

OLD CRIME RECALLED

KILLING OF MARY SCHADER AT HODGENVILLE IN 1859.

BLOOD STAINS 40 YEARS OLD ON A CABIN'S WALL.

A Pretty Young Woman Brutally Murdered by a Negro Hired to Do the Atrocious Deed—Heirs suing for the Property.



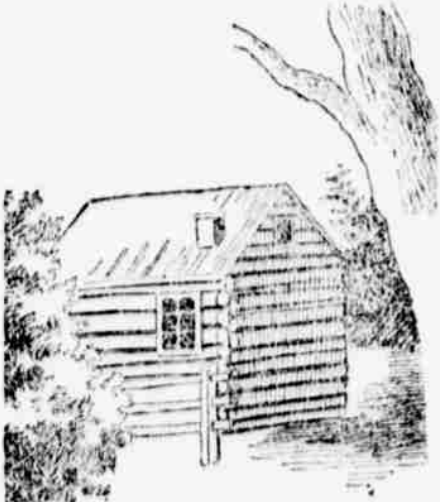
SUIT is now pending in the Circuit court at Hodgenville, Ky., that will excite a great deal of interest. The litigants are Messrs. Warner and William Wright of Indiana, and the heirs of Ben Pickercell. The former are suing for a piece of land lying in the "Level Woods" in Larnie county, upon which is situated a dilapidated log cabin, the blood-stained walls of which, were gilded with the power of speech, could tell of a midnight assassination, the atrocity of which stands almost without an equal in the annals of crime.

A short time before the outbreak of the Civil war, there lived at one of the little towns adjacent to Hodgenville, a lovely girl, just budding into womanhood, named Mary Schader. Her father was a German grocer. In the same square with the Schaders lived Dr. Alfred Hines, a physician of note, and a man who stood high with all classes of the community. He was advanced in years, quite wealthy, and the father of a large and interesting family. He was the Schaders' family physician, and an intimacy sprung up between him and Mary. When the truth was discovered her father arranged with Ben Pickercell and wife of Larnie county, to take the girl and care for her until she recovered from her approaching illness. They were to receive sufficient remuneration for their trouble, and Hines, it is said, footed the bill.

The "Level Woods" is about eight miles from Hodgenville, and is an almost unbroken forest. It is hard to imagine a more forbidding and desolate place. In the heart of this dreary wilderness was the home of Ben Pickercell. Here Mary Schader was taken, and, after a few months a boy was born.

Old Pickercell was rather well-to-do, owning a large farm and a number of slaves. His family consisted of his wife and several children, among whom was a grown son.

After Mary Schader recovered, she decided to remain with the Pickercells in the capacity of a servant, and she and her child were installed in a log cabin some distance from the family residence. Her baby thrived and grew to be a fine healthy boy, and Mary herself was more charming and prettier than ever. She was quiet and unobtrusive and made friends readily, and she and her baby became favorites of almost the entire neighborhood. There was one who was particularly attentive to Mary. This was Pickercell's son, a handsome young fellow, just arrived at manhood's estate. That Mary reciprocated his tender feelings was evident to all; but this attachment was looked upon with great disfavor by the young man's mother. Love recognizes no discipline, however, and the old lady's opposition only increased the affection between the couple. In the meantime Mary Schader had made it known that she intended to institute suit against Doctor Hines, and that gentleman was greatly worried about it. Thus Miss Schader's existence had become exceedingly obnoxious to two persons. Mrs. Pickercell had repeatedly urged her son to cease his attentions to the "wanton," as she styled her, and had also spoken to Mary about the matter in no mild terms, but the lovers persisted in their determination to marry. After a time Mrs. Pickercell



THE OLD CABIN.

appeared to submit to the inevitable, and withdrew her opposition, only asking that the wedding be postponed for a time, to which the couple willingly acquiesced.

