

THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER

McMinnville, Oregon. May 8, 1890

Ye Wantone Wind.

The wind was gay and dashing. As in careless merriment. And it set the sign-boards clashing. All along the avenue.

KILLED BY A SWORD.

A Missionary Cut Down by Japanese Robber.

The San Francisco Examiner's special correspondent in Japan writes from Tokio as follows under the date of April 15. One of the most harrowing crimes committed against foreigners in Japan since the butchery of the German consul in Hakodate in 1875 has set the foreigners resident in Tokio in a state of frenzied fear which has resulted in several nervous prostrations in the immediate neighborhood of the tragedy.

The murder of an inoffensive missionary at the dead of night in a manner as cruelly cold as the most malignant of the Whitechapel horrors, and the almost successful attempt to murder his wife, have intensified to the last degree the feeling of insecurity prevailing in a country noted in the past for weird and uncanny events.

Tokio is the rival of London in size and in its dual quarters of squalor and debauchery, and this crime against a foreigner has attracted great attention. The victims of the murderous long sword were Rev. T. A. Lange of the Methodist Mission of Canada, and his wife, teachers in a Christian seminary for girls, located on one of the many hills in this capital known as Ozabu.

Since 1875, when they came out to Japan from their home in Canada, this couple have managed in a most profitable and satisfactory manner the school which was very popular among the Japanese parents. In the office of the school it was found expedient and convenient to place a small iron safe in which to deposit the fees paid in from month to month by the pupils. At the close of the school for the Easter holidays something like \$700 or \$800 was deposited in this safe.

The missionary and his wife had been away on a vacation and only returned the day of the crime, and the following articles I are told by Mrs. Lange:

After a wearisome journey by railroad and jinrikisha from Meonshita they were fatigued and retired to their bed at 10 o'clock. About two hours later Mrs. Lange was awakened by a noise in her room, and, sitting up half awake, asked in Japanese, "Who's there?" She saw two Japanese in common coolie attire, carrying what she supposed to be bamboo poles. They were, however, murderous Japanese long swords, which were carried without scabbard. The men had their faces muffled up in cloth, and answered: "We have business here."

By this time Mr. Lange had been awakened, and seeing the men in the room asked no questions but jumped out of bed unarmed and made after the men, who walked toward the door, striking at him with their swords. From an examination afterward it was evident that he had been severely wounded about the head before he reached the door. The hall on the outside is not more than two feet wide, as a staircase running in front of the sleeping-rooms takes up most of the space. In this narrow space, a few feet from the door, Mr. Lange grappled with the men, taking the blows from the razor-edged swords without a flinch. One of the men he had almost overpowered and was endeavoring to throw him over the balustrading when he received several more cuts from the other man's sword and fell back dead. His wife had followed him out into the hall and tried to protect him from the blows of the sword. In doing so she received a savage cut down the side of her head, laying her cheek open, and had her hand so mutilated that three fingers had to be amputated.

The house had been alarmed as the men ran out, and the young ladies in the dormitory supposed there was a fire and rushed out after the burglars. Two Misses Hart, connected with the mission, were also awakened during the struggle in the hall. One of them went to the door and saw the two men fighting, striking with their swords. When things had quieted a little the sisters ventured out, and found Mrs. Lange bending over her husband's body.

Upon examination it was found that the dead man had three gashes along the top of his head, one of which had gone through the skull. Between his left shoulder and neck a downward stroke of one of the heavy swords had literally split him down for a matter of four inches, separating bones and all. One thrust had gone quite through his neck, severing the jugular; another had pierced clear through his body, near the heart, coming out at the back; while two others had gone deep into his chest and through the lungs. In addition to these he had several small cuts.

Upon search a tobacco pouch was found such as is carried by each one of the many thousand coolies of this city. It had been dropped by one of the robbers, and was all the clew there was to work on. In the pouch was found a tortoise-shell ear-pick. With this slender thread to follow back, the police found a girl who identified the pouch, not knowing the significance of her identification, as one she had given to a coolie admirer as a present, in exchange for which she received a ring. The ear-pick was identified as one he had loaned to her on one occasion. The owner of that tobacco pouch is now behind the bars in Tokio, and out of several other arrests the police are satisfied that the other robber will be apprehended.

The watchman at the Ozabu school says that the men came first to him and bound his hand and feet. They demanded the keys to the safe, and

A RIP VAN WINKLE OF '49.

Tom Stewart's Trip Across the Continent in a Buckboard.

"Mustang Tom" is in town. He might have been seen yesterday driving about on a buckboard driven by a pair of small brown mules. The rig is a curiosity in its way and the appearance of general decay that lingers about it tells of the hardships through which it has passed.

