

LIVED BY SWINDLES.

NOTORIOUS CAREER OF A PROFESSIONAL PALMIST.

Henry Musgrave Onequi the Prince of His Profession—Lately Convicted in England and Sentenced to Long Term in Prison.

Henry Musgrave Onequi, who was recently sentenced in London to five years' imprisonment, has had a remarkable career and one which should have landed him in prison long ago. His real name is said to be Henry Musgrave. He made his first appearance as a public swindler in Chicago during the winter of 1896 and 1897. There he gave palmistry seances in elegant rooms of his own. At one of his last seances, held in the home of a banker he met Miss Sadie Crooks, whom he afterward married. After swindling a number of people in Chicago, his practices were exposed to the police, and he fled the city. He then appeared in New York as "Sir" Henry Onequi, Russian nobleman and palmist. This was in June, 1897. He was clever—far too clever for the people he met. His offices were on Broadway, and in connection with them he had a stock pool employment bureau. His plan of operations was to read the lines upon the palms of victims, and then advise them how to make money by investing in stocks and other things which would give great profit. He induced S. D. Stone, of Guilford, Conn., to sell his grocery store and pay \$2,500 for the privilege of traveling for Onequi in quest of wax impressions of palms for the seer to examine. Mme. Laroix gave the alleged nobleman \$5,000 to invest for her. He promised that she should have \$100,000 profit. A Mrs. Postley was swindled out of \$1,200. Before his swindling drove him out of New York he collected from his dupes \$120,000. Then he wrecked a happy home. It seems that when he married Sadie Crooks he was already married to another woman. From his first wife he secured a divorce and legalized his marriage with Miss Crooks. After that and just before he left New York he met Mrs. James K. Shakespeare, wife of a prominent Philadelphia lawyer. She wished to have her palm read, and while he was doing this an attachment sprung up between them. "Sir" Henry then began to treat his wife cruelly, and she left him, returned to Chicago and secured a divorce. Left to Mrs. Shakespeare, Onequi persuaded her to desert her husband, and the two fled to Europe. The husband went insane. In Paris, having secured from Mrs. Shakespeare, who had married him, all the money he could, Onequi deserted her. She had \$12,000 worth of clothing in her trunks, but not a dol-



HENRY M. ONEQUI.

lar. She made preparations to return to Philadelphia, when she heard that Onequi was insane in London. She immediately went to him, and found him hale and hearty. They returned to Paris, and then he stole her jewels, after which she left him for good, and he received a 12 months' sentence for the theft. On being released from prison Onequi journeyed to London and advertised for a wife, Gladys Fenton, a barmaid, answered the advertisement and they were betrothed. He stole her savings after a mock marriage and was arrested. For this he has just received five years.

A Mother's Heroism.

By prompt and heroic action, Mrs. L. M. Leighton of Ellsworth, Me., saved her three children from a burning house and then escaped herself. The house caught fire about midnight, when Mrs. Leighton and the children were asleep. When discovered the flames had reached the bed chambers. Mrs. Leighton aroused the children, and making a rope of sheets, lowered each safely to the ground. Then making fast one end of the rope, she climbed down herself.

A Fiendish Act.

Falling in their efforts to awaken Rube Jones, a colored boy of Williams-town, Ky., who was drunk, several companions piled paper about him and set it on fire. He was burned in a horrible manner. One of his eyes is almost completely burned out, while his body is horribly burned in numerous places.

Intensely Patriotic.

A little fair-haired lady of some three summers was being perambulated along when a passer-by remarked upon her rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes. "Why," said the lady, "you represent the national colors; you are red, white and blue." "Ees," said the 3-year-old, "and I have khaki hair."—Dublin Mail.

HORRORS OF SMALLPOX.

Letter from the Wife of Rev. G. F. Love Who Died.

