

## CAREER OF CRIME

Of Three Young Men Who Out-classed in Murders the

### NOTORIOUS JESSE JAMES GANG.

They Confess to Having Murdered Nine Men. The Thrilling Story of Their Capture in Indiana.

Chained wrist to wrist, their hands matted with dried blood, their clothing covered with dust and dirt, two bearded boys, Peter Neidermier and Harvey Van Dine, sat Friday night in the presence of Mayor Harrison and Chief of Police O'Neill in the police barracks in Chicago, calmly confessing to their share in a three-month career of crime which has included nine murders, the wounding of five other men and a long series of robberies. The two young bandits, neither of whom is 21 years of age, together with their companion, Emil Roeskie, who is no older, were captured near Liverpool, Ind., Friday after a fight in which they battled against policemen, railroad detectives, railroad laborers and farmers. One man was killed, another fatally wounded and all three of the young bandits were wounded, but not seriously.

The dead: T. J. Sovea, brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, wounded: Joseph Driscoll, detective on Chicago police force, shot through abdomen and can live but a short time, Matthew Zimmer, detective on Chicago police force, shot in head and arm, Neidermier was wounded in the hand by birdshot; Van Dine was similarly injured and sustained in addition a flesh wound in the left thigh. Roeskie was shot in the right hip.

The three men were wanted by the police for complicity in the murders at the car barns of the Chicago City Railway company on Aug. 30, when two men were killed, a third badly wounded and \$2,500 stolen. Gustave Marx, who last Saturday night was the policeman endeavored to place him under arrest, confessed after his capture that he, in company with the three men, had committed the crimes at the barns.

The hunt for Van Dine, Neidermier and Roeskie has been hot ever since. Although they knew that the entire police force was looking for them the three men remained in the city until Wednesday morning. "We were laying for a fellow that was a witness against Marx," said Van Dine. On Wednesday they left Chicago, going to a dugout made near Millers Station, Ind., where they were surprised by the police Friday morning.

Both parties opened fire and Driscoll fell. Van Dine and Roeskie rushed out, followed a few minutes later by Neidermier. The latter ran to the tracks of the Michigan Central railroad and throwing himself flat on the roadbed steadied his arm on the rail as he kept up a rapid fire with three revolvers. Roeskie ran for the bush, but Van Dine retreated slowly although the air around him was filled with bullets and the snow at his feet was kicked up by them. He is a splendid marksman, and catching sight of Detective Zimmer, he "behind" a tree, and fired. Zimmer went down with a bullet in the head. As he fell Van Dine fired again and the second bullet tore through Zimmer's arm.

The detectives fired constantly but the bandits escaped. After running about a mile across country they came to the tracks of the Pennsylvania railroad. A switch engine with a train of cars was close at hand and, hurrying up to it, the men ordered Brakeman Sovea to uncouple the train from the locomotive. He refused and attempted to take Neidermier's revolver from him. The latter instantly sent a bullet through the brakeman's brain, laying him dead in the snow. Springing past Sovea's body the bandits mounted the locomotive with revolvers in hand and ordered the engineer to move out in a hurry, which he did, going in the direction of Liverpool, Ind. After two miles had been covered the men ordered the engineer to slow down and leading to the ground disappeared in the woods.

After the train had carried Van Dine and Neidermier away Detective Sheehan hurried to the nearest telephone station and wired Chief of Police O'Neill, asking that men be sent out with rifles. The message met with a prompt response, and in a short time Assistant Chief of Police Schuetzler and 50 officers, armed with rifles, were on the way to Miller's by special train. Capt. Briggs of the detective service of the Pennsylvania railway was given orders to get the three men dead or alive. He and his men were off toward Liverpool.

When the bandits left the train they were nearly exhausted and unable to travel. It was easy to track them in the new fallen snow, and the hunt was speedily closed. The men were seen as they dodged about the farmers, most of whom were armed with double barreled shotguns, opened fire on them. Neidermier received a charge full in the head and the blood streamed down his face and into his eyes, blinding him so that he could hardly see. A shot grazed Van Dine's head, and his wounded leg was weak. The posse was closing in on all sides. There was no escape and the time had come either to surrender or to fight it to the death. Van Dine said in discussing his surrender: "The jig was up for us, no matter how many we killed. I says to Pete: 'Well, what do you think?' He nodded his head and dropped his guns and that shows how they got us."

