

LONG SEARCH ENDED.

PATHTIC HUNT OF MOTHER FOR DAUGHTER.

The Girl Disappeared Twenty-Five Years Ago and the Mother's Effort to Find Her Did Not Cease Until Death—Crazed With Grief.

A life story of peculiar pathos was closed at Linton, Greene county, Indiana, the other day, with the death of Mrs. Polly Barnett, at the advanced age of 72, 25 of which were spent in almost ceaseless search for a missing daughter. Mrs. Barnett was a sister of Smith Miller, who represented the first Indiana district in the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth congresses, and another brother was a lawyer of note back in the '50s and for several years was an honored judge on the circuit bench. Like her brothers, the sister was possessed of rare talents, and her intelligence and vivacity made friends and admirers in a half dozen counties, where she was esteemed alike for the graces of her person and the beauty of her Christian character. She married rather late in life, and settled down to a life of domesticity on a farm. Two daughters were born to her, there being five years' difference in their ages, and during the infancy of the younger the father died. The widow carried on the farm with the assistance of hired help and was considered wealthy when her eldest daughter Grace attained her 18th year. One morning, 25 years ago, when Grace was called to breakfast she failed to respond, and upon going to her room it was found that she had not occupied the bed during the night. None of the girl's clothing was missing except the suit she had on the night before, and it was surmised by the surroundings that, instead of going to her room that night, she had gone out at the rear of the house and disappeared. From that day to this her disappearance has been an unsolved mystery. Rumors were circulated that she had been decoyed from home and murdered by a young man who had occasionally visited her and for whom she seemed to feel admiration, but he was never formally accused of participation in her disappearance, and his after life, as well as his high character at the time, soon disarmed what appeared to be an unwarranted suspicion. The best detective talent in the west was employed in the search for the missing daughter, and the mother spent thousands of dollars in feeling detectives and following up what in the end proved to be false clues. Then the farm was mortgaged, the stock was sold off, and even the household furniture was parted with to get money to continue the search.



GRACE BARNETT.

When all her means had been exhausted the mother herself, crazed with grief, began her hopeless search in person. Month after month it was continued through all of the surrounding counties, and the cold of winter and heat of summer were alike braved without one word of complaint. It was soon apparent that Mrs. Barnett's mind had given way under her great affliction; but she was so kind and gentle that none of her friends would consent to invoke means to restrain her of her liberty but threw open their homes to her and did all in their power to contribute to her necessities. For the first few years of her wanderings her younger daughter accompanied her, but the exposure to all kinds of weather soon took upon her constitution and she fell sick and died. The mother seemed wholly unconscious of her loss and went on in her wanderings as though the second daughter had not been taken away from her. One morning, however, an empty coffin was found near the open grave of the daughter in the Olive Branch cemetery in Greene county. The mother was questioned as to the removal of the remains and confessed that she had exhumed the body with her own hands and had borne it to some other resting place.

She refused to say where she had buried the body and the secret died with her. No one could ever be found who had assisted in the disinterment, and it is possible that the mother not only took up the coffin and removed the body, but bore it in her arms to the place where it was finally deposited and where she had also dug a grave. After the death of her daughter the mother continued her wanderings alone for many years, but more recently she always appeared with a large black cat that tramped along from place to place at her heels, and which was her sole companion. This cat was never out of her presence day or night, and seemed to have taken hold of her affections to the exclusion of everything else except her missing daughter. On

her death she requested Mrs. Cook, the friend at whose house she died, to turn the cat loose that it might continue the search for Grace.

When Mrs. Barnett first began her search her travels extended over a wide range of territory, but in recent years she confined herself to a smaller circle, and was thus expected at certain times at the homes of those who had so long taken a kindly interest in her. Many a night, when rain or snow was falling, some kind-hearted farmer would start out to find "Grandma Barnett," as she was called, and often she was discovered trudging along the road with her cat at her heels.

