

DONE IN A CHURCH.

THIEVES RIFLE THE POOR BOX AND KILL THE SEXTON.

The Police Say That the Sexton Knew the Thieves and They Killed Him to Conceal the Crime—A Bloody Handprint.



HE unanswered question in and around Shepherd, Mich., is "Who murdered Elmer E. Struble, cashier of the Farmers' bank?" The unsolved enigma in New York city is "Who killed George Stelz, the assistant sexton of a wealthy church in Williamsburg?"

George Stelz, assistant sexton of Holy Trinity church, Montrose and Graham avenues, Williamsburg, New York city, was murdered Sunday night by persons who knew the church, who knew the people in the neighborhood of the church, and who knew the murdered man and his habits. In fact, as the investigation continues, it is shown that he was not murdered for the money in the poor box, but for the purpose of concealing the tracks of the men who were caught robbing these boxes. That they were desperate in concealing their tracks is borne out by the fact that after beating Stelz into insensibility they fell upon him and choked him so that the bones of his neck were broken and his windpipe was punctured.

That they knew the church is evident by their finding their way to the poor boxes in the vault under the vestibule. To get to these boxes without passing through the big iron gates, which are kept constantly locked, one has to pass through winding passages that are known to only a few of the parishioners.

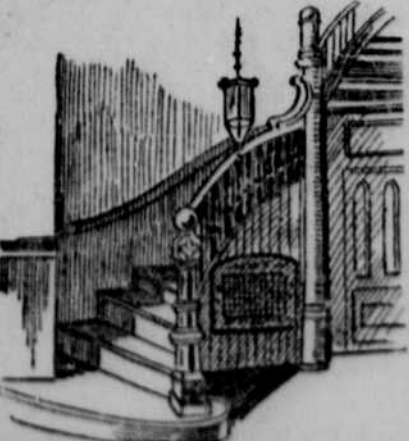
Blood spots on the stairways, in the vestibule and on the walls of the church show plainly how and where the murder was committed. It was Stelz's custom to sound the Angelus at 7 o'clock in the evening. He went to the belfry as usual on Sunday evening, leaving the center doors of the church unlocked and carrying the bunch of keys, which were afterward found lying by the side of the dead body, in his hand. The bells were heard tolling for five minutes or more, then the sexton descended into the vestibule.

No more of his movements can be traced, except for the blood spots. It is supposed that he had descended to the vestibule and was preparing to lock up the church for the night, when he heard a noise in the cellar and went to investigate. Then he saw the two thieves breaking open the lower end of the poor box, which ran through from the church door.

The first spot of blood was found on the cellar floor, showing that he had been struck there. Then there were blood spots leading all the way up the stairs to the vestibule. Here there were signs of a struggle. At the height of a man's head blood was smeared on the walls. There were blood prints of a man's hand on the floor, as if the murdered man's head had struck there.

On the stairway leading to the second floor there was a pool of clotted blood, extending to the third step, and on the fourth step there were prints of two bloody hands. It was here that Stelz fell unconscious. It was here that he was choked to death. Undoubtedly there were two men concerned in the murder of the sexton. The appearance of the dead man's head shows that more than two hands dealt the blows which felled him into insensibility. Both a sharp and a blunt instrument were used in the assault. There was one wound between the eyes and one at the back of the head just at the base of the skull. The wound in front of the head was made by a sharp instrument, while that in the back was made by a blunt instrument. If it be that the murder was done by a single person then the weapon was both blunt and sharp.

Then there were four other wounds in the back and top of the head which were not made with the same instru-



STAIRWAY WHERE SEXTON WAS FOUND.

The finger marks on the man's throat would indicate that different sized fingers had crushed the bones.

