

Good Night.

Good night!
Now the weary rest by right,
And the busy fingers bending
Over work that seems unending,
Toil no more till morning light—
Good night!

Go to rest!
Close the eyes with slumber prest;
In the streets the silence growing,
Wakes but to the watch horn blowing,
Night makes only one request—
Go to rest!

Slumber sweet!
Blessed dreams each dreamer great;
He whom love has kept from sleeping
In sweet dreams now o'er him creeping
May he his beloved meet—
Slumber sweet!

Good night!
Slumber till the morning light,
Slumber till the new to-morrow
Comes and brings its own new sorrow.
We are in the Father's sight—
Good night!

—From *The German of Theodore Korner.*

PROUD OF HIS CRIMES.

The Record of a Noted Criminal Turned Red Ribbonite as Related by Himself.
[Knightstown (Ind.) Correspondence Indianapolis Journal.]

Your correspondent attended a meeting of the Red Ribbon club in this city a few evenings since, and listened to an address by Charles D. Hildebrand, a reformed drunkard. At the conclusion of the address the speaker promised his audience, if they would only come to hear him the next evening, that they would learn something in relation to the close connection of whisky to crime, the inner history of penitentiaries, and the punishment received there which would astonish them.

The bronzed face, the nervous glance of the eye, so often seen in criminals, and the peculiar bitter tone of the speaker when he referred to prisons, attracted my attention, and an indefinable something in his general appearance led me to believe that his life had been a supremely bad one. So, after he resumed his seat I handed him my card and invited him to accompany me to my room at the Shipman House. He consented, and, after we were comfortably seated, he "did a tale unfold," which, if true, entitles him to a place in the annals of time, alongside of Claude Duval and Dick Turpin.

HILDEBRAND'S STORY.

I was born in Detroit, Mich. When only ten months old I was stolen from my mother's bosom by a neighboring woman, who, with her husband, joined a tribe of Indians living in the vicinity. I remember little or nothing of my childhood, except that when I was seven years old the woman whom I had called mother, on her death-bed confessed to her attendant, an old hag, that she had stolen me, and gave the name and address of my parents. She also obtained from the nurse her promise to see that I was sent home. This promise was never kept.

I then fell into the hands of two professional thieves, and was taken to Paris. Since that time I have served in eleven penitentiaries, eighteen years' close confinement, not including short confinements in numerous station-houses, city prisons, and county jails. My first sentence was in Paris, France, two years in prison for pocket-picking. Was released after three months' confinement, on account of my extreme youth, being then only 9 years old. Was sentenced next to six months' imprisonment in Bailey Prison, London, for the same offense. There I learned the alphabet for the first time. I then went to Canada, and was sentenced to one year's confinement in the Kingston's Penitentiary for burglary, and for refusing to obey prison orders was confined during the whole term of my sentence in a dungeon, and for nearly 365 days I did not see the light of day. When I was released from Canada I began my regular occupation, viz: bank and county treasury work. This was my particular line of business, and I seldom did any work outside of this, which is decidedly the best branch of the profession.

From 1852 to 1854 I served in Alleghany, Pa., where I learned to read and write. Went then to Havana, and received a sentence of twenty-one years for a red-hot bank robbery; was released after three months, through the intercession of the American consul.

In 1856 I was sentenced eight years to the Nashville, Tenn., State prison, but I was "flush," had some powerful friends and good lawyers, and served only thirty days. In 1857 I was sentenced four years to the Louisiana State prison at Baton Rouge, but the same influences which secured my release from Nashville were used with like effect in Baton Rouge, and I saw the inside of the walls only two months.

My next sentence was in 1858, for three years, in the Illinois State prison at Alton. I was afterwards transferred to Joliet, and it took me seven years to serve my sentence. I escaped four separate times, and was recaptured each time. My partner, George Chase, was hung at Joliet for killing Deputy Warden Clarke. Clarke was a brutal fellow, and tyrannized unmercifully over Chase. For some trifling disobedience Clarke undertook to whip him, and when he took hold of him to lead him to the whipping-post, the convict drew a slung-shot, which he had made of a stone and some leather, and killed Clarke with a single blow. I was released from Joliet Feb. 13, 1866.

