CAREER OF GEORGE D. SAXTON.

MAN OF WEALTH WHO SPENT ALL HIS TIME CRUSHING THE HEARTS OF WOMEN AND WAS FINALLY KILLED BY ONE OF THEM.

Winifred Black in the New York Journal.

The brown earth lies in a smooth mound on the grave of George D. Saxton. The grass has not begun to grow above him—yet there is no human being who says that the world is lonelier since he is gone. It is not a pretty story, the story of this dead man's life; but it is true, and it is full of what he and men like him call "interesting episodes." He was born in Canton, O. His father was one of the rich men of the city. He had two sisters. One of them is now a Mrs. Mary A. Baker. One is Mrs. William McKinley.

When he was a young fellow, just out of his teens, he fell in love with a Miss Alice Schaeffer, sister of Mrs. William R. Day, whose husband was recently secretary of state. There was some sort of quarrel, and Alice Schaeffer sickened and died. Jilted, the gossips said, by her first sweetheart, the man who was murdered last week in Canton. The next week he began paying marked attentions to a pretty little apple-cheeked girl in a little village not far from Canton. Her name was Lulu Russell. She was the daughter of a rich and well known man. Her friends teased her about the devotion of her Canton sweetheart, and she laughed and blushed and showed them a quaint little ring with two hearts speared together with an arrow. One day she had a long letter from George Saxton. She tore it into little bits. Then she laughed and pulled the quaint little ring with the two hearts pierced with an arrow from her finger—and in a few weeks she ran away with her father's coachman.

The neighbors had not ceased to roll the sweet morsel of this elopement under their tongues when there came the story of a farmer's little schoolgirl daughter who slipped out of the farmhouse to a pond in a field and tried to kill herself because the man she loved and trusted had forsaken her. George Saxton was the man. A few weeks after the schoolgirl episode there came one which was not quite so amusing. Dr. Catlin, a physician well known and much respected, found that his neighbors were gossiping about Saxton's rather marked admiration for his pretty young wife. He bought a pistol, and the next time Mr. Saxton called upon the physician's wife he was met by the physician, who gave him a very pointed invitation to take himself and his compliments to some house less vigilantly guarded. George Saxton did not find the pistol episode amusing. His friends did.

When they found that Mr. Saxton pursued his gallantries only under circumstances under which he was personally perfectly safe, they began to weary a little of his endless tales of love affairs and of the somewhat egotistical rehearsing of his successes. Society began to turn a cold shoulder to Mr. Saxton. He had been a leader—he came to be simply a tolerated hanger-on, suffering even that license only for the sake of his family.

Two pretty sisters came to Canton, to see a winter in town. They were rosy, black-eyed, light hearted girls, who could skate and ride and dance—and they soon had all the available youth of Canton at their feet. George Saxton paid them great attention. One of them seemed to find him agreeable, and all Canton was amazed one day to hear of her sudden marriage with a jewelry salesman. The salesman's name was Park. He was a smart, well-dressed, showy young fellow, and Saxton's acquaintances joked him unmercifully about the success of his rival. Mr. and Mrs. Park came to New York to live. They had a little daughter who is now an unusually beautiful child.

Mrs. Park was not always happy with her husband. George Saxton heard of this, and he wrote to her asking her if she remembered the old days when she was the prettiest girl in Canton, and when she broke his heart by marrying John Park. At first Mrs. Park did not answer the letters George Saxton wrote. They came often. They were kind and friendly, and they made her think of the days of her care-free girlhood. No matter how little attention she paid to the letters, they kept coming—cordial and frank and unaffected. One day she found that her husband had deceived her. She was stunned and bewildered, and she did not know which way to turn. A letter came from George Saxton. She answered it. Last August she secured a divorce from her husband.

She had no money, and she went to work as cashier in a fashionable uptown hotel. Her hours of work were long, and she was not accustomed to fighting her way in the world; but she was never sad or discouraged. The letters kept coming from Canton. They were full of affection now, and of plans for the future. The little woman who was working so hard to support herself and her little girl would not live to work long, the letters said. As soon as the divorce decree was old enough Saxton would come and carry her back to Canton with him to his beautiful home.

Back to youth and love and happiness again. He had not the faintest intention of marrying the woman he hounded into a divorce, for his sake. He did not care one penny or one penny's worth for her or her foolish hopes. He did care to be able to say to himself and to the few cronies left to him that the girl who jilted him once was in love with him, and had given up her home and all her hopes of happiness in life to please him. George Saxton was delighted with the conquest of his old flame, not because he cared for her, but because she cared for him. She was engaged to be married to him when he died, a few days ago.

