## THAT GIRL AT LAKE LINCOLN.

was a journalist, and a week ago no that." less a personage than the editor of the Chanticleer had offered to consider a series of articles from his pen if he could hit on a new idea.

He had been cudgeling his brains ever since. "A new idea?" He must certainly find it—a new idea!

Charlie Bartlett watched the crowd musingly. He contemplated a pretty woman coming down the staircase and the youth at the cable counter and the boy behind the book stall. Then he wiped the perspiration from his face and bought a newspaper.

Scanning the sheet he saw an advertisement that suggested possibilities, and he read it through again. It ran

FINTEMPERANCE -Refined home for a limited number of patients of both sexes, suffering from stimulants, chloral or the morphine habit; judicious supervision; luxury and recreations; highest references. For prospectus and particulars, DR. FERGU-SON, The Retreat, Lake Lincoln.

The life in such a place ought to furnish very good "copy" indeed. The "patients of both sexes" should make a peculiarly interesting study. think," said Charlie Bartlett to himself, "I think I may cry Eureka." The thing hasn't been done and I'll drop a line to the worthy doctor this afternoon."

He wrote as a "victim to alcohol." He said that he wished to place it self under a firm, restraining in tence Fearing, however, that if he were at all bored his recovery might be rearded he would be glad to hear how many ladies and gentlemen were at present residing under Dr. Ferguson's roof.

The reply, which came by return of post, was satisfactory. The terms were very little higher than he had expected them to be, and the establishment contained twenty patients, of whom eight were ladies.

Lake Lincoln was a little over an hour's run from the city, and when the train deposited Bartlett at the platform he found that "The Retreat" was

Dr. Ferguson welcomed him cordial-

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Bartlett." he said; "I guess you will not regret your step, sir. I guess if you are in earnest, sir, we shall soon have overcome the propensity complained of."

Certain interrogatories followed, for which he was partly prepared. Among other things he was asked how long he had been a victim to the habit, and remembering that his appearance did not resemble a confirmed drunkard's he was careful to say that it was only for a short time.

And then the doctor rang for the colored servant to show him to the bedroom allotted to him, and warned him that he must not feel offended at his baggage being examined when it was delivered, in order that it might be seen whether any spirits were secreted

"It's like the customs," he said. "that's all. One of our necessary 'customs!" He made the same joke to everybody in the first interview. Some | Will you say good-by to me now?" patients laughed, and some smiled wryly. Charlie laughed, and the doctor was pretty sure that nothing was being smuggled this time.

am allowed to smoke, I suppose? "Why, cert'nly," said Dr. Ferguson. "You are at liberty to do whatever you choose here, sir-all but one thing, and don't you forget it. We take supper at 6, Mr. Bartlett, and afterward, if It is pleasant, summer evenings, sit in the grounds."

It might have been a "spa" hotel, he decided, as he seated himself at the table, and the suggestion grew stronger as the meal proceeded. Everybody here appeared to find the same delight in dwelling on his symptoms.

A man next him, sipping Apollinaris, turned and remarked: "No craving today-this is the third day without any craving, sir. Wonderful."

A woman opposite groaned audibly and shook her head at her neighbor with a word of significance. "Low." she said, in a whisper, "mighty low! How are you, dear?" This patient, he subsequently learned, was suffering from the deprivation of her chloral.

Gazing about him, his view was met by a girl who could scarcely have been more than five-and-twenty years of age. Her pale face was extremely interesting, and her beauty, in conjunction with her youth and the situation, made her a pathetic figure to behold. He wondered for what particular vice she following morning, on unfolding his was being treated, and if she would be cured. He hoped he would be introduced to her later.

The hope was fulfilled. They were made known to each other by Dr. Yerguson in the garden-"Mr. Bartlett, Miss Vancouver." She smiled gra-

"May I," murmured Charlie, "if it isn't indiscreet---? But, perhaps oughtn't to ask."

"What am I here for do you mean?" she said, turning her big eyes on him. frankly. "Oh, my trouble is morphia I'm a morpho-maniae; what's yours?

I'm not a very bad case, you know: Fve put myself under restraint early." "Oh!" she said. She laid her hand on his arm, as if by a sudden impulse "Den't you crave?" she whispered. "Aren't you burning to be at it? Tell me all."

