UNCONSCIOUSLY HUNG.

A Remarkable Western Execution.

A Sheriff's Wonderful Story of a Criminal

Who Was Hanged and Didn't Know It Told as Gospel Truth.

New York Star.

The dismal rain beat against the windows of the court house, and swept in sheets across the jail yard. Court was adjourned for the day, the clerks had gone home and a band of officials gathered in the grand jury room for a half hour of chat. But the flow of conversation was less free and jovial than common. Apparently the depressing aspect of things without had affected the spirits of the county magnates. The usually smiling face of the sheriff wore a sad expression, and the jolly face of the surrogate gazed mournfully out upon the cheerless, muddy street. Upon the benign visage of the county judge was a melancholy look, as if in his official capacity he had sentenced himself as a private individual to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Tilted back in a big arm chair, the foreman of the grand jury thoughtfully cleaned his finger nails. A long silence was broken by the sheriff, who observed, as a sudden gust of wind dashed the rain noisily against the glass:

"What a day for a hanging!"

"Wretched!" replied the surrogate, carelessly turning the leaves of the penal code. "I wouldn't be hanged on a day like this for any consideration."

"A fellow would catch his death of cold," put in the foreman of the grand jury. "What put the subject of hanging into your head, sheriff?"

"Oh, I was just thinking of a poor fellow who expiated a murder in Iowa ten years ago, on just such a day as this."

"Another of your western yarns, eh, sheriff?" said the surrogate, with a yawn. "Why will a man always draw a long bow when he tells what happened to him out west?"

"This is gospel truth," retorted the sheriff, quickly, "and it's nothing that happened to me, or I should not be here to tell it. Moreover, Mr. Surrogate, I never exaggerate."

"Oh, no," was the sarcastic rejoinder.

"Never mind him," said the foreman of the grand jury; "go on with your story."

The sheriff seated himself on the green-covered table and began:

"Well, as I said, this happened ten years ago, 'way out in Iowa. A fellow killed his brother-in-law and was sentenced to death. The hanging was public, the gallows being erected on the open prairie a little distance behind the jail. I was sworn in as a special deputy. Holy Moses, how it did rain that day! The water came down in chunks with sufficient force to tear an umberella into tatters in fifteen minutes."

"Sheriff, sheriff," murmured the county judge in a tone of gentle reproach.

"Oh, it's a fact. The condemned man was carried to the place of execution in an open cart. Another deputy and I rode with him. A hanging was too rare a treat to be missed by people out there, no matter what the weather was. Shivering and wet, a large crowd stood in the coarse, saturated grass about the scaffold. We placed our man under the cross-piece and fastened the rope about his neck. Everything was ready except the last prayer and letting the trap fall. The sheriff asked the prisoner if he had anything to say. 'Yes,' said the man. He made a long speech, declaring his innocence, abusing the judge, and that kind of thing. Suddenly he stopped in the middle of a sentence. All this time, you must remember, the rain was falling in cataracts. Seeing the doomed man silent, the sheriff tipped a wink to the clergyman, who, being a Baptist, did not mind the rain. The reverend gentleman began to pray. We all bent our heads, although no one was pious enough to take his hat off. Just as Brother Hardshell was winding up his petition, we heard a cry of astonishment from the crowd. I looked up, and what do you think I saw?"

"The prisoner escaping!" asked the Surrogate.

"No, sir; he was hanging two feet from the platform."

"What!" cried the sheriff's auditors, together.

"It is a fact, gentlemen. That rain had shrunk the rope enough to hang our man for us."

For a moment the silence of the room was broken only by the ticking of the clock and the rattle of the raindrops against the panes. The foreman of the grand jury drew a long breath and said:

"Sheriff, a man of your imagination should write unsolicited testimonials for patent medicines."

"That is certainly a remarkable story," said the county judge, "but I know one at least equally strange."

"That's right, judge," replied the Surrogate. "Never let it be said that any man in the county can outlie you. Let's hear your tale."

"The scene of my story is also located in the great west."

"Of course," said the Surrogate.

"You may never have heard of San Jacinto canon, in Colorado. Its rocky walls are almost perpendicular and are 500 feet high. The canon is at no point more than an eighth of a mile wide. Through it runs a beautiful stream, the water of which is clear as crystal. The stream has its source in the canon, and runs through it for a distance of a mile and a half. Then it suddenly disappears in the earth, to break out again at a point thirty miles below. A small, lazy, dirty tribe of Indians occupies part of the country along the canon. They are as low and degraded a set as I ever saw. Have no firearms, won't be converted to Christianity, and don't know good whisky from stair-rod polish. What little work it done in the tribe the women perform. Well, one day about two years ago a squaw started out to get some trout for her own and her husband's breakfast. Those Indians catch trout by diving for them in the stream I have mentioned. The woman jumped into the beautiful pellucid water, down, down—"

Here the county judge stopped.

