

A NARROW WORLD.



SOMETHING HAD happened! There was such a rosy flush on her cheek, so bright a gleam in her eye, and on her face such an utter abandon of joy, that any one, even a man, could have guessed the truth. Fortunately they had chosen the hill road, the least traveled of all the ways that lead down from the Montecito valley into Santa Barbara, and for the first half hour after the event they met no one. It was what the inhabitants of the Channel City call a "genuine Santa Barbara day." The sun shone warm and bright and a soft perfumed breeze came out of the west. There was June in the air, although the calendar was set for mid-winter. The birds sang in the trees above them, the squirrels chirped from the hillside, and their horses, wandering at times from the road, sank to the knee in a waving sea of flowers. "First of all," she said, breaking the silence of a whole minute, "you must tell my father."

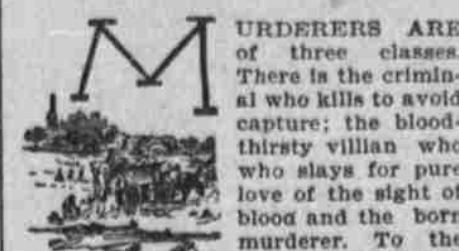
lowed, and they were well into town before the conversation began again. Then, fearful of observation, they spoke in commonplaces. They turned into State street, and stopped at the postoffice, the morning's mail having constituted the chief cause for the trip to town. Richard Strong dismounted and presently appeared with a letter in his hand. "None for you," he said. "This is for me, from the governor. I'll wager it has something in it about cousins." "Let me see," said the girl, holding out her hand. He tore the letter open and gave it to her. Then he swung himself slowly down the street. Suddenly the girl gave a faint cry. "Papa has been writing to him!" she exclaimed. "Writing to him? What for?" "He has asked him to pay us a visit on the score of relationship, and your father—" "Well?" said the young man, excitedly. "He says he will start immediately—the very next day." "Let me see the date of the letter. Ye gods! It has been delayed. He must have got here this morning!" "The train has been in two hours," she said, glancing at her watch. "I must see him immediately," said her companion, nervously turning his horse first one way and then another. "Who would have dreamed that both the old boys would take that cousinship so seriously?" "I did, sir. I knew from the very beginning that it would make some trouble some time." "From the very beginning?" repeated the young man, pausing in his excitement long enough to note the force of this chance admission. "So you acknowledge, do you?" "There's the hotel bus," cried the girl, hastily changing the subject. "Perhaps the driver can tell us something." A long, empty vehicle was passing them on its way up the street. Strong called to the driver, and he stopped. "Did you bring up a tall gentleman this morning, with a white mustache and goatee and gold eyeglasses?" "Yes, sir. Your father, don't you mean?" The young people exchanged startled glances. "How did you know?" "He was inquiring for you, sir, as soon as ever he got to the hotel, and when he found you were gone he went and hired a buggy." "A buggy—what for?" "He asked the way to Judge Weston's place in the Montecito. He said the judge was a near relative of his." "A near relative?" groaned the horrified Strong, while his companion turned away her face, although whether to conceal a look of anguish or a laugh will never be known. The omnibus proceeded on its way. "We must hurry," said the young man, spurring his horse to a canter. "The less time they have together before explanations are made the better."

H. H. HOLMES, FIEND.

DIABOLICAL DEEDS OF THE INSURANCE SWINDLER.

LIFE A MERE TRIFLE IN THE WAY OF HIS AMBITION.

A Score of Murders May Be Traced to the Cold-Blooded Slayer of Pletzel, His Three Children, and Miss and Annie Williams.



MURDERERS ARE of three classes. There is the criminal who kills to avoid capture; the blood-thirsty villain who slays for pure love of the sight of blood and the born murderer. To the latter class belongs H. H. Holmes, alias Howard, and half a dozen other aliases, who is now in jail at Philadelphia awaiting trial on a charge of conspiracy to defraud insurance companies. The charge will soon be changed to murder.

