

AT WEDDING SUPPER.

ASSASSINATED BY BRIDE'S REJECTED SUITOR.

One Charge from a Shotgun Kills Frank Walker and His Bride, Then the Murderer, Charles Rankin, Takes His Own Life.

Frank Walker and his bride of a few hours were assassinated by Charles Rankin, a rejected suitor for the young woman's hand, while they were feasting and making merry at their wedding supper at Montgomery, Mo., the other evening. A child sitting next to the couple was injured by the fatal shot. Rankin fired the contents of a shotgun through a window opening from the dining room into the yard. He then committed suicide with the weapon which he had used with such terrible effect. It was well that the posse of men found Rankin dead. A more determined and angry crowd never gathered in that section. On the body of the suicide was a photograph of the woman he had slain and the following note:

"Friends—You may think me strange, but it is all my fault that this has happened tonight. It is my own unworthiness that causes this rash act. With a parting good-by to my friends,



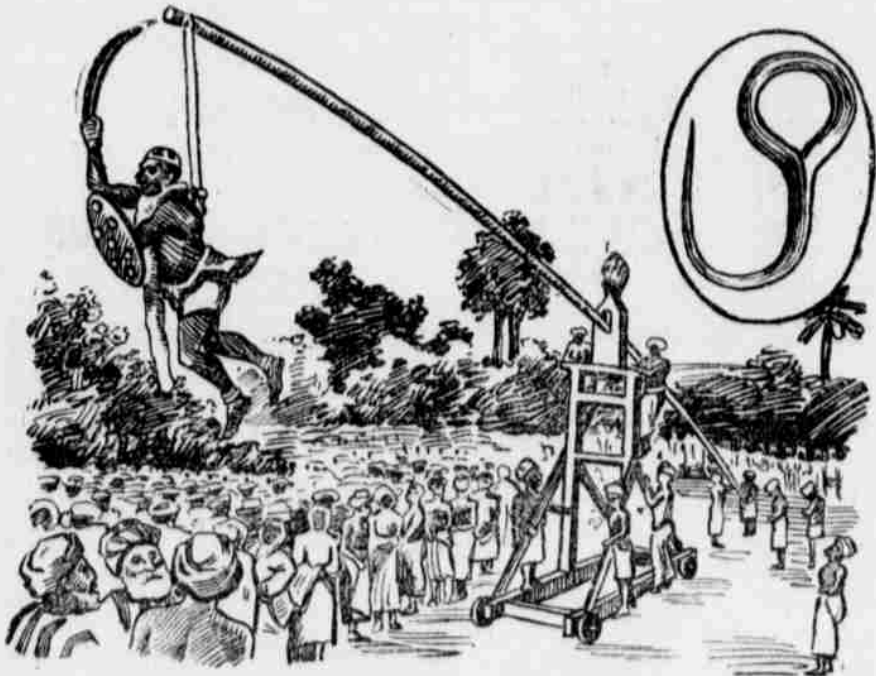
CHARLES RANKIN.

I will close with a request that my brother Odd Fellows bury me by the rites of that sacred fraternity. Good-by to all, and especially my home folks, for I expect I shall go to hell for this deed, as it makes two lives unhappy, and I will end this world of misery for us both."

Walker was a young and industrious farmer and Miss Maude Gosport, his bride, was the daughter of W. S. Gosport, a prominent farmer living near Belleflower, a small town near Montgomery. They came to Montgomery in the afternoon and were married at the Methodist parsonage by Rev. B. D. Sipple. They then returned to the home of Mr. Cook, an intimate friend of the groom, where they were tendered a reception. At the supper hour, while the wedding party was in progress, a shotgun was fired through the window of the dining room. The shot took effect in the heads of both Mr. Walker and his bride. Neither uttered a sound nor moved a muscle. Their hands dropped on their breasts and their bodies remained rigidly upright in their chairs until removed. Blood flowed in a stream from the head of the bride and filled her coffee cup before her body could be taken away. Neither regained consciousness. Both died almost immediately.

