

## DEAD MAN'S CANNON.

It was a warm day in April. Charles Loften took a car and rode out to the end of the line, then he walked on for some distance and turned up the hill to the left and took the road which leads down through Dead Man's Cannon.

As he walked down the rough road he noticed a little child playing around a pile of wood which her father had been chopping.

Farther down he saw two girls at a spring, and as the younger drank from a tin pail she said to her sister, "What splendid water is this."

Two men who were drawing stone left their horses and went to the girls for a drink.

Some negroes were laughing and talking around a rough house on the side of the bluff.

All these things Loften noticed as he walked, and he also noticed two men, evidently tramps, who sat on a stone in a lonely part of the cannon talking in low tones which ceased entirely as he came nearer.

Loften went on through the cannon and crossed the tracks to the brewery, where he was going to look at some new machinery.

After he had examined the machine, he went up on the roof of the building, from which there was an excellent view of the valley.

He watched the river winding away past cultivated lands and patches of forest, past sandy flats and rocky bluffs. He noticed the tall sycamore, with their white bark, scattered over the valley. In the distance he could see the piled up stone and the tall masts of the derricks for moving it where a great ridge was being built, and near by the cluster of houses covered with tar paper, where the workmen lived. On the other side was the city with its towers and chimneys and over all the dark cloud of smoke curling upward. And then there was the river again, and more flats and more bluffs and more cultivated land, forest and white-barked sycamores.

Loften went down and started for home. As he went up the cannon the men still sat on the stone whispering together, and again stopped when he came near.

It was growing dark. The men who had been drawing stone had left their wagon by the road and gone for the night. He met one old negro carrying a pail of water. There was no one talking before the house now. The spring was deserted, and the water ran quietly down the hill. The little girl and the man who had been chopping wood were gone too.

Near the head of the cannon Loften met a well dressed man going down. They nodded as they passed and said something about the bad walking.

Loften noticed that black clouds were gathering, and when he reached the top of the bluff it was quite dark. He took a car and went home, and as he went into his house he heard the roar of distant thunder.

As the flashes of lightning for a second illuminated the lower end of Dead Man's Cannon a well dressed man lay in the road near the rock where the two tramps had sat whispering together—but the tramps were gone.

It was still moonlight when the quarrymen started for their work.

The storm had gone by and the sky was bright with stars.

As they entered the cannon the paling of the moon indicated that the sun would soon be up and the sky was already growing red in the east. A light mist floated among the tops of the sycamore trees on the flats.

Suddenly the men stopped.

Right before them on the road lay a man. His clothes were soaked by the rain, which had fallen in torrents, and his white collar and cuffs were soiled with mud. His head was covered with mud and blood, and an ugly gash in his throat showed how he had died.

One of them at once started for the town to notify the authorities.

The coroner came and took charge of the body, and men were set at work to try and discover the murderer.

Inquiry at the brewery brought out the fact that a strange man had been seen there late the previous afternoon, and an old negro testified to having seen him going up the cannon. A conductor on one of the cars said that a

man answering the description given by the men at the brewery and the old negro, had ridden on his car. A grocer's man who happened to be driving by had seen this man and identified him as Loften.

When the officers came to his house Loften was writing, and upon being told that he was wanted went at once, thinking there was some mistake which could be easily explained, and it was not until brought before the magistrate that he learned that he was charged with murder.

He told his story, as we have already done above, and pleaded his innocence, but the evidence against him seemed too strong, and he was sent to prison to await trial.

No one else had seen the two tramps nor could any traces of them be found.

Loften lay awake all night in his cell. He knew that he was innocent, but how was he to prove it? He had always had a stainless reputation and now he was in prison accused of murder! He thought of the grief and shame it would cause to his friends. Then he broke down and cried like a child.

After that he remembered nothing. When the jailer came with his breakfast he found him staring at the blank wall of his cell. He spoke to him, but the prisoner did not move. Loften was mad.

He was committed to an insane asylum, but the judge made a stipulation that if he should ever recover his reason he should be tried for murder.

For seven years Charles Loften was in the asylum. He ate and slept and was taken out to walk by a nurse with some of the other patients, but he never spoke and he never appeared to notice anyone or anything.

At the end of seven years his reason suddenly returned. Everything was clear up to the night of his imprisonment, but of the time he had spent in the asylum he remembered nothing.

The court was not fied that he had recovered his reason, and a time was set for his trial.

On the night before Charles Loften's trial a robbery was attempted in a neighboring town.

Between one and two in the morning the owner of a handsome place on the outskirts of the town was awakened and thought he heard some one moving in the house. He got up and went to his door and found that some one was moving about in the library.

The house was lighted by electricity, and by pressing a button at the head of the stairs the light could be turned on all over the first floor.

This he did, and in an instant every room was lighted.

