

# WHAT A HOG DID



One of the Most Remarkable Cases  
in Missouri Criminal History.  
The Principals Died Tragically  
But the Suit Goes On.

PHILOSOPHERS and people generally agree that there is something aggravating about a hog. He is the friend of no man but a lawyer. Many times has he grunted his lumbering way from primary court through intermediate legal processes, attended by a mob of lawyers and a mass of briefs, up to big law and gown, only to find when all is settled that he, like the Court of Chancery, has devoured everything

on the weary journey and left an empty platter and darkened home for the people who first tied him into court. Every legal administrative suit has had its hog case. Missouri, says the St. Louis Republic, can boast of the best of all. This is the lawsuit of Winn vs. Reed, which is still grinding along in the Kansas City Court of Appeals, with little prospect of settlement until the court of last resort passes upon it.

A few years ago J. Newton Winn and Watson Reed were heads of two of the best families in Clinton County. Their large and highly improved farms adjoined, and the members of the two families intermingled constantly in the capacity of neighbor, host and guest. Both were men in the prime of life, good types of the country gentleman and modern farmer. Each was a perfect specimen of physical manhood, and in every sense a representative man. The suit that sundered the two families, almost ruined two estates and brought both Newton Winn and Watson Reed to untimely graves was begun in 1892. It originated over a hog. Winn lost a valuable blooded hog, and after a prolonged search it was found in one of the pastures on the Reed farm. Winn claimed his property, but Reed refused to give it up, asserting his ownership to the hog by virtue of having purchased it from a stock trader. Winn replevined the hog before Justice of the Peace Thomas S. Pearce, before whom the first trial of the case was had. Winn won his suit, but Reed took an appeal to the Circuit Court of Clinton County. In the Circuit Court it quickly developed that the fight was destined to be fought with great bitterness. The wealth and station of the two families soon involved in one way or another all their immediate relatives. People throughout the county took sides. Reed took a change of venue, and the case was sent to Platte County. There it ran the usual course, and finally came to trial for the first time in the fall of 1893. Over 100 witnesses testified at the trial, which lasted a week. It resulted in another verdict for Winn. Reed swore that he would not rest satisfied with the verdict, and his attorneys took an appeal to the Kansas City Court of Appeals. Several months later the case was argued before the full bench of that court. On an affidavit of a jurymen alleging irregularity the finding of the Circuit Court was reversed and the case remanded for a new trial.

Eighteen months elapsed before the now celebrated case again came to trial in the old court house at Platte City. This was in August, 1895. The lapse of time had not softened the bitterness of the two principals. Mutual friends tried to patch up a compromise without success. Neither Reed nor Winn would abate one jot from his position. Acrimony and intense personal hostility had succeeded the hasty anger out of which the suit sprang. When court assembled the entire community felt that the hog suit was of more importance than all other litigation on the docket. Nearly 200 witnesses had been summoned. Winn and Reed arrived, each attended closely by a bodyguard of personal friends and relatives. Great care was taken to prevent a personal encounter between the men. Judge W. S. Herndon was on the bench. The counsel were the same as at the previous trial. At every session of the court the large room was crowded to suffocation by the army of witnesses and friends of the principals. The speeches commenced one afternoon shortly after the court had reconvened after the noon recess. One of the counsel for Winn opened the argument and spoke about an hour. He was followed by John Cross, who represented Reed. Cross made a bitter speech. Particularly did he apply the lash to Berry Winn, a son of Newton Winn. Cross had just delivered a particularly scathing sentence reflecting on Berry Winn, when Newton Winn rose from his seat and, with a muffled exclamation, struck Cross a violent blow in the face. The blow sent Cross reeling against a juror. Before Winn could strike again Reed sprang to his feet, his face as white as a sheet and his eyes glowing like coals. In both hands he grasped a Colt's revolver of the largest caliber. This he leveled at Winn and fired. The heavy bullet struck Winn in the abdomen, tore a hole entirely through his body and ripped up the carpet on the platform of the judge's bench. Winn reeled, but did not fall. He was unarmed, but seized a chair and made an effort to reach his enemy. Reed seemed to become a madman. He fired two more shots before he was overpowered. Within half an hour after the shooting Judge Herndon ordered the attorneys to proceed with the trial. With the plaintiff dying and the defendant in jail for murder, the hog case went to the jury and a verdict for the defendant was returned. Winn never lived to know that he had lost the case after having won it twice. On the following morning he died.

