

TEMPTED BY TELEGRAPH.

How Boodlers Tried to Bribe a Member of the Jury.

Viewing crime as a high art it can truly be said that bribing has reached an ideal state.

In all the many attempts which have been made to fix juries there is one which rises above the commonplace, says the Chicago Times. In reprinting the following story of the famous case referred to all names and dates have been omitted.

Early in the spring of 18— the newspapers began to hint that everything was not right with a certain county board, that contractors, commissioners, and county officers were leagued together to rob the county. The first publications of these rumors were laughed at by the parties implicated. They had grown bold in their crime and covered their tracks well.

"Suppose the charges are true, what are you going to do about it?" laughingly queried one.

"Oh, we're all right; they can't touch us," said another, as he poured out a glass of champagne.

However, the press and people were thoroughly aroused. A fund to prosecute the boodlers was raised and the best detectives in the country were set to work. From vague hints the papers got to definite statements. Then the boodlers began to feel uneasy. They were not yet alarmed, because they were sure their money and influence would secure them immunity. It was not so with the outsiders, however—the contractors, merchants, and others who were only indirectly implicated in the affair. They feared that their reputations would suffer even if their liberty was not abridged. They began to talk in order to clear themselves and in this evidence was accumulated that was unimpeachable.

Then the boodlers began to be alarmed. One made a confession. Another pleaded guilty. Everyone implicated was taking the easiest method of protecting himself. The day of trial finally came. The prisoners realized that nothing remained for them but conviction and imprisonment if an honest jury was obtained. The prosecution realized this fact, too, and made every effort to obtain talesmen who were above suspicion. As fast as a juror was accepted he was placed under surveillance, and every attempt "got at" him was frustrated. When the twelve men filed into court the morning of the opening arguments were made the prisoners were hopeless. Every possible effort to "fix" a member of the jury had been tried and proved unavailing. From that time on the jurors would be more closely guarded than ever. The bailiffs and court officers were incorruptible. They had been tried and found true to their trust. Nothing but a lucky fluke would save the prisoners from the penitentiary.

However, the friends of the boodlers did not despair. Among their number were some of the cleverest schemers in the country—men used to evading the law, men always suspected but never convicted of crime. It was strange, they thought, if with unlimited money at their command they could not save their friends. A selfish motive, too, urged them to effort, because they feared that if convicted some of the boodlers might make statements which would drag them with them to prison.

Finally the longed-for lucky fluke turned up. In reading the examination of one of the jurors it was noticed that he said he was formerly a telegraph operator.

Here was a way to get at him. Now if he could be bribed they were all right.

The next day the friends of the prisoners took front seats in the courtroom and scrutinized the jurors closely. The telegraph operator—call him Smith, though his name was longer and more euphonious than that—sat where the rays of the sun shone full upon him. A big scarfpin—an owl's head with rubies for eyes—was the most noticeable feature of his apparel. This scarfpin played an important part in the subsequent proceedings.

Detectives were at once set to work to find out something about Smith's character, and to ascertain the best manner of approaching him. The following night the would-be bribers met. The detectives had found out that Smith was in the habit of indulging too freely in liquors at times, that he frequented pool rooms, and that he knew the difference between a case card and a look-out chair. In fact, the detectives reported that Smith had lost considerable money at faro just before he was summoned to appear in court, and that he had been trying to borrow money to "square himself."

This news fell upon the conspirators like a burst of sunshine from a cloudy sky. If they knew anything of character, and in their minds they felt they had not made their living by trading upon their knowledge of character too long to be easily deceived, Smith could be approached by them. This thought kept up the spirits of the prisoners all through the trial.

The jurors were kept at the hotel where they were not in court and were closely guarded, no one being allowed to communicate with them. Each juror had made notes on certain parts of the evidence, and one evening as the trial was nearing an end, wearied of the discussion, there was a lull in the arguments while the notes were being carefully studied. Smith was seated in a chair near a door which opened into an adjoining room. The door was closed and locked, but it didn't fit the casements so closely as to shut out sounds.

