

# THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

NINETEENTH YEAR.

OMAHA, TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 25, 1889.

NUMBER 7.

## AN ARTISTIC ELOPEMENT.

Role an American Girl Played in a Scandal Abroad.

## THE DUALITY OF A HUSBAND.

A Combination of Typewriter and Critic of Old Masters—The Fourth to Be Celebrated in Foreign Lands.

### Aesthetic Runaways.

(Copyright 1889 by James Gordon Bennett.)

PARIS, June 24.—[New York Herald Cable—Special to THE BEE.]—George Hitchcock, secretary of the American art jury in Paris, has eloped with Miss O'Halloran, of St. Paul, Minn. Hitchcock first came into notice several years ago, through the success of his tulip picture, which received honorable mention in the saion. Miss O'Halloran is a western girl who came to Paris two years since for the benefit of her health and has followed the profession of a copyist. Hitchcock was married eight years ago to a charming and clever woman. He first met Miss O'Halloran over a year ago. He remarked at the time that she was a pretty American girl who seemed quite alone. The acquaintance grew into friendship, much against Mrs. Hitchcock's approval, when Hitchcock induced the girl to become one of his pupils last summer. During the summer Miss O'Halloran attempted to paint Dutch sketches, one of which, after the master had completed and sufficiently used his influence with the jury, was placed on the top line of the American gallery exhibition. He fell very ill and was nursed by Mrs. Hitchcock. On their return to Paris in the autumn a worthy gentleman suggested that the friendless young American girl should be protected by his wife, as she was already becoming much gossiped about in the artistic circles of Paris. A number of well known American artists spoke to Mrs. Hitchcock of the girl so lightly that she took up arms in her defense and declared it to be a shame. Mrs. Hitchcock agreed, and the girl was allowed to remain an inmate of her household, and was chaperoned to soirees and promenades, etc., by the wife of the man who was, during all these months, carrying on a duplicity which, if it had not so boudoisse and inartistic an ending, might have added one more note to his reputation for superficial cleverness. Finally a sister of the pretty little American arrived for a few weeks' visit, and was asked by Mrs. Hitchcock to spend a fortnight as her guest. That the sisters might be together after their long separation, being absent Roman Catholics, a little pilgrimage was planned to Rome, where Miss Agnes was to be presented to the pope. The older sister acted as chaperone to the young devotee and suspected nothing. During their absence, Mrs. Hitchcock seized the opportunity of ridding herself of the incubus of her young charge and declared that, as her sister had now arrived, the girl was sufficiently protected. The husband was all tenderness and devotion, and declared himself pleased to be rid of the girl. He, however, fell into a state of feigned illness and declared himself unfit to leave Paris to do his summer's painting, and told his wife that his nerves were utterly unstrung by the responsibility of managing the entire American jury and his prominent position as painter-in-chief of the American section, and that he must remain in the city under a doctor's care until the Roman pilgrimage was ended. Miss O'Halloran returned from Rome last Monday evening and came at once with her sister to Hitchcock's apartments and asked to remain a few days longer. She complained of great fatigue, retired early and remained in her room the next day to rest, while Mrs. Hitchcock cared for her, never dreaming that there was cause for concealment in the darkened room, or that within twenty-four hours both the guiltless American and the honorable secretary to the American art exhibit would be skipping around the corner to the shades of Chantilly. At 9 o'clock last Wednesday morning Mr. Hitchcock, as tenderly as he always did, kissed his wife good-bye and asked her to meet him at 3 o'clock in the afternoon in the exhibition. The unsuspecting wife kept the appointment, but her husband was waiting for the unsuspecting American girl, who was too ill to get up. At dinner there were two vacant chairs and two wondering women—a wife and a sister. Nine o'clock came and with it a blue telegram, saying:

Do not expect me. Will write.

GEORGE HITCHCOCK.

To the sister there was another, saying, with rare pathos and brevity:

You must hold Agnes blameless forever.

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To an acquaintance yet another:

Be good to madame. I think I am crazy.

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Next morning's post brought the following:

Mrs. Hitchcock:

"I can not say what I must. Agnes, condition can no longer be concealed, and I do the only thing left me, I think I am crazy. Will you think so and forget me."

A day later information came to a friend that he and Miss O'Halloran were at an hotel in Chantilly under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. That letter said:

"Have heard nothing since Wednesday, but fear the worst. I know you think me quite unworthy of the slightest consideration, but I hope you will forgive the enclosed note. If I tell you that it had to be and that it was a question of life or death to all concerned, you would think more kindly of me. I can not help it if I am desperate and fearfully petticed, which no age as yet can control. I shall probably lose my life. I am now far from well, but I must try to live to help this poor girl through her sorrow and make what amends I can to her, whom you must find quite blameworthy. I only have done wrong."

In the same envelope there came one to his wife, saying:

"I will not insult you by saying more than is absolutely necessary. I beg of you to think that what I have done has not been done without deep sorrow and long pondering in grief and misery. I see no other way. I know that I have ruined your life. I have my own. I have nothing to complain of. You have been always good and true. I beg of you to go to America and forget me. But for this other, for whom I must yet live, I little should have told you and asked you to forgive me. Perhaps even now you may forgive me. Don't despair. My God, try to live. You will be happy, but I shall never be."

On Sunday last a friend sought Hitchcock, in company with the heart-broken sister, to endeavor to persuade him to return to his wife, who had offered to conceal his shame and weakness in order to spare the gray-haired father of the young girl.

