

A MONTE CRISTO IN MISSOURI

Fate Denied His Prayer by Five Years.

DIED JUST AS HE PREDICTED

After Many Vicissitudes Came Into Large Fortune—Wanted Fifteen Years to Spend It.

Macon, Mo., Sept. 19.—Macon's Monte Cristo died just as he said one year ago that he would die. In talking with a friend who had been reminding him that his ceaseless energy might throw him on a sick bed he remarked a trifle sadly:

"When my time comes it will find me in the harness. My life will go out like the crack of a pistol. How do I know? Well, there are some things a man knows that he can't explain."

For ten booming years Col. F. W. Blees was the center around which all things in these parts revolved. He was the town. If he thought a street ought to be paved the city officers would get together and order it paved. They knew it was money in the town's pocket to do whatever the German suggested.

He had a hand in nearly every enterprise of consequence in the city. The largest military academy in the west was established here and personally managed by him.

Not long after the war with Spain the Government sent an officer of the regular army here to see if all the great things told of the colonel's big military academy were true. This officer was so impressed with the colonel and his school that he got the Government to send here two of the largest guns taken from one of the Spanish battleships smashed at Santiago.

The military academy, conservatories and athletic grounds, comprising some 800 acres, used up about \$400,000 of the colonel's inheritance from his German parents, but that was a mere bagatelle in comparison with his other investments. He bought the main hotel, the opera house, built a carriage factory at a cost of \$250,000, put up a bank and a number of office buildings, erected a large and comfortable German manor home in the residence district, erected a stable that the country people are always mistaking for a church, invested \$200,000 in a shears factory and operated an extensive farm near the city.

It was natural that a man with so much ready cash and with such a willingness to use it should become the victim if the impecunious. People with all sorts of propositions besieged him. At first he yielded to their importunities, but later became known as a hard proposition for grafters.

Then there were lawsuits, some entirely without a shadow of merit. The litigants relied upon the colonel's good nature to settle rather than to appear stubborn. In some instances he did settle. In all of them he tried to effect an amicable adjustment.

The final action brought against the colonel, and the one which was greatly disturbing him at the time of his death from heart disease, was instituted by relatives in the German Empire. It was for \$130,000, a legacy alleged to have been left to Marie Aulor, a niece of Maria Blees, Col. Blees' mother.

A United States marshal waited in Macon all of last Saturday to serve the papers upon Col. Blees, who then was lying dead in his room at the Southern Hotel in St. Louis. The complainant and her husband, Dr. Julius Aulor, alleged that Col. Blees surreptitiously and without the knowledge of the complainants took the legacy from the safe and invested it in property in Macon.

The matter had been worrying Col. Blees considerably of late. In all of his dealings the colonel had been found straightforward, honest and truthful; and his friends here think that if he has taken any money belonging to the other heirs of the estate it was in marked variance with all other acts of his life.

When the remains of Col. Blees arrived in Macon automobiles, carriages and vehicles of all sorts were strung out for two blocks along the railway yards. As the red coffin box was carried from the express car to the house every man down the long line removed his hat.

The day of the funeral was by official proclamation made a holiday in order that everybody might attend it. All the fraternal orders, the old soldiers, the city administration and the school children formed in procession ahead of the hearse and carriages. It was the last tribute of the people to the man who had practically made their town.

No one here has ever been able to gauge the extent of Col. Blees' fortune. It had been variously estimated at from \$10,000,000 to \$25,000,000.

In the early days after he had entered into possession of it he spent prodigious sums in charity and the entertaining of his friends. He traveled in private cars from one end of the land to the other. On one occasion when on his way to Europe he took as his traveling companion a clerk in one of the Chicago hotels just because the clerk had by some tactful courtesy won his admiration.

He was constantly indulging in unusual enterprises. He chartered a railroad train to bring some of his friends in St. Louis to Macon to take Thanksgiving dinner with him, the condition being that the run should beat all previous records up to date and should hold for ten years.

Chris Smith, a veteran engineer, told the trick and earned the money for the road. The colonel could have got a special out of St. Louis to this place for \$300, but it cost him \$1,000.

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with the added condition of a record run.

The colonel set great store on the value of his time during business hours. He had hours plenty when a friend called on him socially, but when he was occupied on a business subject the moments were as money.