Though she passed along the same road hundreds of times she never seemed conscious of the fact that she had prosecuted her search in that direction, for she would stop at intervals and call "Gracie! Gracie!" as if she expected an answering voice to come out of the woods. Then she would call "Where are you, Gracie?" and this was repeated year after year at the same place, only to find that Grace did not respond. Mrs. Barnett was endowed with a remarkable constitution, and through her 25 years of exposure to all kinds of weather was never known to be sick a day.

MARKED CARDS

That Failed of Their Purpose in a Poker Game.

"It has been my luck on several occasions to butt into a good thing," said Sam S. Colson, a traveling man from Milwaukee, "but only once did it ever turn out this way when I was intended to be the good thing. It happened a good many years ago on a Mississippi river steamboat, in the days when the common mode of traveling was by river, as railroads were scarce. On a long trip down the river a man made many acquaintances. To while away the long hours there was generally a resort to poker playing, and there were some men who did nothing else but travel up and down the river, fleeing the innocents whom they inveigled into their games. If there was one thing I was at home at it was poker, and all the tricks that had ever been sprung I was on to. I knew most of the card sharps that frequented the Mississippi, but on one trip there were a couple of new guys who got into a little game with me. They sprung all their little tricks, which were as familiar to me as if the men had told me what they were going to do. We were about matched, and that night we quit even. The next morning they met me with a pleasant smile, and appeared overjoyed to commence again. I thought something new was up, and this was confirmed when I saw they were trying to lose to me in order to throw me off my guard. Pretty soon one of them called for a new deck, saying he thought his luck would change with new cards. His partner went out for the pasteboards, and as I was on the watch, I noticed a peculiarity during the first deal. The backs of the cards were red designs, and I noticed written in small characters in red ink on the red signs the name of the card. For instance, the jack of diamonds was written 'J. D.', the queen of clubs 'Q. C.', and so on. The letters were almost microscopic, and but for the fact that my eyes are very sharp I would never have noticed the marks. The fellow that dealt the cards saw what he gave me each time, but I soon found out that they had made their figures and letters so small that it was impossible for the other fellow to see what I had. I didn't let on that I knew the cards were marked; didn't even close my cards up after looking at them. You see what my game was? Having remarkably keen eyes, I could plainly read what was on the backs. This gave me two chances to their one, and when it was my turn to deal I had three to their one, and the result was, as they were game enough to keep the thing up, not dreaming that I was on to them, that I won nearly every dollar they had before the day was out."—Memphis Scimitar.

A Curious Story of Complications.

The marriage of Isaac Williams and Mrs. Lydia Ruby, at Oklahoma City, brings into print a curious story of complications which arose out of the lax administration of the territory's divorce laws. Some years ago Mrs. Ruby procured a divorce from Mr. Ruby in the probate court. She then married Mr. Williams, and they lived together happily for two years. At the end of that time it was decided by the supreme court that the probate judge had no jurisdiction in divorce cases, and that all decrees issued by them were null and void. Mr. and Mrs. Williams at once separated, and she brought suit in the district court for divorce from her former husband. In due time this was granted, and, after the lawful time had elapsed, she was married again to Williams.

Whipped by Whites.

Because Peter Huffman, a miner living at Layford, Clinton county, Ind., assaulted his wife and nearly bit the end of her finger off, he was made the victim of a white-capping outrage. He is in a critical condition. When the act became known a mob of about 30 persons was formed and each armed himself with a mule driver's whip. Huffman was taken from his bed and led to the edge of the town, where he was unmercifully whipped, some of the strokes cutting through and inflicting deep gashes in his flesh.

You can always tell when a girl is in love. When you catch her smiling at nothing, she acts foolish as a man when you catch him scratching his wooden leg.

A FLOAT ON ICE CAKE.

WITH A WILD STEER FOR A COMPANION.

Thrilling Adventures of a Cattleman on the Missouri River—Succeeded in Forcing the Latter Off—A Hairbreadth Escape from an Awful Death.

