

BRITISH PUNISHMENT.

OFFICERS OF THE LAW SENTENCED FOR TAKING BRIBES.

History of One of the Most Celebrated Criminal Cases of the Century—A Crime That Tarnished the Fame of England's Best Detective Force.

In December, 1875, a remarkable trial took place before Baron Pollock at the Old Bailey, London. Great Britain awoke one morning to find that the most trusted officials of Scotland Yard had been receiving large bribes from a gang of noted criminals. Carr and Benson—the latter of whom committed suicide in this country a few years ago—were undergoing a long term of penal servitude for what were known as the "great turf frauds." While in prison they tendered certain evidence to the British government which led to the arrest of Chief Detective Inspector Clark, Detective Inspectors Druscovitch, Meiklejohn and Palmer, with their legal adviser and attorney, Edward Froggat, attorney at law.

The news sent a shock throughout the British islands. The police force in general was not by any means considered immaculate, but the great bureau of detection at Scotland Yard was entirely exempt from a shadow of suspicion. Every effort had been made to hush up the case, so as not to shake the confidence of the public. Dismissal, with consequent loss of large pensions, was, it was urged, sufficient punishment, but the home secretary was inexorable, and the trial went on.

"I was present during several days of its duration," said the Englishman. "The detectives were confident of acquittal, being ignorant of the overwhelming evidence in the hands of the prosecution. Their look of confidence changed into one of consternation when, close cropped and bagged, clad in the hideous striped dress of the felon, upon whom from head to foot was stamped the government broad arrow, Harry Benson, the notorious swindler, entered the witness box.

"He was a man of education and marked ability, a first class linguist and capable of mixing in the best society. The defense was ably conducted, but no cross examination could shake the convict, who now had his natural enemies in his toils and for once was telling the truth. Carr followed and in every point corroborated his fellow prisoner. He belonged to a lower grade than Benson, but possessed considerable force of intellect. So much for the evidence of bribery, which, it may be said, came from a tainted source.

"But telegrams were produced showing that when in pursuit the detectives wired the convicts of their movements, warning them to fly. Time after time, when close on their track, these messages were sent and subsequent meetings were held in London, where hundreds of pounds were paid over to these sleuth hounds of the law. Froggat, the lawyer, was also in the conspiracy and rendered services of a technical nature. He and Clark were out on bonds and quite confident of acquittal.

"The first relied on lack of evidence; the chief inspector had stronger grounds. For years he had been body detective to the Prince of Wales, and during his attendance on his royal highness it may be supposed that he had acquired secret knowledge of his actions which the crown officials would not like divulged. That 'knowledge is power' was proved in this instance, for it certainly enabled Clark to elude the meshes of the law.

"The judge charged the jury dead against the inspectors and Froggat, but was very light on the chief. In fact the crown produced very little testimony against him. After an absence of about an hour the jury returned. The verdict was 'Guilty' as against the four minor detectives and the lawyers, 'Not guilty' as against Clark, who at once left the dock.

"Have you anything to say, Druscovitch," asked the judge, 'why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?"

"The prisoner made a fine speech—he could speak six languages—in which he referred to long services rendered, the ruin which his conviction involved, the overwhelming nature of the temptation and finally his helpless wife and family. The other officers followed in a similar strain and with tearful eloquence begged for mercy. These men, who had mercilessly fastened the steel handcuffs on victims innumerable made a piteous spectacle when in the strong grasp of the law. Their pleadings were of little avail, and after reminding them of the scandal they had brought upon their profession, the baron sentenced them to two years' imprisonment with hard labor—this was the severest punishment available under the act of parliament—and before they fully realized their doom they were hustled out of sight into the cells of the Old Bailey.

"Froggat's turn now came, and it was generally thought his sentence would be lighter.

"I have a special sympathy for you, Edward Froggat," concluded the judge. "You belong to the same honorable profession as I do myself. Much is intrusted to us and much is expected of us. In sentencing you I do so with pain and reluctance, but I cannot see any reason for reducing the term of imprisonment—two years with hard labor."

"This came on the wretched man like a thunderbolt, and, bursting into hysterical tears, he raised his hands above his head. 'For God's sake, my lord,' he exclaimed, 'lessen the sentence!' This was all he had time to say, for the jailers do not encourage sentiment, and he was instantly hurried out of sight. I may mention that he was rearrested at the termination of his sentence for defrauding a lady of £5,000, for which, at the same bar of justice, he received seven years' penal servitude.