While making a tour of the city yesterday Tom was the magnet that attracted all eyes, and when he pulled up alongside of the curbstone long enough to visit a convenient saloon, a crowd would gather to inspect the odd craft. The buckboard has a seat large enough to hold Tom and his dog "Boston," a water spout of uncertain lineage. On the back of the seat is strapped a rusty army musket, which has been the close companion of its owner for twenty years. Where the whip-socket should be an old shovel is securely tied, with the handle downward, a roll of blankets in which is wrapped an ancient frying pan, a coffee pot and a few provisions, is tied on the buckboard over the hind axle, and completes the outfit with which Tom has just made a trip across the plains. He left New York about eighteen months ago, visited friends in Missouri, passed through Salt Lake City, drove on to Tombstone, Arizona, struck up north to Idaho, went through Montana and Eastern Oregon, crossed to Nevada and by slow stages worked his way to this city.

When seen by a reporter he was dressed in a suit badly in need of repairs. His head was crowned by a weather-beaten, broadbrim, slouch hat, once white, and his feet were encased in a pair of army brogans, many sizes too big and untied. He is a veritable Rip Van Winkle of '49. Tom gathered himself together when questioned and told the following story.

"My name's Tom Stewart, and I was born in Pennsylvania nigh on to sixty-four years ago. I've been across the plains three times and have never ridden a foot of the way on a boat or a car. The first time I come over was in '49, along with a party from Boone county, Mo. I went to work mining, and in '53 came to 'Frisco with fifteen pounds of gold dust and \$7,000 in slugs. I bought an outfit and went East again and returned the latter part of '59.

"I worked about the mines again for a while, got married to a gal at Petaluma, where I lived until my wife died about twenty years ago, leaving a baby girl. I left her with her grandfolks, and have not seen her since, but they tell me she's a fine looking, likely young woman now.

"After my wife died I commenced to wander about, and have kept it up ever since. The smallest of them mules is Jenny. I bought her sixteen years ago, and I've kept her ever since. She helped draw me around and worn out three mates in her day. She's a tough one, she is."

"How long have you been making your last trip?" "Nigh on to three years, I guess. In '87 I was in Idaho prospecting. I made a strike, sold for \$16,000 and concluded to go and see my uncle at Pittsburg, Pa. I bought the buckboard and a mate for Jenny and started. I couldn't pack many provisions, but bought them along the line. When I ran short I used that old musket you see there. I've carried her since I left Petaluma, and can kill with her at 100 yards. I went through Salt Lake City, going back East, I remember, but I don't recollect the other big cities I passed through. I drove into New York, stayed there a couple of weeks and then went and saw my uncle.

"I couldn't stand that country, so I hitched up one morning and headed for California. I came by way of Missouri and stopped over a few days at Boone county, then to my old friends, then drove to Salt Lake City and from there turned and went to Tombstone. I prospected a week, but struck nothing, and headed for Idaho. "From there I drove into Montana. That was about six months ago and the snow began to fall and I crossed over to Oregon and into Northern California. Here I got caught in a snow blockade. Well, I never saw anything like it. I thought I'd perish, but luck was with me, and by hard work got into Nevada, travelled south for a while, crossed the Sierra Nevada and was once again in California. I got to this town Saturday night and expect to start off again for Arizona in a day or two."

"Have you got any money?" "No, I don't need much. I can get a feed for my team, dog and myself all most anywhere I go, and that's all I want."

"Have you any relatives living in the East?" "Well, I don't know how many of them's living, but there was quite a family of us. My father, Robert Stewart, and my brother Bob were both Union men and got killed in the battle of Bull Run. Jim, another brother, was a rebel, and was captain of Black Horse Cavalry at Bull Run. I'm a rebel, too. Just as much so now as I ever was. Jim and me's good ones I tell you. Jim's running the postoffice at Washington."

"When I leave this city I'm going to mining. I'd rather mine than eat, I would."

Tom passed the first night in town in a room of a cheap lodging-house. In narrating his experience yesterday, he said: "That's the first time I've slept in a bed in fifteen years, and I don't want no more of it. I'd rather lay on the floor."

While driving down Market street, near Stockton yesterday Tom got in front of a car on the Market street line. The gripman rang the bell, but Tom, going down giving the least heed to the going, drove leisurely along. He nearly caused a blockade, and five cars were strung out behind him, when the gripman of the first train jumped off, grabbed Jenny by the bridle and shouted: "Why don't you take that thing off the track?" Tom placidly turned around, intending to bring the musket into play and responded: "Well, why don't you go around me?"

It took the influence of a policeman to convince him that cable cars can't turn out for mule teams.—San Francisco Examiner.

Fortunes in Laces.

There are fortunes in laces in New York city. Those belonging to the several Vanderbilts must be worth nearly \$500,000, and rival the Prussian and Austrian crown laces. The Astor family has rich lace treasures which connoisseurs value at not less than \$300,000. The late Mrs. Astor left from \$40,000 to \$50,000 worth to the Metropolitan art museum. The late Mrs. A. T. Stewart knew more about laces than she did about most subjects, and spent \$500 per pair for the curtains at the big gloomy mansion's windows. Her personal and dress laces were worth \$250,000. Mrs. R. L. Stewart has a collection equally valuable. The Belmont laces are almost priceless. Mrs. Bradley Martin and Mrs. Marshall Roberts have exquisite choice and rare laces. Vice-president Morton's wife and Mrs. W. C. Whitney have laces worth from \$50,000 to \$70,000. New York buys more laces than any other city in the world. It has at least a score of wealthy women whose laces exceed \$50,000 in value and probably a hundred whose collections would sell for \$20,000. The lace collections that have lately come in fashion figure in the wardrobes of affluent matrons to the tune of \$1,000 and \$12,000. Lace shawls long since laid by are brought out for dress draperies and scarfs in the lace revival, and one dressmaker claims to have had a glimpse of two worth not less than \$6,000. The late Mrs. John Jacob Astor had a famous lace robe that cost \$18,000 in Paris, but this is quite outdone by a dress lately heard of which was bought abroad for \$25,000.