At the April term of court, 1896, Reed was brought to trial on a charge of murder in the first degree. Over three hundred witnesses testified and the trial lasted ten days. He set up two pleas—defense of his attorney and self-defense. After considering forty-one hours, the jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree and fixed the punishment at ninety-nine years in the penitentiary. Reed was out on bond until January, 1897, when the Supreme Court affirmed the judgment of the lower court. The next morning Wat Reed presented himself to the warden of the penitentiary at Jefferson City and his career as a convict began that day. But his servitude was to be shorter than he dreamed. From the day he surrendered his health began to fail, and in just four weeks he was carried from the prison in a coffin. The case of Winn vs. Reed still grinds along in the courts. The verdict in favor of Reed found an hour after the murder of Winn was set aside by Judge Herndon. The court gave as its reason misconduct on the part of John Cross, Reed's attorney. This necessitated a new trial. Reed's attorneys appealed from this order of the court, and this appeal is now pending in the Kansas City Court of Appeals. As both plaintiff and defendant are dead, the cause is being carried on by administrators. The original issue has long been lost sight of. Both sides would be glad to let the case drop did not such action entail the payment of the costs, which now amount to many thousands of dollars.

## THE LOST MANUSCRIPT.

"Sixthly, brethren," said the preacher, Then he anxiously looked round; "Sixthly, sixthly," he repeated Till it seemed a mocking sound.

Fiercely did his fingers fumble "Fifthly," "fourthly," "thirdly," all, But his lips kept muttering "Sixthly," And it answered not his call.

"Sixthly, brethren, as I mentioned— Then he turned the Bible o'er; Every hair stood up in anguish, While his two eyes swept the floor.

Then the good old gray-haired deacon Rose with "Parson, ef ye please, Sixthly" just sailed out the window On the buzzum of the breeze."

Then a small boy snickered gaily: "Ah, that wind's a beauty bright; 'Thirdly,' 'fourthly,' both were winners, But that 'sixthly's' out o' sight." —Columbus Dispatch.

## SEMPER FIDELIS.

LONG after the speaker's words had died away the listening people waited in hushed expectancy, unwilling to believe that he had finished, and unable to descend, all at once, from the heights to which they had been raised. But the announcement of the last hymn assured them that the service was almost over, and a little later they began to file slowly out through the high, narrow doors into the damp Cornish air. In almost total silence the crowd separated, with the unconsciousness of surroundings which comes to men when their minds have been stirred deeply.

John Ordway and his wife came from the chapel among the last, and walked arm in arm to the long, low shed, where many wagons were waiting; both had been strongly moved by the evening's sermon, but in different ways, indicative, perhaps, of their widely differing temperaments. Ordway helped his wife into the wagon, the horses struck into a swift trot, and the driver leaned forward to draw the rug more closely about his companion, peering up into her face solicitously.

"A damp night!" he murmured. "Do you feel at all cold, little girl?" She started nervously at his voice, and shook her head. "I'm quite warm enough," she said mechanically. They moved swiftly past the scattered houses of the village and out into a stretch of open country. Three or four times the woman raised her head as though about to speak, but checked herself with an effort.

"I have something to tell you, John," she said at last. "I am afraid I ought to have told you long ago." Her tone was so serious that he turned and looked at her with quick anxiety.

"Are ye sure ye ought?" he asked gently. "Maybe there ain't any need." "There is a need," she answered. "I have known all along that it would be better to speak out, but somehow I never felt that I could, until to-night." She paused as though to gather courage. "It's about myself and Willis," she said. "You remember—"

Ordway bent forward suddenly with a warning shout to the horses, and the wagon jolted heavily in a deep rut. "That's me, all over," he said with a chuckle. "I took special notice of that hole so as to skip it on the way home, and here I am, drivin' right into it again, like an old fool. That's what comes of listenin' to sermons ye can't quite understand."

"Won't you listen to me, John?" his wife asked pleadingly. "Of course I will," he answered. "Only my nerves bein' so wrought up, I'm sort of afraid to have any big shock come on me sudden, ye know."

