

A TEA-TABLE TRAGEDY.

A Denver Scandal Which Has All the Elements of Love, Lucre, and Revenge.

Denver Tribune.

Charles W. Stickney last evening murdered in cold blood Montgomery T. Campau, and by accident one of the bullets from the pistol, which the murderer held in his hand, flew wide of its intended mark and entered the heart of Mrs. H. O. Devereux, a young and beautiful woman whom Stickney had ever seen; and he did not know until an hour later that he had been the cause of her death.

This murder and accidental killing is the sequel of a story that for some months past has been the leading scandal in legal circles and in society. Its complications are many—woman's frailty, compromised by a husband; man's passion and sin, offset by charges of preconcerted blackmail pursued systematically to the death.

Charles W. Stickney is a tall, well-formed man of 32 years of age. His hair and eyes are light, and a brown mustache adorns his lips. In dress he has a clerical appearance. In conversation he is gentlemanly and scholarly. He is a graduate of Harvard university, and since he left college has followed the ostensible profession of teaching. He came to Denver in the early part of last year, accompanied by his wife, a woman of about 25 years of age, round and plump of figure, with soft brown eyes and hair of the same color, and a winsome, fascinating expression of countenance. Notwithstanding the fact that Stickney had his pockets full of first-class letters of introduction from well-known gentlemen of the east, he failed to find satisfactory employment, and leaving his wife in Denver with sufficient funds to support herself comfortably, departed for the mountains to seek his fortune in the precarious pursuit of prospecting for silver.

It was while he was absent, some time in July, that Mrs. Stickney met Mr. Campau, a well-known real estate broker. She had already made a favorable impression in society, had become a member of

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY,

and sang in the choir of the Episcopal church. Just how the meeting between Mr. Campau and the wife of the professor came about is not known, probably by "chance, the usual way." It is said that after their introduction Mrs. Stickney used to frequently drop into the office of Mr. Campau and beg to be allowed to address an envelope, or with some other ostensible reason for calling. Their acquaintance progressed so rapidly that one day in August Campau proposed a carriage ride. Mrs. Stickney consented and under a warm summer sun they started for their drive. *The Tribune* cannot better tell what this buggy ride resulted in than by repeating the story as afterward told in the court by Stickney. He says that upon his return from the mountains he discovered his wife in the act of taking some peculiar medicine. His suspicions were aroused, and when he questioned his wife closely she began to weep, and when pressed for an explanation made the startling confession that during her husband's absence she had consented to accompany Campau for a buggy ride, and that despite her protestations she drove her beyond the city limits, and there, by persuasion and force, seduced her. Stickney claimed that his wife became pregnant, and that the medicine which he discovered her in the act of taking had been given her by Campau to procure an abortion. In rebuttal of this statement, it might be said here that Campau said the woman came to him and explained her condition. He admits that he gave her medicine, but that it was perfectly harmless. This was in the latter part of last August.

After his wife had made her confession, Stickney at once went to the office of Campau. What took place at the meeting between husband and the alleged paramour or seducer is told by conflicting stories. Stickney's statement is that, upon entering the office and making himself known to Campau, and afterwards charging him with the seduction of his wife, the real-estate agent at once became agitated and confessed that he was guilty. Stickney says that in his great anxiety to keep the particulars of the affair from the ears of the public, and especially from his father and a sweetheart which the school teacher says he had in Coldwater, Mich., Campau offered to make reparation for the wrong he had done by paying Stickney \$10,000. Campau, however, told a different tale. He said that Stickney entered his office and threatened to shoot him if he did not at once make a cash settlement, and that under duress he agreed to make a payment of \$10,000, and thus end the case.

However, from the statements of both men, it is evident that there was an understood agreement between them that Campau should give as a salve to Stickney's wounded honor \$10,000, divided up as follows: A deed for a lot of ground in West Denver, valued at \$3,000, and seven \$1,000 notes, payable six months apart, secured by a trust deed of Campau's undivided one-half of a block in West Denver. Both parties agreed that Milo A. Smith, then a partner of Mr. Campau, should act as trustee. The conveyance and the notes were made and delivered to Stickney, who deposited them in the First National bank of Denver, and then in company with his wife started for Palatine, Ill., a little town near Chicago.

