

FORGERY.

Land Transactions of W. M. Roberts in Colorado and New Mexico—Flight of the Fugitive—Arrest at Seattle.

Detective Charles Aull of Wells, Fargo & Co. arrived in San Francisco a few days ago by the steamer Columbia from Seattle, W. T. via Portland, having in charge William M. Roberts, alias L. C. Montgomery, who is wanted in Pueblo, Pueblo county, Col., for forgery.

HISTORY OF A LAND SALE.

The crime with which Roberts is charged was committed on March 12th. For some time prior to this date it seems that he had been a resident of Roswell, Lincoln county, New Mexico, where he was engaged in practicing law, and also did occasionally some real estate business. But evidently clients were few and business dull, and the attorney, it is presumed, was obliged to look about for more remunerative work. Thomas Lowthian, a prominent capitalist and large land-owner of Colorado, resident in Denver, owned several hundred acres of land in Lincoln county, and Roberts occasionally did some business for him. Some time in December, Milne of Milne & Bush, cattle dealers, visited Roberts and expressed a desire to purchase this land of Lowthian's. Roberts made some negotiations with them, and in due time went up to Denver to see the owner and obtain if possible the power of attorney from him and authority to proceed in the land sale. But Lowthian refused his request, and declined to sell the land. The amount offered by Milne was \$7,000. Roberts returned, however, undismayed, and soon after presented a note purporting to be from Lowthian granting Roberts full power to act for him in his New Mexican land matters.

THE SALE CLOSED—CASH PAYMENT.

Seeing this, Milne closed the sale, immediately paying down \$480 and giving Roberts a check for the balance (\$6,520), payable to Lowthian, on the First National Bank of Las Vegas, N. M. Acting on his attorney's advice, Roberts presented this note at the bank and received \$520 in cash, and a note for \$6,000 on the First National Bank at Pueblo, Col. This he also presented, and after the usual identification, received the cash. Previous to this, after the first payment, he had drawn up the necessary deed, etc., giving Milne & Bush full title to the land referred to.

HIDING IN DENVER.

From Pueblo Roberts went to Denver, where he stayed some time in secret, and caused a notice to be inserted in the *Tribune* of that city that he had died at his home in New Mexico. After completing his arrangements, he left for the Pacific Coast, stopping at Salt Lake and at other points. His wife and family he left at home. He arrived in this city March 28th and went north immediately. The first part of April, twenty-four days after the note for \$6,000 had been cashed, the bank people discovered the fraud through a telegram from Lowthian, and the detectives were set on the track.

TRACED TO SAN FRANCISCO.

The Bank at Denver notified Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank in this city, Roberts having been traced westward, and Captain Aull was detailed to work up the case. He arrived in Seattle on the 7th of last month, and three days after found his man, who had set up in business in that place as a real estate agent under the name of L. C. Montgomery. All of the money, with the exception of \$1,500, was found in Montgomery's name deposited in one of the banks. Aull telegraphed to Colorado of his success, and J. C. Lytle, the Cashier of the Pueblo Bank, after obtaining the necessary requisition from Governor Grant of Colorado, came through to this city and hence to Seattle, in order to identify the prisoner as the person to whom he had paid the money.

ARRESTED IN SEATTLE.

The proper papers were obtained from Governor Newell of Washington Territory, and on the 29th of May, Roberts or Montgomery, was arrested. He took the matter coolly, admitting that he had drawn the money. He said to a reporter that he would present a strong defense when the case came up for trial, and would show that his authority from Lowthian was perfectly genuine. Mr. Lytle and the detectives will start to the East in a few days.

SOLVED THE PUZZLE.

The other night a merchant in a village in Ohio was discovered in his store at an unusually late hour, and in reply to inquiries he said:

"My confidential clerk is missing."

"And what of it?"

"Why, I'm looking over the books, but they seem to be all square."

"Have you counted your cash?"

"Yes, and it is correct to a dollar."

"Looked over your bank book?"

"I have, and it is satisfactory. That's the puzzle, you see. He's skipped, and I can't make out what for."

"Been home since noon?"

"No."

"Perhaps he has eloped with your wife?"

"Lands alive! but it may be so! If it is, then the puzzle will be solved."

