

THE EIGHT STAGES.

1. Only a baby. Cried and screamed. Gently held to a mother's breast.
2. Only a child. Told of his sins. Brightening now his happy home.
3. Only a boy. Told of his sins. Brightening now his happy home.
4. Only a youth. Told of his sins. Brightening now his happy home.
5. Only a man. Told of his sins. Brightening now his happy home.
6. Only a father. Told of his sins. Brightening now his happy home.
7. Only a grandfather. Told of his sins. Brightening now his happy home.
8. Only a great-grandfather. Told of his sins. Brightening now his happy home.

MY STRANGE PASSENGER.

We were on our way from Hong Kong to Peking on the coasting steamer Namoa, writes Ernest Wilkinson, U. S. N., in The Washington Evening Star, when Capt. N. J. Adams, of the voyage, looked at the strange passenger who sat next to him. "I hope it won't rain before we get to Amoy; we are just thirty miles away."

"How do you know the distance so exactly, captain?"

"Look at that rock, and over beyond it you see a light on a point of the top of a little mountain. The pin point is a tall pagoda on a high cliff, and the pagoda is as good a signpost for this town as that whole black cliff was painted in white letters a mile high and half a mile wide—A-M-O-Y. I never see a ship in the city that a cold chill does not run over me."

"Certainly, but it's a long story; well, here goes."

Amoy was one of the first treaty ports in China open to foreign commerce, and for a long time the hated of the Chinese for foreigners were more numerous than at any other port. I was then captain of a steamer on the line from Hong Kong, some two hundred miles away.

One cloudy evening in November I went ashore in Amoy to make a few final preparations for my ship's departure the next day. While on shore I noticed that my footstep was being followed by a man in a dark coat, who appeared to be a Chinese. I turned and saw that the man was in great distress, and moved by his earnestness, I stopped to listen to his tale. The man explained, in Chinese and "pidgin" English, that he had a brother in jail who was to be hanged in two days more for capitalizing in a salubrious and drawing his passenger, a mandarin's son. The mandarin, bent on revenge, had thrown the brother into prison, where the farce of a trial had been gone through with, and the innocent man had been doomed to die. The brother had been found guilty of the crime of having been seen with the brother of the mandarin's son, and the poor creature had been found guilty of the crime of having been seen with the brother of the mandarin's son.

He would give me anything—everything he had—only to save the hunted creature a hiding place, to save a fellow being from the gallows. All this was muttered between broken sobs, and the poor man wept as he told me his story. I saw that the man was in great distress, and moved by his earnestness, I stopped to listen to his tale. The man explained, in Chinese and "pidgin" English, that he had a brother in jail who was to be hanged in two days more for capitalizing in a salubrious and drawing his passenger, a mandarin's son. The mandarin, bent on revenge, had thrown the brother into prison, where the farce of a trial had been gone through with, and the innocent man had been doomed to die. The brother had been found guilty of the crime of having been seen with the brother of the mandarin's son, and the poor creature had been found guilty of the crime of having been seen with the brother of the mandarin's son.

I felt my sympathies intensely excited, and yet I knew the treacherous nature of the Chinese and the danger in interfering with their ideas of justice, and wishing either to test the truth of his story or to prevail upon the man to choose some other means for his brother's escape. I said: "I'll show him away and carry him down to Hong Kong for five hundred dollars; about five hundred and fifty dollars, thinking that such a price would be utterly beyond the coolie's means. The poor man seemed staggered at the enormity of the sum, a large fortune to one of his class; but he realized in a moment and said he supposed he could have to pay it, that it was a fearful sum, that he was very poor, and to raise so much money his family would have to sell all they owned, but he must save his brother's life. If the captain insisted he would have to pay it."

My sympathies were now still more keenly aroused, and seeing that the unfortunates were to be sent, and not caring either to break my word to the man or to profit by the man's misfortune, I said: "Well, I'll do it for the regular fare (about ten dollars); bring him down to the wharf at 11:30; I am going off to my ship then."

The coolie seemed overpowered with joy, and was still "kow-towing" his thanks as I moved away and he disappeared in the darkness. I had no sooner reached the wharf, about 11:30 p. m., than I was touched by the same coolie, who now offered himself as "samsan" man. I followed him to the boat, and there saw another man as poorly clad as his brother. When we moved off I noticed both were very clumsy with their oars, but as my ship was close to the wharf we were soon alongside.

Here I handed my oar over to the boatman and he picked up a bundle tied Chinese fashion in a large handkerchief, and we went on board, leaving my new acquaintance in the boat. I sent my steward forward on an errand that would detain him for a few moments, and then had the coolie deposit his bundle in a small closet in the cabin and told him that that was his brother's hiding place until we got to sea, and that he must be quick to get into it.