How successful he was is evidenced by the fact that swindle succeeded swindle and murder succeeded murder until he had secured and spent fortunes, brought six victims to hideous deaths, and twelve years passed without even so much as a check on his awful career. When once his troubles began they came thick and fast, until at last he is about to be brought to justice. The beginning of the end came with his arrest in St. Louis last fall. Since then he has enjoyed but a brief spell of freedom and now all of his horrible crimes are being fastened upon him. Subtly and cunning added to the man's finished education and polished manner have combined to make him the most wonderful criminal of the age. It is not the purpose of this article to trace his career further than to narrate briefly the crimes charged against him in order to show what a moral monstrosity he is. While at Ann Arbor University he entered into a conspiracy to defraud an insurance company in very much the same manner the Fidelity company was fleeced in the Pletzel case. His accomplice was a fellow student, and experience gained while he was a medical student enabled him to successfully carry out the fraud. His classmate's life was insured for \$2,500, a corpse was secured and "planted," and afterwards identified as the body of his confederate. The company paid over the money, and with it Holmes, who was then sailing under the name of Herman Mudgett, and his pal paid their tuition through college. The young scoundrel had deserted Mrs. Mudgett and their baby and left them to drift for themselves in their New England home in order that he might go to Ann Arbor. Flushed by the success of his first venture, Mudgett, the college scapegrace, became Mudgett, the criminal, and thenceforth his ambition in the world of shade knew no bounds. Leav-

MILLIKEN'S MISTAKE.

The Washington Society Man Indicted for House Breaking. Benjamin H. Milliken, private secretary to President Harris of Tennessee, has been indicted by the district grand jury for housebreaking and felonious assault. He is charged with having broken into the house of ex-Solicitor General Samuel F. Phillips, secreted himself in the bedroom of Miss Gertrude



B. H. MILLIKEN. Phillips and attempted to chloroform the young woman. The affair occurred the night of July 4, at Washington. Mr. Phillips says his daughter Gertrude sat up with him until after midnight, when she retired. Some time after he had been in bed he heard his other daughter, Nora, scream. Going to her room, he found both young wo-

A ROMANCE IN ALASKA.

Count de Lancaux and His Daughter, Who May Become an Heiress.

Juneau, Alaska, has a Russian romance, or what it fully expects will develop into a romance, and it is almost as interesting a subject for discussion as the new gold fields. When Count de Lancaux, a young Russian, visited Juneau eight years ago, he was 22 years old, and he followed the example of other visitors before him. He took an Alaskan maiden as his housekeeper. She was attractive in features and affectionate in disposition. A girl, named Lucy, was born to them, and the young count was devoted to her. He was satisfied with his housekeeper and very fond of his little daughter. He decided to remain in Alaska and enjoy his new possessions. The count conceived the idea of building a castle on Point Lookout, overlooking the town, and set men at work felling trees and building the foundation. A cyclone came along and blew the men and the lumber off Point Lookout, and the count changed his plans. He bought a lot of land in the plateau valley below and set a gang of men at work clearing it. After he had spent several thousand dollars in this preliminary work his father ordered him to return to Russia. Before leaving he decided over ten lots in Juneau, three lots in Douglas City, and a canner's site at Cape Fanshaw to his daughter Grace. The count said good-by to his Alaskan family, and left his daughter in the care of Frank Starr of Juneau. Since the count's return to Russia his father has died, and he is now in possession of large estates. Frank Starr is now in correspondence with him, and he believes that the count will provide generously for his daughter. So it is among the possibilities that this half in time may become an heiress and a young woman of some importance in Russia as well as in Alaska.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

MONARCH OF HIS SPECIES.

Killing of an Alligator That Measured Fourteen Feet in Length.

To F. A. Dennettee and to his brother, Elton D. Dennettee, belongs the credit for the killing of Fort George's famous 'gator, a giant in size and so old that his back is crusted with barnacles and moss. But their encounter with the saurian was not without excitement and some damage to the hunters. They found the 'gator in one of the small creeks that run through the island, sneaked upon him in their boat and let him have a bullet from a Winchester. The big fellow gave a roar of rage and pain and at once started for the small craft, his jaws wide open and his tail lashing the water into yeasty foam. They jammed an oar into the 'gator's mouth and he crunched it into pulp, and then they took the other to stem his onslaught, but he broke that, too, and ground it into kindling wood. When almost upon the boat he swung his tail against it and nearly upset it. Elton Dennettee was knocked overboard, and no sooner had the 'gator seen him than he made for him, and if the young man had not hastily scrambled on board he would certainly have met an awful fate. The two men had two pairs of oars and with these they managed to keep the little craft away from a swing of the saurian's tail, which would have crushed in the sides as if they were paper. While one of the hunters kept clear of the enraged beast the other kept pumping lead into him from the Winchester until the water was covered with red foam, telling that the monster was badly hurt. Finally he appeared to give up the ghost, turned over on his back and floated upon the surface. They lassoed and towed him ashore, but the 'gator was not dead, and still had any quantity of fight in him, and so, when one of the sportsmen ventured too close the 'gator gave a lash with his tail, knocked the young fellow upside down and paralyzed his legs for the time being and went for him, grabbing his foot in his frightful jaws, and inflicting a painful and perhaps serious injury. It was just two minutes before the jaws of the beast could be pried open, and it was an hour later before the last spark of life fled from the reptile.