He had a dozen serious love affairs since the little black-eyed Franz girl had astounded him by marrying a man who was willing to buy her affection with a wedding ring. Serious to the women in the case, not to him. The pursuit of women was to him the one great pastime of his life. He did not acknowledge this, even to the men who shared his tastes. He was very sorry for the women—but-really—women so impulsive and so easily won were to him, as to others of his kind, worth not one second's thought.

One woman there was in George Saxton's life who was worth one second thought to him. She was an innocent-eyed little country woman the first time he saw her. She wore a queer little home-made gown that didn't fit, and she was freckled and tanned, and her plump little hands were as brown as a berry. She was the wife of a village carpenter, and she had never been in a city as big as Canton in her life. Her husband came there to open a shop, and she came and went to work as a dressmaker to help him out. She had two brown, round-faced little boys, who "went bare foot," and came running into the kitchen to help her cook, and teased her for bread and butter and sugar on it, after the manner of youngsters of their kind.

The woman's name was George—Anna George. Her husband was called "Samp" George. She wanted her boys to grow up and "be somebody," she said. So she and her husband took rooms in the Saxton block and she put up a modest little sign of "Dressmaking, Cutting and Fitting," and lay awake nights in a terror of anxiety lest a real customer should come and find her lacking in skill. One day George Saxton met her in the hallway of the business block where she and her little family lived. He followed her to her rooms and told he that he was the landlord, and that he hoped the rooms were quite to her liking. Mrs. George was almost frightened to death.

She couldn't think of anything to say, so she got a chair for the landlord and told him that "He" would be home soon. After that the landlord came often to the quiet little rooms up in the business block. He became very friendly with "Samp" George, who walked on air at the attention paid him by one of the rich men he'd read about in his village paper. "Samp" George had all the work he could do. Mrs. George had a sudden vogue as a dressmaker among the people Mr. Saxton knew. The little home up in the top of the Women's building began to look comfortable and cozy.

"And it's all Saxton's doing," said "Samp" George. "I tell you, a man's lucky to have such a friend as he is. 'Tain't every plain carpenter that can get 'em." It never occurred to him that the woman who cooked and mended and patched for him and his children, and worked late into the night sewing to make a little extra money for the thrifty little savings bank account, could possibly be attractive to any one. She was his wife, and that settled it. Mrs. George had never heard of such a thing as a flirtation between an honest married woman and any man. She knew there were wicked women in the world. Her husband pointed one out to her one Sunday, when they were sitting in the park with the children, and she colored and looked away and wished he would not speak to her of such things.

She worked very hard. She was often tired, and when the boys were in bed and "Samp" was at some corner grocery talking politics she felt a little sad. George Saxton saw all this and he let her know that he saw it. When he had been the friend of the family for a year she found herself one dreadful day ashamed to look into the eyes of her brown little boys. Ashamed to speak to her silly, indifferent husband, ashamed to live, and praying for death to come and wipe out the disgrace that had been forced upon her.

She forbade Saxton to speak to her again. She threatened him with instant exposure if he dared come into her presence anywhere. She defied him to despise her for her awful humiliation, and when he would not keep away from her she packed the little trunk she had brought from the country and went away. When she came back, as she was obliged to come by her husband's will, Saxton found her alone, and she cried out all her sorrow and her agony of remorse and self-hatred, and he begged her, and promised her, and besought her to forget, and pleaded for forgiveness, and lied and lied and lied until the poor, scared, humbled little country woman pitied him, and ended by loving him. Saxton begged her to get a divorce. He could not bear to see her thrown away upon such a clod, he said.

She would leave him. When she was free he would marry her and give her and the boys a home which would become her grace and beauty, for she had beauty of an unusual sort, and she gained grace and dignity with every year of her life in town. She went to Dakota and brought suit for divorce on the ground of persistent and wilful neglect. She procured the divorce. A few days after she received her divorce George Saxton quarreled with her about the lawyer's fee.

Then he said he was ill, and must go away. His letters grew cold and perfunctory. She had no money, and he sent her none. She went to work in a Cleveland shop. She wrote him that she grew very tired standing all day. He answered that he was very sorry, but that she would become accustomed to the work in time. One day she asked him timidly about their wedding. He threw back his head and laughed. The whole world turned black to Anna George. "Samp" George brought suit against Saxton for $20,000 for alienating his wife's affections. He had a letter of confession which the conscience-stricken woman had written him, acknowledging her fault.

Saxton compromised the suit and paid the injured husband a round sum of money. On Oct. 7 the woman George Saxton had deserted heard that he was engaged to be married to a Mrs. Althouse.