Early one morning, in the latter part of March, 1859, Mrs. Pickercell, returning from a neighbor's where she had spent the night, stopped at the cabin of Mary Schader. On opening the door a horrible sight confronted her. Stretched on the floor, in front of the fireplace was the dead body of Miss Schader, her head split in twain. On the hearth was a bloody ax, the weapon used in the murderous work. Dabbled in gore, and clinging to the lifeless breast of its mother, was the helpless babe. The walls, the floor and every article of furniture was splattered with blood, and there was every indication that the poor girl had made a brave and desperate fight for her life. It was a sickening sight, and the murder is regarded to this day as one of the foul-

est ever committed within the boundaries of the state. The alarm was given and soon an excited crowd surged around the little log cabin, striving to get a view of the awful spectacle it contained. Investigation showed that in the struggle for her life the girl had torn a bunch of hair from the head of her assailant. This she still grasped in her stiffened fingers, and when examined proved to be negro wool. This, together with other evidence, led to the arrest of Candiff, one of Pickercell's slaves. He was lodged in jail at Hodgenville, pending trial. Mrs. Pickercell's brother, a lawyer of ability, volunteered to defend him, but the negro became conscience-stricken, broke down and made a startling confession.

In it he stated that he was the assassin; that Mrs. Pickercell and Dr. Hines had hired him to commit the foul deed, promising him \$300 in money and immunity from punishment by law in case he was suspected. He said Mrs. Pickercell's brother was to defend him, and as compensation for the lawyer's services he was to become his property. Shortly after this the negro was hanged at Hodgenville. His statements were generally believed and created a great sensation, and public indignation against the parties implicated was intense.

Old Ben Pickercell, his wife and Doctor Hines have long been dead. The latter's family is scattered far and wide. The baby, the innocent cause of the bloody tragedy, was raised to manhood at an orphan asylum and is now an honored citizen of Nelson county.

The old log cabin in which the terrible deed was committed is still stand-



MARY SCHADER.

ing and the blood stains on the walls and floor have never been effaced.

CHILD MURDERS A PLAYMATE.

Seven-Year-Old Child at Wooster Blows Off the Head of a Companion.

At Dalton, Wayne county, nine miles east of Wooster, Ohio, the other morning, Carl McElhinney, 7 years old, deliberately killed Tommy Kidd, 14 years of age. The murdered boy is a son of W. K. Kidd, an attorney of Cleveland, Ohio, and was stopping with the McElhinney family. The boys got into a quarrel, when young McElhinney went into a room, placed two shells into a shotgun and fired, blowing off the top of Kidd's head. McElhinney walked to a neighbor's, but said nothing of the shooting. The body was not discovered until two hours after the shot was fired. The McElhinney boy at first declared he knew nothing of Kidd's death, but later told all about it.

The Deadly Persimmon Worm.

William Smith, engineer of the Kelly Shingle Manufacturing Company, was found dead in bed yesterday from the effects of a bite of an insect known as the "persimmon worm." This worm is called by that name because it lives principally on the leaves of the persimmon tree. Mr. Smith was bitten on the left hand, and he complained of being sick within an hour. When his dead body was found, the arm and side had swollen immensely, and had turned the color of tobacco juice. These worms are so numerous that the trees upon which they feed are almost denuded of leaves. Five years ago they were quite common in this locality. The people in this neighborhood hold them in deadly fear. Some persons are disposed to classify them as tobacco worms, but neither the tobacco nor the tomato worm, and really both are practically the same, have horns or spikes such as are possessed by the persimmon worm.—Indianapolis News.

Married Too Often.

George S. Horton, aged about 59, was married to Miss Maude Smith of Liberty, Mo., last spring, and just afterward was arrested for living with another woman, with whom he had come in the spring. He was sentenced to jail for ninety days, which sentence he is still serving. The other woman's maiden name was Sophronia Collins, and Horton was married to her at Montezuma, Iowa, in 1889. He was afraid to show this fact when arrested, as it would have shown him to be a bigamist. It is said that Horton has been married this year to two other women—Miss Margie Ramey, of Carthage, Kan. Another marriage was to Miss McVeay, of Highland, Iowa, some time ago. It is not known whether Horton has other wives. He will be prosecuted.

Two Men Burned to Death.

Thomas Gorman and Matthew Carey were burned to death in a log hut near Lansing, Iowa, the other day. Both were unmarried. The cause of the fire is unknown, but the supposition is that the men quarreled, fought to the death and in the melee upset either the lamp or stove.

Electric Shocks.

Electricians aver that it is possible for those inured to the business to receive with impunity double the number of volts that would kill one who was in mortal fear of the mysterious fluid.