"I should enjoy a little whisky, cer tainly," he admitted. "And how about yourself? You are getting over the-

er-weakness, you say?" "Don't you believe it! I'm hopeless, that's what I am; nothing will ever eure me. He thinks I am getting on, and I'm quiet, and I deceive him, but

"You will do it again?" "Oh," she gasped, "I'd love it! I'd love it this minute-now. Haven't you ever tried it? It's beautiful! Don't ently announced that the "outsider"

YOUNG Englishman was sit- | let us talk about it. Talk about some ting in the hall of a hotel in Chi thing else, quick! Tell me the fascin-Lago gnawing his mustache, He ation of whisky; I can't understand

> So he explained to her, as well as he could, being a temperate young man, the fascination of getting intoxicated on whisky, and she listened with avid

Then their conversation drifted into pleasanter channels, and he discovered that, her passion apart, she was a singularly bright and intellectual compan ion. They discussed a variety of topics, from literature to lawn tennis, and said "Good night" at last, with the arrangement that they should make up a match on the following afternoon, a couple of decent courts being among the doc tor's "recreations."

In one way and another Bartlett found himself in Miss Vancouver's society a great deal during the next few

Primarily he thought it was because she was able to supply him with so much material for the "series"-she was acquainted with the details of every inmate's case-but by degrees he was forced to own that it was because he liked her. Strange as it may sound -as it did sound to Bartlett-she attracted him, no longer as good "copy," but as a girl.

It was only as his interest in her deepened that the painful fact constantly oppressed him, and then he came to the conclusion that she was occupying his thoughts much more than was desirable and he determined to bring his investigations to a close.

He told her one morning that his stay was terminating.

"I have been here three weeks and have not tasted a drop of whisky the whole time," he said. "If I can do without it for three weeks I can do without it always. Miss Vancouver, I am cured."

She gazed at him sadly. "I hope saw" she said, "but I never

yet heard of so quick a cure. Have you spoken to the doctor?"

"I intend to do so," replied Charlie. 'Anyhow, I have not been placed here -I can leave whenever I like."

They were in the garden as usual; Miss Vancouver was lying in a hammock. She had a white dress on, and her hair was ruffled by the cushion and the breeze. He thought he had never seen her look so charming, so subversive to his common sense. Her dark eyes were regretful, almost tender. "Sha'n't I go?" he said.

"How-how can I advise you?" said Miss Vancouver. "You must do what you think best.'

He stood frowning at the grass and, more than ever, he knew that it was true. He was in love with her. Nothing more hideous could well have happened to him. In love with this girl. Yes, indeed, the sooner he went the better for his peace of mind.

"Do you know that you have never told me your name?" he said huskily; "I should like to know your Christian name.

"It's Frankie."

"'Frankie Vancouver'-it's curious: omehow it suits you. afternoon, Miss Frankie Vancouver. He knew as he turned away across

the lawn that she understood he was fond of her, and she, as she lay watching his receding figure, knew that she cared for him. And, of course, it was one of those

things that he ought to have ridiculed and sneered at and forgotten. Only he could not. It remained a horrible consciousness with him that the girl he loved was shut up in an establishment at Lake Lincoln for treatment for the morphia vice.

Sometimes the picture of what she might become forced itself between him and his work, and the face of Frankie ten years hence glared up at him from the manuscript. Then he shuddered and left his desk, and the article did not progress very rapidly

the rest of that day. He found it so difficult to concentrate his attention on what he was doing that it was a fortnight before No. 1 of the series was finished. After that, however, he fell into the swing of the thing, and went on apace.

He had decided to submit the six papers-he meant to have six-all at once, and, when they were done he rubbed his hands. They represented an editorial compliment and a very substantial check, he calculated.

He was staying in a boarding-house. and he was inclined to be careless in his habits. What was his dismay the copy of the Chanticleer, to see that he had been forestalled. There it was with terrific headlines, and a "leader" calling attention to it besides-"The Liquor and the Ladies! Life in a Dipsomaniac Home. By Our Special Commissioner. To Be Continued Day by Day. Dainty Dames Demand Drink Desperately! Startling Stories of Some Sinners in Society!"

He caught up his hat and cane and jumped on the first cable car that passed him. The editor of the Chanticleer was in, and, as it happened, accessible. "I want to know who's doing your Er drink," he said bashfully. "But bipsomaniac Home series?" began Charlie. "I suppose it isn't a secretwho is he?"