On the afternoon of the same day she found that "Samp" George had been married a year to a nice little blonde girl who would not sit in the same car with a "wicked woman," as she called Anna George. That night George Saxton was shot and killed as he was going to call on Mrs. Althouse. Anna George was arrested and charged with the murder. She is in Canton jail, and women who have not spoken to her since she left her husband are sending her flowers now.

She does not seem to care for the flowers. The two little brown boys are growing tall now, but they have not been to the jail to see the mother who was so anxious for them to "be somebody" when they were barefooted little country boys. George Saxton? Dead—dead and buried. Gone out of the gay, pleasure-seeking life he loved. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Is it ?Does a man like that pay in the one brief instant of his death agony for the heart-crushing misery he has caused?

WARRINGTON, V. C.

His Behavior in Two Emergencies.

(1) ON THE FIELD.

A pitch-black night in a rocky valley of Afghanistan; a few stars in the heavy, black moonless sky only intensifying the almost palpable darkness. A mile or two southward, where the rocky valley swelled into rocky heights, little flashes of light recurring at intervals, followed by sharp little cracks, showed where the late skirmish and retreat was fighting itself out around about the camp.

Where one of the innumerable broken ridges that seamed the valley made a darker wall across the darkness two figures were dimly discernible (when you knew where to look for them), the one semi-recumbent, propped against a boulder, the other tall and straight beside him.

"Clear out, Warrington—please go, sir," the voice came faintly from the recumbent figure. "You can get back to camp and send 'em for me."

"Not likely, young 'un," observed the other. "What says the great R. K:

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan plains,
And the woman came out—to cut up what remains—Just"——

"Don't," said the wounded man, and almost succeeded in stopping a groan between his clenched teeth.

"Poor old Vicary," said Warrington, bending over him. "Let me undo your belt, * * * Now grab yourself with both hands."

"Fellows in books," said the weak voice drowsily, "never get hit in the tummy. * * * Always—head in a bandage—or—arm in sling * * * Those Johnnies that write books—ought to come out with us."

There was silence for a time; the far-off flashes grew more rare. The wounded man shifted himself a little and spoke again.

"You're a brick, Warrington!" he said.

"Slightly different from Piccadilly and the Strand this—eh, Vic?"

"I wish the mater could see us now," said Vicary; "she's going to bye-bye just about now. She'd stick you pretty high up in her prayers if she knew."

"The next time you start talking nonsense," said Warrington, "I shall consider you delirious and past hope; and I shall turn tail and make tracks for camp."

A long silence.

"It's getting beastly cold," said Vicary, with a shiver; "I shall never pull through tonight."

"Cheer up, lad," said Warrington, and pulled at his mustache and glared at the darkness; "only a few hours till daybreak. * * * Pity you're six foot four in your boots and solid in proportion. I'm not equal to two miles with you on my back, my dainty midget."

"Can't see how you got me this far * * * Why don't you sheer off now and get back, and—O God! No! Warrington * * * You're not going?"

"Another word like that, my son, and I leave you for Mr. and Mrs. Pathan and all the little Pathans to play with."

"All right—all right, I won't. * * * Let me hold you boot—I can hardly see you. Oh, Warry, what a funk I am; all the bit of pluck I had's run out of the leak in my tunic—and I am beastly cold."

Warrington knelt beside him and cursed beneath his breath, and felt his head and hands. The former was very cold and damp, the latter were very wet and warm.

"I must let them know they're wanted, Vic!" he muttered.

The latter did not hear him.

"It'll be in tomorrow's dispatches," he murmured: "Missing: Lieut. Beverley Warrington and Second Lieut. Vicary, of the——What's up, Warry?"

His companion had touched his forehead lightly with his lips, risen to his feet, and, with his arm raised above his head, had emptied his revolver into the silence of the night.

"They'll know there's a British officer where that revolver is," he said, cheerily.

"But—but, you fool—you dear old silly fool—so will those brown devils!"

"Can't help that!" said Warrington with a little laugh, "it's too chilly to stop out late tonight." Then in a lower tone, "For the sake of auld lang syne, Vic, my boy."

He reloaded his revolver. When the echoes had rattled away into deeper silence they heard the distant shots suddenly recommence, and distant shouts and howls came to them like whispers. From the invisible hills facing them came din and confused scuffling and scraping sounds as of cats scrambling down rocks. A moving white blur appeared somewhere in the thick darkness, then another, and another; and a suggestion of low-toned guttural conversation reached Warrington's straining ears. He shifted his revolver to his left hand and gently drew his sword. Then from over there where he knew the camp lay six revolver shots in quick succession.

