

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## PREACHES ON MAY CHANGES OF RESIDENCE.

Timely Discourse in Which the Need of Patience and Equipoise is Set Forth—Moving into the Father's House.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.] Text, Philippians iv. 12: "I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound."

Happy Paul! Could you really accommodate yourself to all circumstances in life? Could you go up without pride, and could you come down without exasperation?

We are at a season of the year when vast populations in all our cities are changing residence. Having been born in a house, and having all our lives lived in a house, we do not have full appreciation of what a house is. It is the growth of thousands of years. The human race first lived in clefts of rocks, beasts of the field moving out of the caverns to let the human race move in. The shepherds and the robbers still live in caverns of the earth. The troglodytes are a race which to this day prefer the caverns to a house. They are warm, they are large, they are very comfortable, they are less subject to violent changes of heat and cold. We come on along down in the history of the race, and we come to the lodge, which was a home built out of twisted tree branches. We come further on down in the history of the race, and we come to the tent, which was a home built with a round pole in the center, and skins of animals reaching out in all directions, mats on the floor for the people to sit on.

Time passed on, and the world, after much invention, came to build a house, which was a space surrounded by broad stones, against which the earth was heaped from the outside. The roof was made of chalk and gypsum, and coals and stones and ashes pounded together. After awhile the porch was born, after awhile the gate. Then hundreds of years passed on, and in the fourteenth century the modern chimney was constructed. The old chimneys had openings in their houses from which the smoke might escape if it preferred, but there was no inducement offered for it to leave until the modern chimney. Wooden keys opened the door, or the keyhole was large enough to allow the finger to be inserted for the lifting of the latch or the sliding of it. There being no windows, the people were dependent for light upon lattice-work, over which a thin veil was drawn down in time of winter to keep out the elements. Window glass was, so late as two or three hundred years ago, in England and Scotland, so great a luxury that only the very wealthiest could afford it. A hand mill and an oven and a few leather bottles and some red pitchers and plates made up the entire equipment of the culinary department. But the home planned in the old cave or at the foot of a tent pole has grown and enlarged and spread abroad until we have the modern house with its branches and roots and vast girth and height and depth of comfort and accommodation.

Good Houses to Live In. Architecture in other days busied itself chiefly in planning and building triumphal arches and basilicas and hippodromes and mausoleums and columns, while they allowed the people for residences to burrow like muskrats in the earth. St. Sophia's of Constantinople, St. Mark's of Venice, St. Peter's of Rome are only the Raphaelized walls against which lean the squalor and the pauperism of many nations. I rejoice that, while our modern architects give us grand capitols in which to legislate and grand courthouses in which to administer justice and grand churches in which to worship God, they also give much of their time to the planning of comfortable abodes for our tired population. I have not so much interest in the arch of Trajan as all the people may have a comfortable shelter, nor have I so much interest in the temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens as I have in the hope that every man may have an altar for the worship of the true God in his own house. And I have not so much interest in the science of ceramics, which goes crazy over a twisted vase, or a queer pitcher out of which the ancient pharaohs poured their drunken debauch, as I have that every man have on his table a plate with plenty of healthful food and an appetite to attack it.

Thank God for your home—not merely the house you live in now, but the house you were born in and the many houses you have resided in since you began your earthly residence. When you go home today, count over the number of these houses in which you have resided, and you will be surprised. Once in awhile you will find a man who lives in the house where he was born and where his father was born and his grandfather was born and his great-grandfather was born, but that is not one out of a thousand cases. I have not been more perambulatory than most people, but I was amazed when I came to count up the number of residences I have occupied. The fact is, there is in this world no such thing as permanent residence.

In a private vehicle and not in a rail car, from which you can see but a little, I rode from New York to Yonkers and Tarrytown, on the banks of the Hudson—the finest ride on the planet for a man who wants to see palatial residences in fascinating scenery. It was in the early spring and before the gentlemen of New York had gone out to their country residences. I rode into the grounds to admire the gardens, and the overseer of the place told me—and they all told me that they wanted to sell them, and there was literally no exception, although I called at many places, just admiring the gardens and the grounds and the palatial residences. Some wanted to sell or had sold because their wives did not want to reside in the summer time in those places while their husbands tarried in town in the night, always having some business on hand keeping them away.

