

# A LUCKY SNAPSHOT.

By John F. Langenbaugh.

"Thomas," called the city editor angrily, as I passed the door of his sanctum, or more properly it might be termed den, as being the habitat of a human bear.

"See here, The Morning Times has a beastly scoop on us. That murderer has escaped from the jail."

"What!" I cried, "Smith escaped after all the fuss they made catching him! I bet the Times put a man on to get him out and make a story. They never had a scoop and wanted to experience the novelty."

"If you ever again let a snap like that go begging," said the still enraged editor, "you may hand in your resignation and try the novelty of a new situation."

I overlooked my chief's impoliteness, realizing the provocation. In fact I felt sore myself and sat down with my feet on the office stove to think it over.

Smith, a wily villain and profound rascal, had, after a large expenditure of good cash and the shooting of an excellent officer, been captured and placed in supposedly safe custody over night, en route to our state prison. In the jail of a certain large city of Wisconsin. I had just experienced the mortification of first learning of his escape from the editor when I, being "the man about town" or city reporter for "The Daily Herald," should have furnished the sensation for a morning extra. Smith was an ordinary criminal. He was wanted in Michigan, Illinois and our own state for crimes innumerable. Thus he might be either hung in Illinois or imprisoned for life according to the penal codes of each. It was to be regretted he could not suffer both.

It was useless to cry over spilled milk or escaped murderers. There was no likelihood of this one allowing the authorities to catch him napping a second time.

Still pondering the circumstance, I returned to the street and strode rapidly citywards. I was to report the demonstration likely to be made by the people when a noted personage boarded the morning train on his way to the meeting of the nation's pilots at Washington. As usual I carried a camera of the best make and loaded with the most sensitive plates manufactured.

A good article and its illustration were developed with the same negative. The camera was a tip top reporter. It only required a lightning-like glance to make exhaustive observation and never forgot details. It differed from myself in another respect: it never lied.

A slight detour included the jail, where I hoped to pick up stray bits of interesting matter sufficient for an afternoon story. Here two officers were taking notes on the manner of Smith's sudden leavetaking. I failed to see how this would aid in the capture. But I supposed they knew their own business best.

"Got a picture of him?" I asked in my privileged capacity as public questioner for the people. In answer a cabinet sized photograph was handed me. I immediately leaned it upon the office table facing the light and before anyone was aware of my object, had snapped the impression on my swiftly exposed plate. The reproduced picture would be a fine heading for the article I had to build, and balm to the wounded feelings of my chief. "No you don't, young man," said one of the officers, pocketing the pasteboard, "that's the property of the law."

I apologized and departed, but the guardians of the law had been a second too slow. Twice in twenty-four hours they had been losers. The noted personage drew an unusual crush. The train was actually moving out before I had the opportunity for a clear view and good shot. I fought my way forward and by the merest good fortune obtained a face view. This brought the rear cars in focus making a somewhat undesirable background.

Well satisfied, however, I called a cab, gave directions to my hotel, and wrote copy rapidly on a block of paper held on my knee—a time-saving custom. At my room I made use of an improvised dark room to develop my morning's collection of negatives that they might be printed at the earliest possibility. At three o'clock I was able to call at my hotel to note progress, and finding the plates dry, I made sun-prints of each. They were excellent. The copied photograph came out as true to its subject as the original and neither seemed to flatter the sitter.

The important personage and train scene stamped upon the paper as fine a sun-print as I had ever produced. Even faces at the nearer car windows were recognizable. One held my attention by its seeming familiarity. I placed the print under a stereograph scope of powerful magnifying qualities and gazed again. With a shout of amazement I placed Brown's copied

