Weekly Chillicothe Crisis.

VOLUME VIII. CHILLICOTHE, LIVINGSTON COUNTY, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1884. NUMBER 8.

CURRENT TOPICS.

AN Atlanta man asks $5,000 damages for having his nose broken in a fight.

A SNOWSTORM set in near Glendale, Mont., last week, and lasted twenty-four hours.

THE area of Philadelphia is 129 square miles. The area of London is 122 square miles.

VERDI, now seventy-three, white haired and bearded, calmly stands on a column of 125 operas of his own composing.

A STONE BOOTJACK has been discovered in the Congo country. The people there do not wear boots, but they have cats.

YAKUT girls all smoke. There is but one pipe for a family. The members take their turn, and the visitor has his chance along with the others.

CONINGSBY DISRAELI, Beaconsfield's nephew and heir to everything but the title, is about to distinguish himself and his family by appearing in public as a concert singer.

FIFTY years ago Black Crowther was sold on the Gold Coast as a slave for a hogshead of rum, and as he was a boy of spirit he is now the Church of England's Bishop Crowther, of Africa.

ROBERT T. BALL, LL. D., F. R. S., the astronomer royal from Dublin university, will arrive in Boston about the last of this month. He will be the first royal astronomer to visit this country.

TOY dioramas are popular in Paris. They consist of microscopic views photographed on tiny magnifying lenses. These are set in a handsome decorated card, and are comparatively inexpensive.

GARTERS with bells attached are advertised by a St. Louis jeweler. "The tintinnabulation of the pretty pendants," he declares, "sounds delightfully melodious as the wearer glides gracefully along."

THE St. Louis papers are now making fun of the Chicago drug stores. They say that half the people who go to them for prescriptions die before they get them, and the other half die after they get them.

A LOUISVILLE man is said to have an ear-drum so excessively thin and sensitive that his hearing is so acute that ordinary noises are very painful. He steps in a padded room and is spoken to in a whisper.

THE New Zealand government has authorized an agent to collect two hundred stoats and weasels for the purpose of thinning out the rabbits in that colony. Each animal is expected to cost about $30 before it is landed.

THE latest piece of interesting gossip comes from New Jersey to the effect that President Arthur contemplates matrimony, and that the fortunate young woman is Miss Tillie, the eldest daughter of Secretary Frelinghuysen.

THE ingenius method adopted by Russian military authorities of instructing the rank and file in the art of shooting by furnishing them with handkerchiefs on which the construction of the rifle and its use are explained has been carried a step further. The handkerchief is now being used to familiarize Russians with the history of their heroes.

A MARRIAGE in Paris between Mlle. Deslandes and Vicomte Fluery is compared to the reconciliation of the Capulets and Montagues. The bridegroom is the son of Napoleon III.'s confidential adviser, General Fleury, while the bride is the grandfather of Cataiani, the celebrated singer, who was hated for her intense hatred of Napoleon. When she visited Paris in 1806 the emperor held out the most tempting inducements to her for an engagement at the opera. A wish from such a quarter was of course a command, and Cataiani, fearing the consequences of a refusal, slipped out of the capital secretly at night and made her way to England.

SOME twelve years or so ago Gen. J. Bankhead Magruder, at one time during the war in command of the transmississippi department of the southern army, died in reduced circumstances in the city of Houston, Tex. A short time after death the remains, with a great flourish of trumpets, were removed to Galveston and placed in the private vault of Sexton Cahill to remain temporarily, until the construction of a suitable monument. Like many another projected enterprise, the monument came to naught, and all that was mortal of the once beau-sabreur of the Southern Cross still rests in that modest vault through the tender heart of a veteran Texan, who yearly pays a small fee.

THE tribute lately paid to Michael Eugene Chevreul, the eminent French chemist, by the Academy of Sciences in Paris, is especially noticeable because he is within almost a year of being a centenarian. He has been president of the National Agricultural society for fifty years, and is the oldest graduate of the Sorbonne. He remembers the ghastly scenes of the reign of terror when he was hardly 7-years old, and never speaks of them without horror. Chevreul was admitted to the Academy of Sciences in 1823, and succeeded Vanquelin as professor of applied chemistry in the Jardin des Plantes in 1829. He attained great reputation by his work on "Fat Substances of Animal Origin" six years before. This gained him in 1852 a prize of 12,000 francs. His famous treatise on colors appeared as long ago as 1830.

THE RANCHMAN'S SONG.

In saddle or in camp at home,
I fear not fortune's change;
My wealth the branded herds that roam
The green wastes of my range!
Oh, who more independent, free,
And care-exempt than I?
Not he that sails upon the sea
Or scales the mountain high.
I laugh and sing, give fancy wing,
And let the world go by!

The bustle of the run, the count,
The round-up, and the drive,
Is pastime keen, if but the mount
Be mettled and alive.
Belted and spurred, devoid of fear,
To every risk resigned,
My cowboys at my beck career
As headlong as the wind!
Nor robber greed nor mad stampede
Can them unguarded find.

