

**ALICE MITCHELL'S END**

**THE SLAYER OF PRETTY FREDA WARD NO MORE**

She Was the Victim of Perversion—A Tragedy That Had No Parallel in History—Her Life in an Insane Asylum.

**T**HE death of Alice Mitchell, in the insane asylum at Bolivar, Tenn., recalls a fiendish murder which has never had a parallel in history. About 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon, Jan. 5, 1892, she cut the throat of Freda

Ward, a girl about her own age, with a razor, then chased a sister of Miss Ward and wounded her with the same weapon. The tragedy was enacted on the levee in Memphis, as the Misses Ward were proceeding to a steamboat upon which they were to embark for their home, a few miles up the river. The principals in the affair were of good families, and themselves very popular in society, and had up to that time been most intimate friends. At the investigation of the case it developed that the cause of the murder was an unnatural infatuation conceived by the Mitchell girl for Miss Ward, who, she said, had promised to marry her. It was decided that Alice Mitchell was insane and she was, after the trial of the case, removed to the asylum, where she died the other day. Miss Mitchell was the daughter of a wealthy retired furniture manufacturer of Memphis. On the afternoon of the murder, three young girls, all chatting merrily, were walking down the pavement along Front street toward the levee in Memphis, where they intended taking a boat for their home at Gold Dust, Ark. They were: Miss Freda Ward, a girl of 17; her sister, Josie Ward, not over 19 years old, and Miss Christine Parnell, one of their schoolmates, who also lived at Gold Dust. The boat was waiting. The three had reached the vicinity of the customhouse, where at that time many people are usually congregated to see the sunset on the river. Suddenly a buggy came dashing down the street in the rear of the three girls. It was driven by a handsome blonde whose eyes were flashing fire. It was an unnatural gleam of vengeance such as might issue from the optics of a ghoul. That person was Alice Mitchell. Beside her in the buggy was another young woman named Johnson, the daughter of a wealthy and much-respected citizen of Memphis, who lived in a palace on Vance street. When the vehicle reached the party of girls walking it was brought to a standstill, and the gay sorrel driven was forced back upon his haunches by the maddened girl who held the lines.

"There is Freda," she exclaimed with much excitement, as she jumped out of the buggy. "I must see her before she takes the boat—hold the horse."

Miss Johnson had hardly picked up the reins to the frightened horse before she was called upon to witness a scene that caused her blood to run cold. Alice Mitchell ran quickly up to Miss Ward from the rear and threw one arm about her neck. The loungers about the custom house grounds thought she intended to kiss her, as did the victim's sister. Quick as a flash a blade of glistening steel swung in the red light from the right hand of Alice Mitchell, and with almost superhuman strength she bent her victim's head over with her left arm and with the right drew the razor through her left temple and cheek, laying her face open. Freda struggled. It was all done so quickly that the other girls could not as yet realize what was happening. Again the razor was brought into play, this time laying the victim's chin open. The latter's sister Jo by this time realized what was going on, and, running up, knocked Alice down with her umbrella. In the meanwhile



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Freda had fallen to the ground. The Mitchell girl jumped up and ran to Freda. She caught her by the hair, and bringing her head back fetched the razor across her white throat, severing it to the spinal column from ear to ear, coming very near to severing it from the body. The poor girl struggled to her feet in spite of her injuries and staggered to the railroad tracks a few feet away, where she fell from exhaustion, while great pools of her own blood formed on either side of her. An ambulance was quickly called, but before it had proceeded half a square with the wounded girl she died, and her body was taken immediately to the morgue. As soon as she had accomplished her

design, Alice Mitchell ran back, climbed into the buggy with Miss Johnson and the two drove away. The murderers were arrested soon afterward at her home. She met the officers very calmly, in fact it was said that for days before she had not shown such marked composure. She said that she wanted to die any way, and was taken to the county jail immediately where quarters were arranged for her. Soon afterward Miss Johnson was arrested on the same charge and placed in the same room with the murderers, on account of having been with the Mitchell girl before and after the tragedy occurred. The startling features of the case were to follow, however. At first it was believed by many that an enemy which had sprung up between Mrs. W. H. Volkmar, a sister of the Ward girls, with whom they lived, at Gold Dust, and Alice, was the cause of the tragedy. Alice had visited the girls at their home, but their married sister took exception to her actions on the occasion of her visit, and sent her home with a note to her mother, which explained that there could be no longer any intimacy between Alice and her sisters. The Ward girls followed the instructions of their older sister, and after they had turned the cold shoulder on Alice, then Alice became desperate. Freda Ward had sent back the ring which Alice had given her, and their correspondence, which had hitherto gushed with love, was brought to a sudden termination. Miss Johnson testified that after that Alice was never herself until after she had killed Freda, a thing that she had more or less openly threatened to do before the murder occurred. One sensation after another followed in the subsequent investigation of the case. Alice Mitchell had received letters from the postoffice from Freda addressed to Jesse James and other noted criminals. It developed that she had always shown a marked propensity for imitating men. She would shoot sparrows with a rifle and ride horses bareback at a break-neck speed, and often donned men's clothing, though for her opposite sex she had always preserved a hostile attitude, devoting all her attention to



