

## A MADMAN'S CRIME.

### HORRIBLE DEED OF AN IOWA PHYSICIAN.

leudish Doing of a Maniac — A Child Cruelly Murdered by a Prominent Doctor in the Presence of the Distracted Parents.

It would seem that the gamut of crime had been run and every chord of human agony had been struck long ago; that the possibilities of tragic originality had been exhausted and that all the variations of occurrences that have the power to shock and horrify had been touched. The devilish ingenuity of brutalized depravity and blood lust has given various forms of death and has invented infernal instrumentalities for its use. But demonic frenzy is responsible for a deed in which the heart sickening elements have few parallels in the history of tragic events.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wearley of Hampton, Iowa, were the parents of a beautiful babe, 10 months old. The parents worshiped the child almost to idolatry. It was the mother's life. Her whole soul was wrapped up in the little one, and it was watched with anxious solicitude lest it should be taken and the home be left desolate.

One day the child showed symptoms of slight ailment. In alarm at the trivial indisposition, the parents took the babe to the office of Dr. Hobson,



DR. APPELBY.

the family physician, at Bristow, a neighboring village. Dr. Hobson was called away before he could attend to the child, but Dr. G. W. Appleyby, who had been visiting Dr. Hobson, offered to make the examination. Dr. Appleyby had been the leading physician in that section for several years, and as Mr. and Mrs. Wearley were acquainted with his professional standing, they raised no objection to his proposition.

No sooner had Dr. Appleyby taken the child on his lap than he began to toss it about and handle it roughly. The mother protested indignantly, but the physician paid no attention, and his actions became more incomprehensible and his abuse of the infant became more unfeeling.

The now thoroughly frightened woman implored the physician to desist and restore the child to her arms, but without avail. The man was deaf alike to the mother's entreaties and to the father's stern commands. He gave the babe a rough shake. It cried out in pain, and the parents sprang forward to rescue it. Springing to his feet, as if beside himself with rage, the physician grasped the infant by its throat, and, holding it at arm's length, shook it violently. The parents seized the physician, but he shook them off, and as he turned upon them they were horrified to see that he was stark mad, his eyes blazing with the fires of frenzy. With a maniacal laugh, the madman placed his thumbs under the child's chin, and pressing his hands on the top of its head, he crushed the little face into a shapeless mass of flesh and bone. Blood gushed from the child's nose, ears and mouth, and it was still.

Frozen with horror, the parents for a moment were powerless to move. Then with inarticulate cries they rushed upon Appleyby; but, yelling like a fiend, the madman grasped the child by one foot, and swinging the quivering body around his head he fought them off. Almost crazed by grief and horror, Mrs. Wearley shrieked again and again. Her mind was giving way under the awful shock. The father groaned in agony of spirit, not daring to provoke the madman to dash the child to pieces. Yelling and dancing about, the madman continued to sweep the body in wide circles through the air before the faces of the stricken parents.

Finally, attracted by the woman's cries, several men rushed into the room and after a desperate struggle overpowered Dr. Appleyby and wrested the lifeless form from his grasp.

### Out of Mad House to Matrimony.

John Coffee, a grocer of Chicago, has just married his cashier, Miss Alice O'Reagan, after outwitting plans of his mother to have him declared insane. Mrs. Gardner, Coffee's mother, disliked her son's sweetheart, and it is asserted, schemed to get control of his property. She had him taken in custody and removed to the detention hospital on an insanity writ. When the case came before Judge Carter, Coffee had no difficulty in proving his sanity.

### Front and Back.

Housewife—Why do you consider yourself deserving? Sandy Pikes—I wuz at de front, ma'am. Housewife (after dinner)—You are not deceiving me? Were you really at the front? Sandy Pikes—I wouldn't deceive you, mum. I wuz at de front, but de door wuz locked. Dat's why I cum aroun' to de kitchen.—New York World.

