

The Craze for Antique Furniture

BY MARGARET E. SANSTGER.

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowler.) One summer day a friend and I were driving over the hills in the deep green solitude of a New England parish, where abandoned farms were numerous and neighbors scattered.

Suddenly my companion uttered a rapacious exclamation which I could not understand. "Look, oh, look! See that quilt spread on the fence near those hen coops! I wonder if that woman would sell it! Oh, what a beauty!"

Appreciation of old quilts, old china, old mahogany and all the rest is a cult. I have not mastered it, but I never quarrel with those who have. I held the horse while my friend interviewed the quilt's owner. Presently I was called from the doorway.

"Come in, do. There is a sugar bowl here in the loveliest copper luster! Leave the pony. He will stand."

He did stand until the bargaining for quilt and sugar bowl was completed.

As I have said, knowledge of old china and mahogany is a cult! Some have learned it. Some have not. But, owing to its hold on the feminine public, it has created a new trade, and the old farmsteads of the country have been searched and plundered, and too often their treasures have been bought for a song and sold for a fortune.

I can understand love and reverence for furniture and dishes which, though a one's family for generations, handed down from mother to daughter, and from father to son. An old clock which has ticked faithfully for a century, or a pair of silver, the changes of 200 years in an heirloom to be prized, no matter how ugly an article it may be in itself.

It is a hobby table at which one's great-grandmother poured tea is a possession to be tenderly cherished. So with china, if it be Crowned Derby or Wedgwood, or copper luster, and with wood, if the same blood and lineage have owned it since colonial days, they are not to blame for considering it as a thing of which they may boast.

Apart from family associations, I am fond of a Philistine to prefer examining objects of value which are safe behind glass doors in a museum, or when they stand out in halls where historical collections are so carefully preserved, and where they want them in my home, however well they are insured. For chairs and tables that are simply old I do not care. If they have been used to somebody else they are nothing to me. I would be quite as contented with a good copy of something antique as with the antique thing itself were I given the choice. I am not particularly fond of the everyday home life brings burdens and cares enough without stupidly adding to them responsibilities which one need not carry.

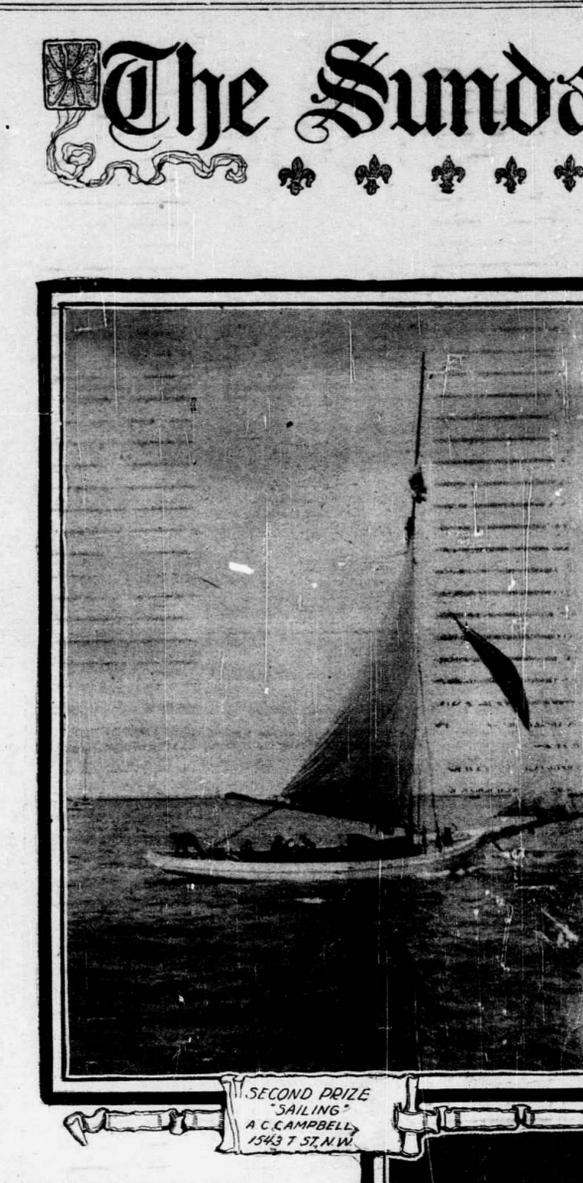
What we really want of a chair is solidity, respectability and comfort. Perish the thought of spider-legged chairs and tottering sofas and divanettes of every kind that are traps for the unwary. A table should be large enough to hold papers, books, a lamp or what-not, should have a flat surface and good legs of its own. If it be elaborately carved it will need time and pains to keep it in decent order, for while carving is beautiful, the more the more beautiful when clogged with dust and dirt. Whether a table be of oak, pine, walnut or mahogany is a matter of indifference if it harmonize with the rest of one's furniture and meet the uses of a table. The peculiar beauty of mahogany is in its deep wine color and its capability of retaining polish. The older it is, and the more polished it has had, the more pleasing it is to the eye of the notable housekeeper.

