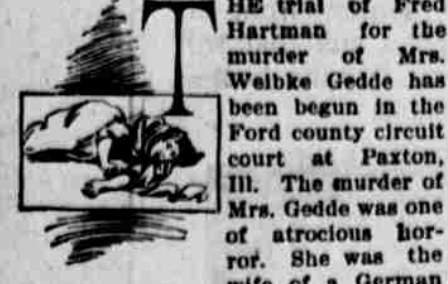


IS HE A STRANGLER?

THREE WOMEN DIE IN A SIMILAR MANNER.

Fred Hartman, a Farmhand, Now on Trial at Paxton, Ill., Believed to Be a Second Jack-the-Ripper—Now on Trial.



THE trial of Fred Hartman for the murder of Mrs. Welbke Gedde has been begun in the Ford county circuit court at Paxton, Ill. The murder of Mrs. Gedde was one of atrocious horror. She was the wife of a German farm laborer in Ford county, near Sibley, not far from Anchor, in McLean county.

Hartman next went to work for a farmer living near Melvin, and not many months after his arrival in the neighborhood a woman Mrs. Sifkins was found murdered, her neck having around it a rope which was attached to a door knob.

When, on the morning of Dec. 2, 1896, the body of Mrs. Gede was found, it was not long before Hartman, who was still working near Melvin, about three miles from the home of the Gedde family, was suspected of the crime.

On the evening of Dec. 16 a mob of men from Drummer township, in the vicinity of the murder, arrived at Paxton for the avowed purpose of lynching Hartman. The plan was to meet other mobs from Melvin and Danforth and for the combined forces to make an attack on the Paxton jail, take out Hartman and hang him.

A few days later there was an alarming story at Urbana. It was said that a big mob was to attack the jail of Champaign county and lynch Hartman.



As soon as possible the prisoner was removed to the jail at Danville.

Fall of a Somnambulist. Oscar Tyrell of Harrison, Ohio, is a sleep walker. A few mornings ago he got up in his sleep and made his way to the dresser on which were two lighted lamps. Seizing one in each hand he walked from one room to the other and when he reached the head of the staircase he lost his balance and fell to the bottom. The fall and the crash of the glass awakened the household.

Series of Coincidences. The sixth annual double wedding anniversary was recently celebrated in a small town in Indiana of Moses and Isaac Marty, twins, who married Tabitha and Lavinia McCormick, twins. Each couple has had seven sons and five daughters, the first children being born within a few days of each other, and the last children also being of almost exactly the same age.

The street cars of San Francisco are provided with a holder on the rear platform on which two bicycles can be hung.

LORD BALTIMORE'S TRIAL.

An Old Book Throws Light on a Last Century Scandal. An old book of curious interest to students of Maryland history was yesterday presented to the Enoch Pratt Free Library. It was published in London in 1768 and contains a report of the trial of Frederick Calvert, the sixth and last Lord Baltimore, upon the charge of abducting a young Quaker milliner named Sarah Woodcock.

42 YEARS IN PRISON.

And is in a Fair Way to Go Back Again.

Jesse Way, 73 years of age, and a remarkable criminal, has been removed from the jail at Richmond to Indianapolis.



THE OLD CRIMINAL.

from the jail at Richmond to Indianapolis. He was charged with counterfeiting. Way has been known to officers all over the country for more than half a century as an expert in money making. His forte is the moulding of imitations of United States coins. The workmanship on the money made is excellent. The milling is keenly cut, and the figures on the faces of the coins are well brought out.

MADE VICTIMS OF WHITE CAPS

Masked Men Living Near Covington, Ky., Beat Harry Hamlin.

At Oklahoma, a settlement just south of Covington, Ky., recently, six men, dressed as women, and wearing white masks knocked at the door of a hut occupied by Harry Hamlin, better known as Rough Tough. Living with Hamlin was Mrs. Alice Harrison, who had left her husband. Mrs. Harrison, clad in her night clothes, asked who was there, when the men burst open the door. Three of them seized Mrs. Harrison, and the other three Hamlin. The two were dragged to the bank of the Licking river, a stop being made in a thicket. Both victims were stripped and lashed with heavy switches, all six white caps taking a hand.

