

THE JAMES BOYS OUTDONE.

The "Brilliant Bandit of the Wabash."

The "Brilliant Bandit of the Wabash," as Frank Rande loved to call himself, lies low in the prison hospital in Joliet, Ill., with two or three big welts across the skull, a bullet hole in his ear, and another in his side. Although desperately hurt, there are fears that Rande will recover. He has been shot through and through before this, but has always managed to rally, so as to be a little tougher than he was before, if possible. There is not an officer or a convict in the penitentiary who, if left to himself, would not take pleasure in finishing this fellow's career in short order. He is probably the most desperate man with whom the authorities of Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, have ever had to deal. Starting out in 1870, when about thirty years old, as a burglar and general thief, Rande visited almost every town of any size in Indiana and Illinois, stealing everything he could put his hands on. It made no difference to him whether the article taken was of value or not. If it was portable he took it. Doing his plunder up in bundles, and, when possible, packing it in satchels or trunks, he would leave these things at railroad stations, hotels, and express offices to be called for, giving in each case a different name as that of the owner. Hundreds of these satchels and bundles were in existence at a time, and very few of them were ever called for.

In the spring of 1872 he was arrested at Fort Wayne for a safe burglary, and on conviction was sent to the penitentiary at Michigan City for five years. His service in this institution seems to have hardened him. The keepers declared that he was

THE MOST TROUBLESOME MAN they ever had in charge. It was one unending round of floggings, solitary confinements in dungeons on a bread-and-water diet, and punishments by ball and chain as long as he was there. He was a prolific writer, and in mapping out schemes of robbery and murder he had the ingenuity of the devil. Several times while confined at Michigan City he drew up elaborate descriptions of proposed prison deliveries, giving maps, diagrams, &c., of the penitentiary, the town, and the surrounding country, with the fullest directions to be observed by confederates on the outside. In one of these productions he went so far as to designate the particular people about the prison whom it would be necessary to kill. When his term of imprisonment was up the officials were very glad to part company with him. He left Michigan City and the State, threatening vengeance on all of his former keepers and promising to return some day and clean out the entire establishment.

Purchasing two magnificent revolvers of the largest calibre, he wore them outside his coat in a harness specially made for the purpose, which held the weapons about on a level with his vest pockets, so that with the slightest movement of the hands he could seize them. For several months nothing was heard of him, but during August he appeared in the vicinity of St. Elmo, Ill., where he made daily and nightly raids on houses, barns, and stores. On Sunday noon it was discovered that the residence of Woolford Pierce had been robbed while the family were at church, and a number of citizens started in pursuit of Rande, who was known to be hiding near the town. Starting him from his cover, the posse ran him into a corn field, where, apparently enraged by the pursuit, he mounted a rail fence and gave a wonderful exhibition of his skill as a marksman. With a revolver in each hand he discharged both weapons at once, killing two men, Charles Belden and Charles McKeown, at first fire. His firing was so sudden and the execution so deadly that the pursuing party became panic-stricken, but he shot two more men before they could get out of the range of his pistols.

This tragedy caused the wildest excitement throughout Illinois, and the most exaggerated tales of the man's prowess were circulated. Many believed that the fellow was Jesse James, and almost every day some imaginative farmer would drive madly to the nearest town to report that the James and Younger boys were in his neighborhood. Hundreds of men turned out and scoured the country in all directions, but nothing further was seen or heard of Rande for three weeks. One day in September John Scholes of Gilson, Knox county, Ill., found a thief in his house and gave chase. Overtaking the fellow in an open field, Mr. Scholes called out to him to halt. The thief turned squarely in his tracks

WITH REVOLVER IN EACH HAND and put four bullets into Scholes, two in the head and two in the heart. A hundred men, well armed to the teeth, were soon in pursuit, many of them mounted. Overtaking the fugitive, Frank Barnes, who was slightly in advance, called out to him, "Halt! or you are a dead man." Rande's only reply was four pistol shots, two striking Barnes, and two penetrating the skull of Frank Wiseman. Both men fell dead in their tracks. Turning his fire then on the other men in the party, he dashed upon them with a yell, stampeding the entire crowd and wounding several of them.