At work or play, with care to cause
No honest heart a pang,
And governed but by honor's laws,
On broncho or mustang.
Oh, who with more undaunted brow
Doth fell adventure bide!
Not he that speeds the pen or plow
Or stems broad traffic tide!
In manhood's flower the plains I scour,
A ranchman true and tried!

Grim ward the mountain sentries keep
O'er my domain for me;
Far as the coursing gaze can sweep,
And rolling as the sea,
That cattle-dotted realm expands
Whence far abroad is strewd
Rich nourishment for peopled lands,
The boon of wholesome food,
Though mine the choice to here rejoice
Amid the solitude.

The saddle is my throne, the vast
Wild herds my vassals tried,
The lariat's swift, unerring cast
My mandate undefied.
My spurs were won by stubborn deeds,
That ne'er a blush can bring,
Nor other right or sanction needs
The care-free Cattle King!
And joy brims up his stirrup-cup
In this the song I sing!

—Nathan D. Urner.

HIS LAST RIDE.

She stood at the threshold to greet him, a fair picture with the soft folds of the white satin dress clinging so gracefully to the lithe girlish figure. It was the dress she would wear on the morrow, her wedding day, and she wanted him she loved to see how fair and dainty a bride should meet him.

Very lovely looked Beryl Vere, the tall, slight figure and small head with its loose coil of golden-brown hair shimmering in the moonlight, as she stood shyly waiting for his coming, the rosy color deepening as she raised her limpid gray eyes to his. He held her at arm's-length for a minute, watching the changing face with loving, eager eyes.

"Beryl, will you always love me? Child, how lovely you look to-night!" and, drawing her closer to him, he kissed her passionately, almost roughly. "Say it again, darling; say, 'Philip, I love you.'"

She repeated his words, and again the gray eyes were raised to his. How could he doubt their truth?

"My darling, you are not superstitious, or you would not have put on your wedding-dress; don't you know that the old women say it is unlucky? I'm glad my little bride does not heed such nonsense, otherwise I should not have been able to obtain this peep at my pet."

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Sir Philip L'Estrange, Baronet, was a noble-looking man, just entering his eight-and-twentieth year, tall, dark and broad-shouldered, and with his long pedigree, a fine old family place that had descended from father to son for hundreds of years and a splendid rent-roll, held one of the first positions in the county; while his kind, gentle manners made him a favorite with all who knew him.

When it was known that in the autumn he would bring to his home a fair young English bride, his sporting friends and companions shook their heads and were unanimous in declaring that he would be spoiled and that his wife would bully him.

At all of this Philip laughed, saying that time would prove whether such predictions would come true.

They little knew the sweet temper of the girl who had taken Philip's heart captive; the lonely orphan who hardly remembered her fair young mother and not at all the gallant young soldier-father who fell to rise no more while leading a storming party in the dread Crimean war. His gentle little wife had survived the shock of her husband's death only two years, and then poor little Beryl was indeed left alone in the world.

At this crisis a friend of her father, an old bachelor, came forward and took the orphan child to his home, where she had grown to woman's estate, the pride and darling of Mr. Savill's heart.

And now, as he sat brooding over the coming parting, there was a gentle tap at the door, and Beryl's voice was heard, asking if she might come in.

"Philip told me to show you my dress, Uncle Harry," she said, coming to his side.

The old man's eyes filled as they rested on her; and he thought how proud his old friend, her father, would have been to see his child at that moment.

"My dear Beryl, how like you are to your poor mother!" he said tremulously; "just as lovely as she looked on her wedding-morning. But I must not forget that you must wear these;" and Uncle Harry placed in her hands a jewel-casket, where, glittering on their velvet beds, lay a splendid suit of pearls—necklace, bracelets and ear-drops.

"Your mother wore them on her wedding-morning, just nineteen years ago, Beryl; they were my present to her, and now I give them to you, my child, and may heaven bless you!"

And kissing the fair young head tenderly, Uncle Harry led her to the door and gently shut her out.

When the September sun broke through the crimson-curtained panes it found him still watching there, mayhap dreaming of his boyhood's happy days, and the one woman he had loved, his friend's wife and Beryl's mother.

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The wedding over, Philip took his bride to Switzerland, and among its glorious mountains and lakes, all so novel to her, the autumn days sped like a dream.

So happy and joyous was Beryl that Sir Phillip never tired of watching her loved face. She was so good and true so innately sweet and pure, that he sometimes felt afraid of the passionate love that he had for her; and he would breathe a swift silent prayer that they might be spared to each other through all the dangers and chances of life.

So they wandered on under the glorious skies of foreign lands, loath to return to their own.

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It was an old wainscoted room, with dark oaken furniture covered in deep crimson velvet—a comfortable, pleasant old room, such as a stranger on entering would like to stay and rest in.

The wind moaned and whistled through the baring branches, for autumn was on the wane and the red and yellow leaves were lying on the damp earth.

