IT WAS HANGING IN A "WELL."

How the Body of Ben Harrison's Father was Found.

A Cincinnati despatch says: The nomination of Gen. Ben. Harrison has set the tongues of all of the antiquarian gossips to wagging, and everything connected with the family history, from "Old Tippecanoe's" day to the present, is recalled and repeated, including the most novel and ghastly incident, that of the stealing of the body of Gen. Ben's father from the family graveyard at North Bend and its subsequent finding in the "well" of a medical college in this city.

John Scott Harrison, the nominee's father, was a son of President William Henry Harrison. He lived at North Bend, about 25 miles below Cincinnati, near the Indiana line, on the not very large or productive farm that was all his famous father left him except his name, the "log cabin" which became so famous in the "hard cider, Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign of 1840. It was not a cabin in the sense in which it was used in the campaign, but a very comfortable, old-fashioned, roomy two-story frame house, flanked with porches and shaded by a row of magnificent locust trees, a number of which still stand to mark the spot where the old home, destroyed by fire about 30 years ago, stood. The real cabin part of the structure was an old log house of early date, against which the General had built his more pretentious mansion when, after his distinguished early career as warrior and statesman, he settled down in comparative poverty to make a living out of his farm. The cabin proper, its logs concealed by weather boarding, was used as a kitchen. Here lived and died General Ben's father, John Scott Harrison, a kindly, lovable man of scholarly habits and artistic tastes that his limited income did not always enable him to fully gratify. He lived the life of a gentleman farmer, respected by all of his acquaintances and "loved by all the children and dogs of the neighborhood." He was a man of not very great force of character, devoid of ambition for distinction and particularly adverse to the pursuit of practical politics and to mixing himself up in the contentions and squabbles of the period, and yet the fates had fixed upon him to be the figure-head in one of the bitterest political contests ever fought in the State.

The leaders of the party of that queer amalgamation of Knownothingism and Free Soilism known as the American party, out of which was afterwards born the Republican party, at the Philadelphia Convention of 1856, in casting about for a candidate for Congress in the Second Ohio District, hit upon John Scott Harrison, and without an effort on his part, almost without his knowledge while the plan was hatching, he was nominated and elected. Old "Pap" Taylor, editor of the *Evening Times*, the organ of radical Knownothingism, and candidate for Mayor on the "American" city ticket against Jas. J. Faron, by whom he was defeated, was credited at the time with the discovery and resurrection of the son of old Tippecanoe, and probably deserved the distinction. Mr. Harrison served one term in Congress, achieving no distinction, and again returned to pastoral pursuits at North Bend. His regular habits, serene temperament and pleasant surroundings gave him length of years, and he became the patriarch of the place; but to the end of his day his chief distinction was that of being the son of his father, and as such his erect form and flowing white beard were pointed out to the occasional tourist, along with the old locust trees, the site of the "cabin" and the tomb on the hill as one of the sights to be seen at North Bend. Suddenly he was stricken with a mysterious disease that baffled the skill of the doctors, which in a comparatively short time carried him off. The funeral services were held at the little church in the old village of Cleves hard by, and the body was interred in the old family burying ground on the rounded summit of the old promontory that marks the "Bend" in the Ohio that gives the place its name. Either because the family feared that the peculiar character of the malady to which he succumbed would make his body tempting to the medical fraternity or the general fear engendered by the prevalence of body-snatching in the vicinity of Cincinnati at the time, extra precautions were taken to preserve the grave from desecration. It was made unusually deep, was walled and cemented, and a huge slab of stone placed midway between the metal casket and the surface, and guards were nightly stationed in the graveyard. In spite of these precautions, however, a few days later, the ghouls tunneled the brick work, pried the big stone partly out of place and stole the body. How this great work was accomplished without the knowledge of the guards was a mystery. They were suspected and arrested, but nothing came of it. By a curious coincidence about the same time, but before the desecration of the Harrison grave had been discovered, another grave in the vicinity had been robbed and some of the Harrison family were among the party of citizens who had gone to Cincinnati to employ detectives and search for the missing body.

