

THE DRUM.

For their brave dead, who sleep at Santiago. Under a flag of mingled gold and red—

For their old land that clad the new world's lands; For ours, whose empire clasped the east and west;

THE VAILED MURDERESS. Within the gloomy walls of the Mat-teawan, N. Y., prison for the criminal insane there is confined on a life sentence for murder a woman who has successfully concealed her identity during the forty-three years of her imprisonment.

Mrs. C. P. Norris of 136 Fifth street recently informed her friends that since 1871, when she visited Sing Sing, she has been aware of the identity of the woman who was then confined there and who was known as Henrietta Robinson, the veiled murderess.

In 1843 Mrs. Norris, then Miss Charlotte Emery of Utica, N. Y., attended Willard Seminary. She there became acquainted with Charlotte Wood and the young woman became close personal friends, as well as school companions.

Mrs. Norris had no correspondence with her friend and heard nothing regarding her whereabouts until, in 1855, her attention was called to the poisoning of John Lanigan and Miss Lubeck in Troy and the trial of a Mrs. Robinson for the crime.

The facts connected with the murder were that shortly after Mrs. Robinson's arrest in Troy, in 1855, the politician referred to married a woman living in another part of the state. When she heard of this she became violent, drank excessively and walked the streets muttering threats against him.

On the day of the murder she went to the shore with Lanigan and his wife and had four glasses of ale and rum. Mrs. Lanigan at once summoned her husband and her friend, Miss Lubeck, to drink with her.

made no attempt to see her. After his death in 1871 and while visiting in Washington she determined to satisfy herself on this matter, and went to Sing Sing.

She informed the warden that she believed she had a friend there who had been imprisoned nineteen years. His reply was: "Madam, you can not mean the veiled murderess?"

Charlotte Wood then told her of the enforced marriage and how she left her husband, and coming to Troy sought to obtain a position as a school teacher, and how she finally met her former lover, the Troy politician.

Mrs. Norris left her, and while she admitted to the prison officials that the woman had been her friend, she kept the secret of the latter's identity. She then visited Governor Hoffman and asked for executive clemency for the unknown woman.

For years past Mrs. Norris has written the prisoner, and despite the fact that she has tried every conceivable way by which to obtain complete silence, and Mrs. Norris, believing she had done as much as one could do for another in such a position, has abandoned the effort.

When she is said to have replied: "My dear, ask me any question but that, and yet, some years after, she voluntarily declared that her son was a member of the English parliament.

Mrs. Norris is 73 years old. After the death of her husband in 1871 she removed to Chicago, where she is held in the highest esteem by her friends. Notwithstanding her age, her mind and memory are unimpaired, and as she conversed of her former friend and the face betokened the sorrow she felt in the fate accorded to her who was accounted one of the brilliant pupils and beautiful women of Willard Seminary.

"I have done all in my power for Charlotte Wood, and I am now compelled to abandon my efforts. For twenty-nine years I have kept my knowledge of her to myself. Various reasons influenced me in this. Among them was the fact that she has interest in considerable property, and erroneous motives might have been imputed to me for my efforts in her behalf.

cerned. I pity her and feel that she was insane when she committed the crime, and her later actions can only be accounted for by her intense pride and the possible result, perhaps, to some one she yet loves.

Mrs. Norris keeps among the memories of the days of her girlhood an autograph album in which may be found written words by her friends of that far-away time. Among these is found some written by the woman who, forty-three years ago, was her closest friend, and who, in spite of the fact that she entered early life surrounded by the good things of the world and with every promise of ultimate success, drifted into the strong stream of turbulent passion, in which she was shipwrecked and finally stranded upon the barren shore that men call crime.

On February 21, 1843, Charlotte Wood wrote in her friend's album: "Friends who have met: Should never forget Scenes where their joys and sorrows have been. Look, then, around thee, 'Twas here that I found thee. Here, too, we part in the walls of the Sem."

Taking the Yellow Fever. The man on the next cot boosted himself into a half-sitting posture with one arm and made several attempts at the side of his back with the other.

As between yellow fever and the said he said, "I choose yellow fever." His was a more than usually mild case or he might have chosen otherwise.

At Siboney doctors and nurses sought to comfort the patient with the yellow fever gets scared he is that one doesn't get scared easily perhaps it is because the senses are blunted and the mind clouded by the disease.

Several physicians in Chicago, notably Dr. Kelly of a health department, say that what we had down there wasn't yell fever at all, but only an accentuated form of malaria.