Although the identity of the murderer was still unknown, it was soon decided that the St. Elmo and Gilson desperadoes were one and the same person. Heavy rewards were offered for his capture not only by several counties but by the State, and dozens of armed bands hunted for weeks in a vain endeavor to apprehend him. The search had been all but abandoned when news was received that the offender had been taken in St. Louis. On the morning of Nov. 17 Rande entered a pawnshop in that city to redeem a valise. The keeper of the place suspected the fellow and sent a clerk out to call the police. Policemen White and Hefferman strolled in, sized the man up, and concluded he was a bad one. As they reached for him, Rande sprang with the agility of a tiger three feet in the air, and before his feet touched the floor his revolvers were barking and bullets were flying so thick and fast that a panic seized everybody in the neighborhood. White received a severe wound in the leg, but Hefferman and the pawnbroker managed to hit Rande twice, the former sending two bullets through his lungs, and the latter putting one or two into his legs. White was carried away insensible, and died soon afterward.

When Rande received the bullets in his lungs he fell to the floor, saying: "Let me lie down now; I am dying. I am shot through the lungs." A moment later he had whipped out another revolver, and was

about to use it on Hefferman, when the latter pounced on the prostrate murderer and wrenched the weapon from his grasp. Rande hissed through his teeth as he saw his last pistol disappear: "Half a minute more would have cooked your goose." In the ambulance, on the way to the hospital, Rande talked incessantly, declaring that he had already killed a dozen men, and that he had made up his mind on entering St. Louis to kill seven men there. He had, he said, REGISTERED A SOLEMN VOW TO KILL

EVERY MAN who attempted to arrest him, and he only regretted that he had not killed both policemen. It was thought at first that he could not recover, but in the course of a few weeks he was strong enough to be moved, and he was put into the Four Courts' prison. Here he was visited by many people from Illinois, and, being thoroughly identified as the murderer of Gilson and St. Elmo, he was reluctantly surrendered by Missouri to the Illinois authorities. No one dreamed that he could escape the gallows, and it was believed that he would be lynched before he reached Galesburg. Extra precautions were taken, however, and he was safely lodged in jail. Once secure behind the bars he held levees daily, reciting with evident pride, the numerous murders he had committed. He wrote a great deal for the newspapers, in prose and doggerel, and made no concealment of his intention to kill everybody who had been instrumental in bringing him to jail if he ever regained his liberty.

"I will kill you and you," he would say, "and that feller down in St. Louis when I get out of this." His enjoyment of the sensation he had caused was intense, and was marred only by the refusal of the authorities to let him wear his pistols. He begged piteously to have the weapons given up to him, unloaded, of course, for he said he appeared much better with them on. The Sheriff finally consented to let the fellow have his picture taken with his harness and revolvers in place, and these photographs were sold in large numbers. While Rande was in jail at Galesburg he received a long letter from Jack Longdon, then under sentence of death in Texas for murder, in which the Lone Star desperado expressed the greatest admiration for the Illinois murderer. Jack had killed nineteen men in his day, but he magnanimously refused to claim greater distinction than that which he freely gave to Rande, for he said the quality of Rande's victims was higher than that of his, some of whom were only "niggers and half breeds," and "didn't count for much." Jack recited a few of the biggest things he ever did for the entertainment of Rande, and expressed a consuming desire to read the life of the Illinois murderer, which he urged Rande to write, if he had not done so already. He enclosed a copy of his own life and adventures, and only regretted that he had not been able to make the narrative still more interesting. Rande began work on an exhaustive biography, and continued his labors throughout his trial. The trial was a good deal of a farce, and resulted in a verdict of murder with a sentence to life imprisonment, fixed by the jury itself. The defence was insanity, but the only impression that could be made on the jury was in the direction of mitigation of sentence. The result of the trial was

A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT to every citizen of Knox county, but there was no move in the direction of violence. During the trial Rande wore the same suit of clothes which he had on when he was shot in the St. Louis pawnshop, and there were ragged holes and blood stains very suggestive of the carnage through which he had passed. Some people believed that this fact, and the additional one that Rande was still feeble and apparently irresponsible for his mad-dog proclivities, induced the jury to forego the death sentence in his case.

