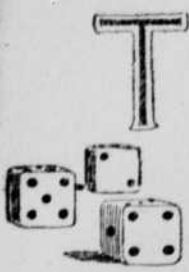


# HER STRANGE LOVE.

## PRETTY CAUCASIAN WEDS A SON OF HAM.

They Disowned Her and Then Her Husband Deserted Her—The Usual End of Such Affairs, Died in Dishonor and Poverty.



**T** O M I R A N D A Foote's people and to all her friends the tragedy of her infatuation for "China" Crawford, a colored stable boy, which resulted in their marriage, will always be a mystery. For the wedded life of this ill-mated couple came to an end eight months after their wedding day by the death of the young wife. And in those months, though her husband abused and neglected her, not a word of complaint or reproach ever passed her lips. To crown all this, her husband, although now a fugitive from justice, has made formal claim to his wife's share in her father's estate, which he says is about \$25,000. The beginning of this strange story of the marriage of a young, cultured white girl, only 18 years old, the daughter of wealthy people, to an ignorant colored boy, whose only thoughts in life were for horses and crap-shooting, goes as far back as Miranda Foote's childhood, when she received a fall, from the effects of which she never recovered. This put her away from the usual sports and plays of a country child, and her chief delight was to bring music from the organ which stood in the sitting-room of the old farmhouse. She went to the district school with her brothers and sisters, and though she received a good common school education, there was no greater pleasure for her than taking her music lesson and practicing scales and exercises. On account of her delicate health little or nothing was expected of the child about the house, and as she grew to womanhood the duties which usually fall to a farmer's daughter were either performed by her mother or sisters, and in every way Miranda's life was a sheltered one. Stronghurst, the birthplace of Miranda Foote, is a small village about thirty miles from Galesburg, Ill. Long before the village was there the Foote family was known for their wealth. Years ago B. F. Foote came to Illinois and purchased a few acres two miles from Stronghurst. As time went by and he was a successful stock raiser, he added to his land, and when he died several years ago this had increased until the estate embraced some 400 acres.

The small wooden house with which the Foote family had been content in the early days had long since been replaced by a big rough stone dwelling, which is known far and wide in the country around about as the stone house. Long before the death of Mr. Foote his self-earned fortune was placed at \$200,000, and as some of the younger children were far from of age the property was to be intact until the girls and boys had grown to manhood and womanhood. But Mr. Foote was not a greater money-maker than his wife, in whose management his fortune was left. Soon after his death she added the breeding of race horses to that of the other stock raising upon the farm. All the country around and about Galesburg is famed for its fine stock, but no horses for miles about are more famed than those raised by the mistress of the stone house. John Crawford went to the stone house last April to help in the care of these horses. From the time of his birth, a quarter of a century



JOHN CRAWFORD.

ago, he had been one of the familiar darkies of Galesburg. Crawford grew to manhood, doing what he liked most, to hang around livery stables or any place else where horses were kept. He did not care for school, but of music he was fond, and from his boyish days was always able to play all the sweet airs he heard, and play them well, too. This, no doubt, was the great charm that he had for Miranda Foote. While "China" Crawford was at the big stone house he received every kindness from the family, but it was in the eyes of Miranda he found the greatest favor, for by the hour he sang and played to her. The more intelligent of the farming people say the girl had never had a suitor, and that the colored stable boy made love to her in the most passionate way. The people who knew of Miranda's love of music and heard her play psalms and hymns Sunday after Sunday, year in and year out, on the wheezy old organ in the little Baptist church, feel sure that the bond of sympathy be-

