

MRS. F. H. BURNETT

WHOSE RECENT MARRIAGE IS A SURPRISE.

It Also Proved a Source of Regret to Several Admirers—Story of Her Struggle for a Position Among Great Authors.

The recent marriage of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett to Stephen Townsend, the English physician-actor, has created much interest, and not a little surprise in this country. When she left Washington a few years ago she positively declared that she did not have the slightest intention of marrying again, and yet she married almost immediately after reaching Genoa, Italy, where Mr. Townsend was staying.

Mrs. Burnett's life has not been all roses. Her literary successes, great as they were in every respect, did not bring her joy. She is said to have spent few happy days since she played with her sisters under the blue skies and in the sweet-smelling woods of sunny Tennessee. Mrs. Burnett is now fifty-one years old, and she has been a bread-winner ever since she was fifteen. She was born in Manchester, England, and came to America with her mother and sisters in 1865. The family was so poor that the little which she could earn as a country school teacher was most welcome.

The change from the tall factory chimney scenes of Manchester to the open, new country of Tennessee, filled



MRS. HODGSON BURNETT.

the heart of little Frances with delight. It was during these early struggles that she conceived the plan of sending a story to the magazine. Her sisters sold grapes for the postage which carried her first effort to the publisher. From that time forward Mrs. Burnett's ascent to fame and wealth was as easy as the proverbial descent to Avernus.

Her first story was published in 1867, and the products of her pen have been in big demand since that time. The creator of Fauntleroy was celebrated as a clever story writer and romancer at twenty-four, and it was at that age, in 1873, that she married Dr. Burnett. Almost since that time Mrs. Burnett has lived in Washington. That Lass o' Lowrie's, one of her most widely-read stories, was written and published in 1877. From this success dated her career as a book writer.

Mrs. Burnett first met Townsend in a professional capacity. Since then they have been almost inseparable. He was the cause of her divorce from her husband—an act that alienated many of her friends.

Founded a Town, Though Blind.

At the close of the civil war Gen. A. R. Johnson of the Confederate army, was left without money, with a wife and family to support and, worst of all, stone blind, his sight having been entirely destroyed by a shell during one of the last battles of the war. He removed to Texas and pluckily set about building up a fortune. In the days before the war he had been a surveyor, and he was thoroughly familiar with the topography of the state. Consequently his services soon became valuable in locating and setting up land claims. Twelve years ago he succeeded in interesting northern capital in his scheme for founding a town at Marble Falls, Texas. A city of 10,000 people sprang up there almost overnight. Then Gen. Johnson built a big cotton and a shoe factory, and finally he succeeded in persuading one of the Texas railroads to build a branch line to his town. Still the prosperity of Marble Falls is growing and still its blind founder is its most honored citizen.

Sudan Baby.

In the Church of All Saints in Cairo took place lately an interesting ceremony, where an infant memorial of the overthrow of khalfadom in Africa was christened in the presence of a large gathering of English people and under the auspices of Queen Victoria. The small heroine of the gathering was the daughter of Col. Sir Reginald Wingate (pasha, sirdar of the Egyptian army and governor of the Sudan) and of Lady Wingate. The queen, represented by the Hon. Mrs. Talbot, was the principal godmother. The child was born the day after Sir Reginald Wingate's victory over the khalfifa at Om Debrikat, where the dervishes were routed and the khalfifa killed. Her majesty presented a diamond pendant to her godchild, who also received a handsome cup from Lord Cromer, a golden cross from the bishop of Jerusalem, who performed the ceremony, and a diamond cross from Sir R. Slatin. The child was christened Victoria Alexandra Catherine.

An Improvement.

Dobbs—"I suppose you are a self-made man?" Bobbs—"No; if I were I should have built my stomach to correspond with my appetite."—Baltimore American.

THE MACABEBE SCOUTS.

Filipino Natives Who Have Proved a Great Aid to Uncle Sam.

