

Chemistry Reveals a Forger's Villainy.

The recent death in our State Penitentiary of W. W. Ward, the former Sheriff of Williamsburg County, recalls the circumstances that led to the discovery of his crime, which are the most extraordinary in our criminal annals.

At the spring term, 1879, of the Court of Common Pleas for Williamsburg County, J. H. Livingston brought suit against Ward to recover the sum of \$5,000 money loaned on Ward's sealed note. His Honor, Judge T. J. Mackey, presided, and by consent of counsel heard the case without a jury.

The plaintiff proved the execution of the note and closed his case. Ward's counsel then produced the receipt of Livingston dated two years previous to the trial, for the whole amount due, principal and interest, and a witness testified he had seen the payment made in \$100 bills and four \$500 bills, to Livingston himself on the day named in the receipt.

The plaintiff took the witness-stand and on examining the receipt admitted that it bore his true and genuine signature, but solemnly protested that he had not received one dollar from Ward, and had never entered Ward's house in his life, for any purpose. He declared that he was ruined, and that he and his wife would be made homeless by a false receipt which he could not explain, but which he never knowingly signed. On cross-examination, Livingston, who was an old man, admitted that his memory was very infirm, and that he had on previous occasions received a payment of \$200 from another debtor of his which he afterwards had denied receiving, but which he recollects to memory when shown his receipt.

The plaintiff and his counsel at this stage of the proceedings were in utter despair, for their cause was apparently lost. Judge Mackey, however, whose subtle brain and practiced eye nothing can escape, and who follows crime through all its windings, directed that the receipt should be handed to him. He then ordered the Sheriff to proceed to the nearest drug store and purchase a drachm of muriatic acid, and a small piece of sponge. On the return of the officer with the articles named, the Judge said to the plaintiff: "Mr. Livingston, did you ever write a letter to the defendant, Ward, demanding payment of your money?" The plaintiff answered: "Yes, sir; I wrote him many letters, but never received an answer from him." Judge Mackey then observed to counsel: "I perceive that on the face of this receipt there are several peculiar brown spots, and the original surface or sizing of the paper has been removed except in that portion of the paper where the signature was written. The body of the receipt is in the handwriting of the defendant. In my opinion the defendant has taken a letter of the plaintiff's and removed the writing with muriatic acid, and then wrote the receipt above the signature. I will now apply this acid to the writing on the back of the complaint in this case; and it will be seen that the writing will instantly disappear and the paper will at once exhibit several brown spots identical with those on this receipt."

The acid was applied to the paper, and as the writing disappeared, the brown blots were seen upon its surface, and the crime of the defendant was clearly revealed!

Ward, at this juncture, looked as horrid as stricken as Lady Macbeth when, gazing upon her fair but murderous hand, she exclaimed, as she vainly rubbed it: "Out, damned spot!"

The Judge immediately rendered his decision in favor of the plaintiff, stating that it was the duty of the solicitor to have Ward prosecuted at once for his audacious forgery. On the next morning Judge Mackey left for Georgetown, forty miles distant, to hold court. While there he received a letter from a friend warning him not to return to Williamsburg, as he promised to do, in a few days, for the purpose of hearing an argument in Chambers, as Ward had sworn solemnly to shoot him down at sight. The Judge's record, however, shows that he is not one to swerve from the line of duty because of an armed enemy in his path. He returned to Williamsburg after an absence of five days, and meeting Ward upon the street, demanded whether he had threatened to take his life. Ward answered that he had, but that he had abandoned his purpose. At the next term of the Court Ward was indicted and placed on trial for forgery. When the verdict of "guilty" was rendered, Ward rose and discharged his pistol twice at Livingston, the prosecuting witness, one of the balls passing through his coat. He was instantly disarmed and sentenced to a term of seven years at hard labor in the Penitentiary.

Ward was a man of wealth and good standing in his community. He died last week in the Penitentiary, illustrating by his career the truth of the Scripture: "The way of the transgressor is hard."—*Chester (S. C.) Bulletin.*

Something to be Deplored.

"Mamma," called out a little boy the other night, after he had been snugly tucked up in bed and was supposed to be far on the way toward sleep—"mamma, I'm afraid my blouse hangs by the window and it puts things in my mind that frighten me!" "You are not afraid when you know it is your blouse that puts the fears in your mind?" "Yes, and I can't help it, mamma." There were two ladies sitting in the room below who heard the boy's words. One said: "How perfectly absurd! What won't a child do to get his mother to come up stairs to him! I really think he ought to be punished for making up such a story as that." The other, happily, was the boy's mother, and she said—but with

