

WOMEN EXECUTED.

NOT MANY HAVE BEEN HUNG IN NEW YORK.

ROXALANA DRUSE WAS THE LAST ONE TO BE HANGED.

Story of the Life and Death of Mrs. Druse—Her Crime Without a Parallel in the Criminal Annals of New York.

RECORDER GOFF of New York and a jury have decided that Maria Barberi must die in the electrical chair at Sing Sing because she murdered her faithless lover. If she is killed according to law, as it is now interpreted, she will be the first woman to die in the electrical chair, as well as the first female who has been lawfully executed in New York State since February 28, 1887.

Strange as it may seem, Roxalana Druse, who was hanged in the jail at Herkimer, N. Y., on the last day of February, 1887, acted much the same as Maria has done. At times Roxalana was calm and then she broke out into violent fits of weeping and ejaculations just as Maria does. After Maria heard the verdict of the jury she became silent and seemed not to understand her position, but subsequently gave way to her feelings while confined in her cell at the Tombs and wept like a child. Maria killed her lover because he would not marry her. Roxalana killed her husband because he objected to her gay life, and, according to the records, not only schemed to kill him, but persuaded her daughter, as well as her son and nephew, to help her.

The execution of Roxalana Druse was one of the most sensational in the history of the civilized world. Thirty-three years had elapsed since a woman had been hanged in New York State, and, although no outsiders were permitted to see the execution, thousands of men, women and children gathered about the prison at Herkimer "just to hear the woman yell," as they said. They only said so in a joke, but, as it happened, the woman did yell, and the curious crowd went away satisfied. She never confessed that she murdered her husband, who was fifteen years her senior, but the evidence proved that she did. The daughter, who was sentenced to prison for life for having a hand in the murder, was pardoned a few months ago.

Years ago Roxalana Druse was known as Roxie Tefft, the prettiest girl in or about Herkimer. All the boys tried to make love to her, but she would have nothing to do with them, and everybody was surprised when she married old Farmer Druse. They went to live in Herkimer, and for years were considered to be the best mated couple in the neighborhood. A girl baby was



ROXALANA DRUSE.

born to them and they named her Mary. Mary inherited her mother's disposition, and when she grew up they became great chums. The little house in which they lived became the scene of nightly revelry, which did not please old Druse a bit.

On the morning of December 18, 1884, after Roxalana, her good-looking daughter and several friends had enjoyed themselves until day was breaking, the husband became rather cross at the breakfast table. He found fault with everything. According to the evidence his wife had been waiting for just such an occasion. She ordered her son and nephew, Frank Gates, out of the house. Her daughter Mary remained with her. The boys said they heard a shot a few moments after they had left the house, and hurried back to see what it all meant. The boys found the old man sitting in a chair with his head hanging down on his breast. Beside him stood his wife with a pistol in her hand, while the daughter, a few feet away, was preparing a rope for her father's neck. In case the bullets did not prove fatal.

Mrs. Druse, it is said, handed the pistol to Gates and ordered him to shoot the old man again. "What's the use? He's dead now," remarked the nephew. "Never mind, go ahead and shoot!" The nephew did shoot, and then the wife and mother persuaded her daughter to put a shot into the old man's body.

Still he would not die, and Roxalana, spying an axe in the corner of the room, seized it and brought the blade down on her husband's head with terrific force. As it happened, the axe glanced and only chopped off a few inches of the scalp.

"Roxie, Roxie, please don't kill me!" the old man cried, feebly.

But Roxie did not heed him, and brought the ax down on his head again, silencing him forever. Still she was not satisfied, and, grasping the ax handle with the strength of a gladiator, brought the blade down on his neck with such force that his head was completely severed from his body. The head rolled over on the floor. The wife, daughter and nephew stood aside for a few moments, while Roxalana, seemingly crazed by the sight of her husband's blood, grabbed the head and dashed it at the body. The blood on her hands seemed to intensify her feeling to do more murder, and she smeared the crimson fluid over the face of her daughter. In the room where the murderer took place the murdered man had

built a roaring fire on which the breakfast was cooked, and the fire was still burning merrily. There was nothing more to do but get rid of the body. With as much deliberation as though she was chopping the knots of a log, Roxalana picked up the bloody ax, and measuring the length of the stove with her eye, proceeded to chop her husband's body into lengths which would fit. The head was off, to be sure, but the arms and the rest of the body were still intact. A few strokes of the ax severed the arms and legs from the trunk. The legs, however, were a little too long and had to be cut in two. The limbs were stuffed into the fire, but the trunk of the body remained, and it was split up into four sections.

While this bloody work was in progress there was a knock at the door, but the neighbor was called to pay his respects received no answer and went on his way. Contrary to expectations, instead of the fire burning up the body, the body put the fire out, and after all the trouble, the charred chunks of flesh

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 Pitzel, His Three Children, and Minnie 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.

