The Rutland Daily Globe.

TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1873.

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Khiva, by the voluntary submission of its Khan, has become a dependency of Russia. The establishment of republics in France and Spain, and the conquests of Russia in the East, recalls the prophecy that the world would become all Cossack or all republican.

The saving to the country by the abolition of the franking privilege may be, in part, seen from the statement which comes to us from Washington, apparently "upon authority," that the annual cost of postage to each congressman, provided he sends as many documents to his constituents as heretofore, will be over one thousand dollars. This, however, will not begin to cover the actual saping, as the expense for the transportation of the mails will be, correspondingly lessened, and the frank was not confined to congress alone.

The day is not far distant when human slavery will be a thing of the past. The Khan of Khiva, on the 24th of June, issued a decree, forever abolishing slavery in his dominions. This act, of itself, well repays for all the toil and expenditure of the Russians in their successful Asiatic campaign. If twenty-five years ago, any one had foretold the downfall of slavery, anywhere, as the result of the triumph of the Russian arms, during the century, he would have been, by universal consent, set down as a madman or fool. Truly the world moves.

The citizens of Seattle, California, offer the Northern Pacific railroad company a large donation of money and lands, provided that they will make that enterprising burgh their terminus. The citizens go upon the principle that the old saw, "every man has his price," applies, also, to corporations, and that bribes, not the interests of the country, or that of the future patrons of the road, will govern the selection of termini. To this end we have come at last, and the offer is made openly, unblushingly and with a matter of course air about it.

The Irish Catholics in England, Ireland, and the United States, showed more sense and respect for the rights, opinions and prejudices—as some might call it—of others than did their Protestant brethren of the same nationality. The Orangemen persisted in making a parade for the object of keeping alive the memory of events which transpired nearly two centuries ago, and which are, at present, of no possible consequence, hoping, thereby, to provoke a disturbance, make cheap martyrs of themselves and thus gain, through sympathy, a modicum of public support. They reckoned without their host this time. They were left contemptuously unnoticed and alone, their banners and devices could not provoke even a hoot; one or two years more of similar judicious treatment will, doubtless, squelch these unseemly demonstrations. We have no sympathy with that kind of religion whose only evidence is to be found in shows, demonstrations, and taunts and sneers for those who do not happen to believe exactly as they do.

SPAIN.

The latest intelligence from Spain gives no hope of a speedy peace for that once powerful nation. The Carlists are meeting with seeming success, but we doubt if they will ever succed in accomplishing their primary object—placing Don Carlos, or his heir, upon the throne. It is doubtless true that Spain contains some statesmen who are as advanced and pronounced republicans—as we understand republicanism in this country—as are to be found in the world, and men, too, they are, who understand the theoretical and practical workings of republican and democratic institutions. In some parts of the country, are to be found as pure specimens of democratic government as there are in Switzerland or elsewhere. They make their own laws, and understand that there can be no true liberty for a people, or freedom for a country, unless the inhabitants are restrained by law. The trouble, however, seems to be that there is a want of harmony among the leaders. Each one is acting, doubtless, as he deems best for the country, but they have not yet learned that where different interests are involved, all of importance to the country, there must be conciliation and concession. Conciliation and concession, do not, necessarily, involve an abandonment of principle, and, therefore, if the great republican leaders of Spain, who are really actuated by patriotism and love of country, would take hold with a will, determined to stand together, yield when proper, stand firm when necessary, and work out the freedom of the State and the establishment of free institutions and a representative republic, all would be well. With a large proportion of the inhabitants of Spain, self-government is a myth, and implies license and the withdrawal of all restraint. The excesses of some of these misguided men have, already, driven a large number of republicans over to the Carlist camp, thereby assuring a victory, while another victory was gained, as our dispatches had it, from "a lack of discipline in the republican forces," which means the same thing. Other advantages are obtained by celerity of movement, constant watchfulness, and surprises, the Carlists waging, in the main, a guerrilla warfare. It is for these reasons that we speak of *seeming* successes, and are unable to see any assured future for the cause of Don Carlos. The future of Spain is most uncertain, but whether republic or royalist, she has years of trouble, commotion, civil war and bloodshed before her.

"EMOTIONAL INSANITY."