As the doctor is had the fever his opinion is to be considered. He says the patients recover so quickly for one thing, and the death rate is not so high as would be if the disease were genuine yellow fever.

surgeon, who seemed rather in the presence of this new "malarial" which quinine would not cure, and they would tap and take abdomen and ask if it held it down the flaring sand, and hold it close to the eyeballs.

This was annoying, unnecessary fuss and solemnity being indulged in about a plain case of malaria or bilious fever. Then a drop of batubate and dreamed of awakened every cracked friend who said: "Here's your medicine."

Questions as to the reason of this were not answered with the completeness desired. A newly established hospital was there, it was clean and dry, and the air was pure, you would get more care and be better off in every way.

With that great hatred of mankind and the realization that I was a martyr overtook me and I said, "very well." The little engine that hauls the coal trains of the Spanish-American Iron company steamed up the line with a ramshackle and very primitive open "summer" car.

All were angry—at least those who had strength left for an emotion—and all were ignorant of the fact that the dreaded scourge, of which we had heard so much and which we feared so greatly, was heavy upon them.

Foreign Notes. A coal mine at Dailly, Scotland, which caught fire over fifty years ago and has since burned itself out. All experiments made to extinguish it failed.

Limoges has just held its human hair market, women from all the country round coming there to sell their braids. The price is now on the average \$10 a pound; twenty years ago it was \$15.

The Nebraska telephone company is busy at work on extensions of its lines and the line between Seward and David City will be completed in a month ready for public use.

LIVE STOCK RATES.

Denver, Colo., Special: One of the most important orders ever issued by the Union Pacific railroad, insofar as the live stock market of Denver and the western shippers of live stock is concerned, was promulgated today.

It is said that other western roads terminating or running through here will take similar action at an early date.

RATS SPREAD TERRIBLE PLAGUES. Rats are responsible for the origin and spread of the fearful bubonic plague that is devastating certain sections of the Orient.

"There is more than one reason for this. In the first place, the freezing North American winters would kill the germs if they were allowed to live so long. But health departments, with their watchful eye, would stamp the disease out, even if a case should be imported here, before it had a chance to spread and become epidemic.

"When they get ready to die they emerge from their hiding places and hunt the open air. Their carcasses litter the ground and the plague poison from their decaying bodies is in the air and is absorbed by the persons who come near.

"The germs of the bubonic plague attack the lymphatic glands. In the lymph are the phagocytes and lymphocytes, small cells, which float about independently and whose mission is to purify and neutralize the small amount of poison which is being constantly produced by the healthy system.

Washington, D. C., July 27.—Of the 800,000 inhabitants of Porto Rico 200,000 live in cities. The industries of the island are almost entirely agricultural.

Now is a good time to build whatever shelter is needed for the stock. There is usually time that can be spared to better advantage early this month than later when doing it now it will be in ready when needed.

MAKING MONEY.

Three men in the visitors' gallery in the stock exchange talked about making money. The experience of one is worth repeating, says the New York Sun.

"The people of this earth," he said, "are still divided in their opinions about what constitutes legitimate business or trade. You hear a good deal of a man earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. And when somebody repeats that run-down saw you think, unless you have knocked about everywhere, in all kinds of weather, of sawing wood, or harvesting, or log rolling in a lumber camp, although log rolling in a political convention or in the lobby of a legislature will bring out the beads on the man who follows either."

"I had contracts with some of the biggest shippers in the country. One of these was a man to whom a confidence man would offer a gold brick handed down, but Lord, what a mistake. When anybody undertook to play that old man for an easy mark he was throwing away time."

"What grade?" I asked. "No. 2 red in inspection." "I looked over the reports, for I was not in the wheat pit then, and found that the grade of which he inquired was worth 80 cents."

"Do you know No. 2 red when you see it?" he asked, renewing the conversation we had in New York abruptly. "I acknowledged that I was not an expert, but that I had acted as inspector. Then he opened a small bag of the cereal and asked me what I thought of it. I did not pass judgment on it until daylight, when I told him it was No. 2 red."

"The scheme required a good deal of work. Much depended upon my getting cars at a certain time and on my making a certain grade. To make \$15,000, gross, within a specified time, and get that wheat inspected, required the splitting of many hairs. He took me into his confidence very fully, as he had to do. We visited some of the big wheat belts in the states he had named and I was convinced that the old man knew No. 2 red better than I did. He was law and gospel to the farmers."