Change of Residence. From some houses the people had been shaken out by chills and fever, from some houses they had gone because death or misfortune had occurred, and all those palaces and mansions had either changed occupants or wanted to change. Take up the directory of any city of England or America and see how few people live where they lived 15 years ago. There is no such thing as permanent residence. I saw Monticello, in Virginia, President Jefferson's residence, and I saw on the same day Montpelier, which was either Madison's or Monroe's residence, and I saw also the white house, which was President Taylor's residence, and President Lincoln's residence, and President Garfield's residence. Was it a permanent residence in any case? I tell you that the race is nomadic and no sooner gets in one place than it wants to change for another place or is compelled to change for another place, and so the race invented the railroad and the steamboat in order more rapidly to get into some other place than that in which it was then. Aye, instead of being nomadic, it is immoral, moving on and moving on. We whip up our horses and hasten on until the hub of the front wheel shivers on the tombstone and tips us headlong into the grave, the only permanent earthly residence. But, bless God, even that stay is limited, for we shall have a resurrection.

A day this spring the street will be filled with the furniture carts and the drays and the trucks. It will be a hard day for horses, because they will be overloaded. It will be a hard day for laborers, for they will overlift before they get the family furniture from one house to another. It will be a hard day for housekeepers to see their furniture scratched, and the crockery broken, and their carpets misfit, and their furniture dashed of the sudden showers. It will be a hard day for landlords. It will be a hard day for tenants. Especial grace is needed for moving day. Many a man's religion has suffered a fearful strain between the hour on the morning of the first of May, when he took his immature breakfast, and the hour at night when he rolled into his extemporized couch. The furniture broken sometimes will result in the breaking of the Ten Commandments. There is no more fearful pass than the hall of a house where two families meet, one moving out and the other moving in. The salutation is apt to be more vehement than complimentary. The grace that will be sufficient for the first of January and the first of February and the first of March and the first of April will not be sufficient for the first of May. Say your prayers that morning if you find nothing better to kneel down by than a coal scuttle, and say your prayers at night though your knee comes down on a paper of carpet tacks. You will want supernatural help if any of you move. Help in the morning to start out right on the day's work. Help at night to repent. There will be enough of annoyance to make a Xantippe out of a Frances Ridley Havergal. I have again and again been in crisis of moving day, and I have stood appalled and amazed and helpless in the shipwreck, taking as well as I could those things that floated ashore from the breakers, and I know how to comfort and how to warn, and how to encourage the people, so I preach this practical May day sermon. All these troubles will soon be gone, and the bruises will heal, and the stiffened joints will become supple, and your ruffled temper will be smoothed out of its wrinkles, and order will take the place of disorder, and you will sit down in your new home seriously to contemplate.

Reverses of Fortune. But there are others who will move out of large residences into smaller through the reversal of fortune. The property must be sold or the balliff will sell it, or the income is less and you cannot pay the house rent. First of all, such persons should understand that our happiness is not dependent on the size of the house we live in. I have known people enjoy a small heaven in two rooms and other suffer a pandemonium in twenty. There is as much happiness in a small house as in a large house. There is as much satisfaction under the light of a tallow candle as under the glare of a chandelier, all the burners at full blaze. Who was the happier, John Bunyan in Bedford jail or Belshazzar in the saturnalia? Contentment is something you can neither rent nor purchase. It is not extrinsic; it is intrinsic. Are there fewer rooms in the house to which you move? You will have less to take care of. Is it to be stove instead of furnace? All the doctors say the modern modes of warming buildings are unhealthy. Is it less pier mirrors? Less temptation to your vanity. Is it old-fashioned toilet instead of water pipes all through the house? Less to freeze and burst when you cannot get a plumber. Is it less carriage? More room for robust exercise. Is it less social position? Fewer people who want to drag you down by their jealousies. Is it less fortune to leave in your last will and testament? Less to spoil your children. Is it less money for marketing? Less temptation to ruin the health of your family with pineapples and indigestible salads. Is it a little deaf? Not hearing so many disagreeables.