We were in hopes that emotional insanity was played out, as a possible or probable defense in criminal cases. It was undertaken in the Walworth case, and cut so ridiculous a figure, that Charles O'Conor, sensible man that he was and is, in spite of his deep feelings of sorrow for the more than widowed mother, did not press its attention upon the jury, in his argument to their reason or his appeal to their sympathies. Frank Walworth stood up with an air of simulated indifference, while the disgusting letters of his murdered father were being read to show, as he well knew, not justification or excuse for his crime, but insanity on the part of the father which might have been inherited, and thereby afford a plausible legal excuse for an acquittal founded solely upon pure sympathy; medical gentlemen, of eminence, were, also introduced to prove, that which was conceded by every one, that insanity was hereditary. The whole plan was well arranged, and as complete a case of emotional insanity was made out as ever appeased the easy conscience of a New York jurryman, but the community had come to look at these matters with new eyes, the dangers already incurred and hereafter to be apprehended were too grave and well understood, and, consequently, that part of the defense was rendered absurd, not only to the counsel for the prisoner, but to the jury and to the people at large. It was hoped that this would be the last of the absurdity, but we see that one of our Vermont newspapers is in great doubt whether the Brooklyn murderess is not emotionally insane. It is sure that she must be, unless it is a case of the "deepest depravity" and "something more must be developed than is now made public, to certainly decide which it is." If we go upon the theory of the old philosopher that no person in his right mind would sin or commit a crime, then insanity would be inferred from every violation of divine or human law. Neither the Bible—the statute book of God—or the statutes of man, however, are founded upon any such theory. The first law instructs us that we are all prone to sin, and the latter, as well as the former, holds us accountable therefor. If a discarded mistress, who for months has lived in violation of the laws of God and man, slays her companion in sin and lawlessness out of revenge, or because she wished to continue a life of sin, is to be upheld by the press, sympathized with by a maudlin public sentiment, and let loose again upon the community, perchance to kill other lovers who tire of her charms, upon so absurd and flimsey a pretence as "emotional insanity," the sooner we repeal all laws, abolish the courts and permit everyone to be a law unto himself, as well as a court to try and an executioner to carry into effect his own sentence, the better it will be; for then we shall know what we may expect, and prepare accordingly.

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

It is refreshing in these latter days, when so many men are seeking official position, no matter how insignificant it may be, to find a body of men, called to discharge certain duties, take a common sense view of the law and custom which have occasioned their assembling together. A coroner's jury, in Brooklyn, Saturday, after having rendered their verdict upon the subject matter, which they were called upon to consider, made, what, perhaps, may be called, a "presentment of Coroners' Inquests," recommending their abolition, for the reason that they had outlived their usefulness and necessity. Vermont took this view of the matter several years ago, but for another reason, to which we shall presently refer. It has long been obvious, even to a careless observer, that this class of investigations were conducted in so bungling a manner that they retarded, rather than advanced, the arrest of real criminals, and that so far as the detection of criminals was concerned, their position was secondary and unimportant. The modes of conducting these investigations are such, and necessarily must be such, that a suspected person—if he is the guilty party—is placed on his guard, often in ample time for him to remove all evidence of his guilt, or, still more often to enable him to escape beyond the reach of the law. The evidence upon which they act is not sought after or found by them, and if they alone were concerned in the investigation, a guilty man never would be arrested or punished. The detection, arrest, and evidence to convict, the Brooklyn murderess was not obtained through any effort of a coroner or his jury, but was the work of other officers, working in a different way, and deriving their power from another immediate source. The evidence developed upon the hearing, weeks ago, would have enabled this woman to have destroyed all evidence of her crime, and insured her final acquittal, if she had not been possessed of a singular fatuity, or guided by a special providence. The coroner or his jury had nothing to do with it.

The saving of the expense incurred by this cumbersome "relic of antiquity" was the moving cause of its abolition in Vermont, and becomes an important element in states where so many crimes are committed, as in New York. Here the matter is left with the selectmen, who in cases of sudden death, involving suspicion of violence, may order an investigation by a justice, acting as coroner, without a jury. Although we talk about coroners and coroner's inquests, such an officer was never known in Vermont, all inquests being held formerly by a justice of the peace and jury, and now by a justice alone by direction of the selectmen, upon information "that the dead body of any person, supposed to have died by casualty or violence" has been found, etc. The reform, however, should be more sweeping than this. The mere saving of expense that is secured by dispensing with a jury is trifling, and, besides this, such inquiries are open to the same objections as the other. There is another consideration, also, connected with the money question of inquests. The investigations in the interests of reform, that have been made, within the past two or three years, into the municipal affairs of several of the large cities of the Union, have developed a fearful amount of fraud and corruption in this class of cases. The number of deaths by casualty and violence, in some localities, bore no sort of proportion to the number of inquests. There is and, perhaps, can be no check upon these officers, so but that they can rob the treasury with impunity, either by an addition to the number of inquests, or a like arithmetical sum as to the witnesses, repeated adjournments, and by other means, which will only too readily suggest themselves to these grasping, unconscionable officials.

