

THE COLONEL FARRAR MYSTERY



AUTHOR'S NOTE.
The material facts in this story of circumstantial evidence are drawn from an actual recorded case, only such change of names and local color being made as to remove them from the classification of legal reports to that of fiction. All the essential points of evidence, however, are retained.

THE Calf Skin club had assembled early for its weekly session and every member was in his accustomed place with Judge Grover in the chair. When the routine business was finished the chairman rose and said:
"We now will hear from Judge Stoakes who we trust has a story relative to circumstantial evidence. Judge Stoakes."

Judge Stoakes, a large man of dignified presence, whose silver hair alone bespoke his 70 years, rose and began:
"My story is of the troubled days in Missouri following upon the civil war, when factional rancor still ran high and the conqueror and the conquered lived together in outward amity but with secret suspicion. I had just hung up my shingle in a little town in the southern part of the state which had been the hot-bed of factional warfare, now captured by Lyon, now held by Price, and repeatedly preyed upon by the roving bands of irregulars of either side. Among the most noted leaders of these latter was Col. Jim Farrar. Among the northern sympathizers he was classed with Quartrell and the Youngers, but when the struggle was over he settled down quietly in the little town of Chester, and his tall form, his flowing mustaches, his campaign hat and long coat became him as the costume did many another warrior of the lost cause.

"Col. Farrar's household consisted of but one daughter, 17 years of age, and of that rare type of beauty which so often crops out in an adventurous and warlike stock. Her name was Lucile and she soon set the heart of every young man in a flame. I myself fell at the first glance, and as I look back down the long stretch of years I can see the black hair, the rosy lips and the flashing eyes of Lucile Farrar as I watched her in silent adoration in the meeting house, upon the street or flying along on her pony which seemed as full of life and spirits as its fair rider.

"It was silent adoration upon the part of us all, for never a glance did the fair Lucile have for any of us. But when Melvin Lessure came to Chester it was different. Something in her woman's heart must have drawn her toward him, for all the indifference and all the scorn were gone and they gave themselves up willingly to a love that quickly ran the gamut from passing interest to passionate devotion.

"The very mention of a suitor for his daughter's hand was sufficient to send Col. Farrar into a rage terrible to witness. He noted the growing intimacy of Lucile and Lessure with jealous anger. But he could not watch her always, and many a time when he was away looking after the interests of his extensive plantation near the town we less fortunate youths saw Lessure starting on long walks with the fair Lucile.

"Melvin Lessure inherited all the fiery impulsiveness of a long line of French ancestry and was not the youth to brook long this uncertain entente of his lovmaking. He had a big plantation several miles from Chester and had moved into town for the social advantages that looked large to us then. He was amply able to support matrimony in a style equal to the best in the community. He was handsome, studious and courtly in his manners and seemed to be eligible from any point of view. The local Madame Grundy could find no reason why Melvin Lessure and Lucile Farrar were not a perfectly matched couple.

"But the rock on which their happiness seemed destined to break was that of factional rancor. Col. Farrar was of the south unreconstructed and unreconstructed. Gaspard Lessure, Melvin's father, had cast his lot with the north and had died at his own doorway defending his property against the enemies of his adopted flag.

"Melvin Lessure was no match for Col. Jim in brawn or bluster, but he hesitated not to go to him with his suit, and the storm he provoked I give you as it was later reconstructed through the searchings of the law.
"Never, by the Almighty, never!" roared the colonel. "Before I would see my daughter married to one of the accursed assassins of my country I would slay her with my own hands. Get out of my sight and never dare to raise your eyes to a daughter of the Farrars."



"Melvin Lessure stood with white face, clenched hands and gritted teeth while Lucile threw herself at her father's feet and weepingly begged and implored him to mitigate the harsh sentence. But he cast her rudely from him with a curse, and, turning to Lessure with murder in his eyes, said:
"You dog! You want my daughter—you! Why, I shot your father down in cold blood because he differed with me politically. Do you think I'll do less for you for trying to rob me of my daughter?"

