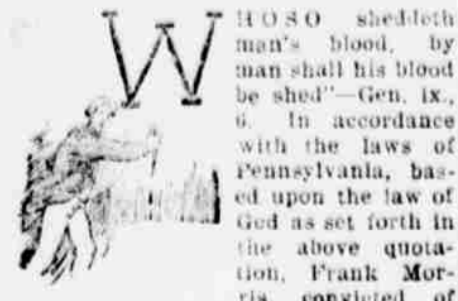


HANGED UNTIL DEAD.

FRANK MORRIS SUFFERS FOR HIS ATROCIOUS CRIME.

The Insanity Plea That Failed—Jolly Were the Convict's Last Days Spent—He Wanted to Assist in Erecting the Gallows.



W HOSO sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed"—Gen. ix., 6. In accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania, based upon the law of God as set forth in the above quotation, Frank Morris, convicted of the murder of old Bernard Loker, was executed at the Uniontown jail the other day.

The crime for which Morris hanged was committed in Bullskin Township, Fayette County, Pa., just two years ago. Young Morris was a frequent visitor at the home of Mr. Bernard Loker, an inoffensive old German, who came to the United States a few years ago, and settled near the home of the father of Frank Morris. The old man was industrious, and as an employe at the coal works he accumulated money enough to buy a little home. He made the purchase from the father of Morris, and when young Morris saw Mr. Loker pay the purchase money from his little store of hard earnings, he concluded that the old man had an unlimited amount of money, and he determined to rob him. He had been reading the low, criminal class of Jesse James literature, until his mind had become completely demoralized, and at nineteen, when he committed the murder, he was a hardened criminal. He told some of his companions that he would like to have "Boray" Loker's money, and that he intended to get two revolvers and make his living in that way. He cultivated the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Loker, and spent much time at their home. They treated him very kindly and welcomed him to their humble home. One day in September, 1894, he went to their house and carried with him a shotgun and a revolver. He found the old folks busy at work on a cellar wall under their house. He remained for some time talking to them, and when Mrs. Loker had gone out to get kindling wood he shot Bernard Loker. She heard the shots and returned in a few moments and asked what caused the shooting. He then shot her twice, the bullets entering her head and neck, as in her husband's case. After shooting and, as he supposed, killing them, he hunted for the money and in his search tore everything to pieces, but found only \$30 and some jewelry, all of which he took. She finally regained consciousness and crawled to the cellar, where she found her husband lying on the ground with a bullet hole in his head and the blood running out of the wound. She then crawled to the house of Abe Morris, a neighbor, and brother of the murderer, where she related what had occurred. Several persons went to the Loker house and found Mr. Loker dying. Mrs. Loker lay near death's door for a long time, but finally recovered, and her testimony was chiefly instrumental in Morris' conviction, and she was present at his execution.

Morris was tried at December court, 1894, before Judge Ewing, and was found guilty. His counsel took the plea of insanity, but it was established clearly that he was not insane, but that his greatest desire was to kill and rob people, and that his craving for crime was fed on dime novels and other low class, yellow-backed literature. His attorneys exhausted the technicalities of the law in behalf of their client, and finally carried it to the Board of Pardons, and a respite was granted until they could send an insanity expert to Uniontown. This was done, and his report was that Morris was sane and responsible for his act.

Morris spent his last days on earth in



FRANK MORRIS. Having a jolly time with his fellow-companions in the jail, and outwardly was the coolest man about the jail. He was anxious to see the scaffold erected, and offered to help put it up. The evening before his execution he asked to be allowed to see the scaffold, and Sheriff Chalfant allowed him to examine it. After doing so in a careful manner, he said: "Well, boys, it looks as if it is capable of doing the work." Then he asked the sheriff where the trigger was, and the sheriff showed him. He then remarked, "Well, I have had many troubles in my short life, but this will end them all to-morrow." There was no tremor about his voice. As he started for his cell again he added: "What other man could walk out this way and look at his own scaffold?" Then to a little boy who was present, he said: "When I see an innocent little boy like that it always reminds me when I was a boy, and of how much better it would have been for me if I died when I was of his age."

MORRIS SLEPT WELL THE NIGHT BEFORE HE WAS HANGED, AND DID NOT AWAKEN UNTIL 6 O'CLOCK.

