

RUSSELL SAGE, THE DEAN OF WALL STREET

SO RUSSELL SAGE has retired from Wall street. There seems to be some doubt in the minds of the operators in the "street," but the financier's physical condition leaves little doubt of this.

Time has dealt kindly with Russell Sage. At four score and eight his step is as springy and he carries his nearly six feet of stature as erectly as he did at 60.

And mentally—well, if anybody thinks there's anything in particular the matter with Russell Sage's mind, let him advance to the venerable financier a proposition with a joke in it, and see whether it's discovered.

Time was when "Uncle Russell" worked just as hard as he liked, and it was only a few years ago, that one day he fell ill and couldn't go to his office.

His family physician, Dr. J. P. Munn, said he'd worked too hard and needed a rest. And Mr. Sage said:

"Oh, but he wasn't able to go downtown the next day, so the doctor said, and Mr. Sage came very near to being disagreeable. There was nothing the matter with him, and he knew it, and he had other things to do besides lie abed.

Finally Mrs. Sage came in, and in that gentle but wonderfully firm way she said to him:

"Father, you're not going downtown today, or else you're going to stay right here and rest, and we'll hear no more to the contrary."

Mr. Sage had heard his wife talk that way to others, and what she said went to his heart. He didn't quite know what to say. So he just said "Umph!"

After he got about he was better than

he had been in years and since then, when Mrs. Sage tells him to do something for the good of his health, he just says "Umph!" and does it. Now, when any one remarks on how well Mr. Sage looks, Mrs. Sage looks at her husband, smiles and says softly:

"Well, he has pretty good care. Men don't know anything about taking care of themselves."

And Mr. Sage, trying his best to be teaty and to repress the smile with the love light in his eyes, says:

"Yes, it's all Mrs. Sage's fault."

When Mr. Sage was a boy up in Oneida county he was up by sunrise or before. He doesn't get up so early as that now, but he is rarely in bed after 10 o'clock in the morning, and he is rarely out of bed after 10 o'clock in the evening.

He and Mrs. Sage breakfast together about 9 o'clock, and then Mr. Sage looks over the morning papers.

Formerly he went to his office between 9 and 10 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Sage began housekeeping next door to the Forty-second street corner in Fifth avenue.

Both greatly regretted that they had to leave the old place. But the encroachments of trade finally drove them up the avenue on the same side, and at the house which Mr. Sage owned and had rented for years.

It is between Fifth and Fifty-first street, at No. 65, and so it happens that "Uncle Russell" now takes the elevated at Fifth street when he goes down town.

Mr. Sage's business routine was as methodical as a clock. On first reaching his office he would take a look at the ticker to see how the market had opened. Then he would look over his mail.

Such of his letters as needed personal



RUSSELL SAGE.

"The Devil's Ace"

From the New York Herald.

A FEMALE hand and a smuggler who was wounded and captured by the Mexican rurales after a desperate battle a few days ago on the Rio Grande is conceded to be none other than an adventurous Indian boy named Zalia. "The Devil's Ace" she is now in a military hospital in Monterey and physicians say she has fought her last battle.

This strange character, who has had vicissitudes of fortune in her career without a parallel outside of fiction, was born in an Indian village on the plains. Her father was a Frenchman who lived with the Comanches more than half a century. He married the daughter of Iron Jacket and raised a large family of children. After the Comanches settled on their present reservation this Frenchman, whom the Indians called "Heap Write," from the fact that he spent much of his time in writing, built a home and devoted his fine abilities to the education of his children.

Zalia was the beauty of the family. She spent one year at school, at Jackson, in some other state, and when she returned to the territory it was easy to see that she had mastered many little arts that gave her an advantage over her sisters.

Sometimes she came to Fort Hill when the Indians were drawing supplies, dressed as a Comanche maiden,

ing him and abusing him she threw her arms about his neck and drove the keen blade into his heart. Kissing his dying lips as she let the limp form slink upon the grass, she muttered: "Now, the white face woman can have you."

