

**DR. WILBUR'S NOTE BOOK**  
BY DR. N. T. OLIVER  
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"But why should any one steal a note-book? I do not wonder at the money and jewelry being missing. To my mind it points conclusively to Franklin Dyke as the murderer. He needed money; he came upon Dr. Wilbur alone on the road; he struck him with the stone, and robbed him. But I can't conceive why he should have taken the note-book, unless he thought it a pocket-book filled with money."

"Did you notice where the blow had been struck?"

"Yes, I pon the right temple."

"Then the assassin must have been facing his victim when he struck him. So you see he could not have come behind him. How was the body lying when discovered?"

"I pon his face. The head toward the town."

"Ah! Then the murderer struck the blow from the front, and the body, contrary to all laws of balance and nature, fell forward."

"What do you mean?"

"That you are wrong, way off in your conjectures. Now listen. There is some mystery about all this, a mystery which I am going to take it upon myself to unravel. Not because I expect to be paid, but because I know Frankie Dyke, he is my friend. I never knew how hard up he was; he was too proud to come to me for assistance. I am going to work for him through friends, the noblest ship afloat. I shall begin at the note-book. That must be found. Whoever has that note-book is the murderer of Dr. Wilbur."

The chief of police sits silent. He is too much surprised to speak. At last he says:

"Again I ask, why should any one steal such a worthless thing?"

"I can only conjecture. There might have been something written therein, damaging to some one. That some one wanted; hence the crime."

"Have you any idea who that some one is?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"The detective shoots a glance about the room."

"Can I trust you?" he says. "It is not a wise thing to do, but I want you to assist me. You can keep a still tongue in your head?"

"Yes."

"The chief one is Adrian Dyke."

The chief falls back.

"You don't mean to say you think Adrian Dyke murdered Dr. Wilbur?"

"I have such an idea."

"Wilfully?"

"Perhaps not. He was desperate."

"And robbed him?"

"That is easily explained. In order to cover the loss of the book, he removed the money and jewelry from the dead man, thinking this would make it appear the work of tramps."

"Something said to that effect?"

"And it would probably have been accredited to that source, if you had not visited Dyke's house, and forced James Potter to testify."

The bewildered chief of police sits with his head bowed.

"I can hardly credit that," he murmurs.

"More likely that than the other," answers the detective.

"You don't think he wanted to lay the blame on his brother?"

"No, not that. The testimony of James Potter which he tried to suppress, brought out what he knew about the affair. No, I don't think he wished to injure his brother."

The chief strikes ten.

The chief mechanically rises to his feet.

"Are you still determined to take this trip?" asked Taker.

"I don't see what other course I can pursue. If he is innocent he will be given a chance to prove it. He must be arrested."

"I told you I would do it."

"And he your friend? You believing him innocent?"

"Ah, my good friend, you do not understand me yet. You probably think if you trust me to do this that I through friendship will allow him to escape me. Don't you worry about that. I am just as anxious that Franklin Dyke should be arrested as you are."

"Bless me, if I can understand you."

The noted detective smiles.

"Ah, one must think in our business. If Franklin Dyke is well under lock and key, the other will feel more secure, will cease to keep as strict a guard upon his manner or deportment. I can work easier. Do you understand me?"

Through Norton puts out his hand, which the thief-taker clasps.

"You are a wonderful man!" he cries in genuine admiration.

"I will trust it to you."

"Thank you; and now before I go I beg one thing of you. You must not tell your business to every Tom, Dick and Harry. Why, how did you know but what Franklin Dyke had a friend in the hotel to-night, who might have heard you announce your intention of going to Philadelphia to arrest him? What would he be putting him on to your movements? I heard you. I could have done it."

The chief's face falls. He sees he has been indiscreet.

"Accept a piece of advice, and several wholesome and true maxims. A still tongue makes a wise conscience. Never let your right hand know what your left hand does. Walls have ears. The man of business—minds his business, and several more, which time does not permit me to run over. Announce that you have missed the train. Try and miss it. Get to the station five minutes after it has gone. A few more minutes about it. Don't tell any one, no matter who, what I have told you. To-morrow at noon, Franklin Dyke will be incarcerated within the walls of your jail. Good-night, and I am he gone."

The astounded chief of police steps the door, and watches the active figure of this most noted man, hurry down the street, watching him out

of sight, and then with a burst of admiration murmurs:

"By Jiminy, he's a good one, any-how."