But why not sweep the whole, entire system, and its outgrowths, from existence? The suggestion of the jury, in the present instance, seems sound, namely that "its place could be effectually supplied by some legally designated criminal or health authorities, or both combined." The combination of the two might, perhaps, serve as a check against corruption and fraud, but, in any event, the burden would mainly fall upon the criminal authorities. The investigations, to be conducted successfully, must be conducted secretly—that is in cases where the crime is not committed openly and the criminal known. The uselessness of the institution, except as affording good pay to some hungry ward politician, has been demonstrated by the proceedings in reference to every recent murder in New York or Brooklyn. These proceedings do not even amount to the dignity of a court of inquiry, although such was the original intention, and so reads the statute. Take the case of the Ludlow organ grinder, in this State, who was found dead some two years ago. An inquest was commenced, but the investigation, in fact, proceeded upon a complaint made by the States Attorney against particular individuals. In New York, to be sure, it was different, all the work, however, was performed by the criminal authorities, and another "binding up" or committment being necessary. Even our change, slight as it is, has worked a great reform, and saved to the State a large bill of expense. During the last completed fiscal year, the whole expense for inquests was only ninety-six dollars and fifty-seven cents, the number of such inquests being only six, and these, as the facts show, were entirely useless, the same ground being gone over the second time by the same justice acting in another capacity. The simpler the processes of the law can be rendered, the better will the ends of justice be served, and the surer will be the detection and punishment of criminals.

THE MONTPELIER SMUGGLERS.

The true story of the contraband transactions and their detection at Monpelier of late, has at last come to light, and amounts in substance to the following:

Some two months since, Colonel Frank E. Howe, government agent for New York, was advised that smuggling was being extensively carried on from Montreal. So, about five weeks ago, he sent a special agent of the treasury department to look into the affair, who took with him a sturdy Vermonter and entered the Provinces, professedly for the purpose of buying dray horses. By this means they managed to mix continually with the people, learn the import tax on horses, and the chances of slipping them over the line free of duty. They made the acquaintance of Jones, Smith & Co., in one part of Montreal, and Smith, Jones & Co., in another part. It was soon devcloped that these parties had special facilities for getting their sales to the south side of the line duty free. The sales consisted of samp'es for ladies and gents wear, and orders for suits had been taken to a large amount. A Springfield order was captured by the detectives, and goods were traced to Bellows Falls, and then to Montpelier, where they were consigned, but the consignor's name was not given. From knowledge already gained, the detectives thought best to remain there and await results. Their operations were quietly conducted, and even at the hotel their business was not suspected. Their suspicions having been confirmed they arrested Mark French and W. L. Washburn on Monday of last week, which arrest proved to be the right thing. On French was found letters from Montreal parties, advising him of the shipment of the goods, and giving directions about them. The result of their examination has already been given in the GLOBE.

From the papers seized, as well as from the disclosures made by the parties arrested, information of much importance was obtained. The operations of the smugglers are found to be very systematic and their organization complete. French has been one of the active men in the party—not, probably, because he is a worse man than others of the ring, but a bolder man. Other men in large numbers and moving in respectable society in each of the places above named are found to have a larger interest in the success of operations than he.

These goods have generally reached the states by one and the same route. They have come from Montreal by railroad to Bolton, the second township from the line, opposite to Troy. There they were received and brought by team through the town of Bolton to the south side of the line, by an obscure way, in the town of Troy. The course from there has usually been through the towns of Jay, Lowell and Eden to Hyde Park. From there they have been taken sometimes through Stowe to Waterbury station, and at others via Morristown, Elmore and Worcester to Montpelier. The work of getting them past the lines, it is said, has usually been performed by a resident of Bolton.

For how long a time these operations have been going on it cannot be stated but probably for a number of years.

French is a man who has had plenty of time upon his hands for some years to engage in just such business and with success, and undoubtedly has employed a good share of his energies and characteristic brass in smuggling, by the help of other people's money, he doing the dirty work. It is a source of much gratification to Vermonters to know that this system of swindling has been ferreted out and, for the present, broken up.