She knew that she would be accused of the murder and lost no time in making her escape from the territory. Dressed in a suit of her brother's clothes and mounted on a black horse, she set out in the direction of Old Mexico.

A small body of soldiers struck her trail the next day and came in sight of her just at sunset when she was plunging her horse into Red river. Several peddlers were encamped in a grove near the crossing, and when they saw the soldiers they supposed they were about to be attacked. They sprang to their arms and poured a shower of bullets into the ranks of the advancing soldiers.

Zalia comprehended the situation, and drawing her revolver, she joined the newly discovered allies. The soldiers were surprised and repulsed.

Zalia, while firing with rapidity and precision, sang an Indian war song. Galloping from one point to another, she laughed and sang and shouted as if she were intoxicated with the joy of the soldiers.

The peddlers thought that she was insane.

She told them that the "blood of 40 generations of warriors was boiling in her veins."

in driving their master's carts. These carts had been driven in a direction which took them close to the scene of the crime, and while they had been passing through a wood Richardson had requested his comrades to stop a few minutes while he ran to a smith's shop and back. They did so, and one of the drivers remembered that Richardson had met and conversed with him elsewhere at the hour of the crime.

Their evidence was of course given in all honest belief that it was perfectly correct, for they had not the slightest suspicion of Gorton having a double.

The arrangement broke down at last, however, through one of those little oversights that even the most cunning rogues will fall into, and the ingenious plans came to their deserts. The Gorton

was criminal of the kind that, as that clever detective Littlefield once remarked, "make detectives gray before they are old."

Has No Hands, But Threads Needles.
Pulsaski Correspondence Nashville Banner.

During her babyhood Emma Lou Lawson, now 14, lost both hands by amputation, made necessary by necrosis of the wrist bones. The little miss is an exceedingly bright child, an orphan, and notwithstanding her physical disability, can write a beautiful hand and work examples in arithmetic. She can thread a needle almost as quick as anyone, and sew well. All this, coupled with her cheerful disposition, makes her a favorite with all who know her.

attention he answered. The rest he turned over to Colonel Bloom. Mrs. Sage's brother, or so Mr. Osborn, who has been "Uncle Russell's" cashier since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. After that he took up the business of the day as it presented itself.

Thanks to Mrs. Sage's training, he has learned to skip details, leaving those to Colonel Bloom or Mr. Osborn; but every proposition of importance, from participating in an underwriting to the negotiation of a loan, is submitted to him before any action, one way or the other, is taken.

Besides this, he makes it his business to have a personal knowledge of just how his books stand all the while. It has become a truism in Wall street that Mr. Sage always keeps on hand more money to lend than any other one man in the financial district. To keep personal track of his books, therefore, is no small job in itself.

The end of Mr. Sage's business day came anywhere from 2 to 3:30 in the afternoon, depending on the character of the business and his mood. But when he left his office he left all business behind him and this has been the habit of a lifetime.

For nearly half a century "Uncle Russell" has played the game of the street as he would play a game of chess, moving here and moving there to checkmate or to be checked, but the day over, he has always left the pawns where they happened to be and forgot them until the play of the next day began.

At home he and Mrs. Sage are the greatest of chums. Mr. Sage always arrives home on almost every day to see Mrs. Sage before dark. And then "Uncle Russell" has real fun.

He has a pair of black rove horses, which he bred, and to drive them is one of his greatest pleasures. Nellie and Boom, he calls them, and Nellie is his favorite.

There is little to be wondered at in this, for he never allows his fondness for his master in any way, as he knows, he recognizes his step the moment she hears it in the stable, and she will not stop neighing until he has spoken to her.

After dinner there is a little reading of the evening papers or of books—but not so much as there was 30 years ago, because the eyes tire more easily now than they did then—a chat with friends who may drop in, and if possible a game of whist, out of which Mr. Sage gets more fun than from any other recreation except driving. When the game is over "Uncle Russell's" day is done, and he sleeps like a top until morning.