## HIS LIBRARY TELLS THE TALE.

### Rogue Who Made Everyone Think He Was Irreproachable.

The library of William Young of Philadelphia, which was recently sold at auction, was another illustration of the fact that what a man knows about his best friend is little after all. To all appearances William Young was a respectable, mediocre man, who jugged along on a moderate income. He was commonplace and middle class. He lived in contentment with his wife and children at Glenolden, where he was respected. He was one of the mainstays of the church he attended. He was so devout that he was not content with going to church twice Sunday, but went Friday night as well. His private life was above reproach. His business, like himself, was commonplace and respectable. It was real estate. He was prosperous and regarded as a substantial business man. He was trusted by shrewd men, who believed implicitly in his honor. His face and manner inspired confidence. He had a certain pleasing frankness about him that attracted. He never said or did anything unusual to the knowledge of his most intimate friend. Even his name was commonplace. July 5 William Young disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed him, instantly closing and obliterating every trace. He left his wife and children with \$3. When the affairs of William Young were examined it was found that he had appropriated other people's money to the amount of \$51,000, and was a forger as well as a thief. The friends who had visited his home observed that he had a library of about 300 volumes. When his estate was sold it was discovered that he had a library containing more than 1,200 volumes, which he had left concealed in his attic. His library showed the real William Young, not the respectable, mediocre William Young that the neighbors saw in his pew each Sunday, but the William Young whose thoughts and tastes ran to vice and wild adventure. He left orders for such books at the book stores, where he was a frequent visitor. And the mild, inoffensive real estate dealer who came down on the cars each morning and returned at 6 at night with the regularity of clockwork, spent his evenings and his Sunday after church in reading bloody tales of the border and Indian massacres.—New York Telegraph.

## SON FOUND AFTER MANY YEARS

### Husband Disappears with Child and Wife Recovers the Lad.

Mrs. Patrick Conway of Hustonville, Ky., has returned from Dublin, Ireland, with her only son, from whom she had been separated sixteen years. He was taken away from her by her husband, who parted from her because of their religious differences. He concealed his own and the child's whereabouts for fourteen years, and when Mrs. Conway at last learned that the boy was in a school near Dublin, she also learned that her husband was dead. To get possession of the boy it was necessary to obtain the assistance of Ambassador Choate. Patrick Conway was a young tailor who settled in Hustonville several years before the war and made a fortune in business. He married Miss Annie Bradley, a member of one of the best families in that locality, by whom he had six children. The mother was a Protestant, and brought up her children. Conway was a Catholic, and wished his children to belong to his church. He moved to Springfield, where they were placed in Catholic schools. Conway disappeared with the youngest child, David, sixteen years ago. He left his wife well provided for, but without any clue to his whereabouts. Mrs. Conway heard a year ago that her husband had died in Dublin, and she left two months ago to recover her boy. Ambassador Choate and Consul Jefferson were appealed to, and aided her in getting possession of the lad. His father left David \$6,000, which will be turned over to Mrs. Conway, who has been made his guardian.

### Married in a Tree.

There recently took place near Louisville, Ky., a wedding which was as startling as any one could wish. It seems that the bride had peculiar notions about weddings, and she had made up her mind to have her marriage different from the ordinary ceremonial. There were to be no attendants except the maid of honor, the bride's sister, and at the appointed hour the family congregated about a large, gnarled tree, the oldest growing on the country place where the fresco service was to take place. At the same time the bride and groom, maid of honor and clergyman came out from the house, and when they reached the tree they climbed it, and the ceremony was performed amidst the foliage of the lower branches.

### Murderer Captured by a Rose.

By writing to him to return to Suffolk, Va., and clope with her, Miss Isabel Turner, 20 years old, brought about the capture of her father's slayer. A. C. Gillingham who has been at large since the date of the crime late in December. Gillingham who was considered Miss Turner's social inferior, was her suitor, and because his love was scorned he shot the girl's rich father in the dark.

### Died as She Had Predicted.

A curious instance of the prevision of death is that of Mrs. Sarah P. Rosser of West Eaton, Pa. She had been sick for several months, and Sunday, while surrounded by relatives and friends, she started them by saying that she would die that night at 10 o'clock. They laughed at her fears, but nevertheless she died at the moment she predicted.

## A THRILLING FLIGHT.

### TERESA FALCIOLA'S SENSATIONAL ADVENTURE.

### Descends from a High Mountain on a Trolley Wire—Her Ring Becomes Entangled and She Is Swept to the Valley Below.

Teresa Falciola, an Italian peasant woman, met recently with an extraordinary adventure. Near her home, in the village of Quarna, which nestles in a spacious valley, is a high and wooded mountain, and there it has been her custom to go two or three times a week for the purpose of collecting firewood. To bring this wood down from the precipitous mountain to her cottage was quite an arduous task. Therefore she sent it down by means of a strong metal wire stretched from the valley up to the mountain top.