Before going to bed he had a long talk with the watchman, and to him as well as the Rev. George Ganga were made a complete confession of his crime. He said he killed Loker for his money. He related how he had planned the murder, and how he had carried into effect his plans.

When Deputy Johns was about to draw the black cap over Morris' face he said he would like to speak. He then addressed himself to the sheriff and said: "I wish to thank you for your sympathy. I bid you all good-by. I know I am going to meet my God." The cap was then adjusted, and before the people knew what had been done Sheriff Chalfant had sprung the trap and the body of Frank Morris shot downward and his neck was broken.

The body of Morris was placed where it could be seen, and thousands looked upon the face of the man who had been rendered incapable of shedding more blood. About 300 people witnessed the execution.

The remains were taken to his old home in the evening, and were interred in the family graveyard by his friends. His father was with him to the last and admonished him to prepare to meet his God. The mother died several years ago, and Morris stated that he was glad that she did not live to see his awful fate.

DEATH TO BOTH.

A Kansas Romeo and Juliet End Poverty in the Way of Happiness.

The mystery of the National hotel tragedy, at Leavenworth, Kan., was cleared away a few days ago when relatives came there to care for the young girl in her dying moments, and to take



MARY BUSH. away the dead body of the man with whom she died. John Hartig, the dead man, was but 21 years old, the son of a farmer living at Connor Station. Mary Bush, about 19 years old, and quite pretty, is the daughter of a poor section hand, who works on the Missouri Pacific railroad at Pomeroy. The youth and maiden had met and loved, but when they proposed marriage the father of the girl objected. Young Hartig was without means. From developments it is evident that the young lovers had discussed their poverty, the parental opposition to the marriage, and what seemed to them their dark prospects until death seemed preferable to life. Their journey to Leavenworth, and the tragedy was the result.

MADE MONEY ON WOOD BLOCKS.

The United States signal service officers at Iona, Mich., captured Frank and George Kingston, counterfeiters. They captured the press, and they believe have made the most important arrest in years. Frank is 25 years old and George 30, the former being the artist who made the plate. They had \$7,250 in \$20 bills, all ready to float, and paper enough to make \$1,000,000 more. The plates from which the bills were printed are made of boxwood, and the bills are all treasury notes of the series of 1890, containing a medallion portrait of Alexander Hamilton, and so clever that none but an expert can detect them.

WICKED FATHER KILLS HIS WRONGED CHILD.

On Hanger's branch, 12 miles from Alderson, W. Va., William Robbins, the father of several grown children, shot and killed his 18-year-old daughter last week from ambush. It developed that she was envious and her father murdered her to conceal his crime. He was lodged in jail and a mob was organized to lynch him, but before they reached the jail he suicided by cutting his throat.

HORRIBLE MODE OF SUICIDE.

An unknown man with remarkable nerve ended his life at Jack's Run, near Pittsburg, the other day, by placing his neck on the railway track and calmly awaiting the approaching engine. "I do this to save others," was written on a slip of paper found in his pocket, but nothing was found indicating who the suicide might be.

TOURISTS NARROWLY ESCAPE.

Mount Hood, Ore., was in eruption a few days ago, and a party of mountain climbers narrowly escaped death in flying rocks and ashes.

An astonishing physiological phenomenon is just announced from Paris. It is that the size of the waists of all women of fashion has suddenly increased three or four inches. Cycling and tight lacing do not go well together.

Luminous inks may now be used to print signs to be visible in the dark. Zinc salts and calcium are the mediums generally used.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

SAVINGS AND DOINGS OF THE PLAYERFOLK.

Henry Irving's Revival of "Cymbeline"—Carleton's First Play—Pretty Anna Held—Sarah Bernhardt's New Play—Stage Whispers.



