Others spend Christmas eve in raffling for turkeys. The greatest raffling section in the United States to-day is said to be Sussex county, New Jersey. Besides raffling for turkeys, they have on Christmas Day what they call a turkey shoot. The turkey is placed in the snow some seven or eight hundred yards away, where he can be seen at the shot. Each man pays a specified sum as an entrance fee, and the performance begins. Rifles alone are used. The gobbler is a wary bird. After two or three shots he seems to scent the situation. As he sees the flash of the gun he ducks his head. This is kept up until he finally becomes a victim to an expert marksman.

Congressman Tracey of Albany, it is said, usually spends Christmas eve coasting down Capitol Hill. He is the only Congressman in the House who is able to steer successfully a single and double ripper, steel shod and well oiled.

Christmas recalls to Congressman Hooker of the Chautauqua district visions of mince and pumpkin pies, with current and elderberry wine in abundance. There are plenty of presents and merriment in his district. The turkeys are large and fat, and are usually stuffed with stale bread, sage, and potatoes. Congressmen who represent the Pennsylvania Dutch have their turkeys stuffed with chestnuts and drink glee wine. Maryland Congressmen have great turkey, but eat very little of it. They reserve their appetite for terrapin stews, and the terrapins are genuine diamond backs at $60 a dozen.

Away out in Minnesota Christmas is usually a cold, crisp, bracing day. The weather is cold. Men's ears break off and fall on the ground. Congressman Boen of that State, a native Norwegian, enjoys his Christmas in true Scandinavian style. The farmers pay long visits to their neighbors, half a dozen families staying at a time. The cakes are placed in the forks of the trees and the cider thrown over it, while the men fire guns and pistols, and the women shout:

> Bear blue, apples and pears snow,
> Barn fulls, oak fulls, sack fulls.
> Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

A belief was long current in Devon and Cornwall, and is said to still linger in remote parts of the country, that at midnight on Christmas eve the cattle in their stalls fell on their knees in adoration of the Saviour, as they are said to have done in the stable at Bethlehem. Bees were also believed to sing in their hives at the same time, and bread baked on Christmas eve, it was averred, never became mouldy.

The custom of having a Christmas tree is said to have originated in Germany. In America, quite naturally, the German customs are more prevalent in Pennsylvania than elsewhere. The children of German settlers there used to hang up their stockings at night, and if they had been good children during the year, they found sweetmeats in the morning. But if their record had been a bad one, a birch rod was sure to be sticking threateningly out of their stockings.

It is considered particularly lucky when Christmas falls on Sunday and the reverse when it comes on Saturday. The intermediate days are, for the most part, propitious. It is believed in Devonshire that if the sun shines bright at noon on Christmas, there will be a good crop of apples the following autumn. Every one knows the other old tradition to the effect that a green Christmas will make a full graveyard.

People used to be rather more particular than they are now as to what greens they used for church decoration. The favorite plants were holly, bay, rosemary, and laurel. Ivy was objectionable because it was formerly sacred to Bacchus. Cypress was sometimes used, but its funereal associations made it out of place at so festive a season as Christmas. Mistletoe was excluded because it was sacred to the Druidic religion, and perhaps because it was considered too frivolous in its suggestions. The decorations should properly remain in the church till the end of January, but they are cleared away before Feb. 2, Candlemas Day. This season is observed in private dwellings, for superstition regards it as a fatal omen if this period is overstepped.

It was an old custom in Oxfordshire for the maid servants to ask the men servants to bring in ivy and other greens with which to decorate the house. If any man refused the maids stole a pair of his trousers and nailed them on the gateway. As a still greater punishment, the unwomanly men were debarred from the privileges of the mistletoe.

Christmas Fare Long in Old Times.

There are certain dishes which are peculiarly dedicated by custom and tradition to the Christmas feast. The plum pudding is almost the sole survivor of a long list of equally savory ones. There was the boar's head, always the herald of the feast, and always seasoned with Malaga raisins. Next in importance was the peacock. The skin was carefully stripped off, with the plumage adhering, the bird was then roasted; when it was done and had cooled, it was served up again in its feathers, and, with gilded beak, was sent to the table. Sometimes the whole body was covered with gold leaf, and a piece of cotton saturated with spirits, placed in its beak and lighted as it made its gorgeous entry. The noble bird was not served by common hands; that privilege was reserved for the ladies most distinguished by birth and beauty. Geese, capons, pheasants, and pies of carps' tongues also helped to set out the Christmas table in days gone by. But while Christmas, as far as its eating was concerned, always had its specialt ies, its liquor cards was extended

NUTMEG STATE BRIGANDS.

