

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

May 12th, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 2.00 p. m., and 7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., 2.00 and 3.57 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00 3.57 and 7.55.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.50 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 4.03, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 14.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 8.10, 9.15 a. m., and 4.35 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m.

J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

*Does not run on Mondays. *Via Morris and Essex R. R.

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A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

ONE of the most remarkable cases on record is now being investigated at Bridgeport, Conn. It shows a regular conspiracy to murder for the purpose of selling the bodies of the victims.

Lorena Alexander a few days ago entered the Bridgeport police office and said she had been a witness to a murder committed by Frank Bassett, the victim being Frank Weinbecker.

The reason she told it was that Bassett, on his return from New London, found that it would go hard with him unless he could prove that on September 20th he did not steal the pocket-book which P. McKay, Vandalia, Ill., had laid down on a fence in front of Bassett's house, in East Bridgeport. McKay had taken out the book, which contained \$68, with a postal-card, and after writing on the card forgot to replace the book in his pocket. Two girls saw this and saw Bassett pick it up. They informed the police, and this caused the arrest in New London. Lorena Alexander was Bassett's mistress. They lived in a room fitted up in an old carriage factory, and the furniture Lorena claimed as hers; but Bassett when arraigned here for theft, having only \$10 left of McKay's money, sold the furniture in order to employ counsel. He, however, was convicted of theft and locked up, and when Lorena found their home bereft of all its scanty comforts she said, "I know something that will put him where he ought to be."

City Attorney Holt and Chief of Police Marsh closely pressed Lorena, and she finally told, with many tears, the whole story of the murder. She said that Weinbecker, who was otherwise known as "Stuttering Jack" and "Jack Rufus," an inoffensive fellow, whose only vice was drunkenness, on the night of the 10th of last May came home with Bassett, at the latter's invitation, to supper. Bassett had resolved to kill Weinbecker solely for the paltry sum of money he was supposed to have about him as pay for one month's services as a deck hand on a coasting vessel, amounting to less than \$5, and for the amount his body would bring when sold to the Faculty of the Yale Medical School in New Haven. The total sum to be realized would not aggregate \$50. Weinbecker after supper was persuaded to lie down on a sofa. He had been drinking during the day, and if there was any eagerness in Bassett's manner which might have awakened alarm he was not in the proper condition to observe it. He soon fell asleep. Bassett had previously provided himself with a two-ounce bottle of chloroform. Wetting a sponge with the liquid, he placed it against Weinbecker's nostrils, where he held it. Lorena said that she asked Bassett what he was about. "Shut up, or I will serve you in the same way," was the response. She was frightened and gave no alarm, though she started once or twice to do so, but was deterred when Bassett swore at her savagely. She contented herself with remonstrating as the gasps of the doomed man grew fainter and fainter. When there was no sign of life, Bassett looked in Weinbecker's pocket, but found therein only 75 cents. He then prepared to make some disposition of the body.

Lorena Alexander has one child, and in order to provide for its necessities she went to New Haven some time ago and proposed to Dr. Sanford, of the Medical Faculty, that he should advance her some money and have in return her body for dissection when she died. Dr. Sanford would not make any bargain with her, but, according to her story, offered to purchase the bodies of any of her friends. When she came home she told Bassett of her visit, and he said that they might get hold of a body and "make a stake."

There was an empty four barrel in a corner of the scantily furnished room. Bassett now drew this out and tried to force into it the body of his victim. But it would not go in with all the clothing on, and Bassett with a pair of scissors cut the coat in two pieces and pulled the garment away, and then took off the shoes. Then the head was pressed against the knees, and the body squeezed into the barrel, the head of which was nailed in securely. The barrel was then rolled to a corner of the room. During the enactment of the tragedy Lorena said that she had been compelled to wet the sponge, as the chloroform evaporated, but she did not touch the body. The next morning Bassett brought a horse and wagon to the door, loaded in the barrel and started for New Haven, taking along Lorena and the child, a wan-faced little thing of about four years. By the time Dr. Sanford's office in New Haven was reached Bassett evidently had lost courage, and he ordered the woman to go in and try to sell the body. Excited and weeping she entered, but Dr. Sanford refused to purchase unless a proper death certificate was shown

