

STAGE ROBBERING IN TEXAS.

It Is Not an Unprofitable Occupation.

[Galveston (Texas) News.]

The robbing of stages and mails before Fort Worth had become amusingly monotonous, if such a state of mind is possible, when a slight shock was given to the monotony by the recent casual shooting of one of the highwaymen in an unofficial interference with the regular order of amusements in Robber's Hollow. Doubtless the man Ross who fired the fatal shot will apologize to the State and federal authorities for his violent intrusion upon the scene, and serene impunity for stage and mail robbing, interrupted without their agency or sanction, will soon be re-established on the road to Fort Yuma. Rebutless, judging from the past, it is safe to assume that the stages and their contents, including passengers, will continue to be systematically robbed. Of course, on each repetition of the performance there is a new set of passengers, a new and deeply interested audience, so to speak, but the programme and the actors in these popular open air theatrical entertainments appear to undergo little or no change. However, it is early in the season yet, and possibly the managers and the scenic artists may have some novelty in store. Meanwhile, let us glance at a skeleton of the performance which has so long been on the boards, or rather on the wayside and the road, for a run of apparently unlimited duration.

At the usual hour the stage reaches Robber's Hollow, twelve miles west of Fort Worth. The two well-known villains in the play rush from behind their favorite old bush, down the well-beaten path, to the spot where the robbery is to take place. They do not need to shake their pistols sternly at the stage-driver to secure his attention, for the horses, intelligent brutes, stop of their own accord, as does the propelling power attached to a milk-wagon in front of a house of a regular customer. The driver seems to regard the subsequent proceedings in the light of a business transaction between the robbers and the excursionists in the stage, in which it would be indelicate for him to intrude without a special invitation. As soon as they can do so with safety the passengers file out of the vehicle, fall into line, and hold up their hands. It is only a wonder that there is no photographer present to take a picture of the group for publication in some Northern illustrated journal, as an inducement to stay away from Texas.

The passengers contribute watches, jewelry, pistols, and even money, to the general fund, with a promptness which suggests that they had been drilled for the occasion, or felt that they were likely to be drilled in case they were slow in their movements. Owing to the failure of the post office department to furnish the driver with a duplicate key to the mail bags, the robbers are obliged to cut them open and relieve the department of the responsibility of delivering to their proper address the registered packages. Everything goes on as regularly as clock-work. Occasionally the driver may urge haste, as he may be behind time; but usually before the horses are fairly rested, the heavily-laden robbers retrace their steps to their ancestral castles on the brow of the distant hill, just as we see them do in the theaters. Doubtless some persons will object that the foregoing is exaggerated and overdrawn. Be this as it may, unless more is done in the future than has been done in the past month, during which the stage has been robbed three times, it will not be long before stage robbing will be one of the recognized industries of the country, and the favorite school for the graduation of the heavy villains in the criminal drama.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND DEATH.

A Lover Kills Himself in the Presence of Three Young Ladies.

[New York Sun.]

Victor Davis Carlton Butler shot himself in the head in the presence of three young ladies, at 201 Seventh avenue, yesterday afternoon. Immediately afterward Coroner Flanagan was notified, but at a late hour last evening, in default of a permit of removal, the dead man lay where he had thrown himself just as he fired the shot. He was about forty-three years of age. He had occupied his present quarters with the family of Mr. Samuel J. Clark for three months. Before that time he lived three years in an adjoining house. He was, therefore, well known in the neighborhood, not only for his agreeable manners, but for his weakness, which was drink. When not under the influence of liquor his conduct won him many friends, and among them were the members of Mr. Clark's family. He formed an attachment for the eldest of the three daughters of the family, and Mr. Clark, not desiring the alliance, had requested him to move. He was to have done so yesterday. The request was made several days ago. Butler seemed to consider his suit hopeless, and he drank. His conduct caused an altercation with his employer, Joseph Hayward, of 174 Sulton street, and he quit the store on Monday. Since then he had been at home most of the time, and under the influence of liquor. It is believed that he was crazy from the effect of liquor. He brooded over all his troubles.

