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It Annoys Pretty Widow Toomley and Her Gentlemen Callers.

A SIMILAR CASE IN ST. LOUIS.

Haunted Her Recreant Lover-John Throckmorten's Romance Over Again-An Enoch Arden Who Didn't Return Too Late.

Novelettes in One Chapter.

A mystery that for a long time has baffled detectives and is still a puzzling and profound enigma, has alarmed the immediate relatives and friends of Mrs. Mary L. Toomley, who resides at Old Mill Green in Hart ford, Conn. Mrs. Toomley is a widow about thirty-eight years old and still retains much of her former beauty. She is highly accomplished and an excellent erayon artist. Ten years ago she married Jerome Toomley, a young man of excellent habits, but who was unfortunately a local curiosity owing to his lack of adipose tissue. Toomley could well have massed for a living skeleton. As a rule was shunned by his female acquaintances, his unprepossessing and ghastly appearance sending a chill of horror down their verte-bre. Notwithstanding Toomley's withered physique, he wooed and succeeded in winning physique he woodd and successful in whitnes, the pretriest girl among his acquaintances. For a year their connubial relations filed the measure of their anticipations. At the expiration of twelve months of hapothess the husband died suddenly of heart disease the husband died studenty of hear observa-at exactly 3 o'clock in the afternoon. While in the flesh Toomley often expressed a fear-that he would not live long, and frequently tried to prevail upon his wife to register a yow that she would sever marry sgain after vow that she would sever marry again after his death. Mrs. Toomley is positive that she did not yield to his pressing solicitation, as she considered it merely a whim which did not demand so serious an obligation. Be that as it may, Mrs. Toomley is deeply perplexed and her many friends are exceed-ingly alarmed over her fate, which circum-stances seem to point toward a future entirely void of peace and happiness. Whenever Mrs. Toomley receives or entertains her gentle-men friends she experiences a sensation as if men friends she experiences a sensation as if men friends she experiences a sensation as if being urged away from her guests, and no matter what hour of the day it may be, her watch, the gift of her dead husband, will point at exactly 3 o'clock, the hour of his death. During the past six months Mrs. Toomley has granted Mr. Charles L. Flem-ming, of Sheldon, the privilege of calling on her. One evening at about 9:30 the clock on the mantelpiece struck 3 and the hands pointed to that hour. At the same time Mr. Flemming looked at his watch, and, to his surprise, he beheld the hunds of his valuable surprise, he beheld the hands of his valuable timepiece indicating the same hour. Mrs. Toomley believes that some strange power is trying to prevent her from ever again entering into the matrimonial relation, and the same opinion is entertained by her numerous friends, who have ocular proof of the mys-terious power that is making Mrs. Toomley's life seriously unpleasant.

