

# ANIMALS HELP TO LAY BARE CRIME

## MUSKRAT LEADS SEARCHERS TO BODY OF MURDERED MAN.

### HORSE AND BIRD AID IN SOLVING MYSTERY

Indiana Authorities Find Strange Helpers in Solving a Mysterious Murder Case Which Had Perplexed the Detectives.

Hartford City, Ind.—Has the hand of Providence, guiding the steps of a muskrat to a place of safety, filling a dumb animal with the fear of a remembered danger and directing the flight of a wounded bird, helped in the detection of the murderers of Edward P. Sanderson?

This is a popular question in this county. Some point to the peculiar circumstances as confirmatory of the fact, while others declare that the strange happenings were merely accidental. Certainly the events leading up to the arrest of the suspects stand out as singular in the annals of crime.

Edward P. Sanderson, a large property owner, lived on a farm ten miles from this city. He disappeared, and for a week persistent search was made for him without result.

He had been separated from his wife. She and her daughter by a former husband were living on a farm five miles away.

Otto and William Cook, brothers-in-law of the missing man, had frequent quarrels with him, and on one occasion attacked him. They were suspected of having knowledge of his whereabouts, but no charge was made against them.

A boy employed in a factory near here took his lunch basket a week after Sanderson's disappearance and went in the direction of an old gravel pit, which had become filled with water. He sat down to eat his lunch and a muskrat ran past him. He followed it and it disappeared at the edge of the pond.

He was about to turn away when he saw the hand of a man above the stagnant water. He called some of the men from the factory. After much difficulty the body was removed. It was found to have been weighted with a 75-pound stone, which was attached to it by a strap.

The body was that of the missing man, and examination showed that two

# PRAYERS MISTAKEN FOR POKER TERMS.

### Sounds That Resembled "Ante Up" Were Really Supplications for the Dead.

New York.—Detectives of the Eldridge street station will hereafter be asked to differentiate between the sounds of excited poker players and the sounds of prayers, as, according to the testimony in the Essex market court, they mistook the one for the other, thereby causing considerable exposition in court.

A patrolman while in Chrystie street heard loud noises from No. 136 and



told the precinct detectives that he believed "a big gambling game was on." The detectives hurried to the tenement house, and, after listening to the noise, raided the place.

Twelve men were found, all shouting and gesticulating. The sudden entry of the police threw them into confusion, and eight of them escaped. Four were arrested.

The police allege they found evidence of gambling in the shape of a set of dice and 22 cents which were on the mantel.

When arraigned in court Max Frank, in whose house the men were arrested, acted as spokesman.

"Your honor," he said, "my father died six months ago, and the Jewish religion says we must say 'Kaddish' for one year. All my friends and relatives came to my house each night and joined me in the 'Kaddish.'"

"Kaddish?" What's that?" said Magistrate Pool.

"Kaddish," explained the prisoner, "means prayers for the dead. We were all bowed down in grief praying for my father when the police arrested us. I don't know why."

Detective Kramer took the center of the bridge at this point and in answer to questions said: "I heard loud shouting and sounds like 'ante up' and 'I win.'"

"Do you understand Hebrew?" asked the court.

He confessed he did not.

"Well, then," the court added, "you don't know whether these men were gambling or not. Men praying might shout 'Ante up' or 'Win' or 'Ikey' or anything else in Hebrew, and you might interpret it to mean some gambling term. I have to discharge them."

The detective was unable to speak before leaving the court, but spoke freely when he reached his station again.

# CHILD ELOPERS WED. AFTER A DARING TRIP

The Groom's Brother Coolly Falsifies the Bride's Age to Get Marriage License.

Cranesville, Ind.—Driving all night, crossing the Ohio in a skiff and completing their journey to this city by rail, two youthful elopers—Harry Reid, 19, and Victoria Welden, 15, both of Hebbardsville, Ky., were married here.

The girl retired early at night and Reid came with a buggy at 11 o'clock after her parents were soundly asleep. They drove swiftly to the home of Reid's brother, Louis H. Reid, at Stanley. Reid was told of the elopement and with E. W. Weddington agreed to accompany the couple to this city.

Louis Reid swore the girl was 19 and a license was granted without question. Clerk Webster, of the Ruston hotel, had been interested and the marriage was held in the parlor of the hotel by Justice Schrader. The girl admitted to the justice that she was only 15, but this was after the ceremony. She is pretty and does not look more than the 15 years she confessed.