NOTES OF THE STAGE.

PLAYS, PLAYERS AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

"The Heart of Chicago" a New Melodrama Received Its First Production in Chicago Irving and His Wife—Marriage and Death in Daly's Co.



CHICAGO theatergoers have seen "The Pulse of New York" and other plays bearing anatomical titles; but it was not until Sunday afternoon that they were given a glimpse of "The Heart of Chicago" when they found it in a normal condition. "The Heart of Chicago" is the latest play from the pen of Lincoln J. Carter, and it began its piteous life on Sunday. The piece is, like Mr. Carter's others, melodramatic in tone, and is, to a certain extent, original in plot and scenic embellishment, illustrative of the fact that the author has not lost his cunning in devising novel and striking mechanical effects, and that he is one of the best stage producers in this country. The play opens with a dissolution of a firm and a quarrel between the members on the night of the great fire. As the fire began on a Sunday night, it is not explained why the firm was doing business, but it affords an opportunity for the introduction of three very effective and realistic views of that memorable night in October, 1871. Twenty-one years are supposed to elapse between the first and the succeeding acts. The guilty partner, who rots in the belief that the fire had wiped out all evidence of his crime, has become a wealthy and influential citizen. But he

houses in this country and have been very successful.

Marriage and Death in Daly's Company.

"Marriage and death," says Hillary Bell, "have destined Daly's, some ten years ago the manager sent us a picture depicting, as the legend says, 'Augustin Daly reading a new play to his company.' It was a merry scene then; it is a melancholy memory now. Out of all the assemblages that surrounded the manager scarcely a decade ago but three are left—Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Clarke and Miss Rehan." Charles Fisher, Charles Leclercq, George Parkes, William Moore, William Wheatleigh and James Lewis are dead. Virginia Drehr, Edith Kingdon and May Pickering are married. Others in the group were Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris, Agnes Ethel, Rose Eyntine, Catherine Lewis, May Irwin, Effie Shannon, Kettle Cleatham, John Drew, Otis Skinner, Willie Collier and Arthur Boucherier.

Irving and His Wife.

One explanation of Sir Henry Irving's long separation from his wife is this: "Irving married when he was very young and very poor. He was a junior member of a traveling company, and it was not until his marriage knot had been firmly tied that he discovered how aversive to the stage his wife was. She never lost an opportunity to run down the profession, and she made a practice of telling her husband that he would better turn to some other profession before it was too late, for she could never make an actor. This sort of thing lasted for several years, and finally the Irvings agreed to live apart. John Toole's brother, a great chum of Irving, meanwhile had tried to bring husband and wife together again. The reconciliation took place on the day of the first performance of "The Bells," Mrs. Irving magnanimously agreed to



ANNIE D. RICH.

is not as free as he thinks, as a witness of the murder he committed still lives, and justice is satisfied at the end. Without a doubt, "The Heart of Chicago" is the best piece Mr. Carter has contributed to the stage. The story, even if a little complicated, is told in an interesting and intelligent manner, and is well connected after the first act. The situations and climaxes are brought about in a natural way, and aroused the enthusiasm of yesterday's crowds. In the line of scenic and mechanical effects the author has certainly done himself proud, the railway effect alone entitling him to great credit. This is something never before introduced on a stage. At first the locomotive headlight is seen in the far distance in the background. It gradually increases in size as the train approaches. This continues until the engine is stopped at the footlights puffing and full of action. This one effect alone is, it is believed, sufficient to insure the success of the piece. The scenery is all good and well made, the view from the roof of the Masonic Temple and the reproduction of the space between the city and county buildings looking toward Washington street being most realistic. The cast is superb. There were a few hitches incidental to a first production, but they did not interfere with the interest of the spectators, who applauded from first to last. It was the biggest Sunday of the season at the Lincoln, and there was an excuse for the happiness of Manager Hutton and Mr. Carter.—Chicago Record.

ceive her objections to the theater for once and to witness her husband's performance. It was one of the greatest triumphs ever scored in a London theater. It made Irving in a night. Directly after the performance, flushed and elated by his triumph, Irving hurried to his wife's rooms. She was sitting up waiting for him. "Well," he exclaimed, with the enthusiasm of a school boy, "what did you think of me to-night?" "What did I think?" remarked his wife, in a withering tone. "I thought I had never seen you act so foolish before." Without another word Irving turned on his heel and left the house. That



LINCOLN J. CARTER.

was in 1868. Irving has never lived with his wife since, but it is worth noting that two days after the actor was knighted by the queen, his wife's visiting cards read 'Lady Irving.'

