

RELIGIOUS FERVOR.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS A GOOD THING FOR CHILDREN.

And She Ended Her Life that She Might Dwell Amid the Happy Surroundings of Paradise. A Sad Case Reported from Georgia.



ALTHOUGH the suicide of little Annie Rutledge Christian Rutledge occurred several days ago, the wonderful and piteous which the bare recital of the fact created have steadily increased as the circumstances leading up to the event have become known. It is about three hours' ride from Columbus, Georgia, out to the little town of Crawford, where Annie lived. Yet residents of Columbus, and visiting strangers as well, continue to go over the rough country road nearly every day to learn at first hand the touching facts of Annie's gentle little life and pathetic death, and to visit the grave in the Oak Grove churchyard in which she is having the childishly longed-for "sleep" which led her to the dreadful act that has well-nigh broken her parents' hearts. Imagine a little, light-complexioned country girl, barely turned thirteen years of age, with her light hair hanging in two braids down her back, and with a face from which the baby look had not yet departed, the pet of her father, a well-to-do farmer and justice of the peace, and equally beloved by her mother, happy in her home, bright and vivacious in her disposition—imagine a little creature such as this looking a smiling good-by forever into her mother's face and then going and tying a thin cord around her neck and hanging herself to a bedpost!

They had been together in the farmhouse sitting-room, the mother and the little child, for some hours before the tragedy. Mrs. Rutledge was in her favorite rocking-chair sewing, while Annie sat on a low stool at her feet reading a Sunday-school book—"Asleep in Jesus," by B. C. Crawford, which she had read and reread until she knew it almost by heart. Suddenly she laid the book down and, leaning her arms on her mother's lap, looked up at her with a strange, smiling earnestness in her baby face and began to sing. It was the hymn she loved best of all, "Asleep in Jesus" the book, and "Asleep in Jesus" the hymn, seemed to have completely overmastered her fervid religious nature. She sang the hymn entirely through from the first verse to the last, with the queer, half-smiling look into her mother's face all the while and her little childish voice ringing out with unwonted clearness.

Mrs. Rutledge rose to go out of the room as the little girl's voice died away with the last lines of the hymn.

"Mamma," called Annie, as Mrs. Rutledge reached the door.

"Yes, dear," she replied, turning suddenly around at something she fancied sounded like a strange note in the little voice.

"Nothing, mamma, only won't you please shut the door tight?" There was a bright smile on the child's face as she made this, her last request, and the fond mother went her way with the echoes of the childish voice singing "Asleep in Jesus" still ringing in her ears. Half an hour later she returned, and there was the horrible tragedy before her, and the mystery of the queer earnestness in her voice and eyes which had half troubled her so short a time ago was revealed now when the eyes were closed and the voice hushed forever.

A year ago there was a revival meeting in the Oak Grove church, near the Rutledge home. It was conducted with all the Southern camp-meeting fervor, and little Annie, then only twelve years of age, was much impressed and wrought up by what she heard and saw there. From that day until the fatal climax her religious zeal never



ANNIE RUTLEDGE. Gagged. Her mind ran to nothing else. Religious books were her only reading and the singing of hymns her only happiness. Her kindled imagination would not let her await the promised reward. To her childish mind it was a tangible reality within her reach, and she would have it now.

Lovers Elope to Milwaukee.

Miss Della West, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. West, and W. W. Witty, a young attorney of Chicago, eloped to Milwaukee the other day, and their friends say they have been married. The young couple met two years ago at a charity ball, and have been trying to get married ever since. Miss West's parents, who are wealthy, objected to Mr. Witty on account of the alleged smallness of his bank deposits. John F. Waters, also an attorney, is said to have played the part of Cupid in helping the lovers dodge the vigilance of the young woman's parents.

To date the government has paid nearly \$3,000,000 in premiums for speed made by war vessels, in excess of the contract requirements.