HENRY IRVING'S promised revival of "Cymbeline" call upon the fact that since Shakespeare's time there have been twenty-four productions of that play. Tom Dury's play, "The Injured Princess," based upon it and incorporating much of its language, was given at Drury Lane in 1892. The character of Imogen—perhaps the strongest and sweetest woman in Shakespeare—will be embodied in Ellen Terry. On the London stage Imogen was acted by Mrs. Bullock in 1729, Mrs. Temple in 1738, Mrs. Ciber in 1744, Mrs. Pritchard in 1746, Mrs. Vincent in 1759, Miss Bride in 1761, Mrs. Yates in 1767, Mrs. Barry in 1770, Mrs. Bulkeley in 1782, Miss Young in 1784, Dora Jordan in 1785, Sarah Siddons, greatest of all, in 1787; Mrs. Pope in 1809, Miss Smith in 1806, Mrs. Johnston in 1812, Miss Stephens in 1815, Mrs. West in 1823, Miss Foote in 1825, Miss Phillips in 1829, Helen Faucit in 1837, and in 1843 and 1864, and Miss Addison in 1847. Adelaide Neilson, who was distinguished in Imogen, first played it when she was in America, in 1876-77.

Carleton's First Play.

"Victor Durand was not my first play," relates Henry Guy Carleton in a Mirror interview. "The distinction of priority belongs to a play called 'The



ANNA HELD.

Age of Gold," which was written in San Francisco when I was 15 years old. I took it to John McCullough to read. He was then managing the California theater, and he treated me with charming courtesy, asking me to come back and see him two or three days later, which I did. He said he intended to criticize the play frankly, and told me, without beating around the bush, that "The Age of Gold" was unrepresentative, whereupon I remarked: "I suppose, Mr. McCullough, it needs the blue pencil." "The blue pencil?" queried McCullough. Then, laying his hand kindly upon my shoulder: "My boy, it needs a club!" He added, however, that the play showed that I had obvious dramatic instinct and he hoped I would cultivate it by studying the action of plays and their construction.

Sarah Bernhardt's New Play.

In spite of her starring tour and all her other pressing engagements, Sarah Bernhardt has found the time to write a play, making good use of hints given her by Sardou, to whom she showed her first draft of the plot. She is very much perplexed just now where and how she will be able to present it to the public, for the principal part is, of course, written to suit herself. But, according to the by-laws of the Society of Dramatic Authors, of which she is a member, she cannot perform her own play in a theater of which she is the proprietor and manager.

Stage Whispers.

Nat Goodwin will return from Australia in December. Frank Daniels will not produce a new opera for some time.

Olga Nethersole opens her next American tour in Brooklyn. Cecil Raleigh is doing a new piece, called "The Belle of Cairo," for May Yohe.

Wagner is to be made again the chief attraction of the London opera season next spring.

VIOLET VANBRUGH.

contrasted with Modjeska in "Donna Diana," with Ada Rehan, Mme. Rejane, Aimee and Duse, as Cyprienne in "Divorcees," her latest London success, besides bringing us at least four new parts, among them Kitty Clive, actress, in a one act play, the heroine of "M. de Paris" in another one act play, the title role in "The Child Widow," Miss Grantham in "The Liar," and several new roles that she has not yet done in London.

Pretty Anna Held.

Anna Held, who is now in New York, is an English girl with a Paris reputation made at the Folies-Bergeres and the Eldorado, where she was so great a favorite that M. Marchand has engaged her for La Scala, the smart Paris concert hall, for exhibition year, 1900. Miss Held has repeated her Paris success this summer at the Palace Music-hall, London, where her triumph inspired her American engagement. One must wonder if it can come to pass, with music halls in New York offering \$2,000 bonus for her American debut in such worn-out farces, comedy as "The Parlor Match."

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Lillian Russell's Fad.

"My fad is slippers," says Lillian Russell; "slippers of all sizes, of all countries, of all ages, and no two alike. I have been collecting them since I was 14. That was several years ago, at least. I have ninety-two different kinds of slippers, and some of them are rather famous. Nell Gwynne's slipper, for instance. I have a Greek sandal that is several years older than Christianity. It has a tomb-like odor, but outside of this detail it is all right. I also have an old Roman slipper, which is worked in bright colors, with lots of gold and pearls."

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

The tragedy of Macbeth was the occasion of one of those unlucky occurrences which, as every playgoer knows, must and will occasionally happen, but which are generally more appreciated by the onlookers than those immediately concerned. A well-known actor was starring in the English provinces when, one evening, the man cast for the first murderer was suddenly taken ill. The resources of the company were very limited, and there was nothing left for it but to put a super into his place. "Keep close to the wings," the prompter said; "I will read the words to you, and you can repeat them after me." Such circumstances as these would very naturally have made considerable demands on the tact and courage of a

SAVED IN A TRANCE.

