

TO BE TRIED AGAIN.

IDA JOHNSON MUST ANSWER MURDER CHARGE.

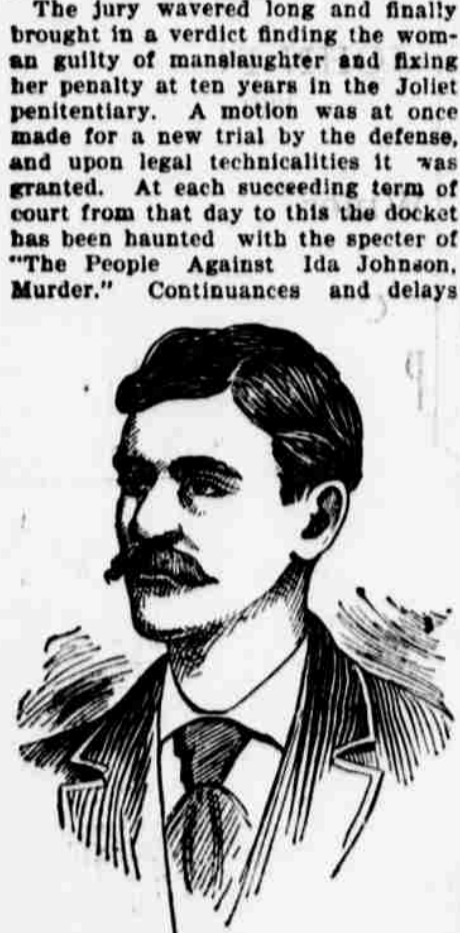
Convicted the First Trial, She Remains Free Nevertheless—Story of the Sensational Shooting That Startled the Town in 1894.

THREE years ago Galesburg, Ill., was the scene of the most sensational tragedy in its history. Late in the afternoon of Dec. 26, 1894, Ida E. Johnson, wife of Charles F. Johnson, fired the shot into her husband's side which in a few days ended his life. The shooting took place in the law offices of J. E. Maley, whither man and wife had gone to come to some agreement, if possible, on the many matters of difference between them. Abuse, hard names and startling unfoldings of past misdeeds were bandied between the two until the lawyer grew weary of the controversy and left them in the gathering darkness of the winter afternoon to settle their troubles without his assistance. The door closed behind him. Suddenly a shot, then another, rang out from the little room, and Johnson, wounded unto death, sprang out into the reception room, crying: "I am shot!" He was helped into a doctor's office across the hall-



IDA E. JOHNSON.

way, where it was found a bullet had plowed its way through his left side into his lungs. It could not be located. Johnson was taken to his home, where after terrible suffering, he died Dec. 31. His life went out with the year. After firing the fatal shot at her husband, Ida Johnson rushed into the hallway and, meeting Attorney W. E. Byers, confessed to him that she had shot her husband and asked to be taken to the police station. There she was held for a week, when she was taken to jail under bonds to await trial. There she remained for many months. Her trial was continued until the June term of court. Her case was in the hands of the best two criminal lawyers of the locality, and their defense was masterful. The presiding judge, J. J. Glenn, refused to admit Johnson's dying statement in evidence. No one saw the woman shoot her husband. No one knew the provocation under which the shot was fired, or what caused it. It might have been suicide or accident. Along these lines the defense fought out their case with skill and eloquence. State's Attorney E. W. Welch urged the circumstantial evidence attendant on the case; the woman's confession to Attorney Byers as she rushed out of the room after the shooting that she had shot her husband; the angle at which the ball had entered the body, and the probability of the theory of the prosecution. The jury wavered long and finally brought in a verdict finding the woman guilty of manslaughter and fixing her penalty at ten years in the Joliet penitentiary. A motion was at once made for a new trial by the defense, and upon legal technicalities it was granted. At each succeeding term of court from that day to this the docket has been haunted with the specter of "The People Against Ida Johnson, Murder." Continuances and delays

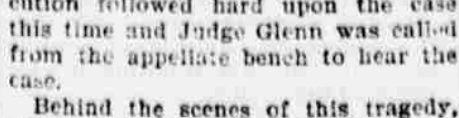


CHAS. F. JOHNSON.

have been secured in various ways. For a long time the woman was almost insane to all appearances. Then followed a kick on the jaw from her riding horse, which prostrated her. For months she was never heard to talk by anyone outside of her father's home, where she lives, and perhaps not by them. A mental and nervous wreck such as she was alleged to be could not endure a trial for murder, and her case was passed again and again. For some time past Mrs. Johnson has been seen much in public, and to all appearances was well enough for anything. It was thought that the demands of justice would surely be satisfied at last. On the day set for trial

GOODMAN'S PATIENT.