"That's Welby!" he said to himself.

Vicary's hand had been grasping the heel of his foot tightly. Now he felt the grip relax; and in a moment more the wounded subaltern slipped a little with a slight tinkle of steel on rock and groaned.

In another moment a dozen howling billmen were blazing away at random toward the spot whence the groan seemed to have come. They aimed low and erratically, and Warrington held his fire for a few interminable seconds.

Then they closed in, and one stumbled over Vicary's outstretched legs before they could realize that two British officers were within a yard of them. Warrington felt the man grab him as he fell, and fired with the barrel of his revolver touching bare skin. After that he fired and slashed very much at random, and the darkness around him shrieked and howled and spat fire, and long, graceful knives suggested themselves to the imagination of the man who had seen them at work before. * * * For ten long minutes Warrington was busy—wondering all the time what Vicary was doing down there between his legs, and how he liked it, and which of them would die first.

Then suddenly in a lull he heard faintly a sound that sent the blood to his head with a rush—the scraping of many boots over rocks hundreds of yards away, and the dim echo of a word of command. He shouted and fired his last cartridge above his head that they might see the flash, and flung the empty weapon at a white eyeball that was too near to be pleasant, and cut and pointed and slashed away with renewed vigor. Down the valley and over the rocks came a hoarse, breathless cheer and pith helmets gleamed faintly in the near distance. He answered the cheer with a croak, and went on carving and hacking as though his foes still confronted him. But they did not wait to meet his friends. They left. All but five, to whom even British troops were a matter of indifference now, as they stayed behind, huddled into a grim semi-circle around Lieut. Warrington and Second Lieut. Vicary. When his men came up to him they found him with Vicary in his arms leaning against the wall of rock, "looking," as Private Billimore said, "as though 'e'd 'ad a nasty messy accident with red paint."

Vicary opened his eyes as he entered the camp feet foremost.

"Warrington, V. C.," he said, and tried to cheer. But the others did it for him.

(2) AT HOME.

An afternoon in early November a cosey room, bright fire, big armchairs, piano, pipes, photographs and decanters; a male figure extended to enormous length in one armchair, with feet stretched out on the hearthrug; another male figure with back turned toward the room, gazing out of window at the unceasing rain. Thick clouds of tobacco smoke and silence.

"Of all the brutal, filthy, miserably depressing days!" said the man at the window, suddenly.

"Weather seems to worry you, old man," said the man by the fire, settling down a little deeper into the depths of his arm chair. "Third time in twenty minutes you've got up to look at it—and talk about it."

"Sorry, Vic," said the other, and, turning, he came slowly toward the fire. "I must be lively company today; but this weather seems to upset one altogether."

"Not me," said Vicary, blowing a cloud. "I'm pretty comfy, thanks. I prefer rain in St. James' to starlight in Chukundra."

The other did not answer, but stood nervously opening and shutting his hands over the cheerful blaze.

"By George!" said Vicary, meditatively, "it seems almost like a dream now—all but the souvenirs we carry—eh, Warry?"

Warrington's mind went up to the livid band that ran across forehead, nose and cheek, and almost bisected his strong face.

"One comfort," Vicary went on, "mine don't show. Not but what that has its drawbacks." He added, with a chuckle, "no one seems to believe they touched me—think I got sick leave on the bounce. And I can't continually strip to prove it."

Still his senior was silent. Vicary edged round a little to look at his face. Then his eyes opened and his voice changed.

"Warrington," he said, "d'you remember that very first dust up we had the second day out from Kir Wallah?"

Warrington nodded.

"That was my first taste of the walk-up-and-down-as-a-target business," said Vicary, solemnly; "and I was in a blue funk. Couldn't help it. Knees all flabby and face all twitchy when those bullets began whispering and pattering.

Warrington laughed nervously.

"I gave you the right sort of a dressing down," he said.

"It pulled me through," said Vicary; then, leaning forward, and still more solemnly, "I say, what did I look like—all drawn up and ghastly?"

"A bit," admitted Warrington.

"Look in the glass now," said Vicary, in an awestruck voice, for Warrington was senior officer and brother and Ajax and Wellington and Lord Roberts all rolled into one, in the subaltern's estimation.

Warrington started, and looked not at the glass, but at Vicary.

"You're right, young 'un," he said in a moment, and dropped into the other armchair. "I'm in an awful funk at this very moment."

"Oh!" breathed Vicary, and allowed the amazing fact to sink into his consciousness.

"Fact," said Warrington and dragged at his mustache and gnawed the end.

"In heaven's name," said Ensign Vicary, "what are you frightened of?"