photo under the glass. The faces were the same. Disguised doubtless by hair dye and change of raiment, but surely the same. All objects are one color to the camera. Shape and expression are characterized only. A disguise that would mislead the vision might be neutralized by the camera. Brown with, if possible, purple mustache, green hair and carmine complexion, to the casual observer, would become the normal citizen of quiet-toned color when printed from the negative. To bring a well known instance to bear, red hair is well known to be exempt from reproduction in photographs. Colored photography may, however, work a revolution. What use to make of my discovery regarding Brown now became the problem. My ideas were not accustomed to hang fire or myself to stand on ceremony. I saw in this the chance for a mighty scoop, providing I could effect a capture. This was a large proviso, but a newspaper sensation is dear to a reporter's heart. To notify the police, I felt was synonymous with the safety of Brown, but I could approach without rousing suspicion. In twenty minutes I had sent a copy and prints, with notification, I was off for a self-granted vacation, to the office of The Daily Herald, had thrown some things into a valise and started to catch the southbound afternoon train. I confess the valise was intended to impart an air of respectability, which I dare say was lacking, rather than for conveyance. Once abroad and enthusiasm slightly cooled, I was forced to admit the chase promised to become the historical one of the wild goose. The clue was slim and the criminal desperate. I had not one chance in a score of selecting the same destination.

I literally tried to put myself in his place and decided the course I'd pursue. The man had evidently been supplied with means. In this case I concluded I would have done one of two things, either merged in the whirlpool of crime and criminals of New York, or pose as a lobbyist in Washington. New York failed to appeal successfully to my imagination. This criminal resort was too common. I took direct tickets for the capital. I was now in for it, clue or no clue, sense or no sense. If I caught my man our paper had a sensation worth thousands of direct and indirect dollars, but if the contrary be and my situation went together.

In the city of magnificent distances I did the usual sightseeing and registered at a house frequented by office seekers. Not a glimpse did I obtain of anyone resembling Brown in race, color and I was about to add previous condition of servitude, but the last might be reserved. There was a goodly sprinkling of as villainously appearing men as ever were restricted by the government they sought to serve. I made one acquaintance, that of a Californian, who wanted the post office of his native town. He was typically western in his dress, manner and speech. I enjoyed his company so much it unconsciously influenced me to accompany him and seek Brown on west bound trains. If unsuccessful, as in all probability I would be, I determined to give my clue to the authorities and seek a new situation in some western office. I was impelled by love of novelty to purchase a pair of handcuffs for my visionary captive at Chicago while transferring to a western line. My Californian friend eyed my singular acquisition in amazement and naturally inquired my reason for indulging in such jewelry. Throwing discretion to the wind if I ever possessed such an attribute, I told him the whole story.

"And now," said I, "as an older man than myself and experienced by inevitable contact with a brutal class of people which infest the west, what do you consider the most probable move of so desperate an outlaw?" The Californian friend after a moment's deliberation said: "That fellow, like as not, let you take his picture to put you on the off track en walked back to the same round-up from the next stop."

I groaned in self-contempt. "Of course," I cried, "any one but a driving idiot would know that. I always hid close to the goal when I played 'I spy.'"

I now virtually gave up the chase, as you may say, "threw up the game" and gave myself to self denunciation as being several kinds of a fool.

"Going back?" asked the Californian, "Never," I replied angrily. "Help me get a job shoveling with a competent overseer to explain the process. I'm not sure you couldn't get me in an asylum for feeble-minded. I'm hardly fit to be at large."

Bitterly reflecting upon my mistake and the unprovided future, I became so introspective in thought that a heavy hand on my shoulder caused me to start sharply. A pistol, nay two of them were held at my head and the holder of one said in low staccato: "Jack Brown, I arrest you by the

authority of the governor of Wisconsin." At this moment of amazed consternation I involuntarily glanced at my traveling companion. His gray eyes, almost the color of my own, were luminous with emotions that changed for the instant the usual expression and chief in evidence was wicked amusement.

Lightning is not an exaggerated simile to express the movement I made in my rage as I dashed forward and snapped the handcuffs, drawn from my pocket, on the man before me. Two shots zipped past my head but my second movement or series of movements plucked off a wig, a grizzled beard and some ingenious preparations that caused my Californian's natural slim proboscis to assume proportions suited to a member of Napoleon's guard.

"Gentlemen," I said coolly, "this is the man named in your warrant and whom I have followed from the locality of his escape." I also produced copies of the photographs to prove the authenticity of my statement.