Of the six money boxes in the church only one had been tampered with. This stood in the cellar directly between two big iron doors, and over the statue of an angel which guards the tomb of Father John May and Father John Haffner. Within ten feet of this statue stands the statue of another angel, and between the two figures is a prayer bench. One of these angels and the bench had been used by the thieves as a means by which they could climb to the box and break it open. The bench was placed across the head of the angel. Then one of the men standing upon it, broke open the box with a chisel and took out the money

that was intended for the poor. It is the opinion of the police that Stelz, after discovering the thieves in the church, started to run toward the front door, with a view of locking them in. Before he could gain the stairway one of the men dealt him a blow on the head and then as he ran up the steps he was dealt repeated blows. When he reached the vestibule he attempted to protect himself, and here he was beaten into insensibility, falling on the stairway as before described.

"No murderer could be tempted to commit such a crime for so small a sum as is usually found in the poor boxes of the church," said one of the detectives. "There is never more than \$60 in the six boxes all told. That murder was not committed for lust or gain; it was committed to conceal a crime."

MURDER AS A TRADE.

Kansas Has a Rival for the Bender Family.

Not since the horrible crimes of the Bender family were revealed has southeastern Kansas been so excited and so bent upon vengeance until the bloody butcheries committed by the Staffleback family at Galena were brought to light by the recent confession of Cora Staffleback and George Staffleback on the witness stand at Columbus. When upon trial for the murder of Frank Galbreath, whose body was found floating in an old abandoned mining shaft near the Staffleback home last July, Cora Staffleback weakened and told all she knew about the murder of Galbreath and others whom the family had killed. George Staffleback, Cora's husband, without knowing what his wife had revealed, made a similar confession. They said that Galbreath, who had been murdered and robbed by the Staffleback boys and their mother, was not



GEORGE STAFFLEBACK.

the only person they had murdered, but that an Italian peddler, whose name they did not know, had been killed and robbed about two years ago, and his body thrown in an old abandoned mining shaft about forty yards from the Staffleback house. At that time Mrs. Charles Wilson, mother of the Staffleback boys, kept a questionable resort in the four-room log cabin where these crimes were committed. Two girls whose names George Staffleback could not give, were living there at the time, and saw the peddler murdered.

They were threatened with dire vengeance if they should ever reveal what they saw. A few nights later one of the women quarreled with Mike Staffleback and threatened to leave the house. Fearing she would betray him he seized her by the throat and choked her to death in the presence of Ed Staffleback and the other woman. The latter attempted to save the girl from Mike's murderous clutches, when Ed crushed her skull with a six-shooter. The dead bodies were then wrapped in a sheet and put under the bed until late at night, when they were thrown into the same shaft where the peddler's body had been dumped. Then a lot of loose earth and rocks were thrown into the shaft to keep them from coming to the surface, as Galbreath's body had done. Cora Staffleback was taken to Galena and pointed out the shaft where the bodies were thrown. A steam pump was put to work and the water pumped out of the shafts near the Staffleback house. From one of the shafts a pair of men's drawers with particles of rotting human flesh adhering to them were fished, and a piece of a woman's waist was also found there.

Hangs to His Job.

The city of San Luis Potosi is building a hall that will be the eighth wonder of the world. It has cost millions and will cost millions more. Seven years ago a dozen skilled stone masons from Pennsylvania were imported to do the ornamental carving of its front. One Fourth of July a number of the party got drunk and killed a Mexican in a bar room brawl. His companions, in the language of Gen. Crook, "rose like a flock of quail and lit running." He was tried and condemned to be shot. Then arose the certainty that with him in the grave there was no one to do the fancy carving on the city hall. It was decided to keep him at work and shoot him when he had finished. Every day, in summer's shine and winter's snow, this workman hangs like a fly against the great white wall and pecks away at gargoyles and griffins' heads. A file of soldiers stands in the street looking up at him. His life ends with his job, and they say that he is the most deliberate workman ever in the Mexican republic or any other republic. At the present rate of progress, according to the best obtainable calculations, the front of the city hall will be sufficiently scrooled and carved about the middle of 1909.

Burglar alarms can now be attached to bicycles. The device consists of a bell surrounding a clock mechanism, which is fastened to the frame. A lever projects in line with the spokes in the back wheels, to sound the alarm when the wheel is moved.