He hurried home, and it was so, and he felt a great anxiety off his mind.

The farmers are the founders of civilization.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Astronomical observations tend to confirm the spectroscopic researches in regard to Sirius, namely, that it is intrinsically much brighter than the sun, and must therefore be of a higher temperature. Again, taking the measures of the position of the companion of Sirius, it seems that the time of a complete orbital revolution is probably nearly 200 years. Taking the parallax of Sirius as 0.22 sec., the distance of the companion from the principal star is about fifty times the earth's distance from the sun; this would give the mass of Sirius as only three and one-eighth times that of the sun, while the amount of its light is estimated at more than 200 times the light given forth by the sun.

The fact is familiar to metallurgists, that a steel which is very flexible when cold often breaks at the blue annealing temperature. It has also been generally considered that the purer the iron is, the less subject it becomes to this defect; it appears, however, that the workmen of the Ural Mountains, who use iron of remarkable purity, have often observed the same fact. It has also been found, on investigation, that the metal in question becomes powdery at a temperature between 500 deg. and 700 deg. F., or the temperature at which willow twigs take fire. This phenomenon would seem to explain a large number of accidents—as, for example, the breaking of tires under the action of brakes, and the fracture of riveted moulds and of machine arbors, which become heated by friction—hitherto regarded as unaccountable.

A very brilliant polish to nickel plating is now obtained, according to the *Bavarian Gewerbe Zeitung*, by a simple process, devised by M. Kaizer. He prepares a bath of pure granulated tin, argols, and water, heats it to boiling, and then adds a small quantity of red-hot nickel oxide. A portion of the nickel, as is shown by the green color which the solution assumes, that is, above the grains of tin, is immediately dissolved. If a copper or brass article be now immersed in this solution, it almost immediately becomes covered with a silver-like coating, which consists of almost pure nickel. If a little cobalt carbonate or cobalt tartrate be added to the bath, a bluish tint is produced, and this will be lighter or darker according to the quantity that is added. On the article thus treated being finally rubbed with dry sawdust, or with chalk, the brilliant polish referred to is the result.

The attention of the French Academy of Sciences has recently been called to a specimen of electric lighting wire which, according to the various trials thus far made of it, would appear to answer the purpose of preventing fires. The article consists of copper wire insulated with asbestos and threaded through a lead pipe. Among the experiments to which this design has been subjected are those made at Paris, by M. Lippmann, engineer to the Faure Electric Accumulator Company, a specimen of the conductor of this kind of wire having been entirely volatilized by powerful currents, without any effect on the leaden pipe. Thus, the volatilization takes place in a mere fraction of a second, and the lead does not begin to fuse; moreover, there is the additional advantage of the asbestos acting as a good insulator for ordinary currents.

THE WRONG FEE.

Those who will use tobacco should be careful not to carry a paper of "fine cut" where it may make him the hero of a ludicrous blunder. The following anecdote shows what a "chewer" may come to in the way of blundering.

A clergyman, now of New York, married not long ago a couple that at once started for Europe.

The bridegroom was a man of wealth, and before he presented himself at the altar, he placed a \$100 greenback in his vest pocket to give the parson for the marriage fee, and did pay it to him, as he supposed.

While crossing the ocean he discovered, greatly to his astonishment, the bill in the pocket in which he had placed it.

On getting back to this country he determined to solve the mystery, and waited upon the reverend gentleman, and inquired if, on a certain date, he did not marry a certain couple. The clergyman remembered the occasion perfectly.

"I know I am about to ask an impertinent question," said the visitor, "but I should like to be informed what fee you received for the ceremony?"

The clergyman recognized the man as the one he had married, and said that he would, of course, gratify him, since he was so anxious to know. "I received," he went on to say, "a very small quantity of fine-cut chewing tobacco, folded in a very small piece of paper."

That was enough. The only thing remaining to be done was to apologize for the curious blunder, laugh heartily, and make the one-hundred-dollar deposit good.

Patti says music belongs to heaven rather than earth. In that case there is no reason why Abbey and Mapleson should agree to kick up such an infernal row about the salaries of singers, unless they are the sharps capturing the flats.

Jefferson Davis must be a man of great patience. Every day a tramp comes along, claiming to be the agent of a great Northern paper, sent to ask the ex-President how he was dressed on the day of his capture.