Mr. Sage looks out for his digestion by eating plain foods, but he has an appetite that is not minding. For the rest, Mrs. Sage takes care of that, and she does say that Mr. Sage plays the most scientific game of what she ever knew anything about.

That, by the way, is something of a concession for her to make, because it is part of the tradition of the famous Simons Willard seminary at Troy of which Mrs. Sage is an alumna, that there are no such whist players anywhere as Willard graduates.

Mr. Sage doesn't work as hard as 45 as he did at 50, but he plays mounted as Mrs. Sage, and she is a playmate. Something like 40 years ago, as young lovers, they started up the hill together; now, lovers still, together they are going down the slope.

Alibi, the Favorite Defense

From London Answers.

THE proof that an accused person is somewhere else at the time that a crime is committed has always been a defense in which advocates have taken special delight. Nothing can be more satisfactory, says Answers, provided that the alibi is a good one.

"If I prove to you, gentlemen," said a young barrister addressing the jury in a case before Justice Hawkins, "that my unfortunate and estimable client was elsewhere at the time that the crime was committed, then, I presume, that fact will be sufficient for you."

"Of course, I cannot speak for the jury," Justice Hawkins spoke in his usual tone, addressing the advocate.

"But I can assure you that I myself shall not be particular to a mile or two. If you can show that the prisoner was even a mile, or half a mile, away at the time, I will give him the benefit of the doubt."

The alibi has always been a favorite defense with calculating criminals. It has, on the other hand, in hundreds of cases, extricated the innocent from the meshes of a net of circumstantial evidence which must otherwise have inevitably dragged them to unmerited doom.

In the famous case of Rush, executed for the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Jermy and their son at Hunsfield hall, the assassin endeavored to establish an alibi by means of his housekeeper. Upon the night of the murder Rush slipped out of the house in disguise, effected his horrible design and returned. His housekeeper declared at first upon examination that Rush had come home to tea at 8 o'clock and had then taken off his boots for the night. About 9 he had left the room in which they had been sitting, and was absent about a quarter of an hour. He went out no more. Under a severe cross-examination she broke down and admitted that the statement she had made had been dictated to her by Rush himself. The alibi was false. She burst into tears and sobbing, described to the court how Rush had been absent from the farmhouse just at the time of the murder.

Clocks have played an important part in these defenses. Lives have depended on their accuracy or inaccuracy. In the case of a man named Hardy, who was accused of having taken part in a murder with others, one of the defenses, after the crime was committed, made his way home as fast as possible. It was night and there was no one in his house but a servant. Putting the clock in the hall back two hours, he went to bed, and rising shortly afterward awoke the servant and ordered her to go downstairs and see what was the time. The girl did so, and once more returned to her room. When the murderer, stealing her downstairs in his bare feet, once more put the clock right. The unsuspecting girl's evidence that the prisoner was in bed at the time when the crime was committed, procured his acquittal on his trial. The truth was made known by a deathbed confession some years later.

Witnesses who come forward to prove alibi by the clock sometimes prove very unsatisfactory. In a murder case at the Central Criminal court, two witnesses swore most persistently to the prisoner having been in their company at the hour when the prosecution contended he was engaged in the crime.

"Are you sure of the exact time?" asked the counsel for the prosecution.

"Certain," replied the first witness.

"How are you so sure about it?" asked the barrister.

"We were in the Bear public house, and I saw the time by the clock in the bar," replied the witness. "It was 27 minutes past 8."

"You say that time yourself?" asked the counsel.

"Yes."

One of the detectives engaged in the case here whispered something to the barrister, and he turned to the witness once more.

"You see that clock," he said, pointing to the clock in the court. "What is the time by it?"

The witness turned ghastly pale, stammered, and finally said that he was silent. He could not tell the time. The alibi bubble was burst. The prisoner was condemned.

A remarkable case of innocence being vindicated occurred at Exeter some years ago, when a young naval officer was charged with having presented at a Plymouth bank a forged order for payment in the name of the paymaster-general. The order was cashed and the presenter disappeared.

