

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1898.

THE CROWD APPLAUDED

THE GRACEFUL ACT OF A YOUNG ST. JOHN GIRL.

Made Fun of by an Impertinent Dry Goods Clerk An Aged Farmer Receives Kindly Attention From a Young and Pretty Girl—What the People Thought.

The time was noon, on a day of last week, and the place was a much affected lunch room in a central part of the city. The numerous tables with their nice appointments, were rapidly filling with the workers in office and store. Most of the tables had their quota of mutual friends who aided digestion by gay conversation and bright repartee. Others had one or two occupants who either were deep in the daily papers, or listlessly watched the more lively diners. Seated alone near the door was a stylishly dressed young man who looked as if he might have owned the restaurant, or entire block for that matter. He had a bored expression that only changed to one of deep disgust when an old man of rough appearance entered and after a survey of the tables sat down opposite the manipulator of the yard stick.

The last comer was rough in appearance, his long beard and hair were uncared for and unkempt; his clothes were old and patched, though clean, and in fact he looked just what he was, a farmer with whom fate had not dealt too kindly, and who had left home early on the day in question with a "load of market stuff."

He had a good honest face, though it was reddened and seamed by summer suns and winter winds, and he showed a disposition to be friendly with his neighbor, who was gazing around and smiling broadly whenever he intercepted a sympathetic look. Finally his smile developed into a very decided giggle and when the old man made some loud remark about the fine "sugar weather" he straightened himself up and said, "Sir, this table is engaged; I am keeping the three seats for friends who will be along right away."

The poor old fellow looked helplessly around and ran both hands through his long locks with the effect of making each individual hair stand straight on end.

There was only one other table, but it was at the other end of the long room, and at it was a daintily dressed girl of not more than eighteen. She had watched the little scene at the other table with interest and the color in her softly rounded cheeks grew deeper and deeper as she noted the fact that the old man was being "guyed" by half the male occupants of the room.

When the rural visitor had been practically told that his room was preferable to his company, the look of indignation on her face deepened. Hastily laying down her knife and fork, she walked up to the embarrassed man, quite indifferent to the fact that every eye was upon her, and laying her hand on his arm said in the clearest and sweetest of voices, "There is a place at my table if you wish to come down to it." The girl was just as cool as if she had been inviting some mutual friend to a seat beside her, and the only confusion or embarrassment noticeable was when a young law student led off in a hand clapping that was taken up by every one present except the three principal actors. When the applause subsided those nearest the old man and his brave girlish champion heard her say in answer to an inquiry "Oh, yes, of course, it must have been engaged you know. He probably had promised his friends that he would save seats for them at his table." She was still making an effort to spare his feelings.

A Turkish Hercules.

Ahmet Bey, a Turkish officer who served against the Russians in the campaign of 1877-78, was handsome, well-proportioned and of extraordinary physical strength. He was not only a Hercules, but the beautiful of a soldier, one whose military knowledge seemed instinctive. Doctor Ryan, an English surgeon, who served with Ahmet Bey, tells in his book, "Under the Red Crescent," the following story of his strength and daring:

Abdul Kerim Pasha, the commander-in-chief, while inspecting his troops one morning, casually expressed the wish to capture a Servian prisoner from the Servian lines. Ahmet Bey, overhearing the remark, saluted, and asked permission to get the commander a prisoner. He received it, though Abdul Kerim wondered at the request. Ahmet wheeled his charger, dashed spurs into its flanks, and galloped straight for the nearest Servian outpost. As he approached, half a dozen

rifles cracked; but Ahmet galloped unhindered, and marked down one sentry for his prey. The sentry fired at the audacious horseman, missed, and started to run. Ahmet swooped on him like a hawk upon a chicken.

He bent down, grasped the Servian by the collar, and flung him across the saddle in front. Then he galloped back again, bending over his horse's neck to escape the bullets, and handed over his prisoner to the Turkish commander amid the shouts of the soldiers.

WHY THEY NEVER PARTED.

A Texas Ranchman's Faithful Servant and His Deed of Daring.

A Texas ranchman had among his cowboys one whom he called "Pronto" because of his quickness when on horseback. At other times, it appears, he was abnormally slow, and for that reason was made the butt of many jokes on the part of his fellows. One day, when the boy was being teased beyond endurance, the ranchman came to his relief, and after that Pronto was his devoted slave. There came a time when his devotion saved his master's life. The story is told by the ranchman in the New York Sun. A band of Indians had stampeded his cattle, some fifteen thousand in number.

I was one of the first to mount, and away I rode to the front to try to turn the leaders of the herd, so that they would not break and scatter and get away from us. Daylight had by this time broken, and the scene must have been inspiring as the fifteen thousand wild, bellowing cattle rushed down the Concho Valley in one mass.