DEVASTATION WROUGHT BY JIM COSTELLO AND HIS COMPANION.

Costello Began His Career by Malicious Mischief, Terrorizing a Wide Locality—Then He Turned to Systematic Stealing.

WILLIMANTIC, Dec. 22.—During the past six or eight years an unknown outlaw, a Nutmeg State Abe Buzzard, has terrorized Mansfield, a breezy, thrifty, and beautiful rural town among the high hills of Tolland county, and at times it seemed to the prosperous farmers there that either they must put an end in some way to his depredations, or abandon their calling and forsake the town. From time to time THE SUN has published accounts of those depredations, which were extensive, formidable, and sometimes fiendish in nature.

One crime followed another in weekly installments of from eight to ten for several months, and then there would come a break in the fearful serial during the ensuing six or eight weeks. In four years a score and a half of big, handsome barns, together with crops, cattle, and farming tools, were burned in Mansfield and three or four adjoining towns, and not infrequently the loss in a single instance was from $3,000 to $10,000. Three times the sanctuary of the handsome Congregational church in the village at Mansfield Hill was besmeared with paint and obscene pictures that were outlined in free-hand style on its white walls. Twice the large schoolhouse in the same pretty village was defiled in a similar way, and twice it was fired with an elaborate firebug train of shavings and other combustibles, soaked with kerosene. More than a score of cattle were hamstrung or disembowelled in solitary Mansfield pastures. Once a woollen mill in a country place was fired at noon, while its owner and workmen were away eating their dinners, and a saw mill and grist mill were burned in a like audacious way.

The town of Mansfield offered a reward of $1,000 for the arrest of the criminal, and, by a similar offer on the part of three other towns, the amount was increased to about $2,000. The farmers of Mansfield formed themselves into a large patrol band, and all night for two months eight or ten of its members, armed with shotguns, rifles, and revolvers, paced the lonely country highways in the rôle of sentinels. Women dared not go abroad after nightfall. Fear dominated all minds. That was due as much to the mysterious secrecy and skill with which the outlaw came and went on his errands of nocturnal mischief as to the actual and startling amount of havoc that he wrought. Furthermore, the motive of his evildoing was as enigmatical and fearful as was his malign personality, since, evidently, it was not robbery, but, conjecturally, must be vindictive malice. It was, indeed, amazing, the elusive impunity with which he operated. That feature of his criminal career balked city detectives, who had been called to Mansfield by its town authorities, no less than it had puzzled rural constables and county sheriffs and their deputies.

Nevertheless all had one conviction, but dared not utter the suspicion aloud, about the presumed identity of the miscreant, namely, that he was Jim Costello, a rather black sheep in his family, who, with his two brothers, tilling a big and handsome farm, were among the richest and thriftiest farmers in Mansfield. They dwell in a great, old-fashioned, roomy, white-painted farmhouse, and about it are hundreds of acres, belonging to them, of fertile meads, sweeping upland pastures, and breezy and noble woodlands. The two older brothers are sedate and upright townsmen, trusted by every one, but Jim—"Jim Jim," as they call him—would crook their heads when his name was mentioned in a social gathering: still, until a year or so ago, there was not an overt act on his part upon which the Mansfield farmers could lay the finger of suspicion, and say, without hesitation, "that is the man." But everybody suspected, and feared him.

It was a little more than a year ago, on the night of the second attempt to burn the Mansfield schoolhouse, that a Mansfield night watchman, returning in the early dawn from his beat to his home on "Old Hill," near by, saw Jim Costello emerge from the schoolhouse door, slink across the dark schoolhouse ground, and disappear in the thick shadows that cloaked the country road. The watchman was positive that the figure was that of Jim, of the night prowler, maintained it in a justice's court, before which Costello was arraigned on the following day, and the latter was sent to jail for a month on account of the crime perpetrated in the schoolhouse. No one in Mansfield was sorry that Jim Costello was punished, at the same time not a few men of logical mind believed the evidence was a bit gauzy on account of which he had been convicted.

It was noted by the Mansfield people, moreover, that while he languished in prison the long catalogue of crimes in Tolland county ceased entirely. Armed men no longer paced the roads and the country people slept serenely at night, with no sense of impending evil. Jim Costello served his sentence, came out of jail, and peace reigned in Mansfield town. For a while Many Slate paper which had a good deal to say about the Mansfield crimes said it rather too pointedly, directly accusing Costello of being the author of them, and when Jim got out of limbo he brought suit in heavy damages against the editor of the paper for charging them of having libelled him. He demanded damages in $10,000 from the Hartford *Post*. The suits against the journals have not been pressed.