In the south in antebellum days there was a good deal of old mahogany that had come down in families, some of it imported from the old home beyond the sea, and it was kept in the general condition by the daily rubbing of the house servants. There was a stability, comfort and leisure in those lovely southern homes was in entire contrast with the chaotic medley of all sorts of articles, some of one period, some of another, many of them purchased without the least view to the general effect. It must be mournfully admitted that the taste of the average householder is a little doubtful, or else that the ideal of house furnishing, the possibly a little simplicity, is fading.

A house to be well furnished must have had one of two advantages. Either its old china and mahogany with its settings and rugs, must have been an inheritance mellowed and subdued and enriched by time and loving labor, or else the furniture from attic to cellar has been selected and arranged according to a good color scheme, by somebody who knew what to buy and how to arrange what was bought.

To me there is breathless delight in looking through the stores of exquisite china and glass, and in the country stores, establishments devoted to their sale. Nothing more charming than the dull opaque and graceful shapes of articles from our American potteries can one see, though one wander over the wide earth.

And the importations are as satisfying to the eye as the country goods. One loses one's heart to Limoges, to satin shawl and flowers painted with the skill of the finest art. One adores the gold laid on in lines and lines on a tea service for a bride. From a salad bowl to an after-dinner coffee set, from a fairy-like



SECOND PRIZE "SAILING" A C CAMPBELL 1893 7 ST NW



FIRST PRIZE NORTH SHORE BERMUDA A-EPILLING 1836 15 ST NW

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able citizens of the state, he resolved to attempt an arrest. Proceeding to Rogers' house with all the force he could command, he placed a guard at front and rear, and with a few attendants, made his way inside. The first person he met was Mr. Rogers himself, who affected to be very indignant at the intrusion.

"Who have you in this house?" asked Mr. Pinkerton.

"Nobody but my family," answered Mr. Rogers.

"Well see about that," answered Mr. Pinkerton, and then, turning to his men, he ordered them to search the premises.

They did so, and soon came upon the stolen money. Mr. Pinkerton pulled out a pocket watch, and the men were completely surprised that they made no effort at resistance. They were about to sit down to breakfast, which was spread for them in the kitchen. A comparison with photographs and descriptions left no doubt that one of the three was Frank Reno. A second—a man of dark complexion, tall and well built—proved to be Albert Perkins, a well-known member of the Reno gang. The third was none other than the notorious Mike Ogie, the youngest member of the band, who afterward came to be known as the most expert counterfeiter in the United States.

When they were securing the four men the detectives noticed that smoke was curling out of the kitchen stove, accompanied by a sudden blaze. Mr. Pinkerton ordered the lid, and found on the coals several packages of bank notes, already on fire. Fortunately, the notes had been so tightly wrapped that only a few of them were destroyed before the packages were got out. Those that remained were afterward identified as the money that had been stolen from the Glenwood safe. There was thus no question that these were the robbers so long sought for. A further search of the house brought to light two sets of burglars' tools, which served as cumulative evidence.

The men were carried to Glenwood by the next train. They were met by a great and excited crowd, and for a time were in danger of lynching. Better counsel prevailed, however, and they were placed in the jail to await trial.

With the men in secure, safe custody, there was no doubt of their ultimate conviction, and every one was breathing easier at the thought that at last the Reno gang was robbed of its terrors. Then suddenly—no one will ever know how it happened—the prisoners made their escape. Great was the excitement and the news that they had been seen to come back again. After four days of patient waiting, Rogers, accompanied by three strangers, was seen to board the train for the morning of April 1, 1898. He entered the jail, only to find that the door was closed. He had been through the wall by what way they had made their exit. They left behind the mocking salutation: "April Fool," scrawled in chalk over the doors and walls of the jail.