At a moment over the side the condemned man sprang out of the boat, which he had made fast to the gangway, and slid noiselessly aft through the cabin and into the closet. I turned the lock and put the key in my pocket.

But as he passed the cabin lamp, curiosity had led me to take a searching glance at my strange passenger, and in spite of his unkempt hair and soiled and tattered clothes, his light complexion and refined features revealed in the coolie's brother (a Chinaman of the higher classes).

I then tried to scrutinize the boatman, but the man's back was to the light, and, full of the steward's return, just then, I paid my sample fare, and my strange acquaintance departed.

I turned in, wondering who my mysterious passenger might be, and my thoughts were not without vague imaginings of the noted treachery of the Chinese.

I woke early, and had hardly begun dressing before a herald came to inform me that the "yamen" at 10 o'clock that morning. This strange summons I at once connected with my barbarian escaped prisoner, and, full of his barbarian escape, I had almost decided either to put to sea two hours before the advertised time, noon, and so temporarily avoid any explanations, or to plead prevarication, and refuse to obey an almost royal command. Deterred by such doubts, I hardly felt relieved when another herald came to say that the "yamen" had concluded, as he desired to

THREE OF A KIND.

Each One Played to Get Big Money.

TWO ARE FUGITIVES, ONE IN JAIL

Styles of Banking That Proved Unpopular at Louisville and Philadelphia. How Mr. Musgrave Tried to Swindle Life Insurance Companies.

Three remarkably complicated cases of fraud have recently excited the reading public. All show how very hard it is to be a rascal nowadays and get away with anything. Major William Tillman was born in New York in 1834, served on the staff of General A. S. Williams, of Michigan.

The victory was ushered into the cabin, and, strange to say, selected a chair immediately in front of the door of the closet in which the refugee was concealed.

After a few courteous but exchanged, I was informed through an interpreter that Prince Ichang, the leader of an instruction, who had been captured and condemned to be beheaded, had made his escape. Suspicion, they said, seemed to point to his being aboard on board ship; a samsan had been seen to go alongside of her the night before about midnight; it reached the ship with two boatmen and one foreigner, and returned to the shore with only one man, and he made off in great haste as soon as he had landed, leaving the samsan adrift. "Of course the captain knew nothing about the escaped prisoner, and so he could have no objections to allowing the ship to be searched."

This was subtly put. To refuse to allow it would be equivalent to acknowledging that the man was on board, and would cost me my place in a company whose interest it was to placate the unfriendly Chinese. To allow the ship to be searched involved the possible discovery of the man, and in that case his recapture and certain death, as well as my own dismissal from the company.

Either course might endanger the lives of the foreign community in Amoy, against which the hatred of the Chinese needed only a pretext to begin a general massacre. I felt the color come and go in my cheeks, and for a moment I thought of delivering the refugees up to certain death, saying that when I took him on board I was not aware of the nature of the offense, and then revulsion of feeling came over me. I thought "this man has trusted his life in my hands and, hunted criminal as he is, I will not betray him."

All this flashed through my mind in an instant, and when I turned to the victory I felt the same spirit of helplessness yet indomitable defiance that every true sailor feels in the fury of the storm. I said quietly: "Certainly, your excellency, my steward will turn over the keys to your servants, but they will find no such man on board my ship."

The search party went all over the ship, directed by the crew, and after probing into corners and peering in amongst the piles of silk and boxes of tea, no stranger was found. This was reported to the victory, who said: "I have not searched this cabin; do so." I was wild with excitement and alarm, but my relief was intense when my furtive glance showed me that the search party did not dare to ask their master to move from in front of the door. This relief was of short duration, for he again asked if they had searched everywhere. "Everywhere except in that apartment behind your excellency's chair. We will look there, too; where is the key?" I now became thoroughly frightened, and fumbling for some loophole to escape, I told the victory that that was a locker where I kept my wine, and—I was ashamed to confess it to so high a ruler under the "Son of Heaven"—this I sometimes hid opium and other contraband articles there. Would his excellency forgive me if I begged that that place be left unopened, as my peccadilloes, if discovered, would cost me my post as captain. "In that case," said the victory, "I will save you from trouble by inspecting myself; the key?"

Doubtful whether to confess my complicity or to bray through, I thought of the mysterious nature of the whole affair, and hoped that the strange passenger might in some mysterious manner have escaped. This straw of hope that drowning desperation clung to saved the day. I reached in my pocket, and with trembling fingers pulled out the key.