BURIED ALIVE BY 'WHITE CAPS'

Brutal Treatment of a Farmer Near Toledo, Ohio.

The "white caps" have shown their brutal instincts in Lucas county by taking a respectable and well-to-do farmer named Huntsman, who lives at Holland, ten miles from Toledo, and burying him alive. The outrage was committed Sept. 9. The family was afraid to notify the authorities, but neighbors learned of the facts and informed the police. The facts, as reported to the police, are that two of the Huntsman children, coming from the postoffice, were picked up on the road by two men in a buggy and accused of stealing a pocketbook containing \$50. The children denied the accusation, and after driving them to the Huntsman farm the strangers let the little ones go. A party of men went to the Huntsman house the next night, and, calling Mr. Huntsman out of bed, seized and dragged him outside and beat and abused him in a frightful manner. Then they carried him to a grave, and putting him in it, covered him up. After awhile they dug him up, beat and abused him a second time, and finally buried him again. Then they dug him up again and repeated the lashing and then drove away, warning him to quit the county within twelve hours under penalty of death. The two children were also lashed. For several days the family remained in the woods, not daring to re-enter their home. Such an outrage would be impossible even in Russia.

KILLED HIS ERRING WIFE.

Their Children Saw the Tragedy—Suicide Followed.

Some weeks ago the wife of S. J. Fowler, an Oklahoma ranchman eloped with James Russell and went to St. Joseph, Mo. Fowler came in search of them, and last week found his wife in a boarding-house in Sixth street. She



S. J. FOWLER.

went with him to the street to see their two boys—nine and eleven years old—in a covered wagon, in which they had come from home. As they stood in sight of their children, Fowler shot his wife, killing her instantly, and then fired a bullet into his own brain, through the temple. He died an hour later at the police station. The woman was young and handsome. Fowler is said to be the owner of a large ranch in Oklahoma and an extensive dealer in live stock. He had followed his wife and Russell all the way from Oklahoma. He found them first in Kansas City, and had Russell arrested there. Mrs. Fowler escaped and came to St. Joseph. The children who witnessed the tragedy, said Fowler asked his wife to return home with him, and when she refused he shot her and then himself.

Killed by Castor Beans.

Early last spring Mrs. Louisa Troutwein, the wife of a butcher, of Williamsburg, N. Y., received a castor bean plant, which she put into a garden back of her house. Her domestic servant, Elsie Haller, 25 years old, watched the plant grow. About three weeks ago the bean pods began to ripen. Mrs. Troutwein warned Miss Haller against picking any of the beans. The other morning the servant was taken ill, and she admitted that for more than ten days she had picked and eaten some of the beans, and that on the day before she ate more than a dozen.

Mrs. Troutwein sent for a doctor, but when he arrived the servant was dead. Coroner Nason ordered Dr. J. F. Valentine to perform an autopsy. The result showed that the woman's death was due to inflammation, superinduced by the excessive use of castor beans.

Burglars Break Into Society.

Young society people returning from a ball at Black River Falls, Wis., the other morning effected the capture of two burglars. The thieves were looting the store of E. L. Chapman at Alma Center. The young people noticed the light and investigated. While the young men guarded the store their fair companions went from house to house and organized a posse. Just as the store was surrounded the robbers came out and were met by excited villagers, scantily clad and armed with clubs, revolvers and pitchforks. A battle ensued at once, the young women taking refuge under a flight of stairs. Two of the robbers were taken, one being knocked senseless with a club and the other receiving two bullets.