him. Turning around, Bassett drove over country roads, through West Haven, Derby, Birmingham and Shelton until he came to a wild and dismal place on an unfrequented road in the town of Huntington, four miles from Shelton and eleven miles from Bridgeport. There was no house nearer than half a mile, and no one was in sight. From the road the hillside slopes abruptly down for sixty feet to a patch of tangled underbrush and luxuriant weeds. The barrel was lifted out of the wagon, placed on the edge of the hill and sent bounding down into the brush, being stopped finally by a large stone. In such a place it might have lain for years undiscovered.

The coat and shoes, Lorena said, were carried out into the yard and buried under a chicken-coop. It was easy to determine whether this part of the story was true, though the tale did not have complete credence, for several people in Bridgeport said they had seen Weinbecker later than May 11. The shoes and coat were, nevertheless, found where she said on Saturday, the day the story was told. Chief Marsh and a police officer then took Lorena and her child in a wagon and retraced the road to New Haven. Dr. Sanford had no difficulty in recollecting the visit, and said that he had not mentioned the occurrence to any one. Leaving the city the woman could not speak with confidence of the exact route taken to the place where the barrel was disposed of. After some time, however, the spot was reached and identified. The woman cried when the police officer went down the hill, but made no remark. A deadly smell assailed the nostrils of the officer. Going carefully along among the underbrush he came to the barrel. One head had been jolted out when the barrel rolled down the hill, and the head of the murdered man was disclosed. The officer had to ransack the neighborhood for some one to help him place the barrel on poles in the rear of the wagon. The barrel head was then replaced and Chief Marsh drove back to Bridgeport.

Although decomposition had rendered the body unrecognizable there remained certain articles of clothing and a ring which might serve as means of identification. A jury of inquest met next forenoon, Justice Walter Goddard acting as coroner. Bassett was in jail, not having served out his full sentence for theft. At noon the jury adjourned, having heard no testimony outside of the line of identification, except that Weinbecker was alive on the twelfth day of July. George F. Hummiston testified that "them shoes are Jack's to death," and thought a ring taken from the body was similar to one worn customarily by Weinbecker. Two witnesses swore positively that he was alive July 4. John Wyncoop left a vessel on which he and Weinbecker had sailed, on the night of July 12th, in company with Weinbecker, who had \$4 in his pocket which he had just been paid, and Wyncoop drank with him. He identified positively a memorandum-book taken from a pocket.

This being the closing day of the present term of the Superior Court, it was decided by State-Attorney Olmstead to bring Bassett before the Court to secure his commitment, so that he might appear at the opening of the next Criminal Term. He did not know that the body had been found until this morning, and when told accused the woman of the murder. The indictment presented in the court this afternoon accused both of murder in the first degree in causing Weinbecker's death by administering two ounces of chloroform. When the woman came into Court—she had previously been to Bassett's house with the officers and identified the chloroform bottle, which was found under the floor—she took a seat outside the dock. Bassett looked at her for a minute and she returned the glance, looking him steadily in the face, and he then dropped his eyes and they did not face each other again. A commitment was granted and they both went to jail. The team has been identified, the place where the chloroform was purchased found, and there is no doubt that the murder occurred as narrated above, though there seems to be equal grounds for supposing the woman guilty. She concealed her knowledge of the crime for over two months, and it was she who offered the body to Dr. Sanford. On examination of the case some curious facts are shown. Dr. Sanford produced a letter written to him by Mrs. Alexander subsequent to her endeavor to sell her body. It caused a sensation and strengthened the impression that Bassett's assertion is not altogether untrue that she is equally responsible for the murder. The first time Mrs. Alexander called on the doctor she was accompanied by a Mrs. Kelpy or Kelty, of Bridgeport. When Dr. Sanford asked her what she wanted to sell her body for, she responded promptly, "for money, of course." He asked her what desperation had driven her to such a course, and she talked of the desertion of her husband, her poverty and the necessity of supporting her