In May, 1866, I made my escape from the Indianapolis jail, where I had been locked up on charge of a bank robbery, and the Indianapolis city court was the only place where I ever gave my true name.

In the fall of 1866 I was sentenced for five years in the Wisconsin State prison at Wausau, and for refusal to work I was confined in a cell four feet by seven, with a ball and chain to my foot, for four years, four months and seventeen days. Was released March 1871.

04 I was sentenced at Terre Haute, Ind., for confinement in the Indianapolis State prison at Jeffersonville, but had the sentence curtailed four months on account of good behavior. Was released Oct. 23, 1877.

I was arrested in Indianapolis in 1872, on charge of complicity in the Meridian street bank robbery, but no evidence was offered which could hold me. I was immediately taken to St. Joseph county, Michigan, on charge of robbing the county treasurer's safe. I trumped up a charge against my captor, Detective John Funday, got him in jail, and leaped myself. I was never sentenced twice under the same name, and the aggregate

amount of my sentences reaches sixty-three years.

Hildebrand states that the finest piece of work ever executed in the United States (of course he was not engaged in it) was the robbery of the Falls City bank in Louisville. The burglars gained an entrance Saturday night, into an insurance office immediately above the vault, took up the carpet, sawed out the floor, took up the bricks until they reached the vault; then, from 4 o'clock Sunday morning until 1 o'clock Monday morning, they succeeded, but not without the hardest kind of hard work, in drilling 194 holes through the chilled steel top, three-quarters of an inch thick, and lifted the plate out. Then they had nothing to encounter except plaster-of-paris cement and soft iron. The haul realized them \$325,000 in currency, bonds and diamonds.

Hildebrand further states that in the cases of county treasury robberies, where combinations have been opened, treasurers are often unjustly accused of complicity. Men can be found, and without much difficulty, who will disclose combinations for a certain percentage of the "swag." In the case of the recent Clermont county, O., robbery, at Batavia, the combination was given to the thieves by an outsider, well known to Hildebrand.

An Irish Test of Innocence.

During a riot, known as "the battle of Magheracloon," I was suspected of having killed a peasant upon my estate, whom, in reality, the police had shot. My wife happened a few days after, while driving in a pony-carriage, attended only by a single servant, to pass the chapel where the riot had taken place, and being a stranger there, and ignorant of the roads, she stopped near the chapel yard to inquire the way to Carrickmacross. A lady driving herself in a pony-phaeton was not a very common occurrence in those unfrequented quarters, and as she conversed with the people who lived near the chapel, a crowd soon collected around her. Having mentioned that she was my wife, the recent battle became immediately the subject of conversation, and she, anxious to calm their feelings, entered into the whole case, and allowed them to tell her the whole story from beginning to end; and she expressed deep sympathy with them at the death of the unfortunate man who had been shot.

They seemed gratified by her sympathy and general kindness of manner, and by her trusting herself alone in the midst of a crowd of rather wild-looking men at such a time, and at length one of the party said, "Maybe your ladship would just come yourself into the chapel yard, and see the place where the dead man lay; it would be kind in you to do so, as we are sure you feel tenderly for the poor man whose blood has been spilled by the police." She was naturally unwilling to leave her carriage and go into the chapel yard amongst the tombstones and graves, escorted by the wild-looking crowd of strangers, but they evidently wished for and pressed it so much that she felt unwilling to disappoint or refuse them, and having naturally a high courage in any difficulty or danger, she at once got out of her carriage and walked with the people to see the spot where the dead man had lain. There was a little heap of straw lying where he died, and both the straw and ground under it were saturated with his blood. Her courage came to her aid, and she was able even in the midst of the somewhat excited crowd to look calmly down upon the sickening spectacle; and having again heard them recount all the circumstances of the battle, she quietly left the spot, looking steadily at the blood and straw as she left—a secret though undefined feeling coming over her that she ought not to quail even at this painful sight, lest it should appear to the people that her husband had been guilty of having spilled the blood. The peasants watched her closely and attentively—talked rapidly amongst themselves in Irish for awhile and then followed her silently from the chapel yard, with a softened, respectful, and altered manner. They assisted her into the carriage, crowding anxiously around to show her any little attention in their power, and just as she was leaving, one of them said to her, in an earnest voice, "Well, Mrs. Trench, I am glad ye came to look at the blood; ye never could have looked at it as ye did, if you or yours had any hand in the killing of the poor boy that's dead and gone. We all acquit ye of it now. The blood would have welled up in your face if it had been ye that had done it!" Mrs. Trench drove quietly away, the people all exclaiming, "Safe home to your honor, safe home." And never once did she receive an unkind or uncivil word from any of the people of Farney.—*Trench's Realities of Irish Life.*