The matter which, when it first became known, had caused quite a ripple in the smooth waters of Denver society, had been almost forgotten, when Mr. Campau, on the 1st of April of this year, began suit in the district court and obtained an injunction enjoining Stickney, Smith, and the First National bank, as agent, from conveying the property in any manner. Owing to Stickney's absence summons could not be served upon him. But he was made aware of the commencement of Campau's suit by the receipt of a copy of the summons and writ of injunction. He at once returned to Denver, bringing his wife with him. The latter sought to resume her once pleasant position in Denver society, but the result of one visit to a meeting of the Philharmonic society convinced her that she had lost caste.

Proceedings had been begun and Stickney failed to make answer, and afterwards, on account of having made alterations on the court records, pertaining to his case, was stricken from the files. Judge Elliot, however, allowed him the privilege of filing a new answer upon paying a fine of \$100 and costs. On the ground that he was not a resident of the state Stickney took an ap-

peal to the United States circuit court, and at the time of the murder of Campau the transcript was being made in the district court.

Stickney also went before the present grand jury and stated that while he was absent Campau and Smith had sold lots and property in fraud of his (Stickney's) right. The grand jury found bills of indictment against both Campau and Smith.

The decision of Judge Elliott compelling Stickney to pay all costs in the case, as far as it had progressed, and a fine of \$100, was an unlooked-for blow. He was poor, having barely enough money for his living expenses. His usually calm demeanor gave place to

AN EXCITED, IRRITATED MANNER,

and his speech was not so collected as it had been. Since their return from the east a few months ago, Stickney and his wife have been boarding with Mrs. Oglevy, at No. 564 Curtis street. As one would naturally suppose, their conjugal life has not been the happiest imaginable since the discovery made by Stickney last summer. Early yesterday morning, Stickney, after eating a hearty breakfast, left his boarding-house to go down town. When he returned at noon, Stickney was greatly shocked to learn that his wife had packed up all her effects and departed the city. She left a letter for her husband. It reads as follows:

MY DARLING: I despair of being able to prove that * * * There is no proof but my word, and you will not be able to succeed in your profession while you are hampered by this disgrace. Therefore, I am going away that you may be freed from this affair. All I can say, Charley, is: I told you the truth in this matter. You need not try to find me for you will not be able to do so. * * * Campau has been trying to get friends and their sympathy all these months that we were away, and has been lying to them and working up the case. * * * Of course, after he had * * * I was entirely in his power. He said that if I did not do just as he wanted he would ruin my reputation.

"My darling, I am going away and may never see you again. Try and think kindly of me. I did not deceive you when I told you that * * * Do not try to find me, for I shall change my name. Most likely I may go to California. I may not. It will be useless for you to try and trace me. Do not study too hard. Take good care of yourself. Do not shoot that little puppy—who is too small and mean and cowardly to own up. He must need try to throw the blame on me. Do not see him, for I am afraid you may be tempted to put an end to the little worm and get yourself in trouble. Keep up courage, darling—do not think too much. You know I had quite a sum of money left after paying expenses in coming here—selling dressing-case and other things—about \$50. I take that with me.

"Good-by, darling; do not try to find me; you can not. I hope, darling, you will succeed in your profession, and that when I am gone you will be free to study and make a success. I have a good musical education, and will do all right. I will take good care of our little darling; I must take her with me. Now, darling, keep up your courage and do not try to avenge me; leave that to a higher power. I leave you for good; do not try to find me; you understand my reason for leaving. I told you in the first part of my letter I can not prove it, except by my word, and you will never succeed here while I am with you, on account of this affair.

Good-by, darling; I shall be far away when you receive this. Make a good lawyer and always help the oppressed; in that way you can avenge me. My darling, good-by. "Your loving, unhappy NINA."

When Mrs. Oglevy entered the room a few moments later, Stickney looked up and without a word handed her the letter which his wife left for him. From Mr. Stickney's tearful face and agitated manner Mrs. Oglevy at once suspected that something had gone wrong, and when the former handed her the letter she was too excited to read it and handed it back.

