

# THE FAMILY STORY



## THE MURDER OF A WIFE.

ONE night, just as it was growing dusk and the lengthening shadows brought weird memories to me, I was disturbed at the door with a loud "Whoa!" from the driver and a pull that brought the horse on its haunches. A man sprung out of the cab, and, hastily running up the steps, pulled frantically at the door bell. Although it was nearly dark I had time to distinguish the features of one of the leading lawyers of the city.

As my servant showed him into the front parlor, by the window of which I was sitting, he came forward, and, grasping me by both hands, said: "Mr. Martinot, we need no introduction; we both know each other professionally so well that a personal acquaintance is unnecessary."

I motioned him to a chair. "I will be seated," said he, "but only long enough for you to get ready to go with me. I want you to go to the Tombs. My client, in whose behalf I have called to see you, is there. He is in the shadow of the gallows. The noise is around his neck."

It is no unusual thing for me to be called by a professional man, and therefore I gave no thought to the case as we were rattling through the streets, but the impatience of the lawyer was such that he would not allow the cabman to slacken, even upon the slippery pavements. We were nearly there before he mentioned the case. He seemed unable to talk from nervousness. When the shadow of the Tombs fell upon the cab he turned to me and said:

"I can tell you only one thing about the case; my client is innocent. That is absolute. In his confession to me he could explain nothing; he only knows that he is innocent."

With this brief prelude I followed my guide up the stairs leading to the Tombs and into the somber gallery that runs along murderers' row. In the last cell, surrounded by not more than ten square feet of space, sat my man. He occupied a wooden chair, and when the turnkey unlocked the door he gave no sign excepting to bury his head deeper in his hands and groan.

At a glance I saw that he was a gentleman. He was a man in the prime of life, not over 40, well dressed, clean-shaven and handsome. This I saw in spite of the dark gloom upon his countenance, for never in my life had I seen such abject despair shown in the face of a human being.

At the sound of the lawyer's voice he lifted up his head, and at the mention of my name a ray of hope seemed to come across his countenance. He rose, shook hands with us both, and beckoned us to seats on his rude cot.

"Now," said the lawyer, leaning back and leaving his face to face together, "tell Mr. Martinot everything that happened that night and conceal nothing from him. Tell him just as you have told me."

Looking me straight in the eye and beginning at the very beginning, Franklin Jarvis told me his story:

"I am a manufacturer of dress goods," said he. "My business carries me down into Barclay street and the lower quarters of the town, and on that account I rise early every morning. For many years my wife has not breakfasted with me."

"We were married fifteen years ago and our story is an old one. We married in poverty and were happy. We grew to wealth and were indifferent. When fortune began to smile upon us my wife became ambitious and longed to shine in the social set of which we had read only a little and in gilded paragraphs."

"I opposed her and we quarreled, sometimes gently, but more often bitterly. Our words at times rose high, and when, as on a recent occasion, she showed great extravagance in her attempts to get into high circles, I would leave the house and not return for a week at a time. Thus it grew steadily on for the last five years, getting worse and worse."

"I will tell you now," said he, hesitating and half apologetically, "that for the last five years, since our trouble began, I have been employing my spare time in a little amusement when I have very rigidly kept secret from my friends. I have been writing stories. During these periods when my wife and I were estranged and neither of us would humble ourselves enough to make the first approaches, I have withdrawn from home, and, taking up my quarters in a hotel, have amused myself evenings writing fiction. This has been my pastime, as other men drive horses or seek the billiard table. My stories have been in print and doubtless you, Mr. Martinot, have read many of them under an assumed name. My wife knew of my little pastime and ridiculed it. When I wrote at home I could only do it in the still hours of the night when she was asleep."

"Last Wednesday morning at the breakfast table my wife, who had been extravagant of late, brought up the subject of a residence uptown. She wanted to be opposite Central Park and to ride with the swells of Fifth avenue. I opposed her and she retorted sharply. "You will regret this," I said as I rose from the table. "You may regret it sooner than you think. By God," I cried, as the memory of the things she

had said swept over me anew, "I wish I could go away and never see your face again."