"This ended one of the most celebrated trials of this century, which gained its importance not of course from the enormity of the crime, but from the vital principles involved, which struck at the root of the whole English police system."—Chicago News.

A Race for a Wife.

South Broad street, from Jackson street to the navy yard gates, was the scene of a foot race the other day, the prize being the pretty daughter of a sailors' washerwoman. For some time Barney Burns, a marine, and George Lindsay, a sailor on board the receiving ship St. Louis, which is stationed at League island, have been enamored of the bright eyed daughter of the woman who does their washing. The men were friends and the girl's affections seemed to be about evenly divided on the two ardent lovers. How to decide with which of the two she should cast her lot was a difficult problem, but the happy thought of a foot race presented itself.

The arrangements were perfected and at 9 o'clock the contestants appeared upon the course, which was two miles long, accompanied by a large crowd who had been advised of the contest. Burns stands 6 feet 6 inches in height and weighs about 300 pounds, while his opponent, Lindsay, is lithe and willowy; and the sports in the crowd were not long in determining upon the latter as the favorite.

At the crack of the pistol the lovers were off at a rapid gait, and until the tracks of the Greenwich Point extension of the Pennsylvania railroad were reached kept well together. The pace told upon Burns' wind, however, and he dropped behind, and when Lindsay reached the end of the goal his competitor was not in sight. The washerwoman's daughter will now become Mrs. Lindsay.—Philadelphia Record.

English Fortifications in America.

John Bull is preparing to make things pleasant for us. He has been of late especially active in strengthening his outposts near the United States. Six of the most powerful modern warships are to be sent to the North Atlantic squadron, the summer headquarters of which are at Halifax and the winter quarters Bermuda. Halifax is close to the American line and only 300 miles from Boston. Bermuda is only 650 miles from New York and is heavily fortified.

At Port Royal in Jamaica, within one day's sail of Florida by steamship, Mr. Bull has some very powerful batteries. On the little island of St. Lucia he has a dry dock, a naval station and a heavy battery commanding one of the approaches to the mouth of the proposed Nicaragua canal. On all these strongholds money is now being spent. We all know about the arsenal, naval depot and fortifications at Esquipulas, and the warships in these waters. Uncle Bull has industriously fortified his outposts as near as possible to the United States.

The increased activity in this work is only two or three years old. It must be costing a great deal of money. It manifests a very friendly interest in our welfare and shows that our jolly old uncle has his benevolent eye on us. We shall have to watch Uncle Bull, too, in the friendliest way. We must not let him outdo us in polite attention.—Boston Journal.

Recovered a Bank Note.

Recently a woman residing in South Shields was leaving the postoffice, and in passing along Keppel street, near the South Shields police headquarters, she tore up a five pound note, under the impression that it was an ordinary piece of paper. She did not discover her mistake till the evening, whereupon she informed Chief Constable Moorhouse of the unfortunate circumstance. It being very dark, a number of police officers were set to work with lanterns, and after a good deal of labor succeeded in collecting in different parts of the street a number of pieces of the note.

These were pasted onto a sheet of paper, and application was made to a Newcastle bank, but the patched up note being refused there, it was sent to London to the Bank of England, and by return of a post a new five pound note was received by the woman, who showed her gratitude for the efforts of the police by sending a contribution, which has been placed to the credit of a private police fund.—London Tit-Bits.

Hunter Sam Pugh's Error.

Sam Pugh, of this city, was quite seriously hurt near Stillwater, O. T., a few evenings ago. With a party of young men he was out coon hunting. They chased an animal several miles, thinking they were trailing a coon, and when the animal was tired, Pugh climbed the tree to knock it down. In the darkness he could not see but what it was a coon, and he climbed up close to it and struck it. To his surprise he found the animal was a large and ferocious wildcat, which flew at him, biting and scratching him in a horrible manner, and causing him to lose his hold and fall to the ground. In his fall he struck a limb, fracturing three ribs and inflicting other severe bruises. He will be confined to his room for some weeks with his injuries.—Kansas City Journal.

The Moose Invited Death.

