

## A Tramp at Bay.

## TRAGEDY AT ST. ELMO.

(From Chicago Tribune's Terre Haute (Ind.) Correspondence, Sept. 11.)

The little village of St. Elmo, Ill., situated on the Vandalia road, seventeen miles from Effingham, was this morning thrown into intense excitement by a series of the most dastardly, terrible murders that have ever been perpetrated in this section of the country. The particulars are these:—About eight o'clock this morning Mr. John Scoles, a most estimable citizen of the village, with his family, returned to their residence, situated in the midst of a thickly built part of the place, from a visit east, where they had been absent for several days. On entering the house he immediately discovered that it had been robbed of numerous articles of value, and from several indications was convinced that the burglar had but just left the place, as he had left a freshly prepared breakfast on the table. This fact induced Mr. Scoles to commence instant search for the thief. He searched carefully through the house, outhouses and out in the rear yard, going toward his stable. As he did so he perceived a man running rapidly through the field to the rear, looking back and showing unmistakable evidence of being the party wanted, trying to escape. Mr. Scoles mounted a horse standing near, and started in pursuit, watched by his excited family. When within about thirty yards of the man, Scoles ordered him to halt. The villain did so, but, with consummate coolness and murderous daring, he drew a revolver and fired, shooting Mr. Scoles three times, each shot giving a fatal wound, one taking effect in the head and two in the body. Mr. Scoles fell from his horse and expired in about three minutes, living until his family and two or three observers reached him, to whom he spoke a few words.

The news spread with electric rapidity throughout the village, and in about twenty-five minutes upwards of one hundred men, armed with hastily seized rifles, revolvers and shotguns, were in close pursuit. Owing to the country being very level there, the rapidly escaping fiend was still in fair view of the pursuers. He was fleeing like a deer, urged on by his great desperation, but the numerous pursuers, many being mounted, swiftly overtook him. As soon as he arrived within hailing distance, Mr. Frank Barnes, who was in advance of the citizens, called to him, "Halt, or you are a dead man." At this the desperate fiend turned, and holding a revolver in each hand, coolly commenced firing at a distance of about forty feet. The first shot fired from his right hand revolver hit Mr. Barnes, a very worthy young gentleman, in the head, killing him instantly, the body falling with a thud to the ground. The second shot, given from his left hand, hit Mr. Frank Wiseman, another excellent citizen, in the head, also with deadly effect, he falling from his horse and expiring in a few moments.

Still coolly facing the advancing citizens, he aimed with his right hand revolver and fired, killing a horse from under a pursuing farmer, whose name is not learned. Then giving a terribly demoniac yell he rushed toward the entire party of about a dozen horsemen. This bold and utterly unlooked for action by the demon disconcerted the party and caused them to turn and flee in all directions. Still intent with devilish, murderous deeds, he again aimed and hit a horse, wounding it so it fell, unable to move further, and the rider was obliged to escape on foot.

The demon then turned and easily jogged to some timber and undergrowth at some distance, in which he is now supposed to be hidden. He is certainly a terribly dangerous object, a wonderul dead shot with either hand, is well armed and fearfully desperate.

At this writing the country is alive with armed citizens, numbering some hundred, but all are feeling cautious of approaching his hiding place, and it is feared that when darkness comes on he will make his escape. He is unknown to any that saw him, but is supposed to be some wandering tramp. He appeared to be about thirty-five years old, low in stature, heavy set, dark complexion, heavy dark hair, fierce black eyes, and would probably weigh about one hundred and forty-five pounds. The whole village

is in mourning for the three respected murdered citizens, and the most intense excitement prevails. The murderer has been seen, and it is now believed he will be caught, as hundreds are in hot pursuit.

## Mormon Immigration.

We clip the following from the Mesilla Valley (New Mexico) Independent of the 1st inst.

For some time the press throughout the country has contained statements to the effect that New Mexico was soon to be the recipient of a large Mormon immigration, but we see nothing to confirm the report unless a few stray apostles of the "church of Latter-day Saints" traveling about the country after the fashion of Lorenzo Dow, with the view probably of making proselytes to their faith, can be taken as a forerunner of the movement; but they have not so far as we know, established a colony within the limits of the Territory. We are not advised as to the success these "missionaries" have met with in enlisting followers among a people so imbued with Catholicism as the Mexicans, but incline to think their "labors" among us will be far from encouraging even to a Mormon missionary. But we are not inclined to rail at these "followers of Joseph," for while we have more churches than schoolhouses and more preachers than schoolmasters, there is still an inviting field for more and work for all, and we are catholic enough in our religious views to allow all denominations an even show—leaving every man free to select that which he believes to be the best. We know and care but little about the tenets of the Mormon faith, but it is not hard to believe they are quite as liberal and progressive in their religious views, polygamy excepted, as some other denominations with which we are more familiar. But we have nothing to do with the Mormon church. As a people they have established an enviable reputation for industry and perseverance; their work in Utah during the last quarter of a century is the proudest monument these people could erect to their progress in agriculture, education, and the various sciences. We stand in want of a few colonies of such people in New Mexico. We want people who come not only to better their own fortunes, but to aid us in developing the resources of the country—men who are familiar with the science of agriculture, who will plant vineyards and orchards, and open up farms on the thousands of rich acres that now lie idle and neglected. We want people who will engage in stock raising, and who will give attention to the improvement of the breeds of sheep, cattle and horses. In short we want honest, industrious and intelligent people to come among us, and we want them to come to stay. To all such New Mexico offers the best inducements, either as farmers, merchants, miners, stock raisers, freighters, mechanics, manufacturers, etc. To this class we extend a hearty welcome, and shall not enquire whether they be Mormons, Atheists, Mahomedans or Methodists.

