

# THE ST. JOSEPH MYSTERY.

The indictment of Mrs. Addie Richardson by the grand jury on the charge of murdering her husband, Frank Richardson, has served to stir anew interest in this mysterious case. The time for the trial is now not far away and throughout the county the probable verdict of the jury is the chief topic of discussion. On this point there is a divergence of opinion, the friends of Mrs. Richardson stoutly defending her from the charge made against her. Mrs. Richardson herself remains confident of her acquittal. "I welcome this opportunity to prove my innocence," she said to a friend the other day. "Ever since the death of my husband I have been compelled to listen to veiled allusions to my guilt, and now a chance is offered to end them forever. I am innocent and I have no fear that the jury will find otherwise."

In less than one hour after Richardson was known to be dead at his home on Christian Ridge, the night before Christmas, it was confidently asserted that he had committed suicide. Mrs. Adie L. Richardson, the widow of the dead merchant, was the first to create the impression that he had killed himself. A search was made for the revolver with which Richardson was supposed to have shot himself, and it was not found. Richardson did not own a revolver. The death wound was in the back of the neck.

There was no indication of powder burns.

When they began the investigation of the case the grand jurors first took up the relations that had existed for some time between Richardson and his

only a few days when Richardson was killed.

The evidence against George B. Crowley, as gathered by the officers at work on the case and by a detective employed to assist them, is held to show that he was a frequent visitor at the Richardson house, going there Crowley himself is worth about \$300,000, the greater part of it being represented by real estate.

have been the cause of the quarrel between husband and wife.

Stewart Fife has been suspected of the murder. Fife has been questioned about his whereabouts on the night of the murder, and he said he went to the rooms of the Owl club early in the evening and fell asleep there. He declared that he awoke an hour after the time the murder was committed. Fife relied on the testimony of Samuel Wak



MRS. FRANK RICHARDSON



F. W. RICHARDSON



STEWART FIFE



GOLDIE WHITEHEAD

(One of the Witnesses.)

wife. There was evidence that their domestic relations had been strained. In fact, they had practically separated a short time before the murder and Mrs. Richardson went to the home of her parents at San Antonio, Tex. She remained there several weeks, when there was a reconciliation and she returned home. She had been at home

Taken in connection with the statement of Bessie Phyllis, the servant girl at Richardson's, who says Crowley was a frequent visitor at the Richardson house, the evidence against frequently when Richardson was not at home.

Crowley lives a mile from town, on a large farm, and has a wife and one child. He owns a great deal of property in Savannah and in the country near the town. His father is one of the wealthiest farmers in the state, and Crowley is regarded by many of the townspeople as pointing him out to

den, the negro janitor at the rooms of the Owl club, to prove that he was there at the time. Other witnesses say they saw him on the street at the time he says he was asleep in the rooms of the Owl club.

Fife owned a revolver, and is said to have flourished it in the saloon of E. E. Norris in St. Joseph, remarking at the same time that he intended to kill Richardson. He showed letters to a woman in St. Joseph and said they had been written to him by Mrs. Richardson. The letters were sensational and were signed by the name of "Adie."

off with his life. As it is, the result affords proof of both Boni's innocence and of the unintentional character of De Rodays' wrongdoing. The shallowness of the latter's claims is exposed in the fact that he did not even hit his adversary. Had he done so the verdict against Castellane would have been overwhelming. If each had shot the other it would have been known also that while Boni was guilty as charged his opponent was actuated by malign motives in making the charges. Fortunately it is unnecessary to speculate upon this proposition. M. de Rodays who was first punched into fighting and then shot for doing so, may not be ready to view the matter

in a proper and unprejudiced spirit, but Boni's innocence has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of such persons as still believe that the duel is not merely a foolish and wicked survival of an age of barbarism.

**A Challenge to the Universe.**  
From the Memphis Commercial-Appeal: As the mule center of the solar system, Memphis can bid defiance to envious rivals.

The Pacific Ocean has a greater volume of water than its stormy sister sea. There are 72,000,000 cubic miles of water in the Atlantic and 141,000,000 in the Pacific.

## Water Rats in Naples, Italy.



In this picture are shown two of the water rats of Naples. They are only harmless boys who have been brought up close to the water. These boys can swim like so many rats and are as hard to catch by the police as are our boys who live along the wharves. These boys of Naples make a living by diving for pennies. When the big ocean steamers come to Italy from

America the water rats surround the boats and cry, "Penny, penny in the water, please. Hurry up, please," and few can resist their pleadings. So over goes a penny and into the water all the water rats dive at once, and soon up comes the lucky one with it in his mouth. Then it is "Penny, please," again until the ship leaves port. These boys are mostly fishermen's sons.

# Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

## CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"I suppose it must be that I do not care to do so," she answered coldly, almost insolently, with an intonation that cut him to the quick; and then he stepped aside and she passed through. As the last of her dress disappeared through an opposite door, the young man turned away, clinched his hands, and muttered to himself:

"What a fool I am—what a mad fool—to wait all my life up to this, only to fall in love with a woman who scarcely cares to remember my existence!"

With this self-congratulatory address, he strode down the steps and into the pony carriage, in which shortly afterward he drove his sister and "the queen" to the Grange.

All things considered, the poor ponies would have preferred any other driver that day, and the girls a more lively companion; but she, Sara, and so all parties had to put up with Denzil. Once applying the whip too sharply to the well-cared-for back of Gill, the far-off pony, she thought proper to make a bolt of it for half a mile or so, and persuaded Jack to accompany her, until a steep hill and Denzil's firm hand had once more reduced them to a kindly frame of mind. During this rather trying half mile, Miss Younge, as loudly as she well could, had taken particular pains to express her consternation at and her disapproval of her brother's mode of driving, until Denzil, provoked beyond bounds by more than one cause that day, turned and advised her, in no very tender terms, to restrain her excitement; after which Rachael set her thin lips tightly together, and determined to have her revenge as speedily as possible; so when the Grange had been reached, and they all stood round the phaeton, waiting for Eddie's knock at the door to be answered, she said, sweetly:

"What is the matter with you today, Denzil, dear? You are a little out of sorts, are you not?"

"Am I?" asked Denzil. "I don't know—most people are at times, I suppose. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, for nothing, dearest"—if possible, spoken more sweetly still—"I was only anxious; and, by the bye, your persuasive powers failed to bring Miss Trevanion with us, did they not?"

"Oh, you serpent!" thought Frances Sylverton, indignantly, as she saw Denzil's handsome face contract and flush painfully; but all she said was, "Mr. Younge, will you come here and see what Eddie has done to my stirrup? The boy grows more intolerably stupid every day. What—is there nothing really the matter with it? Well, I wonder then what makes it feel so queer;" and then the door was opened, and Denzil helping her from her saddle, they all went into the house.

Here they spent a long half hour with the master of the Grange—a half hour that worked wonders, as Frances obtained her request, and a ball was promised within a fortnight to celebrate her delivery from Uncle Carden's grasp—"strictly on the condition," said old Dick Blount, "that you give me the first quadrille, Miss Frank;" and she having promised the desired dance willingly enough, they all turned once more homeward.

Frances Sylverton discovered two things during her ride that morning. One was, that the chestnut thoroughbred she rode that day went easier in its stride than the little gray mare, her more constant companion; the other, that Denzil Younge was, without doubt, very desperately in love with beautiful Mildred Trevanion.

## CHAPTER IV.

When the Deverills made their appearance at King's Abbott on Monday evening, just ten minutes before the dinner-bell rang, they brought in their train, uninvited, a cousin of their own, a certain Lord Lyndon, who had most unexpectedly arrived at their place that morning.

"I knew you would make him welcome, my dear," the honorable Mrs. Deverill whispered to her old friend, Lady Caroline, as she seated themselves on the soft cushions of a lounge; "and really we did not know in the least what to do with him."

After which little introduction the young lord was made welcome and civilly entreated forthwith. He was a middle-sized young man of from twenty-six to thirty, rather stout than otherwise, with nondescript features, and hair slightly inclined toward the "celestial rosy." His mouth, too, was an inch, more or less, too large for his face, and his eyes might have been a degree bluer, but, for all that, they had a pleasant, genial expression lurking in their light depths, while his smile alone would have redeemed an uglier man.

He was a general favorite with most of his acquaintances, and a particular one with his cousins, the Deverills, who looked upon him fondly enough in the light of a brotherly relation, time having convinced them that their chances were not of that order that would change his position from friend to husband. The elder Miss Deverill was a tall girl, gawkily inclined, possessed of a very pronounced nose, a talent for listening, and a bright, clever expression, while her sister was particularly ugly. There were no two opinions on the latter point, either in Clifton or elsewhere; and indeed char-

ity embodied would have found it difficult to indicate one passable feature in the younger Miss Deverill's face. Miss Trevanion, in a demi-toilette of black and gold, scarcely improved Miss Jane's homely appearance this evening, as with her calm, self-possessed manner, she sailed down the long drawing room to receive her parents' guests.