Not much later the reign of terror in Mansfield and adjoining towns was resumed, and for two years the marauders, who infested and infested into New London county, killed cattle in their pastures, and perpetrated other malicious mischief in Lebanon and Salem, near Norwich. During the summer and fall of 1893, though, peace and her handmaid, immunity from violence, had reigned in old Tolland county, and the farmers almost believed that the reign of terror was ended forever. But two or three weeks ago Old Nick, or at least one of his ablest hired men, swung himself loose in Mansfield, and though his specialty was somewhat different in nature from that of the old-time Mansfield fiend, nevertheless the farmers, worn out with a long struggle against fast-and-furious devilry, were hit hard.

In this instance the marauders appeared to be an expert, shrewd, and well-organized band of outlaws, with a rendezvous, possibly, in the fastnesses of the wooded Tolland Mountains, who assembled Forth Knight and stole about everything on which they could use their capable and practised fingers. They stole apples, farm tools, bed clothes, wearing apparel; stripped clotheslines and hen roosts; lifted all sorts of farm produce out of farm and home cellars; made off with a cow from them out of a man's cellar while he slept, and trundling them in carts, whose wheels were muffled, along the dark, solitary rural pikes; and, in one instance, got away with beehives, with the bees in them, having plugged their doors and entrances, and stolen the swarms on mysteriously and successfully almost every night, and the smartest sheriffs in the county had not a clue to the identity of the robbers. In fact, the thief or thieves grew more audacious in their transgressions all the time, and almost foolhardy in the unnecessary risks they took, when it would seem the game, pecuniarily, was scarcely worth the candle of the venturesome exploit.

But it was not until one night this week that the Tolland outlaws perpetrated their boldest and most treakish feat, when they actually butchered two fat hogs, belonging to Aaron Preston, near Eagleville, in their pen, not a dozen rods from Aaron's house. But the robbers, in this instance, it appears, either were in too great haste to do the dirty business, or else they mislaid their ordinary cunning. A broad trail of blood from the slain hogs was plainly imprinted on the crusted snow leading from Aaron Preston's plundered pig pen, a mile or more down the rural streets, and it led in its way to a lonely cottage in the village of Mansfield town that was temporarily tenanted by Jim Costello and a young fellow, Ed Rohan, with whom the former had been housekeeping for a time during several months.

With this information in mind, Deputy Sheriff George Phillips, one of the smartest Mansfield officers, undertook to fasten the crime of the pig killing at Preston's homestead, together with all the other Mansfield robberies, on Costello and his livery cohort. He quickly accumulated a plenitude of evidence against the men. In the past two or three weeks the thieves had taken not less than 400 turkeys from farms in Mansfield, who were preparing them for the Christmas trade; and the deputy sheriff learned that, at about the time that Old Nick chicken-stole from his wife, who was a Mrs. Santa Anna, a little mountain hamlet of the valley, grew uneasy about him, and with a lantern started to look for him. It was too dark for English to see her, but the lion did, and made for her within a season of pace.

As the great Dane came leaping at her out of the darkness, she dashed the lantern full in its face. The puma gave way, and English, guessing who the newcomer was, shouted to her to run back to the village. She turned to do so, but the puma was after her, and she was obliged to whisk about every few feet and shake the lantern in its face again. The animal would recoil at this, and each time gave her a few moments in which to run on.

In this way she made her way to Santa Anna's screaming, as she neared it, "Alice, a lion!" until some of the men of the village, hearing her, armed themselves and came out in time to see the lion break away to run back. They pursued him and killed him, and then went on for the half-frozen herder. His wife, a bright-eyed, chatty little Mexican woman, claimed the skin of the puma, saying that it was rightly hers, as she alone had brought the lion into the village, and it was presented to her for the new home in the valley.

drew heavy six-chambered revolvers, but the officers were upon them instantly. They were thrown backward upon the oaken floor by the Sheriff's posse, and disarmed in a flash; then they were heavily ironed, and, with a guard of two men in charge of each prisoner, were hauled at once before Justice of the Peace Pike of Mansfield. Judge Pike committed them, and that same day they were lodged in the Tolland county rural jail.

Deputy Sheriff Phillips found a part of Aaron Preston's fat hogs in Costello's house, together with a large quantity of butter stolen from the Mansfield Creamery, poultry, and other spoils, the fruit of robberies in Mansfield in the past month. Costello and Rohan will be tried before the next session (criminal) of the Tolland County Court.

WORKMEN AND EMPLOYERS UNITE.

Professional Agitators Left Out in Great Britain's New Labor Union.

