

WATCHING AND HATCHING.

BY EDWARD WARREN.

Nancy Brown, a rural maiden,
One pleasant morn, with promise laden,
Went gaily tripping across the fields to town.
Farmer Green's son Ben was missing,
And without his parent's blessing,
But he's meadow-larking with Miss Nancy Brown.

In the woodland, by the heather,
Sure enough they met together,
'Neath the shades of spreading branches talk of love.
Eggs and butter are neglected,
Naturally to be expected;
But ne'er did sun and shadows cease to move.

Beat the sun's rays hotter, hotter
Run away the golden butter,
Still the twain talked of the joyous future day.
'E'en while Cupid hearts were matching;
Nancy's eggs began a hatching
Shocking to relate, they ran away.

Now beneath those spreading branches
Stands a cot where love entrances,
All within are happy, happy as the day.
Life is melting like the butter,
Blessings hatching without number,
Unlike produce they do not run away.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

BY FRANK J. MARTIN.

On a bright autumnal afternoon in the year 1849, three well-to-do farmers were sitting on the veranda of the ancient and unique Grand Hotel, in the village of Lowndale, Vt.

The discovery of gold in California was the all-absorbing topic of the time. The excitement became so general that it even reached sleepy Lowndale. Our three friends were talking the matter over, and had just fallen into a dreamy state through the influence of the hot sun and their recent energetic argument as to the best overland route to the gold-fields.

They had given themselves up to the most fanciful midsummer day dreams for upward of an hour before they were disturbed by the approach of a horseman. He came from the north, rode his sorrel mare with grace, and was well known in the village. The three farmers raised their heads mechanically, and looked up the road toward the advancing horseman.

"John Signer!" they exclaimed, with as little energy as possible, and then fell back into their old positions, after routing sundry dogs and cats that congregated about their feet for the sole purpose of being as lazy and indifferent to the things of the world as their masters.

John Signer was the horseman, and was too well known in Lowndale to excite even the passing interest of any of the villagers. He resided with his twin brother Albert, about two miles north of the village. He was noted as a daring rider and a dead shot. He was just the friend to have when in need, and the worst enemy you would wish to meet in a tight place.

Albert, his brother, was as much like him in disposition, features, and manners as could be possible for a twin brother to be. They looked alike, walked alike, and were in love with the same girl—Edna Midway.

While dressing and looking alike was conducive to harmony, loving the same girl was a different thing altogether. Neither one had ever spoken to the other about the affair, yet each one was perfectly aware of the movements and desires of the other.

Edna Midway, the object of their love, was a charming little country maiden of eighteen summers. She liked John real well, and thought a great deal of Albert. To her they were alike; both talked charmingly; both were handsome men, and both were wealthy. What more could a young lady want? The truth of the matter, as it stood then, was she was in love with both, but not deeply enough to be able to distinguish one love from another.

Edna had received a college education, and, besides owning considerable land, she was the only heir of a rich old aunt with whom she resided. Both Edna and her aunt were well aware of the feeling that existed between the brothers, and both were in a quandary as to what to do in the pending crisis. Edna, not being able to make up her mind, let matters drift along in the same old way, and at the same time kept the flame of love burning in the breasts of the brothers.

On this particular bright day in October, 1849, Edna was seated in the orchard under the branches of a huge pear tree. In her lap was a work-basket, the contents of which she was busily engaged in mending, while at her feet sat Albert, reading glowing accounts of California life from a Boston paper.

Edna did not pay very strict attention to Albert or his reading, until he got up, stretched himself, and said:

"Edna, I would like to go out there and try my luck, but—"

"But what?" asked Edna innocently enough.

"But"—here Albert heard the clatter of horses' feet, but after assuring himself that no one was looking he bent over her until his face almost touched hers and continued: "But I would prefer to remain here, love you and be loved in return."

"Oh, Albert! How foolish you are! What would John say to this?"

"John! John! What do I care for John?" whispered Albert, at the same time growing deathly pale. "Yes, Edna, I love you. Will you be mine? Answer, Edna!"

Albert looked pleadingly into her large hazel eyes. Edna remained silent and thoughtful for a few moments, but when she was about to reply they were both startled by a long, loud whistle—a whistle they both knew to be John's. They both jumped to their feet, and there, sure enough, was John leaning up against a fence not ten yards distant.

John looked at both in silence for a few seconds, then turned, mounted his horse, and rode away. No sooner had he turned out of the lane than Albert made a hasty departure, telling Edna that he would return the next day to hear her answer. What occurred or what words passed between the brothers that night was a mystery for a long time. On the following morning, however, John Signer turned up among the missing.