A letter sent from Rome by the wife of a member of the Clark excursion party, whose husband died of smallpox, sheds additional light on the plight of these excursionists. This letter was written by Mrs. G. F. Love, Jr., of Oswego, to friends, and was begun before the Rev. Mr. Love's death occurred. The latter was pastor of the West Baptist church of Oswego. The letter is dated Rome, Italy, April 5, and is in part as follows: "My Dear Friends—It is impossible to describe, or for you to imagine, the horrors I have been through, and the terrible anxiety at the present time. I know what it is to be in prison, and we have not such a prison in America. For six days I was in an old nunnery, or barracks, built in 1795; stone floors and damp straw beds, and under lock and key, with three sisters who could not speak a word of English; bread that pigs could scarcely eat. All my clothing was disinfected, and Mr. Love's clothing burned. I have seen none of mine for a week, except what I have on. They say it is being disinfected. When or how much I shall get I do not know. I look like a beggar and feel like one. If Mr. Love recovers, they tell me it will be two months or more before he can leave here. We have passage engaged for May 10 and partly paid. All must be changed. I have something to be thankful for, that I am well and have escaped the disease. The Baptist and Methodist missions are praying for us poor, afflicted people. We certainly need all their prayers. I have told you only a little of the trouble we are in. These are the darkest hours of my life. The dreams I told you of have come true in detail, only more horrible in reality. We three ladies have a large room together. We have a grate fire all the time and are nearly frozen. If I ever get out of Italy, I want never to see or hear of it again. The people rob, steal and lie." In a postscript, Friday, April 6, Mrs. Love states that she had just received the news of Mr. Love's death. What follows is not for publication.—Boston Herald.

A SHOCKING AFFAIR.

The Revenge of a Farmer, and the Attempted Suicide That Followed.

John Sterling, a farmer, living two miles north of Bevington, Ia., is supposed to have piled hay under the house and barn of his wife and set fire to it. Mrs. Sterling and her children were awakened by the plunging of the horses in the barn, and managed to save the house. The barn, stacks and cribs and every outbuilding on the place were burned. Mrs. Sterling had applied for a divorce on the grounds of cruelty. It is supposed Sterling set fire to the house and buildings out of revenge. After a long search Thomas Casey, a farmer, discovered him in a hole in a strawstack. When Sterling refused to come out Casey set fire to the stack. Sterling remained in the stack until the flames reached him, and then cut his throat and plunged through the flames, falling at Casey's feet. Sterling nearly bled to death before medical assistance was obtained. He was horribly burned.

Four Men Stabbed to Death.

An alleged speak-easy in the little mining town of Windber, Somerset county, Pa., was the scene of a wholesale stabbing affray and as a result four men are dead and two are dangerously wounded. The first intimation of trouble was when a man burst from the door yelling that he had been cut. He ran along the street for a short distance and then fell over dead. He was followed by another, and he by a third. The fourth man died in the house. The dead are John Halverson, Ed P. McCauley, Samuel Shives and Jack Greyback. Thomas Kipling and Jack Buckwaller were wounded. The man who did the stabbing was an Italian.

He Advertised for a Wife.

Miss Etta Palmatier of New Kingston, N. Y., has just been wedded in a western city to Mr. W. J. Hysham, formerly of Red Oak, Ia. Miss Palmatier, who is a wealthy real estate owner, decided not to live a single life any longer. Looking over the columns of a matrimonial paper she saw the advertisement of Mr. Hysham, who wanted a wife. Correspondence opened between the young woman and the westerner. He finally paid a visit to New Kingston and the engagement was soon announced. The wedding followed closely.

A Determined Suicide.

Mina Beadle, a school teacher of Tyrer, Ind., committed suicide by pouring kerosene over her head and clothing and then setting fire to herself. She was instantly enveloped in flames, and was burned so severely before assistance arrived that she died an hour after the deed was committed. She had made two previous attempts to kill herself.

Sheep Have Hydrophobia.

Recently seven sheep belonging to Mrs. S. R. Dilley, residing near Glen Gardner, Pa., were bitten by a mad dog. The animals all went mad and butted the fence posts until they killed themselves.

Effective Energy.

"Joppo, you make nice, fine garden beds." "Yes, when my wife sets me to digging I'm mad enough to pulverize everything that comes in my way."—

READS LIKE ROMANCE

GHASTLY STORY OF BURT-BRIGGS MURDER.

Light Thrown on the Mystery by a District Attorney—The Love He Bore a Young Girl Impelled Burt to Commit Murder.

