

A STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE.

Nothing Known of Mrs. Harrington Whose Husband Felt With Custer.

SHE BELIEVED HIM A CAPTIVE.

Her Relatives Have Searched in Vain for Nearly Three Years—One Child East and One West.

Fort Worth Dispatch to New York World: The friends and relatives in this quarter of Texas of Mrs. Grace (Bernard) Harrington, who disappeared about two years and nine months ago, have ceased to entertain any hopes that she will ever be found alive. The case is one of the most extraordinary among instances of mysterious disappearance, and will be of special interest in New York, from which state Mrs. Harrington came, and where most of her relatives yet live. Save the barest allusion at the time, the facts have never been given in the newspapers, and the lapse of time, as it deepens the mystery, seems to render it all the more interesting.

In the summer of 1876 Lieutenant Harrington, with his wife, was at West Point on leave of absence. Then the Indian troubles grew so alarming that General Custer prepared to strike a severe blow at the savages. It was well understood that the campaign would be attended with more than usual danger, and Lieutenant Harrington was not under any obligation to return and face that danger with his comrades, his leave of absence not yet having expired. But he hastened to join Custer's troopers, then about to advance into the heart of the hostile Indian country. After the fatal fight with Sitting Bull, among the hundreds who lay dead in the ravine, stripped and mutilated by the merciless and triumphant Indians, was Lieutenant Harrington. Like many others on that fatal field, his body was not identified, the cruel fate having rendered identification impossible, but that he perished there can be no more doubt than his chief, General Custer, perished there also. His body was entered in the records of death, and his army record closed with that entry.

The news was received by the young wife, then also the mother of two pretty children, with an overwhelming grief that seemed to shake her senses, so much so that her relatives viewed her condition with deep apprehension. But notwithstanding the awful visitation, and though her heart and mind were giving way under it, she maintained sufficient self-control to train up her children properly and to appear on one notable occasion in public. That occasion was the dedication of the monument to General Custer at West Point. Mrs. Harrington sat in the same pew with Mrs. Custer in the chapel, attired like Mrs. Custer, in deep mourning, and the appearance of both aroused marked sympathy among observers.

The delusion which grew upon Mrs. Harrington's mind was that her husband had not perished; that he still lived, and enjoyed the life of the Sioux, though that he had only been wounded in the terrible fight, and that, when the squaws went about the field to finish the work of the warriors, one of them had been favorably impressed by the manly beauty of the young officer, had spared and saved his life, and induced the Indians to take him, a living captive, to their camp. There, Mrs. Harrington told her friends, her husband was detained, and she expressed deep anxiety to go to the haunts of the Indians and procure his release. It should be needless to say that the delusion could not have any foundation, as Sitting Bull and his bloodthirsty band, who were the leaders in the massacre, have long been prisoners and have revealed all that they knew about the struggle. But Mrs. Harrington could not be roused out of her delusion, and, as the passage of years seemed only to intensify her impressions and feelings on the painful subject, her friends concluded that a change of scene might benefit her.

Miss Minnie Bernard, sister of Mrs. Harrington, was married to Mr. Edward Matthews, who, formerly a cadet at West Point, was established in business at Wichita, Tex. Mrs. Harrington was invited to visit her sister and, with the approval of her parents, in whose charge she left her children, she started for Texas. Mrs. Matthews received her sister with the pleasure that might be expected under the circumstances, and, with her husband, spared no effort to alleviate the gloom that had settled upon her mind. Mrs. Harrington evidently enjoyed the visit. One unfortunate event, however, threw her back into her old melancholy. The Matthews residence was accidentally burned down, in the house at the time, and destroyed with it, was a trunk which Mrs. Harrington had brought with her, and which contained her husband's mounted sword and other belongings.

"It is to be a common thing for the peacock to be a common thing for the peacock," said the wife of the Matthews, represented by Hawthorne, Scott, and Ehren. "Kant, Newton, Hamilton, and Metcalf have their place." "Isis Unveiled" is beside "Atlantis." There are old magazines and standard works on hunting, trapping and natural history, and in its old leather covers is an edition of Cicero's "De Senectute," the title of which bears the singular inscription, "Dartmouth College, 1848." Evidently our hero has more of a history than many of the characters of modern fiction. Here he comes now, through the sagebrush—a rifle slung on his shoulder, the hind quarters and hide of an antelope on his back. Grizzled and weather-beaten, his sixty odd years have made him as tough and sturdy as the gnarled oak. His kindly welcome assures us that he does not regard all intruders as enemies, and we are soon eating venison steak, using pocket knives, forks and drinking coffee from the common cup. After supper, as we sat about the warm fire and closed the atmosphere with fumes from corncob pipes, he told us the story of his life.