To my astonishment Brown put up no fight, and, while he was detained in custody for further examination, I was, as originally intended, placed under arrest.

In vain I argued, implored, threatened and later explained the necessity of controlling a wire long enough to send in my dearly bought story. They reluctantly permitted a telegram of the ordinary ten word limit, a mere hint of a matter worth two columns. Thanking the officers for the inadequate courtesy, I condensed as follows:

UNION PACIFIC R. R., Oct. 4, 5 p. m.—Brown handcuffed, via Washington, California. Identified, Wisconsin. Suspicioned. Send reporter.

THOMAS BATES.

City Reporter Daily Herald.

A reporter from our office met us at the next change and sent in the stuffing for my skeleton. At our destination, newsboys were shrilly crying, "The Extra of the Daily Herald. All about the capture of Jack Brown." Not until then did my fellow prisoner address me.

"How did you recognize me?" he asked, not a trace of western vernacular in his voice. "By your amusement at seeing me acting as proxy for you," I explained. "But why did you make no resistance?"

"There was no possible chance of escape," he said with contempt for my obtuseness, "and I could profitably bring a good conduct record."

The officers in charge were shortly able to transfer responsibility and obtain my formal release.

My first use of my liberty was to visit the office. Here everything was in active operation. The paper had never experienced such a boom. Not an employee slept that night. Thousands of extras were being run off the presses as if a municipal election was in progress.

The city editor met me with extended hand.

"What possessed you to attempt such a foolhardy chase?" he cried.

"If the Times put a man on to let him out for a scoop I thought we could afford to run him in," I suggested.

Jack Brown never revealed his method of escape, possibly hoping to repeat the maneuver.

CONCLUDED.

## Opportunities for Young Men.

DENVER, Col., Oct. 11.—Lyman J. Gage, secretary of the treasury, was the principal speaker at a meeting of Denver banking employers at the Brown Palace hotel to institute a branch of the American Institution of Bank Clerks. Mr. Gage declared that the demand for good bank officials is greater than the supply. He said:

"If I knew that you were capable I could take twenty young men out of your midst and place you in positions in various parts of the country which would pay you \$25,000 per year.

"Fifty years from now the country will have a population of 190,000,000 people and the banking business will increase proportionately."

## Want to Be Warden.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 12.—Governor Durbin is each day visited by candidates for the wardenship of the state prison and their supporters. This contest is growing more heated each day, as the board is expected to elect a warden in a short time.

Among the known candidates for the wardenship are Jonez Monahan of Orleans, Jasper Gaunt of Marion, Harmon L. Hutson and George Powell of Indianapolis. A South Bend politician, whose name is not made public, is also working for the place.

The beauty thief has come to stay, Unless you drive the pimples and blackheads away; Do this; don't look like a fright; Take Rocky Mountain Tea tonight. J. W. Hess.

## BRITAIN FEARFUL OF LOSING CAPE COLONY

### Proclamation of Martial Law in the 'Disturbed District Stirs Up the English People.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—Cape Town under martial law is the all-absorbing topic here. Spokesmen for the government say the proclamation means merely that Lord Kitchener intends to stop the importation of arms and ammunition destined for the Boers. The less excitable liberals regard the expedient as fraught with gravity but not necessarily indicating the existence of conditions warranting great alarm. The extremely radical opponents of the war, however, pronounce the development as thoroughly sensational and disheartening. They declare that the one further step in that direction is the loss of South Africa.

All parties and classes concede that the necessity for such a course is deplorable, but the war element heartily indorses it, favoring any policy whatever that commends itself to the military authorities on the spot. The South Africa conciliation committee stands midway between the war party and the advanced pro-Boer element.

Secretary Swinny of that committee said yesterday:

"Declaration of martial law in the ports of Cape Colony has a double object: First, to dam the channels of uncensored communication between South Africa and the rest of the world, especially Europe, and, second, to gratify the clamorous demand in Great Britain for the adoption of more drastic measures.