Afloat in the Missouri river on a cake of ice barely large enough to support the weight of a man, with a wild range steer for a companion and certain death staring him in the face unless he was able to force the animal from the frail and unique craft, was the experience recently of John Q. Anderson, a prominent South Dakota cattleman. The scene of the thrilling adventure was near Crow Creek Indian Agency. Anderson had a herd of cattle which he wished to water in the river. The recent cold weather had frozen the river out about 20 feet from shore and by sanding the newly formed ice Anderson believed he could water the herd in a long trough he had cut through the ice, and that by getting in front of the animals himself would be able to keep them from slipping into the channel or getting so far out as to break through. Being wild and thirsty, the animals rushed down upon the ice in a bunch. The cattleman realized the danger, but before he could drive enough of the cattle back to shore to relieve the pressure on the ice, the weight of the cattle cracked the ice, tore it loose from shore and Anderson suddenly found himself, in company with one steer, floating out in the current on the cake of ice. After superhuman efforts, he succeeded in pushing his unwelcome companion into the



FLOATING OFF INTO THE CURRENT.

river, when it swam back to the shore. The cattleman now found himself floating rapidly down the deep channel of the river on a cake of ice that was none too thick or too big to bear his weight, this fact having been impressed on his mind while it was sinking under the weight of himself and the steer. About a quarter of a mile down the river heavy ice reached from shore to shore. His situation was now very critical, for only by the merest good fortune could he hope to reach the heavy ice before the frail cake upon which he was being swept down the river was sucked under the heavier ice by the swift current. At what seemed to him lightning speed the cake of ice upon which he was riding approached the heavy white line which marked the edge of the heavy ice stretching across the river. With rare presence of mind the cattleman saw that his chances of escaping being carried under the heavy ice would be materially bettered by his riding as near the rear end of his strange craft as possible, thus causing the forward end to tilt higher out of the water. Swiftly the cake of ice with its human freight neared the icy barrier. Anderson braced himself for a leap for life, and just as the cake came in contact with the heavy stationary ice he put his whole strength into the bound for life and safety. His leap was well timed, and, reaching safety on the heavy ice, he glanced back just in time to see the cake of ice upon which he had taken his involuntary ride disappear under the ice which he had succeeded in reaching.

Had Driven Mules Before.

Daniel C. Pomeroy, once a prominent New York criminal lawyer, in his early life was a stage driver on the old Butterfield line, and gleaned his legal education largely upon the box seat of his coach or while change of horses was being made at the stations. He was associated with others in the defense of one Mrs. McCurdy, on her trial at Utica for the murder of a man named Hall of Ogdensburg, who was killed by a bullet from her revolver, which was aimed at another man.

Judge Doolittle presided at the trial, and seemed to believe in the prisoner's guilt. The judge was bitter—and so was Pomeroy. The latter made an objection, and insisted upon it rather strenuously. "Mr. Pomeroy," said the judge, "I am not a horse, and can't be driven." "Well, your honor, I learned in my early experience to drive mules, and I will try to keep up my former reputation."—Philadelphia Call.

MATRIMONIAL "STEERER."

A Novel and Debasing State of Affairs in Indiana's Gretna Green.

Jeffersonville, Ind., is to lose the distinction it has long borne of being the most famous Gretna Green of the country. The decree to this end has been issued by Judge Marsh of the Clark county circuit court, who interdicts the employment of "marriage steers"—men and women who drum up prospective brides and grooms and bring them before the local squires to be married. These squires have advertised their business of tying the nuptial knot, just as the grocer advertises his wares or the hotel its location and advantages. In the mountainous region of Kentucky, which yearly contributes something like a thousand pairs of beating hearts to the mart of Jeffersonville, business cards and posters are distributed informing the love-stricken that Squire Blank at Jeffersonville performs ceremonies with dispatch and feeling, that his parlors are located near the wharf—elopers always come by water—and that gentlemanly agents will take the bridegroom in charge and insure a license.

The rivalry between the three local squires, who made a specialty of marrying, became acute a long time ago. Like rival hotelkeepers, they put

TERROR TO BAD MEN.