Miss Florence E. Haffa, daughter of the late Judge Haffa, of the federal court at Vicksburg, Miss., and a belle in fashionable society, was recently committed to an insane asylum near Bridesburg, Pa. She had been arrested on the complaint of Dr. Charles N. Williams, a son of Justice Williams of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, whom she was engaged to marry. The couple first met here six years ago. Williams was then a dashing young student at the Pennsylvania university, and Miss Haffa was a browneyed, rosy-cheeked beauty of fifteen, occupying a proud social position. On his second visit to her home Williams proposed and was visit to her home Williams proposed and was accepted, agreeing that the marriage should take place after his graduation. By that time, however, he had changed his plans and coldly said that the marriage could not take place. Williams then left the city, but re-turned about a year ago and the young woman began to haunt his footsteps. Sho took her stand before his office door, saying that she would not leave until he had kept his pledge. She remained seven hours without food or drink. Reese was wounded several times in the Her persisistency angered Williams and he had her arrested. Afterwards she was released, being same apparently on all other subjects, but again took, her stand before his place of business. She was again rested an after a hearing was committed to the asylum. The hearing was most dramati-Miss Haffa's affliction had not robbed her of beauty, and her gentle manner, added to her exquisite dress and modesty, ensisted general sympathy. With large tears cours-ng down her checks she pleaded with Dr. Jasper, came in and told his son if he mar-ried the widow he would cut him off with-Williams not to cast her off, protesting her out a cent. The ungallant man broke up the love in passionate terms. Her mother, who has since married David S. Root, the artist, substantiated the main points of her story, festuvities of the occasion by going home with his father. An effort was made to have the young fellow make another trial, but in bubstantiated the main points of her story, but Williams was cold as steel. Once she advanced and said: "Charles, be a man and acknowledge that you promised to marry me." "I never made such a promise," was his answer. "You lie!" Miss Haffa said, quietly adding: "Think of all the misery you have caused me." She offered no resist-ance to the officials who conducted her to the him knocks all the romance out of his scheme to marry a widow twice as old as he is ance to the officials who conducted her to the cab, but kept her reproachful eyes fastened on Williams until the door closed on his form. Rose Messor, a French woman, aged sixty, fair widow almost at the altar. was arrested in Carondelet, a suburb of St. Louis, and sent to the insane asylum. The case has some features in common with Amelia Rives' sensational novel Mrs. Messor came to Carondelet forty-two years ago. She married a man hamed Forman, and lived very happily until he was drowned in a stone quarry pit. After Dear a few years of this mechanical sort of exist ence she met a man who bore some striking resemblance, fancied or real, to Forman After a brief courtship they were married. Johns. His affection for her was said to have been and singularly enough, the bad fellow was the first person her eyes lighted upon in the romarkably strong. But, when, after a short hotel corridor. Indignantly demanding an explanation, Mrs. Taylor threatened to have the unwilling helpmate (that might have been) arrested on absence, he roturned to his bride, she would have nothing to do with him. She told a neighboring woman that she regretted hav ing married him, not but that he was an excellent man, for whom she had unbounded respect and confidence, but she felt that she had violated a sacred tie which, she mainclaimed, "or I will make this town ring with your shameful deeds! Oh! how could you have done so when I loved you ever so tained, bound her to her dead husband. Mes-bor left her, but has secretly kept a much !" Beguiling the widow with a specious watch over her ever since ortly began to interest her neigh loving tale, the deserter effected his escape. He is still free. Officers arrived with warrants. shortly bors with the constant repitition of a story t and, spurred by promises of rich rewards, are scurrying here and there looking for the false one, while Mrs. Taylor-still Mrs. Taythe effect that a dark shadow, the exact image and likeness of her husband, con-tinually proceeded her wherever she would co. At all times of night she would startle some of the neighbors by loud knocking or When any one opened the door their doors. the nocturnal visitant would regale her host with the old, old story about the shadow of with the old, old story about the shadow of her dead husband, while the host in night breach of promise suit in a peculiar way. He recently met a young lady, Caroline C clothes, shivered impatiently. About 2 O'clock in the morning she aroused F. Mer kot, at his home, No. 6,504 South Broadway, and after she entertained him for a time he took her into the house, fearing she would old gentleman got the impression that she was a Miss Adams of whom some of his lady friends had spoken favorably to him. On the strength of this he urged his suit, was acdestroy herself. But she annoyed his family cepted, and went so far as to secure a mar-riage license. He then learned his mistake and now refuses to wed Miss Adams, and she so much by her monotonous spook story that he had her arrested. A tragic-comic romance lately occurred at Buda-Pesth. A stripling of seventeen fell in love with a girl three years his junior, and the children were in such despair at the prospect of having to wait so long before they could be married fhat they decided to commit suicide. After kissing and hugging each mit suicide. After kissing and hugging each other, the couple repaired to the Danubo, and with a fortitude worthy of a better cause the girl jumped in. Fortunately she could swim, and availed herself fully of her capabilities in that art. She shricked for "help," which was soon at hand. Just as she was safely landed her lover aimed three pistol shots at himself, but none of them took effect, and a quarter of an hour later the young folks were handed over to their re-spective parents. spective parents. Twenty years ago Henry Dritt and Emma Adams were married in Logansport, Ind. A year later a girl baby was born to them and shortly thereafter a divorce was decreed Mrs. Dritt, whereupon she went to Detroit and opened a boarding house. Last week the daughter came to Logansport and succeeded in adjusting the estrangement between her parents, and as a result a quiet marriage took place at Mt. Clemens, Mich., last week. Dritt is quite wealthy.

and been a belle in the village of Ashley, and POWDER the marriage was looked upon as a happy ie. In a short time, however, trouble arose setween man and wife and Mrs. Lamb de cided to return to her home in Ashley. Her busband wandered through the west, and the last his wife heard of him was that he was drowned in the Mississippi river. A friend sent a clupping from a paper giving an account of the drowning, and Mrs. Lamb, thinking her husband dead, went into nourning.