"The authorities henceforth will suppress all information of Boer activity except when actions take place which demand chronicling. This will prevent the Boers from hearing of the dissatisfaction of the people with the Salisbury government. Importations into South Africa of anti-war literature will be stopped.

"We do not think that either Lord Kitchener or Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, premier of Cape Colony, fears a wholesale rebellion at the Cape. They know that all available arms are ready in the hands of rebellious Dutchmen, and it would be folly for men to rise without arms. However, now that martial law has been brought home to the English colonists we are putting a severe strain on the patriotism of our own loyalists. The whole situation is of the most complicated description and no man can foretell the issue."

The wholly unsatisfactory situation in South Africa continues to call out the most severe criticism. Lord Kitchener wires that Gen. Botha has crossed the Pivaau river twenty miles north of Vryheid, which means that he has again escaped the British cordon.

Gen. Buller in a speech this afternoon complained of the general criticism, especially in the newspapers, of himself. He admitted he had advised Gen. White that it would possibly be necessary to surrender Ladysmith, but, bearing in mind all the circumstances of the case, he was quite prepared to let the public judge of the justice of the newspaper attacks.

## Improved Dairy Methods.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 12.—The Tcpp hygienic milk company is erecting a group of large buildings for dairy business on the Belt railroad adjoining Brookside park. The plans for the buildings have been prepared by John G. Thurtle. The structures will be of concrete and stone, and as far as it is possible to make them, will be absolutely fireproof. The barn will accommodate 400 cows, and there will be added a dairy house with a capacity for handling daily 2,000 gallons of milk. The dairy will be accessible by two lines of street cars—the Brightwood and E. Tenth-street lines.

## Low Rate to Buffalo via L. E. & W.

The L. E. & W.—Lake Shore Lines will sell tickets to Buffalo and return on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of each week during October, 1901, at the low rate of \$5.95. All tickets limited for return six days.

J. M. DAUBENSPECK, Agt.

## A PUNCTURED IDYLL

"That is the window of my own especial den," said a pretty girl to a young man who was walking home with her from church, and she pointed to the third story of her father's house on the other side of the avenue which they were about to cross.

It was an attractive little bit of color, for there was a stone window box outside gay with spring flowers that contrasted prettily with the dainty muslin and lace curtains draped across the opened sash. As the rest of the handsome brownstone house was conventionally and uninterestingly severe in its aspect, the girl's window seemed typical of its attractive owner, and the young man looked admiringly at his pretty companion.

"How beautiful your flowers are!" he said, wishing "that his tongue could utter the thoughts that arose" in his mind about her. "It is the prettiest window box on the avenue. You must take a lot of care of your flowers."

"Oh, flowers invariably know who love them," she replied, sentimentally, "and they always bloom when I coax them." The youth said to himself that he did not wonder. He was trying to put the involuntary thought into appropriate words when they reached the house and his opportunity was over.

"Some day, perhaps, I will show you my den," she said, with a bewitching little smile at parting. "but I must know you better first. I ask only my most intimate friends up there."

Her escort left her, thinking that it would not be his fault if he were not soon a good friend of the charming chatelaine.

Yes, he was evidently badly hit, for the next morning going downtown he went half a block out of his way to pass her house, and was rewarded by seeing Miss R. at her window in a fetching blue teagown watering her flowers with a Dresden china teapot—as pretty a mental picture as a man could wish to have to carry around with him in the dry and dusty atmosphere of downtown life.

"I like a girl like that," he said to himself more than once during the day. "A real girly girl who loves flowers and pretty things that make home bright. Not an up-to-date sport or an intellectual being that knows more than is good for her." And the next morning he went out of his way again to pass her house. A fresh wind was blowing and this time there was no girl with a Dresden china watering pot at the window, but the flowers smiled radiantly in the spring sunshine. And just as he was passing the golden globe of a daffodil which had been presumably broken off by the wind floated down to the pavement. With an irresistible impulse he crossed the street (he was certainly falling in love) and picked up the flower which had fallen from her window.