Capt. Matthew A. Batson, originator of the now celebrated Macabebes scouts, who played so important a part in the recent campaign in northern Luzon, is now in this country and will submit a proposition to the secretary of war to the effect that a regiment of Macabebes cavalry be formed to fight the insurgents and ladrones on their own ground and after their own fashion. Capt. Batson is most enthusiastic in his commendation of the Macabebes as soldiers and he will urge the formation of a cavalry regiment as a result of his six months' experience at the head of the first command of Filipino soldiers ever enrolled under the Stars and Stripes. "The Macabebes are born swimmers," he says. "Whenever we came to a river there was never any hesitation about crossing it. The command would march up and into it with scarcely so much as a preliminary halt, and I found, to my astonishment, that every man could swim, and swim well. I rode a Filipino pony during the greater part of my service in the field with my Macabebes, and I soon learned that the ponies swam as well as the men, or very nearly so. The idea soon occurred to me that a picked organization of Macabebes on Filipino ponies would be a most powerful force in ending the lawlessness in the island of Luzon. I know no more about the other Philippine islands than you do, and not so much, I'm sure. But Luzon I do know pretty well, and a regiment, such as I will urge, could follow the insurgents and ladrones wherever they might go and so rapidly as to effect their complete disorganization. You see, the Macabebes live off the country. They therefore require no wagon train and all they need is ammunition. They can live on very little and as for water, there is really no need to carry a special supply beyond that which each man carries in his canteen. Once in a while the men suffer a little for water, but these periods are never of long duration. The enemy will, as he is harder pressed, seek the swamps and bays and into and through these he must be pursued. There are no troops that we can muster in the United States so well adapted to this peculiar warfare as the Macabebes. They know the country and they hate the Tagalogs, and they are splendid fighters. The ponies, besides, being good swimmers, are strong little brutes and every Macabebe can ride."

BOOTBLACK TO SENATOR.

Timothy "Dry Dollar" Sullivan is a unique figure in New York politics who has been brought into public notice lately by his antagonism to the movement against gambling and other forms of vice in the metropolis. It is but natural that Sullivan should not be in sympathy with such a campaign. He was born and has thrived in the atmosphere of which District Attorney Gardiner is trying to rid New York and he sees no harm in it.

Sullivan began life as a bootblack. Now he is a leader in the state senate. He was born in New York thirty-seven years ago and his boyhood was spent around the Five Points, where he blacked shoes and sold papers and was a leader of the gamins. As soon as he could vote the politicians took him up and at twenty-three he was able to demand a nomination for the assembly. He has been in office ever since, never tasting defeat. Since 1892 he has been in the senate. He has maintained his influence by befriending such of his constituents as ran afoul of the law, by organizing relief movements for the poor, and by giving "Dry Dollar" Sullivan plinies and balls to which the voters of his district are invited. He has a host of relatives, all of whom live in his district and every one of whom receives aid from the senator. When he moved into the upper house of the legislature he had his nephew, Timothy P. Sullivan, better known as "Boston Tim," elected to the assembly. Although he is looked up to as a very



TIM SULLIVAN.

generous man by his retainers, his enmity, once earned, attends his victim to the grave. His followers boast that he has unhorsed Byrnes and drove McCullagh out. They will give you the names of half a dozen police captains who have suffered various forms of degradation because, as his henchmen say, they have interfered with Sullivan's interests, political or financial. In his own district they look up to Sullivan as a feudal lord, and believe that neither money nor the law can defeat him.

BRIDGE OF TRAGEDIES

TO LOSE IDENTITY AT HANDS OF REBUILDERS.

Hands of Indians Fought Three Years Ago, and Horrors Have Been Continued There Ever Since—Rendezvous of Robbers.

