

LOST FOR 21 YEARS.

R. R. DAMREN RECOVERS HIS ABSENT DAUGHTER.

Young Woman Herself Insisted in Finding Her Father—A Chance Meeting Brings About the Joyful Reunion—A Remarkable Story.



ROBERT R. DAMREN, of Oakland, Me., has recently recovered in a remarkable manner his daughter, Alice Maud Damren, whom he lost in the fall of 1876, when 2 years old. Mr. Damren was then a brakeman on the night freight between Skowhegan and Portland. He left home for his work one night, and did not return on account of his labor for two weeks. He asked his wife where his little girl was, and she told him that a Mrs. Philpot, of Norridgewock, had taken her home for a few days for a visit. Mrs. Philpot had recently lost a little girl, and took a fancy to Mr. Damren's daughter. Mrs. Damren was taken down ill with the diphtheria the next day, and the child was not sent for. The mother was sick for two weeks, and then Mr. Damren was stricken, and for a week his life hung in the balance. It was six weeks from the time little Alice had left home that he was able to be out. When he went after his little girl, however, he found that Mrs. Philpot had disappeared from Norridgewock, taking the child with her, and until this summer he never found any trace of the woman or child, though every possible effort was made. One day last August Mr. Damren was fishing with a friend at Ellis pond, and happened to ask Fred Harding, of Sidney, if he ever knew a man at Norridgewock named Philpot. Mr. Harding replied that he did not, but he knew a woman of that name who went to Portland and married a man named Wormell. A little further inquiry convinced Mr. Damren that this was the woman who had taken his daughter. A strange coincidence in the case is that at about the time Harding gave Damren the information about Mrs. Philpot, Maud, in some way learned that Wormell was not her father, and made up her mind to search out her real parents. She said nothing about her plans, but went up to Waterville, where a brother of Wormell lived. He knew something of the case, and directed her to Mr. Damren, with whom he used to work on the railroad. Mr. Damren was away when she arrived, but the Fosters, with whom he lived, made her welcome, and prepared a surprise for her father's return. When he arrived they ushered him into a room where the girl was. The girl remained with her father for several days, and then returned to Waterville the last of the month, and there met the only one of her four brothers she has ever seen to know. She has not been living with Mrs. Wormell for some time, but is a clerk in a store in Portland. Mrs. Philpot's marriage to Mr. Wormell immediately after her going to Portland was

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ALASKA AND THE YUKON.

From Sea to Sea by Crossing Only Thirty Miles of Land.

Alaska is a most difficult country for traveling, even in the only available short season of its arctic summer, there being no roads; and even Indian trails, on account of the small number of natives, are very rare, says Outing. The surface is rough, being traversed by many ranges of mountains. Even in the more level portions travel is hindered in the summer by the wet moss which grows knee deep, and by the insect pests; in the winter it is made impossible by the intense cold. In view of all these difficulties, the peculiar relation of the Yukon river to the coast is such that one might fancy nature had arranged it especially for a highway through this inaccessible interior, in partial compensation to man for the obstacles she has put in his way. The headquarters of the network of streams that ultimately drain into the Yukon river fortunately lie within about thirty miles of the sea, just on the northern or inland side of a range of mountains which runs along the southern coast of Alaska. From this point the river flows north away from the sea, far toward the Arctic ocean; then, suddenly changing its mind, turns west; and finally, after traversing the whole width of Alaska, arrives at the Bering sea, its entire course being considerably over 2,000 miles. For a considerable distance it is a broad and deep stream, so that one may go quite through the center of Alaska, from sea to sea, by crossing only thirty miles of so of land.

VENDETTA IS STARTED.

One Man Already Killed and Valuable Property Is Burned.

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THE SAFE CRACKERS.

THE NEW BURGLAR USES MODERN TOOLS.

Has Little Use for the Clumsy Jimmy of Ye Olden Times—Few Clever Criminals Now Operate in Large Cities—Driven Out by Electric Alarms.



P-to-date burglars use tools that are models in the line of modern inventions. The vulgar jimmy need no longer be applied to the safe door. It is easier to drill a hole large enough for an arm to be slipped through.

At Marselles recently a very "neat" bank robbery took place, in which the improved burglar drill was used. The crackmen drilled a hole one or two inches in diameter by means of a handbrake, at the level of the lock, and afterward tapped the hole so that there might be screwed into it a threaded rod provided with a handle at its extremity. The drill, properly so called, consisted of a steel plate ring provided with saw teeth at one of its edges. This ring was held by a transverse rod, to which was fixed a vertical lever and a bridge. The threaded rod, which was first screwed into the door, served as an axis of rotation. Upon this axis was fixed the drill, and it only sufficed to maneuver the lever in order to cause the saw teeth to bite the plate of the safe. After a short period of silent work a disk was detached and came out with the tool. The safe then no longer offered any resistance to the burglar.