A new labor movement, which promises to work a revolution in the industrial world, and is already exercising a great influence on the relations of capital and labor, has lately begun in Great Britain. It is a movement in which both employer and employes are equally interested and equally active. It is, avowedly, a coöperative revolt against trades unionism as it exists and operates to-day; a revolt of the workers against the coercive and oppressive tactics of perverted unionism and the tyranny of the professional labor leader and agitator; a revolt of the employers against the interference in the management of their business by outsiders who represent only a small minority of the whole body of workers. It is not a repudiation of the principle and legitimate objects of unionism, for both parties to the new movement frankly accept these, and they are incorporated in the new scheme, but it is a protest against the perversion of the power of trades unionism by professional agitators to selfish ends and to the detriment of both masters and men. It is called the free labor movement, and bears the title of the National Free Labor Association.

The movement is well under way in all the great industrial centres of Great Britain, and local branches have been established in a number of cities. It is making especial headway in London, Sheffield, Liverpool, Birmingham, Southampton Newcastle-on-Tyne, Portsmouth, on the Clyde, and at the Bristol Channel ports. In the latter district a strong free labor association has been organized as a direct outcome of the recent labor troubles.

Every branch of labor is embraced in the new movement, without restriction. Each local office will be a registry bureau where men willing to work on the free labor principle, with either unionists or non-unionists, or both, without prejudice to their own rights to become or remain members of any trades union if they see fit, will be enrolled, and here employers also in the association will send for the help they need, and will give preference of employment to the men so enrolled. It is expected that as the scope of the association is widened and its scheme developed its members will sever their connection with other unions, of their own accord and for their own interest, but in this matter the new organization allows them perfect freedom. The adhesion to the movement in the beginning was mostly of men then altogether unorganized, and men who were trade unionists against their will and hostile to the coercion exercised over them. As the scope of the movement is becoming known the sources of membership are widening.

The organization purposes to include the benefit feature of trades unionism, each local branch forming a fund out of which payments will be made to members in case of accident, sickness, or death. Each district branch will possess absolute home rule as regards all local conditions, a most important feature, which recognizes that regulations suitable to London might be altogether unsuitable in Glasgow. Each district branch will have subbranches for every locality, in order properly to allow of freedom of action in purely local circumstances.

Perhaps the most important part of the scheme is the part providing for the formation by each district association of boards of arbitration, to which all disputes are to be referred. These boards will consist of an equal number of employers and employees, representing the different trades of the district. These arbitration boards will tend to freeze out the professional "leader" by abolishing his occupation, and it is believed they will reduce the prospects of strikes to a minimum and prevent the harsh and arbitrary decisions of masters and men. Should the board be unable to agree in the settlement of any dispute an umpire is to be called in, and his decision is to be regarded as final for some definite period, to be fixed upon by the parties concerned, at the end of which the question may be reopened.

In extreme cases the employees may still assert their rights by leaving work, and in such instances, their rights being adjudged by the standards indicated, they would receive support from the association. But in no case will the association recognize a strike unless the whole matter has first been brought before the local board of arbitration.

This arbitration principle is generally approved by the employers. The success of the London dock strike of 1889, which established a year ago by the corporation jointly with the Chamber of Commerce to settle purely business disputes involving no legal questions, encourages general confidence in this feature of the new movement. A number of employers' associations throughout the country have announced their intention of joining the National Free Labor Association in order to share the benefits of this part of the scheme, along with the other promised benefits to masters and men. It is pointed out by its promoters that if the effect of the arbitration scheme and the advance of the free labor movement generally operate to prevent strikes and to bring back a greater degree of harmony between masters and men the natural result will be to make capital more ready than they are now to invest their money in industrial concerns, thus increasing the volume of trade, rendering possible the payment of higher wages, decreasing the number of the unemployed, and improving the industrial and commercial conditions of the country.

The employers say they do not wish to engage men at lower than the standard rates of wages, and do not wish to force on workmen conditions alleged to be prevented only by the action of trades unions. What they desire is to secure stability for their business not attainable under existing circumstances, and, particularly, they wish to be protected from the frequent petty strikes which really dictate and injure trade more than does a general strike for greater wages or fewer hours. Each individual employer favoring the movement has declared that he does not wish to interfere with the legitimate objects of trades unionism, and is ready to guarantee permanent employment, as far as possible, for competent workmen, members of the association, at the standard rate of pay, whether the men are now unionists or not, provided they will work together with him, as the scheme of the association contemplates.

Summed up, the association purposes to attain the great benefits projected, for capital and labor, employers and employees, by the operation of the great principle of coöperation, and mainly through the channel of arbitration. Both employers and employees desire to be freed from the interference of professional labor agitators. The subscription of each member will be small, but there is said to be every indication that the leaders in the new movement will not lack financial support in case of need.