WOMAN LED ROBBERS

CORA HUBBARD HAS WONDERFUL NERVE AND TACT.

How Many Men She Has Killed During Her Wild West Career May Never Be Known—Short, but Stockily Built and Very Nerry.



CORA HUBBARD is a bank robber. She is a fine shot, an expert horsewoman and a raider with a record. She is the newest of the new women; right up to date; fearless, dogged, desperate. At the age of 20 she rode with Bob Dalton in some of the bloodiest expeditions ever organized in the west. How many men she has killed may never be known. In the garb of a cowboy, with her short, black hair, worn pompadour, concealed beneath a waving sombrero, she assisted three desperate men in the robbery of the bank at Pineville, Mo., recently, in broad daylight. While they intimidated the cashier and looted the vault, Cora stood guard outside and held the horses on which they were to make their escape into Indian Territory. She played her part well, and when the shooting commenced, none were handier with a revolver than she. Nobody knew she was a woman.

Cora lives at Weir City, Kan., with her parents and her brother, Bill Hubbard. She is only 25 years old, yet she was a member of the notorious Dalton gang, and it was with a revolver bearing the name of Bob Dalton that she shot at her pursuers, held them at bay and escaped, although the horse she was riding was killed in the skirmish.

A month or two before the robbery Bill went to Pineville and obtained employment with a farmer in that vicinity. He studied the local conditions carefully and then made a diagram for the use of himself and confederates. There seems to be no doubt that he went there for the especial purpose of planning a robbery. He imported the other three bandits from Kansas, including his sister, and their work was

well done. But Bill made the fatal mistake of losing his diagram in the midst of the excitement, and this led to the capture of three members of the gang, himself included. While the robbery was in progress a posse of citizens was formed and they gave chase to the highwaymen. A running skirmish ensued and many shots were exchanged. Cora Hubbard's hat was pierced by three bullets and her horse was shot and killed, yet she escaped unharmed. Several officials of the bank and other citizens continued the chase and at Southwest City, I. T., they overtook and wounded White Tension, one of the robbers, and captured him. On the Sunday following the robbery Bill Hubbard was arrested at Weir City, Kan., and during the day his daring sister was also taken into custody. John Sheets, the fourth robber, was captured recently at Weir City, Kan. The quartet secured \$586. Of this amount \$301 has been recovered. Cora had buried \$141 in her back yard and it was not found until last Wednesday. She had also buried her hat and the suit of clothes she wore at Pineville and the Dalton revolver with which she shot at her pursuers. The revolver is a .45-caliber Colt's, single action, six-shooter, with "Bob Dalton" cut on the wood handle and nine niches filed on the nickel plate. This is supposed to be the record of the men Dalton has killed.

Cora Hubbard is five feet four inches in height and rather stockily built. Her hair is coarse and black, and her complexion swarthy, and she greatly resembles an Indian woman. Her features are coarse and masculine, as are her tastes. Once she had a husband—his name was Parker—but she took the trouble to get a divorce from him, and since then she has been known by her maiden name, which was Hubbard. Ever since she was a girl she has been of a roving and reckless disposition, and what would ordinarily be called a tuffnut, although, as far as known, she was virtuous. But she cared no more for consequences than a toad does for side pockets, and did not hesitate to tackle the toughest proposition that presented itself. Consequently when Bob Dalton invited her to become a member of his gang of ray marauders, she promptly accepted and donned male attire. In that garb she was chased all over the plains of Oklahoma and Indian Territory by United States marshals, but she did not give up the wild life of a highwayman until the gang was finally broken up. Bob Dalton was killed, Cherokee Bill was hung,



CORA AND BILL.

