

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1892.

THE STORY OF A CRIME.

A NOVA SCOTIAN TELLS OF ANOTHER AUSTRALIAN MURDER.

He was There at the Time, and Knew Men who Slept with the Condemned Criminal—Killed His Friend for Money, and Suffered Remorse.

The arrest of Deeming, the murderer, in Australia, as related in last week's PROGRESS, brings to mind a murder that was committed there just 30 years ago, wherein such wonderful ability was displayed by detecting in tracing the murderer and bringing him to justice, that one would be disposed to think that they were specially directed by the Almighty in their search.

I was familiar with the circumstances of the case, as I was living in the district at the time. The scene was in Inglewood a mining town about 160 miles from Melbourne. New alluvial diggings having been discovered there, a rush in consequence set in, drawing together thousands of miners from all parts of the colony in a few weeks. Inglewood, proper, was a well defined lead, running down a large flat with low ranges on either side. Beyond, about half a mile, was another flat similar to the one where gold was being had and which attracted the attention of the prospector. Many holes were sunk, but no gold was found. One day a party of miners in walking up this flat observed one hole amongst the many abandoned ones that was partially filled up and that recently too by the freshness of the earth. Their curiosity was aroused. They concluded that some one had discovered gold and had taken this means to hide their discovery until a prospector's claim was secured.

Finding by other holes near by that the depth was only about ten feet they decided to clear it out and see what the bottom was like. A man jumped down and commenced shoveling when to his horror he discovered a man's hand sticking up, also that there was a body covered over. One of the party was at once dispatched to the police station to give information and to where the body was shortly removed. Then arose the question "Who was the murdered man?" No one could tell. He was about 30 years of age, of a fine robust figure, English in appearance. It was evident he had been killed by a blow of a pointed pick on the top of his head. The body was placed in a tent beside the police quarters, and the public were invited by placards posted on trees to call and see if any could identify him. Hundreds called, but no one could, when a woman living near by happened to go in. "Yes," she said, "I have seen that man. He and another lived in a tent near to ours (she and her husband's), but the tent was removed last week." She pointed out the sight. There were the marks of the tent posts and other evidences of a late residence, but no other information could she give.

The two men had pitched their tents, remained a few days, then moved away. That would not attract any notice as others were coming and going daily in like manner.

Detectives were at once engaged. All they had to work on was the indefinite description given by the woman. What course he would take they hadn't the faintest idea. If he had remained at Inglewood it would be difficult to place him in such a mixed population of about 20,000, which have been thrown together within a month or so. It was supposed he would make his way to Melbourne. There were two routes, one via Castlemaine, the other via Bendigo and thence by rail. The latter route was the longest and more round about way. Upon enquiring of the coach officers it was found that a man answering to the description had taken passage by the Bendigo coach about the time the tent was missed.

He was traced to Bendigo, thence to Melbourne, for a time he was lost sight of, eventually he was traced up 200 miles in the country to a sheep station in a lonely out of way place, where he was at work. He was arrested, taken back to Inglewood and was there tried, was found guilty and condemned to death, and then confessed. He was an Englishman and had been but a few months in the country. He first landed at Adelaide. On the passage from there to Melbourne he first made the acquaintance of his victim, who was a married man belonging to Adelaide. On their arrival at Melbourne they decided to go to the new rush at Inglewood together. He was short of money, but his friend generously agreed to pay his way and did so, which led him to think that he had plenty of money, and for it eventually murdered him. In this he was disappointed, as the poor fellow had not much. In describing the act he said that they were walking along this flat and he induced his mate to go down one of the abandoned shafts to get a dish of wash dirt to try. On his way he struck him a blow on the top of his head, killed him instantly, then went down and rifled his pockets of money and watch, then shovelled in the earth to hide his crime, but strange that this was the very cause that led to his discovery.

The enormity of the crime, that of killing a kind and generous friend and the disappointment of getting so little money rushed on him with terrible force. He must get away from the scene, the farther off the better. Melbourne was decided upon. He at once struck the tent, sold it and the tools to a second hand dealer and the next morning took coach for Bendigo. In Melbourne he could not rest. The bustling crowd was no shield against his identity. He would get away to the interior—away from the haunts of man, there as a lonely shepherd he would surely be safe from detection, but no, the emissaries of justice were on his track and no place was safe. I had an opportunity of knowing that his suffering by remorse of conscience was terrible. When being conveyed to Melbourne for execution, the first day's journey terminated at Maryborough. That night two young

fellows whom I knew were arrested for interfering with a policeman and were put in the lock-up for the night with the condemned man—not a very pleasant companion—but they did not fear, they being two to one. However, they need not as the poor fellow was glad to have company. He related to them his mental anguish, which was more severe at night than in the day. He begged of them to let him sleep between them such was his terror of the dark. He also told them he had no desire to live—would not escape if he could and looked forward with a sense of relief to the time when the end would come—which did a few weeks after. J. E. WILSON.