We can even allow them to meddle a little in politics, provided they don't make it a trade; the demand for professional politicians is not great; the market is very well supplied, and the chances all taken. We want men who will add to our wealth and prosperity; and who will produce more than they consume. We want men to aid in placing the Territory in the position to which she is entitled, and which she is so well qualified by nature to fill.

## Two Scamps in Newark.

Several weeks ago Albert Demond, "the Reformed actor," and J. E. Watson, "the Reformed Drunkard," called at the rooms of the Woman's Christian Temperance Association, 218 and 220 Market Street, Newark, and presented letters of recommendation from the W. C. T. U. of Brooklyn. They were invited to a meeting at the rooms, and Demond gave recitations, while Watson orated upon his experience as a toper. They professed to have experienced religion, and said they placed their trust alone in Christ. The ladies took an interest in their welfare, and the Rev. Lansing Burrows, parson of the North Reformed

Church, introduced them to Mrs. Scheiner, who keeps a boarding house in Orange Street, and there they were trusted for their board. Since that time they have given recitations and made addresses at temperance meetings in all parts of the city, made long prayers in the churches, and by these means won the good opinion of the temperance and church people. The ladies raved about Demond's classic features, and splendid black hair and brilliant eyes, and the pastor looked upon them as talented aids in fighting the rum traffic. They were tendered a grand benefit entertainment in return for their services to the cause, and they prevailed upon prominent citizens to lend them their influence. They were introduced to the newspaper and job printing offices, and were trusted for bills, dodgers, and advertisements for their benefit, which was announced to take place at Library Hall last evening. They announced a long list of local and New York talent, and advertised that Demond would give imitations of Talmadge, Beecher, &c. Hundreds of tickets were sold, and the fellows pocketed the money. At 7½ o'clock last evening about 700 ladies and gentlemen assembled in front of Library Hall, but were unable to gain admittance. It was at length announced that Demond and Watson had fled the city, after collecting nearly all the money for tickets sold, leaving an unpaid board bill of \$40 with Mrs. Scheiner. They had borrowed various sums of money also, so that it is thought they got away with at least \$400.—N. Y. Sun.

## Increasing the Flow of Springs.

It is a well-known fact that rain water and the water produced by melting snow on high land, sinks into the soil until an impermeable stratum is reached. Then it follows that stratum as the same tends downward, thus producing subterranean rivers or brooks. When a well is dug this underground water is sought for; but when the water itself comes to the surface, then the source is commonly known as a spring. In both cases, however, the water flows along a slope higher of course at the point of departure than at the point where the water is obtained. But during its journey obstacles are often encountered which check the flow, so that sometimes a well can be pumped out much faster than it will fill. Hence, after every drain upon its resources, it is necessary to wait a considerable period in order to allow the scanty influx to replace the amount of water removed. Such wells frequently dry up altogether during the present season of the year.

There is a simple way of increasing the flow of wells, devised some years ago by M. Donet, of Lyons, France. Ordinarily the mouths of wells are left open; hence all along the water, from well to original source, there is an equilibrium of air pressure. M. Donet's plan is simply to close the well and pump out some of the air. This creates an excess of pressure to drive water into the well; the supply is thus increased temporarily, and at the same time the underground channels through which the water passes are enlarged by the stronger stream, and so the supply also becomes permanently augmented.

In case of a spring, however, one of the principal advantages is that the water lifts or ought to lift itself to the level of the soil, and consequently, when a pump is needed, then the source is no better than an ordinary well. There is a way, however, of increasing the flow of springs by the aid of a simple siphon, which has been devised by M. Chefdebien. At the point where the spring emerges make an airtight tank, having a close cover, into which insert a pipe. Bend this pipe over and carry it along for a few hundred feet or so, until by following the downward trend of the land, the end reaches a level, say six feet lower than that of the spring level. Now, apply a pump and draw water through this tube. It thus becomes a siphon (the pump is at once removed), and the water continues to flow under the influence of a portion of the atmospheric pressure equivalent to the difference of level existing between the spring and the lowest end of the tube.