A bull moose was recently shot in the Maine woods which had nine prongs on one horn and eight on the other, the spread at the antlers measuring five feet. The animal apparently courted death, for, while the hunter who shot him was asleep by his camp fire, in the middle of the night the animal came up and smelled him over and awakened him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It is believed that a well planned system for improving the breeds of cattle, horses and hogs throughout all Canada will be soon taken in hand by the administration. This would add greatly to the value of the permanent "living plant" of the people and to "practical politics" in the best sense.

A trained bat belonging to William Hester, of Spring Hill, Pa., conveys messages like a carrier pigeon. Its speed is very great—more than two miles a minute. It recently flew a mile in 27½ seconds.

Recent experiments in Queensland have shown that mother-of-pearl shells can be made to produce pearls artificially.

How She Served the Summons.

She was bright and pretty, and she dropped into a lawyer's office the other day and asked for work.

"What can you do?"

"Anything a woman of ability can do, and more than most men."

"Great opinion of yourself, young woman," said an elderly lawyer present. "Perhaps you think you could serve this summons."

"I might," said she. "May I look at it? Yes, I will."

"If you do that you'll do something we've all been trying to do for a week. He's a slippery fellow and his people are all posted. However, you may try it. You can afford to lose a little conceit," and the lawyer smiled grimly.

At 10 the next morning the office door was opened and the bright young woman walked in again.

"Thought you'd give it up, eh? Found him too slippery for you? Thought so."

"The paper is served," said she. It was her turn to smile now, and she did it. The lawyer swung round in his chair.

"Served. How'd you do it?"

"Oh, it was simple enough. I called at his place of business, looked around, priced some materials and then asked if he was in."

"No," said the salesman, "but I can do as well."

"I think not," I said quietly. "He has always served me before, and he understands just what I want."

"Oh, in that case you might call at his house. He will be in to dinner."

"I did call at his house, dressed in my best, card case in hand. I sent in my card and he appeared promptly."

"Mr. —? said I, rising."

"Yes. You wish to see me on business?"

"I hear you are interested in property in — street?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have a paper which will interest you concerning it, offering him the summons, which he took with a smile. He looked at it and flushed crimson. So did I. Nothing was said. He controlled his temper and accompanied me to the door."

"Another field open to women," was the lawyer's only comment.—New York World.

Pity the Poor Drummer.

A very good looking drummer he was, and he had succeeded in making a great impression upon the table girl at a Maine hotel. He paid strict attention to the girl and to his dinner and his performance was creditable and thorough in both directions. But he did not eat his sweet corn. Finally the girl said in her sweetest tone: "You must have another ear of corn. That is cold and is not filled out."

"Oh, no" — but she is gone.

She returned with a steaming ear of corn and then waited expectantly to see him bury in the succulent vegetable his pretty teeth, that he showed with such charming grace in his smile. He ought to have known better, but in a spirit of bravado he responded to the mute appeal in that waiter girl's eyes and set his teeth into the corn. The first mouthful went all right, the second was a great success, but the third—we would that our tale could end here, but it cannot.

At the third mouthful, as he darted a gleam of fond adoration at the girl, his teeth loyally stayed by the mangled ear of corn for an instant, then dropped to the floor with a rattle that sounded in his ears like the discharge of heavy artillery. Worst of all, as he madly scratched for them he couldn't find his treasure. Finally the girl recovered them from a neighboring table, after a lady had kindly moved her skirts aside and revealed the truant teeth. The look that passed between that girl and the drummer as she handed him the teeth had something in it that wilted the bouquet over which it passed.—Lewiston Journal.

An Adirondack Term.

Healthy summer visitors to the Adirondacks frequently hear a term used by the natives in describing some of their city comrades in those delightful and health giving regions that greatly mystifies them at first. The people thus referred to technically are called the "lungers," who are generally found to be pretty plentiful. "Lungers," pronounced "lung-ers," is a word that has not as yet got into general usage outside the range of the pine tree odors of the northernmost part of New York state; but its meaning and derivation are soon perceived and compel instant admiration for their simplicity and significance.

The "lungers" of the Adirondack regions are none other than the consumptives who resort thither for the benefit of their lung troubles, and who form a class by themselves in the eyes of the natives apart from the mere hunters and pleasure seekers. There is a sort of distinction in being a lunker that might as well be made, and though the word thus evolved by an admirable philological fitness seems to have a touch of rugged brutality in it at first sight, yet there is, after all, a kind of rough sympathy in it that is redolent of the soil.