Butler was, so he said, born in Georgia, and his family was an excellent one. His mother left property in trust for him with a sister now living in Baltimore. The income, together with his salary, gave him sufficient means to live comfortably. His father, who moved from Virginia when his mother died, lives in Hartford, Conn., and is said to be wealthy. Twelve years ago, presumably on account of his habits, his wife was divorced from him, and since then he has been estranged from his family. His wife took with her their five children. The separation from them and his wife, whose whereabouts he never spoke of, was one of his greatest sorrows.

In the days of inebriety preceding his death he said that he had been married twice, and once he said three times. He continually recounted his past troubles, and brooded over his disappointment. He threatened to shoot himself, or by some other means take his own life. He said yesterday afternoon that he would never quit Mr. Clark's house, but would be taken from it a corpse. He begged them to permit his body to be taken to the Potter's Field. The family, thinking from the openness with which he spoke of suicide, and also his pleasant manner during lucid periods, that he would not execute his threat, made light of it to him. At about 5 p. m. Mrs. Clark and her three daughters were with him in his room. He began talking of killing him-

self. He desired to throw himself out of the window, said that he had taken Prussia acid, and at length took his revolver out of a bureau drawer and put it in his pocket. Then he sat down before the open fire, and became more quiet. Mrs. Clark then went out of the room. Gazing pensively into the fire, he started suddenly, saying, "I see hell before me." He rose, moved toward the door, took the revolver from his pocket, and said: "It's no use; I'm going to commit suicide." Something in his tone convinced the young ladies that this threat was an earnest one. Instinctively the eldest and youngest fled past him and from the room. Before the other girl could, by voice or action, interfere, he threw himself upon his back on the bed, and saying, "God forgive me!" pulled the trigger.

The bullet was nearly half an inch in diameter. It crushed through his head from near the right temple. A physician was quickly summoned, but the pulse had almost ceased to beat when he arrived. An officer was sent to keep watch until the coroner's permit should allow an undertaker to remove it. His father in Hartford was informed of the suicide, and it is expected that he will arrive to-day. Miss Clark, to whom Butler was attached, is slightly crippled, and, owing to the shock, she was under the physician's care last evening.

LOST ON THE LAKE.

A Sailor's Terrible Death.—His Body Cast Upon The Beach.

[Oswego (N. Y.) Palladium.]

Capt. John Walters, of the schooner Seabird, arrived here Sunday last from Trenton with lumber for J. K. Post & Co. The Seabird, with twenty-two other vessels, had been lying in McDonald's cove, riding out the storm. Upon reaching this port Capt. Walters learned of the finding of the yawl of the schooner Julia containing the body of Moses Dulmage, sailor, on the beach at Stony Point, Sunday morning. From the master of the schooner Olivia he learned that Dulmage was driven out of South Bay, Ont., before a heavy gale the previous Thursday night, and being acquainted with Dulmage's father, he telegraphed the facts to him and got an answer requesting him to get the body and bring it home.

Monday afternoon Capt. Walters took a team and drove to Stony Point, where he found that the body had been removed to Henderson harbor and buried. He pushed on and reached Henderson at noon Tuesday, took the body up and brought it here, arriving Wednesday noon. The corpse now lies aboard of his vessel, which is awaiting a fair wind to sail for South Bay.

A THRILLING STORY.