"Of one little girl I could pick up and carry under one arm," said Lieut. Warrington, V. C.

Vicary drew a long breath.

"You gave me quite a turn," he said.

"It's serious, boy," said the other man, bending his long, gaunt body forward, his gray eyes all alight. "I haven't the pluck to face her."

"Name?" said Vicary, judicially.

"Rivers," said Warrington, with reverence, "Catherine Rivers."

"Pretty Kitty Rivers," cried Vicary. "Old man, I congratulate you."

"Don't be a fool," said Warrington, angrily, and walked to the window.

"On your good taste, of course," said Vicary, with a grin. "Is it a bad case?"

"I shall—ask her to be my wife," said Warrington with a rush, "as soon as I dare call—which I haven't done since we've been back—more than a week."

Vicary whistled, rose and strolled over to the piano.

"Well, I should advise you to go and have it out with her," he said, twisting himself round on the music stool. "Come back when it's over and sparkle up a bit."

"Shut up!" growled his senior.

Vicary shrugged his shoulders and struck a few aimless notes. This sort of timidity was strange to him. In matters relating to the opposite sex his senior was a child compared with that good-looking boy at the piano.

Suddenly Vicary grinned, struck a chord and broke into a music hall song, accentuating the twang of Cockayne to exaggeration:

O-ownly one gurl—in the world fer me;
O-ownly one gurl—'as my sympathee;
She m'yn't be vairy pritty——

"Shakespeare" between the shoulder-blades cut his efforts short. He twisted round, chuckling and rubbing himself.

"Steady on, old chap! What is up?"

"I came here today for your help," said Warrington, and stopped short.

"Warry!" said Vicary, nervously. He had never seen him like this before.

"Vic, I'm longing to see her—to say it! I've been longing for months, and now—I simply daren't call."

"Bulldog—heavy father—comic papers," murmured Vicary, quite uncomprehending.

Warrington glared.

"If you're going to be a drivelling young idiot," he said, icily.

"No—no! Drive ahead," said Vicary.

"It's just her I'm frightened of," said Warrington. "I'd rather go through a week of Chukundras than speak; but I'd go through a lifetime of them with her at the far end."

"But, Warrington," said Vicary, puzzled, "she's not such a Tartar."

"She's the best girl in the world," said Warrington, V. C.; "and the only thing in it I'm afraid to face."

"Why, what would she do?" said Vicary.

"Do?" said Warrington, with both hands at his mustache. "Do? Why, she'll drop her eyelashes, or she'll curl the corners of her mouth, or she'll glance at me over her shoulder, with her chin up, and then—and then"—

"And then?" said Vicary, twinkling.

"Then I shall sweat like a coolie, and stand gaping like a stuck pig," said Warrington, savagely; "and my knees will go flabby and my face twitchy, as you elegantly put it. Good-bye."

"Eh?"

"I'm going there now. I mean to go there now."

"Yes," said Vicary; "and directly you're outside, you'll stand still for a quarter of an hour, and then cut off home and spend the evening practising profanity in solitude."

Warrington stood in front of his junior and dared not contradict.

"Unless"—said Vicary, and stopped and grinned.

"Unless," said Warrington, with painful eagerness.

"Unless," said Vicary, coolly, knocking the pipe out in the grate, "unless I come with you."

Warrington drew a long breath.

"Thanks," he said shortly, and watched Vicary putting on hat and coat and pulled his mustache violently.

As they left the room he slipped his hand through Vicary's arm.

"This is my Kir Wallah," he said, gravely.

Vicary laughed round at him.

"There's a whacking big balance on the Chukundra side," he said.

"Needn't say goodbye to the mater," he went on, as they descended the stairs; "you'll come back to dine."

"To be cheered up," said Warrington, with pathos.

Vicary did not deign to reply to such an absurd remark. He hailed a hansom.

"Hadn't we better—er—walk?" said Warrington, nervously.

"You jump in," said Vicary; "don't be frightened. I'm coming to hold your hand."

He gave the address, and they bowled away through the gray wetness. Warrington was trying to see the whole of his person at once in a six-inch strip of looking-glass.

"Now, I ask of you, Vic," he said, plaintively, "is it likely she'd have an old object like me?"

"Fishing!" said the subaltern. "You're not an Adonis, but a V. C. covers a multitude of sins."

"Pooh! What does a girl care about that?" said Warrington; and Vicary laughed aloud at him. To himself he said: "The girl who gets you will get the bravest, cleanest, best man that wears the queen's uniform; and the girl that will refuse you doesn't exist."