Like one of the weird, ghostly narratives that emanated from the imagination of Edgar Allen Poe, or like a chapter from Gaboriau is the true story of intrigue and crime which has just been laid before the third department of the appellate division of the supreme court in New York state. This remarkable story is told step by step in a little pamphlet prepared for the court by the district attorney of St. Lawrence county. The murder around which the whole tale lies was committed at 7 o'clock on the evening of November 10, 1897, in the township of Pierrepont, five and a half miles from Potsdam, N. Y. The tragedy was committed at a house known as the Burt home, owned by Howard W. Burt, a well-to-do farmer, 49 years old. In the house with Burt lived his wife, 57 years old; Asa W. Briggs, a paralytic, 83 years old, who was the father of Mrs. Burt, and Edna Delosh, 22 years old, a handsome girl of respectable family, employed in the Burt household, besides one or two others. The other members of the family present besides Mrs. Burt and Mr. Briggs at the time of the tragedy were Harry Burt, the youngest son, aged 15, and Mary Harvey, also about 15 years of age, and employed to do light housework.

Suddenly there came a loud, sharp rap at the front door. Mrs. Burt started for the door, but her son, Harry, ran ahead of her, undid the fastenings, and threw the door wide

the figure was seen twice, and then he was going toward the Burt house. Between 7 and 8:30 o'clock he was seen four times between Burt's house and Potsdam.

Thus far the figure, as he was followed through various witnesses, had been seen dimly like a flitting specter by night. But at last he reached Potsdam village itself, was skulking darkly in shadows and obscure streets. Then he came out full in the glare of an electric light and there was met by a man who knew him well and called him by name, and that name was Howard W. Burt.

There could be no doubt about it. The descriptions of all witnesses were too positive to leave any room for doubt that the man seen skulking and hurrying to and from his own house and Potsdam between 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon and 8:30 o'clock in the evening was the very man whose wife had been shot and beaten and whose father-in-law had been murdered.

The circumstantial evidence all looked very black, but when a clear, strong and questionable motive for his wanting his wife out of the way was brought out, the case against Burt was complete. And that motive was supplied by the handsome country girl, Edna Delosh. Miss Delosh went to work for the Burts in May. By July Burt was making love to her and begging her to marry him. He told her he would go west and get a divorce and importuned her so that, on that condition, she promised to marry him. But his infatuation outstripped his patience.

So Howard W. Burt was tried, convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. And it is on the appeal from the sentence that the appellate division of the supreme court has had repeated before it the strange story of this strange crime.



OVERREACHED HERSELF.

Woman Said an Armsless Man Laid Hands on Her.

This is a story of actual occurrence. The principals are a high-born society woman and a watchman in the Navy Department. On a recent holiday, when the great granite building which contains the State, War and Navy Departments was closed (to all save a favored few), she presented herself at the Navy Department entrance. He barred the way. She gave her name and said she wanted to see Mr. So and So, naming a well-known army officer. The messenger said the building was closed to visitors, and that she could not come in that doorway under the rules. He added, however, that if she went around to the War Department entrance she could send her card to the official she desired to see. She was visibly vexed, but was compelled to accept his suggestion and walk around to the main entrance on the avenue. The suggestion worked all right, and the lady was soon ushered into the presence of the official. She told of her experience, and added the statement that the watchman had insulted her grossly by placing his hands on her. The officer was naturally indignant, and at once laid the case before the captain of the watch. That official said he would investigate the matter, and that if the doorkeeper had offended in the manner described he would be dismissed. Shortly afterward he returned to the officer and said he was satisfied the principal charge was not true, for the simple reason that the watchman who was complained of had no hands, having lost part of both arms in an accident, their places being supplied with an iron contrivance ending in hooks. The officer remembered the man and was entirely satisfied with the explanation. What he said to the lady is not known, but his faith in the veracity of the fair sex is not so strong as it was.—Washington Star.

Kicked to Death.

The other evening J. H. Walker, who recently moved his family to Kokomo, Ind., from Kentucky, was waylaid and murdered. He was met on a railroad by a woman and two men. Walker was kicked to death with coarse boots. He said he knew his assailants, but refused to give their names.