I meet you this springtime at the door of your new home, and while I help you lift the clothesbasket over the banister and the carman is getting red in the face in trying to transport that article of furniture to some new destination I congratulate you. You are going to have a better time this year, some of you, than you ever had. You take God and the Christian religion in your home, and you will be grandly happy. God in the parlor—that will sanctify your sociabilities. God in the nursery—that will protect your children. God in the dining hall—that will make the plainest meal an imperial banquet. God in the morning—that will launch the day brightly from the drydocks. God in the evening—that will sail the day sweetly into the harbor.

And get joy, one and all of you, whether you move or do not move. Get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have a grand moving day. Do you want a picture of the new

house into which you will move? Here it is, wrought with the hand of a master. "We know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How much rent will we have to pay for it? We are going to own it. How much must we pay for it? How much cash down, and how much left on mortgage? Our Father is going to give it as a free gift. When are we going to move into it? We are moving now. On moving day heads of families are very apt to stay in the old house until they have seen everything off. They send ahead the children, and they send ahead the treasures and the valuables. Then, after awhile, they will come themselves. I remember very well in the country that in boyhood moving day was a jubilation.

Going to the Father's House. On almost the first load we, the children, were sent on ahead to the new house, and we arrived with shout and laughter, and in an hour we had ranged through every room in the house, the barn and the granary. Toward night, and perhaps in the last wagon, father and mother would come, looking very tired, and we would come down to the foot of the lane to meet them and tell them of all the wonders we discovered in the new place, and then, the last wagon unloaded, the candles lighted, our neighbors who had helped us to move—for in those times neighbors helped each other—sat down with us at a table on which there was every luxury they could think of. Well, my dear Lord knows that some of us have been moving a good while. We have sent our children ahead, we have sent many of our valuables ahead, sent many treasures ahead. We cannot go yet. There is work for us to do, but after awhile it will be toward night, and we will be very tired, and then we will start for our new home, and those who have gone ahead of us they will see our approach, and they will come down the lane to meet us, and they will have much to tell us of what they have discovered in the "house of many mansions," and of how large the rooms are and of how bright the fountains. And then, the last load unloaded, the table will be spread and our celestial neighbors will come in to sit down with our reunited families, and the chalice will be full, not with the wine that sweats in the vat of earthly intoxication, but with "the new wine of the kingdom." And there for the first time we will realize what fools we were on earth when we feared to die, since death has turned out only to be the moving from a smaller house into a larger one, and the exchange of a pauper's hut for a prince's castle, and the going up stairs from a miserable kitchen to a glorious parlor. O house of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

## CITY OF SAULT STE. MARIE.

### Destined to Be Metropolis of Upper Michigan.

Sault Ste. Marie is destined to become at no distant day the metropolis of the upper peninsula of Michigan. This will be the result of the development of its immense waterpower, which is second only to that of Niagara. Here at the natural gateway between the east and the west, the United States and Canadian governments have built ship canals and locks for the benefit of the vast commerce to and from Lake Superior. The waters of this great inland sea go tumbling down St. Mary's rapids, forming one of the finest water powers in the world. A portion of the vast water power has already been harnessed and put to commercial use on both sides of St. Mary's river. On the American side \$3,500,000 is being expended on a mammoth water power canal that will develop 40,000 actual horse power, all of which has already been leased for use in establishments to be erected for the manufacture of calcium carbide, chemicals and other products that will use to the best advantage the raw materials existing in this neighborhood and such as can utilize most profitably the remarkable advantages enjoyed by Sault Ste. Marie for the assembling of raw materials and the distribution of finished products. When all the projected industries are completed and in operation it will result in the up-building of Sault Ste. Marie from its present population of about 10,000 to a city of great importance as a manufacturing center.—N. L. Martin in Milwaukee Journal.