"Of course I was sorry for the words as soon as I had said them, and during the day I squared matters with my conscience by sending a basket of flowers to her. I even notified a real estate manager that I was in the market for an uptown residence."

"I was detained that night at my office, and when I reached home the church clock opposite was tolling the hour of 11. I went softly in at the front door, and knowing that my wife would be asleep at that hour I walked through the long hall to a little study situated at the rear end of the hall. Here stood a small writing desk, and here I knew I could be alone for an hour to quiet my mind from the business events of the day and to indulge in my favorite recreation of story writing."

"A plot had come to my mind as I came uptown in the cars, and I resolved to write it while it was fresh. A flattering letter from a publisher who had accepted my latest story made me resolve to supply him with another as soon as possible."

"This time my wife shall know of my work and be proud of it. I will



"I HEARD A VOICE SAY: 'FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, CAN IT BE HE?'"

enter society and court the literati, while she enjoys herself with the butterflies," I said to myself, smiling, as I dipped my pen in the ink.

"The plot of my story was a singular one. It was the 'Murder of a Wife.' With accuracy I went into each startling detail, and as I wrote down the bloodthirsty words I saw that my anger for my wife was melting away, even as the beauty of the story grew underneath my fingers. When I had finished I saw that I had achieved what would be the greatest work of my life, and that honors would come to me from the public who would read my story."

"When I had laid down my pen I sighed a sigh of relief.

"I could not do that again for \$1,000," I said aloud. "No," I repeated, as I walked through the hall, still intent with the plot, "no, I could not do that again for \$10,000."

"Did you speak, sir?" inquired a woman's voice.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"It is I—Ellen, the cook. I heard somebody walking around, sir, and I came to see who it was."

"All right, Ellen," I said; "it is I. Go back to bed." And Ellen, who sleeps in the basement, went back down the basement stairs.

"Bounding up the staircase, I threw open the door of my wife's room and stepped inside. A moment later I was pulling the bell frantically and shouting for help.

"There upon the edge of the bed lay my wife, with the blood dripping from her head and heart. She was uncovered, with one arm hanging to the floor. Her countenance was fearfully distorted. She had been cruelly murdered—stabbed in the head and heart. Stabbed to death by the hand of a midnight assassin."

"In a moment the room was filled with frightened servants and I was sending them in every direction—for physicians, policemen, neighbors.

"But there was nothing to be done. She was dead. That much we all saw at a glance. Her head was slashed almost beyond recognition and the hand that had done it was a desperate one.

"I was too dazed that night to consider. But the next day when the inquest was held I saw the awkward position in which I was placed. The coroner, in his search of the premises, came upon the manuscripts lying upon the little table in my writing-room and there, word for word, lay before him

the act description of the murder of my wife, just as it was, in my manuscript. If I had killed her before writing I could not have written down a more accurate account of the details.

"The rest you know. My arrest, imprisonment and impending trial fill the newspapers. I am a doomed man. Nothing on earth can save me! The testimony of Ellen alone would convict me. No chain of circumstantial evidence was ever more closely entwined around an unfortunate wretch like me."

I must confess that when I came out of the Tombs that night I was puzzled. The awfulness of the story and the certainty of conviction were all that I could bring to mind.

As we stepped down the stone steps the clock in the Tombs was tolling 11. "Drive me to the home of Franklin Jarvis," I said to the lawyer. "Let me in the front door and leave me. Come back for me in one hour."

I hardly knew what I intended to do, although my mind was full of vague suggestions. As the front door of the faded house closed behind me and the street a shiver ran over me in spite of my many experiences and I walked softly the full length of the hall and seated myself in the little writing room.

Taking up pen and ink, I took the blank sheets of paper before me and began to write as though I were living the night of the murder over again. As I wrote I turned and laid the sheets one by one upon a small Cairo stand back of me, which had evidently been used for that purpose, for there were blotchers upon it.

Suddenly had I written a page when I thought I heard behind me a stealthy step. On the second page I heard it again. This time there were whispers. I listened and heard a voice say, "For the love of God, can it be he?"