DOLLARS IN CHURCH WORK.

What It Means to Make Both Ends Meet in St. Luke's, Halifax.

Rev. W. B. King, of St. Luke's church, Halifax, who has decided to accept a call to Cambridge, Mass., received a salary of \$1,800, and clerical assistance during the year ending at Easter cost the church \$783.34.

The Easter statement shows some other interesting facts about St. Luke's. It is one of the largest and richest churches in Halifax, and some of the figures are pretty large. For instance, the weekly envelope contributions for the year amounted to \$3,723.97, and the morning and evening offertories summed up \$1,586.17. This means that over \$100 were contributed every Sunday during the year, besides special offertories, which amounted to \$1,785.24.

The expenditures, however, were also large, the salaries amounting to \$2,921.14. This does not include the cost of church music, for the accounts show that the choir master received \$414.66; the organist, \$300, and \$83.41 was expended for music and sundries. The current expenses, such as fuel, gas, water rates, etc., amounted to \$838.33. The assets of the church we put down at \$6,622.33. The total expenditure for the year amounted to \$8,064.70.

The last page of the statement is devoted to an estimate for 1892-93. In this the probable receipts are placed at \$6,823, and the expenditure at \$8,222.96.

Rectifying Oriental Eyes.

The Japanese are not only adopting American social and business customs, but they are also trying to conform their physical features to the appearance of Americans," said H. D. Neumann at the Southern Hotel.

"I was in Yokohama recently, and I met there several American and German doctors who were getting rich by straightening the slant in the Japanese eye to make it look like the beloved Caucasian's optic. The Japanese, you know, show the traces of their Mongolian origin more plainly in the shape of their eyelids than in the color of their skin, and those who can afford it are ridding themselves of this unmistakable evidence of their despised ancestry by submitting to a simple and comparatively painless surgical operation, which consists in the surgeon splitting the outer rim of the eyelids in straight line for the barest infinitesimal part of an inch. The wound is then covered with a thin piece of chemically prepared sticking plaster, the faithful subject of the Mikado goes on about his business as if nothing had happened and in a few days the wound is healed and he looks on his environs fellows through his lids as straight as the Americans. It is contended by scientists that this racial physical defect in the Japanese eyelid will entirely disappear in a few generations if each succeeding generation continues to undergo the surgical operation described. The experiment is of especial value to the student of evolution."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Built Like a Gridiron.

This was the famous palace and monastery of the Escorial, or Escorial, Toledo, nine leagues from Madrid, which was built to represent a gridiron. The Spaniards call it *la octava maravilla*, the "eighth wonder," and eccentricity of plan and vast extent entitle it to that distinction. It owed its existence to Philip II., who, in his fight with the French at St. Quentin, vowed that if he were successful he would build the most magnificent monastery in the world in honor of the saint whose name should be found that day on the calendar. The battle was won, and building was dedicated to San Lorenzo (St. Lawrence). The architect, Juan Bautista, of Toledo, designed the ground plan of the building in the shape of a gridiron, that being the instrument upon which St. Lawrence is recorded to have suffered martyrdom. The shape is that of a quadrangular parallelogram 706ft. long by 550ft. broad. The huge and sombre structure, standing at an elevation of 2,700ft. above the level of the sea, is actually part of the mountain out of which it has been constructed. It is built of granite in the Doric order, at a cost of five million ducats, and was till lately the country palace and mausoleum of the Spanish sovereigns. The edifice contains 1,680 rooms, 80 staircases, 48 wine cellars, 8 organs, and 51 bells, and its circumference is nearly a mile. It has a valuable library, which was once the finest in Europe.

The Golden Lucky Bells.

The latest fashion in bridesmaids presents is the Campanella Margherita, or bell of fortune, and it rings from every imaginable bit of jewelry today. Bracelets, pins, hairpins, garter buckles, watch chains, all and each afford a resting place for these tiny tinkling things, which, by the way, are said to frighten off all manner of evil spirits, and are, by some devout believers, supposed to insure health, wealth and success in love matters.

They are like ragman's bells or the bells tied to alpine cattle, square in shape, with long tongues. The mysterious little tinkling noise heard whenever there is a girl around can now be accounted for, for she who does not own and wear a lucky bell is either very unfortunate or unsuperstitious, and what girl but has her own little pet superstitions, especially if she is pretty. Plain girls never take airs of this kind; they know better.—N. Y. Paper.

