

BUTTONS AS CLEW SOLVE A MYSTERY

LEAD TO ARREST OF A MURDERER WHO CONFESSES TO CRIME.

CLEVER DETECTIVE WORK

Paris Police, After Six Months' Work Trace Slayer Through Buttons on Overcoat Left at Scene of Crime.

Paris.—The mystery of the Rue du Mont-Thabor, which for over six months occupied the attention of the Paris police, has been solved. The story of the solution reads like a page from Gaboriau or Du Boisgobey. Last March in an apartment in the Rue du Mont-Thabor, near where it is crossed by the Rue de Castiglione, a man named Louis Fleuret was found dead. A revolver with six chambers all empty lay by his side, and a blue handkerchief tightly knotted about his neck seemed to show that he had been strangled before being shot. Six bullet wounds were found upon him, while a hole in the ceiling showed where a seventh had penetrated. Where was the revolver which had fired the seventh?

The corpse was found dressed only in underclothing. On a chair near by was a suit of clothes of fine texture but very much the worse for wear. Notes amounting to 50 francs lay in an open drawer, and on a desk near by was a gold watch. Evidently robbery had not been the motive for the crime. The buttons on the suit of clothes bore the mark "Buenos Aires." Owing to the system of the registration of foreigners in Paris every member of the Argentine colony was soon placed under surveillance. All to no purpose. The clothes were shown to hundreds of Parisian tailors. One declared positively that the fabric and cut showed Belgian workmanship. Following up this clew, the police discovered that the cloth had been manufactured at Verviers and had been sold to a Brussels tailor. The Brussels tailor was located and declared that he had made the garment seven years ago for Prince de Chimay, but he knew nothing about the buttons.

The prince was visited by a detective and at once identified the clothes as some he had worn for a short



The Corpse Was Found Dressed Only in Under Clothing.

period and had then given to a servant who was about to go to Buenos Aires to open a French restaurant there. The Paris police at once got into communication with the police of Buenos Aires and the clothing was sent there and identified by the restaurant keeper, who said that he had worn it, had had it repaired at a local tailor's and had finally given it to a fellow countryman who was on his way to Antwerp. Next the Belgian police took a hand. They traced the man to Antwerp and finally located him in prison, where he was serving a two-year sentence for desertion from the army.

When interrogated the prisoner readily admitted that he was the slayer of Louis Fleuret, but declared that he had shot in self-defense. He stated that in last March he was searching for work along the Rue de Rivoli, which runs parallel to the Rue du Mont-Thabor, when he was accosted by a stranger. The stranger represented himself to be a literary man in search of a copyist. The Belgian offered his services and he accompanied the stranger, M. Fleuret, to the latter's flat in the Rue du Mont-Thabor. There, he declared, Fleuret wished him to join him in a criminal scheme, and when he refused and had started to leave the apartment Fleuret had barred the way and had drawn a revolver and aimed it at him. He threw up Fleuret's arm and the bullet penetrated the ceiling. Then before Fleuret could get in a second shot he drew his own revolver and quickly discharged the six chambers. He left that revolver there, taking Fleuret's with him. As his own garments were threadbare he exchanged clothes with his victim.

BOY HIDES FOUR DAYS IN DEN OF BIG RATS

Brain Affected by Over-Study, Connecticut Lad Selects Strange Place to Seclude Himself.

Stamford, Conn.—With rats as large as the average-sized cat scampering about him, Michael Florin, Jr., 14 years old, lay for four nights and four days in a dark, damp cellar at his home, East Meadow and Jefferson streets, here. The police had sent out a general alarm for the boy, his father had sought him in all the near-by cities, and every child in the neighborhood was engaged in the search. The boy's hiding place was about as repulsive a place as could be imagined. The floor was damp, and even in the daytime scarcely any light penetrated the place. By night the boy slept in



By Night the Boy Slept in an Isolated Corner.

an isolated corner between beams in a bed of rags he made for himself. In fact, he spent most of the four days and four nights in this little hole. He had little food during the period, and that little came from an ice-box in the front of the cellar. Often the rats stole this, but they never attacked the boy, and he apparently did not fear them. He was found by a younger brother leaning against the ice-box, so weak from hunger and lack of sleep that he could scarcely stand. He was put to bed and a physician was called. "My son is a victim of overstudy," said the father. "He is devoted to books and spends every minute he can get poring over them. Six weeks ago he was ill, and I had a physician from New York. He said the boy's brain was affected from overstudy. He advised me to keep him out of school and to take him to New York for a course of treatment. He told me he went into the cellar to sleep, and when I asked him why he did not come out when he awoke, he just yawned and said he was too tired."

