# THE COLONEL FARRAR MYSTERY

**AUTHOR'S NOTE.**

**The material facts in this story of circumstantial evidence are drawn from an actual recorded case, only such changes of names and local color being made as to remove them from the classification of legal reports to that of fiction. All the essential points of evidence, however, are retained.**

THE Calf Skin club had assembled early for its weekly session and every member was in his accustomed place with Judge Growe in the chair. When the routine business was finished the chairman rose and said:

"We now will hear from Judge Stoakes, who we trust has a story relative to circumstantial evidence. Judge Stoakes."

Judge Stoakes, a large man of dignified presence, whose silver hair alone bespoke his 70 years, rose and began:

"My story is of the troubled days in Missouri following upon the civil war, when factional rancor still ran high and the conqueror and the conquered lived together in outward amity but with secret suspicion. I had just hung up my shingle in a little town in the southern part of the state which had been the hotbed of factional warfare, now captured by Lyon, now held by Price, and repeatedly proyed upon by the roving bands of irregulars of either side. Among the most noted leaders of these latter was Col. Jim Farrar. Among the northern sympathizers he was classed with Quartrell and the Youngers, but when the struggle was over he settled down quietly in the little town of Chester, and his tall form, his flowing moustaches, his campaign hat and long coat became him as the costume did many another warrior of the lost cause.

"Col. Farrar's household consisted of but one daughter, 17 years of age, and of that rare type of beauty which so often crops out in an adventurous and warlike stock. Her name was Lucile and she soon set the heart of every young man in a flame. I myself fell at the first glance, and as I look back down the long stretch of years I can see the black hair, the rosy lips and the flashing eyes of Lucile Farrar as I watched her in silent adoration in the meeting house, upon the street or flying along on her pony which seemed as full of life and spirits as its fair rider.

"It was silent adoration upon the part of us all, for never a glance did the fair Lucile have for any of us. But when Melvin Lessure came to Chester it was different. Something in her woman's heart must have drawn her toward him, for all the indifference and all the scorn were gone and they gave themselves up willingly to a love that quickly ran the gamut from passing interest to passionate devotion.

"The very mention of a suitor for his daughter's hand was sufficient to send Col. Farrar into a rage terrible to witness. He noted the growing intimacy of Lucile and Lessure with jealous anger. But he could not watch her always, and many a time when he was away looking after the interests of his extensive plantation near the town we less fortunate youths saw Lessure starting on long walks with the fair Lucile.

"Melvin Lessure inherited all the fiery impulsiveness of a long line of French ancestry and was not the youth to brook long this uncertain existence of his lovemaking. He had a big plantation several miles from Chester and had moved into town for the social advantages that looked large to us then. He was amply able to support matrimony in a style equal to the best in the community. He was handsome, studious and courtly in his manners and seemed to be eligible from any point of view. The Rural Madame Grundy could find no reason why Melvin Lessure and Lucile Farrar were not a perfectly matched couple.

"But the rock on which their happiness seemed destined to break was that of factional rancor. Col. Farrar was of the south unreconstructed and unreconstructable. Gaspard Lessure, Melvin's father, had cast his lot with the north and had died at his own doorway defending his property against the enemies of his adopted flag.

"Melvin Lessure was no match for Col. Jim in brawn or bluster, but he insisted not to go to him with his suit, and the storm he provoked I give you as it was later reconstructed through the searchings of the law.

"'Never, by the Almighty, never!' roared the colonel. 'Before I would see my daughter married to one of the accursed assassins of my country I would slay her with my own hands. Get out of my sight and never dare to raise your eyes to a daughter of the Farrars.'

"Melvin Lessure stood with white face, clenched hands and gritted teeth while Lucile threw herself at her father's feet and weepingly begged and implored him to mitigate the harsh sentence. But he cast her rudely from him with a curse, and, turning to Lessure with murder in his eyes, said:

"'You dog! You want my daughter—you! Why, I shot your father down in cold blood because he differed with me politically. Do you think I'll do less for you for trying to rob me of my daughter?'

"'So it was you who killed my father,' returned Lessure in a voice beneath the quiet of which lay the tense fixedness of a stern, unbending resolve. 'Then, Col. Farrar, I tell you that I will have your daughter and I will avenge my father. Are you mine till death, Lucile?'

"'I am yours till death,' said the girl as she went over and placed her arm proudly about his neck.