Slowly, but nevertheless surely, the coil is tightening about the neck of this fiend in human form. That Holmes murdered E. F. Pitzel and his three children there is no longer the shadow of a doubt in the minds of the police. Evidence showing almost conclusively that he murdered the Williams sisters in Chicago before he became involved in the insurance swindle with Pitzel was found in Chicago by newspaper men and detectives last week and this crime will probably be fastened upon him. Every step in Holmes' career



MARY DRUSE.

had to be wrapped up in paper and carried into an adjoining room for safe keeping. The wife informed all the witnesses of the murder that they should say her husband had gone to New York on business. This excuse was accepted for two weeks or more, and then the gossip of Herkimer began to tell stories of how "Old Bill" had been done away with at one of "Roxie's parties." It was all a joke at first, and the persons who repeated the improvised story little thought that they were telling a portion of the truth.

The remnants of the body were allowed to remain in the body bin just outside of the house for several days. Then they were loaded in a sleigh and carried several miles into the country and deposited in a running brook half covered with ice.

A month after "Old Bill" was murdered investigations as to his whereabouts caused the entire family to be arrested. All were charged with the murder. Little by little confessions were obtained, and finally the wife was condemned to die.

The lawyers for the defense did all in their power to save her, but the judges to whom they appealed refused to grant a release, and after months of prison life Roxalana was hanged. Until the time she broke down on the way to the gallows she firmly believed that her sentence would be commuted to imprisonment for life, and the night before the day of execution she tried to sleep, expecting that she would be awakened by the announcement of the commutation. It was a windy night, and the noise of the storm, with the shrieks of the woman shortly before 2 o'clock. She asked the time and then sat down at the little table in her cell where she wrote letters until long after daybreak. She wrote to all her relatives, and was still writing when Sheriff Cook came to read the death sentence. When he entered her cell the unfortunate woman threw up her hands and began to cry so loudly that the sheriff's voice, reading the death warrant, could hardly be heard. She begged that her life might be spared at one moment and then said it was no more than right to hang the next.

The attendants had grown to like, or rather sympathize with the unfortunate woman, but they could do nothing for her. About 7 o'clock in the morning a letter and a bouquet came from the woman's daughter. Notwithstanding the details of the horrible crime, it seemed hard to execute the woman, as far as those in the prison were concerned. But to those without the prison the execution seemed not only just but a "good thing."

Roxalana had to be supported as she walked through the snow to the gallows, and when on the instrument of death she lost her entire self-control. She had to be supported while the hang-



FRANK GATES.

man's assistants strapped her legs together and bound her arms behind her back.

When the black cap was drawn down over her face she fought like a tiger, and would have bitten the attendants had such a thing been possible.

During all this struggling a sister of the gospel stood beside the murderer and prayed for her. His prayer was long, but she seemed not to heed what he was saying, and clutched at everything and everybody near her.

The jeering crowd outside the prison walls heard the dying woman's shrieks and seemed to consider them as humorous.

The rope did not break her neck. She was strangled to death, and her face after the body was cut down, showed that she had suffered terrible agony.

According to the official records only five women have been legally executed in this state.

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MRS. PITZEL.

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 Pitzel children without the sight of blood, of which he seems to be in mortal terror. Miss Minnie 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 \$30,000, 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 Pitzel, by the cruel murder of three of the victim's children and by his attempt to blow up Mrs. Pitzel at Burlington, Vt. Certain it is that Holmes contemplated and plotted the death of the entire Pitzel family in order that not a single person having a knowledge of the Fidelity swindle and the death of Pitzel, 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, 1884, 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 during schemes of 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 his schemes with the same feeling that 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.

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.

Subtlety 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 Pitzel 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 scoundrel, became Mudgett, the criminal, and thenceforth his ambition in the world of shade knew no bounds. Leaving 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 over 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 engaged 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 he tried 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 California. All the money he had in 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.

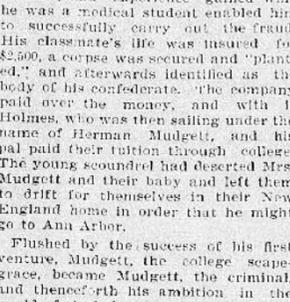
All pretense at earning an honest livelihood, save the necessary precautions to dupe the unsuspecting public, were cast aside, and this reckless man cut loose from decent associates to drift where his abnormal hankering would lead. While in Chicago he married a second time, and a bright little babe was 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.

MILLIKEN'S MISTAKE.

The Washington Society Man Indicted for House Breaching.

Benjamin H. Milliken, private secretary to President Harris of Tennessee, has been indicted by the district grand jury for housebreaching 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

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-



B. H. MILLIKEN.

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 would not open. Some one then tried to climb out over the transom, but Mr. Phillips struck at his head and he screamed. His wife and daughter 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

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 1500.