another of the gang was imprisoned, and the others were scattered. But the girl seems to have been fascinated with the danger of the life she had been leading, and when her precious brother, Bill, suggested to her that they rob a bank, she was right with him. It didn't take her two minutes to say yes. What did she care for the danger? She loved the excitement. Since the Dalton crowd had been scattered she had pined for a taste of the old life. Her nerves were getting rusty, they had been inactive so long. She wanted something to make them tingle and thrill, to warm her stagnated blood, and make her pulse beat with the merry leap that it knew of old. What better than a bank robbery? Surely, there could be nothing more to her liking. She found the excitement, and she enjoyed it. She tried to escape, failed, though she gave her pursuers a beautiful run for their money—the money she had stolen. She took the arrest philosophically, and is prepared to go to the penitentiary if necessary. And it will probably be necessary, for Cora has already admitted her guilt, and to prove it would not be difficult, even without her unexpected display of candor. Cora is a stolid. Considering her record, she is a wonder.

BOUGHT HER OWN PICTURES.

Southern Society Woman Paid for Photos in Job Lots.

Mrs. Edward Bright, one of the most beautiful of the society leaders of New Orleans, has just succeeded in buying up a large stock of her own photographs which were offered for public sale in many retail shops in New York. Mrs. Bright, who is Miss Ella Mehle was the belle of New Orleans, was a queen of the Mardi Gras and was photographed in her costume. In some way the negative escaped from the hands of the photographers and found its way to New York. Prints were made of it for the purpose of illustrating a new process of photography. Of course nobody knew who the beautiful original was, and the prints were scattered broadcast. So long as the picture went to the photograph trade only Mrs. Bright did not hear of it. But when some enterprising photographer reproduced it in large sizes, labeled it, "A Southern Beauty," and sold it to fancy shops, which offered the pictures

for sale at 15 cents a copy, Mrs. Bright's friends in New York soon wrote to her about the matter, and the lady was naturally indignant.

Her husband engaged a detective and ordered him to buy up all the copies he could. Disguised as a peddler of photographs he purchased all that were offered for sale. When he chanced into the shop of a dealer named Rosenbaum, in Park Row, he found 600 of the prints. These had been bought at auction for \$3.

Now that the story is out, it is possible the supply of Mrs. Bright's photographs will increase and the offer-



MRS. EDWARD BRIGHT.

ings be so large as to go beyond the capacity of Mr. Bright's bank account to pay for.

Shouldn't Take Baths.

A lady at Seaside, Pa., being about to take a bath, removed her four diamond rings, worth \$1,800, wrapped them in a piece of tissue paper and left them on the wash stand. The maid threw the wash into the drain. Plumbers have now been searching three days for them, and after they have torn out all the pipes in the house they will pursue the rings into the sewer.

The Bad Record.

Forty-five years in bed is the record of Miss Clarke of Chatterly, in Cambridgehire, who died recently. She was disappointed in love and shut herself up in her bedroom, which she never left alive. She was well off, and occupied herself with fancy needlework.

A report shows that there are 2,173 persons in the world known to have six fingers on one hand, and 421 with seven fingers.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, OCT. 17 ACTS 24: 10-25.

Golden Text—"Fear Thou Not: for I am with Thee"—Isa. 41: 10—Background of the Lesson—Paul Before the Roman Governor.

Time.—59 A. D.

Place.—The court room of Felix's palace in Caesarea.

Paul Before the Jewish Council.—Claudius Lysias, the chief captain, could not make out from the confused cries of the crowd what his prisoner was charged with; not understanding the Hebrew Paul spoke to the people, the speech did not enlighten him; and when he thought to force a confession from the prisoner himself by the barbarous practice of torturing Paul's Roman citizenship told him. So the trial was broken up in tumult, and soon Paul, again rescued by Roman soldiers, was again safe within the walls of Antonia.

Paul in the Castle of Antonia.—Even a prison, with its silence, could not give Paul relief after all the strife of tongues. But Paul is for the moment, doubtless, crushed with disappointment. Two things he had determined to do: to bring the Jews to Christ and to sail away to Rome. The Jews had rejected his appeal; he is in chains, and his hope of reaching Rome is scattered to the winds. But in the black stillness of midnight there comes a Visitor to his quiet cell. The soldier chained to Paul's side sees nothing, but the apostle recognizes the presence of the Lord whom he met on the road to Damascus and again at Corinth, and hears the words "Be of good cheer, Paul: for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." By the next midnight he is on his way to be tried by Felix at Caesarea.