M. Chefdebien has tried this plan on a spring which took twenty-four hours ordinarily to fill a hollow place in the rock containing about 200 quarts. From the spring he led a piece of lead pipe four inches

in diameter over a distance of 102 feet, so that he obtained a difference of level of nearly eight feet. A watertight and airtight vessel was also built on the spring basin, so as to surround the natural escape orifice. This was six years ago. During that time the water has run constantly; and instead of yielding 200 quarts per twenty-four hours, it has given 3,800 quarts steadily per same period. That is, the flow has, by the above simple expedient, been increased nineteen times.—Scientific American.

## One Hundred and Eighty Millions Lying Around Loose.

A letter has recently been received by the Chief of Police at Denver, from Lake Addie, McLeod County, Minn., signed by H. C. Giltner, asking for information of his brother, Amos C. Giltner, whose presence is required to prove claim to the estate of his great grandfather, said to amount to about \$180,000,000, the heirs having been advertised for by the Government of Holland. He also forwards a letter to be handed over to his brother as soon as his address is ascertained, in which, after particularizing their relationship to Catherine Cauh Kate Webber, the wife of John Francis Giltner, he informs him of there being other heirs in Pennsylvania and New York city who had met at Trenton, N. J., and appointed their second cousin, E. B. Humphrey, as their agent, and that a letter had been received from him at Amsterdam, stating that he had found everything correct, and that all heirs must prove their identity at once. After regretting that a mutual co-operation between the respective families had failed, he wishes to know if his brother will join him in securing their share, which he estimates to be about one twenty-fifth of the whole amount, their being about twenty heirs, including seven children of their great-grandfather. He does not think there will be any trouble in tracing their line, as the other branch of the family have succeeded in bringing the record down to their grandfather, and urges Amos to lose no time in communicating, as a meeting of the heirs is to be held in the Fall. It is supposed that the lost heir, if alive, will be heard from, as there are several residents of Denver who remember Amos C. Giltner, and his having engaged himself as a miner in Colorado some years ago.

## What is a Square Meal?

Among the prisoners arraigned at the Tombs Police Court yesterday, for intoxication, was a rough looking man, whose general appearance betokened a hard struggle with poverty. He gave the name of Eugene Hull, and stated that he was employed as a man of all work in a plumber's shop at the munificent salary of \$2.50 per week. The night previous his employer had only given him \$1.50 as his week's wages, and he felt so grieved about it that he indulged in too much whiskey, and was found intoxicated by the officer.

"Why didn't he give you your full week's wages?" asked Judge Duffy.

"I suppose it was to make sure that I would come to work on Monday. That's all the reason I know," said the prisoner.

"And is \$2.50 all you can make during the week?" asked the magistrate.

The prisoner replied in the affirmative.

"How do you manage to live on that sum?" asked the Court.

"Well, Judge, I make out pretty fair. I don't have a very luxurious bed to sleep on to be sure. A woodpile often answers for one, but a fellow can live pretty good on pork an' beans an' hash an' such things. Now, I know lots of places where a fellow can get a good square meal for thirteen cents."

"What do you call a good, square meal?"

"Well, there's coffee and rolls five cents, all anybody wants to eat. Sometimes when I feel richer than usual I add three cents more for a piece of deezirt."

The manner of the prisoner touched the Judge. Handing him a silver half dollar he said:—

"There, I discharge you, with the warning not to drink any more. Now go and get a good square meal with this money."

"What, with all this money?"

asked the prisoner, looking astonished.

"Certainly; buy fifty cents worth of food."

"Why, Judge, you don't mean that, do you? No man can eat fifty cents worth at one meal. Why, for twenty-three cents I can get a regular 'buster.'"

The earnestness of the man's language caused much laughter. He left the court room still doubtful of his ability to eat fifty cents' worth at one meal.—New York Herald.

A QUARRELSOME BAPTISM IN KENTUCKY.—The Rev. Tilmann Perkins, of the Methodist Church, colored, in administering the ordinance of baptism to a burly, two-hundred-pound convert, last Sabbath, in Little River, let his subject go the bottom of the water. The recipient of the initiatory rite, nothing daunted, rose to the surface shouting, and seizing the administrator by the waist, paid him in kind for his services. Perkins was rescued from his unhappy dilemma by the intervention of a number of the brethren, when they all came up out of the water, together.—Trigg County Democrat.

Some idea of the financial pressure in the East may be obtained from the fact that in New York during the month of March there were twenty-seven failures with total liabilities of \$5,812,696. The total assets were \$984,832, equal to nearly seventeen per cent. In several instances there were no assets whatever.

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## CALENDAR--1877.

## OCTOBER.

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		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

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