tween the two was the natural love that each had for harmony. Early in June John went to Galesburg, and to a few of his nearest companions confided that he was going to bring a white girl home to them. It did not appear to confound him that he had no other home than that of his uncle. This would all be overcome, he answered them, for the girl had "lots of money." One dark night Miranda Foote ran away, and her family did not realize that she had gone until she was bound for life to "China" Crawford. The girl must have planned her escape for days beforehand, for she gathered all her wardrobe and threw it from the window, from which she herself went out. "China" was waiting near, and they drove rapidly to Galesburg, where he had assured her he could gain a good living for her. It was not long before the girl was missed and her family feared she had wandered from the house and had become faint. Her brothers and sisters searched for her throughout the entire night. But before they heard of her again she had become the mulatto boy's wife. Justice B. F. Holcomb joined the lives of this colored stable boy and the white girl, and he fought as earnestly against it as he did long years ago for the freedom of the negroes. He begged her to take time to consider, and when she insisted that the marriage should take place at once, he told her as far as her family and friends were concerned her life was at an end. He told her plainly and simply that, come what might, she must remember that she was John Crawford's wife, and that nowhere else in life was there a place for her but at his side. But "China" did not



MRS. JOHN CRAWFORD.

spend much time by her side. He still kept unbroken his record as a "crap-shooter." He did not make much money and the poor girl would often have gone hungry if it had not been for the goodness of "China's" relatives and friends. For weeks her people seemed to forsake her. Then Mrs. Foote wrote that she was ready to take Miranda back if she would come alone. This the girl refused. After another interval one of the older daughters wrote that the mother was ill. She begged of Miranda if she wanted to see her mother alive to come, and come at once. The girl went. This plea she could not withstand, and though Mrs. Foote was a sick woman, she was not in such a dangerous condition as the letter seemed to indicate. At the end of two weeks the girl ran away for the second time. All she took with her she wore, dressed in a calico wrapper, a cheap little hat and a cape for her shoulders. She went back to her black husband and her dull life. But not for long. The hardships that she had to bear broke her down. She died on November 1. For a few hours John insisted that his white wife should be buried where and when he chose. But the girl's mother took her dead child back to the place of her birth and she was buried from the big stone house. Six days after his white wife's death, "China" was arrested with a lot of others in a gaming room. But his good luck did not here desert him. On the way to the station he escaped from the police. Last week he asked the circuit court at Galesburg to appoint an administrator for the estate of Miranda Foote Crawford. He claims he is entitled, as her husband, to a third of the property left by her. And he insists that her share of her father's estate is in the neighborhood of \$25,000. The sixty days allowed after death by the court had elapsed before "China" was aware that he was entitled by law to a part of his wife's father's money. After his crap-shooting escapade ended he hid himself for some time on a farm in McDonough county. He talked often of his white wife and her rich connections. He was assured that a part of this wealth should descend to him, and he has made the first step to acquire it.

**Dawson a "Flush Town."**  
Dawson is the "flushiest" of all the "flush" towns in history. It is hardly necessary to repeat the many stories that have gone out about the new and greater California. Many of the tales may have been exaggerations in individual instances, but they hardly portray the reality. At the dance halls and saloons, where men mostly congregate, gold stands in rows of tumbler behind the bars. In the safe of the North American Transportation and Trading Company 20,000 ounces of left-over dust is stored. But with all that has been taken out the mines are not really at work yet. Hardly one-twentieth of any claim has been exhausted.

**Muscles in a Cat's Tail.**  
There are three times as many muscles in the tail of a cat as there are in the human hand and wrist.

In matrimonial affairs the divorce is sometimes the wisest part.

# THEATRICAL TOPICS.

## CURRENT NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

Pinero's New Play, "Trelawney of the Wells"—Some Advice to Young Persons Who Are Thinking of Adopting the Stage—When Goodwin Was Young.



**T** HE dramatic critic of the Westminster Gazette has this to say of Trelawney of the Wells, Pinero's new comedy recently produced in London: "Robertson up to date—that seems a phrase in which one may give a fairly accurate idea of the new Pinero play. Yet the resemblance between this piece and those of the Robertson school is not more striking than the unlikeness to them shown by it. The resemblance is in conception, the unlikeness in execution. In technique, 'Trelawney of the Wells' is essentially modern, but no doubt the technique of the author of 'Caste' if he had lived in 1898, and been acquainted with the Ibsen plays which have modified the methods of all our serious dramatists, would have been as different from that which he actually showed as that of 'Trelawney of the Wells' from school. Perhaps I should not be speaking of Robertson so much, but for the fact that the hero of the play, or at least the heroic figure, Tom Wrench, obviously is intended to suggest Robertson the dramatist and actor in his days of struggle."

