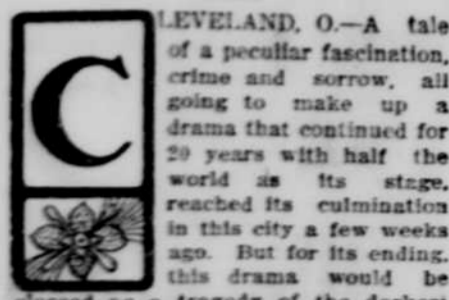


# UNABLE TO RESIST THE FASCINATION OF CROOK

For Twenty Years, Woman Lived in Misery, Being Seemingly Under an Unaccountable Spell.

Mrs. Alice Milburn of Cleveland, O., at Last Found Courage to Break the Shackles That for So Long Had Bound Her to the Convict Father of Her Child.



LEVELAND, O.—A tale of a peculiar fascination, crime and sorrow, all going to make up a drama that continued for 20 years with half the world as its stage, reached its culmination in this city a few weeks ago. But for its ending, this drama would be classed as a tragedy of the darkest hue. And perhaps the end is not yet.

In England 20 years ago, there lived Alice Louise Brown. The Browns have been shoemakers for many generations, and Jeremiah Brown, Alice's father, still makes the shoes for the parish of Medomesley, county of Durham, and practically the entire countryside. It was in Medomesley that Alice lived until she became a woman and it is in Medomesley that this tale had its beginning. Like any thrifty, well-raised English maid, Alice was trained in all the domestic arts from girlhood. She could cook and was a perfect housekeeper. Besides all this she was pretty. It is little wonder then that she was the belle of the county and that her hand was sought by half the young men of the parish.

Her beauty and goodness of heart made her almost a queen among the simple folk of Medomesley and it is still told there how Alice was halted on the highway one day by the lord and lady of the manor and how she once stayed at their great house for weeks. But that is another story.

There was in Medomesley in the fall of the year 1859 Frank Milburn, a sailor lad from Liverpool. He was not handsome nor was he possessed of worldly goods in excess. Yet there existed a singular fascination of personality about the country maid. Never having known love, Alice Brown felt the power of the man and when he made love to her she accepted his attentions and they became engaged. Perhaps it was done rather in spirit of pride at having conquered the heart of the stranger that led her on. At any rate the engagement continued and in February, 1859, they were married.

**Short Term of Happiness.** With this Milburn's actions had been exemplary. His manner had won not only the heart of the girl but of her father and mother and brothers and sisters besides. The couple went to live in a nearby town of the same parish and for a time all was contentment and happiness. Although Milburn did not work, he seemed always to have money enough for their simple needs, and Alice, girl-like, she was not yet twenty—never stopped to worry about the source.

Then the trouble began. One day a few months after the wedding an officer from another county appeared at the door of the little home with a warrant for the arrest of Milburn for a penal offense committed a year before to a distant part of Britain.

Shame and consternation took possession of the girl's wife when she learned the officer's mission. That her husband, whom she had trusted so implicitly and thoroughly, could be guilty of a crime! She knew not where to turn for help. Finally she allowed the officer to enter and tottered fainting into a chair. This was Milburn's opportunity. In the rear of the little house he had been listening to the conversation and when the officer, filled with pity by the sight of the girl's trouble, stopped to assist her, Milburn silently and swiftly departed.

**Evaded Clutches of Law.** When Alice regained consciousness and the man with the papers turned his attention to the completion of the business that had led him all over England, his prey had disappeared. According to English law, however, the warrant having been served at the home of the accused, he was sentenced to imprisonment for five years in South Shields jail. Since that time Milburn, although much of his time has been spent in England, has evaded the English police.

After returned to her father's home in Medomesley. Her heart was broken. Although treated kindly by her family and her old associates, she knew that all was changed. Love for Milburn she had none, and now that he was



Arising, She Went Downstairs.

gone, calm reflection told her that she never had loved him. Yet the thought of him filled her with a strange sensation. Terrible were these thoughts and yet she longed to see and talk to him. To this day she cannot explain the nature of the man's weird power over her, yet it was always present.