In Joliet, Rande has been a troublesome prisoner. He had been feared and hated by his fellow prisoners, and the officers always kept him under a close watch. He had an idea that he was a sort of leader in the prison by reason of his pre-eminence in crime, and he used to refer contemptuously to "these crooks," as if they were far beneath him in social status. At first he devoted his spare time to writing novels based on incidents in his own career, in which he always figured as the hero. These works he called "The American Brigand," "The Knox County Desperado," "The St. Louis Pawn Shop Fiend," and "The Brilliant Bandit of the Wabash." When he discovered that none of these could ever be printed, he turned his attention to inventions, and during the last three or four months he has drawn plans and specifications for several curious contrivances. He had a scheme for perpetual motion which he was sure would do away with the use of steam on railroads. Besides a fire escape of some merit he got up what he called a criminal detector. If he could only get out of prison to perfect it, he said, no guilty man could ever escape. It would ferret out crime better than any detective. He had an entirely new plan in telegraphy, by which he could send information instantly to any distance without the use of electricity, and just before he made his last deadly assault on his keeper he was at work on the plans and specifications of a gun which was to shoot and kill at thirty miles range.

Rande is desperately wounded, but he may recover. He has had some rational spells, and in these he has boasted that he has killed thirteen men, and expressed the hope that the Warden would die, so as to make the fourteen. To all inquiries as to his condition he says he is all right, and will be out in a few days, as he has had worse wounds than those from which he is now suffering and has recovered. It seems almost impossible to kill him. The ball which he received the other day in the ear was fired with the muzzle of the revolver not three inches from his head, and the bullet passed through the skull at the base of the brain, but the prison surgeons say that he will probably get well.

Since the above was in type word has been received that Rande finished his career by hanging himself.

A man in London has been teaching dogs to talk by writing the word "food" on a card, and placing it on a saucer so that the animal would know where his meal was. The average bull-dog does not require this kind of instruction. He is self-taught, and always knows where to locate the tramp's calf without any kind of label.

Michelet says woman is the Sunday of man. We differ with Michelet. We think on wash day she is rather more the Monday.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

New use for the Telephone—Population of Ireland—Gambling in Paris—Bathing Children, etc., etc.

A woman who contracted a cough in a newly plastered hotel at Cleveland has been awarded \$2,000 damages.

The French railway companies are going to try a system of warming cars by pipes on long-distance, quick trains, in lieu of the feet warmers now used, the changing of which at night disturbs passengers.

At a fashionable dinner party recently in Piccadilly a telephone was found at the side of each plate. These telephones were laid out to a hall in which a band was playing so that each guest could get snatches of music between the courses.

A singular accident happened lately at a mill in Nashville, Tenn. A workman was thrown toward a circular saw, and thinking he would strike it, died from fright. When picked up he was dead, but there was no sign of a bruise on his body.

A prize of \$10,000, open to all nationalities, is offered in France, in December, 1887, for a discovery enabling electricity to be applied economically either as a source of heat, light, chemical action, mechanical power, or a means of transmitting intelligence.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* states that sixty-eight months of imprisonment were during 1883 inflicted on the editors of six newspapers in the province of Posen alone, and that only two of the political papers there have at this moment their editors out of prison. Germans pay dearly for their United Germany.

For thirty years prior to 1850 the consumption of wine and spirits in Paris was at the rate of about 100 litres per head. Between 1850 and 1860 it rose to 119; between 1860 and 1865 it reached 160; in 1872 216; in 1881, 227. Those who ought to know say that the increased consumption has worked no improvement in health or morality.

The Daluth papers mention the discovery of a "certain cure" for gout. A peasant who was confined to his bed by a sharp attack was stung by a bee, and almost immediately he felt better and the next day he was well. A short time after another patient thought he would try the same remedy, and having induced a bee to sting him on the part affected, he also was cured.