A few months ago the widow accepted an offer of marriage from John Adams, a well-to do business man. The wedding was to take place the coming Tuesday, and all ar-

take pince the coming Tuesday, and all ar-rangements had been completed. On the Saturday following, to the great surprise of the bride, her long lost husband turned up. He called at her home, where she was busily engaged in preparing her wedding trousseau. A reconciliation fol-lowed, and this evening the reunited couple left for the west. Adams is much put out over the turn affairs have taken.

A strange tragely, or what will untoubtedly prove a tragedy, is reported from Watson, a viilage near Jeffersonville. Ind. Nora Bain is a girl with a very pretty, fair and well rounded form who is considered one of the village pelles. Her suitors were many and ardent. Among them was a young man of industrious and sober habits named John Alstote. Altohugh not so attractive in either form, face or bearing as some of Nora's other admirers, he was by no means bad look-ing, and endeavored to make up for what he might lack in other respects by his devotion to the object of his affections. At first he was received apparently with the same favor bestowed on her other suitors, but she finally bestowed on her other suitors, but she finally grew weary of his persistency, and when he asked her to marry him, not only refused, but most emphatically told him never to speak to her again. In a very short time he renewed his suit, however, at d last night visited her at her home. The young couple were in the room at 1 o'clock when Nora was heard to exclaim: "Let me alone, I tell you." The next moment a shot was heard. Members of the family rushed in and found Alstote lying on the floor with blood oozing Alstote lying on the floor with blood oozing from his breast, while Nora stood a few feet away in a dazed attitude with a smoking pistol in her right hand, "It was an acci-dent. She didn't mean to shoot me," John

gasped as he was raised to the sofa, but the girl said nothing and still refuses any ex-planation of the startling occurrence. She is under arrest. John is dying. A queer elopement, that is a source of con siderable amusement, took place in St. Louis recently. The family involved is that of Charles Mark, sr., a well-known shoe manu facturer. He is the father of two boys, and facturer. He is the father of two boys, and these two boys planted their affections on the same spot. They became deadly rivals for the fair hand of Miss Eva Berger. After a bot campaign Charles, the eider, routed his brother and last May he married Miss Ber-ger. After that event Albert couldn't stand St. Louis, so he sought relief in Arkansas, where he represented his father's business. He returned for the holt lays and the sight of his prother's wife revived the feedings which his prother's wife revived the feelings which his orother's wife revived the feelings which he had tried for months to suppress. Albert had been home only a few days when the husband found a note in his room stating that his wife had eloped with his younger brother and hoped he would forgive her. The pair started for Arkansas, and the hus-band says they can stay there and live in handings for all he cares happiness for all he cares.

Captain Charles Reese, of Charleston, S. C., and Miss Mary Frances Grady, each somewhat past the meridan of life, met eighteen years ago. Last week they met for the second time at the Union depot in Cincinnati by arrangement, and two hours later they were married.

Captain Leese was a guard at Libby prison during the civil war. Miss Grady's brother, a lieutenant in the confederate service, was an enternance in the confederate service, was Recess's messmatc, and died away from home and undor his care. Ever since then Cap-tain Reese and Miss Grady have constantly corresponded, meeting but once during the twenty-five years intervening. By corre-spondence they agreed to meet at the Union denot in this city and be married. depot in this citey and be married. The captain had his marriage license with him, and together they proceeded to the nearest justice, where they were married. The couple will probably reside in the future in Clay county, where the now Mrs. Reese is the owner of an extensive farm. Captain

RIVER MASSACRE How Fetterman and His Brave Com-

rades Fell. BRAINED HIM WITH A BUGLE.

**General Brisbin Graphically Describes** One of the Most Cruel Fights in the History of Indian

Warfare.

