

# HISTORIC CRIMES and MYSTERIES



A MATTER OF MEDICINE.

For many years Doctor Eustachy had been the leading physician of Pertuis, a town in the south of France. His professional reputation was so high that he often was summoned to distant places, and many people wondered why he persisted in hiding his light under a bushel, by dwelling in a country village; but the doctor held that it is better to be first in Pertuis than second in Paris.

Personally he was not exactly popular, because of his temper, over which he had poor control. Small things exasperated him to an unseemly degree, and when he was warm under the collar it took him a long time to cool down. So it happened that when Doctor Tournatoire arrived in Pertuis, announcing that he had come to stay, and was prepared to furnish pills in any quantity, many of the leading citizens, who were tired of Doc Eustachy's tantrums, gave the young man the glad hand.

Tournatoire had been graduated from the best of medical schools, he was highly recommended, and he soon demonstrated that his skill was great. His manners were most engaging, and he had a comforting way with patients that was quite as effective as his medicine. He became popular at once,

old doc was convicted and fined, and returned to his office madder than ever.

Six weeks later Tournatoire invited some of his friends to a little banquet at his home, and on the afternoon of the festive day a basket of game arrived at the house. Half a dozen beautiful thrushes were in the basket. The thrushes were cooked, but there was such an abundance of good things at the feast that nobody ate them. The guests dispersed at a late hour, well fed and happy, and no doubt "One Who Was There" wrote a story of the joyous occasion for the local paper.

On the following morning Doctor Tournatoire returned from his office to his home on some errand, and, upon entering, was astonished to find his wife trying to stand on her head. Assisting her to her feet, he asked her what she was trying to do, and she began explaining that all her relatives were dead, her husband killed in a duel, and she wanted to die herself. The pupils of her eyes were extraordinary dilated, and she acted like a woman both crazy and blind. The doctor, alarmed, went into the kitchen to question the cook, and found her trying to put the dog in the stove. The dog was a large one, and defended itself heroically, but the cook seemed to have superhuman strength, and she considered the work of cremation highly important. The doctor rescued the dog, and tried to get some information from the woman, but she would talk of nothing but death. Everybody was dead, she said, and she had received a spirit message ordering her to put the dog in the stove. Her eyes also were dilated, and she seemed half blind.

A layman in such a painful position would have thought it a plain case of insanity, but the doctor, after a moment's consideration, decided what was the trouble.

"They have been poisoned with sulphate of atropine," said he; and governed himself accordingly, to such good purpose that the two women were convalescent in a few days.

They explained that they had each eaten a thrush that morning, and sickness followed, and they remembered no more. The doctor examined the remaining birds, and found them saturated with the poison. The news was made public, and it was taken for granted at once that Eustachy had been playing another of his pranks.

The old doctor was arrested, and strong evidence against him soon was forthcoming. It was easily established



Trying to Put the Dog in the Stove.

and his practice grew in a manner that must have been gratifying.

All this was gall and wormwood to old Doc Eustachy, who found himself almost abandoned by his townsmen. The calls for his services became so infrequent that he spent most of his time in his dingy office, calling down maledictions upon his young rival. He hadn't pride enough to keep quiet. He talked of nothing but Tournatoire, whom he denounced as a quack, an impostor, and everything else unpleasant. He became such a bore that people avoided him, and when he went for a walk he had the whole street to himself. Meanwhile business was humming with Doctor Tournatoire, who frolicked over the countryside, cutting off people's limbs and feeding them with pills, in the merriest way imaginable.

This went on for two or three years, and in 1884 Tournatoire was urged to run for a local office, so he placed himself in the hands of his friends, explaining that he always was ready to bleed and die for the flag at a moment's notice. This public spirited conduct was more than Eustachy could stand. He determined to be a candidate himself, and thus bring humiliation to his rival. He had the idea that he had enough friends and sympathizers to elect him, but when the votes were counted Eustachy was the most pronounced kind of an also ran. He didn't have a look in. And he was so mad over it that he howled like a wolf.

A day or two after the election the people of Pertuis woke to find the town plastered with handbills in which Tournatoire was held up to scorn as a moral leper, and a professional slyster, and a few other things. All the wire-edged words in the French language were used in the effort to do him justice. The people were called upon to rise as one man and run the faker out of the community. Doctor Tournatoire stood by a dead wall and read the hand bill, and his lips whitened, and a cold sweat stood on his forehead.

"Parbleu!" said he, in the absence of a good American cussword. "This is going too far!"