FATAL STABBING AFFRAY.—On Saturday evening two men named Michael Higgins and John O'Neil, got into an altercation at a farm house, near Cheshire, Conn., which resulted in the stabbing of O'Neil by Higgins, from the effects of which he died on Sunday afternoon. The cause of the affray was that Higgins had made improper proposals to Mrs. O'Neil, which greatly incensed the husband and the altercation was thus brought about. On Saturday night Higgins was found dead in his room from heart disease, which had been aggravated by the excitement. O'Neil was 35 years of age and leaves a wife and one child. Higgins was 50 and had no family.

LARGE FIRE IN GRAND RAPIDS.—On Sunday afternoon a fire broke out in a barn in the city of Grand Rapids, Mich., which spread in all directions, a high wind blowing at the time. Notwithstanding the firemen were early on the ground the flames got beyond their control and stopped not until nearly twenty acres of ground were burned over and 200 buildings consumed, consisting of a furniture warehouse, a flouring mill and a large amount of lumber, together with other valuable property. The loss cannot be less than $300,000, while insurance is thought to be about $200,000.

SINGULAR FATALITY. — The *Caledonian* says: Wm. Seeley, of the Signal Service at Mount Washington, while sliding down the mountain last Saturday, with a board on the railroad track, was run into by another man also on a board, which had become unmanageable, and thrown from the track, and injured so that he was brought to Littleton on Sunday, where he lingered in an unconscious state till Wednesday and died.

THE GOODRICH MURDER.

A New Theory of the Murder.

LUCRETTE MYERS ON THE STAND.

The Goodrich tragedy and the arrest of Kate Stoddard has been almost the sole topic of the whole country. All the details are canvassed and read with great avidity by the public, and we lay before the readers of the GLOBE this morning further interesting details of the affair, that have been developed since Saturday last:

A NEW THEORY OF THE MURDER.

There is a misconception as to the time when the murder was committed. The facts are that Kate Stoddard killed Goodrich on Thursday morning, but after doing the deed she went to her work as usual, but before going washed his face, put the blood which oozed from the wound on the left lateral lobe of the brain in a cup and laid him out straight on the floor. At night she returned from work as usual, but fearing the deed might have been discovered during her absence, she purchased an evening paper at Fulton Ferry, to learn the result. Seeing nothing about the murder in it, she became convinced that no one had been in the house, and she went up to it as in other days. He lay upon the floor, stark and stiff as she had left in the morning. After bending over him for a while, and arranging his hair, it occurred to her to dress him and lay him out in more orderly style. Acting upon this thought, she procured a clean shirt and collar from one of the closets at hand, and these she put on him. This done, she again straightened him out, put his arms on his breast, placed slippers on his feet and put the newspaper which she had purchased and a pair of boots under his head. In this manner he lay until discovered. When the detectives entered the house they came to the conclusion that the murder must have been committed after the issue of the paper on Thursday night, because of the copy found under his head, but that this conclusion was not justified by facts appears by Kate's statement that she had bought it on her way home from work and placed it in that position. After

SITTING BESIDE THE BODY ALL NIGHT

she went to work in the morning as on the previous day, but recognizing the increased possibilities of discovery she now took his watch, chain and other effects with her, so that in case flight became a necessity she could have the wherewithal to pay her expenses. Despite the immense risk, however, she went about her business as usual that day and came back to Brooklyn in the evening.

THERE WAS A FASCINATION

about the dead body which she could not resist, and according to her own confession she saw the danger of continued presence in the house, but she felt impelled to go to it by a power beyond her control. On arriving at Fulton Ferry, however, she was startled by hearing the boys calling "Extra—Murder of Charles Goodrich." Preserving her self-control, however, she walked calmly up to the first news-stand, and in the presence of a policeman purchased one of the papers. Opening it, to her horror, the first paragraph that took her eye was one describing her own personal appearance and

CONNECTING HER WITH THE ASSASSINATION.

It set forth the fact that early on Thursday morning a woman of medium height with a green veil over her face and wrapped in a waterproof cloak had been seen to leave the house. She was the woman, and over her face at the moment she purchased this paper was the identical veil referred to. The policeman did not notice her, and she was not long in determining what course to pursue. Abandoning all idea of remaining in Brooklyn she retraced her steps to New York, took a car to Forty-second street, and there obtained lodgings. At that place she remained until late in April, when she moved to High street, Brooklyn, and in the same hat factory, Mr. J. H. Prentiss', she continued to work for several weeks after the tragedy. No one suspected her of any complicity in the deed, and although the murder was the common subject of discussion all about her, there is no evidence to show that she ever acted in a manner calculated to awaken suspicion. In this connection, however, it should be remembered that

HER MANNER WAS ALWAYS ECCENTRIC,

and that things which would have attracted decided attention in others, awakened no curious speculations when seen in her. Had she waited from work a few days, suspicion might have been awakened, but appearing in the factory both on Thursday and Friday morning, no one thought of connecting her with the crime. The statements of both Mrs. Meyers and a young man that they saw Goodrich on Thursday evening must have been caused by mistaken identity, as the statement of Kate Stoddard to Gen. Jourdan is curiously corroborated.