Probably no place in the United States has been the scene of more crime than the Morris creek railroad bridge, near Montgomery, W. Va., which is soon to lose its identity at the hands of bridge builders engaged to remodel it, and the creek which it spans. The original owners were the Morris brothers, who held the patent from the state of Virginia, and from these brothers the creek bears its name. How many tragedies occurred here before the white man came is not known, but tradition says the creek was the scene of a number of conflicts between the Mingoes and the Shawnees, and the quantities of arrows and stone hatchets which can be found there bear out the correctness of this statement. At one time this creek was one of the prettiest bits of scenery in the Kanawha valley, but the railroads and coal mines have taken away much of the beauty which it once possessed, and the beautiful stream of water is now but a discolored drain for all the impurities of the different mines along its course. In August, 1884, Dr. J. W. Davis, a prominent physician of Montgomery, was returning from a professional visit up this creek, when he was fired upon and received wounds from which he died in a few hours. This assassination was carefully planned, and fire was opened upon the doctor by his invisible assailant before he had got into dangerous range. The doctor whipped up his horses and tried to escape, and in so doing was compelled to drive nearer to the ambush of his foe. He drove



MORRIS CREEK BRIDGE.

through a hail of bullets, three of which took effect, wounding him mortally. Bloodhounds were placed on the trail of the assassin, and in a day or so Bud Clendennin, a man who but a short time before had recovered from an illness through which the kind-hearted doctor had treated him free of charge, was captured. He was tried, convicted at Charleston and given a life sentence in the penitentiary, where he subsequently died, protesting his innocence to the last. The fact that it was on the eve of an election, and that for some of the jurymen to vote it would be necessary for them to dispose of the case that night, saved Clendennin from the gallows, as 11 of the jury were for hanging, the other was not, and declaring his intention of holding the fort, the rest gave in, so that they might vote. In the same year, and but a few months later, the body of Dr. J. C. Aultz, a well-known surgeon, was found a lifeless mass under the fatal bridge. Unknown parties attempted to blow up the bridge with dynamite during a strike in 1894, but owing to the fact that they were not familiar with the explosive the force of the explosion was unconfined, and though the bridge was somewhat weakened, comparatively little damage was done. During all the time that the Lewis gang of robbers and murderers existed this was their rendezvous, and every move which they made was planned under the shadow of the old bridge. Here it was that John Cochran, miner, was coaxed one night in March and murdered, robbed and then his lifeless body cast into the inky waters of the creek, and washed out into the bosom of the Kanawha river. Viers, who led the white element of this gang, made an effort to throw the responsibility for this murder upon an innocent man named Lewis, who was an enemy, but on the scaffold his nerve failed him, and he confessed that his former statements were false, and that Lewis had nothing to do with the murder.

Back in 1880 the first lynching that ever took place in that section occurred within a few hundred yards of this bridge. Mart Lee, who had assaulted a white lady, was turned over to the sheriff of Fayette county by the sheriff of Kanawha on this bridge, which was then the dividing line between two counties. In a short time a mob overpowered the sheriff, and taking Lee, swung him over the river from the first available tree. Many people have fallen between the tracks of this bridge, and sustained serious injuries. The last of these was

only a few months ago, when an insane soldier from the Philippines in charge of two guards, en route to one of the eastern army infirmaries at night, and while the train was passing over the bridge, leaped out, and was immediately followed by one of the guards, who was permanently injured. The insane man was never found.

VENOMOUS INDIAN COBRA HASN'T EATEN ANYTHING FOR 22 MONTHS.

All bona-fide fasting records have been broken by La Tosca, the great Indian cobra at the Zoo. This snake has been under close scientific observation for 22 months past, during all of which time the reptile has not tasted a morsel of food. Bacteriologists from several medical colleges and others representing pharmaceutical concerns have been endeavoring to secure specimens of the big snake's venom, which brings instant and horrible death to all forms of animal life, but La Tosca, in her voluntary fast of 22 months, has never once opened her mouth wide enough to enable these scientists to secure the venom by any of the ordinary methods of snake handling. The venom-fang is a long, sharp conical tooth of the upper jaw, by means of which the poisonous fluid is injected into the punctured wound. This fang is attached to the maxillary bone, and may be thrown forward or laid flat by a peculiar mechanism by which the bones of the upper jaw change their relative position. This tooth or fang is folded upon itself for the conveyance of the venom, and is also connected with the duct of the receptacle which contains the poisonous fluid. The mechanism of the bones is such that the opening of the snake's mouth widely causes the erection of the venom fang, and when the mouth is closed upon the object bitten the same movement injects the venom, and death ensues forthwith. Some of the bacteriologists seem to think that the

DIVINE HEALER FAKE

NIPPED IN THE BUD BY BOSTON POLICE.