The men were at once handcuffed, placed upon a train and hurried to Chicago, the city police officers waiting not a minute in rushing them over the line into Illinois in order to avoid possible conflict with Indiana police, who might have demanded the men on account of the murder of Sovea. This fear was not justified as Mayor Harrison and a throng of officers, they discussed the events of the day as calmly as if it had been nothing unusual for them. None of the prisoners showed any bravado and did no boasting. They showed not the slightest hesitation in confessing to their crimes. Their demand was more that of boys who had been caught pilfering.

Van Dine sat upright, talked freely, showing in word and bearing the courage that he has revealed throughout. Neidermier sat with his head on his hands. When Van Dine said: "Pete, he shot Driscoll," Neidermier looked

up, smiled slightly and remarked: "Yes, I shot Driscoll and the brakeman," and then sank back to listen to Van Dine.

Both men admitted that Marx had told essentially the truth in connecting them with the various crimes charged up against them, and said that they did the killing at the car barns.

### THIRTEEN MINERS KILLED.

By An Explosion in the Mine at Bonanza, Ark.

Thirteen miners were killed and great damage was done by an accidental explosion of gas Tuesday afternoon in coal mine No. 20 at Bonanza, Ark. 12 miles from this city. At nightfall only six of the victims had been recovered.

When the explosion occurred there were about 175 men in the various shafts. All escaped without injury except the 13 who were employed in entry "K," the scene of the explosion. The force of the explosion was terrific and timbers were torn from the walls of the passages for several hundred yards at the mouth of entry "K." The passages were so completely obstructed that the work of rescuing the entrapped men was tedious in the extreme and several hours were consumed before the first body was found.

It is thought that the gas was accidentally ignited by a miners' lamp. The miners who escaped, with the aid of others summoned from nearby shafts, immediately set about clearing the passages in the hope that some of the 13 entombed men might have survived the explosion. By nightfall six bodies had been found and rescue work was still in progress. It is now certain that all of the entombed men have perished.

### De-fended a Woman.

As San Francisco Major W. J. McClung, a well known broker and club man, was shot and probably fatally wounded Thursday night at the Palace hotel by Alec Garnett. The shooting took place in the rooms of Mrs. Lillie Hitchcock Coit. Garnett was her business agent in minor matters and Mrs. Coit had a disagreement with him a few days ago that resulted in his dismissal from her employ. Major McClung was visiting Mrs. Coit last night when Garnett appeared in an intoxicated condition. He drew a revolver and attempted to shoot Mrs. Coit, when McClung attempted to save her and received the bullet intended for the woman. The police have not succeeded in arresting Garnett. He is a native of Virginia and fought through the civil war in the Confederate army. Major McClung, whom it is believed, is fatally shot, also served in the Confederate army during the war.

### Expensive Eggs.

When the Republican-Populist candidate for lieutenant governor of North Carolina a few years ago was about to board a train at Shelby he was given a farewell consisting chiefly of aged eggs. The candidate brought suit against the railroad company for damages, alleging that the attack occurred on the railroad's premises and that its agent not only did not endeavor to prevent it but entered gleefully into the spirit of the occasion. He got a verdict for nearly \$5,000 and the supreme court has now dismissed the petition to rehear the case. That was about the costliest cargo of eggs the railroad will ever unload.—The State.

### Ought to Be Hung.

At Harmony Grove, Ga., Chandler, McGinnis and Fitzpatrick, all white men, went to the home of a negro woman after nightfall and at the point of drawn weapons forced her to go to a nearby field, where they criminally assaulted her. Neighbors of the woman heard her screams and rushed to the scene, but at the point of guns they were kept from interfering. She was finally left in a precarious condition and was soon picked up by friends and carried back to her house. Warrants have been sworn out for the young men, and every means possible will be taken to capture them. It is said that they were under the influence of whiskey. The town has been thrown into a pit of excitement over the affair.