BY Y. Z.



R. ALFRED TURNER, the gifted orator and aspiring lawyer of Wisdomfield, was a fortunate man. At college he carried off the highest honors, although he was not a hard student. Success attended him in his profession as well as in love matters. He had wooed and won the most charming young lady in Wisdomfield, and his only child, a girl of 6, was a perfect prodigy! She could speak French and English, could analyze flowers, bound every state in the union and give their capitals. She knew the populations of the great cities. She was studying grammar and history. Such a wonderful child! There was but one drawback to the fond parents' happiness, and that was in spite of all their care and pain, the little girl grew delicate every day, and seemed to be vanishing into a shadow! The gossips of Wisdomfield said the child could not live. "No, she has too much brains to live," and they shook their heads sorrowfully. Mr. Turner determined to consult Dr. Goodman. The eccentric physician could cure any curable disease; indeed, so potent was this man's influence, that his name seemed to have power to frighten away disease! His patients declared that they felt better at the very moment that Dr. Goodman was sent for. In answer to the fond parents' summons, Dr. Goodman called, and found his little patient languidly reading. He seemed deeply moved as he took the prodigy's hand into his plump, proud one. Mrs. Turner said, with a gasp: "Doctor, is she not like other children?" "Humph!" exclaimed the physician. "She does not play with her peers for children, but talks of things far beyond her years," continued the fond mother. "Humph!" ejaculated Dr. Goodman, as he brushed away a tear with his coat sleeve. Mrs. Turner seized the action, and a wild terror seized her heart. Was her child dying that this strong man wept? The startled father seized Dr. Goodman's arm, and exclaimed wildly: "Tell me, is there no hope for my child?" Dr. Goodman wiped his eyes, blew his nose, and put on his glasses, as he said: "Hope! Yes, if you will follow my advice." "We will do anything," exclaimed both parents in one breath. "Are you sure of that?" asked the eccentric physician. "Sure! Would we not die for our dear little Belle?" Dr. Goodman smiled, and seemed lost in thought, and thus soliloquized: "Yes, they are killing her. This little embryo woman will die just as my

PROUD TO BEG.

Milwaukee Boy. San Francisco, Calif. Food in San Francisco is a comedy. J. L. Holt, Jr., who lives in a comfortable home in Milwaukee, Wis., is engaged in the safe business, and occupies a prominent position in the commercial world. He has been walking the streets of San Francisco for a week, and he has too much pride to apply to his father for assistance. Several months ago, partly for pleasure and partly in the hope of benefiting his health, young Holt left Milwaukee for San Francisco on a bicycle. He arrived there about a week ago, after having a very hard experience on his trip across the plains. The journey consumed more time than he thought it would and his funds were very low when he reached here. He had been ill during a greater part of the journey and symptoms of consumption developed. Young Holt had not communicated with his father for some time and several days ago the latter sent a letter to the chief of police asking for some tidings of his son. The chief detailed two officers to hunt up the young man. Holt told his story to the police and said that he had eaten nothing for the last day or two.

Victim of an Unhappy Love.

A descendant of Martha Washington passes her days in the seclusion of a convent.



SISTER PHILOMENA.

Catholic convent in Washington, D. C. She is known as "Sister Philomena" and is the daughter of Colonel Williamson, who married Isabel Butler. Those who know the early history of Sister Philomena say that it was an unhappy love affair that induced her to take the black veil.

A Race of Tailed Men.