While engaged in this work news of the disappearance of Mr. Harrison's body reached them, and their efforts to discover the ghoulish marauders and recover the bodies were redoubled. Col. Tom Snellbaker, then chief of police, was appealed to, and consented to take the case in hand. His first move was to go all through the medical colleges with a drag net, himself taking charge of that drawn through the Ohio College, on Sixth street, near Vine, one of the oldest and most prominent in the West. The building was searched from cellar to roof, the "stiffs" in the pickling vats fished out and examined one by one, the half-carved subjects on the tables in the dissecting room scrutinized, but without finding a trace of the bodies from North Bend, and the search was about to be abandoned, when it occurred to Col. Snellbaker to take a look in the "well" or chute, by which subjects and other heavy bodies were raised to the upper floor by means of a windlass. He found the rope taut, and in the bare hope that the object of their search might be at the other end of it, laid hold of the arms of the windlass and began to haul up. Slowly the weight at the end of the rope approached the surface, and the face of the janitor, who had conducted the searching party over the building, grew paler and paler. When the object reached the surface of the floor, it was discovered to be a corpse, with the loop of the rope about the neck. Throwing back the remnants of the shroud that fell over the face, the horrified searchers saw the face of a venerable man with white, flowing beard.

Gen. Ben Harrison's brother and nephew were among the party, and as soon as the brother caught sight of the partially concealed face he advanced, trembling and pale, and when the full truth was revealed by the removal of the tattered remnant of the shroud, shouting "My God! that is father!" fell back in a swoon. Col. Snellbaker at once placed the terrified janitor under arrest. The body was removed to an undertaker's and again prepared for the grave. Gen. Ben Harrison, who after the funeral had returned to Indianapolis, was telegraphed to as soon as the discovery was made, and used all haste to reach Cincinati, arriving a few hours after the body ad been found. He bent every energy to he detection and punishment of the perpetrators of the crime, but without result. Some others besides the janitor were arrested. There was some talk of indicting the faculty. The few facts gathered were laid before the Grand Jury, but nothing came of it, and to this day nobody knows the history of the journey of John Scott Harrison's body from its peaceful grave at North Bend to the end of the rope in the horrible well of the Ohio Medical College, where it was found.

MARRIED IN A HURRY.

They Missed a Train in a Village and Wedded to Prevent Scandal.

A New York despatch says: Last Thursday afternoon a well-dressed young man and a remarkably pretty girl were seen dining at Clifton, L.I. After dinner the couple sauntered out, and later were billing and cooing on the beach. At 11.30 p.m. the two lovers appeared at the station too late for the last train. The young lady began to cry, and her escort endeavored to cheer her by telling her he was sure he could find some way of getting back to New York that night. She said she would not for the world stay there all night. The young man was plentifully supplied with money, and went to a livery stable and tried to hire a man to row or sail them across the bay to New York, but there was no one who wished to undertake the job.

The disappointed couple then retired to a restaurant near by and held a consultation. They concluded that it was impossible to get back to New York that night. Miss Ida Roorke (the girl) cried again, and her lover, George Reich, tried to comfort her, but to no purpose. The situation was getting desperate, and Reich decided that there was only one thing to do—that was to get married. He boldly proposed it. The idea startled Miss Roorke at first and she protested against it. He reasoned with her that they had long been engaged and would have been married before this had it not been for impediments put in their way. After much persuasion she hesitatingly gave her consent. Then they got about every minister in the place out of bed before they found one who would marry them. They called in their coachman as a witness and soon were made man and wife by the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Campbell, whom Reich gave $25 as a fee. Then they went to the hotel and retired with the consciousness of having done the best they could under the circumstances. Since then their parents have forgiven them, and they have been re-married by a priest.

LEFT HIM AT THE ALTAR.

Charles E. Brooks' Child-Wife Sues for a Divorce, and Swears He is After Her Money.

A Baltimore despatch says: Florence R. Winchester, the child-wife of Charles E. Brooks, has applied for a divorce from her boy-husband to whom she was married last March. She alleges that he obtained her consent through fraud and perjury. The license, she says, was procured by her lover swearing he was 21 years old and she 18 years, when in fact he is only 19 years and she 15, and his object in marrying her was to get hold of property which she will inherit when she attains her majority. In describing their courtship the young wife tells how her husband prayed with her and read the Bible, when all the time he was engaged in dishonest and nefarious transactions. By these hypocritical professions and other deceptive means he won her affections. On the day the ceremony was performed they left home under the pretense of going to the theatre. She charges that on the way he suddenly surprised her by suggesting marriage and got her consent. They went to the parsonage. She immediately became conscience-stricken at what she had done. She left him almost at the altar and went to her father's house, where she has remained ever since. Since the marriage she said her deceitful husband on one occasion decoyed her from home and forcibly detained her. She charges that he has cruelly and brutally treated her and robbed her of her jewellery. The young people are well connected, and the case caused a sensation.