child and mother. She insisted on leaving her address on a slip of paper, which slip Dr. Sanford preserved for a time. She wanted to assign her body at death, but Dr. Sanford told her that the college authorities could not entertain any such proposition. Then she asked if she could dispose of the bodies of her friends, and he said that there was nothing to prevent provided the legal and moral requirements were complied with. She then said that she didn't know but that she would have two or three bodies to sell. Dr. Sanford told her that she would get herself into trouble if she violated the laws, and that she had better not take up such a disreputable business. Three or four days after this Dr. Sanford received a letter which bore the postmark of "Bridgeport, April 8, 1878, 8 P. M.," and which came from the Alexander woman. It was written on one side of a little slip of paper, and he had indorsed his reply on the back. He read it aloud very deliberately, as follows:

BRIDGEPORT, April 8, 1878.

Dr. Sanford. SIR: Will you be so kind as to inform me where I can address a resurrectionist. I want a man to help me, one that understands himself, that I can trust, for I know where I can reap a harvest if I have help, but I dare not trust any one I know with my secret. Dr. you will find me reliable, for I told you the truth, I am sorely in need of money. Please oblige me as soon as possible, direct to the full name you have got. L. E. A.

I can get 3 now if I have help, in haste with respect, adieu please answer in haste and oblige me. L. E. A. Bridgeport, Conn.

Dr. Sanford's reply was as follows:

NEW HAVEN, April 11, 1878.

Mrs. Alexander. I cannot comply with your request to furnish you with the services of a resurrectionist. We have no dealings with such people. To rob graves is a serious offense against the laws of the State, and if you undertake anything of the kind you will probably get yourself into trouble. We cannot receive anything that has been thus obtained. We shall not violate the law ourselves, nor assist others to do it. L. J. S.

Undoubtedly Dr. Sanford's statement at the first interview that bodies were worth about \$25 each as subjects had indicated Mrs. Alexander's greed. When she received the above letter she wrote him a most abusive epistle which he destroyed straightway. Then he heard no more of Mrs. Alexander until she came to his office in July to sell Weinbecker's body. This time she was alone. If Bassett was outside in the closely covered black wagon he was not seen by Dr. Sanford. The woman handed him a slip of paper on which was written: "I have a subject or body to sell for \$25." She said that the evening before several men had engaged in a fight in front of her house in Bridgeport. One of them struck another a tremendous blow on the head which killed him and the others threw the body over the fence into the yard. She immediately put the remains in a barrel, drove the head in herself, and had brought the remains to New Haven. She had written "Dr. Sanford" on the barrel, she said. The doctor told her that it was her duty to confess any crime she might have committed and to take back the body, if she had one, to the place from which she took it. He also warned her that knowledge of her participation in or commission of any crime would prompt him to divulge all the information he possessed concerning her. The mention of an expenditure of \$5 by her for the team was the only thing which caused her any emotion. He gave her a hint that she had better depart, and she went. When Dr. Sanford came to think this story over he didn't believe the woman could have put the body in a barrel unaided, and concluded that there was nothing in the barrel except enough rubbish of some sort to make up the weight of a human body, and that a fraud had been defeated. No suspicion that a grave crime had been committed intruded itself into his mind.

The woman's letter to Dr. Sanford had started speculation among the police and a thorough examination will be made of her baggage for any letter or anything else tending to show that she may have known of other murders of transactions in bodies. It is rumored that she was suspected of attempting to poison a family some time ago, but the police are reticent about the matter. Detective Arnold had a long interview with her at jail to learn whether others are implicated and more arrests may be made. It has been ascertained that when Bassett went to hire the team to drive to New Haven some one accompanied him. The woman who was with Mrs. Alexander at the time of the first interview with Dr. Sanford and whose name is Kavanagh, will probably be questioned. The detectives think it singular that the woman should have signed only her initials to the letter to Dr. Sanford, if this was her first communication to him, and equally remarkable that he signed his instead of his full name. Letters have been found written by Mrs. Alexander which, though penned about the time of the

murder, show no signs of agitation, though she testified that she could not at first recall the date of the murder with certainty on account of the disturbed condition of her mind at the time. This is sufficient itself to create a suspicion that she had improper knowledge in May, the first date named. The handwriting of the letters found by the detectives is similar to that of the letter to Dr. Sanford.