> "Well," said the editor. "I guess i ain't your affair, but I don't mind telling you. The stuff was sent in by an 'outsider,' and I thought it a good dea. What do you ask for, anyhow? "What do I ask-for?" echoed Charlie excitedly; "look here-and here-and here!" He showered his manuscripts on the table as he spoke. "You told me to do you some articles on a new subject; I did the articles; and now this infernal outsider of yours has robbed me of my matter. I leave my desk open and he has been at it."

"Well," remarked the other, "all that don't concern me.' He whistled through a tube, and pres-

"Was he trying to demonstrate it when I saw him kissing you in the con servatory?"

The beautiful girl blushed. 'Yes, papa." "You considered that satisfactory

proof, did you?" "Yes, papa." "And you're sure it was hypnotism?" "Perfectly certain, papa."

'You wouldn't try to deceive your poor old father in a matter of that sort, would you?" "No, indeed, papa." The old man shook his head doubt-

fully. "I think it would have looked more like a genuine case of hypnotism if he had kissed your mother or me," he said. "However, we'll not discuss that. I have made up my mind, though, that all hypnotists must keep away from

"Why, papa?" "My observation convinces me that you are too good a subject to make it possible for any of them to demonstrate any real h satisfaction. 'As g Litewait, you may say to hir feel certain that I can hypnoti perfectly that he would nev what hit

him." Men, as a rule, do their wives ask too

A DAY TO REMEMBER.

WAS BORN.

dress given was on the North Side. Charlie drew a long breath and de FEB. 22, WHEN WASHINGTON It was an awkward road to find, but

was George R. Wilbrow, and the ad-

He stood on the hearth rug and felt

he suppleness of his cane. Then the

door opened and admitted Miss Frank

Both started violently; both uttered

"But-but, how---?" gasped Charlie.

"'George R. Wilbrow' is my pen

name," she explained. "I am a jour-

nalist. That is why I am at the 'Re-

I had to be something terrible, or I

couldn't have got in. I hope you are

"Sober!" he cried; "why, heavens

above! I am a journalist; I shammed

the whisky; I, too, have written a se

ries of papers, and that's the reason-

I expected to find a man, and had come

to thrast him. Will you let me shake

And she did let him, and he kept on

shaking it; and then, somehow or other,

his arm was around her waist and she

was crying on his shoulder, and and

Funny A lvertisements.

Curiously worded advertisements

which are funny without intent, are

common in the London papers, it would

seem. An English periodical offered a

prize the other day for the best collec-

tion of such announcements, and the

"Annual sale now on. Don't go else

where to be cheated-come in here."

"A lady wants to sell her piano, as sha

is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"Furnished apartments, suitable for

gentlemen with folding doors." "Want-

ed, a room by two gentlemen about

thirty feet long and twenty feet broad.

"Lost, a collie dog by a man on Satur

day answering to Jim with a brass col

"Wanted, by a respectable girl, her

passage to New York; willing to take

care of children and a good sailor.'

"Respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday." "For sale—A pianoforte,

the property of a musician with carved

announce that he will make up gowns,

capes, etc., for ladies out of their own

oysters with reference." "Bulldog for

sale; will eat anything; very fond of

children." "Wanted-An organist and

a boy to blow the same." "Wanted--A

the summer, a cottage for a small fani-

ily with good drainage." "Lost-Near

Highgate archway, an umbrella be-

longing to a gentleman with a bent rib

and a bone handle." "Widow in com-

fortable circumstances wishes to mar-

ry two sons." "Wanted—Good boys for punching." "To be disposed of, a mail

phaeton, the property of a gentleman

with a movable headpiece as good as

The last is a copy of an inscription

painted on a board which adorned a

fence in Kent: "Notis: If any man's

or woman's cows gets into these here

otes, his or her tail will be cut off as the

Laurence Hutton's Dog.

first person who was told of my en-

gagement, and he was the first to greet

the wife when she came home, a bride,

to his own house. He had been made

to understand, from the beginning,

that she did not like dogs-in general

And he set himself out to please, and

to overcome the unspoken antagonism.