I sprang to my feet and turned around.

A loud shriek rose to the ceiling and upon the hall floor there fell a heavy weight. It was a man and over him bent a woman.

"You scared him almost to death, sir," said she. "I told him that it was only one of those detectives that they are always sending here, but the back of your head looked so much like master's that it scared him most to death."

"Why should that scare him?" I asked.

"Sure sir, I don't know, but lately he has been like, like—"

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## LET US ALL LAUGH.

### JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

**Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.**

**Found It Out.**  
Bill—You know the gas companies always threaten to take out your meter if you don't pay your bills?  
Jill—Yes; I've often heard that.  
"I never knew whether to believe it or not."  
"Well?"  
"I didn't pay my bills last month."  
"What's the result?"  
"I'm still in the dark."—Youkers Statesman.

**And Fine Plays, Too.**  
He—What do you mean by saying that your friend's work is all play?  
She—Lucy is a professional pianist.—Detroit Free Press.

**Success.**  
"His success in a financial way has been something marvelous."  
"Yes, sir. I've often heard him tell how, when he came here fifteen years ago, all he owed in the world was a dollar and a quarter, and last week he failed for a million."—Detroit Journal.

**So They Say.**  
Miss Adley—For my part, I can't see why those people up at the Klondike should suffer from the cold at all.  
Mr. Dilkers—You know that it is very far north, of course?  
Miss Adley—Yes, but it is generally supposed that everybody up there has money to burn.

**Declined.**  
Lawyer—Now you must be confidential with me. Did you really rob the bank?  
Ex-cashier—No, sir. I am an honest man!  
Lawyer—Then I can't defend you. Where would my fees come from?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Why Go Back to the Dead.**  
Critic—Byron it was, I believe, who said he would rather have written the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" than any other poem in the English language.  
Verely—Yes, but Byron died more than forty years before we were born.

**Information Wanted.**  
Bank President—Did I understand you to say that a change of climate had been recommended for you?  
Cashier—Yes, sir. That is why I desire an earlier vacation than usual.  
Bank President—Who recommended the change—your physician or your attorney?

**He Wanted Too Much.**  
Patient—Well, doctor, do you think it's appendicitis?  
Eminent Surgeon—I never think, my friend; I always know.  
Patient—Yes, I know you always know after the operation, but can't you break over the rule and work up a little doubt now?

**Getting On.**  
"How about Jeff Byers?" asked the man who had returned to the scenes of his boyhood after a long absence; "is he getting on any in the world?"  
"Gosh, I should say he was," replied Deacon Hayricks; "gets on a spree every chance he has."

**As She Understood It.**  
He—I very seldom associate with any one that knows more than I do.  
She—What a dreary, lonesome life you must lead.

**But of Course They Don't Tell.**  
"A man is known by the company he keeps."  
"And a woman by her dressmaker."

**Another Name for It.**  
Hix—I wonder what drove Lashton to drink?  
Dix—Trouble, I believe.  
Hix—What kind of trouble?  
Dix—His troublesome desire for whisky.

**Suspicious.**  
Magistrate—You are a great rogue.  
Prisoner—Not such a rogue as your Honor—takes me to be.  
Magistrate—Put your words closer together.—Judy.

**When She Forgets.**  
"Miss Bramley is so tender hearted that I don't believe she would injure a flea."  
"Say, you ought to see her in a rush for a bargain counter."

**Cruelty Sublime.**  
"Yes," said Miss Passelgh, "I enjoy the society of Mr. Ayrland. He keeps me interested. He is always saying something that one never hears from anybody else."  
"Really?" rejoined Miss Cayenne. "Has he been proposing to you, too?"—Washington Star.

**His Way.**  
The Sultor—I love your daughter with all the intensity of my nature, sir.  
Her Father—Yes—same way you smoke cigarettes.  
After that, of course, nothing more could be said.