# CALLS SUN A BINARY STAR

Prof. Bigelow Expounds Ideas About Old Sol and Laws Governing Him.

"The sun should be regarded as an incipient binary star," says Prof. Bigelow, in the Weather Review. Recent scientific work in investigating the circulation of the solar atmosphere in accordance with the laws governing the convective and radiative action of a large mass of matter contracting by its own gravitation, have led Prof. Bigelow to the hypothesis that "the single fiery envelope conceals two disks." A series of observations extending over many years on the period of solar rotation at various points in the surface shows that "the same meridian of the sun is seen twice in a single rotation of the entire mass, first as the eastern limb, and second, 13 days later, as the western limb." Therefore the sun has a dumbbell figure of rotation.

Rich Miner Seeks Sisters. West Chester, Pa.—Frederick Zahnd, of Colorado, once committed to the county prison as a pauper, has since his departure seven years ago "struck it rich" in the Colorado gold mines. He returned here last week in search of his three sisters, who were once unfortunate as he. He hopes to find them before he returns to the west. Zahnd is now owner of a mine which is yielding a large income for himself and father.

Killed by Hiccupping. York, Pa.—Owen McLaughlin died from hiccough after a siege of ten days. He was 45 years old.

# A SAILOR WHIPS BIG DEVIL FISH

### ALL ALONE A KANAKA TACKLES A DEMON OF THE DEEP.

### ENWRAPPED BY SIX OF THE TENTACLES

Sandwich Islander Puts All of Them Out by Biting the Monster's Eyes—Was Exhausted When the Fight Was Over.

New York.—D. J. Taber, an ordinary seaman on the Bath ship Benjamin Seawall, who has arrived here, described a unique and terrific fight between a Sandwich Islander and a devil fish, of which he was a witness at Waha, off Funafuti island, where the ship was in the Hawaiian group. So far as known it is the only recorded conflict between an octopus and a man armed with no weapon except such as nature has given him.

"The steamer Mauna Loa having touched at Waha in her round of the islands, one of the Kanaka sailors saw the octopus alongside," said Taber to a New York World reporter.

"He jumped overboard and grabbed the devil fish, which was of great size. It didn't take the octopus long to wake up, and in a second two of the long arms had the nearly naked Kanaka in a tight hold around his legs.

"The sailor gripped the two tentacles near the beak of the cuttlefish. The only weapons the man had left were his teeth. He bit at the big eyes of the beast, which quivered, swelled and heaved with rage."

"Drawing himself up as much as he could, the sailor tried to grip the horrible, staring, glassy eyes of the creature in his teeth. He made his attacks first at the right eye so as not to waste effort in changing from one to the other, and if he should wound one eye he could follow up his advantage and finish the job before gripping the other eye.

"Suddenly a fifth long and winding arm with two rows of suckers shot around the man's waist, placing him in a viselike grip. Had the Kanaka not seized the tentacles next the head of the demon at the beginning of the duel it would have been all day with the sailor at this stage of the battle."

"The human enemy of the cuttlefish had not only to fight with all his strength and nerve, but also to hold his

breath at such times as the enraged jelly monster, with its powerful muscles and vibrating, wart-covered membranes drew him beneath the surface. It was a submarine battle, in which no human being could have engaged, but one who had been brought up in the water from the age of three years.

"The tentacles of the devil fish still at liberty and which had been drawn up beneath the body, were swinging and wriggling as if awaiting an opening to fasten upon some other portion of the Kanaka's body, held in the embrace of the sea devil.

"The clasp of the octopus around the man afforded him a purchase with his neck and teeth, for he didn't have to bother about his footing.

"At last he succeeded in seizing the right eye of the octopus between his teeth, but could not retain his hold upon the wounded organ.

"The maddest devil fish crew the bigger and more bulging its optics grew, giving a better mark for the teeth. The innumerable suckers on its tentacles were drawing upon the strength and vitality of the Kanaka, while its parrot beak was seeking to imbed itself in the man's breast.

"As the sixth arm, slimy and quivering, made to encircle the shoulders of its antagonist, the Kanaka fastened his jaws again on the right bulging and bleeding optic and completely disabled it.

