

### A Symposium of Xmas Stories....

WRITTEN FOR THE ARGUS BY STUDENTS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

(Continued from first page.)

We had just commenced to prepare dinner, when mobs of people began to crowd the streets and the word "fire" was passed from lip to lip, and fire bells were ringing in all quarters. Little did we realize that we were in such great danger until the flames began to creep up above our windows. Grandpa bade me make the best of my way down the stairs and he would get the infant daughter, whom we supposed to be sleeping in an adjoining room. He searched and searched but could not find her, and since that day we have not known what became of her. The only thing she possessed that could tell who she was, was a queer gold bracelet with the initials "J. M."

"Mamma," interrupted Tommy, as he noticed the deathly pale face of his mother, "are you ill?"

A week later as Tommy was sitting by his mother's bedside, examining a curious looking bracelet on her thin arm, the doctor came in and said she had almost recovered from her nervous shock, and that the next day she would be able to be up.

Then grandmother came in, and putting one arm around Tommy, and the other around his mother's neck, told how glad she was to have received such a Christmas present as the knowledge that her daughter was still living, and Tommy added: "And I am so glad that Evelyn is my cousin."

This was Tommy rewarded for his bravery.

BY MARY CAMPBELL.

"O H, dear me, here it is only two months until Christmas as ever. I wonder mas, and father is as hard if we ever will be rich?" said Alice Gentry as she sat sewing.

"Well, never mind, dear," replied her mother. "You know father is working himself nearly to death to get the little you have. He will soon get a better position and then you and Jack can go to college, and we can send Blanche away to be cured," she continued.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Gentry and their son and daughter lived in a small house in Galashiels, Scotland.

Mr. Gentry was the son of Lord Bernard, of England, but through the cupidity of his brother John he had been lured away to Scotland. The English authorities, believing him to be dead, had given the estate to his unworthy brother.

The Gentry family were poor, sometimes finding it hard to make expenses

meet. The father worked in a shoe factory, but the wages were so small, and the times so hard that he was often very hard pressed.

Alice's dearest friend, Blanche Whitman, an invalid, lived next door to the Gentry family. Alice and Jack did everything they could to make Blanche happy. Dr. Foster had told Mr. Whitman that for some hundreds of dollars Blanche could be cured. Mr. Whitman worked hard, but sickness seemed to come whenever he had any sum of money saved, so that now Blanche seemed as far from a cure as ever. One evening when Mr. Gentry came home he complained of feeling sick, and in the course of a few days Dr. Foster was called. The doctor pronounced the sickness a severe case of typhoid fever.

"What shall I do now?" asked Mrs. Gentry, "her father is sick and I must take care of him, so we have no one to earn money."

"Well, mother, Mr. Smith, you remember offered me work and Alice can get work in Mr. Hughes' store," replied Jack.

"And who will help me? No, that will never do, Alice will have to stay with me. God will provide for us some way," said the weary mother.

Some two weeks later Galashiels was astir with the news that somewhere in the city lived Lord John Bernard's brother, now heir to the rich Bernard estate. John had died a few months before and the family had heard that his brother was living in Galashiels.

As days passed Mr. Gentry steadily improved until the doctor said he might get up for a few hours each day.

"Who is that man and what is he doing around here?" said Jack one evening as he came in from his work. "Why, I believe he is coming here. What can he want? Say, Alice, isn't he grand?"

The stranger at last was ushered into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Gentry by the breathless Alice and Jack and after a few minutes spent by the dignified old lawyer in getting out some papers—minutes in which Alice thought her heart was surely going to jump out of her mouth, he stated what he had come for.

"Some months ago Lord John Bernard died in London and left a large estate. He had no direct heirs, but in his will he said that if we would consult a certain letter, we would find the rightful owner of this estate."

"After consulting this letter, which contained the news that you, his brother Alex, was living in Galashiels, Scotland, we determined to advertise for you. No answer being received, I was sent out in search for you, and so I have wondered about Galashiels for two weeks visiting every home without success, until today, when as soon as I entered the house and saw your children, I knew I had come to the right place."

"Now, the next most important

thing is to get you to your new home, but as I see you have been sick, the doctor will have to be consulted. But surely you want to be moved by Christmas, for I am sure these children have not had many pleasures in their lives," continued the stranger.