"Well, why don't you go on?" inquired the sheriff.

"That squaw's husband waited long for his breakfast, and it came not," continued his honor, dreamily. "At last, desperate with hunger, he laid violent hands upon a ham sandwich which he had captured several days before in the wreck of a railroad train many miles away. Morning glided into afternoon, and afternoon into evening, but the squaw returned not."

"Has she got back yet?" interrogated the foreman of the grand jury. "Because it's nearly supper time, and we can't wait for her much longer."

"Nine minutes after that woman dived for the trout she burst upon the vision of an astonished fisherman thirty miles below the point where she entered the water. She had been carried into the subterranean current of the river. When she came out she had a big trout in each hand."

The sheriff's feet came emphatically to the floor. The surrogate said: "I've heard enough," put on his coat and walked out. He was followed by the foreman of the grand jury and the sheriff, who observed that the rain was abating and it was a good time to dodge home between the drops.

KANSAS CORN.

Reasons Why the Crop is not so Good as Has Been Reported.

Leavenworth Times.

WAMEGO, Kan., June 19.—[Special.] I have observed in all, or nearly all, of the reports as to the state of the present corn crop, glowing accounts of the present advanced (!) state of the crop, large acreage, etc. Now, Kansas and Kansas crops are generally good enough without a resort on gambling methods to make a per cent. on our grain or money from our farmers. 'Our farmers started out this spring determined to make a large crop. They were largely inconvenienced by defective seed, owing to the peculiar winter we had. For that reason a large breadth of corn failed to make a good stand, and replanting was necessary. All farmers know what that means. Since then rain has succeeded rain until, today, there are hundreds of fields that only received one ploughing, and many barely that, whilst weeds are thick and a resort to the hoe is now being had on bottom lands, which means slow work and a small yield of corn. This being the case in many localities, there can be no question of a diminished crop, and therefore no necessity for lying reports in order that a few speculators may "bull" the market. In five counties this state of facts exist, and I doubt not in others.

As, before stated, Kansas is good enough, and all indications point to a fair crop of corn, but a large yield is not assured by any means, and but little over a half crop, unless we have a late fall so as to give the late planting time to mature. It is true, as a general proposition, that having so much rain now, that we may expect, in July and August when the ears begin to form, a drouth may occur, in which case those of us who were in Kansas in 1860 will be fully reconciled to, as we had an almost total failure then.

His Mistake.

Wall street News.

They knew he had once been the warden of a western state's prison, and were asking him how he came to lose his place, and he answered, with a sad shake of the head:

"I made a great mistake."

"How?"

"I stood in with a beef contractor, and the meat was so bad that the prisoners raised a row. A committee investigated, and I got the bounce."

"Where was the mistake?" asked one of the group, after a long silence.

"Why, if we had stolen all the meat the prisoners wouldn't have had any shanks or neck pieces to kick on!"

A Mean Trick.

Detroit Free Press.

A man who probably hailed from Buffalo played a powerful mean trick on a Detroit bridal couple at Niagara Falls the other evening. They went to a hotel and registered, had supper, and then started out for a night view of the Mighty Roarer. They had not gone far when a man called to them and said:

"Have you just been married?" "We h-have," answered the groom.

"Going to stay here a day or two?" "Yes."

"Having registered at my hotel, you probably intend to remain there?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, I want to say a word to you. I don't want any ducky-deary nonsense around my house. I want no popsy-wopsy business on the verandas. I want no squeezing hands on the balconies, or feeding each other at the table."

The groom let his arm fall from his bride's waist in a slow and painful manner, and the stranger continued:

"The first time you call her peaches and cream, or she calls you her darling, out you go!" "Y-yes, sir."

"She's no sweeter than ten thousand other girls, and you are no more of a darling than I am, and I won't stand lovesick nonsense."

He walked away with that, and people at the Falls who knew the bridal couple were amazed to hear them address each other as Mr. and Mrs., and to see what precautions they took to prevent touching hands or betraying any symptoms of love. They put in two wretched days, and it was only as they were on the point of leaving that they discovered how a base villain had duped them.

A Convent Scandal.