Mrs. Oglevy says that Stickney left the house at about 1 o'clock, returning again at 5 and remaining for a few moments in his room and then entered the street hurriedly. Stickney, after learning of his wife's departure, at once started for the office of Campau, who, being informed that Stickney was looking for him, kept away from his office to avoid a meeting. He called at his office several times, and failing to find him waited until evening and then proceeded to Mr. Campau's boarding-house, No. 420 Stout street. Mr. Cooper and Mr. Cavalle, boarders, were seated on the porch when Stickney opened the gate. "Is Mr. Campau in?" asked Stickney. "He is," answered Mr. Vernia. "Will you please walk in the parlor?" Stickney entered the house, and Mr. Vernia went back to the dining-room, where Mr. Campau had just risen from the supper table, at which were still seated Mr. H. O. Devereux and his young wife. Upon learning that some one wanted to see him, Campau advanced through a sleeping-apartment between the dining-room and the parlor to see who his visitor might be and what he might want.

The moment Campau appeared, Stickney, utterly regardless of the presence of four other persons, at once drew a pistol known as

AN "ENGLISH BULL-DOG"

and began shooting at the unfortunate real-estate broker. The latter, in a fright, turned and fled toward the back part of the building, hoping, doubtless, to make his escape through the kitchen into the open yard in the rear. Just as he reached the door leading from the dining-room he fell dead, the blood pouring from a wound somewhere in the region of the neck. When Campau turned to flee, he was almost on a line between Stickney and Mrs. Devereux, and one of the bullets—it will never be known which—sped past its mark and entered the heart of the terror-stricken lady, who fell dead in the arms of her husband.

Apparently satisfied when he saw Campau fall, Stickney turned and walked out of the house as cool as he had entered it. Mr. Cavalle, who was still upon the porch, approached Stickney the moment he appeared at the door, and with the words, "I arrest you," put his hand on the murderer's arm. On his way to the county jail Stickney talked in a rational, comprehensive manner with the sheriff. He did not regret having killed Campau, but when he learned that one of the bullets from his murderous weapon had caused the death of a young wife he was

visibly affected, and wailed in an agonized voice.

Charles W. Stickney, the murderer, was born at Shawneetown, Illinois, and was a clerk at Grant's headquarters during the earlier part of the war. In 1869 he married Lizzie Little, a daughter of Wear Little, of the publishing house of Little & Co., Albany. They moved to Chicago. After a year's residence there, she left him and returned to Albany. In 1873 he obtained a divorce from her in Chicago. Stickney then entered the sophomore class at Harvard College. After leaving college he became principal of the Arlington academy in Massachusetts. On Christmas 1876 he was married again, this time to Miss Henrietta Nina Trudell, of Medford, Mass., the present wife, in the face of bitter opposition on the part of her parents. Subsequently he became a teacher in a school at Cambridge. Stickney and his second wife moved to Chicago in 1879, and came to Denver the following year. They have a little girl 3 years old.

Campau was from one of the old-established families in Detroit, of French extraction, and his people enjoy a fine social position. He came here about two years ago from school and entered into the real-estate business, for which purpose he was provided with funds from his relatives.

Mrs. Devereux was the wife of Mr. H. O. Devereux. They were married but three months ago, and left their home in Toronto, Canada, to come to Denver, where Mr. Devereux had engaged in business, having bought the livery stable lately run by Mr. Fred. George, at No. 285 Eighteenth street. She was about 23 years of age, of girlish frame, and very beautiful. Her husband broke down under his great grief late last night. He tore away from those who were kindly caring for him and ran madly into the street. Officer Fincke caught him and led him back to his boarding-house.

Sheriff Spangler made every effort last night to ascertain the name of the expressman who had conveyed Mrs. Stickney's effects from the boarding-house to the depot, but without success.

A NEVADA STORY.

The Strange Tree that got Mad and Made Itself Utterly Disagreeable.

From the Virginia, Nev. Enterprise.

A gentleman of this place has a tree which is a species of acacia. It was grown from a seed brought from Australia. The tree is now a sapling some eight feet in height, and it is in full foliage and growing rapidly. It is leguminous and very distinctly shows the characteristics of the mimosa, and sensitive plant. Regularly every evening, about the time the "chickens go to roost," the tree goes to roost. The leaves fold together, and the ends of the tender twigs coil themselves up like the tail of a well-conditioned pig. After one of the twigs has been stroked or handled, the leaves move uneasily and are in a sort of mild commotion for a minute or more. All this was known about the tree, but it was only yesterday that it was discovered that the tree had in much more of life and feeling than it had ever before been credited with. The tree being in quite a small pot, one which it was fast outgrowing, it was thought best to give it one of much larger size. Yesterday afternoon the tree was transferred to its new quarters. It resisted the operation of its removal to the best of its ability.