"So it was you who killed my father," returned Lessure in a voice beneath the quiet of which lay the tense fixedness of a stern, unbending resolve. "Then, Col. Farrar, I tell you that I will have your daughter and I will avenge my father. Are you mine till death, Lucile?"
"I am yours till death," said the girl as she went over and placed her arm proudly about his neck.

"Very little was seen of Lessure in town after that and it was whispered that he was staying out on his farm and keeping out of the irate colonel's way.

"About two weeks after his unsuccessful interview with Farrar, which was noised abroad as such things are in a small town, Lucile Farrar disappeared, and the tongues began to wag in earnest. When for a week she had not turned up the towns people, who had little love for Farrar at best, were ready to believe anything. His threat against his daughter was known and the bolder ones did not hesitate to whisper that he had put it into execution. These hints took form by degrees and at last a witness came forward who told of passing the colonel's house, situated on the edge of town, late at night, and of hearing low moans and pleadings.
"At last suspicion took such fierce root that the sheriff headed an investigating party. Col. Jim was away and they had free run of the premises.

"The search led to a cave in the side of the hill, once used as a cellar but long since abandoned. There they found torn pieces of a dress, a bloody hatchet and some tangled locks of black hair drenched with blood. The dress and the hair were easily identified as belonging to Lucile Farrar, the hatchet as the property of the colonel.

"When charged with the crime his knees tottered and he nearly fainted. He made no direct denial but moaned and cried like a child. During the trial that followed he seemed stunned and oblivious to what was going on.

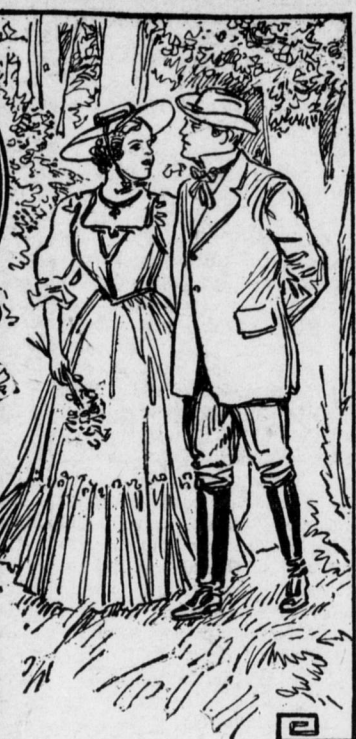
"I will admit that the courts of today would be loath to accept so inadequate a corpus delicti, but our blood was hot in those times and it seems to me we hanged more than we do now. Service was had on Lessure and he testified to the facts of the quarrel and the threat. Upon this evidence and the prisoner's failure to deny they found their verdict of guilty and fixed upon the death penalty.

"As the day of execution approached Col. Farrar continued in a state of almost total insensibility. But when the sheriff came to read the death warrant he roused and raising his hand to heaven, said:
"Before my maker I swear that I am guiltless of my child's death."
"They led him to the scaffold and on the way he passed Melvin Lessure who was watching the scene like a bird fascinated by a snake. Col. Farrar requested the sheriff to stop, and



extending his hand to Lessure exclaimed: "Young man, I have wronged you and I have no wish to leave this earth with the ill will of any man. I ask your forgiveness for standing between you and my poor child and for the death of your father which I believed to be in the line of duty toward my country."
"Lessure trembled violently but did not reply or raise his eyes. The march to the scaffold continued. A deputy was forced to support the tottering form of Farrar while the sheriff adjusted the black cap. Then the sheriff stepped back and all was in readiness for the fatal word when Lessure sprang forward and cried in an agonized voice:
"Stop! I alone am guilty—I alone!"

"The officers of the law called him forward and demanded an explanation. He declared that Lucile was not dead but that they had run off and been married and his wife was then living in concealment in St. Louis, for fear of the wrath of her father and until he could settle up his affairs and join her. But he had not divulged to