## THE JUDGE'S DOUBLE ENTRY.

### Style of Bookkeeping He Learned from Hotel Registers.

Judge James Fitzgerald of the New York supreme court is an excellent example of what perseverance and singleness of purpose will accomplish. The judge, who is about 40 years old, supported not only himself, but helped his family while serving as a cash boy in a store, and at night he attended Cooper union. Later he read law at night and managed to be admitted to the bar at the same age that most young men begin practice. To his native Irish wit is added a power of speech that nearly approaches eloquence. He soon took a prominent part in politics, and was for years a member of the legislature. Several years ago he was appointed an additional assistant district attorney at the comfortable salary of \$7,500 per year. Before taking office he married and went on a prolonged wedding trip. When he returned a month's pay was due him and he went to the office for it. During his honeymoon he had traveled over a good part of this country, and as his funds were low he vent direct from the train to the office. "Here is your money," said the pay clerk, deferentially, after his kind. "All right," replied Mr. Fitzgerald, pocketing the roll of bills. "Sign the payroll, please," continued the clerk. "Of course," responded the bridegroom, and absent mindedly, he wrote as follows: "James Fitzgerald and wife." And the entry is on the city books to this day.—Philadelphia Post.

Expert Opinion. Intellectual Caller—"Don't you think Sienkiewicz as a novelist is rather hard to classify?" Literary Editor—"Not as hard, madam, as he is to pronounce."—Chicago Journal.

# LIBERTY AND DEATH.

## REMARKABLE STORY OF ESCAPE FROM SING SING.

### Locked Jailers in Their Cells and They Escaped to the River Bank—They Turned Pirates and Death Followed Their Venture.

Developments have just come to light which explain how two of the boldest and coolest criminals that ever escaped from Sing Sing prison met their death in a novel and unforeseen manner just as they had accomplished the most difficult part of their task. It will be remembered by many that about the middle of May, 1893, fishermen found in the Hudson off Croton Point the bodies of two convicts, Frank W. Roehl and Thomas Pallister, who had escaped from Sing Sing about a month previous. Each man had a bullet hole in his head, and this is the point which lent to the case an air of profound mystery. Many theories were advanced at the time relative to how the men might have come to their death, but no one ever stepped forward to disclose any positive knowledge of the affair until Capt. Michael Kelley of a brick schooner, which plied the Hudson at the time of the tragedy now volunteers a positive solution of the mystery. The facts of the escape, flight and subsequent death of Roehl and Pallister, as gleaned from Captain Kelley, Mate James S. Kearns, and Keeper John O'Keefe of Sing Sing prison, constitute a tale of thrilling and extraordinary interest. Both of the criminals



CAPT. MICHAEL KELLEY.

had been found guilty of murder and were awaiting execution in the electric chair. Pallister was not only a very powerful and athletic thug, but a man of some intelligence, possessed of many friends and considerable political influence. He was the brains of the subsequent plot to escape.

The night of April 20, 1893, was chosen by the murderers to make their desperate attempt. During the day Roehl pretended to be sick, and at night he asked Keeper James W. Hulst to warm some milk for him. This the keeper did in a shallow pan. It was too big to go through the slide in the cage, so he unlocked the door of Roehl's cell to hand it to him. As he did so the prisoner dashed a handful of pepper and lime into his eyes and grappled with him. Roehl had scratched the mortar from between the bricks of the wall, and the pepper had saved from his food. Hulst struggled fiercely, but Roehl backed him up against the bars of Pallister's cell, the latter grabbing him and holding him until Roehl secured his keys and revolver. Then he freed Pallister, and together they locked the keeper in Pallister's cell. Keeper Murphy was then due, and they lay in wait for him. The moment he passed the door they overpowered him, took his keys and revolver, and locked him in Roehl's cell. The pair climbed to the roof and tried to break their way through one corner. After wasting half an hour on this, they thought of the skylight. This they broke with ease, climbed out on the roof and dropped to the ground.