A SHOAL OF SOCIETY.

SOME ST. JOHN PEOPLE WHO RUN AROUND ON IT.

It is the Dainty Little Note That Says Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So Will Accept an Invitation—Queer Ways of Saying It, Taken From a Bundle of Acceptances.

Of all the hidden perils and treacherous shoals which impede the course of those who launch their frail bark upon the uncertain, but tempting sea of social life, none is more to be dreaded than the insidious square of card board, which requests, in the most courteous manner, the pleasure of your company on a certain evening, at a certain place.

You may have wished for that card earnestly, have longed for it with a strong and bitter yearning that made life a burden, till you held it in your hand, and yet when you received it, your troubles had only begun. It seems at the first glance such an easy thing to answer an invitation, but somehow there are few things which present so many difficulties, especially to the uninitiated.

Anyone who has ever been on the committee for a public ball, and occupied the post of secretary, must have observed this, and been struck by the extraordinary variety and the wide scope of the answers, the acceptances and regrets.

Probably the latter take the palm for eccentricity, as the recipients of the invitation sometimes feel bound to be very explicit as to their reasons for refusing it. But they frequently err on the side of extreme, and, as "Our Only Oscar" would say, "bludgeoned pointed" brevity.

I have some answers before me now, which were received in response to the invitations to a recent festivity in a city not a hundred miles from St. John, and I have so many more stored up in my memory that methinks I could write columns on the subject were it expedient.

The first is a model of brevity, and goes direct to the point:

SECTY. ASSOCIATION: I accept with pleasure your invitation to attend ball on 15th inst. J. C. MCLVANY.

The next, runs a close race with it for simple directions, and says:

MR. R. SMITH'S compliments and acceptance for Thursday evening 15th inst. SECTY. ASSOCIATION.

Another combines brevity with extreme politeness thus:

MR. BLANK: Your kind invitation received, and with pleasure, will meet me on the 15th.

But here is the one which seems to have succeeded in reducing brevity to a science, containing as it does but nine words! One might almost imagine it had been cabled at 25 cents a word; it is only this and nothing more:

SECTY. ASSOCIATION: Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Simkins will not be there.

There is a suddenness about this which fairly takes one's breath away, and renders the grateful politeness of its successor a soothing balm:

MR. and MRS. JOSEPH JOHNSON have much pleasure in accepting invitation, for which they return sincere thanks.

At this stage of proceedings the answers seem to grow longer by degrees like the days in spring:

R. H. BLANK, Esq., SECTY. ASSOCIATION. Dear Sir:—Mr. and Mrs. Simonson's compliments to the association, and their acceptance of your kind invitation for May 15th. J. S. SIMMONSON.

The next one is very interesting indeed, because it is so sociable and personal. It begins—

WILLIAM SMITH has received your invitation to the ball, and with much pleasure in expecting it. R. H. BLANK.

The next is from a young lady and breathes a spirit of gentle politeness, combined with great precision:

TO THE PRESIDENT, ETC.—Miss Wilson has much pleasure in accepting your kind invitation for Thursday, May 14th, 1892.

Here is a very elaborate one, which leaves no room for doubt as to the intentions of the recipients:

R. H. BLANK, Esq., SECTY. ASSOCIATION. Dear Sir:—Mr. and Mrs. Robinson beg to acknowledge receipt of your kind invitation to the entertainment of the association, on the eve of May 15, 1892, and will be happy to accept the same. MIRANDA JONES.

The last on the list serves to illustrate the difficulty of keeping the first and third persons in their relative positions.

SECTY. ASSOCIATION: Dear Sir:—Miss Jones has received your kind invitation to the ball given by the association, which, I regret to say, I shall not be able to accept, having been under the doctor's hands for some weeks past, on account of a weak chest. Thanking you for your kind invitation, I am very truly yours, MIRANDA JONES.

Now, if these few instances and illustrations are not forcible enough to deter those who are not very well versed in the ethics of fashionable life from rashly and thoughtlessly answering invitations without due consideration, this warning has been written in vain, and instead of serving, like a lighthouse to warn approaching mariners of danger, will be—

"Like a snowflake on a river, A moment seen, then lost forever."

The moral, if moral there be, to this slight sketch is this: be very careful about answering invitations, because a very slight mistake in such matters is a serious thing; and not the most beautiful dress, or the most charming manners displayed at the ball, can efface the memory of a badly expressed or ignorantly worded response to the invitation which was your passport to the scene of gaiety. Therefore, be cautious about committing yourself on paper until you have consulted some worldly-wise friend, even if that friend should be only "The Complete Letter Writer."