"The reason safes are not cracked in Chicago and other large cities as they once were," said William Pinkerton the other day, "is because we have made it very unprofitable for the safe crackers to attempt a job. Three-fourths of the safes and vaults in the business districts of Chicago are connected by electric wires with the office of a protective company and the instant one of these safes is tampered with an alarm bell rings in the office where a dozen men are on duty waiting for such an occurrence. No bell rings where the safe is. There is nothing to disturb the burglar, and if he keeps on with his work we are very likely to catch him in the act, as has been done half a dozen times. Now, the expert safe crackers all know this and for that reason they give Chicago a wide berth. Add to the protection of electricity the fact that the buildings are all guarded by watchmen and that the police are quite numerous in the business district at night and you will see the safe cracker has not the show he used to have. The principal safeguard, however, is electricity. No matter how conscientiously a watchman might make his rounds it might be possible for a couple of handy men to get into a store and do a job between trips while the watchman was in some other part of the block. But when the safe is connected with a burglar alarm, as the majority of them are, the safeblower has no chance in the world. He attempts to bore the door or to knock off the combination knob and instantly a big bell begins to ring blocks away and continues to ring until someone gets to that safe. As for the safes in grocery stores and other places away from the downtown district, they don't have enough in them to pay for the trouble and risk of getting into them. Those small shopkeepers usually hurry downtown and

make a deposit as soon as they get a couple of hundred dollars, and a good safe cracker does not want to spend his time and wear out his tools boring into a safe for \$20 or \$30. It is no trouble to get into the average fireproof safe. An amateur can do it. Of course, with a burglar-proof bank safe or vault it takes nitro glycerin, but the people who put their faith in safes would be surprised to see how easily they can be broken open. For all these reasons the safeblowers have taken to the country and the small cities, and there is more safeblowing there now than there ever was. Post-offices and banks and large stores in the little towns may be robbed with impunity, for, in the first place, the police there do not know the safe crackers by sight, and they are less liable to arrest on making their appearance in town than they would be in Chicago. Then the safes have no electrical attachments, the police are scarce and the burglars can work without molestation and get away. That is what has become of the safeblowers and that is why Chicago is free from them."

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A NEAT BIT OF WORK.

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burglars; they are men of brains and skill, good appearance and address. The large amounts of money they secure enables some of the high rollers to dress well and live in style, although the ordinary cheap safeblower spends his money as fast as he gets it.

Maximilian Shinburn is one of the most famous bank robbers the country ever saw and he has also a criminal record in Europe. He is a man of much polish and a fluent linguist and finds no difficulty in making his way in circles far above those in which the ordinary thief moves. For this reason it is extremely difficult for the police to capture him, as he is advised of their movements, but he has done time and his picture is in every rogues' gallery in this country and Europe.

MURDERED HIS FATHER.

Ranchman Shot by His Son, Whom He Had Ordered to Leave.

Thomas Flannelly shot and killed his father, Patrick Flannelly, one of the most respected citizens of Redwood City, Cal., the other night because he had been ordered from a ranch for disregarding the old man's wishes. The crime was committed in the elder Flannelly's home, which the son had evidently entered with the intent of doing murder. The crime aroused the people of Redwood City to a high state of excitement. Posses were formed to pursue the parricide, and he was finally located at the ranch he had been ordered to leave. When called upon to surrender young Flannelly opened fire on Sheriff McEvoy, of San Mateo county, and several of his deputies, one bullet taking effect in the sheriff's left arm. The volley was re-



THOMAS FLANNELLY.

turned, and the murderer was wounded several times. He then surrendered, and is now under a surgeon's care.

Knives Their Weapons.

Arthur Ferguson and Walter Price, young men living at Jasper, Tenn., quarreled over a castigation given by Price to a younger brother of Ferguson. Hot words followed, and they agreed to fight it out. They repaired to a swamp near by on which there was a piece of dry land, and, without witnesses, they fought a duel. They were both armed with knives, and the fight was bloody and desperate. Finally young Price sank to the ground from loss of blood and a wound in the spine which had paralyzed him. Ferguson was bleeding from a dozen wounds. Price had the same number. Ferguson reported the matter, and the wounded man was taken to his home and two physicians called. They pronounced his injuries fatal. Ferguson was arrested, but was released on a \$3,000 bond. Both young men are well connected and highly esteemed in the community.