**CHAPTER IX.**  
**DR. WILBUR'S WILL.**

HE LIGHT of the study lamp shines brightly in the office of Wilbur & Garcau, physicians and surgeons. So the sign reads outside the door, a sign which will soon be changed and which will soon read:

"Dr. Henri Garcau, physician and surgeon."

For the skillful senior partner is no more. His brain, so often racked for knowledge which will relieve the sufferings of mankind, is at rest. The kindly voice is hushed. The gentle hand is lying lifeless upon his breast. The noble heart has ceased to beat. He is lying upon his bed, apparently sleeping. He has been carried there after the inquest. He is sleeping the last long sleep which must come to us all—the sleep from which there is no earthly awakening—the sleep of death. In the office below the junior partner sits alone, his head resting upon his folded arms upon the desk, the light shining upon the reddish brown hair, lingering lovingly upon the man who is nursing his sorrow, the genuine sorrow of a benevolent man. He has lost his benefactor, the only living being he loves, and his many form is convulsed and shaken with the sobs that well up from the depths of his soul.

He has been sitting thus for a long time—has eaten nothing since morning. He cannot eat. Cannot bring himself to think of anything save the cold lifeless clay, in the room above. He rises and looks about him, mechanically observing the familiar objects surrounding him.

"Dead!" he murmurs. "Dead—and soon to be placed beneath the sod. And such a death!" He shudders. Then his face grows dark, his eyes flash ominously, he clenches his hands; the finely moulded lips compress. "Curse the hard-hearted wretch who did this foul deed," he mutters. "Curse, aye, damn the fiend, who for a miserable pittance struck down this good old man! May his limb wither, may his eye-balls rot in their sockets!" He stops, and smiles bitterly. How melodramatic he has spoken. But he means it, every word.

He walks to the door and throws it open. The night is dark, the warm summer winds gently fan his heated brow—no sign of life about him. They retire early in these rural towns. He looks up the street. Within a stone's throw is the cemetery, the cemetery where the loved form will be laid away, in his last resting place, the cemetery where awaits his benefactor all that he can claim of earth, the six feet which can be claimed by all, King or peasant, not native or pauper.

"And he will soon be laid there," he mutters bitterly.

Suddenly, he remembers the words used by the loved partner, the last time he has seen him alive, the promise he had exacted during the last interview.

"If I should die suddenly, read my will before burying me."

He remembers he has promised to obey him. He recalls his own words. "Your will shall be read before you are interred. Pray heaven that I shall never be called upon to read it."

Then the impressive tones of the other, "Pray heaven that you will! It is for the benefit of science that you should!"

He remembers how the words have impressed him. He had felt curious at the time.

It seems a long time ago to him. He can scarcely bring himself to believe that it was only the day before that his interview took place, but a little over two or three hours. There has been so much crowded into the short day. So much of horror, so much of sadness—

He closes the door and returns to the desk. The will shall be read. His partner's last wishes shall be obeyed. He has said the document was in the lower drawer of his private desk. He has the keys in his possession. He turns to the desk, the desk where the good old man has passed so many hours in study, has written so many prescriptions. Upon the left are evidences of his work. Half written pages of manuscript, the pen lying upon the rack, the cover of the ink stand lying near. He inserts the key in the lock of the lower drawer, and pulls it open. A collection of odds and ends meets his gaze. Vials, instruments, old-fashioned, abandoned, growing rusty from disuse, a bundle of manuscript, tied with pink tape, a legal looking document at the very bottom.

It is the will. He takes it out. Yes, across the top is written in the doctor's angular hand,

"Last will and testament of Ezra Wilbur."

He pushes the drawer in with his foot, and dusting the document, sits where the light can strike the paper and reverently unfolds it.



The paper is written in the doctor's hand. He has not trusted the precious document to his lawyer. I begins—

"I, Ezra Wilbur, being of sound health and mind—do make this my last will and testament, the bequests whereof I earnestly hope will be carried out faithfully to the very letter by my heirs; that so my truly beloved and faithful partner, Henri Garcau—

Then follows a list of bequests, one hundred dollars here, five hundred there, principally to some of those who have been his patients—people in the lower walks of life; poverty stricken creatures who have partaken of his bounty in the years gone by.

