

## TREAD WICKED WAYS

### SHE SWINDLED FOR A LIVING IN LONDON.

And the Countess Got a Good Livelihood Out of It—It Required More Energy, Perhaps, Than to Live Honestly, but There's the Excitement.

It was a bright May morning this year when the constable on duty outside Scotland Yard, London, saw rapidly approaching the main entrance a high-stepping pair of horses attached to a smart victoria, driven by a liveried coachman. The occupant was a lady, young and handsome, dressed in the height of fashion. At the best of times the somber building on the embankment is dull and commonplace, and the constable rubbed his eyes thinking that the splendid vision before him could be nothing but a dream. In a few minutes he realized that the unexpected vision was real and substantial, for the coachman pulled up, and the lady requested him to take her card in to Detective Sergeant Fuller. The card bore the name of the Countess de Semmarville du Laraz. The constable conveyed the card to the proper quarter, and returning to the carriage, told her ladyship that the officer would be out in a few moments. When Detective Sergeant Fuller came outside he was surprised to find that the occupant of the victoria with the high-sounding card, which, by the way, bore a coronet and a monogram in gold, was no less a person than plain Ada Maynard, who had just been released from Wormwood Scrubs prison, she having completed a sentence of eighteen months' hard labor, passed upon her for a series of long and impudent frauds. "The Countess" was pleased, indeed, to see Detective Fuller, but when the latter asked her what was the object of the visit and for what purpose she had used the title which he read upon the card which he held in his hand, the countess replied: "Surely you have heard that my family has at last recognized me, and has allowed me henceforth to assume my proper title. If you had taken up my case and thoroughly investigated the reasons and motives that caused my family to..."

...grow up as plain Miss Maynard, I should have been occupying the position I occupy now months ago, and who knows but you yourself might not have been by my side, and worth hundreds of thousands of pounds? The object of my visit today is to ask you to assist me in appealing against the cruel sentence passed upon me of 18 months for a crime of which I was innocent."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Fuller, "but I am afraid I can render you no assistance whatever, and as I have an engagement, I am sorry that I cannot spare any more time."

"May I write to you?" asked the countess.

"Certainly, if it is upon any matter connected with my duty," replied the officer.

The countess bowed most graciously, thanked Mr. Fuller profusely, and ordered the coachman to drive to the house of commons. Detective Sergeant Fuller, who is attached permanently to Scotland Yard, is well known and much respected, even among the criminal classes, by reason of his fairness in giving evidence. He first came in contact with the countess three years ago, when he arrested her for a series of frauds committed in the west end of London, where she was in the habit of taking rooms, and after remaining a day, disappearing with everything portable she could lay her hands on.

Calling at a large boarding house in Redcliffe Gardens, Fulham, Miss Maynard, who announced herself as the Countess Theresa Lowndes, told a most remarkable story. She said she

prepared, an elderly lady put in an appearance, and the countess and she dined. Subsequently the countess announced that she would go to the theater alone, and that her aunt would wait until she came back. The landlady saw no objection to adopting this course, but when she discovered an hour or so later that the countess had repacked the clothing which she had taken off an hour or so prior to her dressing for the theater she became suspicious, and she determined to make inquiries of the countess' aunt, whom she had been given to understand was Lady Ashley. Entering the room the landlady bowed and said: "Would your ladyship be good enough to tell me why the countess has taken her bag with her?"

"I'm no ladyship, marm," replied the supposed Lady Ashley. "I'm the countess' washerwoman, and as she owes me the matter of £3 for work done I came round here at her invitation to get the money. She told me that she was coming into thousands, that this was where her future mother-in-law lived, and that if I stopped till the carriage returns I should have my money and a little bit over for waiting. She wrote me a letter sending me these clothes that I've got on, and telling me that I was to take no notice of what anybody said to me."

The next day the countess ordered a brougham from Whiteley's to pick her

up at St. James' restaurant, and that afternoon she gave orders for £25 worth of flowers, £150 worth of clothing, £25 worth of boots, and wine to the extent of nearly £130. The police, however, were upon her track, and before the orders could be executed she was laid by the heels. This was the second occasion she had fallen into the hands of the police, and when the matter was placed in the hands of Detective Sergeant Fuller he discovered that she had posed as the wife of a well-known officer at Scotland Yard, who was away in America, and by this means she had obtained considerable credit, practically living three or four months upon various lying statements. She was in the habit of driving almost daily up to Scotland Yard, and for some time her motive could not be discovered. It was then learned that, having posed as a countess, she told a remarkable story, finishing up by declaring that she was passionately fond of Mr. Fuller, and that her visit to "the yard" was to obtain promotion for that officer from his chiefs. Of course this inspired her dupes with confidence, and as a result she was allowed to run up heavy bills, none of which, it is needless to say, was ever settled. Her last visit to Scotland Yard, which was, of course, in the usual carriage and pair, resulted in her being arrested by Detective Birrell on several charges of swindling and felony.