WEE GIRLS ARE BURGLARS

Admit Entering Baltimore Houses and Robbing Sleeping Man to Get Candy Money.

Baltimore, Md.—Peacefully sleeping in a doorway, with arms around each other, two little bold burglars with an array of charges against them were arrested and taken to the Western police station, where charges of feloniously entering dwellings were laid against them.

When these perpetrators of several robberies were taken before Lieut. Shockey he was astounded. Instead of seeing two strong, bad men, with dark lanterns and masks, two little girls with pretty curls hanging down their backs lapped their names. They said they were Florence Kayries, nine years old, and Jennie, her sister, three years her senior.

The prisoners admitted that they had entered several houses. Little Florence, with her big blue eyes upon the brawny policeman who questioned her, told in lisping tones how she had taken a watch and chain from a sleeping man to get money to buy candy.

Laborer Is Alive Minus His Backbone.

Philadelphia.—After one of the rarest and most difficult operations known to surgery, James Pournigh, 27, lies on an air mattress in the Hahnemann hospital with a half of his spinal vertebrae cut away and with the spinal cord covered only by the thin layer of skin which lies directly over the backbone.

The man was given up as in a hopeless condition when he was taken to the hospital with a broken back, caused by a fall from the fourth story of a building. His vertebrae was shattered. From the waist down he was paralyzed.

Walks from Train in Sleep.

Sapulpa, Okla.—A ten-year-old girl who was accompanying her parents to Kansas from Vinita walked from the train in her sleep at Taneha, the new manufacturing town. She wandered about the depot, which was closed, until the crew of a freight train awakened her and took her back to Vinita with them.

Shorty's Story.

First Burglar—Shorty, the pickpocket, is getting to be awfully absent-minded, isn't he?
Second Burglar—Yes; he does have many moments of abstraction.

Dr. Crantson's Bargain

By GEORGE TICKELL

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Young Dr. Crantson's mind was hovering between hope and fear as he drove over the hill to the Taber settlement one fine afternoon. He had been calling at the house of old Andrew Sinnett very regularly for some time past, and on this particular occasion had determined to declare himself to Nelly Sinnett's father as a suitor for his pretty daughter's hand.

He found Andrew Sinnett enjoying an after-supper smoke on the veranda of his house, and bracing himself for the ordeal poured the story of his affection for Nelly into the old man's ears. The latter heard him patiently and did not interrupt until Crantson had finished his pleading. Then he spoke briefly and to the point.

"I might as well tell you first as last, Doc," he said, "that your views and mine regarding Nelly don't hitch. I'm a self-made man, well-to-do, and gave my daughter a good education. I expect she'll pay me for it, in a way, by making a good match, when she does marry, and a slim, young chap like you just starting in to practice on sick folks, don't suit my notion of a good catch for a girl. It would be as easy for the lunatics that are hankering to see the steam cars running here in this valley to get the line of the new railroad changed in its course, as for you to win Nelly against my wishes."

"Well, Mr. Andrew Sinnett," said Crantson, calmly, "I'm sorry you feel that way, for I had hoped that you would favor my proposition. But I'll tell you something. I mean to marry Nelly, and not only that, but you'll live to see the railroad trains running through this valley and right across your own flats."

The old man did not take offense at this blunt declaration. Instead he



"Well, We'll See, Doc," He Said at Last.

laughed long and heartily. "Well, we'll see Doc," he said at last, "and I'm willing to make a bargain with you, right now. If the railroad is ever built through this valley, you shall marry Nelly and welcome, providing she'll have you. But if it don't, then you must give up the idea. You may come and see her once in awhile, if you want to, for I can trust my lass, but that's all. Is it a bargain?"

