THE LEAVENWORTH WEEKLY TIMES

Conservative Established by D. R. Anthony, Jan. 1861.

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1873.

Times Established 1855. Vol. 28, No. 26.

MEDICAL

The Romance of Cure

the many evidences of extraordinary cures that are daily reported as effected through

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Ready Relief, and Perfect Purgative Pills, in written testimonials from all parts of the world, surpass in wonder the most extravagant miracles of enchantment. Physicians and medical men in all countries pronounce these wonderful remedies a *mystery*, that neither their science of analysis or chemical skill can explain. True, these medicines effect the most marvelous cures, and restore the dying to life, and relieve the most wretched pain-suffering victim of his tortures, in from *one to twenty* minutes, and although they know some of the ingredients of their composition, and Dr. Radway has published their formul (withholding only two newly discovered roots), still both French, German, English and American chemists and pharmaceutists *utterly fail* with the same ingredients as prepared by them. The great success, which these wonderful remedies are constantly achieving, lies in the great secret of combining the ingredients together, after selecting the pure and genuine roots.

Such wonders of Modern Chemistry as Sarsaparillian Resolvent, Ready Relief and Radway's Pills are without parallel in the history of medicine for there are some infirmities and diseases that are considered as incurable, and sure death. Yet the most astounding cures have been made through these remedies of some diseases that have never been known to be cured by medicine.

Consumption, Scrofula, white swelling, tumors in the womb, stomach, ovaries, bowels, Bright's disease of the kidneys that have been pronounced incurable, cancers, ulcers, swellings, stone in the bladder, calculous concretions, ulcers and sores of the bones, rickets so deeply seated that no other medicine have ever been known to reach, have been cured by the Sarsaparillian Resolvent, aided by the Ready Relief and Pills.

Pasly, paralysis dry gangrene—that threatens a living death, daily rotting away of the limbs and flesh—diabetes, involuntary discharge of water, fungi in the bladder (the Emperor Napoleon's disease), torturing pains when discharging urine, rheumatism, gout neuralgia—each and every one of these complaints, though but few out of the many other diseases Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent has cured and is daily curing in all parts of the world.

In one word, any disease—no matter under what name designated—that is nourished or increased by bad, impure depraved, weak, thin, watery or poisoned blood, can be cured by RADWAY'S SARSAPARILIAN RESOLVENT.

As many persons discredited their extraordinary power, from the fact of their disappointment in the use of other advertised remedies—and some believed it impossible for simple medicines made only from vegetable substances—roots, herbs, etc.,—should possess such marvelous power. Yet they can readily comprehend that the simple grasses of the field, after undergoing the chemical process of distillation designed by nature in the cow and churn, furnishes us with butter—certainly the most abundant fat, caloric or heat making—bone, tissue, muscle sinew and blood-making constituents for the human body.

But when those people who first doubt the efficacy of these remedies commence their use, they become their most earnest advocates.

WORMS.

The Only Safe and Sure Remedy for Tape, Pin and Worms of all Kinds.

OVARIAN TUMOR CURED.

Never has a medicine taken internally been known to have cured tumors either of the womb, uteri, ovaries, or bowels; the knife has been the sole reliance in the hands of experienced surgeons; but Dr. Radway's Sarsaparilla settles this question. For it has cured over twenty persons of Ovarian Cysts and Tumors, as well as Tumors in the Bowels, Uterus, Womb, Liver, Dropsical Effusion, Ascites, and Calculus Concretions.

TUMOR OF TWELVE YEARS' GROWTH CURED BY RADWAY'S RESOLVENT.

BEVERLY, Mass., July 18, 1869.

DR. RADWAY:—I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried everything that was recommended, but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it, but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for twelve years. I took six bottles of the Resolvent, one box of Radway's Pills, and used two bottles of your Ready Relief; and there is not a sign of a tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel better, smarter, and happier than I have for twelve years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose.

HANNAH P. KNAPP.

An Important Letter

From a prominent gentleman and resident of Cincinnati, Ohio, for the past forty years well known to the newspaper publishers throughout the United States:

NEW YORK, Oct. 11th, 1870.

DR RADWAY—Dear Sir: I am induced by a sense of duty to the suffering to make a brief statement of the working of your medicine on myself. For several years I had been affected with some trouble in the bladder and urinary organs, which some twelve months ago culminated in a most terribly afflicting disease, which the physicians all said was a spasmodic stricture in the urethra, as also inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, and gave it as their opinion that my age—73 years—would prevent my ever getting radically cured. I had tried a number of physicians, and had taken a large quantity of medicine, both allopathic and homoeopathic, but got no relief. I had read of astonishing cures having been made by your remedies; and some four months ago I read a notice in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post of a cure having been affected on a person who had long been suffering as I had been. I went right off and got some of each—your Sarsaparillian Resolvent, Ready Relief and Regulating Pills—and commenced taking them. In three days I was greatly relieved, and now feel as well as ever.

C. W. JAMES, Cincinnati, Ohio.

☞Price, One Dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere, and at Dr. Radway's, No. 32 Warren, cor. Church street N. Y.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF.

CURES THE WORST PAINS IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES.

NOT ONE HOUR AFTER READING THIS ADVERTISEMENT, NEED ANY ONE SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

hat instantly stops the most excruciating pains, ALLAYS INFLAMMATION AND CURES CONGESTIONS,

Whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands and organs, by one application

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer

Radway's Ready Relief

Will afford instant ease! Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diptheria, Catarrh, Influenzia, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

20 drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water.

It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a Stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE CURED FOR FIFTY CENTS.

There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by Radway's Pills,) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief.

Fifty cents per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative and Regulating

PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the Cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia Billiousness, Billious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera.

Warranted to Effect a Positive Cure

PURELY VEGETABLE,

Containing no Mercury, Minerals, or Deleterious Drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the Digestive organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency in Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh. A few doses of

RADWAY'S PILLS

Will free the System from all the above disorders.

Price, 25 cents per Box.

RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren, cor. Church street, New York.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren, cor. Church street, New York. Information worth Thousands will be sent in return.

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Weekly Times

THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1873.

THE DROUTH.

The latest exhibition of the drouth in Kansas was given in the Solomon River. It commenced raining last Saturday night. The water came down in torrents, and our advices from that region of country inform us that ten or twelve bridges across creeks tributary to the Solomon were swept away by the floods. The Kansas river is also bank full and threatening to carry away bridges at different points.

JOY MOVEMENTS.

It is stated on very good authority that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company have not purchased or leased any road directly connecting with the St. Joseph bridge, and do not intend to buy or build roads with a view of securing Eastern connections in that quarter. We have received intelligence, however, which lead us to believe that Mr. Joy will run trains of the Atchison & Nebraska Railway across the St. Joseph bridge.

PUBLIC PARKS.