Every Man a Hero. The 21st of December, 1886, says General Brisbin in the Chicago Times, will be remembered as long in the Powder river country as the 25th of June, 1870, will be remembered in the valley of the Little Big Horn. On the former date fell Colonel Fetterman, Cantain Frederick Brown, Lieutenant George W. Grummond, seventy-six enlisted men, and two citizens. On the latter date fell General Custer, eleven officers, 280 enlisted men, and three citizens. The massacres marked epochs in the history of Indian warfare in our country. With the latter massacre we have nothing to do here. It is still fresh in

he minds of men, and thousands of pens have told the sad story of Custer's folly and the sacrifice of his brave and devoted command. With the former massacre it is our purpose and province to deal in this sketch of the Powder river country.

On the day of the massacre the children who had been outside of the gates of the fort playing, ran in shouting. 'Indians, Indians!" At the same time the scouts on Picket hill signalled that the wood-train had been attacked. The wagons were also reported as having gone into corral not far from the fort.

Colonel Fetterman was detailed, and

Lieutenant Grummond, at his own request, went with Fetterman. Captain Brown went without orders. The detachment under Fetterman, when it marched out of the fort, consisted of himself, Lieutenant Grummond, Captain Brown, and Wheatley, the guide, and Fisher, an experienced frontiersman, with seventy-six culisted men. Colonel Carrington says he gave Fetterman particular orders to relieve the train, and under no circumstances to go beyond Dodge Trail ridge. Colonel Carrington repeated his orders to the mounted party. After Fetterman had started, it being ascertained there was no medical officer with the command, Carrington sent Dr. Hines with an orderly to overtake Fetterman and report to him. The doctor soon re-turned and said the train had gone on to the woods and that Colonel Fetterman was on the ridge with hosts of In-dians in his front. Dr. Hines said he saw so many Indians to the right he could not join Fetterman. Pretty soon firing was heard and it was very sharp for a time. The indians were falling back and Fetterman following them steadily. The firing died away for p time, but was soon renewed with such rapidity it was evident to all that heard it a battle was in progress. In about twelve minutes Captain Ten Eyck, Lieutenant Matson, Dr. Hines, and Dr. Ould marched out with a relieving party to support Fetterman. They moved at a double-quick and made straight for the ridge where Fetterman

was fighting. He had now disappeared over the ridge at what was known as Sullivan's hill. It was evident he was

be



9-ROOM HOUSE, FURNACE, BATH-ROOM. HOT AND COLD WATER, GAS PIPES, SEWER. Etc., Etc. GOOD BARN. A NICE HOME, \$6,500 \$1,000 CASH, BALANCE 1, 2, 3 and 4 YEARS. THIS IS A SNAP. M. A. UPTON COMPANY,

16th and Farnam.

Patrick Galtagher, Sergeant Francis Ray-mond, Private Patrick Rooney, Corporal Gustave A. Bauer, Private Albert H. Walter, Private Henry K. Aarous, Private Michaei O'Gara, Private Jacob Rosenberg, Private Frank P. Suilivan, Private Patrick Smith Sergeant William Morgan, Corporal John Quinn, Private George W. Burreli, Private Timothy Cullinans, Private John Maber, Dinothy Cullinans, Watahamm, First Kearney was at the crossing of Piney creek, a rapid mountain stream of clear.

cold water and now stocked with trout. A farm covers the parade ground, and hardly a vestige of the old fort remains. I called at the farmer's house, Mr. Foster, and to my surprise found he knew little about old Phil Kearny or Fetter-

company, battalion, and regiment, rests, on his left, and so Corporal George Philip, Company H, Second battallion Eighteenth infantry, is the center sleeper, and his coffin is

"Slaughter in the pan and draw on in the dark twice.

Render, there is but little more to add. Crushed and broken, Gladys retired to a convent to end her life in quiet and solitude.

Twenty years ago Mr. and Mrs. Lamb were wedded at Westchester, Pa. Mrs. Lamb

onfederate service, and was on the Alaba when it was sunk off the coast of France. driving the Indians and it was hoped The other night in the residence of Mrs.