Crantson was somewhat taken aback at the readiness with which his sweetheart's father had met his boast, but nevertheless he shook hands on the compact with due solemnity. "Now," said Sinnett, genially, "I'll just call the lass, and explain it all to her so that everything may be fair and above board."

After Nelly had made her appearance and the situation was made clear to her, Sinnett went indoors and left the lovers to talk it over together on the porch.

When Crantson left the Sinnett homestead, he turned his horse's head in the direction of Burmarsh, where he knew the chief engineer of the new railroad was staying for a few days. It chanced that the youthful medical man had been of some service in mending a broken arm for this great personage a month previous, and the latter consequently received him graciously. It was past midnight when they parted, after a long confidential chat, and Crantson whistled merrily as he drove over Dawes' Hill back to Merton's Corners. A few days later Andrew Sinnett, visiting the Taberville post office in search of mail, was surprised by the sight of a placard printed in huge black letters displayed in full view of all passersby. It bore the title of "Railroad Meeting!" and the substance of the bill was a strong appeal to the citizens of the township to turn out and make one more effort to procure a change in the route of the new railroad. The change in question could be effected by the securing of comparatively small stock subscriptions, a fair percentage of free right-of-way and the bonding of the township for only \$25,000. Several farmers stood talking together while Sinnett read the bill. When he had finished, they urged him to support the new movement. It had been discovered by means of a new survey, they informed him, that the route around Dawes' Hill and through the Taber settlement to Burmarsh was, after all, more feasible than through Merton's Corners on the other side of the hill. For which good

and sufficient reason the amount of bonds demanded by the company had been reduced from \$75,000 to \$25,000. "I hear, Andrew," said one of the farmers, "that this is all the doings of young Dr. Crantson, the chap that just moved down from Merton's Corners to Burmarsh, where he's started practice. Great lad, that young doc; he's going to make a speech to the meeting; you'd better come and hear him; they say he's got the whole thing worked out slick."

This information did not tend to soothe Sinnett's ruffled spirit. He thought of the agreement he had rashly entered into with the suave Dr. Crantson, and his indignation nearly choked him. At length he found voice enough to assert forcibly that he would not attend the meeting, after which he drove away in a most unpleasant frame of mind. Fortune willed it that the meeting should prove a great success, and in spite of his vows to the contrary Sinnett was present. Dr. Crantson had laid his plans artfully and he carried the meeting with him from the beginning to the end. During the course of a well-delivered speech he told his audience all about the natural advantages of their township and the beauties of their valley. He pictured the disgrace it would be to be the enlightened citizens of Taberville should they allow the Merton's Corners folk to secure the railroad advantages and leave them hopelessly in the rear. It was probably the knowledge that he was speaking for Nelly's sake and his own that lent unusual force and eloquence to Crantson's address. At all events, he managed to sway his hearers' opinion with such effect that the needed subscriptions were agreed upon, and a motion to hold a town meeting early the following month was carried by a big majority.

It was then that the real struggle began. Sinnett had succeeded in enlisting a number of his friends to oppose the measures advocated by Crantson. The old man worked desperately. He hardly slept until the day of the special meeting, and called on almost every one in the settlement. Crantson was equally energetic, and in the end the young fellow's efforts were crowned with success, the bonding proposition being carried by an overwhelming majority. Before the winter set in grading was begun in the valley, and by the following summer the construction trains crossed the flat lands of Sinnett's farm. To the old man's ears it seemed as though the fussy engine hooted and laughed at him whenever the engineer pulled the whistle cord. For fully a month he managed to avoid Dr. Crantson, but the meeting with his conqueror was inevitable, and one day they encountered each other on the main street at Burmarsh. Crantson held out his hand, but for a moment Sinnett refused to notice it. Then suddenly his mood changed and he seized the young doctor's slim fingers in an iron grip.

"I give in lad," he said, "you've won fairly and I'll welcome you at the house whenever you want to come up there. I guess the girl has missed you badly ever since this fight over the railway started and you stayed away."