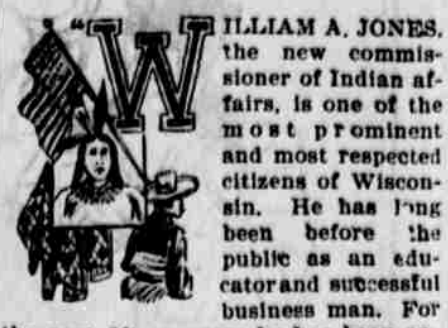
Stomach Full of Alfalfa.

Hans Hansen, a Chicago Swede, who went to Denver recently by his physician's advice, is dying as a result of a practical joke. A fellow-boarder, John Henderson by name, told him the only thing that would benefit him would be alfalfa. He was given a bunch of the fodder and told to eat it. He followed instructions religiously and pains in his stomach followed. A physician was called in and administered an emetic. Acids were given to dissolve the hay he had swallowed, which, it is said, had been rolled into a ball in his stomach.

KEEPER OF RED MEN.

ALL ABOUT THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF THEIR AFFAIRS.

Mr. Jones of Wisconsin is a National Banker and a Lawyer—Came to the Country From Wales When Quite a Small Boy.



WILLIAM A. JONES, the new commissioner of Indian affairs, is one of the most prominent and most respected citizens of Wisconsin. He has long been before the public as an educator and successful business man. For the past fifteen years he has been engaged in the banking business, and at the present time is vice-president of the First National bank of Mineral Point.



WILLIAM A. JONES.

suit of banking. He was married in 1881 to Miss Sarah A. Ansley of Mineral Point.

Lady Helen Stewart.

Lady Helen Stewart is reported to be engaged to Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, Conservative leader in the British



LADY STEWART.

house. She is the daughter and favorite child of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry.

Millions of Railway Tickets.

Last year there were issued in the United Kingdom a little over 911,000,000 railway tickets, exclusive of season tickets and workmen's weekly tickets. It is not easy to realize such a number. If they had to be carried from London to Edinburgh in a mass it would require one hundred railway trucks, each carry ten tons. If they were stacked one upon another in a single column they would attain a height of five hundred miles, and if laid end to end in a line the line would be one-third longer than the equator.

A Long Underground Road.

In Derbyshire, England, there is a subterranean road seven miles long. It connects two mines.

OCEAN TRAVEL.

The Proper Fees to Be Given for Service on Board Ocean Steamships.

Fees are too indefinite to be regulated by rule, but certain amounts are customary at sea. The voyager, if he is not seasick, is dependent for comfort first on the table steward. To this man it seems to be the rule to give \$2.50 for one or \$5 for two or three persons in a party, whether one is served in regular courses or orders what he pleases from the bill. Late suppers might increase the fee.

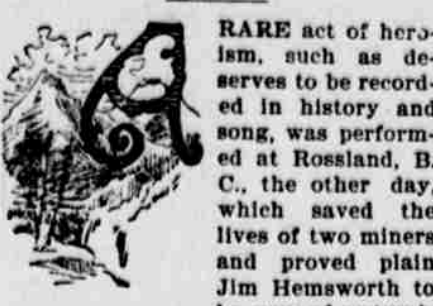
Hazlitt as a "Log Roller"

A letter written by Hazlitt, the famous English essayist, to Leigh Hunt, is curious as perhaps the most frank adoption of the principle of what is now called "log-rolling" ever penned by a distinguished man of letters. After some preliminary remarks, Hazlitt says: "I praised you in 'The Edinburgh Review,' and when in a case of life and death I tried to lecture, you refused to go near the place, and gave this as a reason, saying it would seem

AN ACT OF HEROISM.

MINER CRUSHED SAVING THE LIVES OF COMRADES.

Physicians Hope He Will Survive—A British Columbia Workman Who Should Receive the Victoria Cross for His Courage.



RARE act of heroism, such as deserves to be recorded in history and song, was performed at Rossland, B. C., the other day, which saved the lives of two miners and proved plain Jim Hemsworth to be one of nature's noblemen, says a Spokane correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner. The Victoria cross had been bestowed on many less entitled to it than Hemsworth and there is no doubt that this brave deed will be recognized by the bestowal of a similar honor should the brave hero survive the injuries that he received in saving the lives of his comrades.

Amusing Accidents.

Awkward contretemps on the stage are more amusing to the audience than to the actors. Some time since, when "As You Like It" was being performed, Rosalind had just exclaimed: "Look, here comes a lover of mine," when in waltz a tomcat attached to the establishment. Thomas had to be bundled out by Orlando.

To Check Expectoration.