The population of Ireland is now very nearly the same as it was in the year of the Union, 5,100,000, the great increase up to 1841, when it reached 8,199,000, having been entirely lost. But whereas in 1832, on the passing of the Reform bill, Ireland had 32.32 per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom, it has now but 14.81 per cent. and its electors who were 11.32 per cent. of the whole in 1832, are now but 7.45.

The Bombay Chamber of Commerce has submitted a memorial to the Viceroy urging that railway extension be prosecuted at the rate of 2,000 or 3,000 miles annually for the next ten years, at a cost of \$20,000,000 per annum. They recommend that this sum be raised by sterling loans in London, at guaranteed interest of 3½ per cent. in perpetuity. The greater the railroad extension in India, the less risk of famines.

The inexorable law of centralization is the cause of overcrowding in towns. In 1851 the rural population of England amounted to 8,700,000, and the town population 8,000,000. In 1881 the rural population was 8,600,000, and the town population 17,000,000; showing that in 30 years the town population was nearly doubled, while the rural population was diminished to the extent of 100,000.

Last year 220,922,650 lottery tickets were sold by the lottery offices in Italy, on which 71,826,683 francs were staked, being 2 francs 44 centimes on an average for each of the 29,000,000 inhabitants. The winnings on these ventures amounted to 44,411,528 francs, leaving a net profit of 27,415,154 francs to the State. Only forty-four winnings were above 10,000 francs each, the highest two being one of 78,000 francs made in Turin, and the other of 50,000 francs in Naples.

The appointment of a chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons "to read prayers with the House daily" commenced with the Long Parliament. Previous to that the rule was "that the litany be read every day and a prayer be said by Mr. Speaker, as he should think fittest for the time, to be begun every morning at half past eight, and every member making default to forfeit 4d. to the poor man's box." The present chaplain is the Hon. F. Byng, son of Earl Spofford.

The evidence seemed overwhelmingly against Edward Johnson, a colored man, on trial for burglary in Batavia, Ohio. His trial had lasted four days, and the audience in court thought him sure to be convicted. He asked permission to speak and talked for forty-five minutes. He fairly tore to pieces the State's network of evidence, plunged most of the jurors in tears, amazed the Court, captivated the audience, and made a speech which the Cincinnati papers say has no parallel in rude eloquence since the days of Chief Red Jacket. He was acquitted.

Apropos of the club gambling scandal in Paris a correspondent writes: Louis XIV. himself was not free from the vice of cheating. One day he was playing with the Marquis de Rohan, his first valet de chambre, 'I have got four kings,' said Louis. The Marquis suspected a trick, as he held a king himself, and the Heathen Chinee was not yet invented. 'I have got five knaves,' capped the Marquis. 'How can that be?' 'On the same principle of your Majesty, who includes himself. Four knaves in my hand and myself make five.' A knave is called valet in French.

An extraordinary general meeting of the city authorities and representatives was held at Odessa, in Russia, on Feb. 23, convened for the adoption of special measures in order to arrest the alarming mortality from diphtheria in Odessa and its environs. It is an indisputable fact that this disease has been, in a greater or lesser degree, epidemic in that city for the last twelve years. One of the speakers, a physician and city representative, declared the only thoroughly efficient means of arresting the progress of the disease was by the destruction by fire of certain surroundings and domestic accessories.

The Japanese women advertise the number of their years by the arrangement of their

hair. Girls from 9 to 15 wear their hair interlaced with red crape, describing a half circle around the head, the forehead being left free with a curl on each side. From 15 to 30 the hair is dressed very high on the forehead and put up at the back in the shape of a fan or butterfly, with interlacings of silver cord and a decoration of colored balls. Beyond 30 a woman twists her hair around a shell pin, placed horizontally at the back of the head. Widows also designate themselves, and whether they desire to marry again.