The sobbing, sighing wind seemed to be the great monarchs of the forest mourning over their faded summer beauty. Now and then a heavier gust than usual swept the scudding sleet against the window panes and barred oaken doors of St. Cuthbert's as if striving to force a way within its comfortable precincts.

Seated in one of the large velvet chairs, watching the firelight gleaming and sparkling on the diamonds which covered her small white hands, was an old lady with a sweet patrican face.

The snow-white hair was banded smoothly back and a widow's cap with long lappets falling over the black velvet gown made her look as one in an old picture.

Philip might well be proud of his fair stately old mother. In the uncertain gleam of the firelight, as the wind threw the sleet with more furious blast against the window, she started up.

"What a night for their coming home! Surely I hear wheels! Yes, there they are! I must ring and order the servants up. Beryl shall have a real Irish welcome."

The old hall looked smiling and bright despite the dark and rusty suits of armor that decked it, suits that had done their duty well in many a hard-fought field and gallant tournament. For the L'Estranges had been soldiers from the time of Elizabeth, when they had left their fair English lands and made their home under the shadow of the lovely Tipperary hills.

Philip was the first son of the house of L'Estrange who had not followed the fortunes of war; and it was he who was now expected home with his fair young bride.

As the great doors swung back on their massive hinges, the servants curtsied low, and the fond mother rushed forward to welcome her boy to the home of his ancestors, and then turning to Beryl, she took the slight figure in her arms.

"Beryl, my dear," she said, kissing her tenderly, "I have often longed for a dear daughter; welcome to your home, my sweet child!"

Then drawing her arm through hers, she led her through the long array of servants, Beryl bowing and smiling kindly in answer to their murmured words of greeting.

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The months sped by, and as the days passed the old dowager became more and more attached to her daughter-in-law. Every one loved her, high and low, far and near; the poor and sick found a good friend in Beryl, and there were murmured blessings wherever she appeared.

How Philip loved her, and how proud he was of the light and happiness he had brought to his beloved mother! And soon his joy would be greater, for there was a little heir to the old name and place expected ere long.

Three years passed and Sir Philip's cup of joy seemed full to the brim.

The winter, with its frosts and snows, held sway again, and the long corridors and galleries of old St. Cuthbert's echoed to the sound of little feet and chiming baby laughter, as Beryl, still as fair and girlish as of yore, played hide-and-seek with her little boy and baby-girl.

Philip, while he smoked his cigar, watched them with a deep tenderness in his eyes as he thought how he had been blessed above his fellows.

The thaw had begun, and Philip said the hounds would certainly be out by Thursday. The sun continued to shine, and bit by bit the green fields showed out, and, except in some sheltered nooks, the snow had disappeared.

Thursday came bright and beautiful, one of those mornings when the hedge-rows glisten in the morning sun and the birds pipe forth as if in thanks for the bright, glorious sunshine.

Philip and Beryl rolled along in the latter's little carriage, the ponies' bells making musical chimes on the clear air.

Philip had not given in to his wife's entreaties to let her ride, as he knew there was still a "bone" in the ground; so she had to content herself with seeing what she could from the road.

Very lovely she looked in her warm furs and little hat with its scarlet feather.

"What a large meet, Philip! Everybody is out. But the hounds are not come. Oh, I suppose Sir Horace is not in a hurry. He is letting the sun have a chance; the frost is not all gone yet."

"What, not going to ride, Lady L'Estrange?" half-a-dozen voices chorused as husband and wife appeared on the field.

"Sir Philip says the ground is too hard," Lady L'Estrange answered.

"He is quite right too," declared the master, as he rode up at that minute. "I kept back the hounds purposely, that the sun might have time to soften it a little."

"Oh, Philip, here come Spruce and Firefly! How well they look! Which do you ride?" asked his wife as the groom made his appearance with the two hunters.

"Well, I think the mare. Eh, old lady, what do you say?" and Philip caressed the bright arching neck lovingly. "Just see to your spurs, James, and I think you may as well girth up a hole tighter."

The groom touched his hat and, having obeyed his master's orders, remounted his horse, while Philip rode back to Beryl and told her to be careful with the ponies, as they would be likely to pull hard when the hounds got away, and with a "good-by, my pet; take care of yourself," he rode up to the covert.

It was a hard day for men and horses—three times they had found and each time had lost their fox, the sharp east wind that had sprung up making the dogs wild and uncertain—just a day to make men cross and horses fretful and impatient—far worse than if there had been an actual blank. Even Firefly, who was looked upon as a perfection of temper and training, began to fidget and take her fences hotly.

It was a large, straggling covert they drew now, and the fox—"an old dog"—went away very soon. The hounds seemed to settle down to their scent, and it looked like a good run.

They started over a large pasture-field, at the bottom of which a strong oak paling ran right across, with a deep ditch at the near side. Philip drove the rowels home and came at it racing. It was his only chance.

But the mare sulked and fidgeted, changing her step as she came along, and, as she rose to the leap, her hind leg slipped on the hard ground, she breasted the rail, and horses and rider rolled over into the next field.