**Illusions of Animals.**  
All animals appear at times to suffer from illusions, birds and horses notably so. A swan on the Thames was recently observed fighting his own reflection as seen by him in the window of a fishing boat, which acted as a looking-glass. He had been waging battle some time when he began to have some misgivings as to whether the enemy were real or not, for at intervals he desisted from the attack, and tapped the frame of the window all round with his bill. A bird has been known to make a nest round a golf-ball, under the illusion that it was one of its eggs. Many quadrupeds, such as the horse, brave to face dangers which they can understand, become a prey to a hundred terrors of imagination due to illusions or mistakes as to what they fancy they see. Animals are frequently mistaken in sounds, and are occasionally taken in by the mimicry of a parrot; and a nervous dog, which had a special dread of thunder, has been known to go into a fit when it heard a sack of coals being emptied into the cellar, under the illusion that it was the dreaded thunder.

A serious tangle is often the result of a matrimonial knot.

**Plain Truth.**  
Mrs. Stittles—Tell me, Mary, what is your impression after living in so many families?  
Mary—It has always surprised me what curious women men took for wives and what odd creatures women chose for husbands.—Boston Transcript.

**I Couldn't Help It.**  
"Young Airly, the lawyer, seems to have a very high opinion of his calling."  
"Why not? His office is on the fourth-floor."

**Malicious.**  
Miss Lilly, yesterday evening I exchanged thoughts with the famous Prof. Saduka.  
"You—with him! No wonder he seemed so uninteresting last night."—San Francisco Chronicle.

**Sweet and Innocent.**  
Miss Passay—I was so embarrassed last night, Mr. Hunksley asked point blank why I had never married.  
Miss Cuttigny—I wonder how he came to do that—had he never seen you in the daylight?

**Courting Trouble.**  
Willson—I hear that Anastasia Hardocks is engaged to a French count who has fought seven duels.  
Copley—That fellow is evidently determined to fool around till he gets hurt.

**Fearless Wretch.**  
"Oh, dear," sighed the young mother, "I do wish I knew what to give the baby to keep him quiet."  
"Why don't you try arsenic?" growled her bachelor brother, who was trying to read the evening paper.

**Divorce Has Its Good Side.**  
Mrs. Fairleigh—Does your husband ever compare your housekeeping to his mother's?  
Mrs. Warwick—Not now. He used to, though.  
Mrs. Fairleigh—How did you break him of it?  
Mrs. Warwick—I compared his behavior to that of my first husband.

**Beginning of Hostilities.**  
Mr. Perky—Oh, if you could only learn to cook as my first wife did!  
Mrs. Perky—If you were as smart as my dear first husband was you'd be rich enough to hire the best cook in the land.—Cleveland Leader.

**A Sagacious Animal.**  
"Anything wrong w' the sow, Johnnie?"  
"No. She always shams sick o' fair days!"—London Punch.

**Her Objection.**  
Ella—Young Hillton is such an awful bore.  
Hattie—In what respect?  
Ella—Oh, in several. He's continually quoting the poets, for one thing.  
Hattie—But I thought you were fond of the poets?  
Ella—So I am; but I don't care for photographic reproductions of their works.

**Why It Failed to Appear.**  
Poet—I sent a poem to a morning paper last week, but for some reason it has failed to appear.  
Friend—Did you inclose a stamp?  
Poet—Of course not.  
Friend—Well, there's where you made a mistake. Had you done so it would no doubt have appeared in the mail next morning.

**The Advantage of Being Nobody.**  
Kirkey—I don't believe in workin' so hard as you do. I believe in havin' a good time as you go along. Who cares what people think of us after we're dead?  
Worthing—It's all right for such fellows as you to talk that way. You're on the safe side. Nobody will think of you at all after you are dead.

**Don't Write Send a Boy.**  
"I'm more thoroughly convinced than ever that it is foolish to write letters."  
"Ah! You've been getting into a scrape, have you? I hope it's nothing that will prove to be serious."  
"Serious! I should say it was serious. I wrote to a friend of mine asking him to lend me \$50 and spelled his name wrong!"