SHORT-LIVED.

An Astonishing Statement—Talented Men and Women Who Have Died Young—What They Might Have Done.

A list of men and women of genius who have died at or about the early age of 37, and secured for themselves an undisputed place in the ranks of the immortals, would occupy not the least brilliant portion of the record of the illustrated dead. It is astonishing how many men whose names are a household possession in every civilized country have done all their best work after thirty-seven, and who would never have been heard of—or, at best, would have shone only as the smaller lights of literature—if they had been carried off at the age of which Byron, Shelley, Burns and Raphael closed their careers. And when we come to look at what Milton did after thirty-seven, what Goethe and a thousand others did after the same age, and how little they had done before it, we cannot estimate how much richer the world might have been had those bright intellects which were cut off in their earliest prime been permitted to give thirty or forty years additional work to the world. It is certain that thirty or forty more years would have cooled the blood of Byron and carried him out of what we all know, and what literary history has stigmatized, as Byronism, but it is as impossible to forecast what would have been the result as to predict from Werther the development that ended in "Faust." We can foresee what Shelley would have done, in the full ripeness of his splendid power, during another quarter of a century, and if he had died, say at the age of Shakespeare? Burns, too, we know, dreamed of great works, and when he died there were literary movements in the air which might have turned his labors and his life into a new channel. And was Raphael's genius exhausted when the grave closed over him at thirty-seven? No more than Michael Angelo's would have been, and some of the sublimest work of the Tuscan was done in the late evening of his life.

A consideration of this kind should entirely modify our comparative estimate and criticism of distinguished men. Nothing is commoner, for example, among Germans, and among cultivated Englishmen as well, than to ascribe to Goethe a genius far transcending Schiller's. The comparison is made between the whole body of Goethe's literary work, extending over upward of eighty years, of exceptional healthy activity, and the product of poor Schiller's mutilated existence, stretching to scarcely more than one-half that term, with a large portion of it belonging to the period of childhood and youth. But, had Goethe died at the same age as Schiller, he would have had a poorer result to show than Schiller has. He would have had a great deal less than Byron in pure poetical work, incomparably less also than Shelley, and, in respect of genuine poetry, expressing the simple feelings of the heart, and an apprehension of the beauty of nature, he would have stood at an immeasurable distance behind even the unlettered Burns. There is no doubt that Schiller, when he died, at forty-six, had reached a loftier height of dramatic art than Goethe had reached at the same age—we might say than Goethe had reached at eighty-four. Schiller had left behind him a long roll of immortal dramas, some of them lit up with the radiance of a fine poetry, and many of which will keep the stage as long as the stage exists; but at the same age Goethe had only produced one or two dramas of any pretensions. As for Byron, there is nothing that Goethe did up to 36—Byron's age at his death—that will bear with comparison with the marvelous philosophical insight of Manfred; nothing to equal the astonishing satirical power of the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers (and Goethe frequently did try his hand at satire); nor is there anything that deserves even to be named in the same breath as Don Juan.

Miss Austen and Charlotte Bronte were rather more than 37 when they died, but they died at an age at which George Eliot had not written a single novel. One or two translations, an essay or two in the *Westminster Review*, and the *Scenes of Clerical Life* were all that had come from the hand of the subsequent author of *Adam Bede* and *Daniel Deronda*. Carlyle moralizes on what might have been the consequences to English history if a stray bullet had struck down Oliver Cromwell. Perhaps they would not have been so great as he imagined, and might have proved to be nothing more than an earlier Restoration. But given a fatal chill or a fever at 37, and the long series of works with which George Eliot has enriched English literature would have had no existence; in other words, there would have been no George Eliot. Miss Austen's observant eye had not grown dim, nor her facile pen been robbed of its cunning when her life terminated; and the world knows not how many more photographs of simple English character and manners it has lost. We might instance Keats also, and Kirk White and Chatterton, but one died in his boyhood, and the other before they were much more than boys, and a broken column is the fittest and most suggestive memorial over their graves. The mysterious "might-have-been" in the cases of Keats and Chatterton, if they had lived to a ripe manhood, would have given to English literature many a noble poem it does not now possess.