Paul in Caesarea.—For the first time Paul stands in chains before a Roman tribunal, accused by his own people. The trial is held in the judgment hall at Caesarea, and upon the bench sits a judge the careless, unjust and sensual Felix, a slave lifted to a throne. Paul's accusers are heard, but their charges are scattered to the winds by his manly, dignified defense. He asserts, what no witness can disprove, his orderly, law-abiding conduct, yet boldly owns himself to be a disciple of Jesus Christ, through whom he looks for the resurrection from the dead. The judge sees plainly that the prisoner is innocent, but, with desire to win popularity from the Jews, remands him to prison until other witnesses can be summoned. Here the great apostle languishes for two years, cheered by the companionship of tried friends and by the visitors from the Caesarean church. At the very beginning of this period comes our lesson.

Lesson Hymn.

In the silent midnight watches, Listen to thy bosom door. How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh evermore! Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating; 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis thy Savior knocks, and crieth, Rise, and let me in! Death comes down with reckless footstep, To the hall and hut; Think you death will stand a-knocking Where the door is shut? Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth; But thy door is fast! Grieved, away thy Savior goeth: Death breaks in at last. —A. Cleveland Cox.

Hints to Teachers.

I. Our lesson contains two pictures, of which the first is Paul before Felix, verses 10-21. Explain who Felix was, the officer which he held, and how Paul came to stand before him. Notice what Paul showed while on trial before the Roman governor. I. His manner. Contrast the style of Tertullus, full of compliment and flattery, with the courteous but sincere address of the apostle. There was a peculiar bearing in the apostle which everywhere bespoke the gentleman, and which greatly increased his influence over men. Every Christian should show his gentle birth, for he is the son of a king. 2. His belief. Paul knew nothing of "the emergency of Scripture." He believed "all things which are written in the law and in the prophets." He could trust the Bible, and so can we. 3. His worship. He had come to Jerusalem to worship the God of his fathers, and he was engaged in the service of worship when seized by his enemies. He sought God in the ordinances of his house, and so should we. 4. His conduct. Verse 16. This was actuated by an aim to keep his conscience pure both in respect to God and to man. Some live for gain and others for fame; here is a principle in life nobler than either. 5. His expectation. He looked forward to a resurrection and a judgment, not, as so many, with fear, but with joy, for he expected to find it unto life eternal. What is our outlook on the future?

II. Felix before Paul, verses 22-26. In the second picture the relations of these two men are reversed. Felix sends for Paul in a condescending, patronizing way, but he finds that he, and not Paul, is on trial. 1. Note his interest in the Gospel. He was interested, but it was the interest of idle curiosity, not of earnest purpose. 2. Note what he heard. Verse 25. He expected to hear of forms or abstruse, curious doctrines. He heard of sternly practical truths, and they were truths which carried conviction to his soul. 3. Note his feeling. "He trembled," was not a feigning. "No," for there was no renunciation of sin. A man may tremble and weep and agonize; but if he does not turn from his sin his is no repentance.

Juvenile Logic.

Tommy—"All the wind is out of my tires." Mr. Figg—"All the air, you mean. Wind is air in motion." Tommy—"Then it is air when the wheel is still and wind when I am riding, ain't it, paw?"—Indianapolis Journal.

MISCELLANY.

John J. Ingall's daughter Constance ran an electric street car in Aitchison during one evening in place of the regular motorman.

Swarms of grasshoppers, looking like streaks of silver in the air, have passed in a northeasterly direction over Wilbur, Wash., lately.

Bread as a daily article of food is used only by about one-third of the 1,500,000,000 people that constitute the present population of the earth.

LOVERS' CURIOUS OATHS.

Revenge for Their Disappointment in Novel Ways.

Apart altogether from the breach-of-promise question, there is always an element of danger in putting a proposal of marriage on paper, as a young mechanic who was enamored of a pretty maiden discovered some time ago, says Collier's Weekly.