He was summoned before a notary public once to give a deposition. The legal rate for a witness before a notary is \$1 a day. The colonel was cross-examined for two hours and the lawyers thanked him for his courtesy in attending the hearing.

"Who pays?" asked the man of military, as he picked up his hat.

The lawyer who had summoned Col. Blees blushed and fished into his pocketbook for a dollar, which he timidly held out. The colonel waved it aside.

"Just at present my time is worth \$100 a day," he said. "You have had me here two hours; that makes \$20. If you haven't the money with you, just send it around any day this week. Good morning."

He bowed pleasantly and left the office. He was never afterward required to give his deposition in an open court. Col. Blees was born in Aix-la-Chapelle, May 30, 1860. His father was a German baron who owned coal mines and iron works. These properties had been in litigation, but just before the death of the old baron the court decided in his favor.

Col. Blees was the only son, and on the death of his parents he took charge of the estate, which he promptly transferred to America, and immediately thereafter there was something doing for the last ten years of the heir's busy life.

Col. Blees came to America in 1881, and while teaching school in Louisiana met a handsome Southern girl, Mary Staples, at a baseball game. They were soon afterward married.

During his early life in America the colonel had the vicissitudes of a young man who had to win his spurs. Because of the litigation his father was unable to assist him. From Louisiana the young officer went to Iowa, and while residing there was a military instructor in a large academy. Then he came to Macon, and took charge of St. James' Military Academy, which had been established in 1875 by Bishop Talbot, of Pennsylvania.

After Bishop Talbot left the academy it went down, and when Col. Blees took charge it was in a tottering condition, but he soon revitalized it and was succeeding well with it when called to Europe by the death of his father.

"I don't care to live to be a very old man," Col. Blees remarked soon after he came into his fortune; "give me fifteen years from now and I will be satisfied. Fifteen well spent, usual years, when a man is working at his very best and has the means to work with, ought to be sufficient."

Fate denied the prayer by five years.

HOW IT IS DONE BY THE FRENCH

Chief of the Paris Detectives Outdoes Sherlock Holmes—An Illustration.

Paris, Sept. 18.—There is generally something peculiarly theatrical in the methods of the French detective police. A good example of this was the manner in which a confession was extorted from Georges Amyot, a 17-year-old ruffian, who, with the help of his 13-year-old brother, Paul, murdered a woman in the early part of this week after robbing her of 750 francs in money and her watch and jewelry.

The contrast between the methods of M. Hamard, the chief of the detective police in Paris, and the English detective could not be more marked. The latter is obliged to warn immediately a person who has been arrested that anything he may say may be used against him. From the start he is protected by counsel of his own or appointed by the court and he is presumed to be innocent until he has been proved guilty.

Things are different in France. M. Hamard inspected the room where the murder had been committed, took a few notes and posted men in the wine shops in the neighborhood. He waited until evening when he received a message and immediately entered a cab and drove to a dirty little cafe, where Amyot was drinking, followed by a couple of detectives. His secretary went into the wine shop and arrested Amyot. The latter made some pretense of resistance and his friends, who had been drinking with him, drew knives. Hamard, who is a white-bearded, bull-necked and stolid-looking man of 50, said quietly that he was the chief of the secret police and that they had better not resist. Then, turning to the other hooligans present, he said:

"Wait until you have heard the conversation and if I have made a mistake gentlemen, you may do what you like with me."

Then addressing the murderer, he said:

"You have changed your coat. It was gray this morning, but there is blood on your waistcoat and trousers."

"My nose has been bleeding," said Amyot.

"From excitement, I suppose," said Hamard, "excitement caused by your robbery of Mme. Lucas yesterday evening."

"I was nowhere near Mme. Lucas last evening," said Amyot, who turned very pale.

"You lie," thundered Hamard. "Look at your left boot." All eyes were turned at the boot and it was seen that the third button was missing.

"Here is that button," said the chief, "found it in your victim's blood. Confess!" Amyot confessed at once.

SCAVENGER SCHEME FAILS.

Berlin, Sept. 18.—About two months ago a scavenger system was inaugurated by the town council and Roadmaster P. K. Weber had a staff of men employed for the work. The system has proven unprofitable for the town and today the wagons were called in.

KAISER TELLS FUNNIEST STORIES

He Loves to Get Party of Men Together After Dinner.