It was not the first time that Philip had met with a bad fall; but somehow every one seemed to have a presentment that the worst had happened on this occasion, for they pulled up almost to a man, heedless of what became of the hounds.

Poor Firefly was stone-dead, with the bright glossy neck doubled in under her. Philip's face was ghastly white.

With great trouble they drew him gently from under the dead mare and dashed some water in his face. He opened his eyes slowly and seemed to recognize them all and looked up into the face of the huntsman who was supporting him.

"Ah, Harry" he said, "you always would have it I went too fast at timber. But the mare sulked a bit—I think that did it."

His voice was so weak that they could hardly hear as he muttered, with long-drawn gasps between each word, "Beryl! Don't tell her."

They raised him tenderly and carried him to the home that he had left in the bloom of health so short a time before. When passing the dead mare he asked them to stop, and reaching out his hand caressed the poor bent neck.

"Poor old mare," he murmured faintly. "It was not your fault. Good-by. You always carried me well."

He did not speak again until they reached the avenue gates of his own grand old home, then he gasped out:

"Oh, Heaven, what will Beryl do?"

Sir Horace Rockfort, the master of the hounds, was holding his hand and quietly pressed it.

"Your mother knows, Philip. She will tell her, my poor boy."

Tears came into Sir Horace's eyes as he looked down on the noble form he feared might never rise again. He had known Philip L'Estrange from boyhood and loved him as his own son.

The aged lady met them at the doorstep. It was pitiful to see the blanched face and trembling hands of the poor mother.

"My boy—my darling son! I knew this would come some day. Oh, what shall I do?" she wailed. "I can't tell Beryl!"

But there was no need, for as she spoke a slight figure brushed past and knelt before the still form. For one moment Beryl gazed spell-bound at her husband—for he had fainted again—and then, without a word, she sank senseless to the ground.

They laid Philip on the bed and the doctors summoned shook their heads. Their skill could be of no avail, for Philip's back was broken and in a few hours he would be no more.

When Beryl awoke from her swoon she insisted on going to Philip's room. She was quite calm now, and said that no one else should nurse her husband; she would be quite quiet and good if they would let her in.

No one was brave enough to tell her the truth, the fearful verdict that they twain must part.

Philip lay on his bed, panting painfully, with a dull, glazed look on the hitherto bright eyes. Beryl leaned over him, her tears slowly falling.

"Philip, my darling, oh, that I could have borne this for you! But you'll get better soon, dear."

Sir Phillip drew down her face that it might rest on his."

"Beryl, my darling, it is nearly over! Don't cry little wife; it is his will."

She did not scream; she did not turn faint; but her heart beat wildly with the sickness of despair.

"Beryl, he will comfort you, and, darling, we shall meet again—never to part more. It is very hard to leave you. My love, you have been all the world to me! Take care of poor mother and our little ones. You will not let them forget me?" he continued, so low that she could hardly hear the words.

"Oh, Philip, I can't let you go! Oh, merciful Heaven, spare him—spare me my darling!" she cried in her agony.

"Beryl, don't, my dearest. You will try to bear it, for our children's sake;" and he drew her face down to his again.

The poor hands, trembling with the death throes, held the golden head there that would never more lie on that broad breast and be sheltered from life's rough storms by that strong arm.

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Again she stood at the threshold; but, ah, how different was it all now? The bright shimmering satin was no longer there, the sombre weeds of widowhood had taken its place.

It was more than six months since her darling had been called home, but the sad, haunting shadow of despair was still lurking in Beryl's eyes.

On this summer evening, as she stood watching her two little children playing up and down the broad gravelled sweep of St. Cuthbert's, their white frocks, with the black ribbon ties and sashes, recalled it all so freshly.

How could she live on like this—live this weary, wretched life without his loving, tender care? Whithersoever she turned, whatever she did, she missed Philip.

And, as she listened to the sweet summer sounds, the hum of bees and song of birds and the cuckoo's plaintive murmur coming with muffled note from some neighboring copse, she wondered how all went on just as if he were there still.

The sun had set, but a faint glow of rosy light still lingered behind the western hills, and above that the sky was of a tender green that melted into soft summer evening gray, with here and there a brighter hue, like the flecks of color in an opal, and the wind came in softly at the old doors and windows.

The stars began peeping forth one by one, trembling and faint, brightening as the gloaming deepened, and as Beryl gazed, a strange, sweet peace came for the first time to her sore, rebellious heart.

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St. Cuthbert's again, and summer time. The old place looked grayer and more ivy-grown than of yore. And well it might, for eighteen years had come and gone since that soft summer twilight when the heart of Berly, Lady L'Estrange, had been almost broken.

She sat now on one of the rustic seats in the rose-garden of the old place, a tall, fair, middle-aged woman, with a sweet, sad face, and masses of golden wavy hair caught back beneath her widow's cap.