The wisdom and foresight of the people of St. Paul is exhibited in their recent purchase of twenty six acres of ground on a lake near the city and adjacent to a tract of two hundred and thirty-three acres previously owned by the city, the whole tract having cost $350 per acre. Immediate steps are to be taken to improve and beautify the park, and thus a great attraction will be added to St. Paul and a delightful resort for its citizens created. How soon Leavenworth will be able to compete in this behalf with other cities remains to be seen. We hope it may be soon.

NEW SPEECHES.

From all quarters of the land we get the cheering news that people of this great and glorious country will not longer quietly submit to the inflictions of the same old speeches, and the same old arguments that have been hurled from the stump every year for the last decade. The war is over, and new questions are presenting themselves. Therefore it becomes the duty of oratorical politicians to get posted as speedily as possible on new themes. The masses are now concerned in finances, tariffs, railroads, etc., and while they may regard it pleasant and agreeable to hear an occasional side remark about the sacrifices of the army, and the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, they will expect the body of the speeches to be made up of something more pertinent and useful.

RAILWAY PASSES.

The abolition of all railway passes does not meet the approval of J. Edgar Thompson, Esq., President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. During a recent visit to Chicago, in discussing the action of the late Railway Convention at that place, he is reported to have stated that whatever might be the present intention and desire of those composing the meeting at which the resolutions abolishing the pass system were adopted, the effort would be in the end abortive He held that the discretionary granting of passes was not injurious to the railways, but a wholesome practice. If the passes were abolished, some device, such as the giving of free tickets, would be substituted, and the old practice would virtually be restored. The only way to secure unanimity of action in this matter was to have Congress enact a law making the granting of passes illegal. He predicted that any other plan would fail.

OBSTRUCTING COMMERCE.

Whenever it is suggested that a railroad should be made to fulfil its contracts with States, counties and cities, the agents, attorneys and editors of the road immediately set up a howl about obstructing commerce. It seems to us that corporations ought to understand the channels of commerce before accepting bonds and lands for building their roads. They never learn that their roads are out of the regular paths of trade until their land and bond subsidies are converted into cash. The St. Joseph *Herald* is one of the papers that is now concerned lest the trade of the western country should be interfered with by Kansas compelling her roads to live up to their contracts with the people. St. Joseph invested very largely in the bridge which spans the river at that city. If that bridge should be regulated to benefit the commerce of the West, without regard to the wishes or welfare of St. Joseph, the *Herald* would then discover, without delay, wherein the rights of its community were being trampled upon. It is our opinion that the *Herald* would gave us a brilliant chapter on the perfidy of corporations if that bridge should not be managed just as its charter provides.

FREE PASSES.

Here is another reform that comes to an untimely end, strangled before it has drawn a breath. The Directors of the western railroads converging in Chicago do not support the action of their Superintendents in voting that there shall be no more free passes. They find that the managers of the eastern lines will not come into the arrangement at all, so that the reform at best could be only partial. And the western directors recognize the fact that they have profited much more than the eastern men by the mutual pass system, since they make more frequent trips to the East than do eastern men to the West. Hence, they very properly look upon the action of their Superintendents as coming with bad grace from that quarter. Another, and perhaps as potent a reason for the failure to support the reform, is to be found in the fact that the managers are mutually suspicious. They do not believe that the agreement would be adhered to. Passes would, in one form or another, be issued again, and the road that first broke its promise might gain considerable advantage over its rival before the latter discovered the fact. Again, it has been discovered that roads making their main connections in St. Louis distributed free passes lavishly when they ascertained that the Chicago roads had resolved to abate the pass system.

All these causes have operated, not so much to convince the Chicago railway men that the reform is undesirable in itself, as to make them doubtful whether, under present circumstances, it is practicable. This is much to be regretted, but from a railroad point of view, the decision is no doubt a wise one.

ADMISSION OF WOMEN.

The admission of women to the Michigan University has thus far resulted very satisfactorily, and the number of ladies who avail themselves of the advantages of the institution steadily increases each year. It is now plainly apparent that the University has not suffered either in popularity or *morale* by the change in policy, but, on the contrary, the students have maintained so good a standing in scholarship, the department of the two sexes working together has been so exemplary, that so excellent a judge as President White, of Cornell University, when on a tour of the colleges to examine this very question, declared co-education a complete success.

RAILROAD OBLIGATIONS.

The Topeka *Commonwealth* is not wholly suited with our reply to its talk of Tuesday morning. That our reply was not better, and more satisfactory, is due solely to the fact that the *Commonwealth* advanced nothing in its first article worthy of serious consideration. The editor evinced his disregard of the merits of the subject in question by repeating worn out slurs on the Leavenworth bridge, and evading every point of interest that had been called out.

Leavenworth is not more concerned in the settlement of the railroad problems of the present than Topeka. If the A., T. & S. F. road should transfer all its terminal privileges to St. Joseph it would not decrease the value of our connections with that road, nor would it take from us any trade that we now enjoy. It would, however, take something of value, belonging to the State, which the people of the State have paid for, and in the end rob Kansas of taxable wealth.

There is one plain and important problem in this railroad agitation, and we believe we can state it so briefly and concisely that even the *Commonwealth* may know what we mean. Reduced to a sentence it is this: "Have the people of Kansas the power to compel railroad companies to justly fulfil contracts existing between the railroads and the aforesaid people." If the *Commonwealth* believes that this power does rest with the people, then its position on the railroad question does not differ materially from the views of THE TIMES.

We believe any intelligent man can show that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company solicited aid from Kansas counties and did receive bonds and valuable franchises, and in return promised to build, equip, operate and maintain a road which should have its initial point in the City of Atchison, State of Kansas. It was one of the considerations, and a great one, too, that the terminal or initial point, with all its depots, yards, transhipping equipments should be located in Kansas. It is acknowledged that these facilities contribute to the growth of a town. The bonds that company received from Atchison county were given to secure the privileges afore mentioned. It was so nominated in the bond. If a proviso had been placed in the proposition giving the company the privilege of extending the road to St. Joseph, or Kansas City at pleasure, and making its Eastern connections at either of these points, the A. T. & S. F. R. R. would not have received a dollar from Atchison or any other county in the State of Kansas. The argument is based on justice. It cannot be controverted. By every obligation of contract and honor the A. T. & S. F. R. R. is bound to make its Eastern connections on the soil of Kansas.

The *Commonwealth* submits its view of the question as follows:

"That question as we understand it is the right of a corporation to cross the line of a State with the consent of the authorities of the State entered; as the Chicago and Southwestern has crossed the bridge into Leavenworth for instance, under the name of the Fort Leavenworth railroad, though liberally subsidized by the people of Iowa and Missouri; the right of the same road to build a co terminous line to Atchison though paid $300,000 in bonds by Leavenworth county; the right of Illinois roads to draw large subsidies from that State then cross into Iowa, repeat the same process in the latter State, and then fare away to the wilds of Nebraska, seeking a terminus towards the setting sun. Why leaving the State by the northern border is any more a piece of treachery, and a sin against civilization than crossing the boundary at the South and West, is one of those things which, in the language of the obfuscated Dundreary, "no fellah can find out." We would compare such action on the part of a railroad to the sale of a "good will" along with the fixtures of a corner grocery. The party that sells can start up at the next corner whenever it suits his convenience or pleasure. And as there is no law, human or divine, to prevent either railroad or corner grocery doing that which, being lawful, is also the most advisable and profitable thing to do, we fail to see either sense or pertinence in the invectives of the Leavenworth and Atchison papers against the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road for its alleged intention of building to St. Joseph, or Kansas City, or wherever it pleases.