**Milburn's Power Complete.** When Alice arose in the morning all the lightness of heart that had come upon her had vanished. The man's power she felt more strongly than ever. His visits were repeated, always secretly, and none but the girl over knew of his presence in the parish. She dreaded his visits but could not or would not avoid him.

Finally she resolved to leave the place of her birth forever, and with her daughter, Alice slipped away from her father's home, telling no one of her plans. She went to Whitehaven and there sought employment. This she obtained and after a while life again assumed a brighter appearance. But once again the old feeling came. Milburn found here there and again his attentions continued. When the man was away she despised and loathed him. Yet she could have rid herself of him by a word to the police authorities. This she would not do and to escape him she moved again into a remote hamlet in a distant county. But again she was found out.

**Comes to America.** For the sake of her daughter, who was now growing into happy girlhood in blissful ignorance of the spell that bound her mother about like a hidden, relentless web, Mrs. Milburn bore up, and at length, 14 years after her marriage, she left England and came to America. She settled in Hamilton, Province of Ontario, Canada. There she obtained employment and once again sought contentment, but it was the old story over again.

Here, as everywhere else, Milburn found her, and after a few months she migrated again, this time to a farm in Portugal county, where she secured a position as housekeeper. Months went by without word from Milburn and for the first time since the day long ago when she stood on the vine-covered porch of her little cottage in England and listened to the death knell of her hopes from the lips of a police officer, she began to achieve a feeling of security. But one night there came a knock at the door. Emaline, the daughter, opened it and there stood Milburn. Father and daughter had never before seen one another, yet each recognized the other.

**Claims to Have Reformed.** Milburn came into the house and stood before his wife and child. He

begged forgiveness of his wrongs and declared undying love. He had reformed, he said; had been converted to Christianity and was now prominent in the ranks of the Salvation Army in Pittsburg. He begged his wife to go with him to Pittsburg, where he would show his changed condition of heart and life by undying devotion and manly living. At length his fervor prevailed and, mistaking the fascination of the man, which she well knew, for love and forgiving all the wrongs he had caused her, she promised to go.

In Pittsburg there came a repetition of the first days of their married life in England. After a few weeks of supposed happiness Milburn's true nature showed itself and his wife's sorrows began to multiply even more rapidly than before. He disappeared for days at a time and Mrs. Milburn was forced to support her child and herself by her own efforts. Then he became abusive until one day the cord that bound the heartsore woman to the man broke.

She brought about Milburn's arrest. He was convicted of abusing his wife and failure to support herself and child, and was sentenced by Judge Ford to four months in the Allegheny county workhouse.

Friendless and homeless, the woman and child returned to Cleveland. When Milburn's sentence was up he came directly here and located her in apartments on Woodland avenue near East Fifty-fifth street. He came at night and in an ugly mood. With drawn revolver he threatened the lives of mother and child unless they returned to him. Bravely she stood her ground until his rage grew to such proportions that it seemed probable that he would carry his threat into execution. Then she called the police, whereupon Milburn withdrew, threatening vengeance.

**Strain of Years Too Great.** The day following Mrs. Milburn went to a hospital. The strain of years had been too much for her and she lay for weeks between life and death. When she recovered she instituted proceedings for a divorce, which was granted a few weeks ago in Judge Vickery's court. Milburn could not be found and did not appear at the trial. Among other things, the evidence brought out the fact that Milburn had five wives living in the United States. Milburn was once convicted of burglary and sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary by a Pennsylvania court, only to escape because of a technical defect in the indictment. With no apparent means of support he was always supplied with money and it was rare indeed that a crime could be fastened upon him. He was known to the police as a criminal yet prove him guilty of any specified offense they could not.