"Quick to follow up this advantage, the man-fish summoned all his energy and tore at the left eye, repeatedly, missing and biting it. The nerve centers of the cuttlefish were so nearly paralyzed that the seventh and eighth tentacles could not be brought into action. By a last Herculean effort the Sandwich Islander seized the left eye and tore it out bodily, upon which the monster relaxed and its tentacles were disengaged and hung limp, the sailor, exhausted, having to be hauled aboard the steamer.

"The octopus measured 15 feet across."

Stays Asleep Two Weeks. Bloomington, Ill.—James Burns, of Gardner, has been asleep two weeks. He went to church two weeks ago, walked part of the way up the aisle, stopped, and after starting into vacancy for a few minutes, retraced his steps, and, going to the hotel, lay down on a sofa in the office and fell asleep. He has slept continuously since, despite numerous efforts to rouse him.

Plenty of Flowers. All the hospitals and almshouses in Berlin are regularly supplied with fresh flowers from the public gardens, while twice a week each of the national schools receives from 100 to 150 specimens of four different kinds of plants for use at botany lessons.

# HELD BOYS' SOCIAL IN A CHURCH CEMETERY

### Western Sunday School Scholars Enjoyed This Ghostly Sort of Amusement.

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"My God, Clance, you have shot me."

"Why, is that you, doc?" responded the lad.

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These vagaries are believed to have been the result of the use of drugs. For years Dr. Willett, it is alleged, had used drugs and also drank considerable liquor.

Domestic troubles and divorce, with estrangement from his children, followed. But soon after the divorce he reformed and for two years had been leading a different life. He had regained his practice, had married again and was considered as in a fair way of regaining all he had lost. Then a few weeks ago, the police say, he began to fall back to his old habits.

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Chief Reagan expressed the opinion that it was a discredit to the city to permit a woman to stand on the streets in bare feet. When questioned she stated that she had discarded shoes at the command of a voice from Heaven, which told her to imitate Christ by going about preaching barefooted.

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Ernest Harold Baynes Tells of an Interesting Day in the Corbin Game Preserve on Crofton Mountain.

Yesterday morning, as I looked from my window upon Crofton mountain, the sun, which was rising behind it, silvered the white tree-tops along its summit. The day before, white clouds enveloped the top of Crofton, and the moisture which had condensed upon the tops of the evergreens had turned to crystals in the night. A grassy plateau to the west of the mountain, and just outside my garden, was also white with a heavy coating of hoar frost, and upon this gleaming field a herd of more than a hundred buffaloes stood facing the northwest gate, which opens directly from my garden into the Corbin game preserve. They had passed the night on a grassy hilltop, a mile to the southeast. Behind the hilltop and over a woodland trail, and now stood blowing clouds of vapor from their wet, black nostrils.

As there was the promise of a bright day, I took my camera, a score of plates, and a field glass and set out prepared to hunt the buffalo until sunset, or until all my ammunition was gone.

After entering the gate, I walked quietly eastward, along the fence, pretending not to see the buffaloes, for, often as not, the moment they see that they are attracting special attention, they will give a few grunts of alarm and gallop off, leaving you to follow them over hill and dale for a mile or two, and then another mile or two after that, if you are not careful. After getting well to the east of the herd, I crawled along under cover of a stone wall, until the animals were within reasonable range. From where I lay, the ground slanted slightly upwards toward the west, so the dark forms of the buffaloes were in good relief against the light brown grass. Some of them were lying down now, and, slipping the nozzle of the camera through a gap in the wall, I got a picture of them in this position. I then worked round them until I could get them against the sky, for this is one of the best of all backgrounds for buffaloes. In order to do this, however, I was obliged to show myself, but as I walked along as though on business in some other part of the preserve, the animals took no notice of me. One photograph of the herd in the distance, and another at much closer range, were the result of this maneuver, and the buffaloes, finding that no harm came from my presence, now seemed prepared for even further advances. As I sauntered very slowly toward them, those which were lying down quickly arose to their feet, and all of them gave their undivided attention. After getting two more snaps at the herd, I began to try for pictures of individuals. But first I sat down and waited, that they might become used to seeing me near them. Two or three animals, however, were year-year-old bull kept grunting from time to time, as though giving it as his opinion that I was not to be trusted. Presently he gave an emphatic grunt and started to walk away in the direction of a valley to the south, and I knew that, if he ever broke into a trot going down that hillside, the entire herd would follow him like sheep through a gap in the fence. So, as though by accident, I quickly placed myself between him and the valley and he, finding that his move was checked, trotted back to his companions, and the danger of a stampede was for the moment averted.