Rain.

The first water,—how much it means! Seven tenths of man himself is water. Seven-tenths of the human race rained down but yesterday! It is much more probable that Caesar will flow out of a bung-hole than any part of his remains will ever stop one. Our life is indeed a vapor, a breath, a little moisture condensed up on the pane. We carry ourselves as in a phial. Cleave the flesh, and how quickly we spill out! Man begins as a fish, and he swims in a sea of vital fluids as long as his life lasts. His first food is milk; so is his last and all between. He can taste and assimilate and absorb nothing but liquids. The same is true throughout all organic nature. "This water-power that makes every wheel move. Without this great solvent, there is no life. I admire immensely this line of Walt Whitman:

"The slumbering and liquid trees."
The tree and its fruit are like a sponge which the rains have filled. Through them and through all living bodies there goes on the commerce of vital growth, tiny vessels, fleets and succession of fleets laden with material bound for distant shores to build up, and repair, restore the waste of the physical frame.

Then the rain means relaxation; the tension in nature and in all the creatures is lessened. The trees drop their ripened fruit. The tree itself will fall in a still, damp day, when but yesterday it withstood a gale of wind. A moist south wind penetrates even the mind and makes its grasp less tenacious. It ought to take less to kill a man on a rainy day than on a clear. The direct support of the sun withdrawn; he is under a cloud; a masculine mood gives place to something like a feminine. In this sense, rain is the grief, the weeping of nature, the relief of a burdened or agonized heart. But tears from nature's eyelids are always remedial and prepare the way for brighter, purer skies. *John Burroughs, in Scribner for July.*

VANDERBILT'S EMPIRE.

It Has Been Extended So as to Include the Michigan Central Railroad—The Aims of the Railroad Potentate.

[Detroit Special (June 24) to Chicago Times.]

The annual meeting of the Michigan Central railroad, which was held here to-day, resulted, as was generally expected, in a Vanderbilt victory, and the road is now his own as much as the New York Central or the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. He holds a majority of the stock himself, and he can, therefore, do as he pleases with the property. Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt was present at the meeting and personally directed the operations. He had with him as aides and adjutants his two sons, William K. and Cornelius; Augustus Schell, director of the New York Central and Lake Shore; J. Tillinghast, president of the Canada Southern; John Newell, general manager of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern; E. D. Worcester, treasurer and secretary of the New York Central and Lake Shore & Michigan Southern; Webster Wagner, manager of Vanderbilt's sleeping-car lines; Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, brother of the departed Commodore; and several others. Of the opposition, none of the prominent members except Mr. E. G. Rolston, secretary of the Michigan Central, and J. F. Joy, were present, and they were all sufficient, for Vanderbilt had everything so neatly arranged that if no one of the old management had been present it would have been just as well. After the meeting had been organized by the election of Mr. Augustus Schell, the voting commenced. The Vanderbilt interest placed their proxies in one hat and the Sloan interest in another. The Sloan hat filled up very rapidly, and to the uninitiated one, it seemed to be a sure indication of Vanderbilt's defeat. But that gentleman remained serene throughout, knowing that he had them dead sure. When the hats were turned over the fact was revealed that Vanderbilt's side had 99,665 votes, electing as the new board Messrs. William H. Vanderbilt, Augustus Schell, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Samuel F. Barger, William K. Vanderbilt, Anson Stager, W. L. Scott, E. D. Worcester, of New York, and Ashley Pond, of Detroit. The old board, composed of Samuel Sloan, Moses Taylor, George F. Talman, John J. Astor, Isaac Bell, R. G. Rolston, Nathaniel Thayer, Edward Austin, and J. V. Barrer, received but 54,124.