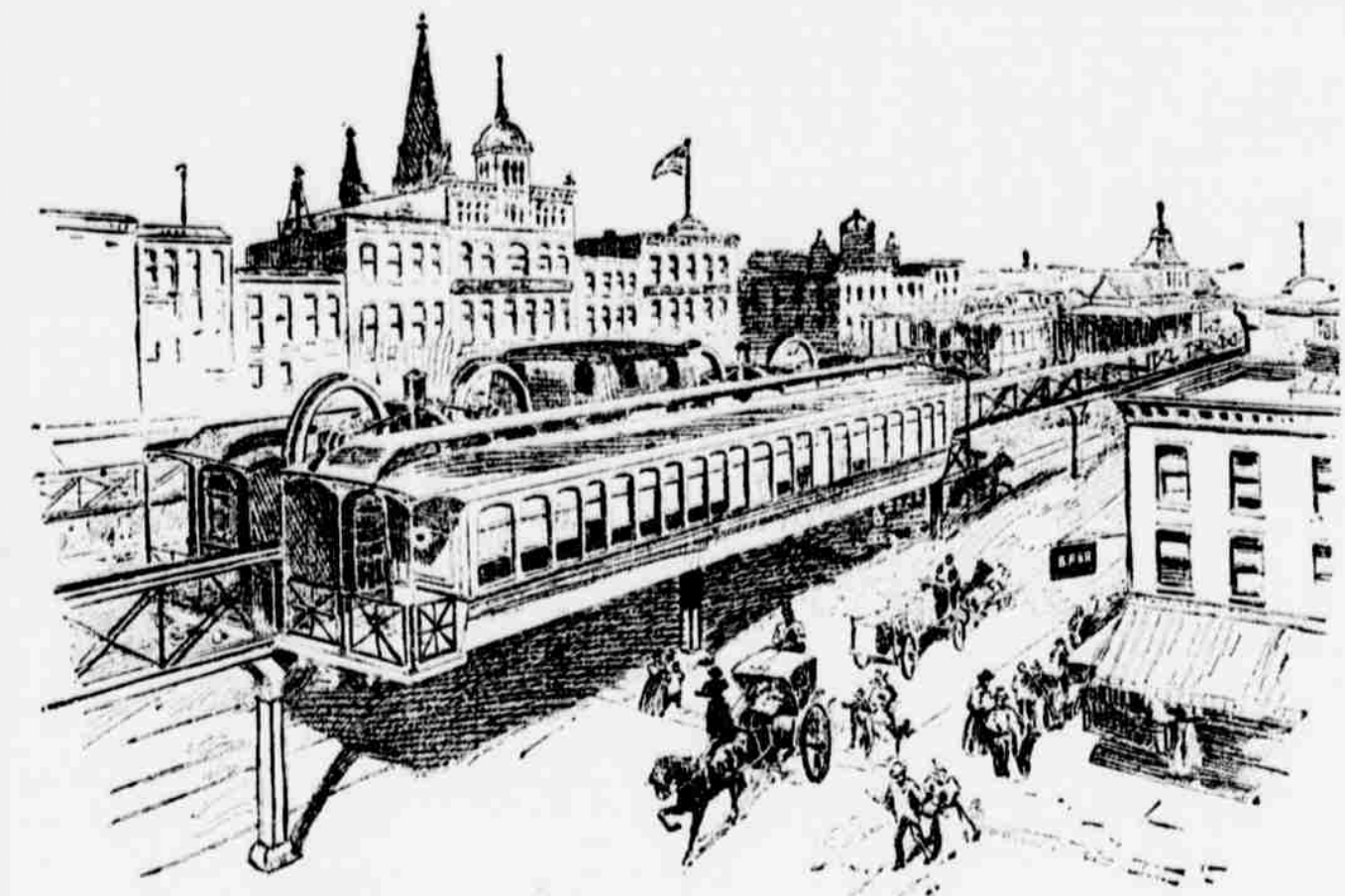
Aged Man Killed.

The West-bound Lake Shore fast mail train struck and instantly killed James Kramer of Chicago near Laporte, Ind., the other night. Kramer was about 85 years old, and had been confined in the asylum at Dunning, Ill. A letter was found on his person addressed to Josephine Kramer, who is supposed to be his wife.

Muncie, Ind., young women have cold feet club whose newest and most popular amusement is a "corn roast," at which the chilly members are warmed around a fire.

