

No Great Criminals.

SOME ROMANTIC IDEAS DISSEMINATED BY AN EXPERIENCED "CROOK."

I have been reading and I suppose everybody has been reading too, about great criminals in the newspapers. The boastfulness of the detective and the imagination of the reporter have combined to make some interesting reading, but if you recall what you have read you will find that very few great crimes have been committed. Most or two professional forgers, a half score of burglars, a cluster of confidence men, and the whole list is exhausted. The fact is there is no such army of criminals fertile of expedient, ready of device, watchful of every chance to break in and steal, as the police would have you believe.

I was looking over the criminal list the other day of the convicted professionals confined in New York state. They were numerous enough, but their crimes were contemptibly small. To make your video, you must have first your great criminal and his great crimes. The American video man himself with these two mental faculties out and having opportunity to talk with one of the alleged great criminals, he confirmed his belief in the visionary character of these shrewd and clever rascals with no greater effort than revealing his own stupidity. I turned up another, a professional who has repeated his offenses sufficiently to entitle him to any other distinction than that of an honest man. I would mention that he wears stripes now, except that it might draw from the value of his statements in the minds of some who are too easily prejudiced. Any way he is better authority than the police, whose vanity in their own capacity may be a proper pride, but leads to some mighty tall lying.

"The fact is that professional thieves and rogues are not numerous in any locality, and if crime were the sole source of support for the few hundreds who are so classed most of them would be hungry many times every year. Men who steal whenever they get a chance always have some other occupation, and it is a fact that the legitimate one is more profitable than the illegitimate one in nine cases out of ten." Thus began a professional, Wesley Allen, the pickpocket.

"But in this city there is a vast army of professional criminals," I said, "men who are classified and whose industries have special forms, implying cunning and originality."

"My dear sir, you have been reading the newspapers or talking to detectives. There isn't a dozen. If really clever men—if men with a modicum of brains that belong to clever people—were to devote their talents to roguery society couldn't exist. The methods employed by thieves, for example, to attain their ends look very cunning and well planned to one who is not a thief. But take any one of them and examine it and you will see how flimsy it is. A sneak thief wants to get into the till of a corner grocery. His accomplice comes with a tape line and begins to measure the sidewalk in front of the door, or to measure the wall, or comes in a wagon and begins to throw out a lot of boxes. The crook steps out to inquire; is held in conversation, asked to hold the end of the measure or pass back the boxes; the sneak is in and away, and the trick is off. A saloon keeper is known to keep a pocketbook stuffed with money in the inner pocket of his vest. The pickpocket knows it is a difficult place to touch. Two accomplices come in when he is alone, both of them laughing heartily—one with a tape measure. 'Well, that was a dead loss for me,' says one. 'Set 'em up.' They laugh, ask the saloon keeper to drink and exclaim that they were betting on the girl of a neighbor. The saloon keeper becomes interested; the more so as the rounds are being called and then the rounds want to get even. A bottle of wine is staked and the victim asked to measure, the new bet being on his girl. Objection is taken to the vest; off it comes and the sneak thief—third party—soon has the leather."

"Now, that's artful, certainly," said I. "No such thing, it is most transparent and simple. It couldn't succeed if it were not that the victim is a fool. But there are exceptional cases of such good planning as crooks can do. But after all, suppose a man of brains—real brains, such as you know plenty of—were to devote himself to the planning of ways to get other people's money without an equivalent, and went at it with the energy that men give to the pursuit of their profession or to the pursuit of commerce, what would such schemes as that be? Nowhere. You hear of a great burglar. The newspapers which report it dwell upon the fact that it had been carefully planned, that the house had been plotted, for a diagram, which the rascal had left in their possession or to the burglar's knowledge. Of course, his tools are of the finest workmanship. 'Rats!' The chances are ten to one that they consist of a bar of iron, which being carried by a burglar is called a 'jiminy'; a dark lantern, a copper hammer, a chisel and a flask of powder and a handkerchief with holes in it to see through for a mark."

"But there are cases where men have gone further than make a few hasty preparations; have hired adjoining stores and tunneled and burrowed into banks and vaults with infinite patience and labor."

Death Caused by Ether.

M. REESE DILL EXPRESSES ON THE OPERATING TABLE.

Milville Reese Dill, a prominent business man of Somerset county, brother of United States Marshal, Andrew H. Dill, died at the Bingham House, Philadelphia late Wednesday afternoon of last week. He had come to the city on Tuesday from his home at Meyersdale, Somerset county to undergo an operation by Dr. D. Hayes Agnew for the removal of hemorrhoids from which he had suffered for several years. Mr. Dill had been treated by Dr. Agnew a year ago for fissure. An operation was performed and the patient experienced no bad effect from the ether which was administered.