The statement of this cruel fatality as gathered by Capt. Walters is as follows. Tuesday night, Oct. 31, ten vessels, among which were the Julia, Olivia and Ariadne, lay at South Bay point, the Julia and Olivia lying near to each other. About 7 p. m. Dulmage asked permission of the captain of the Julia to take the yawl and go over to the Olivia to visit some friends. The captain gave his consent and Dulmage went. He staid on the Olivia till between 10 and 11 p. m., when he proposed to go back. The wind, which was out of the northwest, had stiffened, and was blowing a gale with a big sea running. The captain of the Olivia says he told Dulmage he had better stay all night, but the latter said he was afraid the captain might want to go out before morning, or would want the yawl for something, and he started back. The crew of the Olivia watched him, and seeing that he was going to leeward, shouted to him to head her up to windward. They heard Dulmage call to the Julia to throw him a line, which was done, but he failed to get it, and drifted past the Julia and came alongside and pretty close to the Ariadne, which lay astern of the other two. As he came alongside he called to the Ariadne's crew to lower the boat and come after him, for he was going out into the lake. But it appears Dulmage was rapidly driven on before the maddened and hungry sea, and cried out to another vessel which he passed to save him, but no further effort was made, and he drifted out of sight crying for help. Long after he was lost to view in the darkness his distressing cries pierced the gale with piteous appeals for help. Sunday morning Mr. Smith, lightkeeper at Stony point, found the boat ashore just south of the lighthouse, with a dead and bruised body in it. Of the awful circumstances under which the poor fellow died, who he was, or how lost, he had no knowledge. The body lay on its face, with the head toward the bow. The legs were lashed to the seat and thwarts with the painter. The oar was found on the beach about five rods farther south, from all of which Mr. Smith concluded that the man must have been alive and was steering the yawl when he went ashore, and that he died almost immediately from exhaustion and reaction. He also thinks that he came ashore Friday morning, judging from the appearance of the floodwood and debris along the shore at that place. The storm did not abate until Sunday, and it is not strange that the boat and its awful freight should not have been discovered sooner.

From South Bay point to Stony Point is forty miles, and this terrible voyage young Dulmage made in that tempestuous night in the face of almost certain death. The horrors of that night cannot be painted. The annals of lake navigation show nothing more thrilling or pathetic. It seems strange that, even on such a night, a man should be allowed to drift away from a fleet of ten vessels without further effort to rescue him than appears to have been made. Capt. Walters thinks that there was no intentional inhumanity, but that each waited for the other to do something, till the opportunity to act had passed and the poor fellow was beyond successful pursuit.

Etiquette for Widows and Widowers. It is contrary to custom to invite guests to the marriage of a widow. If a widow marries a young girl the etiquette is the same as that of a first marriage. A widow must marry in the morning early, without show, and has only her witnesses and those of her intended. Her dress must be plain, of quiet color; black, however, is not admissible. On leaving church the bride invites to breakfast the witnesses who have formed the party, but no other guests are invited to this repast. On the fifteenth day after the marriage cards are sent bearing the new address of the married pair. A widow never makes wedding calls after remarrying. Those

who receive the cards do the visiting. There is a month allowed for the return of cards and the visits. When a single lady marries, after having passed the usual age for marriage, the ceremony should be simple and unobtrusive.—*Democrat's Monthly.*

THE ANTI-SOCIALIST LAW.

Essential Provisions of the New German Measure.

The essential points of the newly-passed German anti-socialist bill are clauses 1, 11, 12, 13, 22, 26, and 27. The entire law contains thirty clauses. The principal ones are as follows:

ARTICLE 1. Associations which, by social-democratic, socialistic, or communistic endeavors, aim at overthrowing the existing order of the state, or of society, are to be forbidden.

The same rule applies to associations in which social-democratic, socialistic, or communistic endeavors, aiming at the existing order in state or society, appear in any manner dangerous to the public peace, and more especially the harmony among the several classes of population.

Unions, of whatsoever kind, are put on the same footing as associations.

ART. 11. Printed publications in which social, democratic, socialistic or communistic endeavors, aiming at the downfall of the existing order of state or society, appear in manner calculated to endanger the public peace, more especially the harmony among the several classes of the population, are to be forbidden. With periodical publications the prohibition may extend, as regards any further appearance, as soon as by virtue of this law the prohibition of a single number takes place.

ART. 12. The competent tribunal for prohibitions are the territorial police authorities; with periodical publications appearing at home the police authorities of the district in which the periodical appears. The publication or the further spread of a periodical publication appearing abroad lies with the imperial chancellor.

The prohibition is to be published by the imperial government *Gazette*, and has effect over the entire federal territory.