His father's threat to disinherit

charge of abandonment or something else

lor-mourns in the seclusion of her chamber

Newell Guild, an elderly Millford, Mass.

resident has become entangled in a \$10,000

Adams by name, and in some way the

MONEY RUINED HIM.

and Commits Forgery.

ive inspector of Scotland Yards, Lon-

lon, England, arrested fn this city last

night Thomas Barton, of Macclesfield,

England, who is wanted in Great Brit-

ain for a series of forgeries. He is ac-

cused of forging his step-mother's name to stock certificates of the London and

Northwestern Railway company amount-

ing to £25,000, or \$100,000.

acordingly brings suit.

You must marry me, and at once," she ex-

vas no go.

he would be successful in winning the battle. The firing was increasing all Elizabeth Brown, of Xenia, O., a widow the time and Colonel Carrington or fifty years old, a wedding was arranged, and dered all the garrison to muster, and the guests and minister and groom, Frank the wagons and ambulances to Ward, aged twenty-six years, were present, Just before the ceremony Mr. George Ward, hitched up. THE DEATH STRUGGLE HAD COME father of the groom, who resides near New

and every one seemed to know it. There were two heavy volleys, then some sharp file-firing, and all was quiet over the hill. Had Colonel Fetterman succeeded in beating the Indians or was he himself beaten? The movement of Ten Eyck's party was watched with intense anxiety. Just before Captain Ten Eyek reached

An unhappy woman is Mrs S. J. Taylor, of the top of the ridge all firing beyond it censed. Either Fetterman had gained Boston Highlands. She is at St. John, N. B. among strangers, deserted by a recreant a great victory or he was himselt surlover who flinched from the hymeneal ordeal. rounded and being slaughtered. The The lady has charms of person and manner strain at first was terrible. It seemed an age, but it was really only a few minwhich would tempt an anchorite, but her utes, until Orderly Sample was seen re-turning at full speed on his horse to the second husband that was to be fled from the fort. He brought the news that the Mrs. Taylor was to have become a bride, the eeremony being announced to take place at her cosy home in the Highlands. Friends valley beyond the ridge was filled with hundreds of yelling Indians and that nothing could be seen of Fetterman or were in waiting. The lady, who was, as she believed, soon to forsake the chilliness of widowhood, awaited the coming of the bridehis men. They challenged Ten Eyck to come on and made a movement to his groom, but for some unexplained reason that right as if to cut him off from the fort. necessary party to the ceremony failed to ap-Ten Evck, seeing he could not fight Sorrowing, but not disheartened, Mrs with his feeble force one-half the In-Taylor pursued her fickle lover with the enruestness born of experience. She learned dians in his front, fell back steadily a short distance, but soon advanced again that her Adonis had sought refuge as the Indians seemed to be running Hot upon his trail, she arrived here,

away. He was very cautious, but the Indians were evidently withdrawing to the east. The skirmishers soon came upon the bodies of Fetterman and his party, all killed, scalped, and many of them horribly mutilated. Fetterman and Captain Brown were found at a point nearest the fort, each with a revolver-shot in the left temple and both so scorched with powder as to leave little doubt they had shot each other when all hope of success or escape had fled. Wheatley and Fisher were found near pile of Rocks surrounded by exploded cartridge shells, showing their Henry rifles had done good execution before they were captured and killed. There were 220 Winchester shells lying about Jim Wheatley's rock. The men lay on the top of a narrow ridge over which the road ran. They had evidently been drawn into a trap and attacked on all sides by overwhelming numbers. There

was a ravine beyond where they had first been assaulted and then retreated to the ridge to make their death stand. All the evidences of the ground showed they had fought well, but not a man left to tell the tale of how they WB8 ought. A bugler boy had

KILLED AN INDIAN WITH HIS BUGLE, A soldier was found grasping a naked A Young Briton Wastes His Fortune gun-barrel in his stiffened fingers. An other held a butcher-knife in his dead hand and half the blade was broken off Captain Linden, of Pinkerton's Detective agency, says a Philadelphia dis-patch, with Frederick Jarvis, a detecin the body of an Indian.

Captain Ten Eyck recovered and brought into the fort forty-nine bodies of Fetterman's command, including the colonel's and Brown's. Lieutenant Grummond's body could not be found. It was long after dark when Captain Ten Eyck returned with his sad burden of forty-nine dead men, who marched out of that fort at noon full of hope, strength, and vigor.