Two men who were groping about in the darkness were at first blinded and stupefied by the bright light coming so suddenly, then they came to their senses and ran, and as the proprietor hurried down the stairs he saw them running through the house and escaping by a side door.

As the men crossed the yard the night watchman saw them and fired his pistol. The foremost man fell, but the other made good his escape.

On the first day of Loften's trial a jury had been selected, a few witnesses had been called and the court had adjourned.

On the second day of the trial, just as the third witness was about to take the stand, a note was handed to the judge.

It stated that, on examining the wounds of the burglar who had been shot in the neighboring town two nights before, it had been found that he could not live, and on learning this the man made a confession.

He said that seven or eight years before he and one of his companions had murdered a man in Dead Man's Cannon and robbed him of some valuable papers, which he had in his possession. He knew that an innocent man had been arrested, but thought he would be acquitted. He had afterwards learned that the man, whose name was Charles Loften, had become insane and had been placed in an asylum.

The man who listened to the story, knowing that Loften was now on trial for this crime, had sent for a justice and had the man make an affidavit, which he had sent at once to the court.

When the judge had read the note the affidavit was sworn to, and Charles Loften, after seven years im-

prisonment for a crime he had never committed, was once more at liberty.—New York Graphic.

## A JOKE INDEED.

Adrian Muscroft was in, or very nearly in the depth of despair. Everything had been going more or less wrong with him ever since the first day of the new year. On that day an adroit pickpocket had relieved him of his gold watch and wallet, the later containing his savings for several months. In fact all the money he had in the world, for Adrian had not begun to save until he met Ethel Burroughs, the pretty buyer of the lace department of an enormous up town establishment. Shortly after the loss of his fortune he was taken down to his bed with rheumatism, and there he remained for two months, and when he got up again he found himself out of a situation, the firm in whose employ he had been for more than five years having "gone," as their errand boy expressed it, and busted with the biggest kind of a bust.

"What in Heaven's name am I to do?" asked Adrian of himself one morning as he paced to and fro in the small room he occupied in Mrs. Hasler's "home for a few select boarders." "Of course I shall not get another situation soon, but I am already in debt, which it will take me a long time to clear away, and—and—confound it, I shan't be able to invite Ethel to go anywhere, or give her bouquets, or candies, or books or anything else. By jove! I've a good mind to ask Aunt Tamasin for a loan. She must be pretty well off, for she used to tip me generously when I was a boy. I'll do it, I'm sure she will let me have it—and pay her back as soon as I can. He had just come to this conclusion when maid servant knocked at his door and handed in a letter. He tore open the envelope, took out the enclosure and began to read: "My dear nephew," he repeated slowly. "Why, this must be from Aunt Tamasin. She's the only person I'm nephew to. What a strange coincidence! In a moment more I should have written to her," then he went on with the letter.

"I am very sorry to be obliged to ask you for the favor I am about to ask. You and all the rest of my relations, have always thought I was rich, although I have lived all my life in a very simple manner. I have never said anything to the contrary, for I have found being thought rich secures for one a great deal more attention than one would receive if supposed to be poor—a lamentable fact, but a fact nevertheless. Can you give me twenty-five dollars? If you can I want them at once.

Your mother's sister,  
TAMASIN BROCK.  
Pippinton, R. I. April 1, 1886."

"By jove!" exclaimed Adrian when he had finished his aunt's letter, "wants help from me, and I just on the point of asking a loan of her. Poor old auntie, wonder what can be the matter. She used to have enough to live on comfortably, I know, and how good she was to me when I was a little motherless boy. I ought to be ashamed of myself for not having been to see her for the last five years.

Haven't ever written to her. Suppose she thinks I'm a selfish wretch and I have forgotten all her kindness. But I haven't and she's got to have that money. My mother's only sister and my only aunt. Yes she's got to have it. But where is it to come from?" Then his eyes brightened as they fell upon his spring over coat, carefully spread over the back of a chair. "I'll sell that," he said. "Jim Turner wants one. He'll take it, and I'll wear my winter one till warm weather, on account of the rheumatism, I'll tell the boys. Ha! Ha! who'd ever thought it could have been a merry thought in connection with that pain fiend, the rheumatism, and I'll pond my dress suit and my sealskin cap. I have never pawned anything and have always declared I never would, but in this case I must fly to my uncle to get help for my aunt."

He was as good as his word, and that very afternoon a check for \$25 went to Aunt Tam.

The third of April dawned bright and clear, but the air was undeniable chilly and Adrian's winter overcoat did not feel uncomfortable. And so he was saying to himself when, coming out of the front door of his boarding

house, he ran against the postman. "Another letter for you sir," said that functionary. "From Aunt Tam again," soliloquized Adrian as he glanced at the hand writing, "acknowledging the receipt of the check, I suppose; hope it reached the good old lady in time."