Stage Whispers.

Paderewski has nearly recovered from his recent insomnia, but it is unlikely that he will attempt any public performances this season, and his London engagements have been canceled already.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TIMELY TOPICS FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Happy Child at Night—The Right Way to Deal with Injuries Is to Forgive Them—"Don't Tell Your Father," Responsible for Evil in Bad Boys.



GOOD things had befallen me all through the day. A blessing of morsels, small helps by the way. Work running on even and coming out right. Bright thoughts with the morning, good words at the night.

So evening was sweet; and, as shadows fell deep, My spirit was turned to the Lord of the sheep. "Thou lovest! Thou feedest!" in silence I said, "And the crumbs from thy hands are the best of the bread."
—A. D. T. Whitney.

Stand Firm.
An illustration of the activity of mind and the happy results is given by Charles K. Tuckerman in his "Personal Recollections of Notable People."

I was once, when a small boy, packed in a dense crowd at a political meeting in Faneuil hall when Webster held forth and I came near being crushed to death—a pigmy among giants—as the standing multitudes within the hall, pressed by those who were endeavoring from without, began to sway to and fro, a solid mass of human bodies, as helpless to counteract the movement as if Faneuil hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," was being rocked by an earthquake.

The orator was in the midst of a stirring appeal, urging the necessity for individual exertion and unflinching patriotism to avert the dangers that threatened the political party whose principles he espoused, when he perceived the terrible sway of the packed assembly and the imminent danger that might ensue.

Webster stopped short in the middle of a sentence, advanced to the edge of the platform, and in a stentorian voice of command cried out, "Let each man stand firm!"

The effect was instantaneous. Each man stood firm; the great, heaving mass of humanity regained its equilibrium, and save the long breath of relief that filled the air, perfect stillness ensued.

"That," exclaimed the great orator, "is what we call self government!"—so apt an illustration of the principle he was expounding that the vast assembly responded with deafening cheers.

The Right Way.

A gentleman went to Sir Eardley Wilnot, lord chief justice of the court of common pleas, in great indignation at an injury he had received. After relating the particulars, he asked Sir Eardley if he did not think it would be manly to resent it.

"Yes," said the knight, "it will be manly to resent it; but it will be god-like to forgive it."

A worthy old colored woman was walking quietly along a street in New York, carrying a basket of apples, when a mischievous sailor, seeing her, stumbled against her and upset her basket, and then stood to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense.

She meekly picked up the apples without resentment, and, giving him a dignified look of sorrow and kindness, said, "God forgive you, son, as I do." That touched a tender chord in the heart of the Jack tar. He felt self-condemned, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and pulling out a lot of loose "change," he forced it upon the old black woman, exclaiming: "God bless you, mother, I'll never do so again."

"Don't Tell Your Father."

The man, woman or child who receives such advice is usually in great danger; and the person who gives such advice is generally in the employ of Satan. No one is more likely to receive such advice than the farmer's son, and the man most likely to give it is the farmer's " hired man." The man employed on the farm to work by the day or the month, where he is almost certain to associate freely with the boys in the family, should be most closely inspected, and his purity of mind and language should be assured. Nothing short of the records in heaven can determine the extent of evil done by hired men in the vile song, the impure story, the corrupt language in the presence of the farmer's boys, all covered by the injunction, "Don't tell your father." If the injunction is once given that is the most important reason why it should be violated. Fathers should so invite the confidence of their boys, says the Wesleyan Methodist, that such an injunction cannot be made to stand.

How Animals Feel At Sea.

Human beings are not the only ones who suffer from sea sickness by any means. One hears a great deal about the pangs that have filled men and women with woe, but little is said of the menageries carried hither and thither in wave tossed boats. Lions and tigers may be majestic when they have unwavering earth or rock against their paws, but a sea sick cat of these tribes is as miserable as any man ever was, and does not look a bit more kingly than a wet rabbit. Even its

rears and growls have a weeping sound in them, quite in keeping with the general appearance of the beast.