The *London Truth* gives the following particulars respecting the cheating in the club of the Rue Royale, which has led to so much discussion in Paris: "Those who have been members of the club for a certain time have an open credit of 20,000 francs on which they can draw. The member whose malpractices have been brought to light, having exhausted his 20,000 francs, borrows the credits of two other members. He soon lost these 40,000 francs, and then borrowed money of a card waiter. This supply being lost, the waiter proposed to him to accept him as a partner. This ill luck continued, and the waiter's money followed that of the member. Hence the use of the marked cards, which M. Hottinguer detected by the touch when dealing them. The matter was brought home to the peccant member by a careful examination of the card accounts, in which the use by each member of his credit is set down."

A London sanitary paper says: "The agony caused to many delicate children through the ignorance of mothers and nurses by making them stand in cold water of in a cold room in the depth of winter (while frequently the process of bathing is anything but a brisk one), must in a good many cases make the bath, instead of being a pleasure and a luxury, a very trying ordeal to the shivering little victims. To none but the very strongest is a perfectly cold bath in cold weather either pleasant or profitable. The water, as a general rule, should be of the same temperature as the body, so that no disagreeable shock is caused by plunging into the bath; while on no account (in the case of the daily bath) should it be so warm as to prevent the invigorating and refreshing sensation on emerging. Sir James Paget, the eminent English surgeon, says, 'have the temperature of the water just as you like it.'"

A Tremendous Task.

Whatever they may say, all that they are doing at Panama looks to the construction of a canal that must have 124 feet lockage, and will then cost \$200,000, in addition to the \$100,000,000 called in on stock or obtained on bonds. About \$20,000,000 has gone to the founders and sub-founders; about as much more for the purpose of the Panama Railroad, and ten per cent. in advertising and extra fee to bankers; and as much more to contractors as a bonus. I have it from an engineer, conversant with the work, that every cubic metre of hard ground excavated costs \$2.50, which is five times what it should cost even there. But the difficulty, even for a lock canal, is to get rid of the excavated material. An enormous amount of excavation will be required to get proper slopes in the Calebra cut. This is almost wholly in earth, and the summit level of the railroad is a mere "hog's back,"—that is to say, it has very steep grades on both sides. The cut was made twenty-five feet deep, because of the tendency of the earth to slide. In fact a tram was caught in this gap by a slide, and it required days to dig it out. The earth had to be carried off in buckets and it was like putty. If the canal has a lockage of 125 feet then the deep cut will be at least 200 feet. So you see what a cut in width it must be, and what the land slides will be after heavy rains.—*Rear-Admiral Ammen.*

An Old Warrior.

If any man deserved to be buried with military honors, it was the veteran Gen. Schramm, who was recently laid to his rest at La Courneuve in France. The departed warrior must certainly have been the oldest General, if not the oldest soldier, in the armies of the world, having been born nearly ninety-five years ago, and having entered military service at the age of ten. The Emperor of Germany and Marshal von Moltke were in their cradles, and the fathers of Gen. Gordon and Lord Wolseley probably not born, when Schramm first came on parade eighty-five years ago. When Austerlitz was fought Schramm was an old soldier with six campaigns behind him; and when after Waterloo, he retired for a time into private life, he had earned his repose by fifteen years of active service, which included the terrible Russian expedition of 1812. He emerged in 1830, and for a quarter of a century afterward took an active share in all the military affairs of his country, became War Minister under the Second Empire, and, as an able old veteran, lived to see the armies of the nation he had helped to crush at Jena take their revenge a second time at Gravelotte and Sedan. The "Chronicle of the Drum," as told by Schramm, should have been worth hearing.

An Earthquake Observatory in Japan.

An earthquake observatory is being started in Japan by Prof. Milne of the Imperial Engineering College in Tokio. This novel observatory is fitted up deep down in the coal mines of the island of Takashinto, not far from Nagasaki. Instruments are placed at different levels in the mines, which will afford measures of the relations of time, intensity, &c., between earth-tremors below ground and those observed at the surface. These minute and almost imperceptible movements of the earth's crust have already been the subject of experiments, in the researches into the lunar disturbance of gravity by the brothers Darwin, who suggested two or three years ago the necessity of underground observations in order to get rid of the accidental disturbances which seem to be fatal to successful experiments at the surface.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Being entertained by a romance isn't what is usually meant when the types say "a novel entertainment."