Plans for their actions after leaving the prison had all been completed by friends outside. Across the river from Sing Sing, some 15 miles back from the shore, are the Ramapo mountains, some parts of which are an unhabited, hardly explored wilderness. In one of the loneliest regions of these mountains the friends of Pallister had fitted up a cave with all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. There were comfortable beds, a small cook stove, all the necessary cooking utensils and hundreds of dollars worth of food supplies. Complete arrangements had been made for conveying the prisoners to this retreat, and at the same time for setting the authorities on the wrong track. Now, it so happened that on the night which they had chosen for their escape the worst storm of many years occurred. No small craft would live on the Hudson that night. To some extent, the storm favored the criminals' plans, but in the end, as will be seen, proved disastrous to them. At last Pallister and Roehl stood on the Sing Sing shore of the Hudson. They found the boat that was waiting for them. They began the voyage. Pallister, who was a skilled oarsman, rowed the boat. A terrific southeast gale lashed the water into foaming waves and the rain fell in sheets. The waves rose three feet high. The men had not gone a hundred yards before they realized that they could never cross the river in that storm. Their little shell of a boat was filling with water and they had not even yet felt the full force of the storm. Now, just ahead of them, lay a two-masted schooner. There were three men aboard—Capt. Michael Kelley, Mate James S. Kearns and "Lum" Osborne. The two escaping murderers decided in an instant that the only chance of life and safety was to board the schooner and seize her.

They climbed aboard by the anchor chain. To Osborne, who was on watch, they said they were friends of the captain and he, not noticing their attire in the darkness, let them pass. While Kelley and Kearns were quietly talking down the companionway, closely followed by another. The foremost intruder evidently did not see Kearns sitting in the shadowy background. Suddenly, entering the lighted cabin from the inky darkness, he leveled his revolver—a Sing Sing keeper's revolver—at Captain Kelley's head and coolly said: "Throw up your hands!

We're from the prison and are going to take command of the ship!" They were his last words. While he was speaking Kearns, unseen, drew a pistol and shot at the speaker's head. The aim was true, for the convict dropped to the floor, dead. This occupied three or four seconds, but the time was sufficient to allow Captain Kelley to draw his pistol. The second murderer-pirate bounded into the cabin as soon as his leader dropped. He, too, had a revolver, but he had no chance to use it. Captain Kelley put a bullet in him as soon as he showed himself at the foot of the stairs. The captain and mate threw both the bodies overboard and the angry waters of the Hudson completed the work. Although the two men had done nothing but defend their lives and their property, they felt more or less guilty, and they had no desire to have the matter publicly ventilated.

## LASTED A WEEK.

### Young Louisiana Swell Saw Gotham for \$21,000.

Malon Walton Russell, scion of a prominent Southern family, has come to grief in New York after a spasm of sightseeing that carried everything before it. Russell is a son of Col. Fleming Russell of Louisiana, a salt-mine operator, and a partner of ex-State Senator Miles, the millionaire mining operator of New Orleans. Young Russell was employed in the Cotton Exchange there and was contented with life until one day he won \$2,700 on a horse race. In two weeks he won \$21,000. Then Russell packed his trunk and came to New York. He left New Orleans on February 28, losing \$1,000 at poker en route. Jumping into a cab he drove to the Waldorf and took rooms at \$8 a day. He wanted to be shown to a "swell" club house. He left the place \$3,000 loser. In the evening Russell did the tenderloin, and three nights in the Haymarket cost Russell \$800 and a collection of jewelry. The next night he ran afoul of some soubrettes. Then his money took wings. He tried another shy at the fero bank, which cost him \$2,500. Dropping into the Delavan he opened wire for the pugilists who congregate there. He was introduced to Sharkey, and later to Corbett and Kid McCoy. After a week more of wine, fero bank, soubrettes and more wine, the young man from the south found himself with just \$100 in his pocket, after paying a hotel bill of \$300 and a cab bill of \$90. The next day he spent his last nickel for "coffee and sinkers."—New York Correspondence St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## STOPPED THE FUNERAL.