### Took Him In.

"Willie" Robinson of Sandy Much, Buncombe county, N. C., who went to New York in answer to a "green goods" advertisement on October 20 last, and was swindled out of \$175, appeared before Judge Newburger in general sessions Tuesday against Frederick Williams and Edward Wilson. The prisoners pleaded guilty and each was sentenced to three years in Sing Sing. "Willie" was then told he could go home. Since he arrived in New York he had been in the house of detention as a witness, imagining that the place was a hotel. He was paid 50 cents a day, and Tuesday he received \$16.50. He had also \$10 of his own, and said he would take the first train for Sandy Much.

### Let Them Rest.

A dispatch from Washington to the St. Louis republican says John Paul Jones, the first commodore of the American navy, may be honored in a degree commensurate with his service to the nation if the plans of certain American historical and patriotic societies come to fruition. A letter stating that the known resting place of the bones of John Paul Jones was unmarked and unhonored caused Secretary Moody to inquire into the matter. He found that Lieutenant Commander William Sims, when naval attaché of the American embassy in Paris, investigated it probably would be impossible to identify the bones of Jones. It is suggested that congress be asked to appropriate \$150,000 for the purpose of recovering the bones of John Paul Jones, who was buried in Paris, and bringing them back to this country. This would be a waste of money. It makes very little difference the bones of the grand old hero is buried. If this nation wants to honor the memory of its first naval commander let it erect an orphan asylum for the children of the men of our navy who may be killed in battle or die leaving their children in need, and call it the "John Paul Jones Orphan Asylum."

### A Luck's Inventor.

W. C. Dean, of Bainbridge, Ga., has just concluded a contract with the Burnell Telegraphic and Electrical company of New York whereby he receives \$25,000 cash and a royalty of \$2,000 for seventeen years for an interchangeable telegraphic keyboard which he invented.

### John White's Thanksgiving.

"Thanksgiving! for what?" And he muttered a curse—"For the pleasure of it food And an empty purse. For a life of hard work And the shabbiness of clothes? But 'tis idle to talk Of a poor man's woes. Let the rich give thanks; It is they who can. There is nothing in life For a laboring man."

So said John White To his good wife Jane, And over her head he stole A look of pain. "Nothing, dear John?" And he thought again; And glanced moodily Down on Jane. "I was wrong," he said; "I forgot you, Jane. I've my health, And the baby too." And the baby cried—"Twas a bonny boy, And over Jane's face Came a look of pain. "I was wrong, very wrong, I'll not grumble again; I shall surely be thankful For baby and Jane."

### BRYAN IN LONDON

He Was Guest of Honor at a Thanksgiving Dinner,

GIVEN BY AMERICAN SOCIETY.

The Great Commoner Feels at Home Among the Big Men of England and Makes a Speech.

Wm. Jennings Bryan is having a big time over in London. Thanksgiving day was celebrated by the American Society in London at a banquet given at the Hotel Cecil Thursday night. There were 400 guests. William Jennings Bryan was the guest of honor.

The speeches, while flavored by the usual seasonal cheer and references to Anglo-American friendship, developed particularly into a duel of repartee, good natured, but almost subacid, between Mr. Bryan and Ambassador Choate.

There were a number of notable guests at the banquet, including the duke of Marlborough and all the ambassadors in London.

The duke of Marlborough proposed a toast to President Roosevelt, and addressing himself to the interests which England and the United States have in common, referred in terms of the highest praise to President Roosevelt.

Ambassador Choate, responding to the toast to his health, which was proposed in complimentary terms by Lord Daresy, took up the duke of Marlborough's reference to the mutual sympathies of the American and British people and said that there had been reason heretofore to suspect some such sentiment on the part of the duke, since he had set an example in one form of the Anglo-American alliance, on which the people of both countries were able to look with entire approval. Turning to Mr. Choate and it was the custom of Americans, torn from their native shores to gather annually and return thanks. The American society in London had now among them another of those exiles, for whom personally he, as ambassador, had been doing the best he could. He had taken Mr. Bryan to visit the Bank of England, where he was able to study the fiscal question in its native lair. The company would be edified, said Mr. Choate, had they heard Mr. Bryan cross examining the governor of the Bank of England. The ambassador said he had taken Mr. Bryan to the Tower of London, where he had seen the dungeons of the old prison, and where he had seen the dungeons of the old prison, and where he had seen the dungeons of the old prison.