A few days ago she and her two little daughters ascended the mountain, and after gathering three goodly bunches of wood prepared to send them down. Just, however, as the mother had fastened the first bundle to the wire and had launched it on its downward course, her wedding ring became caught in the rope with which the bundle was tied, and in a flash she was carried off her feet and swept down into the valley. Half paralyzed with fear, her little daughters watched her as she sped from their sight with amazing swiftness, and then they ran down the mountain, fully expecting to find her dead at the end of the wire.

And their fear was quite natural, since the mountain top from which their mother had been torn is 800 yards above the valley. Fortunately, their fear proved to be groundless. They found their mother entirely uninjured. Yet, miraculous indeed was it that her

ered, and it may well be said that the unfortunate Indians sweat blood for every drop of rubber milk exuding from the trees.

### ATTACK BY AN EAGLE.

### Made in the Open and Not Near a Nest.

Most readers must have felt doubts as to the stories of eagles attacking men, even when their nests were being robbed, says the Cornhill. But an instance of such an attack, made in the open and not near a nest, occurred to Mr. Turner-Turner, a well-known sportsman and amateur fur-hunter in British Columbia. During an expedition in North British Columbia he had been trying unsuccessfully to get a shot at a band of caribou. Seeing an eagle in the distance, he stood still to watch it, as he had not seen one in the neighborhood where he was shooting. The ground was covered with six inches of snow, except on the summits of the mountains, where it was deeper. Mr. Turner-Turner, and I was therefore a conspicuous object. Presently I was surprised to see how close the bird was approaching, but concluded that it must have mistaken me standing still for a stump, and would immediately discover its error. It never deviated from its course or changed its position, except to drop its legs slightly when about ten yards off and in line with my head. These it quickly drew up again, flying directly at my face, which so took me by surprise as to leave me hardly time to throw up my rifle as a guard, and to wave my life hand. This caused the eagle to pass above me with the rush of a dozen rockets. Up to this time the thought of harming the bird never occurred to me. But I then faced about and fired at my retreating foe. Then, with a rapid wheel, it turned to renew the attack, this time making



TERESA FALCIOLA'S AERIAL FLIGHT.

life was not crushed out of her at the end of her perilous descent. It would have been if her fall had not been broken as she was reaching the earth by some friendly branches. The bundle of wood, too, was in some measure a bulwark against the shock.

## SLAVERY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

### Still Unchecked and Claims a Multitude of Victims.

The Indians of the interior of South America are today enduring the horrors of slavery in its most odious form and yearly a multitude of victims of the oppressors' greed and heartlessness perish miserably in the camps of the rubber hunters. The condition of these Indian slaves is sad almost beyond description. They are obtained in two ways, by violence and by trickery. Parties of slave hunters penetrate the forests of the interior and attack the wild Indians in their villages and huts, killing the fathers and mothers and carrying the children away with them. In other places, Indians who are semi-civilized are induced to leave their homes on some pretext and are then kidnapped and kept at work in the rubber forests until death relieves them. The slave masters go on the principle that "dead men tell no tales," and the unfortunate, once in their hands, is kept at work until he dies of hardship and privation. There is always a demand for able-bodied slaves to work in the rubber district, and often a good price is paid for a bunch of Indians. The hardships they have undergone in the slavemasters' hands have steeled the hearts of the Indians against the white man, and it is unsafe for a small party to venture into the interior, for a chance to retaliate upon their persecutors is never allowed to slip by the natives. For this reason extensive districts of the interior, where the Indians have withdrawn for safety, are still unexplored, and less is known of them than of the Dark Continent. The laws of the land are decidedly against the practice of slavery, but this prohibition is of no effect in the remote districts where rubber is gath-

ered, and it may well be said that the unfortunate Indians sweat blood for every drop of rubber milk exuding from the trees.

### UNUSUAL REQUEST.

### Mother's Effort to Induce Her Daughters to Remain Single.

The will of Mrs. Elizabeth J. Gouin, which has just been recorded at Warwick, N. Y., contains some eccentric conditions. The estate amounts to \$114,563, and the trust provided for in the will calls for the setting apart of three sums of \$8,000 each, the interest on which is to be paid semi-annually to each of the three daughters, so long as they remain single. In case any one of them should marry or die the sum set apart for her must be reinvested, and the income equally divided between the other daughters. On the marriage of the second and third daughters the sum is to revert to the estate. Antoinette, the youngest of the three, married before the contents of her mother's will became known, and the surrogate has ordered that she forfeit her portion.