DRESSING THE WOUNDS OF A CUBAN INSURGENT.

Not a Pain Felt by the Patient While the Doctor Clipped and Sewed the Quivering Flesh—Over Forty Subjects Were Taken.



THE use of hypnotism instead of an anesthetic in certain surgical operations has lately been the subject of a considerable discussion among the higher authorities of the medical profession. A very remarkable case is that one which recently happened in one of the insurgent camps in Cuba. It was at Nojaza when such an operation was performed on a sub-lieutenant, who understood English perfectly, and who was brought in with a machete wound to the advance guard. The slash which the officer had received cleft the right thigh and continued down, exposing the bones of the knee joint and laying open the calf below. The wound was filled with clotted blood, stifling the flow of blood, but every writhing or twisting of the sufferer dislodged the clots and started the bleeding afresh. He lay in a canvas hammock, pale and exhausted. His wounded limb, from which the trousers had been cut, protruded crosswise over the canvas. He groaned and cried for assistance when the surgeon arrived. The implements for a surgical operation were exceedingly scant. Some water was boiling in a cracked old iron kettle. Into it were dropped the only instruments at hand, a knife, a needle, a needle forceps and an artery forceps, with a spoon of surgeon's silk. An asseptic of mercury tablets dissolved in water was prepared in two little dried gourds. The surgeon now began to wash the wound with a piece of cotton netting, sterilized from germs by boiling. The suffering of the man was intense. He writhed and twisted so much that the flow of blood increased. Operation was impossible without depriving him of consciousness. In this dilemma, the physician, although not a hypnotist, determined upon an experiment. And now began an exhibition of hypnotism, which would have put Sventall in the shade. Drawing from his pocket a small gold coin and leaning far over the patient, he held it before his eyes, saying in a clear, low, earnest voice: "Look directly at this. I want you to think of nothing else but this coin." Still holding the coin, he passed his right hand over the pale brow, stroking it softly. "I am taking the sensation from your forehead. It is numb. You do not feel anything now. Why! you are very sleepy, are you not? You are growing sleepy. Breathe deep. Sleep!"

Intense became the surgeon's look. For a moment he neither moved nor spoke, intently hanging over his patient with the golden coin. "Breathe deeply," he continued. The man's eyes had a vacant stare, but he breathed as commanded. "Breathe! You are breathing for the whole universe! Breathe! I am going to close your eyes now, so that you cannot open them. You cannot open them."

He now closed the patient's eyelids with the palm of his cool hand, and the man remained as if in a deep trance. Motionless and calm. Hurriedly slipping the coin into his pocket, and still looking intently on the man before him, the surgeon said in a sharp tone: "I have taken all sensation from your forehead. It is numb. You do not feel anything now. I am going to make your arm rigid." Hereupon he struck the patient's elbow with his hand, and stroked his arm. "It is rigid. You cannot bend it now."

What was the wonder of the spectators when the man's bare arm became absolutely rigid, and his muscles stood out. "That will do," said the doctor. "Let it drop." And the arm dropped. He was an absolute victim of hypnotic influence.

"Your leg is dead," continued the hypnotist. "There is no feeling in it. It is a piece of wood—a log. You have no sensation there." Now the patient was ready for the surgical operation. The doctor picked out a needle from the pot of boiling water with the needle forceps and with deftness and agility bred of practice began to sew up the gash in the leg, from the bottom upward, with quick, regular movements, toward the joint.

The patient lay comfortably without suggestion of pain or even discomfort. In a short while forty stitches had been made and small skeins of silk were left at intervals in the gash, to answer the purpose of drainage pipes. The wound was sprinkled with powdered iodoform and the patient's body well washed with the aseptic mercurial solution.

When the operation was over the surgeon passed his hand over the man's brow and shook him slightly by the shoulder.

"You are safe now," he said. "You are perfectly well."

Slowly the man opened his eyes, glanced about him and tried to rise from his hammock, but fell back with a look of mild surprise.

He described his sensation as he grew into the comatose condition, that the coin placed above his eyes had grown bigger and bigger until it formed itself into a golden palace in a great, cool, blue ocean that washed above and below it, and then he had fallen asleep.

This is the only known instance that hypnotism has been attempted in an insurgent camp. The operation was a remarkable success.

TRAPPING PARK DEER.