"You make it so hard for me," she said. "And I am in earnest. Oh, truly I am in earnest." Her voice trembled with the warning of tears. Ordway put his arm around her and drew her closer to him protectively, as a mother soothes a nervous, sleepy child.

"I wasn't jokin'," he said. "I'm always glad to listen to ye; only I think ye'd best wait till we get home. We're most there now."

The wagon swung around a sharp turn, and then, far up on the hill ahead of them the clear-cut outline of the farm buildings showed against the horizon. And the horses plodded on in silence. "Go in by the fire," said John Ordway, when at length they rattled into the farm-yard. "I'll take me some time to fix things up." But when he came back from the stable he found her waiting, leaning against one of the square posts of the porch and looking out across the darkness of the valley.

"I wanted to wait until we could go in together," she said. The long, low kitchen was full of changing shadows, which danced across the time-polished floor and lost themselves in the corners of the irregular ceiling, when Ordway crossed to the huge fireplace and piled some sticks of soft wood on the glowing ashes.

Then, twisting himself out of his topcoat and bestowing it, together with his cap, on a convenient table, he dragged from the chimney corner a great old-fashioned chair and sank back luxuriously in its capacious depths. His wife had also removed her wraps, and now took her seat at the other side of the fireplace on a low stool, drawn back just within the wavering boundary of shadow. At length she spoke, slowly and with evident effort at calmness.

"You must try to be patient with me," she said. "You'll be astonished, I know, and I am afraid you'll be angry—and I couldn't blame you—but I want you to wait till—till I've finished." "Are ye quite sure ye'd better begin, or hadn't ye better let it go till to-morrow?" "No," she said quickly. "I've wanted to speak—to speak so many times, and haven't dared to. I'll feel a thousand times happier when I've told you, no matter what happens. Let me go on now."

"Maybe I know what—" he began, but checked himself suddenly. "I'm listenin'," he added. She hesitated as if to gain strength, and he marked how the slender figure quivered with the effort of her hurried breathing.

"I had promised to marry Willis before I knew you," she said unsteadily. "We quarreled about some little thing and each was too proud to speak first. Finally, he went away without seeing me. You know how we heard that he died in Africa. I believed it—we all did—and I cried myself to sleep night after night, because I hadn't acted differently. As time went on I began to forget little by little, and after a while it all seemed like a sort of dream; then you came into my life, and taught me to trust you and turn to you for help in everything. And, in truth, I loved you more than you could ever understand." Her voice trembled pitifully. "You believe me, John?" she asked. "Say that you do believe me."

Ordway drew his hands across his eyes with an involuntary movement. "I ain't never doubted it," he answered softly. She gave a quick sigh of relief, and let her head sink again upon her breast as he spoke again.

"I was happy and contented for two long years. It was like heaven; and you were happy, too, John?" "Happy!" he said. "Ah, yes; nobody'll ever know how much."

"And then little Dora was born," she went on, "and somehow all our trouble began right there, for it seemed as though her baby hands took hold of our hearts and pushed them apart, a little at first, and then more and more. I actually thought that you didn't care about her—I know it was wrong, but I thought it—and I got to feeling against you as I would against someone that was watching for a chance to hurt my little one. Well, things got worse and worse, and when she died I almost believed you were to blame in some way—I didn't know how. Oh! it's awful to think about, but I couldn't help feeling that way. Will you ever forgive me for it?"

"I never laid it up against ye," he answered. "I reckoned it was natural, and I knew ye wasn't well; so I tried to forget all about that part of my life, and I done it—almost."

She looked up at him gratefully. "You are trying to help me," she said. "Not many men would do that. The rest of my story is harder to tell, and harder to listen to. You remember that Willis came back and hunted us up. He came at the worst time for all of us. I was set against you, and half wild about baby's death, and reckless to everything. He found that out, and kept pleading with me and urging me to go away with him. Day after day, when you were at work, he used to come to the house and talk to me—always in the same strain. I ought to have sent him away; but—I didn't. His sympathy was so ready that I didn't see the purpose nor the falseness of it. It was as though some evil spirit put the word into his mouth, and I listened; God help me, I listened."