SINGULAR EVIDENCE.

After telling how she had shot Goodrich, he pointed out the discrepancy between her account and the testimony of these witnesses. "Well," she said, "there need be no doubt about it, for I had the day and date engraved on my locket." This locket she wore round her neck when arrested, but the chief had taken it off. Asking him for it now, she opened it carefully and there showed this inscription: "Done Thursday, March 21st, 1873." "That settles it," said she, "I had that put on there a few days after I shot him." About this locket there is another curious circumstance. It is very large, almost the size of a watch. When the chief saw it first he thought possibly it was Goodrich's watch, and therefore bade her hand it to him. With this request she was at first loth to comply, but seeing that resistance was resistance was useless, she passed it over. On receiving it the chief took hold to open it. "Oh, be careful, be careful," said she. "There is mineral in that which I don't want to lose." Despite the utmost care a little portion of the mineral, as she called it, fell upon the floor, and this, to the chief's surprise, she picked up promptly, put it into her mouth and swallowed it. "What did you do that for?" said the chief. Looking steadily into his eyes, she said,

"THAT IS CHARLES GOODRICH'S BLOOD,"

and sure enough, upon closer examination, the locket was found to be filled with congealed blood. A few questions elicited the fact that on leaving Goodrich's house, on Friday morning, she had taken away with her, among other articles, the cup full of blood which had oozed from the brain. This blood, congealed, she had been

EATING A LITTLE OF EVERY DAY

since the time of the tragedy and till the time of her capture. This story is almost incredible, but the portion in the locket and the disposition of the part that fell gives it credibility. In addition, however, to any specific testimony, her wildest behavior becomes credible when the fact is known that she was six years ago

AN INMATE OF A LUNATIC ASYLUM,

and that insanity was brought on by disappointment in love. After her arrest the first person she spoke to in a official way was Chief of Police Campbell. He asked her where she lived, but she declined to tell. She never for a moment denied her identity nor, but for a few moments, did she talk of innocence. She said frankly that she had killed Goodrich, killed him for love, determined that he should never belong to another woman, but by some curious reasoning, she seemed to fear the discovery of some of his property in her possession. "If," said she, "you find out my place of residence

YOU'LL FIND EVIDENCE ENOUGH TO HANG ME."

The chief reasoned with her upon the absurdity of concealing her boarding house and reasoned to such a purpose that she finally agreed to take him to the house on condition that she should be allowed to enter the room two minutes ahead of him. This he declined to do, as he, from her tone of mind, thought suicide likely to be part of her purpose, and that he was not mistaken in this respect the story told yesterday and the discovery of the revolver in her room proves. In less than two minutes she could have blown out her brains. Seeing that he would not make the concession, she once more assumed an air of reticence. The chief by making the promise asked and failing to fulfill it undoubtedly could have been taken to the house, but with rare honor, he scorned to practice such a mean deed.

WHAT HER CAPTURER SAYS.

Miss Mary Handley, who has been in search of and finally captured Kate Stoddard Thursday, stated she formerly lived in the same house with Kate, several months prior to the murder, and was a room mate with her in the Working Women's Home, in New York. Kate left the home about six months ago to go to Brooklyn, to live with Goodrich. She was pleasant, eccentric and impulsive, and in some things very peculiar.

A PLEASANT ROOM MATE.

Miss Handley states: "I have known her to get out of bed at midnight unclothed, and walking back and forth through the darkened room, play upon an old accordeon for about an hour at a time. This she did repeatedly, and that was only one of many freaks. She was wholly a creature of moods, so far as temperament went. Sometimes in the wildest hilarity, at others dull and indifferent, and at other times in the depths of despair, prepared to commit suicide. That was before she had any trouble with Goodrich. Miss Handley stated that after trying all the straw working shops to find Kate in vain, she ascertained from eastern sources that Kate was corresponding, and the post offices up town were watched, and it was by this means she finally came in contact with and caused Kate's arrest.