It was not until several weeks later that the good people of Taberville and Burmarsh knew why "Young Doc," as they called him, had taken up the railroad fight so enthusiastically. When they learned the true cause of his exertions, he became more popular than ever, and his marriage to Nelly Sinnett was the signal for a flood of congratulations to pour in upon them from all sides. Andrew Sinnett acknowledged that everything had turned out well in the long run, and "Young Doc" was supremely happy, for as he told his wife—"Taberville got the railroad and I got you—which was the best bargain of all."

And Nelly quite agreed with him.

350 Years of Labor.

A shingle firm of cutlery manufacturers at Sheffield, England, has in its employ six workmen who have been with the firm continuously for a total of 350 years. This means an average of almost sixty years of continuous work for each employee.

Two of these men are 76, two are 75, one is 74 and one 73. A picture of the group published in the Iron Age shows a sturdy looking set of men. That they must be, as they are still at work. Three of them are cutters and three grinders.

The same firm has people of three generations at the bench in its employ—from grandparents to their grandchildren. These workers began as children, according to custom, and have been continuously with the house ever since as piece workers.

Few "Forty-Niners" Left.

The men of forty-nine, the California pioneers, are rapidly dwindling. There are now only seven members of the Sacramento Society of California Pioneers. The eighth member recently died and the survivors acted as pallbearers and mourners.

Needs No Press Agent.

If some poor cuss should discover a product like petroleum butter the newspapers of the country would charge him \$2 a line to advertise it. It's different in John D.'s case.—Milwaukee Journal

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM



Don't let the garden go ragged.

Vigilance is the price of safety.

It is not a question of whether we can afford a silo, but rather can we afford to do without one. Better plan now for one.

This husking, bundling and storing should be done as early as possible, as the fodder will not have lost any of its feeding value.

The general appearance of a shipping package aids greatly in making a sale in the market. Use only new cases and place only uniform sized fruit in these packages.

The colt may be weaned at from five to seven months of age, according to his habits of eating and its physical condition. The sooner it learns to eat grain and other nutritious feeds, the sooner it may be weaned.

A number of tests to determine which is more profitable—drilling oats with a disk drill, or broadcasting, has recently been made. The results were all in favor of drilling. A study of the root systems of young oats gives us the reason why drilled grow much more uniformly and therefore yield more bushels per acre than broadcast oats.

As a soiling crop cowpeas are very satisfactory. As they should not be planted till the soil and weather are warm the crop is not available for feed until the latter part of summer, when they fill a place in a well-planned system of soiling and furnish an abundance of succulent green feed, although, perhaps, less palatable than alfalfa.

It is a fact that sheep can do on less water than most other domestic animals, but they cannot do entirely without it. It is a lack of good management to allow them a shortage of water during the dry season. Those who allow their sheep to exist on brush and weeds without water during the dry months will find that their animals will be in thin flesh and in low physical condition for entering the winter.

The cowpea is sometimes sown in combination with other crops, such as corn, Kaffir corn and sorghum for hay. When planted in these combinations there is danger of the cowpeas becoming stunted in growth if the crop with which it is combined is planted too thick. Sown broadcast, cowpeas often make little growth with these crops, but when planted in rows with corn and cultivated the growth is quite satisfactory.

Now that the season's rush is over, take a vacation and go camping or fishing for two or three days. Take plenty of feed along for the horses and let them rest while you are resting. The value of an outing is in the change of surroundings and forgetting to think about your business. With a pole and fishing line, thinking is easy, and the mind becomes rested and refreshed. Camp life soothes the nerves and makes the whole being stronger.

Wheat is selling at the highest prices for many years, and farmers are glad of that. But the grain is not the only value in the wheat crop. The straw is worth much if properly handled. It makes fair rough winter feed for a variety of live stock, and it is the best of bedding for all kinds of farm animals. Straw should be stacked so that it will not spoil and so that it will be good for bedding during the winter and spring, when most bedding is needed.

With all plants the setting out in the fall, while the soil yet contains some stored heat from summer, enables them to start a new root growth, which in turn enables them to make an earlier, more sure and more vigorous growth the following season. Regardless of early or late setting, the fall work will usually give better roots of the plants for more perfect moisture and food contact to carry them successfully over the first season's growth.