"To my adopted son, and loved partner, Henri Garcau, do I give and bequeath all the balance of my property, whether real estate or personal, or any other properties, moneys, goods and chattels, which I shall be possessed of at the time of my demise. Also my large and well paying practice. To his care and skill do I transfer my patients, knowing that in his unsurpassable knowledge he will interest himself in their behalf, as much as I have ever done, and infinitely more so.

"And lastly—to my loved partner and pupil—Henri Garcau, do I bequeath all that is mortal of my body, my frame and flesh, and organic structure. To be dissected by him, immediately after my death, or as soon after as practicable. I do this to solve the mystery of the peculiar malady which has racked and distressed me for so many years, so that men of science can be taught, and like suffering be prevented or relieved in others. All this I bequeath, this sixth day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty.

"Signed, EZRA WILBUR."

The light shines on, as brightly as ever, shines upon the open paper before the young physician. He holds it as if petrified. The words dance before his eyes.

"To be dissected immediately after my death, or as soon after as practicable."

"Can I do this?" he cries. "Can I desecrate that loved form with cruel scalpel, and rasping saw?" He groans in his agony of spirit. "For the benefit of science?" His partner's words come to him vividly. He understands them now.

"So that others can be relieved." "Thinking of others, providing for succor from pain in others, even after the breath has fled, the noble heart still."

"A saintly spirit! Ah, noble creation of God!" the young man murmurs, raising his hand toward the room above.

"But can I carry out his wishes?" He thinks, shudders as he calls to his mind the dissecting room, the cut and defaced image of him he loves. "Can he do it? He rises to his feet. A sudden resolve has entered his mind. He takes the lamp and ascends the stairs to the room where the body is lying.

He opens the door; all is silent. He is alone with the dead. He approaches the bedside, the light of the lamp shining upon the peaceful face, bringing into prominence the ghastly mark upon his forehead, which has caused his death.

He speaks to the corpse. "I have read your will, dear master, read it through, and oh! you have imposed a task upon me which I shrink from undertaking. If your spirit in heaven is looking down upon me now, you can read my heart; you know how I dread to carry out your bequest. Spare me this! Spare me this!"

HE STANDS LOOKING AT THE CORPSE.

He stands looking upon the corpse, as if expecting it to answer. The lifeless form never moves. The white lips cannot speak. But is it imagination, the wild thoughts of a disordered mind, or can he hear a voice speaking to his soul; a voice that says:

"My son, if you loved me in the flesh, obey the directions I have given you."

He turned half expecting to see some one behind him. No one there. Still he has heard the voice. It is the spirit voice of his master in heaven.

Like a wave this flashes through his brain, and placing the lamp upon the floor, he falls upon his knees besides the corpse and murmurs:

"You have commanded me. It shall be done!"

(To be Continued.)

**German and English Weavers.**

Mr. D. F. Schloss gives the following instructive contrast between English and German weavers. The well fed English weaver, an without difficulty, look after four looms, and can, with the aid of a juvenile assistant ("tentor"), manage as many as six. But, as Dr. von Schulze-Gaevernitz tells us, notwithstanding that the Continental manufacturers run their looms from ours are worked, in Mulhouse and Switzerland each weaver can only tend to three, and in Germany you will seldom see a weaver able to tend to more than two looms. The effect of the superiority of the English operatives upon the cost of production is shown by the fact that, although the rate of remuneration of our English weavers is about 100 per cent higher than that received by the Swiss and German "hands," yet we are able to turn out cotton cloth at a labor cost distinctly lower than that which obtains in Switzerland and Germany.

A RECENT advertisement in an English country paper reads thus: "For sale—A bull terrier dog, 3 year old. Will eat anything; very fond of children. Apply at this office."

**THE CONVENTION CITY**  
**FOUR CITIES AFTER THE BIG GATHERING.**

Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg and San Francisco Have Their Best Personnel in Washington Working for the Prize—National Committee Hearing Claims.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg and San Francisco, which are competing for the next national Republican convention, are all well represented here by delegations. Very few claims as to the actual number of votes expected to be polled for the respective cities are put out, the only statements advanced being "that we are here to win."

St. Louis has a good sized delegation here also, about fifteen having arrived yesterday in addition to those already here. The arrivals included Richard C. Kerens, a member of the national committee, Mayor Walbridge of St. Louis, ex Representative Frank and St. M. Kennard, a prominent business man. These three will make the arguments and announce what St. Louis has to offer. Major William Warner of Kansas City, who is also a member of the St. Louis delegation, said last night: "We feel very much encouraged and think we have an equal show with any other city at present. In the first place, it is a neutral ground between the presidential candidates, and it might be said between the sectional feeling of the country. It is a great Republican city and we can furnish a hall that will seat 15,000 in a building that is absolutely safe, with an abundance of committee rooms. Our hotel accommodations will be equal to the demand, and there will be no raising of prices."

