

STORY OF A CRIME.

PREACHER SERVING LIFE SENTENCE FOR MURDER.

Remarkable Confession of a Criminal That May Open the Prison Doors for Him—Fierce Struggle at Midnight—Working to Free Him.



On Jan. 9, 1895, Thirza, the wife of the Rev. William E. Hinshaw was found dead on the doorstep of her home at Belleville, a small village about twenty-five miles from Indianapolis. Her husband, who was the Methodist minister of the village, had been out on the arms and breast with a razor. His story was to the effect that two burglars had entered his sleeping apartment, shot his wife and attacked him; that he had had a desperate contest with them, fought them down the stairs, out on the porch, where his wife had followed bleeding, finally dropping on the porch step, where she was found dead. The preacher's story ended when he and the burglars, after fighting across the road, had separated, they escaping down the street and out into the country.

Citizens and detectives, after hearing the preacher's account and looking at what they thought were skin-deep wounds made by a razor and all the surrounding circumstances, decided that Hinshaw had killed his wife. Stories of disagreements and of undue intimacy with a woman began to be circulated. He was arrested. Then followed a tedious and prolonged trial. The prosecution was exhaustively and intelligently handled by accomplished attorneys. They satisfied the jury that no one but Hinshaw possibly could have killed Mrs. Hinshaw that night under all the circumstances that had been brought to their attention. The motive for ridding himself of his wife, they urged, was that he might marry a young woman of the village.

The evidence at this point was, however, considered faulty, but the prosecution pushed it adroitly and in a very convincing manner. The jury found Hinshaw guilty, but when he was sentenced to life imprisonment he "declared before God" in the most solemn manner that he was innocent. He was taken to prison, and his attorneys appealed the case to the supreme court of Indiana, which, after a long and exhaustive examination, reaffirmed in a long and detailed opinion that Hinshaw had killed his wife and refused him a new trial.

Here the entire matter rested until July 9 last, when Noah Baney, convicted of grand larceny, summoned J. O. Parker, one of Hinshaw's attorneys, to the state prison and made a confession to him which, if true, exonerates Hinshaw. The details of the confession are as follows:

"On the night of Jan. 9, 1895, Guy Van Tassel and Kid Whitney came to me and said they wanted me to go with them to Danville, Ind., which is only a few miles from Belleville, and where they had a little job to do. I agreed at first, but Carry James, who was visiting my mother, said that she did not wish me to go with them, as I was not strong enough. I was not well, and she persuaded me not to go. I finally told them I would not go, but said that they might take our horse and buggy.

"This they did, and I did not see them any more until a day or two after, when they brought my rig home and said that they had 'done the job' by getting into the house through the back door and kitchen. Whitney went in with Van Tassel, who was scared all the time. Directly after getting into the house they found Hinshaw's razor and revolver, and they took them



MRS. THIRZA HINSHAW.

to prevent some one else getting them and using them against themselves. They finally reached the bedroom where the Hinshaws were sleeping and were in the act of rifling Hinshaw's pockets when the preacher and wife awakened and made an outcry. Van Tassel began to shoot. He shot three times in the house and twice outside with a long barreled single-acting gun. Hinshaw grappled with Kid two or three times, but Kid would back away from him, and finally both men ran out of the house, followed by the Hinshaws. Van Tassel looked back, and seeing the woman coming after them, and just as she was on the porch step, he fired to frighten her back, but the ball struck her and she fell dead. Hinshaw was cut by Van Tassel outside of the house across the road by the fence. They got \$98 and offered some of it to me, but I refused to take it. We all three went to Chicago, returning to Indianapolis the next week, where we were arrested for larceny."

Noah Baney, who makes the confession, and Guy Van Tassel, who Baney says fired the shot that killed Mrs. Hinshaw, were convicted Feb. 20, 1895,

for stealing a barrel of whisky, and Kid Whitney was sentenced for burglary Feb. 11, 1896. Indianapolis is the home of the trio, and the police say that they are all crooks of a dangerous type. Van Tassel denies a key's story vigorously, as also does Whitney.

Mr. Parker, one of Hinshaw's attorneys, says that he has followed every detail of Baney's confession to the end, and he finds that he is corroborated in every point except as to one, and this one has not yet been fully investigated. He is perfectly satisfied that Hinshaw never killed his wife and hundreds of people in Indiana are with him in this opinion.