The speech of the ambassador was followed by an oration to Mr. Bryan which lasted several minutes. Mr. Bryan, in responding paid a graceful tribute to the English guests of the society. He said the highest compliment he was able to pay was to look at the tables he was un-able to distinguish the English from the American women present. He thanked the British nation for the kindly forbearance it had shown in letting him land at all, and the goldbugs for not having deported him immediately after his arrival. Mr. Bryan said he had profited exceedingly by his visit to the Bank of England. He wanted to call attention, however, to the fact that the murderer attack by an insane man, with a revolver on the head, occurred the day before he called.

Touching the theme of Thanksgiving day, Mr. Bryan spoke eloquently of the natural resources and advantages of the United States, for which the people must return thanks to God, and of the ideals of liberty and progress for which they must thank their English progenitors. He urged the necessity of the present generation bequeathing to posterity some gift commensurate with the blessings they had received from their ancestors and suggested that they bequeath the ideal of international amity, of which The Hague arbitration tribunal was a lasting monument.

"Hail to the nation," concluded Mr. Bryan, "whatever her name, who leads the world towards this higher ideal for the lasting good of all humanity."

After having enjoyed almost perfect health for over 100 years, Edith Beecher, colored, died a horrible death Wednesday, and when found by neighbors, was a screaming human tormented by the woman lived with her daughter, Manoa, Oa., and when seen by her daughter was sitting before a great fire sipping a cup of coffee. A short time afterward the residents in the vicinity of the house were startled by piercing shrieks and rushing towards the Beecher house met the aged woman wrapped in flames. She ran as far as the front gate and falling down groaned twice and expired. Her clothes were completely burned from her body and she was burned to a crisp.

The State says "Republicans who have a thought for the future are disappointed at the financial exhibit made by the United States treasury. The monthly expenditures exceed the receipts by about \$5,000,000, and it is probable that, owing to our excessive tariff, imports will still further decline. Senator Elkins regret, not that expenditure is so lavish, but that the war taxes were repealed. The idea is not to retrench but to get more money from the people.

### FERTILIZERS BELOW GRADE.

The Attorney-General Will Prosecute All Violators of the Law.

The Columbia State says the attorney general, Mr. U. N. Gunter, Jr., has returned from Pendleton and Prosperity where he prosecuted two companies delinquent in the matter of violating the laws regulating the standard of fertilizers. Preliminaries were held in both cases and the defendants—Mosely Bros. of Prosperity and the Pendleton Mfg. Co.—were placed under bond to appear in the circuit court, Smyth, Lee & Frost, and Mr. Padgett represented the Pendleton firm and Felder & Roundtree represented Mosely Bros.

The secretary of the State fertilizer board has reported a number of firms who should be prosecuted, a list of whom is appended. There are others but evidence in these cases is difficult to obtain.

The seller is protected from buying low-grade fertilizers by the right to bring suit or to withhold payment. The penalty for violation of this law is a fine of \$1,000, one year imprisonment or in some cases the combined sentence.

A list of the firms reported to the attorney general follows: The following is the complete list of cases now in the hands of the attorney general, the brand, the name of the manufacturer and the percentage of deficiency of the fertilizer being given: Anderson Special-Chlorine Manufacturing company, 13 per cent. deficient.

Chicago Tobacco—J. L. and A. G. Wise, Prosperity, 75 to 10 per cent. Waudo Dissolved Bone—A. B. Hutto & Son, Perry, 7 to 10 per cent.

Navyaas & Co., Potash—J. S. R. & Co., Knoxville, 10 per cent. Georgia Bone with Potash—Garrett & McKellar, Fountain Inn, 4 to 10 per cent.