THE REAL NAME OF THE MURDERESS

is Lizzie M. King of Marlborough, Mass. (A Middleboro', Mass. special to the Boston *Herald* denies the previous report that she went from that place, saying no such person is known to any one there.

THE INQUEST

Saturday was held in the courthouse in Brooklyn, and there was an immense crowd on hand to get a good view of the woman. A reporter who saw her in the coroner's office says she is simple and ordinary looking blonde, with features a trifle sharp, high forehead and prominent cheek-bones. She was pressed in a light silk shirt with ruffled trimmings, had a white illusion waist, coral bracelets and pretty silk umbrella pendant from a gilt-clasped leathern belt which encircled her waist. An immense locket hung on her breast by a chain which went around her neck and on her head she had a jaunty light straw hat. She held an ivory fan in her hand, a blue ribbon running through the interstices, and

LAUGHED AND TALKED

to Mr. DeWitt, her counsel, as if she had just been introduced to him at a family party, rather than as client to counsel. She conversed with the commissioners in a subdued tone of voice for several minutes, alternately smiling and appearing on the point of tears. It took but a few moments to create among the bystanders the impression that they were looking upon an insane woman, and this woman undoubtedly is insane, if the ordinary indications of lunacy are to be relied on. She sat there for a full half hour, smiling and chatting pleasantly, a strange wild light beaming from her eyes all the while. It was impossible to converse with her, although she talked sensible enough, without being almost absolutely convinced of her insanity. "Is that the pistol that you used?" said Capt. McConnell, holding up before her eyes a revolver with six barrels, three of the chambers loaded. I think it is," she answered again smiling, as if the captain had perpetrated some pleasantry. Then she looked eagerly upon the weapon. "Let me see it," she said, a peculiar expression flitting across her features, her clear, blue eyes sparkling with a strange light as she put out her hand. "I guess I had better keep it," answered the captain, putting the revolver in his pocket as he spoke. He afterward informed the writer he believes she would have tried to use the revolver if it had been given her while she sat there. Another female entered the court house, a tall woman with features carefully concealed by a dark brown veil. In a few moments it was whispered about that this mysterious woman was none other than

LUCETTE MYERS,

the female first arrested on suspicion of having murdered Goodrich. She was accompanied by detective Folk and given a seat in the coroner's office. This was the woman Myers, and the crowd, unable to get a glimpse at the murderess, found satisfaction in staring at Lucette. One could not move about in the crowd which hung around the entrance to the coroner's office without noticing the general sympathy felt for the prisoner. On every side the wish was openly expressed that she might not suffer the extreme penalty of the law, and the report brought from the inside concerning her sanity gave still greater strength to the feeling of sympathy aroused in her behalf. Lucette Myers evidently had

A GRUDGE AGAINST KATE STODDARD,

and in answer to a query as to Kate's sanity, only said "she was no more insane than she." Mrs. Myers was the first witness called. She ascended to the stand amid a buzz of surprise to which she seemed perfectly indifferent. She gave her evidence in the most dramatic and artificial manner possible. The cool, studied malignity of her tone, the cruel, tigerish glare of her eye, and the deliberate manner in which she glared at the unfortunate prisoner, were all evidences of a heartless and wicked woman. Indeed, had the casual bystander been asked to indicate Goodrich's murderess, he certainly would have pointed to the green-eyed and repulsive woman on the stand, rather than to the wild creature at the bar. As for this latter, not a voice but expresses the utmost sympathy for her awful situation. She sat by Mr. DeWitt. Every now and then she turned her small head with a quick movement as if in search of a friend, and seemed to be lost in a delirium of bewilderment. When the woman Myers took the stand it was a dramatic spectacle. This woman who loved Goodrich stood confronted by the sordid adventuress whom he hired for money. The girl never moved her gaze while Mrs. Myers went on to recite what she knew of

KATE'S CONNECTION WITH THE DECEASED.

She testified to the watch, charms and chain as belonged to Goodrich. She didn't recognize the pistol, pocket-book or memorandum book. She had seen the pistol, however, in the hands of Roscoe about a week before the murder, at which time she was holding a conversation with Roscoe in Rivington street, New York, but she would not give the conversation. She identified Kate Stoddard as having boarded at her house, and swore that a Mr. Beach and Mr. Roscoe visited Kate there. She had seen Kate and Roscoe conversing together, but declined giving the nature of the conversation, saying it might defeat the ends of justice.