Barton was confidential agent for his The following are the names in full of step-mother. He used his own fortune the massacred? First Sorgeant Angustus Lauge, Sergeant Hugh Murphy, Corporal Robert Lennon, Corporal William Dule, Private Frederick Ackerman, Private William Betzler, Private Thomas Burke, Private Henry Buchanan, Private George E. R. Goodall, Private Mich-ael Harlan, Private Martin Kelley, Private Patrick Shannon, Private Charles N. Tavlor, Private Joseph D. Thomas, Private David Thorey, Private John Woodruff, Private John M. Weaver, Private Maximilian Deh-ring, Private Frances S. Gordon, Sergeant the massacred: and then robbed his relatives. In 1886 he fled from England and came to this country. He wandered all around penniless and dejected, finally turning up as a weaver in a mill in this city. He was captured in a low boarding-house. The fellow was imost starved and so weak that he could not appear before the magistrate until he had a doctor's attention. He will be returned to Enring, Private Francis S. Gordon, Sergeant

Waterberry, First man's massacre. "Yes." he said in re-Private George Sergeant Alexander Smith, Sergeant Ephraim C. Bisselt, Corporal George Phillip, Corporal Michael Sharkey, Cor-poral Karston, Private George Davis, Philip, Carston, Private George poral Karston, Private George Private Perrie F. Doland, Private Asa Grif-Private Perrie F. Doland, Private James fin, Private Herman Keil, Private James Kean, Private Thomas M. Madden, Sergeant James Baker, Corporal James Kelley, Cor-poral Thomas F. Honigan, Buglar Adolph Metzlers, Artificer John McCarty, Private Thomas Broglin, Private Thomas Amberson, Private William Bugbee, Private William Conroy, Private Charles Cuddy, Private Patrick Clancey, Private Harry S. Deming. Private Hugh E. Doran, Private Robert Daniel, Private Nathan Foreman, Private Andrew M. Fitzgerald, Private Daniel Green, Private Charles Gamford, Private John Giller, Private Ferdinand Houser, Pri-Pri Me vate Frank Jones, Private James B. Mc-Guire, Private John McColley, Private George W. Nugent, Private Franklin Payne, Private James Ryan, Private Oliver Williams, Scout John Wheatley, Scout John Fisher.

The first twenty-one men named beonged to Company A, Second battalion. Eighteenth infantry. The next nine men named belonged to Company C, Second battalion, Eighteenth infantry. The next six named belonged to Com pany E, Second battalion. Eighteenth infantry. The next thirteen men be longed to Company H.Second battalion Eighteenth infantry. The remaining men, twenty-six in all, belonged to Company O, Second United States envalry, and constituted the entire com-pany, I believe, at that time under command of Captain Brown.

Captain William J. Fetterman was the son of a military father, Captain George Fettermun-long since dead. William Fetterman was appointed first lieutenant in the Eighteenth infantry. May 14, 1861, and became captain in Oc tober, 1861. He served throughout the war, and was brevetted for gallant conduct at the battles of Murfreesboro. Tenni, Jonesboro, Tenn., and on the Atlanta campaign. He was brave, but impulsive. He had a great contempt or the Indian, and this feeling brought him to ruin, and with him nearly hundred others. He was a good, kindhearted gentleman, and was sincerely mourned by his comrades. At the time of his death he was the senior captain in his battalion.

Captain Fred Brown, who was killed with Colonel Fetterman, rose from the ranks. He was appointed second lieutenant Oct. 30, 1861, in the Eighth in fantry, first lieutenant March 21, 1862, and captain May 15, 1866, He was brevetted for gallant conduct on the Atanta campaign. He was a brave man but very impulsive and always wanting to fight. He got enough of it at last. George W. Grummond , was appointed second lieutenant, Eighteenth infantry.

May 7, 1866, and was killed in the fall of the same year. He volunteered to go with Folterman and of course knew nothing about Indians. He left a young and spirited wife who at first was very bitter against Carrington for the loss of her husband and blamed the colonel for causing her husband's death. but she is now Carrington's second wife. so that if he lost her a husband he sup plied her with one and that makes it ven for Mona.

This is the pitiful story of the Phil Kearny massacre, which never need have happened. Like the Custer massacre, it was the result of rashness and the pity is not so much that Fetterman and Custer were killed as that many poor fellows were killed with them.