He had a delicate part to play, and he

played it with a delicacy and a tact

which rarely have been equalled. He

did not assert himself; he kept himself

in the background; he said little; his

approaches at first were slight and al-

most imperceptible, but he was always

ready to do or to help in an unaggres-

sive way. He followed her about the

house, up stairs and down stairs, and

he looked and waited. Then he began

to sit on the trail of her gown; to stand

as close to her as was fit and proper;

once in a while, to jump upon the sofa

beside her, or into the easy chair behind

her, winking at me from time to time

And at last he was successful. One

dreary winter, when he suffered terri-

bly from inflammatory rheumatism, he

found his mistress making a bed for

him by the kitchen fire, getting up in

the middle of the night to go down to

look after him, when he uttered in

pain the cries he could not help. And

when a bottle of very rare old brandy,

kept by me for some extraordinary oc-

casion of festivity, was missing, I was

told that it had been used in rubbing

No Proof of His Powers.

"I believe you told me once that

"Oh, he is one, papa. I know he is."

"He's proved it to your satisfaction,

young Litewait claimed to be a hyp-

in his quiet way.

Mop! St. Nicholas.

"Yes, papa."

"Yes, papa."

notist.'

To go back a little. Mop was the

case may be."

"Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to

"A boy wanted who can open

legs."

lar round his neck and a muzzle."

following is the result:

the rest was banal.—The Sketch.

your dear little hand again, instead?"

keeping sober." she added.

I only shammed the morphia-

the same monosyllable at the same mo-

parted.

ment-

treat.

"You?"

ne got to it at last.

ie Vancouver!

Something of America's Greatest General and First President-Sketch of His Illustrious Carcer-His Last Illness and Death.

Great Man's Life.
Though the story has been often told before and volumes have been written concerning George Washington's career, it is a tale which neither time can wither

nor custom stale. At this season the country is celebrating once more the anniversary of his birth and recalling to mind his great deeds. It is, therefore, interesting to tell over again the facts which have given him the fame which he enjoys. George Washington was born in West

moreland County, Va., Feb. 22, 1732. He does not seem to have shown any intel-lectual brilliance when a boy and his teaching was of rather an intermittent sort. The only thing for which he showed much aptitude was in mathematics, and this talent he turned to the acquirement of surveying. He did a good deal of this when a young man, both on State lands and on the extensive domain of Lord Fairfax, a relative of his."

Washington likewise showed proficiency in military matters, and at the age of 19 was appointed adjutant of the provincial troops with the rank of major. His first real experience of war happened in a campaign against the French in 1754. He performed prodigies of valor and won great admiration from the colonists and Indians alike. Writing in a letter of one of these engagements he says: "I had four bullets through my coat and four horses shot under me, yet I escaped unhurt, though death was leveling my companions on every side."
In 1759 Washington married Mrs. Mar-

tha Custis, resigned his commission in the army and settled on his estate at Mt Vernon, which had reverted to him upon the death of his elder brother, Lawrence He began the life of a country gentleman like so many others round him, engaged in raising cows and horses and supervis-ing the cultivation of his acres. He was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses, was a vestryman of the parish church and altogether lived a most humdrum and respectable life. Doubtless he expected thus to end his days, living quiet obscurely, at peace with the world, and far from the affairs of state.

But fortune had other things in store for Washington, and at the age of 43 he was called upon to begin a career which should not only may his own name immortal, but be pregnan; with far-reaching consequences. To follow that career in detail would be to do no less than write the whole story of the revolutionary war boy to be partly outside and partly so intimately was Washington concerned behind the counter." "Wanted—For in its every event. He was an extremely conservative man and was much averse to any idea of separation from England but when the die was once east, when he knew that retreat was inevitable, he threw himself heart and soul into the cause of the colonies, bound to make them win or perish in the attempt. His task was a hard one. America, a new country, its wealth wholly undeveloped, was pitted



GEORGE WASHINGTON against Great Britain, that had behind her centuries of culture and of riches. Washington had only green, untried soldiers to oppose an army which had defied the world. Upon him alone rested the whole responsibility. His duty it was to hearten his men in the hour of darkness and foretell good things when his soul boded the worst; his it was to soften the jealousies and enmities of his subordinates and his, finally, was the duty of turning defeat to victory and making the mistakes of the enemy serve his country's

The war being at length over and the ndependence of America thereby achiev ed, Washington retired to private life on his estate at Mt. Vernon. From that peaceful home he was called by his countrymen to preside over them as ruler. He was inaugurated at New York April 30, 1789. He chose as his cabinet Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, for Secretary of State: Alexander Hamilton, of New York for the Treasury, and Henry Knox, of Massachusetts, as Secretary of War. During this first administration the finances of the country were gotten into some kind of shape, the Supreme Court was organ ized and several important amendments to the constitution recommended.