In reference to the Chicago & Southwestern Railway, the *Commonwealth* has cited the strongest point to be found in support of our views: That road is simply fulfilling its contract with the counties that aided it by running into Leavenworth. It was represented to the people when bonds were asked for, that the road would be completed to Leavenworth, and here obtain a connection with the western railroads converging in this city. If the road had gone elsewhere it would have violated its agreements. The people of Iowa and Missouri voted subsidies to the company with the fair, square and open understanding that the road should be built to Leavenworth.

The *Commonwealth* points to the roads crossing the State of Iowa to sustain its theory There is little in the management of Iowa roads for Kansas to gain comfort from. The fatal mistakes of Iowa's railroad policy are now apparent to the people of that State, and as the only means of salvation, the Legislature recently took action to prevent the Iowa roads converging in Council Bluffs from crossing the Union Pacific bridge, and making their connections in Nebraska; and it is a fact that the roads do not cross that bridge. They make their transfers on Iowa soil. That State paid a vast amount of money for its railroad system, and justly held that Nebraska roads desiring connections should do the crossing. Kansas has likewise expended large sums for a magnificent railway system, and we have a right to say to Eastern roads, if you want connections with us build or buy lines of road to our cities. If St. Joseph wants a connection with the A., T. & S. F. Railroad let her railroad men lease or buy a road and run trains to Atchison.

In the event of a corporation building a railroad with its own money, and without State or local assistance, no one could deny the right of the company to run its trains wherever the best connections and most money could be made. But when corporations agree to run to certain named points, and receive money and valuables for so doing, then we hold that it has not the right to go elsewhere without the consent of its beneficiaries. The "corner store theory" wont work. If railroad companies want to live independent of the people let them construct their roads with their own funds.

IOWA REPUBLICANS.

The platform of the Iowa Republicans is sound and progressive. The position taken on the railroad question is in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution of Kansas, and the farmer's movement in this State. Due regard is had to the vested rights of chartered corporations. The preamble is a model statement of the situation, as viewed from a Republican standpoint. The subsequent planks pledge the party to do what the public welfare and self interest alike demand. The Iowa platform is substantially the position taken by each Republican convention which has met since the new issues of politics were raised, and it is now morally certain that the party, as a whole, will take the stand already taken by the party in the five States of New Hampshire, Connecticut, Ohio, Maine and Iowa.

A GREEN BAY constable carried a warrant for a man over twenty-one years, but didn't catch him until last Saturday.

RAILROAD MONOPOLY.

The great question of the day—that of railroad monopoly—is beginning to loom up in the South as well as the West. This is specially the case in Mississippi, the people and press of which State are already beginning to protest against a regularly organized system of oppression and corruption upon the part of the New Orleans, Jackson & Great Northern Railroad Company. In his message of 1870, Gov. Alcorn pronounced this corporation to be a defaulter, and declared that it had broken faith with the State in every instance. To save the State from harm and to punish the corporation, he recommended the Legislature to pass a law enforcing the forfeiture of the charter and the seizure of the property of the company. Instead of this, by some remarkable trick of political prestidigitation, the very Legislature passed a bill which was signed by the identical Governor who had publicly arraigned the corporation, transferring to it "all the stock owned by the State in any and every railroad company, whose road is in whole or in part within this State." It has also succeeded in procuring the passage of a law authorizing its consolidation with the Mississippi Central road, which vastly enlarges its privileges and gives it an almost unlimited monopoly for its own aggrandizement. By its successful lobbying it has also had a law passed throwing on the State the loss of the interest on certain school funds which it has absorbed. It has not completed any of the extensions or improvements which it promised to do, and in every instance where venality could be made available it has succeeded in its undertakings. It is at present riding rough-shod over the people; but the people are gradually reaching a pitch of indignation which promises to inaugurate speedy and effective measures for the correction of this great evil. Everywhere the railroad question seems to be coming to the surface as the all-important question of the day.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

The hot season has come. The President has gone to Long Branch. And now every Democratic paper is teeming with the old story of "sea-side loiterings"—as full as though it were not a thrice-told tale, as indignant as though it had been contemptuously spit upon by the people. With reference to the President's sojourn at the sea side, the Albany *Evening Journal* talks as follows:

We are solemnly told that every nation has a capital—as if anybody questioned it! We are treated to a formal history of the proceedings by which Washington became the capital of this country—as if anybody doubted it! We are assured that the President and other functionaries took up their departure for the new seat of government—as if anybody denied it! And when we get through this long and dreary chain of logical and historical reasoning, we are expected to fall in with the conclusion that the President ought to remain and swelter under the burning sky of Washington.

True, the President often repairs to the capital, True, he can communicate by mail twice a day and by telegraph every minute. True, also, that Washington used to spend a large portion of his time at Mount Vernon, where he could not communicate with the capital as readily as Grant can from the sea-side. John Adams remained for weeks in Massachusetts. Madison made a tour lasting for months. Jackson was absent for a large portion of the season. Still Grant must be denounced!

Cannot these cynics see that this sort of stuff is "played out"? It was fresher a year ago than now, but produced no effect even then. If they must assail the President, why not invent something new. Say he killed his grand-mother—say he plotted to blow up the Capitol when the Senate opposed San Domingo—say, even, if Long Branch must be referred to, that he is bribed by the hotel keepers to spend the summer there—anything for variety!

REPUBLICAN FARMERS.

The lying rumor has already been circulated by the Democratic journals that the farmers took no part in the recent Republican State Convention of Iowa. Notwithstanding the assertions of the Demo-Liberal press to the contrary, it was remarked that a distinguishing feature of the Convention was the fact that it was managed by new men—by a class of men who have hitherto stood too much aloof from political movements for their own and their country's good. Of this feature the Des Moines *Register* makes there allusions: "The farmers, for the first time in years, if not in the history of the party in this State had an overwhelming majority among the members, and guided the policy and shaped the course of the Convention, and made its nominations. The men of the prairies were the men of the day. What the Convention was, they made it—and all that it did was at once of their own suggestion and sanction. So it may be written that the people have had one Convention, and have themselves put in the field and presented to the State a ticket of their own choice, and a platform of their own faith in their own language."

Now we want the corrupt creatures in Kansas who have been trying for two years to crack the party lash over THE TIMES to read this sentiment which was openly announced by the Republican farmers of Iowa in Convention assembled:

7th. That we are desirous of political reform, and for honesty, economy, and purity in all official administrations; that to secure this is the duty of every citizen. That to this end every good man should feel bound to participate in politics, and to make an end of bad men forcing their election by securing a party nomination. We declare it the duty of every Republican to oppose the election of a bad man an incompetent candidate, whether he be a candidate upon our own or any other ticket.