The trial took place at the North London sessions, but despite the fact that the wardress stoutly denied that the prisoner had any purse when she left prison, "the countess" went into the witness box and repeated the story on oath. She proved to be a smart, intelligent young woman of 29, of prepossessing appearance and a well-developed figure. She gave her evidence clearly and with considerable skill, but, despite the able pleading of Mr. Purcell (who was directed by Judge McConnell to watch the case on her behalf), the countess was found guilty. There were many indictments against this woman, upon all of which she was found guilty, and Miss Peninger, the wardress, having proved the previous convictions, Detective Sergeant Fuller stepped into the witness box and told the story of how he had been bombarded with letters and of the visits which the prisoner had paid to Scotland Yard in her brougham. He added that the statement that she was a gold medalist of the Guildhall school of music was absolutely untrue, and further that on the occasion of one of her convictions she wrote an account of her life and handed it to the judge who tried her. The statement was handed to him (Detective Fuller), to make inquiries. He found that in spite of the fact that the prisoner had declared the contents of the document to be the positive truth, there was not one single name, address or statement correct—in fact, the whole was a tissue of lies. Turning to the prisoner, whose remarkable coolness and self-possession was the subject of much comment, his lordship asked her who her friends were, whereupon she replied: "I would prefer, my lord, to make no statement as to my friends in public, but if I am accorded a private interview with your lordship I will willingly tell you all about them."

Detective Sergeant Fuller said: "On a previous occasion, my lord, this young woman was allowed by the judge who tried her to write down the names of her parents and some of her

#### SERGEANT FULLER.

(A Famous Scotland Yard Detective.)

...friends. He directed me to make inquiries. I did so, and found every one of them to be false."

Judge McConnell said: "I am afraid that if I pass sentence now it would be somewhat severe. It is perfectly clear to me that this woman has lived nothing but a life of fraud, carried out with considerable cunning and effrontery. It is hard to believe that a woman possessed of her senses could commit such offenses, and I therefore think it best to postpone sentence in order that Dr. Scott, the medical officer at Holloway, may have an opportunity of examining the prisoner as to her state of mind, although I fear that all he will find is that she is possessed of a determination to live a life of fraud." Bowing to his lordship, and smiling at Sergeant Fuller, "the countess" haughtily refused the guiding hand of the wardress who was seated by her side as she swept out of the dock.

A MYSTERIOUS CRIME.

Headless Body of Augustus Johnson Found by Section Men.

The body of Augustus Johnson, with the head completely severed from the trunk, was picked up by section men near the Chicago and Northwestern tracks, near Crystal Lake, Ill., the other day. Friends from Elgin, where Johnson formerly lived, identified the remains. Johnson's pocketbook, Northwestern baggage check No. 3719, issued from Maywood, Ill., station; a notebook and other articles were found scattered near the body. The dead man was seen with a stranger the day before and the position of the body when found and other significant facts point strongly to murder. Detective Benthussen of that place is working on the case. The detective found tracks of two men leading from the body and passing through a corn field and leading by a circuitous route back to the railroad. One of the tracks correspond to shoes worn by the victim. If murder has been committed it probably was because of Johnson's knowledge of a crime rather than for his money. Johnson left Chicago about July 29, according to figures in his note-book. He was 35 years old and has very wealthy relatives in Sweden, which country he left eleven years ago. He had been dead about six hours when found.

#### PHYSICIAN WITH FIVE WIVES.

Dr. Granville, Alias Burrows, Will Be Tried for Bigamy in September.

Advices received from Winona, Minn., say that the trial of Dr. Charles W. B. Granville, alias Burrows, late president of St. Luke's hospital at Niles, and wanted in numerous places in Michigan, Indiana and Pennsylvania for bigamy and operating fraudulently as a practitioner, will be held at the September term of the Minnesota court. Granville has been unable to obtain bail and during his confinement in jail the authorities have been gathering evidence as to his guilt. The evidence shows Granville to have at least five wives. The woman he passed off as his wife at Niles and Dowagiac was wife No. 3, and two other women fell victims to his wiles after he was driven out of Michigan. The Minnesota authorities are confident of securing his conviction, but if they fail the much-married physician will be given into the custody of Michigan officers.