### Sizemore Was About to Be Buried When the Police Interfered.

While standing in the office of Magistrate Mauldin at Greenville, S. C., Pinckney Sizemore, 35 years old, collapsed, and before doctors could reach him was pronounced dead. The body was removed to his home and preparations made for the funeral. The grave was dug, the mourners assembled, and the body was about to be interred when the police appeared and ordered a postponement. The police had been informed by Dr. W. J. Bramlett that he did not believe Sizemore was dead, and this caused their summary action. The man, while having the appearance of death so far as the face was concerned, had a warm body, and breathing could be detected by the use of a mirror at the mouth. The jaws were set, and the pupils of the eye unresponsive to light. But the joints are as supple as in life. Sizemore's family are in a most agitated state.

## Triple Tragedy of Love.

Brussels correspondence New York World: A love drama, equaling anything produced in sensational fiction, occurred at Helmet, an outlying suburb of Brussels. A local addresser recently went to Paris, leaving his business in charge of his wife, an attractive young woman of 21, and an apprentice 14 years old. Guilty relations ensued between the pair. The husband, secretly advised of the situation, returned to take legal proceedings. The wife, realizing the dilemma, went upstairs and shot himself. His parents came later in the day to claim the child's corpse, when the body of the woman was also discovered hanging in an obscure corner. The husband thereupon shot himself with a revolver taken from the hand of the boy, whose mother with difficulty was restrained from following his example.

## Rich Find at Grizzly Bear Mine.

On exhibition at the St. James hotel at Denver, Colo., is a piece of rose-colored quartz, known as rhodochrosite, which was taken from Grizzly Bear mine, situated a few miles from Ouray. The specimen weighs about forty pounds. The main body of the piece is manganese carbonate. A streak of silver runs through it and it would assay about two ounces of gold to the ton. But it is the red-rose crystals that give it value. There are perhaps fifty of them, some nearly an inch long by a quarter inch for the other dimensions. All are solid and contained by six rhomboids. To be more exact they are parallelepipeds. The specimen, which is worth about \$3,000, will be taken to the Paris exposition by Messrs. Armstrong and Hulbert.

## Insane Man's Dreadful Deed.

Harboring imaginary wrongs, John W. McKim, aged 29 years, of Kansas City, Mo., shot and instantly killed Dr. B. T. Shaw, his brother-in-law, as the latter sat reading the Sunday school lesson to his 15-year-old daughter. McKim, who had been an inmate of a sanitarium and is believed to be insane, threatened to kill the other five members of the family, and was only restrained after a struggle.

## Sensation at a Revival Meeting.

There was considerable excitement at a religious meeting at South Webster, O., the other night by the sudden death of Mrs. William Styles. She had made repeated efforts to induce her son, John, to go forward and profess conversion. As she reached the front of the church she paused, called her son's name, staggered and fell full length in front of the pulpit.

# A MYSTERIOUS DEED.

## BULLET THROUGH A WINDOW KILLED GOSNELL.

### His Daughter's Lover Arrested—Cramblett's Relatives Were Inducement—Preliminary Hearing Held in a Town Hall.

Great interest attaches to the trial at Steubenville, Ohio, of Quincy Cramblett, a young man charged with the assassination of his sweetheart's father. The crime was one of the most cold-blooded on record, there being no known motive or grudge against the man who was assassinated—James H. Gosnell. Gosnell was a farmer living on Perrin's run, a rough, wooded portion of Smithfield township, where the land owners indulge in the pastime of "coon hunting." On the night of Nov. 4, while Gosnell was seated in his kitchen reading, some one fired through the window at his back. It was a heavy charge of slugs that cut through the chair back, passed through his body and lodged in the opposite wall. Gosnell died instantly. The murder caused much feeling, because of Gosnell's high standing in the community, but it was some time before an arrest was made, and not until after the county commissioners offered a reward. Suspicion fell on two men in that section, but only one was ever arrested. The morning after the murder a man's tracks were found in the garden in the rear of the Gosnell home. They led to a point at a