She started to her feet, and stood facing her husband, her arms raised to her head in a wild gesture. "It was no fault of mine that I did not sin against you in deed as I did in thought," she cried. "If it had not been for some accident—I don't even know what it was—I should not have been here now. I went to meet him one night. We were to drive to Oakley and take the train for some place. I waited, I don't know how many hours, but he didn't come; at last I crept home and found you asleep. All night I sat by the fire waiting for some word from him, for I was ready to go—yes, even then I was ready to go. In the morning when you were away a letter came, saying that an unforeseen accident had happened and he would let me know about it soon. I never heard from him again."

She paused and looked at him fearfully, as though expecting a violent outburst of anger; but he said nothing, and at last she spoke again, unable to bear the silence. "Won't you speak to me?" she cried, tremulously. "Haven't you been listening? Have I done wrong to tell you? Speak to me, for God's sake; I can't bear it."

The words were lost in a storm of sobbing, and she threw herself down on her knees beside him, hiding her face with her hands on the arm of the old-fashioned chair. Ordway looked down at her through eyes that were dimming. "Don't take on so, Eunnie," he said gently; "ye'll be glad all the rest of yer life, I think, on account of just what ye're cryin' about now. Look up, my girl, an' maybe I can finish the story for ye." He put out his hand and stroked the bowed head with clumsy tenderness. "Ye say ye never knowed why he didn't come that night," he said. "I could a told ye why."

She raised her head with a startled exclamation. "You?" she cried. "Yes," he answered. "Jest me. He stayed away because I told him he'd better, and he knowed I meant what I said."

Her eyes grew full of a wondering fear, and she shrank away from him; but he smiled again and detained her with gentle force. "Wait," he said. "I ain't crazy. Did ye think I was so blind all them months that I didn't see

what was happening? I'd a knowed I'd been miles away, for there ain't never any trouble in your heart but what I don't feel it. Lord bless ye, I seen what was goin' on, but I thought 'twas best to say nothin' an' let ye wrestle it out alone. Finally, when I noticed that circumstances an' every thing was likely to be too much for ye, why, I jest stepped in an' talked to Willis. He understood, an' that settled it."

"Then you've known?" she interrupted breathlessly. "You've known all this time?" He nodded cheerfully. "All this time," he answered.

"But you never said a word to me—you never acted as though—"

"It's always harder for me to talk than to keep still," he said slowly. "Surely ye've found that out long ago. I couldn't a said a word without makin' things worse most likely; so I thought the best thing to do was to jest wait—an' I have been waitin'."

"Waiting?" she repeated. "Waiting for what?" "For what's happened, Eunnie," he said softly. "Waiting to hear jest what I've heard to-night; to have ye kneel down here beside me as ye're kneelin' now, a-wantin' the help I can give ye, an' a-trustin' me enough to ask for it." He lifted his hand to check her question, and went on in the same tone. "I ain't never been like any of the men ye used to know. Why, for a year or more after we were married I used to set an' watch ye, wonderin' all the time whether it was really me, an' whether my luck wasn't too good to be true. I was always afraid that there was a mistake somewheres, for it didn't seem right nor natural that ye should see anything in me to care about, unless—unless it was because I cared so much for you; I tried to think that sometimes."

The woman was clinging to his arm and weeping convulsively. "Twere'n your fault, little girl," he said. "It jest happened that way. There ain't no need to cry about it now; the time for cryin's all gone past, an' I don't think it'll ever come again." He stopped abruptly, as though half-ashamed of his sudden outburst, and let his glance rest lovingly upon the kneeling figure at his feet.

"Ain't ye glad it's happened?" he asked. "Surely ye ain't grievin' over the very thing that is to make us so happy agen?" She did not answer, and for a moment he watched her in perplexed anxiety. Then he understood, and knelt down by her side.—Toronto Saturday Night.

## WASTED ENERGY.

A Good Thing the Ice Man Wasn't There.

Across an uptown street an ice wagon was extended. The street was narrow and the horses attached to the wagon had evidently been halted at the curb and then had turned diagonally across the roadway. Usually these wagons are manned by a crew of two men, but in this case neither man was in sight. Presently along came a horse and wagon with two men on the seat. They couldn't get by because of the ice wagon. They halted in the rear of the obstruction and one of the men called out:

"Hi, there, get a move on you." The ice wagon was full of ice and the driver's seat was entirely concealed from the men in the other wagon.