The herd was now becoming uneasy, and my friend, the young bull before mentioned, gave a loud grunt and dashed away toward the valley, with two or three others close in his wake. I knew that to stop the stampede now would be about as easy as to stop an avalanche or a landslide, so I stood apart and gave them plenty of room. One great flying wedge of brown, with the four-year-old bull at its apex, they went thundering down the hill, and through the valley along the bank of the brook. Then, in a long string, they fled up a hill to the west, along the ridge, and down into a valley beyond. As I watched them through the glass from a hill-top I could see, in a hollow which was crossed by the trail, another smaller herd of buffaloes, lying at rest, and in the apple orchard further to the south was still another herd; and as the main body went through, these smaller ones fell in with them, until about 150 buffaloes were on the march. Laden as I was, it seemed wiser to give them time to slow down before attempting to come up with them, so I sat down by the brook and had my lunch. When I overtook the buffaloes, they were about to enter a wood, and here I photographed them again. As they moved through the wood, they presented a strange appearance. The trail was dimly lighted and was filled with a surging mass of great hairy beasts, parts only of whose outlines could be seen. Now and then a few rays of sunshine filtered through the trees, and for a moment lighted up a rolling sea of humps and glistening from the well-curved horns.

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### WEDS FOUR TIMES; PAYS BIG ALIMONY.

### A Millionaire Cattleman of Kansas Has Several Expensive Matrimonial Experiences.

Wichita, Kan.—George Theis, a millionaire cattleman and banker of Ashland, who was married three times to his first wife and divorced as often, was married again here a few days ago to Miss Jennie Michael, also of Ashland. Mr. Theis' matrimonial experiences have been as extensive as they have been numerous, and his first wife now lives as a princess in Kansas City. He was married to her when quite young, and two children were born to them. About five years after his first marriage he filed suit for a divorce, which was granted, together with judgment for \$20,000. The money was paid and Mrs. Theis moved to Kansas City.

The children succeeded in bringing them together again, and they were again married about a year after the divorce was granted. Another separation came with a second divorce and a second \$20,000. They were again reunited about two years ago with an elaborate ceremony in Kansas. Without name, and the third divorce was granted. No alimony was asked, but Mr. Theis voluntarily gave the divorced woman a draft for \$20,000.

Mr. Theis became acquainted with a Miss Michael, a young school-teacher in the Ashland schools, and they arranged to marry in Wichita. After the ceremony here the couple left for St. Louis and will take an extensive bridal tour. The tour includes Winnipeg, Victoria and all points of interest on the Pacific coast, Mexico, Cuba and Florida, and return via New Orleans for Mardi Gras next spring.

### Played Stud Poker in Short Pants.

Huntington, W. Va.—From a tip given the police by the mother of a boy belonging to a prominent family the police raided an alleged gambling establishment behind Will Damron's saloon and arrested five boys of 14 years and under, all of respectable families. When the police entered the place, they say, they found seven boys in knickerbockers playing "stud" poker dealt by "Finn" Wilson, who has long been suspected by the police of enticing boys to gamble.

Two boys escaped through a window, while the others were taken into custody and later released on bond given by their relatives. Wilson, in default of \$500 bond, was committed to jail.

The parents of the boys arrested say they will resort to every means to have him receive the full penalty of the law.

### Woman Fireman Smokes Like Man.

Harrisburg, Pa.—A woman fireman, who stokes boilers in the day and is relieved by her husband at night, and who chews and smokes tobacco, is one of the novelties at the public filtration plant in course of construction on Hargest Island in the Susquehanna river, opposite Harrisburg.

This woman, who does a man's work, is Mrs. Annie Beixel, wife of Arthur Beixel, and between them they keep the engine going that pumps the water from the ditches and furnishes it to the concrete mixers.

Beixel and his wife occupy a small shed on the island, and before starting work in the morning the woman prepares breakfast and does the necessary housework. Her wages are collected by her husband, and both are pooled for mutual benefit.

Dear Thing. Cheap notoriety is dear at any price. N. Y. Times.

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