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The Columbian

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1885.

SELECT STORY.

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

Many decades ago a vessel from Boston arrived in London.

Among the hands on board was one named Tudor, a steady, well-looking young man who acted as a sailor.

Very early one morning a young, beautiful and daintily dressed woman came tripping down to the vessel and inquired of Tudor for the captain.

She was told that he had not risen, but she insisted on seeing him without delay.

Tudor called him up, and she addressed him with:

"Good-morning, captain! I have called to see if you will marry me."

"Marry you?—believing her to be a suspicious character—"I have my vessel instantly if you know what is for your good!"

She next went to the mate and received a similar answer; she then went to where Tudor was, being engaged in handling ship's cables and put the same question.

"With all my heart," answered Tudor, in a jocular manner. "Then," said she, "come along with me."

Tudor left his work and followed her. By the time the principal shops were opened the lady before him was followed by the mate.

Tudor then led the way into a clothing store. Here Tudor was told to select the best suit of clothes in the store.

The man of the tar bedadped pants and checked shirt was in a few minutes metamorphosed into a fine gentleman as walks the streets, the bill, as before, being paid by the lady.

Tudor then led the way into a tailor's shop. Here Tudor was told to select the best suit of clothes in the store.

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Murdered for a Dog.

Officer McCormick was standing in front of No. 225 Tenth avenue a few minutes before three o'clock one morning last week when he heard the footstep of a man on the sidewalk.

As the man neared a street lamp the officer saw that he carried a heavy bag upon his back.

"What have you in the bag?" he asked.

The man turned without a start and replied calmly: "I have my wife in the bag."

As he said so he swung the bag from his shoulders to the sidewalk with a jerk, as one would throw a bag of corn on a wagon.

To the horror of the policeman the head and feet of a dead woman appeared through the opening as it fell.

A pull at the canvas sack brought the whole body into view. It had been doubled up and stuffed into the bag.

The man sprang to the sidewalk and could not fall up by grabbing the edge of the sack the woman was enabled to carry it on his back, one foot on each shoulder.

So he had carried it as aforesaid appeared, from No. 307 Tenth avenue to where Officer McCormick stopped him, one short block from the river.

"Where are you taking her and how came she to die?" asked the officer.

"To the river," I found her dead. I thought I might bury her that way. I can't pay for a funeral with a French accent, but without excitement. He was evidently neither drunk nor crazy.

The policeman rapped for assistance. Officer Doering replied, and when a hand-carry was procured the body was loaded on a cart and taken toward the police station.

The man proved to be Louis Francois, a Frenchman. The woman was Selma Froehnt, thirty-eight years old.

She was the wife of a French sailor who lived in Boston.

Francois, who is one year older than his paramour or wife, has worked for some time in the French polishing marble yard in West Thirty-second street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues.

Three months ago he was expelled from the apartment in West Thirty-second street at No. 307 where the time was concerned.

At that time there are three-story buildings on the front and rear lots. Francois lived on the ground floor in the rear structure.

His three rooms were comfortably furnished and neatly kept. Both were persons in appearance above the average of the neighborhood, but both drank freely of beer, the man often to excess.

Two weeks ago, while in one of his convivial moods he beat and kicked her while she was on the floor.

Upon picking her up he was heard to say: "I've finished her this time."

The woman had repeatedly told the neighbors that she knew Francois would murder her at some time.

The cause of the quarrel that ended in death was a little harmless Japanese dog on a trip to High Bridge and had brought home.

He gave it into the charge of his wife, telling her that it was valuable and that he might expect a big reward for it.

Soon after he went out the dog was missing and Mrs. Francois sought it.

At dark she gave up the search, but a moment in the front house, was looking out of her window on the second floor and seeing her in the yard asked what she was looking for.

Mrs. Francois told her and added: "The dog has run away and I am sure my husband will kill me for it."

Mrs. Smith told her not to be afraid, but to come up to her rooms as soon as she could and stay there.

That unhappy woman promised, but she failed to keep her promise.

"What kind of a jump did I make?" he whispered.

"First class my boy," responded the captain. "You'll be right in a minute."

But he was insensible again before the words had hardly left his lips.

The prow of the tug was turned toward Old Slip and all steam was crowded on.

Just as the pier was reached a shudder passed through the frame of the tug.

The professor and then, after breathing heavily, he was seen to rise and to be beating and death came to his relief.

Sorrowfully the body was taken ashore and conveyed by carriage to the undertaker's in Pearl street.