The San Francisco delegation, who are making a hard fight for the convention, held a meeting last night, at which their plans were discussed and a program mapped out. M. H. De Young, who headed the city yesterday, presided. The members of the committee feel very much encouraged over the outlook that San Francisco has a bigger following than any other place, and there are a number of committeemen who favor it for second choice.

The national committee assembled at 2 o'clock to begin the hearing of the advocates of the cities. The original purpose was to meet at 11 o'clock to-night, but the influx of enthusiastic advocates of cities seeking the preliminary speeches to-day, stated, to-day would be given to "working off the steam," after which the committee would get down to business, behind closed doors. About all of the members of the committee were present.

**MORE BONDS CERTAIN.**

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The present condition of the foreign exchange market, and the commercial situation generally, it is said on the best authority, point unmistakably to further large withdrawals of gold, and unless something shall be done by congress to prevent the usual heavy exports during January and February, which during the last two years, have forced issues of bonds to recoup the depleted gold reserve, a similar situation will confront the treasury before the next year is far advanced.

The available cash balance in the treasury to-day, including the reserve, is approximately \$175,000,000, as the government has realized from its three bond issues about \$12,000,000, it is that but for these issues the government would be without one dollar in the treasury, and, in addition, would have outstanding obligations amounting to about \$9,500,000. In the meantime the excess of expenditures over receipts amounts to about \$130,000,000. The exports of gold during the last four months have been as follows: August, \$19,237,000; September, \$19,424,000; October, \$1,165,000; November, \$10,000,000; so far during December, \$3,540,000—a total of \$55,726,000. So far this calendar year the exports of gold amount to about \$25,000,000. In 1894 the exports amounted to \$101,819,024. From the best information obtainable it is believed that the present month will show a surplus of at least \$1,000,000, which will leave the deficit for the fiscal year to January 1 about \$15,000,000. It is expected that this amount will not be materially increased during the remaining months of the fiscal year.

**HARRISON TO WED.**

Rumors That the Ex-President is Engaged to Mrs. Dimmock.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—It is reported that Mrs. Dimmock, the attractive niece of Mrs. Harrison, whose presence at the White house added so much to the social charm of President Harrison's administration, will soon be married to the ex-president.

Those who are extremely near ex-President Harrison expressed surprise when asked about the marriage that was reported to be forthcoming. The person, however, who is responsible for the declaration declares not only that the engagement is a fact, but that the wedding will take place at an early date.

Every one who took any part in the social life of the Harrison administration, remembers with the greatest delight Mrs. Dimmock's presence in the White house. She was extremely popular, and was scarcely less esteemed and loved than Mrs. Harrison, whose graciousness and sweetness of manner made her the friend of all who met her.

**To Raise Cash for Cuba.**

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—A syndicate of American capitalists has been formed in this city to aid the Cuban insurgents. To Marquis de Santa Lucia, president of the provisional republic, a representative of the syndicate has made a proposition to loan the Cuban republic \$15,000,000, contingent on the recognition of belligerency by the United States government. In exchange the syndicate will accept \$45,000,000 in Cuban bonds, the same to be canceled from customs receipts immediately on the recognition by Spain of the Cuban republic, or a declaration of peace.

**NO CHANGE IN TURKEY**  
The Ambassadors Will Not Act—Details of the Sivas Massacre.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 10.—The question of the extra guardships of the powers is still unsettled. Statements are constantly reiterated of the continued accord of the powers on the subject and their unyielding determination to insist upon a compliance with their demands, but less is heard of the rumors that the Sultan has decided to grant the necessary firearms to permit the passage of the Dardanelles, or even that he had actually issued them. Another is there explicit announcement to elapse before a movement of the warships of the powers is to commence. Opinion continues divided as to whether the delay in taking action is due to a fear of causing a fanatical outbreak against the Christians by the Mussulman subjects of the Sultan, or to a dread of a clash ensuing between the powers themselves.

