

ILL-GOTTEN GOLD.

The Chest of Money Found Buried in Old Fanny Haregrove's Cellar.

TRUE Temperance

Is not signing a pledge or taking a solemn oath that cannot be kept, because of the non-removal of the cause—liquor. The way to make a man temperate is to kill the desire for those dreadful artificial stimulants that carry so many bright intellects to premature graves, and desolation, strife and unhappiness into so many families.

It is a well authenticated fact that many medicines, especially 'bitters,' are nothing but cheap whiskey vilely concocted for use in local option countries. Such is not the case with BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It is a medicine, a cure for weakness and decay in the nervous, muscular, and digestive organs of the body, producing good, rich blood, health and strength. Try one bottle. Price \$1.00.

Mystery of Her Life and Death—A Laborer's Story of Finding the Treasure.

The Paymaster and His Love.

New York Journal.

The death of Mrs. Fanny Haregrove in a solitary house in East Eighty-sixth street, near the river, was peculiar. She has lived there until the memory of the oldest inhabitant remarks not to the contrary. No one knew how she came there. She appeared to have no friends or relatives. Occasionally an old gentleman would call on her for an hour, and they would be seen sitting together in the garden, but he never entered the house. She permitted no one to do this. Considerable curiosity was exhibited in the neighborhood to know something about the interior of the old house, but it was never gratified. The edifice is one of the oldest on Manhattan island. It used to be a great place in the times of the earlier presidents and was for a long time the abode of a Colonel Joyce, who seems to have given receipts, at which the wine flowed deeply and freely.

Then for a long time it seems to have been inhabited, and after a while the people who were sparsely scattered around noticed a middle aged lady in occupancy. Now and then she would order some small things at the grocery stores on Third avenue, but so seldom as to make the neighbors wonder what she lived on. At length she went the way of all flesh. The first that was known of that event was the sight of a hearse driving up at the front gate. How anybody had been notified of the death, or who had taken charge of the funeral arrangements, nobody knew. But the coffin was carried out of the house then and there, which proved that the previous rites had been attended to. It is supposed that she wrote to certain officials to come and see her on such and such a night. That they came and found her dead body and instructions what to do.

Owen Murphy is a laborer of No. 2118 Second avenue. He was called upon by a man dressed in black, and having a forked accent, last Thursday. He was asked what he would charge to do a job at digging that would take a day. He agreed on a price, and met the man in black the next morning. He was accompanied by another man who, from his talk, he judged to be an official of some sort. The man in black told Murphy to come into the garden, and he pointed out a certain spot where to dig. He went at it, and after about half an hour, whenever he dug down over three feet, the man in black told him to come away. The two others then consulted.

"Let us try the next," said the man in black, and they went over to a scycamore on the left of the garden. Murphy was again put to digging. The roots of the scycamore made the job a difficult one and Murphy had to go for his pickaxe. When he got back the hole was a good deal deeper than when he left it. He was urged to proceed. After a moment or two the tool struck on something that sounded like metal. The man in black went down on his knees and then dug with his hands. He found the hard substance. It looked like an old piece of iron, but was so intricately encased by the gnarled roots of the tree that it could not be budged. The man in black told him to go and get a saw. By this time quite a number of people had gathered and were looking on from the street. They seemed puzzled and some said that they were going to bury old Fanny Haregrove under the tree. It took a long time to saw the roots away and the saw was badly damaged by coming in contact with a small iron box about six inches long by four in breadth. It was more to luck than anything else that the box was discovered at all. If the pickaxe had not struck in one little crevice it would probably have been lost. The man in black displayed great joy when the box was pried out of its encasement. He took a small key from his vest pocket and tried to open the box but the lock was too rusty. They worked at it for a long time and then smashed it in with two blows of the pickaxe. The box contained only papers. Four or five of these they read. The man in black said:

"This is poor old Fanny's marriage certificate." Then he said, "there it is, the money is in the cellar." Murphy went with them but not through the house. The man in black went round to open the cellar door from the inside. He brought a lighted lamp. In the cellar he counted off thirteen feet from one wall and seven from another, and told the man to dig again. He had to break the cement wall with a pickaxe and then with his pickaxe again. Then he dug quickly and about a foot and a half underground came to an iron box five times the size of the first box. As it was dragged up by three men—its weight demanded the exertions of all three men—it rolled over and broke open. A shower of gold pieces fell out. The man in black took up a few and looked at them.