A rural friend wants to know what is the best thing to feed hogs on. He might feed them on the ground, or, if he wishes, in a trough. We never did approve of fixing up mahogany tables with marble tops for hogs.

MORSELS FOR SUNDAY READING.

We write our blessings on the water, but afflictions on the rocks.

Patience is not passive; on the contrary it is active; it is concentrated strength.

The beam of the benevolent eye giveth value to the bounty which the hand dispenseth.

Nothing except what flows from the heart can render even external manners pleasing.

Noble examples stir us up to noble actions, and the very history of large and public souls inspires a man with generous thoughts.

All along the pathway of life are tombstones, by the side of which we have promised to strive for heaven.

Never expect women to be sincere so long as they are educated to think that their first aim in life is to please.

Prejudice and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind.

He who can irritate you when he likes is your master. You had better turn rebel by learning the virtue of patience.

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life as not to receive new information from age and experience.

Philosophy and science can lead us only to the probability of immortality, and there is a vast step from probability to certainty.

There is not in the world so toilsome a trade as the pursuit of fame; life concludes before you have so much as sketched your work.

Four things are grievously empty: A head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty and a purse without money.

Envy, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion confined within a circle of fire, will sting itself to death.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

Prejudices are most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soil has never been loosened, or fertilized by education. They grow there firm as weeds among stones.

No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and the wife is pleased that she is dressed.

The greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself, and in his greatest concern thinks certainly he knows that which he has least studied, and of which he is most profoundly ignorant.

Bind together your spare hours by the chord of some definite purpose, and you know not how much you may accomplish. Gather up the fragments of your time that nothing can be lost.

Happy is the man who eats only for hunger, and drinks only for thirst; who stands on his legs, and lives according to reason, and not according to fashion; who provides for whatever is necessary and useful and expends nothing for ostentation and pomp.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

At present about 19,000 persons are exiled to Siberia annually, and about sixty per cent. are nobles.

In France there are 2,150 lady artists, of whom 602 are oil painters, 107 sculptors, 193 miniature painters, and 754 painters on porcelain.

There were in England in 1883 paupers numbering 1,069,296, in a population of 26,700,000, or one pauper to every twenty-five of the population.

Russia produces annually about \$4,000,000 worth of honey, or over 18,000 tons, besides 5,000 pounds of wax worth \$2,000,000. It is nearly all consumed in the empire, however.

There are said to have been 500,000 Christians in the world at the end of the first century, 10,000,000 in the time of Constantine, 30,000,000 in the eighth century, 100,000,000 at the time of the Reformation and 450,000,000 in 1883.

The imports of wool in the United States have increased since 1876 about seventy-five per cent., and last year was 70,575,478 pounds. The home clip has increased about thirty-five per cent., amounting now to 290,090,000 pounds annually.

In New York city, according to some figures recently published, there are more than 890 rag-dealers, and the pickers, who are mostly Italians, gather \$750,000 worth yearly in the streets and roads, while the money realized for cotton rags alone in the United States is put at \$22,000,000 per annum.

The gross value of the city of London in April next will be £4,237,000, and the ratable value £3,582,000, while the gross value of the rest of the metropolis will be £30,745,000, and the ratable £25,372,000. Thus despite the rapid growth of the metropolis, the one square mile of the city keeps up its proportion of about one-seventh of the ratable value of the whole 120 square miles.

Statistics are being collected in France for the purpose of forming an estimate as to whether the total number of inhabitants in the country will be greater or less than it is now at the close of the century. Thus far the figures tend to show that there is likely to be a decrease rather than an increase in the population. There are not upon an average more than two children now in each family in France, and though there has always been an increase in the population since 1806, the rate of the increase has been constantly declining from 38 per 10,000 yearly to 26 per 10,809. Returns also state that out of every 100 inhabitants of Paris only thirty-six are born in the department, fifty-seven coming from the provinces, and seven from abroad. Moreover, while the number of births remains nearly stationary in France, the rate of infant mortality is enormous, being as much as 27 per cent. in Normandy and 15 per cent. for the whole of France.