Mrs. Milburn now lives on a little farm a few miles east of Wellington, O. She knows too well what a fickle goddess Fortune is but feels sure that at last the goddess has smiled upon her. Milburn has disappeared. He may be in the West Indies, he may be in Africa or South America or he may be right here in Cleveland, but Alice Louise Brown, of Medomesley, Whitehaven, Hamilton, Cleveland, Portugal county, Pittsburg and Wellington, doesn't care. The charm is broken.

and that she had a way of stopping to think and refusing to move forward until spring came. The mild-eyed gentleman who had sold the mare did not claim that she was perfect. He had sold only the animal, and charged nothing extra for whatever she might have. But the frate purchaser here instead of attempting to trade the mare off to some one else, had the vendor indicted for obtaining money under false pretenses. Furthermore, he must have secured a jury composed of men who had bought horses themselves, for they declared the seller guilty and imposed a fine of \$50 in coin of the realm.

If this verdict stands, it threatens to disturb business conditions. Doubtless it will be denounced as a blow to the vested interests, as a menace to the capital invested in horses. If a man is compelled to tell the truth in a horse trade, no branch of the noble art of doing-your-neighbor is safe. In time he may be compelled to tell the truth about everything he sells, and even after he has got the money the man who pays may be able to get

**Cautious.** "Do you believe in the psychopathic effects of music?" "First tell me how you get those effects and I'll tell you what I think."

**Easy to Find Fault.** It does not require any genius or talent to find fault; but to give credit where credit is due is indicative of a good heart and sound judgment.

# NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

by E. J. Edwards

## Little Grand Opera Romance

Col. Mapleson's Story of His Son's Elopement With Premier Danseuse Explains Why the Impresario Kissed Girl.

Patti, Gerster, Campanini, Del Puen- te, Albani, Nordica, Minnie Hauck—these were a few of the great operatic singers that were introduced to the American public by the most famous impresario of his day, the late Col. J. H. Mapleson, who brought Italian opera to New York in 1877 and for a number of years thereafter was the chief figure in the production of grand opera in the new world.

When Col. Mapleson, who remained an Englishman to the day of his death in 1901, made his last business trip to this side, I renewed my acquaintance with him, and in the course of our conversation I mentioned the name of Cavalazzi. The colonel smiled reminiscently and said:

"Do you remember the time the New York newspapers printed a story to the effect that I had been discovered enthusiastically kissing a very handsome young woman in the public waiting room of a railway station? Well, it was a true story, and some of the papers gave considerable space to it. But I have often wondered how much greater space they would have given the incident had they known the romance back of it. I will tell you of that—and, incidentally, you will be able to get some idea of the worries that constantly beset a grand opera impresario.

"As you may recall, I brought over here as my premiere danseuse Mlle. Cavalazzi, who was at the head of her profession and a young woman endowed with unusual charm of person and character. Her debut in New York was an operatic event; she achieved a remarkable triumph and speedily became one of the most popular members of my company, sharing the honors with my prima donnas.

**Accident That Aided Sothorn** Ludicrous Little Hop-Step of Lord Dundreary Was the Result of the Actor's Tripping Once at His Entrance.

A few years before his death, which occurred in 1859, it fell to my lot to call on John Brougham, the Irish actor and playwright, whose "London Assurance," written in collaboration with Dion Boucicault, and other plays of a rather light character greatly amused American theater-goers during the decade that preceded the outbreak of the civil war.

**Touched Him Once Again** Stranger Recalls Favor of Years Gone and It Costs Newspaper Man Another Coin.

A plainly dressed stranger made his way into a local newspaper office and inquired for Elmer Bates. A moment later he strolled over to the desk where Elmer sat pounding out some copy, and inquired:

**OLD COMMON SENSE.** Change Food When You Feel Out of Sorts.

"A great deal depends upon yourself and the kind of food you eat," the wise old doctor said to a man who came in sick with stomach trouble and sick headache once or twice a week, and who had been taking pills and different medicines for three or four years.

He was induced to stop eating any sort of fried food or meat for breakfast, and was put on Grape-Nuts and cream, leaving off all medicines.

In a few days he began to get better, and now he has entirely recovered health and writes that he is in better health than he has been before in twenty years. This man is 58 years old and says he feels "like a new man all the time."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "This is a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all humors, catarrh and rheumatism, relieves that tired feeling, restores the appetite, cures paleness, nervousness, builds up the whole system.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

## NEVER GOT TO KNOW HIM

Seemingly, This Husband Was Some- what of a Hard Man to Get Acquainted With.