Mr. Spurgeon's Next Step.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes: "In Nonconformist, and particularly in Baptist circles, growing interest is felt in what will be Mr. Spurgeon's next step. It is an open secret that the instincts of his nature compel him to seek congenial communion, and that he cannot long remain content with his present isolation. No one dreams now of his return to the Baptist Union, and the general impression is that circumstances will compel him shortly to initiate a movement which will result in a sort of federation of Baptist Churches, comprising those who share his views, and which will be tantamount to the formation of a new denomination. A movement of this kind would, in the opinion of some, help forward the suggested union between the Congregational bodies and the Baptists."

Sure Not to See Him.

Mrs. Yeast—Will you give Mr. Bacon a message to his wife if you should see him to-day?

Mr. Yeast—Oh, I won't see him to-day.

"But he may drop into your office."

"No, he will not."

"Why are you so positive about it?"

"I loaned him $5 last Monday, and he promised to pay it to-day."

It is never too late to mend; but a man cannot expect to have a button sewn on much after midnight.

BOUCICAULT'S WIFE WINS.

A New York "Scotch" Marriage Held Valid—She Gets a Divorce at the Playwright's Expense.

A London cable says: The celebrated Boucicault divorce case was decided on Thursday in favor of the wife. In the trial of the case Mrs. Agnes Boucicault, the petitioner, deposed that her maiden name was Robertson, and that she was born at Edinburgh in 1833, was educated for the stage, and that she first appeared at the Princess' Theatre in London, which was then under the management of Charles Kean. She was then introduced to Dion Boucicault, who made her an offer of marriage. Influenced by the advice of Mrs. Kean she declined the offer, but eventually in 1852 went to live with him. Relations continued between them until August, 1853, when she went to America to follow her profession. She had an engagement at Montreal, and while there she received letters from Dion Boucicault, who was at New York. At his request she went there to see him. On her raising some objections to living with him at the hotel, he informed her that if she would consent to become his wife he would consent to become her husband, and by the laws of New York, that, together with living as man and wife under his name, constituted as valid a marriage as in Scotland. Under the circumstances she consented to become his wife, and they stayed at the hotel for a week or ten days, living publicly there as man and wife. After that she was generally looked upon as his wife, and on one occasion at Boston he publicly made an announcement to that effect from the stage. Subsequently she executed a separation deed, under which she was to have an annuity of $4,000 a year. That document was signed in her maiden name, she being forced to do so, being warned that otherwise she would not receive the allowance in question. In 1883 she heard that Boucicault had gone through a ceremony of marriage with a lady in Australia. She commenced a suit for divorce, but abandoned it at the request of her child. Mrs. Boucicault was cross-examined at some length as to the various proceedings she had taken against her husband, and as to the date of the alleged marriage, one of the dates being 1855. His Lordship pointed out that the pleadings appeared to have been amended. No witnesses were called for the defence. The respondent's counsel contended that there was no marriage between them. The judge came to the conclusion that there was a legal marriage between the parties, and granted Mrs. Boucicault a decree *nisi* by reason of the bigamy of her husband, Dion Boucicault, who, moreover, is mulcted in costs.

HIS BRIDE WAS DEATH.

A Young Man Shoots Himself Because His Wedding Suit Was Not Made in Time.