$7,000 ALL THE SAME.

We trust that consistent and truthful patriot, D R. Anthony, will soon be able to get the $7,000 story in a shape that he can stick to it. Last summer he said Tom Anderson gave us the money. At Washington he swore that we took it from a table in a room when no one was present. When he got home he cursed Carney because he would not swear he gave it to us. His right bower, Billy Spriggs, says Drenning got it and divided it among the delegation. We would like to be certain that we got it; but these conflicting stories leave us in doubt.—*Troy Chief.*

The money was obtained on a check drawn by Len T. Smith endorsed by Thos. Carney. Mr. Tom Anderson got the money on the check late at night, "after banking hours," and swears "he gave it to Carney." Carney swears that he (Tom Anderson) "laid the package down on the table in the room." Afterwards Anderson said "Somebody has stolen that package." We never swore to anything we knew personally of the $7,000. We did swear that Tom Anderson said to us that he got the money for and paid it to Sol Miller for the vote of the Doniphan delegation. Mr. Carney has also told us the same thing in substance. It is true we upbraided him for not swearing to the fact. He apologised by saying Sol had been his friend, and that while he knew the money was intended for Sol yet as he did not see it paid to him he could not swear to it. The truth of this story ought to satisfy Solomon Miller.

THE other day a gentleman accosted one of the Topeka ministers: "Dr. M, why is this? On Sunday last the lightning struck two churches, (Baptist and German Methodist) but never touched one of the saloons. How is that for Providential?" The minister replied, "All right; that's just in accordance with our theory. Some folks get their lightning in this world; others have it in reserve for the next."

SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S CASE.

Jury Trial Abolished.

Hon. Henry R. Seldon's Argument.

Mr. Justice Hall's Decision.

Miss Anthony's Pluck and Heroism to the Last.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., June 29, 1873.

Editor Times:

Miss Anthony's trial has been the occasion of her canvassing two counties of this State within the last three months—Monroe county in April and Ontario county the present month. No one need say interest in the woman suffrage cause is dying out. Old farmers came many miles to hear the subject presented at these meetings; vehicles of every kind were pressed into service, from the substantial old fashioned lumber wagon, guiltless of springs or cushions, down to the counterpart of Holmes' immortal one-horse shay, just on the point of complete dissolution. Ontario county has for once had a genuine sensation. During three weeks Miss Anthony and Miss Gage spoke in hall, and church, and school house, and parlor, to listening thousands, up to the very day of the trial, which came off amid the most intense interest, not only for reason of the great question of the rights of citizenship involved in it, but also for another great one which the rulings of the court connected with it, namely, the right of jury trial. The telegraph has given you the points of defence, and the judgment of our newly appointed Justice Hunt, who was chosen from the New York Court of Appeals to the place rendered vacant by the death of Judge Nelson. Miss Anthony's was the first criminal trial in which he was ever engaged, and it will suffice to render him infamous. It was the fugitive slave law revived—it was Anthony Burns come to life in the person of a woman. A dozen men were chosen from the thousands of Ontario county, all of them, I believe, farmers or mechanics, and for the day and a half which the trial was in progress they were supposed to sit listening to the testimony offered, in order that they might, at its close, express an opinion on it. Vain supposition! They had no more to do with the verdict than the varnish on that old "shay" had to do with its secure running—they were the "supes" in that little play of the "*Le Uncle Sam.*" To take a kitchen comparison, Mr. Justice Hunt was chief cook and bottle washer of the whole concern, directing who should weigh the potatoes and how they should be served up, compounding the salad, ordering the wines, and at the close of the feast, gathering the cloth by its four corners and throwing the whole out of the windows.

To sum the matter up in a nut shell, the rendering was "Women are outside the pale of the law as to rights; outside of it as to duties," for while denying Susan B. Anthony, and through her all women—which means more than half the people—the right of self-government, and the right of jury trial, the court positively declared he "had no doubt that in offenses 'he' means woman."

Justinian, in the code, declares man to be a generic term in law, meaning woman, but the code does not divide this signification as did Mr. Justice Hunt. How that title and name rolls under the tongue. Look at it analytically. First, "Mr." That means *male*; second, "Justice." That means so blind that only *males* can be seen, as possessed of right; then "Hunt." That means hunt out all the great and petty methods of having "he" mean "she" where punishment can fall, whether in the assessment and collection of taxes, whether in fines imprisonment or halter; and then [Powder and Rose. Lemon, any years] methods of denying that ... in the protection of rights, fro... consent of the governed," down ... of trial by jury.

"So ends the farce," said a member of the bar, who had watched the course of the trial, "No theatre exceeds what we have seen to-day."

The United States started big; it was going to crush out this spirit of insurrection among the women. There was a fine of $500 and three years in prison at the end of Susan B. Anthony's voting, and a case was brought, and it read big, too. "*The United States vs. Susan B. Anthony.*"

All the forces of the Government were set to work to bring about conviction. It was held by the learned District Attorney "That on the 5th day of last November *Miss Anthony was a woman.*" Having been born a woman was the chief point of offence; a woman having no rights the Government is bound to respect,—but then, I submit, what business had Susan B Anthony to be born a woman? The trouble lies there, women will persist in being born, and then, too, they increase so fast, which is a just cause of complaint. There were five per cent. more women than men in the country before the last census, and I'll venture to say that enumeration has not mended the matter. Why, even in England women will persist in increasing at the rate of nine per cent. per annum, while the men only increase at the rate of seven per cent But then, England is no model for us, even if a woman does hold the highest place in the government; even if in that little island a woman did set the initiative for the settlement of the Alabama claims, and pledge her queenly word to abide by, and cause her country to abide by the decision of the arbitrators.

Miss Anthony was pledged to the last. After her trial was over and the verdict rendered, but before sentence was passed, the case of the inspectors who took her vote, was called. She was summoned to the witness box. "Your honor," said she, "can a *convicted criminal* testify?"

She took her place, and after a little preliminary skirmishing the court queried, "You voted as a female, did you?"

"No, your Honor," proudly returned Miss A, "I voted as a citizen of the United States."

That not being the fact the court wished to establish, she was summarily excused from further testimony, and returned exultant to her seat.

Judge Seldon's argument upon the writ of *habeas corpus* in Albany, last January, was entirely upon the Constitutional legality of woman's right to vote as a citizen of the United States. In the trial last week, he presented both law and fact, and his argument took over three hours.

After the Prosecuting Attorney submitted the case, Judge Seldon asked to submit one point which seemed necessary from the position taken by the District Attorney.

Court—"You can, but I think I understand the case."

Seldon—"I never intended to excuse a violation of the law; *but my client did not violate the law.*"

Court—"I have given my best attention, and prepared a statement in writing. It is acknowledged that the defendant voted."