So he had old Doc Eustachy arrested on a charge of libel, and it was easy to prove his responsibility. The

that he had bought atropine paste of a druggist; also that he had won a prize of game in a local lottery, and his prize was six thrushes. When the evidence thus became formidable the old doctor confessed, but said that he was merely trying to play a practical joke on Tournatoire. The courts of France, like those of the other countries, had not much appreciation of humor, so Eustachy was convicted and sentenced to eight years of toll without recompense in prison.

So this eminent physician, wearing fetters, left the town where he had long been honored and respected, to take his place among felons, and all because he could not overcome his jealous spirit. It is unnecessary to tack a moral to the story.

The case is celebrated in criminal annals because it is the only one of its kind. Doctors may, and doubtless do, hate each other now and then, but Eustachy was the only one on record who tried to remove a rival by poison.

### Greeley's Profanity.

Early in my reporter days on the New York Tribune I was detailed on an election night to assist in tabulating election returns in a room adjoining Horace Greeley's "den" (on the second floor of the ancient, drab-hued, brick building). Raised, as I have been, in the West, with reverence for Greeley only second to that of my maker, the shock to my nerves, when I heard him swear continuously for a quarter of an hour, is indescribable. He was the most profane man, except John A. Cockrell, I ever encountered and have been around somewhat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Helpful.

Flatbush—A roomy drawer is hidden in the seat of a recently-patented rocking chair, primarily to hold sewing materials within easy reach.

Bensonhurst—If it is one of the kind to be left in a prominent place in a dark room, let us hope arnica and court-plaster will be placed in it.

### It Was.

"How much is this plums?" "Ten cents a peck." "Share, p'what do you think I am, a burrd?"—Lampoon.

## BEFORE IT PASSES

Take Hold of Today, for It May Prove to You the Day of Salvation.

Pharaoh said, "Tomorrow!" Paul said, "Today." The difference is between the man who knows the value of time and the present, and the man who does not. A recent writer says: "Tomorrow is the harvest time of good intentions. It is the day when every man does his duty. The sinner expects to be a saint. The dishonest man intends to be honest. The immoral man will be moral, and the selfish man benevolent." Tomorrow evil habits will be overcome, evil tempers curbed, and rebellion against God will be put down. Christ will be enthroned. Self will be dethroned. Tomorrow we will be all we ought to be and do all we ought to do.

Tomorrow is the slogan of the dreamer. Today is the battle cry of the doer. Of course we have heard and admired and even used for convenience sake the old maxim, "There is no time like the present," and that other watchword of industry, "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today." But usage has worn off the glitter and familiarity has bred contempt. These sayings are extremely useful in connection with our business interests and pleasures, and all sources of material and immediate gain. As Hugh Black says in his book, "The Open Door," "Men dream of a time when things will be easier for them, when the strain will be relieved and they can get breathing space to come to some definite decisions. As they are securing the means of living, life itself is slipping away from them. Those who halt, standing first on one foot and then on the other, do not really count in the game. The greatest question ever asked of man was, 'What shall it profit to gain the whole world and lose the soul?' But men are everywhere losing the soul. It is worse than tragedy, it is farce!"

### Today is the Time.

Work is today. Play is tomorrow. Today we are to set in motion those forces that make the miracles tomorrow. If we earnestly desire to be Christian men and women, we must do those things that will make us Christians. Grace is a growth. Righteousness is a process. Character is an evolution. Today we must fill our lamps and trim our wicks. Tomorrow we must enter into privilege. The man who is ready is the man who has done those things which make him ready when the call comes.

There is a waiting time to every opportunity. It is to be spent in getting ready. The bridegroom is on the way. Let us prepare for his coming. There is an outer court to every throne room. It is here that we put on the wedding garment.

Eternal life begins in this sphere. Immortality becomes a certainty when the soul surrenders to God. Life is continuous; the Christian life cannot be divided between a "Now" and a "Then." Death, to be sure, is something in between. As Emily Dickinson wrote: "Death is but the porter of my Father's lodge, or the hired man to let down the bars for the tired flocks to come under the Shepherd's care, to the securest fold, their wanderings done, their beatings at an end." To her a marble stone was a "guide post." So, when we make the great decision, we are heirs of immortality. Life is no longer a "fitful fever," with clanging discords, confusing elements and chaotic mixtures. We shall face the future with calm. We shall look toward the dark unafraid, because we are facing the light. We shall walk the new road to security because we are walking in the way. We shall not grow faint or weary because we are finding sustenance in the bread of life. Pilgrims, indeed, but like unto him who is going home. The mansion is waiting. The place is prepared. "If it were not so I would have told you." Thus is the dictum and assurance of the Master.