The village was thoroughly agitated over the affair. Albert could in no way account for the strange disappearance of his brother. No one had seen him on the previous evening, and apparently there was no cause for his strange conduct. But, after all, in three months' time the affair was forgotten. There was one person who did not forget John so easily, and that was Edna.

Three years rolled away and found Albert still in Lowndale, and still courting Edna; but in spite of all his passionate appeals she still refused to become his wife. She had at last learned which one of the brothers she loved, and it was John. True, John was away, where she could not tell,

yet she consoled herself with the idea that he would return some day.

Albert prospered so well that it became necessary for him to erect new and more substantial barns and storehouses on his farm. Accordingly he hired a dozen men, and set about demolishing the old ones. When the workmen came to tear up the flooring of a certain barn, they were horrified to find the complete skeleton of a man lying under it.

Once more the village was wrought into fever heat over the strange case. Suppositions framed themselves into convictions, and the outcome of the whole affair was that Albert was arrested, placed in jail, and charged with the murder of his brother John.

At the preliminary examination he was bound over to the higher court under the charge of murder in the first degree.

Albert stoutly protested his innocence, but the fact that he could give no satisfactory account of what had happened on the fatal night weighed heavily against him.

During his confinement in jail he was visited daily by Edna, who ministered to his wants and cheered him up to pass through the ordeal like a man.

The day of the trial came, and the villagers turned out en masse to witness the proceedings. The case had become a celebrated one throughout the country. Witnesses were introduced to show that the brothers quarreled frequently. The three sleepy farmers who were sitting on the veranda that afternoon in October, 1849, testified that John had used some little "cuss words" when he returned that afternoon from the south and stopped to water his horse.

With tears in her eyes Edna told of all that happened on that particular afternoon, and even went so far as to tell all Albert had told her about "love."

Albert's defense was entire innocence. He related how John had entered the house that night about eight o'clock, and had asked him if he had asked Edna to be his wife. He testified that he told John that he had, whereupon John took his hand, pressed it tightly, and left the house without saying another word. That was all that Albert could say.

To all present this was a very improbable story.

The prosecuting attorney in his argument introduced the skeleton and demonstrated the fact that it was none other than that of John Signer. Albert's attorney made a short but forcible plea; the Judge made his usual charge to the jury; and the twelve men, "tried and true," retired to an ante-room.

Wise heads said that the jury would not be out very long, so the crowd remained in the court-room. Albert was transferred back to the jail. The jury was out just three hours.

During this time a stranger entered the room and edged his way up to where Albert's attorney sat. He wore a fine overcoat and a large slouch hat, while his white beard and long, wavy hair, white as snow, contrasted with the dark clothing he wore. He whispered a few words to the attorney, and then seated himself beside Edna, hanging his head so low that even she could not see his face.

At last the word was whispered from mouth to mouth that the jury had agreed. Edna grew pale and nervous; the attorneys moved to and fro; the crowd stretched its neck a little farther; the Judge resumed his seat; Albert was brought back into court; the jury filed in; the crowd grew excited; the stranger with gray hair and beard remained motionless.

Everything was in readiness for the jury to render its verdict when the stranger whispered a few words to the attorney. That gentleman sprang to his feet, looked at the stranger, and then addressed the Judge, asking that the proceedings be delayed and that a gentleman present be allowed to say one word. Everyone strained his or her eyes to see who the gentleman was.

The stranger arose, bowed to the Judge, looked at the jury in a defiant way, and then toward Albert. As he turned he gave his beard a little jerk and it fell as if by magic.

Their eyes met.

"John!" "Albert!" they both exclaimed and rushed into each other's arms.

The Judge grew interested, the jury held another consultation, while the villagers went wild with delight; for sure enough it was John himself, only he had improved a great deal.

After the excitement had abated somewhat, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. Then the Judge, jury, attorneys, and friends demanded an explanation from John.

Mounting a chair, and with a voice full of emotion, he said:

"Friends, you are all aware of the supposed difficulty between my brother and I. Well, I thought that this was no place for me, so I left that night and went direct to California. There I remained until three weeks ago, making 'heaps of money,' as they say. Three days ago I heard, for the first time, that my brother was charged with my murder. I was in New York at the time, but got here as quickly as I could. As to the skeleton found under the barn, it was mine. It was given me by an old friend, and, not knowing what to do with it, I buried it under the barn."

The crowd gave three lusty cheers, and the twin brothers left the room arm in arm. A few evenings later John was sitting in the cozy little parlor, in Edna's house, while that fair creature sat close by. After relating many questionable stories about California, he grew serious.