#### AFTER MANY DAYS.

In January, 1881, Emma Ransom and Francis Nash were married in Tusculum, Ohio. They lived happily together for ten years. One day about eight years ago the husband disappeared. His wife was prostrated, and for weeks hovered between life and death. Upon her recovery she decided to devote her entire life to her children and her work, she being a devoted Baptist. When the cyclone swept over St. Louis in 1896, Mrs. Nash was notified that her husband's name was numbered in the list of the dead. Mrs. Nash struggled on, supporting herself and her two children. The other day a

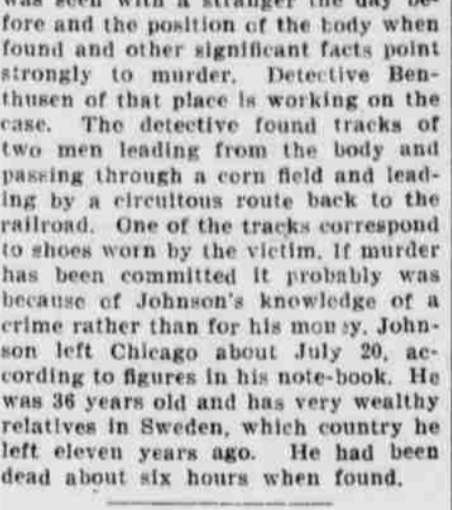
## KILLED THE INDIAN.

### HE HAD IMPRISONED HER IN A CAVE.

Condemned to Unbroken Solitude That He Might Squander the Money She Brought Him—Crime in Indian Territory.

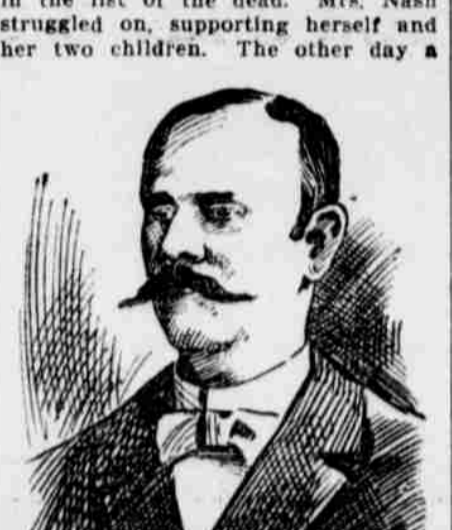
Four years ago Allie McDonald, the wife of Jim McDonald, a Cherokee Indian, disappeared from her home, near Checotah, I. T. She was a white woman, and very beautiful. Her husband accused a New York artist named Smith of having abducted her, but recent developments show that the Indian kidnaped his own wife and kept her fastened and guarded in a cave for four long years. Under pretense of searching for her the Indian spent nearly his wife's whole fortune, but in reality he was squandering the money on race tracks and gay women. Lately his wife was rescued from the cave. As soon as she was free she shot her husband dead for his cruelty. No effort was made to arrest her and none will be made. The girl comes under the jurisdiction of the Indian courts, and the Indians refuse to prosecute. Four years ago Allie Madaris, the beautiful daughter of Jack Madaris, was married to Jim McDonald near Checotah, I. T. Allie's father was quite wealthy, and he started his son-in-law out in the cattle business. Ten days after the wedding Jack Madaris died

under mysterious circumstances, and it was hinted then that his son-in-law did the killing. Closely following her father's death Allie suddenly disappeared. McDonald appeared greatly moved by both events and offered \$5,000 reward for the return of his wife. Then he sold all his and his father-in-law's property, excepting a 1,000-acre ranch, and started East to capture and murder the white man who had stolen his wife. McDonald was gone three years and a half. Last winter he returned to Tahlequah and told the inhabitants he thought his wife had been murdered. Detective Dunkin did not believe this story, but kept a close eye on the Indian. His patience was rewarded on May 31, when he followed McDonald to a hut on the side of a hill, fifteen miles southeast of Tahlequah. After the Indian had left, Dunkin went to the place and forced the owner, a full-blooded Indian, named Six Killer, to turn over the keys. After a good deal of search Dunkin found a door leading into a cave, and there he found Allie, the supposed kidnaped wife. She was nearly dead from solitary confinement and her clothes were in rags. She told the officers she had been placed there by her husband, who had tired of her and wanted to keep her fortune. She was given plenty to eat and treated well under the circumstances, but had no hope of ever being rescued. The woman was 18 when she was put in the cave. Now she is old and infirm in appearance. She was taken to Siloam Springs, Ark., and given money on which to dress and fix up. Then she returned to Tahlequah. One of the first persons she met on the street was her husband. Drawing a revolver, she at once shot him dead. No attempt was made to arrest her, and everybody seemed glad she had committed the deed. She has had her property—that is, such of it as was not sold by her husband—restored to her, and is now living among the Indians.