FREDA WARD.

girls, and Freda Ward in particular. The night after the murder Alice and Miss Johnson slept in each other's arms, and in the morning appeared cheerful and much refreshed. In fact, it seemed that neither fully realized what had occurred. They chatted merrily. During the day Alice asked where Freda was, and when she was told by the jailer that she was dead she begged to be allowed to go and see her. When refused she broke down and cried for the first time, and pleaded that all she wanted was to be allowed to lie down beside her in death. She appeared inconsolable.

At the coroner's inquest Alice admitted that she had killed Freda because she loved her, and that she had found it impossible to give her up. She said that they were to have been married, and that they had planned to go to St. Louis to live. She said that she had reasoned it all out and concluded that she would rather die herself than to live apart from Freda. The prosecutor endeavored to bring out in the evidence that she had killed her schoolmate for other reasons, but failed, and, after one of the most remarkable and sensational cases ever in history, the jury brought in a verdict of "present insanity," and the perverser was remanded to the asylum at Bolivar, where she died. Miss Johnson was dismissed, as it was clearly proved that she had nothing whatever to do with the murder. After being committed to the asylum Miss Mitchell suffered more or less from melancholy, and on two occasions endeavored to end her unhappy existence. When not depressed she was apparently as happy as a child, and amused herself in the most juvenile ways. She was never violent or hard to handle. Confinement, however, seemed to fret her, and she gradually pined away, death closing her terrible career when she had scarcely crossed the threshold of womanhood.

**Belvidere.**

While traveling in New York state, recently Mrs. Belva Lockwood, who once ran for the presidency, was rudely roused from a reverie by hearing a brakeman open a door and shout what sounded to her like "Belva, dear!" Her indignation was only cooled down when the train stopped at a small town bearing the name Belvidere.

**Rainy Tree.**

In one of the Canary Islands there is a tree of the laurel family that occasionally rains down in the early evening quite a copious shower of water drops from its tufted foliage. The water comes out through innumerable little pores situated at the edge of the leaves.

In Berlin the pawnshop is a royal institution, and is not allowed to make a profit. Its surplus goes to charitable purposes.

**MR. FRANK THOMSON.**

**MASTER OF TRANSPORTATION IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.**

He Began Life in the Mechanical Department and Has Worked His Way Up as a Result of Good Judgment Shown at the Proper Time.



**R**ESIDENT Frank Thomson of the Pennsylvania railroad, who has been called on by Secretary Alger to take charge of the military railroad, is no new hand in this branch of his profession.

Apart from being a thorough railroad man, Mr. Thomson has had practical experience not only in handling troops in time of war, but in the actual construction of military railroads and telegraphs. When the great war of the rebellion came on it found Mr. Thomson a youth of 20 hard at work in the shops of the Pennsylvania road, learning the details of the mechanical department of railroading. Thomas A. Scott, the then president of the great road, had been made assistant secretary of war in charge of the war transportation. The great Scott knew young Thomson's ability and capacity and made him his chief lieutenant. The young man was sent to Alexandria, Va., which was then occupied by the federal troops, and he quickly reconstructed the shops and the equipment of the Orange and Alexandria and of the Loudon and Hampshire roads, which the confederates had left behind. The work he did there elicited the highest praise from the department in Washington.

As the troops advanced young Thomson was met with larger and more difficult problems, all of which he solved quickly and thoroughly. He built new roads, put up new telegraph lines, reconstructed bridges, built new ones, and repaired old roads which the confederates had partly destroyed. He



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assumed entire responsibility for the work, and the direction of all these important undertakings devolved upon him alone.

This early training made him not only familiar with the necessities of the situation that confronted him, but developed in his character that masterful resource which has carried him up in the service of the vast system that employed him until, about a year ago, he was made president of the road. In Thomas A. Scott, whose services to the government during the civil war were of inestimable value, Mr. Thomson found a warm friend and an appreciative superior officer.