A fair young girl sat at her feet, with a mass of hothouse and garden flowers lying around her, which she was weaving and winding with delicate artistic skill into wreathes and bouquets.

She had the same golden wavy hair and dark shadowy eyes as her mother, and as she now and then glanced up into her face, calling on her, with a merry smile, to work faster, one could see the great likeness between the two.

"My darling, I'm not in a working mood to-day. I am thinking how pleased your dear father would have been to see our dear boy's coming of age."

The girl dropped her flowers and kneeling up she clasped her mother's hands and looked into her eyes.

"Mother, don't you think he does see us?" she said.

"I don't know, my child; but I am content. Kathleen, I have you and Guy, darling, and what more do I want? See—here he comes!"

Well might Lady L'Estrange be proud of her boy—so like his father—a tall, well-built young fellow, with a dark complexion, regular features and bright gray eyes. He had a frank friendly smile, and as he came up with his gun on his shoulder and his dogs at his heel, he was as fair a specimen of early manhood as could be met with in all the land.

"Well, old madre," he said gayly, stooping to kiss Lady L'Estrange's fair brow, "preparing for my spin to-morrow. You're taking too much trouble."

"Trouble, Guy? Pleasure, my son—it is for you, dear. Have you had good sport?"

"Pretty fair, mother; but I'm going to stop with you and Kathleen now, and see if I can't make some of those things," pointing to the wreaths.

Thus she had brought them up, loving and respecting her slightest wish, and her boy gave promise of emulating his father's upright, noble life. His coming of age would be on the morrow, and there was to be a grand ball at St. Cuthbert's in honor of the occasion.

If Beryl's thoughts sometimes turned with a fond, lingering regret to the past, she had gained peace and happiness in the present and hope for the future.

A Cause for Increase of Murder.

A Discussion recently occured in Providence, R. I., in which the question was raised why crime is so much on the increase. A lady present, said—"Ask Mr Pomeroy by letter." The lady referred to M. M. Pomeroy, Esq., better known as Brick Pomeroy, who is editing *Critical States Democrat* in New The question with its answer: ed in *The Democrat*, Mr. Pome eply, attributes the incre and particularly that c effects upon the unbo from the late war. He say ally that it is "twenty odd y nce the war cloud was spending fury over the land and people. When men left their homes to become soldiers, thousands of them left wives behind. Many of these wives were in various stages of pregnancy. Many of them began a cruel and cowardly war upon the unborn. Their minds, influenced by fear or other causes, wished the destruction of their unborn babes." This influence of the mother's mind upon those who escaped attempted feticide was to implant in these children an impulse to destroy life, with little or no provocation.

Mr. Pomeroy's views are quite in the line of those offered at one of our parlor meetings by Prof. Nelson Sizer, who expressed the opinion that foreign nations better look-out how they step upon the toes of the American people, as the children generated during the civil war develop into manhood; that the influences under which they were conceived render them much quicker to resent insult, and more ready to resort to arms if provocation were given.

We think both the views of Mr. Pomeroy and those of Prof. Sizer are interesting to those who are making a study of Heredity. It would seem at least quite probable that the influence of the mother's mind as she contemplated feticide, would be to create in the plastic mind of the unborn child a want of regard for the sacredness of life. And it is equally probable that the effect of the minds of patriotic wives as they sent their husbands forth to battle, would be to produce a race of hereditary soldiers, such, too, as in the absence of war might give rein to their impetuous dispositions in deeds of violence in social life.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for October.*

How to Travel Comfortably.

David W. Judd, of the *American Agriculturist*, who makes an annual ten thousand mile tour through the western states and territories, gives the following suggestions in the October *American Agriculturist*.—It is poor economy to curtail one's comforts on the road. Better economize in other directions, and treat yourself generously while traveling. Do not deprive yourself of a regular meal because, forsooth, it appears to you that an exhorbitant price is asked for it. Irregularity in eating, together with the unaccustomed motion of travel, will be very apt to get you out of order physically. Then what would otherwise be a pleasure—that is, sight-seeing and and prospecting—becomes tedious; and wearied physically and mentally, you are fortunate if you do not "get down sick" before a long trip is completed. Always take a good night's rest, which cannot be secured in a sitting posture. Be sure and have the porter so make your bed that your head will be in an opposite direction to the one in which the train is going, or, to speak more explicitly—sleep with your feet foremost. Then you are less liable to suffer from the currents of air which creep in through the window-sills, or blow in, if your double windows are open. During war summer nights, it is generally safe to leave the window open for a short distance, at the foot of your berth. The air thus admitted blows in upon your extremities and purifies the usually oppressive atmosphere in a sleeping car. The Pajama, a night costume, recently imported into this country from Japan, is the most excellent outfit for night travel. It consists of a loose woolen jacket, or shirt, and loose woolen drawers or pants, both of which can be purchased at dry-goods' stores in large cities, or can be readily made at home after one has seen a pattern. We have found them most comfortable and useful during thousands of miles of travel for two years past as a protection against cold from without, and from the cold which follows perspiration within, occasioned by a hot atmosphere. Before retiring, always ask the porter to see that the sleeper is well ventilated. At the same time taking care to observe that the admitted air does not blow upon your section. The ventilators at both ends of the sleeping car should be kept open as most conducive to the health and comfort of the sleeping passengers. See to this before retiring.