Killed Self and Boy.

The bodies of a woman about thirty years old and a boy of eight were discovered in a room on the second floor of the Windsor House in Syracuse the other day by Mrs. Catherine Rockefeller, the proprietress. On the dresser was a bottle labeled "Carbolic Acid" and another partly filled with whisky purchased of a Syracuse druggist. The woman's face and arms were covered with burns, but the boy's face was unmarked. He had evidently taken the acid unsuspectingly. The woman appears to have been at great pains to conceal her identity. A search of the clothing revealed a crumpled scrap of paper bearing the name "Bessie La Grange, 535 Mumford st," written in a woman's hand.

Groom 70, Bride 15.

Joe Davis and Miss Belle Whittaker were married at Deer Lick, Ky., last week. Davis is past 70 years old, and his bride is only 15. The bride and groom represent extremes of age, greater, perhaps, than in any wedding on record. According to stories told by the friends of the couple Davis loved Miss Whittaker's grandmother, but could not marry her. He transferred his affections to her granddaughter, and after a courtship which has lasted ever since the girl was 6 years old, married her. Miss Whittaker loves the old man, who is highly respected, and will inherit his entire estate upon his death.

Married His Mother's Maid.

Catholic social circles on Jersey City Heights were somewhat surprised the other day by the announcement that Francis J. Cullum, son of a wealthy coal dealer, and Miss Catherine Gill, a housemaid in his mother's service, were married on Aug. 15. Mrs. Cullum said that her son's wife was considered a companion, and she was greatly pleased with her son's choice.

The British empire seems to double its population in Europe every 55 years; in the colonies every 25 years.

TORTURE OF A WITCH.

BY PRIESTS OF THE BOW IN A ZUNI VILLAGE.

And Capture the Fanatics, Who Had Almost Killed Their Victim—Long Terms of Imprisonment in Store for the Cruel Chiefs.



HE torturing of the witch of the Zuni has been avenged. The High Priests of the Bow are held behind prison bars, awaiting trial. Three companies of United States troops, with a Hotchkiss gun, stand guard over the old pueblo city, situated in the arid deserts of New Mexico, which shelters the remnants of a strange race made famous by the ethnologists. Nine months ago, in that sun-baked adobe city, where the Zuni Indians have lived for centuries, We-Wa, a princess of the race, fell sick. When she continued to grow worse, and failed rapidly from day to day, the medicine men danced and prayed, the priests offered sacred meal, and breathed on the sacred plumes to propitiate the gods who had beset her with her ills. But the gods refused to listen to the prayers of the priests, which like the smoke from the altar of Cain fell back to earth unrecieved by the dwellers in the sky. And so We-Wa died. The Priests of the Bow, the leading cult of Zuni, composed of the savants, the governor of the tribe, and the most prominent people, sat in solemn council to discover the cause of We-Wa's death. These priests hold a belief in witchcraft, and accused an old squaw of having caused We-Wa's death by this means, and by way of determining her guilt she was carried to one of the roofs of the city and cast off. The theory of the priests was that if she was a witch she would unfold her wings and fly away; if not, she would exonerate herself by being killed. Our forefathers of Salem town had much the same belief.

But the poor old squaw lay moaning in the street. The dogs barked at her and children pointed the finger of scorn at her. The Priests of the Bow, being stoical men, then carried the old woman to a post and hung her up by her thumbs. When she could no longer endure the agony she confessed to having bewitched We-Wa, the Princess of Zuni, to her death. The witch of Zuni found a friend and champion in Miss Dessette, the mission school teacher, and it is largely due to her efforts that the old squaw is still alive. Miss Dessette has worked zealously in attempting to emancipate the Zunis from their thralldom of superstition, and it was through her correspondence with the authorities at Washington that the troops were sent. The "witch" had so far recovered, that when the troops went into Zuni, she was able to accompany them back to Las Lunas, where she gave her testimony. When the troops arrived they found that Nai-yu-che and Na-to-tse, two of the high priests, had given themselves up to the sheriff, and on the following day the other Priests of the Bow, Ken-si and Moorm-asi, surrendered, without a word, to the sovereignty of the law. They were marched to Las Lunas, where a preliminary hearing was arranged. The



PRINCESS WE-WA AT WORK.

magistrate held each of the four on bond of \$5,000 to appear at the February term of the grand jury. But they will be unable to furnish the bail and the four pious priests will have to wait in jail. No doubt they will be convicted and sent to the penitentiary for eight or ten years. The Priests of the Bow constitute the great warrior order of the Zunis, and are also leaders in the religion of the people. Nai-yu-che is a very old man, and is the practical head of the church, so to speak. An idea of the philosophy of the people may be gained from the following incident: Some years ago a missionary who went among them saw their ceremonies and assured the priests through an interpreter that they had no religion. The old priest turned to the missionary, saying: "Can you understand our language?" to which the missionary replied that he could not. The priest then remarked with dignity, "Why do you not tell us we have no religion?"