Kept a Lion at Bay with Her Lantern.

From the Philadelphia Times.

TOMBSTONE, Dec. 17.—Jabez English, a sheep herder of this neighborhood, had a singular adventure a day or two ago with a mountain lion, the skin of which now decorates his cabin in the valley east of here. English was building his cabin, his former one having been destroyed by fire a week or two ago, and was busily at work on its roof when he saw an animal steal out of the woods hard by and fling itself upon the pail containing his dinner of cold boiled bacon and bread.

He recognized it at a glance, for a puma, or mountain lion, but thinking he might frighten it away, threw his plane at it. The tool struck the animal on the head, cutting it badly, and rendering the creature furious. It rushed at the structure on the peak of which the herder was at work, and he was obliged to leap down to the ground. This put the animal between him and his cabin, and after several attempts the lion abandoned it and proceeded to patrol the spot, growling furiously and showing its teeth.

The man, having no weapon and being out of reach of any one to whom he might call, could only sit still and wait for the puma to become tired of the watch, or for deliverance. Night at last came on, and still he did not dare venture to quit his perch though it was so cold that he feared that he would freeze before morning. The lion then made his way to Santa Anna, a little mountain hamlet of the valley, grew uneasy about him, and with a lantern started to look for him. It was too dark for English to see her, but the lion did, and made for her within a season of pace.

As the great Dane came leaping at her out of the darkness, she dashed the lantern full in its face. The puma gave way, and English, guessing who the newcomer was, shouted to her to run back to the village. She turned to do so, but the puma was after her, and she was obliged to whisk about every few feet and shake the lantern in its face again. The animal would recoil at this, and each time gave her a few moments in which to run on.

In this way she made her way to Santa Anna's screaming, as she neared it, "Alice, a lion!" until some of the men of the village, hearing her, armed themselves and came out in time to see the lion break away to run back. They pursued him and killed him, and then went on for the half-frozen herder. His wife, a bright-eyed, chatty little Mexican woman, claimed the skin of the puma, saying that it was rightly hers, as she alone had brought the lion into the village, and it was presented to her for the new home in the valley.

INNOCENCE WAS NO SHIELD.

EDWARD H. POST, JR., SPENDS MORE THAN A YEAR IN PRISON.

He Has Fourteen Years More to Serve When the Court of Pardons Accepts Proof of an Alibi and Sets Him Free—A Mother's Persistent Work—His Father a Lodge Keeper for Judge William Walter Phelps.

There is happiness in a little family up in the Hackensack Valley back of the Palisades, and if the majority of people would consider it a negative kind of happiness it is none the less real. It is all over the liberation from State prison of Edward H. Post, Jr., a young man who was convicted a little more than a year ago of an attempted assault upon a girl 14 years old, and who was sentenced to serve fifteen years at hard labor.

The Post family consists of the father and mother a girl of 13, a boy of 17, and the young man pardoned, who is 24 years old. They lived in Paterson until two years and a half ago when they moved to Nordhoff, on the Northern Railway of New Jersey. There they occupy the lodge at the entrance to the estate of William Walter Phelps, which they get free of rent for certain trifling services. The father, a small, thin old man, is employed at the dye works of Barrett, Palmer & Heal, on the railway just below the station.

Edward H. Post, Jr., is tall and cadaverous, with a sallow skin shifting eyes, and weak chin. His prison-cut hair is still too short to comb, and his movements in the store clothes he has just donned, for the first time in fourteen months, show constraint. From boyhood he has been wayward, and his roving disposition has carried him over a good extent of country. He has worked, but never for long at a stretch. He has been fond of the companionship of youths who knew more than he and that sort of knowledge pleased him best which it was not good for him to know. He cultivated idleness and tastes that required money to gratify. He took $50 once from the till of a man in Paterson for whom he worked, and for that he served sixty days in the Passaic county jail. He was arrested another time in Jersey City upon suspicion of complicity in stealing a set of harness, and was held thirty days, but not convicted. These are salient points in a youthful career that maybe were an influence at the time of his trial later. He was "known to the police."

The alleged crime of which he was convicted occurred on the outskirts of Paterson, June 28, 1892. Mamie Murphy, a pretty child of 14 years, was on her way home from school when she was attacked by a young man in hiding just as she was passing the Cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre. She screamed at the top of her voice. The man threatened her with a knife, she says. She kept on screaming, and he choked and gagged her. Then he looked up the road, as if he heard something, and instantly jumped up and ran into the bushes on the roadside. That was the last she saw of him. She came home and told her parents. She described her assailant as a young man with a large mouth and a squint. Her two brothers scoured the neighborhood, but without success. Then they told the story to the police.