Dr. Agnew had made an appointment with Mr. Dill for two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, and went to the hotel at the time agreed upon, accompanied by Dr. J. William White, who has been his surgical assistant for many years. They commenced work about a half an hour later. The patient was laid upon a table in the room and Dr. White administered the anesthetic. The ether used was known as "Squibb's" and is considered the purest and best that is made. It was administered in the usual way from a towel folded in the shape of a cone. In a few moments Mr. Dill became unconscious and Dr. Agnew began the operation. After the first hemorrhoid had been cut and while the second was being operated upon respiration suddenly ceased. Both physicians at once turned their attention to restoring the patient. Artificial respiration was employed, electricity was used, the body was lagitated with wet towels and all the usual methods to resuscitate were used. While the patient had ceased to breathe the heart continued to beat and the physicians worked untiringly until all hope was gone.

Dr. Agnew said that in his experience of forty years as a physician and surgeon he had administered ether in thousands of cases and never had an accident before. He considered ether the best and safest anesthetic known and said that the patient's sudden death was something that no human force or care could have avoided. Dr. White stated that he was the first instance in his practice that the administration of ether had terminated fatally. Mr. Dill had been successfully operated upon by Dr. Agnew one year ago for fissure. He took ether at that time. His sufferings for some months had imperatively demanded an operation. Dr. White stated that he was the first instance in his practice that the administration of ether had terminated fatally.

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Colonel T. J. Grimeson, a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for State Treasurer, and an intimate personal friend of Marshal Dill and his brother, was in the room during the operation. Marshal Dill remained in the office of the hotel awaiting with some anxiety, but with no thought of danger, the result of the operation. As soon as his brother began to sink he was summoned. He was terribly shocked and distressed, and had hardly recovered his composure when he left the city yesterday morning with his brother's body accompanied by Colonel Grimeson. He blamed the surgeons, and Dr. Agnew had left the city yesterday morning from Marshal Dill, which under the circumstances, he did not attach any importance to. It is only a few weeks since Marshal Dill's father, an eminent Methodist clergyman, died and the cause was most distressed by that event.

Coroner Ashbridge was not notified of the death of Mr. Dill until Thursday afternoon. Dr. White called at the office and stated that Dr. Agnew had granted the certificate of death under the apprehension that as the deceased had been under their care at the time of the operation, the coroner's inquest would not be required. The coroner said that as the death was not due to natural causes it was a case that should be investigated by his office. Mr. Ashbridge wrote a letter to Marshal Dill in which he stated that while he deeply sympathized with him in his affliction, he was compelled to order a post-mortem examination, and Dr. Formad was dispatched to Lewisburg on the midnight train to make the autopsy.

Melville Reese Dill was 40 years of age and leaves a wife and two children. For many years he managed large business interests in Union county, and of late has been engaged in extensive lumber operations in Meyersdale, Somerset county. He was master of his Masonic lodge and apparently strong and in excellent health, and had no physical trouble except the one which required the operation which resulted in his death.

The Brandon Family.

AN OLD INDIAN KILLER WHO WAS THE FATHER OF THIRTY-THREE CHILDREN.

When Western Pennsylvania was the frontier and the Indian fighter was the most important and indispensable person in the settlements, Charles Brandon was one of the best and most daring of all the active foes of the red men, says the New York Sun. At the age of three years, in 1764, he was captured by the Indians, who killed his father at the same time. This was on the banks of the Ohio river. For twelve years the boy was kept among the savages, but he disliked them and escaped when he was fifteen years old. He found a white settlement and learned to talk his native language. From that time on he gave his life to Indian killing.

In 1790, when the Indians were getting scarce, Charles Brandon married a young woman named Mary Meyers. She bore him two children and died. He then married Fannie Slusher. She bore him eighteen children, and died in 1830. Brandon was then nearly seventy years old. When he was five years older he married Sarah Barker, who was only sixteen. She was the youngest of sixteen children. She lived with him twenty-one years, bearing him in the meantime fifteen children. Then she got a divorce from him, he being ninety-six. The separation from his wife broke his heart, and although at the time he was as agile, strong and active as he was when he was married he pined away and died the same year the divorce was obtained. He then had thirty-three living children.

His divorced widow had the care of all of them, and she raised all that were young enough to need regular pay only those who are on the regular pay roll are to be recognized as employees. "Please do not let that stand in your way. Put me on the pay roll." "It would still be a violation of the law unless we actually paid you money."

"Well, then, pay me money." The superintendent bestowed a searching look upon him. "I feel sorry for you," said he, "and perhaps may give you employment. Are you good in mathematics?" "Yes, sir." "Give me a page. Remember that I do not come haughtily."

"Yes, I know all about the Interstate Commerce impostion." "Then you know that we can not give passes except to employees." "But you can say that I am an employee." "But none only those who are on the regular pay roll are to be recognized as employees."

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Ho Walked Away.

The door opened with that lengthened creak which bespeaks extreme carelessness on the part of the one who enters, and a tall, thin man stood in the doorway of the superintendent of the great Continental Air Line.

"Well, sir," said the superintendent. "The visitor bowed profoundly, and said: "It is not in a spirit of haughtiness that I come to you. I make no pretensions, advance no claims to recognition, but simply submit my case."

"I don't understand you," said the superintendent. "It will not take me long, sir, to explain myself. I am a pumped out humorist."