My horse was doing his noble best, and finally, just as we entered a wider expanse in the valley, I passed the foremost cattle and turned quickly to the front of them. It meant death to me for my horse to stumble or slacken speed, but I hoped to out-distance the herd and then turn and cause the leaders to deflect and carry the others back toward camp. The very ground trembled under the feet of the cattle. My horse had caught the excitement, and was exerting every muscle.

Suddenly his pace began to lag, and I felt an unsteady motion in his gait. I knew instantly that the strain had been too great for the poor animal, and that I must move quickly if I wished to save myself from being trampled to death. I glanced sideways and saw that I was several hundred yards from the outside ranks of the herd, and that it would be impossible to get out before the herd reached me.

I resolved to take the desperate chance of keeping on until the herd was upon me, and then trying to save myself by mounting the first steer that came alongside. I had just settled my mind on this resolve when above the terrific roar I heard a shout, and looking to my right saw a horseman bearing down upon me. It was Pronto, riding like the wind.

His body was bent close to his horse's back, and about all that could be seen of him was his high sombrero, which still sat firmly upon his head despite the swiftness of his riding. In another instant, almost, Pronto rode alongside of me. His horse slackened speed to keep pace with my crippled animal. Pronto reached over, and with one of his strong arms lifted me from my saddle, and placed me behind him on his own horse. He dug the spurs into the sides of his animal, and turned the latter's head toward the outer ranks of the herd. We had hardly reached our safe position when the cattle sped by us.

We stopped and looked at the fleeing animals a moment, and then Pronto told me to dismount, for he must stop the stampede. I got off his horse, so weak that I could not say a word, and Pronto rolled off at full speed. He rode many miles, but accomplished his purpose, and the herd was quickly placed under control.

That night around our camp-fire I told of my experience, and how Pronto had saved my life, and the Mexican was a hero for the remainder of the trip.

The horse which I had been riding was, of course run down by the cattle and trampled into a shapeless mass of bones and flesh. Pronto has stuck to me ever since that day, and I may add that I have stuck to him. He has been employed on my ranch for over thirty years, and would not leave me if the presidency of the Mexican republic were offered him.

Cohen—"Don't vip him, R peccah. Der year unt tear on his clothes will be more as der value of der bunishment." Mrs. Cohen—"How I bunish den?" Cohen—"Deprive him of his dinner, unt gombine bunishment mit profit."

England has requested a bid from the Missouri packing establishment for furnishing 750,000 pounds of canned meats for the British army in India.

TWO FAMOUS TRIALS.

GREAT TICHBORNE CASE TWICE FOUGHT OUT IN COURT.

The Trials Lasted for 103 Days and 189 Days. Respectively—How the Case Began, Continued, and Ended—The Fate of the Famous Tichborne Claimant.

The death in London on Thursday evening, March 31, removed from the stage a most laggard actor in the person of Arthur Orton, otherwise Thomas Castro, otherwise Sir Roger Tichborne, baronet. Never did a man of so unromantic a character have such a romantic career. Son of an English butcher, a gold digger in Australia, then claimant to an English baronetcy and for a time treated as the real baronet; then a convict, then a dime museum freak in New York, and a bartender, and then a broken-down wail in London again—Dick Whittington's career, or Edward Osborne's alone can match it.

This man of three names and so many vicissitudes was the hero of two of the most remarkable trials in the history of the British courts. To show how he became such a hero, a little bit of family history must be told.

On Jan. 5, 1829, a boy was born to Mr. James Tichborne, brother and heir to Sir Edward Tichborne, baronet, which boy was christened Roger Charles. Until his seventeenth year he was educated in France; then he was brought home to England and placed at Stonyhurst College a Roman Catholic school. In 1849, when twenty years old, Mr. Roger Tichborne entered the Sixth Dragon Guards, the carabinieri, as a cornet, where his brother officers laughed at him because of his French accent. In 1852 he proposed to his cousin, Kate Doughty, but she refused him; and shortly afterward he went abroad. On June 19, 1853, he was known to be at Valparaiso, Chili, and afterward on April 20, 1854 he sailed from Rio Janeiro on the ship Bella, bound for New York. The ship was lost at sea.

On March 5, 1854, Mr. James Tichborne became baronet, succeeding his brother, Sir Edward. Sir James died June 11, 1862, when the title and estates went to his second son Alfred. Not quite four years later, on Feb. 22, 1826, Sir Alfred died, and three months later, on May 28, a posthumous son was born, Sir Henry, the twelfth and present baronet.

In 1862 Sir James's widow, hoping that Roger might be alive, began to advertise for him in various English and Australian papers; and during 1865 her advertisements were answered by Thomas Castro, a butcher at Wagga-Wagga, Australia. Castro wrote that he was Sir Roger Tichborne, her son, and that he had been saved from the Bella. After nearly a year's correspondence Castro came to England—Lady Tichborne having sent him the passage money—landing on Dec. 25, 1866.