A French scientific journal publishes an account of the discovery of the Mol race of tailed men by Paul D'Enjoy, in Indo-China. Mr. D'Enjoy saw only one of the men, the rest of the village having run away, but he conversed with the one and saw where the people lived. The man was found in a large tree, into which he had climbed for honey. His climbing was like that of a monkey, and in coming down he applied his soles to the bark. The tail is not the only peculiarity of the race, for their ankle bones are extraordinarily developed, so as to resemble the spurs of roosters. The Mols use poisoned barbed arrows, and are treated by the natives around them as brutes.

Love Will Find the Way.

George Rasmussen and Marie Christensen, of Audubon, wanted to get married, but George was not of age. One of his parents was dead, the other abroad. In order to overcome the difficulty, he had a guardian appointed, consent from this official was obtained and the marriage was solemnized. -Pittsburg Dispatch.

Shot Gun Deliberation.

The Arkansas City Traveler declares that the Greer county (Oklahoma territory) court house has no jury room, and when a jury retires to make up a verdict, a bailiff takes it out into the middle of a pasture, steps out of hearing distance, and protects them from corruptionists with a shotgun.

"Her marriage must have been a terrible blow to the family." "Blow? Why, they didn't spend a cent. She ran away, I tell you." -Detroit News.

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Worry Affects the Mind.

It Destroys Certain Brain Cells by Diminishing Their Vitality.

Modern science has brought to light nothing more curiously interesting than the fact that worry can kill. More remarkable still, it has been able to determine, from recent discoveries, just how worry does kill. It is believed by many scientists who have followed most carefully the growth of the science of brain diseases that scores of deaths set down to other causes are due to worry, and that alone. The theory is a simple one—so simple that any one can readily understand it. Briefly put, it amounts to this: Worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain, and the brain, being the nutritive center of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and when some disease of these organs, or a combination of them, arises, death finally ensues. Thus does worry kill. Insidiously, like many other diseases, it creeps upon the brain in the form of a single, constant, never-lost idea, and, as the drooping water over a period of years will wear a groove in a stone, so does worry gradually, imperceptibly, but no less surely destroy the brain cells that lead all the rest—that are, so to speak, the commanding officers of mental power, health and motion. Worry, to make the theory still stronger, is an irritant at certain points, which produces little harm if it comes at intervals or irregularly. Occasional worrying of the system the brain can cope with, but the reiteration of one idea of a disquieting sort the cells of the brain are not proof against. It is as if the skull were laid bare and the surface of the brain struck lightly with a hammer every few seconds with mechanical precision, with never a sign of a let-up or the failure of a stroke. Just in this way does the annoying idea, the maddening thought that will not be done away with, strike or fall upon certain nerve cells, never ceasing, and week by week diminishing the vitality of these delicate organisms, so minute that they can only be seen under the microscope.

Playing in the Meadow.

The Vienna training school for railroad employees, now in its sixteenth year, does not, like the Buda-Pesth institute, prepare men for appointments, but is designed to increase the special knowledge of railroad employees and fit them for promotion. The lower yearly course embraces bookkeeping, traffic geography, railroad technology, description of goods transported, etc., the higher comprising custom-house regulations, railroad law, political economy, traffic statistics and electro-technology. The students are divided into regular and extraordinary classes, and the small expenses of the school are defrayed by the railway companies, which give preference when making promotions to students whose examinations are most creditable.

Paid to Keep Cards Out.

From the Washington Post: A bright little boy—one of the pages of the senate—sat at one of the senate entrances the other day, when a lady approached him with a visiting card in her hand. "Will you hand this to Senator Blank?" she said. "I cannot," replied the boy, "for all cards must be taken to the east lobby." The woman was inclined to be angry and went away muttering. Then a thought struck her, and taking out her pocket-book she found a 25-cent piece. With it in her hand she went back to the boy. "Here, my lad," she said, in a coaxing tone, "here is a quarter to take my card in." "Madam," said the boy, without a moment's hesitation, "I am paid a larger salary than that to keep cards out."

Brothers Long Unacquainted.

In Delaware two brothers lived for forty years within eight miles of each other, attended the same church and frequently traded with each other without knowing they were related.