A mill in Niantic, Conn., which was built nearly two hundred years ago, was torn down last week.

SAM LAPPIN'S CRIME.

The Kansas State Treasurer Who Committed Frauds on the School Fund.

Ten Years a Fugitive from Justice, and Now About to be Arrested.

His Family and Fortune Wrecked, and Others Who Suffered for His Crime.

A History of the Case.

Says a Topeka special to the Chicago *Times*: Steps are being taken for the arrest of Samuel Lappin, ex-state treasurer of Kansas, in view of which the following history of the case will be read with interest:

On the 9th of December, 1875, it was discovered by the board of commissioners of the permanent school fund of the state of Kansas that forged school bonds to the amount of $19,000 had been purchased by the board for the fund. On the same day, two members of the board, without previously informing any one of their journey or intentions, went to Kansas City. The board had previously been in correspondence with a party calling himself J. S. Kibby, and writing from Kansas City in regard to the bonds which they had discovered to be fraudulent, and they went to Kansas City to ascertain, if possible, who took from the Kansas City postoffice the letters addressed to J. S. Kibby, and the result of their visit was a conviction in their minds that the recipient of the letters was Samuel Lappin, state treasurer of Kansas. On the next day, Dec. 11, they informed Gov. Osborn of their suspicions. Between the 11th and 20th of December detectives were employed, and the result was an accumulation of facts which confirmed the belief of the commissioners that Mr. Lappin was connected with the sale of the forged bonds to the school fund. So quietly and judiciously were these steps taken that in Topeka not over half a dozen persons not engaged in the investigation knew of its inception. When everything was ready, the explosion was deferred two or three days on account of the sickness of Mr. Lappin. The first authentic information given to the public was the publication in *The Commonwealth* of the following correspondence: A letter from Gov. Osborn, bearing date Dec. 17, taking note of a previous conversation and urging "the utmost possible energy to discover and bring to punishment the persons guilty of these frauds." Second, a letter from the commissioners to the governor, reciting the facts of the discovery of the forged bonds, and stating that they were "satisfied that Mr. Lappin, the state treasurer, is liable to the state for the amount of money paid out as aforesaid, and that he should be required to refund the same." Third, a letter from the governor to the attorney general, directing him to "institute in the proper court, at the earliest possible moment, the necessary legal proceedings against Samuel Lappin, state treasurer, and the sureties on his bond, for the recovery of the money thus wrongfully taken." Fourth, a letter from the governor to State Treasurer Samuel Lappin, inclosing the report of the commissioners, and requesting his resignation. Fifth, a letter from the state treasurer to the governor tending his resignation, and saying, "I shall be glad to have the case heard at the earliest possible moment." Sixth, a letter from the governor to the state treasurer, accepting his resignation. There was published, with this correspondence, a copy of a forged bond and one of the coupons thereto attached.

At this point it is proper to state that prior to his resignation Mr. Lappin had retained as counsel Hon. A. H. Horton of Atchison (at present chief justice of Kansas) and Guthrie & Brown of Topeka. Gov. Osborn announced in his second letter to the attorney general that he had employed Peck & Ryan (the latter at present congressman from the Topeka district), of Topeka, to assist Atty. Gen. Willard Davis in the contemplated prosecution. Gov. Osborn then appointed John Francis state treasurer, and the funds of the state were turned over to him.

On Dec. 29 the commissioners addressed another letter to the governor, in which they charged that Lappin had also

FORGED SCHOOL-DISTRICT BONDS

of Mitchell, Jewell, and Republic counties, bought by the commissioners of S. Whitcomb, Thomas Manford, and Richard Milner, respectively, to the amount of $17,848.74. Gov. Osborn then addressed a letter to Atty. Gen. Davis, urging him to at once begin the prosecution. On Dec. 30 Mr. Lappin was arrested. On Dec. 31 he went to Seneca, his old home, to try to obtain indemnity for bondsmen, and was accompanied by a deputy sheriff. He did obtain such indemnity, and Mr. Jacob Smith, of Topeka, went on his bond, and he was released at Seneca on a telegraphic dispatch from Sheriff Wade, of Shawnee county.

On Jan. 8, 1876, a dispatch was received from Seneca that Lappin had gone to Chicago. When he left Topeka there was a shortage in his cash account of $830, of which he was informed, and upon his continued absence, though out on bail, Gov. Osborn caused his arrest while in Chicago on Jan. 13. The arrest was made by Sheriff Drought, of Wyandotte county, and Lappin was that night confined in the armory. On his arrival in Topeka, on Jan. 15, he was bound over until the 19th for a preliminary examination, his attorneys going on his bond. On the 18th Lappin was again arrested on two additional charges of forgery, and the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Ryan, gave notice that twenty-seven new counts, charging forgery, would be added. Bail was fixed at $15,000, and, failing to give bonds, Lappin was committed and locked in jail. The prosecution had by this time come to the conclusion that Lappin and his brother-in-law, Charles G. Scrafford, who was supposed to be his accomplice, intended to flee from the country, and had selected South America as a place of refuge. On the next day the case was continued until Feb. 1.