Arriving at his residence about the time the tree had been transplanted, the gentleman found the house in a grand commotion. On asking what was up he was told that they had transplanted the tree according to orders, and the operation "had made it mad." Hardly had it been placed in its new quarters before the leaves began to stand up in all directions like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a quiver. This could have been endured, but at the same time it gave out an odor most pungent and sickening—just such a smell as is given by rattlesnakes and many other kinds of snakes in summer when teased. This odor so filled the house and was so sickening that it was found necessary to open the doors and windows. It was fully an hour before the plant calmed down and folded its leaves in peace. It would probably not have given up the fight even then had it not been that its time for going to roost had arrived. It is probably needless to add that the whole household now stand in not a little awe of the plant as being a thing more animal (or reptile) than vegetable.

New Method of Inlaying Wood.

A new method of inlaying wood has been contrived by a furniture manufacturing house in England. The process is as follows: A veneer of the same wood as that which the design to be inlaid consists of—say sycamore—is glued entirely over the surface of any hard wood, such as American walnut, and allowed to dry thoroughly. The design is then cut out of a zinc plate about one twentieth of an inch in thickness, and placed upon the veneer. The whole is now subjected to the action of steam, and made to travel between two powerful cast iron rollers of eight inches in diameter by two feet long, two above and two below, which may be brought within any distance of each other by screws. The enormous pressure to which the zinc is subjected forces it completely into the veneer, and the veneer into the solid wood beneath it, while the zinc curls up out of the matrix it has thus formed and comes away easily. All that now remains to be done is to plane down the veneer left untouched by the zinc until a thin shaving is taken of the portion forced into the walnut, when the surface, being perfectly smooth, the operation will be completed. It might be supposed that the result of this forcible compression of the two woods would leave a ragged edge, but this is not the case, the joint being so singularly perfect as to be unappreciable to the touch; indeed, the inlaid wood fits more accurately than by the process of fitting, matching, and filling up with glue, as is practiced in the ordinary mode of inlaying.

A Thankful Artist.

A young painter says with an air of sincerity, "I don't want to brag, but I cherish a humble conviction that I possess all the excellences of Raphael and Michael Angelo without any of their defects." "But," says one of the auditors, "in that case you are superior to them both?" "Thanks, old fel!" says the artist, pressing his hand warmly.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

How Sarah Bernhardt Carries High Tragedy into the Trivial Details of Daily Life.

A Romantic Marriage in War-Time by Which a Soldier Escaped the Guard House—Going Barefoot.

How Sarah Studies.

One of Sarah Bernhardt's most marked peculiarities, says a correspondent, is the manner in which she is constantly, almost unconsciously, experimenting with and studying her art, through even the most trivial and insignificant incidents of daily life. Mrs. Siddons is said to have ordered a beefsteak with the air of a tragedy queen, but the Bernhardt avails herself of every chance remark or action to test her ideas of naturalness and *vraisemblance*, and to watch the effect of her acting on others. For illustration, one night, while she was stopping at Mobile, the hotel servant who responded to her bell was astonished to behold the star start suddenly as he opened the door, turn pale, clutch a chair for support, and whisper hoarsely, though in very broken English of course: "Great heavens! It is he! Quick! Conceal yourselves in this cabinet!" followed by the hasty closing of a closet door. If this had occurred at a hotel here, the waiter would have discreetly withdrawn. In this instance, however, he reported the incident at the office, and the proprietor at once proceeded to enforce the proprieties. As the landlord entered the suspected apartment, the star tripped smilingly towards him with the naive, fresh, girlish affection of a 16-year-old daughter.

"Be seated, dear father," she said. "You must, indeed, be fatigued by your long walk from Rouen!"

"W-h-a-t?" stammered the hotel-keeper. The actress instantly changed her manner to that of a proud woman struggling with rage and jealousy.

"I have sent for you, M. le Prefect, to denounce a thief. Yesterday I was robbed of a case of jewels, and the criminal is that woman!" and she actually seemed to dilate in size as, with glaring eyes and outstretched finger, she pointed to a dress lying upon the bed.