SMOKE, DRINK, CRACK JOKES

Lays Majesty Aside to Be a Jolly Good Fellow—Has Grip That Makes One Wince.

Berlin, Sept. 18.—Emperor William is about to begin, now that the fall army maneuvers are over, a round of visits among the great nobles of his land with whom he is on terms of particular intimacy.

Unlike his uncle, King Edward, the Emperor does not enjoy these visits unless they are free from all state and ceremony. King Edward never "puts on airs," but he avoids overfamiliarity with his hosts. The Emperor is at once familiar and jocular and becomes for the time a member of the family. He mixes with the other guests on a footing of perfect equality.

Nothing pleases him more than a "Herren Abend" (men's evening) at one of the great houses he visits—a post-prandial gathering of the gentlemen of the party for beer and cigars and entertaining anecdote. And it must be said that at these gatherings his majesty's stories are usually the best and the most piquant.

He cannot abide any lavish display of the culinary art. In this respect his tastes are of the simplest, and his favorite dishes are so well known that he is served with them wherever he goes. In summer he likes cold bouillabaisse, fresh fish and plenty of vegetables. He has been known to declare that he could live on vegetables. Potatoes dressed in a variety of styles always meet with his approval. His favorite dish of meat is "German beefsteak," finely chopped beef and onions, with a little flavoured and fried in a pan. His favorite "sweets" are what is known as German eggcakes, a sort of thin pancake.

A Connoisseur.

He cares little for expensive or rare wines. He often says he knows nothing of French wines. One exception is the famous Johannisberg Rhine wine, of which his majesty is a connoisseur. It was a bottle of the most famous Johannisberg vintage which the Kaiser took to Prince Bismarck when they last met shortly before the great statesman's death.

If his majesty had his own way he would drink nothing but a light table beer. The beer supplied to his table is never in bottles, but drawn directly from the cask—beer tankards holding about a quart each.

Archduke Frederick, the heir to the old Austrian Field Marshal Archduke Albert, and therefore the richest landed proprietor in Austria, had a pressing invitation from Emperor William to attend the Prussian maneuvers this fall. The Emperor and the Archduke have a sincere regard for one another, for Frederick and his wife, Archduchess Isabella, are the members of the Austrian Imperial House who started least on ceremony. Last year the Emperor accepted with the greatest pleasure the archduke's invitation to hunt in the famous preserves of Belye in the Danube delta in South Hungary. Four of the archduke's daughters who are still unmarried—he has six in all and full of fun—were there to receive the Emperor, and William was never seen in such brilliant humor as that time.

Old Hunchback's Mistake.

He had been there once before and remembered every servant and forester. When they stood up in line at the castle gates to receive him he singled out a hunchback with whom he had become very chummy during his former stay, when the funny old man was intrusted with leading the Emperor's gun.

This gun is of peculiar construction, with a bend in the middle so that it should, since he can shoot with one hand only. Naturally he does not like everybody to see this gun, which is such clear evidence of his being crippled.

When the old hunchback advanced from the line of the archduke's retainers the Emperor held out his hand to him, and the simple man took it in both his own and shook it heartily. The master of the hunt, behind the Emperor's back, signaled for the old chap to kiss the Emperor's hand, but the signaling only made him shake William's hand more frantically.

At dinner on the first evening told the Emperor of the hunchback's blunder, and he laughed till the tears ran down his face. He had mistaken the interminable handshaking for devotion beyond expression in words.

Of course the crippled hand prevents him from being a first-rate shot, but he is nevertheless passionately fond of the sport.

Didn't Deceive Him.

There were orders that at the show in the evening when the game was spread out in the castle courtyard and the sportsmen viewed it by the light of torches held by the archduke's retainers, the finest heads of game were to be designated as shot by the Emperor, never mind who really shot them. But the Emperor would not allow himself to be deceived. He generally knew what he had shot and pointed to his booty with outstretched finger.

He feels so much at home in Belye that in speaking he lays his right hand with full force on the shoulder of the person he is addressing. This is a favorite movement of his when at home. But only those who have felt that hand resting on their shoulders know how strong the Emperor really is.

It must be that, unable to use his left hand at all, his right hand has grown so strong that he can make any man cry out if he grips his hand unaware. Sometimes even the ladies wince when he takes their hands to kiss them.