"Very little was seen of Lessure in town after that and it was whispered that he was staying out on his farm and keeping out of the irate colonel's way.

"About two weeks after his unsuccessful interview with Farrar, which was noised abroad as such things are in a small town, Lucile Farrar disappeared, and the tongues began to wag in earnest. When for a week she had not turned up the towns people, who had little love for Farrar at best, were ready to believe anything. His threat against his daughter was known and the bolder ones did not hesitate to whisper that he had put it into execution. These hints took form by degrees and at last a witness came forward who told of passing the colonel's house, situated on the edge of town, late at night, and of hearing low moans and pleadings.

"At last suspicion took such fierce root that the sheriff headed an investigating party. Col. Jim was away and they had free run of the premises.

"The search led to a cave in the side of the hill, once used as a cellar but long since abandoned. There they found torn pieces of a dress, a bloody hatchet and some tangled locks of black hair drenched with blood. The dress and the hair were easily identified as belonging to Lucile Farrar, the hatchet as the property of the colonel.

"When charged with the crime his knees tottered and he nearly fainted. He made no direct denial but moaned and cried like a child. During the trial that followed he seemed stunned and oblivious to what was going on.

"I will admit that the courts of to-day would be loath to accept so inadequate a corpus delicti, but our blood was hot in those times and it seems to me we hanged more than we do now. Service was had on Lessure and he testified to the facts of the quarrel and the threat. Upon this evidence and the prisoner's failure to deny they found their verdict of guilty and fixed upon the death penalty.

"As the day of execution approached Col. Farrar continued in a state of almost total insensibility. But when the sheriff came to read the death warrant he roused and raising his hand to heaven, said:

"'Before my maker I swear that I am guiltless of my child's death.'

"They led him to the scaffold and on the way he passed Melvin Lessure who was watching the scene like a bird fascinated by a snake. Col. Farrar requested the sheriff to step, and extending his hand to Lessure exclaimed: 'Young man, I have wronged you and I have no wish to leave this earth with the ill will of any man. I ask your forgiveness for standing between you and my poor child and for the death of your father which I believed to be in the line of duty toward my country.'

"Lessure trembled violently but did not reply or raise his eyes. The march to the scaffold continued. A deputy was forced to support the tottering form of Farrar while the sheriff adjusted the black cap. Then the sheriff stepped back and all was in readiness for the fatal word when Lessure sprang forward and cried in an agonized voice:

"'Stop! I alone am guilty—I alone!'

"The officers of the law called him forward and demanded an explanation. He declared that Lucile was not dead but that they had run off and been married and his wife was then living in concealment in St. Louis, for fear of the wrath of her father and until he could settle up his affairs and join her. But he had not divulged to her a plan which had formed in his brain to revenge himself upon her father both for his insulting words and for the death of his own parent. He had cut off a portion of her hair while she slept and dipped it in the blood of a lamb. He had also sprinkled blood over pieces of her dress. The hatchet was easily procured. These he had placed in the cave during one of Col. Farrar's numerous absences from the house and there also he had himself emitted the moans which had been heard. He would have carried his hellish plot through to the end but that the colonel's plea for forgiveness at the gallows unnerved him.

"This confession was made partly at the place of execution and partly afterward in the jail. As soon as it became clear that Lessure had an important statement to make the sheriff turned to the colonel to take the insignia of death from his head. Farrar, unobserved by all who were intent upon the words of Lessure, had sunk into a sitting posture. The sheriff stepped up to him and raised the black cap. He was dead.

"Lessure was immediately placed under arrest. He blew his brains out in his cell that night with a pistol procured, no one knew how. Lucile went mad on hearing of the tragedy, and was confined some time in an asylum. She recovered and ended her days in a convent.

"That, gentlemen, is my story."

There was a stirring of chairs and a general lighting of pipes which had been allowed to go out in the rage attention that prevailed while Judge Stoakes was speaking, when Judge Grower arose and said:

"I believe I voice the sentiments of the club in extending thanks to Judge Stoakes."

(Copyright, 1899, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

## BOTH STRENGTH AND BEAUTY

**Proper Respiration Adds to Each, But Is Too Little Understood.**

There will be fewer flat-chested women and much less nervous prostration when proper attention is giving to breathing, says an exchange. As Delsarte has said, there should be "strength at the center, freedom at the surface," and this freedom is but acquired by learning to use one's lungs at will. By developing and enlarging them the thoracic cavity is increased, and upon the degree of this power depends expansion.