Hinshaw's attorney got from the governor a provisional pardon for Baney for five days so that he might be taken from Indianapolis and over the roads to Danville and Belleville to verify his statements. Baney had declared repeatedly that if he were taken over the road he could point out the house where the two men stayed all night, and could point out other details which would conclusively prove his confession true.

He had an opportunity to do this, and at the very outset broke completely down and confessed that he had accompanied Van Tassel and Whitney and had taken part in the burglary, although he had nothing to do, he said, with the killing.

Accompanied by a prison guard and his attorney, J. O. Parker of Danville and W. D. Hart of Winchester, Mrs. Hinshaw's home before marriage, Baney was taken to Belleville, where he drove directly to the Hinshaw home. Here he described minutely every detail, seemingly, that occurred upon the night of the tragedy. He showed the spot where the horse and buggy were left when the three men—Van Tassel,



THE REV. W. E. HINSHAW.

Whitney and himself—went to the house to commit burglary.

In the first room he showed where the cupboard stood from which the pistol and razor were taken by Van Tassel and handed to him. In the second room entered there was no bed, but he said that there was one there on the night of the murder, but unoccupied, and he correctly showed just where it had stood. He also showed correctly just where Hinshaw's trousers, razor and pocketbook had been thrown and where they were found.

He said that Van Tassel and Whitney first entered the house and had rummaged the cupboard before he entered. He then went with them to Hinshaw's room, secured the trousers, carried them out and searched them. When he returned the victims were awake and had engaged in a scuffle with Van Tassel and Whitney. Baney ran outdoors to warn his chums in case there was any one approaching the house. When he returned they had fought down the steps and into the road. Mrs. Hinshaw was just passing across the porch when Van Tassel turned and shot her dead. She fell on the porch steps. He soon returned to her, and finding her dead, exclaimed to Whitney and Baney that the woman was dead and told them to get away as soon as possible. They then returned to Indianapolis.

Hinshaw's attorney said: "We went over the ground at Belleville last night carefully, and what Baney said in former statements does not vary a hair's breadth from what he said last night. He described minutely the movements of Hinshaw and his wife, and of the men who went to the home to rob it. He omitted nothing and his story does not conflict materially with that of Hinshaw."

According to the records of all the three burglars were not in jail or the penitentiary when the murder was committed.

Women's Bodies in a Chest.

A woman named Schultze, aged 74 years and her daughter, aged 52 years, of Berlin, disappeared some weeks ago leaving no trace to their whereabouts. The elder woman was the owner of a mine, and was reputed to be many times a millionaire. She was of a miserly disposition, and in order to increase her income rented the basement of her house to a shoemaker named Goency. The police were finally notified of the disappearance of the women, and they made a search of the residence. In the cellar they found the bodies of the mother and daughter wrapped in oil-cloth and packed in a chest. They had apparently been dead for two weeks. Goency has disappeared, and it is suspected that he killed the women. As yet the police have discovered no clue to his whereabouts.

Mamma—You and your little visitor are doing nothing but sitting around and looking miserable. Why don't you play at something? Little Daughter—We is playin'." "Playing what?" "We is playin' that we is growed up."

The United States Fish Commission will devote considerable time and money this season to the hatching of lobsters in Maine waters.

THEATRICAL TOPICS.

CURRENT NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

The Recent Amendment to the Copyright Law Will Soon Drive the Theatrical Pirate from the Field—Frank Daniels' Uncompleted Home.



PEAKING of new plays and the American dollars invested in them, writes the Lobbyist of the New York Mail and Express, the virtue of the amendment to the copyright law passed by the last congress is likely to receive ample demonstration during the coming fall and winter. And this interests not only responsible managers and hard working playwrights, but every one who has sense enough to acknowledge that a drama is entitled to equal protection with any other invention. Until this amendment was adopted the dramatic pirate enjoyed comparative immunity and an income not rightly his, because an injunction against his theft was operative only in the judicial district where it was obtained, and the task of pursuing the criminal in his rapid flight from place to place, and constantly securing new restraining orders which might be issued too late to restrain, proved too costly and harassing to tempt the average owner. Now, with the United States Circuit court order issued in any district valid in all other districts throughout the country, there is reason to hope that men who can be honest, but won't be honest, will be forced to be honest and that brains and invested capital will receive their just reward. A principle vital to the well-being of the American stage is vindicated in this new law—and the press has not a little to do with the vindication.