"Why, we're there," said Warrington, flushing and fidgeting; "how that horse has been going!"

"Three doors down the square," said Vicary to the cabman through the trap.

"Tell him to drive once round first," said Warrington, pulling a glove off and then beginning to put it on again.

"I've got something to say to you"—

"It'll keep," said Vicary. "Out you get."

"No—I say—half a minute, Vicary! Is my tie straight? I ought to have changed my collar. Hang it—all right, I'm coming. Wait for us, cabby—we sha'n't be five minutes. Vicary, don't ring. I—I don't think I'll call today, after all—it's a bit late, don't you think? You have rung? Dash it! I—I—let me ask." The door was opened.

"Is Mr. Rivers in? Oh, thank you. It don't matter—I'll call again. Good"——

Vicary caught him as he turned and held him fast.

"Is Miss Rivers in?" he asked.

"Yessir," said the man, who knew him well.

"Say Lieut. Beverley Warrington wishes to see her for a few moments on most important—come here, you old idiot—on most important business."

Inside the house Warrington mopped his face and rehearsed speeches in a low monotone until the man reappeared.

"Will you walk up stairs, sir, please?"

"Walk up," said Vicary, sternly, and marched him out of the room. "Right half face! Quick march! Go on, you conquering hero, and good luck attend you."

Warrington did not answer, but breathed stertorously and fingered the balustrade.

"Up you go!" said Vicary. "There's no retreat. She's waiting for you."

"I—I wish you could come, too," said Warrington in a loud, hoarse whisper.

Vicary grinned, shaking with internal laughter. Warrington glared at him, groaned, and went slowly upstairs, where the man stood patiently waiting to announce him.

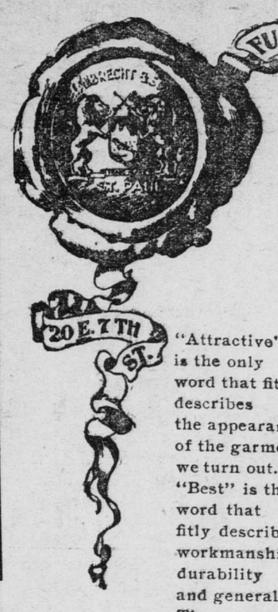
Vicary heard him say breathlessly, "Wait a minute!" but the man preferred not to hear him, and opened the door with a most portentous "Lieut. Beverley Warrington."

Vicary waited in the library. He smoked one cigarette, and another, and another. He tried to read, but he gave it up. He tried to laugh at the scene in which he had just taken part, but gave that up too. After all, he was in no laughing mood where Warrington's happiness was centered.

And at last, when the hands of the clock showed three-quarters of an hour gone, Warrington's voice from upstairs called hoarsely, "Vicary!"

He paused a moment, breathless. Then another voice, far clearer and sweeter, but with just a faint tremor in it, repeated, "Vicary!"

And then he flew upstairs as fast as his wound would allow him.—Harmsworth Magazine.



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DEWEY'S MASCOT

Sent to a New Jersey Man Who Wrote to the Admiral.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—T. Handy Beam, of New Brunswick, N. J., wrote to Admiral Dewey, at Manila, some weeks ago, requesting some memento of the famous battle fought there on May 1, preferably the shoes worn by the admiral. Inclosed in his letter was a coat-of-arms of the United States cleverly made of 2,000 postage stamps of the Columbian issue. In reply Beam has received the following letter from Admiral Dewey:

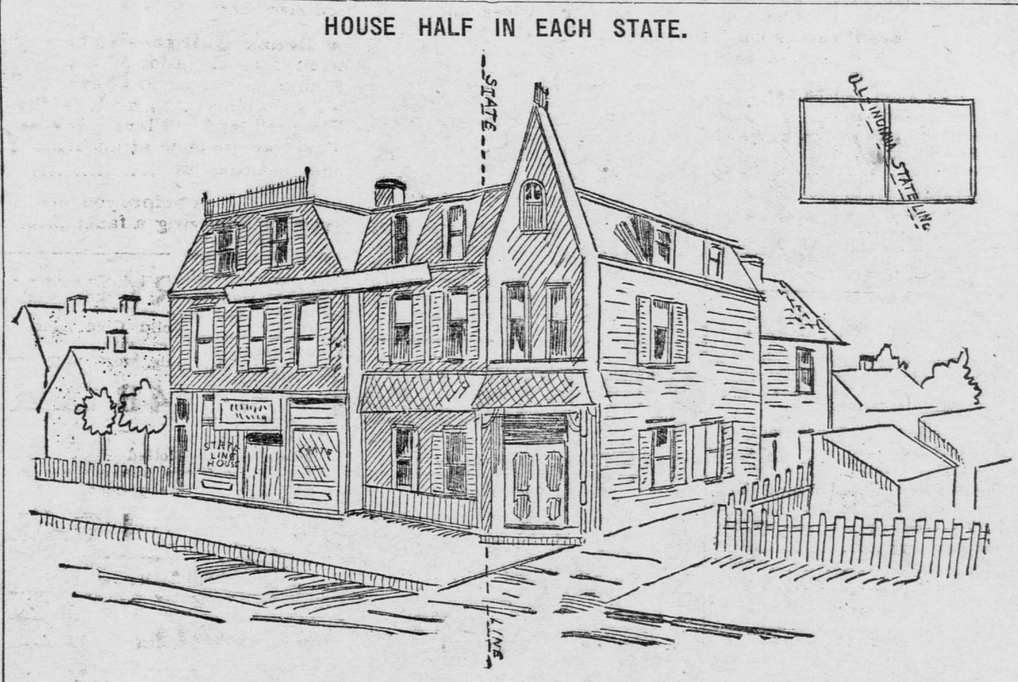
Flagship Olympia, Manila, Philippine Islands, Sept. 29, 1898.—Mr. T. Handy Beam, New Brunswick, N. J.—My Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your note of Aug. 10, and also the coat of arms so ingeniously made of postage stamps by you. I am greatly obliged to you for the great trouble you have taken to give me pleasure, and thank you most heartily.

I am sorry I cannot send you what you request, for I have a great many pairs of shoes and never wear the same pair on two days in succession, and consequently have not the slightest idea which pair I wore on May 1.

I send you a souvenir, however, of that day. It is a rabbit's foot I have had for some time, and which brought me luck. May it bring you as much. Sincerely

—George Dewey.

HOUSE HALF IN EACH STATE.



Hotel in Hammond Conveniently Arranged for Guests Who Desire to Make a Quick Trip From Illinois to Indiana.

The state line tavern in the northwest part of Hammond enjoys the peculiar distinction of being half in Indiana and half in Illinois. The line that divides these two states at this point runs through the building, as shown in the accompanying cut. In 1882 the east section was erected by Mrs. Robert Werley and rented as a saloon. During 1892 the west section was added by her so as to extend over into Illinois about twenty-five feet. The second and third floors are used as a hotel. There are two entrances to the saloon on the ground floor, one from the state of Illinois, the other and front one from Indiana. Plummer street runs in front of the tavern. The location of the structure with reference to the two states is such that the imiginary state line runs diagonally through the building.

This peculiar feature of the two states tavern gives it a novel precedent not enjoyed by other places of its character. It is pointed out to strangers as one of the sights of interest in Hammond. Not a few stop there while passing just to imbibe a glass of beer and undergo the sensation incident to the novelty of the place. At one point in the saloon a person may stand in Illinois and drink beer from the counter in Indiana. This is done every day by hundreds with gusto and comment.

Another feature of this bar is the arrangement of the slot machines. These money swallowing devices are placed just over the Indiana line, where there is no law to stop them. In Illinois they are under the ban and dare not be operated. To play them in Werley's bar, though, one has but to step out of Illinois into Indiana.

Again, one who has broken the law of Illinois may seek immunity from the police by simply moving his lodging without inconvenience to this tavern, and vice versa, as to Indiana. In the hotel part of the building a number of the rooms are so arranged that a person in bed lies with part of his body in each state. And in the course of his toilet he crosses and recrosses the state line frequently. For instance, he shaves in Indiana and bathes his face and his hands in Illinois. Or vice versa. Or where two sleep in the same bed, in two of the rooms, one is in one state and the other in the other.

Just west of the hotel is Mrs. Werley's garden. She raises vegetables in Illinois and consumes and sells them in Indiana. And so on ad libitum, the incidents common to both states might be observed every day.

Much Be-Gossiped Dowager.

Her Ladyship of Sutherland Again the Heroine of a Sensation.

From the New York Herald.

The dowager Duchess of Sutherland has once more come before the public as the heroine of a sensation.

This time, however, she is the victim, not the aggressor. According to her own story, reported to the chief of police in Paris, she lost $150,000 worth of jewels on Oct. 17, while en route from Paris to London. She had not gone further than Amiens when she discovered that the satchel containing the jewels had disappeared and that an empty counterfeit had been substituted.

The dowager Duchess of Sutherland, whose varied nicknames in London society indicate as many different degrees of disrespect or absolute contumely, is at present the wife of Sir Albert Kaye Rollit, Conservative member of parliament for the South Islington division in London, when her husband was not there, and at Torquay when he was. And now what so natural as that Mrs. Blair should take up her residence at Trenham to cheer the solitude of his grace?