A large reward was offered for the capture of the robbers, but nothing was heard of them until two months later, when an express messenger made a brave resistance, but could not cope with the robbers, who lifted him bodily and hurled him out of the car, down a steep embankment, while the train was running at high speed.

All the facts in the case pointed to the Reno brothers as the authors of this outrage, and it was believed that the method of robbery had become familiar. Allan Pinkerton, furthermore, obtained precise evidence that it was the work of the Renos from secret agents whom he had stationed at Seymour to watch the doings of the gang. Two of these agents engaged apparently in business at Seymour, one setting up as a saloonkeeper in a rough part of the town, another taking railroad employment, which kept him constantly near the station. They were believed to have been in the direction of Council Bluffs. Investigation soon made this absolutely certain, for the missing train was found lying beside the railroad a short distance from the Council Bluffs station.

Putting these new disclosures beside his previous suspicions and discoveries, Mr. Pinkerton was further strengthened in his distrust of the man Rogers, and although the local authorities to whom he revealed his suspicions, laughed at him, declaring that Rogers was one of the most respect-

able citizens of the state, he resolved to attempt an arrest. Proceeding to Rogers' house with all the force he could command, he placed a guard at front and rear, and with a few attendants, made his way inside. The first person he met was Mr. Rogers himself, who affected to be very indignant at the intrusion.

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to look after egg-shell plates, nor can she understand the pang that goes to the very soul of its owner when a beautiful dish is chipped or cracked. Pope's famous line, "Microbes are the cause of disease," strikes an echo of response in every feminine breast. If one has achieved that degree of self-control that allows an atmosphere of refinement from scolding, or a complaint when she hears a crash in the kitchen she is almost entitled to the halo of a saint.

In the face of the great calamities and disasters that sometimes come upon a home, wrecking it and blotting out the sunshine from a circle of loved ones, the atmosphere of an elegant cup or vase is very little. But we do not always remember this, nor do we keep it in mind amid little things and great. A scratch on the furniture or a broken cup seems very trivial on the day when a child dies, or a husband and wife part, or a dear one with it. We need more and more, all of us, to take lessons in the true valuations of life, and less should we pin our affections to things which are of no value. The careless handling or any sudden heedlessness may ruin.

CONSOLIDATED SCHOOLS.

Training the Young Idea to Shoot in Dominion of Canada.

From Resources. In a word, the farmer's children have been given the advantages of the high schools.

As President Creelman of the Ontario Agricultural College has pointed out, the system undoubtedly is, from a standpoint of dollars and cents, more expensive, for the first few years at least; but the rural ratepayer has it to decide for himself whether he would rather pay five dollars more per year and secure for his boy or girl such increased benefits as the consolidated school can give, or leave them in the hands of an inexperienced girl teacher who perhaps does her best in a little one-roomed school, without facilities of demonstration for individual and class work.

One of the most important features of these schools is the school garden, where practical farm science is taught in a practical way. Such gardens are now being confined to the consolidated schools, but are now being kept in connection with a number of the more progressive district schools in various parts of the country. They are usually from two to three acres in area, divided into experimental and individual plots for each of the pupils, ranging in size from one foot square to six by ten or even twenty.

The general plan of laying out each garden involves (1) a belt of native trees and shrubs surrounding the grounds; (2) a half-acre playground for the boys; (3) a lawn bordered with shade trees for the girls; (4) a shaded walk each for boys and girls, about one hundred feet long; (5) an attractive approach to the school, consisting chiefly of a piece of open lawn with shrubs and flowers on either side; (6) a suitable reservation for individual and class plots; (7) an orchard plot or border; (8) a forest plot in which the chief native trees are grown from the seed.

The ordinary range of vegetables and a selection of flowering plants are grown in these gardens, the pupils themselves furnishing the necessary work. In the largest schools two hours each week are allotted sufficient for the garden work, and one hour in the smaller, in both cases under the supervision of the teacher or a special instructor. The school garden is of a double purpose, since it not only provides the most practical form of nature study but acts as a valuable means of training the general school work. It is an uncommon sight during the summer season to see a public school in session out-of-doors, not with the pupils, but with the plants in the general school work. It is an uncommon sight during the summer season to see a public school in session out-of-doors, not with the pupils, but with the plants in the general school work.