#### IN THE CAVE.

It was 5:30 a. m. when Policemen Brampton, Brown and Lawrence arrested Field after he had entered his father's grounds with his fagged steed. When placed under arrest he was found lying on the bed in his room asleep, with his clothes on. The young man was taken to the city prison and confined until morning, at which time his elder brother, Charles Field, the poet of Stanford University, appeared to try his best to get him out of the scrape. A charge of assault to murder had first been entered opposite young Field's name, but later he was let down with the greatest ease to charges preferred by Policeman Welch of disturbing the peace and violating an ordinance by discharging firearms within the city limits. Early in the morning he was allowed to plead guilty to these minor charges and fined \$20 on each.



#### EAGLE FIGHTS MAN AND WIFE.

Huge Bird Driven Off After Severely Injuring Human Contestants.

A huge bald eagle swooped down on the farm of Lincoln Rogers, near the village of Naples, N. Y., the other day, and seized a chicken in its talons. Mrs. Rogers, who heard a disturbance, rushed out to see what was the matter and the eagle made for her. She turned and fled, screaming, and attracted the attention of her husband, who was working in a field not far away. He grabbed a stick and hurried to the assistance of his wife, who had stopped in her flight and attempted to beat the bird off with a club. When the eagle saw Mr. Rogers it turned on him, and then attacked each in turn. Man and wife tried to beat the bird, but in their excitement few blows took effect, and those that did seemed only to increase the eagle's anger and cause it to fight all the harder. Mrs. Rogers lost her club and tried to fight the bird with her hands, in so doing she was badly scratched. Mr. Rogers also received numerous scratches and bruises, but eventually got the bird to flight.

#### KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT.

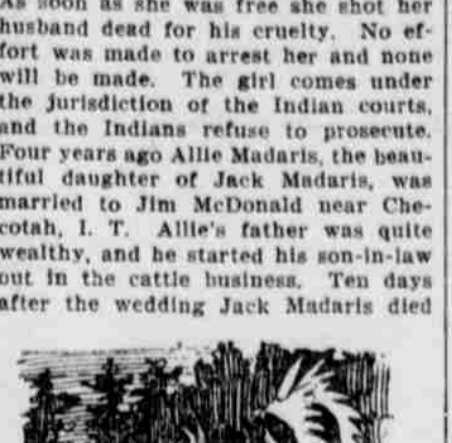
Farmer Nubbins—Guess we'd better rather up all our chickens and send 'em to market Saturday. His Wife—All o' them, Silas? What fer? Farmer Nubbins—I hear there's a colored camp meetin' goin' to open out in h' growe bellow next week.—Ohio State Journal.

## FOLLOWS EVIL WAYS.

### STRANGE WOMAN CORRALED BY PHILADELPHIA POLICE.

Identified as a Confidence Queen by the Brand of Spanish Whips on Her Back When Arrested in the Quaker City.

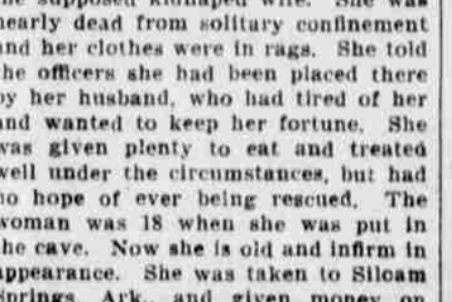
The arrest in Philadelphia a few days ago of a young woman whose back bore the marks of the three-lashed Spanish whip and whose left ear had been "shortened" by the executioner's knife, bears evidence to the fact that barbarous treatment of criminals is still practiced in the South American as well as in some European countries. Louise Johnson, alias "Little Lou," whom the police call the cleverest confidence woman in the country, was arrested recently on the charge of shoplifting. The police seldom have difficulty in apprehending her, for the missing ear is a tell-tale mark. In this respect the woman's case is similar to those of a score of other crooks who have felt foreign prison tortures and have been released, marked for life. The case of the Johnson woman is regarded by Capt. McClusky, chief of detectives of Philadelphia, as probably one of the most remarkable in its extreme cruelty that has ever come under his observation. The wife of "Big Tom" Bigelow, the English bank robber, young, educated and beautiful, she was arrested in Bra-