Frank Daniels is building a new house on his place at Rye, N. Y. When



FRANK DANIELS.

(In Character.)

he bought the land which constitutes his "farm" it had four houses on it. Two of these the versatile real estate agent declared had sheltered Washington and other illustrious individuals in revolutionary days, and these decayed examples of early colonial architecture Daniels immediately pulled down, having small veneration. By turns he lived in both the remaining houses, but after two seasons as a come opera star he determined to erect a modern country house, and, having selected a design, started its construction. He had never built a house, but he had associated with stage carpenters for years, and he knew a thing or two that the architects didn't. And being a generous chap he thought it only fair to help the contractors with advice. The new house was to have a commodious veranda and supporting columns, and Daniels asked the boss if he was going to use serim profile for them. This was all Greek to the contractor, and he was somewhat short in his answers. Finally Daniels asked: "Where are your star and vampire?" "What's them?" asked the contractor.

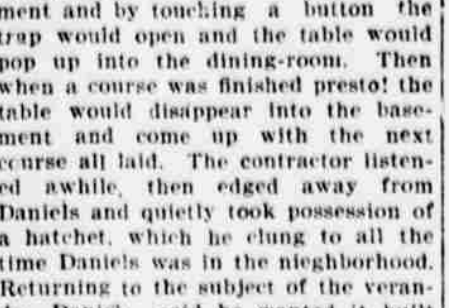


OWEN FAWCETT IN YOUTH.

BASE BALL GOSSIP.

CURRENT SAYINGS AND DOINGS ON THE DIAMOND.

Catcher Shriver Shatters a Long-Established Notion as Regards Throwing to Second Base—Magnates Aroused to the Need of Action.



SHATTERS A WELL-ESTABLISHED NOTION.

CATCHER SHRIVER, the old-time hero of the Washington monument ball-catching feat, has started a new and interesting discussion by the declaration that no man in the profession can throw from the home plate to second base on a line lower than six feet at some part of the journey. A great many players have ventured to disagree with Shriver, but he is willing to wager \$25 with any "doubting Thomas" on his proposition. So far nobody has taken up his offer or wager. In support of his proposition Shriver said to Harry Weldon the other day:

"I am betting on a sure thing. My plan for testing the throwing qualities of catchers is to erect two uprights at either side of the pitcher's box, the uprights to be exactly six feet high. Across the top of the uprights a pole is laid on very lightly, so that the slightest contact will knock it off its perch. To prove that a catcher can throw a ball to second from the catcher's position at less than six feet high it must be thrown under this top piece on the uprights. I know it looks easy and without seeing it tried you would pretty nearly swear that there are a half dozen catchers who could do it. I have seen it attempted and I know that it is next to impossible. The ball doesn't look like it is very high, but when you come to make the throw you will find that unless the ball is elevated more than six feet some part of the journey it will not have speed enough to carry so that it can be handled by the second baseman. I think I can throw pretty nearly as hard as any of them, and I couldn't do it."

Kerr's Idea.

President Kerr of the Pittsburg club has taken a stand which is worth consideration by several other clubs in the National league. He says he will proceed to get together a team of young players for Pittsburg, and keep experimenting until he gets the right material if he doesn't win a dozen games in two years. Mr. Kerr has met with much discouragement from the work of the veterans on his team, and has come to a final conclusion that the way to get a winning team is to begin at the ground and build up. That theory is all right, but he must have a master builder in charge, a good manager, and such a man is hard to get.

There haven't been many of the young players of the big league brought in this year who have made pronounced successes. Among the most prominent of them are Hartman and Harley of St. Louis; Callahan of Chicago; Powell of Cleveland, and Stahl of Boston. Except these four men, and no other first-class star has been developed from the new recruits. Anson has secured probably the best of the quartet named in Callahan. Besides being a successful pitcher, he is a strong batsman, a "crackerjack" outfielder and a man very fast on his feet, three qualifications one seldom finds in a pitcher.

A New Star.

Eugene De Montreville is one of the few youngsters who came to the front rank of his adopted profession in a bound as it were. Only two seasons in a minor league, and then he looms up in the major league ranks, where he has since held his own as one of the

Chicago Moods.