He opened the letter—he opened his eyes—he opened his mouth—he stared like one suddenly gone demented, for this is what he read.

"YOU DEAR YOUNG APRIL FOOL—I received yours dated April 1 with five and twenty inclosed. I know how you raised it. I have a spy in the same house with you. All your misfortunes since the beginning of the year are known to me also, but known to me only lately, or you should have heard from me before. Now is the time thought I, to try if he really had any kind remembrance of his old aunt. I find that you have, and I return your five and twenty dollars with the interest that has accumulated on them since yesterday. Go to the City Bank and you will find there awaiting you \$1025.

"From yours affectionately,  
AUNT TAM."  
Pippintown, April 2, 1886."—Detroit Free Press.

## HAUNTED BY GHOSTS.

An odd-looking couple were among the passengers who alighted from the Western express at Union Station, Baltimore, the other evening. The man was tall and cadaverous looking; the woman short and chunky. Both were as ugly as human beings could be.

"That's a queer pair," said one of the gatemen as they slowly walked through the waiting room.

"Who are they?" was asked.

"Don't you know 'em? Why, the man is Goliath Jarning, and the woman—well, she is his wife, and he calls her Susie."

In early life Jarning went to New York, where he shipped on a brig bound for China. He and another sailor incited a mutiny, and the crew murdered the captain and made off with the cargo, which mostly consisted of clothing, flour and general articles intended for the American missionaries.

They sold the cargo at a South American port, and after putting to sea again they wrangled and fought over the division of the booty. This ended in putting Jarning overboard in the brig's yawl and casting him adrift. He was picked up when nearly starved and taken to San Francisco.

Jarning was next heard of in the slave trade. For seven or eight years he commanded a slaver and made six trips to Africa. His last trip with the slaver was in 1856. He had 400 negroes on board when he left Africa. The poor wretches were packed in the hold of the vessel and nearly starved. When out in mid-ocean the ship encountered a fearful storm, and the masts were struck by lightning. The hatches had been battered down, but the negroes, frantic with fear, burst one of them open and came swarming up on deck.

Jarning and the crew made no effort to save the poor, trembling creatures who were shouting for help and trying to cling to the wet decks. Many of them plunged overboard, and scores of others were swept away by the tremendous seas that every few moments engulfed the ship. When the storm had abated there was not a dozen of the 400 remaining on board. It was a horrible sacrifice of human life, but it could not be helped. Jarning used to say in later years.

From that time on Jarning was a changed man. The events of that terrible voyage seemed to haunt him continually. During the war he fought with the Union, and, it is said, did good service, but only as an ordinary sailor on one of the Union vessels. When the war ended he came to Maryland and married the divorced wife of a circus performer. He tried to atone for the crimes he had committed by befriending colored people whenever the opportunity offered, but it seemed that he was destined to be persecuted by the race he had so cruelly treated. His house was robbed a number of times by the negroes on the farm that he owned in Baltimore county, and, worst of all, his daughter, his only child, ran away with a negro two years ago, and has never been heard of since.—N. Y. Journal.

—10 cents for a pound of good cotton—Germans.

## THE CZAR'S PRISON.

"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" is the reflection which springs to one's mind on hearing the rumors as to attempts on the Czar's life in his rural retreat at Gatchina. The country house inhabited by the Autocrat of All the Russias is nothing more or less than a fortress surrounded by moats, with a strong garrison, and situated in the midst of an immense camp, in which countless detachments of soldiers, horse, foot, artillery, and even engineers are quartered. Yet even here the life of the sovereign is exposed to various perils, chief among which is the notorious disaffection of portions of his vast army. The time was when the Czar could at least reckon on the fidelity of his troops, and on the blind and unreasoning devotion of the liberated serfs. Now all is changed. It is acknowledged that the revolutionary movement has spread with appalling and significant rapidity, even to classes which had always been regarded trustworthy.

Meanwhile, however, Alexander III has no alternative but to make the best of the situation. Picked soldiers guard him day and night at Gatchina, and the strictest discipline prevails in the fortress castle. A writer who a short time ago had the rare privilege of an introduction to the presence of the Czarina, gives a graphic account of his visit, and of the precautions taken to prevent any mishap. Traveling from St. Petersburg to Gatchina in company with Gen. Ignatieff and Gen. Baumgarten, one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, he noticed all along the route small detachments of engineers, encamped in the open air at short intervals from each other. Cossacks, mounted on their small horses, galloped about in every direction. The party were met at the station by one of the imperial carriages, which started off at full speed, and after crossing a bridge strongly guarded, arrived at a huge gateway, at which the writer and his companions had to show their papers. Thence they were conducted to a wing of the palace, where the same ceremonial was gone through, after which they were taken through a perfect labyrinth of passages and staircases to rooms reserved for them. The writer was asked if he would have luncheon or tea, and was then left to himself until the hour appointed for his audience. At noon Gen. Baumgarten came to fetch him.