Three of the Great Hill Deer Will Be Captured and Sold.

Capt. Cassell, chief warden of Drum Hill park, says that Mr. F. H. Rosling of Trenton, N. J., who a few days ago wrote that he wished to purchase three deer for the park at that place, will have to wait until there is a snow-fall in Baltimore which will cover the ground, as the deer at that season cannot be captured except when there is snow enough to hide the grass and moss they usually feed upon, says the Baltimore Sun. At other times their hunger does not compel them to seek the bait in the traps.

Whenever deer are to be captured the traps are erected just after a snow-fall. A pen of boards is built twelve feet high, back of which there is a door leading to a small hut. The pen must be at least twelve feet high, as deer at the park have been known, Capt. Cassell says, to jump a ten-foot fence. On the floor of the hut corn is spread, and amid the corn are arranged triggers which, as soon as touched, cause the door to fall and the hungry animal shuts itself in captivity. In this way as many as seven deer have been caught in one pen in a single night, that many getting into the hut before any of them happened to touch a trigger. The pen is used to attract deer, as they might be afraid to enter a hut. "There is no use trying to catch them except when it snows," said Capt. Cassell yesterday. "For several days we have had a peek or so of corn dumped here and there to see if they would come up and eat it, but they will not go near it when they can get grass. Mr. Rosling wants two does and a buck, but he cannot have a buck as we cannot spare one. There are now in the park but three bucks left, which means three over a fifteen months old. There are some younger ones, but the great majority of the deer are does. Every autumn we shoot a number of the horned bucks to keep them from mutilating the young trees with their horns. Last fall we shot twenty. There is one which was spared for several years and he has now a beautiful set of branching antlers, adding a branch every year. In the park at present there are 135 deer. They are in separate herds in different parts of the park, from twenty-five to thirty usually going in a herd."

THERE ARE MANY O'BRIENS.

But the Particular One Wanted Now is a Policeman.

An old man, travel-stained and weary, wandered into Essex Market court this morning and stood patiently waiting for some one to speak to him, says the New York Mail and Express.

He was finally arrested by Roundsmen O'Brien, who asked him his business.

"O'Brien came all the way from the old country looking for me," said the old man.

"O'Brien 89," he continued, "and me boy run away from home twenty year ago. Me name is O'Brien, an' me son is a policeman. Do you know any O'Briens that are on th' force?"

"Yes," assented the roundsman, "my name is Tom O'Brien."

"How long have ye been a policeman?" asked the old man, excitedly.

"Twenty years," said the roundsman.

"Hurray," howled the old man, "ye're me lad fer sure." And he grabbed O'Brien around the neck and kissed him ecstatically.

"I'm not your son," said the roundsman, blushing furiously, "my father is still living with me. I was born right here in New York."

"Be they any other O'Briens that is policemen?"

"About 100."

"Glory be to God! But how'll O'Brien find me son?"

The old man was directed to go to police headquarters, and he left court with the announcement:

"O'Brien found that lad if it takes twenty years. O'Brien want to see me boy."

Over 1,000 Descendants.

A half-breed Indian who comes across the Canadian border with snowshoes, moccasins and baskets to sell may be seen almost any day about the streets of Saranac Lake. He occasionally makes excursions to this city. His name is Macomber, his father having been a Frenchman. The tribe to which he belongs has a reservation twelve miles square. The tribe is descended from the Five Nations. The reservation is known as Caughnawaga. Macomber's grandfather died last week, aged 102, and leaving considerable wealth. He had been married three times, the first two wives being dead. His first wife bore him six children, the second fifteen and the third the same number. His grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren number over 1,000. Of the thirty-six children twenty-eight are living, as are most of the grandchildren, great-grandchildren and the great-great-grandchildren.

The tribe claims a portion of Vermont territory known as the Missisquoi valley. Chiefs and great men of the tribes of the Five Nations have appeared before every session of the legislature for upward of half a century demanding remuneration.—New York Times.

Cyclists and Carrier Pigeons.

Experiments with cyclists and carrier pigeons for transmitting messages are being made by the Gymnastic Society of Rome, in the interest of the Italian army. The rider carries a small cage attached to his machine, in which are several well-trained pigeons. When important observations have been taken and jotted down they are placed in envelopes and affixed to the birds, which are liberated.