Then she was introduced to Lord Lyndon, and executed a little half-bow for his especial benefit, which had the effect of reducing that amiable young nobleman to a hopeless state of imbecility for the ensuing five minutes. After that time had elapsed he gradually recovered his wonted composure, and, summoning back his departed pluck, took to staring at Miss Trevanion every alternate five seconds, with such unmistakable admiration in his eyes as caused Denzil Younge in the background to utter curses not loud, but deep.

Miss Trevanion was smiling very sweetly at the new arrival—far more sweetly than she had ever smiled at him—Denzil, and he, the newcomer, was evidently enjoying to the full the commonplace conversation he was holding with her.

Seeing this, Denzil gnashed his teeth with excess of jealousy, and assigned this harmless young lord to all sorts of dreadful places, while telling Miss Sylverton, with his tenderest smile, how dear to his heart was a crimson rose in masses of fair brown hair.

"Who was it told me you preferred 'great wealth of golden hair?'" she rejoined, mischievously, while she laughed good-naturedly enough, albeit slightly mockingly, as Denzil colored and flashed a glance at her, half-earnest, half reproachful, from his beautiful dark-blue eyes.

"Never mind," she whispered, laying her hand with a gentle pressure on his arm as he took her in to dinner—"never mind; I am your friend, you know—so trust me."

Whereupon Denzil returned the pressure very gratefully indeed; after which these two felt that they had sworn a bond of mutual good fellowship.

All through dinner Lyndon devoted himself exclusively to Miss Trevanion, while she—from what motive was a mystery—came out from her habitual coldness, and laughed and sparkled, and dazzled her companion, until Denzil—watching from the other end of the table—felt his heart ache oppressively, and a dull sense of the emptiness of things in general creep over him.

Perhaps, had she vouchsafed him even one gracious glance, even one smile, not at him, but in his direction, it would have dulled the pain, but her eyes sedulously avoided that side of the room, while she coquetted with and charmed her new admirer with an assiduity that made Frances Sylverton fairly wonder.

Once only, before she left the apartment, did Denzil meet her glance, and then but for an instant, as he held the door open for the ladies to pass through. Mildred, who happened to be last, having caught her light dress in a slightly projecting corner of the wainscoting, he stooped to release her, and as he rose again, their eyes met.

In hers lay nothing but mute, cold thanks; while in his—whatever it was she saw in his, it caused Miss Trevanion to bow hurriedly and move away down the long hall, after the others, with quickened, petulant steps.

"Mildred, darling, how pale you look!" Lady Caroline said, anxiously, as she joined the ladies in the drawing room. "Are you cold, child, or ill? Come over there to the fire and warm yourself. These sudden chills are very dangerous."

But Miss Trevanion would neither acknowledge to cold or go near the pleasant, inviting blaze, choosing rather to wander away vaguely toward a distant, heavily curtained window, where she hid herself from the watchful, reading eyes of Rachael Younge.

Outside the window ran a balcony, gleaming marble white in the brilliant moonshine. It looked so soft, so sweet, so lonely, that Mildred, whose cheeks had changed from palest white to warmest crimson, felt a sudden intense longing to pass out and bathe her flushed face in the cool pure light.

With noiseless touch she pushed open the yielding sash, and found herself part of the silent, star-lit night, with a faint wind fanning her and the deadness of sleeping nature all around. A tall, slight, dark-robed figure, she stood with one hand—scarcely less white than the rays that covered it—resting on the balustrade, her eyes wandering restlessly over the shadowy landscape. A perfect queen of night she seemed, or very fitting Juliet, had there but been a Romeo.

Presently, with steady, eager steps, came Denzil Younge toward her, and took up his position by her side.

"Dreaming, Miss Trevanion?" he said.

Mildred started perceptibly. Perhaps her thoughts—whatever they were—had been far away—perhaps too near. Whichever it was, she roused herself with a visible effort before she answered him.

"Almost," she said, "although the

night is somewhat chilly for such romantic nonsense. However, you have shown me my folly, so there is little danger of my repeating it. Shall we return to the drawing-room?"

"In one moment," he answered, hurriedly; whereupon Miss Trevanion turned back once more, and, pausing with wondering eyes, laid her hand again on the balustrade.

Denzil appeared a little pale—a little nervous perhaps—in the moonlight, but that was all; and his voice, when he spoke, though low, was quite distinct.

"Why will you not be friends with me?" he asked.