"Tell me," said he, "what came between you and Albert, and why you did not marry him?"

"John, don't you know why?"

"No, I do not."

"Can't you guess a little?"

"Well, it was not on my account, was it?"

"How do you know?"

"May I hope it was?"

"Yes, I guess you can, if you want to."

"Well, Edna, I'll not run away this time, like a sheep, and get my twin brother into trouble."

THE Plantagenet line of English kings began with Henry II. and ended with Richard II., occupying the throne of England for nearly two and a half centuries—that is, from 1154 to 1399.

The abolition of slavery in the British colonies was consummated in 1838. Thus were emancipated 800,000 slaves, and £20,000,000 was appropriated for the compensation of their masters.

"Ah, parson, I wish I could carry my gold with me," said a dying man to his pastor. "It might melt," was the consoling answer.

CHICAGO BOODLERS.

How They Did Business—A Bottomless Artesian Well—Over 300 Indictments.

The Members of the Grand Jury Astonished at the County Rottenness.

The indictments recently found against present and former Commissioners of Cook County number 200, and against wardens and contractors 102. About sixty men have been indicted. Following is a partial list: County Commissioners D. J. Wren, 25 indictments; J. J. McCarthy, 20; G. C. Klehm, 19; R. S. McClaughrey, 14; R. M. Oliver, 11; C. Geils, 9; C. Casselman, 8; ex-Commissioners C. F. Lynn, 24; J. E. Van Pelt, 18; J. Hannigan, 17; M. W. Leyden, 17; M. Wasserman, 10; Adam Ochs, 8; employees W. J. McGarigle, 24; H. A. Varnell, 23; E. S. McDonald, 8; Edward Phillips, 3; Janitor Gunderson, 3; Frank Murphy, 3; contractors J. Costelloe, 11; F. W. Bipper, 7; N. Barsaloux, 3; William Harley, 2; W. H. Gray, 1; Chris. Kelling, 1; James Murray, 1; M. Hennessy, 1; John Buckley, 1; P. Mahoney, 1; J. J. Hayes, 1; E. R. Brainerd, 1; C. O. Hansen, 1; L. T. Crane, 1; J. H. Carpenter, 1; R. K. Warner, 1; A. J. Walker, 1; L. Windmueller, 1.

The thing is corrupt from top to bottom," said one of the late grand jurors. "There is no honesty among the Commissioners outside of those recently elected, and there is no honesty among their employees and appointees. Where they can't steal in a large way they steal in a small way. An arrangement was made with the man who sold goods. I'll give you one instance in particular: There was a contract with a merchant to sell goods and pay 12 per cent. He had to pay it into the hands of a particular person to be divided. The chairman of the committee through which most of his bills went called on him and made him pay three per cent. additional for his influence. So the merchant paid in fifteen per cent. regularly. About once a month the Commissioner would drive up to his place of business, but wouldn't come in, and he would go out and hand him the percentage in an envelope. That is the way that was done. Most of the business was done through one of the appointees who was made the collector for the gang, and as much as \$11,000 a month has been paid at one time for one contract. They required the sum paid down. The contract had been awarded, and the regular meeting passed without action. 'What is the matter?' 'Well, have you got the money?' or a question of that kind. 'No, we cannot get it until such a day. Then you can have it.' 'All right.' He had it the day promised, handed the money over, a special meeting was held, and the contract was approved at once and signed. That was one way of doing business. Then there was another. One year \$1,000 would be charged for a certain thing, the next year \$1,100, and the next \$2,100. The year the highest commission was paid was the best year for business the man ever had. In another case the commissions, as a rule, were figured at 10 per cent. In one instance the commissions were not paid in money; that is, the parties swore they never paid a dollar. But one of the gang would want a sealskin sack. The merchants didn't deal in them, but had connections through which they could get one, and the firm kept a fictitious account to which such articles were charged, and the cost amounted to 10 per cent., which was added to the price of the goods sold to the country. The transactions were not confined to one branch of business. One house had sold some goods to the county. They were told, 'You can sell a great many goods to the county, but in order to do so you will have to pay 10 per cent.' One member of the firm, knowing one of the Commissioners, felt it was an outrage. He went to that Commissioner, a prominent one, confident that the proposition would arouse his (the Commissioner's) ire in an instant. He told him, and the Commissioner said: 'I think you folks had better pay the commission. The thing is just here. You sell the county at your prices, charge 10 per cent. additional, and pay this commission over, and then the county will be better served, have better goods at less prices than it is buying or can buy them from others.' He went back and told his partners, and said: 'We won't do anything of the kind. We will pay no commissions to anybody. There are our goods, and if they want to buy them at our prices we will sell them, but we will not pay a penny commission.' That was the strongest case that came before the jury.