The pupils thoroughly enjoy it. They are allowed the proceeds of their plots as their own property, and in addition may take home a few plants for their own use. The class plots are reserved as a source of revenue for the school and as a supply of the various classes, for the school lunches. These large plots are reserved as a source of revenue for the school and as a supply of the various classes, for the school lunches. These large plots are reserved as a source of revenue for the school and as a supply of the various classes, for the school lunches.

Not a few of the prizes at some of the exhibitions have been won by the exhibits from the school gardens.

Proof of the Pudding.

From the Boston Transcript.

"Little Girl"—"Please, sir, mamma sent me back with this cottage soap and says to tell you it won't raise a lather."

"Grocer (examining substance)"—"Let me see. Didn't you buy this the other day?" "Yes, sir, I did." "Well, you see, it's not the same soap. This is the best soap I ever saw. It's called 'Little Girl' (light breaking in)—"Oh-oh! Then that's what made the rabbit taste so funny last night!"

VALU OF DEAD LEAVES.

Reported to Be Rich in Nitrogenous Contents.

Consul Goldschmidt of Nantes furnishes a report containing facts that will be interesting to agriculturists everywhere. The value of dead leaves, compared with ordinary manure, has been the subject of scientific test, and the results are given by the consul. He writes:

"A great part of the suburban population of this city is engaged in gardening, and especially in the cultivation of early vegetables. For many years use has been made of the dead leaves which fall from the trees in the autumn, and when such can be obtained in the small quantities they are eagerly gathered and employed as fertilizers or to cover certain plants during the coldest winter months. Frequently these leaves are first used as bedding for cattle and horses, and the manure thus obtained is considered much richer than that of ordinary straw."

"An examination of the fertilizing value of the leaves compares with that of ordinary manure shows the following results: Forty-four pounds of pear leaves, 80 pounds of poplar, 15 pounds of peach, 85 pounds of plum, 100 pounds of apple, 100 pounds of vine, respectively, are equal in nitrogen to 100 pounds of manure."

"An interesting and valuable table might be compiled showing the fertilizing value of the various leaves from American trees, particularly when it is considered that in the United States such leaves are easily obtainable by the farmers, who are generally owners of some woodland where the leaves might be gathered at will, which is not the case in Europe, where forests are of some individual park preserves."

Rat Hunts in Favor in England.

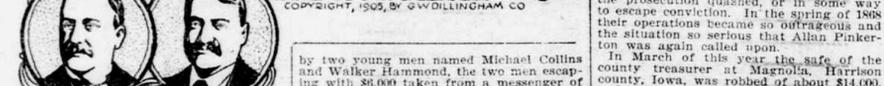
From the London Express.

Rat catching as a pastime is fast becoming popular. It is claimed by the many fresh devotees of this peculiar hobby that it provides excitement and sport, while as its aim is the extinction of vermin its usefulness is beyond question.

Mr. H. F. Willoughby Grounhill, a stock broker, and a party of friends, with the assistance of four dogs, bagged ninety-two rats in the garden of his residence in the Surrey, during the preceding week. The sport is general all over the county of Surrey, and the services of rat-catchers are in such constant requisition in all rat-infested quarters.

THE DETECTIVE STORIES

FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE PINKERTONS BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT



ROBT. PINKERTON WM. PINKERTON

by two young men named Michael Collins and Walter Hammond, the two men occupying the \$8,000 train, the Adams Express Company. But their horses had carried them only a short distance from the hotel, when they found themselves surrounded by the formidable Renos, who had quietly watched a robbery from a place concealed in the bushes. At the sight of the men, the robbers used their influence to have their rivals arrested for the crime by which they had profited so much. The robbery was committed in the Indiana penitentiary. The Renos, meantime, although they were known to have secured the \$8,000, were allowed to go unmolested, and continued their depredations.

Up to this time the members of the Reno gang had confined their operations for the most part to Indiana; but now they began to make themselves felt in Missouri, where a number of daring crimes were committed, notably the robbing of the county treasurer's safe at Gallatin in Daviess county. In this last act John Reno was personally concerned. The case was placed in the hands of Allan Pinkerton.