A ONE-RAIL RAPID TRANSIT ROAD.

A railroad system that on a single rail with single cars, combining engine, passenger coach and baggage carrier, will travel with the swiftness of the wind, is the curious invention of a man in Wyoming. It is no mere theory planned on paper simply to create wonder and be of no practical use. William T. Shaffer has patented his idea and has a model road in full working order near his home. This very unique railway is designed to carry passengers, mail and express matter between populous points, particularly in crowded cities, taking the place of the present elevated railroad and attaining a speed heretofore unequalled by any railway train.



The car is used on a single rail, elevated upon posts, which are connected near their tops by beams, or stringers, and are braced with truss rods. On each side of this row of posts is placed a guide rail, the bearing surface of which is placed at right angles with the face of the top rail. For passengers the car has one row of double seats next to the windows, and the aisle, or passageway, is next to the inner wall. The car is practically two cars, one of which travels on either side of the rail. They are joined by a bridge, or cupola, at the center. The trucks, with two wheels each, are placed one before the other behind the bridge. These main carry-

WHY IT DIDN'T OCGUR.

The Bride Not a Citizen and So No License Could Be Had.

Franklin M. Edinger, a 23-year-old 114 1/2 street, southwest, was headed straight for the realms of matrimonial bliss one day recently and making record time until he reached the city hall and applied for a license, says the Washington Post. There he took a sudden header into an abyss of despair and 18-year-old Lena Jobst was shedding tears that night. These young people had talked the matter over and arranged for a quiet little wedding, to which their friends were to be invited. The prospective bridegroom's face wore a radiant smile as he bounded into a clerk's office. It was all right—he was 28 and Lena was 18; he was quite sure she was 18 and would be 19 in December. He was a citizen of the United States, he told the clerk, and they the clerk said:

"Is Lena a citizen, too?"

That struck the applicant as rather a good joke, and he laughed and said he would tell Lena when he went home, but the clerk finally convinced Franklin that he was thoroughly in earnest; that it was necessary to swear Lena was a citizen. Well, the man who was trying to become a benedict said he did not know. Lena had been brought to the United States by her parents when she was 2 years old. Was her father naturalized? Didn't know that, either; the father was dead and they could not ask him.

"Well, that settles it," the clerk observed. "I am afraid we can do nothing for you. The law, enacted by the last congress, says:

"No license for any marriage shall hereafter be issued to which any citizen of a foreign country shall be a party until a minister or a consul representing such foreign country in the United States shall certify that the conditions to the validity of the marriage laws of such country shall have been complied with."

And that is why a certain wedding announced to take place in South Washington society has been declared off. It would, no doubt, puzzle a foreign minister or a consul to find out whether Lena Jobst complied fully with all the marriage laws of Germany and lived up to them strictly to the time she was 2 years old, so there is really nothing left for this couple to do but get married somewhere else. It was some time before the clerk could make Franklin believe that the law could in any way prevent his marrying Lena, but when he thoroughly grasped the situation he expressed an opinion of the whole law-making power in language almost strong enough to change the marriage regulations without the intervention of congress.

A Kitchen Telephone Service. A novelty in the extension of the

telephone, introduced in San Francisco, may be called a kitchen telephone service. For fifty cents per month the local company will supply an instrument by which orders may be given to the butcher, grocer or other tradesman, but through which no return answer can be received. A further concession is to allow communication with one other subscriber, but any other communication must be at the rate of five cents per call. The limit upon the service makes it improbable that any more than two calls a day will be made, and these can be provided at the low rate. It is inferred that the service is introduced for the purpose of educating the householder as to the advantage and convenience of the telephone, with the expectation that the trial will lead to a demand for the unlimited service at the higher rate.—Boston Transcript.

Two Novel Parachutes.