Fasting Carried to Extremes.

The people of Serbia are forever fasting. The most severe fast is that of Lent, which lasts seven whole weeks. Then, on the 30th of June, is the fast of St. Peter, which lasts two weeks, and is observed by some persons for four weeks. From the 1st to the 15th of August, the fast of St. Mary, and Christmas is preceded by a forty days' fast. Apart from these lengthy fasts every Friday and every Wednesday throughout the year is held to be a fast day. Fasting in Serbia is no mere change of diet; it means real abstinence and privation. At first this fasting has assumed such serious proportions as to constitute a grave medical problem and a national danger, for it affects seriously the health of the population, the strength and fighting capabilities of the soldiers. The medical men reckoned that, on the whole, half the days in the year were fast days. This means that for some six months in the year the population of First and Second neighborhoods is only fed bread, raw onions, and raw vegetables. No cooking is done; not a morsel of meat is allowed.

Would Contract Bank Currency.

At the treasury department it is said that Sovereign's plan for boycotting national bank notes, if carried out, would prove more harmful than beneficial to the interests of the country, as it would contract the currency to the extent of \$211,000,000 without injuring national banks. "It would not hurt the national banks at all," said G. F. Tucker, deputy comptroller of the currency. "If people should refuse to receive their notes the banks would simply present them to the United States treasury for redemption and receive legal tender notes, which they would continue to use in their business. There are only \$211,000,000 of national bank notes in circulation, while there are \$500,000,000 of other kinds of money outstanding."—Ex.

Cheap Sewing Machines.

Sewing machines are so cheap that a woman can cover herself from head to foot with frills and flourishes and other fripperies at a cost no greater than that which was formerly required to make one plain gown.



stamps him as a moral monster—a man wholly devoid of moral sense. Every move made by the man since he started out in the world twelve years ago, seems to have been made with a criminal intent. He is by no means an ordinary man, and his mental capabilities rank him far above all the celebrated criminals ever known to American or English police. He was graduated from the Michigan University at Ann Arbor and began his career of crime while yet a student in that institution. He was a school teacher in Vermont, and before he entered the university he was graduated in medicine. Thus equipped he was in a position to begin the most remarkable career of crime ever known to the police. His case is the most remarkable study in psychology and criminology ever brought to light in a civilized nation. Holmes' knowledge of drugs would have enabled him to make way with the Pletzel children without the sight of blood, of which he seems to be in mortal terror. Miss Annie Williams, the Fort Worth, Tex., typewriter, who lived with Holmes in Chicago, was, in all probability, murdered in the same way. The theory of the police that Miss Williams killed her sister with a stool in a fit of jealousy, and that, in order to protect his mistress, Holmes disposed of the body by sinking it in a trunk in Lake Michigan, has given way to the belief that Holmes was himself the murderer, a theory which the cruel, designing nature of the man thoroughly justifies. These two young women owned property in Texas worth \$50,000, and subsequent developments lead the detectives to believe Holmes coolly set about to get them out of the way in order to come in possession of the money. At no time in his career has Holmes ever hesitated to murder if the intended victim stood in the way of the accomplishment of his scheme. This is proven by the fate of the Williams girls, by the fate of Pletzel, by the cruel murder of three of the victim's children and by his attempt to blow up Mrs. Pletzel at Burlington, Vt. Certain it is that Holmes contemplated and plotted the death of the entire Pletzel family in order that not a single person having a knowledge of the Fidelity swindle and the death of Pletzel, the first murder that became necessary to its success, should be left alive. The fiendish cruelty of such a plot seems almost beyond belief. Every instinct in Holmes seems to have been criminal. His every move was toward the accomplishment of some crime. He never moved in a direct line. Every talent, every energy, every bit of education he ever had been employed toward a criminal end. The result is the most accomplished and successful crook in police annals—a criminal beside whom the record of any one man ever arrested in America prior to September, 1894, pales into insignificance. Murder has only been an incidental part of Holmes' career. He murdered when some human being stood in the way of his daring schemes. Swindling and fraud were the prime factors in every crime he ever committed, and he loved them as the gambler loves the green cloth. He played the poker shark plays his cards. They were his amusement, his pastime, his means of securing the money necessary to carry on his wild and terrible career.