On Saturday night, June 10, Lappin made an attempt to escape from jail, being assisted by a colored man named Bob Odell, who had been an inmate and was liberated a few days before. The sheriff's officers, becoming aware of the attempt, received Lappin as he was in the act of crawling through the seat-hole of the water-closet in the court-house. Odell had cut a bolt, which held the bar that locked all the cell-doors, and thus released Lappin from his cell, and had then "boosted" up the burly form of the ex-state official.

On the night of July 11 another attempt was made, which was successful, and Lappin escaped from his old quarters, since which time he has not been seen in Topeka. His assistants were his old friend, Bob Odell, and another colored man named John Anthony, who was in jail. The three men were confined on the north side of the jail, and through the aid of confederates outside the prisoners obtained files, saws, burglars' tools, etc., and used them effectually on the bars of the window on the street. A hole large enough to admit of the passage of an ordinary man was cut in the jail window, and it was stated by other prisoners that

LAPPIN CRAWLED THROUGH IT.

Many persons disbelieved the story, as Lappin weighed 235 pounds, and was very short and chunky. It has since been learned that a man named Walter Stanley took Lappin in a spring-wagon and carried him into the northern part of the state, where he kept in hiding for some time, and at length they escaped from the country and went to South America together. Stanley was an eccentric character, whom Lappin had given employment in his office. He was once a filibuster, and was with Walker in his excursion to Nicaragua. Odell, the colored man, was subsequently arrested in Topeka, having voluntarily returned, and he insisted that Lappin was pulled through the hole, adding: "I thought they would hear him grunt half a mile."

Soon after Lappin's escape his son, Grover Lappin, about 13 years of age, ran away, having been led to do so by the sneers of his school companions. He had a very sensitive nature, and could not bear the insults heaped upon him. He was afterward returned, and led a roving life for some time, but was finally arrested for robbing a postoffice, and was sent to the penitentiary, where he still is.

On Sept. 13 *The Commonwealth* published a letter from Walter Stanley, describing the course taken by Lappin and him after leaving Topeka. They made their way to Canada, and thence to New York city, from whence they sailed, on Aug. 14, for Aspinwall. They were joined in South America by Scrafford, Lappin's brother-in-law, and led a precarious life until the summer of 1878, when Scrafford returned to Kansas, sending ahead of him an announcement that he was coming and desired a trial, saying that he was tired of trying to shield others.

On December 19, 1878, the case was called in the district court of Topeka, when the state filed an amended information consisting of sixty-three counts. It was intended, apparently, to try Lappin practically while trying Scrafford, a result which would naturally follow. In fact, the amended information charged Scafford and Lappin with forging and causing to be forged certain bonds, enumerating them. The defendant took the stand during the trial and swore that he left the country because Lappin said it would be for his interest to do so. He said that when he left New York for Aspinwall he had only 80 cents, and worked his passage, shoveling coal six hours on and six hours off all the way. He said he met Lappin and Stanley in Callao, Peru, and that soon after they fell out and did not speak for several years; that he cooked his own meals and lived cheaply and made some money, but lost it. The story of his adventures as he related it to your correspondent was as thrilling as a novel. The trial lasted seventeen days, and resulted in a verdict of guilty. The defendant at once moved for a new trial, which was granted, and was begun July 11, 1879, and terminated July 25 in a verdict of acquittal. Scrafford at once proceeded to his old home in Nemaha county, and went to work with the industrious energy which had been characteristic of him all his life. His fortune, which was large when he left, was wrecked by his strange experiences and the vicissitudes of years, but in a few years more he had got on well in the world, and is to-day rapidly accumulating another fortune.

Mr. Lappin's family became scattered, his wife being reduced almost to penury. The vast wealth which had been theirs was used up in the settlement of the claims, and the household goods were sacrificed to obtain a living. She is now residing in Illinois.

Of Mr. Samuel Lappin various reports were circulated from time to time. He was last heard from in Uruguay, and at last the story was given out that he was dead. This became the commonly accepted belief, and he was rapidly passing from the memory of the people, when Gov. Glick received information that he was alive, and living in Tacoma, Washington territory. An old neighbor of his at Seneca is now mayor of Tacoma, and it was he who gave Lappin away. The necessary papers were issued and sent from Topeka September 22. There are circumstances known to a few persons here which lead them to believe that Lappin was in Ohio about a year ago.

A Giant Sun.