"Friends with you!" Mildred repeated, with calmest, most open-eyed astonishment, raising her face to his. "Why, what can you mean? Have I offended you in any way? If so, I am sorry, and, believe me, I did not mean to do so. I fancied I was treating you as I treat all my other acquaintances."

"No, you do not," he rejoined, with an odd repressed vehemence asserting itself in his tone; "you treat me very differently, as it seems to me. Why, on all others you bestow a few smiles, a few kind words at least, while on me—Miss Trevanion, I wonder—I wonder, if you could only guess how much your simplest words are to me, would the revelation make you a little less chary of them?"

"I do not understand you," she said, coldly, closing and unclosing her hand with angry rapidity; "and I believe you yourself do not know of what you are speaking."

"Yes, I do," he affirmed, passionately. "I know I would rather have your most careless friendship than the love of any other woman. I would almost rather have your hatred than what I now fear—your indifference."

The moon had disappeared behind a sullen dark gray cloud, and for a few moments they were left in comparative darkness. Miss Trevanion's heart was beating loud and fast; the cloudy drapery that partially concealed, but scarcely hid her delicate neck and shoulders was strangely agitated. She could not see her companion's face, but felt that he was trying to pierce the momentary gloom to gain some insight into her soul. He should read no thoughts of hers, she told herself, with proud reliance on her own strength; he should not learn from her face how deeply his words had vexed her.

When once more the moon asserted herself and shone forth with redoubled brilliancy, Denzil gazed only on a calm statuesque figure and haughty unmoved features that gave no index to the heart beneath. She seemed a beautiful being, a piece of nature's most perfect work—but a being hard, unsympathetic, incapable of any divine feeling.

He gazed at her in silence, wondering how so fair a creature could be so devoid of all tender characteristics, and, as he gazed, a man's step sounded lightly on the gravel beneath them. As she heard it, Miss Trevanion's whole expression changed, her face was lit up with sudden animation, and took an eager expectant look that rendered her ten times more lovely than he had ever seen her. She moved lightly to the top of the stone steps that led to the grounds, and watched, with pretty impatience until a gray-colored figure emerged from the darkness, and, seeing her, he took her gladly in his arms.

"Charlie!" she said, rapturously, and, when he had half pushed her from his embrace, she put up her hands and smoothed back his sunny brown hair from his forehead, and kissed him three times fondly; after which she suddenly recollected Denzil's presence, and, drawing back, pushed Charlie gently toward him.

(To be Continued.)

## Business Before Pleasures.

An English commercial traveler, for whose pushing Americanism a Liverpool paper vouches with great enthusiasm, started out after a country order. Happening to arrive at the village on the day of a festival, he found the shop of his customer closed, and learned that the man himself was at the celebration a mile out of town. At once he set out for the spot, and reached the ground just in time to see his shopkeeper climb into a balloon procured for special ascensions. The man of trade was equal to the occasion. He stepped forward, paid his fare and climbed into the car. Away went the balloon, and was hardly above the tree-tops when the commercial traveler turned to his astonished victim, and said persuasively but triumphantly: "And now, sir, what can I do for you in calicoes?"—Youth's Companion.

## Ricciotti Garibaldi.

Ricciotti Garibaldi, who will attend the unveiling of the Garibaldi monument in Chicago on September 20, is a lieutenant in the Italian navy. In 1866, when his father commanded a body of volunteers, Ricciotti had a minor commission. He marched against Rome with the soldiers who won the battle of Monterotondo, took part in the battle of Mentona, and was captured. He fought with France against Germany in 1870 and after that war made his home in Rome, where he has been a member of the Italian parliament.—Chicago Tribune.

## Vast Industries at the "Soo."

Vast industries are rapidly developing at Sault Ste. Marie. Millions have already been invested, and the projects already under way will, it is said, cost \$30,000,000 to complete. These include blast furnaces, pulp mills, rolling mills, etc. But not the least of the great undertakings at this point is the construction of a railroad from the Soo to Hudson Bay, a distance of 500 miles north. The road is already chartered and subsidized, and 150 miles will be completed next year.

## An Affair of Honor.

Count Boni de Castellane has met M. de Rodays on the field of honor and inflicted upon him a wound which will give him some inconvenience and lay him up for a week. This settles matters very clearly; M. de Castellane is innocent of the charges which de Rodays brought against him. The presence of his bullet in his adversary's body affords its own convincing proof. The wound is sufficiently serious to show this, and yet not grave enough to give ground for the belief that M. de Rodays in his misrepresentations was guilty of wilful falsehood. If he had intentionally misstated facts the truth undoubtedly would have been shown on the dueling field and M. de Rodays would have been lucky to get