Since writing the foregoing I have visited the Fetterman massacre ground and inspected it carefully, making photographs of the important points It is about twenty miles from this post (Fort McKinney, Wyo.) It is on the main road from Buffalo to Sheridan and Fort Custer. The old fort Phil

ply to a question, "he knew there had en a fort there once, and some men had been killed, but it was a long time ago, before he came to this country, and knew little about it." He had bought the land and the parade ground was now a wheat field. The golden grain was waving in the breeze and the bright sun sunshine streamed down over meadow and field. Mr. Foster had cut down the flagstaff, but said he could show me where it had stood, as the "stump" was still in the ground. He did not half like our going into the grain, but was finally persuaded to accompany us. We found where the flagstaff had stood, and knowing the form of the fort, I could from the staff readily imagine how the buildings had stood I found the line officers' quarters and walked up it to the site of the commanding officers' quarters, where Colone Carrington and his wife had spent so many anxious, sad, and unhappy days and nights. I stood on the very spot over which had been the bedroom of the beautiful but flery Mrs. Grummond and to which she returned a sad and lonely widow the night after the massaere. Her house was next to Colone Carrington's, and I walked to the spot and stood on the same earth that her feet had pressed more than twenty years ago, on the day when she gave Colonel Carrington such a tongue ing for the loss of her husband. It all came back to me, each house rose again before me and stood there with the hundred incidents connected with it and its inmates. I reflected so long Farmer Foster said: "I guess we will get a cold dinner if we do not hurry buck to the house.

Over beyond the fort was the graveyard where the massacred men lie buried. It was on the slope of the hill and a full quarter of a mile from the fort. Once it had been fonced but the fire had burned the grass and some of the posts, and then the place being partly fallen down the farmers soon helped out the five by hauling away the rest of the posts and palings. The place was now open and the cattle had trampled over and dunged upon the graves. It made me mad to think the governmeat would allow the graves of brave soldiers who surrendered their lives in its defense to be thus neglected and descerated. I wrote a hot letter to the war department expressing my feelings, but I reckon it will do no good.

Some of the graves had been opened and the bodies taken out, but only a few. The officers' graves were there except Grummond's, which stood open and descried. His wife took his remains back east with her to Tennes see when she went home after the massacre. The bodies or enlisted men lie in one common grave, a trench fifty feet long by eight wide and seven deep. The earth had been heaped up in a long mound over the dead and was still raised except in one or two places where it has sunk as earth does in graves where the coffin has rotted I should think from the appear away. ance of the ground the coffins are still in a good state of preservation, and the bodies well preserved. The form of the grave is as follows:

ENLISTED MEN. OFFICERS 81 D F ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! =:

I have a diagram of the enlisted men's grave, from Colonel Carrington, giving the order, number, and names of the men and their company and regiment and battalion. First Sergeant Augustus Lange, Company A, Second battalion, Eighteenth infantry, sleeps on the right; Sergeant Hugh Murphy, same

the thirty-ninth in number from the right. On the left is Oliver Williams, the last soldier in the line, and his coffin and grave is No. 76. To his left rest John Wheatley, the guide, and John Fisher, a citizen who was killed in the massacre.

## LOVE'S DREAM BLIGHTED.

The Romance of Count Bologni and Gladys de Montmorency.

Lincoln Journal: "So, count, you de sire to marry my daughter?" These words came from the lips of Reginald de Montmorency, the millionaire banker, as he stood in the sumptuously furnished parlor of his mansion on G street, facing a distinguished gentleman of foreign appearance. The latter fervently replied: "Yes, yes, I do."

"I'll let you know my decision to-morrow; by the way count, my daugh-ter and I have arranged for a little supper at Ormsby's cafe this evening. Will you join us?" "With pleasure."

11. Gladys de Montmorency reclined on an excellently upholstered ottoman, in a boudoir, the furnishing of which must have cost a good deal of money. There was a far-away look in her eye;

there was a far-way look in her other eye. She was thinking of one who dearer to her than life. She was think-ing of the splendid Count Bologni,

with his lustrous Italian eyes, and of excellent chewing gum he had given her. She was summoned to the library,

where her father, the opuleat banker, stroked her silken hair and said: "Gladys, the count has asked for your hand.