There was no response. "What's the matter with you?" yelled the man; "don't you know you are blocking up the highway?"

Still no response. The vociferating man grew angry. "Say," he howled, "if you don't drive ahead I'll take off one of your wheels." The other man laughed. The wheels of the ice wagon looked as if they might have been made for the Juggernaut car. The wheels of the other wagon were light and shaky.

"If you don't drive ahead I'll get off this wagon and chuck you into the gutter," shrieked the angry man. "Say," said the other man, "don't talk like that. These icemen are all fighters. He'll come back here with an ice-hook and welt the heads off of us."

"Let him come," roared the first speaker. "He can't bluff me. Say, there, you wretched, white-livered ice peddler, get a move on you, or I'll trample all over your worthless carcass."

And even this didn't elicit a response. Then the angry man slowly got down from the seat, and grasping his whip in a firm grasp, cautiously crept around by the way of the sidewalk until he could get a look at the driver's seat.

"Why, there's no one here," he called back. Then he took the horses by the heads and pulled them to the side of the road. As he climbed back into his wagon he said:

"It's a blamed lucky thing for that driver that he wasn't there. I'd a beat the life out of him." And he pulled up the horse savagely and rattled along.

## For the Bike.

In a newly designed bicycle it is not necessary to use the feet and keep the pedals moving all the time, as the spiked rear wheel can be lifted out of the line with the runners by means of a lever near the head of the machine, so that after speed has been attained or in going down hills on the road the feet can be held still.

## Business Transaction.

Yasley—See here, Mudge, why haven't you paid that \$10 as you promised?

Mudge—I heard you were going to leave town.—Indianapolis Journal.

It is said that half the people born die before reaching the age of 16. Some others we know wouldn't be missed very much.

## SMALLEST BABY IN THE WORLD.

Chicago Youngster Six Weeks Old Who Weighs Only Two Pounds.

Mary Pollock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Pollock, residing at 167 Clybourn avenue, celebrated the sixth week of her advent into the world on Friday by drinking a pint of milk and crying for more. Miss Mary is the tin-



WORLD'S SMALLEST BABY.

lost healthy infant that lives in this country. A few hours after her birth she was weighed and the scales balanced at one pound and three ounces.

The attending physician told her parents that there was absolutely no chance of saving the child. But in spite of this Miss Mary lived on and has grown from day to day. On Friday she weighed two pounds and cried as though her lungs were two pounds strong. She is being as carefully nursed as human skill can devise. Every one of her features is particularly well developed. A more beautiful specimen of physical babyhood would be hard to find. But she does look so little. Her fingers are of the size of a goose quill and her arms are so small as to resemble nothing ever seen in the way of human flesh. But her eyes are wondrous large and they are very blue, and if she keeps on improving in strength it is safe to say that she will dangerously use them some day. Local medical history has no record of a child weighing no more than did Miss Pollock when born living for a longer period than two days. The case is phenomenal.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## How Mineral Waters Cure.

When a patient reaches a mineral water health resort he is examined by the resident physician and ordered to drink certain quantities of the water at certain times during the day; this is increased from day to day until the maximum quantity is reached. He is ordered to drink one or two glassfuls between breakfast and dinner, the same quantity in the afternoon, and a couple of glassfuls before going to bed. The patient is urged to take it whether he wants it or not. He may say that he is not thirsty, but that makes no difference; he must take it as a medicine. The quantity is increased until we have known thirty glassfuls per day to be taken.

A part of the benefit derived is because of the rest and change of scene; a part, perhaps, is from the small quantity of the salts and other bases contained in these waters (we are not speaking of cathartic or chalybeate waters), but the benefit from this source is very slight. The secret of

the cure is in the quantity of the water taken. If the water be pure, free from organic matter, and taken in sufficient quantity, the results will be substantially the same, regardless of the "traces" of lithia and small quantities of sodium chloride and other salts. You can perform these cures at home with the ordinary drinking-water, if of good quality, if you will require the patient to take it in the same quantity as at the springs. It is very easy to add lithia if desired, but you must not lose sight of the fact that the quantity of water (not lithia) taken is the important thing. It acts by flooding the kidneys; by washing out the bladder with a copious, bland and dilute urine; by unclogging the liver and clearing the brain. The patient feels better from day to day; he is better. Irritable bladder is relieved, the kidneys act freely—are "washed out"—and many effete substances are carried out with the blood; this clears the way for the liver to act freely and normally, for there is an intimate relation between the liver and kidneys.—Medical World.