"All coins of Louis Philippe," he said. "The box must have been there since 1848 at least." "How much is there?" asked the other. "There should be 60,000 francs," said the man in black. "The box under the hearthstone had 40,000."

He then handed Murphy a \$5 bill and let him go without putting any injunction of secrecy upon him. Murphy told the story in the neighborhood.

A Journal reporter found it next to impossible to find out anything about this singular woman who buried her money so carefully in her cellar and went out of the world leaving hardly an impression of what she had been, though living in New York all these years. The story as told by one who knew her was that many years ago she was betrothed to a passenger in the French navy—that during the turmoil of the revolution of 1848 he ran away to join her, taking with him a chest of gold which belonged to his government. They had been together only a few weeks when she found that he was a thief and upbraided him with it. Not long after, afraid of capture, he blew out her brains. This blow almost athroned her reason. The ill-gotten money she would not touch. To give it back would be to cast obloquy on the memory of a man she tenderly loved. The chest of gold disappeared.

The man who found it a few days since was no doubt an emissary of the French government come to claim its own.

Best Performances in 1883. Thus early in the season many remarkable performances have been done on the turf, chief which, it must be con-

ceded, was the 2:18 made at Cleveland Wednesday, in a third heat, by Phallas, a green stallion, owned by Hon. Jerome I. Case. Phallas is a cherry boy, standing 15 1/2 hands, and of fine conformation. He was bred by Maj. H. C. McEwell, the breeder of Puma and other fast ones, foaled in 1877, and was got by Dictator, sire of Jay-Eye-See, out of Betsy Tretwood, by Clark Chief, grandam by Ericson, son of Mambrino Chief. A stouter horse would be hard to find, if, indeed, there is any. As a five-year-old he showed a trial mile in 2:27 at Chicago, and repeated in 2:22. An offer of \$10,000 was afterwards refused for him. Fair seems in a good way to win the \$10,000 offered him by Vanderbilt if he succeeded in beating 2:10 with Maud S. Friday the little mare made a mile in 2:14. The Cleveland track has gained additional for fastness the past week, for, in addition to Jay-Eye-See's wonderful mile, the fastest ever made by a five-year-old—2:14—with two quarters made in 33 seconds each, Campbell's bay gelding, Fuller, in the pacing ring. Friday, measured a mile in 2:13, and Little Brown Jug paced a mile in 2:15.

Poughkeepsie's Angels. Morning Journal. I'm a graduate of Vaassar. I'm the first one in my class, sir. And a comissair in anything that's Greek. I'm a devotee of Latin. And my tutors say I'm put in Dead languages so classic and antique.

I can write a dissertation On forensic flintation. But I really cannot practice what I preach; I can not find with the tenses of Greek. And my pencil never refuses To illustrate the thoughts my soul doth reach.

I'm an adept in geometry, I can cope with trigonometry, And can put in practice every zigzag crook; I know all about astronomy, Not to mention Deuteronomy, From the Alpha and Omega of the book.

No, I really cannot cook, sir, But then isn't any mortal I can't eat; And when it comes to gum, sir, I can fairly make things hum, sir, In a manner that you'd call a startling feat.

Though I know how to waltz, sir, I'd be pleased to have you call me a partner; And hear my execution on the piano— Can I wash, or iron, or sew, sir? Oh, good gradations! You can go, sir! If you say I certainly will die, I know, C.

The germs of disease are neutralized by Samuritan Nerveine. \$1.50. A correspondent, Mr. S. L. Morgan, Walken, Mo., says: "Samuritan Nerveine cured my boy of fits." You can get it at druggists.