Mr. Thomson returned from his military work a true soldier. He had shared the perils and privations of the army, and was admired and respected by officers three times his age. Mr. Thomson is a Pennsylvanian by birth and is 57 years old. His father was a noted judge, legislator and educator in the early part of the century.

**He Buried Twenty-Two Wives.**

No-wa-she Jack Pote, an old Indian, who resides with his four squaws on Snake creek in the Creek nation, is one of the greatest living curiosities in this country. He is said to be 109 years old, but, judging from the different events which he claims happened within a lifetime, he must be even older. The most remarkable feature about No-wa-she is that he has already lost two sets of teeth and now has grown a third set complete. His hair is jet black, with no signs of turning gray; his step is firm and bearing erect; he has buried twenty-two wives and is now living with four. He was originally a Delaware, but was captured by the Apaches when young and held for a number of years; he was adopted by the Muscogees when a middle-aged man and has been regarded as the oldest man in the tribe for the past thirty years. No-wa-she is treated with the greatest reverence by the members of the tribe, who regard him as a superior being, and the crafty old fellow doesn't hesitate to take advantage of their superstitions by accepting all the favors they feel disposed to bestow upon him.—Cushing (Col.) Herald.

There are no shade trees and hammocks scattered along the road that leads to success.

**CARRIER PIGEONS IN WAR.**

**The Birds May Be Used on Board Patrol Boats as Messengers.**

The experiments which the French government is now making with carrier pigeons are not novel, though from the scientific way in which they are being conducted it is believed that new data as to the efficiency of these swift birds as messengers in time of war may be gathered. Similar experiments have been made in this country recently, notably those under the management of Howard Carter of the naval homing pigeon service of New York. It is calculated that the pigeons fly at a rate varying from 30 to 60 miles an hour. This means that a message from a ship 200 miles at sea might be sent to the home port in from four to five hours. For instance, if the pigeons were released from a scouting vessel to give warning of the approach of an enemy's vessel or fleet, they could beat the average patrol boat to shore by 10 to 12 hours over a 200-mile course. Such advance warning would be of great value in an emergency. It is proposed, in case of war, to place crates of these pigeons on board the fastest patrol boats which may be assigned to outside duty.

Mr. Carter's method of training pigeons differs materially from that of a few years ago. He flies his birds singly or in pairs at distances ranging from 10 to 400 miles from the home loft. When they are released in pairs he sends a slow bird with a swift one. He found that the old style of taking a basket full of birds and releasing them at varying distances in lots of 10 to 15 didn't fit the pigeons for swift flights when they were released singly. The New York loft broke the record for 150 miles in 1896, and it is believed that if the necessity for using pigeons arises from this port—New York Sun.

**HONEY BEE POISON.**

**Interesting Experiments Made by Dr. Jose Zanger, a German Scientist.**

The chemical and toxic properties of the poison of the honey bee have been a subject for long study by a German

scientist, Dr. Jose Zanger. During his investigations Dr. Zanger employed 25,000 bees. He found that the fresh poison was clear, like water, of an acid reaction, bitter taste, and of a fine aromatic flavor. On evaporating and drying at a temperature of 100 degrees centigrade (212 degrees Fahrenheit), a gummy residue is left. It is soluble in water; with alcohol it forms an emulsion-like mixture.

The aromatic odor is due to a volatile substance, which disappears on evaporation, and is not poisonous. The poisonous constituent is not destroyed by short boiling, nor by drying and heating the residue to 212 degrees Fahrenheit, nor by the diluted acids or alkalies. Dr. Zanger has proved the existence of formic acid, but he has also proved that there is not the poisonous principle. The latter is an organic base, soluble with difficulty in water, but kept in solution by an acid.

On the healthy skin neither the bee poison nor a 2 per cent solution of the poisonous principle has any effect, but they act as powerful irritants on the mucous membranes. His tests, made on rabbits and other animals, show that when the poison is brought in contact with the eye there follow lachrymation, hyperemia, chemosis, and croupous membranes in conjunction. The general condition is also affected; the animals become melancholy, take no food, but are very thirsty, and the urine shows small amounts of albumen.

**A Gun's Grim History.**

A correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution, "who fit through the war," writes: "Will a man be allowed to carry the gun he prefers in the war? I have one that saw service in every battle of the late war, and which, to my certain knowledge, has killed 120 men. I carried a notebook with me the first two years of the war and kept count, till it got to be such an ordinary thing that I lost interest in it. But I know that it has killed 120, and that it is in as good fighting trim now as it was then. I have come to have an affection for it, and if I enlist I hope they'll let me carry it with me. It's getting rusty and needs exercise."