Despite the solace of her presence, the Duke of Sutherland fell very ill in the fall of 1885. Mrs. Blair was assiduous at his bedside. Wife, children and grandchildren still remained away. At last the doctor's bulletins announced that the duke's illness had taken so critical a turn that it was doubtful whether he could live for twenty-four hours longer. The duchess succumbed to their entreaties. With her two sons, her daughter Alexandra, and her daughter-in-law, Lady Stafford, she traveled down to Trentham. The crisis was passed in safety. Then a terrible scene took place between the injured wife and her children on the one hand and the intruder on the other. The intruder, strong in the support of the sion of London, whom she took as her third husband in 1896.

DAUGHTER OF A CLERGYMAN.

This much married and much be-gossiped lady was born about fifty-five years ago. She is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Richard Mitchell, D. D., principal of Hertford college, London, and was a mere girl when she married Capt. Arthur Kindersley Blair, who had charge of the Duke of Sutherland's deer forests. She was a woman of mature charms, however, when her husband was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of his grace the duke.

Now it was only natural that his grace should take a kindly sympathetic interest in the woman whom he had thus involuntarily widowed. Perhaps it was feminine human nature which prompted his grace's lawful wife to resent the form in which that interest expressed itself. At all events she, with her children and grandchildren, virtually abandoned Trenham, the magnificent country seat of the family in Staffordshire, the duchess making her headquarters at Stafford house, duke, won a decisive victory. Wife and children once more left the duke in her hands.

VISIT TO AMERICA.

A fortnight later the convalescent embarked with Mrs. Blair on board the yacht Sans Peur.

On April 21 the party arrived in New York. Here and in Philadelphia the duke was welcomed and entertained by John Bigelow, Austin Corbin, George W. Childs and others. But scandal followed him across the water. The presence of Mrs. Blair confirmed these scandals. Perhaps the duke's unconventional moral code might have been pardoned had he not added the graver offence of violating the social conventionalities by appearing in a pea-jacket at a fashionable New York wedding. This decided his fate and Mrs. Blair's. Society turned a cold shoulder upon the pair. They went down to Florida, where the duke purchased a fine property in Tampa and built himself a palace overlooking Butler bay, which he christened Sutherland Mansion. Here he learned of the death of his wife on Nov. 25, 1888.

In less than four months the duke married Mrs. Blair. There was nothing wanting in cordial welcome from his tenantry when the duke, a year or two later, returned with his new duchess on a visit to his ancestral estates. In a speech returning thanks for their spontaneous enthusiasm, his grace declared that he valued such friendship more than all the smiles of royal favor.

The noble couple were not destined to return to spend their declining years in their New World paradise. On Sept. 22, 1892, the Duke breathed his last at Trentham, after a short illness. He was sixty-nine years of age.

The property owned by the duke was valued at £2,000,000, or, say $10,000,000. It consisted largely of real estate—1,176,343 acres in Ross-shire, Scotland, and Staffordshire, England, and half a million acres in the United States. The bulk of this property, in so far as it was not entailed, he left to his widow. He also bequeathed her the use of the family diamonds during her lifetime—the very diamonds which form part of the stolen jewelry.

The new Duke of Sutherland, stepson of the Dowager Duchess, contested the will on the ground that she had prejudiced her late husband's mind against his children in order to gain possession of his property.

THE DUCHESS IN JAIL.

During the progress of the trial the duchess was arrested for burning an important document which she had received judicial permission to inspect. On April 18, 1893, she was condemned to six weeks' imprisonment in Holloway jail for this flagrant contempt of court.

On June 7, 1894, the long drawn suit was settled out of court by a compromise between the plaintiff and defendant. This gave the Dowager Duchess £500,000, besides an annuity of £5,000. In consideration of these amounts she renounced all title to the residue of the estate in favor of the duke, who thus came into undisputed possession of a fortune of £1,500,000.

Globe want ads at reduced rates. See announcement on want page.

M'CORD CLAIM.

Peruvian Congress Asked to Vote $40,000 to Pay It.

LIMA, Peru, via Galveston, Tex., Oct. 29.—The Peruvian government has asked congress to vote the sum of $40,000 to pay the claim of Victor H. MacCord, consular agent of the United States at Arequipa, Peru, in 1895, against the government for damages sustained by reason of imprisonment during the revolutionary outbreak, in accordance with the award of the Rt. Hon. Samuel Henry Strong, president of the supreme court of Canada.