### Call for Decision.

No one ever drifted to the eternal life. We must decide; we must array ourselves on the one side or the other. There is no neutral ground. "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

The world is dying in its sins. Let us hasten to bring the Great Physician. Multitudes are in want. Let us not linger in some delusive dream of tomorrow in going to the rescue. Hearts are breaking; we must not tarry with the balm of Gilead. Burdens are being borne; let us apply the yoke that is easy. The messengers of God must not loiter in the halls of Vanity Fair. When we refuse the great commission committed to our keeping, we are holding back that which the world needs. "The king's business requires haste." Jesus said: "I must do the works of him that sent me while it is called today, for the night cometh, when no man can work." What if he had put off until some tomorrow the business of redemption? What if all men and women, everywhere, of all time, who have helped make the world better, had said "tomorrow"? What if missionaries, apostles, sages and reformers had said "tomorrow"? "Today, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—Rev. Richard Braunastein.

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.—Bacon

## PROPER HOUSING OF DAIRY COWS

Important Matter That Is Generally Recognized by Up-to-Date Farmers.

### SEPARATE STABLE IS BEST

Increased Profits From the Business Quickly Make Up for the Initial Expense—Healthful Surroundings Absolutely Necessary for Well-Being of Herd.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.  
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1327 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A dairy stable capable of housing 20 cows and other stock in its two box stalls is shown here, a structure which will appeal to the dairyman who is interested in the most modern methods of dairying. The importance of careful housing of the herd is coming more

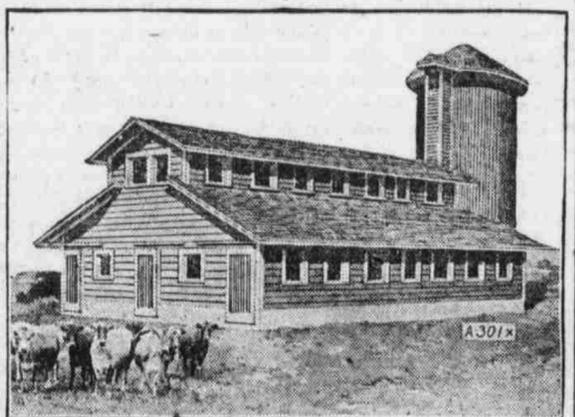
the wall shall be waterproofed to keep moisture away from the foundation.

Inside the foundation walls is a solid concrete floor which is laid off with mangers at the sides of the center feeding alley, and cow-standing floors, the front portions being on a level with the manger floors. The standing floors slope from the center to the gutters. The alleys behind the gutters are several inches lower than the standing floors and are wide enough to make room for the manure carriers which run on overhead tracks. This arrangement is excellent for the cleaning of the stalls, it being possible to put the barn in good condition easily and quickly with a minimum of hand labor.

There are doors at each end of the litter alleys, opening into the yard, so that it is possible to have easy access to the stable from any direction. The litter carrier track may be carried out at either end of the alley, but it is usually found to be most satisfactory if carried out at the end near the silo, thus leaving the other end of the structure clear.

There is a well-made ceiling over the cow stable which gives eight feet of headroom in the clear above the floor of the center feed alley. This ceiling is carefully constructed to make it airtight. Special attention is given to ventilation, it being intended that flies be placed in the walls which will allow the incoming air to carry the foul air up the slope of the roof and out of the monitor windows in the center of the roof.

Above the stable is a space that is usually filled at threshing time with



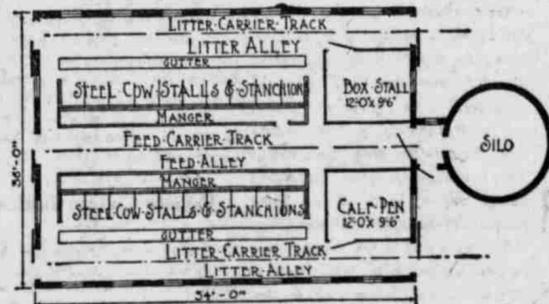
and more to the attention of those who have contributed to the rapid advance of improved conditions in this business during recent years. The new methods have found a basis for operation in almost every community and the public has been aroused to such a point that the dairyman who does not follow the trend of the times is very likely to have a shrinking market for his products. The days of the old tumble-down dairy barn have passed and the modern structure must pass the approval of the critical age in which it is erected.