out going to him: "If you are afraid of the things in your mind, you may get out of bed, light your candle and take the blouse down; you can look after you put the light out and see that there is nothing at the window to frighten a good boy." She remembered, as if it were but yesterday, a night, a great many years ago, when she lay a trembling, horrified child, whose mother was dead, and there was no one in the wide world to whom she dared to say that the lights and shadows made by the moonlight coming through a broken sash in the blind were so frightful to her that she could not sleep, but lay holding her breath and almost smothering beneath the clothes. She felt sure that her own little six-years-old boy was suffering from this same unreasonable terror, at which he would laugh in the morning when he would wake and see his blue blouse waiting for him. The child, taking his mother's advice and lighting the candle which a kindly freak of fashion allowed him to have, removed the cause of his terror, put out the light and went back to his bed, and in a very few minutes a profound silence indicated that he was fast asleep. One can easily feel sympathy for what may seem like an absurd whim in a child if he or she has paid any attention to the literature of nervousness, and knows anything of the many ways in which strong-minded men have been afflicted by hallucinations, or have been annoyed as was the old carpenter who, when sick, called his son to the bedside and asked him to make a shelf that was in the room perfectly true, and when the son remonstrated he said, with an expression not to be denied: "Trouble's trouble; that shelf must be changed." It is to be deplored that mothers, and all those who have the care of children, do not possess their complete confidence and so can encourage entire outspokenness and be enabled by the knowledge thus gained to prevent a morbid condition of the mind, which it may take years to outgrow.—*Cor. N. Y. Post.*

Beautiful Complexions.

The discovery of arsenic in the remains of the unfortunate Jennie Kramer, and the mooted question as to whether it was administered to her or whether she had not taken it herself for the preservation of her remarkably white complexion, says a New York correspondent, has revived the subject of arsenic-eating in that city. A chat with one or two druggists and physicians has given him some idea of the extent to which this pernicious and dangerous habit is indulged in.

It has its foundation, of course, in the desire for beauty so natural in every woman, and how important a part an exquisite complexion plays in the general appearance is recognized when we note how easily a girl wins the title of pretty, even if her features are poor and her dress simple, if she has a pure, soft, white skin, that enables her to wear either the colors of blonde and brunette with impunity, and to defy the rough caresses of the sun and wind; while another girl with well-cut features and all the advantages of toilet is doomed to the cruel adjective of "plain," on account of a sallow or pimpled complexion, which neither powder nor rouge used in decent quantities can conceal.

To gain what nature has denied, women resort to every conceivable device, from the use of simple lemon-juice and glycerine up to the elaborate compounds imported from France, and the expensive treatment of the specialists who promise to make lilies and roses bloom on a satin-smooth skin. There are a great many Mme. Rachaelis on a small scale in New York, and each of them has her own particular recipe for beautifying the epidermis.

One woman has a place on Fifth avenue, where she gives Roman baths of asses' milk to her lady customers for the trifling sum of \$15 each, and she has enough patronage to be making money fast.

A firm on Broadway, that has the handsomest business parlors in the city, has made a fortune out of a peculiar sort of mask to be worn over the face at night. A stout dame on Thirty-third street uses the bread-and-milk-poultice method, and treats her patrons in her own house. Others advertise their ability to supply a new skin, which means that they will remove the old one by powerful washes. The most "tony" of these skin doctors live in elegant style, and make a profound mystery of the lotions they employ.

Most of them are artful enough to have one or two young girls in attendance, gifted with naturally beautiful complexions, but ready to swear that they are the result of madame's "balm" or "bloom." One of them, who has a place near Union Square, employs a handsomely dressed young lady with a brilliant complexion to call five or six times a day to thank her in the presence of fresh customers for her new skin.

Yet in spite of all this the only women who have beautiful complexions are those born with them.

To say nothing of the compounds made up in this country, and which have reaped fortunes for their originators, cosmetics are imported in thousands of dollars' worth at a time through the year, and many of them contain white-lead and arsenic in such large proportions as to be positively dangerous and not infrequently fatal in their results. The worst of experimenting with the complexion is that when a woman begins she finds a kind of a fascination in it that will not allow her to leave off, and the country girl who begins by daubing her forehead and chin with flour, and rubbing her cheeks with a mullein-leaf, as a city lady winds up with Roman baths and Parisian lotions.

Too Awfully Utter.

"Well," said a Deadwood man who had just been introduced to a Brooklyn girl, and who had been asked by her if they had many of those lovely frontiersmen out his way—"well, mum, we've right smart of 'em in our neck of the woods."

"And do they wear fringed legs and hunt those dear, sweet buffalo?" asked the girl.

"The stage drivers wear fringe and sash, and when a buffalo shines out some one is pooy apt to hook on."

"How supreme!" And those gorgeous Indians in their picturesquely wigwams of wampum, with their blending combinations of war-paint, do you often see them?"

"Oh! once in awhile we get a buck at a buck, but mostly they are on the reservations," replied the Deadwood man, staring. "They does come in occasionally, but we don't track with them."