This revolution was not brought about because the stockholders were dissatisfied with the old management, or because they believed that they would fare better if Vanderbilt had control of the road. On the contrary, the fact was that some 900 shareholders, representing 53,125 shares, voted for the old board, while only about 100 shareholders, representing 99,665 shares, voted for the Vanderbilt party. No one has any confidence in Vanderbilt, and his getting control of this property is generally considered a misfortune. Vanderbilt needed this road to carry out his scheme to control the whole railroad system east of Chicago, and dictate such terms as he shall choose. He went into the open market and purchased outright 80,000 shares of Michigan Central stock. The other 20,000, which were voted for him, were purchased and owned by his friends. The fight for the control of this road commenced two years ago, and Vanderbilt would have obtained control last year had he only felt his way sure. But some difficulties in regard to the control of the Canada Southern had to be overcome first. Your correspondent came into the possession of facts yesterday which show conclusively what Vanderbilt aims at, and what his intentions are. The facts are that some years ago Messrs. Daniel Drew, W. L. Scott, Jay Gould, and others held a controlling interest in the Canada Southern. When they purchased it, it was their intention to use it as a through connection with the Erie. They were not successful, however, and the plan was then conceived to go into partnership with old Commodore Vanderbilt, who, they believed, could make it a paying property. They presented him with half of the stock on condition that he guaranteed the balance. He accepted the bait, and afterwards bought \$10,000 more of this stock, giving him undisputed control. When the old Commodore died this property was inherited with the rest by William H. It was an unprofitable piece of property, and the bondholders wanted Vanderbilt to guarantee their bonds, as first agreed. Vanderbilt proposed to do so if the debt and interest were reduced to figures more adequately representing present values. A majority of bondholders accepted, but the scheme could not be carried out unless the Canadian parliament passed an act approving it. The bill was introduced, and it is asserted that Vanderbilt paid a certain member of the parliament the sum of \$10,000 for lobbying the bill through. How much more he paid is not known. The Grand Trunk and Great Western managers did their best to defeat the scheme, knowing that it would enable Vanderbilt to crush them, but Vanderbilt's gold was too powerful with the Canadian legislators, and the bill became a law. This enabled Vanderbilt to secure full possession of the Canada Southern, and put him into a position to scoop in the Michigan Central, which he could not have done if the bill in regard to the Canada Southern had not been passed. The money with which Vanderbilt purchased the Michigan Central was borrowed by him in Europe a year ago. He went to Europe again a short time ago, and it is claimed on good authority that this time he made the trip for a similar purpose,—namely, to borrow \$8,000,000. He succeeded in his mission, and with this money, it is said, he will purchase the Great Western of Canada and the Detroit & Milwaukee railroads. It is positively asserted that he has now virtually control of the latter. With the Great Western in his possession, he has

the Grand Trunk completely in his power, and that road cannot be anything but a local road, having no Western outlet whatever. Jay Gould is undoubtedly a big Vanderbilt, in consideration of not being interfered with in his scheme to control all the connections and rivals of the Union Pacific. Mr. Vanderbilt has been interviewed regarding his schemes, but his answers are evasive, and indicate nothing. Yet he does not conceal his hatred towards the Grand Trunk, and says he will crush it if it does not maintain the rates—that is, if it does not abide by his dictation. The officers elected to-day are as follows: President, W. H. Vanderbilt; treasurer, Cornelius Vanderbilt; secretary, E. D. Worcester; executive committee, W. H. Vanderbilt, Augustus Schell, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Samuel F. Barger. No action was taken respecting the working officials of the road, that subject being left for future consideration. Vanderbilt and party leave here to-morrow morning, and will be in Chicago in the evening, to go back by the Lake Shore.