### Lone Robber Cleans Out Restaurant.

A lone robber, masked and armed, cleaned out two restaurants in the center of Kansas City, Mo., under the glare of an electric light. In Lewis' restaurant he pointed a pistol at the cashier and robbed the cash register, while he kept his revolver in plain view of two customers eating near by. He then went across the street to the restaurant of Robert McClintock, covered the cashier and commanded two waiters and three customers to hold up their hands. They complied promptly, and the robber emptied the register. He pocketed \$146 and disappeared.

### Wages in South Wales.

One dollar and seventy-five cents a day has been adopted by the New South Wales government as a minimum wage to railway laborers.

## A NEW YORK HEROINE.

### EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL BATTLES WITH FLAMES.

### Miss Minnie Swarts Honored by the Men She Nobly Assisted in a Fire That Saved Two Firemen From the Devouring Elements.

(New York Letter.)

Miss Minnie Swarts, 18 years old, who lives with her parents at 641 East Ninth street, is the heroine of New York firemen. At a recent fire at 308 and 310 West Fifty-ninth street she saved two firemen from slipping into a cellar where they might have lost their lives, and she revived a number who were overcome with smoke, with hot milk which she secured from a nearby drug store. She went into the burning building and helped the firemen in every way that she could. She placed a handkerchief over the mouth of one of the firemen who was being overcome with smoke and helped him from the building. She continued to help those who were overcome with smoke until she, too, was overcome and had to be led away. Since then Fire Chief Croker and all of his men have been praising her noble work. Fire Commissioner Scannell heard the praises of the firemen and sent for the young lady. When she reached the commissioner's office Fire Chief Croker happened to be present. He immediately recognized her and holding out his hands said, "Why, here is our heroine! We are glad to see you." Commissioner Scannell then said to her: "It is very unusual for us to send for anyone to thank them for a public service. We are deeply sensible of the disinterested work you did at the fire. Every man in the department is praising your heroic conduct. We all feel that we are deeply indebted to you for your kindness and sacrifice. As for the men you assisted and whose lives you were instrumental in saving, nothing we can say or do can reward you for what you have done for them." Commissioner Scannell then opened a drawer in his desk and took out a purse that appeared to be stuffed with bank notes. He handed it to Miss Swarts, saying: "We hope you will accept this small token of our regard, and we wish that it was a good deal larger." Tears came to the eyes of Miss Swarts. Several times she tried to speak, but failed. She placed her handkerchief to her eyes, and then said, with considerable emotion: "No, no; I cannot take the money. I simply did what I thought was my duty to do. I want clerical work, but I cannot take money for that."

Miss Swarts, noticing a look of dis-

appointment on the faces of Commissioner Scannell and Chief Croker, said: "I beg of you, do not be offended. I do not mean to be rude in refusing your kindness, but really I cannot take money for that."

Miss Swarts was asked if she would accept an engrossed resolution of thanks, and she signified her willingness. A handsome affair will be presented to her. Miss Swarts was offered a cab to take her home, but she refused this and went away in a street car. The men gave her a cheer as she left the building.

Miss Swarts is a brunette and energetic in her manner. On the morning of the fire she was on her way to answer an advertisement relative to clerical work. She is very modest and declined to say anything about herself, farther than that she needed work and desired a clerical position if she could get one.

### Photography in the Tropics.

"In photographing natives," writes an Englishman who has had much experience with the camera in India, "it must be remembered that a dark face requires a longer exposure than a white one; but beware of exhibiting a portrait of himself to a native. He will seldom criticize the likeness or artistic merit of the picture. Nine times out of ten he will remark, 'But sir, the face is very black.' To bring out the features distinctly proper exposure and treatment must be given. The dampness existing in most tropical countries is the chief enemy of the photographer. Whole batches of plates will go, and nothing can save them. The only insurance against this trouble is to have one's plates sealed in air-tight tin boxes, not to be opened until the plates are desired for use."

### Playing Mother.

Little Johnnie—Mamma, let's play I am your mother and you are my little boy. Mamma—Very well, dear, how shall we play it? Little Johnnie—I'll tell you; you start to do something and I'll tell you not to.