ART. 13. The prohibition issued by the territorial police authority of a publication is to be made known by an order in writing, stating the reasons to the publisher or editor, the prohibition of a non-periodical publication; also, to the author named thereupon, so far as this person is to be found within the country.

The publisher or the editor, as also the author, has a right to appeal against such prohibition. Such ground of appeal must be brought before the authorities within a week's time of the receipt of such prohibition.

ART. 22. Persons who make a business of agitating for such movements as are denoted in article 1, paragraph 2, may be proceeded against, and in the case of their being convicted of offending against articles 17 and 29, besides the punishment of taking away their liberty, it shall be lawful to restrict the place of their abode.

By virtue of such sentence it shall be lawful for the territorial police authorities to refuse to grant to the person sentenced an abode in certain districts or places, as his domicile; only, however, when he has not already been in possession of it for six months previously. Foreigners may be expelled by the territorial police authorities from the federal states. A ground of complaint can only be lodged with the controlling authorities.

Offenses are punished with imprisonment from one month up to a year.

ART. 26. A commission will be formed to decide upon complaints raised in cases of articles 8 and 15. The federal council elects four members from its midst and five from the number of the members from the highest courts of law of the empire, or of the several federal states. The election of these five members is to be for the time of duration of this law and for the period of their remaining in their judicial office. The emperor nominates the president, and from the number of the members of the commission the vice-president.

ART. 27. The commission has power to decide, when five members are present, of whom three at least must be judicial members. Before the decision takes place as to the complaint the persons raising such complaint shall have an opportunity given them for a verbal or written establishment of their claims. The commission is empowered to collect evidence in the fullest manner, more particularly by cross-examination of witnesses and experts, or to have such evidence collected by applying to any authority of the empire, or of any of the federal States. With regard to the obligation of a person to subject himself to an examination, either as a witness or an expert, as also with regard to the punishment to be inflicted in case of disobedience, the provisions in force at the seat of the commission, or respectively of the authorities appealed to in connection with civil laws for actions, shall be enforced. Decisions shall be passed according to free opinions, and shall be final.

"Remarks" About the Camel.

No human royal family dare be uglier than the camel. He is a mass of bones, faded tufts, humps, lumps, and splay joints and callosities. His tail is a ridiculous wisp, and a failure as an ornament or fly-brush. His feet are simply big sponges. For skin covering he has patches of old buffalo robes, faded, and with the hair worn off. His voice is more disagreeable than his appearance. With a reputation for patience, he is snappish and vindictive. His endurance is over-rated; that is to say, he dies like a sheep if he is not well fed. His gait racks muscles like the ague.

And yet this ungainly creature carries his head in the air, and regards the world out of his great brown eyes with disdain. The very poise of his head says, "I have come out of the dim past; the deluge did not touch me; I helped Shotoo build the great pyramid; I knew Egypt when it hadn't an obelisk nor a temple. There are three of us: The date-palm, the pyramid, and myself. Everything else is modern. Go to! Go to!"—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

New cloak-clasps in oxidized silver, or silver and platina, represent lizards, large

butterflies, or flat shield-shaped pieces, in which are embossed Japanese designs. Belt-clasps come also in many fanciful designs, and take up the entire front of the waist.

THE ETCHING DIAMONDS.

Arthur Stangate, attorney-at-law, was my brother. He had succeeded to my father's business, and no name was more esteemed and trusted in all Runnington, and it was a rich and important place. My brother's offices were in the town, two miles distant, but he did almost as much business among the gentry at his own private house.

Most of the great folks employed him; but his best client was Sir Etchin Eckford, a *vi devant* Indian judge, very wealthy, and the possessor of some rare and costly jewels, known in this country as the Etchin diamonds. Their name even makes me shudder now.

One evening, as Arthur was preparing to return to his office, where important business would detain him all night, Sir Etchin's groom left a parcel, with a note. The latter stated that the former contained the famous Etchin diamonds, which their owner thought safest to entrust to Arthur's care, as he had been unexpectedly called to London.

"I don't care what deeds they leave me," said my brother; "but I don't like such trusts as these. Still, I suppose I must keep them."