The victory unlocked the door, opened it, and closed it hastily behind him. I saw that he had almost have heard the dew fall, and I fancied I heard a word within spoken very low. Then the door opened again, and there was a rustle of silken robes, the door closed, and the victory said in Chinese, "No one there!"

I felt my heart throb with one great bound, and things seemed to reel around me. When I recovered my composure enough to look up with pleased and grateful eyes I saw an expression I thought I recognized, and in an instant I knew what my own unstrung nerves and the regal robes had before concealed—the miserable coolie of the night before was none other than the victory of the province of Fukien, the absolute ruler of twenty-five million of people. I had no longer a doubt of my mysterious passenger and the royal fugitive were the same, and that the victory himself was conniving at his escape.

The ship sailed on time, and Prince Ichang was landed safely in Hong Kong, where he lived under English protection until a severe illness led him to believe that privilege more mortal than any other—of dying with his beard on.

Subsequent developments pointed to the fact that the victory was influenced not only by personal friendship, but by an enormous bribe with which the rich prince bought his head, and that, fearing the treachery of any of his subordinates, he had planned and executed the escape entirely alone. Of my betraying him he had no fear, as the word of a "foreign devil" would weigh nothing in a Chinese court.

Two years afterward I received from the victory of Kwang Tung a gorgeous pair of robes and some magnificent emeralds, "in gratitude for past hospitalities," and I found that my coolie friend had been promoted to the governorship of one of the largest provinces of the empire—True Faith.

Throat of a Singer. On an occasion a party of doctors were talking in the parlor when Parepa Rosa came in. Dr. Flint said to her, "We have just been discussing whether the throat of singers differed in any way from the ordinary throat." "Well," she replied, "I have no objection to your making an examination of mine, if you like," and immediately put herself in the hands of the doctors, who thus had an opportunity seldom accorded the medical fraternity. Dr. Flint, who was then engaged on his difference in the formation of the throat, and afterward mentioned the fact in his book—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Not a Confirmed Habit. Tenant—But does the chimney always smoke like that? Landlord—Oh, no! Only when there's a fire in the grate.—West Shore.

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MAJOR WILLIAM TILLMAN.

gan, during the war and then held a lucrative place as paymaster. He married a Miss Pettit, a daughter in one of the wealthiest families in Louisville, located there in 1874 and was soon a favorite of the very best society and in due time became cashier of the Falls City bank.

At length he was made commissioner of the sinking fund, which enabled him to put \$500,000 of public money in his bank, and then, as the evidence now indicates, he went wild. When the Democrats nominated another man to succeed him, his friends created a deadlock in the city council, and he held him in place. Then he contracted with one William P. Johnson to elect the latter county clerk in 1890, on condition that the bank should run that office, and spent somewhere between \$50,000 and \$60,000 in the election. No such corruption had ever been known in Kentucky. As much as \$150 was paid for one vote. But Johnson was beaten and Major Tillman was ruined. Nevertheless, he kept up a fair outside appearance until the bank made an assignment a few months ago, and as soon as the new bookkeepers got to work figures of grave meaning were revealed.

Major Tillman had systematically falsified all the accounts. Overdrafts were made on firms long gone out of business. One for \$5,000 was on L. L. Warren, who

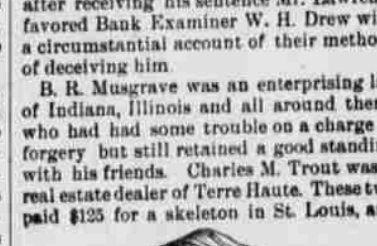


CHARLES LAWRENCE.

had been dead eight years. His own account was overdrawn for an enormous sum. And, worst of all, he had converted to his own personal use some \$15,000 out of the fortune of \$21,000 left to the widow and daughter of R. B. Alexander, formerly cashier of the bank. Yet his friends succeeded in getting him well on the way to Canada before much of this was known.

The Philadelphia Keystone bank story is similar. Its president, Marsh, is not yet found. "Honest John" Bardsley is in the penitentiary for fourteen years. Charles Lawrence, cashier of the Keystone, is in for seven years and others have suffered according to their degrees of guilt. Soon after receiving his sentence Mr. Lawrence favored Bank Examiner W. H. Drew with a circumstantial account of their methods of deceiving him.

B. R. Musgrave was an enterprising lad of Indiana, Illinois and all around there, who had had some trouble on a charge of forgery but still retained a good standing with his friends. Charles M. Trout was a real estate dealer of Terre Haute. These two paid \$125 for a skeleton in St. Louis, and



B. R. MUSGRAVE.

placed it in a loghouse near Terre Haute which was temporarily the home of Mr. Musgrave. One night the cabin was burned, the bones were found and great was the wailing of Mr. Musgrave's mother and sister. It was soon revealed, however, that the "deceased" had \$30,000 insurance on his life—a very large sum for an unmarried man—all the policies having been taken within a few weeks.