Poospathe and Potash—Banking and Mercantile company, Leroy Springs, Lancaster, 9 to 10 per cent. Diamond Soluble Bone—G. A. & S. W. Norwood, Marion, 4 per cent.

Imperial H. G. Tobacco—John Fraser, Chester, 7 per cent. Edisto Acid with Potash—Wm. Kennedy, Camden, 6 per cent.

Chloria Acid with Potash—Mosely Bros., Prosperity, 8 to 10 per cent. Armour Acid with Potash—Mosely Bros., Prosperity, 8 to 10 per cent.

Davis & White Owl Brand—J. M. Carson & Co., Kershaw, 5 per cent. Home Fertilizer Acid Phosphate—J. M. Leech, Hickory Grove, 7 per cent.

Dissolved Bone Phosphate—W. A. Crosby, Ridgeland, 15 per cent. Berkeley Dissolved Bone—W. S. Cooler, Ridgeland, 10 per cent.

Standard Dissolved Bone—W. J. Kearse, Ulmors, W. H. Gosbrough & J. W. Rount, 4 to 10 per cent.

### Did You Plant Any Carnations?

Did you plant any hardy carnations seeds last fall? Did you plant any last spring? If not, writes Helen Watts McVey, in the Commoner, you have missed much that is in November. The early cold in October snuffed all that the September breezes had left of the budding summer in my own garden, but in the border, the hardy chrysanthemums, red, white, yellow and purple, glow cheerfully in November. All through the summer, and the hardy carnations bloom on undisturbed. Such brave and sturdy little blossoms, laughing at threat of frost or frown of cloud. They are like little soldiers keeping guard over the remnant of the dying year. Here and there, a petunia blossom smiles out of its thrifty leaves, and a belated rosebud bends a discouraged head from its swaying stem, but there is no death in the carnation all through the summer, and the little snows will lie upon its bright, smiling petals.

The seeds are so cheap, and germinate so readily, that there is little excuse for doing without them. If a bed is prepared, even now, and the seeds, laid in rows, will spring up this winter, while others will appear very early next spring, and you will have many blossoms next year. Over the bed, when the earth freezes, you should scatter a coarse litter of straw all through the summer, and the little snows will lie upon its bright, smiling petals.

### THE OLD STORY.

A Sister of Charity Renounces Her Order to Get Married.

A dispatch from Holyoke, Mass., relates the following little romantic story: Falling in love with Emory Brault while she nursed his friend's dying wife, Miss Jeanne Trenard, a sister of the Franciscan Order, has yielded to Brault's entreaty to leave the sisterhood, and will wed him next month.

Brault boarded with the family of his friend, Phydine Audet. Last January Mrs. Audet was taken seriously ill and the services of a trained nurse became imperative. Audet and his wife, who were sisters, and the sisters of which nurse the sick and are compensated according to the circumstances of the patient.

A sister was sent to the Audet home, and the case proving obstinate, Brault and the sister became well acquainted, in spite of the fact that the friendship could progress but slowly owing to the pretty sister's inability to speak English.

Brault set to work to acquire a knowledge of French, and mastered the language sufficiently to facilitate the interchange of thought. He intends to continue his studies in order to share his future wife's English.

Miss Trenard, who is twenty-three years old, has been in the United States fifteen months, coming to this country because of a pre-nuptial contract with the order from France. She has been in the order five years.

### Whiskey Causes Tragedy.

Near Hoschton, Ga., John Cook, a young white man, shot and mortally wounded Don Ware, another young white man, and the latter's death is momentarily expected. The young man called in their buggies at the home of the Misses Williams and carried the young ladies for a drive. Cook was very drunk, and when the young people had driven some distance the young Miss Williams, with Cook, got out of the buggy because of his intoxicated condition and got into the buggy of Ware and her sister. This greatly infuriated Cook and he pulled a revolver and shot Ware, who was in the buggy between the young women, through the head. The wounded young man was removed to a near by house, where he is giving medical attention. Cook is being held pending the result of Ware's wound.