In January, 1867, he presented himself to Lady Tichborne in Paris, where she was living. The old lady—she was really only about 60 years old—recognized him as her son, though most of the other members of the family did not do so. He told Lady Tichborne that he and eight other men had been saved from the Bella, and that after much suffering he had reached Australia, where he had roughed it for thirteen years. For twelve and a half years he had called himself Castro; in January, 1866, he had even been married as Castro, but on July 3, 1866, he was remarried as Sir Roger Tichborne.

Now begins the first of the two remarkable trials. In March, 1866, the claimant filed a bill in chancery against the trustees of the late Sir Alfred Tichborne, who held the estate for Sir Henry Tichborne, a child less than a year old. The case was "intituled" Tichborne vs. Lushington et al. Four years later, both sides meanwhile having been getting evidence, the case came up for trial. Lady Tichborne, however, had died on March 12, 1868. She believed up to her death that the claimant was her eldest son. She had raised and given to him \$200,000, and had helped him in every way. Public subscriptions, too, had been raised, and the claimant had issued bonds payable on his getting possession of the estate; so that when the case came up for trial he had received more than \$1,000,000. He had lived as he fancied Roger would have lived, too, so that he had little left of this amount. His expenses in getting evidence were also very heavy.

The case came on for trial before Lord Chief Justice Bovill and a special jury in the Court of Common Pleas on May 11,

1871. In form it was an action for ejectment against the trustees. For the claimant appeared Sergeant Ballentine. Mr. Giffard, Q. C.; Mr. Pollard, Mr. Jenne, and Mr. W. B. Rose. For the trustees appeared Sir J. Duke Coleridge, Solicitor-General; Mr. Henry Hawkins, Q. C.; Sir G. Honeyman, Q. C.; Mr. Chipman Barber, and Mr. Bowen. Mr. Henry Matthews and Mr. Purcell watched the case in the interest of the Doughty estate, the next heirs after the infant Sir Henry Tichborne.

Castro was on the witness stand for twenty days. On the fortieth day the case was adjourned for four months until Nov. 7. The jury was not locked up, by the way. On Nov. 7 the case was resumed, and the claimant closed his side until Dec. 21. Then the trial went over until after the holidays, to come up again on Jan. 21, 1872. Sir John Coleridge spoke for twenty-six days for the defendants. On March 4 the jury interposed, saying that they had heard enough, and that their verdict was that he was not Sir Roger Tichborne and on the 103 day of the trial, March 6, 1872, the plaintiff was non-suited.

The Tichborne estate, though it got costs, found that it had spent about £92,000 (about \$450,000) in fighting the case, so Sir John Coleridge moved that the plaintiff be committed for perjury. Castro was arrested on March 7, and on April 9 was indicted for perjury as Thomas Castro, otherwise Arthur Orton.

With very little delay the case of "Regina vs. Castro" was called for trial on April 23, 1872, in the Court of Queen's Bench before the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, and Justice Mellor and Lush, and a jury. It was a trial at bar, that is, before a number of judges; the government was bound to make the proceedings as impressive as it could. For the prosecution appeared Mr. Hawkins, Q. C., Sergeant Parry, and Mr. Bowen; the defendant was represented by Dr. Kenealy, Q. C. and Mr. McMahon. Dr. Kenealy moved that the prisoner be admitted to bail, and the Chief Justice granted the motion, placing bail at \$50,000. This amount was raised by subscription, and the claimant was released on April 26.

The prosecution rested on July 10, the sixty-seventh day of the trial. Then came a recess for eleven days, and on July 21 the defence began. Meantime public interest had been renewed all through England. The working classes were stanch adherents of the claimant; meetings were held; money continued to pour in; according to Punch, servants gave up their places "because o' master's flings at that pore persecuted Sir Roger," and the populace was so eager to read the reports of the trial that in houses where they "took in" the Times for an hour every day, one person sat on the floor and read the inside pages, while four others read the outside pages, the paper meanwhile being held up over the sitting member's head. At least, so Punch said; but it may have been a joke.

Our result of all this excitement was that on Sept. 19 the defendant—Castro or Orton, but not Sir Roger—was forbidden by the Court to attend public meetings.

The defence closed on Oct. 27, 1873, the 124th day of the trial. Then an adjournment was had until Nov. 17; and as in the ordinary foreclosure sale in this city another adjournment, until Nov. 27. On the next two days evidence in rebuttal was heard. Then, on Dec. 2, Dr. Kenealy began to sum up for the defence. With intervals for meals, Sunday and Christmas, he added up until Jan. 14, 1874. Then Mr. Henry Hawkins (later Baron Hawkins of the Court of Exchequer and now Sir Henry Hawkins of the Queen's Bench), started in on his addition for the govern-

ment. He talked from Jan. 15 to Jan. 28 with the same intervals (Sunday and meal) that Dr. Kenealy enjoyed. During this summing up occurred a regular field day in the way of contempt proceedings. On Jan. 20 Mr. Guilford Oselow, M. P., was fined \$500 for speeches against the presiding Judge; on Jan. 21 Mr. Whalley, M. P., was fined \$1,250 for similar remarks, and on the 23d Mr. G. D. Skipworth caught it to the extent of \$2,500 for saying that he intended to ask Parliament to interfere and prevent the trial from continuing before Cockburn.