A monkey is as pitiful an object when it is sea sick as any other beast so stricken, and its forlorn facial expression is so human like, and the way it clings its paws across its stomach is so natural, that the man who is not sea sick necessarily sees something to laugh at in the misery of the creature.

It takes a dog to be woeful at sea. It has a way of doubling all up, with its tail between its legs and head hanging down, that shows deep seated pain. To free itself the dog goes through all sorts of contortions. It will stretch out on the deck, groan and squeal, sometimes rising on its haunches and lifting its head, and howling long and miserably, as some dogs do at the sound of music.

The Use They Were Put To.

"When I was running a circus," said a retired showman, "I never lost an opportunity of advertising. I always had my eye on the math canon, and I made everything pay. I always made it a point to get my name everywhere, and whenever anyone asked for my autograph you may be sure he got it. "Once when I went to a little town a great string of boys and girls stood in a line waiting for a chance to get my autograph on the small cards they carried. I wrote them as fast as I could, thinking to myself, 'Jim, old boy, your name is getting to be a household word.'"

"When I looked around the tent that afternoon I thought all the school children of the town were there. That meant money, and I was feeling pretty happy till I commenced looking over the receipts, and then I found four hundred of my autographs with the words, 'Admit bearer,' written above them. That is the only time in my life I was ever 'done' by school children."

Chinese Cannot Be Telegraphed.

Chinese is the only language that cannot be telegraphed. So a cipher system has been invented, by which messages can be sent.

The sender of the message need not bother himself about the meaning. He may telegraph all day without the slightest idea of the information he is sending, for he transmits only numerals.

It is very different with the receiver, however. He has a code dictionary at his elbow, and after each message is received he must translate it, writing each literary character in the place of the numeral that stands for it. Only about an eighth of the words in the written language appear in the code, but there are enough of them for all practical purposes.

"Fishing" for Sponges.

A certain proportion of our sponges are obtained off the coast of Tripoli, and at present there are about 1,700 men engaged in the sponge fishery there. Harpoon boats no longer go there, as they can only work in shallow water where few and inferior sponges are to be found, and divers will not venture into the water for fear of being attacked by sharks. Helmeted divers, or those provided with a dress, have not been known to have been attacked by sharks. These, it is said, are able to gather sponges at a depth of 18 to 25 fathoms, while the other divers can descend as far as 30 fathoms, but they rarely have time to pluck away more than one sponge at a dive.

The Only Way to Satisfy Everybody.

There is a good story told of the Rev. Dr. Mott of the Central church. A lady was complaining to him of the hot weather and thought it was a shame it should be inflicted on people. The weather was pretty warm, but the doctor was taking things philosophically and making the best of it. After talking over the matter with the lady for some time he delivered himself in this exclamation: "To have the good Lord satisfy all of the people in this world he should have it rain on one side of the street all of the time and the sun brightly shine on the other, so that if they didn't like the sunshine they could cross the street and be in the rain."—Buffalo Courier.

Advice Worth Following.

"I remember," said a boy to his Sunday school teacher, "you told me to always stop and count fifty when angry."

"Yes, I am glad to hear it. It cooled your anger, didn't it?"

"Well, you see, a boy came into our road and made faces at me, and dared me to fight. I was going to try and thrash him. He was bigger'n me, and I'd have got punished. I remembered what you said, and began to count."

"And you didn't fight?"

"No, ma'am. Just as I got to forty-two my big brother came along, and the way he looked that boy would have made your mouth water."

Appearances Are Deceitful.

A certain Sunday school teacher was much worried by the noise of the scholars in the room next to his. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he mounted a chair and looked over the partition dividing the two rooms to see who the offenders were. Seeing one boy a little taller than the others talking a great deal, he leaned over, seized the boy by the collar, lifted him over the partition and banged him into a chair in his room, saying, "Now be quiet."

He then resumed his lesson, until about a quarter of an hour later, when he saw a small head appear round his door, and a meek little voice said: "Please, sir, you've got our teacher."

Sometimes enthusiasm leads a man so far he can't find his way back.