Allan Pinkerton traced John Reno back to Seymour, Ind., where the gang was so strongly entrenched in the midst of corrupt officials and an intimidated populace that any private arrest was out of the question. Recognizing this, Allan Pinkerton had recourse to the cunning of his captives. The courts decided against them on this point, however, and John Reno, with several less important members of the gang, was tried and convicted. He was sentenced to twenty-five years of hard labor in the Missouri penitentiary.

This was the first break in the ranks of the band, the first breach in which its members had suffered for their crimes. But the bold spirit of the organization was still unbroken. Three brothers still remained to replace the one who was gone, and so far from learning caution, the band launched forthwith into still more daring and frequent offenses. Trains were held up, right and left; robberies were committed,

stone, the county seat. But they never stopped at small stations some miles from Brownstone a band of masked men, well armed, rushed on board, overpowered the officers, hurried the train away from a neighboring farm, and there strung them up to a beech tree.

This was the first act of retributive justice done by the secret vigilance committee of southern Indiana, an organization as extraordinary as the situation it was created to deal with. The entire population of that part of Indiana seemed to have risen in self-defense to crush out lawlessness. A second act followed several days later when three other men who had been concerned in the latest Indiana robbery, having been captured by the county officials, were taken from their hands and committed to the same fate as their companions. Each one, as he was about to be swung off, was asked by the maskers if he had anything to say. The first two shook their heads sadly and died without speaking. The third, standing on a barrel with the rope around his neck, looked over the crowd with contemptuous bravado, and addressing them as a lot of "mosh-back boosters," said he was glad he was, not of their class, and was proud to die as a good republican. The barrow was kicked in the air, and the man was hurled down, and there ends the career of the sixth member of the band.

The vigilance committee growing stronger and more determined, every man who scoured the whole country for other members of the band or for persons believed to be in sympathy with it. They literally hunted for the "whitewash" men, and sent warnings to all who came in their path, and administered by night, sometimes by day, such conspicuous floggings and other forms of punishment as were deemed necessary to the terror of the region and criminal element of the region was entirely cowed, and feared to raise a hand in defense of the Renos, as it had previously done. Up to the time the vigilance committee was formed not a member of the Reno gang had been convicted in that locality, largely because the people were afraid to testify against them. They knew that if they should testify, their stock would be killed, their barns burned, and their families driven from their homes. This was the reason offered for the formation of the vigilance committee of southern Indiana. Whether a justification or not, the committee must certainly be credited with having rid the state of a monstrous evil.

In the excitement of other events the Pinkerton men did not forget the men who had escaped from the Glenwood jail. They finally traced Perkins Ogie and Albert Perkins to Indianapolis, and there they were captured, but Perkins escaped. Frank Reno, who was discovered a little later at Windsor, Can., where he was living with Charles Anderson, a professional burglar, safe blower and "short card" gambler, who had fled to Canada to escape prosecution, Reno, operating with Anderson, made a practice of registering as "Frank Goby." If the enterprise in which he was engaged was prospering, and as "Frank Coming" if it was not prospering.

He and Anderson were now arrested on the charge of robbery and of assault with intent to kill, in the case of the express messenger hurled from his car at Marshfield, Ind. Under this form their offense became extraditable, and after a long trial before the stipendiary or government magistrate, Gilbert McKicken, at Windsor, the men were ordered for extradition. Aided by the ablest lawyers, they carried their case, however, to the highest court in Canada. But the decision of the lower

court was affirmed, and in October, 1898, the men were surrendered into the hands of Allan Pinkerton, who was acting for the United States government to receive them.

Michael Rogers was also discovered to be in Windsor at this time, and he was known to have had a hand in the Marshfield robbery, but he escaped arrest, and remained in Windsor for a year, until, in 1899, when he later reached the penitentiary, being brought to grief by a burglary done at Toledo, Ill. On coming out, he joined the vigilance committee, and was instrumental in the capture of several of the band's members, and had many narrow escapes.

At last success followed. The vigilance committee, after a long and arduous search, had traced the Reno brothers and their friends Charles Anderson, from their cells, placed noses that they had ready around the necks, and they were taken to the corridors of the jail. Then, having locked the doors of the jail, leaving the prisoners secure, they made their way silently back to the New Albany station, reaching there in time to catch the train that drew out at 3:30 a.m. The same special car in which they had come was coupled to this train, and dropped off at the switch when Seymour was reached. This was just before daybreak on a dreary November morning.