Umbrella "Talk."

To place an umbrella in a rack at a club indicates that it will shortly change owners. If a cotton one is substituted for a silk, it means exchange is no robbery. An umbrella held over a lady, with a man getting all the raindrops from the points, signifies courtship; but when a man keeps the lion's share of the article and gives the lady the droppings it indicates marriage. To carry an umbrella under the arm at an angle implies that the individual following will lose an eye, while to hold it just high enough to injure passers' eyes and men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." Lastly, the loan of an umbrella is synonymous with an act of egregious folly.

Co-Operative Silk.

There can be no doubt that purchasers benefit immensely by the co-operative system when it is genuinely carried out. The latest enterprise in the way of

Genuine Co-Operation

is one specially interesting to LADIES, the parties thereto being an association of the most expert Silk Weavers in Lyons on the one hand and some of the LEADING DRY GOODS FIRMS on the other. The result of this combination is the

Co-Operative Silk,

which is thus supplied from the Lyons looms without any intermediate expenses. The price is therefore wonderfully lower considering the quality of the Silk which is pronounced "most excellent." It is a lovely soft make of BLACK DRESS SILK which drapes beautifully, yet is of a rich substance, and both color and lustre are excellent. Were this silk sold in the ordinary way it would be dreadfully expensive. As it is, the very best quality is but two dollars per yard, while the cheapest is sold at one dollar and forty cents. There is also an intermediate quality at one dollar and sixty-five cents. These prices for truly BEAUTIFUL SILKS are of course exceedingly moderate, but it must be borne in mind it is CO-OPERATIVE SILK and at manufacturers' figures. The words "Co-operative Silk" are stamped all along the selvage edge at intervals of 45 inches.

CO-OPERATIVE SILK is made in three qualities which are sold retail at \$1.40, \$1.65 and \$2.00 per yard.

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Selling Agents for New Brunswick. The Trade Supplied.

Rough^A Tumble^A Rough^A Ready!

Suits for Boys, 87c. \$1.00 \$1.50 \$2.00
Something better, \$2.40 \$2.75 \$2.90

We are willing to stake our reputation, that for the money, these qualities cannot be had elsewhere. We are speaking now of boys up to 9 years of age, after that age the prices raise in proportion to the age.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

OAK HALL. Cor. King and Cermain Sts. OAK HALL.

Clothing made to order. Fit and satisfaction guaranteed.

FROM PENURY TO WEALTH.

Some Typical Montana Millionaires and Their Fortunes.

Jim Whitlatch, the discoverer of the Whitlatch-Union mine, near Helena, led a typical Western miner's life. The mine in question is now owned in England, and has produced \$20,000,000 in gold. After Jim Whitlatch had sold the property for \$1,500,000 he went to New York "to make as much money as Vanderbilt." He was a rare treat to Wall street, which fattened on him, and in one year let him go with only the clothes on his back. He returned to Montana, began "prospecting" again, and discovered a mine for which he got \$250,000.

He went to Chicago to rival Mr. Potter Palmer in wealth, and returned just as he did from New York—"flat strapped," as he would have expressed it. He made still another fortune, and went to San Francisco, where he died a poor man. Another Lewis and Clarke county mine—the Drum Lummon—provides another such story. It was discovered by an Irish immigrant named Thomas Cruee. Although he owned it, he could not get a sack of flour on credit. He sold it to an English syndicate for \$1,500,000. But he remains one of the wealthy men of Helena.

There is an ex-state senator in Beaver Head county who owns a very rich mine, the ore yielding \$700 to the ton net. He is a California "Forty-niner," who came as a prospector to Montana, and since discovering his mine has lived upon it in a peculiar way. He has no faith in banks. He says his money is safest in the ground. When he has spent what money he has he takes out a wagon load of ore, ships it to Omaha, sells it and lives on the returns until he needs another wagon load.

There is a queer story concerning the Spotted Horse Mine, in Fergus county. It was found by P. A. McAdow, who sold it to Governor Hauser and A. M. Holder for \$500,000 three years ago. They paid a large sum down in cash, and the other payments were to come out of the ground. The ore was in pockets, each of which was easily exhausted. Whatever was taken out went to McAdow, who got about \$100,000. Then the purchasers abandoned it, on the advice of experts, and Mr. McAdow took hold of it. He found the vein, over which rails had been laid for a mining car. He has taken out \$500,000, and it is still a good mine. One of these children of luck came to Helena with money, picked out a wife, who was then a poor seamstress, hired a hotel, and invited the town to the wedding. The amount of champagne that flowed at that wedding was fabulous, and it is said that the whole town reeled to bed that night.—Harper's.