"That's business, father; there are no flies on the count."

"Are you sure, my daughter, that he is your kind of people?"

'Dead sure.' "Because, my child," and his voice rew tremulous with emotion, "because I fear me much that he is not a count at all. Methinks that when I was erstwhile at Omaha I saw him a waiter in a restaurant. My child! O, my child! These gray hairs would indeed go in

sorrow to the grave-this old heart would be rended in twain if I were to see you in the soup." The lovely girl's breath came in gasps

she twined her beautiful arms about his neck and whispered: 'What are we going to do about it?"

"Harken," her father replied; "I have a scheme-number 207, series D. We'll take supper with him this evening, and I'll put him to a crucial test. then let us abide in peace. Kiss me again, my angelic child." 111.

Myriads of lights were gleaming in Ormsby's magnificent cafe when Mr. de Montmorency entered with Gladys on his arm, queenly in her beauty and

The count was already there, and the three sat down to a table togetere. "What ho, waiter! Come hither!" This stern command from Mr. de

Montmorency was instantly obeyed. The waiter came to the table. Gladys could feel the color leave her

checks. She knew that the moment for the

great test was come. Even the stern lips of her father quivered and the cold perspiration was

on his brow as he said: "Count, my daughetr and I only care for a steak and a cup of coffee. you order for us?" Will

The count rose from his chair, and his ringing voice could be heard throughout the vast room as he said:

count left for his native coun try on foot, but a haystack in which he was sleeping one night took fire, and ha perished in the flames. THE END.

Patti's Dislike for Gerster.

Mapleson's Memoirs: In Chicago the opera was "Les Huguenots," with Patti as Valentine and Gerster as the Queen. Before the performance was begun several costly boquets and large floral set pieces had been sent into the vestibule, according to custom, for Patti, whilst only a small basket of flowers had been received for presentation to Gerster. Under ordinary circumstances it is the duty of the prima donna's agent to notify the ushers when the time arrives for handing up the flowers. That evening Patti's agent was absent, and at the close of the first act (during which Valentine has hardly a note to sing, whilst the Queen has much brilliant music to execute,) he was nownere to be found. There was a general call at the close of the act for the seven principal artists. At that moment the ushers, having no one to direct their movements, rushed frantically down the aisles with their enormous loads of boquets and set pieces and passed them over the or-

hestra rail to Arditi, who could hardly lift them.

When these elaborate presentations to Patti came to an end, an humble little basket addressed to Gerster was passed up, whereupon the whole house broke out in ringing cheers which continued several minutes. This contretemps had the effect of seriously annoying Patti who, at the termination of the performance, made a vow that she would never again appear in the same opera with Gerster. Patti braced herself sufficiently to get through in dramatic style, but after the final fall of the curtain, when she had time to think of her ludicrous situation, she went into hysteries. In her room in the hotel she threw herself on the floor and kicked and struggled in such a manner that it was only with the greatest difficulty she could be got to hed. At one moment she would ex-claim: "It is all that Mapleson!" and nctually did that sly old campaigner the honor to charge him with having arranged the scene in order to lessen her value in the eyes of the public, and thus secure her for future performances at reduced rates. (He was then paying her \$5,000 a night).

Then she would take a tragic view of t and attribute the misadventure to the malevolent influence of Gerster. The amiable Etalka possessed, according to her brilliant but superstitious rival, the evil eye; and after the affair of the flowers no misfortune, great or small, happened that Patti did not lay to the nalignant spirit animating Gerster. If mything went wrong, from a false note in the orchestra to an earthquake, it was always, in the belief of the divine Adelina, caused by Gerster and her evil eye. "Gerster!" was her involuntary exclamation when she felt the earth shaking beneath her feet in San Francisco.

Whenever Cerster's name was mentioned, or her presence in any way suggested. Patti made with her fingers the horn which is supposed to counteract or avert the effect of the evil eye. Once, when the two rivals were staying at the same hotel. Patti, passing in the dark the room occupied by Gerster, extended her first and fourth fingers in the direction of the sorceress, when she found rerself suddenly face to face with Dr. Gardeni (her hated rival's husband), who was just putting his boots out be-fore going to bed.