In the course of his first term Washington made extensive tours through the east and south and everywhere received most flattering evidences of popular favor Though loth to accept a second term as President, Jefferson and Hamilton both counseled it, and so Washington, for a second time, accepted the nomination. He was elected and his inauguration took place March 4, 1793. During this term the war between France and England broke out and Washington advocated for this country a policy of strict neutrality. This course stirred up considerable criti-In other matters Washington's policy excited a good deal of feeling, so that his second term was by no means so happy as his first.

It was partly for these reasons, partly that he was wearied with the cares of state, that Washington entirely discouraged all idea of a third term and published his farewell address to the people in September, 1796. John Adams was there fore elected to the chief magistracy and, after being present at his inauguration Washington sought the seclusion of Mt.

He was not suffered long to enjoy in quiet the pleasures of peace, for a war vith France appealing imminent, Washngton was summoned to lead the United States forces. He yielded to what he deemed a duty and set forth to raise troops. Happily the trouble with France was averted, but Washington did not live to know it. Dec. 12, 1799, while out riding, he got caught in the rain and con-tracted a severe cold. This developed into a serious illness, and it soon became evident that Washington could not rally The end came Dec. 14. He said to those about his bed: "I feel myself going; I thank you for your attention, but I pray you take no more trouble about me." His last words were: "It is well."

The funeral took place on the 18th and Washington's body was laid in the vault Vernon, where it has remained as day, a fitting place of pilgrimar all Americans who love their her marriage with Col. Washington a other day footed up 1,324 years. until this day, a fitting place of pilgrimage for all Americans who love their

THE LITTLE HATCHET.

immortal Washington was just a little lad he got a little hatchet for a plaything from his dad, and, filled with youthful enterprise to test its powers, he went out into the garden and out down a cherry tree. When his too thoughtless papa saw the mischief that was done. "Who spoiled my favorite cherry tree?" he sternly asked his son the little fellow hung his head, then bravely made reply, "I did it with my hatchet, pop! I cannot tell a lle." "Come to my arms, my noble son," the father cried with joy, "I'd rather have no cherry trees than one untruthful poy;" and so our little chopper, being sharper than his axe, escaped the whipping he deserved by sticking to the facts. This is the hatchet story, but the reason why it stays alone in all its glory must a minister amaze. It surely isn't possible that just one ancient youth is all we have to illustrate the beauty of where are the

the Truth! Where are the girlswhere are the men-

will allow a litthem to be true: of them at least surprised the earth and sky by saying, like George Wash-ington, "I cannot tell a lie? "Yes." Echo an are they?" And we repeat the same while asking if that little boy don't make them blush with he don't. and they persist in disregarding facts, the only way to cur them is to hit them with this axe. - Detroit

women, too, who

country and reverence its first great

WHERE HE ONCE LIVED.

Historic Log Cabin in the Northern Neck of Virginia. About the year 1750 Lord Fairfax, then proprietor of the large territory styled the Northern Neck of Virginia, decided to secure George Washington's services in



CABIN ONCE OCCUPIED BY WASHINGTON surveying his vast domain beyond the Blue Ridge. Washington was delighted with this proposition, and in March, 1748, just a month from the day he was 16 years old, he left Mount Vernon, accompanied by George Fairfax, a kinsman of his employer, and in due time arrived upon the field of action.