Of course he could not send them back; so taking the parcel, he at once proceeded to his study to lock it in the iron safe. I went with him, and with a woman's curiosity and love for jewelry, besought a peep at the gems before they were put away.

Arthur, the best brother in the world, instantly removed the paper cover disclosing a square morocco box, brass bound, with a key tied to the bundle. Opening it, he showed me the gems. They were indeed, magnificent, set in the massive Indian fashion, while many of the diamonds were yet uncut. One by one, bracelets, bangles, necklets, Arthur lifted, and flashed in the lamp-light before my dazzled vision.

He was holding a superb emerald and diamond necklace in his hand, for my admiration, when happening to raise my eyes a cry of alarm burst from my lips.

"What is it, Nell?" asked Arthur.

"The man!" I replied. "See, the window is uncurtained, and I am sure I saw a man looking in from the tree outside."

"Nonsense!" cried Arthur.

Nevertheless, he flung up the window, called, and gazed in every direction. There was nothing—not a sigh, not a sound; and assured as I was that I had been mistaken, he fastened the latch, and dropped the curtain.

As, however, he was about to put away the diamonds, I said, "Arthur, would it not be better to place them in the safe in your bedroom?"

He agreed in the advisability, and locked them up; then, having cautioned me to see well to the house-fastenings, and asked again if I was not really frightened to remain alone all night with only the servants—Jane and Jenkins, he left for town. I saw everything secure and went to bed early, locking Arthur's bedroom, and taking the key with me. It was long before I slept. When I did, I was almost immediately aroused by a slight sound at my door. I asked who was there. Jane's voice answered in a cautious whisper. Seeing something was wrong, rising, I admitted her. No sooner had she entered than, quickly closing the door, she fastened it and exclaimed, in accents of terror:

"Oh, miss! what shall we do? For mercy's sake make no noise—don't get a light. Burglars are breaking into the house, and I'm shure Jenkins is their accomplice." "Burglars!" I cried. Then the thought of the face flashed across me.

"Gracious powers!" I exclaimed; "they are after the Etchin diamonds!"

I saw it all. The groom's errand had been divined; my brother's absence was known, and, by Jenkins' treacherous aid, the piece was being attacked. I dropped stunned on the bed. Then I started up.

At any cost—even life—the diamonds intrusted to Arthur must be saved.

Hurriedly I dressed, and while doing so, heard the soft sound of persons moving in the house.

"Jane," I said, having explained all to the faithful girl, "I must get Sir Etchin's diamonds."

"How, miss? If you go into the passage they'll murder you."

"True; therefore I must get out by the window. They will not hear me, for they believe the box is in the study, and it will take them long to discover their mistake." Opening the window I got out on the veranda. How fearfully it sloped! Could I do it? Yes, by pressing my feet against the gutter. Slowly I went foot by foot, until I reached Arthur's window. My heart leaped as I found it unfastened. Quickly I entered, opened and relocked the iron safe, and with the diamonds, more slowly and with greater difficulty returned.

Reaching my own room I did not enter; for what could two helpless women do against strong, evil, men, bent on plunder? Indeed, I ordered Jane to tear a sheet into threads, which having attached to the box, I bade her lower it to me, after I had descended by the trallis.

She did as I directed, then joining me, we carried the box between us as we ran from the house.

We had not gone a dozen yards before the dread of pursuit and having the diamonds wrested from us possessed me.

"Jane," I said, "this will never do. Let us make for the hollow oak. We can put the box in that; they'll never find it before help comes."

Hastening in the direction together, we managed to rise the box high enough to reach the hole, and I toppled it in. It fell with a heavy thud. I knew it was

safe. I then told Jane to return to Hawthorne's, the nearest house, arouse the people, and bring some of the male servants back. She wanted me to go with her, but I dared not leave the neighborhood of the tree, least any miserable chance should occur of the burglars finding the treasure. Crouching among the bushes some yards off, I bade the girl hasten.