On his way to the central building he saw the steps crowded with centries who in turn presented arms with such a din that he shrewdly suspected that the noise was intended to warn their comrades further off of the arrival of a stranger. Next a large hall, in which 100 soldiers of the Guard were on duty, was traversed. At the further end the visitor had again to exhibit his papers, and after ascending a magnificent staircase, and crossing a hall in which was a gigantic Moor in a superb costume, and two huge Teherkesses armed to the teeth with dirks and pistols were stationed, he was introduced by a man servant into a small but elegant drawing room, whence he passed, under the conduct of one of the gentlemen on service, into the Empress's reception room. After half an hour's conversation, in the course of which her Majesty remarked that there were some very impious men in Russia, the writer withdrew but ere he took leave of Gen. Baumgarten the latter referring to the frankness with which he had spoken told him that no Russian would have dared to give advice to the Czarina, jokingly adding: "Take care! You may be sent to Siberia." What can be more characteristic than this rapprochement of the aide-de-camp's grim jest about Siberia and the precautions taken by the sovereign to avert all danger from himself and his family?

## THE FEMALE FIREMAN.

A dispatch from New Haven, Conn., tells this romantic story:

There is one branch of labor that has never been invaded by woman to any extent. While she, in search of employment, becomes a telegraph operator, ticket agent, type-setter, typewriter, clerk, saleswoman, and even newspaper editor and reporter, it has always been supposed that she never aspired to be either an engineer or fireman on a locomotive. But Bridgeport holds a woman in the per-

son of Hattie Morgans, who has seen but twenty-three years, and who has been stoker in England and engineer on a freight engine in Connecticut. She has bright colored, banged hair, large dark eyes, and, although her face is weather beaten, she is quite handsome. She is rather masculine in appearance and of a determined expression of character. Her story runs as follows:

About five years ago, while she was living in London, she fell in love with Tom Winnan, an engineer on the "Flying Scotchman," an express train which runs between London and Edinburgh. She loved him fondly, and was never happy except when he was near her. She was anxious to be constantly with him, and it was arranged between them that she should become his fireman. So she arrayed herself in a coarse suit of men's clothes and was at once transformed into a handsome young fireman. Day after day she attended to her duties, and the ponderous engine, No. 362, with its seven-foot drivers, used to do the mile a minute act over the heavy metals. Both she and Tom kept their secret well, and she and Tom were to be married.

But on one black day Tom was killed by being run over by a shunting car, and he died in less than an hour with his head in Hattie's lap. In her anguish her secret was revealed.

She left England, which had no more happiness for her, and came to this country. She had some money, but it soon dwindled away, and she found that she must do something. So again disguising herself she applied for a fireman's position on a locomotive on a Connecticut railroad. She served nearly two years acceptably, and has been given a freight engine. As she had a seventy-four mile run and 27 was the number of her engine, it is believed that her run was on the New York division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. She worked very well and showed her skill when her engine got out of repair. She was finally given the day express to run, and while there she killed two men. One was walking on the track and she blew the whistle repeatedly, but he paid no attention and the engine struck and mangled him. The other man under took to drive his wagon over a grade crossing, and both he and his horse were mutilated past recognition.

These accidents broke Hattie Morgans all up. She was exhorated by the officials, but she could not sleep, and she says the men constantly appeared before her.

Finally she was running engine No. 120 with a fast express the rate of fifty miles an hour. Far ahead on the track she saw something which she thought was a piece of newspaper. As she neared it she saw it was a little child playing with the dirt and stones. Its little life was crushed out on the instant. Hattie tried her best to reverse the engine, but in vain. When the train stopped the engineer almost fainted. That was her last trip. The little child haunted her day and night, and she had a severe fit of sickness. Then she resumed her proper dress.

She is now engaged to be married to an engineer who has charge of a sixty horse power engine in a large factory not far from New Haven. She hopes on her wedding tour to visit England and show her husband the "Flying Scotchman," where she received her first lessons in railroad-ing. But she can never, she says, forget the lives that were crushed out when she stood in the cab and sent the locomotive along at almost lightning speed.

The jury in the case of Yarborough, who slew the son of Robert L. Collier, returned a verdict on Saturday of murder in the first degree. A motion for a new trial was filed. During the night Yarborough attempted to commit suicide by slashing his throat with a pocketknife. He may die from the wounds.

The dead body of Dr. John Burnett, aged 80 years, was found by the police on Sunday on a cot in the second story of the house where he had lived alone, surrounded by rags and filth of every description. There were no marks of violence on his person and it is believed he died a natural death. Secreted under the carpet and in drawers and the cracks of old furniture which lumbered the room, and in old nooks and corners, was found \$2,700 in gold, silver and greenbacks. None of his neighbors are aware of any relatives living.