A last (Friday) night's Boston despatch says: William H. Gibson, a young chemist and electrician, employed by the Boston Electrical Company, shot himself in the temple last night at his rooms, No. 11 Wellington street, because his new wedding suit did not arrive from the tailor's in time for him to attend the ceremony. He was found by his landlady this morning with blood flowing from a pistol shot wound in his head. He was conscious, but could not speak. An ambulance conveyed him to the City Hospital, where he died to-night. For the past two years he has been engaged to Miss Lillian Chandler, the niece of Col. W. H. Long, of Chelsea. Early this week he engaged rooms on Wellington street, telling the landlady that he should bring his bride there to live in a short time. All day Tuesday and Wednesday he was going in and out of the house, seeming very much distressed. Yesterday forenoon he said to a woman of the house: "I expect my wedding suit to arrive at any moment. The tailor promised to have it here Monday. It is not done yet. I must get it right away, for I am to be married to-night and cannot stand up in a business suit." He shook badly and wept while he told the story. The ceremony was to take place at 7 o'clock. As nothing was seen of Gibson after that hour the landlady thought he had obtained his clothes and gone to the wedding. Miss Chandler, the bride-elect, waited with her bridal robes on until after 10 o'clock last night. The guests were assembled, the clergyman in waiting and the wedding banquet spread. At last messengers were sent to Gibson's home, but the servants could tell nothing of his whereabouts. Policemen and messengers scoured the city all night to no effect. Miss Chandler joined in the hunt. About 9 o'clock this morning word was brought to the Chelsea Home that young Gibson was dying at the City Hospital. Miss Chandler and Colonel Long visited him. When he saw them he denied that his name was Gibson, but said he was Charles J. Rice, a clerk employed by Brown, Durrell & Co. Though both Miss Chandler and Colonel Long identified him he refused to acknowledge his name and protested that he never knew any one by the name of Gibson.

This afternoon the suit in which he was to have been married arrived, and he will be buried in it.

A Perpetual Railroad Pass.

A Boston despatch says: A most singular case came before Judge Allen, of the Supreme Court, yesterday for decision. It appears that in 1836, when the Boston & Providence Railroad Company was chartered, Mr. John C. Dodge, of Attleborough, conveyed a portion of his land in consideration that he and his family should ride free over the railroad as long as the land was used for railroad purposes. A granddaughter of Mr. Dodge claims that she is entitled to the privileges named in the deed, and that the word family meant "descendants" of the grantor. The railroad company demurred on the ground that the remedy of the plaintiff, if any, is at law, and not in equity. Judge Allen overruled the demurrer, and expressed an opinion that under the deed the Boston & Providence Railroad Company would be required to carry free the descendants of Mr. Dodge for all time.

She Was wrong.

"You are entirely too diffuse in your views," remarked Mrs. Squildig to her husband. "It is the man with one idea who succeeds nowadays."

"I don't know about that," replied Squildig, "I think a man with two good optics stands a better chance than a man with one eye, dear."

FARM AND GARDEN.

How to Manure at the Lowest Cost.

One of the heaviest items in manurins the land is the hauling and spreading. Thig expense cannot be easily avoided, but there are many methods of enriching land that are available, though not always practiced. Where a large amount of produce is sold off the farm the fertilizing elements go with it, and if the fertility of the soil is to be retained something must be brought on the farm to take the place of that which is sold off. No farm will remain fertile unless the plant food necessary for the growing crops is provided, and manure will not retain fertility if it comes from no source but the farm itself, as sooner or later the supply must be exhausted. On stock farms, where large quantities of bran, middlings and ground grain are bought and fed, no difficulty will be experienced, but on farms devoted to the growth of crops, and the crops sold off the farm, the use of artificial fertilizers permits of a return to the soil of the necessary plant food in a concentrated form, the labor of their application being but a small expense. Green manuring is the cheapest mode of enriching land, as no hauling is required. There is considerable labor required in plowing land so treated, but the plowing itself is beneficial, as it reduces the land to a finer condition,, and assists in destroying weeds and grasses. No field should remain idle. When one crop comes off another should come in. If the second crop cannot be marketed let it be plowed under for manure. Early potatoes can easily be removed in time for a green manurial crop, such as buckwheat, peas and oats, millet, Hungarian grass or corn. These crops need not grow very high. Under no circumstances should they be allowed to mature seed, even if the season permitted, but should be turned under green, so as to quickly decompose. A large majority of farmers after harvesting their corn leave the field until spring. How much better it would be to plow the field and sow it quickly to rye, turning the rye under in the spring for a potato crop. The plowing of the corn land would decompose large quantities of weeds and grass, as well as corn roots, while the rye so grown, if preferred, can be made to do good service for early grazing by stock in the spring. Other crops may be followed by green manurial crops in like manner, thereby enriching the soil by the decomposition of its own elements, and save hauling to that extent. The manure heap should also be composed of fine material, which will lessen the labor of handling the manure when the time arrives for spreading it on the land.