her a plan which had formed in his brain to revenge himself upon her father both for his insulting words and for the death of his own parent. He had cut off a portion of her hair while she slept and dipped it in the blood of a lamb. He had also sprinkled blood over pieces of her dress. The hatchet was easily procured. These he had placed in the cave during one of Col. Farrar's numerous absences from the house and there also he had himself emitted the moans which had been heard. He would have carried his hellish plot through to the end but that the colonel's plea for forgiveness at the gallows unnerved him.
"This confession was made partly at the place of execution and partly afterward in the jail. As soon as it became clear that Lessure had an important statement to make the sheriff turned to the colonel to take the insignia of death from his head. Farrar, unobserved by all who were intent upon the words of Lessure, had sunk into a sitting posture. The sheriff stepped up to him and raised the black cap. He was dead.
"Lessure was immediately placed



under arrest. He blew his brains out in his cell that night with a pistol procured, no one knew how. Lucile went mad on hearing of the tragedy, and was confined some time in an asylum. She recovered and ended her days in a convent.
"That, gentlemen, is my story."
There was a stirring of chairs and a general lighting of pipes which had been allowed to go out in the rapt attention that prevailed while Judge Stoakes was speaking, when Judge Grover arose and said:
"I believe I voice the sentiments of the club in extending thanks to Judge Stoakes."
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BOTH STRENGTH AND BEAUTY

Proper Respiration Adds to Each, But is Too Little Understood.

There will be fewer flat-chested women and much less nervous prostration when proper attention is given to breathing, says an exchange. As Delsarte has said, there should be "strength at the center, freedom at the surface," and this freedom is but acquired by learning to use one's lungs at will. By developing and enlarging them the thoracic cavity is increased, and upon the degree of this power depends expansion.
In order to control one's nerves one must learn to command one's involuntary muscles, which are diaphragm, the heart and the intestines. By breathing deeply and controlling one's breath and so increasing one's lung capacity, the heart action is stimulated, and this supplies the nerve centers with fresh blood, and the nerves act upon the muscles and the brain upon the nerves and muscles.
In order not to have any waste of nerve force, the chest should be kept

active by deep inhalations, thus loosening the tension of unemployed members. The persistent and regular practice of a breathing exercise will not only do this, but will give poise and self-confidence.
The movements of respiration stand in a double relation to the nervous system, being required to introduce oxygen into the blood, which takes up the oxygen, and freeing itself of the carbonic acid it contains, the latter thus acts as a powerful stimulus to the lung nerves.
One should remember to avoid collar-bone breathing, to cultivate the raised and active chest, and to gain control of the diaphragm in order to have complete mastery of breathing.
It is not necessary to take a long, tiresome trip to some far away place in order to be taught to care for oneself, for nature will come to one's aid with joyful alacrity in one spot as well as another.
But knowledge is not the only thing required. It is its application that counts, and this means steadfast determination.

Pennsylvania Happenings

Pittsburg.—It was indicated recently that the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. has made such progress in rounding out its financial plans that it will begin placing its \$35,000,000 car orders early this fall. The cost of the 35,000 cars to be ordered, it is estimated, will average \$1,000 a piece. A large part of them will be of the steel gondola pattern for hauling coal, ore and limestone, while the rest will be box-cars, with steel underframe.

Harrisburg.—Twenty-three more prosecutions were ordered by Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust against dealers in Allegheny county. Fourteen of these cases are to be brought as the result of selling adulterated milk, water having been added and butter fat having been removed; four for adulterated sausage containing cereals and too much water, and five for oleomargarine, colored with coal tar dyes.

Harrisburg.—Last fall sensational stories were printed telling of the immense heads of wheat that could be grown from the variety known as Alaska wheat. Although the agricultural department advised against the purchase of this kind of wheat by the farmers of this state, many of them were willing to pay \$10 a bushel for it. This wheat has just reached its maturity about here, and several samples of it have been received here. The stalks are tall and healthy looking and so are the husks, but there is not a grain of wheat on any of the stalks. It is estimated that the Nebraska man who sold the seed wheat made a fortune.

Harrisburg.—Col. George W. Storm of this city has just completed six portraits of former auditors general and a portrait of a former state treasurer. The former portraits have been hung in the auditor general's department and the picture of the former state treasurer, William B. Hart, 1888-1889, was placed in the state treasury. The former auditors general follow: John F. Hartranft, 1866-72; Harrison Allen, 1872-75; Justus F. Temple, 1875-78; William P. Schell, 1878-81; Jerome B. Niles, 1884-87; A. Wilson Norris, 1887-88 (died in office). The half a dozen pictures added to the gallery in the auditor general's department complete the list since the Civil war.