ing college he went to the Norristown Insane Asylum, and later entered a drug store as a clerk, but his first venture as a crook floated ever before his mind's eye, and he dreamed of the day when he would acquire wealth and affluence by the turning of another successful trick. He drifted back to Chicago, with his eyes always open for the main chance, and before long he became deeply engrossed in another swindle of four times the proportions of his first. Sailing under the alias of Howard, he fell in with his former confederate and classmate, and together they worked an insurance company for \$10,000 on the same scheme resorted to in the first instance. From that time on he was out of one nefarious job into another. He bought a drug store, but sold out soon after, and with probably \$30,000 left for the world was fleeced from victims of his various schemes. He seemed to glory in this thought and to be seized with an insatiable desire to plunder moneyed people, whether individuals or corporations, and his ever active brain was almost continually employed devising schemes to effect this result. All pretense of earning an honest livelihood, save the necessary precautions to dupe the unsuspecting public, were cast aside, and this reckless man cut loose from decent associates, to drift where his abnormal bankings would lead. While in Chicago he married a second time, and a bright little babe was born of that union, but love was foreign to this cold-hearted man, whose whole existence seemed wrapped up in the excitement of the dangerous game he was playing, and he forgot them when he left suddenly for the Pacific coast. What he did there remains a secret buried within himself, and for the time being he was lost sight of. Ere long his greed for excitement overcame his fears, and one bright spring morning found him back in Chicago. He at once launched a commission scheme known as the Yates-Campbell Co., which he advertised would buy and sell goods of any kind. Whether he met Mamie Williams during his sojourn in the west or came across her in Chicago is not known, but at this stage of the game, the bright, winsome young typewriter became entangled in the meshes of the cruellest of men. She was rich, owing in conjunction with a sister, as lovely as herself, property valued at \$50,000 in or near Fort Worth. This in itself was enough to fix the doom of the beautiful young woman, and from the day she met Holmes, or Howard, her fate was sealed. Sleeping or waking the insidious plotting of the man she loved never ceased, and he would no more have spared that fair girl than the spider could refrain from sucking the life-blood from some poor fly that becomes entangled in its web. Crime had become second nature to him, and he was happy in the commission of it.

men much agitated. They said there was a man in Gertrude's room, and begged him not to go in for fear he would be shot. Mr. Phillips says he grasped the handle of the door, but it was held on the inside. Some one then tried to climb over the transom, but Mr. Phillips struck at his head and he desisted. His wife and daughters were screaming, and his partner, Frederick McKenney, ran upstairs with a revolver. At this instant the man who was in Gertrude's room broke out and rushed downstairs. Mr. Phillips says he recognized Milliken. He chased the man and caused his arrest in the garden. When taken to the station he proved to be B. H. Milliken. He appeared to be intoxicated. Mr. Phillips says his daughter was awakened by the smell of chloroform and by feeling some one pass a handkerchief over her face. Search was made, Mr. Phillips says, and it was found that Milliken got in by climbing over a roof. A handkerchief and a bottle were found in the garden. A druggist declared that the handkerchief was saturated with chloroform, and that the bottle had contained the liquid. After his arrest Milliken was released by one of the district attorneys. It appears that he was well acquainted with Miss Phillips and was a frequent visitor at the house. It is said he called early in the evening of July 4, but Miss Phillips asked to be excused from seeing him. Milliken is said to have left town. Milliken's explanation is said to be that the whole affair was a mistake arising out of too much Fourth of July.

Mrs. McDonald in St. Louis.

Mrs. Richard H. McDonald, Jr., of San Francisco, accused of having fled from that city with \$100,000 belonging to her husband, who is awaiting trial there on charges of forgery and embezzlement in connection with the wrecking of the Pacific bank, was found last week to be



MRS. McDONALD. living with her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Charlton, at St. Louis. She said she had not fled with her husband's money; that his troubles in California grew out of a political conspiracy, and that he was innocent of the charges against him. The grandfather of the Rothschilds is said to have scarcely owned a penny in 1800.

Grosvener's Grave.

The grave of John Grosvener, in the town of Pomfret, is one of the oldest in that section of Connecticut. It has been marked for generations by a headstone of peculiar interest, on account of the coat of arms displayed on its surface. The inscription and design are still distinct and clear.