The way in which the swindling was done was perfectly wonderful. There were increased prices, short weight, short count, and short count way up into large figures. We didn't get at the bottom of that artesian well. It is only 300 or 400 feet deep, but a good many hundreds more were paid for. That was short measure with a vengeance. A certain amount of money was to be paid on all contracts. It would be handed to a person indicated. That person would hand it over, or be present at a meeting where the divvy was made. At one time a Commissioner made the collections, but the others became suspicious that he didn't divvy fairly. Men swore that they were told they must not pay that Commissioner any more money, but pay it to So-and-so, and they did, and they never had trouble.

One of the nearest of the many swindles exposed by the Grand Jury was the artesian well at the Infirmary. By the terms of the contract with W. H. Gray, the price was to be: For the first 800 feet, \$2.50 per foot; next 400 feet, \$3; next 300 feet, \$3.50; next 100 feet, \$4; next 100 feet, \$4.50; next 200 feet, \$5; next 200 feet, \$6; next 200 feet, \$7; next 100 feet, \$8. Under the contract the drilling was to stop when a good flow of water was found, and the maximum depth of the well was placed at 2,450 feet. Experts sent out by the Grand Jury to measure the depth of the well broke the trap that had been fixed 300 feet below the surface, and found the actual depth of the well to be 1,557 feet. At that depth a liberal flow of water was obtained and drilling was stopped, but bills were put in the County Board for a depth of 2,450 feet, the maximum depth called for by the contract. Chairman Klehm once attempted to measure the well. The weight would go down, but in trying to get it back the line formed itself in long loops, and it was impossible to do so. Mr. Klehm, a practical builder, did not find out the cause

of the trouble, but concluded the well was as deep as was claimed. After considerable trouble the experts found and broke an arched trap, and then had no trouble about finding out the actual depth. When they drew out their line they found attached to it the one Klehm had used. On this work the county has been saved \$5,000. Vouchers for this amount were issued, but payment has been stopped.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Strange Story of the Life of William Kissane, a California Millionaire.

Indicted for Forgery in 1854, Tried for Incendiarism in 1857, Now a Prominent Business Man.

The life of William K. Rogers, or William Kissane, a wealthy citizen of California, has been a strangely romantic one, and the circumstances or incidents surrounding it read more like the creative fancies of a fiction writer than actual occurrences in real life. The facts surrounding his strange career have just been brought to the surface by virtue of an effort by his attorneys to have an indictment for forgery against him quashed in a New York court. This indictment has been pending against him since 1854, thirty-three long years. The amount obtained by the forgery was \$18,000, the Chemical Bank being the victim. In 1857 he was a partner in one of the largest pork-packing establishments in Cincinnati. The record shows that in that year he was accused of being an accomplice in the burning of the steamer Martha Washington on the Mississippi River, by which some thirty passengers lost their lives. He was tried at Cincinnati in the United States Court, before Judge McLean, on an indictment for attempting to swindle insurance companies. The investigation was very exhaustive, and he was acquitted. Subsequently the judicial authorities of Helena, Ark., near which place the conflagration occurred, obtained the custody of his body, and tried him for murder. He was again acquitted.

About this time Kissane went to California and assumed the name of William K. Rogers. His first venture in that State was the keeping of a store in Sacramento. Probably he made a little money at that, for afterward he engaged in mining at Gold Hill, Nev., with a partner, and together they achieved a great success. In a few years Kissane had amassed between \$200,000 and \$300,000. Twenty years ago he married a beautiful young lady, who was twenty years his junior. They have now either seven or eight children. The wife is about forty-five years old. She is amiable and beneficent of disposition, and is much loved by all who know her. Kissane bears his sixty-five years well, and is regarded by nearly all his neighbors as a man of the very highest character. He lives in Sonoma County, not far from San Francisco.