A Time for All Things.

TIMELINESS is as important as fitness. The right thing may become wrong unless it is in the right time. Look well to the time of doing anything; there is a time for all things. Choose the right time for saying things. If your wife looks wearied and worn-out, be sure it is not the right time to tell her that the dinner is not hot, or that the bread is sour. Comfort her—cheer her up. Use the ten thousand little stratagems you were wont to handle so skilfully in the old days, to bring out the smiles around her lips.

If you are annoyed or vexed at people, just remember it is not the right time to speak. Close your mouth, shut your teeth together firmly, and it will save you many a useless and unavailing regret, and many a bitter enemy.

If you happen to feel a little cross—and who among us does not at some time or other?—do not select that season for reproving your noisy household flock. One word spoken in passion will make a scar that a summer of smiles can hardly heal over.

If you are a wife, never tease your husband when he comes home, weary, from his day's business. It is not the right time. Do not ask him for expensive outlays when he has been talking about hard times; it is most assuredly the wrong time.

If he has entered upon any undertaking against your advice, do not seize on the moment of its failure to say, "I told you so!" In fact, it is never the right time for those four monosyllables.

Oh! If people only knew enough to discriminate between the right time and the wrong, there would be less domestic unhappiness, less silent sorrow, and less estrangement of heart! The greatest calamities that overshadow our lives have sometimes their germ in matters as apparently slight as this. If you would only pause, reader, before the stinging taunt or the biting sneer, or the unkind scoff passes your lips, pause just long enough to ask yourself, "Is it the right time for me to speak?" you would shut the door against many a heart-ache.

The world hinges on little things, and there are many more trivial than the right time and the wrong.

A Story of the Tower.

It was during the stormy times in England, when the wars of York and Lancaster were raging, that Sir Thomas Wyatt, a fierce Lancastrian, was confined in one of the dismal dungeons of the Tower of London.

Sir Thomas was not very comfortable, as you may suppose. He was cold and hungry. One day, as he sat there in his loneliness and misery, a cat made its appearance in his cell. He took the animal and warmed his numb fingers in her soft fur, and laid her in his breast, where she cuddled, quite delighted with this kind treatment. Next day pussy came again, and wonderful to tell carried in her mouth a pigeon, which was laid at the prisoner's feet.

The next time the jailer came to visit him Sir Thomas complained of his hard fare, and begged for some meat. His request was gruffly refused. "If I provide the game will you dress it for me?" inquired the old knight.

"That I will," said the jailer, thinking himself quite safe in making the promise. What was his surprise when the pigeon was produced. But he kept his word and brought it to Sir Thomas again nicely cooked.

The cat continued to furnish him from time to time with these rare bits. It is needless to say that she stood high in the affections of the prisoner.

After some years Sir Thomas was released. He ever afterward included all cats in his love and esteem in memory of its benefactress.

A portrait of the old knight is still to be seen in South Kensington gallery, with his faithful cat beside him, and the pigeon in a pan.

Changes of Life.

The man who but for revolution would now be Tycoon of Japan is a student in Paris, living quietly as M. Tokugawa. He is small, lithe and well dressed. His income is \$200,000 a year, of which he spends a little on himself and sends the remainder to his followers who were ruined by the revolution. Very few of his fellow-students know who he is. He will learn all he can at the Sorbonne, and will then go to London to continue his studies. Eleven years ago, when the Japanese Embassy went to London, he, then a little boy, headed it, as brother of the Tycoon, and the Prince of Wales went to Dover to welcome him.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows: EAST. Middletown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Middletown Ex. 12.23 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 11.57 p. m., (flag)—daily, except Sunday.

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows: EASTWARD. Middletown Acc. 8.12 a. m., daily except Sunday. Middletown Ex. 12.53 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 10.20 p. m., daily (flag).

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