Chicago is the queerest base ball town on earth. That is to say, it is nowadays. A visiting team gets to the base ball park to find nearly everybody in sympathy with it and rooting for the defeat of Anson and his colts. But let the tide once turn and the old man's henchmen loom up as possible winners and allegiance and loyalty to the home bunch attacks that crowd like malignant smallpox. The derision hurled at "Anno" becomes a storm of plaudits, and even "Pop-up Jimmy" Ryan is besought to "tear the cover off it." What a steadily winning team couldn't do in Chicago is one of the problems that keeps Anson from remembering that he is entitled to a dignified and honorable rest.

Jim Corbett a Money-Maker.

James J. Corbett's terms for playing first base for any team in a game is half the gross receipts. The other two teams can split up the other half. Corbett, however, is a great card. He has drawn great money to every park where he has played. He has made from \$1,200 to \$2,000 every week this summer. While Fitz, with 190-pound Yarrum and his wrestling bear, has done nothing but eat big holes in that bundle of money he brought from Carson City.

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EUGENE DE MONTREVILLE.

sensational infielders and heavy batsmen of the fastest company known to the national game. He firmly believes in himself, and that, no doubt, has enabled him to succeed as well as he does. He was born March 26, 1874, at St. Paul Minn., but learned to play ball at Washington, D. C. His best fielding performance in any one game was the accepting all except one of fourteen chances at short in a game June 10, at Cleveland, O. Once all except one of twelve chances. Three times he has accepted ten chances, seven times nine chances, nine times eight chances, thirteen times seven chances and fourteen times six chances to a game, which is a very creditable showing.

Aroused to the Need of Action.

President Young of the National league has under consideration a number of suggestions bearing upon the

umpire problem and league headquarters have been flooded with mail and telegraphic correspondence on the subject from various parts of the country. The double umpire plan is proposed, but "Uncle Nick" doesn't believe that is the remedy to prevent unnecessary disputes over close decisions. The suspension of players for two or more days for violation of the rules is also suggested by Manager Hanlon of Baltimore, Tom Brown of Washington and from other sources.

"Uncle Nick" says the question is one that requires due deliberation, and it is futile to originate any plan unless it has the ironclad support of the proprietors of the various clubs. He cites an incident to show how easily the difficulty can be overcome if the magnates are sincere in their opposition to useless kicking against the umpire. In a recent series between Boston and New York at Boston Mr. Soden, the president of the Boston club, called Captains Duffy and Joyce before him just prior to the starting of the first game. He called their attention to the interest the Boston patrons take in the national game and their desire to see fair play win or lose. He added that large crowds of people would naturally come out to witness the struggle between New York and Boston, and it would be a financial advantage to both clubs to have the games played on their merits, with as little kicking against the umpire as possible. He said the Boston club would not tolerate useless kicking against the decisions of the umpire. The result of this curtain lecture was that the entire series was played out without any disagreeable exhibitions over the umpire. If other league magnates would follow the example of Mr. Soden much of the trouble would be avoided.

A New Brown.

President Chris Von der Ahe, of the St. Louis Base Ball club, has demon-



GEORGE GILPATRICK.

strated that he knows a good thing when he sees it by getting a prompt cinch on Pitcher George Gilpatrick, of the late lamented Broncho team. "Gil's" wonderful success at San Antonio this season shows him to be more than fast enough for the major league. His success has not lain in spectacular performances or "phenomenal feats," but simply in winning his games. He has mastered all the fine points of the twirling art and pitches with a finesse and a cool steadiness that is fatal to the run-getting efforts of his opponents. He has fine curves and plenty of speed, but perhaps his strongest point is in his ability for getting next to the weak spots of the batters and the smiling sang froid with which he keeps them bothered.

After playing out the season with St. Louis "Gil" will return to San Antonio.

A Manly Player.

Whenever and wherever three or four ball players are gathered together then and there is a fanning festival inaugurated. En route to Dayton Browns and Reds mingled like members of one happy family. Somebody spoke of the umpire. Morgan Murphy constituted himself a committee of one to speak in his defense. "I've seen all kinds," said the little backstop, "good, bad and indifferent. The best any umpire gets is the worst of it. I don't think it is right for players to kick as they do. The umpire is there to do the best he can. If players were compelled to pay their own fines there would be less of this kicking, but the magnates are to blame. They wink at rule violations that help their team."

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