FISHER'S SAD LOT.

DILEMMA IN WHICH ENGLISH ANGLER'S ARE PLACED.

To Fish in the Thames to Catch, and When There Are Can He Fish?—Private Ownership of a Picturesque Waterway.

For years it has been the ambition of fishermen and fish lovers to restock the Thames river with salmon. For this purpose the Thames Salmon Association was formed, and has done good work, which some day may result in accomplishing the object for which the association was organized. But a new disturbing element has entered the question. Whereas there can be no fishing in the Thames now because the fish refuse to live in those foul waters, when the river is made so clean that fish may live there the public fishing privileges will be curtailed seriously, if not entirely abolished. The land under water near the banks and on both sides of the river seems to belong to private persons. In the Middle Ages the Thames, then a pure and limpid stream even at London Bridge, gave a prolific yield of salmon; and there is a tradition that a special clause was inserted in the indentures of London "prentices," that they should not be compelled to eat salmon more than twice a week. As time went on, however, the growing foulness of the river brought about a noticeable diminution in the number of salmon taken by the netsmen in the higher reaches above Teddington, until, in 1822, a magnificent clean-run fish of forty pounds, the last of his race, was netted in the neighborhood of Boulter's Lock, and was forwarded by its captor to King William IV. Since that date salmon in the Thames have been extinct.

With the disappearance of salmon from the Thames the rights and privileges of the riparian owners all along the river from London to Cricklade became comparatively valueless, and were therefore, allowed to lapse. Except in isolated cases, no objection was taken by the riparian owners to the fisherman using the Thames as his playground, until as time went on the public began to regard the privileges thus conceded to them as their rights, and even went to the length of contesting the strength of their case on several occasions in various of the law courts, but in almost every instance with disastrous results to themselves.

These rights of the riparian owners will hold an important position in the event of the efforts of the Thames Salmon Association proving successful. The Thames, from end to end, had as many, or perhaps more, monastic houses on its banks than any other river in the kingdom, and nearly the whole of its fisheries were the property of these houses. At their dissolution, however, their fisheries came with the rest of their property into the hands of the king, who transferred them for services rendered to his own favorites. These grants, as it was proved some twenty years ago by the evidence given by the Royal Commission on the Thames Fisheries, are as valid to-day as they were when they were transferred from the monasteries to their next owners. With the exception of isolated stretches, at Reading, Abingdon, Oxford and, perhaps, one or two other places of minor importance, the whole of the Thames from the City Stone at Staines to Cricklade, in Wiltshire, is in private hands, and although that portion of the river from the mouth of its estuary at Yantlet creek in Kent to the Free Water Stone belongs to the public in perpetuo, there is no knowing what ancient rights may be brought to light, and how far even on this part of the Thames the liberty of the anglers may be restricted if it ever again becomes a salmon river.

Smoke vs. Perfume.

One day at Versailles, during the Franco-German war, Lord Odo Russell went to call on Bismarck, but found him closeted with Count Henry Arnim, who was known as the "Ape," from his fantastical ways. Before long Arnim came out, fanning himself with his handkerchief and looking as if about to choke. "Well," he gasped, "I can not understand how Bismarck can bear that—smoking the strongest Havana in a stuffy little room. I had to beg him to open the window." When Lord Russell entered the room he found the chancelor fanning himself beside an open casement. "What strange tastes some people have!" he exclaimed. "Arnim has just left me, and he was so overpoweringly perfumed that I had to open the window."—Tit-Bits.

The Ideal and the Real.

She was a kindly-faced woman, and it was easy to see that she was bubbling over with love for the little folk. She walked modestly into the office of the city editor and inquired: "Will you please tell me which one of the staff it is that writes all those pretty little stories about children? I know he must love the little folks, because he writes such nice stories about them. I want to tell him a precious little story about my darling boy, who is only—" "That's the man over there," interrupted the city editor, "Which one, pray?" "That one with the corn-cob pipe in his mouth and swearing at the office boy."—Omaha World-Herald.

The Hebrew population of London has more than doubled during the last twenty years. It is now estimated at between 100,000 and 120,000.