It was the ambition of Odlum's life to make this jump from the Brooklyn bridge to the city.

He made the attempt once before the bridge was completed, but was prevented from carrying out his scheme by the police.

He was born in Washington and his mother and sister now reside there.

His sister is Mrs. Charlotte Smith, well known in New York and Chicago from her connection with the work of organizing women.

They were very quiet, except the broken-hearted relatives, who were sobbing inconsolably.

As soon as the bodies could be arranged, relatives were admitted.

It was hard to identify the dead. In one case a policeman of Covington, Ky., identified his sisters, Lizzie and Dollie Handel, who were twins.

Another Sam Patch.

At 11 P. M., Thursday of last week, bystanders on the south side of Sixth street, Cincinnati, heard a muffled explosion in the second story of No. 19, a five-story brick building.

Occupied from the second story up by Sullivan & Co.'s steam printing works.

This was followed by puffs of flame and fire broke out in every story.

From the second to the roof, the fire seemed hottest in the second story, and the great throngs that immediately filled the street in front of the building saw that all retreat from the three upper stories was cut off.

There was no escape to the building, and the little narrow stairway with the railing around the elevator, which served as a flue to conduct the flames upward.

A line of telegraph wires in front of the building proved a barrier to the putting up of the fire ladders.

Just as the ladder wagon ran out of the street the fire broke out in the second story window and dashed to death on the sidewalk.

Another followed her and met the same fate.

Two strong men tried to catch them, but were dashed to the pavement and were severely injured.

All four of the fifth story windows were full of men and girls. In one stood John Sullivan, a cousin of one of the proprietors of the printing works.

The employees of the printing works on the roof and let down an old black rope from the second story.

It had been cut off by the flames. John Sullivan had his hand on the rope ready to leap out and let himself down.

Behind him stood two girls, whose terror-stricken faces appealed for help.

He turned from his contemplated movement and placed his rope into the hands of the first girl, who bravely let herself down while he stood encouragingly above.

Amid the breathless encouragement of the crowd she slowly made her way to the pavement, and then, with the fire almost licking her hair and a terrible death staring him in the face, she leaped to the ground.

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Will Senator Logan Contribute to the Goodwill Fund.

When Gen. John Alexander Logan congratulated the Illinois Legislature on the passage of the bill for the goodwill fund, he expressed himself as follows:

"I hope I have so acted and deported myself in the position before me as to bring no discredit upon myself, Senate and country and my past history is the only guarantee I can give of my future course."

Since Gen. Logan asks for a verdict on his public career, we are obliged to say that there is at least one important matter that needs clearing up.

Gen. Logan's term did not expire until the 4th of last March. He left Washington on the 14th of January, and did not return for a period of exactly two months he not only neglected but wholly abandoned his duties as Senator, and gave his entire time and undivided attention to electioneering in Springfield and Chicago.

His only object being the promotion of his own political family.

What we should like to know, before acceding to Gen. Logan's expressed belief that he has done nothing disgraceful, is whether he has returned to draw his salary as Senator for the two months between Jan. 4th and March 4th of the present year, or if, having drawn his salary, he intends to cover it back into the Treasury, or contribute it to the goodwill fund.

Nothing is clearer than the fact that Gen. Logan has no moral right to take the people's money in payment for work which he has not performed.

That is not all. He has no legal right to his salary for the months of January and February. His case is covered by section 40 of the Revised Statutes:

"The Secretary of the Senate shall deduct from the monthly payments of each member the amount of his salary for each day he has been absent from the Senate, unless such member assigns as the reason for such absence the sickness of himself or some member of his family."

And section 41 further provides:

"When any member withdraws from the Senate and does not return before the adjournment of Congress he shall, in addition to the sum deducted for each day, forfeit a sum equal to the amount which he would have been allowed for his traveling expenses in returning home."

Gen. Logan's salary, allowances, and mileage for the period during which he has deprived the Government of the United States of his valuable services amount to about \$1000.

We do not believe that Logan would steal \$1000 directly out of the Treasury.

What we want to know is whether he has drawn and intends to keep the \$1000, or whether he has no moral or equitable claim, and which is expressly withheld from him by the laws that he has sworn to obey.

Whether the Senator has so acted and deported himself as to bring no discredit upon himself, and to give a good guarantee of the perfect integrity of his future course.—New York Sun.

Two Kickers.

"Just my luck," he groaned as he came down stairs.

"Lost anything?"

"Everything!" I wanted Brown, on the third floor, to sign a note with me.