It doesn't matter very much whether a man meets his wife downtown or a help-up man on his way home,

**ABOARD THE PEKIN.**

**THE CALIFORNIA REGIMENT GOES TO MANILA.**

A Farewell Demonstration—A Transport Ship Receives Its First Cargo of Soldiers—Two Vessels May Leave San Francisco for the Philippines Today.

**SAN FRANCISCO, May 24.**—California said good-by to her first regiment of volunteers this morning as they marched gaily forth from the Presidio to start on their long journey to Manila. The men left camp at 8 o'clock and marched to the Pacific Mail dock where the big steamer City of Peking lay ready for them. By noon the soldiers were all on board and before night everything will be in readiness for their departure.

The farewell demonstration by the people of San Francisco will long be remembered by the soldiers of the first regiment. Every street leading from the Presidio to the Pacific Mail dock, a distance of about five miles, was lined with people, who, after the soldiers passed, followed in their wake and marched with them to the docks.

At Van Ness avenue the entire police force of San Francisco was in waiting, and fell in ahead of the soldiers. The latter were in heavy marching order, carrying blanket rolls and loaded knapsacks.

At Pacific avenue the naval reserve, signal corps and National guard staff officers were in line and presented arms as the soldiers went by. Then they too, marched to the dock. As the regiment proceeded through the residence district on its way down town the crowd grew thicker and thicker. There was one continuous roar of cheers, flags were waved frantically and people along the line, as they recognized some friend among the soldiers, rushed out and grasped him by the hand to say good-by. Many weeping women followed along after the soldiers, as though loth to let them out of their sight. Even men were not ashamed to show their emotion.

As the marching men neared the water front bombs were fired, steam whistles blown and every device imaginable for making a noise was put into full operation.

In vain the police and the mounted signal corps attempted to keep the crowd back. They would not be denied and rushed to the dock in the wake of the soldiers.

At the dock the volunteers were marched on board the transport without delay. It took considerable time for each man to be assigned to his quarters, but this task was accomplished with little confusion. After the soldiers were once on board the ship the police with difficulty cleared the dock, and the gates were shut. All day, however, a big crowd hung about the dock, in the hope of getting one more glimpse of the men who are going to sail 6,000 miles to fight for their country.

The first regiment of California volunteers is commanded by Colonel James F. Smith and consists of 1,086 officers and men. To-morrow the second regiment of Oregon volunteers, one battalion of Fourteenth infantry, United States regulars, and a detachment of California heavy artillery will board the steamship City of Sydney, and it is probable that the Peking and Sydney will depart in company when supplies are taken on board.

**ON HER WAY TO MANILA.**

**The Charleston Sailed From San Francisco with Ammunition.**

**SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 24.**—The Charleston is well on her way to Manila. The big cruiser passed through the Golden Gate at 8:30 o'clock yesterday morning. Every steam vessel in the harbor blew an reveil to Captain Glass and his crew. None of the forts in the harbor saluted the vessel, but the demonstration made by the 6,000 soldiers gathered at the Presidio was tremendous. When the vessel was sighted coming down the bay the soldiers gathered on the beach to bid her bon voyage. They lined the beach for a mile and cheer upon cheer rang out from the men who are to soon follow the Charleston to the scene of Admiral Dewey's triumph. The Charleston's big siren answered the boys on the beach time and again and the whistling was heard from one end of the city to the other. Never has a war vessel leaving this harbor received such a send-off as was given the Charleston, which was the first of the American fleet to be built on the Pacific coast. She was launched from the Union Iron works in this city ten years ago and was one of the "nest eggs" of the present American navy.

**For Sampson and Dewey.**

**READING, Pa., May 24.**—On a rush telegram from Washington, the Carpenter Steel works late last night sent 150 thirteen-inch projectiles destined for Sampson's fleet. These weigh 1,200 pounds each and will go through anything Spanish afloat. Over 800 projectiles of somewhat smaller size are on hand and they go to San Francisco for Admiral Dewey at Manila. The thirteen-inch projectiles are popularly known here as "McKinley's peacemakers."

**Americans Had to Retire.**

**MADRID, May 24.**—An official dispatch from Havana says: "Two American warships attempted to force an entrance at Isabela Sagua, near the mouth of the Sagua river, Santa Clara province, on the North coast. The troops were massed upon the shore and compelled the Americans to retire."

**Illinois Seamen for Sampson's Fleet.**

**CHICAGO, May 24.**—Two hundred and five members of the Illinois naval reserve will be sent to the Gulf coast to-morrow. It is said they will be given a chance to serve with Admiral Sampson's fleet.