"A woman!" gasped the host, who was now convinced that he was talking to a maniac. "I thought there was a man in here, but I see I was mis—"

"Sh-s-s-h!" whispered the star, with her finger on her lip and an expression of stealthy horror that made the listener's blood curdle. "Do you not hear his blood still drop on the marble floor? He lies in the little cell yonder. Come, let us peep at him. Five silletons in his breast. How Venice will shout in the morning," and she dragged the trembling man to the wardrobe.

"I don't see any—anything," he faltered, meditating how he could make a running start for the door.

"Ah!" she said, peering into his eyes with a searching glance. "Wouldst betray us, then, hard heart? Then 'tis thou alone shall fire the palace. Quick; here's thy torch. I will guard the postern," and the facile Sarah handed the wretched man a match, and, seizing a property dagger from the mantelpiece, placed her back against the door.

"Now, if I yell out I suppose I'm a gone coon," said the landlord, the perspiration dripping from his forehead. "This crazy billiard cue will slice me all up." Just then his eye fell upon the electric fire-alarm button.

"Certainly, I'll fire the palace," he said aloud, and, lighting the match, he laid it under the indicator.

The result was that, in a few seconds, the door was burst open, and a porter with a Babcock extinguisher dashed into the room and almost squirted the Bernhardt's head off. The landlord escaped in the confusion, and was about sending for a commissioner in lunacy, when Manager Abbey appeared and explained matters. But up to the day the troupe left Mobile the landlord gave the tragedienne a wide berth, and never even heard her electric voice yelling over the banisters for the chambermaid, or more towels, without shutting his eyes and shivering like a dog swallowing a bone.

A Marriage in War Time.

I remember, says a correspondent of *The Louisville Courier-Journal*, a very amusing marriage ceremony which I once performed. I was busy trying to make some bread for my mess (I was then "high private in the rear rank" of the old 13th Virginia regiment), when a bright young fellow of the "Maryland line" hailed me with: "I say, Mister, are you a preacher?" Not surprised at the doubt implied in the question, for neither my dress nor my occupation was very clerical, I replied: "Yes, I claim to be." Are you authorized to marry people in this state?" I am. "Well, you are the very man I have been hunting for five days." "I am glad you have found me at last. What can I do for you?" "I want you to marry me, sir." "When?" "Right away, sir; just as soon as we can get there." "Where?" About two miles down the road.

Accordingly, I got permission from my colonel (A. P. Hill,) satisfied myself that the license was all right, and started. As we were going along, the little fellow, (the license stated that he was 21, but he really did not look to be over 16) pulled out his license and said: "Look here, parson; suppose anything should happen so that we could not get married to-day, she could not marry anyone else as long as I hold these (shaking his license) agin her, could she?" When I explained that the license was of no binding force until the ceremony was performed, he started off in a half-run, exclaiming: "Well! come on, parson; we must make haste!"

Beginning to suspect that there was something wrong, I stopped and said: "I must have an explanation of this, sir. I do not mean to do anything contrary to law and right. Did you not tell me that you had the full consent of the young lady's parents, and that there was no obstacle in the way of your marriage?" "Yes, it is all right, parson, come on and I'll explain it all to your satisfaction. The whole truth is that I have been sick down at that house—or rather have been pretending to be sick—for several weeks, and there has been a little girl down

there who has been so kind to me that I want to marry her for it. Now, my colonel, (his colonel was George H. Steward, an old West Pointer, and one of the most rigid disciplinarians in the army) has found out that I am well, and I am afraid he will send a guard after me and put me in the guard-house; that before I get out the brigade will move away, and so I may not get a chance to be married at all, and she may then go and marry some other fellow. Come on, parson! Please let us make haste!"

I followed him as rapidly as I could, and on reaching the place I ascertained that the guard had actually come for him before he came after me, but had agreed to wait for him if he could procure a preacher and hurry to the marriage. I performed the ceremony, he saluted his bride in approved old-fashioned style, and the guard immediately marched him off to the guard-house. He called to see me several days afterward, however, and said: "Parson, I have been a very happy man since I saw you. I took your advice, and made a clean breast of it to the colonel, and he released me from the guard-house and gave me forty-eight hours' leave of absence."