Three days before Christmas Mr. Gentry, who is now Lord Bernard, and family arrived at their new home in London.

Christmas was spent in such grand style that Jack and Alice thought it was all a dream, and they would soon awake and find it all gone.

"Papa," said Alice one morning, "I have just received such a pitiful letter from Blanche. Her father died night before last and she is so much worse. Dr. Foster has her at his home now. But, oh, papa, we must do something for her."

"Yes, something must be done, but what?" replied her father. "We will consult mother about it."

Blanche is now an adopted daughter on the family. She is now able to walk as well as any one, and with her brother Jack and sister Alice is attending college.

A Nez Perce Lullaby. (Winifred Chandler in Pacific Monthly.)

Kamiah, Kamiah, Voice of the Wolf, Blood of my spirit, and heart of your sires, Sleep, for the sky is kindling its fires; Sleep, for the sun worn out by its flight Creeps to the dusky wigwags of night. Sleep, little Kamiah, Voice of The Wolf.

Kamiah, Kamiah, Voice of The Wolf, See where the prairie burns red in the west, Your fathers are slaying their foes with a zest, Slumber and dream of the battles they fight, Learn of their valor, receive of their might, Slumber, my Kamiah, Voice of the Wolf.

Kamiah, Kamiah, Voice of The Wolf, Some day our fathers will call from the sky And march with the braves; the Pale face will fly Like snow when Chinooks blow over the swale, Sleep, for you soon must go forth on the trail, Sleep, little Kamiah, Voice of The Wolf.

Kamiah, Kamiah, Voice of The Wolf, The buffalo yet shall return to the plain, The bellow of moose shall be heard once again, The red men shall hunt through the land as they please, Slumber my young brave, and dream you of these, Slumber, my Kamiah, Voice of The Wolf.

Queer Tourists. "Miss Blassay is the queerest girl I ever met; so eccentric, you know. She told me she had been out of town for several months."

"Yes, she's been traveling in Europe."

"That's what I mean. She never told me that; I found it out from some one else."—Philadelphia Press.

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### AMERICANS TO PAY PENALTY

#### LIFE INSURANCE SWINDLERS WHO COMMITTED MURDER IN OLD MEXICO.

New York, Dec. 11.—Dispatches from Chihuahua, Mexico, announce that Leslie E. Hulbert, William Mitchell and Dr. C. S. Harle have been sentenced to death for murder, and that only a last scene remains to be shown—a detail or ruelles, facing three blindfolded men, backed against an adobe wall in the early morning—to ring down one of the most dramatic of life insurance tragedies.

Hulbert, Mitchell and Harle are convicted of the murder by poison of Harry Mitchell, half brother of William Mitchell and brother-in-law of Hulbert, and James Devers, in 1902, whereby they obtained \$25,000 on two policies, of \$15,000 and \$10,000 each. The two murders, it was asserted at the trial, were to have been the first of many similar crimes along the Mexican border, whereby it was hoped to obtain at least \$500,000 from the big companies.

Hulbert has been condemned to death under the name of C. T. Richardson, while Mitchell's name is put down as Mason.

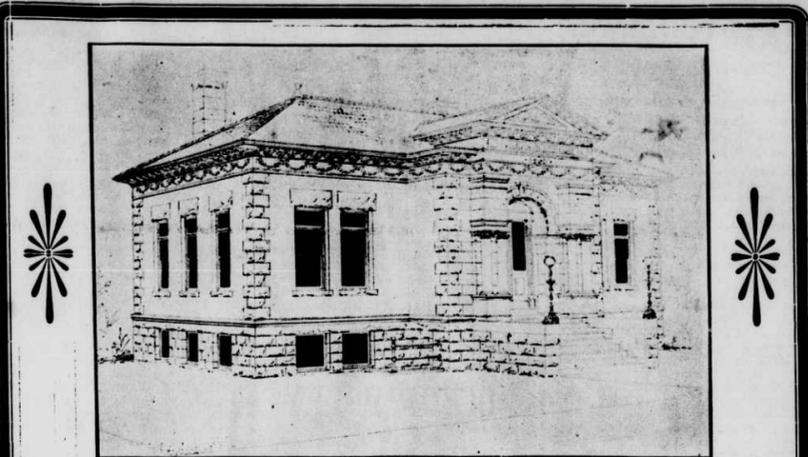
How He Started. It was in 1901, that a man giving his name as C. T. Richardson, saying he was out of college and wanted to settle along the border, obtained the appointment as local agent of the insurance company at Chihuahua. He was accompanied by his wife, and built an adobe home on the outskirts of the city, across the street from a cemetery. At his request, Dr. C. S. Harle, a well known young physician, he learned, was one of the city's "high flyers," spending more money than his insurance income warranted, fond of fast horses and automobiles. Just as Gray arrived Richardson and his wife went to Hot Springs, Ark., and there Gray with his wife and 5-year-old son, also went. It was the boy that brought about the acquaintance of the two men. Richardson stopped to talk to him one day, and the child, who had been coached by his father, at once told of his papa being in the lumber business in Dallas.

