

DEAD THIRTY YEARS.

CASE OF A PRISONER IN NEW YORK LATELY PARDONED.

Long Legal Exclusion from the World to Be Followed by Restoration to Life and Freedom—Still Maintains His Innocence of the Crime.



THROUGH the clemency of former Gov. Morton there will emerge from prison walls into freedom next spring a man who has suffered a living death for more than thirty years. The first thought that naturally comes is that this man will be almost overcome with joy at the prospect of his release. But on second thought, says the Albany Express, grave doubt arises as to whether this unfortunate man will be even as content as he must have learned to be in prison when he is again out in the world, free to go where he pleases. He himself probably has no such doubt now, but it is much to be feared that when the prison doors have closed behind him he will realize what it is impossible for him to realize now.

At the age of 66 years he will be utterly alone in the world, without resources, without physical strength to make his way through what little of life may remain to him. She that was his wife, if she still lives, is the wife of another, for he was legally dead when the life sentence had been imposed upon him and she exercised her right to marry again; those who were his friends all those years ago are dead or scattered through the world. He

WIDOWS NOT AVAILABLE.

Marrying One Meant Punishment in the Old Times.

He had to be a bold man who married a widow, for a few rude jokes and a clattering serenade were not the only punishments awarded him, says Lippincott's. He was deprived of benefit of clergy. Benefit of clergy was the privilege claimed by priests to be tried before the ecclesiastical courts, in which offenders were nearly always sure of acquittal. Laymen also enjoyed the privilege if they possessed the extremely small amount of knowledge requisite for ordination. Reading and writing were at a premium and a man under sentence of death who could read a psalm might plead his clergy and escape the penalty of having his "height shortened by a head." In the ages when the custom originated learning was too rare and precious to be destroyed. A man might be a murderer, but if he were the only man in town who could read it was not expedient to kill him. By the abuse of this privilege, however, it came to be that a man in England could commit murder, rapine or theft and be absolved from punishment by glibly reading a few words. This precious privilege, which was a license to crime, was taken away from a man who committed bigamy. A man who had taken a widow to wife could no longer kill or steal with impunity; he had no longer benefit of clergy. The unfortunate fact that his wife had had another spouse rendered the living husband amenable to the civil law.

Terrorized by White Caps.

The actions of an organization in Shelby county, Indiana, calling themselves "White Caps" is causing considerable complaint, and the grand jury will be called together to investigate their proceedings. The other morning Hiram Fox, a prominent young farmer, received a letter informing him that if he persisted in contending for his interest in a case in court he would be murdered. Friends came to the city and indignantly demanded that the grand jury be convened and the guilty parties be ferreted out. Later in the day it was learned that Claude McDonald, an inoffensive resident, a witness for Fox, had opened his door one morning to find a note which read:

If you are in this community twenty-four hours from now we will hang you to the first tree in sight.

WHITE CAPS.

This so frightened McDonald that all that has been found of him was his coat, hat and vest on the banks of Flat Rock river. His body has been searched for without effect. Great excitement exists over the affair.



GEORGE E. GORDON.

will be a stranger among strangers. There is none to whom he can turn for sympathy, for aid or even for the opportunity of making a living. Moreover, there will come to him, as never before, perhaps, the realization that his life, with all the opportunities which it might have held, has all but passed away.

Gov. Morton, before the expiration of his term, commuted the life sentence of George E. Gordon, now in Dannemora prison, to fifty-two years, so that he will be released on May 8 next, the time off for good behavior being allowed. Gordon was sentenced in this city in 1866 to life imprisonment, after conviction of the murder of a stock drover by the name of Thompson in the West Albany cattle yards. Gordon was a resident of Greenbush and was 35 years of age when convicted.

The application for pardon has been on file in the executive chamber for twenty years and was signed by some of the most prominent people and public officials in Rensselaer county. Gordon is at present the prison librarian at Dannemora, and his good conduct during his long confinement, together with the fact that he has always contended that he did not commit the crime, led to the governor's favorable action on the application for clemency.

Under the law at that time a person charged with murder could not testify in his own behalf, but he then declared his innocence. He was convicted on circumstantial evidence considered strong.

Robbers Invade a Convent.

Two men robbed the German Catholic convent at Fort Smith, Ark., the other morning and shot one of the sisters. Sister Theresa was aroused at 3 o'clock by a noise in the kitchen and started to investigate. She was in the middle of the kitchen when a man crouching behind a stove shot her in the back of the head. The bullet glanced from her skull and made only a scalp wound, but Sister Theresa suffered a great nervous shock and loss of blood. Other sisters found her unconscious on the floor when they ran into the kitchen after hearing the shot. The burglars took flour, sugar, coffee, etc. They cleaned out the larder completely. No clew to the burglars has been obtained.