The companies decided to set the detective to work, and straightway Mr. Trout was scared almost to death. He wasn't the stuff that successful criminals are made of. He told Frederick F. Markle, brother-in-law of Musgrave, all about it, and the latter went to Chicago and saw Musgrave, then returned to Terre Haute and laid the facts before the coroner. Charles M. Trout was arrested and confessed everything. Musgrave escaped.

A Colt Adopted by a Cow. A young colt in Minnesota, Dakota, recently lost its mother by accident, and has been adopted by a cow. The cow has a calf, and seems to divide her affection equally between the colt and her own offspring, nursing both with the strictest impartiality.—Lincoln Journal.

Robert T. Teach, a colored reporter of The Boston Globe, has become a member of the Boston Press club. He is the first colored man elected to an incorporated white man's club in Boston.

Unmasked. There used to live a learned man, As wise as wise could be; You'd find it very hard to find A wiser man than he. He'd studied all the dogmas, No man was better versed in lore; No man was better versed in lore In science or in art. His neighbors all revered him, and Defered to him with awe; They thought he was the wisest man This world ever saw. But even this wise man proved no Exception to the rule; For finally he fell in love And acted like a fool. —Journal of Education.

The Limit. Daughter—Why is it, ma, that a honey-moon is supposed to last only three months? Ma—At the end of the month the quarterly bills come in.—New York Weekly.

This is an Optical Joke Only. "Miss Henderson laughs just like a man." "Too bad, I hate a woman who is guilty of manslaughter."—New York Sun.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The Former Buys a Horse and the Latter Gets Even With Him.

HUNTING THE SEA OTTER.

HOW THIS COSTLY FUR IS GOT- TEN IN WASHINGTON STATE.

Perched High Above the Billows the Darling Hunter Watches with His Rifle and Glasses—Unwritten Law That Is Carefully Observed.

It is not generally known that some of the most expensive fur-producing animals are killed off the coast of the new state of Washington, and it is remarkable that the extent of territory where these animals are taken is extremely limited, being only from Dabney's point, at the northern entrance to Gray's harbor, up the coast to Point Greenlee, a distance of about twenty-four miles. The animal referred to is the sea otter, the fur of which is manufactured into the robes of the potentates and princes of the Old World.

Unlike that of the seal, the fur of the sea otter requires no plucking of hair or coloring; in fact, the most valuable skins are those which are speckled through with a silver tipped hair, which is known as the silver tipped hair, the addition of this hair adding 25 to 50 per cent. to the price of the skin.

There are now several hunters engaged in killing sea otters at the place referred to, and the modus operandi of taking them was very interesting to me.

"THE CROW'S NEST." The hunters build themselves derricks about forty feet high by taking three slim poles or pieces of timber, each about forty feet in length, and bolting them securely together at one end for the top, they spread them out to twenty-five feet apart at the bottom, giving the appearance of a huge tripod. These are set on the ocean beach, about midway between high and low tides, the foot of the poles being imbedded in the sand from two to three feet. The structure is then thoroughly braced, and a ladder built to the top by nailing poles at convenient distances crosswise on the inland.

About eighteen inches below the top of the tripod, cross timbers are secured to the legs, and upon these cross timbers a floor from four to five feet square is laid, and on the oceanward and two adjoining sides walls are built up from three and a half to four feet in height. On the land side, a door is constructed to allow the hunter easy ingress and egress to and from the "crow's nest." On the top of the tripod, which extends about eighteen inches above the door, a seat is constructed around the inside of the wall a row of shelving is placed.

At low tide, when the wind is propitious, the hunter ties himself to his crow's nest, armed with a good pair of glasses, a Sharpe rifle and a lunch, and for six long hours he scans the line of the ocean just outside of the breakers, where he most expects his game to appear. When the tide first begins to rise the range is about 600 yards, but as it rises in the range is shortened to 300 or 400 yards. Even at these latter distances it requires close calculation to know just how to shoot to overcome the rise and fall of the ocean swell and the effect of the wind upon the bullets. It is said that not one out of 100 shots of the best marksmen is effective. When the tide is in the range is about 600 yards, but as it rises in the range is shortened to 300 or 400 yards. Even at these latter distances it requires close calculation to know just how to shoot to overcome the rise and fall of the ocean swell and the effect of the wind upon the bullets. 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