#### YOUTH TERRORIZES A TOWN.

Craved with drink, young H. Willard Field, son of H. K. Field, a well-known insurance man of Alameda, Cal., ran amuck through the streets of that town the other morning, to the terror of residents aroused from their peaceful slumbers by the loud clatter of horse's hoofs and the discharge of firearms. Field was mounted bareback on a mettlesome horse, which he urged to a high speed. At intervals he fired his revolver in cowboy style with utter disregard for human life. Two police officers, mounted on high-geared bicycles, failed to come up with the wild rider, and Policeman Dennis Welch, who tried to intercept him on Central avenue at about 2:30 a. m., was made a target by the young desperado for two shots at close range. One of the bullets plowing through the crown and back rim of the patrolman's felt hat. Young Field, who is no more than 20 years of age, had left his home at 1017 Park street in a hired conveyance the previous evening with a party of young men out for a lark. He had drunk heavily, and wound up the orgy after separating from his companions by starting out alone on his saddle horse. His subsequent wild ride created disturbance and outcry from one end of the Encinal to the other. During the time he fired from 15 to 20 shots at random.

It was 5:30 a. m. when Policemen Brampton, Brown and Lawrence arrested Field after he had entered his father's grounds with his fagged steed. When placed under arrest he was found lying on the bed in his room asleep, with his clothes on. The young man was taken to the city prison and confined until morning, at which time his elder brother, Charles Field, the poet of Stanford University, appeared to try his best to get him out of the scrape. A charge of assault to murder had first been entered opposite young Field's name, but later he was let down with the greatest ease to charges preferred by Policeman Welch of disturbing the peace and violating an ordinance by discharging firearms within the city limits. Early in the morning he was allowed to plead guilty to these minor charges and fined \$20 on each.



#### H. WILLARD FIELD.

respectively, by Judge Morris and City Recorder St. Sure. He is a first cousin of the late Eugene Field, the poet.

#### LABORER HANGED BY ACCIDENT.

Frank Zolotza, employed in the Alton elevator, Chicago, was strangled to death by a rope which became entangled around his neck while he was hoisting sacks of grain. The dangling end of the rope fell around Zolotza's neck and formed a loop knot. Before the horrified eyes of his fellow workmen Zolotza was jerked from his feet and hoisted several feet into the air. He struggled and tore at the rope with his hands, but his struggles only tightened it. He grew purple in the face and strangled before the other men could render any assistance. The weight of the sack of grain at the end of the rope prevented the men from untangling it.

#### WARNING TO WOMEN.

Stiff collars should be avoided by all women who care to preserve the youthful curve of their throats.—Philadelphia Times.

#### CENSUS OF JEWS.

There are about 11,000,000 Jews in the world, half of them under Russian jurisdiction.

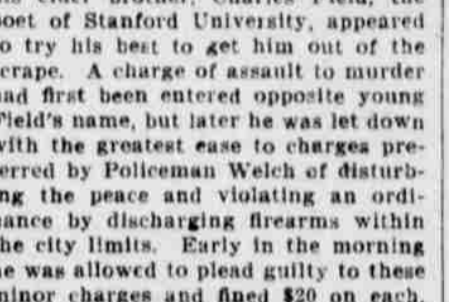
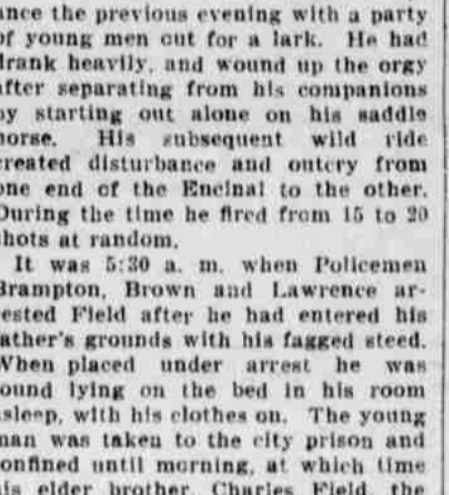
## WAX FIGURE PU. IN THE COF. IN