Long-Lost Brothers Reunited.

Thirty years ago two boys named Ellwood were sent west by the Home of the Friendless of New York. One was left at Decatur, Mich., with Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Thompson, who years after removed to Kaaskaska, Mich. The other was left with Mr. and Mrs. Horatio G. Samson at Buchanan. The lad left at Decatur grew up to manhood, married and settled at Kaaskaska. Last month his wife wrote the New York home for particulars concerning his early history and found he had a brother whose last address was with a family named Samson at Buchanan. Correspondence was opened up, photographs exchanged and now the brother at Kaaskaska is visiting his long lost brother at Buchanan.

"The Bride Elect" may be the name of the next Hopper opera.

Found Dead in the Bushes.

A farmer's boy at Hillhurst, Wash., discovered the decomposed body of a man in a clump of bushes about a mile from town. In one of his pockets was a check to a valise, which had been sent from Seattle last April. In the valise were found silk underwear and a number of photographs, a mark on one of which indicated that it had been taken in St. Louis. The letters O T F were found upon one piece of underwear. Near the body were found an empty whisky bottle and a two-ounce bottle with the cork out. There was no evidence of foul play and it is considered probable that the man committed suicide. A brand on the coat indicates that it was purchased of A. Garland, Howell, Mich.

Twelve-Year-Old Girl Lost.

On March 6 the parents of 12-year-old Elva Ham placed her aboard the cars at Vandalla, Ark., and tagged her by a note pinned on her coat to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Washington Morris, of Linton, twenty-three miles south-east of Terre Haute. Since her departure from Arkansas she has been as completely lost as if the earth had swallowed her. The relatives are writing letters to all parts of the country.



ELVA HAM.

Letters to all parts of the country, circulars have been scattered broadcast, and three railroad companies, over whose lines the girl is supposed to have passed, have detectives at work upon the case, but as yet there has been found no clew.

Shocking Carelessness.

An Italian woman in New York was splitting wood on a fire escape of a New York tenement, while Rocco De Viasco, aged 6, was playing in the yard below. To split a tough piece of wood the woman laid it across the railing and struck at it with all her strength. The ax-handle slipped from her hands and the keen ax descended with frightful rapidity, striking the child squarely on the head, killing him instantly. When such accidents are made a crime carelessness will cease.

Lines of the Hand.

The lines of human hands are never exactly alike. When a traveler in China desires a passport, the palm of the hand is covered with fine oil paint, and an impression is taken on thin, damp paper. This paper, officially signed, is his passport.

ART OF KLEPTOMANIA

ALIENIST PAID DEARLY FOR INFORMATION.

Doctor's Patient Never Came Back—She Took Several Coins, Jewels, Vases and Other Valuable Antiquities With Her.



NOT so many moons ago there lived in Turin a physician noted far and wide as a specialist of brain diseases. Men and women from all ends of the earth came to him with their troubles and ailments, with lost memories, hallucinations and mental vagaries as varied as the materia medica or the penal code, says San Francisco Wave. Uniformly courteous and graceful of manner, he afforded them such assistance of consolation as his skill or sympathy prescribed and waxed rich and popular as his fame expanded. With the development of fortune, for his fees were in proportion to his prominence, he cultivated a pleasing taste for those precious relics of antiquity in which millionaires alone are privileged to indulge. He had in his library a collection of costly objects of art—invaluable coins, rare jewels, costly statuettes, inimitable trifles chased by the chisels of great artisans of antiquity. The fame of his treasures was loud in the world's ears with the note of his skill and among collectors his was as great a name to conjure with as among alienists.

One day there came to the residence of Dr. A—an American gentleman of dignified address and that staidness of men which is presumed to reflect lofty position and wealth. Admitted to the great man's office, the visitor introduced himself as a banker who had come all the way from Chicago to consult him about the condition of his wife.

At considerable length he explained her misfortune—she was a kleptomaniac. His life was a burden to him, following her from store to store, continually guarding her reputation against the encroachment of her fingers. Though it had cost him thousands his wife knew nothing, suspected nothing of her own weakness. Nor should she ever know if he could pre-

is deeply interested in ancient jewelry and the ostensible object of our visit will be to discuss archaeological remains. Do not be disconcerted, however, if during the interview you find her pilfering, slipping your relics and coins into her umbrella and pockets. That is the ailment and, of course, whatever she takes will be returned to you at once. My references are So-and-so, bankers." This with much dignity and the production of documents.

Dr. A—, much flattered, made the appointment and bowed his patient to the door. Next day the unhappy husband and a stylish and handsome young woman presented themselves at the physician's residence.