A Cleveland paper prints an interesting chapter in the history of Kissane. It relates the circumstances of the burning of the Martha Washington, and the efforts of Sidney C. Burton to run down and punish the gang in which he spent \$50,000 and traveled 150,000 miles. It says that Mrs. Frances H. Bowman, now living in Cleveland, a daughter of Mr. Burton, has documentary evidence relating to the case, which includes a book written by Mr. Burton. It then says:

"Few persons are aware that emissaries of Kissane were instrumental in causing Mr. Burton's death. In the summer of 1855 he visited New York, and, as had been the case throughout his travels in the United States and Canada, his every movement was watched by Kissane's agents. Early in the fall he became the victim of a mysterious illness and returned to his home here. He lingered a few months but never recovered, dying on Dec. 11, 1855. The fact was established at the time that Kissane's friends had succeeded in smuggling a subtle poison into his food and his death resulted, despite the efforts of the best physicians to save him. Mr. Burton wrote during his travels a book giving a detailed account of the case, but it was never put in print. It was entitled 'The Drama of Crime; or Tragedies in Real Life.' According to the preface the book contains, among other things, a complete confession by William Kissane."

Colonel C. W. Doubleday, of Cleveland, who was one of filibuster Walker's adjutants in Nicaragua, said that he knew Kissane when the latter was acting as commissary of the expedition.

Kissane's Explanation.

[New York telegram.]

Kissane's explanation of the New York forgeries is that he had made a large venture in sending goods to New York in the Martha Washington, and it was one which, if the steamer had gone through all right, would have made him rich. He insured the cargo and raised the money on the forged notes. He intended to have made them good, and would have done so but for the burning of the steamer. That is Kissane's explanation. It does not excuse the act, but he was only 20 years old. He was rash, and ran the risk. After telling of Kissane's experiences in Nicaragua after his discharge from prison, Mr. Hart, Kissane's counsel, said: "In 1857 Kissane turned up in San Francisco under an assumed name. He ultimately took a ranch some three miles from Sonoma, Sonoma County, and went to raising grapes and manufacturing wine. He married an excellent woman, whom friends of mine know well. He led a perfectly straightforward life there, and his credit is such that Senator Hearst would, I believe, loan Rogers \$500,000; so would half a dozen other San Francisco men. Kissane has a brother in San Francisco under another name. He is older than William, an immense, ungainly, peculiar man, some 70 years old, who never speaks to anybody or has anything to do with anybody. He is known as Kissane's brother."

George Growing Great.

"I saw an article in the paper yesterday," remarked Mrs. Gable to Mrs. Vain, her next-door neighbor, "stating that nearly all great men were bald."

"Yes; it is a shame, too. Now, my poor dear George's hair is coming out so fast, I scarcely think he will have any left soon," scored Mrs. Vain.

PHASISUS imagines the Pension Bureau must be a massive piece of furniture—there are so many drawers.

ARENSDORF'S ANGUISH.

The Alleged Slayer of Dr. Haddock Sorely Tried by a Searching Cross-Examination.

He Is Surprised to Find that He Has Contradicted His Testimony Before the Coroner.

[SIOUX CITY CORRESPONDENCE.]

Interest in the Arensdorf murder trial, which has shown no abatement since the opening day, was greatly intensified when the accused was placed upon the witness-stand on Thursday. He testified substantially as follows:

"I am the defendant in this action. I have lived in Sioux City ten years. I am a brewer, and have been in the business twenty years. I learned the trade in Belgium, and came to this city in 1877. During the month of August, 1886, I was foreman for the Franz Brothers. The evening of August 31 was around town. I came down in the afternoon between 7 and 8. I went into Philip Eberle's place, and stayed until 9:30. There I met Barnes and Davelaar, and went from there to Shepard's, across the street. Barnes went with me, ordered supper. It was a little past 9:30. We ate supper there. It was after 10 when we left. Barnes went west, and I went to the Chicago saloon, where I just halted. Then I went to Junk's saloon. Mr. Scotland and Brady were there when I arrived. I went from there to the English Kitchen. I don't know just what time it was. I heard at the English Kitchen that a man was killed, and went from there to where the murder happened. I remained there a few minutes, then went to the brewery, and then back to Junk's, where I remained for fifteen minutes. Then I went to my home, in Bluff street. I wore my usual clothing—a blue suit and tail-coat. I did not have on a rubber coat. I heard the testimony of Leavitt. I was not at the corner of Fourth and Water when Haddock was killed. I was at the meeting Aug. 2. There was no private meeting, to my knowledge. Nothing was said in my presence to do up any one. I heard nothing about hiring two Dutchmen to do up any one. I made no remark about blowing any one up. I heard no remark about blowing up any one's house. I had no conversation with Leavitt in front of Warleisch's saloon. I had no such conversation as Mrs. Leavitt testifies to have heard. I had a conversation with Leavitt at the corner of Fourth and Water when Haddock was killed. I was at the meeting Aug. 2. There was no private meeting, to my knowledge. Nothing was said in my presence to do up any one. 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