In order to control one's nerves one must learn to command one's involuntary muscles, which are diaphragm, the heart and the intestines. By breathing deeply and controlling one's breath and so increasing one's lung capacity, the heart action is stimulated, and this supplies the nerve centers with fresh blood, and the nerves act upon the muscles and the brain upon the nerves and muscles.

In order not to have any waste of nerve force, the chest should be kept active by deep inhalations, thus loosening the tension of unemployed muscles. The persistent and regular practice of a breathing exercise will not only do this, but will give poise and self-confidence.

The movements of respiration stand in a double relation to the nervous system, being required to introduce oxygen into the blood, which takes up the oxygen, and freeing itself of the carbonic acid it contains, the latter thus acts as a powerful stimulus to the lung nerves.

One should remember to avoid collar-bone breathing, to cultivate the raised and active chest, and to gain control of the diaphragm in order to have complete mastery of breathing.

It is not necessary to take a long, dreasome trip to some far away place in order to be taught to care for oneself, for nature will come to one's aid with joyful alacrity in one spot as well as another.

But knowledge is not the only thing required. It is its application that counts, and this means steadfast determination.

## One Idea of Model City

The model city is pictured by a Frenchman, one Henriet, as having all the avenues parallel and running from northeast to southwest in order that the prevailing southwest winds may circulate through them freely and thus prevent any stagnation in the air. The houses should face one avenue and have their backs to the parallel one, without any interior court, and they should be only one room thick with a window in front and back, and a door on a corridor parallel to the street, and having as many windows as the number of rooms.

Every 300 yards there should be streets running at right angles to the first. The avenues ought to be as wide as the houses are high in order that the latter should have as much sunlight as possible. About every half mile there should be an open square. The avenues should be planted with groups of shrubs, six to ten feet high, alternating with pedestals ornamented with sculptures and supporting baskets of flowers. All the roofs should be flat, with plants, flowers, chairs, and tables, and, of course, with an awning that could be rolled up when not needed.

To this plan another expert says there should be added an interior court, where a good part of the family life is passed in some European countries.

**Busy Man.**

"Mamma," asked little three-year old Freddie, "are we going to heaven some day?" "Yes, dear, I hope so," was the reply. "I wish papa could go, too," continued the little fellow. "Well; and don't you think he will?" asked his mother. "Oh, no," replied Freddie, "he could not leave his business."—Tit-Bits.

**Courage**

'Tis the front toward life that matters most—
The tone, the point of view,
The constancy that in defeat
Remains untouched and true;

For death in patriot sight may be
Less gallant than a smile,
And high endeavor, to the gods,
Seems in itself worth while!
—Florence Early Coates, in Outlook.

## Percy Pierpont's Ordeal

*By Tom Masson*

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

It never occurred to Percy Pierpont when he fell so desperately in love with the beautiful Lucille Buxton that among the many specialties of her father's large importing business was that of camel's hair.

Indeed, if such a thing had occurred to Percy at the time, it would probably have made no difference. He loved Lucille with a passionate fervor that no material interest seemed to affect. Perhaps it was true that because of his delicate, almost ethereal, physique he seemed to be capable of higher flights of love. And perhaps, also, because Lucille herself was extremely practical, she loved Percy more than if he were more robust, for there was about her feeling for him something of a motherly instinct.

When the happy pair announced themselves as having formed what no one doubted would be a permanent conjugal combination everyone was delighted—that is, everyone except Lucille's father.

"My dear," he said to Lucille, "your choice reflects honor upon you. Percy is, I believe, a virtuous and highly desirable young man. But there is one thing that makes me anxious. He is delicate. He needs attention. See if you can't build him up in some way. Then all will be well."

Lucille's practical and maternal nature responded at once to the suggestion. While possessing the utmost refinement herself, she was not the girl to let anything stand in the way of administering to one she loved so dearly. And so one evening, as they sat together in that unclouded bliss that all lovers experience at times, she turned to him suddenly with her eyes beaming with solicitude.

"It Is Nothing, Dear," He Muttered.

"Percy, dear," she said, "I've got something for you, and I want you to try it. You know you are inclined to be delicate, and I must see that you are well taken care of."

"Certainly, darling," replied Percy, his eyes beaming with love. "I will do anything you say."

Lucille left the room, and in a moment triumphantly returned, bearing a medium-sized package that she had tied with blue ribbons.