CYCLONIC OUTBURSTS. Will Man Ever Be Able to Conquer Storms? Violent displays of natural force, says The London Standard, are painfully hostile to human progress. If the valley of the Thames were frequently rocked by earthquakes, London would be an impossibility. A very slight tremor would tilt the Egyptian obelisk into the Thames and topple down St. Paul's cathedral. A volcano in Middlesex would lower the London Standard, and government securities and seriously diminish the value of the metropolis. For prosperity there must be peace, especially with the powers of nature. America itself would not be what it is if these horrible cyclones occurred in every state and at frequent intervals. The question arises whether these atmospheric disturbances may possibly be effected for the better in course of time by that sort of indirect influence which civilization exercises on climate. It is true that man may make a climate as well as mend one. He disturbs the rainfall by unduly cutting down the forests, thereby producing alternations of drought and flood. But in other instances the cultivation of the soil appears to ameliorate the climate, and nature grows more kindly as man fulfills his mission to "subdue the earth."

The verge of turning how to disarm the sea of fury, the man may mark the strangest—we might say the oldest—discoveries of modern times that the created world which seems irresistible in its force, loses all its terror and much of its power when encountering a film of oil. When the storm threatens to overwhelm the ship the skipper has merely to fetch up his oil can, and though the wind continues to howl and shriek through the rigging, the waves are powerless under the oleaginous film. It is too much to expect that the wild winds will ever be subject to human control after this fashion, except by some long-continued and occult process unconsciously carried out. It will be a strange result, and yet it seems a possibility that man will be able to meet the storm more successfully at sea than on land. More probably, as the population of these states increases, and the consequent danger of disaster is increased, men will adopt a mode of buildings suited to the necessities of the case, as the Swiss have done in the case of the avalanche. There is, however, a favorable element in this problem, even if matters should not improve. Cyclonic outbursts, such as those which have been displaying their energy in the United States, act in a very circumscribed area. It is saddening to read of the mischief that is done—human beings crushed by the fury of the blast, and hard-won property irretrievably destroyed. But the space thus visited is a mere scrap compared with the broad continent which spreads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The storm-path is but a diminutive line compared with the smiling area on every hand.

The most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are Angostura Bitters, prepared by Doctor G. B. Sargent & Sons. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article.

Three Distinguished Females. Two young ladies of Terre Haute were returning from California. The parlor car was crowded with passengers. At a small station a woman in showy attire entered and demanded a whole section. It was not to be had, and the conductor, bruskman, porter and cook, who seemed to be impressed with the new passenger's importance, were all painfully exercised to know where to put her. The cause of all this commotion was very blonde, very large, very richly clothed, and very swell. When it seemed impossible to get her a whole section, or even half a one, she turned to the young ladies and said: "Will you condescend to take the upper berth of your section, and let me have the lower?" "Sorry we can't oblige you," replied one of the pink-cheeked fairies; "but really we prefer the lower berth for ourselves."

Then the big blonde straightened herself up, threw inefable contempt and importance into her pale eyes, and said: "Perhaps you don't know I am a French girl, and in a tone of serene indifference, "No, we don't," replied the Terre Haute girl, in a tone of serene indifference. "I will tell you," said the woman of silk

and jewels, "I am Mrs. Col. Dunley Wickersham." (Dunley Wickersham is known all along that end of the road as the banana man—bushels of money—60 much that he needs nothing more.) "Are you, indeed?" replied the Hoosier maiden. "Perhaps you don't know who I am?"

Madame Bonanza's face said that she didn't, and also that she had some curiosity. "Well, I am Mrs. Gen. Grant." "And I," said her companion, who had hitherto kept silent, "am Queen Victoria."

A hunter who lives at Bear Run, Hart his arm by the kick of a gun; The hunt it did spoil, But St Jacobs Oil Cured him before swelling begun.