For it has seldom happened that a poet or novelist has exhausted himself in a little work. Philip James Bayley did so in *Pestus*, and Alexander Smith and Sidney Dobell may be said to have thoroughly drained their intellects in one or two efforts. No length of life would have enabled any of them to add greatly to their fame, though they might have lived on, fanning the embers of their early reputation. Spontaneity, energy, native force were wanting in them more almost than in any poet above mediocrity. So, likewise, Pollock, attempting to follow in the footsteps of Milton, had probably attained the highest pinnacle of his possibilities in *The Course of Time*, when his shattered constitution gave way and he sank to his early grave.—[London Standard.]

CHARACTER IN SMOKING.

"It's twenty years," said a cigar dealer, "now since I began to sell tobacco, and in that time I have closely studied the character of my patrons, forming my conclusions from the kind of company they keep. I mean by the kind of cigars they smoke. I can always tell. An even-tempered, quiet fellow never goes to an extreme in choosing a tobacco; a nervous man wants something strong and furious; a mild man, something that smokes and nothing more. The same conditions run through chewing tobacco. Then there is a great deal in the way men handle their cigars. Very few can smoke on one side as well as on the other. Men come in here every day who have been smoking for thirty years, and if they were to place a cigar on the wrong side of the mouth, they would appear as clumsy and green as a boy who was trying his first weed. The muscles of the face become set to one position. Any change requires a re-organization of the face. So it ain't by the way the cigar is embraced in the mouth that you can estimate a man."

"If a man smokes his cigar only enough to keep it lighted, and relishes taking it from between his lips to cast a whirling curl of blue smoke into the air, set him down as an easy-going fellow, who cares little for how the world goes and no more for himself. He has keen perceptions and delicate sensibilities. He will not create trouble, but is apt to see it out when it is once begun."

"Beware of the man who never releases the cigar from the grip of his teeth, and is indifferent of whether it burns or dies. He is cool, calculating and exacting. He is seldom energetic physically, but lives easily off of those who perform the labor."

"A man who smokes a bit, rests a bit, and fumbles the cigar more or less, is apt to be easily affected by circumstances. He may be energetic, careful, generous and courageous, but he is vacillating and liable to change on a moment's notice."

"If the cigar goes out frequently the man has a whole soul disposition, is a devil-may-care sort of fellow, with a lively brain, a glib tongue, and generally a fine fund of anecdotes and yarns."

"To hold half of the cigar in the mouth and smoke indifferently is a lazy man's habit. They are generally of little force, and their characters are not of the higher strata."

"A nervous man, or one under exciting influences, fumbles his cigar a great deal. He is a kind of popinjay among men."

"Holding the cigar constantly between the teeth, chewing it occasionally, and not caring whether or not it has been lighted at all, are characteristics of men with the tenacity of bull-dogs. They never forget anything and never release a hold."

"A top stands his cigar on end, and an inexperienced smoker either points it straight ahead or almost at right angles with his course."—[Chicago News.]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—An Ohio girl had a lover whose cravat insisted upon dancing about his collar and fixing itself in positions calculated to give the young man a ridiculous appearance. She offered one evening to pin the cravat fast. She pinned through the collar and into her own finger. She was aware of what occurred at once, and she screamed. She was blessed with a five-foot and a half father and two six-foot brothers. These gentlemen heard her scream, and they came in to see what the row was about. The lover looked guilty and sheepish, and there were tears in the eyes of the girl. When the lover picked himself up at the foot of the stairs, he entered into an explanation of the occurrence with the gentlemen, who were standing at the head of the stairway. "Why didn't you say so before?" growled the father; "all this fuss about nothing."

As in walking it is your great care not to run your foot upon a nail, or to tread awry and strain your leg; so let it be in all the affairs of human life, not to hurt your mind or offend your judgment. And this rule, if carefully observed in all your department, will be a mighty security to you in your undertakings.—[Epictetus.]

An up-town woman narrowly escaped a terrible death the other day. Her husband kept a bottle of forty cent whisky in the house, and she concluded to take a swallow of the stuff. Fortunately, she got hold of the wrong bottle, and swallowed a lot of rat poison.—[Norristown Herald.]

The Philadelphia *News* says: "A newspaper man is one who has been writing editorials for eighteen or twenty years. A 'journalist' is one who began police reporting about a week ago."