They were formally ushered into the library, where the gems of the great man's collection were enshrined. The conversation was turned at once on the objects of art and Dr. A—, with wonderful subtlety, conversed on antiquities while obtaining material for his diagnosis. He brought out his treasures—wonderful coins, with strange inscriptions, a bracelet of gold curiously wrought and inscribed, a silver statuette modeled by Benvenuto Cellini—historic rarities on which he dined with much graceful learning. Every now and then the lady slipped into her pocket or dropped into her parasol a coin, a jewel, a vase, and as she did so her husband winked at Dr. A—to draw attention to her theft. When the physician finally gave the signal that he had learned all he required she had accumulated the rarest of his possessions and yet prepared to depart with an inimitable assurance of manner.

"I'll be back within an hour," said the Chicago banker, "with those things my wife has taken. Poor, poor girl!" he burst out. "Doctor, my fortune, my life are yours if you can but cure her." He fled after his spouse, handkerchief in hand, and the alienist, with prospects of a big fee in his mind, returned to his patients.

Two hours passed, then three, then the interval lengthened to five. Dr. A—, rather alarmed, sent his servant to the American's hotel to save him the trouble of returning the missing jewels. The servant returned. No person of the name was stopping there. The police were called in, descriptions given, detectives went forth. They identified the culprits, who had time to make their escape. They were London pickpockets, two thieves whose characters and depredations were notorious all over England.

CRIME DECREASING.

GROWTH OF A FEELING OF PITY AND TENDERNESS.

Diminution of Certain Offenses—Statisticians Do Not Tell Us How Much Circumstances and Temptation May Weigh.



HERE prevails a comforting belief that the standing army of crime is steadily diminishing, and that, with the aid of school boards and reformatories, we are making sure if slow progress in combating the enervatingly subtle, conversed on antiquities while obtaining material for his diagnosis. He brought out his treasures—wonderful coins, with strange inscriptions, a bracelet of gold curiously wrought and inscribed, a silver statuette modeled by Benvenuto Cellini—historic rarities on which he dined with much graceful learning. Every now and then the lady slipped into her pocket or dropped into her parasol a coin, a jewel, a vase, and as she did so her husband winked at Dr. A—to draw attention to her theft. When the physician finally gave the signal that he had learned all he required she had accumulated the rarest of his possessions and yet prepared to depart with an inimitable assurance of manner.

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There is a sensible diminution of certain offenses most indicative of a licentious spirit. Property is respected more than it was, and some crimes connected therewith and productive of others—for example, receiving stolen goods in some towns—bid fair to disappear.

On the other hand, there is no sign of reduction in certain other crimes which appear to come in the train of material prosperity. The report we get is both of good and of evil. Of the real causes of crime and of the extent to which it can be prevented by practicable measures Mr. Morrison's figures tell one little that is positive. More than 2,000 years ago Euripides expounded the theory of the criminal—ne under which Lombroso, Marro and Ferri have lately labored. The Greek writer puts into the mouth of one of his characters the reflection that, whereas land naturally barren may yield a good harvest if the season be good, and fertile land may be sterile if the season be unkindly, men are always what they are; the good always good, even in the pinch of hard circumstances, the bad always bad—the criminal—ne certain to be in the dock, however carefully the philanthropist look after him. What truth there is in this view, how far the standing army of crime consists of this element, how far of people not much worse disposed but less lucky than others statisticians do not tell us—perhaps they never will. But in that direction lies the interest of the present and, still more, that of the future.

Charlie Ross Found Again.

Charlie Ross has been found again, this time at Bear Creek, Tenn. His name is Aleck Woods, and he says he was stolen by a negro, who sold him to the farmer with whom he lives. Mrs. Ross has been communicated with.

Badly Wanted.

Simmons—I wonder if the motorcar will be perfected in our time? Timmins—I don't know, but I hope so and that soon. I've got off about all the bicycle jokes I can.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is patron of 191 livings; the Prince of Wales of twenty-one.

SCIENCE AND PRESENTIMENT

Phenomena Usually Susceptible of a Telepathic Explanation.

Nine times in the course of my life I have had what is called a "presentiment." Eight times I wrote it down at once before learning whether it was true or false, and the ninth time I spoke of it, says Appleton's Science Monthly. Three of these were false, one partly true and partly false, one was not verified, but probably false. All these related to subjects in my thoughts and were probably suggested by circumstances. Four were true, of which one might have been suggested by circumstances. The other three were not only true and not apparently suggested by circumstances, but were among the most agitating experiences of my life. One drove me, in spite of the resistance of my reason, to take a journey which seemed the act of a lunatic, and proved the wisest thing I could do. Another impelled me to write a letter to a person 350 miles away, to whom I had written a few hours before, but who happened to be in great trouble at the moment I felt the impulse. The third gave me absolute assurance that the very thing was about to happen which I believed to be of all things most impossible. I do not, of course, quote these few experiences as proving the existence of telepathy, but merely as illustrating what I mean by "apparently telepathic phenomena."