Some time afterward I was at Louisa Court-House on furlough, and being at the depot when the cars came up, whom should I see but my young Maryland soldier, who jumped off the train and rushed up to me exclaiming: "Parson, I am the happiest man in the southern confederacy. I have gotten a discharge from the army. I have workin' Richmond at which I can earn plenty of money. I have rented a nice little house there and furnished it very comfortably, and now I am going up after my wife." I was very much gratified to see the marriage turning out so well, for, unfortunately, these army marriages did not always so result.

London Beauties in the Park.

Who is this tall and lovely woman, whose graceful figure is arrayed in black draperies, and on whose arm a gray-haired man leans heavily? It is Lady Dudley and the Earl, her husband. Sombre as are her garments, her stately gait, accommodated, as it is, to the too lingering footsteps of her companion, attracts every eye, and all too soon does she disappear in the crowd.

What lovely hair! It is brown, with a rich dash of yellow-red in it. Surmounted by a garland of red berries, it forms an exquisite frame for the face of the beautiful Miss Pulley. Immediately after come the four Misses Cross, and half a dozen other pretty faces. But why do they not look happier? Young, lovely, be-praised, photographed, paraphrased—why those sullen looks? Is there too much competition in the running for the Apple of Paris? Perhaps it is that since Paris took to business as a photographer he has become more *difficile*, and had his commercial instincts so well developed as rather to interfere with his critical acumen. Ah! this is better. A slight figure, all in brown, with a new and uncommon arrangement of braid upon the front of her dress, a most graceful gait, a happy face, the most expressive eyes in England—Mrs. Langtry! Her dress is, as usual, simple and quiet, subdued in coloring, and follows the outline of the figure with accuracy. That she is superior to the petty jealousy from which a less beautiful woman might suffer is proved by the fact that she is accompanied by a very pretty girl, and as the two smile and chatter to each other and to those with them, the place seems the brighter for the presence of such beauty and mirth.

But, ah, me! How that bright light puts out the lesser luminaries! How the other women suffer from the propinquity! Long noses seem to grow longer—sharp ones sharper; complexions fade; eyes that seemed bright enough a moment ago are nowhere now. And how terrible, after those harmonious brown folds, is that costume with alternate rows of red and black, making the wearer look as though she had been marked out in doses like a medicine bottle.

A waist in red velvet! Such a waist! A wasp would be ashamed to own it. The whole costume is red velvet and red silk; but, small as the waist is, it obtrudes itself upon the notice, and the eyes fail to get so far as the face. Shade of Hygeia and the Venus de Milo! can such waists be, and not overcome us like a summer's cloud? It measures about sixteen inches in circumference!

Ups and Downs of the Drama.

A dramatic company which had nearly exhausted its finances, arrived at Nashville last week. A success then was its last and only hope. There was a good house at the evening performance, but just as the curtain was ordered up one of the leading ladies remarked that she was going to take a walk and would not play. Her lines were cut and the curtain ordered up. It was then found that one of the gentlemen was too drunk to appear, and was at the hotel. Another was also drunk, fell asleep on the stage, and had to be waked up to speak his part. At night the gentlemen of the company "guyed" the lines. Where one should have said: "My more than brother, I only trust I may, by life long gratitude, the past repay," he said: "My more than brother, I only trust I may, by walking back to New York, the past repay," and a great deal more such nonsense, which set the house in a roar. The manager deserted the company at this point.

Equal to the Occasion.

A boy on Jones street was the other evening eating away at a big cocoon that had been cracked open with a brickbat, when a pedestrian felt it his duty to halt and remark:

"Boy, don't you know that too much of that stuff may give you the colic?"

"I guess so," was the reply.

"Then why do you eat it?"

"Well, if my chum, who lives next door, can stand the small-pox for six weeks, I guess I can put up with the colic for three or four hours!" was the reply, as he bit off another big hunk.

His Little Mistake.—Merimee, in his "Letters to Panizzi," tells a good story of Mrs. Caroline Norton and Lord Suffolk, whom she had bantered at a charity fair to purchase some trifle at an extraordinary price.

"Don't you know," said his Lordship, defending himself feebly, "that I am the prodigal son?"

"No," was the answer; "I thought you were the fatted calf."