One of the modern principles is shown in the tendency, in some parts of the country where farmers are doing special dairy work along sanitary lines, to house the dairy cows in such a separate stable as is shown here. The purpose of this practice is to eliminate the dirt and dust occasioned by handling of feed or other material from the air in the stable. Clean air is as important as clean feed or clean floors. This purpose is further aided by the ease with which the problem of ventilation may be solved when the herd is kept in a building by itself. The practice is an admirable one and it should be given the hearty approval of every man interested in improving the conditions of his property. It may be the thought of some that the expense involved in adding a building for the purpose of housing a few dairy cows is not compensated for by the returns from the business. This is not true in a great many cases, for the experience of many farmers, who, with the help of one man, are able to make

straw for bedding. The straw is let down into the feedroom between the stable and the silo, there being no other connection between the stable and the storage room above. The only objection to keeping bedding in such a storage room is removed by having it dropped into this separate feed-room, the door into the stable being closed, thus keeping out all dust which may be stirred up in handling the material. The special construction of the floor overhead makes the sifting of dust down from the storage room very slight, and the air in the stable is therefore kept in the best condition at all times.

The chute used for the bedding is also used to drop silage from the different silo doors as required. All outside doors are hung with special roller tracks, so they open and shut very easily and fasten with heavy iron fasteners, which may be operated from either the inside or outside. These details have a very desirable effect in reducing all possible waste of time and energy in the maintenance of the herd.

There have been a great many devices placed on the market during recent years which aid the small dairyman to carry on his business in the best possible manner. With modern methods helped out by these appliances the dairying business has lost many of the disadvantages which it formerly had to contend with. By installing his dairy cows in a separate stable which is arranged to assist him in every way in establishing a systematic and sanitary method of conducting this branch of his business the farmer of today



a herd of 20 cows pay them excellent returns has proven that this average-sized herd is not a bad investment. One may correctly assume that if these animals are placed in healthful surroundings and given the best of attention the best results may be expected of them. This may be accomplished at very reasonable expense by the construction of a separate stable, which will easily be paid for by the increased returns made possible by the better facilities for giving the herd the attention which modern practice indicates is necessary for successful dairying.

The particular building shown here is 36 feet in width and 54 feet in length, exclusive of the feedroom and silo. Its main interior is devoted entirely to the housing of stock, it being assumed that there are other buildings on the farm devoted to the storage of roughage to be used in the dairy barn.

This stable has a solid concrete foundation with walls that extend up two feet above ground level. It is intended that the entire outer surface of

may easily realize a very agreeable profit from a small herd of dairy cows.

### Natural Finish.

The Sunday school teacher put to her class a number of questions touching the history of the cities mentioned in the Bible.

"What happened to Babylon?" was the first query.

"It fell," said one boy.

"And what became of Nineveh?"

"It was destroyed."

"And what of Tyre?"

"Punctured!"—New York Times.

### Small Point.

Barrister's Wife—So your client was acquitted of murder. On what grounds?

Barrister—Insanity. We proved that his father once spent two years in an asylum.

Barrister's Wife—But he didn't die?

Barrister—Yes. He was doctor there, but we had not time to bring that fact out.—Tit-Bits.

### A Texas Wonder.

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame back, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for Tenn. testimonials, Dr. E. W. Hall, 2928 Oliver street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for Tenn. testimonials. Sold by druggists. *tf*

## Midnight

MIDNIGHT is a large Black Spanish Jack of the very best type, best bone and muscle, with vigor and stamina. He has made several seasons in the eastern part of Fayette county and no jack that has ever been in the county can show more fine male colts than he can show.

Will make the season of 1916 at my barn in Somerville.

TERMS—\$5 per leap, cash; \$3 to insure, payable when mare is ascertained to be in foal or traded.

Not responsible for accidents.

W. S. Newby  
Somerville, Tenn.

## Hatchie Hall



Hatchie Hall, 912, pacer, by standard J. H. L. 2:08 1/2, sire of Ardell by Idol Wilkes, son of George Wilkes. First dam, Dolly by Buford's Tom Hal, third dam by son of Sby's Tom Hal, fourth dam by Sby's Tom Hal.

Hatchie Hall is a horse of great style and finish, strong, muscular and wonderful stamina and beauty. He has fine gait and much natural speed. He has many colts in Fayette county, and they every one show strong characteristics of this magnificent horse. He will make the season of 1916 at my barn in Somerville.

TERMS—\$5 per leap, cash; \$10 per season, cash, with return privilege; \$15 to insure, money due when mare is ascertained to be in foal or traded.

Will use every effort to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible if any should occur.

W. S. NEWBY, Somerville, Tenn.

## Fuzz Johnson



Trotting Stallion Record 2:14 1-2

Will make season of 1916 at Hollywood Farm six miles north of Somerville.

TERMS: \$15.00 if paid at time of service; \$25.00 payable November 1. Foal Insured.

## Counting Your Money



will occupy your entire time when you become a regular advertiser in THIS PAPER. Unless you have an antipathy for labor of this kind, call us up and we'll be glad to come and talk over our proposition.