In the vicinity of Passaic Falls a number of young men, known as the "Cream Gang," loaf and drink and scare people, it is said. There are a score or more of them, and the police looked upon Post as a member of the gang. Several were arrested on suspicion, but only one, William Lawrence, was held, and he merely for a short time. A sharp lookout was kept for Post. Nearly four weeks afterward, on July 19, he was arrested on a hillside overlooking the falls, and was sent to jail. He was identified by the Murphy girl a few days later, was tried before Judges Hopper, Vanderhoven, and English, and convicted, and on Oct. 15 was sentenced to State prison for fifteen years. His case was taken four times before the Court of Pardons, and after fourteen months of confinement he was freed on Dec. 1, his proofs to the satisfaction of the Court of Pardons that he was not in Paterson at the time of the assault.

Although now free and restored to citizenship, the young man rests under the stigma of imprisonment, and he has by no means regained health from the confinement. He has, moreover, a story to tell of how and why he was convicted in spite of his innocence. He tells it with every appearance of speaking the truth. The man who could corroborate him in detail, William Lawrence, is in Europe, though he is now dead. This is Post's story, told to a SUN reporter in the presence of his father and mother in a room of the little lodge at the entrance to ex-Minister Phelps's estate:

"The girl upon whose word I was sent to State prison I never saw in my life before the day she identified me at the police station. The Cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre I have no recollection of having been near, before the assault or afterward.

"In the spring of 1892 I was working at the dye works with my father, and left there, I think, on May 1. I went to Paterson, and was there about ten days. I then went to Jersey City with William O'Conners, a friend of mine. We were arrested a few days after our arrival for some offence we had committed, I believe, longed to O'Conner's brother. Nothing was proved against us, but we went to the Hudson county jail all the same. We were discharged about June 15, and went back to Paterson. I tried to get work there, but failed. I then took to tramping, and went to Boston. I got around the country a good deal, at one time or another, and was going off on trips whenever I got the chance, working just long enough in one place to get money to go to another. This time I went first to Buffalo, then on to Toledo, walking a part of the way, getting free rides and picking up odd jobs wherever I could. From Toledo I started back, and on June 28, the day Mamie Murphy says I attacked her, I was in the town of Euclid. I got there just before noon, having walked ten miles in the morning. On the outskirts of the town I struck a farmhouse, over the roof of which a tree had blown. I thought maybe there was a chance for a job there, so I went up to the back door and knocked. A young lady came to the door, and I asked her if I could get a job cutting up the tree. She said no, but that she knew where I could get a job, and asked me to come in. Her mother and sister came from another room and said that her brother was looking for a hand, and that he'd probably give me a chance. They told me how to get to his farm, and I went right down. His name was A. H. Priday, and he had a vineyard. He asked me what my name was, where I lived, and what I was doing out there. I told him everything, and then he said he wanted extra help for three or four days, and that he'd take me. I went to work at once, and worked for him until July 7. I then got other odd jobs, and worked right along for a week or so there and on the road to Cleveland. After a while I thought I'd like to get back home, so I left Cleveland and started. Last August I got into Paterson on July 1. It rained on the way down, and I slept there all night. Some of the fellows that I met told me that the police were looking for me. I wanted to know what for, and they said for an assault on Mamie Murphy. I didn't know who Mamie Murphy was, but thought if the police wanted me I'd go and find out about it. Before doing so I thought it would be a good idea to go home, so I walked down to Nordhoff from Paterson and was there four days. Then I went back. On July 19 I was on the hillside above the falls, sleeping under a tree, when Policeman Robinson and another officer came up and arrested me. They didn't touch me, but just told me to follow them to the station house. If I'd have been guilty I think I'd have tried to escape then, for it would look as if I had a good chance.

"I was put into a cell at the station, and not a word further was said to me until the evening. Then, between 8 and 9 o'clock, Policeman Walker came after me and took me to the assembly room of the station. Chief of Police Gerard was there with Detective Albert Magee, and they looked me all over very carefully. One thing chief Gerard said struck me as very peculiar. 'Why, this man has no scar on his face,' he said to Magee. The detective whispered something in reply and then I was taken back to my cell.