Seldon—"It is charged that her voting was not right because she is a woman. The defendant says she has a right, and that the provisions of this State are void under the United States Constitution. The thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments were undoubtedly submitted for the negro, but full faith must be given to their language. The State attempts to evade the thirteenth amendment; they denied the right of suffrage."

The court balanced itself it its easy chair, gently rocking back and forth mechanically, while Judge Seldon continued, "the fourteenth amendment *defined* citizenship of the United States as carrying suffrage with it."

Court—"The word 'male' in the New York State Constitution is in violation of either the letter or the spirit of the fourteenth amendment, in my opinion, gives Miss Anthony no right to vote, and her voting was therefore in violation of the law. Miss Anthony intended to violate the law—perhaps to test it, but at any rate to violate it; *she undertook to settle the question in her own person.*"

Seldon—"In order to create guilt there must be a vicious will."

Court—"To commit crime, it is true, there must be criminal intent, but knowledge means the same; it is the same in the case before us. I assuredly believe there is no defense; the defendant must suffer the penalty of the law. There is no question for the jury. I shall direct the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty."

Seldon—"On the basis taken by the Court, the case is out of the jurisdiction of the United States, and belongs to the State. I suppose it is for the jury to determine if the defendant is guilty of crime or not. I ask the court to submit to the jury the following points:

1st. If the defendant believed she did right in voting she did right. When a crime depends on the knowledge of committing a crime, the doing it, believing it to be right, is not a crime, whether it is a law or a fact. The word "knowingly" in the 19th section of the Act of May 20, 1870, on which the prosecution rests, means, *knew* it was unlawful to vote, but if the voter *believed* he or she *had a right to vote*, there was no crime, as the fact of crime depends *on knowledge of committing crime.*

2d. That the jury shall take into consideration the advice of the counsel to the defendant, that she had a right to vote.

3d. That the jury shall take into consideration the fact that the inspectors considered the defendant's right to vote, and debated on it in her presence over an hour, and came to the conclusion she had a right to vote.

4th. That the jury has a right to find a general verdict, as they shall believe, or shall not believe she has committed the offence considered in the statute, and that their right to be heard in the case is *absolute.*

The Court at this point interrupted the counsel. "I have listened many hours to your argument, and decided the jury must bring in a verdict of guilty." Judge Seldon retorted, "Your right to do so is an open question."

The Court, with severity, replied, "You have made a much better argument than that," and turning to the jury, ordered them to find a verdict of guilty.

John Van Voorhis, Assistant Counsel in the case, made objection; the Clerk of the Court addressed the jury and Judge Seldon at once declared: "I except to the direction of the Court to the jury, to find a verdict of guilty." It is not a power given to any court to direct a jury to bring in a verdict of guilty. I demand the polling of the jury.

Court—"You cannot have it; the clerk will record the verdict of the jury as guilty. Gentlemen of the jury, you are excused," and with this snap-judgment I could neither believe my eyes nor my ears. I had not heard a word from the honorable twelve, who were supposed to be sitting in the jury-box as a protection against the tyranny of the court. I had not seen a movement of the lips or a motion of the head to signify their assent, or dissent to the court's verdict. Like dumb beasts they were held to obey the will of the court. I never had expected in this boasted land of every man as good as his neighbor, that I should ever see a dozen men overawed by one man. It was a disgraceful scene, a shame to those men, a blast on the good name of Ontario county.

When too late, I heard a juror declare 'guilty was *not his verdict*,' neither was it the verdict of the entire other eleven. "Could I have spoken," said he, "I should have answered 'not guilty,' and men in that jury-box would have sustained me."

"Could he have spoken!" Why did he not speak? What was he there for? Does the Inquisition rule in the United States Court room? See to it, people of the United States, your liberties are fast going from you.

"Why," said a lawyer to me, "such a verdict would have tipped England over, and the Judge who rendered it would have been mobbed before he had a chance to leave the court-house. Lord Mansfield's house and library were burned for less than that."

Similar sentiments were freely expressed by members of the bar from over the whole State. The Hon. Chas. B. Sedgwick, a former member of Congress from the twenty-third (N. Y.) District, expressed himself as amazed at the rendering of the Judge, and his experience has not been limited, as he was counsel for the defense in the famous Jersey Rescue case of slavery times.

It was suggested that a statement of the jurors should be published, giving their *actual* verdict. An indignation meeting was publicly called for, and thus the great question of right of jury trial has become inseperately connected with that of citizen suffrage.

So confident had been her counsel, the Hon. Henry R. Selden, that no case would be made out against Miss Anthony, that he would scarcely listen to a suggestion from his client of that probability. When at last he was denied a right to address the jury, the discussion of the merits of a case before the jury, being one of the fundamental rights guaranteed by the United States Constitution, when the court, without assent from the jury ordered the clerk to record "guilty" as their verdict, and when as the last outrage upon the rights of her client, and as an insult to himself, he was denied the right of polling the jury, his faith gave way. This courteous and honorable gentleman, this recognized leader of the bar in Western New York did not close his eyes in sleep that night. Too long in the legal harness to be easily broken of his rest by a case, he here found justice so badly abandoned, rights so fully denied as to chase sleep from his eyes. "If this goes on much longer I shall become angry" said he. "I shall this morning move for a new trial. I shall speak strong, for I feel deeply. I may be committed for contempt of court, but I cannot express as much contempt as I feel."

As the telegraph has informed you, the motion for a new trial was quashed. As the trial had been thus far a farce, so it continued to the end. As a matter of outward form the defendant was asked if she had anything to say why the sentence of the court should not be pronounced upon her.

"Yes, your honor," replied Miss Anthony, "I have many things to say. My every right, constitutional, civil, political and judicial has been tramped upon. I have not only had no jury of my peers, but I have had no jury at all."

Court—"Sit down Miss Anthony. I cannot allow you to argue the question."

Miss Anthony—"I shall not sit down. I will not lose my only chance to speak."

Court—"You have been tried, Miss Anthony, by the forms of law, and my decision has been rendered by law."

Miss Anthony—"Yes, but laws made by men, under a government of men, interpreted by men and for the benefit of men. The only chance women have for justice in this country is to violate the law, as I have done, and as I shall *continue* to do," and she struck her hand heavily on the table in emphasis of what she said. "Does your honor suppose that we obeyed the infamous fugitive slave law which forbade to give a cup of cold water to a slave fleeing from his master? I tell you we did not obey it; we fed him and clothed him, and sent him on his way to Canada. *So shall we trample all unjust laws* under foot. I do not ask the clemency of the court. I came into it to get justice, having failed in this, I demand the full rigors of the law."

Court—"The sentence of the court is $100 fine and the costs of the prosecution."

Miss Anthony—"I have no money to pay with, but am $10,000 in debt."

Court—"You are not ordered to stand committed till it is paid."

The course of the trial proved what I have ever witnessed, *i. e.* that it was not Miss Anthony or the women of the country who were on trial in this suit, but that it was the United States which was on trial, republican institutions which were on test, as it has been decided, the *men* even, of this country are no longer freemen, but slaves.