Scarcely had she gone than a noise at the house attracted my attention. My heart stood still, and the blood in every vein turned cold. With Jenkins there were three of them. Though the darkness I could they were beating and searching the bushes. They guessed we could not carry the box far, and evidently were in hopes of finding it before help came.

Twice, thrice, they approached so near to where I was that my hair stood on end. The fourth time it was Jenkins himself—I knew him, despite his crape-mask—that drew aside the branches and discovered me.

With a cry I endeavored to fly, but the burglars instantly secured me. Hardly can I describe the scene that followed. It makes my flesh now creep with terror. They looked around for the box, and not finding it, with awful oaths and threats bade me say where it was. My only reply was to shriek aloud, until they checked me by blows, and finally by placing a revolver at my head. I implored mercy; but I remained firm. I felt my senses leaving me; they, too, saw it, and by twisting my arms to create exquisite torture, aroused me. At last one exclaimed:

"It won't do to fire. It'll bring others upon us. Gag her and take her along to the lake!"

To the lake! What were they going to do? Drown me? My brain swam; but I resolved to remain firm, and save the diamonds. Reaching the edge of the water, the villains, taking me by the shoulders, laid me back in the lake, pressing my head beneath the water. My mouth being gagged I could not cry out, and never shall I forget the horrible sensation. Surely I felt death then!

Every few seconds they raised me to demand the whereabouts of the diamonds. I answered by a shake of the head. How long all this lasted I cannot tell; but abruptly a fearful noise sounded in my ears. I felt the water was rolling over me, and I was conscious no more.

The immersion caused the most curious sensation I ever felt in all my life before I became conscious. My breath came and went at fitful intervals, and I had a painful sense of smothering or suffocation with paralyzed my brain and deadened all power of volition. I could not speak for the life of me, neither was I able to offer the slightest resistance to my would-be murderers.

When I came to, I was in my own room. Arthur was near me, and the first words he said were:

"My brave Nellie! You have saved the Etchin diamonds. The help Jane brought arrived just when the ruffians flung you into the lake; but they are all captured!"

It was a considerable time before I thoroughly recovered from the nervous fever that awful night occasioned.

One day Arthur came to me smiling and said:

"See, darling!" he said, "those villains brought a few threads of silver to your hair, but"—and he held up a magnificent bracelet—"they have put gold on your wrists. The baronet asks you to accept this for your bravery in preserving the Etchin diamonds."

DAY OF THRILLING EXCITEMENT

Forty Men Clinging to the Masts of a Sunken Vessel.

The four-masted barge *Rutter* went down unexpectedly on Thursday night about a half a mile from the lake shore, having forty men on board. In the storm at daylight the men were seen clinging to the masts. They were evidently fast growing benumbed, and every minute the waves broke over them. Not a tug in the Ludington harbor would venture out. The storm was terrific. Finally Captain Kendrick offered to make an attempt. He went out in a government tug, towing a life-boat. Occasionally neither craft could be seen. The crew from the life-saving station at Point au Sable arrived at this time and tried to shoot a line over the vessel from a mortar. The whole morning passed. At two o'clock in the afternoon the life-boat succeeded in shooting alongside the masts and seven men dropped safely in. The life-boat then came ashore like a rocket, and hundreds upon hundreds of men bore her through the surf. Captain Morgan's life-saving crew then started out after the other thirty-three men on the wreck, but it seemed of no avail. Every time the life-boat missed its mark and was driven ashore. Just at sundown another start was made, the line fell safely in frozen hands, and one after one the worn-out men crawled over the boat's side, to the joy of the great throng of men, women and children who blackened the beach for miles.

While the scourge in the Southwest is being abated every day by the healing influences of the cold weather, a small epidemic is having its run in Western Virginia. For a distance of forty miles along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, it is said, is hardly a house in which diphtheria may not be found. The cause is apparently far reaching and the range of the dangerous malady affords a fine field for sanitary investigation. The country is generally supposed to be comparatively free from these pestilences, but the ignorance and recklessness of the rural population frequently more than offset the purer influences of country air, and the medical inspector is frequently needed out of town quite as much as in town.