Authentic details of the Sivas massacre show that it began November 1 and continued for a week. Twelve hundred Armenians and ten Turks were killed. At noon of November 1, Turkish soldiers, and police, the Circassians and even the laborers and Moslem women and children, rushed into the market under command of the officers. All well armed, the laborers with tools or clubs, or anything that could be used as offensive weapons. They attacked and looted the Armenian shops and persons who seemed helpless with surprise at the suddenness of the onslaught. Many were killed and others were killed and their bodies stripped. As the importing business was almost exclusively in the hands of the Armenians, financial disaster must overtake Sivas when the fury of the storm of blood and greed has subsided. The stricken Armenians slowly gathered the mangled corpses of their kinsmen and buried them in a great trench in the cemetery. The Armenian villagers in the vicinity were also looted and the people left to beg and die. A high official declares that the massacre was the deliberate act of the Sultan's vengeance for having been compelled to grant the reforms in Armenia demanded by the powers.

**SUCCESS AT ANY COST.**

General Gomez Issues a Proclamation to the Cubans.

HAVANA, Dec. 10.—General Gomez has issued the following explanation of his order to burn plantations:

"To the honored men, victims of the torch—The painful measure made necessary by the revolution for the redemption of this land, drenched in innocent blood from Hatuey to our own times by cruel and merciless Spain, will bring misery upon you. As general-in-chief of the army of liberation, it is my duty to lead it to victory without permitting myself to be held back or terrified by any means necessary to place Cuba in the shortest time in possession of her dearest ideal. I, therefore, place the responsibility for so great a ruin on those who look on impassively and force us to these extreme measures, which later, fools and dolts that they are, they condemn."

"After so many years of prayer, humiliation, contumely, expatriation and death, when this people of its own will has arisen in arms, there remains no other aim but to triumph. It matters not what means are employed to accomplish it. This people cannot hesitate between the wealth of Spain and the liberty of Cuba. Its greatest crime would be to stain the land with blood without effecting its purpose because of petty scruples and fears, which do not accord with the character of the men whom we meet in the field challenging the fury of an army which is one of the bravest in the world, but which in this war is without enthusiasm or faith, without food or hope of glory."

"The war did not begin February 24; it is about to begin now. The revolutionary spirit, always magnified at the beginning by wild enthusiasm, had to be organized, calmed and led into the proper channels. The struggle must begin in obedience to a plan more or less methodically studied out, but which may be accommodated to the peculiarities of this war. This now has been done. Let Spain at once send her soldiers to rivet the chains of her slaves, now that the children of the land are in the field armed with the arms of liberty. The struggle will be terrible, but the end will crown the resolution and courage of the oppressed.—The general in chief—Maximo Gomez."

**American Sheep Barred.**

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—A World cable from London reports on good authority that the British board of agriculture has resolved to prohibit the importation into the British isles, of live sheep from either the United States or Canada. Mr. Long, the president of the board, will make that announcement to a deputation of English sheep raisers which will wait on him next Wednesday. The ostensible reason for this action is the prevalence of disease among North American sheep.

**Strike Leader Goodwin Set Free.**

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 10.—After being out eighteen hours the jury at Kalispell, Mont., brought in a verdict of acquittal in the trial of Roy Goodwin, the A. R. U. leader, much to the surprise of almost everyone. It was proved that he ordered the strike and helped to "kill" engines. On the first ballot the jury was evenly divided.

**The Fight for Blackburn's Seat.**

FRANKFORT, Ky., Dec. 10.—Now that the legislature is made a de politically by the Democrats re-electing A. J. Carroll at Louisville, the aspirants for the senatorship to succeed Senator Blackburn are here with their managers, and a very hotly contested fight is on. Governor-elect Bradley arrived at 9:00 a. m. to-day. After his inauguration to-morrow it is stated he will be an important factor in the senatorial contest, and it is generally conceded that the governor-elect favors Congressman Hunter, who managed the recent successful campaign in the State for the Republicans.

**HIS PARTING CURSE.**  
Harry Hayward Pours Out His Wrath on His Brother.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 10.—Adry Hayward visited his brother Harry, who is under sentence to hang for the murder of Catherine Ging. The meeting between the brothers was arranged by the parents, who beseeched the condemned man to see Adry once more before he died. He remained obstinate to their entreaties for a long time, but finally yielded, and sent by messengers a note reading: "Dear Adry—I want you to come at once to the jail, as I wish particularly to see you. I have no other object than the desire to ask your forgiveness for any wrong, either real or imaginary, I may have done you. I want once more to see you on this earth. This is the wish and dying request of your brother, HARRY."