"HECK" GILES. Capture of This Notorious Moonshiner, Who Has Been Hounded for Seven Years. Memphis Appeal. Deputy United States Marshal Wheeler placed in jail yesterday one of the most desperate of all the many moonshiners and smugglers of the mountains of Tennessee—the notorious "Heck" Giles. He was arrested by Deputy Wheeler, in Oregon county, Mo., and will be tried on three indictments charging a violation of the revenue laws and murdering Deputy Marshal F. H. Torbett, near Paris, Tenn., October 1, 1876. Giles began his career just after the close of the war, and soon became the leader of a band of desperate men, who carried on an extensive trade in Middle Tennessee. He was very successful and accumulated considerable property. He was sharp enough to carry on his business in such a manner that conviction was almost an impossibility, and many refused to believe him guilty of the many offenses laid at his door. He was arrested once in the fall of the year 1876, on a charge of running a illicit distillery, but the proof was not strong enough to convict him, though he was held to answer a charge of selling smuggled tobacco. Before the day of his trial his wife became very ill, and he begged to be allowed to go to her. So deep were his vows to return in time for trial that Deputy Marshal Torbett allowed him to go on his honor. The day for his trial came, but he did not appear, and in reply to a message from Torbett he declared he would never return, and that he would never be taken alive, alleging as a reason that he had been chased and shot in the heel by a United States officer who had no warrant for his arrest, or some equally foolish excuse. Torbett wrote him several times afterward to redeem his pledge, but he was obdurate, and sent Torbett word he had better not attempt his arrest.

The fired Torbett, and in company with Deputy Marshal Alexander, he went to Henry county bent on capturing his man. At daybreak on Sunday, October 1, they reached Giles' cabin. Alexander stood at the back door with two navy pistols, while Torbett went around to the entrance. When he arrived in sight of the door he saw Giles standing just within the room with a shotgun in his hand. Giles fired a pistol, and seeing Giles was inclined to retreat, went back to Alexander and got one of his navy pistols. With this he returned to his former position and tried to reason with Giles, who without a word raised his gun and shot him down, dashing away into the woods. A dozen men sprang up, like the dragon's teeth, from the bushes about the house, and Alexander found himself powerless in their hands. Torbett, gasping on the ground, with his feet fast bound all his body. Alexander removed him to a bed of moss under a tree near by, and as, in a few moments, the sun rose over the tree tops and fell upon his face, he groaned, spoke three or four words and expired. Alexander was warned to leave at once and was obliged to submit without an effort to trace the murderer of his brother officer. Torbett was an excellent officer, brave, and determined, and his murder created a profound sympathy at the time. Since that hour "Heck" Giles has been hounded by United States marshals over Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri. He has made several narrow escapes. Marshal Waldron had his hands almost on him in Lake county once, but by a desperate game he managed to escape. He went always armed to the teeth, and he was a terror in every neighborhood he has ever visited. Yet it is said he had friends, or at least accomplices, everywhere among officers of the law, and through them he was kept posted in regard to the movements of United States deputy marshals. His crime is said to have been a cold-blooded murder, yet under the laws of the United States which is reasonable by imprisonment for not less than thirty days or more than a year, in the discretion of the judge by whom he is tried. Only Indians are hung by Uncle Sam, who considers the murder of one of his officers no greater crime than selling whisky or tobacco without license. There is a recent enactment, however, in favor of revenue officers.

LADY BEAUTIFIERS—Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or beautifiers of the world, while you neglect health and strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

A Chicken-Trading Clergyman. Arkansas Traveler. "What other business do you follow besides preaching?" was asked an old colored man. "I speculate a little." "How speculate?" "I sell chickens." "Where do you get your chickens?" "My boys fetch 'em in." "Why boys fetch 'em in?" "I don't know, sah. I see allers so busy wid my preachin' dat I ain't got no time to ax. I was a gwine to inquire de udder day, but a vival come on an tuk up all my time."

One Experience From Many. I have been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and began to use it. I was not to be long to improve, and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—The Mother.

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MARRIAGE. Married persons or young men contemplating marriage be aware of physical weakness, loss of procreative power, impotency, or any other disqualification, specifically relieved. He who places himself under the care of Dr. Fishblatt will religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

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