

INDIAN SUMMER.

While summer days grew brown and old, A wizard delved in mines of gold. No idler he—by night, by day, He smiled and sang and worked away; And, misers scorned, with free hand He cast his gold across the land.

The maples caught it ere it fell; Witch-hazel turned before its spell; The goldenrod's high plumes of green Were feathered with its golden sheen, While barb'ry bush and bittersweet Wore berries golden as the wheat.

Still smiling, o'er the trees he wound Long russet scarfs, with crimson bound; He hung a veil of purple haze O'er distant fields where cattle graze; He bathed the sun in amber mist, And steeped the sky in amethyst.

PLOT TO KIDNAP GOULD.

Not long ago Frank M. Mitchell, the novelist, wrote an extravagant romance in which he told the story of the supposed kidnaping of Jay Gould. It had a large sale, probably because it seemed so delightfully preposterous. Few people who read it had any idea that it was ever likely to approach duplication in real life.

The following article drawn from the experiences of ex-Chief of the Secret Service Drummond, will show that fact sometimes discounts even the imaginings of a brain as fertile as Mr. Mitchell's.

This has never been hinted at in print before, and its details are calculated to create a sensation.

Norcross, the man who tried to remove Russell Sage by dropping a bomb in the financier's Rector street office because he couldn't get \$1,000,000 on demand, was the means of making the men of millions more cautious. They hired detectives for a time, and were careful not to place themselves in a position where they would be at the mercy of cranks and crooks. But the excitement attending Norcross' attempt on Mr. Sage's life wore off, and the financiers dispensed with their guards until the next attempt on their person or property is made.

The story of the narrow escape of one of their number, Mr. George Gould, had from becoming the victim of a gang of robbers was learned in the office of ex-Chief of the United States Secret Service A. L. Drummond, in New York city. The plot to kidnap Mr. Gould and hold him long enough to force him to sign a check for \$100,000 was all but carried out some weeks previous to the departure of the millionaire to England to race the Vigilant. It was carefully laid by a gang of ex-counterfeiters and bank burglars, and, according to one of the number, it would have been a success if it were not for the arrest of their leader on an old charge. The most surprising fact brought out by the tale told by a member of the gang is that such a plot has not been laid before, the circumstances surrounding Mr. Gould's visits to his English shooting lodge in the Catskills favoring the efforts of the robbers.

Ex-Chief Drummond has run to earth more counterfeiters than any other man, for he saw 20 years of service as the agent of the government. A counterfeiter he caused to be arrested several years ago, reformed and settled down in this city. His reformation was complete, and he is now a book-keeper in a down-town business house.

Early last week he met Chief Drummond on Broadway and told him how he was getting along. It was the day the courts decided to give Russell Sage another chance in the suit brought against him by Laidlaw, who alleges Mr. Sage used him as a shield when Norcross threw the bomb. Chief Drummond was inquiring as to what had become of other members of the gang he sent to prison. The ex-counterfeiter referred to the Norcross bomb throwing on seeing the account in a paper he held of the suit against Russell Sage.

"I heard," said he, "that a couple of the old fellows were mixed up in a case somewhat similar to this affair of Norcross and Sage, only they were going to get their money in a different way. They intended kidnaping George Gould."

"Kidnap George Gould?" repeated Chief Drummond, interested at once.

"Yes, so one of the gang told me, but the plot fell through owing to the arrest of the leader, who is now running a green goods game over on Long Island."

Chief Drummond has occasion to assign a couple of his detectives to do service for a millionaire, and he happened to refer to the ex-counterfeiter's story of the attempt to kidnap George Gould and hold him for ransom. He put a reporter in communication with his informant, saying he did not wish to vouch for the story, although as told him it seemed likely enough.

According to the ex-counterfeiter, who was found at a wholesale drug house at work on his books, counterfeiting and safe-cracking had deteriorated greatly in the past few years. So the smart crooks who used to follow those professions have turned to other schemes for money making. In looking about for a desirable victim the leader of the gang that planned to trap George Gould learned that George Gould often visited his hunting lodge in the Catskills unescorted.

"This man," said the reporter's informant, "is a past grand master in all kinds of crime. He started out in life as a henchman of Jim Fisk, and was one of the men who were present when ex-Pugilist Morrissey called on Fisk at the Grand Opera House, where Fisk had an office. There was a debt of \$150,000 to be settled, and Morrissey, who was running a gambling house at the time, wanted a settlement. He forced Fisk to sign a cheque for the amount, although he was surrounded by a dozen men like the man who got up this scheme to kidnap George Gould. But Morrissey was fearless, and would have made away with a dozen men at that time. After leaving Fisk's service the principal in the Gould plot branched out into breaking banks, and had for a partner the notorious Lyons of Manhattan bank fame. Next he became a counterfeiter, and was arrested, along with myself and several others, in Cincinnati and Louisville by Chief Drummond. He is only out of prison about a year, and is desperate enough for any kind of a scheme. One of

his associates told me how the plot to kidnap Gould was laid.