As the pulmonary knowledge of the Adirondack people increases in minute-ness, as it doubtless will, one may expect to hear the more detailed designations of "one lungers," "half lungers," etc., though this, it is believed, has not yet been observed.—New York Tribune.

What Three Women Do While Riding.

A busy woman says she gives her mind a complete rest on her journeys to and from the scene of her daily work: "I close my eyes behind my hand or paper and make my mind as complete a blank as possible." Another woman, a writer, says, on the contrary, "I make a practice to give my brain over to wandering fancies, often getting my best ideas while in transit." Still another woman, a busy mother, plans the children's frocks, "Mentally making over, altering and combining in a way that is most helpful to me afterward." All of which shows that this perennial riding has come to have an allotted place and consideration.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A Lawyer's Harvest.

It is the man with the idea who develops his opulence today. A lawyer of this city not long since in three months persuaded all the manufacturers of a certain staple product in the eastern states to form a combine. He visited all of them and finally got them together and drew the articles of agreement. He joined about twenty-five concerns into a combination, with a capitalization of over a million. At the outset he claimed 2 per cent, and his realization for his three months' work was \$30,000. This is a fact. Two New Haven concerns are in the combination.—New Haven Palladium.

To Investigate the South Pole.

Professor Nordenskjold, of arctic fame, will soon start from Australia in two small sailing vessels, having auxiliary steam power, for an exploration of the antarctic ocean. The vessels will be thoroughly equipped with every device found useful in ice navigation. The locality has not been visited since James Ross' expedition in 1841, although the English ship Challenger went as far south as latitude 65 degs. 42 min. in 1874.—Exchange.

The Bear Scares the Ranchers.

There is a bear roaming the river bottoms in the vicinity of Linda that, when it sees a man, rises on its hind legs and begins to dance. It is thought the creature must have escaped from some gypsies who recently passed through the town. Many of the ranchers living near there are so frightened that they sleep in their windmills at night.—San Francisco Call.

The vote of a Riley county (Kan.) man was challenged because he had been in the penitentiary seven times. He was, however, equal to the emergency. He produced the pardoning papers for each offense.

CON STIPATION.

At least half the American people yet there is only one preparation of Sarsaparilla that acts on the bowels and teaches this important trouble, and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. It relieves it in 24 hours, and an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to C. E. Elkington, 125 Locust Avenue, San Francisco; J. H. Brown, Petaluma; H. S. Winn, Geary Court, San Francisco, and hundreds of others who have used it in constipation. One letter is a sample of hundreds. Elkington, writes: "I have been for years subject to bilious headaches and constipation. Have been so bad for a year back have had to take a physic every other night or else I would have a headache. After taking one bottle of J. V. S., I am in splendid shape. It has done wonderful things for me. People similarly troubled should try it and be convinced."

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SAY THE S. B. COUGH CURE IS THE BEST THEY EVER SAW. WE ARE NOT FLATTERED BY OUR KNOWLEDGE REAL MERIT WILL WIN. ALL WE ASK IS AN HONEST TRIAL. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
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WE MANUFACTURE THIS REMEDY IN THE DALLES, OREGON.

A Severe Law.

The English people look more closely to the genuineness of these staples than we do. In fact, they have a law under which they make seizures and destroy adulterated products that are not what they are represented to be. Under this statute thousands of pounds of tea have been burned because of their wholesale adulteration. Tea, by the way, is one of the most notoriously adulterated articles of commerce. Not only are the bright, shiny green teas artificially colored, but thousands of pounds of substandard tea leaves are used to swell the bulk of cheap tea; s. h. sloe, and willow leaves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings in tea warehouses are colored and sold as tea. Even exhausted tea leaves gathered from the tea bushes are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the cheap teas.

The English government attempts to stamp this out by confinement; but no tea is too poor for a, and the result is, that probably the poorest tea ever produced by any nation are those consumed in America.

Beech's Tea is produced with the greatest care, is well aged and unadulterated; in fact the superior tea leaf pure and simple. Its purity and superior strength, about one third less, being required for an infusion than that of the inferior tea, and its fragrance and exquisite flavor is at once apparent. It will be a revelation to you. In order that its purity and quality may be guaranteed, it is sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:



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