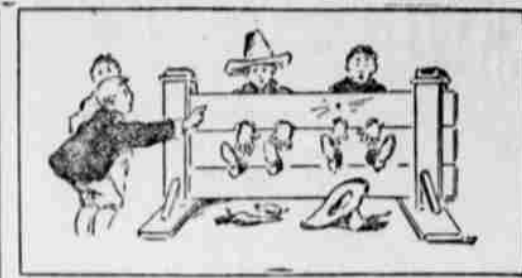
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## ODD METHODS OF PUNISHMENT.



The Stocks



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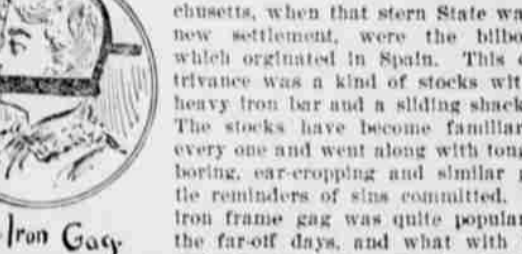
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The recent exhibition of objects relating to prisons and the safe keeping of prisoners, held in New York, revives interest in the various modes of punishing evil-doers in the early days. Among the methods in vogue in Massa-

chusetts, when that stern State was a new settlement, were the billows, which originated in Spain. This contrivance was a kind of stocks with a heavy iron bar and a sliding shackles. The stocks have become familiar to every one and went along with tongue-boring, ear-cropping and similar gentle reminders of sins committed. An iron frame gag was quite popular in the far-off days, and what with this barbaric machine and the ducking-stool talkative women did not enjoy the liberties of their latter-day sisters. The pillory was used on all occasions for all sorts of misdemeanors, though like other forms of punishment it had but little effect as a deterrent.

great the rising sun, like Pitt or Gladstone, with a neat quotation from Virgil; perhaps it was foggy, perhaps he knew no Virgil. But he did very well, all things considered. They only gave him two pauses of ten minutes and one of five, and he only consumed three glasses of wine, two cups of black coffee and fifteen glasses of water. If that seems a lot to you, just put in your Saturday afternoon and evening at a twelve-hour speech and see. There was a little assistance. Toward the end his comrades sang "Long may he live," at intervals, and all through they cheered and banged their desk lids whenever he seemed to want breath. Also there was Herr Wolf, who did not understand the game at first, and spoke and desk-banged simultaneously with Lecher for an hour. But Lecher did it, and played out the majority and all of the Presidents.

**WONDERFUL, BUT USELESS.**  
Here's a Freak Bicycle Geared to 555 Inches.  
The claim of having the highest geared wheel in the world belongs in Newark, according to the Cycling Gazette, where a dealer has constructed the freak bicycle. When it is said that the machine is geared so high that no one can ride it it will be conceded that he has accomplished his point. If an old ordinary were to be constructed of the same relative gear it would have a wheel 555 inches in diameter. In other



GEARED TO 555 INCHES.

words the front wheel would be 46 2/3 feet in height. As it is on the Newark safety there are few men in the world who can reach from saddle to pedal, for the distance from the seat to the pedal at its lowest point is about 52 inches. If the freak cycle be ridden each revolution of the pedals would carry the rider 145.29 feet and it would require but thirty-six revolutions to cover a mile. As an advertisement, however, the affair is said to be proving its value.

**Founder of Monte Carlo.**  
Monsieur Blanc, founder of the Casino at Monte Carlo, though immensely wealthy, was very close in small affairs. He never played but once. It was on a very hot day, and his wife demanded that he buy her a parasol. They went to a store, and she selected one that cost \$10, which, with a disgusted gesture, he paid. That afternoon, when the Casino opened, M. Blanc appeared and placed \$2 on the red at one of the trente et quarante tables. He won, pocketed his winnings and left the original stake on the table. For a second time he won and had got his \$10 back. Not content he wagered again, but lost, then doubled his stake and won again, and then set about playing for the two bulls he was behind. He played and lost, broke a thousand-franc note, then wrote a check, and finally, when the last deal was called, M. Blanc seized his yellow cane and started for home. There he found his wife playing "patience" with a pack of cards, the offending parasol lying on the table. "Madame," said the old gentleman, "do you know what that thing has cost me?" "Mais oui, mon ami. It cost you \$10." "Madame," rejoined he, "you are mistaken. I have just paid the bill—\$18,000. That is all."