"As you perhaps know, Mr. Gould's lodge in the Catskills is fully nine miles over the mountains from Arkville station on the Western & Delaware railroad. The hunting retreat of the railway magnate is situated among the most inaccessible highlands of Delaware county, and the ride to his mountain home is as dreary a journey as one could well imagine, if my informant tells the truth. Well, it appears Mr. Gould was not as careful as he might be on some of his hurried visits to Furlough lodge. He would often run down to New York for a day and return late in the evening, with no more protection than a pocket-pistol or a small rifle strapped across his back. He has travelled over these mountains and valleys time and again in all sorts of weather without fear, but he took great chances, indeed.

"As near as I can make out, it was the intention of this gang to take Mr. Gould unprepared while making his nine mile journey to his hunting lodge. It would not have been a difficult task for them to do. There was to be seven men, in case of an emergency. One was to accompany Mr. Gould on the train and bring word if the millionaire was joined by any one on the way up from New York. He was to alight unobserved at Arkville station and cover the millionaire's retreat. His companions were to lay for Mr. Gould a few miles from the station. After he was taken no violence was to be offered him, and he was then to sign a check for \$100,000, that being the amount decided on. A larger sum, it was believed would excite suspicion. If Mr. Gould refused to give the check or waive identification on it, he would be given the 33d degree, made famous by Supt. Byrnes. In other words, the gang would use force with him. One of the members of the gang was then to be entrusted with the check. He was to get it cashed and return. Mr. Gould was not to be released until the check was cashed.

"The gang had figured on the job taking about 24 hours. The distance from New York is about 250 miles, which could be covered in four or five hours. The gang was to have horses in readiness for the escape, and, so far as I can learn they had the whole affair planned pretty neatly. Some days before the work was to be done, the leader of the gang was arrested by secret service officers and taken West on an old charge of counterfeiting in Illinois. I don't know what has been done with him. The other fellows apparently backed out with the loss of the chief of the gang. Then, besides, he was the only one who could get the necessary money to make the thing a success. Horses and trappings would have to be purchased, and there would be considerable incidental expenses. I am out of crime for good, and I think this might serve as a hint for Mr. Gould to be more careful and not tempt daring and skilful criminals in hard luck. When men will hold up successfully a passenger train a few miles out of Washington, you can readily see how easy a matter it would be for several men to seize a single horseman in the wilds of the Catskills on a road that isn't traversed for weeks at a time, and then only by the members of the Gould family."

"But as to the cashing of the check?" "I can't see that there would be any difficulty experienced in that. A single line or two from Mr. Gould to the bank cashier could be secured under pressure as easily as the check."

"Wouldn't there be danger of the disappearance of the man who got the check cashed?"

"Only a man that could be trusted implicitly, of course would be selected for that important task. If he skipped with the money, the chances are that he would be dead inside of a month, for his companions would find him out and remove him."

"But where was Mr. Gould to be held until the check was cashed; did you learn that?"

"Only in a general way. I understand he was to be taken some three or four miles into the mountainous region, where the gang's headquarters were to be located in a hut or camp. Of course, they were to make up as a hunting party, so as not to excite suspicion on the way to and from the Catskills."

"Mr. Gould has a telegraph instrument at his lodge, and couldn't he, after his release, notify the railroad stations and the New York police before the gang could reach the city?"

"Not very well, the way I understand it, for Mr. Gould was to be securely bound in this cabin, and his friends notified of his whereabouts after the gang had reached their destination. The men would have scattered, of course. They figured Mr. Gould would be in custody about twenty-four hours, the seizure being made at night, the cheque cashed after the bank opened in New York in the morning, the messenger returning at noon and the gang getting back to New York or their intended destination at night."

"But how about the alarm sent out when Mr. Gould was found missing?"

"Ah! that was the great point, as I understand it, that the gang figured on. No alarm would be sent out nor no public announcement made until at least twenty-four hours had elapsed, because of the effect Mr. Gould's disappearance would have on stocks. The Gould shares would drop pretty quick if George Gould's death or disappearance was reported. So, judging from what I heard of the matter, the gang figured on this fact of the Gould's keeping silent until a search on the quiet had been made in the Catskills."

Mr. George Gould only smiled when I told him of how the New York crooks had planned to kidnap him.

"I do not fear them," was all he would say.—Boston Herald.

Little Dick—"Those ladies in the parlour are all talking together. I don't see how they can understand each other."

Little Dot—"Well, each one hears what she says herself and that's all folks cares for, I guess."

The sweetest voice in all the world, (Pray, ladies, don't look sour); Is the telephone girl's, when she answers you, After you've ringing an hour. —Atlanta Constitution.

Fegyduff—"I have no money to spend in advertisements."

Pacer—"Of course you haven't, and that's just the reason."