A captive bee, striving to escape, has been made to record as many as 15,340 wing strokes per minute in a recent test. The center of a train is considered the safest.

BEAR AND WHELMEN.

Bruin Wisely Refused to Kill the Lanky Fleshless Cyclists.

Right in the middle of the track was a black bear about 4 feet high and 6 feet long. We had never seen Bruin before outside the zoo, or in the cage of a perambulating menagerie, says Travel. So we were interested, and the interest took the shape of a tightness across the chest and a quickness of breathing such as you feel when easy and happy-go-lucky in your mind. The bear was interested in us and evidently glad to see us. He gave a grunt, slowly wagged his head and began to advance. At first we thought of amusing him by reminiscences of sale buns given to his species when we were younger and less callous of heart. Yet we cocked our revolvers in case there should be any disputing the fact, though we knew a bullet from a six shooter would have as much effect upon the hide of a bear as a pea-shooter would have in wounding an elephant. "Now, don't fire until he's within arms' reach; then drive into his eyes or open mouth." That was the arrangement. We halted, ready for action. So did our friend the enemy, and we saw he was scanning us with scornful eyes. He began to get a side view. "He's finking it; he's frightened," we said, with lowered voice. By way of answer the bear came on four strides at a trot and up went the revolvers. "Don't shoot, don't shoot, till he's nearer." Bruin hesitated. He was considering. He was something of a philosopher and evidently thought, "They are only a couple of lanky, fleshless cyclists; what would be the good of killing them?" On which sage reflection he turned about and sauntered up the mountain side.

HE SHOT FOR LOVE.

Frank Weeden Confesses to the Wounding of Miss Coulter.

Frank Weeden, who shot his young cousin, Miss Daisy P. Coulter, the



FRANK WEEDEN.

Brown University student, has made a confession. The shooting took place a week before. Weeden, who was madly in love with his cousin, feared that she was devoting her attentions to another. He loaded a shotgun with bullets and lead pipe slugs and started out to kill her. He remained about the house watching Miss Coulter's through a window. Finally, when all was quiet and no one was about, he sneaked over under the window where she sat, and placing the muzzle of the gun hard against the blind, fired. Weeden will doubtless be sent back to the state insane asylum, where he was confined from February, 1895, until last July for threatening to kill Miss Grace Lents, now Mrs. Frank Aldrich, of East Greenwich.

Three Poisons in Tobacco.

Nicotine is not, as used to be supposed, the most dangerous principle of tobacco, but pyridine and colodine. Nicotine is the product of the cigar and cigarette; pyridine, which is three or four times more poisonous, comes out of the pipe. It would be well, both for the devotees of tobacco and their neighbors, if they took care always to have the smoke filtered through cotton wool or other absorbent material before it is allowed to pass the "barrier of the teeth." Smokers might also take a lesson from the Turk, who never smokes a cigarette to the end, but usually throws it away when a little more than half is finished.

Safe-Flowers Secure \$900.

The Exchange bank of Waukauusa, Ind., was broken into the other morning by three men. They blew off the safe door and took about \$900. After leaving the bank the robbers went to the barn of Samuel Greenwald, where they secured a fine team and surrey, with which they drove to Elkhart, leaving the team standing on the outskirts of this city in an exhausted condition. The robbers are supposed to have taken the paper train east. Before breaking into the bank they broke into an adjoining gun store and stole several revolvers and tools, using the latter in their operations.

Alleged Evangelist in Jail.

A few days ago a man giving his name as W. H. Long, formerly of St. Louis, later of Philadelphia, came to Mexico, Mo., and stopped at the Rungo hotel. He advertised to conduct a religious revival meeting at the opera house. He claimed that he was formerly with Sam Small, Proprietor of Davis had him arrested for obtaining board under false pretenses. The alleged evangelist was unable to give bond for \$25, and had to go to jail.

He Sleeps All the Time.

Chester Hall, residing near Danville, Mich., is afflicted in a peculiar and puzzling manner. A year ago drowsiness came upon him and soon he became so sleepy that he was unable to work. Now he sleeps almost constantly, only being awakened at meal time, after which he goes to bed again and is soon in a sound slumber.