CORAL BORING IN THE PACIFIC

Results of the Expedition Sent Out from England.

From the Sydney Herald: The steamer Birsegate, which arrived on Saturday from the islands, brings further news from Fiji concerning the coral-boring expedition at Funafuti, in the Ellice group. News has been taken to Suva by H. M. S. Royalist of the progress made by the expedition after the departure of Professor David in the John Williams. When Professor David left Funafuti on Sept. 7 the bore was down 557 feet. On Sept. 16, when the Royalist left Funafuti, the bore was down 643 feet. The Royalist took to Suva a letter for Dr. Corney from G. Sweet, F. G. S., who is now the leader of the expedition, stating that the boring for the last ninety feet was chiefly in coral rock, and that no sign of volcanic rock or of rock other than coral had yet been met with in the bore. When the Royalist arrived the expedition had consumed all their coal, but Commander Rason was enabled to supply sufficient coal to last them till the arrival of the steamer Archer, from which it was hoped an additional supply would be obtained. Professor David states that the bore having already exceeded the depth for which Darwin stipulated in his classical work on coral reefs, and a good core having been obtained throughout, it may now be looked upon as a success. Information likely to be of considerable scientific value has been obtained, and he considers that the general evidence so far appears strongly to confirm Darwin's theory that most of the coral atolls of the Pacific have been formed on areas of the earth's crust which have been undergoing a prolonged subsidence. A detailed report of the results obtained by the expedition will probably be incorporated in the report of the Royal Society of London on the coral atoll of Funafuti, the earlier portion of which will be written by Professor Sollas, F. R. S., the leader of the Funafuti expedition last year. The bore at Funafuti is lined throughout with the best arcaean tubes, four inches in outside diameter. Every foot of the bore had to be lined with these tubes to prevent fragments of coral rock and coral sand choking the bore. The work of boring has proved very difficult on account of the variable nature of the strata (quicksand alternating with coral rock), and also on account of the cavernous nature of the coral rock, which has caused such a jarring as to repeatedly break some of the strongest cast iron wheels in the machinery. The diameter of the core obtained from the bore is two and one-half inches.

HOW TO PREVENT DREAMS.

Simple Remedy Advanced by a Physician to Insure Wholesome Sleep.

From the Washington Star: "After a series of experiments on myself and others," ventured an experienced physician, "I am convinced that many annoying dreams, which in many instances rob sleep of much of its recreation and benefit, can be prevented if persons will take the trouble to do so. There are dreams which are produced by an overloaded stomach and indigestion. These can be prevented by not overloading the stomach and taking care, especially in the evening, to not eat that which experience has demonstrated is not easily digested. A fairly filled stomach, however, is less conducive to dreams than an absolutely empty one. I think I can safely say that if those persons who are troubled much with extra dreaming will wear extra long sleeves in their nightgowns they will find a remedy thereby. What is even better than long sleeves is to put a rubber cord in the hem of the sleeve, so that they will not slip up on the arm. The rubber cord should not be tight enough to interfere with the circulation of the blood in the arms, but tight enough to keep the ends of the sleeves well down on the wrists. To the bachelors and others who cannot have their sleeves properly arranged the same effect can be secured by wearing a wristlet on the wrist or, better yet, to pull a sock over the hands and pin the leg of it to the sleeves of the nightgown. In addition to preventing dreams this simple arrangement will be found extremely comfortable during the cold nights of the next couple of months. A little inquiry will convince anyone that those whose wrists and forearms are uncovered are annoyed most by dreams. The sock used as a kind of an extended glove will effectually stop them, but it must be attached to the sleeve of the nightgown, otherwise the sleeve will work up the arm and the desired effect lost. My remedy, in brief, is to keep the hand, wrist and forearm well covered."

Perhaps.

Freddie's father had just been struggling with an old fashioned bureau and, retiring disheartened from an unsuccessful effort to open one of its compartments, he moved to the window and looking out upon the lowering sky he exclaimed: "It's mighty strange that the weather bureau can't give us a change of weather." "Maybe," shyly interposed Freddie, "they can't open the bureau drawers." -Boston Courier.