JAMES H. GOSNELL.

fence some distance away, where a horse had been hitched. Those who followed the horse tracks, and they were sharp-eyed "coon hunters," found that Cramblett's horse, hitched in the stable at his father's barn, made tracks similar to those found at the fence and along the road. One shoe was missing and the hair and mane rubbed on the fence were the color of Cramblett's horse. Bloodhounds were brought to the scene, but they could not run the trail. Several times Cramblett was taken into custody and privately examined, but so good was his standing as a quiet, unobtrusive citizen that he was released. After the offering of the reward he was arrested again, but only kept under surveillance at the constable's home, so sure was he that Cramblett would not try to escape. Then came the trial before Squire Humphreys of Mount Pleasant. It was a burlesque. The citizens took up a collection and hired the town hall to hear the trial, and so strong was the feeling in Cramblett's innocence that the crowd applauded and cheered the good points scored by Cramblett's lawyer.

Cramblett was held, however, but so strong was the feeling of his not being guilty, and so meager the evidence, it being purely circumstantial, that it is doubtful if he would have been indicted had it not been for two indications of his relatives, two of whom admitted before the grand jury to destroying and throwing in a deep well a gun the state's officer had been looking for after the murder. It had stood in a corner at the Cramblett home, but after the murder was not to be seen. The gun was recovered through the testimony of William Miller and Milton Hall, relatives of Cramblett. Other damning testimony came up before the grand jury.

Cramblett was indicted and the trial set, but was continued because of the affidavit of a physician that Cramblett's mother, who is temporarily insane, will recover in a few weeks and, it is said, will testify to an alibi for her son.

The state contends that Cramblett was desperately in love with Cora Gosnell; that when she would not marry him because of her father's opposition Cramblett concluded to remove him; that Cramblett had proposed to Cora that, as they could not marry, they could die together. Cramblett at the time contended that Cramblett was a welcome visitor to the Gosnell home; that he was always invited back by the father; that the first person arriving at the Gosnell home the night of the murder was asked to go for Cramblett, who came and stayed until after funeral, assisting the family, that he sat up at night with the dead man without a tremor, and that he did not show any fright at the appearance of the bloodhounds; that they can prove an alibi for Cramblett, and that suspicion points strongly to another as the one who committed the crime. The Cramblett connection is a large and influential one, and they are reinforced by many everywhere who believe some other person committed the deed. He enlisted with the late war with Spain. Before daylight the morning after the murder a man came into Martin's Ferry and gave details of the murder such as were not known to any one for miles in the direction of Mount Pleasant. He practically said he had shot Gosnell, but his story was not believed and he disappeared, going into West Virginia.

## Ninety Years in the Penitentiary.

Ninety years in the penitentiary was the sentence given John Hayslip, a horse trainer, found guilty of murder in the second degree at Kansas City, Mo. Hayslip killed his wife and Maud Mitchell, and tried to kill Charles Barner, an ice wagon driver.

They say that the older a man grows the less he laughs, probably because he is fast settling in the grave.

# TOO MUCH CULTURE.

## After Mrs. Davis Had Secured a Mule Education She Lost Her Love.

Divorce has ended the romance of the Rev. O. F. Davis of Omaha, Neb., which began in Vermont. The couple were married in 1885. Mrs. Davis sung in the church choir at Albion, Vt., and after a few months became ambitious to study abroad. Davis found the funds to send her to Heidelberg, Mrs. Davis became an accomplished singer, and gained a host of friends in society in the larger cities. She insisted that it was necessary to open a fashionable studio in Boston, but this project met with a flat refusal from the husband. Then the young woman flatly told him that the \$1,000 a year he earned was not sufficient to gratify her tastes; that she had outgrown her old love and intended to leave him. The Rev. Mr. Davis went to Omaha and commenced suit for divorce, which the court granted.