Said Judge Seldon after the close of the proceedings, "This trial has proved we have abolished something besides African slavery in this country: we have abolished trial by jury." "Yes," replied the person addressed, "the decision was against the law."

"Against law and fact, both. Justice Hunt had no more right to render such a decision than he had to hang me to-night."

A motion for a new trial for the inspectors was also quashed. Their position seems a peculiar one. According to law they had no right to refuse the vote of any person who swore it in, and were so advised by the supervisors of the election, who warned them of their liability in case they so refused, and yet by receiving these votes of Miss Anthony and the thirteen other women they were fined $25 each and the costs of the prosecution.

The final end of this question has not been reached through the verdicts. These women's names are on the poll lists as legal voters, nor is there any authority for removing them. Miss Anthony says she shall vote again next fall. The Monroe county women are making combined protest against taxation without representation. In Rochester alone there are the names of over three thousand tax-paying women on the list, and everywhere over the country is woman's resistance of unjust laws growing more determined and more open. The question of self-government, consent and equality of rights comes up everywhere. Rhode Island has now a suit on trial in case of a naturalized citizen, owning property in Massachusetts but owning none in Rhode Island, Rhode Island requiring a naturalized citizen to own a freehold estate of one hundred and thirty-four dollars value in order to vote, and the petition of ten thousand of these naturalized citizens of that State for Congressional action under the new amendments, which was reported upon adversely last winter was quoted as argument in point by the District Attorney in Miss Anthony's case. Doubtless the ground taken in the naturalized case on trial now is that the constitutional clause guaranteeing that "the citizens of each shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." Article 4, section 2 covers it. The political balance of Rhode Island will be overturned should this case be gained, and it would afford an admirable precedent for woman. All that will then be necessary in order to give women the ballot over the whole United States will be the admission of Wyoming or Utah, where women now vote, as States.

M. J. G.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

Ex-Senator Wigfall made a speech the other day in Baltimore. It was a great while since, this vehement and indomitable person had lifted up his voice in any public place, and we dare be sworn that to most of his audience he came as one from the dead—a half familiar shade whose very existence had been long forgotten. We don't know where Mr. Wigfall has been all these years; we can fancy that when the Confederacy collapsed he may have gone to bed in disgust and refused to get up again. Evidently he has been far away from the haunts of men. He knows nothing of the great political and social changes which have transformed half the country. He takes up the course of history just where he dropped it eight years ago. In his eyes the world stopped moving when Wigfall stopped speaking. The old doctrines of State sovereignty, the old defenses of Southern Slavery, the old vindication of the inalienable right of every free-born planter to wallop his own niggers and sell his own mulatto children—now the echoes of all these forgotten things come back to us when Mr. Wigfall's rhetoric again disturbs the air! But Wigfall believes in them now as firmly as ever. He has slept through the momentous interval which witnessed their destruction. He fancies that cotton is still king and a whip the proper emblem of a gentleman's government. He wears "manacles which eat into the flesh;" but he is persuaded that the spirit of the lost cause still lives, and can never be subdued.

A pretty broad hint suggested to Mr. Wigfall at last that "his sentiments were not relished." Probably they were not. For the Southern people have got very far beyond Wigfall. They know, if he does not, that the war has settled certain questions forever, and that the lost cause will never again arise. They know that their only hope now is in the cultivation of cordial and brotherly relations with the North which was once their enemy, and with the negroes who were once their slaves. They have learned something by bitter experience: and the wisest of them are almost ready to admit that the overthrow of slavery was a blessing cheaply purchased even at the cost of war. There is no place for the old fire-eaters in the new South. They must stop clanking their ghostly chains, and go quickly back to their graveyards.—*New York Tribune.*

We can tell the *Tribune* where Wigfall was buried. Two or three years ago, one of the correspondents of this paper discovered him in a secluded canon of the Rocky Mountains. Idaho Springs, Colorado, was his headquarters, and oft, in the stilly night, Wig. would disturb the quiet repose of the canon and annoy the boarders of the Beebe House with violent and vehement speeches about the social condition of the country. We understood that the noisy General had been employed by a company of English capitalists to look after their mining interests in Colorado. He lived in the valley and never got above the timber line.

THE GRANGERS' CELEBRATION.

The industrious Grangers are working vigorously to render their demonstration, which is to take place on the "Fourth," the event of the year in agricultural circles. The attendance promises to be even larger than first supposed. The grounds selected for the meeting are distant five or six miles from any railroad station, although we presume enterprising hackmen will run their vehicles in connection with the trains, or else establish hack lines from the city to the camp of the Grangers. We trust that no extortion will be practiced by the owners of vehicles on the day of celebration. A fair rate for carrying passengers ought to be adopted and faithfully followed out. No doubt many residents of the city who would prefer to go out and look at the farmers in council, and hear what is said, will be obliged to remain at home if hackmen insist on the extortionate charges so often levied during holidays. We suggest that the interested carriers get together and fix a rate of compensation for taking passengers to and from the grounds of celebration.

Max Adler's Experience in Trying to Catch the Early Train.

One of the greatest delights of boarding in the country for the summer, is the pleasure a man derives from his efforts to catch the early morning train by which he must reach the city and his business. When he gets out of bed he looks at his watch, and finds he has plenty of time; so he dresses leisurely, and sits down to breakfast in a calm and serene state of mind. Just as he cracks his first egg, he hears the up-train. He starts, jerks out his watch, compares it with the clock, and finds that it is eleven minutes slow, and that he has only four minutes left in which to get to the depot. It a fearful hurry he tries to scoop the egg out of the shell, but it burns his fingers; the skin is tough, and after fooling with it a moment it mashes into a hopeless mess, and he gets his fingers smeared; he drops the whole concern in disgust, grabs a hot roll, and scalds his tongue with a quick mouthful of coffee; then he stuffs the roll in his mouth while his wife hands him a satchel, and tells him she thinks she hears the whistle. He plunges madly around the room looking for his umbrella, then kisses his wife as well as he can with all that unswallowed bread bread distending his cheeks, says good-bye to the children in a lump, and makes a dash for the door.

Just as he gets to the gate he finds that he has forgotten his duster, and he charges back after it, snatches it up, and tears down the gravel walk in a frenzy. He doesn't like to run through the village, because that would be undignified, but he walks furiously. He goes faster and faster. Half way down he *does* hear the whistle for certain. He wants to run, but he knows he will start up that yellow dog there by the sidewalk if he does. Then he actually sees the train coming into the depot, and he feels that he *must* make a rush. He does. The yellow dog becomes excited, and tears after him. Six other dogs join the chase, one after the other, and bark furiously and frolic around his legs. Small boys contribute to the excitement as he goes past, by whistling on their fingers, and the men at work on the new meeting-house knock off to look at him and laugh. He feels ridiculous, but he must catch that train. He gets desperate when he has to slacken up, until two or three women, who are on the sidewalk discussing the servant girl question and the price of butter, scatter to let him pass. He arrives within one hunred yards of the depot, with duster fiying in the wind, coat tails horizontal and the yellow dog nipping his heels, just as the train begins to move. He puts on extra pressure, and resolves to make that train or to perish. He reaches it as the last car is going past. He seizes the hand rail, is violently jerked around once or twice, but finally lands on the step on his knees, and is hauled in by his coat collar by the brakeman, hot, mad, dusty, with his trousers torn across the knees, his shins bruised, and three ribs broken in his umbrella.