### Secure \$30,000 Life Insurance.

Thomas Chase, a farmer, aged about 48 and residing at Milligan, Carter county, Tenn., was reported as having died of grip after an illness of a few days in February last. On the following day a simple funeral occurred and what was supposed to be the remains of the farmer was buried in the country churchyard at Milligan. It was announced to a local newspaper a few days later that Chase's life was insured for \$30,000 in round numbers. This was correct and later the several insurance companies in which his different policies were written deposited the money in the banks of Knoxville and Johnson City, Tenn., to be paid to the widow of the insured. Mrs. Chase received about \$5,000 of the insurance, it is stated, but the banks have just been enjoined through Chancellor Smith of Johnson City from paying over the balance of the funds. In their application for an injunction the attorneys for the insurance companies allege that fraud was perpetrated to obtain the insurance money, that the insured had probably been made the victim of scientific hypnotism on the part of some persons in collusion with the wife of Chase, that the insurance had been obtained in the first place by misrepresentation, and that Chase had been alive in Knoxville, Tenn., two months after his reported death. It was reported at the time Chase was supposed to have died that he showed signs of being under hypnotic influence and that when he was being prepared for burial he arose from the bed and talked with those about him, but expired a few minutes later.

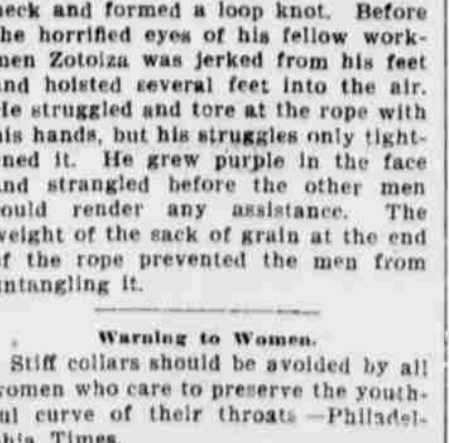
#### MARRIED BY WAY OF A JOKE.

A felicitous instance of marriage in haste with a Manchester (N. H.) girl figuring as the bride and a Boston man as the groom recently took place in the postoffice at Holderness. The principals in the affair were Miss May Hamilton of Manchester and George De Merritt of Boston. Mr. De Merritt and Miss Hamilton, with Miss Belle Avery and Mr. Hill, both of Manchester, drove from the hotel to Ashland, five miles away to witness a ball game. On the return home, as a joke, it was proposed that De Merritt and Miss Hamilton get married. After much fun-making the pair acted upon the suggestion and called upon Mr. Curry, the town clerk at Holderness. Mr. Curry is a justice of the peace, and before the ink was dry upon the license he couple had entered the bonds of wedlock. On the return of the party to the hotel the matter was discussed and it developed that they had been legally married. The couple at first were dumfounded, but now are happy and will live together.



#### ADA MAYNARD.

had just come of age, and she was entitled to an immense property in Cheshire, which also included the whole of Lowndes square. She had left the house of her guardian, Lord Hamilton, in consequence of his wanting her to marry a nephew of Lord Rothschild, but her heart was set upon the tutor of one of her brothers, a man of noble family, although in reduced circumstances. She had been to see her solicitors, and in a fortnight they would pay into Court's bank for her £25,000. She intended to spend this money and thoroughly to enjoy herself, and she wanted to take the whole of the upper part of the house that she might hold a reception to which she intended inviting the duke and duchess of York. The carriage and pair outside were her own—they were presented to her by her aunt, who was coming to see her that night and take her to the Lyceum to introduce to her Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. She had brought a small bag with her—just a change of clothing, and she would be glad if the landlady would lend her a maid to enable her to dress to receive her aunt. The dinner having been



#### ADA MAYNARD.

preparing, an elderly lady put in an appearance, and the countess and she dined. Subsequently the countess announced that she would go to the theater alone, and that her aunt would wait until she came back. The landlady saw no objection to adopting this course, but when she discovered an hour or so later that the countess had repacked the clothing which she had taken off an hour or so prior to her dressing for the theater she became suspicious, and she determined to make inquiries of the countess' aunt, whom she had been given to understand was Lady Ashley. Entering the room the landlady bowed and said: "Would your ladyship be good enough to tell me why the countess has taken her bag with her?"

"I'm no ladyship, marm," replied the supposed Lady Ashley. "I'm the countess' washerwoman, and as she owes me the matter of £3 for work done I came round here at her invitation to get the money. She told me that she was coming into thousands, that this was where her future mother-in-law lived, and that if I stopped till the carriage returns I should have my money and a little bit over for waiting. She wrote me a letter sending me these clothes that I've got on, and telling me that I was to take no notice of what anybody said to me."