A Soldier's Premonition.

Gen. Francis A. Walker, chatting with some of his comrades in Washington, told a singular story of his experience. He said that a minor officer in his command, a man who had been a dear friend, passed through battle after battle without a single scratch. The man was in the thick of every fight. Many a time he stood urging on his company, and while his men fell around him, he seemed to have a charmed life. Among the soldiers it was believed that he was specially protected, but as battle after battle passed and he received not so much as a skin wound, the officer became depressed. He said to general Walker, just before the Wilderness campaign began: "Frank, I shall never be wounded. When I am hit I shall pass away so suddenly that I shall not even know that I have been dropped."

Gen. Walker asked him why he felt so, assuring him that it was a morbid feeling. "No, no," the officer said. "There will come a battle by and by, and I shall be hit squarely in the temple. You know what that means." They went through the Wilderness, and the officer was in the thick of the fight at Bloody Angle and was not hurt. Hundred

THE PEARL DIVER'S FOE.

A Giant Bivalve with Yawning Shells Lies in Wait for Him.

"Your wealthy ladies who assemble at evening parties and soirees in magnificent costumes covered with fine pearls know little or absolutely nothing, perhaps, about the many dangers encountered in gathering these pearls from the sea," remarked J. G. Danvers of London, England. "I was on a trip along the coast of Zanzibar, Africa, a year ago, when I learned that sea pearl fishing is not a trade for men of weak hearts to follow. The pearls are gathered at the bottom of the sea by divers.

"The reason a man with a weak heart is not fit for the work is because the stopped breath and the pressure of ninety feet of sea water, with its weight of sixty-two pounds to the cubic foot, will bring on palpitation of the heart and burst the weaker vessels, causing distressing and often dangerous hemorrhages. But the divers are all stalwart savages in such rugged health that the physical danger never occurs to them. Two dangers constantly menace the diver. Where the oyster grows there also thrives the giant tridachna, a monstrous bivalve whose shell is from four to six feet in length, firmly anchored to the bottom.

"It lies with its scalloped shells yawning a foot or more apart. Immediately anything touches it the shells snap together, and once these large shells are closed not a dozen men out of water could get them apart, far less the single diver fifteen fathoms deep, who may have dropped into the capacious mouth or have carelessly put his hand within its shells while grouping in the gloom.

"If such a fate befell a diver there is only one thing for him to do, and that is to amputate himself from the enormous mollusk and rise to the surface, fainting, bloody and mangled. These savages will fight anything from a lion to a python on land, but they haven't the courage to run against a bivalve under ninety feet of water and stand the chance of those yawning shells closing in on an arm or a leg and crushing the bones to splinters.

"If the monstrous mollusk should close down and catch the diver's head, of course he would never know what killed him. His head would be mashed to a pulp, and it would go off as if severed by a guillotine.—Chicago Herald.

Cheaper Than Anesthetics.

"There," said the dentist, with an air of satisfaction, as he laid aside his instruments; "that didn't hurt you much, did it?" "Don't know," replied the patient, as he tried to get his jaw on its hinges again. "I didn't have a chance to find out."

"Of course, of course," said the dentist, complacently. "It was a quick piece of work."

"Quick nothing," growled the patient. "Who's that drivelling essence of idiocy in the next room?"

"The man who plays the cornet?"

"The man who tries to play the cornet."

"Oh, he's a poor, unfortunate—"

"Unfortunate! He ought to be unfortunate. I'd like to get at him once."

"Oh, well, he tries to do his best, you know, and as he was in pretty hard luck when he took the room, I arranged to pay him a little something every day."

"What for?" The patient seemed loath to believe his ears.

"Tooting that horn. By comparison it dreads the pain that I give—makes one forget that there is such a thing as physical suffering. Influence of mind over matter, you know. When I have an extremely bad case I tell him he'll have to wait a day or two for his pay. It makes him blue, you know."

"What of that?"

"Oh, when he's blue he makes noises that would make one resigned if he were to be burned at the stake. Its cheaper and more effective than anesthetics.—Com. Gazette.

And He Lost Five Cents Worth of Music.

A countryman recently went into a store in Chicago where there was a phonograph which he set going by putting a nickel in the slot. When he put the rubber tubes to his ears he heard the "Star Spangled Banner" played by an orchestra; and with a startled cry, "Jewbittaker, an I left my team untied!" he rushed out to see that they did not get frightened by the music.