From the description of the man given by three of the bank clerks, suspicion attached itself to the accused, the son of an admiral, and the clerks identified him out of other naval officers as the presenter of the forged check. Fortunately for the accused he was able to bring forward a small army of his comrades to prove most positively that at the hour named he was in their society,

The Third Degree

From the London Answers.

THE informer has played a remarkable part in famous trials. The most infamous informer of modern times that a court of justice has listened to giving evidence against his associates was the notorious James Carey, the planner of the Phoenix Park murders, in 1882, when Lord French, Cavendish, and Mr. Butler fell beneath the daggers of a band of assassins—the "Invincibles," organized by Carey himself.

Though the murder took place in broad day light in a public park, and at a spot even within sight of the vicar's lodge, the murderers succeeded in escaping unobserved in a trap that was waiting for them, driven by a trusty confederate known as "Skin the Goat." Some months later the perpetrators were arrested and lodged in prison on the suspicion of various offenses, and Carey found himself in prison with them. But the evidence to bring the murder home to the guilty man was weak, and the police adopted a little ruse to induce Carey to turn informer. He was led to believe that in the cell next to him one of the most active of the gang was confined, and as Carey sat solitary and brooding in his cell he heard one day a large number of visitors to his neighbor. There seemed to be a vast amount of bustle and excitement next door, and Carey could only conclude that it was occasioned by one thing. His neighbor must be giving information.

The idea goaded Carey to a frenzy of fear. He resolved to tell all he knew himself, and so turned informer. The only person in the next cell to him was a police officer, and the visitors to him, who, in Carey's frightened ears, seemed magistrates and government officials, were really detectives playing a part. Carey sent five of his associates to the gallows, two to penal servitude for life, and others to various terms of imprisonment.

Carey, having done his work, was smuggled out of the country by the police, and fled for safety abroad. He was tracked and shot by O'Donnell, as he was called in a cabin of the Melrose steamer at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, four months later.

Few people who were in the Central Criminal court on May 21, 1886, when the two scoundrels, Milson and Fowler, stood in the dock, charged with the murder of Mrs. Smith at Mansfield Hill, will ever forget the scene that occurred when Fowler tried to strangle Milson, on discovering that he had sought to save his own neck by giving the police information respecting his companion's part in the crime.

When the two men were placed in the dock, a suspicion of what had occurred seemed to penetrate the brain of the great hulking brute Fowler, as he observed how Milson, who was led to trembling shrank away from him and sought refuge in the furthest corner of the dock. To the terror which filled Milson with regard to the result of the trial was now added the sudden throw himself upon him and kill him before the warders or police could interfere. He begged his custodians, in trembling whispers, to put more men between himself and Fowler, who did not know Fowler was like, he declared.

Milson's information did him no good, and, shaking with fear, he crouched in the dock, seemingly half senseless. At a moment when the judge had turned away and the police were looking at him, he seized his opportunity, and dashing away those who stood between he threw himself, with a cry like that of a wild beast, on his accomplice, the informer.

It took half a dozen officers to tear him away and to handcuff him. The dock side was smashed to splinters. When the jury brought in their verdict of "guilty," and the judge passed the sentence of death, Milson was the most breathless.

So intense was the hatred for Milson inspired in Fowler by what he had done that even when they met on the scaffold officers had to interpose to check another desperate attempt to wreak vengeance on him.

Another informer who ran a very considerable risk from the hatred inspired in his victim was Johann Schmidt, otherwise Lieberman, the cleverest forger of Bank of England notes in modern times, and the coolest exponent of his confederates, when it came to the point of being able to make more by "putting them away" than by sticking to them. The details of the trial when Philip Benstein, Solomon Barnham, and his son, William Barnham, were placed in the dock at the Central Criminal court, charged with uttering forged notes, will be within your recollection. They will remember how Solomon Barnham, after a sentence of 15 years' penal servitude had been passed upon him, shot himself with a revolver in his cell. How he came to be possessed of such a weapon was searched every day—was a mystery. It was probably passed in to him, wrapped in a waterproof cloth, in a breakfast pudding, supplied him from outside, for, not yet being