Mr. Cook's child was only slightly injured. Mr. Cook took his gun and

EAST INDIAN HORROR.



SWINGING UPWARD.

Many of the more ignorant classes in East India hold that their sufferings and sickness come upon them because their deities are displeased with them. So, in order to propitiate these cruel deities, the relatives of the sick will visit the temple and by offerings try to appease their wrath. Bloody offerings are believed to be especially pleasing to these deities.

At certain festivals held in honor of the goddess Bhadra Kall, in Travancore, South India, the most strange and striking form which these sacrifices take is known as hookswinging. The devotees have iron hooks inserted into the fleshy part of their backs, and are then swung up in the air before the goddess. The Rev. Joshua Knowles, a representative of the London Missionary society, witnessed several of these festivals, and the following is taken from his descriptions of them:

"The whole arrangement of the car was such that, by lowering one end of the long beam to the ground and fastening a man to it, and then pulling down the other end by the ropes, the man could be raised into the air a height of some forty feet or more. The whole car, with the man in the air, could then be dragged by the thick

cable ropes around the temple. Soon followed the beating of tom-toms, the screeching of native flutes, the howling of the crowds. The canopied end of the long beam was now lowered. The devotee lay prone on the ground below the end of the beam. The priests took hold of the flesh part of the man's back, squeezed up the flesh and fastened two iron hooks into it. A rudely fashioned native sword and shield were then given to the man. Then, while the people shouted, the rope fastened to the other end of the long beam was pulled down and the man swung upward into the air, waving the sword and shield and making convulsive movements with his legs as if dancing in the air. With shouts and cries, loud beating of tom-toms, and screeching flutes, the people took hold of the long cable ropes and strained and tugged till the car moved forward and around the temple. Some of the men were suspended while the car was dragged round three or four times. I should think that from the time the hooks were put in till they were taken out half an hour passed. Finally the devotee was lowered to the ground, the ropes unfastened and the hooks taken out of the flesh."

SAW A DEVILFISH LEAP.

The Sight Was So Horrible He Became Unconscious.

When a youngster I was homeward bound from Santa Anna with a cargo of mahogany and when off Cape Campeche was one calm afternoon leaning over the taffrail looking down into the blue profund on the watch for fish, writes a world-wide traveler in the Pittsburg Dispatch. A gloomy shade came over the bright water and up rose a fearful monster, some eighteen feet across, and in a general outline more like a skate or ray than anything else, all except the head. There, what appeared to be two curling horns, about three feet apart, rose on each side of the most horrible pair of eyes imaginable. A shark's eyes as he turns sideways under your vessel's counter and looks up to see if any one is coming, are ghastly, green and cruel, but this thing's eyes were all this and much more. I felt that the Book of Revelation was incomplete without him, and his gaze haunts me yet. Although quite sick and giddy at the sight of such a bogey, I could not move until the awful thing suddenly waving what seemed like mighty wings soared up out of the water soundlessly to a height of about six feet, falling again with a tremendous splash that might have been heard for miles. I must have fainted with fright, for the next thing I was conscious of was awakening under the rough doctoring of my shipmates. Since then I have never seen one leap upward in the day time. At night, when there is no wind, the sonorous splash is constantly to be heard, although why they make that bat-like leap out of their proper element is not easy to understand. It does not seem possible to believe such awe-inspiring horrors capable of playful gamboling.

Unhappy Coincidence.

Creditor—I wouldn't ask for the money if I wasn't awfully hard up. Debtor—And if I wasn't awfully hard up, you should have it. Curious coincidence, isn't it?—Boston Transcript.

A GIRL GAMBLER.

SHE HAS ASTONISHED ALL HANDS AT DAWSON.

Winning and Losing Bets That Run from \$1,000 to \$5,000 and No Emotion—Will She Meet the Usual End of Unwomanly Women?

(Special Letter.)