Richardson's first proposition to Gray was that he should insure him. Gray demurred and finally said he had a brother ill from consumption and diabetes who needed insurance. Richardson said the brother should be sent for, as he knew doctors who could be bribed to pass anybody. A man was sent from St. Louis actually ill. He was known as J. H. Evans. He has since died. Richardson got Evans to sign his name to an application for a \$50,000 policy, mentioning the supposed Gray's wife as the beneficiary, the understanding being that the proceeds should be shared. A "dummy" was sent before the physician for examination. The policy went through in record time.

Then Gray swore Richardson proposed to him that they go into the business of insuring persons at the point of death. Gray later agreed to take out a policy of \$10,000 under the name of Sangunette, making Mason, who posed as his son for the purpose, his beneficiary.

Harry H. Bottome, an attorney for the company, was ordered to take charge. The first step was to ascertain what the graves contained. It became necessary for the antecedents of Richardson and his general plan to be traced, and one of the detectives, assuming the name of W. J. Gray, went to Dallas, where he opened an office and pretended to be a dealer in lumber lands. Richardson, he learned, was one of the city's "high flyers," spending more money than his insurance income warranted, fond of fast horses and automobiles. Just as Gray arrived Richardson and his wife went to Hot Springs, Ark., and there Gray with his wife and 5-year-old son, also went. It was the boy that brought about the acquaintance of the two men. Richardson stopped to talk to him one day, and the child, who had been coached by his father, at once told of his papa being in the lumber business in Dallas.

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Detectives by this time were never far from Richardson and Mason, and they swore they heard the two conversing in the lobby of an El Paso hotel, in which they were congratulating themselves on the ease with which they caught Gray. "We won't do a thing to him when we get him across the line," was a remark sworn to. That was enough for the detectives.

Bodies Are Examined. With the men arrested, Mr. Bottome had the authorities exhume the bodies of Harry Mitchell and Devers. Analysis disclosed the presence of strychnine in the stomachs of both, while in addition there were traces of bichloride of mercury in that of Devers. A tintype photograph of three men and a woman, found in the possession of the prisoners, and the word Rochester, accidentally dropped by one of them led to the identification of Richardson as Hulbert, the fugitive lawyer; Mason as William Mitchell and Henry Mitchell as his half brother.

Dr. Harle confessed when confronted by the evidence. The men were taken into Mexico in 1903, and they have been on trial practically continuously ever since. The Mexican law allows a defendant to take any point ruled against him up to the highest court at any stage of the trial, and Hulbert, who pleaded his own case, has taken advantage of that law constantly. According to Mr. Bottome there is no point for appeal now except the actual sentence, and that can be passed upon within a few weeks. It is expected the men will be shot before Jan. 1.

Scenting a Touch. Eve—Oh, Addy, isn't autumn perfectly sublime! Did you ever see a riot of color on the leaves?  
Adam—Barbaric, dear; you know I

never like my little wifey to dress loud.—Puck.

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**...RUGS...**



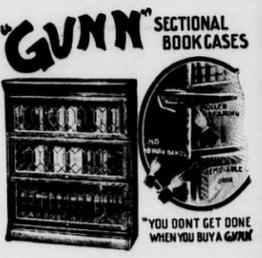
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