Hitchcock, alias Smith, received visitors

## SLOWLY SIGNING THE BILL.

The Indians at Pine Ridge Gradually Falling Into Line.

## POINTS HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

The Land in Severity Part of the Document a Hard Question For the Savage to Get Through His Head.

## WINNING Over the Indians.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, Dak. (via Rushville, Neb.), June 24.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—George Hitchcock, secretary of the American art jury in Paris, has eloped with Miss O'Halloran, of St. Paul, Minn. Hitchcock first came into notice several years ago, through the success of his tulip picture, which received honorable mention in the saion. Miss O'Halloran is a western girl who came to Paris two years since for the benefit of her health and has followed the profession of a copyist. Hitchcock was married eight years ago to a charming and clever woman. He first met Miss O'Halloran over a year ago. He remarked at the time that she was a pretty American girl who seemed quite alone. The acquaintance grew into friendship, much against Mrs. Hitchcock's approval, when Hitchcock induced the girl to become one of his pupils last summer. During the summer Miss O'Halloran attempted to paint Dutch sketches, one of which, after the master had completed and sufficiently used his influence with the jury, was placed on the top line of the American gallery exhibition. He fell very ill and was nursed by Mrs. Hitchcock. On their return to Paris in the autumn a worthy gentleman suggested that the friendless young American girl should be protected by his wife, as she was already becoming much gossiped about in the artistic circles of Paris. A number of well known American artists spoke to Mrs. Hitchcock of the girl so lightly that she took up arms in her defense and declared it to be a shame. Mrs. Hitchcock agreed, and the girl was allowed to remain an inmate of her household, and was chaperoned to soirees and promenades, etc., by the wife of the man who was, during all these months, carrying on a duplicity which, if it had not so boudoisse and inartistic an ending, might have added one more note to his reputation for superficial cleverness. Finally a sister of the pretty little American arrived for a few weeks' visit, and was asked by Mrs. Hitchcock to spend a fortnight as her guest. That the sisters might be together after their long separation, being absent Roman Catholics, a little pilgrimage was planned to Rome, where Miss Agnes was to be presented to the pope. The older sister acted as chaperone to the young devotee and suspected nothing. During their absence, Mrs. Hitchcock seized the opportunity of ridding herself of the incubus of her young charge and declared that, as her sister had now arrived, the girl was sufficiently protected. The husband was all tenderness and devotion, and declared himself pleased to be rid of the girl. He, however, fell into a state of feigned illness and declared himself unfit to leave Paris to do his summer's painting, and told his wife that his nerves were utterly unstrung by the responsibility of managing the entire American jury and his prominent position as painter-in-chief of the American section, and that he must remain in the city under a doctor's care until the Roman pilgrimage was ended. Miss O'Halloran returned from Rome last Monday evening and came at once with her sister to Hitchcock's apartments and asked to remain a few days longer. She complained of great fatigue, retired early and remained in her room the next day to rest, while Mrs. Hitchcock cared for her, never dreaming that there was cause for concealment in the darkened room, or that within twenty-four hours both the guiltless American and the honorable secretary to the American art exhibit would be skipping around the corner to the shades of Chantilly. At 9 o'clock last Wednesday morning Mr. Hitchcock, as tenderly as he always did, kissed his wife good-bye and asked her to meet him at 3 o'clock in the afternoon in the exhibition. The unsuspecting wife kept the appointment, but her husband was waiting for the unsuspecting American girl, who was too ill to get up. At dinner there were two vacant chairs and two wondering women—a wife and a sister. Nine o'clock came and with it a blue telegram, saying:

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## THE DAILY CRONIN SENSATION. A Story That Camp No. 20 Condemned Cronin as a Spy.

CHICAGO, June 24.—Todays sensation in the Cronin case is a circumstantial report that the authorities have information showing that Camp 20, of the Clan-na-Gael, after a formal trial, found Cronin guilty of being a British spy. The charge was that Cronin, under the guise of endeavoring to expose the alleged malfeasance of Alexander Sullivan, rich architect and Dennis Foss, rich real estate agent, who was attempting to bring about a public investigation of the work and accounts of the order for the information of the British government and the London Times commission. It was also shown that the members of the order, which would be necessary in order to refute Cronin's charges, would furnish to the London Times all the information desired of obtaining by the appointment of a government commission in Canada. Cronin's manuscripts, it was also pointed out, were so secret that they could hardly help but insure the extradition of every man who had gone across the water on "active service."

Cheif Hubbard and States Attorney Longnecker neither explicitly affirm nor deny this report.

The story is that two trials of Cronin were held. The first was in January, but when it came to rendering the decision of the evidence one man weakened. The trial committee was divided, but eventually reached a verdict in secret, the name of who was weakened being filed by another man.

The trial committee consisted of seven persons, each of whom it is said is now under surveillance. They did not sentence any one to death nor did they have anything to do with Cronin from the time of his arrival in the country.

The story is that the trial committee was held in secret, the name of who was weakened being filed by another man.

## BURKE'S EXECUTION SIGNED.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—Shortly after 8 o'clock the president signed the Burke extradition papers. The papers now have to go again to the state department to be properly authenticated. This is a mere form, however, and can be attended to in a few days. As the trial is to be held Saturday, the trial committee will not be made to night, but will be deferred until to-morrow. The requisition names Detective Collins, of Chicago, who is now in Winnipeg, as the man who is the authorized representative of the United States to convey the prisoner to a safe place.

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The post office is to be closed by the postmaster-general to afford time for the New York postoffice to return to Washington to-day.

The commission will be convened to-morrow at 10 o'clock.

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