A Famous Ratter

That was a famous ratter that a St. Clair street man purchased last week. He couldn't remember, he said to his wife, just how many rats that dog had slaughtered at one inning, but it was something marvelous. There was no doubt about it, for he learned it from the man of whom he bought the dog, and surely he ought to know. The dog was industriously polishing a bone while his owner was showing and holding forth on his good points, when a rat was observed to come out from under the house, and go sniffing about, after the manner of its race, on the hunt for something to eat, and gradually drew near the famous ratter.

"Now watch him!" whispered the owner, while his eyes lighted up with the excitement of anticipated sport! "Just keep your eye on him!"

"Why, the dog doesn't seem to see him does he?" said the lady of the house.

"That's all right, he is laying for him. You'll see some fun directly. There, he sees him now."

"Yes, but what makes him stick his tail between his legs that way, and bristling up?"

"O that's all right. I guess he does that because he's mad. Don't say a word!"

The rat approached nearer and nearer to his doom; the dog trembled with excitement and anxiety to get at his game—at least that's what his owner said—when the cheeky ratter, after getting within about a foot of the bone, skipped up and seized it, and shot back into his hole as though he had forgotten something, while the famous ratter let out a shrill chorus of yelps, and nearly tripped his disgusted owner up in shooting around and between his legs, to escape legions of imaginary rats.

Why It Pays To Read.

One's physical frame—his body—his hands—is only a machine. It is the mind, controlling and directing that machine that gives it power and efficiency. The successful use of the body depends wholly upon the mind—upon its ability to direct well. If one ties his arm in a sling it becomes weak and finally powerless. Keep it in active exercise, and it acquires vigor and strength, and is disciplined to use this strength as desired. Just so one's mind; by active exercise in thinking, planning, studying, observing, acquires vigor, strength, power of concentration and direction. Plainly then, the man who exercises his mind in reading and thinking, gives it increased power and efficiency, and greater ability to direct the efforts of his physical frame—his work—to better results, than he can who merely uses his muscles. If a man reads a book or paper, even one he knows to be erroneous, it helps him by the effort to combat the errors. Of all men, the farmer, the cultivator, needs to read more and think more—to strengthen his reasoning powers, so that they may help out and make more effective, more profitable, his hard toil. There can be no doubt that the farmer who supplies himself with the reading the most of other men's thoughts and experiences, will in the end, if not at once, be the most successful.

Origin of Great Britain's Emblems.

The intestine wars which so long devastated England were carried on under the symbols of the Red and White Rose. The adherents of the House of Lancaster chose the red rose as their mark of distinction, whilst those of York chose the white. This fratricidal war continued until the union of the roses by the marriage of Henry VII. with Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., in 1486, since which time the rose has continued to be the emblem of England.

When St. Patrick landed in Ireland to convert the Irish, in 432, the pagan inhabitants were ready to stone him. He requested to be heard, and endeavored to explain God to them as the Trinity of Unity; but they did not understand him until he plucked a trefoil, or shamrock from the ground, and said, "Is it not as possible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to be one, as for the three leaves to grow upon a single stalk?" "Then," says Brand, "the Irish were convinced, and became converts to Christianity; and in memory of that event they have ever since worn the shamrock as a badge of honor."

When the Danes invaded Scotland, on one occasion, they resolved to adopt a strategem, and in order to prevent the Scots from detecting them they marched barefoot. The Danes thought they should reach the camp in a few minutes, when on a sudden, a man who went forward was wounded by a stout Scotch thistle, so that he could not help crying out loudly with pain. This noise roused the camp, the Scots flew to arms, and the Danes were vanquished. This thistle was afterward adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

On a certain occasion King Cadwalla met a Saxon army. In order to distinguish his men from the Saxons he placed a leek in each of their hats; and having gained a decisive victory over their enemies, the leek became ever after the badge of the Welsh.

A Horsewoman's Narrow Escape.