While engaged in making this survey Washington's party's headquarters were at the log cabin, a picture of which ac companies this article. Save for the ray ages of time and the more or less frequent attacks of the relic hunter, the house stands to-day virtually as it did when Washington was there nearly a hundred and fifty years ago. About twelve feet square, it was originally divided into two rooms, one in the upper and the other in the lower story. The upper room, which was at one time plastered, was reached by a flight of rough steps that led up from the ground on the outside of the building, and served the young surveyors as a repository for their instruments while the apartment beneath was used as an office and bedroom.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Sterling and Brilliant Characteristics of the Patriot's Helpmate. ARTHA WASH.

the Virginia school

o f aristocracy.

her girlhood a co-

whom the chival-

paid devoted hom-

belle,



age. She was the tune, Col. John widow of another, Col. Daniel Parke Custis, owner of the White House, Kent County, Va., where she was versed. she married George Washington, in 1759,

lonial

wedding dress of heavy corded white silk nterwoven with silver threads. It was elegantly trimmed with heavy white sating ribbon brocaded with silver leaves. The dress opened over a white satin quilted overskirt. She wore white satin, higheeled shoes of the period, with diamond buckles, ruffles of point lace, and an exquisite suite of pearls, necklace, earrings and bracelets. She was attended by three bridesmaids.

Martha Washington would not have been fitted for a place in history as the "first lady of the republic" if she had not possessed a mind of her own, and been capable of commanding her household, and occasionally her husband. It is recorded by Miss Bremer that a guest at Mount Vernon overheard her distinguished hostess giving George a piece of her mind after they had retired for the night. He listened in profound silence, and when she had said her say, he answered pleas

"Now, good sleep to you, my dear."
Thirty years after her marriage to Gen. Washington, Martha Washington found herself elevated to the position of the first lady of the land. At Washington's levees the President always appeared as a private gentleman, without the cocked hat of ceremony, and with no sword. All callers were seated, and the rich pound cake and plum cake of the day was handed around with tea and coffee, and wine, a custom that was imperative in those days in good society. Every Friday evening Mrs. Washington received from 8 to 10 o'clock, and the most elegant and re-



GEORGE WASHINGTON. From the painting by Gilbert Stuart.

fined people attended those receptions. the license which admits the general pubington belonged to lic not having been extended. It was the day of a republican court, and rank, character and full dress were necessary to

where she was in gain admittance. Martha Washington was of plump figure, full of grace, sprightliness, and with an aristocratic bearing that was due to generations of refined and elegant pros-perity. She was of Welsh descent, which Virginians accounts for that rare blending of sterldaughter of one ing domestic qualities with the lighter gentleman of for- and more brilliant characteristics of Virginia birth and breeding, which were, however, not incompatible with fitness for housekeeping in every branch of which

After Washington's death she destroyed and brought him a reputation for beauty, wealth and virtue. Her fame went everywhere, and people at Mount Vernon ed should ever be given to the public. The emarked that Mrs. Washington must be sum of her virtues and qualifications may as goods commander as her husband to be thus estimated: She was worthy to manage successfully an army of servants, share the pilgrimage and be the life com-



MARTHA WASHINGTON. tradespeople and guests. Such was the hospitality of those days that no visitor panion of as illustrious a man as George Washington. was ever permitted to leave after sunset. The hunt, cards and dancing were the amusements of the times. Everybody

The combined ages of sixteen persons at a birthday party at the home of John Goldsberry in Frankfort, Ind., the

DOOMED BY HIS DEEDS

GRANT ATTERBURY WAS A FIEND INCARNATE.

People of Moultrie County Lynched Him Because They Feared He Would Escape Legal Punishment-Had Long Defied Arrest-His Record.

Certain of His Guilt.

Not until the people of Sullivan had made certain that Grant Atterbury was guilty of the crime with which he charged did they resolve to make his life the forfeit. The crime for which Atterbury suffered death was a terrible one. Though Atterbury asserted his innocence while being dragged to death, he had formidable witnesses against him. One was the victim of his atrocious crime. Bloodhounds completed the links necessary to fasten the guilt on the perpetra-

From a former acquaintance of both the Atterburys, Grant and Edward, it is learned that both boys were pretty tough lads. The family lived in Shelby Coun-The father married a second wife about 1886 and the boys, fearing the loss of a portion of their inheritance, are supposed to have plotted for some means of getting rid of the father. One morning in November, 1891, the old

man was found dead in the road, shot. Suspicion rested on the two sons and they were confined in the Shelbyville jail. Threats against their lives caused their removal to the Moultrie County jail, Circumstantial evidence all pointed to Edward as the one who did the killing. Grant was acquitted, while Edward became insane. Grant was always considered a terror in Shelby County, the offi-cers fearing to approach him. He was afterward arrested in Shelby County on a charge of burglary, but escaped. was traced to St. Louis and captured, but escaped from the officer. From St. Louis he drifted to Sullivan, and became involved in trouble with his sister-in-law. Public opinion changed considerably after Grant had been arrested for lawlessness on several occasions, and many thought that he was the real murderer of his Mrs. Roxy Atterbury was living alone