Francis Truth, the Self-Styled Divine Healer, Operated by Mail All Through the United States on a Remarkable Large Scale.

One of the most gigantic frauds of recent years received its death blow the other day in Boston when Francis Truth, the self-styled divine healer, was placed under arrest. Truth occupied luxurious apartments in Boston, and had established his healing business on a large scale throughout the United States. The great bulk of the correspondence taken in possession by the police after Truth's arrest was found to be from such distant parts as Texas, California, Washington and Florida, although operations were being conducted by him in practically every state in the Union. When the business was taken in hand by the police it is estimated that the "healer" was taking in on an average about \$30,000 a week. In his office he employed 30 girls to answer to his advertisements, and it took the girls all their time writing at a very rapid rate from 8 in the morning until 6 at night. Advertisements were placed in the leading papers all through the United States and in the Boston Sunday papers half-page advertisements were taken. The result of this extensive advertising was that Mr. Truth's mail became larger than that received by any firm in Boston. The postal authorities were induced by this fact and the character of the advertisements in the newspapers to look into the matter. Postoffice Inspector Evans, assisted by Inspector Swift, made an investigation and their suspicions were at once aroused. About the same time Chief Watts of the Boston Criminal Investigation Bureau thought that Mr. Truth's career had reached a crisis, and he also investigated the scheme. He arranged matters so that a young man of his acquaintance was employed by Truth as door tender. This young man kept a close watch over all that was going on and promptly reported all that he learned to the chief. The climax was reached when the postoffice inspector's department heard from Washington officials that a fraud order would be granted for the suspension of Mr. Truth's mail. A warrant was then secured for the man's arrest on the charge of "devising a scheme and artifice with intent of using the United States mail for the purpose of defrauding the public."

An arresting party composed of Chief Watts, Deputy Marshal Waters and Postoffice Inspectors Evans, Swift and Letherman, congregated at the Revere house, directly opposite to Truth's establishment, at a time when he was



FRANCIS TRUTH.

to receive a wagon load of mail from the postoffice. When the huge bags of mail were being carried in at the front door Deputy Marshal Waters and Inspector Evans went across to the Truth place and entered. The inspector was troubled with rheumatism and the deputy had to assist him as he hobbled up the stairs with a pair of crutches. When they were ushered into Truth's private office Mr. Evans said:

"I have heard a good deal about you, doctor, and I think that you might help me."

Then followed a colloquy about the price and Mr. Truth said: "I receive \$2 a visit, but if the treatment is given by letter I charge \$5 a month."

"You want personal treatment, don't you, Uncle George?" asked Waters.

"Oh, yes, I want personal treatment," was the reply of Mr. Evans.

"It is a good deal better for you to have letter treatment, but if you prefer it, you can have personal treatment," replied Mr. Truth. And so, as Mr. Evans insisted on it, and as he laid down the required \$2, the "treatment" was given.

Truth commenced by rubbing the legs of Inspector Evans, and he succeeded in causing quite a glow.

After the treatment was all over, and Truth had specified a time for Mr. Evans to return and pay another \$2 for being cured of his infirmity, the deputy marshal said to Truth: "Now, let me try the same treatment on you."

"Oh, I am not sick, and do not need it," replied Truth.

"But just let me try it, and see how I do it," said Waters.

"Perhaps you can do it as well as I can," said Truth, "but I do not need it, and so there is no use in trying it."

"Sit down in that chair, and let me try it," commanded Waters, and as he spoke he pushed Truth into a chair. Truth had hardly become seated in

the chair before Waters remarked: "I have a treatment that will make you sick," at the same time slipping a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and placing them on Truth's wrists.