"Ah!" "I am inclined to think sir, that it is all right." "What is your name?" the superintendent kindly asked. "Napoleon T. B. Bucklefield."

"And you were a humorist?" "Yes, sir." "Have you never heard of you?" "I have never heard of you."

"What do you want me to do?" "Give me a pass. Remember that I do not come haughtily." "Have you heard of the—" "Yes, I know all about the Interstate Commerce impostion."

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Royal Love of Music.

From the memoirs of M. Strazoch.

"The bomb-ridden Czar of Russia beguiles the intervals of time while he is not dodging nihilistic missiles by playing on the French horn, with which instrument he is an adept. On one occasion, while he was the Czarowitz he played a French horn obligato to a song given by Mrs. Nilsson. When His Imperial Majesty last visited Copenhagen he attended a concert in which Nilsson sang the same air, and he was affected to tears by the memories of a time when he could touch his horn in peace, undisturbed by revolutionary subjects and the cares of government. When the late King Victor Emmanuel visited the small cities of his realm one of his first questions always was regarding the condition of the opera-house. If there was none he would suggest and aid in the construction of one, even in towns having no greater population than three thousand inhabitants. I always feel an affection for the King, for he gave me this decoration—the cross of San Maurizio de Lazzaro—after a series of concerts given by Patti in Florence. Victor Emmanuel was a protector of Verdi, and the composer had no longing for political honors. His son, King Humbert, pays a subsidy of 10,000 francs a year out of his own personal income to the Apollo Theatre of Rome. Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain used to sing very well, but her voice being no longer fresh, she now has a preference for instrumental music. The Queen of Belgium is very fond of music, and her efforts she has contributed much to the progress made in musical art in Belgium of late years. The emperor of Austria disburses over 1,000,000 francs a year to the Vienna Opera House, it being his idea that his capital should have an opera-house to rival the Grand Opera of Paris."

A Hint to the Crooner. "You gave a tramp something to eat yesterday, didn't you?" "Young Wife—" "Yes, fellow!" "Give him some of your sponge cake, didn't you?" "Yes, yes, I did. Why?" "Nothing. The paper says the body of a man who had evidently died in great agony was found in the willows this morning."

Dr. W. F. Hutchinson will continue his lively sketches of Venezuelan scenery and travel in the coming number of The American Magazine. Caracas and Maracaibo are visited, and an account is given of a very curious village of aboriginal lake dwellers, whose customs and mode of living connect the present with prehistoric ages.

At Fernbach, ten miles from Cincinnati, is the workshop and laboratory of Horace Cox, a young electrician, who, though known to but few, is attracting the notice of scientists and electricians in this country and Europe by his inventions, in which he is as prolific and ingenious as Edison. His latest device is a trumpet to be used for telephoning at sea, on which he has been at work for some months. The invention is the outgrowth of his discovery of the great distance an ebb or reverberated sound will carry, and the discovery that speaking trumpets, if made to give the same fundamental note would vibrate and produce the phenomenon known in acoustics as "sympathy." With the instrument used in an ordinary tone of voice was carried on between parties four and a quarter miles apart. People sitting at their windows or on their porches a mile away conversing in an ordinary tone could be distinctly heard, and in two instances they were told the nature of their conversation and admitted that such had taken place. By listening to the whistle and tracing it to and beyond Fernbach to Lawrenceburg, Ind., it was found that the instrument has a well-defined range of twenty-six miles, that is, a loud sound like a locomotive whistle or the rambunctious train can be distinctly heard at a distance of thirteen miles in every direction. Conversation was readily carried on between two men on high hills on opposite sides of the Ohio river, about four and a half miles apart. Tests made on the water showed that the trumpet was even more available than on land. The instrument will be patented as soon as perfected. A name has not been chosen for it. Mr. Cox has a great many other curious and valuable devices, both electrical and mechanical, but none as curious as his sea telephone.

Litigation Over Mrs. Cleveland's Picture. The common use lately of Mrs. Cleveland's picture as an advertising card is likely to lead to several lawsuits against the firms putting them out. The originals of the pictures common on the market were copyrighted by two Washington photographers shortly after Mrs. Cleveland's marriage. At first the only advantage reaped was from the local sale of the cards. Gradually, however, an outside demand sprang up, and before this could be met orders commenced to pour in from all parts of Europe for them. They have proved to be the most popular of all the pictures of the day. To supply the foreign demand, leading houses in London and Paris are now striking off copies of the American originals without regard to the rights of the Washington artists. The Washington Photographers have no remedy for the foreign grievance, but they have one for the infringements in this country. The tobacco houses, cigarette manufacturers and soap dealers who have been making Mrs. Cleveland's features common in bid-owns lithographs and chromes are to be called to a legal account and the prosecutions will have the moral sanction of the White House, where the practice has caused much offense. There is no desire on the part of Mrs. Cleveland to give the Washington dealers a monopoly of her features, and she is not averse to copies being made for private sale, use or ornamentation, but she is uncompromisingly opposed to the use of her picture for an advertisement.

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