"Tiek, tiek, tiek, tiek" went something in the next room.

Smith raised his head and began to listen attentively. The sound had a familiar ring to it, but it took several minutes for him to realize that it came from a telegraph instrument.

"S-m-i-t-h, S-m-i-t-h, S-m-i-t-h," clicked the instrument in the familiar Morse alphabet.

Smith by this time was thoroughly startled.

"S-m-i-t-h, S-m-i-t-h, S-m-i-t-h," was repeated half a dozen times.

There was no need of this injunction, for Smith's ear was as close to the door as he could get it without exciting the suspicion of his fellow jurors.

"S-m-i-t-h," spelled the instrument: "F-i-v-e t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s i-f y-o-u h-a-n-g-t-h-e j-u-r-y o-r s-e-e-u-r-e a-n-a-c-q-u-i-t-t-a-l."

Scores of times was the message clicked from the instrument while Smith sat in the adjoining room almost paralyzed with doubt and amazement. This accounted for the apparent unconcern of the prisoners during the trial. Their friends had secured a telegraph operator willing to do their bidding, had engaged the room in the hotel next to that occupied by the jury, and had placed the operator with the instrument there. They had made sure that Smith could be bribed, their only doubt being the amount of money necessary for the purpose. Even that did not give them much concern, as they could command almost any sum. The difficulty that beset them for a time was their inability to devise a scheme by which they could learn whether or not Smith accepted their offer. The big owl's head which the juror wore for a scarfpin finally settled that matter, however.

"If you accept this offer," dinned the instrument into Smith's ears, "do not wear your scarfpin when you come into court tomorrow."

The next morning the boodlers' nerves were keyed to the highest tension. Would Smith accept this offer? Would the scarfpin be missing? Or would they have to make a higher bid? The thought that they could not buy him at any price had never entered their minds. The first man to appear as the bailiff escorted the jurors into court was Smith. The conspirators craned their necks to get a good look at him, but their countenances soon fell, for the first thing they saw was the gaudy scarfpin glistening and sparkling like the Koh-i-noor. Notwithstanding this setback, however, the conspirators by no means lost hope. All that was necessary, they thought, was to raise their bid.

"That night Smith was on the alert. Not a sound was heard from the adjoining room, however, until nearly midnight. Then the telegraph instrument began to click at a furious rate.

"Will give you fifteen thousand dollars," was the oft-repeated message, "if you will either hang the jury or bring in a verdict of acquittal. If you consent will place the money in the hands of your wife and will arrange signals between you so that you will be assured that she has the money."

For an hour or more this message was repeated until it seemed to Smith that the sound of it would drive him crazy. Arguments were then being made in the case and it was necessary for him to make up his mind soon. Apparently, however, the offer made no impression on him, for the next morning the scarfpin appeared in his cravat as usual.

At a slight of the pin the conspirators for the first time became alarmed. Judging the juror, perhaps, by their own peculiar standards, they had reckoned that fifteen thousand dollars was enough to buy him, body and soul. Time was now precious. The next day the case was to go to the jury. Arrangements would have to be made that night or not at all. Another consultation was held that evening and it was decided to offer Smith thirty thousand dollars. This was thought to be so large a sum that he could not possibly refuse.

Accordingly the operator was again sent to the hotel and again the instrument ticked off its tempting offers to the jurymen. But again the offers were useless, for Smith appeared the next morning wearing his scarfpin as usual. That morning the case was given to the jury, who retired to deliberate upon the verdict, leaving the prisoners with very little hope.

Their friends, however, did not give up the battle yet. By dint of hard work they raised fifty thousand dollars and sent the telegraph operator to make a final appeal to the juror.