"I left him to do my part of the scheming. I never worked as I did in arranging for rates. Grain shippers understand how grain of a certain grade goes in certain cars and that much depends on the car when it comes to inspecting the grain. That's what I have been told. To procure the number of cars necessary and the kind, was no small job. Scheming? You bet. That's where scheming brings out more perspiration than sawing wood, while the scheme was under headway. I used to walk miles every night untravelling some of the threads of that scheme. Sometimes it seemed so easy. And then again it was impossible. My hair whitened in a month. While I was going crazy by degrees I received a telegram message from one of our agents in Little Rock in which I was informed that the old man had suddenly died. Honestly and truly that was one man in whose death I rejoiced. He was all nerve and had the courage of a lion. In fact he looked like one. And I have always had an idea that had he lived he would have won out with his scheme. But I want to tell you now that the hardest work in this world is scheming, whether you scheme for yourself or the other fellow."

If corn fodder is to remain standing in sheaves in the field until fed out, it will pay to put up in good-sized shocks, not less than six or eight stalks. There will be less loss if it is in shocks.

WHISKY BROUGHT WEALTH.

"Whisky has made and lost the fortunes of many persons, but it is seldom a specific cause of overindulgence in the juice of corn or rye has been the direct means of bringing wealth to anyone, save as the amount expended in acquiring a bar may increase the coffers of a saloon keeper."

The speaker was Joseph Parish, formerly of Chicago, but for some years a resident of Washington, and he smiled meditatively as he watched the unsteady steps of a well-dressed man staggering away from the bar of a hotel buffet.

"Let me tell you an instance where a case of plain drunk netted a man \$60,000," he continued to a reporter for the Chicago Chronicle. "Back in the '80s I had a claim before congress amounting to some \$60,000. It was a war claim, and as it had been knocked back and forth between the two houses for ten years or more, I despaired of its passage. Session after session it was introduced, to be buried beyond hope of resurrection. After several fruitless efforts I at last managed to get the claim through the lower house, and at the close of the session it lay on the desk of the clerk of the senate, waiting its turn on the regular calendar."

"Senator Cullom had promised to call the bill up at the first opportunity if any unusual consent could be secured, but the days slipped by and no action was taken. The last night of the session—it was March 2, 1887, and the senate had been sitting continuously for many hours—I went to the chamber and took a seat in the spectators' gallery. Senators Edmunds, Hoar and one or two others were fighting for a bill on which party lines had been rather closely drawn and the hours passed by in fruitless debate and tedious roll call. There were numerous attempts to bring up private bills, but objections from the republican leaders killed the chances for any such action. It was about midnight, and I had almost given up hope of my claim being taken from the calendar when a slight disturbance at the door of the senate chamber attracted my attention. The next moment I walked Senator Riddleberger of Virginia, the associate of General Mahone of re-adjuster fame in that state, indisputably drunk."

"What followed is largely a matter of newspaper history. Riddleberger took his seat and the senator who sat that time had the floor continued his remarks. The Virginian presently rose to his feet and in husky tones insisted upon addressing the senate, although repeatedly called to order. He finally walked into the aisle and began speaking wildly and incoherently. The sergeant-at-arms tried to get him back to his seat. A sensational scene followed. Riddleberger put his hand to his hip pocket and defied any man to touch him on peril of his life. He was finally dragged down the aisle to the door, and, after a brief struggle, forcibly thrust in the ante-room."

"During the uproar Edmunds, Hoar and a few others who had been leaders in the fight for regular order left the chamber in disgust, repairing to the restaurant for 'cold tea' or other refreshment. I had been so much engaged in watching the disturbance on the floor of the senate that I had forgotten my own claim, but an instant later, as order was restored, Senator Cullom, quickly taking in the situation and realizing the opportunity, rose to his feet and asked unanimous consent to take up house bill No. — and pass it under suspension of the rules. This was my measure, and before I could believe my senses the bill was taken from the calendar and passed without objection. A dozen other senators secured similar recognition had put through special bills in which they were particularly interested before Edmunds, Hoar and the other objectors returned to the senate when seeing what was going on, they promptly put an end to the special business and took up the regular order."

"So, you see, Riddleberger's overindulgence in liquor, while ruining his reputation and sadly shocking the dignity of the august senate, was the means of my getting \$60,000. I never see a drunken man now but that I feel like lending him a helping hand because of that lucky windfall."

Two Women Robbers. Two women pickpockets, evidently twins, as they bear a remarkable resemblance to each other, the effect being heightened by a similarity in dress, have been proving a source of trouble to the Chicago central station detectives.