A scandal is rife in Munich. A short time ago the Lady Superior of a convent was dying, and it was discovered that for twenty-two years she had concealed her illegitimate daughter in her apartments. This girl, though she had been well supplied with nourishment, was in a most pitiable condition, and could neither speak nor understand. Although the wretched mother was of good birth and had many wealthy relatives, none of them would undertake the charge of her offspring, so the convent authorities have taken over the responsibility, although all their efforts to keep the scandal secret have proved unavailing.

HIGH-PRICED BRIDES.

What it Costs to Have the Nuptial Knot Tied in High-Life.

Roses at Thirty Dollars a Piece--A Small Fortune in Stationery.

New York Journal.

"A New York fashionable wedding is a very expensive thing," said a prominent New York caterer of Fifteenth street to a Journalier.

"Of course," said the reporter, "the bride's clothes cost a great deal, and perhaps the groom has to pay the minister a large sum, but do the other expenses amount to much?"

"The bride's outfit is something I don't know anything about. If a wedding is coming off, the bride's father or mother or uncle or somebody come to me and says: 'I am going to have a wedding and I want you to furnish it.' 'All right, I say, 'how many guests?' 'Well, about three hundred to the reception.' Then I set to work to calculate what kind of a table they want."

"How much per guest?" interrupted the reporter, "does it take for a very nice wedding collation?"

"Well, I can set a very pretty table for $1.50 per head. That will include ices, bouillion, cake, wine, jellies, bonbons, several kinds of salads, sandwiches, flowers, china, waiters and all."

"What else beside the above menu would people want?"

"Oh! many things. Champagne, oysters, a spiced fish which costs $20—more if he is a nice fellow—cold meats, etc. These are all expensive things, and of course I have to charge for them."

"Do you include the wedding cake in the $1.50 estimate?"

"Not generally. You see it costs us about 20 cents for each box full. The box costs a few cents, the white satin ribbon that ties it about 8 cents, and the cake about 10 cents. Each box costs the person who orders it about 35 cents, which, just multiplied by 300 cents, comes to $105. You can always tell a swell wedding by the cake that's served to you."

"How do you go about serving a wedding collation?"

"I send my head man to inspect the dining-room and kitchen. Then the dishes and silver are sent, the kitchen being given entirely into the hands of my men. They set the table, mix the salads, turn out the ices, etc., and just before the guests come I go over and see if everything is going smoothly. Some caterers take everything left over away with them. It is a bad thing to do. The family like the remains of the feast so much. And it is really of no use to the caterer, except for the waiters."

As the reporter left the caterer's he encountered Johnson. Johnson is a young and rather good-looking man. He takes charge of the carriages and the admittance of guests at every fashionable affair. He is to be seen standing under the awning of the mansion at which the ball or wedding is occurring, and calls the numbers of the carriages, helps the ladies out, keeps rogues away, and knows everybody."

"Why," said a young lady to a Journailer, "there is never the least danger of any one but those we desire getting into a house as long as Johnson is around. You can trust him entirely. And every one is sure to get their own carriage, too. He is worth his $100 or $200 a night, and beside he often has men to assist him."

"Flowers," said a florist to the reporter, "cost money. But there are several ways of decorating a house. I can make pretty decorations for $75 or $100, and I can make decorations for $500. From $100 to $200 is the general layout, however. That will include the church also. You see we place the palms, ferns and growing plants about the chancel, but we take them all back again. But a wedding bell, a horn of plenty and baskets of roses cost the money."

"What are the other expenses of wedding besides the flowers and the supper?" he was asked.

"There are the carriages at $2 to $5 apiece. The bride's family orders four besides their own; and there are the awnings at the house and church, at $15 apiece, and about $25 to the sexton and $10 for the use of the church, and then there are the invitations—a big bill in themselves. People send cards to hundreds they do not invite. Take, for instance, Mrs. Vanderbilt's ball. She invited 1,200 people. For invitations, direction and delivery it cost her over $600. Now, let us figure up. For the breakfast—$1.50 a head for 300 people, $450; flowers, $200; wedding cake, $105; awnings, $30; Johnson, $100; carriages, $10; clothes, $300; in all, $1,195. I think I'll just get married and go without the wedding."

A Liberal Quaker.

Wall Street News.

During Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania a confederate captain asked for a glass of milk at a Quaker farm-house, and was charged two shillings for the same.

"I didn't suppose you Quakers cared to make money out of this wicked war," observed the officer, as he wiped off his mouth.

"Thee judges harshly, my friend."

"But two bits for a glass of milk is outrageous."

"Tut! tut! friend. When thee comes to consider that some of thy comrades have stolen the cow and others have carried off her hay, the charge for the milk must seem directed by a spirit of liberality."

The officer hurried on to take the rest of it out in beef.