A girl gambler is the latest sensation in Dawson. She is only 18 years old, yet her feats at the gaming tables nightly are so extraordinary in their reckless daring that even the hardened sterner who has made gambling his life-long profession stands by in wonder while the girl who has scandalized Dawson wins and loses by turns. The name of this petticoated plunger is Rose Frances Blumpkin. Miss Blumpkin is a plunger in very truth. The other day she lost \$3,000 at the simple but exceedingly risky game called "craps." And that same night she "beat the bank" by no less a sum than \$5,000. Two thousand dollars won or lost in a night is nothing unusual for the girl gambler, whose losses and gains are just now the absorbing theme of conversation in the frontier town—a town, by the way, so accustomed to gambling topics that heretofore it has not roused itself to unwonted interest in them. Miss Blumpkin is unmarried, and was an actress before becoming so infatuated with Faro that she had



ROSE BLUMPKIN.

neither the ambition nor the will power to forswear the demoralizing influences that hover over the green cloth. Four months ago, before she went to Dawson, Miss Blumpkin conducted a diamond store in Seattle. She had appeared in vaudeville, and decided to continue her theatrical career in the Alaskan mining town, where salaries were said to be dazzlingly high, and money easier to make than at home, so the pretty, adventurous young diamond dealer betook herself to pastures new. Snow pastures they were, but remunerative, nevertheless. Then the gambling fever got into her veins. Now when this fever finds its way into a woman's veins, it is invariably fatal—that is, fatal to peace of mind and the moral sense, for it roars straightway to the brain of its victim, blinding her to the consequences of her folly, deafening her ears to the still, small voice of conscience. The confirmed woman gambler is a more pitiable object than the man gambler, because she is certain to sink eventually to even lower levels of recklessness and despair. When a man gambles he becomes as coldly metallic in his nervous system as the coin he covets. His nerves, in fact, are nerves of steel. When a woman gambles she becomes hysterically excitable in her nervous system. The eventual result is one of two things: she either commits suicide, or is herself committed to a madhouse, for gambling is sure to shatter her nerves. Which, then, will be the fate of pretty Rose Blumpkin? Dawson is not concerning itself with the destiny of its girl gambler. Dawson has not responsibility in the matter. If a woman chooses to do startling things that lead to mental, moral or financial disaster, whose is the blame? Sensations of the girl-gambler kind are rare, even in Dawson, where sensations of various kinds are by no means lacking. To Dawson she is merely a new diversion. Miss Blumpkin is one of the best-dressed women in the vaudeville world, and her good looks attract attention wherever she appears. Her luck as a patroness of the green cloth enables her to gown herself expensively and to wear many jewels. Her winnings and her losses, however, when balanced, sometimes show a heavy deficit; but that does not discourage her. When did man or woman, once in the fatal thrall of the gambling table, take warning from the downfall of others, and break in time the chains that drag them downward? Well might the mother of this strangely deluded girl weep, could she see her daughter sitting the whole night through, and seven nights in the week, at a table, surrounded by dissolute characters, her feverish cheeks and

glittering eyes turned to the stacks of gold before her and the cards as they are dealt out upon the green. Will the girl gambler of Dawson continue in her reckless devotion to the god of chance, or will she prove the one exception to the rule of women gamblers and forsake the haunts of dissipation before mind and morals are irretrievably wrecked? Which fate is in store for Miss Blumpkin—the suicide's farewell to the world, the lonely cell of an asylum, or timely rescue of mind, body and soul?

JAPANESE CRABS GAME.

Seem to Dream of Nothing But Fighting and Savagely Delight in It.

The most savage specimen of the crab species is found in Japan, seeming to dream of nothing but fighting, to delight in nothing half so much. The minute he spies another of his kind he scrapes his claws together in rage, challenging him to the combat. Not a moment is wasted in preliminaries, but at it they go, hammer and tongs. It sounds like rocks grinding against one another. The sand flies as the warriors push each other hither and thither until at last one of them stretches himself out in the sun, tired to death. But he does not beg for mercy or attempt to run away, only feebly rubbing his claws together in defiance of the foe. That foe comes closer, and with his claws trembling with joy at his victory, the conqueror catches hold of one claw of the vanquished crab, twists it

A MAN OF IRON NERVE.