The vast majority of apparently supernatural phenomena are susceptible of telepathic explanation, but in a few cases one is driven to other conceptions. Sometimes knowledge is shown of events not known to anyone, and at other times a perceptive will seem to "see" things at a distance, or to become aware of events remote in time.

SPARROW, CAT AND BOY.

Lad Beat the Record by Acting the Good Samaritan.

On the southwest corner of Franklin square a stately elm stands. It is no lie to say trees stand, says the Washington Times. They have a deep-rooted conviction that their mission in life is to stand. Well, this particular elm stood. It still stands, and stands still. At high noon one day there was a crowd around the tree, but they weren't watching it stand. They were used to that. Away out on the topmost tip of a slender branch hung a sparrow. Somehow it had become entangled in a piece of twine and could not extricate itself. This in itself was bad enough, but there was worse behind. A big black cat was also out on the branch and glaring hungrily at the sparrow. The cat had crept out after the imprisoned bird, until the branch, bending beneath the cat's weight, had warned his catchup that further advance was, perhaps, a prologue to a fall. But the sparrow didn't know this, and, while struggling with all its puny strength, to free itself, it was piteously bewailing its possible fate in sparrow language. This was what the crowd was looking at. The crowd yelled at kinds of things at the cat; but the cat kept its hungry eyes on the sparrow. Then a small boy with a slingshot happened along. Small boys with slingshots are not generally welcome in civilization, but this one received an ovation when he knocked the cat off the limb at the first shot, which shook the sparrow free and dropped it unhurt into the small boy's cap, which he held under the limb to receive it.

Trinidad's Pitch Lake.

A remarkable phenomenon is the island of Trinidad is the "Pitch lake," situated at La Brea, the capital of the island. It is about one and a half miles in circumference and elevated about eighty feet above the level of the sea. The water is covered almost entirely with a stratum of asphaltum, traversed by fissures and crevices filled with water. The pitch at the sides is perfectly hard and cold, but as one walks toward the middle the heat gradually increases and the pitch becomes softer and softer. At last it is seen boiling up in a liquid state and the air is strongly impregnated with bitumen and sulphur. During the rainy season it is possible to walk over nearly the whole lake, but in the hot weather a great part can not be approached. This pitch is much used on the island for roads, pavements and roofs, and is exported to the United States and Canada.—Exchange.

A Nice Prospect.

"Some fool editor suggests that in these troublous times every woman should go armed." "That's a nice idea. If a woman had a pistol she'd insist on carrying it around in her hand."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RAM'S HORNS.

One finger lost in a buzz-saw will do for most men, but a fool will fool with it again and lose two.

The devil reaps a sure crop from among people who expect to become Christians after they commit one more sin.

Let the priest and the Levite keep out of the Jericho road, and fewer unfortunate will be wounded and robbed there.

Nothing was done by Lot's home to try to lift Sodom, and so Lot's home was brought down to the level of Sodom.

A wise man can learn something worth knowing from a fool, but a fool is made all the more a fool by going to college.

Too many people claim to be willing to serve the Lord who want to say what they shall do and where they shall work.

ADVENTITIOUS ROOTS.



Some plants have not only roots running into the soil from the bottom of the trunk, but also roots running from the branches or from other roots first into the air and then into the soil. These latter roots are in some sort supplementary organs, made to aid the roots properly so called, and they take the place of the first roots when from any cause the latter are destroyed. In the case of wheat and in fact nearly all of the grass family the stem gives birth to new roots. In the tropical forests of America and Asia grows the vanilla, that plant so much sought after for its delicious flavoring properties. This plant is found trailing round the

trees like an aerial garland, its stem, long, elegant and flexible, a beautiful ornament of those solitudes. The subterranean roots of the vanilla are not able to supply it with the nourishment it needs, but nature has prepared a means of supplying the deficiency. This means is the growing of adventitious roots at every little interval along the main stem. These reach down and increase the supply of nourishment. Not all of these roots seek the ground, but some float in the air gathering moisture and gases which the plant freely uses. The above is an illustration of a vanilla plant growing in the glass gardens of plants at Paris.

A Definition.

Little Niece—"What is polygamy, aunty?" Aunt (Mrs. Malaprop)—"Polygamy is where men have an ad libitum privilege of marrying a plurality of wives, when they can't take care of one as she ought to be."—Pick-Mo-Up.

Very Quick.

Mrs. Farmer—"You say you are a sufferer from quick consumption?" Weary Willie—Yea, lady; dese five-minute hand-outs is suthin' fierce.—New York Truth.