The following interesting but repulsive story is taken from the Indianapolis Journal, where it appears as the talk of a lady typewriter. It must be that it is much exaggerated, but even so it may do good: If testimony concerning the prevalence of masculine expectoration could be taken from typewriters, some startling revelations might be made. I am in an office with seven or eight alleged gentlemen, who all dictate letters to me, and who all expectorate freely around me as I sit at my machine. After they have departed I throw blotters on the floor all about, to make my surroundings endurable. Strange to say, not one of them has ever noticed how my floor is strewn with blotters, except in one instance, when our president remarked, "Miss Mary, you use a great many blotters." My response was, "Yes, sir; I have to." The colored porter finally made out the reason of my conduct. He probably apprised some of the men in the office, for matters have been pleasant for me since. To all girls who have been annoyed in this way, I earnestly recommend the blotter system. To attract attention to reform helps it on.

Splinter Caused Death.

While eating dinner last Thanksgiving day, Judge John Rudd of Council Bluffs, Iowa, was seized with a violent pain in his throat. Since then he had been unable to swallow, except at rare intervals, and Sunday his death occurred. An examination disclosed a splinter about an inch in length in his throat. How it got there is a mystery.

YANKEE GIRLS IN PARIS.

What Mr. Paxton and Wife Are Doing in the Latin Quarter.

The Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Paxton of Philadelphia have lately moved into the Latin quarter of Paris with the hope of working reformation, promoting religion and advancing social life among the American students, says a Paris correspondent of the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette. Dr. and Mrs. Paxton have rented a studio and apartment in the heart of this quarter. Here they entertain the students. Every Thursday Mrs. Paxton has her at-home. She and her husband receive from 4 until 6 and from 8 until 11 p. m. The most charming girls in the quarter have become Mrs. Paxton's friends and a bevy of them are always to be found gathered around the hostess when she entertains. Each week the gatherings become larger and larger; few of the receptions are attended by less than 200 Americans. Dr. Paxton grasped this fact, that a church was not the place to attract students. He rented a studio—one in which the students work all week and which they are as familiar with as they are with their own rooms. There is no formality connected with these meetings. The students drift in, in their everyday clothes, and feel as free as if they had come to draw or paint, as they do on week days. Dr. Paxton's addresses can hardly be called sermons. They are more in order of sociable talks, started with a text. He always takes care to have instrumental music and singing at these meetings. Some of the ablest talent in Paris is often to be found there. After the talk Mrs. Paxton, assisted by some of the girls, serves cake and lemonade to all present. Here the students revel in real American chocolate cake, doughnuts and ginger snaps such as they have not tasted since they left home. The services bring the American girls, most of whom have no homes in which to receive, in social contact with the American men. Mrs. Paxton is one of the most popular women in the quarter. Another club for American girls is soon to be started here. A wealthy woman who for the present wishes to withhold her name from the public has given much study to the needs of young women who come here to study singing and painting. She realizes that they are not strong enough to stand the hardships one encounters in a French pension and is about to establish a club where American girls can live for 5 francs a day. This sum is to include everything. The girls have to be equipped with references from some well-known institute in America stating that they are talented and really students of some promise. The club building has not yet been chosen, but the patronesses believe that everything will be ready for the reception of guests by May.

A Boy's Diary.

A mother describes in the Interior how she came to look upon the rubbish in her boy's drawer as his unwritten diary and the basis of his autobiography. She said to him one day: "My son, your bureau drawer is full of rubbish. You had better clear it out." "Yes, that would be his great delight; so we began. "This horseshoe is of no use—" "Oh, yes, it is. I found it under grandpa's corn crib, and he let me have it." "These clamshells you'd better break up for the hens—" "Why, mamma, I got them on the beach, you know, last summer!" "And this faded ribbon—burn it up." "Oh, no! That was our class badge for the last day of school, and I want to keep it." "Here is that old tin flute yet! Why do you heap up such trash?" "That is a nice flute that Willie gave me two Christmases ago. Didn't we have a splendid time that day?" "Well, this bottle is good for nothing—" "Oh, yes, it is. That is the bottle I used for a bobber when we went fishing at Green's Lake. A black bass pulled that bottle way under water." "Then the mother thought that to destroy these historical relics would be to obliterate pleasant memories.

Had Joined the Church.

Clerk—"Sir, I've joined the church." Grocer—"Right glad to hear it; I've been a member for some years; it's a splendid thing and—" "Yes, sir; and will you get some other clerk to sell those pure spices now!"—Adams Freeman.