"I met a queer old woman character on the train between here and Buffalo one morning," remarked Police Judge McGannon when talk had drifted around to queer people one meets.

"She was traveling with her grown son, whom I had met in the smoking compartment, and later on I got talking with the old lady. She spoke of several people she knew here in Cleveland.

"Did you ever happen to know James H. Soandoo?" I asked her casually, judging from something she had said that she did know him.

"She gave me a strange sort of a look. 'Well,' she replied, 'I don't know whether to say I know that man or not. He's a queer sort, you understand—the kind of a man that nobody really knows. Why, I was married to James Soandoo, and lived with him for four years, but I never felt that I was really acquainted with him.'

"And the funny part of it," added McGannon, "was the woman was in deadly earnest about it. She didn't make the remark by way of springing any comedy at all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Leader Foretold Own Future

Samuel Gompers, When Still Young, Predicted He Would Form the American Federation of Labor and Be Its President.

With an intermission of one year, Samuel Gompers, whose name and activities are about as well-known in England, his native land, as in this, his country of adoption, has been president of the American Federation of Labor since 1882.

One day several years prior to Mr. Gompers' first election to the presidency of the A. F. of L., a very young and apparently very bright young man got off a train at South Bend, Ind., and informed the two residents who welcomed him at the station that he had come to their city for the express purpose of establishing a local order of the National Cigar Makers' union. One of the men to whom he confided the

## Accident That Aided Sothorn

Ludicrous Little Hop-Step of Lord Dundreary Was the Result of the Actor's Tripping Once at His Entrance.

around a drawing room, as though we were trying to keep step with an invisible person. It has never failed to convulse the house. Yet, I have it on the authority of Sothorn himself that Lord Dundreary's funny little skip resulted from an accident pure and simple.

"It seems that some months after Sothorn had created the part—the play was first produced in 1853 by Laura Keane—he was making his entrance upon the stage in the first scene of the play when he tripped at the entrance. In order to recover himself he took a hop-step, almost involuntarily. In the presence of the house, instantly, the audience giggled, and locating the cause of the merriment with equal quickness, Sothorn said to himself: 'I will do the same thing purposely in a moment and see what the effect will be.' So, as he approached the chair of Lady Mount Chessington, he took another little hop-step, and the house was so convulsed with laughter that he had to wait for the merriment to die down before beginning his lines. That was enough—he knew for a certainty that he had accidentally discovered a 'hit,' and from that time forth the hop-step became one of the permanent features of Sothorn's acting as Lord Dundreary, a part that he would not consent to take from Miss Keane until he had received her permission to let him do with it what he wanted to.

For, when he was offered the part—Joe Jefferson had already accepted the part of the American cousin—Sothorn saw in it an opportunity to satirize in a kindly manner a certain type of the English nobility. He wanted to be free to do this satirizing as he thought best, but though he patterned his step and draw on those of a certain nobleman he knew, he had never a thought of giving Lord Dundreary that comical hop-step of his until the step itself came into the part quite accidentally."

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## HORSE TRADING CALLED ART

Efforts of Virginia Judicial Authorities to Make it a Business Will Be Resented.

Horse trading is not a business, but an art—one of the arts that began with the first diabolical, and has been handed down even unto this time of Lord Baltimore and the Pinello thoroughbreds. The attempt of the authorities of Shenandoah county, Virginia, to treat it as a business, with all the legal limitations that ensue, will surprise the traders of the entire country. At the same time the Virginians will be cheered by the knowledge that the reformers of the nation welcome them into the ranks of those who strive for the moral uplift.

Some time ago a resident of that section purchased a very "fine mare" for the sum of \$145. When he discovered shortly afterward that she had the "parrot mouth," he was deeply grieved, but not so much as when he found that her legs were adorned with a time-honored spavin, that her breathing was not so free as Tetraxin's,