The negroes who immigrated from Georgia to Liberia last February are now in a destitute condition, and are petitioning the government to take them back home.

### PLANTS WITH OILSKINS.

They Are Protected Equally Against Damp and Drought.

Gather a sycamore bud just before it bursts and look at it closely. You will notice that it is enveloped in tough scales. There are either twelve or fourteen of these scales, which make a close and complete covering around every single individual bud. Strip them off, and in the very heart you come upon two pairs of what will eventually be leaves tightly folded together.

Some of these sycamore buds are larger than others. These, on examination, will be found to contain bunches of flowers as well as leaves.

Sycamores, like all other trees, take a long time to make their buds for the following season. They begin new growth, indeed, just as soon as they have got rid of their old leaves in the autumn, and go on quietly working all through the winter. Hard frost would, of course, kill the buds at once were they not protected, while even if there were no frost, the cold rains and fogs of winter would rob the tender beginning of the new leaf. Bud scales, therefore, are grown by the sycamore and other trees simply to protect the buds from frost and damp. They are, in fact, a sort of combination overcoat and mackintosh. When the leaves break forth in spring—generally about the middle of April—the sycamore buds shed their overcoats, which fall off, and may be seen littering the ground beneath the tree.

Every tree of the kind known as deciduous—that is, the trees which lose their leaves in winter—acts in much the same way. It is not always the leafy brown overcoats, fringed with white, silky hairs. The white willow and some other trees also have hairy or furry coats for their young leaves and flower buds. These silky hairs entangle air just as animal fur does, and so keep the buds from the cold winds of spring.

All trees do not get rid of their bud protections. The hawthorn, for instance, keeps them on all the summer. They open into small green leaves, which do not fall until the other leaves do.

To be sure very careful, as a rule, not to dispense with their overcoats too soon; but yet they are occasionally caught napping. In 1891, for instance, there was a terribly sharp frost late in the spring, and the beech leaves, which were almost fully out, were caught and nipped. For weeks after, the beech trees had a brown and withered look; but by the end of June fresh leaves pushed out from younger buds.

Regular oilskins are worn by the horse-chestnut. Anyone who has handled the bursting leaf buds of this tree knows how gummy and sticky the oiled chestnut buds exude is to protect them from moisture as well as from cold.

La'er on in the year plants need protection against the sun, which would otherwise take up all the moisture in their leaves and wilt them. The leaf of a cabbage has a mealy look about it—almost as if it had been dusted with flour. Many grasses have a similar appearance, and so have the leaves of the Australian gum-tree. All these leaves, if examined under the microscope, will be found to be covered with a bloom consisting of tiny needles of wax. This stuff has been exuded from the leafpores in order to save the water contained.

### Wanted to Sit in Statue's Lap.

Because he wanted to sit in the lap of the statue of Morton McMichael, Raymond Harrison, thirteen years of age, of Fourth and Dickinson streets, was deprived of his liberty for a short time yesterday. Park Guard Barrett saw the boy sitting in the lap of the figure on Lemon Hill. He ordered him down and brought him to Sedgely guardhouse. When Secretary O'Neill asked the diminutive prisoner why he had climbed over the statue the boy replied: "I just wanted to be able to say I had sat there." He was discharged, with a warning to keep away from the statue in the future.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Value of Coins.

There seems to be a great deal of misapprehension in regard to the value of certain coins here in America. The Columbian half dollar of 1902, which is the rarest of the two Columbia half-dollars struck, is worth to dealers only fifty-five cents. Occasionally dealers ask as high as seventy-five cents for them, but they will not pay that much. The half-dollar of 1920, if in what is called the "mint state," would perhaps be worth as much as \$1, not more. If the coin is much worn by circulation the value would be less.—Woman's Home Companion.

### The Flood of Immigrants.

The remedy is to be found in a wider distribution of the food. Scattered throughout the union, millions of foreigners would exert but little influence, and in the course of a few years they would acquire a knowledge of American ways and institutions. Their children would grow up in the midst of an American environment, and learning the English language and attending public schools, they would become American in every sense. The country is big enough and has sufficient resources to accommodate many more people than will come, even though they come at the rate of a million a year for the next half century.—Denver Republican.