"Here, dear," she said with a slight blush, "is a suit of genuine imported camel's-hair underclothing. Papa guarantees it. It will keep you warm and protect you from the wind. I want you to wear it for my sake. Now you mustn't stay any longer, dear, for the night air isn't good for you, but come to-morrow evening."

Percy quailed slightly before the ardent gaze of his loved one. He had never worn camel's-hair underwear in his life, but he had a dim idea that it wasn't exactly the thing for him.

He promised to try it, however, and carried the precious bundle home with some misgivings.

The next evening at the appointed hour Percy presented himself at the Buxton mansion and, as usual, was shown into the secluded little back parlor. Lucille came down to greet him at once. His face was pale but determined.

"Is it all right?" she asked anxiously.

Percy twitched somewhat uneasily. "Yes, darling. I did as you said."

"Oh, I am so glad. Now you will be well and strong. What is the matter, darling? You do not seem quite like yourself."

Percy stood up suddenly and then sat down again.

"It is nothing, dear," he muttered. "Only—I suppose it is new. Perhaps, after all, I should have—"

"Oh, no, not at all," expostulated Lucille. "It is just right as it is. You see, dear, it seems strange at first because you are not used to it. And, you know, unless it is washed in a certain way it is spoiled. Didn't you think it was nice and fluffy?"

Percy leaned up against the wall as hard as he could.

"Yes, darling—fluffy," he replied; "but it seemed to be a trifle—irritating."

Lucille clapped her hands in glee. "Splendid!" she exclaimed. "Just the effect you want. It makes you ruddy—and strong—and robust."

"Don't you think, dear," said Percy as he flung himself on a divan, "it might be sheared down just a trifle—that is, until I get accustomed to it?"

"Oh, no! Why, that's what it's made that way for. Come, let us sit down on the sofa together."

Percy's arm stole around her waist. He hugged her fiercely. Lucille beamed.

"Do you know," she said, "I believe you are getting stronger already."

Her lover sprang to his feet and brandished his arms savagely in the air. He began to dance around.

"Of course I am," he cried. "See how I can skip." He rubbed himself angrily and surreptitiously on the manuel.

"By the way, dear," he said, "would you mind getting me a glass of water?"

"I'll ring for it," said Lucille.

Her desperate lover confronted her. He pointed to the door.

"No," he cried. "If you love me, you must go and get it. Leave me, I implore you."

"How strange!" she replied. "Why should I leave you? You have never made such a request before."

He sank on his knees.

"Darling," he muttered, "it's all right. I love you—but it is absolutely necessary that I—I—"

"Well, sir, what?"

"If you must know—I've got to scratch!"

Lucille drew herself up to her full height, her face filled with scorn.

"Leave the house, sir," she exclaimed peremptorily.

And Percy did not wait. He darted out of the room.

An hour later he was back again, bearing in his arms a neat package tied with blue ribbon. His face was more calm. Lucille met him at the door.

The sight of his face was too much for her. She experienced an intensity of reaction. With passionate fervor she threw herself into his arms.

"Dearest," she said, "I understand it all. Will you forgive me?"

And Percy, as he kissed her contentedly, replied:

"Yes, dear. I have suffered, indeed, for your sake. And now I want you to promise that never again will you allow any camel's hair to come between us."

## TRAPS HER LITERARY LIONS.

**The Telephone Used by One Hostess as Means of Obtaining Guest for Luncheon.**

The hostess loved to have the sort of guests that she described as "men that did something," and her specialty was literary toilers. They seemed to her mind to represent more real activity than any other occupation, although she was not averse to an occasional singer or piano pounder.

It was a devoted friend who used to gather the literary big bugs for her. This was the somewhat disingenuous way that he did it.

He used to call up on the telephone any celebrity who happened to be in town at the time and invite him to luncheon without mentioning the name of the lady. Even literary lions occasionally object to entering, although under the chaperonage of friends, the homes of persons they have never met.

"All right," the literary friend of the hostess would say over the telephone when the invitation was accepted. "Then I'll expect you at one. Don't forget the number." Then follow a perfectly unintelligible lot of sounds, which were in reality the name of the hostess, so mispronounced by the speaker that the guest had no idea where he was really going. He there at 1. Bark Swain and Don Box, Jr., will also be on hand."

"I went there," said one lion who accepted such an invitation over the telephone, "and found myself in a beautiful house with servants in livery and an air of great wealth and taste about everything. I supposed I was in a club, but wondered how a club could be so unusual.