THE CORONATION.

Russians Shout with the Gaping Throng, but in Their Hearts Despise the Glittering paraphernalia of Tyranny.

The coronation at Moscow is, in many respects, altogether unique. No other monarch in Europe could surround himself with such peculiar pomp and circumstance on such an occasion, or would if he could. Europe, outside of Russia, is more or less deeply impregnated with Western ideas, which color, if they do not control, everything pertaining to government, from the most important to the most trivial matters. Russia is European only by the accident of locality. In reality she is Asiatic, and should be judged accordingly. The ideas that prevail there are essentially Eastern, and not Western; and this is especially true of the government, which, absolute and autocratic in temporal and spiritual affairs, is struggling to maintain existence in a foreign and unfriendly soil. In Asia it would be "native and to the manner born;" in Europe it is an exotic, withering now, and doomed to perish at no distant day. Alexander III, then, though numbered among European sovereigns, is, so far as his political principles and policy are concerned, an Asiatic Prince; and therefore—following the example of his predecessors—turns his coronation into an Oriental show, for the purpose of impressing a people sufficiently Oriental to still believe in the divine right of kings, and still see in their anointed lord and master the representative of God on earth, whom it would be sacrilege as well as treason to disobey. Had he gone quietly to some church in St. Petersburg, and there assumed the crown and taken the oath of office in the presence of a comparatively small and select company, he would have lost much of that sacred prestige which will now attach to him in the minds of his subjects, and upon which he so largely depends for the maintenance of his authority. Consequently he makes a sort of triumphal march from the new capital to the old one; is received with all the elaborate splendor the empire can furnish, and is lodged in the Kremlin—the ancient home of the grand dukes of Muscovy; at once a palace, a fortress and a temple, from whose windows Napoleon gazed on the flames which lighted him to St. Helena. Nothing has been omitted from the programme which could dazzle the imagination of the multitude, and the thousands of visitors from all parts of the civilized world are amply repaid for the expenditure of time and money by witnessing a coronation that can be witnessed nowhere else, and which is not likely to have many repetitions even in Russia.

To the intelligent spectator, however, the Moscow performance must look like a stupendous burlesque. That it will have the desired effect upon the ignorant masses, for whom it is mainly intended, cannot be doubted; but it will not, cannot do what it once did in other quarters. For while the majority are practically the same as when Nicholas and Alexander II. went through the same performance, there is now a minority such as did not exist then to any perceptible degree—a minority of education, liberality and progressiveness. There are tens of thousands of Russians having no affiliation or sympathy with Nihilism, who have grown weary of absolutism and autocracy, and are looking and longing for some form of constitutional government. To them this coronation show has lost its meaning and its power. To them it will give the Czar no higher or stronger claim to reverence and obedience than he would have without it. To them it is simply a gorgeous relic of semi-barbarism and superstition; the magnificent shadow of a substance which has passed away. They will shout as loudly as the rest of the gaping throng, but in their hearts they will despise the glittering paraphernalia of tyranny, and pray that it may have no successor. It is this educated, liberal and progressive minority who are to redeem Russia if she is redeemable. They are gradually leaving the majority with their own ideas, ideas not necessarily republican, much less Nihilistic, but ideas hostile to the present order of things, and favoring a change in the direction of larger popular freedom. The Czar, or rather the system he represents, has far less to fear from Nihilists than from the class to which we allude. Dynamite cannot destroy despotism, and the killing of a tyrant does not kill the tyranny. A band of conspirators, however bold and self-sacrificing, cannot achieve liberty. The people alone can do that, and when the people of Russia are ready for the fall of autocratic and absolute government, it will fall in spite of all efforts to uphold it. The educated, liberal and progressive minority—increasing in numbers every year—know what is the true and only source of political salvation, and are working upon the people. The work is slow, but it is sure, and the ultimate effects are as certain as the law of gravitation. Alexander III, if he escapes assassination and returns in safety to St. Petersburg, may flatter himself that the Moscow show was a great success, and that his throne will stand the firmer for it. Success it is, from a theatrical and scenic point of view, but politically it will amount to nothing except as a temporary amusement for the unthinking populace. Something more substantial than Oriental coronations is required to uproot nineteenth century influences in Russia. That mighty empire, though

in Europe rather than of it, must go with the European current, and that current is all toward freedom.