### A Little Martyr.

At Asheville, N. C., Ernest Pettit, aged four, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Will Pettit, Wednesday received burns that will prove fatal, trying to save the life of his sister Beatrice aged two. The children were left alone in the house and the little girl's clothing caught fire. Her brother tried to extinguish the flames. His clothing caught and was terribly burned all over the body, receiving internal injuries as well. Neighbors discovered the fire and rushed in and it was soon extinguished. The little girl died Thursday night.

### He Is Right.

The State says "It is stated that Speaker Cannon has requested Congressman Williams, the Democratic leader, to name the minority members of the house committees. Usually the speaker has made the minority as well as the majority assignments but Speaker Cannon takes the position that the majority is as much entitled as the minority to have its own advantage. It is possible that a Republican speaker means to concede that the minority has some rights."

### Plounces and ruchings are as much the rage as they were in 1830.

### Burned Money In Stove.

Willis Radcliff, of North Alton, burned \$50 in currency a few days ago when she started a fire in a stove in which she placed the money to hide it from thieves. Mrs. Radcliff's husband had \$50 with her to pay to a quarryman, and to be safe until called for she hid it in an urn on her stove. She did not think of the money until a few days later, when the quarryman called for it, and she found the purse and \$50 inside it a charred ruin. She has had the charred remains sent to the Treasury Department, in the hope that some of the bills may be redeemed.

### The Tide Turning.

The Columbia Record says wage reductions in mills in New England and the closing down of a number of manufacturing plants is taken as an evidence that the industrial tide is turning. "While this is to be regretted," says the Record, "it is to be explained, it is certainly to be called on to do so. It has claimed credit for good crops and everything else that made the country prosperous. Equally then the party must be responsible for existing depression and there will be some trouble in explaining it."

## PEERAGE BUSINESS WOMEN

Lots of Great Ladies are Successful Shopkeepers.

### MANY IMMERSSED IN TRADE

Every Year Sees New Recruits—Registry for Servants—Laundry Business and Manicuring a Modern Necessity and Several Smart Women Have Adopted These Businesses.

England has been called a nation of shopkeepers, and not without reason, as a keen business instinct exists in both men and women, and in every class and every set in society. Women of the smart London, or of show a special aptitude for commercial enterprise, and at the present time several members of the best-known families are immersed in successful trade speculations; 1887 saw the commencement of this business era. The late Lady Granville Gordon acted the part of a pious-voiced pioneer. Her hat shop in Park street, Grosvenor Square, proved as profitable an investment as did Mrs. Jack Cumming's more recent dressmaking experiment in Dover street, Piccadilly.

Every year sees new recruits to the strong army of society traders. Some time ago the Duchess of Abercorn started a creamery near Baroncourt which supplies customers in Belfast with the best and freshest of Irish dairy produce, and Lady Essex, an American, by the way, is partly responsible for a flourishing laundry in the neighborhood of London. Lady Rachel Byng, daughter of Lord Stratford, has a millinery establishment not far from New Bond street. The Hon. Mrs. Turnour keeps a dressmaker's shop in the same locality, and Mrs. "Bertie" Dormer, cousin to Lord Dormer, has recently started as a milliner and dressmaker under the pseudonym of "Olive."

Mrs. Wellesley, a relation by marriage of the Duke of Wellington, once owned a flower-shop in lower Grosvenor place, and now Mrs. Patrick Harrington-Maxwell—another smart woman—runs a florist's business in Victoria street. The servant question appeals to many of us; Miss Edith Kerr keeps a registry for servants in lower Belgrave street, Eaton Square. This lady is one of the unmarried daughters of the late Lord Frederick Kerr; and she is, of course, related to the present Lord Lothian. Manicure is a modern necessity, and several smart women have adopted this delicate business. The Hon. Mrs. Granville Knox has started as a manicurist in a shop near Park Piccadilly. She is a daughter of Harriet Lady Clifden, a cousin of the Marquis of Hautepoule, and is married to Granville Knox, a relation of Lord Ranfurly. She is a pretty, fascinating woman, and rejoices in the pet name of "Ducky," which, by the way, she shares with the Grand Duchess of Hesse.