Young persons who think of adopting the stage should never forget that real success is that calling demands ceaseless and merciless toil. The "champagne and the fun" that one young girl, in a letter to a manager, said she liked, do not usually fall to the lot of

outrage to the dramatic profession! You did not know a line, sir!" "What?" quoth Nat, "why, I said all my lines." "Yes, sir," answered the infuriated playwright, "but none of mine, sir!"

One of the most popular and pleasing of the many interpreters of the younger Dumas' celebrated "The Lady with the Camellias" is Miss Nellie Gibney. This young lady is making it her special study to produce "Camille" in its proper atmosphere, with the feeling that uninterested auditors are not to be considered. She is ably fitted, both by physical gifts and artistic aptitude, to portray this most problematical of all characters ever created by the dramatist's art. Her personality is a distinctively artistic and exquisitely refined one; her talent is of a texture that may be styled rich in color; while her beauty is of such a magnetic nature as to fulfill the expectations of acknowledged connoisseurs.

The death of Nicolini, the second husband of the world's greatest cantatrice, has led a correspondent of the London Era to send an interesting reminiscence in connection with the first marriage of the peerless singer. "Adelina Patti was first married to the Marquis de Caux at Clapham church—she at that period dwelling at Pierpont House, Clapham park—at 10 a. m., July 29, 1868. The service was performed by the Rev. Dean Plunkett, Adelina, before she mounted the holy steps of the altar, had to make good some signs of omission. Although she was brought up by her parents, who were strict Catholics, equally in the same belief, she had, notwithstanding her age, neither received her first communion nor the sacrament of confirmation. Before the golden hoop could be placed on the bride's finger that sacred ceremony had to be made good, and the devoted friend of her lifetime, Mme. Grisi, stood by her as godmother in confirmation."

Otis Skinner says: "I remember well



MAY HOSMER.

serious, hardworking members of the theatrical calling, but rather to the insignificant, fleeting pets of the hour, the comic opera or burlesque queens, whose reign ends the moment they have become a trifle passe. The difficulty is for a young man or woman to be convinced that he or she does not possess special fitness. Unfortunately, many of these young people are ill-advised by enthusiastic friends, and their vanity passes the suppression point until they get into the actual arena of the stage, where the cruel truth chills their mercurial ambition; and they retire, overcome with shame and chagrin.

Nat Goodwin, when he was very



NELLIE GIBNEY.

young and very unscrupulous, belonged to a stock company, managed by an old actor named Pool, who wrote his own plays and made his company play them no matter what the public did. After a particularly hopeless performance Pool came on the stage and scored the entire company roundly, ending his tirade with a pointed hauling over the coals of Goodwin.

"You, sir!" shouted the old gentleman, shaking his finger at the placid Nathaniel, "you little red-headed fellow over there, were a disgrace and

my first attempts in the role of Shylock, I had seen Edwin Booth in that character, and believed that no other actor could approach Booth in the personification of Shylock. Yet, I tried diligently and persistently to instill my own personality into the presentation of the difficult subject; so masterfully delineated by Shakespeare. Try as I might, the voice and the attitudes and the mannerisms of Booth haunted me, and I could only see before me the Shylock of the great actor. It was only after heroic struggles that I succeeded in assimilating myself, so to speak, to my own personal conception of the Shylock that I intended to represent."

No favorite ever had a greater following on account of individual talent and accomplishments than Miss May Hosmer, for many months prominently identified with the capable dramatic revivals at Hopkins' Chicago theater. Assuming, as she does, with grace and eminently satisfactory versatility, the difficult roles assigned to her as leading lady, she has achieved a reputation highly creditable. One of the most admirable and thorough interpretations seen in many seasons was Miss Hosmer's "Tribby" during the production of that great success by the Hopkins company last autumn. The comment she received from the different critics was highly flattering to her artistic ability.