"Lawyer St. Lawrence was engaged to defend me by a friend of my father's, William Kane. The morning after I was taken before Chief Gerard I was sent for again, and had to go to the assembly room. It was empty when I entered, but in a few minutes Magee came in with four young men, none of whom I had seen before. He made me stand in the middle of the room, and then put two on one side of me and two on the other. He stepped from them for a moment and came back with a little girl. Of course I guessed at once who it was. Magee told her to look at us carefully and to point out the man who had attempted to assault her. She looked at us and just shook her head. Then Magee took her into a small room adjoining where her father and mother and one of her brothers were. They all talked together. A moment afterward Magee called out:

"'Post, come in here!'

"As soon as I entered the room he said to Mamie Murphy:

"'That's the one, ain't it?'

"'Yes,' she said.

"Then her brother jumped at me, yelling that he'd cut my heart out. They kept him back, though, and I was sent to my cell again. The next day, July 20, they transferred me to the county jail, and I did not leave there until the day of my trial, Oct. 14. For the first time I had a talk with my lawyer, and all he said was that I must plead 'non vult.' I didn't know what that meant. I had of course pleaded 'Not guilty' when I had had an examination, and I supposed that was the legal term meaning the same thing.

"While I was sitting in the court room Judge Hopper called up Mamie Murphy, and they talked together for five minutes or so. Then her father went up and took her away. Magee presently went up and talked with the Judge. Afterward St. Lawrence asked the Judge if I might be taken away, and he said yes. St. Lawrence took me into the Judge's chambers, where my father and Mr. Kane were. Mr. Kane says to me, 'Edward, if you don't plead non vult, I'll never have anything more to do with you.' He said they had everything fixed for me; that they had got an affidavit from Euclid proving an alibi, and that I'd surely get off. I promised I'd plead 'non vult,' which I now know means pretty nearly the same thing as 'guilty,' and they took me in before the Judge again. The Judge was reading the affidavit proving the alibi. I then pleaded 'non vult,' as I said I would. The Judge never asked me a question, except when I had to say that sentence should not be passed. I kept silent. He then passed sentence. Two days afterward I was on my way to the State prison at Trenton."

Post's mother and father listened to his recital with lively interest and many interruptions. They corroborated him in every particular of which they had reason to know. Mrs. Post said she had obtained the affidavit from Euclid, as well as many letters that she had written herself in the interest of her son. The prosecuting attorney, who had handed it in turn to Judge Hopper. It was the same affidavit afterward sent to the Court of Pardons.

When her son had been sent to prison she began at once to try to get him out. She wrote to the Governor several times, and received replies to the effect that the case would be investigated. She never ceased her endeavors, but it was not until last Friday that she knew that they had met with success. On that morning ex-Minister Phelps, who is now a Judge, stopped at the lodge and said: "Madam, your boy is free." Judge Phelps is a member of the Court of Pardons. The same evening the wayward son was in his mother's arms.

Young Post says he has been a bad young man, but that he has learned a lesson. No one would accuse him of being bad. He is soft-spoken and gentle and bashful, and he blushes like a girl. He says he does not wish to make any accusations, but that he always knew that Detective Magee had a grudge against him. He says that Magee threatened to "get even." He feels now that he has. He also has many things to say of Lawyer St. Lawrence.

And now the Post family sits in the cosey kitchen of the lodge, reunited and happy. Old Mr. Post puffs slowly at his pipe, and you can't tell what he feels. Mrs. Post has been a handsome woman. The work she has done in behalf of her son through the past twelve weary months has put dark circles around her eyes. But when she looks over at her first born, the eyes sparkle and her lips quiver.

THE TEN YEARS' LAW.

The Ways in Which It Injures the Army—The Term of Enlistment.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—The views expressed in THE SUN as to the expediency of repealing the ten years' service law are fully sustained by the comments of the inspecting officers and others in the annual reports. Major P. D. Vroom says that "the law prohibiting the reenlistment of privates after ten years' service works great hardship and injustice to many deserving soldiers," and that while undesirable men ought not to be enlisted again, the elimination of old and tried soldiers is a great mistake. "It is not reasonable to suppose that young men will be encouraged to enlist in the army when their know that after ten years they may be turned adrift to begin life anew." Capt. J. M. Lee thinks that this law perhaps promotes more dissatisfaction than any other measure that has been introduced for years, and that its effect will be not only to discourage enlistments, but to reduce reenlistments and soon "to cause the bulk of the army to consist of inexperienced boys instead of well-trained soldiers." Col. E. M. Heyl thinks that young men will not be willing to give ten years to a profession which will thereafter be of no practical value to them, while they will have to compete with men who have been devoting that same period to whatever occupation they may then take up. But he finds that company commanders, as a rule, favor reducing the term of enlistment from five to three years.