WAS RICHARD FISHER, A MINER BURIED ALIVE.

And Smothered by Falling Sand, Which in His Pinned State, He Could Not Remove—Until Death Came He Cheered Would-Be Rescuers.

This is the story of a brave man, who was buried alive. He lived for nearly two days while entombed 300 feet below the surface of the earth, with thousands of tons of debris above him. Too courageous to despair, he hoped almost against hope for rescue. Too iron-willed to give way to fear, he maintained a cheerfulness almost phenomenal during this ordeal, the horror of which cannot be surpassed by any other man's experience. He even so far controlled himself as to actually say to his rescuers when they had dug within 50 feet of his imprisoned body, "Take your time, boys." He was suffocated at the end of 36 hours, without having uttered a complaint at the mental and physical ag-



RICHARD FISHER.

ony of his fate. Surely this is one of the most remarkable instances of manly fortitude ever recorded. The name of this hero was Richard Fisher. He perished near Tombstone, Ariz., victim of a cave-in of the Tranquility mine, where he was working. When the crash came Fisher was in an old "stope" of the mine. Countless tons of earth descended, carrying with them death and destruction, splintering the big mining timbers as though they were so many matches, and causing the ground in that vicinity to tremble with the violence of the shock. Beneath this awful avalanche poor Fisher was caught. It seemed impossible that he could have escaped instant death, but the miners immediately went to the task of rescuing their unfortunate comrade. Dead or alive, they would search until they found him. After digging diligently for some hours they heard sounds coming from where they had located as poor Fisher's tomb and toward which they were working. Hope replaced the sadness in their faces, and they renewed their efforts with all possible speed. Could they reach him before it was too late? Did and experienced handlers of the pick and drill were there, and young men full of vigor. When one worker fell out of the ranks from sheer exhaustion, another instantly took his place. Three hours more, and they had excavated through 20 feet more of earth. The next four hours brought them 30 feet nearer the doomed man, and then the cave-in ground was encountered. Headway here was tedious, because of the constantly running sand and dirt, which was removed as fast as possible and "lagging" driven overhead to hold the superimposed weight. The nearer the miners came the more distinct were the sounds from the entombed miner. The men worked on in desperate excitement. Twenty-four hours after the cave-in they came within speaking distance of their comrade, now some 50 feet or so away. Fisher, who was a sturdy miner and a typical Westerner who knew not the meaning of fear, said in his familiar voice, by way of greeting: "Hello! boys; you are getting closer. Take your time." Asked if he was hurt he assured his comrades that he was not seriously injured, although badly cramped. Realizing that in

uncertainty of his release from the blackness of his grave. During the work of the rescue an occasional message of hope and encouragement was spoken through the wall to Fisher, and each time came a reply from within, recognizing the speaker by his voice and calling him by name. But there came not a word of complaint or impatience. Three hours later Fisher said: "Boys, the loose dirt and sand have been running down on me continually and gradually piling about my head, but I think I can hold out all right."

At this the faces of his comrades grew pale. They knew that he was being buried alive. Slowly the sand about Fisher piled higher and higher. Presently it reached his neck, crept to his chin, reached his lips and then his nostrils. At this supreme moment the workers without heard a sudden moan. Repeated calls failed to bring any response. Fisher's soul had passed the portals of death, and a braver man never answered the final summons. Six hours later the miners reached his dead body. So compact and solid was the loose dirt about the inanimate form that it required four hours of feneless labor to extricate it. The funeral which followed was attended by every miner in camp, and was the most impressive one ever known in Tombstone.

PLAYED SEVEN-UP.

On the Body of Their Dead Comrade Thus Keeping a Compact.