He wrote a letter expressive of his undying love for the girl of his choice and asking her in honeyed terms to become his wife, but, unfortunately, he neglected to fasten it securely and the envelope opened out in the post. When the maiden got the letter it was marked: "Found open and officially sealed," and she was so convinced that the postoffice clerks had been reading the proposal that she cried for very shame and at once wrote an indignant reply, saying that she could not marry a man who was careless enough to expose a billet doux to the prying eyes of government officials.

This sincere rebuff cut the mechanic to the heart, and hastening to the residence of the fair one he eloquently pleaded forgiveness. But the maiden wouldn't listen, and forbade him to come near her or to speak to her again. Whereupon the poor mechanic, almost beside himself with rage and disappointment, swore he would never again make use of the postoffice, either directly or indirectly. This vow he has stubbornly kept, and for the last four years he has never bought a postage stamp or used a sheet of writing paper.

Deserted by his lady love, a middle-aged doctor procured a testament, tragically kissed it and affirmed in solemn tones that he would not again speak to a woman, whether young or old. It was a foolish oath, but to his loveless condition he felt equal to anything and from that moment rigidly carried out his determination. Heedless of the harm which he did to his practice, he flatly refused to see any female patients and even went so far as to advertise in the local papers that he hence and forever adjured woman-kind. His headstrong action, besides damaging his medical reputation to a serious extent, landed him in endless difficulties and complications, but he never wavered in his purpose and became one of the most confirmed misogynists in the country.

MAJOR'S BIG STORY.

Idea of His Wife Giving Him \$5 Won Him a Prize.

There were five or six of them sitting about the stove in the drug store, and they had been telling some pretty tall stories, says the Detroit Free Press. The druggist was a man of some humor and invention, and he concocted a mixture of great potency and fine flavor, composed of sp. frumenti, saccharum alba, cortex ilmonis, carophyllus aromaticus and aqua pura q. s. This mixture he proposed to administer to whomsoever should tell the biggest story, and the party at once began to stretch their inventive powers to the fullest extent. A toilet-soap drummer was appointed judge, and the prize mixture, steaming hot, sat in an eight-ounce graduated measure upon edge of the stove.

The colonel told a war story of the Munchausen variety, the squire related a hunting adventure that evinced a decided genius for evading the truth and the postmaster made a strong bid for the prize with a snake story big enough to make a sea serpent jealous. The others followed in turn, and the last man, the major, entered the competition. The major had in his mind a remarkable narrative about a dog that he owned that did some wonderful things, and he began his story in this way:

"Last Wednesday morning I got up a little later than usual and went down to breakfast. Most of you have seen that brown setter of mine—his good deal smarter than most men. Well, that dog was in the dining-room when I went in. As I came in the door my wife, who was waiting for me, said:

"'John, when I went in to wake you up this morning I found this \$5 bill on the floor. You must have dropped it from your pocket when you undressed last night.' Then she handed me the bill. Now, that dog of mine was—"

"'Wait a minute,' said the toilet-soap drummer, 'you needn't go any further with your story. The prize is yours. I'm a married man myself, and that he you've just told is one that you'll never improve on. I hereby render a decision in your favor.'"

As there were no single men in the crowd not a voice was raised in protest against the judge's verdict.

A Woman's Way.

He sat in his office musing. "Now, here are two tickets for the theater tonight," he said. "If I ask Jones to go with me I'm sure to find out that its the only thing that's been here in a year that my wife really wants to see, and if I don't ask anyone to go and plan to take her I'll have to get home to dinner and it's too late to make any change that nothing could hire her to sit through the old piece." He puzzled his head over the question for an hour and then he tossed a quarter to decide what he would do, although he knew he would lose whichever way it came.—Chicago Post.

Presence of Mind.

A colored gentleman who fell into a sallary had the presence of mind to strike head first, and saved his life.

Soldiers in the Italian army are permitted to sleep a couple of hours at mid-day.