## Deny Victoria's Rig t.

There is in England a Thames Valley Legitimist Club. Its peculiar mission is to uphold the right of the Stuart family to the throne of Great Britain. To the members, not Queen Victoria, but a German princess, is their rightful sovereign. The club does nothing more dangerous than to pass futile resolutions, which are reported in the newspapers as practical jokes. A new association has just sprung up, which calls itself the Society of the Red Carnation, and seeks to outdo this Jacobite business. The council of the Thames Valley Legitimist Club has gravely resolved that the new society is "unnecessary," and that the advanced program is bound to create "divisions and disgust among all true Legitimists and Jacobites" and to bring the cause into discredit. The speedy dissolution of the intruder is advised by the council of the original patentees.

If a woman isn't permitted to reign supreme in the household the chances are she will get made and storm.



**YOU SHOULD MARRY**

- The man who says, "Love me, love my dog."
- The man who can't remember his wife's birthday.
- The man who thinks he can keep house better than his wife does.
- The man who thinks a parlor carpet ought to last fifteen years.
- The man who thinks a woman's bonnet ought to cost about 75 cents.
- The man who forgets his manners as soon as he crosses his own threshold.
- The man who labors under the delusion that his wife's money belongs to him.
- The man who thinks that nobody but an angel is good enough to be his wife.
- The man who thinks there is "no place like home"—for grumbling and growling.
- The man who thinks a woman is "fixed for the season" if she has one new gown.
- The man who always leaves his wife at home when he takes his summer vacation.
- The man who thinks a sick wife would feel better if she would "just get up and stir around."
- The man who thinks his wife exists for the comfort and convenience of his mother and his sisters.
- The man who has \$75 worth of fishing tackle and can't afford a new set of curtains for the dining-room.
- The man who talks about "supporting" a wife when she is working fourteen hours a day, including Sundays.
- The man who thinks a woman ought to be her own milliner, dressmaker, seamstress, cook, housemaid and nurse.
- The man who doesn't know what an earth a woman wants with money when she has a bill at the dry goods store.
- The man who thinks a five-year-old worsted street gown is the proper sort of toilet for a dinner party or a reception.
- The man who provides himself with a family and trusts Providence to provide the family with a home and something to eat.
- The man who thinks a woman ought to give up a thousand-dollar salary and work in his kitchen for her board and a few clothes, and be glad of the chance.
- The woman who expects to have "a good, easy time."
- The woman who wants to refurbish her house every spring.
- The woman who buys for the mere pleasure of buying.
- The woman who would rather nurse a pug dog than a baby.
- The woman who thinks that men are angels and demigods.
- The woman who expects a declaration of love three times a day.
- The woman who thinks it is cheaper to buy bread than to make it.
- The woman who thinks that the cook and the nurse can keep house.
- The woman who would die rather than wear a bonnet two seasons old.
- The woman who marries in order to have somebody to pay her bills.
- The woman who wants things just because "other women" have them.
- The woman who stays at home only when she cannot find a place to visit.
- The woman who reads cheap novels and dreams of being a duchess or a countess.
- The woman who thinks she is an ornament to her sex if she wins a progressive euchre prize.
- The woman whose cleanliness and order extend no further than the front hall and the drawing-room.
- The woman who thinks she can get \$5,000 worth of style out of a one-thousand-dollar salary.
- The woman who buys brica-brac for the parlor and borrows kitchen utensils from her neighbors.
- The woman who does not know how many cents halves, quarters, dimes and nickels there are in a dollar.
- The woman who thinks embroidered center pieces and "doilies" are more necessary than sheets, pillowcases and blankets.
- The woman who cares more for the style of her winter cloak than she cares for the health and comfort of her children.
- The woman who proudly declares that she cannot even hem a pocket handkerchief, never made a bed in her life, and adds with a simper that she has "been in society ever since she was 15."