## TRADED HIS WIFE

### For a Shanty Boat and a Horse and Wagon.

A peculiar case of wife trading has just come to light at Columbus, O. John Jones, who had a shanty boat and wife, became dissatisfied with his condition. His wife was also dissatisfied. He met a friend, William Stephens, who had a horse and wagon and engages in the business of gathering old rags and iron. Jones offered to trade his wife and boat for Stephens' horse and wagon, and the proposition was accepted. After the agreement had been signed Jones wanted to go home, not only to bid his wife goodbye, but also to recover some clothing. Stephens vetoed the proposition, and warned Jones not to "come-foolin'" round his woman no longer.

## Bloodiest Battle of the Century.

The battle during the present century having the greatest list of killed and wounded is the great battle of Leipsic, known as the battle of the Nations, which took place on the 18th and 19th of October, 1813, between Napoleon and the allies, when Napoleon was defeated, and the list of killed and wounded on both sides was 100,000 men. The battle was one of the most bloody and decisive of those which effected the deliverance of Europe from French domination. The troops under Napoleon in this battle amounted to 180,000 men, and those of the allies, commanded by Prince Schwarzenberg, Marshal Blucher, and Bernadotte, Crown Prince of Sweden, to almost 300,000 men. The loss of the French was reckoned to be 39,000 killed and wounded and 38,000 prisoners; that of the allies at over 60,000.

## Danger of Smallpox.

Dr. Charles F. Mason, a volunteer army surgeon, writes from the Philippines to the New York Medical Record that there is danger of the communication of variola and smallpox in this country to friends of soldiers through souvenirs, sent to them. He says that these diseases are almost universal there among all classes, and that the people have their own loom in their homes and manufacture many varieties of fine "josi" and "pina" cloth, which are much sought after by American soldiers and by them sent through the mails to their friends.

## A Tooth's Strange Journey.

A remarkable surgical operation was performed upon Mrs. David Sweet of Webster, Mass., by Dr. Joseph O. Genereux. Thirty years ago, when a child, Mrs. Sweet swallowed a tooth, but no trouble ever came of it. The other day, while standing at a table, she felt intense pain in her foot. Dr. Genereux, who was finally summoned, cut into the foot, and behind the heel bone he found a large incisor tooth that was tearing the flesh and causing the pain. In 30 years that tooth had worked its way through the body.

## Tunneled to Liberty.

Capt. Haldane of the Gordon Highlanders and Lieut. Le Mesurier of the Dublins have arrived at Lourenço Marques from Pretoria, having escaped from prison. Capt. Haldane says that after Winston Churchill's escape the Boers redoubled their surveillance, and electric lights were installed. The two officers, however, tunneled under the prison, remained hidden for twenty days and then, when the rest of the prisoners were removed, cut the electric light wires and slipped away.

## Robbers Capture Detective.

While shadowing a suspect robber Patrolman Fitzgerald of Cleveland, O., was taken captive by seven men in a house, into which he had followed the suspect. He was immediately seized, overpowered and bound and gagged by the thugs. After taking his money, watch, billy, revolver and handcuffs the men left the policeman to get free as best he could. After half an hour Fitzgerald succeeded in severing his bonds with his teeth.

## Murder Over a Corpse.

While W. H. Oliver and J. A. Castling, brothers-in-law, and their wives were sitting up with the corpse of E. M. Morehead, their father-in-law, at Dallas, Tex., the two men quarreled and Oliver was stabbed to death. The men are prominent planters.

## Drove a Nail in Her Head.

A nail driven into Senora Grades' head, which caused her to go insane, and later resulted in death, has brought about the imprisonment of the senora's family at City of Mexico, it being suspected that they were guilty of the crime.

## Not for Wrong.

Tutor—You know, of course, that in Christian countries such as ours a man is only allowed one wife. Now, what is that state of things called? Pupil—Monotony.

## Sterilized.

School Trustee—"Do you think you are capable of teaching the young idea how to shoot?" Applicant—"Sure, I was born and raised in Kentucky."

The best crop of wild oats usually grows on the poorest soil.