FRONTIER SHERIFF WITH STRONG NERVES.

Small in Body and Easy in Speech But Never Failed to Take His Man—Taming a Cattle Rustler—Made the Cowboy Dance.

Small in body and easy in speech, but a terror to "bad men" in the days when the frontier towns of the west were overrun with toughs of the worst sort, James C. Dahliman, now a leading business man of Omaha, Neb., and secretary of the state board of transportation, has a record which he made while sheriff of Davies county which stamps him as one of the coolest men who ever drew a gun. Chadron was the county seat and when he became sheriff it was a literal hell. Dahliman began his term of office by notifying all concerned that Chadron would no longer be a harbor for horse thieves and cattle rustlers, that men with notches on their guns would be permanently laid to rest in the sand dunes if they failed to emigrate toward the setting sun, and that gambling would have to be conducted on something like a genteel basis, instead of being a drunken orgy, with painted female attachments. When the notice was posted the bad men laughed and the painted women shrieked with delight at the audacity of the consumptive looking tenderfoot.

A week after Dahliman issued his order a noted cattle rustler named Hindman came to Chadron, drank his fill of frontier whisky, and remarked in a loud voice that he would like to see that "sawed off little runt of a sheriff" arrest him. After so remarking Hindman proceeded to shoot up the town. The toughs expected to see Dahliman leave town on important business, but he had business in Chadron. He let Hindman vociferate for an hour or two and then prepared to clip his wings. Hindman went into Buck Sweeney's dance hall, and after shooting up the place inquired as to the whereabouts of the sheriff who was going to do such great things. No sooner had he made the inquiry than he felt a ring of cold steel pressing against the back of his neck, and then a quiet, rather hissing voice said: "Hindman, if you move a muscle you are a dead man. I'm Dahliman, the sheriff, and I want you to shuck your weapons and lay them on the bar. One false move and you are as dead as the late lamented J. Caesar." Something in the tone of the voice imparted to the drink-crazed mind of Hindman that he was up against it. He weakened and disarmed without a protest, and when Dahliman had gathered up the discarded



PRESSING AGAINST HIS NECK.

weapons Hindman was marched to the jail and locked up.

One of Chadron's gambling halls had been the scene of several cold-blooded murders, the victims being tenderfeet who had lost their money and then made a "holer." They were beaten to death, and as the self-defense theory was always set up, the murderers managed to escape justice. Dahliman tried several ways to close up the disreputable joint, but without success. One night he walked into the hall and quietly bought a stock of blues, paying for them with \$1,000 in gold. He then unloaded \$4,000 in greenbacks and announced that he would play it all providing the roof was lifted. This meant removing the limit. Dahliman had never been known to play faro, and the men backing the game nearly fell dead from sheer delight. They removed the limit and the game began. At the end of nine hours the dealer turned the case, remarking: "Bank's broke." Dahliman pocketed his winnings, which were over \$11,000, and turned to go. As he stood in the doorway he said:

"I want this to wind up this place of business. The room is needed for a Methodist meeting house. I want all our traps removed by noon tomorrow, and if they are not I'll make trouble." Hare-Lip Charley's place was closed for good that night. The following Sunday an itinerant Methodist minister presided within its walls over the first religious meeting ever held within the corporate limits of Chadron.

One night a cowboy named France killed a female attaché of a dance hall. France was impelled by jealousy and whisky, but when he saw the dead girl lying at his feet he sobered up and immediately fled. Dahliman started after him within an hour. It was a long chase and Dahliman did not come up with the fleeing cowboy for two days. When France saw that further flight was impossible, he killed his broncho and lay down behind it, throwing his Winchester over the animal and an-

nouncing that he would die before being taken prisoner.