The Willow a Useful Tree.

There is no tree that is so sure to grow without any care as the willow. A twig from a branch of a tree stuck into the moist earth, and the labor is completed. An article in a German contemporary recommends the cultivation of willow trees, not only from an economical and industrial point of view, but also for hygienic purposes. They are especially useful where the drinking water is taken from fountains or natural wells, and still more where there are morasses and meadows; and in the vicinity of willow trees water is always clear and pure. Let those who doubt this fact place a piece of willow which has not yet begun to strike into a bottle of water, and place this within another bottle containing water only, in a warm room for eight days; in the first bottle will be found shoots and rootlets in clear water, while the other bottle will contain putrefying water. Holland is covered with willows, and the dam works are made stronger by the network formed by the roots.

The Crow as a Farmer.

The crow is nobody's fool. "Live and learn" is his motto; and he does both, especially the former, in a way to excite the admiration of all disinterested observers. In the long struggle between human ingenuity and corvine sagacity, it is doubtful which has thus far obtained the upper hand. Nor have I ever quite convinced myself which of the contestants has the better case. "The crow is a thief," the planter declares; "he should confine himself to a wild diet, or else sow his own garden." "Yes, yes," Corvus makes reply; "but if I steal your corn, you first stole my land." Unlike his cousin, the raven, who, along with the Indian, has retreated before the pale face, the crow is an ultra-conservative. Civilization and modern ideas are not in the least distasteful to him. He has an unfeigned respect for agriculture, and in fact may be said himself to have set up as a gentleman farmer, letting out his land on shares, and seldom failing to get his full half of the crop; and, like the shrewd manager that he is, he insures himself against drought and other mischances by taking his moiety early in the season. As I plant no acres myself, I perhaps find it easier than some of my fellow-citizens to bear with the faults and appreciate the virtues of this sable aboriginal. Long may he live, I say, this true lover of his native land, to try the patience and sharpen the wits of his would-be exterminators.—*Bradford Torrey, in the July Atlantic.*

Other Agricultural Notes.

An immense radish has been picked by Miss Mary Lambert, of Island Lake, Fla. It weighed four pounds and was six inches in diameter at the largest point. This radish was thirteen inches long in the body proper, while its tap-root was thirteen more, making twenty-six in all.

Prof. J. A. Lintner placed the total number of insect species in the world at 320,000. Of those found in the United States 7,000 or 8,000 are fruit pests, and at least 210 attack the apple.

The largest tree in the country east of California is a snarled old sycamore that stands in Upper Sandusky, in Ohio. It is 40 feet in circumference.

If lilacs were confined to one stem and given good care they would take a higher rank among the shrubs and lilac trees that bloom in early spring.

At the recent English live stock sales pigs brought much better prices than cattle. In one case a boar sixteen months old brought $250.

One advantage in the soiling system is the freedom from weeds in the feed, which with cows at pasture in summer give a better taste to milk and butter. With corn-fodder, millet or other cultivated crops suitable for soiling purposes there is better quality and greater uniformity in the milk product.

Gradually more attention is being paid to grass for the reason that by growing it and taking pains in the management the fertility of the soil can be gradually improved more so than with almost any other crop. And as the yield of other crops begins to fall below the line of profitable yields more attention is paid to grass.

A New York farmer states that he used only coal-gas tar to prevent the ravages of the potato beetle. He puts a gallon of tar in a tub, over which he pours boiling water, which is allowed to settle and cool. This is sprinkled over the vines with an ordinary sprinkler. A gallon of tar costing 75 cents suffices for several acres of potatoes.

An "Indiana Farmer" correspondent advocates the use of rocks and stones for mulching newly planted trees, and where at hand they are superior for the purpose. Their pressure keeps the soil close to the roots and the roots in place, while they retain moisture, choke down weeds and preserve a more even temperature than a mulch of litter does.