As he was being escorted to the jail by the chief and deputy, Truth remarked that it was rather hard on him to be arrested when his labors were just beginning to yield fruit. During the first year or so after he commenced the healing business he spent about all his income in advertising, and his business had just reached a point where he was receiving an enormous amount of money with comparatively small expenditure.

Truth operated the healing business both by personal treatment and mail. It was the custom of Mrs. Truth to open the mail and extract the \$5 which was demanded in absent treatment. Then the letters were sent out to the mailing department and were answered by the girls. As soon as the letter was received from a sick person, provided the \$5 was inclosed, the following typewritten letter was sent:

"Dear Friend—Yours of even date, with inclosure of \$5 for one month's absent treatment, at hand. Thanking you very kindly for same, I will do my utmost to heal you by divine power, and trust you will do your part in bringing about the desired result. Please observe carefully the inclosed special directions, as they form a very important part in restoring you to permanent health and strength. Wear the handkerchief upon your chest next to the flesh. Send a clean handkerchief to be prepared after the inclosure is soiled. Please write about once in two weeks how your case is progressing, as I like to keep in touch with my patients. Wishing you well, believe me, yours for health and happiness."

"FRANCIS TRUTH."

"Dictated by Francis Truth."

There were other forms of letters which were sent to patients, after one, two or three months' treatment. Truth also edited and published a monthly paper called the Divine Healer. He gave instructions personally and by mail to persons who wished to learn the art of divine healing. For a course under his personal supervision, consisting of thirty private lessons at the Truth institute of divine healing, he charged \$100, payable in advance upon entering the institute. The mail course, including 15 lessons, he gave for \$15 a week. To aid him in advertising the concern, Truth had hundreds of testimonials purporting to be from various parts of the United States. These letters were published broadcast, and thousands of easy victims were led, by reading of those marvelous cures, to answer the advertisements and "drop" their coin. It is needless to say that most of these testimonials were fakes and without foundation.

SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.

Deadly Feud Ended by Tragic Death of a Principal.

The shooting through the heart of James Hile by Joseph Noland created considerable excitement in the oil center of St. Marys, W. Va. Noland is the ex-prosecuting attorney of Pleasants county. Last January Hile had him arrested for intimacy with his (Hile's) wife, and also instituted a \$20,000 damage suit. The case was tried in February with the result that Noland was acquitted. "Hile recently bragged that either he or Noland must die. He then got a gun and started after Noland, who escaped into his own house. The men met again and Noland once more retreated to his own home. The latter went into a room and locked the door. When Hile tried to break it down Noland fired through the door, shooting Hile through the heart, killing him instantly. Noland surrendered to the authorities.

Eight Skeletons Unearthed.

Eight skeletons, believed to be those of traders murdered many years ago, were unearthed by laborers building a switch near Guthrie, Ky. A close examination of the skeletons disclosed a murder. The skeletons are the remains of men who had been buried at least twenty years. In the spring of 1852 eight traders left Nashville for St. Louis with a large herd of cattle. They disposed of the stock, and a few days later started upon their return home. Nothing more was ever heard of them, although they were traced to a section where the skeletons were found.

It Made Him Insane.

Bleached hair of the young and pretty wife of Andrew Maxwell, a farmer living near Newkirk, O. T., has driven her husband insane. Mrs. Maxwell's hair was jet black, but she recently had it turned yellow by a hair dresser. When the young husband came home and found his wife with different colored hair he fretted over it until he lost his mind. Mrs. Maxwell has already paid twice the sum she spent in having her hair dyed to get it black again, but to no avail. It is now a pale green.

Mollioux Plays Checkers.

Roland B. Mollioux is the champion checker player in the "dead house" at Sing Sing prison. The players never meet, but by a system of numerals, which they shout across the corridors, they manage to keep tab and get over the board in reasonably fast time. Mollioux has a new checkerboard and a series of games between he and Dr. Kennedy, the murderer of Dolly Reynolds, resulted in a victory for the former.