THE SECOND WITNESS

was a Miss Palen, a tall, bony person, dressed in black. On her first appearance she manifested an inclination to faint, but after two or three ladylike efforts to do so without success, rallied sufficiently to testify with as much coolness and deliberation as did Mrs. Myers. Miss Palen was to be married to Goodrich, and her position must at least have been somewhat trying, placed as she was to-day with the the murderess of her betrothed on one side and his willing mistress on the other. Her testimony was not of much importance, except that once Goodrich told her that Kate Stoddard was his sister.

THE TESTIMONY OF MARY HANDLEY

has mainly been printed. The most important of it was that she did not see the Myers woman till after Goodrich's death, when she (Myers) said Roscoe confessed to her that he knew all about the affair.

CHARLES GREEN,

the private watchman employed by Goodrich, identified Kate Stoddard as having seen her at the murdered man's house last February. The inquest adjourned under direction of her counsel.

KATE STODDARD WILL MAKE NO CONFESSION

of guilt. There is a general impression that Roscoe had something to do with the murder, and the police are hunting hard to find him, and it is equally believed that the Myers woman knows where he is, but will not divulge his whereabouts. The sheriff intends placing Kate in a cell in Kings county jail, on the woman's tier. She will have the eastern corridor by day to exercise in, and will be watched by Fanny Hyde, Mrs. Burgess and Mrs. Simmons, so that she cannot commit suicide. The last named women are the wives of the check raisers, Burgess and Simmons, and are now awaiting a new trial on charge of having conveyed to their respective husbands burglars' tools for the purpose of enabling them to escape.

Vermont Twenty-five Years Ago.

One of the best known newspaper writers in the West is "Dick" Richardson, the founder and editor of the Davenport (Iowa) *Daily Democrat*. During the summer he has been revisiting his old home in Orange, in this State and writes thus happily concerning it to the *Demacrat*, a perusal of which proves him to be a true Vermonter, as well as an interesting writer:

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The old place is a dozen miles from Groton, my summer headquarters, and to take a good look at it once more, one day last week I hitched up and drove over the hills for that purpose. The road is an old, narrow, and solid one; following along by the rushing brooks, winding in and out among the hills and valleys, affording mountain and valley glimpses of marvelous beauty—views more rich and more varied—more delightful than I have ever known or thought before, even though I had driven the same way a hundred times. The lofty wooded hills, the wide pasture ranges with their thickly scattered rocks, boulders, ledges, and lovely clumps of maple, ash, and elm trees; the nimble little brooks, hurrying along down the hill sides, over the stones and under the shadows of the dark-leaved alders; the mossy old stone walls, and mossy roofed houses—houses with low posts and queer little window panes—dwellings of the forefathers, innocent of paint, with sunken roof trees, dilapidated yards—all looking old, tired, wanting to sink to rest, yet old and queer—interesting pictures after all.

There were villages on the way, the same houses of years ago, no more—perhaps less; the same old stores where in youth, many a time we used to regale boyish eyes upon bright colors we might not wear—upon candied sweets we might not taste. Now and then an old mill, here and there a moderate improvement; all the way a thousand scenes—more welcome than ever before.

The road lays by Gordon hights, a thousand feet and more above the sea, where overarching forests of hard wood shade the way, then down through a long stretch of rocky unprolific farm lands to the old village of Topsham, where one or two hundred people have lived longer than I can remember. A saw mill, grist mill and tannery are about the sum of manufacturing enterprise; the latter business having been conducted for the past forty years by Oramel H. Watson, whose namesake and nephew was a member of the well-known firm of Griggs, Watson & Day, of Davenport. Topsham streets were asleep and almost audibly snoring the bright afternoon we passed through—the neat white houses standing guard, the bright tinned roof of the old meeting house shimmering in the sun—all round about, on either sides quiet, languid and excessively comfortable in unbroken repose. Happy, dreamy Topsham! No steam charged whistle to startle its ears—no smoke of coal settles upon its neat cottage roofs, no rumbling of wheels, rushing of saws, clanging of steel or crunching of iron disturbs its every day delicious somnolency! Years ago, it was a principal point on the old stage route from Boston to Burlington, but the sharp crack of the drivers' whip rings out over the ears of the restive six in hand no more; the portly form of old Jack Jenness is not now seen upon his hotel steps; those who have acquired wealth try to enjoy it; those who have not, and those who have, quietly plod on, a happy, peaceful, contented people. They enjoy themselves no doubt; so, in poetic language; "What's the odds, so you're happy?"