The *Home and Farm* gives the following novel method of making cabbage head. It says that "when the plants are about eight inches high, and have formed woody stalks, make incisions in the stalks with the small blade of a penknife, insert small pieces of wood of the size of a match, and break them off. This checks the growth, and hard heads will be formed."

A cleanly kept cow will yield sweet milk with an agreeable, sweet odor, and quite free from any taint or injurious quality whatever, says *Hoard's Dairyman*. That such milk is very rare is simply because such cows are rare, and this is the reason why the very best purely flavored butter is rare, too. The cow that produces only 100 pounds of butter per annum is not to blame for the disgraceful fact—it is the stupid farmer, who either doesn't feed her or make a merciful use of the butcher-knife.

Old World Jottings.

Mining operations in metal and coal are begun with great energy in China.

The field of Bannockburn is about to be converted into the site of a coal mine.

A railroad will soon be built from Gibraltar to communicate with the rest of Spain.

Professor Huxley's second son is a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.

So far Pasteur's recipe for killing the Australian rabbits with chicken cholera has failed.

Great pearl discoveries are reported in the Gulf of Mexico. One was sold for 140,000 francs.

An attempt has been made to have the historic Gallows tree on Hampstead Heath cut down.

Nine of the Blankley yearlings—six by Hermit and three by Galopin—have been sold for £10,000.

A six-ton cab, carrying an electric battery strong enough to run it forty miles, recently made a satisfactory trip through London.

An expert says that in 108 Derbys the favorite has won 37 times, has run second 24 times, third 15 times, and been unplaced on 32 occasions.

The monument to Sir Bartle Frere on the Victoria Embankment, London, consists of a heroic-sized statue on a granite pedestal fourteen feet high. The pedestal bears the words "India" and "Africa," each within a wreath of oak leaves.

A Girl Abbess.

London *St. James' Gazette*: The Archduchess Marguerita Sophie, daughter of Archduke Charles Louis, has been installed at Prague as abbess of the community of Noble Ladies of the Hradskin. The installation was effected with great pomp in the Church of St. George, a large number of officials and knights of the imperial orders being present. The new abbess, who was robed in black, with an ermine mantel, was formally presented with the insignia of her dignity, a staff and ring. The Hradschin is the capitol of Prague, and this community, to which it gives its name, is a retreat for unmarried ladies of noble family. It was formed under Maria Theresa. The inmates, it is stated, are not subject to the ordinary vows or rules, and are even permitted to marry. The present Queen Regent of Spain was abbess there from 1876 to the time of her marriage. The new abbess is 18 years old.

Hats of Great Men.

"'Seven' being the average size of a man's head as measured by his hat," says a London exchange, "it appears that out of fourteen distinguished personages, two (Lord Chelmsford and Dean Stanley) were below, while other two (Lord Beaconsfield and the Prince of Wales) were exactly up to the average. Of the others, Dickens, Selborne and Bright required 7⅛, Earl Russell 7¼, Lord Macaulay, Gladstone and Thackeray 7⅜, Louis Philippe 7¾, and the Archbishop of York 8 full. Of twenty-three distinguished men whose actual brain weights are known, four, including the late Prof. Hughes Bennet and Hermann, the philologist, were distinctly below the average, showing that a well constituted brain of small dimensions may be capable of doing much better work than many a larger organ whose internal constitution is, from one cause or other, defective."

A Widow's Revenge on a Railroad.

The Savannah *News* says: A railroad running through Emanuel county recently killed a razor-back hog belonging to a widow, and she entered a suit for damages for the value of it. The railroad won the case, it being shown that the proper signals were blown and the precautions taken, and the plaintiff was sorely distressed about the result. She had converted the pig into lard, and as the road would not pay for killing him, she bestowed what remained of the porker on the company. On a dark night she took the pot of grease, and proceeding to the track of the company, coated the rails with a liberal daub of grease for about a quarter of a mile. It took all the sand that the engines could bring to bear on the track for two days to tide over the spot which crippled traffic. Now the widow is threatened with a law suit.

It often happens that a dissatisfied husband sends his wife home to her mother. Mrs. Donnell Swan, "one of the wealthiest and most beautiful women in Baltimore society," the record says, has been married eight years and is now in Europe. She reverses the usual order of things by sending her husband home to his father with a letter saying she has had enough of him. A divorce suit is pending.