with her children in Sullivan, mourning the absence of her husband, who had been sent to the Kankakee insane asylum. Hers was a sad and tragic story, for her ausband's insanity followed, after the murder of his father a year before. Husband and wife believed that Grant Atterbury had killed his own father. Both gave evidence against him, and Grant evinced a fierce hatred to the family. This was said to be the motive which prompted him to commit the assault on his defenseless sister-in-law when the town was ısleep.

It was at 2 o'clock in the morning of Jan. 24 that Grant Atterbury stole with a companion into the house. He was a powerful man, whose strength was aided y a furious passion, which had made him he dread and terror of Sullivan. His hatred of his sister-in-law gave him additional strength, and he stifled her cries before any of the children were aroused. The companion, now supposed to be Grant Atterbury's wife, dressed in men's clothes, s said to have helped him.

Postmaster Eden, Mrs. Atterbury's ousin, placed bloodhounds upon the trail. They dashed down the staircase, out loors, across lots direct to the home of Grant Atterbury. As the dogs tried to leap the gate Atterbury advanced with a evolver and said he would shoot the man or dog that dared to enter his premises. Eden and his friends returned to the city. onvinced that Atterbury had committed the assault on his sister-in-law and they mmediately swore out a warrant for his

Within a few hours after Atterbury was placed in jail a secret notice was sent to ifty men to meet at the postoffice at midnight. Nothing was said of the purport of the meeting, but everyone knew desperate work was on hand. From every quarter of the city came the volunteer avengers, many of them bringing enough ope to hang a regiment. They had no means of getting into the jail. They broke nto a blacksmith's shop and carried away number of sledge hammers while the policeman on the beat turned the other

The mob was only brought to a standstill by the sheriff, who declared he would shoot the first man who made one step nearer. There was a rush, but the ominous click of the revolver made every man lesist. Several of the masks fell off and the sheriff began to call out the names of the men. The stormers became dispirited and slunk away muttering threats that they would accomplish their purpose in another manner.

Atterbury was then removed to the Logan County jail, where he proved an unruly prisoner. He demanded the services of an attorney. He wanted a preliminary hearing in Logan County, but when told that he would have to be taken to Sullivan he consented, declaring that he would be able to prove his innocence. When the day came for his removal he lost some of his courage and begged to be kept in the Logan County jail. This could not be done, and he was taken secretly to Sullivan.

The long wait for vengeance seemed only to what the appetite of the lynchers. They were resolved to chiry out the plan without the aid of a shouting mob. They wanted Atterbury's life, and they started to get it in such a cool, quiet way that the officers of the law felt secure until the blow fell. There were only thirty of them. Grim and silent the little band entered the jail yard and began their atfack. Sheriff Lansden and a deputy rushed to the head of the stairs with drawn revolvers, but before they had time to think the lynchers were in, and they themselves were sent sprawling down the stairway. It only required a few minutes to break down every barrier. One man knew the exact location of Atterbury's The first man who entered was knocked down by the doomed prisoner. He had no chance against so many foes. sledge hammer flew through the air and knocked the wooden weapon out of his hand. Then the avengers fell upon

The man fought like a wolf at bay. With his elbow he jabbed one lyncher in the face and knocked another one down. His despair lent him the strength of a madman, but his opponents were too much for him. His hands were bound and a rope was slipped under his arms. Then he was dragged into the street amid the shouts of riumph of the crowd outside, and within moment was gasping out his life from he end of a rope, attached to a tree in the public square.

Within a year the fame of Illinois as a aw-abiding State was stained by another lynching, by which two men lost their lives for a crime similar to that for which Atterbury suffered. This double lynching occurred at Danville, one of the most pros perous cities of eastern Illinois. Sullivan s about sixty miles southwest of Danville. The citizens of Danville attacked the jail early on the morning of May 25, 1895, and dragged John W. Halls, Jr., and William Royce from their cells. The two men had assaulted Miss Laura Barnett a few days before, and had treated her with such brutality that she was not expected to re-