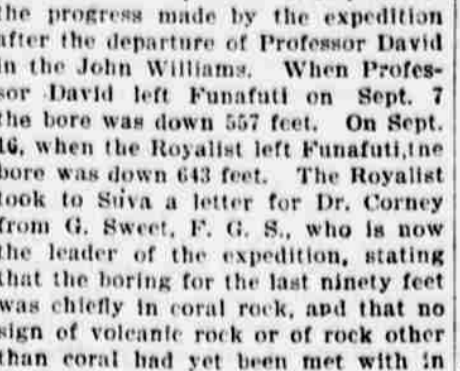
An Explanation.

A long-suffering listener, after hearing from a youth his account of how he and two companions kept 500 Indians at bay for twenty-four hours, asked, "Do you know why the Lord said to Ananias, 'Stand forth?'" Upon receiving a negative reply he continued, "Well, I don't, either, unless it was so that you and your two companions could stand first, second and third." -Exchange.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN,

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Chance for a Touch—A Point to Be Considered—A Witty Bostonian—Sammy's Logic—Great Find—Winning His Good Will.



Resting Easily. MISTER JONES was very sick. They sent for Doctor Brown, Smart's man tea pull 'im thro' 'N all the town. Mister Jones did not improve. Fer Doctor Smith they went. Who said that er Brown's treatment wasn't worth a cent. Then 'nother doctor came: Fer Mister Jones grow worse; Next week he out ridin went— In a hearse. -Jan.

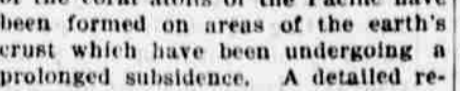
A Witty Bostonian.

Mrs. M—, a well-known Bostonian, who talks very wittily and plays very well, once asked Prof. Blackenstein what made him so thoughtful. "Madam," he replied, "I am wondering how it is you can make the piano talk so divinely and you yourself so foolishly?" "Ah, well," retorted Mrs. M—, "you see, the piano knows it has rae to listen to it, whereas I know I have only you to listen to me, which makes the difference."

Play Again.

"I pray you," said the professor, "play again. I like your playing best." Brooklyn Life.

Chance for a Touch.



Mrs. Newmarried—I'd like to catch my husband drinking. Jack Borrowe—So would I.

A Great Find.

Manager—"Have you ever appeared upon the stage?" Fair Applicant—"No." Manager—"What qualifications do you think you possess for a successful career before the footlights?" Fair Applicant—"I have just secured from the secretary of the navy an invitation to christen the next battleship; but I am quite certain that he intends to let some other girl do it." Manager—"Good! We'll have a play written especially for you."

Sammy's Logic.

"Sammy Snags," asked the teacher, "what part of speech is the word 'malediction?'" "Noun," replied Sammy. "What gender?" "Masculine gender." "Indeed?" "Yes'm. If it was feminine it would be 'femalediction.'" -Pittsburg Chronicle.

Pretty Strong Evidence.

"Why have you broken off your engagement to Mr. Farnum?" "Because I have reason to believe 'hat insanity runs in his family.'" "You don't say! How did you find it out?" "A cousin of his entered a six days bicycle race."

The Late-Comer.

He had fought a dozen duels, he had been in battle too; But he faltered, blushed and trembled when the hostess led him through the door. The parlor, introducing him unto the people there.

The Light Time Don't Fall.

The hours grew fleet, and then fleet; The lovers waxed sweet, and then sweet; And her pa, in despair, Madly tore his scant hair. For he'd the gas bill to meet by the meter.

To Be Considered.

Where're you going to take that dog, my boy?" "I dunno. I wants ter find out fna where the dog's goin' ter take me."

Winning His Good Will.

"Why were you so anxious to be pleasant to that man? One would think you were under some great obligation to him." "He is my dentist and I expect to have a tooth filled tomorrow."

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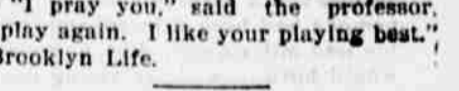
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