**Longest Continuous Speech.**  
A twelve-hour speech of Dr. Lecher in the Austrian Reichsrath beat all British records, speaking not merely like Lord Palmerston, from the dusk of one day to the dawn of the next, but for twelve mortal hours. He did not

member the time when she was not interested in politics and in law. When her term expires as deputy sheriff she will apply herself seriously to the study of law, and some years hence we may hear of "Judge Ferguson," with another name, doubtless, added.

The young lady is extremely prepossessing in appearance and is considered one of the belles of Salt Lake City society. She is musical, fond of athletics and rides, drives and cycles. Her father was a successful physician in Utah, and on his side she is related to the family of the late Gen. U. S. Grant.

DEPUTY SHERIFF FERGUSON.

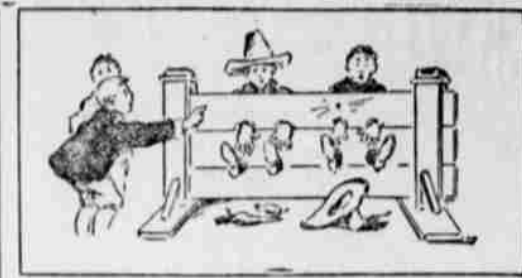
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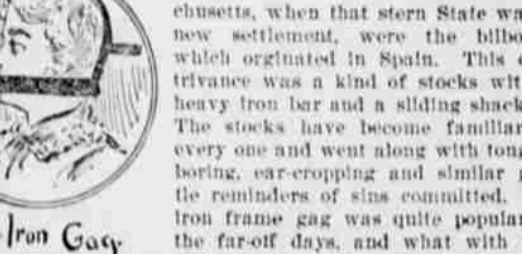
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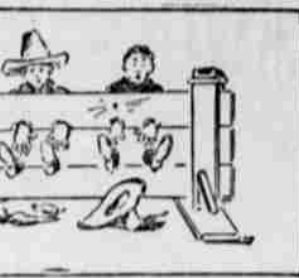
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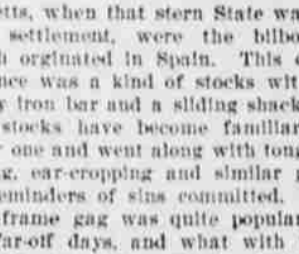
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The Stocks

The recent exhibition of objects relating to prisons and the safe keeping of prisoners, held in New York, revives interest in the various modes of punishing evil-doers in the early days. Among the methods in vogue in Massa-

chusetts, when that stern State was a new settlement, were the billows, which originated in Spain. This contrivance was a kind of stocks with a heavy iron bar and a sliding shackles. The stocks have become familiar to every one and went along with tongue-boring, ear-cropping and similar gentle reminders of sins committed. An iron frame gag was quite popular in the far-off days, and what with this barbaric machine and the ducking-stool talkative women did not enjoy the liberties of their latter-day sisters. The pillory was used on all occasions for all sorts of misdemeanors, though like other forms of punishment it had but little effect as a deterrent.

great the rising sun, like Pitt or Gladstone, with a neat quotation from Virgil; perhaps it was foggy, perhaps he knew no Virgil. But he did very well, all things considered. They only gave him two pauses of ten minutes and one of five, and he only consumed three glasses of wine, two cups of black coffee and fifteen glasses of water. If that seems a lot to you, just put in your Saturday afternoon and evening at a twelve-hour speech and see. There was a little assistance. Toward the end his comrades sang "Long may he live," at intervals, and all through they cheered and banged their desk lids whenever he seemed to want breath. Also there was Herr Wolf, who did not understand the game at first, and spoke and desk-banged simultaneously with Lecher for an hour. But Lecher did it, and played out the majority and all of the Presidents.