The Denver (Col.) *Tribune* describes an accident which recently happened to Mrs. E. J. Mallett, of Canon City. Mrs. Mallett is an excellent horsewoman, and having great confidence in her riding skill, started out with her husband and other friends on horseback, to visit the canon. Of all the wonderful canons in Colorado, the Grand Canon of the Arkansas is the most awe-inspiring. The walls are 2,000 feet high at places, and almost perpendicular. Before operations were begun within them by the railroad men, no one ever attempted to pass through the gorge, except during the winter, and then on ice. The laborers have, however, made paths in the very sides of the immense precipices, and it was along one of these that Mrs. Mallett and her friends were traveling. She rode a trusty horse, and was as composed as any of her party. They had proceeded to a point beyond the horse trail and were descending a steep hill.

The path was a narrow one, the walls of the canon shooting far up toward the blue, clear sky, and down for hundreds of feet until they dipped into the disturbed waters of the rapid rolling Arkansas. It was at this dangerous spot that Mrs. Mallett's horse stumbled and fell. There was no room for the least felter. This was, therefore, a fatal step. Mrs. Mallett, with almost incredible presence of mind, disentangled herself from her horse. Below her ten feet, was a shelving rock, about fifteen inches wide. This she struck and caught with her hands. With nerve that would have made the sterner sex proud of manhood the lady held on the end of the rock dangling in the air, gripping it with desperation. Had she let go, her lodgment would have been on another shelf fifty feet below. To hold on was her only resort. With all the dispatch possible, Mallett and others came to her rescue, and succeeded in taking her from her perilous situation almost uninjured, but of course very much exhausted from fright.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. The horse fell also, and lodged on the same shelf to which his mistress was clinging. In falling he had tumbled completely around, but there he stood on the narrow ledge of stone, hugging the wall, and evidently realizing his position, if a horse ever realized anything. He did not stir a muscle, hardly breathed for an hour or more, until ropes strong enough to take him out were sent for and obtained at a camp a mile distant. By the time these arrived, fifty men or more, who were engaged in the camp, had gathered along the trail, and as many as could make themselves useful, assisted in lifting the animal up. He seemed to realize fully that steps were being taken for his relief, and did not move to make resistance until he was placed upon a sure footing in the path.

An Obtuse Man.

She was a stylish young lady about eighteen years old, and to accommodate a friend she took the baby out for an airing. She was wheeling it up and down the walk, when an oldish man, very daf, came along and inquired for a certain person supposed to live on that street. She nearly yelled her head off trying to answer him, and he looked around, caught sight of the baby, and said:

"Nice child, that. I suppose you feel proud of him?"

"It isn't mine!" she yelled at him.

"Boy, eh! Well, he looks just like you."

"It isn't mine!" she yelled again, but he nodded his head and continued:

"Twins, eh! Where's the other one?"

She started off with the cab, but he followed, and asked:

"Did it die of colic?"

Despairing, of making him understand by word of mouth, she pointed to the baby, at herself, and then shook her head.

"Yes—yes, I see, 'tother twin in the house. Their father is fond of them, of course?"

She turned the cab and hurried the other way, but he followed, and asked:

"Do they kick around much nights?"

"I tell you 'taint mine!" she shouted looking very red in the face.

"I think you're wrong there," he answered. "Children brought up on the bottle are apt to pine and die."

She started on a run for the gate, but before she had opened it he came up, and asked:

"Have to spank 'em once and awhile, I suppose?"

She made about twenty gestures in half a minute, and he helped the cab through the gate, and said:

"Our children were all twins, and I'll send my wife down to give you some advice. You see—"

But she picked up a flower-pot and flung it at him. He jumped, back, and as she entered the house he called out:

"Hope insanity won't break out on the twins!"

To Choose a Physician.—To choose a physician, one should be half a physician one's self; but this is not often the case. The best plan which a mother of a family adopts is to select a man whose education has been suitable to his profession; whose habits of life are such as to prove that he continues to acquire both practical and theoretical knowledge; who is neither a bigot in old opinions nor an enthusiast in new; and, for many reasons, not the fashionable doctor of the day.