A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.

Neither Husband Nor Wife Could Read the Programme.

It occurred at the opera house, and he morbidly clings to the idea that the entire audience knew just what happened, says the Detroit Free Press. He was there in good form, his wife looked the highly genteel without appearing conspicuous, and he was entirely satisfied with the family representation until he wanted to know the name of a very pretty and fascinating soloist. He held his program close to his nose, held it at arm's length and held it at all intermediate points. "Too bad," commented the matronly-looking woman on his right to the younger woman accompanying her, "that he can't read." "Isn't it? And he has a bright face, too. Probably a self-made man." They had whispered, but a good deal of noise is required in whispering against a stage singer, and he heard. He blushed until his hair itself was a light red, and turned halfway about to address his wife. "Who is the woman we are listening to?" "How can I tell? I have on my far-seeing glasses. I told you how it would be before we came." "That's nice, isn't it? We don't know how many acts there are, we don't know where the scenes are laid, and we don't know one person from another. Which is the star?" "Can I help you?" asked the good-natured matron to the right, still under the impression that he could not read. She went straight on telling him the name of the opera, the flimsy plot that carried it, where the scenes were laid, and was just discoursing upon the soloist in a way that was unconsciously patronizing, when the wife broke from suppressed jealousy into speech: "He can read all well enough, madam. He's a college graduate for that matter, and I can read in several modern languages; but he's proud and 63. That's all this is to it. Put these on," and she vigorously produced a pair of nose-glasses. "I wonder if you'll ever have any sense." He donned the glasses and looked silly.

CURIOUS SEED LABELS.

Odd Markings on Free Samples from Congressmen.

Persons who receive seeds from the United States department of agriculture through the courtesy of their representative in congress find some curious information printed on the packets. Thus, cannas, which convey to the ordinary mind an idea of a large-leaved plant attractive for grouping in large lawns, are stated on the agricultural department packages to be "an interesting genus, the underground stems of which are eaten in Peru." Also, "from some unknown species the famous tous-les-mois, a valuable arrow-root is made. The seed, which is said by Lindley to be used as substitute for coffee, is sometimes used as shot." The lonely suburban dweller may find this hint useful: "It will keep for thirty years and then vegetate." The old-fashioned marigold is said to have "repute in domestic medicines as a cure for measles; used in soups, also to make a kind of vinegar." The common zinnias derive their name from "Professor Zinn, a German botanist." Larkspur's botanical name is "delphinium from delphin, a dolphin, referring to the supposed resemblance in the nectary of the plant to the imaginary figures of the dolphins." All the papers of seeds sent out by the department bear the request, "Please report the result of your trial to this department." These reports must be interesting, especially those turned in by amateur gardeners.

My Joking in the Pulpit.

"Before I went to college," said a minister of Utica, "I did supply work on a certain charge one summer. In the Methodist church we had service morning and evening. There was a Presbyterian church in the village, and the pastor from another village supplied it, preaching there once a Sunday in the afternoon. I went to hear him one afternoon. He was a college-bred man and was supposed to be away up. When he spied me in the congregation he came down and asked me to assist in the opening exercises. When we were seated he asked me to read the first lesson, and at the same time announced that it was a certain chapter in the Book of Numbers. Just before I was to read I reached up to the desk and took down the Bible and opened to the place. I glanced down over the chapter and saw it was a mass of unpronounceable names. I knew that he was working a joke on me. He knew that I could not get away with those names. I said nothing, but when the time came I stood up and announced the chapter following and read it. "When I sat down he gave me a look and he got one back. I whispered hoarsely, 'I guess not.' Those were the only words spoken on the subject."—Utica Observer.

Good News for the Stout.

There is good news for stout figures. The long sash ends introduced at the side and the points to the jackets which form a part of many of the dresses diminish the apparent size. The sashes are often made in panne, which is perhaps not so new as satin de chine, a soft fabric which has a great deal to recommend it.

The Only Drawback.

"I am surprised that you are allowed so many liberties," said the prison visitor. "Yes, lady," replied the horse appropriator, "they give us almost every liberty but a real 'ting."—Philadelphia North American.