An Italian aeronaut, named Capazza, has invented two balloon attachments, which are said to have fully realized the expectations formed of them. The one is an enormous parachute stretched over a balloon, and the other a folded, inverted parachute, which immediately acts as a huge air brake and effectually retards progress. On the other hand should the air vessel explode through expansion, fire or any other cause, the top parachute comes into action and a descent may be made without the slightest inconvenience.

A Weeping Tree.

The weeping tree of the Canary islands is one of the wonders of plant life. It is of the laurel family, and rains down a copious shower of water drops from its tufted foliage. This water is often collected at the foot of the tree and forms a kind of pond, from which the inhabitants of the neighborhood can supply themselves with a beverage that is absolutely fresh and pure. The water comes out of the tree itself through innumerable little pores situated at the margin of the leaves. It issues from the plant as vapor during the daytime when the heat is sufficiently great to preserve it in that condition, but in the evening, when the temperature has lowered very much, a considerable quantity of it is exuded in the form of liquid drops that collect near the edges of the leaves until these members so bend down under their increasing weight as to pass, for them, the limit of the angle of repose, when the tears tumble off on the ground below in a veritable shower.—London Mail.

A New Telephone.

Edison's new telephone, a sample of which he had given to Li Hung Chang, does away with the receiver, and permits a business man to carry on a conversation at a distance of a few feet from the instrument, which is placed against the wall of a room, without leaving his desk or touching the instrument, which works automatically. Leading electricians claim that the new vacuum tube light will be three times as brilliant as the present light and its cost only one-third as much.

DINNER CARDS.

How to Make the Bits of Pasteboard Provoke Merriment.

These dainty bits of pasteboard can be charmingly quaint and original, or else (as we often see) absolutely without ornamentation, or what is worse, decorated in the poorest manner, says the Philadelphia Press. There is no reason why the ingenuity and art expended on all the other details of the table should not be extended to these cards. Many a time one sees a little scene or flower in water-colors which has all the appearance of being cribbed from a Christmas card. Pen-and-ink sketches are seldom noticed and yet there one has scope for originality. Some little bit taken from a funny paper, or, if clever enough, out of one's own head, has all the attraction of novelty. Cupids, flowers, love letters and slippers for women; pipes, horses and dogs for the men. A clever idea is to sketch in fanciful letters the words: "Who the (then draw a devil) sits here?" If the hostess desires to touch up the little vanities and weaknesses for her guests here is her opportunity. Upon the author's card may be drawn a figure writing in the book of fame; for the musician, a muse playing on the lyre; for the man who talks too much, a parrot, shrieking: "Words! Words! Words!" and for the college girl, Cupid, in cap and gown, etc. Another source of comfort to be derived from the artistic cards would be the final death of that most awkward pause when the women are removing their gloves and the weather and the opera have not yet become the subjects of disinterested conversation. With these merry bits of pasteboard at each plate an occasion for laughter and jest would be given.

A Tree with a Story.

A Narridgewock (Me.) farmer entertained 100 friends the other day, the table for the collation being set under a willow tree which has an interesting story. The day after President Lincoln was assassinated the farmer chanced to be three miles from home, and, to assist him in his walk across lots, cut a willow limb, which he used for a cane. As he climbed the fence into his yard he stuck the "cane" into the ground, top end down. It took root and grew, as willows often do, and today is a large tree, covering a space fifty-two feet in diameter.—New York Tribune.

Nansen Not Divorced.

Mr. H. Werner writes as follows to the London Spectator: "Allow me through the medium of your esteemed paper to contradict the statement made by the Paris correspondent of the Daily Mail about Dr. Nansen's remarriage. I know for certain that Dr. Nansen, before starting on his polar expedition, did not obtain a legal separation from his wife in order to permit her to marry again in the event of his disappearance or death, without being put to the trouble of proving his decease."

All the Comforts of Home.

A Parisian lawyer has ordered one of the makers of horseless vehicles a conveyance to contain a dining room, two bedrooms, dressing room and kitchen. The cost is over \$500, and the owner's intention is to make excursions through all the most picturesque parts of France.—Evansville

WILL PROVE DESTRUCTIVE.