Before his arrival, however, one of the bailiffs was nosing around the corridor off which was the room which was used by the jury. By a lucky mistake he opened the wrong door and went into the room where the telegraph instrument was placed. His suspicions were at once aroused. He had heard a faint clicking sound the night before, but could not make out what it was.

"Who occupies room 357?" he asked of the clerk in the office.

"A traveling man," was the reply.

"What's the telegraph instrument there for?"

"Didn't know it was there."

SHORT AND INTERESTING.

Eight cubic feet of snow produce one cubic foot of water.

All the people in Brazil have unusual respect for old age. Young men take care of old women, and old men receive much attention.

Twenty-two spinsters are numbered among the inhabitants of the Cherokee strip. They have located their homes and planted their fall crops.

A rug dog that received injuries in a recent gasoline explosion at Spokane, Wash., remembers the occurrence so vividly that he will not venture within a square of the place.

William Becker, a Swiss baker in Augusta, Ga., is a powerful fellow. He can break a chain with his teeth, break ropes with his naked hands and snap a chain wound around his arms by simply swelling his muscles.

The largest engine is at Friedensville, Pa. Its driving wheels are thirty-five feet in diameter, the cylinder is one hundred and ten inches, and it raises seventeen thousand five hundred gallons of water per minute.

There will soon be music in the air for Philadelphia. The car shop at Third and Berks streets, Philadelphia, is to have a steam whistle that can be heard twenty-five miles. It was made by John Bowman, of Reading.

Extraordinary strength was possessed by the Roman emperor Calus Julius Verus Maximinus. Besides other gifts of strength, he could crush the hardest stone to powder in his hand. He was over eight feet high, and had a wonderful appetite. He often ate forty pounds of meat in a day.

Fred White, of Otsego, Minn., while mentally deranged, gouged out his right eye, and, with an ax, cut off his right foot and his right hand.

A couple of burglars in Fall River, Mass., while trying to escape, were pursued by two football players, who jumped on them, trampled on them, and brought their football tricks into use. This treatment settled the burglars.

A severe pain in the ear of Elsie McLaughlin, aged seven, at Frankfort, Pa., compelled her parents to call a physician. He discovered that a grain of corn had actually begun to sprout in the ear! It had been there several days.

A baker in St. Johnsbury, Vt., is kicking himself because he broke an egg to put it in a cake instead of placing it under a hen or in an incubator. Inside of the egg he found a live and well-developed frog. Now, if the egg had been hatched, a chicken and a frog might have come forth as twins!

Every shade of brown is shown, both in silk and cloth.

Entire costumes are now made of accordion-plaited silk mud.

Rasques are at the height of fashion and round waists are also worn.

Dresden china trays are in use for the toilet, the bathroom, the library and the table.

Tom Thumb ribbon, sewed on in rows, is employed to great extent to trim petticoats.

This Isn't a Piece of Fiction.

She had called at her husband's office and she told him that in case he got home first he would find the key where she had hidden it on the porch.

He did get home first, and he found this notice in his wife's handwriting in a conspicuous place on the front door.

"Dear Fred: I have hidden the key so that no one can find it but you. It is under the left lower corner of the door mat."—Chicago Record.

It Turned His Head.

Jack Winston—I hear you have discharged your man, Cholly.

Cholly Chumpleigh—Yes. Had to, don't you know. Somebody mistook the beggar law me, y' know, and it made him—aw—pweesome and take liberties. Good enough man in othaw respects.

Jack Winston—Too bad. But who was it that mistook him for you?

Cholly Chumpleigh—My fiancée.—Brooklyn Life.

Must Have Meant Him.

"I want Kurnel Breckenridge, who lib's next dore ter me, put under a million dollar bond ter keep de peace," said Sam Johnson, excitedly, to an Austin (Tex.) justice of the peace.

"Has he threatened your life?" asked the justice.

"He has done dat berry ding. He tole me dat he was gwine ter fill de next nigrah he caught arter dark in his henhouse plum full of buckshot."—Texas Siftings.