There has been produced in Paris a piece called "Les Transatlantiques," in which fun is made of the kind of American women who are anxious to marry titles, even if they have to pay cash for them. A London newspaper correspondent says of it: "It is hardly to be expected that such a subject thus treated by a Frenchman will be wanting in portrayal of American bluntness and the general loudness associated by Europeans with the American. The author does not, indeed, spare the American in this comparative caricature, full both of malice and good humor; but the comparison made is not always to the advantage of the French. The play is a real play, it has a real charm, it is full of life, crowded with personages, well staged, and highly amusing."

# REVIVES OLD MURDER.

## REPORTER SEEKS TO FREE A LIFE PRISONER.

Joe Mauzy Arrested for a Killing Committed Nine Years Ago—Community Is Much Excited Over the New Turn of Affairs.



**J** O E M A U Z Y, son of an ex-sheriff of Macon county, Illinois, is locked up in the county jail at Decatur on the charge of having murdered Mat McKinley on the night of July 3, 1889. Ephraim Faunce is in the penitentiary and has been there nearly nine years for the same crime. Yet it is known that only one man committed the murder. It is believed that never before in the history of Illinois has a similar case occurred. Joe Mauzy's father was sheriff at the time Faunce was tried and sentenced to life imprisonment for the crime and Joe Mauzy himself was turnkey at the jail. Now Joe Mauzy will be brought to trial for the same crime and an application for a pardon for Faunce will wait on the outcome of the trial.

Public opinion in Decatur is almost unanimous that whether or not Mauzy is guilty Faunce should be released. From the day that he was found guilty many have believed that he was innocent and have wondered how any jury could send him to prison for life on the evidence against him. Even the prosecuting officers at the time expressed astonishment at the severity of the sentence. The evidence against him with the exception of that of one witness, whose character was called into question, was largely circumstantial. The severe sentence can only be accounted for by the fact that the defense made for him was handicapped for the want of means, his character had been bad, and there was nothing to enlist sympathy for him. The community was indignant over the murder, it wanted to see someone punished, and it looked as if Faunce might have had something to do with the crime. Since he has been in the penitentiary many stories about his case have been circulated. Soon after he was convicted it was reported that the revolver with which the murder was committed had turned out to be the revolver of Joe Mauzy, the son of the sheriff. Then it was said that witnesses had been found who said that they saw the murder and that Faunce did not commit it. It seemed, however, that no one cared to take up the case. Joe Mauzy, although known while a young man as a man of bad character, frequently in trouble, had never been openly charged with a serious crime, and he had influential connections, both socially and politically. Faunce, on the other hand, had no one who seemed anxious to help him except his mother. She was penniless. At different times she has tried to make application for a pardon, but could get little evidence and had no money with which to hire attorneys. About four years ago two Decatur attorneys on the importunities of his mother looked into the case, then took it up because they believed an innocent man was in prison. They got a good deal of evidence and procured letters from the officers connected with the court at the time of the trial. Before the matter was presented to the governor friends of Faunce who do not live in Decatur and who professed to have influential friends at Springfield took the papers and affidavits that had been prepared to Springfield, saying that they would have them presented to the governor with backing that would make a pardon certain. They were never presented. Many of



EPHRAIM FAUNCE.

the papers that had been prepared were lost. Thus the matter was dropped, although by this time hundreds of Decatur people had come to believe that an innocent man was in prison for life.

Three months ago Harry M. Wheeler, a reporter on a Decatur paper, decided that as no one else seemed likely to do anything for Faunce he would. He did this simply because he believed Faunce was innocent. Faunce had never been anything to him. He barely knew Faunce before the latter was sent to the penitentiary. Mr. Wheeler got some of the papers and letters that had been prepared when the first steps to getting a pardon were taken in 1894. He traced down the stories that persons had seen someone besides Faunce commit the murder. He wrote letters, interviewed attorneys, got affidavits, prepared the application for a pardon, got up a petition and put the case before the board of pardons. This all took a great deal of his time and his money, but he spent both freely, all without help from any-

one, because the friends of Faunce had neither money nor ability to help.