"I found in the drawing room two friends and the gentleman who had invited me. The other two men did not seem to know any more about the house than I did.

"When the hostess came in, very beautifully dressed and very delightful to talk to, they were introduced to her just as I was. We had a very good time, but none of us three had ever met the lady before."

So it is not difficult to have a reputation for literary luncheons when one has a friend who can collect the guests so easily, even if they are not sure just where they are going.—Washington Post.

**Double Dealing.**

"A writer says Cupid deals some pretty hands."

"So he does, but he nearly always has a 'joker' concealed under his left wing."

**Wholly Unscientific.**

Astronomer—Two new stars have been discovered!

Casual Acquaintance—Musical comedy?


**Quick Relief**

is necessary in cases of Cramps, Colic, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and Diarrhea.

**Dr. D. Jayne's Carminative Balsam**

is the quickest acting and most reliable remedy known for these affections. It stops pain immediately, and in almost every case brings about a speedy recovery. Keep it handy for the children's sake.

*Sold by all druggists—per bottle, 25c.*

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is an excellent tonic to overcome the exhaustion consequent upon a severe attack of Dysentery.


**Had to Hear Evidence.**

Some ladies were visiting at Blanche's home one day. During the conversation, while the visitors were there, one of the ladies was describing how the blowflies laid eggs and they hatched out as maggots. Four-year-old Blanche did not seem to be interested in the conversation nor pay any attention to what they had been talking about. After the visitors had gone, Blanche said:

"Mamma, I don't believe flies lay eggs."

"Why?" asked the surprised mother.

"Because I never heard one cackle," explained the doubting Blanche.

**Sex in Cromwells.**

Of course with the sexes on a footing of equality as regarded opportunity, it would not be long until a female Cromwell made her appearance, and, having made her appearance, was getting her portrait painted.

The painter, once more a fawning, courtly fellow, would have the picture a flattery; but the rebuked him in words that became historic!

"Paint in the lips!" she commanded, sternly, showing that she could be more rigidly devoted to the truth than Oliver himself.—Puck.

**Next Best.**

A certain young minister in Philadelphia, recently ordained, is still very nervous and sometimes his remarks do not convey exactly the meaning he intended. A few Sundays ago he rose, fumbled with the papers on his desk, blushed, and then said:

"My Friends: I—I am sorry to say that I have lost the notes for my sermon, and I therefore cannot deliver it. I will have to do the next best thing, therefore, and read a few chapters from the Bible!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

**Hospitals a Benefit to Property.**

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has recently concluded an investigation, which shows that 67.5 per cent of the tuberculosis sanatoria and hospitals of the United States have been a benefit to the property and health of the communities in which they are located. In the case of more than 62 per cent. of the sanatoria the presence of the institutions has helped to increase the assessed value of surrounding property.

**Her Dilemma.**

Bessie—Oh, Mabel! I am in an awful dilemma. I've quarreled with Harry, and he wants me to send his ring back.

Mabel—That's too bad.

Bessie—But that isn't the point. I've forgotten which is his ring.

**ORIGIN**
**Of a Famous Human Food.**

The story of the great discoveries or inventions is always of interest.

An active brain worker who found himself hampered by lack of bodily strength and vigor and could not carry out the plans and enterprises he knew how to conduct, was led to study various foods and their effects upon the human system. In other words, before he could carry out his plans he had to find a food that would carry him along and renew his physical and mental strength.

He knew that a food which was a brain and nerve builder (rather than a mere fat maker) was universally needed. He knew that meat with the average man does not accomplish the desired results. He knew that the soft gray substance in brain and nerve centers is made from Albumen and Phosphate of Potash obtained from food. Then he started to solve the problem.

Careful and extensive experiments evolved Grape-Nuts, the now famous food. It contains the brain and nerve building food elements in condition for easy digestion.

The result of eating Grape-Nuts daily is easily seen in a marked sturdiness and marked activity of the brain and nervous system, making it a pleasure for one to carry on the daily duties without fatigue or exhaustion.

Grape-Nuts food is in no sense a stimulant but is simply food which renews and replaces the daily waste of brain and nerves.

Its flavour is charming and being fully and thoroughly cooked at the factory it is served instantly with cream.

The signature of the brain worker spoken of, C. W. Post, is to be seen on each genuine package of Grape-Nuts.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a reason."