"The sweet things! And you have such sunsets out in your mountain fastnesses, and such loves of highwaymen! Do you ever see those delightful highwaymen?"

"Not often, mum. They get in the brush, and, as for sunsets, we get 'em pretty reg'lar in fair weather."

"Isn't it just too awfully too?" exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands and rolling her eyes.

"Yes, mum," stammered the Deadwood man, "sometimes it's pretty dearno, leastwise it was the day that Cobbler Dudy came into town on the land, slide."

"An avalanche! Do you mean an avalanche? Oh! can there be anything more crystal-like than an avalanche?"

"It was a pooy tooty utter," hazarded the Deadwood man, dropping into his companion's style of expression. "The cobbler had a—a—he had a crystal shaft up the side of the butte, and one day he was—was tooting around up there and things slipped out from under him."

"Oh, how radiant! How iridescent!"

"Yes, mum, and he began to radiate toards town at the rate of one thousand miles and three furlongs a minute. We seen him a—a uttering down the side of the mountains, ripping up trees and rocks and tooting along, and his iridescent wife flapped out of her shack and began to raise a row."

"Poor Lily," moaned the girl; "did she stop the glorious avalanche?"

"No, mum, not quite. Duffy fetched up against his shack all standing and began to howl like a blizzard, 'cause he thought he'd lost his mine. But when they tipped the land-slide on one end there was the mine underneath just as he left it. So he could work it right under his winder. That was pooy considerable too, eh?" and the Deadwood man never winked.

"How sublime! How crystalline!"

"But I was going to say we never had a sunset since."

"So star like," murmured the girl.

"Yes, mostly star like. You see the land-slide stands there to this day on end, and they don't dare turn it over for fear of filling in the town, so we don't get any sun after eleven in the morning."

"A perennial twilight! So fearfully, terribly, awfully utter."

"Yes," murmured the Deadwood man. "It's just about as utter as you could get 'em."

And she sat and gazed upon him, wrapped in admiration, while he fell into a reverie and wondered at Brooklyn hospitality in not providing "sand boxes" for strangers.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Bonnets and Hats.

Openings of millinery at fashionable houses confirm the announcement made early in the season that the picturesque will prevail in millinery, but that white large pokes and round hats are shown in great numbers, the small bonnets and becoming turbans will also find favor. There can be no definite rule about these shapes, as large bonnets are not limited to large heads, for they are sometimes particularly becoming to small ladies; the face alone decides the matter, and in the great variety of shapes shown something is easily found to suit each physiognomy. The poke bonnets are greatly improved in shape by the small tapering crown now used instead of the broad flat crown, like that of an old lady's bonnet, worn when they were first introduced; indeed, nothing can be more coquettish than these quaint pokes, arranged as they are now to leave the small sloping crown quite prominent and bare, and mass all the trimming on the brim. The most youthful-looking pokes have the brim covered or edged with down, or fur, or plush with very long pile, while the crown is of smooth plush or of moleskin velvet. This is beautiful in dark green, brown, bronze, or garnet pokes to match costumes, with the full furry edge that is so becoming to every face; and for trimming, a bird is placed close against the left side of the brim, or a panache of feather tips, and on the right side two small bands like folds of plush pass toward the back of the crown, where they are fastened by an ornament of old silver. For dress bonnets this design is carried out in pink, white, or pale blue plush that has moire marking upon it for the smooth small crown, while the brim is covered with pearl lace, or else white Spanish lace in which are two or three rows of great white beads cut in facets; the strings are also of this lace; and for ornaments there are half a dozen humming-birds placed in a row, to show the brilliant hues of their breasts and throats.

There are also Marie Stuart pokes entirely covered with pearl lace, with feather tips for their trimmings, but

fewer white or light dress bonnets are shown than usual, as dark bonnets are known to be most becoming, and are of such rich fabrics that they are dressy enough for most occasions. A novel trimming laid on the outside of the brim and below the crown is three full frills of uncut velvet laid double, fully gathered, and overlapping. These ruffles are an inch deep when finished, and are very effective when made of the glace velvet showing two colors, one of which is in the plain velvet that covers the crown; thus a brown velvet small crown has frills of red and brown changeable uncut velvet, and the edge of the brim has a gathered binding like a puff made of red uncut velvet. Ribbon of uncut velvet on one side and satin on the other forms a square bow low on the left side, and there are three tips of ostrich feathers at the top. Another poke that points down on the forehead instead of projecting above it has the brim covered with topophore feathers, while the crown is green velvet. There are also black lace pokes of the new heavy guipure silk lace with drooping jet ornaments along the lace and on the strings, while black ostrich tips are the only trimmings; a bow of narrow moire ribbon ties the lace strings below the throat. Another black poke of real Span'ish lace has two rows of large jet beads that are made to drop and dangle on the edge of the brim. A black felt poke that has a tur-beaver brim has two rows of black Spanish lace on the outside of this brim.