Grosvenor's Grave. The grave of John Grosvenor, 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.

WHAT DO THEY DO WITH IT?

The Mystery of the Constant Chinese Demand for Ginseng.

Passing through the wholesale district the other day a Nashville American reporter stopped in at one of the large houses to ask about prices. When ginseng was reached in the list the dealer said:

"What the Chinese use ginseng for is to the masses one of the mysteries of the age, but that they gobble up every ounce of the herb that the known world supplies is nevertheless a fact. Because the most thorough inquiry has failed to bring about a complete unfolding of the secret is not regarded by the average American as sufficient reason for refusing from \$3 to \$5 per pound, on the average, which the Celestial offers for the root. Some of the largest firms in China make a specialty of handling the American export of ginseng and coin money at it. Some of our shrewdest traders have coaxed for the secret, and have offered money for it, but the gray matter at the other end of the Chinaman's queue doesn't seem to see it that way.

"The American ginseng is growing scarcer yearly. The cultivated root has not the wonderful power which fixes the value of the wild article; at least it does not manifest itself to the same degree. This fact renders the cultivation of ginseng rather unprofitable. It might be planted and allowed to grow well for years and years and then be salable at good figures, but not otherwise. The older the plant the more pronounced the wonderful properties of the root. In view of the fact that it is growing scarcer, unless the demand diminishes, the price of ginseng must go materially higher within the next few years.

"The market here is largely speculative. The Chinese ginseng houses each year send their buyers from California to the East to buy up the receipts of ginseng. These buyers have not yet put in an appearance on the Eastern market, and consequently this year's price has not been fixed. Dealers are paying \$2.50 in Nashville for the reason that they believe they can secure the usual prices for all they take in. Some advices, however, are to the effect that the price will be 20 or 30 cents lower, owing to the fact that the demand has been cut off somewhat by the war."

COULDN'T KEEP HER AT HOME.

And Her Brutal Husband Blistered the Soles of Her Feet.

"I put blisters on her feet, Judge, to keep her in the house, but even then she went out," said John Woods, of Eagle street, in court, while appearing against his wife, Catherine, whom he charged with being an habitual drunkard, says Brooklyn Eagle. After the examination Mr. Woods described how he blistered his wife's feet to a reporter. "I told my wife," he said, "that she would have to stay in the house if she would not stop drinking. I was willing to care for her in the house, but I didn't want her to be found intoxicated on the streets and cause me a good deal more trouble than if she stayed at home. She insisted upon going out. I tried to have her stay in by doing everything I could think of.

"Finally the idea of blistering her feet came into my head. I heard of it twenty years ago as being used to keep people in bed when the doctor or their folks didn't want them to walk around. I bought a couple of my plasters in a drug store. When I returned from the store my wife was lying on the bed intoxicated. I slipped off her shoes and stockings and put a plaster on each of her feet without arousing her. Twenty minutes later I removed the plasters. The soles of her feet were covered with blisters. A few hours afterward she got up and walked around as usual and then went out. It's impossible to keep that woman in the house."

Opium-Eating in the Orient.

Opium-eating, according to the Maharaja Bahadur of Durbhanga, is largely practiced in Rajputana on festive occasions as a token of welcome to guests and friends. When two enemies wish to end a long-standing feud they generally go through the following ceremony: They each drink a small quantity of the preparation of opium called "Amulpani" from the hands of the other; and this is recognized as making the ties of friendship inviolable. In certain localities opium is consumed at funerals, marriages, betrothals and other ceremonies. Among the Kathis of Kathiwar it would be considered an offense if the guest refused to take opium on occasions like these. In the Punjab a large proportion of the adult male population take opium in small doses as a stimulant without much or any apparent harm. It is looked upon as a digestive and a very beneficial tonic for a man who has reached middle age.

Moriarty's Love-Tap.

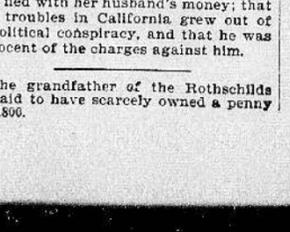
Friend—What's become of Moriarty? Policeman McClarragh—Poor Moriarty! He was the most effective man on the force; but he's gone now—dead, wud be buried only we cudn't find him. "My! My! What happened him?" "A foreign lookin' fellow was slow to move on, when Moriarty told him, so he fetched the spalpeen a lick wid his club—just a tap on the head, ye know. Och, ead was the day! The fellow had a bomb in his hat."

That Confusing Debate.

He had a morning paper and a hurried look as he entered the station. "Gimme a ticket to Horr." "What place?" "Horr—Horr—down here, south—suburban town—"

"Oh, you mean Harvey?"

And he did.



MRS. McDONALD.