Lieut.-Col. J. F. Kent reports that the laws which permit the discharge of good men before their five years end, and also forbid reenlistments after ten years, have "filled the inferior recruits and the worst men against the character of the enlisted strength of the army. Men cannot now enlist for a life profession. They grow restive, and are anxious for discharge." Major A. S. B. Keyes considers that all the recent laws regarding discharges have been detrimental, and thinks that no man is discharge by purchase. He suggests that a choice between an enlistment for five years and one for three years might be offered to each recruit, the five-year term to carry the pay and allowances as at present, the three-year term to carry reduced pay. The soldier enlisting for three years is to have the privilege, if he concludes to make the army his profession, of changing his enlistment to five years from three, and to receive the pay of a five years' man from the date of his arrival at three years.

Col. D. P. De Russey thinks the ten years' act is working great injury, while Lieut. Aver of his regiment attacks the scheme of returning soldiers to the body of the people in order to educate the latter for military purposes:

> Assume our country to contain 65,000,000 inhabitants of all ages and conditions, of which 16,000,000 are capable of bearing arms; this would give 16,000,000 men. Assume further that the enormous number of men is organized into companies of 90 men each. We should then have 180,000 companies. Assume further that the term of service for our regular soldiers is one year, and that by this means 25,000 trained men are yearly returned to civil life to spread the soldier military enthusiasm. With 25,000 men made available each year it would take ten years to graduate sufficient men to send one to each of the 180,000 companies. If service is made three years (the least it can be to be efficient) it will take thirty years to furnish each of the supposititious companies with a practical soldier, or, in short, our present standing army of 25,000 men per company per generation. Need more be said about the futility of the hope of those who are trying to make of our army a normal school for military trainers?

Our sphere of usefulness must therefore be elsewhere. Our soldiers are military trainers to the country at large. Such being the case, the pernicious effects of short enlisted service stand out glaringly.

Capt. M. C. Foote thinks that company commanders should be allowed to decide what men should be reenlisted, instead of being prevented by law from reenlisting men who have served ten years or more. Lieut.-Col. Henry thinks that the present law leads to deceit to accomplish its purpose, or else throws out good men.

As to the contemplated reduction of the term of enlistment from five years to three there is some difference of opinion, but with judicious conditions for reenlistment it is generally favored. Capt. A. H. Bowman thinks that after training and educating a man "at an expense for pay, subsistence, and clothing, without considering transportation, of about $1,500," it is strange to invite a valuable man to leave the service at the end of three years. It should be made greatly to his interest to stay. Capt. Frank Thorp thinks also that this inducement to leave has a bad effect upon the service, and also that the retention of $4 per month from the pay from the first year's service discourages enlistments.

It will be observed from these expressions of opinion, derived from the reports of the Inspector-General's Department, that an overhauling of the present laws relating to enlistment and reenlistment is believed to be a necessity, and that among the features which may be looked for in their revision are the repeal of the ten years' service provision and the reduction of the term of enlistment to three years.

Crow Dog's Escape and Return.

From the Omaha Bee.

Judge A. J. Plowman of Deadwood, S. D., attained national renown in 1890, when he defended Crow Dog for the murder of Spotted Tail. The memory of Mr. Plowman's plucky legal fight, in which he carried that celebrated case to the United States Supreme Court and secured the acquittal of his red-skinned client when the judgment was almost at the point of tighten around the neck of the condemned prisoner, still lives in the minds of the legal fraternity throughout the West.

In speaking of the matter yesterday Judge Plowman related an incident connected with the case which has never before appeared in public print.

"After Crow Dog had been sentenced to be hanged," said the eminent jurist, "I went to Washington to lay the case before the Supreme Court of the United States. I made a habeas corpus proceeding to secure his release on the question of jurisdiction. While in the nation's capital I was surprised to receive a telegram announcing that Crow Dog had escaped from prison. I returned to the reservation after I had completed my business in Washington, and then I learned for the first time the cause which prompted the famous Indian to escape. It seems that he was walking in the corridor of the prison one day when a half-breed told him that he would surely pay the penalty of his crime, and that the only way out was to not interfere. This caused Crow Dog some uneasiness. He was quick to act. He watched his opportunity to escape and did so. And stolen away, she has the reputation of being a man with a heart of marble. Crow Dog's wife followed him over to the reservation, subsequently he visited her frequently and gave them with the expectation of going to the reservation in response to the question why he had left the country and returned so soon, he replied that he did not want to die without seeing his squaw and papoose once more.

Events proved that he spent one day at his tepee bidding his family what he regarded as a last farewell, and then, with a wave of his dusky hand, he mounted a pony on his return trip to the jail from which he escaped. Crow D