"All right," shouted Dahliman, who rode back about 500 yards and dismounted. After hobbling his horse he made a fire and prepared his supper. Twilight fell, and as darkness came on France tried two or three shots at the sheriff, but the distance was too great. When morning came Dahliman was rubbing down his horse and France was sitting on his dead animal. The murderer took several shots at the sheriff, but Dahliman, having nothing but his revolvers, did not fire in return. During the day Dahliman quietly gathered a pile of dry prairie grass, and, when night came he removed his clothes and stuffed them full of grass. He made a head for the dummy by rolling up his saddle blanket, and upon the top he set his hat. He propped up the dummy and then crawled away. He worked around behind France, and got within thirty yards of him before dawn came. As soon as it was light France peeped up over his dead broncho and saw what he believed to be Dahliman, sitting up on the prairie a full half mile away. He stood up and fired at the supposed body several times, anxiously looking after each shot to see if he had hit the mark. Suddenly he was paralyzed to feel a touch on his arm, and hear a gentle voice say:

"France, the jig's up. If you move I'll have to bore a few holes through you."

France did move and two revolver shots rang out. The first broke France's right arm, the second one his left. Then Dahliman, chilled to the bone, left the wounded cowboy and went over to where his clothes were and dressed. Then he took his prisoner back to Chadron, seventy miles away.

One day a young minister of the gospel came to Chadron and announced that he wanted to preach. There was no church in Chadron, and no unoccupied buildings. The owner of the most orderly saloon in town finally proposed to close up his bar for one hour and let the preacher use the saloon as a church. The idea took well, and at the appointed hour the saloon was jammed to suffocation. The young preacher delivered an excellent sermon and at the close took up a collection. Soon the bar resumed business. A bad cowboy thought it would be fun to make the preacher dance and sent a bullet into the floor close to the ministerial feet as a hint to begin at once. Dahliman, who was a witness of the assault, knocked the thug's revolver from his hand and sent him staggering against the bar with a stiff right-hander. Before the cowboy could recover and draw another gun Dahliman had him covered with a revolver.

"I know the preacher does not approve of dancing," drawled Dahliman, "but perhaps he would not object to seeing a cowboy dance. Now, dance, you blankety-blank cur."

The cowboy objected and Dahliman planted a bullet so near his feet that the bully felt the draught.

"Dance, and dance a plenty!" yelled the sheriff.

The cowboy danced. Whenever he showed signs of stopping Dahliman spurred him on with a revolver shot that almost grazed the skin. The cowboy danced until his tongue protruded from his mouth and his feet each weighed a ton. Then Dahliman made him get on his knees and beg the preacher's pardon. Dahliman served three terms, and refused another reelection. He declined on the ground that the community was becoming so moral that there was no fun in being sheriff. He may be seen on the streets of Omaha nearly every day, and a stranger would pick him out as being the last man to face a revolver with a smile and go up against a gang of men with records for murder as long as the moral law. But the man who tries to impose upon Dahliman because he is small and quiet and given to keeping in the background is bound to meet with a surprise that will turn his hair gray.

Walking in Circles.

There has been a great deal of speculation as to why it is that people who lose their way, either in forests or open prairies, will always move in a circle, and almost inevitably to the right. The following suggestions, while they do not answer this query, are interesting, as showing the attention that the subject has received: "Some physiologists, anatomists and speculative philosophers claim that the left leg in the human species is slightly longer than the right, and so takes longer steps, thus causing a motion to the right which in time completes a circle, if the mind is so bewildered that it has no fixed objective point in view. Perhaps the real answer to this queer question lies in the fact that most persons use their right hands in preference to their left, and are accustomed to passing objects on their right-hand side, and so, unconsciously, keep edging off to the right. On a prairie, however, where there is nothing in the way of obstacles worthy of mention, this cause or reason for walking in a 'right-handed' circle would hardly hold good."

Where Brigandage Still Reigns.

Sardinia, although one of the regions most loyal to the Italian sovereign, is one of the least considered. Poverty, malarial and malaria have in one way or another depopulated the island, which has an average of 28 inhabitants to every square kilometer, while in the peninsula the average is over 104 and in Sicily 113. It is the only part of Italy where there is not yet been possible to uproot brigandage.