"I cannot tell you," he said, describing the incident later to a sympathetic woman friend, "what a queer sort of shock it gave me. It was artificial. The window box was filled only for show, and, like her pretty speeches about her love for her flowers, was pure sham. I think it was about as quick a cure as ever a man had."

## Bad Wreck at Ft. Wayne.

FT. WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 12.—One of the most damaging wrecks of the year occurred yesterday afternoon on the Pennsylvania, at the western limits of the city. A truck on a freight train broke down, throwing several cars off the track at the same moment that another freight came by at high speed. The accident occurred on a bridge over the St. Mary's and the derailed cars, five in number, were thrown over the bulwark into the river. They were all loaded with valuable merchandise, and the monetary loss will be very heavy. No one was injured, but several of the crew had miraculous escapes.

The excitement incident to traveling and change of food and water often brings on diarrhoea, and for this reason no one should leave home without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by J. W. Hess.

## AN UNAPPRECIATED INSECT.

It is a pity that such interesting and useful creatures as spiders should be so universally disliked, writes N. Hudson Moore in The Chautauquan. The chief prejudice against them arises from the poisonous nature of their sting or bite, but if one can put all this mass of testimony out of mind and believe that a spider's bite is no more harmful than a needle's prick one can endure their proximity and study their habits at leisure.

Who that kills a spider is prepared to do its work to mankind? Under the head of beneficent insects should be written large the name arachnida. Their mission is to keep down the hordes of insects whose increase would threaten the life of mankind. Some scientist has advanced the theory that if dragon flies were raised in sufficient numbers they would keep down the hordes of mosquitoes that ravage our coasts, as well as our inland retreats, but Mr. Henry McCook, our most famous arachnologist, thinks that if spiders were protected and suffered to increase the mosquito plague would be lessened. Many people are prejudiced enough to consider the remedy worse than the disease.

## Banker and Bottle Washer.

R. B. Norrish, president of the Bank of Ortonville, Minn., has entered into a written contract with one of the proprietors of the Ortonville Bottling works to wash bottles for thirty days at \$5 a day; to begin work regularly at 7 o'clock each morning and work ten hours. Mr. Norrish agrees to work thirty days or forfeit \$150. This contract grew out of some disparaging remarks made by the bottler as to Mr. Norrish's ability and desire to work.

## A Productive Tree.

Souvenir collectors will be interested to learn that 100 large tables, 6 dozen chairs, 12 dozen workboxes, 11 desks, 24 dozen knife handles, 24 dozen cigar cases, 100 dozen umbrella handles and over 10,000 penholders have so far been made out of the only original surrender tree of Santiago, and the tree is nearly all there still. The apple tree at Appomattox did less than this for the faddists of a great country.

## A Blue Family.

During a recent thunderstorm at Paterson, N. J., a Mrs. William Donohue jumped out of bed and, getting what she supposed was a bottle of holy water, sprinkled the sleeping members of her family. When they awoke in the morning and saw themselves in a mirror, they were startled by their streaked faces. The woman in the dark had picked up by mistake a bottle of bluing.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve should be promptly applied to cuts, burns and scalds. It soothes and quickly heals the injured part. There are worthless counterfeits, be sure to get DeWitt's. J. W. Hess.

Through Sleeper to Marquette, Mich., Chicago & North-Western Ry. 8:00 p. m. daily. Marquette for breakfast. Temperature delightful. Low rate tourist tickets with favorable limits. For full particulars regarding rates, time of trains and descriptive pamphlets apply to your nearest agent or address W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Cheap Round Trip Home Seeker's Rate via Nor. Pac. Ry.

On the first and third Tuesdays of each month, up to and including September the Northern Pacific Railway Co. will sell, to points on its line west of Little Falls, Minn., round trip tickets at the rate of one fare plus \$2.00.