On Jan. 29, the Lord Chief Justice began to sum up. Being a larger man than either Dr. Kenealy or Mr. Hawkins, and having moreover, the right to fine any one for contempt of court, he used his rights to the utmost, and talked from Jan. 29 to and including Feb. 28. In the course of his remarks he commented severely on Dr. Kenealy's methods of conducting the case. The doctor had made himself generally disliked. One of the jurors interrupted to suggest that the doctor had gauged the violence of his attacks according to the importance of the witness for the prosecution; and his lordship, in so many words, declined to say that the juror was wrong. Then, on Feb. 28, the case went to the jury.

The jury was out only twenty-nine minutes, and came back with a verdict of guilty on both counts. In the first trial the claimant had made a particularly brutal attack on Miss Kate Doughty, swearing that he, as Sir Roger Tichborne, had seduced her; and especial weight had been placed in the indictment on the claimant's perjury in so swearing. So there was much interest in exactly how the verdict ran. The Judge asked the foreman if the verdict was guilty on that count, and the foreman read the verdict as follows:

"We find, first, that the defendant is not Richard Charles Doughty Tichborne; secondly, we find that the defendant did not seduce Miss Catharine Doughty, now Lady Radcliffe, and further we find that there is not the slightest evidence that Richard Charles Doughty Tichborne was ever guilty of undue familiarity with his cousin Lady Radcliffe, [applause in the court] and, thirdly, we find that the defendant is Arthur Orton."

Mr. Hawkins moved that sentence be passed at once; so instead of waiting a week, as we do, the Chief Justice sentenced the claimant at once to two terms of imprisonment at hard labor, the second term to begin at the expiration of the first, and after the claimant had been forbidden to say a few words, he was then led away by the tipstaff, Mr. Fribley, Jr.

Two months later, in April, 1874, the Court of Common Pleas, composed of the three Judges who had tried the claimant and some others, decided that he could not have a new trial, and on appeal to the House of Lords the verdict was sustained in an opinion that required two days to read. This decision was made in 1881.

Just before the court refused the new trial, April, 1874 Dr. Kenealy began to publish a new paper called the Englishman. It was attacked at once as libellous, and on Aug. 1, 1874, the Society of Gray's Inn disbarred him. Being an Irishman with a determination to have his rights, the doctor settled down in his rooms to fight it out, but on June 29, 1876, a Vice-Chancellor issued a rule requiring him to give up his chambers in Gray's Inn, so he had to get out.

Before that moving, how, var, the doctor had got into Parliament as member for Stoke, carried in by a vote of the people who had supported the claimant. On April 26, 1875, he moved for the appointment of royal commission to inquire into the trial; but his motion was negatived, 433 to 3. The three were Dr. Kenealy, Mr. Whalley, and The O'Gorman.

Lady Radcliffe, cleared from all the claimant's attacks, is still alive, a grandmother; and Sir Henry Tichborne is a happy father. And as Thomas Castro, or Arthur Orton, is dead, the Tichborne case may be said to be ended.

"MY WIFE'S LIFE."

How I was the means of saving it.

When the lungs are attacked and the symptoms of consumption appear, then begins the struggle between affection and that destroying disease which slays its thousands annually. It is a happy issue to the struggle when disease is conquered and health restored. Such an issue does not always end the struggle, but it did in the case of Mr. K. Morris, Memphis, Tenn., who saw his wife wasting and weakening and physicians helpless, and then suggested the simple remedy that wrought the cure. He tells the story thus:

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which the physicians pronounced consumption. The cough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and was frequently attended with the spitting of blood. The doctors being unable to help her, I induced her to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle she was cured, so that now she is strong and quite healthy. That this medicine saved my wife's life I have not the least doubt, always keep Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Whenever any of my family have a cold or cough we use it, and are

promptly cured."—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

The question: "Is consumption curable?" is still debated, and still debatable. It is easy to say that this was not a case of consumption. Yet the physicians said it was. They should know. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has wrought so many similar cures that it seems to argue the curableness of consumption, in its earlier stages, by the use of this remedy. There is no better medicine for pulmonary troubles than Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gives relief in cases of Asthma and Bronchitis, where relief has been heretofore unobtainable. It promptly cures Coughs and Colds, La Grippe, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Dr. Ayer's Curebook sent free, on request. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.