Just as he gets comfortably into the car the train stops, backs up on the siding, and lays there for half an hour while the engineer fixes a broken valve. Then he is madder than ever, and determines he will move in town to-morrow, and swears while he looks out of the window and watches the dogs that followed him engaged in contest over a bone which the yellow dog found on the platform of the station; and he registers a silent vow to devote his first holiday to hunting up that dog and braining him with a club.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out:
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So deep
On a heap,
Of cloudless sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon—
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed: she was there again!
On high,
In the sky,
With her ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain;
Said the Wind—"I'll blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge;
If only I blow right fierce and grim
The creature will sooner be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread,
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone,
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the sky stars shone,
Sure and certain the moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revel's once more:
On down
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar.
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more.

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still broader the moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith,
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair:
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

—[George Macdonald in Good Words.

AT THE GATE.

Outside the open gate a spirit stood.
One called: "Come in." Then he: Ah! if I Could!
For there within 'tis light and glorious,
But here all cold and darkness dwell with us."
"Then"" said the other, "come. The gate is wide."
But he: "I want two angels who must guide,
I cannot come unto Thee without these;
Repentance first, and Faith Thy face that sees.
I weep and call: they do not hear my voice;
I never shall within the gate rejoice."
"O heart unwise!" the voice did answer him
"I reign o'er all the hosts of seraphim.
Are not these angels also in my hand?
If they come not to thee 'tis my command.
The darkness chills thee, tumult vexes thee;
Are angels more than I? Come in, to me."
Then in the dark and restlessness and woe
That spirit rose and through the gates did go,
Trembling because no angel walked before,
Yet by the voice drawn onward evermore.
So came he weeping where the glory shone,
And fell down crying, "Lord, I come alone."
"And it was thee I called," the voice replied;
"Be welcome." Then Love rose, a mighty tide
That swept all else away. Speech found no place,
But silence, rapt, gazed up unto that face;
Nor saw two angels from the radiance glide,
And take their place forever at his side.

G. E. MEREDITH.

KANSAS CRIMES.

The Bender Graveyard a Sequel—A Leaf from the Early History of Leavenworth City—Murder by Wholesale.

[From the San Francisco Bulletin.]

One warm, moonlight Friday evening in June, 1857, I sat, with Col. Ellis S. Dennis, on the doorstep of a certain law office in Leavenworth, Kansas. We were both United States Government officials, and both from Illinois, were, therefore, "clannish toward each other. He was the United States Marshal of the Territory, and I was—well, no matter what. As we were smoking and talking idly about this and that, or anything else, a friend came trotting along, who luridely askedus if we had seen a man run by. "Yes," we told him, "and he turned round the next corner on the opposite side of the street." "Because," he said, "he has killed a man at the spring near the Planters' House;" and he himself then started on a run.

We were but a block or two from the Planters House. The hotel was situated almost close to the steamboat landing. Quite a short distance from it, within a few rods of the river, was a spring. A female servant of the hotel had, after dinner, taken a tin pail down for water. She heard groans from the direction of the stream then laid down her pail, and silently, without a slight scream even, hastened to her kitchen with an alarm. In a few minutes a number of men gathered at the spot to see a poor creature endeavoring to crawl out of the water to dry land. He was tenderly drawn out, but attempting to point to a stab between his shoulders gasped and died.

When Col. Dennis and myself arrived at the scene of the murder, a number of gentlemen and others had seen some one run, with extended foot-prints, away. Another fellow had been caught concealing gold coin underneath a contiguous rock. And still another had been captured, who was found lurking suspiciously in the neighborhood. In the lapse of time since then, many intervening events have excluded the names of the three parties referred to from my memory. The first wretch mentioned, however, carried, I am rather sure, the name of Daly. The other two, for the purpose of convenience in this narrative, I will name respectively, Pennyroyal and Bottle; but with no intent, even the most remote, to reflect upon any family who may possibly bear the cognomen of either, and equally as assuredly not to make mockery of the tragedy and the graveyard business concerning which I now write.

The history of this immediate affair was this: A laboring man had come up to Leavenworth, from Kansas City, with $133 in his pocket. He encountered, at his landing, Daly, who took him to see Mrs. Daly to have a quiet drink with her. After remaining drugged for a while in "the place," but where, however, he did not entirely lose his senses, he was invited by his host to accompany him and two friends down to a spring near the water's edge, where they could drink cold water and bathe their heads and become sober again. Reaching the spring, Daly stooped down and sucked in the fluid with his lips; then Pennyroyal, then Bottle, then the dazed stranger. As soon as his lips had touched the water, a blow with a loaded cane in the hands of Daly knocked him senseless. A stab with a large dirk-knife in the hands of Pennyroyal gave him, between the shoulders, his mortal wound. The three then tossed him into the Missouri. He was crawling out, groaning, when the self-possessed servant girl hastened back silently to the hotel to bring him relief.

The store-rooms of the Planters' House, the Shawnee House, and of the International, were at that time piled up with baggage unclaimed by guests from "everywhere," who had unaccountably disappeared, and, after leaving either hotel, who had never been heard of. Free State men and Pro-slaverites alike went the mysterious way. Bodies of unknown men were quite frequently found in the yellow flow of the Missouri before they reached the Mississippi. Everybody was convinced that the murders were not the result of the feuds between the two great rival and vindictive parties of the Territory. This Planters' House spring assassination startled the city into a horrible suspicion. Daly was arrested immediately. There was not much sleep in town that short June moonlight night. When morning came, Bottle was taken by a selected number of inhabitants to an island midway in the stream; a rope, swung over a limb of cottonwood, was on his neck; it was then demanded of him that he confess his other crimes and reveal the names of his confederates. Although in such an awful predicament, he resolutely refused. Without more ado he was strung up some five or six feet from the ground and left dangling for awhile. He managed, however, not being bound, to reach the rope above him with his hands, which gave him, of course, considerable relief. Presently he was lowered to the earth again, and again the previous demand was made of him. He still stubbornly refused to answer any questions. He was now bound, and hauled up the second time. After writhing in agony a very short time, he was let down once more. He had the nerve to endure the terrible torture a third time. Then, lying exhausted on the ground, he gave way. He would reveal everything, he said, on the condition that he should be allowed to escape. The boon was granted; stimulants were afforded him, and he commenced practically his horrible revelations.