Washington Post: "I have seen gambling in nearly all its forms," said an old employe of the postoffice department the other day, "but I think the most unique performance I ever witnessed along that line was a game of seven-up during the civil war. I was a member of an Ohio regiment that had a part in some of the fiercest fighting of the whole four years' struggle. Among my comrades were three privates who were devotedly attached to one another. They were the Aramis, Porthos and Athos of the regiment, with d'Artagnan left out. During the days in camp they were inseparable and they spent most of their time playing seven-up. They did not gamble, for it is doubtful if their friendship would have remained as steadfast if money had been laid on the cards. The trio made a compact, which was sworn to over a drumhead, that if one of them was killed in battle the remaining two would play a game of seven-up on his dead body. Of course the agreement was made with all the dare-devil carelessness of the soldier, but it was as binding as if it had been an oath-bound pledge on a more serious subject. Possibly they never thought they would have to execute it. At any rate, it was known throughout the regiment that the contract had been made, and it was the subject of more or less comment. But the time came when they were called upon to perform the agreement. It was at the bloody battle of Stone river that one of the triumvirate died with a bullet through his heart. He was one of those chosen to add to the awful carnage of the day. Then came the opportunity to see the true metal of the soldier of that day. The other two carried the body of their dead comrade off the field when the fighting was over, and hid it in their tent. I was there when they came in. They looked at the lifeless form for a long, long time, and at the same moment each looked at the other. 'Get the cards, Jake,' said one. The pack was produced, the cards were shuffled and dealt. The faded blue coat of their comrade, with the bullet-hole through the chest, was the table on which they played. The tears rolled down their cheeks so that they could hardly see the spots, and the sobs stifled their voices until they could not say whether they 'begged' or 'gave.' They played the game out, but I don't believe either knew which had won."

A SNAKE WITH TWO HEADS.

Each of Which Belongs to a Different Variety of Serpent.

George Sloan, a farmer living on the knobs in Monroe township, brought to the city a snake, four feet in length, that is a curious freak of nature, says the Jeffersonville (Ind.) correspondent of the Indianapolis News. It is hard to tell whether Mr. Sloan's catch should be called snakes or snake. It has two heads and two tails and is of two different species of snakehood. One head and one tail are those of an ordinary harmless black snake, while the other head and tail are of the variety known as a cowsnake. Back from the head of each reptile there is a growth of body about a foot long and an inch and a quarter in diameter. Then comes a single body, somewhat larger than the forward part and about two feet long. This part belongs to the cowsnake and out of this grow the two tails, each about a foot long, one belonging to the cowsnake and the other to the black snake. The reptile is harmless. It was captured by Mr. Sloan in a novel way. He had been missing newly hatched chickens and supposed rats were at fault. One morning he heard a noise among his fowls and he ran to the chicken house, where he found the strange creature writhing on the floor and the chickens huddled in a state of terror. The two heads had gone after the same chicken and each mouth was clamped on either end of the chick and neither would let go. A battle royal was on for possession and Mr. Sloan called his family to witness the affray. Up to this time he had given no thought of capture, but on a son's suggestion he procured a two-lined hayfork and pinned the warring black snake cow snake combination to the earth. This caused both heads to let go and the chicken, dead, of course, dropped on the floor. A box was procured and in this the double-header was placed until a cage could be made.



HEARD A SUDDEN MOAN.

Underground workings it is especially hard to locate the direction of the human voice, one of the men asked Fisher to tap the wall with a rock that his exact whereabouts might be better traced. Then came an answer which showed the undaunted spirit and marvelous fortitude of the imprisoned man: "I can't move; am pressed against the wall, with dirt up to my shoulders; can't stir my hands or feet to make a sound; but have plenty of air and can hold out until you reach me." This from a man who had been for more than 24 hours without food or water, enduring the cruel pangs of hunger and thirst; suffering excruciating pain from his cramped position, without use of arm or limb; writhing from contortions of bodily pain from the crushing pressure upon him while pinned to the wall; undergoing mental anguish at the frightful



GEN. ALBERT D. PIKE.

order, which was inaugurated at Charleston, S. C., and the oration will be delivered by James D. Richardson, member of congress from Tennessee, one of the most distinguished Masons in this country.

East Indians Learn English.

In many Indian schools now the English language is being taught to the little dusky subjects of the empress. G. Gill & Sons of London have designed a chart for helping the pupils to acquire the language. The pronunciation of the English characters is given in both Persian and Nagri.