**THE FIRST NAVAL LESSON.**

**The Armored Cruisers Prove to Be the Ideal Warships.**

**WASHINGTON, May 24.**—As a result of the maneuvers executed by the Spanish fleet under command of Admiral Cervera, future naval constructors will give the armored cruiser a prominent place in the types adopted for offensive warfare.

This, perhaps, is the best lesson taught up to this time by the war with Spain. Such is the opinion of naval experts since Admiral Cervera, with his speedy squadron, arrived ten days ago at Martinique. It marks the downfall of the theory so strongly advocated by Captain C. F. Goodrich, now in command of the Yale and formerly professor of the Naval War college, that the armored cruiser had no place in modern navies.

"Captain Goodrich is now probably convinced of the value of armored cruisers," said a naval officer, "in view of the fact that, as commanding officer of the fleet since a few days before its arrival at Martinique."

"The armored cruiser is nothing more than a swift sea-going battleship," Japan recognizes this fact and is the only nation that was quick to take advantage of such recognition. Her lesson was learned at Yalu, where her protected cruisers of great speed and equipped with rapid firing guns, drove from the scene of battle the Chinese battleships of slow speed and thick armor.

"That the lesson was well learned is shown by the fact that Japan immediately placed contracts with the Armstrongs of England for the construction of six battleships of great speed. In order to get the speed desired, 18 knots, with the protection the armament specified by the mikado's government, it was necessary to make the ships of great displacement. Two of them, the Yushima and Fuji, which are now on their way to Japan, are of 12,450 tons displacement each. The later ships have a displacement of 14,850 tons each. On their trials the Yushima and Fuji developed speeds of 18.5 and 19.2 knots respectively.

"These vessels are really the development of the armored cruiser type. What would we now give for such vessels under the command of Rear Admiral Sampson? Two of them, with the New York and Brooklyn, would be able to destroy or drive away Admiral Cervera's squadron. This government in building the Iowa obtained a type in some respects similar to the armored cruiser, but her speed is only 16 knots, and under present conditions is probably but 13 or 14.

"Since the war began we have been using vessels for purposes for which their types unsuited them. For instance, the Indiana and Massachusetts are coast defense battle ships. Yet they have been sent to sea cruising for the enemy when they were really intended for defensive purposes. Then we have been employing harbor defense monitors for blockading purposes and for offensive warfare, the result being to cripple the maneuvering quality of our fleet and handicap Rear Admiral Sampson seriously in his offensive and defensive operations. Our ship building policy is all wrong. The country has gone on the theory that a defensive navy was all that was necessary. The present war teaches that an offensive navy is absolutely required.

"The necessity of target practice in time of peace is apparent when we think of the firing of the Spaniards at Manila at Matanzas and at San Juan upon the American squadrons. We knew before the war began the desirability of employing smokeless powder, but unfortunately Congress failed to make the necessary appropriation when it was recommended several years ago and the department had to fall back upon brown powder.

"I think Congress will now agree that docks are the crying necessity at this time. Although none of the battleships are capable of greater speed than 16 knots an hour, under present foul conditions they can probably not steam at a greater rate than 12 or 13 knots. The divers who have been sent down to Key West from Norfolk will be able to scrape the propellers clean and thus increase the speed of the ships, but they will not remove the barnacles off the bottoms of the ships to any great extent, for it is impossible for them to do good work under water."

**SPAIN'S FLEET AT CADIZ.**

**One Cruiser's Main Battery Is Nearly Useless, Owing to Defective Machinery.**

**NEW YORK, May 24.**—A dispatch from Cadiz says: It is stated here very positively that the Pelayo, Carlos V, three of the transatlantic steamers and two torpedo boats are about to sail for the Philippines.

The Pelayo is well armed, armored and manned. The Carlos V is well armored and manned and has good guns, but her heavy ones forward will not swing, owing to defects in the machinery, and can only be fired directly ahead.

The captains of these boats are good men and experienced, but Admiral Camara is regarded by naval men as difficult to work with, giving orders and contradicting them almost in the same breath.

**OUR TROOPS NOW IN CUBA.**

**First Expedition From the United States Said to Have Landed.**

**CHICAGO, May 24.**—A special from Macon, Ga., says: "Unless some accident has befallen the United States transport Florida, there are now United States volunteer troops on the island of Cuba, or they will be there within a few hours. From accurate information obtained here to-day it can be stated as a fact that the first expedition toward Cuban soil has started and the outlook is for a successful trip.