The Hop Outlook. Hop men are all quite busy just now preparing their yards for the season of 1890. There is considerable work in clearing the ground and making ready for the new crop. The poles all have to be reset and this is the work that takes the time of the hop man. There will be about the same acreage this year as last, judging by the opinions of a number of growers who have been interviewed on the subject. The last year price was not so high as to encourage the planting of many new acres although the outlook for a firm market next fall is good. There will be a meeting of the Willamette Valley Hop Growers' association in Salem May 9th, which promises to be largely attended by the members, of whom there are sixty. The meeting will be of considerable importance, in so much as at it will be discussed many topics of interest to the fraternity.—Statesman.

Cost of a Buffalo Head. Ten years ago a good buffalo head sold from \$15 to \$40. The price now ranges from \$75 to \$400. There has not been a green buffalo head in Denver for three years. And it is expected that Buffalo Jones' domestic buffalo herd in Kansas will occasionally add a new head to the market. Rocky Mountain sheep are not very numerous, and the handsome head of that animal brings from \$35 to \$100. Mountain sheep are sold in pairs, when the taxidermist has saved the whole animal, and they sell for \$350 a pair. Elk heads sell for from \$35 to \$300 apiece. Grizzly bear heads as high as \$75. The cinnamon and brown bear are common and not so desirable and the best will not sell for over \$50.

Another Illusion Gone. A famous astronomer denies that the stars twinkle, and declares that the poet who wrote "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," was off his base. The stars stand up there like hard bricks in a wall, and all the twinkling is done by your eye. It is one of those optical delusions which don't cost a cent and are always on hand when wanted.

Fresh, cold water is a powerful absorbent of gases. A bowl of water placed under the bed of the sickroom and frequently changed is among the valuable aids in purifying the air. The room in which the London Aldermen sit is purified by open vessels of water placed in different parts of the room. It can be easily inferred from this that water standing for any length of time in a close room is unfit for drinking. Experiments of this kind are not costly. It has frequently been observed that restless and troubled sleep are connected easily by placing an open vessel of water near the head of the bed.

The millions of gold that lie in the hold of the English warship De Braak, sunk a mile off Cape Henlopen, will not remain undisturbed this summer, as the Merritt Wrecking Company of Philadelphia have contracted to begin work for the treasure on May 15th. It is said that the Merritt Company located the exact spot last summer where the sunken vessel now lies. All previous attempts have been made by novices, but this is the first time that a regular wrecking organization has searched for the treasure ship.

Prince Bismarck has 103 decorations. He belongs to no English order. His diamond star belonging to the order of St. Andrew, a present from the father of the ruling czar of Russia, is worth \$50,000.

Whipper—Why do you call Little-short a bad egg? Snapper—Oh, it's so disagreeable to have him strike you when he's broke.—Puck.

A fan made of human hair is displayed at a London store. Even what appears to be beautiful lace fringing the sticks is real hair.

Colonist Sleeper to St. Paul. Commencing April 16, the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," will run a furnished Pullman colonist car from Portland to St. Paul, without change, leaving Portland every Wednesday at 9:30 p. m., arriving at St. Paul following Sunday.

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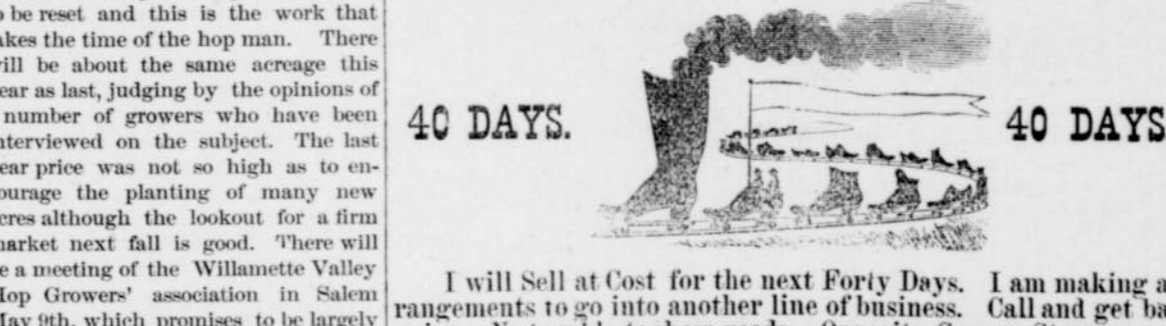
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