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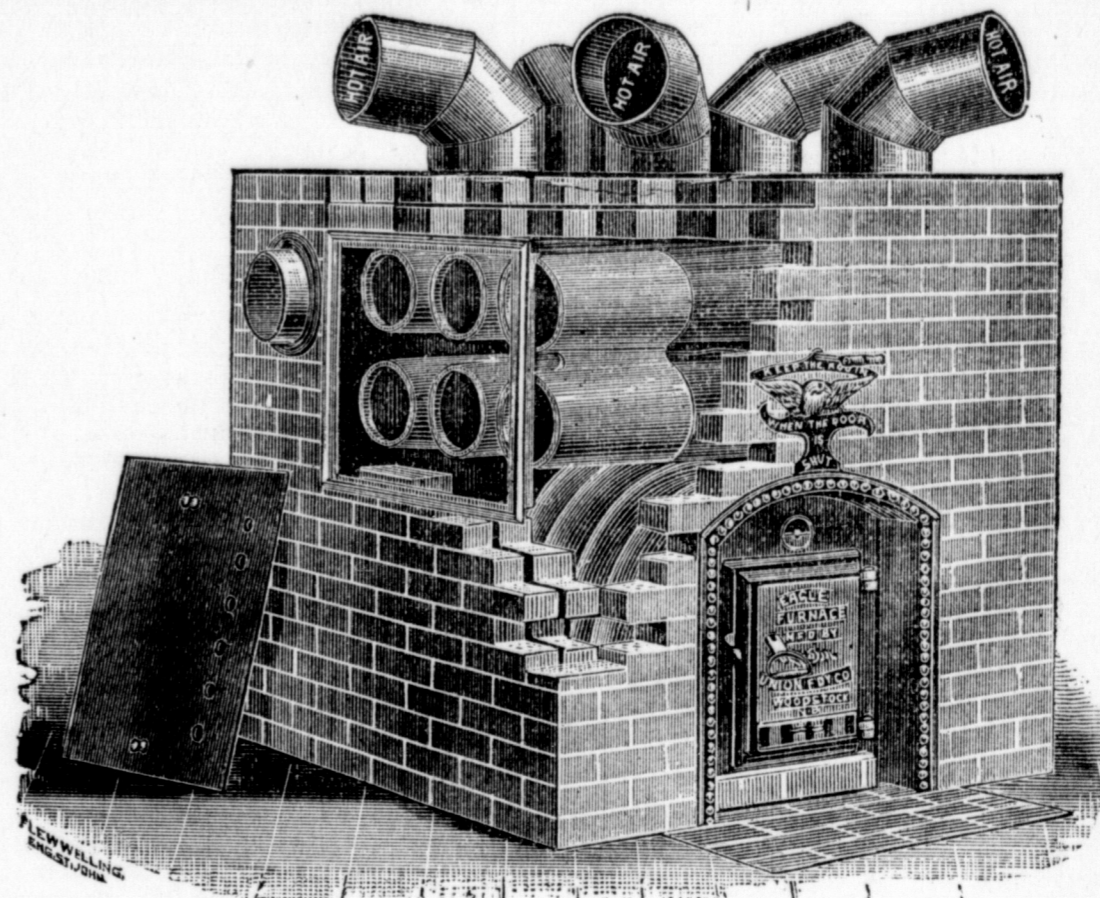
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The Siberian Railway.

The Siberian Railway, one of the greatest enterprises of the century, must attract attention by reason of the important commercial, political and strategic objects it is designed to serve. In length it will exceed by more than one-fifth the length of the transcontinental lines from New York to San Francisco. Besides connecting Vladivostok, its eastern terminus on the Pacific, with Moscow, distant 9500 miles, it will reach ports on the Black Sea, the Caspian and the Baltic. At present the English for the most part carry on the commerce of China, and Japan and India with Europe, but the new railway will, it is hoped, largely alter the route of this commerce and make the Russians its beneficiaries. In twelve or thirteen days it will carry goods from the Baltic to Vladivostok, as against the six or eight weeks now required. The tea and silks of China would go west via the Siberian Railway rather than by way of the Suez Canal or around the Cape. The railway will, moreover, vitalize the resources of vast regions now torpid for want of communications. The empire is wanting in arteries of commerce. It has but 29,000 miles of railroad. Its navigable streams are numerous, but by reason of extremes of heat and cold they are navigable, as a rule, only in the spring and autumn. The Black Sea may be blocked by Turkey or England. The rivers of Siberia emptying into the Arctic ocean are practically of no value for transportation except in their upper courses, and, for part of the year. The isolation of vast areas of Siberia practically destroy their great value for purposes of agriculture and mining. With better means of communication population would in Russia flow east, just as in the United States the construction of the transcontinental lines caused it to flow west. The natural resources are there; accessibility will bring them speedy development. Already the annual product of gold and silver in Siberia is very large, though its production is made expensive for want of modern means of transportation, but with the building of the Siberian Railway the product will probably be much increased. The wealth of the region to be traversed in iron, coal, salt and precious stones is well known.—Baltimore Sun.

Buy Substantial Furniture.

Let no piece of furniture be bought that is not solid and of honest strength and durability. The parlor table may be plain, but let it be so genuine that when prosperous days come, and it is relegated to the sitting room, nursery or sewing room to give place to its more elegant successor it may yet be useful and substantial. As nearly as possible buy every bit of furniture with the idea that it is to last your lifetime and try to choose such pieces as will be comfortable and satisfactory 20 years hence. Scratches and marks that use always brings can be "dressed out" of good wood, but ill shaped pieces will be an annoyance.—Selected.

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