Pittsburg.—The strike of 18,000 coal miners, which has been ordered, will close down many mines of the Pittsburg Coal Co., or famous soft coal trust, and will be a blow at the United States Steel Corporation, which gets its coal from the Pittsburg Coal Co. It is understood that one of the reasons why the strike was decided upon at this time is because of the strike now on by the Tin Plate Workers against the Steel Corporation. The decision to strike was arrived at after a long conference between the national and international officers of the United Mine Workers of America. The reasons given by the miners for the strike is that the Pittsburg Coal Co., with its 70 mines, has not lived up to its agreement with the workmen and that new and heavier duties have been forced on the men.

Harrisburg.—Unless the new petrol butter, the latest product of the Standard Oil Co., is made exclusively from unadulterated milk, it will come under the oleomargarine head and cannot be sold in this state as butter. It can only be sold under license, issued in conformity to the oleo act. At present the ingredients of the new "butter" are not known to the dairy and food division, but it is probable that an analysis will be made of the new substance as soon as it is offered for sale in Pennsylvania. Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust has issued the following statement in regard to the matter: "The composition of the matter is not definitely known. If, however, it should be found to contain any substance, deleterious to health it would, being sold for use as a food, come under the prohibitive provisions of the general food act. If it contain no substance deleterious to health, but is an article similar in character and use to oleomargarine, buttermilk, or butter, and is not produced exclusively from unadulterated milk or cream, it would come within the provisions known as the 'oleomargarine act,' and would therefore, be legally salable only under license issued by the food bureau, and could not be legally licensed unless it were kept free from all coloration or ingredient that causes it to resemble or be in imitation of yellow butter; and would, of course, be subject to all the provisions of the act mentioned."

Uniontown.—Sixty separate companies, holding 75 plants, with 10,000 ovens and 40,000 acres of coal—that tells the story of the bigness of the new independent coke merger, whose success was assured beyond peradventure at a meeting in this city.

New Castle.—Fifteen hundred men will be benefited by the resumption of work at the Standard Steel Car Co. The company has received a large order for all-steel cars for the New York traction lines. The plant has been shut down for two months.

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Camden, N.J.—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimonial to your already long list—hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of this valuable medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from terrible headaches, pain in my back and right side, was tired and nervous, and so weak I could hardly stand. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health and made me feel like a new person, and it shall always have my praise."
—Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 902 Lincoln Avenue, Camden, N. J.

Gardiner, Me.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."
—Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner, Me.
Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

STOPPED HER SONG OF JOY.

Slight Forgetfulness That Marred the Full Appreciation of the Welcome Rain.

"Isn't that a lovely shower!" exclaimed Mrs. Randall to her friend in the parlor as they gazed out on the sudden downpour.
"Yes, we need it so badly."
"Need it? I should say we did. It's a God-send! Why, our goldengloves, hyacinths and roses out in the back yard are shrinking for the want of rain. The sprinkler can't take the place of rain, you know."
"Indeed not."
"Oh, I tell you this is just lovely! See how it pours! And to think that just when everything threatens to dry up and every one is praying for rain nature answers these appeals and sends us beautiful—Good heavens!"
"What's the matter?"
"I've left the baby out in the yard!"
—The Circle.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.



"Why, Mrs. Jones, what are you doing out in all this rain?"
"Oh, I just ran out to buy an umbrella!"

Hospitals a Benefit to Property.
The National association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has recently concluded an investigation, which shows that 67.5 per cent. of the tuberculosis sanatoria and hospitals of the United States have been a benefit to the property and health of the communities in which they are located. In the case of more than 62 per cent. of the sanatoria the presence of the institutions has helped to increase the assessed value of surrounding property.

Better than gold—Like it in color—Hamlin's Wizard Oil—the best of all remedies for rheumatism, neuralgia, and all pain, soreness and inflammation.

We lose money and comfort, and even temper sometimes by not learning to be more careful.—Dickens.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

The daughter's doings have been the mother's acts.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
FOR RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE
No. 375 "Guaranteed"

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