The bows on pokes are very flat, and have long loops—either two or four loops—of double-faced ribbon, and one edge of this ribbon is folded over so that both faces are seen. Moire ribbon with satin or plush back is very effective for such bows. These bows are placed flat just on top of the crown, with the middle closely strapped, and a loop falling toward each side of the crown, or else both loops are long and extended down the right side, while the left has a panache or pompon of feathers. Another fancy is for a bow with very long loops placed with the strap close to the brim on top, and the loops extending far down the left side. A stylish and useful small poke of black beaver has a double bow of black ribbon—satin on one side and moire on the other—placed at the top of the crown, and falling close back upon it. Two jet turtles fasten the loops down; a small black panache is on the left side; a row of black faceted beads half an inch in diameter is on the outside of the brim. Strings are bowed up close to the throat without long hanging ends. Bias velvet or plush, hemmed and not lined, is used for strings as well as ribbon.

The great round hats of plush, felt or beaver are much larger than any yet worn. They are like the picturesques hats worn by players in old comedies, and have forests of feathers that droop and nod with every motion of the wearer. The tapering crowns are also seen on these hats, and are usually in bold relief, with the trimmings of feathers and of plush massed on the wide brim. Sometimes the edges are plain, and the brim is so broad that a plaiting three inches wide of doubled velvet is sewed inside the brim, beginning where the crown leaves off, and this surrounds the face without coming near the outer edge of the brim. Smooth beaver and felt are liked for these hats, but the brim is most often of fur beaver, or plush with long pile, or else the edge is bound with a puff of velvet that breaks the hard line, and is very becoming.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Can't Feel Him.

A critic says: "We all accept the old Greek statues as the finest models of the highest types of physical beauty, and in not one of them do we find evidence of the compression of the feet. The toes set well apart, and there is never to be found on them signs of corns or callosity." Of course not. The old Greek sculptors knew their business. A Greek maiden might have fourteen corns on one foot and eleven bunions on the other, but the old Greek would not reproduce them on a statue of the maid. She would not have paid for the marble if he had. It is the same way in our day. When a woman with freckles and a mole on her chin sets for a portrait, the artist knows too much to transfer them to the canvas. He makes the sitter as pretty as a professional beauty, charges as big a price for the portrait, and she goes away delighted. The portrait, of course, doesn't look any more like her than the Queen of Sheba, but she doesn't let that trifile mar her happiness a particle. The absence of corns and callosities on the feet of old Greek statues must not be accepted as proof that the Grecian maidens were not provided with storm indicators on their pedals.—*Norristown Herald.*

Two women stopped a train near Waterbury, Conn., recently by waving a red shawl, and told the engineer that a man who apparently wanted to kill them had just gone down the track. The train moved on slowly and found the man lying drunk across the rails.

—Tomato Butter.—To ten pounds of fine ripe tomatoes, five pounds of good brown sugar, a pint of cider vinegar, a tablespoonful each of cinnamon, allspice and cloves mixed; boil gently for three or four hours. Skin the tomatoes before cooking and remove all hard parts.

—At Dyer's famous nursery, near Providence, R. I., there is to be seen the largest purple-leaved beech in New England. It has a trunk three and a half feet in diameter, is fifty feet in height, and has a shade diameter of sixty feet.

A FAIRY AFLLOAT.

The following description of the vessel represented on this page is from the Cincinnati Commercial: The hull is of the finest selected white oak, braced, bolted and riveted in the most skillful and workmanlike manner, and is 64 feet in length, 14 feet breadth of beam, 2½ feet depth of hold, and draws twenty inches of water. She carries a tubular boiler, and two beautiful little engines, made expressly for her, by the Ohio Machine Co., Middleport, O. The dining-room is situated between the boiler and engine rooms, and is artistically grained, with frescoed ceiling. It is furnished in the Queen Anne style, and the silver, china and table linens are of the finest character. The pilot-house, cabin, main saloon and Captain's office are on the saloon deck and are luxuriously in their furnishing



and decorations. The saloon proper is frescoed and gilded in Eastlake style, and the flooring is covered with Turkish carpet. The furniture, in raw silk and walnut, of the Queen Anne pattern, like that of the dining-hall, and rich curtains of damask complete the impression of a veritable floating palace. The four state-rooms, containing two berths each, are also carpeted with Brussels and handsomely furnished. The boat belongs to and was built under the directions of Messrs. A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore, Md., for their own exclusive use upon the Ohio, Mississippi and other Western rivers, and is run by a picked crew of officers and men in their employ. The object of this little steamer is to carry neither freight nor passengers. She was built for the firm above named, to be used exclusively by them for distributing their printed matter in the river towns for ST. JACOB'S OIL, the Great German Remedy for rheumatism and other painful ailments.

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