Culture and Cooking.

Husband—What stuff this pudding is!

Where'd you get the recipe? Cultured Wife (calmly)—When speaking of directions for preparing foods you should say receipt. When referring to medical prescriptions you may, if you choose, use the term recipe, from the Latin *recipe*—take.

Husband—I used the word correctly. This pudding is a dose.—N. Y. Weekly.

He Might Live Too Long.

PRETTY BONBON BOX.

Very Effective for the Christmas Tree or Dinner Table.

This box can be made without paste or glue of any kind, is easily and quickly folded into shape, and is very pretty and effective for the Christmas tree or dinner table.

One sheet of water-color paper and a yard or two of narrow ribbon will make half a dozen or more. Tinted with

water colors or decorated with paintings of flowers, these little receptacles for bonbons are as dainty and gay as you please.

Our illustration is a three-cornered envelop-box, made with sufficient depth to hold the candy. It is cut after the pattern shown in Fig. 1. The dotted lines indicate where the paper is folded, and the short ones where it is slit for the ribbon to pass through.

Cut a pattern first of writing-paper, then lay that flat on your water-color paper, mark the outline with the point of an ivory paper-knife, that no black lines may be on the box, as would be the case if a pencil were used. Use a rule to keep the lines straight where the paper is to be folded, still employing the paper-knife for marking, and with a sharp pen-knife cut the slits exactly as shown in diagram. Cut out the box according to the outline and fold according to dotted lines.

With the aid of your penknife blade pass the end of your ribbon through the two slits in the point of the flap, bring it up over the top and down the back to the bottom point; pass it through the slit in the point, pushing it on through those just opposite and bringing it out in front, draw it up the front and slip through the slits above. Leave about three inches at each end of the ribbon for tying. Make a bowknot in the end of a longer piece of ribbon, pass the other end through the two slits on one side of the box, drawing the bow up close to the lower slit; slip the ribbon again through the slits on the other side of

the box, passing it through the top slit first, and tie a bowknot in this end also. If your box is to be tinted or decorated, spread it out flat before running the ribbon in, and then paint it. The tinting looks pretty if it grows deeper towards the edges, or if a border of a darker shade is put on in dashes. After tinting lay the box out flat under a heavy book or weight, and let it remain until quite dry, after which fold it into shape again and tie with the ribbon.—Harper's Young People.

A WORD ABOUT VEILS.

In Nine Cases Out of Ten They Are Decidedly Harmful.

Fashion is queen, but if her subjects could always remember to be sensible in their devotions, the burdens imposed by her would often be much lighter, and yet the spirit of the law would be obeyed. This is especially true just now in the matter of veils.

It can hardly be doubted that the necessity, if such it was, that invented veils brought forth what under some circumstances may be beneficial; but it is exceedingly doubtful if such praise can be bestowed upon the articles worn at the present time.

On a blistering winter day, when one is riding, a heavy veil, in the form of a scarf, bound around the forehead and over the ears, with the ends well about the neck and chin, is nearly as useful, without being so cumbersome, as the old-fashioned muffler.

But all this does not excuse the risk of injury to the eyes incurred by the continual obscuring of the sight caused by wearing the fanciful fabrics now in vogue.

Of the different styles of such fabrics, it is probable that the watered designs are the most harmful, though it is hard to conceive how they can be much worse than the heavily-figured designs.

We are all aware of the intimate relation between the general nervous system and the special senses. Indeed, the relation of this most important sense of sight to certain organic changes in the body has been the subject of much recent investigation. It is probable that the feeling of being "sight tired," which we are all liable to experience, very nearly approaches at times to a special disease.

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Subject to the decision of the Democratic nominating convention of Freeland borough.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR—A. A. BACHMAN, of Freeland.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic nominating convention of Freeland borough.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR—JOSEPH DAVIS, of Freeland.

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