After his graduation he was smitten with the gold fever, and after a long trip around the horn reached California in the spring of 1850. The next seventeen years were spent in prospecting, and his fortieth year found him a disappointed and disheartened man, so far as wealth and worldly success were concerned. The golden treasure was always in sight, but never within his grasp.

As in hundreds of similar cases others reaped rich benefits from his labors. Then he devoted himself to hunting and trapping in the Sierra, along Snake river and finally in Wyoming, where he had been for the last seven years. His friends are dead, he has no love for the world from which he has been so long an exile, and he expects little as his sole livelihood. He is no longer poor, but might live in comfort on the savings of the twenty past years. But nor is he too settled in his life to exchange it for the privileges of civilization. Coyote hides, beaver pelts and skins of black bear and "silver tips" do more than support him, and his spare time is devoted to rewriting his copious notes on the fauna of the Sierra and the Rocky mountains. And so, unknown in life, he hopes to save his name from oblivion by giving to the world of naturalists the result of his patient study and research.

A station agent at a small place on the line has stated that he saw a lady answering to the description of Mrs. Harrington. Her manner was such as to create the impression that she was not able to take care of herself. He asked her, "Where are you going, ma'am?" Her only reply was a sad, pathetic smile. His duty diverted his attention elsewhere, and when he looked again Mrs. Harrington was not there.

How Mrs. Harrington disappeared can only be surmised. Did she leave the train at some station and start into the wilderness in a vain search for the brave husband whom she still fondly

believed to be among the living? And did she perish in the trackless wilds of starvation or by the wolves or hardly savage men? All is a mystery as to her fate. Two weeks after she started from the Robinsons' home brother, Mr. Jeff. Bernard, went to the Robinsons' in search of her, and then her friends began to be alarmed. No effort has since been spared to find her. Relatives have gone over the route and detectives have been employed, but all in vain.

Advice to Consumers.
On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by slight aches and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a serious disease of the lungs; therefore use the great antiseptics or blood-purifiers and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred afflictions. It has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's treatment on consumption, send 10 cents in stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE MAVERICK SYSTEM.
How Fortunes Were Made by Unscrupulous Cowboys.
Chicago Times: "Cattle raising in Texas is not what it used to be," said a veteran stockman. "I don't mean to say there's no money in the business now, only that it is carried on differently—more legitimately. I might say it is to be done. Why, when I was just beginning to bring cattle into the country without a cent in their jeans were coming into the state and branching out as big cattle owners. There were fortunes made in a couple of years that could hardly be accumulated in a lifetime at the business now. How was it done?"

A Chronic Tendency Overcome.
Many persons are troubled with a chronic tendency to constipation. They complain to which they are subject, though easily remedied by judicious treatment, is in many cases aggravated by a resort to drastic purgatives and cathartics. As the human stomach and bowels are lined with a delicate membrane, and not with vulcanite, they cannot stand prolonged drenching with such medicines without serious injury. Nothing restores an countenance as habitual tea to consumption, and it is effective. Its Stomach Bitters. Its laxative effect is gentle and progressive. It neither convulses nor weakens the intestines, and its effects are unaccompanied by griping pains. It arouses the liver when the organ is sluggish, promotes digestion and encourages appetite and sleep. For fever andague, kidney troubles, nervous complaints and incipient rheumatism it is incomparable. Take a wineglass before meals, and see how soon you will relish them.

HERMITS OF THE WEST.
Odd Characters in the Hills of Wyoming.
On the right bank of Green River, twenty miles or more from the town of Granger, says a Wyoming letter, it is a singular dwelling. Architecturally it combines the dug-out of the plains with the old log cabin of the oak openings. In its isolation and security it is a castle; in homely simplicity and dreary surroundings it is a hovel. From the outside you would call it a potato cellar or a mountrain stable, but once inside the earthen door you pronounce it a masterpiece of architecture. The interior is a trifle larger than it is wide. Opposite the door is a small camp cooking stove, flanked on one side by a large packing box, used for a wash-stand, and on the other by a plain cupboard. Against one wall is a rude bunk, made with boards filled with hay and covered with coarse gray blankets. Over this, pendent over are traps of various sizes, chains, fishing-tackle, pets, bird-skins, groceries and clothing. The occupant is evidently a hermit. His character, if he is not at home, will be discovered from a hasty perusal of the books upon his shelves. He must be a man of education and refinement. Here is Shakespeare, Milton and Pope. Novels are represented by Hawthorne, Scott, and Ehren. Kant, Newton, Hamilton, and Metcalf have their place. "Isis Unveiled" is beside "Atlantis." There are old magazines and standard works on hunting, trapping and natural history, and in its old leather covers is an edition of Cicero's "De Senectute," the title of which bears the singular inscription, "Dartmouth College, 1848."

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