Several tea shops are kept by London society women, notably one in Bond street, which belongs to Mrs. Robertson, wife of an army officer. The house is arranged with great taste, has a deep, ivy-covered veranda, and he next-hand waitress dresses in violet frocks, covered with white ribbons and aprons and long oversleeves. Lady Warwick and Lady Duncannon have both been shopkeepers in and near Bond street; and although their names are now less prominently before the public, yet they remain equally interested in their favorite industries—English-made lingerie and Irish hand embroidery.

Some society women prefer not to coquette with commerce, and instead turn their attention to a serious professional career. The Hon. Mrs. Scarlett-Synges, sister to Lord Alington, is a pretty and successful physician, and practices at Bloomsbury. In South Africa, where she holds the post of medical officer to the Government National Hospital. The South African war left us a legacy of society nurses; but years ago, Lady Hermione Blackwood, and—before her marriage—Lady Griselda Cheape, both worked as nurses in the London hospitals. Music claims many gifted women. The Hon. Mrs. Julian Clifton, sister to Lord Haverley, is now a professional concert singer; and Miss Lillian Clifton, a pretty and successful vocalist, appears in society as Mrs. "Bill" Duncombe, whose husband is a nephew of Lord Feversham.—M. A. P.

### English Pie Crust.

The English cook has a knack of keeping her pie crust crisp and delicate, instead of growing soaked and soggy, as the American crust is apt to be. The crust is prepared in the American style, but instead of lining a pan or dish as we do they cover the bottom and outside of the dish or pan, pricking the crust closely to prevent the formation of blisters. Then a layer of pie is covered with a sheet of crust, and both are baked a delicate brown. When finished the pie pan is removed from its cover of crust, and the latter is filled with stewed or sliced and sugared fruit. The piece baked in the layer pan is used as a lid. Meat filling can be used also.

The stiff ribbon or velvet cockade is a favorite trimming for the tailor hat, and the same cartwheel shape is copied in flowers for use upon more elaborate hats. For example, a flat wheel of forsythia surrounds a flat disk of gardenias or roses, and the ornament supports the lifted hatbrim as would a cockade.

Flounces and ruchings are as much the rage as they were in 1830.

### Burned Money In Stove.

Willis Radcliff, of North Alton, burned \$50 in currency a few days ago when she started a fire in a stove in which she placed the money to hide it from thieves. Mrs. Radcliff's husband had \$50 with her to pay to a quarryman, and to be safe until called for she hid it in an urn on her stove. She did not think of the money until a few days later, when the quarryman called for it, and she found the purse and \$50 inside it a charred ruin. She has had the charred remains sent to the Treasury Department, in the hope that some of the bills may be redeemed.

### The Tide Turning.

The Columbia Record says wage reductions in mills in New England and the closing down of a number of manufacturing plants is taken as an evidence that the industrial tide is turning. "While this is to be regretted," says the Record, "it is to be explained, it is certainly to be called on to do so. It has claimed credit for good crops and everything else that made the country prosperous. Equally then the party must be responsible for existing depression and there will be some trouble in explaining it."

### MEN WHO LIVED LONG AGO.

One Hundred Years Old.

It is generally supposed that the men of this age live longer than those of ancient times, but certain classical scholars of Europe are of a different opinion and they point to a census which was taken during the reign of the Emperor Vespasian as proof that they have good ground for disagreeing with scientists on this point.

When this census was taken several persons were living who were more than one hundred years old, among them being two in Parma, each one hundred and twenty years one in Placentia, one hundred and thirty; a woman in Faventia, one hundred and thirty-five; L. Terentius, in Bolognia, one hundred and forty; M. Apollonius and Tertulla, the former being one hundred and forty and the latter one hundred and thirty-seven, and at Velejadum, near Placentia, six persons who were one hundred and ten, four one hundred and twenty and one who was one hundred and thirty.

Some of the most famous