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First morning car from London, 6 o'clock.
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A GUIDE FOR TRAVELERS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. (Corrected to date.)

MAIN LINE—SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the east—4 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 11 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 6:25 p.m., 7:47 p.m., 10 p.m.

Arrive from the west—12:15 a.m., 3:20 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the east—12:20 a.m., 3:35 a.m., 8:10 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 2:35 p.m., 4:25 p.m., 6:55 p.m. (Eastern Flyer.)

The trains leaving at 8:10 a.m. and 4:25 p.m. local and the 11:20 a.m. and 4:25 p.m. expresses have through coaches for Toronto. The Eastern Flyer at 6:55 p.m. stops only at Ingersoll, Woodstock, Brantford and Hamilton, and goes to Toronto and Montreal.

Depart for the west—4:15 a.m., 7:40 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 11:32 a.m., 1:55 p.m., 8:01 p.m.

The 7:40 a.m. and the 1:55 p.m. trains stop at all stations. The 4:15 a.m., 11:32 a.m., and 8:01 p.m. expresses run through to Chicago without change.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:40 a.m., 4 p.m., 6:50 p.m. (Eastern Flyer, stops only at Chatham and Glencoe), 11 p.m.

Depart—4:35 a.m., 11:25 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 7:54 p.m. (International Limited stops only at Glencoe and Chatham.)

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—10:40 a.m., 10:55 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 10:55 p.m.

Depart—6:20 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 2:50 p.m., 5 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—9:45 a.m., 6:10 p.m.

Depart—8:15 a.m., 4:50 p.m.

Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—6:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 6:10 p.m., 9:45 p.m.

Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:35 p.m., 10:25 p.m.

*Runs through to Waterford.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Arrive—From the east 11:30 a.m., 9 p.m., 11:30 p.m. From the west—5 a.m., 8:35 a.m., 5:20 p.m.

Depart—For the east—5:05 a.m., 8:43 a.m., 5:25 p.m. For the west—11:39 a.m., 11:10 p.m., 11:25 p.m.

Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

** From Chatham only.

*** Runs only to Chatham.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Depart—5:45 a.m., 6:45 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 3:40 p.m., 7 p.m.

Arrive—8:45 a.m., 12:10 p.m., 1:50 p.m., 4:40 p.m., 9:20 p.m., 11:20 p.m.

*To and from Walkerville, without change.

Trains not "starred" to Port Stanley.

†Between London and St. Thomas only.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

LOW RATE

SEPTEMBER 20, 21 AND 22.

Detroit	\$3 40	Dayton	\$9 00
Port Huron	\$1 95	Indianapolis	\$10 60
Chicago	\$9 25	Cincinnati	\$10 70
Saginaw	\$4 25	Grand Rapids	\$6 20
Bay City	\$4 35		
Columbus	\$8 40		
Cleveland, via Detroit and Lake Shore Railway	\$7 90		
Cleveland, via D. and C. Stearns	\$5 90		

Tickets valid returning until Oct. 8.

On each of the above dates a special train running through to Chicago will leave G. T. R. station, London, at 10:15 a.m.

For tickets and full information call on E. DE LA HOOKE, city passenger and ticket agent; P. RUSE, depot ticket agent; J. D. McDONALD, district passenger agent, Toronto.

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Steamers leave Hamilton 4:30 a.m., Toronto 4:30 p.m., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Bay of Quinte, Thousand Islands, Montreal and intermediate ports.

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Steamers leave Toronto 3:30 p.m. daily, except Sunday, till Sept. 22. Last steamer on above line, Saturday, Sept. 29. Rochester, Thousand Islands, Rapids, St. Lawrence, Montreal and intermediate ports. Montreal and for Quebec and Saguenay River.

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, western passenger agent, Toronto.

Ocean Steamship Tickets

White Star Line—New York, Boston and Mediterranean services.

Leyland Line—Boston-Liverpool.

E. De la Hooke, Sole Agent.

American Line—New York and Philadelphia services.

Atlantic Transport Line—New York-London.

Dominion Line Royal Mail Steamers—Portland-Liverpool in winter. Montreal-Quebec-Liverpool in summer.

Red Star Line—New York-Dover-Antwerp.

Sailing lists, rate sheets, etc., on application to

E. De la Hooke or W. Fulton, LOCAL AGENTS.