When Adry reached the jail the two brothers engaged in interested conversation. What passed was not heard by any person until Harry raised his voice to say: "Now I have done my part. I have forgiven you for all you have done. Now you do as I ask."

"But, Harry, how can I?" returned Adry, appealingly.

The answer was too much for the prisoner. He sprang to his feet and poured forth a tirade of abuse never before heard in the old jail:

"You low down, mean, contemptible, miserable, damnable wretch. You refuse to do that, after what I have done. You God-forsaken tool. You have played a good part, but now I can tell you what I think of you. My letter to you was after all only a decoy for that purpose. You d— villain. If I could only get at you I'd dig out your brains with a knife. I would tear out your heart with my hands. I would crush the two together, cut them to pieces, squeeze out the juice, make it into a pie and thrust it down your throat."

He clenched his hands in his rage and stamped his feet fiercely. His face was ashen and livid by turns. Adry sat quiet for a few minutes, but seeing the uselessness of waiting longer, arose and started to go.

"God bless you. Good-by, Harry," he called sadly, as he was about to go down the stairs.

"Oh, you villain!" was the return greeting. "May the curse of God fall on you and yours and allow me to haunt you until your dying day. Ah! I will meet you on the brink of hell with a redhot poker."

**STRUCK A BONANZA.**  
Remarable Career of Mary Thurman, the Ohio Statesman's Daughter.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—News comes from the new and lonesome desert mining camp of Picocho, on the Colorado Desert, near Yuma, that the richest strike in all that section in years has just been made by Mary Thurman, a daughter of Judge Thurman of Ohio, who has had as strange a career as any heroine of a far West novel. She was prospecting in the hills and found a vein that promises to make her a bonanza queen.

Mary Thurman was once the belle of Washington, and there she married Lieutenant Cowles, now United States Naval attaché in London, who recently wedded Miss Roosevelt, sister of the Secretary of the United States embassy. Cowles and she soon disagreed, and he permitted her to get a divorce. Then she came West to San Diego and lived at Tin Juan on the Mexican line. There she met and married Thomas Gifford, a dashing adventurer, who proved to have a wife and two little children. Then she went home to see her mother before the old lady died, but Judge Thurman refused to permit her to enter the door and she returned. She got a divorce from Gifford, and then she surprised her friends by marrying "Bug" Holiday, the Cincinnati base ball player. She is known in all the mining camps of Southern California.

**POISON GIVEN IN WHISKY.**  
The Burlington Railroad Agent at Lathrop, Mo., Killed by Otis Jackson.

LATHROP, Mo., Dec. 10.—A. W. Stevens, the Burlington railroad agent here, died this morning at 1 o'clock. His statement before death was that Otis Jackson, a farm hand, gave him poison last night about 9 o'clock in a drink of whisky. His wife was absent from town.

Jackson got the whisky at Elder's drug store at 6 o'clock yesterday, but where he got the poison is unknown. At the inquest the jury held Jackson for the murder. He is under arrest.

**Three Years for Fat Crowe.**  
ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Dec. 10.—Pat Crowe, the notorious desperado, pleaded guilty in the Criminal court to-day to grand larceny, and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. He was indicted for train robbery, but to escape going to Denver, where he is wanted for a diamond robbery, pleaded guilty to the lesser charge and accepted the sentence. He was charged with leading the gang of bandits who held up a Burlington express train near this city January 18, 1894.

**A Place Asked for Judge Gibbons.**  
WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Representatives Dockery and De Armond called on Attorney General Harmon this morning in the interest of the candidacy of Judge Gibbons of Cass county for a place on the bench of the court of claims. The life of the court was extended by act of Congress, but the terms of the judges is about to expire. It is not believed that the candidacies of new applicants will be very strongly considered.

**Vessel Gone and Lives Lost.**  
LEITH, Dec. 10.—The British steamer Principia caught fire in the forehold when about forty miles north of Cape Wrath, on the northwestern extremity of Scotland, struck a rock and went down with twenty-seven of her crew, only one, Henry Anders of Rostock, being saved.

**Accidentally Killed.**  
WEST PLAINS, Mo., Dec. 10.—At Dora, Ozark county, George Fischer was killed by the accidental discharge of his Winchester, which he was cleaning at the time. Fischer was married and a man of business.