The application for a pardon was presented to the state on Thursday, Jan. 13, 1898. Then the case that had been made out in favor of Faunce was made public. The result was a demand for an investigation and a more pronounced expression of opinion by Decatur people that Faunce was innocent. Accompanying the application for pardon were affidavits showing that Mauzy and not Faunce committed the murder, a history of the case showing the character of the evidence against Faunce at the trial, letters from well-known citizens asking that Faunce be pardoned and a petition signed by 150 citizens declaring that they believed Faunce innocent and asking that he be released from prison. One of the affidavits was by Mrs. Rebecca Smith, who swore that she saw the murder committed and that she saw Faunce afterward and knows he did not shoot McKinley. She also swore that Mrs. Oliphant, the woman who at the trial swore that Faunce shot McKinley, was not present at all. Another affidavit was by Mrs. Alfred Showers, who at the time of the murder was thirteen years old. She said she was within less than half a block of the place of the murder when she heard a shot. She saw a man running from the place and saw him throw a revolver in the air. That man was Joe Mauzy. With two others who were with her she went home and told her mother what they had seen and the mother told them to keep still about it or they would be dragged into the case as witnesses. Laura Wisen, a sister of Mrs. Showers, who was with Mrs. Showers on the night of the murder, made affidavit



JOE MAUZY.

that the statement of Mrs. Showers was true and that it was not Faunce that they saw running from the place. There were other affidavits tending to show that Faunce was innocent and in which the name of Mauzy was mentioned, but some of these have already been opposed by statements tending to disprove them.

Among the letters was one from Judge Hughes, of Mattoon, who presided at the trial of Faunce. He said the evidence against Faunce was circumstantial, except that Mrs. Oliphant, a woman of bad repute, swore that she saw Faunce shoot McKinley. He said Faunce had a fair trial, was well defended and he could not say that there was more than a possibility of the innocence of Faunce.

State's Attorney Isaac R. Mills was not asked for a letter, but one that he wrote Faunce on Aug. 14, 1895, was presented. In it he said he had investigated rumors that Mauzy was the murderer and had always concluded that Mauzy was not, but that Faunce was. He said: "I have always been inclined to the opinion that it was his (Mauzy's) revolver with which the shot was fired, but I also am inclined to the belief that you had it—borrowed from him for use as a watchman." The state's attorney concludes: "There is a possibility of your innocence."

Two weeks after the evidence and letters were presented to the board of pardons, and before it had taken action the Macon county grand jury took up the investigation of the case and concluded by returning an indictment charging Joe Mauzy with the murder for which Faunce was serving a life sentence. Mauzy was arrested at his home on a farm near Oakland, Ill., and brought to Decatur and locked up in jail. He declares that he is innocent. State's Attorney Mills, who is state's attorney when Faunce was convicted, has asked that friends of Faunce appoint an attorney to assist in the prosecution of Mauzy. A letter has been received from President R. A. Lemon, of the state board of pardons, that the decision of the board on the application for Faunce's pardon has been deferred until the April meeting of the board. That will be after the trial of Mauzy, which is expected to come up soon.

Mat McKinley, for whose murder Faunce is in prison, was a young man of good character. The night of the murder he was going home. About a block from the courthouse he heard two women across the street cry out, as if for protection from a man who seemed to be following them. McKinley crossed over, told the man to desist from annoying the women, and was shot, dying instantly. One of the women was Mrs. Smith, who now says that the man who did the shooting was not Faunce. Faunce was arrested three hours later while playing pool in a saloon.

**The Sequel.**  
Customer—"I bought a plaster of you three weeks ago to help me get rid of the lumbago."  
Drug Clerk—"Yes, I remember it. Didn't it do the work?"  
Customer—"Oh, yes; but I want something now that will help me to get rid of the plaster."