Aerial Gun Designed to Drop Shells from Side of a Fort or an Enemy's Vessel.

Experiments are now being tried with a view of combining torpedo boats and aerial machines in hostile operations against ships or forts. A boat has been designed to dive under water and fire a torpedo into a battleship hull. The proposed aerial gun will send a shell of explosives through the air and drop it on an enemy's deck or into a fort. If the combination of these two machines should prove successful, the craft will be the most wonderful engine of destruction in modern warfare. The aerial gun is to be placed in the bow and to be operated as follows: The boat, for instance, is moving along the surface at a fifteen-knot speed. At the word of command her petroleum fires are put out, the electric engine started, the smokestack and air-shaft drawn inside the vessel and covered over. She is made to sink by admitting water to her tanks. At the same moment two horizontal rudders at the stern, and inclined upward, cause the eighty-foot steel cigar-shaped craft to dive like a porpoise. She runs, ordinarily, either three or thirty feet under the surface, but she is built to stand the pressure of a depth of seventy feet. She has a constant tendency to rise, but is kept below by the horizontal rudders on her stern. Should she accidentally sink, there are automatic arrangements, governed by the outside water pressure that empty the water tanks and compel the vessel to rise to the surface. The effect of the fire of this machine is the more appalling because it can be delivered without giving the slightest sign to the enemy. When approaching an enemy the vessel rises to within three feet of the surface, and a revolving looking-glass is raised above the water. This reflects down into the boat through a tube all the surroundings. When the range of a hostile fort is obtained the bow of the boat is allowed to come on a level with the surface of the water, barely exposing the mouth of the aerial gun. The body of the gun is inside the boat. The pneumatic pressure sends a load of destruction into the air and down into the fort. The boat drops back into the depths of the sea, and the enemy cannot tell whence the shot comes. There is no smoke; nothing in sight but a few ripples on the water.—Striburg Dispatch.

Pay in Full.

Ram's Horn: There is a great deal of honest wisdom and helpful suggestion in the following from the Itzehoe Telescope: Brother, how about that preacher of ours? The year is almost up; he has tolled and preached faithfully; his salary is small enough, goodness knows, and even of that I am told there are \$27 unpaid. Now, how about that? Are we going to let him go off to conference, losing that much of his salary, every cent of which he and his family so badly need? Are we? If we do it, it seems to me that the Lord will trouble us; for he tells us plainly, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." I am free to admit that times are hard, and money scarce; but that only makes him need the \$27 that much more. Why, if a man were to sneak into my house tonight and steal the \$20 that I have laid up to pay my taxes, I would feel that I was almost bankrupt; and yet I am sure that I could stand that loss a good deal easier than our preacher can go to conference without the remainder of his salary. Then, too, we can raise it for him if we will. Come, take hold with me. I will give a dollar, you give a dollar, and then let us go around and see the brethren, talk to them as I have talked to you, and I know we can raise it. Will you? Better! Good for you. Oh, how much better we can sleep when our preacher goes off to conference happy because his salary is paid up in full!

To Make Darioles.

Savory darioles are suitable either for luncheon or supper and may be made with boiled or roast beef, veal or chicken. Mince the meat, season it with salt, pepper and a little nutmeg; add a small quantity of grated ham (spiced ham will answer the purpose) and a few shreds of red pickled cabbage chopped up and moistened sufficiently to form into a paste with some liquid apicadely. Fill some individual molds with the mixture, and when set turn out and place each on a rather thick slice of tomato; serve around a pile of finely shredded lettuce dressed with mayonnaise. Almost any kind of flaky fish can be used in the same way for filling darioles molds, but when this is done a hard boiled egg should be added in place of the ham and the aspic should be whisked until frothy with a small quantity of mayonnaise, before being mixed with the fish.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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