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## THE MILITARY SPY.

### A Courageous Soldier Who Is Indispensable in War.

In time of warfare spies are, of course, plentiful. The main part of his business is, under a personal disguise, which disguises could often put those of the smartest detectives quite in the shade, to extract information from unsuspecting scouts and outposts. Some outposts have been known to accept bribes, money or presents, from military spies without knowing who the latter really were, in which case they were not greatly to blame, although their doing so, whether innocently or otherwise, put them on the footing of traitors, and consequently merited a traitor's death.

The old Prussian monarchy once ran the risk of being crushed like an egg-shell but for the spy Mentzel, whose daring deed not only saved Prussia, but also the life of the king, Austria and Saxony, with three other countries, planned to overthrow Prussia. Their combined forces could easily have numbered 1,000,000, to about 300,000 of the Prussian king's. But a friendly spy warned the king, who immediately set about preparing for the advance of the powerful foe. He sent emissaries into every large city in Europe, particularly the capitals of France, Austria and Russia. Mentzel, than whom no greater spy lived, went to the foreign office of the latter powers, and actually succeeded in bribing the respective official at each who had charge of the papers in connection with the proposed project to raid Prussia, and copied the whole plan of campaign. Mentzel's mission being discovered, the officials fed for their lives; one was caught and shot. Mentzel escaped death, but being caught red-handed by one of the powers, he was thrown into a dungeon, where he lingered for twenty-five years. During all that time the Prussian monarch took no steps to try to liberate the man, although Mentzel undoubtedly saved his majesty and his country from total annihilation.

## AMID BONES OF CAPUCHINS.

### One of the Unusual Sights of the City Nestling on Seven Hills.

The labors of the Capuchin monks in the Catholic church are well known. The order was one of the strongest of the auxiliary branches of the church, though its field lay in a different direction from that of the Jesuits. The latter were the aggressive arm in battling the world; the former was given to the quiet of monastic life far from the turmoil of men. The Capuchins were very largely recruited from the families of the rich and well-to-do, and found in retirement the opportunity they craved for, giving themselves entirely over to saving their souls. The Capuchin church in Rome has been served by this order for centuries. In its chambers are the bones of 6,000 monks fastened to the walls and ceiling to make effective and striking groups of death. Skulls are employed in the chamber almost entirely, while the cross-bones and other imperishable parts of the anatomy make up the receiving rooms given over to this extraordinary collection. The entrance to this basement is on a level with the ground and at no place are the chambers more than two feet below the surface of the earth. The spectacle of skulls by the thousands suddenly confronting the visitor does not produce that gruesome feeling that one would imagine, and no one shortens an inspection of the anatomical array because he is in a consecrated church house. The surroundings of this old church repository for the bones of its goodly friars are squalid and unattractive. The entrance to the chamber of the dead is through the yard of a livery stable, dirty to the last degree, but that does not deter visitors from witnessing this unique collection.

### Speaking for History.

Generations of schoolboys learn the dramatic speeches ascribed to famous commanders just before famous battles, but unfortunately many of these fine, high-sounding addresses were never heard of till after the event. We read, for instance, in ancient history of generals addressing whole armies, when a few companies of soldiers at most could have heard them.

To show the difference between genuine speeches and manufactured ones, a contemporary reports an authentic address of the captain of a British ship as the fleet was approaching the enemy. He wished to encourage his gallant tars, and hoped perhaps that a few heroic words might forever be associated with his memory. "Send all hands aft!" he cried, and when the order was carried out he said: "My lads, there's the enemy, no doubt about it. And now, my lads, if you don't take the enemy, my lads, why then, my lads, the enemy will take you. Pipe down, boatswain." After all, the speech was to the point, and the men cheered it to the echo.

### Where Ruskin Learned English.

The book which begot English prose still remains its supreme type. The English Bible is the true school of English literature. It possesses every quality of our language in its supreme form—except for scientific, precision, practical affairs and philosophic analysis. If you care to know the best that our literature can give in simple, noble prose, mark, learn and inwardly digest the Holy Scriptures in the English tongue. Ruskin as a precocious boy of five began reading with his mother the Bible through from beginning to end and over and over again, and got from it his marvelous instinct and faculty for noble, vital, always fascinating expression.—From Frederic Harrison's "Literary Estimates."