For full particulars, address J. E. Turner D. P. A., N. P. R. Jackson Place Indianapolis, Ind., Chas. S. Fox, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

## CLOSES OCT. 31ST.

The Pan-American Exposition is nearing a close. Only a few days remain in which to enjoy it. After October 31st it will be a thing of the past. Go now and profit in pleasure and knowledge of the wonderful achievements of the Americas and their possibilities. The trip may be made at very low rates via Pennsylvania Lines. The lowest fares yet offered are in effect over those lines each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Coach excursion tickets sold on those dates are good returning six days including day of sale, ample time for getting acquainted with the Pan-American Exposition and inspecting the grandeur of Niagara Falls. Excursion tickets may be obtained any day over the Pennsylvania Lines, but those sold Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays are especially important to persons wishing to make the trip at the lowest fare. Find out about them by applying to local agents of the Pennsylvania Lines, Plymouth, Ind. Ticket Agent, J. E. Hanes.

## Wanted, 1000 Ladies.

To call on their druggist, C. Reynolds, and ask for Dr. Marshall's Lung Syrup, the best medicine to take for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded. This medicine is considered by those that have used it to be the most pleasant to the taste, and more effective than any other cough remedy in the market. One single bottle often curing the most severe cases of so called consumption that were really nothing more than a neglected cough, with pain in the throat and lungs. Sold by C. Reynolds.

# Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat. Artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Price 50c, and \$1. Large size contains 2 1/2 times as much. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free. Prepared by E. C. DEWITT & CO., Chicago.

For Sale by J. W. Hess.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS

A. C. HOLTZENDORFF  
C. F. HOLTZENDORFF,  
Physicians and Surgeons,  
Corner Michigan and Jefferson Street  
Night calls answered.

DR. I. BOWER,  
Physician and Surgeon  
315 N. Michigan St., PLYMOUTH, IND.

Dr. F. M. BURKET,  
\*DENTIST\*  
Office over Plymouth State Bank, Michigan St  
Plymouth, Indiana.

MONEY AT FIVE  
TODAY.  
It costs nothing to  
Call or Write.

JOHN G. GAPRON, Packard Bldg

JOHN W. PARKS,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law  
Office First Floor Parks' Law Building,  
PLYMOUTH, IND.  
Practices in all courts and in all  
branches of the profession. Notary  
and stenographer in office.

MONEY TO LOAN  
AT 5 PER CENT.

C. B. TIBBETTS  
PLYMOUTH, IND.  
Office in Kuhn Building.

## Brick and Tile Mill

with 30 horse power engine, only six years old.  
Cost \$2,800, includes kilns.  
Will take \$500 cash.

J. A. MOLTER,  
Plymouth Indiana.

## TELEGRAPH OPERATORS

Have Pleasant Work every month of the year and get good wages. We teach it quickly and place our graduates in railway and telegraph service. Expenses low. Operators in great demand. School 23 years old. Write for illustrated catalogue.

VALENTINE'S TELEGRAPH SCHOOL, Jansville, Wis.

The fare to Buffalo for the Pan-American Exposition has touched the lowest point. Coach Excursion tickets sold Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays via Pennsylvania Lines cost only one-half of the one way regular fare, and are good returning six days. See Ticket Agent J. E. Hanes, Plymouth, Ind. about it.

Persons who have not visited the Pan-American Exposition are offered special inducement in low Coach Excursion fares via Pennsylvania Lines on each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday during October. The Exposition closes this month, and this is the last and best chance for seeing it. Get details about rates and trains from Plymouth, Ind. Ticket Agent J. E. Hanes.

## THE GREAT Pan-American EXPOSITION BUFFALO, N. Y.

MAY TO NOVEMBER, 1901.

Make arrangements now for your summer vacation, and join one of the special low rate personally conducted excursions.

## VIA THE Lake Erie & Western

The Pioneer Niagara Falls Excursion Route.

Both shows this year for one admission. For full particulars, call on agents Lake Erie & Western R. R., or address

C. F. DALY,  
General Passenger Agent,  
INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYL PILLS  
This is the only reliable remedy for all cases of Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, and all other ailments arising from a disordered state of the bowels. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is perfectly safe for all ages. It is sold by all druggists and chemists. Price 25 cents per box. Prepared by CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYL PILLS, Philadelphia, Pa.