Cowpeas make excellent hay, which, if properly handled, is equal to alfalfa in nutritive value, although, as a rule, cows do not eat cowpea hay as readily as they do alfalfa. When sown for hay it is usually preferable to plant it in close drills, requiring about one bushel to the acre, and when so planted the plants have a tendency to grow more upright, which makes the crop more easy to cut with the mower. If grown in rows, although the production of forage may be as great, it is more difficult to harvest, and as the ranker growth of the individual plants often makes the hay more weedy,

Treat the cow kindly; this requires no cash outlay.

It's hard to make a man believe he owns a poor cow.

The cow and the hen have kept starvation from many a door.

Use the milk pails and cans for no other purpose than to hold milk.

Yearly cow tests are becoming more and more popular; try them yourself.

Twenty acres of corn put into the silo will supply 30 head of thrifty cows for a year. Try it.

You cannot grow a good crop of grain and a good crop of weeds on the same ground in the same season.

The farmer who gets the best results from the cows is not in the habit of supposing everything to be right.

When the rain makes the ground soft, dig out all the brush in the patch of useless ground and plant fruit trees. They will soon grow into money.

A little brain work in planning short cuts in dairy work will save an immense amount of time and big work and time is money on the farm, as it is elsewhere.

The farmers of Kansas plant 9,000,000 bushels of wheat every year, from which they harvest about 74,000,000 bushels, most of which is ground up into flour in the home mills.

"Dry-land" alfalfa is merely the common alfalfa which through continuous culture without irrigation on arid land has acquired more or less drought-resisting qualities.

As a rule, it is better to set out fruit and ornamental trees, shrubs, vines, perennial roots and bulbs in the fall than in the spring. Of course, the work often can be done as well in the spring as in the fall, but many times the soil and season are unfavorable, and the proverbial spring rush comes on so quickly that the job must be slighted.

If the soil in which the plants are to be set has been prepared and the holes dug, set out the plants as soon as they are unpacked, but if the soil is not prepared, immediately prepare a deep trench, set the plants in it—spreading them out well—and cover the roots deeply with fine soil. If the soil is dry, moisten it so that it will not extract any moisture from the roots.

For setting out trees, shrubs and any plants at any season, spare no time and labor in preparing the soil and digging spacious holes for the reception of the roots of the plants, for upon the successful starting of the roots depends to a very large degree the future success of the plant. Previous to setting, cut off any injured or decayed roots and settle plants in the hole prepared for it, so that none of the roots will be bent or cramped.

Two or three weeks' time will be required to complete the blanching of the early celery varieties, and the boards must be kept in position until the crop is removed from the ground, after which they may be used again two or three times during the season. If the celery is allowed to remain in the boards too long, after it has reached a marketable stage, it loses in weight and flavor and is liable to be injured or even destroyed by the attacks of blight.

Silage to keep well must be cut so that it will settle evenly. The leaves must not be in one place and the coarser parts of the stalks in another. It must be thoroughly mixed, and nothing will do this mixing so well as a man. The silage must also be packed tightly next the sides of the silo, as that is where it is likely to lie so light that it will permit the air to enter. The top of the silage should be composed of corn that is as green as possible, as this will decay and seal the whole, thus keeping out the air. Too dry silage can be improved by adding water at the top.

Pasture lands receive too little attention from the majority of farmers. If the pastures thrive and produce good growth, all right, and then, if they run out, and grow up in weeds, the man thinks he hasn't time to look after and improve matters. These conditions are often allowed to exist till the land has to be broken up and put to grain of some sort in order to fight the weeds successfully; and while few realize it, such lands have lost their owners from two to three dollars an acre every year they were left to run as they might. The "silch in time" saves all this trouble and loss.

In a recent experiment to determine the relative value of oats as feed for horses, six mature grade Percheron geldings were fed on a basal ration of clover and timothy hay, three receiving oats and the other three corn as a supplemental ration. Estimating the corn to be worth 40 cents per bushel, oats 30 cents per bushel, and hay \$8 per ton, it was found that the average cost of food per hour of work was 2.3 cents for the corn-fed horses and 4.54 cents for those fed oats. The use of corn to the exclusion of other grain for a period of 48 weeks was found not to be detrimental to the health of work horses, and they endured hard work during the hot weather as well as those receiving oats.