We are apt to think that our solar system consists of a mighty collection of worlds; but Prof. Proctor, in commenting upon the star Sirius, goes on to prove that our sun is a very small affair compared with some stars whose light is very faint to our eyes. Judging from the time it takes light to reach our world, Sirius would shine two hundred times more brightly than our sun if set beside the latter. Hence it is argued that it must have a surface 400 times as great, a diameter 14 times greater, and a mass 3,000 times greater than our sun. These figures give a bulk so great that the human imagination fails to grasp the vastness of the difference between the two suns. Yet this great sun is supposed to be inferior to other suns in size and splendor. There is a suspicion that all the suns in our visible universe revolve around a great central sun located somewhere in the constellation Hercules. Vast as seems the universe, we now know that the primary materials of which it is composed are the same in all the planets and suns. The spectroscope has settled the question that chemically all planets, suns, and stars are composed of identical materials.—*Demorest's Monthly for October.*

Not Much Assistance, Either.

"My husband is very little help to me about the house," remarked Mrs. Smith to her friend. "He never does any of the marketing. He always forgets to bring anything home with him."

"How different he is from my husband," responded her friend sadly.

"In what way?"

"Mr. Jones comes home loaded every night."—*New York Graphic.*

The American Buttonhole Sewing Machine factory, in Philadelphia, suspended work recently, owing to "over-production." Business must be at a terribly low ebb when this factory will suspend right in the midst of a presidential campaign. Can it be that buttonholing is going out of fashion.—*Texas Siftings.*

FACT AND FANCY.

There are about seventy-five Baptist associations in Alabama.

Florida derives a large income from the sale of alligator hides.

Grapes at New Berne, N. C., are abundant at 50 cents a bushel.

One man in Santa Barbara, Cal., has raised 300,000 pampas plumes this season.

On Sept. 1 there were 2,640 patients in the insane asylums at Napa and Stockton, Cal.

Wild pigeons are unusually numerous just now in Chehalis county, Washington territory.

The women of Seattle, Washington territory, have organized a Woman's Equal Rights association.

Capt. Worth of Strasburg, Pa., carries the sword his grandfather bore at the battle of North Point in 1814.

The canal-boat navigation of this country gives employment to sixty thousand persons, a number nearly equal to that of our coasting trade.

The assessed value of real and personal property in the state of New York is $3,014,591,372. Of this amount $1,276,677,164 is property in the city of New York.

American-Irish oysters are commended to the attention of the Irish-American citizen. Seed oysters are sent from this country to Ireland, and the full-grown bivalves are one of our imports.

The type of *The Rion* (N. Y.) *Citizen*, which is printed by the aid of an electric motor, is now composed by a type-setting machine. The paper claims to be the first in the world to accomplish the feat.

Among vegetable petrifactions from Arizona are moss agates in which the field is colorless crystal and the imprisoned matter brilliant red, green, gray, and brown. They are found in large pieces.

In a single game of lacrosse at Toronto one man was knocked senseless, a second had a thumb broken, a third injured his collar-bone, and a fourth his arm, to say nothing of several out and out fights.

The topography of the moon is well known to astronomers and has been carafully outlined on detail maps. There are five mountains in the moon more than 20,000 feet high, the highest measuring 28,975 feet.

The most popular course chosen by the new students of Cornell university this year is civil engineering, which is taken by fifty-three; science and letters come next with forty-nine, and mechanics with twenty-nine.

A man living near Edisto, in Aiken county, S. C., boasts of having three mothers-in-law still living, 29 brothers-in-law, 30 sisters-in-law, the most of whom are living, over 150 nephews and nieces, and only 1 grandchild.

One of those rubber balloons with a whistle attached was recently the cause of the death of a Brooklyn, N. Y., lad. He drew it into his throat, and being unable to extricate it, died in great agony before the arrival of a physician.

Grasshoppers are numerous on some farms from five to ten miles east of Petaluma, Cal. They have eaten all the leaves from the grape-vines, and on one farm apple-trees are completely girded by them, they having entirely stripped off the bark.

In regard to the discovery of silver ore in New York and other Atlantic states, Prof. Newberry asserts that silver is not uncommon along the Appalachian range, but seldom occurs in paying proportions. Nine-tenths of the mines in these districts fail.

One of the hotel proprietors at Rockaway calculates that during the season he has furnished to his guests refreshments as follows: 100,000 kegs of lager, 650,000 miscellaneous drinks, 500,000 cigars, 6,000 sceep, 500,000 chickens, 10,000,000 eggs, 500,000 gallons of clam chowder, 10,000,000 clams, and 25 tons of fish.

A California editor recently attempted to telegraph to friends in a neighboring town: "Can not be down till Thursday—foreman drunk." He went down on Thursday, and was astonished by the hilarous manner in which his friends received him. It came out that the telegram, when received, read: "Can not come down till Thursday forenoon—drunk."

Twenty-two thousand men are building ships in the United States. Twenty-two millions of dollars are the ship-builders' capital. Forty million dollars a year is the product. And in the transportation trade—for our railway trains are also our ships—we employ nearly two million people, or half as many as in all our manufactures.

The Indians who are