Let the horse walk on; not a step faster. There is the old black cherry tree; the old spring, the birch and maple clump on the hill, and the red cherry and the willow trees; the same old stone wall, and Squire Perley's orchard and elms, and the old bridge, the old church and the little red schoolhouse—well, well—crowds of recollections flow in, overwhelm, confuse me; go on, Bonner Boy. A halt is soon made—not at a hotel—nothing of the sort at East Orange, but at the long granite doorstep of an old friend who was once a neighbor.

It was my native village—yet not a relative there. A mile away was the old home—home no more; parents, brothers, sisters, relatives there no more!

In the morning, with old friends, Peter M. Dickey, Em. Colby and Chet. Dickey, I started on a pilgrimage to the old home first alluded to in this letter. Up the old road so often trod unwillingly to school, up through the old woods again, cross lots over the hills and ledges, across the brooks, and stone walls, through the gates and bars to the old Sanborn farm, where i spent my latter days of boynood, into the old orchard, the old barn; down to the maple-shaded spring and then upon the maple-groved "ledge"; into the old house, a look about, a welcome, a glass of cider from the old orchard fruit, and off again up through the old sugar woods to the old house beyond. How familiar the old woods; I had tapped every tree around me and drank their sweets; for days and days, sap pails in hand I had wallowed through the deep snow or with lighter step trod the deep snow-crust gathering the sweet water from the hundreds of buckets—my brothers and I, a long time ago. How the distinctness with which the natural peculiarities of the towering old sugar trees came into my mind was almost oppressive. Man had changed, but the rare old trees were true to their old-time bearing.

We grow up and grow out to battle in the world; ever remembering the old home, the old hearthstone—the old familiar forms and faces. Years pass; the old home revisited; the home, the hearthstone, faces and forms have departed; the old apple trees stretch out their dead branches to greet you, as if in mockery of your boyish hopes.

Truly is East Orange the most quiet type of the New England village—hold and beautiful in its landscapes—a veritable sleepy hollow, where men are born, grow up and die, little knowing and little caring of the busy world beyond—peaceable, toilsome and honest. Neither bolts or bars are needed to lock up treasures, for there is no theft. Once a week they gather together at the village church, listen to a sermon or two, interchanging neighborly greetings and gossip. One day is like unto another, and so comes the days and years, and so depart without noise or excitement—a peaceful, upright, happy community. While I could not live there, yet it is a spot to be cherished in memory—even venerated. The little village of East Orange nestles between the high hills. Its score of houses stand where they stood years ago—neat and comfortable; no noise of business, for not a wheel, or cog, or belt, is to be found in all its borders. The little old store has been there full fifty years; the old saw-mill is missing, and its pond, once to me the broadest and most perilous sheet of water on earth, a rank grass plat; the old tavern sign creaks no more on its hinges—nothing disturbs the assured repose save the silver-tongued church bell, which daily calls out the hour of morning, noon and evening. If you would learn its population, go to the little churchyard, and count its thick-set headstones. Beneath the green turf close by the brookside is the principal population of the township, scarcely more in quiet than those who yet wait to be.

It is more like summer; in its most ambitious flights the thermometer marks 85, and then settles gradually down until morning, when a moderate wood fire produces a rather pleasant and satisfying sensation. The season is dry—amounting almost to a drought. The hay crop in all New England will be light, and unless the parched earth gains more moisture in good time the other crops will suffer severely. During the early part of this week I was along the road between here and Boston, and from what I saw by the way, feel justified in saying that the East will make unusually heavy demands upon the West for food for man and beast next winter, unless there comes more rain, and that speedily. Haying in this region will be on in a week or two.

A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION.—A lady but lately settled in Concord, relates the Patriot of that city, went into a drug store and innocently asked for a pint of alcohol to be used in a spirit lamp. "Have you a prescription?" inquired the clerk, politely. "A what?" asked the lady, in surprise. "A prescription from a physician?" explained the clerk. "We are not allowed to sell alcohol unless it is ordered by a physician." "Not even alcohol?" said the astonished customer. "Well, that is strange. I was not aware that any one ever drank pure alcohol as a beverage." "Very true. I think myself that such a regulation is ridiculous; but we must obey it. I am sorry if you are inconvenienced, but cannot sell you any alcohol unless you bring a prescription." The lady left the drug store, and when last seen, in the middle of the afternoon, was circulating around looking for a physician who would be willing to certify that her spirit lamp was seriously ill—with some disease or other peculiar to lamps at this season of the year—and that its case was one requiring treatment with stimulants.

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