HOW DANIEL WEBSTER PAID HIS BILLS.

The late James T. Fields used to relate in the most graphic manner the particulars of his first interview with the godlike Daniel. Mr. Fields was then a lad fresh from the country, serving as junior clerk in the bookstore of which he afterward became the head. Being the junior clerk, he was dispatched upon the most hopeless errand which the business of the store afforded—namely, to collect a long-standing and ever-growing bill from Daniel Webster. Every one else in the store had tried—and failed. It was now the turn of the new hand.

He went into Mr. Webster's office, made his most graceful bow, and handing the bill, said in his politest tones:

"The firm present their compliments to you, Mr. Webster, and beg to remind you that their account has been running for a good many years, and they would be extremely obliged to you if you could settle it this morning."

"Young man," said Webster, "how can a man pay his bill who has no money? Look here; see for yourself."

Saying this he opened his desk, and lo! there lay a heap of bank notes which he had received some time before, and had totally forgotten.

"I beg your pardon, young man; I have some money. I was not aware of it. Help yourself."

The young man counted out the money, signed the receipt, and went back to the store with the light of victory in his eyes.

A decision of considerable interest to enterprising settlers on the public domain has just been made by the Secretary of the Interior in the case of Plummer vs. Jackman, involving the title to 160 acres of valuable land near Bismarck, D. T. Jackman's claim to the land was contested on the ground that he had not settled upon it in good faith, but to sell it on speculation, in violation of Section 2262 of the Revised Statutes. He took up the land at that particular point in anticipation that the Northern Pacific Railroad would cross the Missouri river there, in which case a town would be built—and this actually occurred. In his decision the Secretary says: "The statute referred to can not be construed to mean that persons going to the frontiers, or along the lines of projected railways, and anticipating centres of population, shall not enjoy the benefit of their enterprise and foresight, though they believed their claims would become of great value on account of the proximity to villages or cities, or that villages or cities would even be built upon such claims, and thereby enable them ultimately to realize large prices for such lands. That is not the 'speculation' the statute is intended to prohibit." This is just.

A woman at Fostorio, O., got to laughing at seeing her husband fall down, and she kept it up for several days and died. A half hour's giggle is enough for any woman at once.

Miss Buckner, the Kentucky woman whose tattling caused the recent Kentucky murder, testified that she had lived two years in Boston, first in a private boarding-house and then in a hotel.

A Brooklyn girl is much worried since the first of this month. Her lover has moved next door and she is afraid he will see her putting out the washing and expect her to do it after she is married.

A widow from the country says if her John was alive he'd make some of the impolite men "stand around," who won't get up in the car and give her a seat when she's been out visiting all day and is tired to death.

Mrs. Smith, the widow of Congressman Jas. O. Smith, of Alabama, wanted to marry her nephew. Such a marriage is prohibited by the Alabama laws, and so the bridal pair went to Kentucky, where they encountered a similar legal obstacle. The ceremony was performed at Gallatin, Tenn., a few days ago.

A Portland woman who eloped with a neighbor wrote from Boston to her husband after three weeks' absence, that, "So far, God has blessed us with health, but John has no regular work yet." If the Portland husband has anything manly about him, he will send the pious couple a remittance to keep them along until John gets regular work.

A Wisconsin Court had decided in favor of a woman who had applied for a divorce, but the formal decree was likely to be delayed until the next day. Her lawyer protested, and, being compelled to give a reason for the hurry, he explained that his client's betrothed second husband was in the room, and that the couple wished to get at once to a minister for marriage. The Judge ordered the decree to be made out forthwith.

The latest novelty among society damsels in New York is "complexion dogs." No girl will now appear in the street with a dog that does not match her complexion. This fashion is rather inconvenient, because when a girl goes to a drug store to buy a complexion she has to take her dog along.—[Philadelphia Times.]

It is claimed that a tall tree has been discovered in Victoria, Australia, that far surpasses any of the great trees of California. It is a variety of the eucalyptus tree, and it is claimed that it is 430 feet tall, and measures sixty feet around the trunk at a considerable distance above the roots.