"Come this way," said he, faintly; and taking the party to a certain spot on the instant, he continued: "Dig down here." Just below the surface of the earth a corpse was found.

"Now come here!" and a short distance away he again said: "Dig down here." And another decomposed body was found.

"Now come around this bend! Dig here." And the third dead human being was unearthed.

"That's all I know of here," said he; "We used to chuck most of them we killed into the river. When a gentleman was uncommonly well known we buried him. We had a man at each of the hotels to investigate new arrivals. But go with me now over to the brickyard near Leavenworth, and I'll show you some more; and then I'll tell you the names of the gang."

At the brickyard the number of graves found ran a considerable way into the teens. The gang of cut-throats counted up, first and last, twenty-three. Some well-known citizens who had been considered respectable, were implicated in the atrocious deeds. One named Woods, who kept a wood-yard eight miles below, and who had a good bank account at Smoot, Russell & Co.'s Bank, was captured. All the others escaped.

I intended to leave for a distant town on Sunday morning, but Colonel D[illegible]—and neither of us went over to the i[illegible] to witness the torture of Bottle—in[illegible] me to remain in the city until Mo[illegible] Woods had paid me, for services rendered another party, a sum of money in [illegible]k notes a couple of days before. It was now ascertained that he was not only a murderer, but the head of a gang of counterfeiters also. Those two circumstances aided my friend's entreaty. My bank notes were, however, genuine. There was but one man in Leavenworth that day, who did not share in the fearful exasperation of the remainder of the population. That man was Judge Lecompte, after whom the town Lecompton was named. The jail was besieged, the Sheriff defending it merely for the purpose of doing his duty. Judge Lecompte harangued the crowd, entreating earnestly that the prisoners might be brought before him for trial. "What!" exclaimed old man Skraggs, a prominent citizen, and as ultra a pro-slavery man as the Judge himself; "What! before *you!* When did *you* ever let a man guilty of crime be convicted? Oh, go! go! and don't stand up there like an antiquated fool, and make a ridiculous ass of yourself. We all know you. Stop your blab, and put that pocket handkerchief to your nose instead of your eyes, you contemptible old hypocrite." And as Skraggs went on, the entire male population of the city, except, of course, Government and local judicial officials, cheered him uproariously at the close of every one of his many-pointed sentences.

Daly and Pennyroyal were torn from the jail, and, with halters around their necks, dragged violently through the streets, the crowd jeering after them, to a large co[illegible] wood tree that stood near the in[illegible] North Leavenworth and South Leavenworth. Woods was not caught until evening. [illegible] was the first to be executed. Just as [illegible] about to be elevated, a bold ringleader [illegible] multitudinous assembly rushed forward, [illegible] the noose from his neck and entered into a animated conversation with him. The ringleader then begged that the prisoner be allowed to go back to the jail, see his wife, to whom he had been married but a few months, for the last time, and make his will; saying that Daly promised to return for the favor to betray more secrets. The request was granted, and, under a strong guard, the wretch was conducted back to the jail.

Now came Pennyroyal's turn. He uttered no word, but resisted his captors with determination. As he swung he clutched frantically at the rope overhead and clung to it as he dangled in the air several minutes. At length some one seized his feet and jerking him down broke his neck. Daly, when safe in jail again, thought himself secure this time, and laughed derisively at his previous captors. Within an hour, he was lying on the ground under the cottonwood tree beside Pennyroyal. Woods was taken that evening; but until morning was given him to settle up his affairs in this world. He was kept a close prisoner in the the upper story of an old wooden structure, which was entered by means of a flight of rickety stairs from the outside. The building was near the edge of the river. Sunday came, and with it a lull in the excitement. Woods sent for me early in the morning to assist other gentlemen in the drawing up of his will and otherwise settling his affairs on earth. I was with him until late in the afternoon. The crowd below was boistrously threatening all the while, but it was dangerous to life for a large number of persons to ascend the rickety stair at once. The following morning I was as much astonished as any one to learn that the officers of the law had succeeded in reaching him, in getting him out into a boat from the rear of the building, and in conveying him away to a safe place several miles above, at a place called Kickapoo.

So the reader now knows why I call the Bender graveyard a sequel.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 15, 1873.

Death from Smoking.

The New York correspondent of the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* writes: "A case in my own intimate acquaintance has this very week appalled a large circle of friends in this city. The victim was exactly of my own years, and companion from early childhood. For thirty years at least, he has been a daily smoker of the choicest cigars, but in all other habits temperate and regular, and of excellent constitution—one who, of all men, would have laughed at the suggestion that tobacco was killing him. A week ago last Sunday night he was stricken with progressive paralysis, characteristic of nicotine, and on Sunday night he died. His death was most pitiful. First, sight was lost, then speech, then motion of the neck, then motion of the arms, and so on throughout the body, and he lay for a fortnight unable to move or make a sign, save a pitiful, tongueless, inarticulate sound, which sometimes rose to almost effort, all in vain, to make known what he wished to say to his family or friends—for his consciousness and mental faculties were left unimpaired till within two hours of the last, to aggravate to the utmost the horror of his situation—a living soul in a dead body. The sense of hearing was left unimpaired, so that he was conscious of all around him, while as incapable of communication with them as if dead, save by a slight sign of assent or dissent to a question. The doctors were fully agreed that tobacco was the sole cause of this stroke."

Startling Intelligence.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

News gathering and wool gathering are ordinarily supposed to be separate business, but an evening contemporary yesterday put the two together with some astonishing results. The readers of yesterday's *Evening Post* are aware of the destruction by fire of the large exhibition building in London known as the "Alexandra Palace," so named in honor of the

Sea-king's daughter from over the sea, Alexandria?

the wife of the Prince of Wales.

The American Press Association—the assumed rival of the Associated Press—however, hearing, perhaps by chance, some passer-by say that the "Alexandria, Palace was on fire, or in some other way getting hold probably of the words Alexandria, Palace and Fire, at once published a dispatch announcing that news had just come from Alexandria, Egypt, of a "large and destructive conflagration" in that city. "A vast amount of property has been destroyed," said the tautological writer. Then remembering the word Palace, with one effort of his imagination he declared that the magnificent Palace of the Sultan is now in flames, and will probably be reduced to ashes. Telegraphic news that does not come over the wires is apt to be a little questionable, but this is a case which ought to give the papers which were taken in a ready sale for the sake of an explanation.

HONEST CONFESSION.

The St. Louis *Democrat* is one of the papers that copied the absurd story about Judge Lowe's stationary account. The *Democrat* now publishes this frank acknowledgment of its error:

We recently copied from the columns of another journal what purported to be a statement of the stationery account of Mr. Lowe, member of Congress from Lawrence, Kansas. It made him appear to have drawn on account of stationery a large sum of money really intended to pay a family grocery bill. A friend sends us a strong denial of the whole thing accompanied by a card published by Mr. Lowe three weeks ago, when his attention was first called to the publication. We take pleasure in making the correction, and trust that other newspapers that have been led into the error will be similarly frank to confess it.